"HE WILL NEVER JOIN HIS PLAYMATES AGAIN."

FRANK W. GREEN. ANTHONY NISH.

Moderato.

rall marcato.

1. The ev'ning was fair ere the sun went down, Not a cloud in the blue sky was seen, And all look'd gay in the bright little town, When the village lads play'd on the green.
2. The nightingale's song in the distant tree, And the rivulet's murmur so gay, With the sounds of mirth, were borne on the breeze To the room where the little boy lay.

stacc.

The sound of their mirth reach'd a poor lit- tle child On a lone bed of sickness and pain. He heard them and said, as so sadly he smil'd: "I shall ne'er join my playmates again." Then gently they rais'd him that he might see Where he'd play'd in the days that were pass'd, And he said; "dear friends, pray tell them from me, They were tho't of and lov'd to the last."

But he heard them not, for so soundly he slept, They might try to a - wake him in vain; And his friends well knew, as so sadly they wept, He would ne'er join his playmates again. Then softly they stole from the room so drear, And their hearts were with sadness o'ercast, When they told his friends and playmates so dear: They were tho't of and lov'd to the last.

CHORUS. ad lib.

NUMBER 61.

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Katty from Cork.



I'm poor Katty, come over here for to try
To get a place, if a good one I can spy;
And hope they won't tell me that no need apply
Any dameels, that come from ould Ireland.

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CONTENTS.

A TEAR AND A SIGH 450
ALONZO, THE BRAVE, AND FAIR IMOGINE.. 453
AMERICAN STATUES 453
ALAS! HE DOES NOT COME, MOTHER 454
The BREWER'S COACHMAN 450
The BARREL OF ALE 453
B. R A. G 454
COME, PEACE OF MIND! 451
DONALD 450
DO NOT DECEIVE ME 454
DEAD BEAT 455
ERE I WAS SENT TO SEA— Words 455
ERE I WAS SENT TO SEA— Music 456
FAR, FAR AT SEA 450
The FIRST HOUR OF MORNING 450
The Father of Nancy a forester was 454
Give me the lass with a landed Estate .. 451
The GOLDEN GLOVE 451
The HEART ONCE ENGAGED 450
Home! Home! comfortless home! 451
HE'S JUST THE MAN THAT WOULD! 454
I CANNOT LOVE WITHOUT THEE 451
IF 'TIS LOVE 451
JERRY JALAP AND WIDOW TOWZER 451
JACK RAG. OR THE GRECIAN STATUES.... 453
KATTY FROM CORK 452
KISSING 453
LAWYER AND CLIENT 450
LOVE IS BUT A BUBBLE 451
MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR 450
The Misfortunes of Mr. Geoffry Muffincap ... 452
MISS BAILEY'S GHOST 453
MOLLY BRALLAGHAN 454
NO, NEVER SHALL MY SOUL FORGET 450
NOTHING ELSE TO DO 452
OF FRIENDSHIP THEY TALK 450
OH! BAY OF DUBLIN! 452
ROCK THE CRADLE, PAT 455
SWEET IS THE DREAM 450
SONGS THAT WE NEVER FORGET 452
STRANGERS YET 452
SHE SHOOK DER DAILOR 455
UP IN TENTH AVENUE 455
UMBRELLA COURTSHIP 455
WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING 450
The WORLD'S A GREAT OCEAN 450
Where jealous Misers starve in wealth .. 450
WHY DOES AZURE DECK THE SKY? 450
The WOUNDED HUSSAR 451
WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE MEETS ME 451

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Donald.

When first you courted me, I own
I fondly favored you;
Apparent worth and high renown
Made me believe you true—Donald.

Each virtue then seemed to adorn
The man esteemed by me;
But now the mask's thrown off. I scorn
To waste one thought on thee—Donald.

Oh! then for ever haste away.
Away from love and me:
Go seek a heart that's like your own,
And come no more to me—Donald.

For, I'll reserve myself alone
For one that's more like me;
If such a one I cannot find,
I fly from love and thee—Donald.

The Heart Once Engaged.

The heart once engaged, can it beat for another,
Or even to kindness a passion return?
Oh! can it my friend, the warm sentiments smother,
Or quench what by Nature is destined to burn?

Alas! I too well in this bosom discover
A fond loved idea which nothing can part:
Though friendship may charm, all its influence is over
The instant I think of the lord of my heart.

Then talk not of duty, nor yet talk of reason—
For, neither can conquer stern Nature's decree:
'Gainst both I must always be guilty of treason
While Nature impels me, sweet William, to thee.

Yes, THOU art the charm, the delight of thy MARY,
On thee, and thee only, her wishes attend;
In thinking of thee she can never be weary—
For, THOU art my world, and my world without end.

When the Rosy Morn Appearing.

When the rosy morn appearing
Paints with gold the verdant lawn
Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
Carol sweet the lively strain:
They forsake their leafy dwelling
To secure the golden grain.

See: content, the humble gleaner
Takes the scattered ears that fall;
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all!

Lawyer and Client.

A lawyer quite famous for making a bill,
And who in good living delighted,
To dinner, one day, with a hearty good will,
Was by a rich client invited.
But he charged six and eight-pence for going to dine—
Which the client he paid, tho' no ninny;
And in turn charged the lawyer for dinner and wine—
One a crown, and the other a guinea!
But gossips, you know, have a saying in store
He who matches a lawyer has only one more.

The lawyer he paid it, and took a receipt,
While the client stared at him with wonder;
But gave to his friends with the produce a treat,
Tho' the lawyer soon made him knock under.
That his client sold wine, information he laid,
Without license; and in spite of his storming,
The client a good thumping penalty paid.
And the lawyer got half for informing.
But gossips, you know, &c.

Sweet is the Dream.

Sweet is the dream, divinely sweet,
When absent souls in fancy meet!
At midnight, love! I'll think of thee,
At midnight, love! oh, think of me!

Think that thou giv'st thy dearest kiss,
And I will think I feel the bliss:
Then if thou blush, that blush be mine,
And if I weep, the tear be thine!

A country dentist advertises that "he spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

The World's a Great Ocean.

The world's a great ocean in which all men fish,
They catch what they can, and they keep what they get;
The lawyer in general gets a large dish;
For, every thing's fish that comes into his net!
Fishermen all, tol de rol.

The ladies, all lovely from head to the heels,
Catch lovers by dozens, as children catch flies:
But there's no catching them, they're as slippery as eels,
Whilst they angle away, and all bait with their eyes.
Fishermen all, tol de rol.

The poet for fame and for food often trolls:
The doctors all fish for a large cane and wig;
'Tis the care of the parson to angle for souls,
And he baits with a sermon, and hooks a tythe-pig.
Fishermen all, tol de rol.

The wise politician to mend matters wishes,
And PRO BONO PUBLICO offers his self;
But he's only watching the loaves and the fishes,
To shove others out, and to get in himself.
Fishermen all, tol de rol.

Where Jealous Misers Starve in Wealth.

Where jealous misers starve in wealth,
And bar the unfriendly door,
With secret step and nightly stealth,
We free them from their store,

Then nimbly cross the mountain's brow,
Some fortune new to try,
While sleep enfolds the vale below,
And none our steps espy.

The rich may steal with bolder face,
And where they rob may stay:
With modest fear our thefts we grace,
And shun the face of day.

When morn peeps in her twilight grey,
And lights up half the sky,
O'er dew-drops swift we hie away,
And none our steps espy.

Of Friendship They Talk.

Of friendship they talk—is a friend to be found
To answer my question? survey the world round:
In prosperity, all are your friends— turn the view,
And adversity picture: your friends they turn, too.
But if wealth or if want should his master attend,
The dog is his master's protector and friend,
Poor fellow!

When fortune frowns on him, and friends look askew:
When his heart sinks with sorrow, and want is in view:
His dog, though he's cross when his heart is oppressed,
Licks his hand, wags his tail, and is proud if caressed;
And when all else forsake him— to cheer and defend,
The dog is his master's protector and friend,
Poor fellow!

My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair.

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue:
Tie up my sleeves with ribbands rare,
And lace my boddice blue:
For, why, she cries, sit still, and weep,
While others dance and play?
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone
When those we love are near!
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear:
And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep, or dead,
Now Lubin is away!

A Tear and a Sigh.

In weeping the maid whom I loved with esteem,
How transient do life and its comforts appear!
Its brightest enjoyment dissolves to a dream,
And all that is left is—a sigh and a tear!

The raptures that swelled in my Rosamond's breast,
The languor that played in her love-breeding eye,
Beneath the cold turf are for ever suppressed,
And nothing is left but—a tear and a sigh!

And yet there's a comfort in thinking of those
Whose virtues before us so frequently rise:
A mild consolation steals over our woes,
And grief has a charm in its—tears and its sighs!

Far, Far at Sea.

'Twas at night, when the bell had tolled twelve,
And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,
In her ear whispered some fleeting elve:
"Your love is now test on a billow!—
Far, far at sea."

All was dark! as she 'woke out of breath,
Not an object her fears could discover;
All was still as the silence of death,
Save fancy, which painted her lover—
Far, far at sea.

So she whispered a prayer, closed her eyes,
But the phantom still haunted her pillow;
Whilst in terror she echoed his cries,
As struggling he sunk in the billow—
Far, far at sea.

The Brewer's Coachman.

Honest William, an easy and good-natured fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow:
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer,
No better e'er sat on a coach-box to be sure.

His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
Took more care of their babes than he took of his horses;
He had these, aye, and fifty good qualities more,
But the business of tippling could ne'er be got o'er.

So his master effectually mended the matter
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
"Now, William, says he, you see the plain case;
Had you drank as he does, you'd have kept a good place."

"Drink water!" cried William: had all men done so,
You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow,
They are soakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you, brewers, to ride in your coaches."

No, Never Shall My Soul Forget.

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted:
Dear, dear shall be the day we met:
And dear shall be the night we parted!

Oh! if regret, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay:
Yet still when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away!

Long be the flame of memory found
Alive within your social glass:
Let that be still the magic round
O'er which oblivion dares not pass.

Why Does Azure Deck the Sky?

Why does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue:
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that's fair, by love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee.

Why is falling snow so white?
But to be like thy bosom fair:
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair.
All that's bright, &c.

Why are nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see:
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that's sweet, &c.

The First Hour of Morning.

How sweet to wind the forest's tangled shade,
When early twilight from the eastern bound
Dawns on the sleeping landscape in the glade,
And fades as morning spreads her blush around:
When every infant flower that wept in night,
Lifts its chill head soft glowing with a tear,
Its tender bloom expands to kiss the light,
And gives its incense to the genial air!

How fresh the breeze that wafts the rich perfume,
And swells the early note of waking birds:
The hum of bees beneath the verdant bloom,
The woodman's song and low of distant herds!
But vain the sylvan shade, the breath of May,
And forms that beam thro' morning's dewy vale,
The voice of music floating in the gale—
If health no longer bids the heart be gay!

I Cannot Love without Thee.

Were I denied my lovely fair—
Not Heaven itself could please me;
For, if my Delia was not there,
Its very joys would tease me.
Then ask me not, enchanting maid,
If I can love thee dearly?
No vows, I'm sure, were ever made
Or uttered more sincerely.

Yes, by those melting eyes, I vow
No man e'er loved as I do
To thee alone my wishes flow,
Thee only do I sigh to.
All day my thoughts are fixed on thee,
All night I dream about thee;
No other joy my soul can see:
I cannot live without thee.

Jerry Jalap and Widow Towzer.

Widow Towzer kept a snug little shop
For sheep's heads, in famed Seven Dials;
Jerry Jalap very often in did pop,
When he carried out his blisters and phials.
One day: "Widow Towzer, said he,
For love of you I am very sick!"
Says she: "You fool, why?" says she:
"Go home, and take a good dose of physic.
SPOKEN: I am sure, Mister Jalap, 'twill do you a vast deal of good
Either powder, pill, draught, or bolus,
Indeed, Mr. Jerry, I mean to live solus."

Now poor Jerry he went home in the dumps,
To think that his love was rejected;
When a pain seized the widow's two stumps
That in front of her mouth had projected.
She roared out: "run, fetch Jerry back,
With pain I am almost distracted"
Jerry Jalap he was there in a crack.
And the stumps in a twinkling extracted.
SPOKEN: Which made the old woman cry—"He's the very devil with his
Pinchers, powders, pills, and great bolus,
O Lord! I fear I can't live solus."

The pain gone, she smiled, but kept her
mouth close,
For fear that the wind should get in it.
Then with brandy and kisses he gave her a dose:
For, he found 'twas a critical minute.
The widow she blushed, and, simpering, said:
"I find I can no longer tarry,
So I'll make you master of my sheep's head."
"Then, says Jerry, to-morrow we'll marry."
SPOKEN: 'Faith, and so they were married, and all the neighbors about the Seven Dials say:
"He's pleased with her sheep's head, she
with his bolus,
May they be happy, and never live solus!"

The Wounded Hussar.

Alone on the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:
Oh! whither, she cried, hast thou wandered, my love,
Or where dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?
What voice have I heard? 'twas my Henry
that sighed—"
All mournful she hastened, nor wandered she far,
When bleeding and low on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded
Hussar.

From his bosom that heaved the last torrent
was streaming:
And pale was his visage, deep-marked with a scar:
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war:
And smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight—
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
"Hast thou come, my fond love, this last
sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?"

"Thou shalt live, she replied, heaven in mercy,
relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to
mourn."
"Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
No light of the morn shall to Henry return—"
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar—
His faultering tongue scarcely could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms—the poor
wounded Hussar!

Home! Home! Comfortless Home!

Air: Home, sweet Home.

When I was unmarried, abroad did I roam,
I found every place much more pleasant than home;
I lodged in a room where the casement was broke,
And no fire could be made on account of the smoke!
Home, home! comfortless home!
There was no place like home!

I married a woman whom all did admire,
But jumped from the frying-pan into the fire;
She's idle and sluttish, she ne'er cleans my room:
And I every place still find better than home!
Home! home! comfortless home, &c.

There's John Jackson's wife is so clean and so smart,
And to welcome his friends is the bliss of her heart;
But if I go home with a friend, there's a doubt
But I find both my wife and my fire—gone out.
Home! home! comfortless home, &c.

There, John Jackson's wife greets him e'er with a smile,
And for him so cleanly she'll fry or will broil;
But if I go home, and take something to cook,
I find my wife scolding, my dishes all broke!
Home! home! comfortless home, &c.

There, John Jackson's child, smiling, in its long clothes,
I love to caress; for, it smells like a rose;
But with my own child I can ne'er bear to meddle;
For, it is always squalling, and smells so of—
Home! home! comfortless home, &c.

Then my once single state I sigh for in vain:
Oh! give me my lonely sky-parlor again!
I'd be blest in that garret, exposed to the air,
I'd be blest in a cellar, in short—any where!
But home! home! comfortless home, &c.

If 'Tis Love.

If 'tis love to wish you near,
To tremble when the wind I hear,
Because at sea you floating rove:
If of you to dream at night,
To languish when you're out of sight:
If this be loving—then I love!

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
To ask of every tender power
That you may kind and faithful prove:
If, void of falsehood and deceit,
I feel a pleasure now we meet:
If this be loving—then I love!

To wish your fortune to partake,
Determined never to forsake,
Though low in poverty we strove:
If, so that me your wife you'd call,
I offer you my little all:
If this be loving—then I love!

Love is But a Bubble.

Air: One morn, whilst I was brewing.

When first this love I found it,
Around my heart I bound it,
But with its breath
It deals the death,
And kills all that surrounds it.
Indeed it does, oh! yes, it does, tol, lol, lol, lol, &c.

This love is but a bubble,
Of stings and barren stubble;
For, when it breaks,
The heart it aches
With double pain and trouble.
Indeed it does, oh! yes, it does, tol, lol, lol, lol, &c.

Before Miss Doll I quit her,
I'll cut a suit to fit her;
For this Miss Snip,
Her ladyship,
Some mad dog must have bit her.
Indeed there must, I'm sure there must, tol, lol, lol, lol, &c.

But how this flame to smother
That's raising such a pother,
I'll turn my coat,
And so devote
My heart unto another.
Indeed I will, oh! yes, I will, tol, lol, lol, lol, &c

When William at eve Meets Me.

When William at eve meets me down at the stile,
How sweet is the nightingale's song!
Of the day I forget all the labor and toil,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,
And believe every word of his song;
You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among!

Come, Peace of Mind.

Come, peace of mind, delightful guest,
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart;
Nor riches I, nor power pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view:
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell if not with me,
From avarice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

For thee I panted, thee I prized:
For thee I gladly sacrificed
Whate'er I loved before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say:
"Farewell! we meet no more?"

Give Me the Lass with a Landed Estate.

Give me the lass with a landed estate,
And I'll take her for better or worse;
For, whether she's wise or a mere addle pate,
I shall doat on the charms of her purse.
Wit's but of small value, and beauty will fade,
A long pedigree would not enchant me,
But if she is rich, why, her market is made—
There's no fault, except pen'ry, can daunt me.

Give me the lass with a landed estate,
And I'll call her my darling or dear;
Though her beauty be small, if her fortune be great,
Still delightful my lot will appear.
I should care not a pin for a Venus or Grace,
Unless she had acres of money;
What's the worth of a delicate, sweet pretty face,
When the terrors of want come upon ye?

Let me then gain but the maiden who brags
Of her land, or her gold, or her bank-notes;
For, my love must be founded on large money-bags,
Which will always 'gainst beauty get votes.
When I to the temple of Hymen shall go,
My desire Fortune's blessings to share is;
To the offer of LOVE IN A COT I'd say: no!
Give me a rich widow or heiress.

The Golden Glove.

A wealthy young Squire, of Tamworth, we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair,
And to marry her it was his intent,
All friends and relations had given their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day,
A young farmer was appointed to give her away:
As soon as the lady the farmer did spy,
He enflamed her heart—"Oh! my heart! she did cry."

She turned from the Squire, tho' nothing she said;
Instead of being married, she took to her bed;
The thought of the farmer still run in her mind,
A way for to have him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat, and breeches, she then did put on,
And hunting she went with her dog and her gun;
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she did love him full well.

She oftentimes fired, but nothing she killed;
At length, the young farmer came into the field:
And to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.

"I thought you had been at the wedding, she cried,
To wait on the Squire and give him his bride."
"No, Sir, said the farmer, if the truth I may tell,
I'll not give her away; for, I love her too well."

"Suppose the lady should grant you her love,
You know that the Squire your rival will prove."
"Why, then, says the farmer, I'll take sword in hand,
By honor I'll gain her, whene'er she command."

It pleased the lady to find him so bold,
She gave him a glove that was flowered with gold,
And told him she found it when coming along,
As she was a hunting with her dog and her gun.

This lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove;
And the man who had found it, and brought it to she,
The man that did bring it her husband should be.

The farmer was pleased when he heard the news;
With heart full of joy to the lady he goes;
"Dear honored lady, I've picked up your glove
And hope you'll be pleased to grant me your love."

"It's already granted, I will be your bride,
I love the sweet breath of a farmer, she cried:
I'll be mistress of my dairy, and milking my cows,
While my jolly brisk farmer is whistling at plough."

And when she was married, she told of the fun,
How she hunted the farmer with her dog and gun:
"But now I've got him so fast in my snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare."

Katty from Cork.

Air: Twig of the Shannon.

Shure in old Ireland I had FOREFATHERS,
But, faith! I exactly cant tell.
Amongst all my illigant BROTHERS,
If I had FOUR MOTHERS as well,
Katty's my name: now I've come to
The Land o' roast beef, beer and pork,
I'll FLOAT on the tide of good fortune
Quite asy, because I am CORK.
Chorus, (with Dance or not.)
Ireland's a beautiful Nation,
And ever, in spite of all foes,
Must be in friendship united
And valor the shamrock and rose!

Air: Limerick Races.

Oh! by the big hill of Howth,
The Irish Lads and Lasses,
Not East, West, North or South,
In frolic them surpasses!
Faith! they will by hook-or-crook,
Show their good-humored faces
At the Fair o' Donnybrook,
Or famous Limerick Races!
Mush a too roo la,
(Chorus, as after first verse.)

Air: Paddy, will you now?

Poor Paddy's generous, bowld and free,
And fond of hospitality;
At making Love, shure, Pat's "all there,"
A regular divil among the fair!
And as he kissed the stone o' Blarney,
Over pretty girls he'd carney.
When all gone 's the pigs and praties,
Paddy good to emigrate is.
Paddy is the Boy! Paddy is the Boy!
Taking all things wid good humor,
Whack row de dow!
(Chorus as before.)

Air: Garry Owen.

I'm poor Katty, come over here for to try
To get a place, if a good one I can spy;
And hope they won't tell me that no need apply
Any damsels, that come from ould Ireland.
As well as another, my duty I'll do:
I'll sing like a bird, while my work I get through,
And save up my wages to marry a true
Tight broth of a Boy, in ould Ireland.
(Chorus as before.)

Air: Whistling Thief.

My Patrick's got a Cow,
And other POULTRY, too:
A Porker, and a Sow
Wid other FISH a few;
"Oh! Katty! to me he cried,
When ye come back, at least,
Then shure, to be your BRIDE
I will speak to the Priest."

Air: Donnybrook Jig.

And now I must bid ye adieu.
The top of the morning to you
For over the say,
I'll be making me way
To marry bould Paddy McCue—
For, he's true.
From the top of his hat to his shoe:
So, adieu!
My blessing I leave it wid you!

Oh! Bay of Dublin!

Sung by Rollin Howard.

Music Published by White, Smith & Perry, Boston.

Oh! Bay of Dublin! my heart you are troublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream:
Like frozen fountains, that the sun sets bubling,
My heart's blood warms, when I but hear your name:
And never till its life-pulse ceases,
My earliest, latest thought you'll cease to be!
Oh! there's no one here knows how fair that place is,
And no one cares how dear it is to me!

Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sunlight sleeping
On your green banks is a picture rare:
You crowd around me, like young girls peeping,
And puzzling me to say which is most fair—
As tho' you'd see your own sweet faces
Reflected in that smooth, and silver sea.
Oh! My blessin' on those lovely places,
Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me!

How often, when at work I'm sitting,
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my Kattie knitting,
And the childer playin' around the cabin door!
I think I see the neighbors' faces
All gathered round their long lost friend to see—
Oh! tho' no one here knows how fair that place is,
Heaven knows how dear my poor home was to me!

The Misfortunes of Mr. Geoffry Muffincap:

OR LOVE IN A MASH-TUB.

One morn, whilst I was brewing,
My thoughts each thought pursuing—
First malt and hops, next Molly Popps:
Thinks I: I'll go a wooing,
Indeed I will, Oh! yes, I will,
Tol lol lol, tol lol lol, tol lol lol, lol lol li do.

Chance in my brewhouse brought her:
"Dame Popps, I love your daughter;
And feel inclined to tell my mind,
And cut my longing shorter."
Indeed I do, Oh! yes, I do, &c.

Says she: "refrain your twitters,
If your mind does not fit hers—
As like the beer would be your dear—
She sometimes smacks of bitters.
Indeed she does, Oh! yes, she does, &c.

My daughter's fair to view, sir,
But she may mischief brew, sir,
And few can vie with her black eye,
But yours may be so, too, sir."
Indeed it may, Oh! yes, it may, &c.

My Molly dear now came in,
Whilst love my heart enflaming—
Her mother said: "the lad's afraid
His passion you'll be blaming,"
I'm sure you will, Oh! yes, you will, &c.

Cried Moll: "you stupid rash cub,
Do you think I'd marry such a scrub?
Your hopes desist."—and with her fist,
She rolled me in the mash-tub!
Indeed she did! O lord! she did, &c.

John Anderson, My Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, when we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent:
But now ye're turned bald, John, your locks are like the snow,
My blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, when nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John, her master work was man;
And you amang them a' John, sae trig frae top to toe,
She proved to be na' journey wark, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, ye were my first conceit
And at kirk and market I've kept you trim and neat;
There's some folk say ye're auld, John, but I scarce believe it's so:
For, ye're the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John we've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson, I am happy in your arms,
And say are ye in mine, John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gone that we hae seen.
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, our siller ne'er was rife,
And yet we ne'er saw poverty since we were man and wife;
We've ay ha'en bit and brat, John, great blessing here below,
And that helps to keep peace at hame, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, the warld loes us baith,
We ne'er speak ill o'neighbors, John, nor did them ony skaith:
To live in peace and quietness was a' our care, ye know,
And I'm sure they'll greet—when we are dead.
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our last;
But let not that affright us, John, our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in delight we have lived John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, we've clamb the hill thegither.
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane aulther:
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.

A little girl who was watching the balloon ascending at Lewiston Me., suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma I shouldn't think God would like to have that man go up to heaven alive."

Nothing Else to Do.

'Twas a pleasant summer's morning,
Just the day I like t'enjoy.
When I awaked and looked out early,
Puzzled how my time to employ—
In such fine and splendid weather,
I don't care for work, do you?
So I went to see my sweetheart,
As I'd nothing else to do.

Off I started through the meadows
Where the dew beds pearled the spray,
And responsive to the song birds,
I kept singing all the way—
Quite surprised she was to see me
Come so early there to woo,
Till I said I'd just walked over,
'Cause I'd nothing else to do.

Then we rambled forth together,
Down the lane, beneath the trees,
Where so gently stirred the shadows
Of their branches in the breeze—
And whene'er our conversation
Languished for a word or two,
Why, of course, I kindly kissed her,
As I'd nothing else to do.

But before that day was over,
I'd somehow made up my mind
That I'd pop the question to her,
If to me her heart inclined—
So I whispered: "sweet! my darling!
Will you have me—yes or no?"
"Well, said she, perhaps I may, my dear,
When I've nothing else to do."

Songs that We Never Forget.

Songs that we never forget,
Strains to our hearts ever dear,
Each tone is echoing yet
Life's rugged pathway to clear:
Shining in mem'ry like stars in the skies,
Gems of a lifetime to cherish and prize:
Songs sung with friends when in childhood we met,
Are songs that we never forget.
Chorus: Beautiful, beautiful songs,
Sweetly are echoing yet—
Songs that to childhood belong,
Songs that we never forget.

Songs of the gay, plumaged birds,
Up in the old homestead tree:
Though they in childhood were heard,
Sweet still those strains seem to be:
Sweet murmuring tones of the clear, rippling brook,
Singing its way through the cold, shady nook
Oft on its banks there to listen we've met
To songs we can never forget. Chorus.

Sweet mother-songs ever near,
First to resound in the heart,
Pearls of affection most dear,
Sweet are the thoughts they impart:
Songs that were sung by those dear friends of yore,
Though we may hear them for years o'er and o'er,
Still sweetly sounds every strain to us yet,
They're songs that we never forget. Chorus.

Strangers Yet.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the piano-forte, is published in DE WITT'S Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by R. M. DE WITT, 33 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

After years of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in far lands,
After touch of wedded hands,
Why thus joined, why ever met,
If they must be strangers yet—
Strangers yet—strangers yet?

After childhood's winning ways,
After care, and blame, and praise,
Counsel asked and wisdom given,
After mutual prayers to Heav'n,
Child and parent scarce regret:
When they part are strangers yet—
Strangers yet—strangers yet!

Will it ever more be thus,
Spirits still impervious?
Still we never fairly stand,
Soul to soul, as hand to hand;
Are the bonds eternal set
To retain us strangers yet—
Strangers yet—strangers yet?

Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogine.

A warrior so bold and a virgin so bright,
Conversed, as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight—
The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

"And, oh! said the youth, since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far-distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon leaving to flow,
Some other will court you and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand."—

"Oh! hush these suspicions, Fair Imogine said,
Offensive to love and to me!
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear, by the Virgin! that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
God grant, that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold;
His love she lamented him sore:
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold
A Baron all covered with jewels and gold
Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain
Soon made her untrue to her vows:
He dazzled her eyes; he bewildered her brain;
He caught her affections so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blessed by the priest:
The revelry now was begun:
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast;
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell of the castle tolled—"one!"

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
That a stranger was placed by her side;
His air was terrific: he uttered no sound;
He spoke not, he moved not, he looked not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height;
His armour was sable to view:
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burnt blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear:
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled: "I pray,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."—

The lady is silent: the stranger complies,
His vizor he slowly unclosed:
Oh! then what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout;
All turned with disgust from the scene:
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogine:

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me! he cried;
Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave."

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sank with his prey through the wide-yawning ground:
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre who bore her away.

Not long lived the Baron: and none since that time
To inhabit the castle presume;
For, chronicles tell: that, by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton-knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horible stave
They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the Brave
And his consort, the False Imogine!"

Jack Rag: or the Grecian Statues.

Air: Jim Crow

Although my name is Jack Rag if you will list a while,
I'll give you the Grecian statues in an out and out style;
To see Bucrow or Thomson you would not care a nag,
After you'd seen them done by me, poor Jack Rag.

The first was Mr. Hercules, who did many great exploits,
By killing men in battle, and throwing of the quoits;
One day he took one in his hand, and gave it such a throw,
And when he'd thrown it fifty miles, he stood just so.

Then there was Mr. Ajax, one look of his was frightning;
One day he gave a hungry grunt, it dow defy the lightning!
He went out without his breakfast and spirits very low;
He stamped and swore, he raved and tore, and stood just so.

Mr. Cincinnatus, his name I will not handle;
He stooped before a lady to fasten up his sandal,
Some boys they twigged the caper, and pelted him with snow,
And all the while they hooted him, he stood just so.

There was Cain and Abel fell out with one another:
So Cain, to be revenged, he thought he'd kill his brother;
He took him up, an[illegible]w him down, and gave
him such a blow
And while he was [illegible]ng him, he stood just so.

Now when he saw hi[illegible]ther dead, he covered him with hay,
And as a screw was getting loose, he cut his stick away,
For when or where his brother was, he said he didn't know,
And when they toddled after him, he stood just so.

When Sampson went to Gaza, he broke a thousand pates,
And as he was not satisfied, he carried off the gates:
The soldiers tried to hinder him, but that they found no go,
For, when he'd got them on his back, he stood just so.

Then Sampson caught a lion, a wandering about,
He shoved his arm down his throat, and turned
him inside out,
He took him up, and threw him down, and gave
him such a blow,
And while he was a whopping him, he stood just so.

Now if you think me clever be generous in my cause;
And if you've nothing else to spare, give me your
kind applause;
When you see me on a crossing, and you can spare a mag,
I hope you won't begrudge it me, poor Jack Rag.

American Statues.

As sung in the "Great Lingard" Burlesque, by Kerns and Sheppard, at Tony Pastor's Opera House.

Permit me here to represent
Some great and noble men;
My photographic studio,
I trust, may pleasure give
Forever in our memory
These noted men all live.

First, the Corsican Brothers,
As on the stage they boast:
There is a very cutting scene between
Fabian and the ghost.
It fills his breast with woe;
And when he goes to seal the letter
I think he stood just so.

A statue now I'll show you,
Beloved by every one:
The father of the nation,
The great George Washington.
May many follow in his path,
And to their country prove no foe!
So hail Columbia's warrior,
As I represent him so.

Now we have Governor Hoffman,
Who has done all he can
To stop the great exeise law,
And aid the working man;
He's an able politician
And has gained himself applause:
So I think now here you'll give a cheer
For Hoffman and his cause!

Then there's General U. S. Grant,
As I'm about to show,
Who led his troops to glory,
And struck terror to the foe.
If any foreign enemy
His trumpet dares to blow,
We'll find him once more in the front,
Standing, I think, just so.

Now with your kind permission,
I'll introduce to you
The chief-man of the nation,
Andrew Johnson, good and true.
Many have fought hard against him,
But he says it's all no go,
And when he faced his enemy,
He stood, I think, just so.

IMITATE THE MOON—If you are a wise man, you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at a time, and let what you show be calm, cool and polished; but look at every side of the world.

The Barrel of Ale.

Old Owen lived on the brow of a hill,
And he had more patience than pelf:
A small plot of ground 'twas his labor to till,
And he toiled through the day by himself.
But, at night, crowds of visitors called at his cot:
For, he told a right marvellous tale;
Yet a stronger attraction by chance he had got—
A barrel of old humming ale.

Old Owen by all was an oracle thought:
While they drank, not a joke failed to hit;
But Owen, at last, by experience was taught
That wisdom is better than wit.
One night, his cot scarcely could hold the gay rout:
The next, not a soul heard his tale:
The moral is simply: they'd fairly drank out
His barrel of old humming ale!

Kissing.

Ladies should see that these Rules are strictly observed.

The Gentleman must be taller than the Lady he intends to kiss. Take her right hand in yours, and draw her gently to you, pass your left hand over her right shoulder, diagonally down across her back, under her left arm; press her to your bosom, at the same time she will throw her head back, and you have nothing else to do but to lean a little forward and press your lips to hers, and then the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it, as if you were firing off shooting crackers, nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove; but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without smashing her standing collar or spoiling her curls, and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth, revel in the blissfulness of your situation, without smacking your lips on it as you would over a glass of Lager-bier.

Miss Bailey's Ghost.

A captain bold, in Halifax, that dwelt in
country quarters,
Seduced a maid, who hanged herself, one
morning, in her garters
His wicked conscience smited him; he lost
his stomach daily;
He took to drinking ratifia, and thought upon
Miss Bailey—
Oh! Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey!

One night, betimes, he went to rest: for, he
had caught a fever;
Says he: "I am a handsome man, but I'm a
gay deceiver."
His candle, just at twelve o'clock, began to
burn quite palely;
A ghost stepped up to his bedside, and said:
"Behold Miss Bailey!"
Oh! Miss Bailey, &c.

"Avaunt, Miss Bailey! then he cried, your
face looks white and mealy—"
"Dear Captain Smith, the ghost replied,
you've used me ungenteelly.
The Coroner's Inquest goes hard with me,
because I've acted frailly:
And Parson Biggs won't bury me, though I
am dead Miss Bailey."
Oh! Miss Bailey, &c.

"Dear corpse, says he, since you and I
accounts must once for all close,
I've got a one pound note in my regimental
small clothes:
'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave."—The
ghost then vanished gaily,
Crying: "Blem you, wicked Captain Smith!
remember poor Miss Bailey!"
Oh! Miss Bailey, &c.

INDUCEMENT—An old minister, the other day, asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church. "I don't know, she replied, unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whiskey in the pew."

B. R. A. G.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the pianoforte is published in DE WITT'S Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by R. M. DE WITT, 33 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

You perceive I'm a blushing young lady,
My age it is just twenty-two—
And I really believe I am pretty—
For, of beaux I have had not a few—
The one whom I've written this song on,
Is a bragging young cousin, called Jim,
Who is awfully vain and conceited,
And thinks that there's no one like him.
Chorus : I've been thinking the matter well over,
And one thing is quite clear to me :
That the young men of this generation
Are much given to B. R. A. G.

It is only a week since, to-morrow,
That we both of us met at a dance :
He said that he knew the new TROIS-TEMPS—
In fact, that he'd learned it in France.
I said : " Very good, then we'll try it "—
He went off with a skip and a jump,
And somehow he quite lost his balance,
And came down on the floor with a thump.
I've been thinking, &c.

He said he could ride like a jockey :
So pa mounted him on a horse.
I said : " Shall we go across country ? "
He replied : " My dear Mary, of course "-
The first hedge and ditch I led over,
And though Jim would follow all right :
But the horse threw him into the ditch, sirs,
And there he sat yelling with fright—
I've been thinking, &c.

He said he could shoot like Ricardo :
So one day pa lent him a gun ;
He went out at ten in the morning,
But came back to luncheon at one—
I said : " Pray, what have you made, Jim ? "
(I saw my words cut like a knife.)
He said : " That the birds were so wild now,
And he'd never shot worse in his life. "
I've been thinking, &c.

I must bring my song to a finish,
With just one odd word of advice
To all the young men who are present,
I mean those who may wish to be nice :
Don't say you can do what you can't, sirs ;
Don't say you can't do what you can ;
For, believe me, the worst of all bores, sirs,
Is a bumptious and bragging young man.
Chorus : So think over what I have sung you,
And I'm sure that ere long you will see
That telling a fib is exactly
The same thing as B. R. A. G.

Alas ! He Does Not Come, Mother.

Alas ! he does not come, mother :
I weep and watch in vain ;
And my poor heart is torn, mother,
With bitter, yearning pain.
Now many nights I've watched, mother,
Beneath the trysting-tree ;
But he comes not as of yore, mother,
With blithe step o'er the lea.
Chorus : How many nights I've watched, mother,
Beneath the trysting-tree !
But he comes not as of yore, mother,
With blithe step o'er the lea.

The bush, the flower that once, mother,
In sweetest beauty bloomed,
And which the leafy dell, mother,
With fragrance perfumed,
Seem to wither and to fade, mother,
And lose their charm for me :
For, he comes not as of yore, mother,
With blithe step o'er the lea. Chorus.

I cannot hush my sobs, mother,
Nor stay the burning tears :
Nor crush the withering thought, mother,
That now my bosom sears—
The thought, the scorching thought, mother,
That he's forsaken me—
For, he comes not as of yore, mother,
With blithe step o'er the lea. Chorus.

Molly Brallaghan.

Ah ! then, mam dear, did you never hear of
purty Molly Brallaghan ?
Troth, dear ! I have lost her, and I'll never
be a man again,
Not a spot on my hide will another summer
tan again,
Since Molly she has left me alone for to die.
The place where my heart was, you might
easy rowl a turnip in,
As big as any pavin' stone : and from Dublin
to the Devil's Glin,
If she chose to take another, sure she might
have sent mine back again.
And not leave me here all alone for to die.

Mam dear, I remember, when the milking
time was past and gone,
We went into the meadows where she swore
I was the only man
That ever she could love—yet, oh ! the base,
the cruel one,
After all that to leave me here alone for to die !
Mam dear, I remember as we came home the
rain began,
I rolled her in my coat, tho' devil a waistcoat
I have on,
And my shirt was rather fine-dran : yet, oh !
the base and cruel one,
After all that, she left me here alone for to die !

I went and told my tale to Father M'Donnel, mam,
And thin I wint and axed advice of Counsellor
O'Connell, mam ;
He tould me promise-breeches had been ever
since the world began—
Now, I have only one pair, mam, and they
are corduroy !
Arrah ! what could he mean, mam, or what
would you advise me to do ?
Must my corduroys to Molly go ? in troth, I'm
bothered what to do.
I can't afford to lose both my heart and my
breeches, too—
Yes, what need I care, when I've only to die ?

Oh ! the left side of my carcase is as weak as
water-gruel, mam—
The devil a bit upon my banes, since Molly's
proved so cruel, mam :
I wish I had a carabine, I'd go and find a
duel, mam,
Sure, it's better far to kill myself than stay here to die.
I'm hot and determined as a live salamander, mam !
Wont you come to my wake, when I go my
long meander, mam ?
Oh ! I'll feel myself as valiant as the famous
Alexander, mam,
When I hear yiz crying round me : " Arrah !
why did ye die ? "

Do not Deceive Me.

Do not deceive me—never
Let a careless word or tone
Fall from thy lips, if ever
Its truth thou would'st disown—
To thee my faith I've given,
With the fervency of youth :
And my vows are vowed to heaven.
Do not betray my truth,
Do not deceive me—never
Let thy heart inconstant be :
With a love that dares not sever,
Shall mine still cling to thee !

Do not deceive me—others
Perchance may greet thy smile :
But a flame, no coldness smothers,
In my bosom burns the while.
Remember one, who'd only
Thy first fond love retain,
Nor leave my bosom lonely,
To sigh for thee in vain—
Do not deceive me—never
Let thy heart inconstant be :
With a love that dares not sever,
Shall mine still cling to thee !

The " oldest inhabitant " admits that it is sweet to have friends you can trust, but more convenient to have friends who " trust " you.

The Father of Nancy a Forester Was.

The father of Nancy a forester was,
And an honest old woodman was he :
And Nancy a beautiful innocent lass,
As the sun in his circuit could see ;
She gathered wild flowers, and lilies, and roses,
And cried through the village—" Come, buy my
sweet posies ! "

The charms of this fair one a villager caught,
A noble and rich one was he :
Great offers he made, but by Nancy was taught
That a poor girl right honest might be.
She still gathered wild flowers, and lilies, and roses,
And cried through the village—" Come, buy my
sweet posies ! "

The father of Nancy a forester was,
And a poor little stroller was she ;
But her lover, so noble, soon married the lass—
She's as happy as maiden could be :
No more gathered wild flowers, and lilies, and roses,
Nor cried through the village—" Come, buy my
sweet posies ! "

He's Just the Man that Would !

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the piano-forte, is published in DE WITT'S Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by R. M. DE WITT, 33 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

Oh ! please, does anybody know
A dreadful friend of mine ?
His name's Jack Johnson, and he stands
Exactly five foot nine ;
He introduced himself, and said
He'd come to spend the day :
He's been with me a year or more,
And will not go away.
Chorus : He's just the man that would !
He's just the man that would !
Of course, he would ! you know he would !
He's just the man that would !

He is the most audacious dog
That ever you did see :
I'm sometimes doubtful if my house
Belongs to him or me ;
If I but hint his goings on
Have given me surprise,
He slaps me on the back, and begs
I won't apologize. Chorus.

He didn't like my furniture :
So gave it all away ;
Then ordered most expensive SUITES,
For which I had to pay.
He borrows my dress-suits whene'er
He goes out on a spree :
And comes back in some dreadful things
That don't belong to me. Chorus.

My aunt, who's very rich, called in—
Alas ! what could I do ?—
He shaved her poodle dog,
And painted it sky-blue.
But that was not the worst : for, soon
I heard some fearful yells—
He'd filled her old umbrella full
Of periwinkle shells. Chorus.

He takes me out, at night—and calls
It giving me a treat—
And yells out vulgar comic songs,
And wakes up all the street ;
He brings folks from their beds, at night,
And asks, in blandest tones,
If they can give him the address
Of Smith or Mister Jones. Chorus.

He calls in, at the butter shop,
For half a yard of silk :
Then asks the grocer if he'll let
Him have some pigeon's milk ;
He uses my name everywhere,
And acts in such a way—
I'm quite ashamed to walk about
The streets in open day. Chorus.

Will no one take my friend away ?
Must I appeal in vain ?
Oh ! what a thing it is to have
Jack Johnson on the brain !
I don't know why he treats me so—
I'd tell you, if I could ;
But all I know about it is :
He's just the man that would ! Chorus.

Up in Tenth Avenue.

As Sung by Tony Pastor.

I was promenading out, one lovely morn,
In the middle of July,
Admiring all the pretty dears,
As they went passing by—
When I saw, oh! such a dear little duck!
A thrill my frame went through,
As she swept the pave with a muslin dress,
Going down Tenth Avenue.
Chorus: Going down Tenth Avenue,
Going down Tenth Avenue;
Now, young men, when you're out,
Just mind what you're about,
With the gals in Tenth Avenue.

As I passed by, she looked so shy!..
Says I: Miss, is your name Jones?
Says she, like a saint: Well, no, it ain't,
In, oh! such lovely tones!
Says she, with a wink: It's no such thing,
My name I'll tell to you:
It's Maria Stout, and I live out,
Up in Tenth Avenue. Up in Tenth Avenue, &c.

As on we walked, we sighed, and talked
About love and things divine;
My heart with passion swelled right up..
I asked her to be mine.
Says she: They don't let lovers
In the house; but as for you,
You may come to-night, and I'll make it all right,
Up in Tenth Avenue. Up in Tenth Avenue, &c.

I was there in a crack—I got over the back,
Because all the doors were shut;
And to reach my love, who was looking out above,
I got on the water-butt—
When, to my dismay, the lid gave way!
I quickly tumbled through;
And soon I found I was half-drowned,
Up in Tenth Avenue. Up in Tenth Avenue, &c.

Poor Maria, with fright she screamed out-right,
And loud for help did shout:
When an old chap came down in a flannel dressing-gown,
And kindly pulled me out;
And, from what he said, I felt afraid
He meant to put me through;
And my fears increased when he called: Police!
Up in Tenth Avenue. Up in Tenth Avenue, &c.

He let me go, and I wasn't slow
In bolting from the spot:
Across the wall I had a fall—
By Jove! I had it hot!
But the gal I never saw no more—
She a horrid deed did do:
Oh! she hung herself to a barber's pole,
Up in Tenth Avenue. Up in Tenth Avenue, &c.

Ere I was Sent to Sea.

Words by Benjamin Banks—Music by J. L. Hatton.

The Music of this song is published on the last page of the present number of the Singer's Journal.

Young Sue my fancy hath delighted,
So true and fair is she;
To her my vows of love were plighted,
Ere I was sent to sea,
Ere I was sent to sea.
The well remembered bliss oft tasted,
Sweet hours which knew no pain—
Before our sand of life is wasted,
Oh! may we share again!
Before our sand of life is wasted,
Oh! may we share again!

They say I nobly do my duty,
When howling storms prevail:
Yet I must own sweet Susan's beauty
Upholds me through the gale,
Upholds me through the gale.
Yes, ever doth a sweet emotion,
When bravest sailors start,
Impel me o'er the dashing ocean,
And cheer my fainting heart—
Impel me o'er the dashing ocean,
And cheer my fainting heart.

Ye winds, be kind, our ship is freighted,
We're homeward bound at last:
Sue's tears will start to hear related
The dangers I have past,
The dangers I have past;
But safely moured with sunny weather,
Pale grief shall cease to reign:
We'll splice our constant hearts together,
And never part again—
We'll splice our constant hearts together,
And never part again!—

Umbrella Courtship.

Comic Song—Air: Yankee Volunteer.

A belle and a beau would a-walking go,
In love they both were pining:
The wind in gentle gales did blow,
An April sun was shining.
Though Simon long had courted Miss,
He knew he'd acted wrong in
Not having dared to steal a kiss,
Which set her quite a longing.
Fol de lol, &c.

It so occurred, as they did walk
And viewed each dale so flowery,
As Simon by her side did stalk,
He declared the sky looked showery:
The rain to her came like a drug,
When loudly he did bellow—
"Look here, my love, we can be snug,
I've brought an umbrella."
Fol de lol, &c.

Quick flew the shelter over Miss;
Now Simon was a droll one—
He thought this was the time to kiss:
So from her lips he stole one.
She blushed—the rain left off, and he
Th' umbrella closed for draining—
"Oh! don't, says she, I plainly see
It hasn't left off raining."
Fol de lol, &c.

Now Simon, when he saw the plan,
The umbrella righted:
He grew quite bold, talked like a man,
And she seemed quite delighted.
Their lips rang chimes full fifty times,
Like simple lovers training—
Says she: "These are but lovers' crimes,
I hope 'twont leave off raining."
Fol de lol, &c.

He kissed her out of her consent
That she'd become his bride hence;
To buy the ring was his content,
And then to get the license.
They parted, but he took much pains
Where they should meet to tell her—
Says she: "We'll meet when next it rains:
So bring your umbrella."
Fol de lol, &c.

The wedding morn, no time to waste,
He rose before 'twas yet day;
And just as if to please her taste,
It was a shocking wet day.
They married were, had children dear,
Eight round faced little fellows—
But strange to state—the whole of the eight
Were marked with umbrellas.
Fol de lol &c.

Rock the Cradle, Pat.

Composed and Sung by Johnny Roach, the great Irish Comic.
Air: Rock the Cradle, John.

Paddy Burke was a man of work, from Limerick
town he came:
He married a buxom Irish lass, and she was the
name of Kane.
Now Pat and his wife, for six years strife, was
never blest with a child!
And whenever she saw one in any one's arms,
this is what she'd cry
Chorus
Rock the cradle, Pat, rock the cradle, Pat;
There is many a man would give his right arm
to have a child like that.

Now the war broke out, and Paddy stout he
swore he'd go and list—
To hear his wife's tongue go always ding-dong,
it would drive him out of his wits.
So off he went and left her to repent for doing a
thing so wrong,
For bothering him with that mortal sin,
and singing that beastly song:
Rock the cradle, &c.

Now Paddy Burke, this man of work, he hadn't
been long away,
Till his wife fell in with a big spalpeen, who soon
led her astray;
For three years long their love was strong, till,
one fine summer's day,
Paddy Burke, this man of work, came singing her
favorite lay:
Rock the cradle, &c.

But Pat looked round and soon he found a baby,
hale and strong,
And turning to his wife, the pride of his life, says:
"Who was here since I was gone?"
"It was Providence, Pat, she said, done that, he
was good to me three years long,
And now you can, with any other man, sing my
favorite song:"
Rock the cradle, &c.

She Shook der Dailor.

Wonce dere lived a dailor's dauter,
Und a fellar vot loved her very much,
Ober she loved me bedder more ash him,
Because I zing such bully goot dutch;
Dat fellar used to tdake her up to Shones Voods,
Und dread her to every ding fine:
Lager-pier und prezels, plenty Limburger cheese,
Goot Bologna sausage und Rhine-vine ober dem.
Chorus.
She shook der dailor, der dailor, der dailor,
She shook der dailor, pecause he didn't got adampe;
She shook der dailor, der dailor, der dailor,
She shook him so bad, und got him so mad,
Dat he smoddered himself mit his pant-er-loons.

Von day he popped de question on her,
But to him she durned her pack.
Den he says: "I'll go und dold your modder,"
Und to der house he zoon vas making dracks;
Und she shouded oud afder him,
Dat she loved none bedder ash me,
Und dat ve vas going to get married,
Und dat he'd petter go to sea—some oder gal—
Kause—she shook der dailor, &c.

Now ve vas gone oud und got married,
Und ve live shust so nice like any ding—
She makes dem coats, pants und veskets,
Und he always heilup her, too;
But of dat oder fellar I don't know,
His mug sinze I never have saw;
But I dink dat he vas gone und dieded,
Und, of gorse, ve don't see him any more,
All pecause—she shook der dailor, &c.

Dead Beat.

As Sung by Frank Lum, the Great Sensation Comic Singer.

White folks, I'll sing about the chaps
That you all know—that is, perhaps,
You'll meet them often in the streets—
I mean the fellows they call Dead Beats.
Chorus: For, talk is cheap, but money buys land:
Mind your poppy's eye.

He never works, but dresses fine;
He's always around about lunch time—
He always drinks, but never treats:
He's one of the fellows they call Dead Beats.

At the extra papers he likes to look,
But the newsboys know him like a book.
Says he: "Come here, Sonny, let me look at
that sheet."
"Git out, you gut, you're a healthy Dead Beat."

He struts about in soldier's clothes
At Barnum's Hotel, but no one knows
What regiment or brigade he meets:
But I think he belongs to the First Dead Beats.

Now look at that fellow over there,
Close by the gal with the braided hair:
He's putting on airs and talking so sweet,
Look out for him, sis! he's a healthy Dead Beat.

What is the difference between charity and a tailor?—The first covers a multitude of sins, the second a multitude of sinners.

A Seedy fellow—A Gardener.

"ERE I WAS SENT TO SEA."

Written by BENJAMIN BANKS. Composed by A. L. HATTON.

Allegretto.



2 They say I nobly do my duty,
When howling storms prevail;
Yet I must own sweet Susan's beauty
Upholds me through the gale.
Yes, ever doth a sweet emotion,
When bravest sailors start,
‖: Impel me o'er the dashing ocean:
And cheer my fainting heart. :‖

3 Ye winds, be kind, our ship is freighted,
We're homeward bound at last;
Sue's tears will start to hear related
The dangers I have past.
But safely moor'd, with sunny weather,
Pale grief shall cease to reign;
‖: We'll splice our constant hearts together,
And never part again. :‖

NUMBER 62.

HENRY DE MARSAN'S NEW COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL

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The News-Boy.



Oh! I'm bound to raise old Harry,
Oh! I'm bound to raise old Harry,
Oh! I'm bound to raise old Harry—
The News-boys's life for me!

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CONTENTS.

A traveller stopt at a widow's gate 458
Am I right—or any other man? 462
Blue-eyed kitty 459
The Baby's husband..... 459
Come over the ferry— Words 463
Come over the ferry— Music 464
Can wealth and friends thy heart incline 458
The Cottage of joy 458
Constant will I prove to her
I love so dearly..... 459
Champion tommy..... 462
Come, listen, and laugh at the times.... 459
Drink, drink 460
Dame durden 461
Fly to my arms 458
Far in yon dale stands my lowly cot 459
Good Husbands come not every day 459
The Girl I met on the viaduct 461
Good-evening 463
Happy george's soliloquy 463
I thought this heart consuming lay 458
Isabel 458
I guess you'll be there 460
I'll to my love prove true 460
I rail not at love 461
I'm so jolly happy 462
I'll come to the bower 462
Jenny is poor 458
John grouse and molly 459
The Jolly old waterloo man 461
Liberty tree 459
Love is not joy, sweet maid 459
The Little church around the corner.... 463
Mister barney 458
Moggy adair 458
Money makes the mare to go 461
No one to drink—no one to smoke 459
The Nose out of joint, and I knows it 460
The Nobby butcher boy 462
The News-boy 463
The Roast-beef of old england 458
The Rose of the valley 458
She drinks too much 459
Sweet arabella 461
Take, oh! take my fears away..... 460
That dear little church 'round the corner 463
When wearied wretches sink to sleep.... 458
With this reward in view,
what manly bosom fears?..... 458
With their poke ups, and their knock ups 460
Who to my wounds a balm advises 460
Will you come to the bower? 462
The Wishes 460

HENRY DE MARSAN'S
SINGER'S JOURNAL.

We take the liberty to remind our Customers, principally those from the Country, that our place of Business is at No. 60 (not 61) Chatham Street, Up-Stairs, First Floor.

REMEMBER:
60 Chatham Street, Up-Stairs, 60
First Floor. (Opposite William Street.)

A Traveller Stopt at a Widow's Gate.

A traveller stopt at a widow's gate :
She kept an inn, and he wanted bait,
But the widow she slighted her guest ;
For, when nature was making an ugly face,
She certainly moulded the traveller's face
As a sample for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides were ready to crack,
When she saw his queer nose, and the hump on back ;
(A hump isn't handsome, no doubt.)
And, though 'tis confessed that the prejudice goes
Very strongly in favor of wearing a nose,
A nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid :
'T had a wondrous effect on the widow and maid
And they quickly grew marvellous civil.
The money immediately altered the case :
They were charmed with his hump, and his snout,
and his face,
Though he still might have frightened the devil.

He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack,
And hopped on his horse, at the door, like a sack :
While the landlady, touching the chink,
Cried : " sir, should you travel this country again,
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men
Will stop at the widow's to drink. "

Jenny is Poor.

Jenny is poor, and I am poor,
Yet we will wed, so say no more ;
And should the bairns you mention come,
It's few that marry but what have some.
No doubt but heaven will stand our friend,
And bread as well as children send :
So fares the hen in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard.

I've known her weary every claw
In search of corn among the straw :
But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks amongst her chirping brood,
With joy I've seen that self-same lien,
That scratched for one, could scratch for ten.

These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my girl without a shilling :
And for the self-same cause, d'ye see ?
Jenny's resolved to marry me.

Mister Barney.

Mister Barney, one day, went to Limerick fair,
And hired a noddy to carry him there,
To meet pretty Sheilah Megan.
But Sheila had waited some time for the boy,
And thought he'd been playing with Katty Molloy
To tell him her mind thus began :
" Och ! Mister Barney,
None of your carney :
Hands off ! and don't be so free ;
You've been with the girls,
Your scuffle-face tells,
And the devil may have you for me, Mister Barney. "

Mister Barney, who little thought thus to be used,
Made an oath that his honor and word she abused,
And could she be Sheilah Megan ?
Then running to kiss her—She cried : " if you're wise,
Don't touch me ! or, Barney, I'll scratch out your eyes—
I know you're a vile wicked man :
So, Mister Barney,
None of your carney ;
Hands off ! and don't be so free :
You've been with the girls,
Your baby-face tells,
And the devil may have you for me, Mister Barney. "

Mister Barney then pulled out a bit of a rope,
And told her : " that since he had nothing to hope,
He'd hang up for Sheilah Megan. "
But Sheilah, grown softer, his purpose to check,
Cried : " No ! if you hang, let it be round my neck
Though, Barney, arn't you a sad man ?
Och ! Mister Barney,
Pretty faced Barney,
And is it the ring there I see ?
We'll ride in the noddy
To father O'Toddy,
And married—och ! no, we won't be—Mister Barney ! "

I Thought this Heart Consuming Lay.

I thought this heart consuming lay
On Cupid's burning shrine ;
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And placed it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun,
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one.

Take, Oh ! Take My Fears Away.

Take, oh ! take my fears away,
Which thy cold disdain has bred :
And grant me one auspicious ray,
From the morn of beauties shed :
But the killing beams restrain,
Lest I die by beauty slain.

Spread, oh ! spread those orient twins,
Which thy snowy bosom graces :
Where love in milk and roses swims,
Blind with lustre of thy faces :
But let love thaw 'em first, lest I
Do on those frozen mountains die !

Can Wealth or Friends Thy Heart Incline ?

Can wealth or friends thy heart incline
To scorn my humble lot ?
And can thy promise to be mine
Be e'er forgot ?
If pity in thy bosom dwell,
My fears, my gentle fears dispel :
Forget me not !
For, my life would waste in grief, sweet maid !
Like wounded flowrets, droop and fade :
Forget me not, my charming maid !

How oft to meet thee in the grove,
At eve I've left my cot !
When every word and look was love,
And every thought !
Thou bad'st me thy fond vows believe :
And can'st thou my fond hopes deceive ?
Deceive me not !
For, my life would waste in grief, sweet maid !
Like wounded flowrets, droop and fade :
Deceive me not, my charming maid !

When Wearied Wretches Sink to Sleep.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie !
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep, and long to die !

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flowrets deck the green earth's breast ?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest !

Oh ! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given !
Oh ! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of heaven

The Roast-Beef of Old England.

When mighty roast-beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our veins and enriched our blood ;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good :
Oh ! the roast-beef of England !
And, Oh ! the Old English roast-beef !

But since we have learnt from all-conquering France
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaisance.
Oh ! the roast-beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer, all day long :
Which made the plump tenants rejoice in this song :
Oh ! the roast-beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name ?
A sneaking poor race, half begotten——and tame,
Who sadly those honors that once shone in fame.
Oh ! the roast-beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known :
The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown.
Oh ! the roast-beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never returned back again :
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain—
Oh ! the roast-beef, &c.

Oh ! then they had courage to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves right ;
But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night !
Oh ! the roast-beef, &c.

The Rose of the Valley.

The rose of the valley in spring-time was gay,
The rose of the valley it withered away ;
The swains all admired it, its praises repeat,
An emblem of virtue, so simple and sweet—
But the blight marred the blossom and soon, well-a-day !
The rose of the valley it withered away.

The rose of the valley a truth can impart,
By the rose of the valley I picture my heart :
The sun of content cheered the morn of its birth,
By innocence pondered a heaven on earth ;
But Virtue and Peace left the spot, well-a-day !
And the rose of the valley it withered away !

Moggy Adair.

What's all the world to me ?
Desert and bare !
Moggy won't go with me
To Dundee fair :
There it was limping Ned
Gave her a ribbon red
For which I broke his head—
(ALL FOR) Moggy Adair !

Who made the saucepan shine ?
Moggy Adair !
Who boiled nice dumplins nine ?
Moggy Adair !
Who, when they all were done,
Because I didn't run,
Eat 'em up every one ?
(OH ! CRUEL) Moggy Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
False I declare !
Left me for Timothy,
At the Brown Bear !
Now in my garters twined
I'll dangle in the wind ;
Oh !——no ! I'll change my mind :
(SO A FIG FOR) Moggy Adair !

The Cottage of Joy.

Air : The Valley below.

Though grandeur and wealth are my lot,
And Fortune on me deigns to smile,
My pride is the maid of the cot,
Whose heart is a stranger to guile :
She's pure as the dew-drop or snow,
No vices her charms o'er destroy ;
Her breast is forsaken by Woe—
For, she lives in the cottage of Joy.

Her station's inferior to mine,
Yet her virtue I'll never betray :
But lead her to that happy shrine
To which Cupid dictates the way.
United all pomp I'll deride,
And with her my sweet hours employ—
Then naught shall I covet beside,
Blest with her and the cottage of Joy.

With this Reward in View, What Manly Bosom Fears ?

Ah ! when safe at home arrived at last,
Where off the maid you love has heaved the secret sigh,
She fondly hears your tale of dangers past :
How sweet to kiss the tear from beauty's eye !
With this reward in view, what manly bosom fears
To brave the various war which skies and waters wage ?
The winds, the thunder's roar, unmoved, he hears,
While future calms of love his hopes engage.

Beauty then shall hand at mirth's gay shrine,
Shall hail the festive hour, and mock her fond alarms :
Your bumper, as she fills the nectared wine,
Becomes the happy mirror of her charms.
With this reward in view, &c.

Isabel.

In youth when love assailed my mind,
My transports none can tell,
Till riper years to me consigned
The lovely Isabel.

Nor can May morn such charms disclose,
When birds their matins swell,
Or night's tear, sparkling on the rose,
Compare with Isabel.

Fly to My Arms.

Fly to my arms, my dearest, fly,
And leave the world behind thee !
Fly to my arms,
With all thy charms,
And nought of ill shall find thee.

Fly to the breast that throbs for thee,
And throw thy fears away, love :
Fly to my breast,
And on it rest,
Secure by night and day, love.

Fly from the town and scenes of noise,
And peace shall hover round thee :
Fly to my heart,
And sorrow's dart
Shall never, never wound thee.

Far in Yon Dale Stands My Lowly Cot.

Air: Far over Land.

Far in yon dale stands my lowly cot,
Where the fond ivy round is wreathing:
Where the woodbine fair doth wantonly sport,
And roses—fragrance breathing.

And in that cot—blest elysian spot!
My Sally dwells, heaven's fairest maid,
In humble lot, to pride forget,
In rustic simple charms arrayed.

Fainly would I resign all wealth,
If blest with lovely Sally,
To live, amid content and health,
In yonder peaceful valley.

Liberty Tree.

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials directed the way,
And hither conducted the Dame.
A fair budding branch, from the gardens above
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named: Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground;
Like a native it flourished and bore;
The fame of its fruit drew the Nations around,
To seek out its peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinctions, they came;
For, Freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued
And their temple was: Liberty Tree.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they eat.
Unvexed with the troubles of silver and gold,
The cares of the grand and the great;
Then let us all join in the glorious cause:
From all trait'rous thoughts let us flee;
United, we'll give one loud shout of applause,
In extolling the Liberty Tree.

Love is not Joy, Sweet Maid.

Wherefore, sweet maid, sigh you so?
Why does your soft cheek fade?
Is it for love?—Is it for woe?
Love is not joy, sweet maid.

What has he for whom you sigh,
That is not also mine?
A bosom where you'll safely lie,
A heart—but that is thine.

Therefore, sweet maid, sigh not so,
Nor let your soft cheek fade;
Prithee then, love, no more for woe,
But love for joy, sweet maid.

Come, Listen, and Laugh at the Times.

Come, listen, and laugh at the times,
Since folly was never so ripe:
For, every man laughs at those rhymes
That give his own follies a wipe.
We live in a kind of disguise:
We flatter, we lie, and protest,
While each of us artfully tries
On others to fasten the jest.

The virgin, when first she is wooed,
Returns every sigh with disdain:
And while by her lover pursued,
Can laugh at his folly and pain.
But when from her innocence won,
And doomed for her virtue to mourn;
When she finds herself lost and undone—
He laughs (though unjust) in his turn.

The fools, who at law do contend,
Can laugh at each other's distress.
And while the dire suit does depend,
Ne'er think how their substance grows less:
Till hampered by tedious expence,
Altho' to compound they are loth,
They'll find, when restored to their senses,
The lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the fashion
For each fool to laugh at the other,
Let us strive with a generous compassion,
To correct, not contemn, one another.
We all have some follies to hide,
Which, known, would dishonor the best:
And life, when 'tis thoroughly tried,
Like friendship, will seem but a jest.

A young lady advertises to teach "vocal singing."

Blue-Eyed Kitty.

Was ever a man so bewildered as me,
By absence so much overtaken?
Asleep or awake or wherever I be,
By sense, common sense, quite forsaken?
If asked this or that, or the time of the day,
I'm the sport of the stupid and witty:
Such answers I give, being certain to say
To a minute: "'tis just blue-eyed Kitty."

At home or abroad, or when waking or still,
I'm lost, and know not what I'm after;
In the park or the playhouse e'en go where I will,
Am truly an object of laughter.
Nay, can you believe it? last Sunday, at church,
The folks shook their heads out of pity:
At psalm time, I own, I was so in the lurch,
That I sung out: "Oh! sweet blue-eyed Kitty."

But the worst thing of all at a dinner befel;
From laughing, e'en now I'm scarce able;
For, when they called Kitty, the poor servant girl,
I upset all the things on the table.
Then one day, like a booby, when asked by a friend
To buy a few musical ditties:
Not meaning my question the least to offend,
I asked: "If they sold blue-eyed Kittys."

Constant will I Prove to Her I Love so Dearly.

The moon her tranquil course has run,
While fairy stars attend her;
Now brightly beams the morning sun,
In rich and golden splendor.

They all are bright, they all are fair,
Which heaven displays so cheerly:
Yet, not can heaven itself compare
With her I love so dearly.

Her eyes than morning sun more bright,
Across the landscape starting:
Her mind more tranquil than the light
From star or moonbeam darting:

Yes, all is bright in her we love,
When loving so sincerely:
And all as constant will I prove
To her I love so dearly.

The Baby's Hushabye.

A baby wandered from his home,
When day was gently breaking;
Long did the pretty infant roam,
Each simple wild flower seeking;
But night came on, the dreary sky,
The wind so bleak, the breeze so dry,
Sung the poor Baby's Hushabye!

The frantic mother sought her child,
While the chill rain was falling;
Its lisping voice, its features mild
At every blast recalling:
She wept and with a heartfelt sigh,
Fell on a green turf that was nigh,
Hummed her poor Baby's Hushabye!

The baby, near her slumbering, woke,
Like some sweet opening blossom;
Then through the spreading branches broke,
And leaped upon her bosom!
The mother gave a piercing cry,
Wiped every rain-drenched garment dry,
Hummed her poor Baby's Hushabye!

Good Husbands Come Not Every Day.

The man that loves me for myself,
And nobly scorns the lure of pelf:
To him my hand I'll give for life,
And change the maiden for the wife!
For, this, dear girls, I'm bound to say:
"Good husbands come not every day."

The fop that runs from fair to fair,
Some tell-tale nonsense to declare,
With proud contempt should treated be;
Oh! give me him that loves but me!
For, this, dear girls, &c.

Sweet maids, beware! and take advice:
Be not too forward, cool, nor nice;
When worth and honor forms the man,
Secure and chain him while you can!
For, this, dear girls &c.

A smart thing—a mustard plaster.

John Grouse and Molly.

Come all, you young and frolicsome lovers,
Listen awhile unto my chime:
'Tis of two sweethearts young and tender,
Who were cut off all in their prime.
Fol de riddle, &c.

Molly Dumplin was a virgin true,
Lived cook in a great family:
One eye was black, and the other blue,
She was very fat, and four feet high.

John Grouse he was a gardener,
Healthy he was with manly toil:
Cabbage he sold, and for dinner,
Plenty always cut to boil.

One night, he went to see his Molly,
His little dog barked very loud:
For, the night was dark and melancholy,
And the moon had slid behind a cloud.

At home and trembling by the fire,
(Much did she wonder and admire
What John the gardener could be at)
The lovely Molly Dumpling sat.

That night, as she lay in her bed,
Her chamber door flew open wide—
When the gardener's ghost popped in his head,
With his little dog trotting by his side.

Tall as a may-pole was his size,
Green, green his waistcoat was as leeks:
Red, red as beet-root were his eyes,
And pale as turnips were his cheeks.

Soon as her true-love she espied,
Poor Molly Dumpling faintly said:
"What would my Johnny?"—he replied:
"Oh! Molly Dumpling, I am dead!

In the flower of my youth I fell:
(He spoke in a most dismal sound)
I was not sick, but in a well
I tumbled backwards, and was drowned."

So as she heard her true-love speak,
She clasped her hands, jumped out of bed:
She squeaked and squalled! (Ah! how she bawled!)
She shut her mouth, and she dropped dead.

No One to Drink—No One to Smoke.

Written and sung by Billy Cotton.

Air: Driven from Home.

No one to drink—no one to smoke,
Except an old bummer, or else an old moke;
And if you get drunk, you must do it alone:
For, in your drowsiness you're as dung as a bone;
No watchman's voice (or cod-liver oil)
Makes you rejoice or your cares beguile.
No one to drink—no one to smoke.
Except an old bummer, or else an old moke.
No one to drink, &c.

No one to dance with, or to theatre go,
Except that old bum who sticks to you so;
And if you feel ill, and go there alone,
You feel just as if you'd have sooner stayed home,
No gentle voice, no loving smile,
Make you rejoice, except you have a "pile."
No gentle voice, &c.

She Drinks too Much.

As sung by Billy Cotton, with great success

Now, while folks, here's a song for you:
It may be old and it may be new;
But dis I'll say wid a right good will:
I learnt it from black Uncle Bill.
Chorus: Den bear a hand for Jersey Bill,
He's dead in tub wid Nancy Gill;
She's a dark-eyed gal, but dis I'se sure,
She drinks too much good lager-bier.

Now Jersey Bill's a gallant nig,
He dances de square-toed funny jig;
His heels stick out like a jay-bird's wing,
And dis is de song dat he used to sing:
Den bear a hand, &c.

Now if I had a banjoe dat wouldn't go,
Wid a corn-stalk fiddle and a shoe-string bow,
I'd play away wid all my might,
And throw myself clean out ob sight.
Den bear a hand, &c.

A very unsatisfactory sort of bread—the roll of fame.

The Nose out of Joint, and I Knows it.

Old Farmer Flail dwelt down in the dale, the happiest fellow in life;
For, he firmly believed, until deceived, he was dearly beloved by his wife;
He said to the rakish young Squire Chaff: "With so loving a wife I be blest,
That no other man, seek him where you can so loving a wife yet possessed."
Chorus: Said the Squire with a grin:
"You may be taken in
If I may come to the point,
Love oft puts such sham on:
In my eye love's all gammon—
Love's nose is soon put out of joint."

Then the farmer did say: "A wager I'll lay that the moment I lose my breath,
She'll drop her head and be next door to dead the poor wench will soon fret to death."
"Done! said the Squire, I'll bet you a score; and just for joke's sake let's try."
"How can that be?" asked Flail—"Oh! easy enough—you, farmer, must gammon to die."
Said the Squire, &c.

The matter was settled, the doctor called in, friends were sent for and made a great rout;
He was pronounced dead; cakes and wines were LAID IN—and, of course, Farmer Flail was LAID OUT.
Dame Flail was the younger by far than her spouse, and in full bloom of her charms:
Squire Chaff pressed a warm kiss on her half willing lips, and soon had her clasped in his arms.
Said the Squire, &c.

Said Chaff: "it is useless to grieve for the dead, you see stiff he lies there and still."
Said she: "I don't want the poor old boy back if he has left me all right in his will."
"Oh! you're right enough, said the sly Squire Chaff, the force of all this you shall see:
I'm to have all the lands and money he's worth, and he has willed you to me."
Said the Squire, &c.

"What is to be, will be, said the dame: when alive I gave him all his own way.
And if the old man has willed me to you! it's my duty, of course, to obey:
But, Squire, what if he should not be dead?" Said Chaff: "I'll that fact soon disclose—
Here lies a sharp knife, and to prove there's no life, says Chaff, I'll just cut off his nose."
Said the Squire, &c.

"'Twill disfigure the corpse the bland dame replied; but then, again, I cannot see
When one's dead and can't smell I'm sure I can't tell what use for a nose there can be:
Off with his nose, Squire, as soon as you please and settle at once this main point."
"Nay, nay! cried the farmer, starting bolt up, it's not my nose, but it's your nose out of joint."
Said the Squire, &c.

Said Flail: "Squire, take her I wish you much joy! I'll take a different course—
I'll go to my lawyer instead of my grave and straightway sue out a divorce.
Squire Chaff, you have chaffed me clean out of my love, and your joke most plainly shows it:
But it ain't my nose that's put out of joint, it be dame's nose—and I knows it."
Said the Squire, &c.

The Wishes.

I wish thou wert a purling stream,
And I the mild eve's balmy air:
I'd come upon the moon's pale beam,
And all that's pure, and all that's fair
In thee sweet maid, I'd woo:
On thy bright breast
In bliss I'd rest.
There thrilling transports I'd renew,
Until the dawn
Of soft-eyed morn
Aroused me with its fragrant dew.
Were I a zephyr and thou a stream
Thy days should be so smooth and calm,
That joy like moonlight's brightest beam,
Should lighten thee with life's sweet balm.

I wish I were an odorous flame,
And thou, my lovely angel, there,
Its silver shrine its orient frame:
How soon should every gloomy care,
Like nightly vapors flee!
And oh! how bright
Should be my light,
While burning tenderly:
How should'st thou prove
My heart's warm love,
Inurned, sweet maid, in thee!
Were I that flame and thou its shrine,
I'd shed such warm beams round thee,
No cankering gloom, no damp malign
Should e'er, my love, surround thee.

I wish thou wert a cowslip-bell,
And I a little murmuring bee:
Within thy fragrant breast I'd dwell,
And there, as zephyr, light and free,
I'd balmy kisses woo:
And all the day,
'Till evening grey,
With bliss and passion true,
Delight to sip
From thy fair lip
The rich warm honey-dew.
Were I the bee and thou the flower,
I'd seize on thee with sweet embrace,
Nor leave thee in that blighting hour
When fades thy sweetness and thy grace.

I wish I were—oh! none of these!
I would be only that which best
Would win thy love, and give sweet ease
To one alas! that knows no rest,
But still feels pain for thee:
One who would give
His heart to live
Thus happily and free,
Stealing bliss
In every kiss
Of passion's unity.
Oh! were but mine such rapturous joy,
Each day should like some happy dream,
Glide free from sorrow and annoy,
Adown life's troublous stream!

Drink, Drink.

Air: Blue Bonnets.

Drink, drink, 'twill drive every care away:
Go it, lads, drink your wine, spirit or porter;
Drink, drink, this night shall be passing gay,
Blow the Blue Devils! we'll give 'em no quarter—
Many a ban is spread
Over a mortal's head:
Many a life would be a sad story,
Where not its woe and gloom
Cured in the jovial room,
By antidotes such as the liquors before ye.
Chorus.
Drink, drink, 'twill drive every care away:
Go it, lads, drink your wine, spirit or porter;
Drink, drink, this night shall be passing gay,
Curse the Blue Devils! we'll give 'em no quarter.

Come from your rooms where the windows want glazing,
Come from your studies wherein the winds blow!
Come to the tavern where the sea-coal is blazing,
And call for a Bottom, a Pint, or a Go:
Good humor surrounding,
Bumpers abounding,
Stick to your glasses, we're none of us starters:
We'll have a merry night,
Soon put old care to flight,
And drive the Blue Devils afar from these quarters!
Drink, drink, &c.

I Guess You'll Be There.

Sung by Mr. T. Farrant—Words by W. H. Godfrey.
Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

When the sun has gone down, like a king to his rest,
In the bright palace-halls of the far golden west:
When his last fading beams seem to smile an adieu
To the flowers all bending and trembling with dew—
I've a secret to whisper alone in your ear,
So pure that a spirit might linger to ear,
By the lone willow brook—but I need not say where:
For, I guess you'll remember, and sure to be there.

When the pale stars so mystic and holy arise,
In the silence of eve, in the deep azure skies:
When the glens all lie hushed, and the world, love, is still,
And the sly moon is peeping just over the hill—
Then remember your promise, the last time we met:
Ah! sure, now, dear Katty, you will not forget—
By the lone willow brook—but I need not say where:
For, I guess you'll remember, and sure to be there.

If perchance, as you know, love, there's many a slip—
At least I've heard say—'twixt the cup and the lip—
Dear old Grandam objects, in a very grave tone,
To young ladies wandering by moonlight alone:
Faith! I hope that her lecture, as usual, will close,
By the dear old soul falling into a sweet doze:
Then, I'm guessing, dear Katty, with step light as air,
You'll be taking French leave, and you'll surely be there.

Why are balloons in the air like vagrants?—Because they have no visible means of support.

I'll to My Love Prove True.

Oh! no! though rank and riches sue,
And poor and humble be—
I'll ne'er prove to my love untrue,
My world—my all to me!
For, oh! when all the world desert,
And life's fair scenes grow dim,
Then is the time a wife should prove
The world and all to him!
There's love, and friends, and kindred, too,
In wedlock's unity—
And still I'll to my love prove true,
As he proved true to me.

Around the hallowed name of wife
Glide rapture, truth, and health—
Her breast your pillow—arms your home—
Her arms your dearest wealth!
Friends may betray—and love prove false—
As clouds appear in view—
But let fate frown, and fortune lower—
Your wife will still prove true
There's love, &c.

With their Poke Ups, and their Knock Ups.

Written and Sung by GEORGE LEYBOURNE.
Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Of all the days that's in the week, there's one day,
And that's the day I like above them all:
Of all the days that's in the week, 'tis Sunday,
When the pretty girls come out so nice and tall.
With their poke up bonnets, oh! creation!
As they pass you by, they cock up their eye;
I know they'd like to have some conversation,
But the little darlings are so shy
Chorus,
With their poke ups,
And their knock ups,
And their fancy little silk and satin cock ups;
Oh! my! oh! the pretty girls in crinoline for me!
Then working at a sewing-machine
For fourteenpence a day,
Don't they cut a shine upon a Sunday!
Oh, me! oh, my! oh! for the pretty girls in crinoline,
I'd throw myself away.

I often take a stroll by the windows,
Where the darling dears are employed:
I never see them once out of temper,
At nothing they ever get annoyed.
They go to work at nine in the morning,
They punish the machine all the day;
And when they leave work in the evening,
To this concert they all out away,
With their poke ups, &c.

Now, don't they cut a shine upon a Sunday,
With their sun-shades in the summer time!
Then in winter time, knicker-bockers,
Out of this I'm sure they take the shine.
They wear bonnets now without curtains,
And white pearl buttons on their boots;
Crinolines don't go out of fashion,
For, they stick to their hoop-de-doodum.
And their poke ups, &c.

Now, I want a wife, that's certain;
A machinist is the girl for me;
So, if there's any here this evening,
Just let her ask me out to tea.
Now drop me a line to-morrow,
And state the time, when and where
You'll find I'm there to my promise:
For, I wouldn't disappoint the ladies fair.
With their poke ups, &c.

Who to My Wounds a Balm Advises

Who to my wounds a balm advises,
But little knows what I endure—
The patient's pain to torture rises,
When medicine's tried, and fails to cure.

What can the wisest counsel teach me,
But sad remembrance of my grief?
Alas! your kindness cannot reach me,
It gives but words—I ask relief.

Money Makes the Mare to Go.

Air: Going to Market.

Since money makes the mare to go,
And uncle died worth plenty—
His fortune great he left me all,
So riches luck has sent me.
Determined not, like most fast men,
To squander all this treasure,
To great advantage I'll invest
This money at my pleasure.
Since money makes, &c.

Advertisements I saw, one day,
Through looking at the paper:
Five hundred pounds were wanted bad
To help an honest draper:
And ten per cent was guaranteed—
I lent it him with pleasure—
In three months afterwards he smashed:
So away went all this treasure.
Since money makes, &c.

I also saw, in great distress,
A famous coal-mine party:
To carry on this large affair,
I lent my tin right hearty.
To throw ten thousand pounds in this
I felt it quite a pleasure:
But I grieve to say the pit fell in,
And gulped down all this treasure.
Since money makes, &c.

I backed a bill, the other day,
To do a friend a favor—
Five hundred pounds, some shillings odd,
This bill did strongly savour.
My uncle's tin had vanished long;
The bill, when due, they sent me:
My friend had cut, I could not pay—
So to limbo they did send me.
Since money makes, &c.

Now all you blades with lots of tin,
Who will rove about with pleasure,
Remember he's the happiest man,
Who wisely spends his treasure.
And mar me, what I say is true:
'Tis he and only he, sirs!
Who wisely sticks to number one,
Will independent be, sirs!
Since money makes, &c.

The Girl I Met on the Viaduct.

New Narrative Comic Song—Air. I'll never do so again.

They've done away with old Holborn-Hill
Down which the busses slid;
For, they've built a viaduct with skill,
And it's high time they did.
Well, on that new City thoroughfare
A charming girl I met:
Her features fair, and golden hair
I never shall forget.
Chorus: The girl I met on the viaduct,
Her name was Angeline;
That girl I met on the viaduct
Was the fairest ever seen.

She was buying one of those Chinese rings
They sell about the street;
I happened to say, "They're curious things."
"So they are, sir," she answered sweet.
So we into conversation got,
And I soon found out her name,
And in my bosom for this belle
Arose an ardent flame.

Close by the viaduct, at night,
My Angeline I'd meet;
I say mine, altho' that's not right:
For, her I shall never get—
For, I've been served out as many a sheep
Has been served out before;
She only laid for me a trap,
And has left me to deplore.

A shy hobby he cut me out
With his regulation beard;
One Sunday, off duty, he walked her about,
And they've never since appeared.
Now I hate the sight of that viaduct,
And I almost curse the day
I met that girl on the viaduct,
Who has vanished far away.

I Rail not at Love.

I rail not at love, nor dear women's bright eyes,
I chide not the lover, nor soft breathing sighs:
For, love often lightens the heart of its care;
Yet love will entangle, enslave, and ensnare.
For, love lies before us from eyes beaming bright,
All dazzling, all beauty, that cynics invite.
When love is insidious it evil portends,
No evil can ever result from true friends.
Chorus.
For love and for friendship a wreath we'll entwine
Yes, friendship and love shall ever combine.

For, love is a rover much given to range,
While friendship, dear friendship doth never seek change.
Though love is alluring, 'tis aided by care;
When friendship drops in, then away flies despair,
While friendship dear friendship doth boldly advance,
Young love is illusive and full of romance,
While friendship doth follow a friend in his wake,
Yet love though it lingers, dear friends will forsake.
Chorus.

As views when dissolving, love oft flees away,
While friendship, dear friendship resolved is to stay.
Though love is enchanting, still love may enthrall;
For, love, unlike friendship, may coquette with all.
When love and devotion with friendship combine,
The heart then is fraught with sensations divine.
Here's the Hebe we love, and friend we hold dear—
May friendship be lasting, and love be sincere!
Chorus.

Sweet Arabella.

New Comic Song by J. A. Hardwick.

Air: Sweet Isabella.

Oh! love, it is contagious,
And I caught it outrageous,
And thought I was courageous
Enough to win Arabella.
But seeing, is not having,
However much you're craving,
And I'm sent nearly raving,
And the reason you shall see.
She was a charming girl, first chop,
Attendant at a bonnet-shop,
And the question soon I thought to pop,
But you'll see, it wasn't to be—oh! no.
Chorus: Oh! lovely Arabella,
There's no one can excell her;
And so I used to tell her,
In tones melodious mellow:
But I could almost bellow—
For, a dramatic fellow,
Who acted in Othello,
Stole her heart away from me

'Twas down in Piccadilly,
My Arabella lily,
First knocked my senses silly,
And slap into love I fell.
Towards Brompton she was going,
And I offered to be showing
Her the nearest way, and throwing
Hints out I was quite a swell.
My offer she accepted bland,
And when we parted, I squeezed her hand,
She agreeing to meet me in the Strand;
Very well I remember it now—I know

Her I about escourted,
Three months, and my cash sported,
Till it ran precious short did,
And grew cold did Arabella.
I thought something did distract her,
Till I found a tragic actor
It was, who did attract her,
A loud, lanky, haughty swell,
Oh! say not woman's heart is bought,
The song says: bosh! nought of the sort,
He with Orders her heart captive caught,
And not a chance remained for me, oh! no
Last Chorus: Oh! lovely Arabella,
No damsel could excell her,
And so I used to tell her,
In tones melodious mellow;
But I could almost bellow—
For, with that dramatic fellow,
Who acted in Othello,
She has stepped it far from me—
oh! dear!

Dame Durden.

A GLEE.

Dame Durden kept five serving-girls,
To carry the milking-pail;
She also kept five laboring men,
To wield the spade and flail:
'Twas Moll and Bet,
And Doll and Kate,
And Dorothy Draggletail:
And John and Dick,
And Joe and Jack,
And Humphrey with his flail;
'Twas John kissed Molly,
And Dick kissed Betty,
And Joe kissed Dolly,
And Jack kissed Kitty,
And Humphrey with his flail:
And Kitty she was a charming girl to carry the milking-pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
She did begin to call,
To rouse her servant-maids and men
She then began to bawl.
'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
The birds began to prate,
Dame Durden's servant-maids and men
They all began to mate.
'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

The Jolly Old Waterloo Man.

Sung by W. J. Critchfield.

Music at Boosey & Co. 4 Bond Street, New-York

Gad Zooks here am I now a jolly old buck,
And I think mine a very queer case:
Nearly all my old comrades their colors have struck,
I am almost the last of the race
That followed the Duke, all the Spanish war through,
And took part in the gallant deeds done
And fought under his orders at famed Waterloo,
Where he a great victory won.
Chorus,
Then never say die: 'tis a folly to sigh;
I'll enjoy life as long as I can;
I'm a stranger to fear; so a shout and a cheer
For the jolly old Waterloo Man!

Tho' no more I shall march to the sound of the fife,
There are plenty of brave lads that will:
If foemen will threaten with quarrels and strife,
They'll find we have courage and skill;
Let enemies snarl, we have no need of fear:
For, against the whole world we can stand,
Only think of the thousands of brave volunteers—
They're the pride of our dear native land.
Then never say die, &c.

But since the lumbago's got into my back,
And my peeper is shut up for life,
In Chelsea Asylum no comfort I lack,
I'm sheltered from trouble and strife:
With my gallant old comrades I smoke and I chat,
As we drink to our Country and Flag,
And bless those who founded a shelter like that,
A reward for the service we've seen.
Then never say die, &c.

But now I must turn to the right-a-bout face,
And march to my quarters, you see:
I can reach the canteen at a pretty smart pace,
For, a jug of good beer won't hurt me;
So I'll shoulder my arms and turn out my toes,
This assertion you'll none of you doubt:
If no longer I'm able to conquer my foes,
I can conquer a bottle of stout.
Then never say die, &c.

The surest way to lose your health, is to keep drinking other people's.

The most consummate coolness that we have heard of, was that of the steerage passenger asleep in a raging storm.

"Wake up," cried one of his comrades, "the ship is sinking!"

"Well, what is the use of waking, then?" he answered, as he turned over for another nap.

I'm so Jolly Happy!

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

A fig for all so sappy ones! I'm among the happy ones,
A merry dog, a jolly dog, as happy as a king:
As for care and trouble, why, I give the same the double,
And what ever may befal me, I always laugh and sing.
Even in my days of schooling I was never "muling puling,"
Tho' for sticking pins in master's seat, I for the birch was cast;
On a boy's back elevated, poor me they titillated:

CHORUS.

But I was so jolly happy; for I knew it wouldn't last;
Yes, I was so jolly happy—for, I knew it wouldn't last.

Oh! while a lad birdnesting, I on a branch was resting high;
Down I fell, my legs I broke and smashed up all the eggs;
To the hospital they took me, and as good as dead they booked me;
But I laughed instead of cried as the doctor set my legs:
For, they gave me buns such plummy ones and cakes and tarts, such honey ones;
I blowed my little kite out so, they brought them in so fast;
And then to make me BETTERER, wines I had ET CETERA—
Oh! I was so jolly happy—but was sorry it wouldn't last.
I was so jolly, &c.

Once, a frisky horse driving, I to hold him was striving,
Upset an apple-woman and a crossing-sweeper queer;
As a kind award they fined on, they sent me off to Brixton,
To GET UP in MACHINERY as a CIVIL ENGINEER.
The ROAD to FAME I MOUNTED up—my steps I never COUNTED up:
But the SCIENCE of REVOLVING WHEELS I mastered SURE and FAST;
And when from STUDIES panting, oh! they fed me A LA Banting, oh!
I was so jolly happy—for, I knew it couldn't last,
I was so jolly, &c.

To see my sweetheart nightly, oh! I'd climb a tree so lightly, oh!
But once fell through the greenhouse on some prickly cactus trees;
Next heard a fearful howling, and the big dog came out growling,
As I mounted o'er another wall, guarded CHEVAUX DE FRISEE:
Oh! round I went like lightning, I felt my coat-tails tightning,
Was brought up by a jerk, and found myself suspended fast,
And then I felt a cracking as of lots of stitches snapping,
And I was so jolly happy—for, my coat-tails wouldn't last.
I was so jolly, &c.

Of course, I soon got married; then my bride to church I carried:
But cash and ring had left at home—so had to go AWAY,
Heard my lady-love a-mumbling, oh! how jolly she was grumbling, oh!
To have to put the wedding off, until another day.
But revenge my spouse is venting: every year she's now presenting
Me with twins—I scarce can count them they come so precious fast—
There must be nearly twenty; for, the cradle's never empty—
But I'm so jolly happy—for, I know 'twill never last.
But I'm so jolly, &c.

By way of a conclusion, just allow me this allusion:
If trouble comes amongst you, lads, then pitch it overboard;
Though to-day there may be sorrow, but there's sunshine on the morrow,
And lots of good things yet to come old Time has safely stored;
Should your wives your ears be wringing, think it love and then be singing;
Should your house take fire, if you're INSURED you gain by what is past:
And should any lose a lover, they can easily get another—
Oh! the best cure for the heart-ache is to know 'twill never last.
Oh! the best, &c.

The Nobby Butcher Boy.

I'm a butcher boy, you plainly see: my sister's Sally Skinbottom,
She's my mother's joy, and of lovers, why, she's plenty of 'em!
I'm the pride of the alley from the top to the bottom,
And everybody knows I'm a nobby butcher boy,
Oh! girls, come and have your mutton cheap:
Oh, lor! you treat me like a toy—
My eye! I'm out for holiday,
Come and have a spree with the nobby butcher boy!

Now, there's my girl, God bless her! her name's Jemima Softbottom:
She's a regular ten-stone girl, and of quids, why, she's plenty of 'em;
We are going to the races, and I intend to trot 'em—
For, none can equal Jemima and her nobby butcher boy!

Last Sunday night, she said to me: if I'd come down the awey bottom,
She'd show me some nice things—wedding presents she had got 'em;
She's going to give me a new smock-frock with fal-rals round the bottom:
Then I'd like to know who'd equal the nobby butcher boy?

Is there any girl here wants a chap?—in this hall there's plenty of 'em;
Don't all speak at once! for, of browns I haven't any of 'em;
But if you come down our alley, from the top to the bottom,
You can buy your mutton cheap from the nobby butcher boy!

Am I Right—Or any Other Man?

(A NIGGER LECTURE.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
FELLOW CITIZENS AND BRUDDERS,

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I have come before you to undress you with my public opinions: And when a man stands before his fellow man, to undress him with his peculiar notions and he is about to say that what you will all understand what he is going to say, when he says so, he is a man, OR ANY OTHER MAN.

Now the first question is: who is a Man? and where did he come from? now some people say that man was born in the world—then the question arises: what is the world made of? eh!—FULLER'S EARTH. And who discovered the world? eh!—Lord Brougham. And what does he say the world is? eh! — nothing but two hemispheres revolving on its own axletrees. eh! am I right, OR ANY OTHER MAN?

Now the next question am: who was our first forefathers and fore-mudders? eh! Adam and Eve, man and wife eh! who married them, eh? Beecher! and who was the first woman? Adam was yes! wasn't he the first MAID! eh! OR ANY OTHER MAN?

Now the grand question is: the history of old England; now, Ladies and Gentlemen, when you refer to the year 76 D. G.—that is to say, in the reign of Julius Caesar—what did Julius Cæsar say to Garibaldi? eh! and what did Garibaldi say to the Duke of Wellington at the battle of Sebastofool! eh? Didn't he ask him WHERE HE WAS GOING TO ON SUNDAY?

And what did Lord John Russel say to the Prince of Wales, when he came back from Egypt? eh! didn't he say HOW'S YOUR POOR FEET? eh! OR ANY OTHER MAN?

Not because, because not nevertheless howsoever, and why? eh! What did the Viceroy of Egypt say, the other night, at Werrall's soup-kitchen? eh! didn't he say that Holloway's Pills ought to be indicted for perjury?

And if Louis Napoleon did put his fist on Savoy, is that any reason he should cabbage Rome, eh!

If Victor Emmanuel is King of Italy, ain't Garibaldi the liberater of Italy? eh! again I appeal to you Americans, was it right to imprison Garibaldi? eh! No! why cant they send him here? eh! would not Miss Nightingale heal his wounds? eh! ain't she the warrior's friend? am I right? AND THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER!

Oh! kind friends, what is the daily excitement now? eh! the European war. What did Oliver Cromwell say at the Battle of Sedan? eh! If Blondin did walk the Atlantic cable is that any reason that Walling's Pork-Pies ought not to have the first prize at the Islington dog-show? eh! and THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER! Oh! fellow-citizens, I cannot allow this opportunity to pass by, without saying a few words about our great statesman, Lord Pummistone: what did he say? eh! did he not say that where there was a will, there was a way? and if scrofulous Count Bismarck had his will, there should be no Paris on the Banks of the Seine, eh!

Oh! let us blush at our ignorance, eh! how do we know what we do now, if we don't know it? eh! What is the daily talk? eh! Marriage, what is marriage? nothing but a solution of matrimony. Suppose a gentleman paid his distresses to a young lady, and the gentleman has nothing in the world, and the gal the same amount of property, eh! who does the things belong to? eh! THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER!

I want to know if it's right that Brigham Young, the Mormon saint, should have so many wives, while many a poor fellow is starving for want of a pretty widow—or any other girl! Ain't it scandalous!

There's that spooney meoney Windham, got no wife—and serve him right—or any other man. And I want to know this—why should the aforesaid Brigham Young always have a joint to give away? why? you intellectual greenhorns because he has several spare ribs—am I right—or any other man? Of course, I am.

You have only to refer back to the year 1676, when the great poet lived, the man that wrote your plays for you—Spokeshave: what did he say when he wrote that beautiful play called "Roman Nose and Buett?" eh! didn't he say: "that there is a time in the affairs of man, that leads on to fortune?" now is the time, one and all of you, to extinguish yourself, eh! or any other man. Good Evening.

Will You Come to the Bower?

Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses, bespangled with dew.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the bower?

There, under the bower, on soft roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Smile, my love?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Kiss me, my love?

And, oh! for the joys that are sweeter than dew,
From languishing roses, or kisses, from you!
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Won't you, my love?

I'll Come to the Bower.

Will you promise with roses no thorns there shall be?
And I'll come to the bower you have shaded for me.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the bower?

As under the bower on soft roses we lie,
With a blush on each cheek, and a love-laughing eye.
Will you, will you, will you, will you?
Say, my beloved,

From the roses we press what joys will be found,
Whose kisses so sweet shed their fragrance around!
Will you, will you, will you, will you?
I'll kiss you, my love.

But show me the ring, more sweeter than dew
From the faltering roses, or kisses from you—
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Can you, my love?

Champion Tommy.

New Characteristic Comic Song a la Pugilist, with Gloves, or Belt on, or full Fighting Costume.

Air: Champagne Charlie.

I've been a noted Pugilist,
Since I was just eighteen;
I've had so many BLACK eyes,
There's no place to show the GREEN.
My NOSE was not PUT OUT OF JOINT,
When my young brother came,
It was done in a Champion-Mill:
"Pug" Tommy is my name.
Chorus: Champion Tommy is my name!
Champion Tommy is my name!
Champion Tommy is my name, my boys!
Right good at the fistic game, my boys!
Champion Tommy is my name!
Champion Tommy is my name!
Right good at the fistic game, my boys!
Who'll come and have a round with me?

I never sold my backers with
A "croes," in the P. R—
The consequence of which is: I'm
A Pugilistic Star.
I'm HAND-AND-GLOVE with noble Swells,
And shake Lords by the paws,
When setting-to, with Amateurs,
At Nat's, or Jemmy Shaw's.
Champion Tommy, &c.

The noble Art of Self-defence,
Let them run down who will;
All Britons they should learn to use
Their "Bunch-of-fives" with skill.
Against Garotters Johnny Bull,
May have to guard his life:
He's no true Englishman, who'll use,
Like foreign curs the knife!
Champion Tommy, &c.

Oft, in the roped ring, boys,
Have Britons shown their might—
And few, till fairly beat, my boys,
Have shown the feather white.
A rattling Mill, on Molley-Hunst,
Delights the P. R. lovers;
And who'll forget the Farnham fight,
Or gallant Tommy Sayers?
Champion Tommy, &c.

Before the Public I have stood,
To battle, and to spar;
Now my ambition is to stand
Behind a Public Bar.
When I'm "Mine Host," my friends around
I hope will often call
To patronize the hostelry
Of Champion Tommy, all!
Champion Tommy, &c.

Good-Evening.

As Sung by James H. McGuire, the Great Comic Vocalist.

I had been dining rather late
The fact I think it best to state,
As I strolled out without a mate,
One very pleasant evening,
On fancy beats my steps were led—
As onward through the streets I strayed,
A lovely figure I saw ahead
Walked past and said: "Good-evening."

I felt a disappointed dunce,
Not a word she answered in response,
Though I repeated more than once:
"Good-evening, Miss, good-evening."
At length she turned her head this WAY—
And you can judge of my dismay—
She was fifty-five if she was a day—
And, of course, I said: "Good-evening."

My disappointment made me queer,
I stepped into an ale-house near,
Addressed the bar-maid thus: "My dear,
A glass of ale—good-evening."
With sparkling eyes she an ale soon served—
What is it makes me so unnerved?
Close standing by me I observed
My tailor: sir! Good-evening.

SPOKEN: How do you do sir? I am always happy to see my tailor, especially when I don't owe him anything. Good-evening, sir, good-evening!

His presence spoiled my wish to stay,
I reached the door then heard her say:
"Please pay before you go away,
Ten cents sir, then good-evening."
"Pray, pardon, Miss, I beg of you,
I quite forgot." (and that was true)
The tailor says: "You often do;
Good-evening, Snooze, good-evening."

I felt a blush come o'er my face,
At such a crowd and such disgrace—
They shouted, as I left the place:
"Good-evening, Snooze, good-evening."
Policeman Jones, outside the door,
Increased my misery more and more,
He says: "I've watched your little game before,
Get out of my beat—good-evening."

I left his beat it did not suit,
To argue with the stupid brute
Or hear him make me that salute:
"Good-evening, Snooze, good-evening."
Into a lane I made a dive
A fresh street reached more dead than live,
And there again met Miss Fifty-five,
Who simpered out: "Good-evening, Johnny,
good-evening!"

I hired a hack myself to save,
And handsome to him did behave—
Two fares for one I did him give,
On that unlucky evening.
When I found out what I had done,
I turned and found the cab had gone—
But I'll not forget the driver's tone
As he remarked "Good-evening, sir,
good-evening."

But strange things happen for the best;
If you're amused I'll waive the rest—
Like the hackman you'll enjoy the jest
At my expense this evening;
But luckily he's left me here.
This place where I have naught to fear;
So with kind regards to all friends here,
I beg to say: "Good-evening."

The News-Boy.

Affectionately dedicated to the numerous, respectable and useful body of New-York News-Boys.

Air: Wait for the Wagon.

Oh! 'tis early every morning, about the break of day,
I jump up from my slumbers, and quickly haste away—
Then at the paper offices my daily stock I choose,
And then I hurry all about to spread the morning news.
Chorus: Singing: Here's the Times and Herald!
Singing: Here's the Times and Herald!
Singing: Here's the Times and Herald,
And all the morning news!

Oh! twice every month, I do so briskly sell
Thousand copies of De Marsan's Sparkling Singer's Journal—
The Sporters all do buy it just to read the funniest songs—
And the ladies they will have it—for, it drives away the blues—
Chorus: Then here are songs for one cent!
Then here are songs for one cent!
Then here's the Journal for two pence,
With all the funniest Songs!

Oh! when the day is ended, with pockets full of rocks,
I lay off at the Bowery, and laugh at funny Fox;
'Tis there I raise old harry, and on peanuts have a spree—
Of all the lives you read of, the news-boy's life for me!
Chorus: Oh! I'm bound to raise old Harry,
Oh! I'm bound to raise old Harry,
Oh! I'm bound to raise old Harry—
The news-boy's life for me!

Tew make a good man mad—starch his stockings a leetle tew stiff.

The Little Church Around the Corner.

"ALL HONOR TO THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER!" [Joe Jefferson.]

Words by Arthur Matthison—Music by G. S. Dwyer.

The Music can be obtained of Fairchild & Dwyer, 377 Sixth Avenue, New-York.

When from the stage of real life
George Holland made his EXIT,
To rest until the final "call"—
The Trumpet "RESURREXIT"—
He left no blot upon his name,
No wrong had he done to man,
But cast, with his good life, aside
His well played part of "True-man."
Upon his tomb write "Honest man,"
And cry, with "Rip," kind Mourner:
"All honor to the little Church—
The Church around the corner!"

He died, and friends who loved him best
Stood round his grave lamenting:
With full hearts spoke George Holland's worth,
No single voice dissenting.
His friends no more shall grasp his hand—
The link that bound them broken!
The curtain's down, the lights are out,
His epilogue is spoken.
Upon his tomb write "Faithful Friend,"
And cry, with "Rip," kind Mourner:
"All honor to the little Church—
The Church around the corner!"

Stern, bitter words of strong rebuke
Might we speak to that Pastor,
But leave him—as he should have left
The dead man—to his Master.
We will not judge, as he hath judged,
Nor sit with him—the Scorner!
But say: "God bless the little Church—
The Church around the corner!"
On Holland's tomb we "Christian" write,
And cry, with "Rip," true Mourner:
"All honor to the little Church—
The Church around the corner!"

Come over the Ferry.

Words by Frank W. Green—Music by Anthony Mish.

The Music of this song is published on the last page of the present Number of the Singer's Journal.

Come over the ferry, and let us be merry,
The boat is now waiting for thee—
The stream is fast flowing, the May-buds are blowing,
Come over the ferry to me—
The hedge-rows are laden with blossoms, dear maiden,
And sweetly their perfume is scenting the air
The choicest and rarest, the richest and fairest,
I'll weave in a garland to twine in thy hair:
The church bells are pealing, and sweetly is stealing
O'er meadows their music so clear—
Then hear what I'm saying, have no more delaying,
Come over the ferry, my dear—

Come over the ferry, and let us be merry,
When birds sweetly sing on the tree—
When earth's full of gladness, we'll banish all sadness,
Come over the ferry to me—
Then come, gentle lady, the lanes, cool and shady,
Are sheltered by hedges of blossoming May,
So pleasant for walking, and if we are talking,
The birds and the trees only hear what we say;
The day is fast flying, the buds will be dying,
The song-birds no more will you hear—
The evening is splendid, then come ere 'tis ended,
Come over the ferry, my dear—

Come over the ferry, and let us be merry,
The first little star I can see—
Which seems to be saying: "Oh! cease this delaying—
Come over the ferry to me—
The moon will be showing, the wind will be blowing,
The air will be chill with the breezes of night,
And here sad and lonely I'm waiting you only,
While time, ever busy, is taking his flight—"
At last, I can see her, I know it must be her,
An end to my doubt and my fear—
You're coming at last, then, my vigil is past then,
Come over the ferry, my dear—

That Dear Little Church 'Round the Corner.

Written and Sung by Tony Pastor—Music by S. Stirly.

The Music can be obtained at the Music Publishing Office of E. H. Harding, No. 288 Bowery, New-York—Price 10 Cts.

Some lessons I've learned, wise sayings I've heard,
But there's one that I prize 'bove all others,
'Tis: "Charity is the first duty of man:
And remember we're all of us Brothers."
Then give me the man who is honest and true,
Of bigoted meanness a scorner—
Whether he lives up town in a house of brown stone,
Or a little frame house 'round the corner.

Tho' ONE may have wealth—servants at his command,
And bask in the sunshine of Beauty:
The OTHER in poverty struggles thro' life,
Yet nobly fulfilling his duty—
The ONE at Delmonico's daily can dine,
On good wine growing fuller and warmer:
The OTHER ONE goes for his crackers and cheese
To the poor little store 'round the corner—

The man who is wealthy in houses and lands,
May frown on the children of labor:
The poor man will often his last dollar give
To assist his unfortunate neighbor—
Mr. MAMMON to church in his carriage will ride,
Of the poor fellow walking a scorner—
While poverty quietly wanders along
To that dear little church 'round the corner.

Now to me it is plain there's a duty for all:
If we try to do good to each other,
The orphan to help, and the hungry to feed,
And cheer up each sorrowing brother—
Let us judge not too harshly of other men's acts,
Of hypocrisy still be a scorner—
And when our time comes, let them take us away
To that dear little church 'round the corner.

Happy George's Soliloquy.

Written and Sung by George Arnstein.

Don't you wish that you was me?
It's no use saying no—
I am one of the style you see
And such a dashing Beau—
The girls say I've such a dashing style:
My voice the air keeps ringing,
My dancing, too, is all AU FAIT,
And so is my singing—
Chorus: I let the world Jog as it will,
I'll be free and easy still—
For you I'd sing and dance all night:
To please you all is my delight.

Sometime ago, I courted a girl,
And Jenny was her name:
Her hair it hung in ringlets,
And I wanted her hand to claim.
I asked her if she'd be mine—
She answered in tones bewitching:
"Darling, I love no one but you—"
And thus we keep on singing— Chorus.

We are married now and happy, too;
For, Jenny is a Darling—
And I hope you all will be like us,
Happy, gay and smiling—
Drive away from you dull care,
And never think of sobbing:
But always be gay and free, my friends,
And then you will be singing— Chorus.

A young lady, at a fashionable dinner party, pestered Doctor Johnson with a conundrum, a thing which the bluff old philosopher utterly detested. "Why is the letter J like the end of Spring, Doctor?" was the question. Of course, the learned doctor couldn't tell—"Because it's the beginning of June," was the solution.

"Now, Miss, will you tell me why the letter K is like a pig's tail?" sternly asked the doctor. The young lady had to give it up—"Because it's the end of pork, Miss." The doctor was bothered with no more conundrums.

If a man is given to liquor, see that liquor is not given to him.

"COME OVER THE FERRY."

Written by FRANK W. GREEN. Composed by ANTHONY NISH.

Moderato. Playfully.



2.

Come over the ferry, and let us be merry,
When birds sweetly sing on the tree;
When earth's full of gladness we'll banish all sadness,
Come over the ferry to me.
Then come, gentle lady, the lanes cool and shady,
Are shelter'd by hedges of blossoming May,
So pleasant for walking, and if we are talking,
The birds and the trees only hear what we say.
The day is fast flying, the buds will be dying,
The song birds no more will you hear.
The evening is splendid, then come ere 'tis ended,
Come over the ferry, my dear.

3.

Come over the ferry, and let us be merry,
The first little star I can see,
Which seems to be saying oh cease this delaying,
Come over the ferry to me.
The moon will be showing, the wind will be blowing,
The air will be chill with the breezes of night,
And here sad and lonely, I'm waiting you only,
While time ever busy is taking his flight;
At last I can see her, I know it must be her,
An end to my doubt and my fear,
You're coming at last then, my vigil is past then,
Come over the ferry, my dear.

NUMBER 63.

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SINGER'S JOURNAL!

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P. H. M—South Boston, Mass—We are trying to find the Song of the FACTORY GIRL—The tune of BOLD JACK DONOHOE is well known here.

Next Number (64) will end the first Volume of the Singer's Journal, containing 60 Numbers or 3000 Songs and 50 Pieces of Music—We advise every Amateur to make a collection of all the Numbers and have them bound in one book with as fine a cover as suits the taste of each one. Such a book will always be an ornament on the parlor-table in every household.

The Apple of My Eye.



O Susie, my darling, I hope I never die,
That you may live forever, the apple of my eye—
'Twas in the orchard, Susie darling, when no one else was nigh,
I called you then my star and treasure, the apple of my eye.

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All communications must be addressed to
Henry DE MARSAN, Publisher,
No. 60 Chatham Street, New-York.

We do not undertake to return rejected MSS. or to answer by post.

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CONTENTS.

A DROP IN THE EYE ..... Page 467
A BATCH OF JESTS 467
A BIT OF THE BROWN 470
The APPLE OF MY EYE 471
BOUNCE! 468
The BOWLD SOJER BOY 468
CEASE THY REPOSING 466
DRUNKEN SALLY 466
Don't be angry with me, darling 471
ERIN-GO-BRAGH! 467
Fill high to him that's far away 466
The FAIRY BELLS 467
Farewell to thee, land of my birth! 468
The FUNNY CRAZY MAN 469
HE, AND KIND THE POSTMAN 466
HANDS OFF—No. 2 467
Have you seen my daughter? I'm her Pa! 468
If each about his own door sweep 469
I'd blush, but I could not refuse him 469
The LAST MEETING 468
The Loving Postman: or his heart went pit-a-pat 469
LET US MAKE THE BEST OF IT 471
MRS. JENKINS OF BILLINGSGATE 466
MEET ME IN THE VALLEY 466
Man should act as the brother of man .. 468
My lover and I are in fondness united .. 469
The MILLER'S DAUGHTER 470
MY MOTHER DEAR 471
NONE BUT THE JEALOUS CAN KNOW 468
No glory I covet, no riches I want 468
OH! ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE? 466
Oh! tell me, love, the dearest hour 467
OH! NEVER PLAY WITH FIRE 467
OH, MY! THIS STORY IT IS TRUE 468
OH! SHE HAD SUCH TAKING WAYS! 470
POVERTY'S NO SIN 466
PULL AWAY CHEERILY 469
POLL AND MY PARTNER JOE 469
Pretty Mary, the Dairyman's Daughter . 471
Still to be neat, still to be dress 470
SHE WORE A MONKEY JACKET 470
The STEAM-CIGAR 470
There's a tear that falls when we part .. 467
There you are again, with your hair like mine.... 467
TOM SIMPLETON 467
WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW 466
The WARNING 467
The WHISPER—YOU GUESS THE REST 467
We meet as strangers now—Words 471
We meet as strangers now—Music 472
Who's coming out for a spree to-night? 470

HENRY DE MARSAN'S
SINGER'S JOURNAL.

We take the liberty to remind our Customers, principally those from the Country, that our place of Business is at No. 60 (not 61) Chatham Street, Up-Stairs, First Floor.

REMEMBER:

60 Chatham Street, Up-Stairs, 60
First Floor. (Opposite William Street.)

He, She and the Postman.

Sung by J. L. Toole.

Music at Boosey & Co., 4 Bond Street, New-York.

There was a maiden loved a youth,
In the town that I was born in—'orn in :
She wrote to him, by the evening post,
To meet her in the morning—'orning.

The morning came, no letter did,
'Cos the postman he forgot it—'got it :
Though he delivered a note to her,
That there note was not it—'ot it.

Oh ! cruel postman ! to forget
That letter to deliver—'liver :
Cried she : "My true love is false to me ! "
Then SPLOSHED into the river—'iver.

Then the lovier he did pine away,
And left off playing at skittles—'kittles :
He got so thin, left off drinkin',
And never eat no more wittles—'ittles.

At last he got a waterbutt,
He was not so partickler—'tickler :
He pushed his head right down foremost,
Till his legs were perpendickler—'ickler.

Then the postman killed his-self likewise,
For fear of what might happen—'appen :
And if you now a table tries,
You may hear his spirit rappen—'appen.

Poverty's no Sin.

Poor Kate with nosegay-basket trim,
Sent forth the plaintive cry,
Her varied flowers round the brim
She bid each traveller buy.
But heedless passed the giddy throng,
In vain she hoped to win ;
She sighed and held her basket low :
Sure poverty's no sin.

She silent grieves, but perseveres,
By hunger pinched and cold :
A brute who saw the falling tear,
Grew impudent and bold :
By force he pressed this modest maid,
Who pity wished to win :
Who struggled, blushed, and frowning said :
Sure poverty's no sin.

Tom Truelove flushed with golden ore,
His constant girl he knew,
Just cried : "'Tis lucky I'm on shore ! "
To her relief he flew.
His cudgel laid the assailant low,
While Tom did thus begin—
" D'ye mind me, lubber, don't ye know
That poverty's no sin ? "

Then bore his prize, with love and pride,
Beneath his conquering arm,
And swore he'd keep her by his side,
And shield her safe from harm :
" Thy sails, says Tom, shake in the wind,
Thy cheeks look pale and thin,
But cheer, my lass, the breeze is kind ;
For, poverty's no sin. "

Kate told him all her friends were dead,
And she distrest and low—
" Avast ! he cried, enough is said—"
His heart felt all her woe.
" Here, take this gold, 'tis all your own,
'Twas you made me to win ;
I've fought for you, and you alone :
Why, poverty's no sin. "

Rigged like a lady, Kate, next day,
Was made by Tom a wife,
And cheerly passes life away ;
They know no care or strife.
To her the needy tell their grief,
Who ask is sure to win :
She always gives relief, and says :
" That poverty's no sin. "

Fill High to Him that's Far Away.

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted ;
Dear, dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted !
Oh ! if regret, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay ;
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away !

Long be the flame of memory found
Alive within your social glass ;
Let that be still the magic round
O'er which Oblivion dares not pass !

Mrs. Jenkins of Billingsgate.

A Parody on the " Wishing Gate. "

'Twas on Good Friday eve, the neighbors all state
Mrs. Jenkins went down to Billingsgate :
For, that was the place she'd been told
Where the cheapest of maid and salt-fish was sold.
She was one of those ladies that thought it no sin
To spend her market penny in gin ;
So away she went salt-fish to buy.
Like wife to get a few drops on the sly :
With her key on her finger, and basket so neat,
Mrs. Jenkins went down to Billingsgate.

She went there, she got there, and there she spied
Some fish that was fresh, some pickled, some fried :
She looked at some eels as long as her arm,
When a fishfag bawled out : " what are you looking for,
marm ? "

" I want a nice fish without even a fault.
Said she, one that's flakey and not very salt. "
" Well, here's one, said the woman, I'll warrant it sound,
I'll sell it to you, marm, for three half-pence per pound. "
She bought it and thought it very good weight,
And was pleased with her bargain at Billingsgate.

So delighted was she she gained her wish.
That she made up her mind to eat the salt-fish :
And at each public house in the market she'd stop,
And couldn't pass by without having a drop.
She began to look funny and feel much the same,
And she did many things I don't wish to name ;
And the boys in the street they raised a shout,
To see her and her fish both thumble about.
She was found by a policeman in a very queer state :
So she slept in a station-house near Billingsgate.

Next morn when she woke, she exclaimed : " oh, dear ! "
For, in searching her basket no fish was there—
And what made the case so remarkably odd,
That none of the bobbys had seen her salt cod.
She hoped that the bones would stick in their throats,
And swore that she'd soon have it out of their coats :
" Not seen it ! said she, that's all my eye :
It's gone after the mutton and rabbit-pie. "
So, ladies, beware of Mrs. Jenkins's fate :
Keep serene when you market at Billingsgate.

Cease Thy Reposing.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Oh ! cease thy reposing,
Night's stars are closing,
Dreamily dozing
Into the day,
Gaily awaking,
Slumber forsaking,
While morn is breaking,
Let us away—
Longing to cheer thee,
And to be near thee,
Hoping to hear thee,
Hither I came.
Soft words, in sighing,
Cadences dying,
To me replying,
Breathe thy dear name !
Oh ! cease thy reposing, &c.

When slumber hath found me,
And lovingly bound me,
Hovering around me
Thy spirit seems,
Silently blessing,
Mutely confessing,
Thy soul caressing
Mine in my dreams.
When moonlight is beaming,
And bright stars are gleaming,
Whilst thou art dreaming
Haply of me—
Then, should the morrow
Wake thee to sorrow,
Come, love, and borrow
Gladness from me,
Oh ! cease thy reposing, &c.

Drunken Sally.

By L. M. Thornton—Air : Tom Bowlin.

Here toss turned up doth lie old Sally,
The girl to make a row :
No more she'll reel down our alley
As drunk as David's sow.
Sal's form did not exhibit beauty,
Her nut was rather soft.
But to the glass she did her duty,
On the third floor aloft.

Sal seldom from her word departed,
Her character was rare :
Her female pals were all free hearted,
And bow-legged Bill all there :
And then she'd chant so very jolly—
For, I have heard her oft,
But Sal has died of melancholy,
On the third floor aloft.

No more shall I in stormy weather
See old Sal tip the tin,
And call for Gin and Cloves together,
And suck the potion in :
Thus abstainence which cooks the goose,
At length Sal's life has doffed :
She ceasing to imbibe the juices,
Died on the third floor aloft.

Oh ! are Ye Sleeping, Maggie ?

Mirk and rainy is the night,
No a star in a' the carry :
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive wi' winter's fury :
Oh ! are ye sleeping, Maggie ?
Oh ! are ye sleeping, Maggie ?
Let me in—for, loud the linn
Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.

Fearful soughs the boortree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie :
Loud the iron yett does clank,
And ery o' howlets makes me eerie.
Oh ! are ye sleeping, &c

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie ;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
Oh ! rise, rise, my bonny lady !
Oh ! are ye sleeping, &c

She op'd the door, she let him in :
He cost aside his dreeping plaidie ;
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.
Now since ye're waking, Maggie !
Now since ye're waking, Maggie !
What care I for howlet's cry,
For boortree bank, or warlock craigie ?

Meet Me in the Valley.

When behind the mountain
The daylight melts away,
And twilight o'er the valley
Spreads her robe of grey :
When the scream thou hearest
Of wild birds in the fen :
Wilt thou meet me, dearest,
Down in the forest glen ?
Mind you do not dally,
But by the starlight's gleam,
Meet me in the valley
Beside the old mill-stream.

When the rook is soaring,
To rest upon the bough,
Or the black-bird pouring
Melodiously his vow :
When the rose is sipping
Bright dew-drops in the shade :
Will you then come tripping
To meet me in the glade ?
Mind you do not dally,
But by the starlight's gleam,
Meet me in the valley
Beside the old mill-stream.

Weel may the Keel Row.

As I came down the Cannongate,
The Cannongate, the Cannongate :
As I came down the Cannongate,
I heard a lassie sing, Oh !
Chorus : Weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row :
Weel may the keel row,
The ship that my love's in, Oh !

My love has breath o' roses,
O' roses, o' roses,
Wi' arms o' lily posies
To fauld a lassie in, Oh !
Weel may, &c.

My love he wears a bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
A snawy rose upon it,
A dimple on his chin, Oh !
Weel may, &c.

Why has a clock a bashful appearance ?— Because it keeps its hands before its face.

The Fairy Bells.

I dreamt ('twas but a dream.) thou wert my bride, love:
I dreamt that we were wandering side by side, love;
I, Earth's happiest son and thou, her loveliest daughter:
While fairy bells came tinkling o'er the water:
Merrily, merrily, merrily, it fell
The echo of that fairy bell.

That vision passed away, and thou hast left me
To mourn the hopes thy falsehood hath bereft me;
No more I claim thy promised hand,
No more in dreams I see thee stand:
While soft, and sweet, and low it fell
The echo of that fairy bell.

Now, when I'm musing, sad and lonely,
With but my harp and thy remembrance only,
In vain, as o'er those chords I bend,
One joyful note I try to send:
For, sad, sad, and changed they seem,
The fairy-bells of that dear dream!

Oh! Tell Me, Love, the Dearest Hour.

A DUET.

Oh! tell me, love, the dearest hour
The parted, anxious lover knows—
When passion, with enchanter's power,
Across his faithful memory throws
Its softest, brightest flame.

'Tis when he sings on some lone shore
Where Echo's vocal spirits throng,
Whose airy voices, o'er and o'er,
On still and moonlight lake prolong
One dear, loved, thrilling name!

There You are Again with Your Hair Like Mine.

Oh! there you are again with your hair like mine,
When you go out on Sunday, don't you cut a shine!
You leave your wife at home, with other girls to roam,
You know that's very wrong, with your hair like mine.
When the moon through the clouds is peeping,
From your wife and kids you're creeping:
Some other girls you are meeting,
And leave your wife behind.

Oh! you'll have to stop your game, with your hair like mine
Or you'll get into a mess some day, you'll find;
You tell your wife a crammer, and sport about with Hannah;
So, think of the two-and-a-tanner, and your poor kids at home.
Your wife to you is faithful,
To her you've been ungrateful;
She never thought you'd be deceitful,
From your own wife at home.

A good wife to a man is a treasure, it's true:
For, without the women, what would the men do?
And if that men should marry, from your wives now never tarry;
If you do, you'll be a sammy, when your own wife's at home.
Through sporting about with Hannah,
And telling my wife a crammer,
I've got to pay two-and-a-tanner;
For, the kid's hair is just like mine.

There's a Tear that Falls when we Part.

There's a tear that falls when we part
From a friend whose loss we shall mourn:
There's a tear that flows from the half-broken heart,
When we think he may never return—oh! never!
'Tis hard to be parted from those
With whom we for ever could dwell:
But, bitter, indeed, is the sorrow that flows,
When, perhaps, we are saying farewell—for ever!

There's a tear that brightens the eye
Of the friend, when absence is o'er!
There's a tear that flows not for sorrow, but joy,
When we meet to be parted no more—oh! never!
Then all that in absence we dread
Is past, and forgotten our pain:
For, sweet is the tear we at such moments shed,
When we behold the loved object again—for ever!

The Warning.

Young Colin once courted Myrtilla, the prude;
If he sighed or looked tender, she cried he was rude;
Though he begged, with devotion, some ease for his pain,
The good fellow got nothing but frowns and disdain.
Fatigued with her folly, his suit he gave o'er,
And vowed that no female should fetter him more.
He strove, with all caution, to 'scape from the net:
But Chloe soon caught him—a finished coquet!
She glanced to his glances, she sighed to his sighs,
And flattered his hopes—in the language of eyes.
Alas! for poor Colin! when put to the test,
Himself and his passion proved both but her jest—

By the critical third he was fixed in the snare:
By Fanny—gay, young, unaffected, and fair!—
When she found he had merit, and Love took his part,
She dallied no longer, but yielded her heart.
With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree,
And now are as happy—as happy can be.

As the rose-bud of beauty soon sickens and fades,
The prude and coquet are two slighted old maids;
Now their sweets are all wasted too late they repent
For transports untasted, for moments mis-spent!
Ye virgins, take warning, improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.

A Drop in the Eye.

Air: Love in the Heart.

What is it that steals from the cheek the red rose,
Its blossoms displacing to bloom on the nose?
What is it that sends us with hiccups to bed,
And wakes us at morn with a pain in the head?
'Tis a drop, a drop in the eye,
A drop, a drop in the eye!

And what makes the legs scarce their burden uphold?
And what makes us into the kennel get rolled?
And what is it causes the peaceful to brawl,
And makes us see double, or else not at all?
'Tis a drop, a drop in the eye,
A drop, a drop in the eye!

Hands Off! — No. 2.

Sung by Harry Rickards.

You know that all the world's a stage, and men and women play
Their various parts: some are the rage, and some ne'er have their day;
Seven ages Shakespeare gives to man, child, schoolboy, and the toff,
The soldier, justice, age and death—and the motto is: "hands off!"

CHORUS.

Hands off!—hands off! take my advice, hands off!
And never make the least mistake,
Eyes on, but keep hands off!

The infant, in his awkward arms, papa oft tries to nurse,
But mamma cries: "hands off! you brute, you couldn't hold him worse."
And when the schoolboy takes his part, his jacket he will doff,
If any one lays hands on him, and shouts out: "yah—hands off!"

The lover with the girl he loves reclining on his arm,
Cries: "Here, hands off!" if others try his charming one to harm;
And then the soldier in the trench upon the field of war,
Shouts to the foe: "hands off! or you'll find what Patriots are."

The next age is the magistrate, at whom you mustn't scoff:
For, often with a fine or worse, he bids folks "keep hands off!"
And then the slippered Pantaloon, who with his latest breath,
Keeps up the cry and shouts: "hands off!" to that grim creature death.

Tom Simpleton.

A SERIO-COMIC GLEE.

Tom Simpleton came to his fortune on SUNDAY,
And friends came to see him, in dozens, on MONDAY!
On TUESDAY were with him to dinner and sup;
On WEDNESDAY in honor of Tom kept it up!
On THURSDAY his friends set the dice-box afloat;
On FRIDAY, by some means, he lost his last note;
And on SATURDAY—SATURDAY TOM CUT HIS THROAT!

A Batch of Jests.

Since jesting's quite common, among great and small,
A song on that subject I'll sing to you all:
Though some may be false, and some 'em true,
I suppose if they're droll, it's no matter to you.
Tol de lol.

At a tavern, a doctor was once heard to say:
"I have three fine daughters, all charming and gay
And, when married, for each ten thousand's their due."
Cried a Pat: "with your LAVE, by my soul! I'll take two."
Tol de lol.

Once a Paddy was asked by a son of his mother:
"Which was the oldest—he or his brother?"
"I'm oldest, cried Pat, yet still I presume,
If we live a year longer, we'll be both of an age."
Tol de lol.

At an auction, one day, a Pat stood at his ease,
When he cried: "Auctioneer, may I bid what I please?"
"Of course!" replied he, come, sir, bid away."
"Then, cried Pat, bowing low, I bid you a good day."
Tol de lol.

At Tyburn, one morning, for forgery was hung
A young man whose rog'ry had but a short run.
Cried a Paddy just by, who was shocked at the sight:
"Arrah! honey! this comes of LARNING to write."
Tol de lol.

Now I think that it's time my jesting should end,
Though the truth is at present no more than I've penned;
And IF you are pleased with the ditty I've sung,
I expect your applause—but IF NOT, hold your tongues.
Tol de lol.

Oh! Never Play with Fire.

Through an our hearts, philosophers have taught,
A subtle vapor flies:
Warmed in the veins, it kindles as quick as thought,
And sparkles in the eyes.
Be warned, ye fair, and retire,
Fly far from the flash:
You'll repent if you're rash—
Oh! never play with fire!

If a youth comes, with a grace and a song,
Like Phœbus, decked in rays—
Then to your heart the fiery atoms throng,
And set it in a blaze.
Be warned, ye fair, &c.

But should the youth come, with honor and truth,
Fly not your lover's rays:
His heart in a flame, let yours be the same,
And make a mutual blaze.
From him we need not retire;
If such can be found,
We may stand our ground:
Oh! then we may play with fire.

Erin-Go-Bragh!

Go to Munster, to Leinster, to Connaught, or Kerry,
An Irishman, sure, you will always find merry;
Give him whiskey to drink, and parties galore,
He'll fight till he dies, aye, and twenty years more.
Oh! then his shellelagh
He flourishes gaily,
With rattle 'em, battle 'em, crack and see-saw;
Och! liberty cheers him,
Each foe to it fears him,
While he roars out the chorus of Erin-go-Bragh!

If you've nothing to eat, go to Ireland so frisky:
Each cabin will give you potatoes and whiskey;
And, while you are eating, each friend will partake,
And will cry: "if you die, we'll be all at your wake!"
Och! then each shellelagh, &c.

Och! Ireland's the place, sure, to live and be jolly:
Its girls are so fair, and its boys free from folly:
They ne'er will refuse, while they've got it, to give,
And they never will die while they're able to live.
But still each shellelagh, &c.

The Whisper — You Guess the Rest.

Of all the various modes of speech
Which polished Art or Nature teach,
With all the aids of bows, nods, simpers,
Grave looks, or sentimental whimpers,
The whisper plays its part the best,
With hints which let you guess the rest.
Tol de rol—you guess the rest.

Would you assume the lover's part?
A fig for sighs, or tragic start!
With sly, insinuating leer
Approach, and whisper in her ear—
"Lord bless me! sir, I vow, protest;
Well, really you—" you guess the rest.
Tol de rol—you guess the rest.

Whate'er the faults of this poor song,
Or keen, or dull, or short, or long:
I hope, my friends, you will excuse it,
Or whisper, if you MUST abuse it;
Applaud me, though it be in jest,
And whisper—I shall guess the rest.
Tol de rol—I guess the rest.

The Last Meeting.

Ah! what grief and sadness
Weigh down my heart,
While I hear thee falter:
"We soon must depart!"
Dark will wake the morrow,
Dark as night to me:
When mine eyes no longer
Fondly gaze on thee.
As from some blest vision
I wake to pain.
Never tranquil slumber
To know again:
Our happy dream is past,
This meeting is our last—

Peaceful haunts of childhood
Where oft we strayed!
Gently flowing streamlet,
And sunny glade!
Ye no more can charm me—
Now each scene once fair,
Seems with gloom o'ershadowed,
Soothes not my despair.
As from some blest vision
I wake to pain.
Never tranquil slumber
To know again:
Our happy dream is past,
This meeting is our last—

Farewell to thee, Land of my Birth!

Farewell to thee, land of my birth!
Farewell to thee, childhood's dear home!
All thy sweet charms, 'mid sadness and mirth,
Will haunt me wherever I roam.
Ties of affection now must be broken,
Links that have bound me many a year;
Oft as I gaze on every loved token,
Fancy will ever wait me here—
Farewell to thee, land of my birth!
Farewell to thee, childhoods dear home!
All thy sweet charms, 'mid sadness and mirth,
Will haunt me wherever I roam.

Night gathers round, deeper the shade:
Valleys and hills fade with the light;
Sleep, gentle sleep, lend me thy aid,
In dreams bring them back to my sight;
What tho' I go where wealth is displaying
All its enchantment over the mind,
'Mid the gay halls my thoughts will be straying
Back to the scenes I leave behind.
Farewell to thee, &c.

Bounce!

There's a very short word that begins with a B,
And the Dictionary you may search through,
But not such a valuable word will you see
As Bounce, if belonging to you.
A man may have talent, and yet nearly starve:
And without any fear I pronounce
That any one's bound to get on in this world,
If possessed of a fair share of bounce.

CHORUS.

Then shout, my pippins: I've plenty of bounce!
Bounce is the word for me.
Bounce is my motto, bounce is my plan—
It's bounceable Ben you now see.

In fashionable saloons I often am seen,
And from thence I carried my bride,
With ten thousand a-year, and a beautiful face,
And I am her choice and her pride.
My letters strove with me to gain this prize:
And though I'd of gold not an ounce,
I spoke up, and swaggered, and she preferred me,
Because I had plenty of bounce.

In those days that are gone, if I had no cash,
I had credit wherever I went:
And I didn't care if they served me with writs,
Or if bailiffs were after me sent:
For, every attempt to arrest me, these men
As a failure were bound to announce:
For, my tongue did the business, I baffled them off,
Because I had plenty of bounce.

Whatever you do, as you journey thro' life,
If you want to bear off the sway,
What little of bounce you have at command,
Just make up your mind to display.
And whenever a chance turns up in your road,
Upon it be certain to pounce,
And no matter where if you want to get one,
Exhibit a large stock of bounce.

Some one tells a story of a steamboat passenger watching a revolving light of a light-house on the coast, and exclaiming:

"Gosh! the wind blows that light out as fast as [illegible]"

Oh! My! this Story it is True.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I'm about to sing a song to you,
Which in the end you'll find quite—veracious:
All about a youth, whose name was Bray,
Who was dreaming of a young girl night and—
morning.
Oh! my! this story it is true.

Now this lass who so racked his brain,
Her Christian name was: Mary—Juliana;
But she would not entertain his suit,
She thought him such a perfect—ruffian.
Oh! my! &c.

When out one day, his love he spies,
To overtake her quick he—endeavours:
And said: "If you don't cast your eyes on
Me, I'll quaff a cup of cold—coffee."
Oh! my! &c.

The maiden calmly raised her eyes,
And rudely looked her great—astonishment;
For, though he was a fine young man,
She for him did not care a—brass farthing.
Oh! my! &c.

The youth was now nigh broken-hearted—
So straightway from the maid—absquatulated,
Saying to himself: "When I get a little further,
I'll create a sensation—myself I'll—felo de se."
Oh! my! &c.

He reached the water, not wanting pluck,
And into it dived, just like a—porpoise;
But finding it wet, swam ashore without delay,
Saying: "This tragedy I'll postpone for another—
century."
Oh! my! &c.

Now had they agreed to be man and wife,
Till one or t'other's death, they'd have lived in—
non-connubiality;
But as they didn't, it must be plain
It saved them both a life of—excruciating agony.
Oh! my! &c.

Have You Seen My Daughter? I'm Her Pa!

Sung by the Great Vance.

Music at Boosey & Co., 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Have you seen my daughter? if you ain't, you oughter:
A pretty gal, her name is Sal she's often in this quarter;
Her mother was a stunner, but she's a regular wunner,
With Grecian nose and pigeon toes and just the same as me.
She's had an edification fit for any station,
To parley woo can down a few, and plays on the Piano.

SPOKEN: If there's one thing more than another, I likes to see a girl a good domino thumper, and my darter—

CHORUS.

Oh! she is a teazer, is my Sally Breezer!
Majenta hair, and face so fair, the image of her dear Ma!
Her waist it are so slender her manners is so tender,
And I always let them know that I'm her Pa!

I'm known as "Daddy Breezer," was always thought
the cheese air;
In penny dips I make my chips as chandler and tea
dealer;
I sold the finest Mocha and coals and wood, and cocoa,
Fine saveloys, and ha'penny toys, the best you ever see;
I made a heap of ready my habits they were steady,
I sold my shop, the coin did cop, and kept it for my
daughter.

SPOKEN: Yes, the fellow that gets that girl will have a rare lump.

Oh! she is a teazer, &c.

Lots have been to court her, from every blessed quarter:
A tinker and a muffin man a funny tater sorter:
But she lands 'em in a minute, and says there ain't
none in it:
Such chaps as they don't know their way to win her
virgin heart.
I'll just throw out a feeler she's spooney on a Peeler—
To be his wife, his mate for life, now there's a saucy
Donna!

SPOKEN: What, be his staff of life! I'll have his new whiskers what's growing to order the willin tho'—

Oh! she is a teazer, &c.

Man should Act as the Brother of Man.

Let the epicure boast the delight of his soul,
In the high-seasoned dish and the rich flowing bowl:
Can they give such true joys as benevolence can,
Or as charity feels when it benefits man?
Let him know the kind impulse that suffers with grief,
Let him taste the delight of affording relief
Let him serve the great Author of Nature's great plan,
Who designed man to act as the brother of man!
Though deceived by a friend, let him see what he'll gain,
When the impulse of anger he learns to restrain;
Though great the offence, oh! forgive if you can:
For, revenge is a monster disgraceful to man.
Think the chapter of life oft reverses the scene,
And the rich man becomes what the poor man has been:
Think that chapter must end—for, but short is the span
That will give us the power to benefit man.

None but the Jealous can Know.

Though cause for suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love, too, are strong:
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy of bliss if I'm wrong.
What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow.
Ah! none but the jealous—the jealous can know.

When blest with the smiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore;
Those smiles let another but share,
And I wonder I prized them no more!
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When, the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow?

No Glory I Covet, no Riches I Want.

No glory I covet, no riches I want;
Ambition is nothing to me:
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant—
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square:
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize:
While sweet meditation, and cheerful content
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part:
For, every fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, thro' infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labors employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

The Bowld Sojer Boy.

Oh! there's not a trade that's going
Worth showing, or knowing,
Like that from glory growing,
For a bowld sojer boy.
Where right or left we go,
Sure you know, friend or foe,
Will have the hand or toe
From the bowld sojer boy.
There's not a town we march through,
But ladies looking arch through
The window panes, will search through
The ranks to find their joy.
While up the street, each girl you meet,
With look so sly, will cry: "My eye!
Oh! isn't he a darling, the bowld sojer boy!"

But when we get the route,
How they pout and they shout,
While to the right about
Goes the bowld sojer boy!
'Tis then that ladies fair,
In despair, tear their hair—
For the devil a one I care!
Says the bowld sojer boy.
For, the world is all before us,
Where the landladies adore us,
And ne'er refuse to score us,
But chalk us up with joy:
We taste her tap, we tear her cap:
"Oh! that's the chap for me!" says she,
Oh! isn't he the darling, the bowld sojer boy!"

Then come along with me,
Gramschree, and you'll see
How happy you will be
With your bowld sojer boy!
Faith! if you're up to fun,
With me run, 'twill be done
In the snapping of a gun,
Says the bowld sojer boy.
And 'tis then that without scandal
Myself will proudly dandle
The little farthing candle
Of our mutual flame and joy—
May his light shine as bright as mine,
Till, in the line, he'll blaze and raise
The glory of his corps, like the bowld sojer boy!

The Loving Postman :

OR HIS HEART WENT PIT-A-PAT.

Music at Boosey & Co. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I tell you of a lass, named Mary Day,
A servant up the West-End way
Who loved a postman. I've heard say,
Who brought the letters to the door.
How speedily up-stairs she strove,
When she saw him coming down the road :
Her countenance such joy it showed
When she answered him at the door.
Chorus : His heart always went pit-a-pat,
And hers, too, at his loud rat-tat ;
His heart went always pit-a-pat,
Whenever he knocked at the door

Job Jenkins was the postman's name,
With Mary he in love became ;
To win her was his little game,
Each day he loved her more.
Tho' he called forty times a day,
He couldn't muster pluck to say ;
" I love you dearly, Mary Day ; "
He only pressed her hand at the door.

Now, Job was anything but a fool,
And said, when he thought of it cool :
" Why I should not write there's no rule,
At once, to Mary Day ?
And say I pining am away. "
So he did and posted the note straightway,
And delivered it himself that day,
With other letters, to Miss Day.

And when that letter Mary read,
If she stood on her heels or head,
She hardly knew—but up-stairs sped,
And read it times a score.
She almost fainted right away ;
For the postman he went on to say :
He hoped she'd speak the following day,
When he came with letters to the door.

The very next day, when he called there,
He saw he had no cause to despair.
And said : " I love you true, my fair,
And shall always you adore. "
Then answered blushing Mary Day :
" I've only got this much to say :
I love you, and will name the day,
Next time you come to our door. "

And so they settled it then and there,
They constancy to each did swear.
She smoothed her crinoline and back hair,
When he went from the door.
And they were wedded. I've heard so,
Tho' that may be some years ago ;
Still he causes her no grief nor woe,
They both each other do adore :
And always her heart beats pit-a-pat,
To hear her spouse's rat-tat tat,
And his heart, too, goes pit-a-pat,
Whenever he's knocking at the door.

If Each about His own Door Sweep.

Written by R. Tissington.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Tho' I've chosen for my song
A subject seeming mean,
'Tis a point of great importance that
The City should be clean :
But to me it seems a subject
That's little understood,
How the streets of a great city
May be free from dirt and mud ;
But I'll show you, all at once,
Just where the mystery lies,
As each one helps to dirty,
With a broom let each one rise :
And in every kind of weather,
Through the year, it will be seen
That, if each about his own door sweep,
The City will be clean.

When about your own door's swept,
Your duty you'll have done,
And peace of mind you'll then enjoy,
Though others' duty shun ;
So, I pray you, cease complaining
Of the mire ye see and feel,
And as you've helped to make it,
Set your shoulder to the wheel ;
Commence in right good earnest,
Not minding him who may
Pretend you've no good motive,
And will do it but a day.

And in every &c.

There's another kind of dirt
Calls loudly for a broom ;
'Tis that that's in our nature,
And keeps with us to the tomb.
Our time on earth's uncertain—
So let us, while we may,
Employ the power within us,
And work while yet 'tis day :
Strive to perform our duty,
Be to our neighbor kind,
And while we've one step dirty,
Be to the faults of others blind.

And in every, &c.

The Funny Crazy Man,

'Twas at a party that I met
A very funny man :
The funniest man that I've seen yet
Forget I never can.
He sat beside me all the night,
And told such funny tales :
I'd tell you all his funny ways,
But can't : for, mem'ry fails.
I have met funny men, yes very funny men,
As funny as funny can be.
But never such a one so very full of fun,
As that funny man that sat by me.

He laughed and chaffed, and oh ! he joked
In such a funny style :
I really thought I should have choked
With laughter all the while.
He punned on every thing I said,
And took off every one
Who danced or sung, so cleverly,
He kept me full of fun.

I have met, &c.

At last things took a serious turn,
He whispered in my ear—
" My love, my dove, your charming ways
Have won my heart, my dear. "
Of course, I blushed, my face was flushed,
The color of the pink :
I never was so much confused
In all my life, I think.

I have met, &c.

I don't object to making love
And courting, oh ! dear, no !
Or being called a pet, or dove,
In accents soft and low,
But fancy, making love to me
In quite a funny way ;
'Twas such a strange proposal, that
I knew not what to say.

I have met, &c.

But still, I rather liked him, so
I answered softly : " Yes. "
He said : " I now must leave you, though
It pains me, I confess. "
He gave me his card and shortly left,
But promised he would write,
And fix the wedding day at once,
Provided that he might.

I have met, &c.

He had not left a minute, when
A friend came up to me
And said : " That funniest of men
You do not know, I see.
He's quite a monomaniac,
This hobby to him clings—
That's making love to pretty girls
By saying funny things.

I have met, &c.

I'd Blush, but I could not Refuse Him.

Whenever a lad that's good humored and free,
Intreats as a lover to choose him,
I vow, in good faith, I can't possibly see
What reason I'd have to refuse him.
Instead of considering his suit as amiss,
With smiles I would kindly amuse him ;
And should the dear creature solicit a kiss,
I'd blush, but I could not refuse him.

When talking of marriage I utter a vow,
With caution I then would peruse him ;
But if he were constant, I cannot see how
I could have the heart to refuse him.
Why should any lass to comply be afraid,
And run such a hazard to lose him ?
She soon may be sorry, and die an old maid,
Who makes it her boast to refuse him.

Pull Away Cheerily.

Pull away cheerily, not slow or wearily,
Raising your cradles, boys, fast to and fro ;
Working the hand about, sifting the sand about,
Seeking for treasures that lie down below.
There's a brave nugget—like children we hug it—
Courage, my brave boys ! fortune favors the bold.
What are our thoughts about knocking the quartz about ?
Thoughts that we'll soon send our parents some gold.

Pull away, &c.

Dick, a four years' digger, drives a cradle much bigger
Than his own little self : why, Sally she must
Add her might to the store by collecting the ore,
And filling her apron with brightly yellow dust—
Here's a mere manikin—has got a rare penikin—
He scarcely can raise in his own tiny hand—
While gilting the dish up, we merrily fish up
Another supply of the glittering dust.

Pull away, &c.

Poll and My Partner Joe.

I was, d'ye see, a waterman,
As tight and spruce as any ;
'Twixt Richmond town,
And Horsley-down,
I earned an honest penny :
None could of Fortune's favors brag
More than could lucky I ;
My cot was snug, well filled my cag
My grunter in the stye ;
With wherry tight,
And bosom light,
I cheerfully did row ;
And to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend or wife,
Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I rolled in joys like these awhile,
Folks far and near caressed me ;
Till, woe is me !
So lubberly
The press-gang came and pressed me.
How could I all these pleasures leave ?
How with my wherry part ?
I never so took on to grieve ;
It wrung my very heart.
But when on board
They gave the word
To foreign parts to go :
I rued the moment I was born,
That ever I should thus be torn
From my Poll and my partner Joe

I did my duty manfully,
While on the billows rolling :
And, night or day,
Could find my way,
Blindfold, to the main-top-bowlin
Thus, all the dangers of the main,
Quicksands, and gales of wind,
I braved, in hopes to taste again
The joys I left behind.
In climes afar,
'Midst hottest war,
Poured broadsides on the foe,
In hopes these perils to relate,
As by my side attentive sat,
My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleased His Majesty
To give peace to the nation ;
And honest hearts,
From foreign parts,
Came home for consolation.
Like lightning—for, I felt new life,
Now safe from all alarms—
I rushed, and found my friend and wife
Locked in each other's arms !
Yet fancy not
I bore my lot
Tame like a bubber :—No !
For, seeing I was finely tricked,
Plump to the devil I fairly kicked
My Poll and my partner Joe !

My Lover and I are in Fondness United.

Air : Hungarian Waltz.

My lover and I are in fondness united :
We sigh for an hour that is far above this
And though every flower in time may be blighted,
Yet no dark cloud of sorrow shall banish our bliss.
For, roses may fade
And the lily may wither,
But nothing can change the true heart that once loves.

My lover may sigh or with anger repel me
His brow in scorn lower if he thinks me unkind,
But I'll trust to Heaven whose wisdom shall tell me,
That in bosoms sincere your no vice can e'er find.
For roses may fade
And the lily may wither :
But nothing can change the true heart that once loves.

Oh! She had such Taking Ways!

By G. W. Hunt—Sung by Harry Clifton.

Music at Boosey & Co., 4 Bond Street, New-York.

While walking out, one rainy day,
I saw a beauty dressed so gay—
She showed two little tiny feet,
As she lightly tripped across the street.
The rain was coming down—oh! fine!
She'd no umbrella: so I offered mine.
"You're very kind, sir," sure she says,
Oh! she seemed to have such taking ways!

Said I: "If I might make so bold,
Will you take something to keep out the cold?
For, as you are wet, I think you ought."
"Well, says she, I'll have a drop of something short."
So to a public we went in,
Where we both had a leetle drop of gin;
And she called for more, for which I pays
Oh! she really had such taking ways!

We walked about, I don't know where:
For, to tell the truth, I didn't care—
I was so absorbed with this beauty fine,
As I walked by the side of her crinoline,
I felt all overish, talked so strange,
Said: "We shall have more wet, if it doesn't change."
Her eyes I then began to praise;
For, oh! she'd got such taking ways!

We were getting on now all serene.
She asked my name—I told her: "Green."
I learnt my charmer's name was Anne,
And her papa was a clergyman.
By Jove! she quite had stole my heart;
But the best of friends at times must part;
So I promised to meet her in a few days;
For, oh! she'd got such taking ways!

I was getting tired of single life,
And thought it time I took a wife,
So I bought her bracelets, brooch and rings,
And, besides that, lots of other things.
Then I popped the question. She said: "Yes."
How happy I felt, you well may guess,
And I was to be married, in a very few days,
To this beauty with such taking ways!

I bought her a handsome wedding dress—
It cost five pounds, not a farthing less—
And all her debts I paid quite gay;
For, I was to be married on the very next day.
To the church in the morn I did repair,
Where we'd promised to meet—but she wasn't there—
No lovely bride to meet my gaze:
Oh! where was the girl with the taking ways?

For hours I waited at the church,
Till I feared she'd left me in the lurch.
"'Scuse me, said the clerk, with a knowing grin
But it strikes me that you're taken in."
I could scare believe she'd be so bad—
Oh! I felt inclined to go raving mad—
I was "Green," done "brown," and since that day
I've ne'er seen that girl with the taking way.

No, I never saw that girl no more;
Of pounds she cost me near a score;
Not only did I lose a wife,
But got made a precious fool for life—
Young men, just look before you leap,
Or you'll get in a mess like me, not cheap.
If you wish for a wife for the rest of your days,
Take care of the girls with the "take-in" ways!

Still to be Neat, Still to be Drest.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Tho' art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace,
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free—
Such sweet neglect more pleaseth me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike my eye, but not my heart.

To learn the value of money, try to borrow it.

She Wore a Monkey Jacket.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Though it's evident a landman's life's the life for me:
For, in managing a yacht I'm very much at sea;
Yet I once went out a yachting, and I think that you'll agree
I was very badly treated, as you soon shall see.
I was staying down, at Cowes, and I walked on the pier,
When I met a pretty girl, such a nice little dear!
And fell right overhead and ears in love with her, I fear:
'Twas the saucy little yachting dress that settled me:
For, she wore a monkey jacket and a neat straw hat,
A pretty little ribbon and a sweet cravat:
For, she wore a monkey jacket and a neat straw hat.
And was so fond of yachting.

Very soon an introduction to this pretty girl I got;
Her father was the owner of a smart little yacht,
And, on a summer's morning, when the sun was very hot,
He asked if I should like to take a trip to sea.
I very soon consented; for, I thought I saw
A famous opportunity, I hadn't had before,
Of proposing for her hand: for, I loved her more and more—
For, the saucy little yachting dress had settled me.
For, she wore, &c.

Then I rigged myself out in a nautical dress—
For, when you go out yachting, you cannot do less,
Though I felt rather awkward in the clothes, I must confess—
Like a swan upon a turnpike road, you see.
The water was rough and I didn't feel grand;
But it wouldn't do to own it, you must understand;
And on my knees I offered for her heart and for her hand;
For, the saucy little yachting dress has settled me.
For, she wore, &c.

Though I felt so very wretched, I could hardly speak,
And knew that my appeal was most excessively weak;
I saw a pretty smile upon her dimpled little cheek,
And thought myself accepted on the briny sea.
But in trying to get up—for, I felt assured—
My head it went to windward and my legs went leeward;
I tried to say: "My dearest one!" but only called out: "Steward!"
Oh! that saucy little yachting dress has settled me.
For, she wore, &c.

The sailors quickly picked me up, and carried me below;
For the rest of the trip I was too unwell to show:
But when I got on shore again, I determined I would go
And conclude the declaration I'd commenced at sea.
I ran down to the pier, the next day, in great haste,
And there she was—but, agony! alas! for her taste—
A chap had got his arm round the pretty little waist
Of the saucy little yachting dress that settled me.
For, she wore, &c.

The Steam-Cigar.

A song I'll sing—a regular joker—
Of a man—a terrible smoker—
He smoked away from night till morn,
'Tis said he smoked as soon as born.
Ri too ral, &c.

He tried Havannah—Cuba, too—
He tried tobacco—none would do—
To please him none of them did seem:
So he had a cigar to smoke by steam.
Ri too ral, &c.

He lit the cigar, and he puffed the smoke
With such force that the window broke
And then the heat, it was so strong,
He burnt the folks as he walked along.
Ri too ral, &c.

It burnt away to his heart's desire,
Some people thought the world on fire—
And if he went out when it chanced to rain,
His lighted cigar dried it up again.
Ri too ral, &c.

When into a room his nose he pokes,
They all cry out: "the chimney smokes!"
And then his cigar makes such a smell,
That people declare it's just like——!
Ri too ral, &c.

'Tis said in London—and this is no joke—
'Tis him that makes us in such a smoke:
When of a night he's seen from afar,
He's taken by all for the evening star.
Ri too ral, &c.

One day, when on the monument top,
Folks thought him a comet just going to drop:
And some saw from afar the sight,
And thought it was the heavens alight.
Ri too ral, &c.

He smoked away to his heart's desire,
Till death appeared and quenched his fire:
He put out his cigar for a bit of a lark,
And then at once extinguished the SPARK—
Ri too ral, &c.

The Miller's Daughter.

Near the purple mountain,
Where the foaming water
Leaves its rocky fountain,
Dwelt the miller's daughter;
Dew-drops on the blue-bell
Were her eyes of azure:
O'er her neck's bright hue fell
Shades of curly treasure.

When she moved, the Graces
Seemed to guide each motion:
Where she turned, all faces
Gazed with fond emotion:
But her voice soft swelling
Near the fall of water,
Syren's notes excelling,
Sung the miller's daughter.

There a minstrel eyed her
With a soul delighted:
Knelt and wept beside her:
But his love was slighted—
From that hour his heart gave
Note of rapture never:
Soon within the cold grave
Sunk his song for ever.

A Bit of the Brown.

I am a cobbler bold,
As e'er stept in a stall, sir;
My wife she's such a scold,
I gets no peace at all, sir;
And was you for to know
How cruelly she treats me:
For, if I speak a word,
D'ye know, as how she beats me?
Fol lol lol lol la, &c.

I never sees no life,
No—not even on St. Monday;
She's such a wicked wife,
She thumps me on a Sunday;
And when I've done my work,
And for a kiss I AX her,
She calls me heathen Turk,
And says I smells of wax, sir.
Fol lol lol lol la, &c.

But I knows what I'll do:
To finish this disaster,
I'll let the vixen know
That I will be her master;
When I to dine sit down,
I'll no more bones be picking,
I WILL have A BIT OF BROWN,
Or ma'am she naps a kicking.
Fol lol lol lol la, &c.

All skittle-grounds I'll see,
To play a cheerful rubber,
And if she follows me,
D—me but I'll drub her!
But, if she use me well,
I'll be the best of fellows;
If not, I'll keep a girl,
And make her downright jealous.
Fol lol lol lol la, &c.

Who's Coming out for a Spree To-Night?

Written and Sung by GEORGE LEYBOURNE.

Music at Boosey & Co. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

In me behold a noisy boy, who loves at night to roam,
Who always starts about the time that other folks go home;
I can't sit down and read and take a quiet cup of tea,
It may suit some perchance, but isn't good enough for me.

CHORUS.

Then who's coming out for a spree to-night?
Who's coming out for a spree? Who's coming out?
Who's coming out? Who's coming out with me, boys?

They thought to make us early birds, and tried to spoil our fun;
They passed a law compelling every house to close at twelve,
It didn't suit my book at first, I often told them so—
But, bless you, leave it all to me, I'll show you where to go.

There's Champagne Charlie, he's my friend, you've heard of him, I know;
You're sure to see him somewhere near wherever I may go;
We're known at every place at night and every where we're seen,
And, being single, there are none to ask where we've been.

We get into a row sometimes, when out so late at night:
But when Policeman X appears, we always make it right;
We knock at doors and pull the bells our leasure time to kill;
If the Police don't know us now, I'm sure they never will.

Then who's coming out for a spree to-night? I'll take you where you'll hear
The smartest song and taste the best Champagne and Bitter Beer;
We'll board a handsome, tarn or steam, and every sight we'll see.

Don't Be Angry with Me, Darling.

Sung by D. S. Wambold, of the San Francisco Minstrels.

Don't be angry with me, darling,
Smile your brightest, sweetest smile,
Keep the joyous twinkle beaming
In your bright eyes all the while:
Let your laugh be one of pleasure,
Drive each shadow from your brow,
Be again the heart's sweet treasure—
Don't be angry, darling, now.
Chorus: Don't be angry with me, darling,
Drive away that look of pain,
Let your laugh be one of pleasure,
Smile your sweetest smile again.

Don't be angry with me, darling,
Keep the tear back from your eye—
'Twas a friendly, timely warning
Given for the days gone by.
Not for worlds would I distress you,
Cast one cloud upon your brow—
Let not, then, my words depress you,
Don't be angry, darling, now. Chorus.

My Mother Dear.

There was a place in childhood
That I remember well;
And there a voice of sweetest tone
Bright fairy tales did tell;
And gentle words and fond embrace
Were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy state,
Upon my mother's knee.
Chorus: My mother dear, my mother, dear!
My gentle, gentle mother!

When fairy tales were ended,
"Good night!" she softly said,
And kissed and laid me down to sleep
Within my tiny bed,
And holy words she taught me there;
Methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt
Beside my mother's knee.
Oh! mother dear, &c.

In the sickness of my childhood,
The perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years,
The cares of every time—
When doubt or danger weighed me down
Then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven
That bent my mother's knee.
My mother dear, &c.

We Meet as Strangers Now!

Words by J. E. Carpenter—Music by Stephen Glover.

'Tis vain to say what might have been,
We meet as strangers now,
And time has changed thy youthful form,
While care, while care has dimmed my brow;
A look, a tone, but one kind word
Unspoken still by thee,
Ha! brought me trembling, trembling to thy side—
But no! 'twas not to be!
Yet still I ponder on the past,
Am faithful to my vow—
My last fond hope must melt away—
We meet, we meet as strangers now!
My last fond hope must melt away—
We meet, we meet as strangers now!

And now that years have past away,
And gone the flush of youth,
I feel how blindly I have loved,
Relying, relying on thy truth—
Yet would I give the world to know
That once I was deemed thine,
That truth once centred, once centred in the heart
That never, never can be mine!
Vain wish! I am forgotten still,
No cloud is on thy brow—
Thou art not sad amid the crowd—
We part, we part as strangers now!
Thou art not sad amid the crowd—
We part, we part as strangers now!

Pretty Mary, the Dairyman's Daughter.

Sung by W. F. Sinclair.

Faix! it's I'll sing a ditty that's funny an' witty,
Yet'll waken the pity in every one;
It's in vain ye'll be thryin to prevint yeersels cryin,
An' yeer eyes ye'll be dhryin when me song it is done.
'Twas in sweet Tipperary there stud a nate dairy,
Wid the name iv "Ned Carey" wrut auver the door:
An' sure Ned sould good butter, so it said on the shutter,
An' beautiful "goo-geens," a strillin' a score;
An' he had a fair daughter called Mary,
The pride iv her dad an' his dairy;
Och! she was his delight an' the pear'll iv his sight,
An' as frishky an' blithe as a fairy.

Poor ould Ned loved his daughter: for, an
angel he thought her—
An' fine clause he bought her to make her look gay;
An' she was the sweet crathure, so full o' good nathure,
An' as fair in ach fathure iz the blossoms o' May.
She was naways inthrudin' and niver a feud in:
So ye'll all be kincludin' she'd in lovers her share;
There was thradesmin an' doethers,
an' lawyers, an' procthors,
Cam naw ind o' miles, from the divil knaws where,
Just to get a smile from sweet Mary,
The pride iv her dad an' his dairy.
Och! she was his delight an' the pear'll iv his sight,
An' as frishky an' blithe as a fairy.

But, so plase you, sweet Mary loved one Paddy Rarey,
Who could dance like a fairy an' twer'll a sthick;
Tho' his birth was a misthry, could trace his ancisthry,
Thro' the pages in histhry to "Amonachinie."
But Mary's ould dad didn't care for young Paddy:
For, naw money had he, sure, a wife to support,
An' a silky ould waver, a well-to-do shaver,
Crept into Ned's favor his daughter to coort,
An' 'was promised the hand iv sweet Mary,
The pride iv her dad an' his dairy.
Och! she was his delight an' the pear'll iv his sight,
An' as frishky an' blithe as a fairy.

Mary's lovers got jealous an' oft they did bellus,
Sayin': "Before they expel us, we'll all
take the sack."
One wint home to his garden, an' (cravin yer pardon)
He dug up the divil an' shovelled him back,
An' some shouldhered arums and other sung paarums,
An' many thried charums 'till their houses they burned:
An' the papers related, in "deaths contemplated,"
Thro' love it was shtated, which wasn't returned
By the beautiful heart-killin' Mary,
The pride iv her dad an' his dairy:
Och! she was his delight an' the pear'll iv his sight,
An' as frishky an' blithe as a fairy.

So, one day, to her father sez Mary: "I'd rather
Be single for life than that life shud be ruled
By a crawlin' ould waver, an' I'd not have the craver
If the hair iv his head hoong wid diamonds an' gold."
Sez her father: "Daunt raise me—for, the
divil may seize me,
If ye'll ever have Pat—I'd as soon see you dead."
Then he turned like a wild boor, an' bullied his child, sure,
Till she fell on the tiled flure her senses all fled,
An' you wouldn't give that—(snaps his fingers)—
for poor Mary,
The pride iv her dad an' his dairy:
Och! she was his delight an' the pear'll iv his sight,
An' as frishky an' blithe as a fairy.

But at last she got betthur and wrout Pat a letthur,
Tellin' him to forget her, and bid him good bye!
Then she gave a great shiver, flew away to the river,
Axed Heaven to forgive her, an' prepared for to die!
"Come away from the wather, shouted Ned,
my dear daughter,
An' you shall wed Pat an' have all yer dad's tin!"
But it wasn't so aisy—for, the spot bein' grazy,
An' her mind bein' crazy, she slipped an' fell in;
An' all down to the bottom went Mary,
In sight of her dad an' his dairy:
Och! she was his delight an' the pear'll iv his sight,
An' as frishky an' blithe as a fairy.

An' Mary's poor lover did never recover,
An' his antics an' tanthrums 'twas horrid to see,
Till he tuk off his garther, some forty years afther,
An' hoong himself up to a mulberry tree!
An', sure, ould Ned Carey follied Paddy and Mary,
An' they haunted the dairy an' kicked up a great din,
An' such schriekin' and laughter, from
foundation to rafthur,
Was heard for years afther till the house it fell in!
An' that was the end of poor Mary,
Her Paddy, her dad an' the dairy.
An' from that same night I've never seen sight,
Iv the home iv the beautiful fairy!

The Apple of My Eye.

Words and Music by Wm. H. Delehanty, the true author of: Shoo Fly—Come and Kiss Me—Little Bunch of Roses—Where Flowers Blush and Bloom—and Where the Woodbine Twineth—The Music can be obtained at G. D. Russell's, Boston, Mass.

Oh! where, oh! where
Can all the music be,
Falling on my ear,
Floating in the air?
Or, are the angels
Singing love to me
'Bout Miss Susie Dean,
The apple of my eye?
O Susie, my darling,
I hope I never die,
That you may live forever,
The apple of my eye—
'Twas in the orchard, Susie darling,
When no one else was nigh,
I called you then my star and treasure,
The apple of my eye

It fills my soul
With joy and ecstacy
The memory is so sweet,
Of when we first did meet
The sweetest fruit,
That ripens on a tree,
With Susie can't compete,
The apple of my eye!
O Susie, my darling,
I hope I never die,
That you may live forever,
The apple of my eye—
'Twas in the orchard, Susie darling,
When no one else was nigh,
I called you then my star and treasure,
The apple of my eye.

Let Us make the Best of it.

Air: Put me in my little bed—By Andrew J. Kise.

There's trouble in this world of ours,
And we have all at least some care;
But if we do not have too much,
We should not grumble at our share!
When sufferings and trials come,
Which nigh does cause our brains to split;
"What shall we do?" we're wont to cry—
Why, let us make the best of it!
Chorus: Then, do not fret, and don't forget
That grief will not help us one bit;
And brave men seldom pine at fate—
So, let us make the best of it!

When dangers compass all our ways,
And from them there seems no escape:
Look always on the brightest side;
For, things may take a different shape.
Remember, if the day is dark
And the sun will not its rays emit,
It soon will "shine for all" again—
So, let us make the best of it. Chorus.

Should fortune frown on all your schemes,
And hope be banished from your heart—
Contentment far surpasses wealth—
So, from this treasure never part!
Do well—act nobly—honest be—
Do what you can—the rest omit—
Then if you fail, 'tis not your fault—
So, calmly make the best of it! Chorus.

Should you e'er feel temptation's power,
And evil you would seek to do—
Resist the devil at the start—
And he will flee away from you!
But, if you have already fell,
Remember, Jesus will acquit—
If you repent, 'twill be all right—
So, wisely make the best of it! Chorus.

"WE MEET AS STRANGERS NOW."

Written by J. E. CARPENTER.

Composed by STEPHEN GLOVER.

1. 'Twas vain to say what *might* have been, We
2. And now that years have past a - way, And

decres.

f *p*

meet as strangers now, And time has chang'd thy youthful form While care, while care has dim'd my brow; A look, a tone, but
gone the flush of youth, I feel how blindly I have lov'd Re - ly - ing, rely-ing on thy truth; Yet would I give the

p

one kind word Un - spo - ken still by thee, Had brought me trembling, trembling to thy side,— But no! 'twas *not* to
world to know That once I was deem'd thine, That truth once centered, once centered in the heart That never, never can be

cres. *mf* *decres.* *rall.*

cres. *mf* *decres.* *rall.*

a tempo.

be; Yet still I pon - der on the past, Am faith-ful to my vows, My last fond hope must melt a -
mine! Vain wish! I am for - got - ten still, No cloud is on thy brow; Thou art not sad a - mid the

sf *a tempo.*

ritard.

way, — We meet, we meet as strangers now: My last fond hope must melt a - way,— We meet, we meet as stran-gers now!
crowd, We part, we part as strangers now,—Thou art not sad a - mid the crowd, We part, we part as stran-gers now!

ritard.

NUMBER 64.

HENRY DE MARSAN'S NEW COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL

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Oh! if she were my own, if Maggie were my own,
How happy would my life be, if Maggie were my own.

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CONTENTS.

The AGREEABLE YOUNG MAN! ..... Page 478
A BODY MAY IN A SIMPLE WAY 475
BUY A BROOM 478
CAN I FORGET? 474
De CHINKLING OF DE CASH 474
CHARLEY HAVANNAH 477
The DAISY VALLEY 475
EIGHT DOLLARS A DAY 479
The FOREST'S DAUGHTER 475
The FIRE-SIDE 475
The GOLDEN MOMENTS 475
GRAND-FATHER BRIAN 476
GINGER-BLUE 478
He e's the bottle she loved so much 475
The HANDSOME BEAU 476
HOT ROASTED CHESNUTS! 478
The HONEST WORKING-MAN 479
I'VE A WILL OF MY OWN 474
IF MAGGIE WERE MY OWN 475
JOLLY BRICKS OF LONDON 477
Know when you are well, and bachelors remain 474
LET MY HEART KNOW JOY AGAIN! 474
LOVELY, BLOOMING JENNY, OH! 474
LITTLE MISS SKILLET 477
My example, I know, is more merry than wise 474
MY UNCLE 474
MASTER TOMMY WATTLE 477
MICK OF CASTLEBAR 477
MERRY OLD UNCLE JOE 478
Oh! the hours I have passed 474
OUT IN THE SUNSHINE 477
ORIGINAL YANKEE DOODLE 479
PADDY, THE PEEP-O'DAY BOY 478
RAISING THE DEVIL 475
SIMON MUNS AND MISS JUDY MCSHEE 474
Sail on, silver cloud: or fair Rosa'elle .. 476
SPRING AND AUTUMN 476
SHE'S LIKE A SUN-BEAM 476
THINKING OF HOME 479
They are good folks n'one who are merry 475
THEE ONLY! 476
There's something left of the old face yet—Words 479
There's something left of the old face yet—Music 480
When storms disturb old ocean's bed ... 474
WILL YOU MARRY ME, SIR? 474
While pensive I thought on my love.... 475
WITH MY JUG IN ONE HAND 475
You ask me to wake the soft strain 474
The YOUNG MAN ON THE RAILWAY: OR THE MAIL-TRAIN DRIVER... 475
You know how it was yourself 476
You know how it is yourself—No. 2 479

HENRY DE MARSAN'S

SINGER'S JOURNAL.

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REMEMBER:

60 Chatham Street, Up-Stairs, 60
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I've a Will of My own.

When Robin, a swain, came a wooing,
Who lives on the brow of the hill,
Though father and mother were suing,
I sighed for young Ralph of the Mill.
Now Robin had money in plenty,
A farm, and rich acres well sown:
But I, since my age was turned twenty,
Declared I'd a will of my own.

My father resolved I should marry
Young Robin who sued me in vain;
His efforts I still tried to parry,
His vows too, I heard with disdain:
Till Robin at length wedded Nancy,
And father bade Ralph to begone!
But still he's the lad to my fancy,
And sure I've a will of my own.

The day is appointed—to-morrow
Young Ralph means to make me his wife:
That thought seems to banish all sorrow,
We then shall be happy for life!
No farm no rich acres I wanted,
'Twas the heart that I sighed for alone.
And when Heaven that blessing has granted,
I'll give up this will of my own.

Let My Heart Know Joy Again!

RECITATIVE.

Alas! alas! where am I?
What scenes of splendor now break
Upon my sight? what dazzling grandeur—
A painful contrast to my happy home.

AIR.

Where now are flown the humble pleasures,
Which alone could cheer my heart,
Sweet, never-fading, soul-thrilling treasures,
That love alone can e'er impart?
I never sighed for wealth nor splendor,
Peace there breathed round its holy calm,
And hope could borrow
A healing balm—
Ah! then to those dear scenes returning,
Let my heart know joy again!
This breast with gratitude for ever burning,
Shall call down blessings on thy reign.

Lovely, Blooming Jenny, Oh!

Air: Behind yon Hill, where Lugar flows.

Oh! like a rosy gleam of light,
When first I met my Jenny fair:
The rose upon my ravished sight,
Above my praise, above compare!
Oft, in the festive hours of glee,
I've toyed with lasses many—Oh!
But none charmed with such ecstacy
As lovely, blooming Jenny, Oh!

Oh! blest be Mona's groves and bowers,
Where first I met my Jenny dear:
And oft, as fly the raptured hours,
We vow to love through life sincere!
The fairest flower of Beauty's train,
The kindest of the many, Oh!
Unrivalled o'er my heart shall reign,
For aye, my lovely Jenny, Oh!

My Example, I Know, is more Merry than Wise.

I once was a maiden as fresh as a rose,
And as fickle as April weather;
I lay down without care, I waked from repose
With a heart as light as a feather.

I worked with the girls, I played with the men,
I was always a romping or spinning;
And what if they pilfered a kiss now and then?
I hope 'twas not very great sinning.

I married a husband as young as myself,
And for every frolic as willing;
Together we laughed while we had any pelf,
And we laughed when we had not a shilling.

He's gone to the wars—heaven send him a prize—
For his pains he is welcome to spend it;
My example, I know, is more merry than wise
But, Lord help me! I never shall mend it!

Which is the strongest day in the week?—Sunday, because all the rest are week days.

When Storms Disturb Old Ocean's Bed.

When storms disturb old Ocean's bed,
And angry waves in tumult rise,
The billow lifts its curling head,
And bears the vessel to the skies.

The sailor, on the giddy mast,
Beholds one dreary waste of foam:
Towards land his tearful eye is cast,
And all his thoughts are fixed on home.

At last, he marks the light-house near,
The herald of his native shore:
Then sings some song to Nancy dear,
And chaunts the ditty o'er and o'er.

So to the traveller's heart, who strays
Benighted in some tangled dell,
Sounds sweeter than the softest lays,
The village clock, or shepherd's bell.

Oh! the Hours I have Passed.

Oh! the hours I have passed in the arms of my dear,
Can never be bought of but with a sad tear!
Oh! forbear, Oh! forbear, then, to mention her name:
It recalls to my mem'ry the cause of my pain.

How often to love me she fondly has sworn,
And, when parted from me, would ne'er cease to mourn:
All hardships for me she would cheerfully bear,
And, at night, on my bosom forget all her care!

To some distant climate together we'll roam,
And forget all the hardships we met with at home:
Fate, now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,
Give me my Pastora, and I'm more than repaid.

You Ask Me to Wake the Soft Strain.

You ask me to wake the soft strain,
Which once was a spell to thine ear,
Ere pleasure had yielded to pain,
All that love—all that life counted dear.

Sweet themes of my youth, ye are fled!
The skill of the minstrel is o'er,
The hopes that ye nourished are dead—
Oh! farewell, I recall you no more!

Forbear, then, the lay to implore,
The heart yet unwounded and free
Alone can such sweetness restore—
Oh! deem not it lingers with me!

Can I Forget?

Can I forget, oh! heavenly light!
Can I forget those eyes so bright,
Still beaming love and young delight?
Oh! never, never!

Can I forget the deep-brown hair,
Rich clustering o'er thy forehead fair,
Entangling transport unaware?
Oh! never, never!

Can I forget the lovely glow
On thy soft cheek: or the pure snow
Which heaves with Pity's breath below?
Oh! never, never!

But more, far more, the exalted mind,
That living fountain, where I find
All that is noble, all that's kind—
Oh! can I ever?

All these forget? Oh! heavens! forget?—
I see, I feel them glowing yet,
Pole-stars are these which never set.
No, never, never!

My Uncle.

Who lives were hang three golden balls,
Where Dick's poor mother frequent calls,
And leaves her dickey, gowns, and shawls?
My uncle.

Who, when you're short of the short stuff,
Nose starving for an ounce of snuff,
Will "raise the wind" without a puff?
My uncle.

Who, when I want a glass of gin,
Will take my ragged jacket in,
And keep it till I call again?
My uncle.

Who takes my cullender full of holes,
And lends to maids who leave their soles
To raise the dust to buy the coals?
My uncle.

Who takes the linen clean or soiled,
And lace that oft in coffee boiled,
In short, takes all except the child?
My uncle.

Who does all this, and think't no sin,
And would he yield a glass of gin,
Would take the very devil in?
My uncle.

De Chinkling of de Cash.

Ven I vas a TINY POY I valked apout on shtreet,
I sold my shoe-strings to every one I met;
I HOAX DEM and I COAX DEM, and I told 'em many tale,
VEN I sell my COOTS for profit, and I PAY and I sell.
DEY say I VAS a cunning POY for taking DE FEOPLISH in,
Put the chinkling of de cash, oh! it always make me sing
Vid my hoaxing, coaxing, teazing VEEDLING hey down derry,
De chinkling of de cash, oh! it ALVAYS makes me merry!

I growed up a little FIGGER. I keep a little shop,
I please mine customers: for in and out DEY pop;
I sell mine trinkets, fine and COOT. DAT please DE ladies I may,
I sell mine COOTS for profit, and always makes DEM pay.
DEY say I vas a cunning man, and vould cheat DE devil for pelf,
But I vould sooner cheat DE devil, as I vould cheat MINESELF.
Vid my hoaxing, &c.

Know when You are Well, and Bachelors Remain.

Our good father Adam, when the world first began,
In truth was a happy, a very happy man:
For, he was a bachelor without any care,
Till married, madam Eve led him into a snare,
Then, bachelors, beware! nor destiny arraign,
But know when you are well, and bachelors remain.

Then tempted from duty by his lady so rare—
Oh! she was a beauty, and devils can seem fair:
The silly poor Benedict he swallowed his bane,
Marriage like, sweet at first, though soon followed by pain.
Then, bachelors beware! &c.

And punished for his sin, 'tis the lot of his race,
Who marry still to share his deplorable case;
The famed tree of knowledge is now well understood,
HUSBANDS know the EVIL, and BACHELORS the GOOD.
Then, bachelors, beware! &c.

Will You Marry Me, Sir?

Will you marry me, sir? or you, sir, or you?
And, bachelors, I'm for a husband I vow;
But then I must tell ye, sincerely and true,
What sort of a lover I'm looking for now.
Too young nor too old is not pleasing at all:
Too thin nor too lusty, too short nor too tall:
Oh! no! but a something that borders between
The short and the tall, and the lusty and lean;
Such a one as o'en now in my fancy I see:
That's you, sir—yes, you, sir; will you marry me?

Should you marry me, sir, I'll make you a wife
Both kind and indulgent, and fond as the dove;
Nay, more, make a promise to please you through life,
But then you must love me, and me only love.
Good sense I shall look for, divested of pride,
And now and then hope the last word to divide;
I mean when in reason, which cannot be wrong:
For, a husband, believe me, 's the drift of my song.
Such a one as o'en now, &c.

Simon Muns and Miss Judy M'Shee.

My name's Simon Muns, a smart tailor, d'ye see;
I late went a courting Miss Judy M'Shee;
"Miss Judy, says I, I'm just come here to woo,
Your eyes, sharp as needles, have pierced my heart through."
And sing fal de ral laddy, &c.

Says she: "Mr. Muns, you're a sad naughty man,
To try my poor innocent heart to trepan—
Besides I'm a VARGIN not quite sixty-two,
If I was to wed, sir, pray what can you do?"
Singing fal de ral laddy, &c.

"Ods bodkins and shears, why, the folks in the town
They say I'm the devil to give a green gown:
Indeed, it is true, not a word of it's gain,
They all will allow I'm as stiff as buckram."
And sing fal de ral laddy, &c.

These words made Miss Judy begin soon to melt,
She said, that a strange twitteration she felt;
Thinks I, I'm a fool if the time I now miss:
So, I measured her round and gave her a kiss.
Sing fal de ral laddy, &c.

Next day then to church we hastened with glee,
The neighbors all laughed at Miss Judy and me:
Says I: "You may snigger, but I'll cut a dash—
For, soon I shall finger my dear Judy's cash."
Sing fal de ral laddy, &c.

It's now almost time I had finished my song,
There's some of you'll think it is near a yard long;
But, if you approve, then I'll cheerfully sing:
Bless our soldiers and sailors, and God save the Union!
And sing fal de ral laddy, &c.

The Daisy Valley.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I met her in the valley where the daisies grow,
I felt that I must love her, yes, if she would or no;
It was a happy day, full well, full well I know,
I met her in the valley where the daisies grow.
She was fair to me, as fair as fair can be,
No damsel yet was half so fair as she.
She vowed that she'd be true to me,
Down in the valley where the daisies grow.
The daisies, oh! the daisies, oh!
Down in the valley where the daisies grow;
It was a happy day, full well I know,
Down in the valley where the daisies grow.

I wooed her in the valley where the daisies grow,
And where, beside the streamlet, the water lillies blow;
It was a happy moment when first she let me know
She loved me, in the valley where the daisies grow.
Ah! 'twas joy to me, my heart was full of glee,
When she agreed my loving bride to be,
And vowed that she'd be true to me,
Down in the valley where the daisies grow.
The daisies, oh! the daisies, oh!
Down in the valley where the daisies grow;
It was a happy day, full well I know,
Down in the valley where the daisies grow.

If Maggie were My Own.

If Maggie were my own now, and I yon shepherd lad
Whose lute is full of sweetness, whose song is never sad:
Oh! lightly might the winds blow, as lightly they have blown,
And lighter would my heart be, if Maggie were my own.
Oh! if she were my own, if Maggie were my own,
How happy would my life be, if Maggie were my own.

If Maggie were my own now, and I were born a king,
A crown of stars and jewels would be no regal thing,
Until my Maggie wore it: sure every star that shone
Would wear but borrowed splendor, if Maggie were my own.
Oh! if she were my own, &c.

If Maggie were my own now, then earth and sea and air
To me would smile in splendor, and beauty everywhere.
Oh! little would I heed then the sorrows I have known—
For, clouds would meet in sunshine, if Maggie were my own,
Oh! if she were my own, &c.

The Forester's Daughter.

Jenny has been to the village,
And brought home a present from Harry:
But tho' her affection he'd pilfage,
Blithe Jenny he never shall marry;
For, tho' she has taken, to vex me,
The ribbon he artfully bought her,
She did it in joke to perplex me,
Sweet Jenny, the forester's daughter.

Jenny has been to the gipsy,
Who told her we're off and for ever:
But sure the imposter was tipsy,
As nothing two fond hearts can sever;
For tho' we have tiffed, when I meet her,
I'll prove like a lover I've caught her,
And the making up kiss will be sweeter,
With Jenny the forester's daughter.

Jenny has cows half-a-dozen,
And mine are the sheep in the valley,
And tho' not so rich as her cousin,
She's sweeter in temper than Sally;
And soon, very soon, we shall marry,
Tho' many more wealthy have sought her,
And then he may whistle, poor Harry!
For Jenny, the forester's daughter.

Raising the Devil.

Air: Last Week I took a Wife.

I've oft of magic read
That could work changes funny:
And it comes in my head
This magic must be money;
For, though you should be cross and old,
And every thing that's frightful,
Yet only once get store of gold,
You're all that is delightful,
Tol, lol, lol, &c.

The law's delay who feel,
That once its fees can master?
For, only grease the wheels,
Oh! law! what can go faster?
To prove Dame Justice blind should be,
I know no reason stronger
Than this: should she a bribe once see,
She'd Justice be no longer.
Tol, lol, lol, &c

A quack once advertised
He Beelzebub would raise up,
Which all the town surprised,
And sprung a pretty breeze up:
But soon his word not to be worse,
And lay their strong doubts level,
He showed them all an EMPTY PURSE,
And cried: this is THE DEVIL!
Tol, lol, lol, &c.

While Pensive I Thought on My Love.

While pensive I thought on my love,
The moon on the mountain was bright:
And Philomel, down in the grove,
Broke sweetly the silence of night.
Oh! I wish that the tear-drop would flow!
But I felt too much anguish to weep—
Till, worn by the weight of my woe,
I sunk on my pillow to sleep.

Methought that: my love, as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
In the paleness of death seemed to say:
"Alas! we must never meet more!
Yes, yes, my beloved, we must part;
The steel of my rival was true—
The assassin has struck on that heart
Which beat with such fervor for you."

The Young Man on the Railway:

OR THE MAIL TRAIN DRIVER.

Music at Boosey & Co., 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I sing a song so sorrowful, my heart's filled with woe,
My misery's so powerful wherever I may go.
Like a "hollyhock in a garden" beat down by the rain,
Through a young man on the railway, that drives the mail train.

CHORUS.

Oh! my misery's so powerful, I shall ne'er meet again
That young man on the railway who drives the mail train.

In his suit of silver moleskin, he was MUSKILER and strong,
MUSTACHERS like a HORCIFER, and his whiskers were long;
Standing six feet in his Wellingtons, of him I was vain:
Oh! that young man on the railway who drove the main train!
Oh! my misery, &c.

I met him at a SEMBERLY, some two years ago:
Attention so PERTIKILER to me he did show—
I was dressed like a MARSHONESS in muslin de lain—
By the young man on the railway who drove the mail train.
Oh! my misery, &c.

He told me that he WORSHIPPED me, and said, too, beside,
In a year and a quarter he'd make me his bride.
And never would do anything to cause my heart pain.
Oh! the young man on the railway who drove the mail train.
Oh! my misery, &c.

One day, there came a postman with a rat-tat;
It made my poor heart beat with a pity-pat:
For, it said: "I am married: so, farewell, Ann Jane!"
Oh! the young man on the railway who drove the mail train.
Oh! my misery, &c.

Oh! where'er shall I wander? oh! where shall I fly?
My heart is like a WATER-PUMP all CHOKED UP and DRY,
Or a BILER A-BUSTIN with misery and pain.
Through that young man on the railway who drove the mail train.
Oh! my misery, &c.

They are Good Folks alone Who are Merry.

By my mother 'twas said, and by me 'twas believed—
For, she was a clever old body—
Who in love trusts a man that a friend has deceived,
Will prove but a simple noddy.
Though his eyes may be black, though his cheeks may be red,
His skin fair, or brown as a berry:
Look for truth in the heart, and good sense in the head,
Or, when married, you'll never be merry.

Who chooses for show, choose as well as she can,
Will be guided alone by folly:
And find, to her cost, she's mistaken her man,
And wedded with melancholy.
For, let 'em be tall, short, or sallow, or red,
Fair as snow-drops, or brown as a berry,
It will prove to be true, as my poor mother said,
That they're good folks alone who are merry.

Here's the Bottle she Loved so much.

A PARODY— Air: Here's the Harp.

Here's the bottle she loved so much.
And here's the glass she drank from:
Here's the max her lips oft touched,
The stuff they never shrank from.
Herrings lay unheeded by.
Where's the hand to gut them?
Mackerel here neglected lie,
Where's the throat to hoot them?
Max is good, but she I loved
Ne'er shall taste its sweetness:
Her lips that once so fleetly moved,
Now have lost their fleetness.
Gallons were pots when here she strayed,
Pots were pints to her muzzle:
Heaven ne'er formed a drunker maid,
A maid so fond of guzzle.

The Golden Moments.

The golden moments are not gone:
For, Recollection brings
The dear delights our hearts have known,
The joys my Laura sings.

Though Time has changed our flowing hair,
Our minds are still the same:
For, Truth and Constancy are there
To shield the nuptial flame.

Through chequered months and circling years
Our hearts are still at home:
Serenely bright Love's torch appears,
And burns beyond the tomb.

She sings of Love, whose tempered bliss
Outlasts the glare of youth:
Which settles in the cordial kiss
That warms the lip of truth.

E'en should my Laura cease to live,
Remembrance, just and true,
Would still the precious record give
Of all the joys we knew.

The Fire-Side.

When Winter, with his icy train,
Spreads desolation o'er the plain,
The greatest comfort we obtain
Is the fire-side:
While embers crackle on the hearth,
We spend our time in social mirth,
Well pleased to have so snug a birth
As the fire-side.

And when we're told, with looks profound,
What ghosts and fairies do abound—
We draw our chairs still closer round
The fire-side:
Then every rustling noise we hear,
Makes simple Dorcas start with fear:
Oh! lack! Oh! lack! Oh! dear!
Lest any sprite should venture near
Our fire-side.

And then we tell a merry tale,
And quaff the jest-inspiring ale;
For, no dissensions e'er assail
Our fire-side:
We seek no riches to amass,
Each lad is happy with his lass,
And no enjoyment can surpass
Our fire-side.

With My Jug in One Hand.

With my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other,
I'll drink to my neighbor and friend:
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll smother—
For, life, I know, shortly must end.
While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug
With good ale, I will make myself mellow:
In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug,
Like a jolly and true-hearted fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,
I've enough of my own for to mind:
For, the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
To death we must all be consigned.
Then we'll laugh, drink, and smoke and leave nothing to pay,
But drop, like a pear that is mellow—
And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say:
"He's gone, what a hearty good fellow!"

A Body may, in a Simple way.

A body may, in a simple way,
Read love in shepherd's eyes:
A body may, ah! well-a-day!
Find love 'though in disguise.

There is a body loves a body,
I could tell you who:
And if a body loves a body,
Let him come and woo.

I ne'er will wed, I've often said,
A lad that cannot speak;
Yet something's running in my head,
Which prudence cannot check.

A humble cot, and simple lot,
Are suited to my mind:
No wealth I seek, then let him speak,
He'll find a body kind.

Grand-Father Brian.

Grand-father Brian departed this life,
It was on Saint Patrick's day :
He started off to the next world,
Without ever asking the way :
Leaving me all his riches,
With a great deal of wealth, d'ye see ?
With a pair of his cloth leather breeches,
That buttoned up down to the knee.
Hurrah for my grand-father Brian !
I wish he was living, och sure !
And every day he'd be dying,
To be leaving me ten times as much more.

He left me the whole two sides of bacon,
Only one half was just cut away ;
With a broomstick, with the head of a rake on,
And a field full of straw to make hay :
He left me some props and some patches,
With a beautiful new smock frock :
Six beautiful hens to lay duck's eggs,
Only one turned out to be a cock.

He left me a well full of water,
Only, some said, it was dry :
Three pitfulls of sand, lime, and mortar,
And a squinting tom-cat with one eye.
He left me an old dog and kitten,
His lapstone, knife and brad-awl :
With a lump of Dutch cheese that was bitten,
And a box full of nothing at all.

He left me a glass that was broken,
With a pair of new boots without soles ;
And, faith ! if the truth must be spoken,
A kettle with fifty-five holes :
A knife board made out of leather,
A treacle-pot half full of glue :
A down bed without ever a feather,
And a fine coat nigh handy in two.

He left me a mighty fine clock too,
Full of brass-wheels made out of wood ;
A key without ever a lock too,
A stool to sit down where I stood :
A blanket made out of cloth-patches,
A bread-basket made of tin ware ;
A window without any sashes,
And a horse-collar made for a mare.

He left me a starling, a beauty,
But it turned out to be a thrush :
He bid me in life do my duty,
And never comb my hair with a brush.
He left me six pound all in copper,
With a splendid straight rule double bent,
And a beautiful bacca-stopper,
With a view of Blackwater, in Kent.

He left me some whisky for drinking,
And a beautiful stick, look at that :
And also a she bull for milking,
And a second-hand silk beaver hat.
He left me a shirt all in tatters,
Amongst other things I must state :
And a rare stock of old broken platter,
And, in fact, all the family plate.

He left me the hog for a garden :
One night it got covered with the flood :
And when I went out in the morning,
I went up to my two eyes in mud.
He left me a fine mare for breeding,
Its age was over threescore.
And when I come here next evening,
I will tell you ten times as much more.

Sail on, Silver Cloud :

OR FAIR ROSABELLE.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Sail on, thou silver cloud,
In yonder azure sky ;
How swift is, and how proud
Your crystal path on high !
Float on, yet hear my prayer :
Then onward haste to tell
My sighs and my despair
To fairest Rosabelle.
Tell her, since we've parted,
I feel all alone ;
Sad and broken-hearted,
I her loss bemoan.
Float on, swift cloud, nor stay,
But onward haste to tell
My sighs and my despair
To lovely Rosabelle.
Float on, swift cloud, &c.

You twinkling little star,
Whose soft and lucid light
Peeps from bright realms afar,
Out through the peaceful night :
Sweet wonder and delight
Of childhood's early dream,
Convey to her to-night
My love by thy pale beam.
Tell her I am dreaming
Of her loveliness ;
Tell her tears are streaming
In my sad distress.
Fair star, be thou my friend,
While echoes sound and swell :
I love, till life shall end,
My fairest, fairest Rosabelle.
Float on, swift cloud, &c.

The Handsome Beau.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

As I was crossing o'er the ferry,
With a party young and merry,
When I heard : " Do, see that very
Handsome beau ! "
My moustache they much admired,
And my name and age enquired ;
I was all that heart desired,
In this vale below.
Oh ! I was crossing o'er the ferry,
With a party young and merry,
When I heard : " Do, see that very
Handsome beau ! "

Then my voice so soft and tender
Made confiding girls surrender ;
I was graceful, tall, and slender,
And my feet
Were encased in patent leather,
Quite regardless of the weather,
And my toilet altogether
Was complete.
Oh ! I was crossing, &c.

I was full of foreign graces,
Attitudes and false grimaces :
I described the noted places
Of the earth ;
And the ladies said : " Why is it
That a continental visit
Gives an air of tone exquisite
And of birth ? "
Oh ! I was crossing, &c.

I excelled in fancy dances,
And my winning ways and glances,
In the language of romances,
Were divine ;
And the beaux their model made me,
Till a knowing one betrayed me,
And revealed a tailor paid me
As a sign.
As I was crossing, &c.

And when next this party met me,
How they sneeringly beset me !
Swore they never would forget me,
Or my waist :
In the horse pond then subjected,
To remain there quite neglected,
Because the envious girls suspected
That I laced—
As I was crossing, &c.

Spring and Autumn.

As sung by Christine Nilsson, amidst tremendous applause.

Music published by Wm. A. Pond & Co, 547 Broadway.

Let me dream o'er my life's happy spring,
Of my fondest affections the dawn—
Past hopes back to memory bring,
And delights that forever are gone !
Ah ! — la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Then how grateful the early morn's breeze
O'er the green meadow sweeping along—
And at eve, 'neath the sheltering trees,
How entrancing the nightingale's song !
Ah ! — la, la, la, la, &c.

But I mourn in the autumn's decline
Lost affections, hopes withered and dead :
And the joy which alone is now mine—
Is to dream of the happiness fled !
Ah ! — la, la, la, la, &c.

At what season did Eve eat the apple ?—Early in the fall.

Thee Only !

Music at Boosey & Co., 4 Bond Street, New-York.

When in the heaven a star
Than all other shone fairer—
When on the earth a flower
Than all other bloomed rarer—
Each seemed to tell of thee,
And thy emblem became
Memories—night and day—
That I named by thy name.
Tho' star and flower may fade,
Shining upon me never,
Oh ! to my heart thou'rt still
Radiance—that faileth never !
What seek my fancies bright ?
Thee only !
What bring my dreams at night ?
Thee only !
Or the first dawn of light ?
Thee only !
Waking, or sleeping, still
Dream I of thee, and only thee !

What tho' in love's low song,
On me soft tones are falling !
What tho' for me, in dance,
There are light footsteps falling !
If the song be not thine,
It but jars on my ear—
Music can charm alone
When I know thou art near—
Sometimes I feel it vain
Longing for thee for ever ;
Yet, from this heart of mine
Fadeth thy image never !
What seek, &c.

You Know How it Vas Yourself.

Written and Sung by Gus. Williams, the American Star Comique.

My song is of a Deitcher gal,
Mit nice red sandy hair.
Und turn-up nose und crooked toes
But for dat I don't care !
She ain't vone of dose kind of gals
Vat lay upon de shelf ;
I call her sweet, she call me beet—
But you know how it vas yourself.
CHORUS.
She vas as gentle as a doughnut in a bakery,
Und as cool as some ice vich vas so slippery ;
I love her to distraction, dat's a heap von satisfaction
But den you know how it vas yourself.

De fust time dat I met her,
She vas drinking lager-bier :
In vone hand she had a pig's foot,
In de oder a cow's ear ;
I vent right up and told her dat
She couldn't eat dat all herself.
She gave me half, de leetle calf.
But you know how it vas yourself. Chorus.

Her foot is like a camel's, und
Her voice it vas so sweet—
Ven she does speak, you'd dink dere vas
An organ in der shtreet.
But still for dat I'm going to marry
Dis sweet little elf.
Und I hope ve'll have some children,
But you know how it vas yourself. Chorus.

She's Like a Sun-Beam.

The Music, published by G. D. Russel & Co., 126 Tremont St., Boston, can be obtained at any Music-Store.

Oh ! don't you wish dat you was me !
It is no use saying : No !
For, de girls dey say I'm quite de thing.
I guess day ought to know !
Dey say I've such a graceful style !
My laugh de air keeps ringing,
And den my dance is all O K :
You can't discount my singing.
Chorus : So let de times be what dey may.
You'll find dis nigger always gay :
For you I'll sing and dance all night,
To please you all is my delight.

Now what's de use to hang your head,
And pine, or grieve and sorrow ?
Come take a lesson now of me.
And grief you'll never borrow.
If you only saw my Nell and I,
You'd never sigh again :
For, she's like a sun-beam breaking thro'
A summer shower of rain.
So let de times, &c.

When de moon is shining clear and bright,
I go and meet my Nell
And by de burning ember light,
My tale of love I tell.
She says I'm all de world to her,
And to me she's just the same :
So I'm only longing for de day
When she may change her name.
So let de times, &c.

Jolly Bricks of London.

Music at Boosey & Co. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I'm a free and easy fellow, one of that jovial class
Known as the "Jolly bricks of London."
And for having jolly sprees, boys, or flirting
with a lass,
None beat the jolly bricks of London!
We're good for a dance, boys, and good for a "spar,"
Good for a game, wherever we are.
So join in the chorus: hip hip, hip, hurrah!
Three cheers for the jolly bricks of London!
We're good, &c.

Then we always set the fashion, and dress in
tip-top style,
That suits the jolly bricks of London!
From the patent-leather boots to the glossy
silken tile:
None can touch the jolly bricks of London!
We drink the best that cash can afford,
Each one is treated just like a lord:
And there's none of us but know every move
upon the board,
Keen-witted jolly bricks of London!
We're good, &c.

We all smoke the best Havannas, and drink
the best of cham..
Wine-bibbing jolly bricks of London!
He who has of cash the most, for the other
ones "stands Sam,"
Light-hearted jolly bricks of London!
Together in pairs, we, each day, walk the Park,
Make love to nurse-maids just for a lark:
Then we come out, like the Owls, in strong
force when it's dark,
Right merry jolly bricks of London!
We're good, &c.

Then at fisticuffs each member's a reg'lar
first-rate star,
Sport-loving jolly bricks of London!
We can each take our own part—if e'er called
upon we are,
Undaunted jolly bricks of London!
We strike from the shoulder like Mace or like Shaw,
In strict accordance with P. R. law:
We can hit 'em on the snuff-box, and the claret draw,
Hard-hitting jolly bricks of London!
We're good, &c.

We see RIGHT shall conquer MIGHT wheresoe'er
our way we wend,
Fair-dealing jolly bricks of London!
And a strong arm always ready the fair sex to
defend,
Has every jolly brick of London!
Tho' all fond of sport, and a fast life we lead,
Often's the time we do a good deed:
For, we lend a helping hand to those that are
in need,
Free-hearted jolly bricks of London!
We're good, &c.

And as we all walk along, each one blows a
stiffish cloud,
Weed-loving jolly bricks of London!
Arm-in-arm we go together, and sing in voices loud,
Noise-making jolly bricks of London!
We're much of a muchness, we're all up to snuff,
We take all things easy, the smooth with the rough;
For, each brother jolly brick is likewise a
"Jolly Buff,"
Care-killing jolly bricks of London!
We're good, &c.

Master Tommy Wattle

AND THE BIG BLUE-BOTTLE.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

About a year or two or three, or four or five ago,
There lived a wealthy family, residing down at Bow:
They kept a footman and a cook, a page and many others:
They'd fourteen aunts, six uncles, seven sisters and
eight brothers:
Oh! Master Wattle, naughty Master Wattle
Why did you go and kill that big blue-bottle?

They all were handsome children, but his mother's
hope and joy
Was Tommy Wattle, aged five, a darling little boy;
He'd learnt to read and write, and sing his,
do. re. mi, sol, fa,
And though he always crossed his t's, he never crossed
his ms.
Oh! Master, &c.

He'd take his powders, minus jam, and went to bed
at night,
And never seemed at all put out, when nurse put out
the light;
But children have their weaknesses, however much
you chide 'em,
And Tommy's was for killing flies, he never could
abide 'em.
Oh! Master, &c.

The dragon and the blue-tailed fly were his especial
horror,
And, tho' he killed one every day, its brother came
to-morrow;
House flies he'd scrunch by hundreds, too, this
naughty Tommy Wattle,
Until, one day, he chanced to slay a monstrous
big blue-bottle.
Oh! Master, &c.

The blue-bottle's the King of flies, as all of you may guess,
A crowning triumph, Tommy thought, this was to his
success;
For not a single fly appeared again. I've heard it said,
Until that dreadful night when little Tommy went to bed.
Oh! Master, &c.

He'd gone to sleep rejoicing, too, that wicked little pickle;
But something settled on his nose, and woke him
with its tickle;
A horrid buzzing noise he heard—the flies had come
in hosts;
At least, they could not come themselves, and so
they sent their ghosts.
Oh! Master, &c.

Some had no legs, and some had no heads, no bodies
and no wings,
And Tom repented very much he'd done such wicked
things;
They fell upon him, headed by the monstrous big
blue-bottle,
And flew away with him—and there's an end to
Tommy Wattle.
Oh! Master, &c.

MORAL.

Now, little children aged four, or five, or six, or eight—
Don't kill the flies or you may meet with Tommy
Wattle's fate;
The world is big enough for all to live in and to thrive—
Then buy a penny fly-paper and catch 'em all alive!
Oh! Master, &c.

Charley Havannah.

Written and Sung by Welford Vawn.

It's twelve months ago since Charley I met,
It happened one night 'twas awfully wet;
We were following a pretty girl caught in the rain,
But finding our efforts of escort were vain,
He joined me, you see, and as it was dark,
We made up our minds for a jolly good lark.

CHORUS.

Oh! they call me the rattling dancing swell,
The West-End girls all know us well;
We are the sparks, and after dark
My friend Charley and I for a lark!

Now Charley is handsome, something like me:
Has black hair and whiskers, and is just twenty-three:
He's a guardsman, and, oh! don't the dears look shy,
When Charley and I with a wink pass them by!
He's dreadfully lazy, and for his cigars pays a tanner;
So the girls have all christened him: "Charley Havannah."
Chorus.

Charley's dad and mine have been good about the tin;
Yet the tailors suffer, but we think it no sin,
The dads think we shall marry, and so do they;
We tell them when we do, they will bless the day:
To marry an heiress is a glorious thing—
But married life's a song we don't intend to sing.
Chorus.

So we intend to keep single, or if we take to wives,
They must be young and pretty, to last us all our lives:
We must leave off Champagne, take to Bass's beer,
And learn some nursery-rhymes, though they sound queer;
But, by jove! 'tis so dismal that we've very great fears
That we'll not commit matrimony for very many years.
Chorus.

Little Miss Skillet.

Sung, with rapturous applause at the San Francisco Minstrels, by the author, Rollin Howard.

Flirting through the blinds,
Just across the way,
Sits a dashing swell—I tell you,
While I sit and sew.
Just this way—you know—
He's ever casting sheep's eyes upon me.
For, little Miss Skillet is my name when you spell it:
I tell you I'm a gay and festive girl—
Little Miss Skillet is my name when you spell it,
I tell you I'm a wide-awake girl.

He sent a note to me,
Asking me to tea.
With his sister whom I know quite well.
I went and on his knee,
He said he'd live for me.
If I would let my heart learn to love him.
For, little Miss Skillet, &c.

So peeping through the blinds,
I said to him to-day
That he might call over and see me.
He came—we went to walk,
For a quite little talk,
When he asked me to be his on next Sunday.
For, little Miss Skillet &c.

Out in the Sunshine.

Composed by A. P. Chase—Arranged by R. Howard.

Sung by Queen and West.

When the flowers are blooming,
And they perfume the breeze,
And side by side we wander,
Beneath the forest trees:
We tell our love and listen to
The bells that sweetly chime:
My love and I are just as gay
As the birds in summer time.
Sweet little Rose,
The cause of my woes.
When the flowers of May are blooming
Out in the sunshine,
She said she'd be mine,
And told me to have patience.

When the flowers have withered,
Then she'll become my bride,
And hand in hand together,
Through future years, we'll glide.
I've a cot in the wild wood,
Where the placid river flows:
A nook in which my darling
Will be the sweetest rose.
Sweet little Rose, &c.

Mick of Castlebar.

My name is Mick Malony, I drive an Irish car;
From Dublin all around, sirs, I drive both near and far;
My car is decorated out, and on the door a star,
And the pride of all the county is young Mick of Castlebar.

CHORUS.

He can trot along, gallop along, and drive an Irish car,
And the girls all fall in love with young Mick of Castlebar.

I was born in Dublin city, I was reared in Paddy's land;
My sisters they are Irish, too, and upright they do stand;
My father from Kilkenny came, my mother from Armagh,
I hope you'll not forget, my boys, young Mick of Castlebar.
He can trot along, &c.

Now if you want a car, sirs, just come and hire me;
I'll drive you out in style, sirs, the country for to see;
My horse will trot along the road, just like a shooting star;
Step up, my boys, be drove along by Mick of Castlebar
He can trot along, &c.

When the Queen came o'er to Ireland, her health for
to revive,
She sent a note to ax me: would I take her for a drive?
I drove her up and down, sirs, around the country far,
She said she never would forget young Mick of Castlebar.
He can trot along, &c.

Now, ladies, will you take a car? I'm just the lad, you see;
I'll drive you round about, if you come along with me:
I'm sure you'll not forget, my girls, my name sounds
near and far;
Make up your minds, be drove along by Mick of
Castlebar.
He can trot along, &c.

Should Garibaldi want a car, I'm sure he won't forget
To send for Mick Malony, who never harm did yet.
And coming from the wars, sirs, with whiskey in the jar,
They'll be welcomed back to Ireland by Mick of Castlebar.
He can trot along, &c.

Now, gentle folks, take my advice: when out upon
the spree,
If you want a small diversion, just come and hire me:
I'll drive you all around, my boys, to view ould Ireland far:
Just say the word, and out we'll drive away to Castlebar.
He can trot along &c.

A love-lorn swain broke a wish-bone with his "heart's queen," somewhere up in New-Hampshire. "Now, what do you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation. "I wish I was handsome, replied the damsel, handsome as—Queen Victoria."

"Jerusalem! what a wish! replied Jonathan when you're handsome 'nuff now! But I'll t you what I wish,—I wish you was locked in 0? arms and the key was lost."

How to prevent gray hairs—Keep your heads shaved. Warranted not to fail.

Hot Roasted Chesnuts!

New Chorus Comic Song. Sung by G. Westbrook.

Music at Boosey & Co., 4 Bond Street, New-York.

There was a fine girl with her teeth like pearl,
Altho' of low degree;
With her youthful grace and sweet pretty face,
She captivated me.
Up in the Bowery she sold a rich treat,
The Theatre very nigh:
And to tempt each buyer with her charcoal fire,
This was her evening cry—
"Hot Roasted Chesnuts!
They're all the best nuts!
Hot Roasted Chesnuts!
All Hot and Sound!"

When that way I strayed, a purchase I made:
Nuts on her nuts was I:
And nuts on this fair with her nut brown hair,
And wicked, nut brown eye!
Her voice it was low with a falsetto,
I went out of my way,
On many a night and felt great delight
To hear my charmer say—
"Hot Roasted Chesnuts!" &c.

I offered my hand and my fortune grand,
Of fifty pounds a year—
Said wed her I should, that is: if she would
No more in streets appear.
She seemed to agree; but, alas! for me,
I've had cause to repent:
For, her heart was not like her chesnuts, hot,
Responding to this gent:
"Hot Roasted Chesnuts!" &c.

For, a shoe-black lad—was it not too bad?—
He stole her heart away;
And this splendid swell lost this splendid Belle,
To his entire dismay.
She's gone from my gaze, I feel all amazed,
She never can be mine;
For, to tell the truth with this blacking youth
She fled, like made a shine.
"Hot Roasted Chesnuts!" &c.

Now, my love I've lost and in love I'm crost—
And, last night deep I swore
Shined my boots should'n't be to Eternity
By any shoe black more!
I've but this to say: if you pass that way,
And any evening spy
This pretty young girl with her teeth like pearl,
Beware when you hear her cry—
"Hot Roasted Chesnuts!" &c.

Paddy, the Peep-O'Day Boy.

By Thos. T. Ramsey—Air: Pat's Curiosity Shop.

Paddy Flen was the broth of a boy, a native of Dublin town:
No man could pick Paddy up, but Pat could knock any man down.
He was the dread of the men folks, of the ladies bold Pat was the joy:
Paddy turned the night into the morning: so Pat was the peep-o'day boy.

CHORUS.

Wid his shamrock, his sprig, and his whiskey,
Phillilloo tiptywhach joy—
For the twisting shillelagh or whiskey:
Och! Pat, was the peep-o'day boy!

That was a good tempered fellow, och! sure it was easy to prove:
If he gave his best friend, a good bating, sure it was only for love.
His father, he died very wealthy, and made Paddy as rich as a jew—
And the goods and the chattels he gave him,
I'm now after telling to you. Chorus.

SPOKEN: Faith! Paddy's father died one day of the gout: his st-mach b cause they couldn't keep it in his toe: well, he left Paddy all he had, besides what he had not got: there was an illegant feather bed made of straw: a pa r of beautiful blankets made of the best calico, rather worn out: there was a string of brass buttons, cut out of tin her: a cullender widout even a hole in it and an elegant tea-kittle, full of holes: a pair of wooden silver spoons: half a dozen of knives and forks widout blades or handles: a pair of odd shoes—for, one was a boot wid cloth upper leathers: thin there was an iron pot with something in it, that was a thundering great hole: thin he left him all the money he could get by working, which made Paddy as rich as any poor man would wish to be. Chorus.

Then Paddy tuck to him a wife as fat as a pig and as frisky,
And she cauch the fever, one day, by sucking too freely at whiskey—
Till they met wid sore troubles, one day, as great as the heart could desire:
For, the pig tuck away the praties, and the cabin, by the powers! took fire—
Chorus.

SPOKEN: As Paddy and Biddy were standing, one day, at the back-door in front of the house, talking together not a word there comes Paddy O'Connor walking down the hill as fast as he could run up it: "Och! Biddy, the devil says he get you down to your father's cabin: for the pig has run away with the praties garden under his arm, and the cabin is in a blaze:" "Och! blazes! paties Pat, why didn't you put it out before it caught:" "Because, says O'Connor, it was burned down, before it took light." So away they run, and sure enough every stick that was standing was burned to the ground, and all the furniture that they saved was burned to death, and there stood the poor old father tearing all the hair off his bald head, and crying his blind eyes out of his head to think he had lived to see such a sight. Chorus.

The Agreeable Young Man!

OR NEVER SAY YES WHEN YOU MEAN TO SAY NO!

Music at Boosey & Co. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I've one little failing I hope you'll excuse,
That is: when requested, I cannot refuse;
The source of my sorrow, the cause of my woe
Is lacking the courage to boldly say: "No!"
You want a song: I will try to amuse you,
Telling my troubles, to-night if I can;
As you know my failing, I cannot refuse you;
I'm such a very agreeable young man!
So make it a rule, wherever you go,
Never say "Yes" when you mean to say "No!"
But do a good turn for a friend when you can,
If you wish to be thought an agreeable young man.

When visiting town, I am asked by Miss Kent
To call in Pall-Mall and purchase some scent:
And then I'm requested by old Mrs. Chuff
To run to St. Martin's-le-Grand for some snuff:
And sweet Laura Jones, so charming and pretty,
Says: "She will be grateful, if I will but go
For needles and wool, to Lemaire's in the city!"
What could I do? I couldn't say "No!"
So make, &c.

I jump in a 'bus returning from town;
Cabs all engaged, the rain coming down:
It stops—the conductor, who doesn't lack nerve,
Says: "Will you ride outside a lady to serve?"
Of course, I'm delighted to show so much kindness
To one of the fair sex—on top then I go,
Get jolly wet thro' and a cold for my blindness:
What could I do? I couldn't say "No!"
So make, &c.

At our country-ball, in the winter, I'm there
Breathing soft accents to Isabella Clare;
About to propose—the host he will come
And whisper: "Miss Musty, will you see her home?
Her carriage not hosh—you so kind, my dear fellah!"
With a maid of three score, I trudge thro' the snow,
Leaving a rival to flirt with dear Bella—
But what could I do? I couldn't say "No!"
So make, &c.

O'er-willing to please—you all must agree,
A subject am I for your kind sympathy;
I've certainly shown that it has been the ban
Of my life, to be thought an agreeable young man.
I've told you of this for your edification,
Happy if I but succeed in my plan,
And know I afford you some gratification,
As I'm such an agreeable young man!
So make, &c.

Merry Old Uncle Joe.

Written and Sung by HARRY CLIFTON.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Some discontented people always will complain—
One day they've too much sunshine, another too much rain;
I take the world as it comes, its pleasures or its woe;
And all my neighbors call me: Merry Old Uncle Joe.

CHORUS.

For I always speak my mind, in spite of friend or foe;
Where'er I roam, I'm always known as Merry Old Uncle Joe.

Perhaps in my ideas, to-night, many may think me wrong;
But there's nought like being candid, and I'll not detain you long;
For, I've no wife to tease, no child to add to my woe—
I roam where'er I please—I'm Merry Old Uncle Joe.
For, I always speak, &c.

The last news from America that came across the wave,
'Tis the President's intention to give freedom to the slave.
Decidedly he ought, and should have done so long ago:
They might have been fast friends to-day says Merry Old Uncle Joe.
For, I always speak, &c.

But those who talk of slavery across the wide seas' foam,
Should remember that of charity the best begins at home—
In many an English town, we've slaves for a pittance stitch and sew—
Are they not worth a thought from us? says Merry Old Uncle Joe.
For, I always speak, &c.

Of our young Prince of Wales much has been said and done;
And in another day or two he will be twenty-one;
But if he, to spend his birthday, to Germany must go,
What will loyal hearts in England say? says Merry Old Uncle Joe.
For, I always speak, &c.

How to find happiness—Look in a dictionary.

Buy a Broom?

Written by Geo. Sidney.

Air: So early in the Morning.

Buy a broom from me, who will?
For little Harry, Dick, or Bill,
Jane, or Emma, Mary Ann—
Good and cheap, now buy you can.
Who will buy a broom now?
Who will buy a broom now?
Who will buy a broom now?
Will you, Sir? pray, will you?

SPOKEN: (SELECT ONE FROM AUDIENCE:) Sir, excuse me, you look so happy, you must be married—won't you buy, Sir? (SELECT ANOTHER:) and you, Sir, with that little bud of affection, it is certainly a credit to its Papa.

Buy a broom? now who will buy?
Your little ones will never cry,
Whilst with one of these to play,
Amuse them will the live long day.

SPOKEN: Yes: Ladies and Gentlemen, my brooms are not only juvenile toys, but useful articles in many instances—for instance: should any little domestic unpleasantness occur I warrant one of these little articles to sweep away all discomfort, and leave not a particle of dusty feeling on the door of the heart; it will thoroughly sweep away all cobwebs of the spider jealousy; and, for Bachelors, are very essential: they will remove the dust from your eyes that you will see clearly the folly in leading a single life; they are also legislative brooms—(if properly handled,) they will sweep the Nation of those heaps of universal dissatisfaction, remove the dust from the eyes of Justice, that she will clearly see to dispense her laws, having one eye for the rich, and another for the poor.

Buy a broom? I must away—
Who will buy? please, now say.
Another place I have to sell,
Who'll buy before I say: farewell?
But come another evening,
But come another evening,
But come another evening,
With my brooms I shall be here.

Ginger-Blue.

My name is Ginger-blue; what I tell you is mighty true;
I come from de Allegany mountains;
My paragraph is short, it was written at New-York,
And it flows like de water from de fountains.
De first thing I said, when I raise dis nigger head,
To de darkies all on de plantation,
Was: walk, chalk, Ginger-Blue,
Get over double trouble,
Old Virginia never tire.

One night, Peter Williams was going to give a dance
To de niggers all around dat quarter;
Says he: "Ginger-Blue, I want you to come,
Den you shall have my daughter."
He no sooner said de word, I was up like a bird,
My feeling began to jangolise—

SPOKEN: Yes, I did feel a kind of precipertation about dat time, but I went into de ball and made all de niggers—

Walk, chalk, &c.

When the ball was all over, we began to lumber home,
And, between you and me, dey made a splutter;
Dey looked for all de world like a flock of ducks
A-squambling and paddling in de gutter:
I was going across de farm, Roxiana on my arm,
Dere was something dat struck my observations.

SPOKEN: Yes, dere was de president and de Darkies Temperance Society, and I made dem—

Walk, chalk, &c.

I jump on board a boat and went down to New-Orleans,
And landed right upon de leavey;
A big nigger dere said he would give me beans,
But he found I was rather heavy.
I up with my fist and I hit him on de head,
De folks all began to diskiver—

SPOKEN: Yes, when I hit dat nigger, I tell you, he did begin to—

Walk, chalk, &c.

Two young ladies and a Gentleman from Dublin were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question:

"Which of us do you think the elder, Mr. G?"

"Sure, replied the gallant Irishman, you both look younger than each other."

Original Yankee Doodle.

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Goodwin:
And there I saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.
Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy;
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

And there was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion
A giving orders to his men:
I guess there was a million.
Yankee Dood'e, &c.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so 'tarnal finey:
I wanted peskily to get,
To give to my Jemima.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

And there they had a swamping gun,
As big as a log of maple,
On a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

I went as near to it myself,
As Jacob's underpinnin',
And father went as near again:
I thought the deuce was in him.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

And there I saw a little keg,
Its head was made of leather:
They knocked upon it with little sticks,
To call the folks together.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

And there they'd fight away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All bound around their middles.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

The troopers too would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces:
It scared me almost half to death,
To see them run such races.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions
For 'lasses-cakes to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

But I can't tell you half I saw,
They kept up such a smother:
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Eight Dollars a Day.

As Sung by Johnny Dougherty, Comic Vocalist.

At Washington, full once a year, do politicians throng,
Contriving there, by various arts, to make their sessions long:
And many a reason do they give why they're obliged to stay,
But the clearest reason yet adduced is Eight dollars a day.

Just go with me to the Capitol, if you really would behold
All that imagination craves and more than e'er was told:
D'ye see the city av'nue swarms with members grave and gay—
And what d'ye suppose they're thinking of?—'tis Eight dollars a day.

There is an axiom known to all, rather old I ween:
For, 'tis a common household phrase, and very often seen:
That those who're fools enough to dance, the fiddler, too, must pay,
To Congress fiddles us the tune of Eight dollars a day.

All Washington now is wide awake, and all the big hotels
Are filled with Representatives—and oh! how liquor sells!
It cannot well be otherwise: for, think you men will play
The National tune without their grog of Eight dollars a day?

A startling scene will now be played before the gazing world;
For, from the Nation's Capitol her banner is unfurled;
The Congressmen are all trudging on, each in his chosen way,
And all keep time to the glorious tune of Eight dollars a day.

Now to the Senate chamber first, then to the house we'll go,
And learn a lesson while we may of patriotic show;
The roll is called, and quorum formed, when the Chaplains rise to pray.
And then the National work begins at Eight dollars a day.

Then every member takes his seat, in the velvet chair of state,
Thinking that in his dignity's embodied the nation's fate;
A flaming speech is made by one, when the call is yea or nay:
But all are agreed when the question comes of Eight dollars a day.

And next in the order of the day comes the mad cry of war,
While very few of the longest heads can hardly tell what's for;
But "war exists, all parties cry, and th' enemy we must slay"
So Congress backs the Pres'dent up—at Eight dollars a day.

Thus ring our Legislative halls, from year to year the same;
Tariffs and Banks, and Treasury Acts, and glorious deeds of fame—
Our country's great and rich withal, and must be taxed to pay,
And Uncle Sam must foot the bills—at Eight dollars a day.

You Know How it is Yourself.

No. 2—Sung by Frank Lam.

As bye-words now are all the go,
I think I'll try and sing
About a new one that's come out,
You'll say it's just the thing.
As we all journey on through life,
Each one will seek for pelf:
But, of course, I need not tell you that—
For, "you know how it is yourself!"

A rusty old bloke of sixty-five
Runs after a maiden fair:
He praises all her charms, and falls
In love with her golden hair;
He makes her presents by the score,
And adores the little elf—

SPOKEN: And all the time she has some other younger lover behind the door, waiting for the old cove to depart, so that he may step in and enjoy her society—

But, of course, I need not tell you that—
For, "you know how it is yourself!"

A politician visits you
And asks you for your vote,
And slily slips into your hand
A twenty-dollar note;
Of course, you take the money—
For, you don't go back on pelf—

SPOKEN: And he no sooner leaves than another one, his rival, comes in and gives you another twenty-dollar note, at the same time exacting from you a promise to vote for him. Of course, you promise—you'd be a fool if you didn't. Beat them all you can; they beat the public; you beat them—

But, of course, I need not tell you that—
For, "you know how it is yourself!"

So now I think I'll say adieu:
It's time for me to go—
There's a damsel waiting for me,
I must not delay, you know;
'Twould never do to disappoint
This charming little elf—

SPOKEN: For, if I did, she would never forgive me, I am sure. The dear, delightful little creature is waiting for me now around the corner, and I must hasten to see her: for, I know there is something good in store for me—

But, of course, I need not tell you that—
For, "you know how it is yourself!"

Thinking of Home.

Sung by Mr. W. Holbert.

Many a night, from the silent deck,
Have I gazed on the stars above,
And looked afar on the tranquil sea,
Till my heart was full of love—
Thinking of home and the dear ones there,
Till I felt the tear-drop flow,
Breathing in silence a fervent prayer
To my friends of long ago:
Many a night, many a night,
Thinking of home—
Many a night, ah! many a night,
Thinking of home!

Father, mother and sister dear,
Come to me like a waking dream—
I hear their voice, I see their face,
Which to me like angels seem—
Did they not give me their parting kiss,
And all their love to me?
Spirits of beauty, I see them now,
As I sail along the sea. Many a night, &c.

There's Something Left of the Old Face yet.

Composed by the Rev. John Symonds, B. A.

The Music of this song is published on the last page of the present Number of the Singer's Journal.

Her cheek was pale, her hand was cold,
But a flash I rose from her eye,
And a smile played o'er her lips, which told
She thought of days gone by—
'Twas like the soft, the sadd'ned ray
Of suns before they set—
Which shows how bright has been the day
Whose radiance lingers yet.
What stormy years since last we met
O'er both of us have passed!
But there's something left of the old face yet—
She gently said at last:

"They tell me I look pale and ill,
And so it well may be—
But there's something left of the old face yet—
You've not forgot me."
She pointed to a grassy mound
Where the widow and the bride—
And hoary age and manhood proud
Lie peaceful side by side:
Where the young mother sleeps nor knows
Her babe is on her breast:
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

"I soon shall come to claim that home,
The peaceful one though last;
I should not like to sleep too far
From where my childhood passed."
The Autumn came, the leaves fell fast,
The flowers were scattered wide—
And she, the loveliest though last,
Drooped down her head and died—
She sleeps unvexed by envious pride,
From early cares released,
With Him who gave Himself to save
The lowliest and the least—
Where the willow droops its slender head
Before the western beam—
There's nothing left of the old face now,
Save boyhood's faded dream!

The Honest Working-Man.

Written by G. Clench.

Oh! the great men of the day, they sing:
about their West end Belles,
Of Oxford Joe, and Polly, too, and many
Howling Swells—
But I will sing of another sect, and please
you if I can:
And the one I'll mention in my song is
the honest working-man.
For, we are not Toffs nor Immensikoffs,
Nor one of the upper-ten—
But we belong to the glorious band
That is called the working-men!

Some pride themselves upon their wealth,
and station high in life:
A monied match they always hatch whene'er
they take a wife—
But if true love and virtue should be
recorded in the plan,
As good as any Countess, boys, is the wife
of a working-man!

If misfortune should at any time bring the
rich man down,
He stands as helpless as a child to brave
the world's cold frown:
While we, instead, can earn our bread with
hard but honest hand:
Then what Lord or Duke, to speak the truth,
can equal the working-man?

Sometimes the great and rich will at the
poor man sneer—
But where would be their grand estates, if
workmen were not there?
Then let us hold our head erect, and say:
thank God! I am
Old England's boast, from coast to coast,
an English working-man.

THERE'S SOMETHING LEFT OF THE OLD FACE YET.

Composed by the Rev. JOHN SYMONDS. B. A.

Andante con effetto.

Sempre legato.

cres.

1. Her cheek was pale, her hand was cold, But a flash broke from her eye. And a smile play'd o'er her
2. They tell me I look pale and ill, And so it well may be; But there's something left of the
3. "I soon shall come to claim that home, The peaceful one, tho' last; I should not like to

dim e rall.

lips which told, She thought of days gone by! 'Twas like the soft, the sadden'd ray Of suns be-fore they set..... Which
old face yet, You've not for-got - ten me. She pointed to a grassy mound, Where the widow and the Bride,..... And
sleep too far, From where my childhood passed." The Autumn came, the leaves fell fast, The flowr's were scattered wide;..... And

leggiero.

ritard. *a tempo.* *mf*

shows how bright has been the day, Whose radiance lin - gers yet. What stormy years since last we met O'er both of us have
hoa - ry age and manhood proud, Lie peaceful side by side. Where the young moth-er sleeps nor knows Her babe is on her
she the love - li - est, tho' last, Droop'd down her head and died. She sleeps unvexed by en-vious pride, From earthly cares re -

ritard. *a tempo.* *mf*

p *dim e rall.* *After 3d. verse.*

pass'd But there's something left of the old face yet, She gently said at last.
breast; Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.
leased, With him who gave him - self to save, The lowliest and the [*Omit.* - - - - - - - - - -] least. Where the

p *colla voce.* *dim.*

ritard. *dim e rall.*

willow droops its slender head, Before the western beam There's nothing left of the old face now, Save boyhood's faded dream.

ritard. *colla voce.* *ritard.* *pp*

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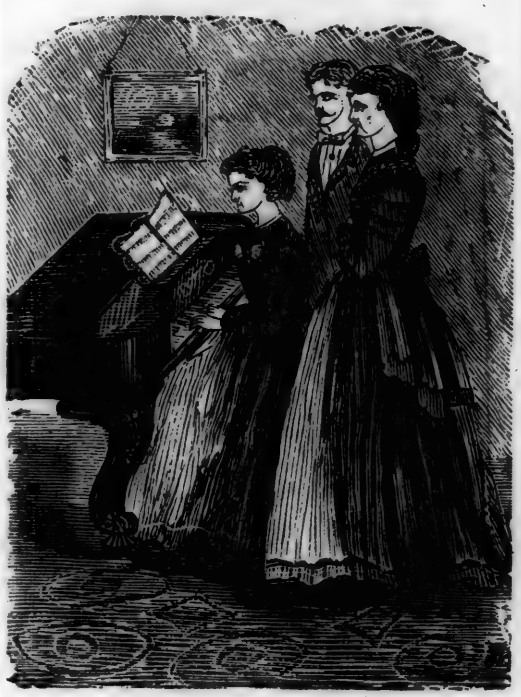
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CONTENTS.

Always Persevere Page 483
ALL HOT, ALL HOT! 483
Answer to: Love's Chidings 486
Believe 'tis best to give 483
The Broken-Hearted Lover's Farewell! 484
BLUE-EYED ANNIE 484
Colleen Bawn—No. 2 485
Come, Landlord, fill a flowing bowl 486
ERIN ASTHORE 485
False Nelly: or the Pride of Baker's Row 483
GOLDEN SHOWERS 487
If ever I Cease to Love 482
I should like to be an Alligator 482
I'm Dreaming of Thee, Norah 482
I'm in Love with Alice 486
IT'S NAUGHTY, BUT IT'S NICE 487
Jolly Old Couple Page 483
JERSEY BILL 484
Lizzie, the Polisher's Daughter 484
The LITTLE BROWN CHURCH 484
Life Under the Lights 485
Little Feet so White and Fair 487
Moonlight at Cape May 484
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB 487
No Trust 485
O LADY FAIR! 487
The Poor Mechanic's Child 486
ROCK SUSANNA 483
Rosherville: the Place to Spend a Happy Day 485
Roaming by the Streamlet 486
Step Gently, Speak Softly 485
SWEET FLOWER THAT DIED 485
Tears of the Summer-Night 486
TURN IT UP Page 483
The Tailor and the Crow 482
To Love—Not Loved again 484
TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR 486
Take Back the Heart—Words 487
Take Back the Heart—Music 483
U-PI-DEE 482
Walk in, Joe 483
WAITING FOR THE MAY 482
What a Wonderful World it would be! 487
The Yellow Frog and Katydid 484

SINGER'S JOURNAL.

We take the liberty to remind our Customers, principally those from the Country, that our place of Business is at No. 60 (not 62) Chatham Street, Second Floor.

If Ever I Cease to Love.

Written, Composed and Sung by George Leybourne.

In a house, in a square, in a quadrant,
In a street, in a lane, in a road—
Turn to the left, on the right hand,
You see there my true love's abode.
I go there a-courting and cooing,
To my love, like a dove,
And swearing on my bended knee :
If ever I cease to love—
May sheeps' heads grow on apple-trees,
If ever I cease to love !
If ever I cease to love,
If ever I cease to love :
May the moon be turned into green cheese,
If ever I cease to love !

She can sing, she can play the piano,
She can jump, she can dance, she can run :
In fact she's a modern Taglioni,
And Sims Reeves rolled into one—
And who would not love such a beauty,
Like an angel dropped from above ?
May I be stung to death with flies,
If ever I cease to love !
May I have to live on pigeon's milk,
If ever I cease to love !
If ever I cease to love,
If ever I cease to love :
May little dogs wag their tails in front,
If ever I cease to love !

For all the money that's in the Bank,
For the title of a Lord or a Duke,
I wouldn't exchange the girl I love—
There's bliss in every look :
To see her dance the Polka,
I could faint with radiant love :
May the Monument a hornpipe dance,
If ever I cease to love !
May we never have to pay the Income Tax,
If ever I cease to love !
If ever I cease to love,
If ever I cease to love :
May we all turn into cats and dogs,
If ever I cease to love !

May all the seas turn into ink—
May negroes all turn white—
May the Queen in Buckingham Palace live—
May we drink too much wine to-night—
May cows lay eggs, may fowls yield milk—
May the elephant turn a dove—
May bobbies refuse to eat cold meat,
If ever I cease to love !
May I be stuffed with sausage-meat,
If ever I cease to love !
If ever I cease to love,
If ever I cease to love :
May each old maid be blessed with twins,
If ever I cease to love !

I Should Like to Be an Alligator.

Sung by George Leybourne.

In days gone by, I did the swell,
And patronized the "Zoo :"
In love, too, with a darling fell,
A charming girl named Lou—
But neither Zoo nor charming Lou,
Shall I ever see again—
I'm now devoted to the blues,
My life is full of pain, pain, pain.

CHORUS.

I should like to be an Alligator,
Or a curly Crocodile, Crocodile, dile, dile :
But I'd rather be an Alligator,
Than be mourning melancholy for my own true love.

To "do the Zoo," was one of Lou's
Most favorite of wishes,
And so we used to go and view
The birds, the beasts, and fishes :
And whilst we watched the love-birds,
And the pretty doves a-cooing,
We settled that St. Pancras church
Should shortly end our wooing, wooing, wooing.
I should like to be, &c.

One day, Lou gave the monkeys nuts,
And because they turned out "cuffing,"
One tore my darling's chignon off,
And then pulled out the stuffing :
It gave my darling such a turn,
She never could recover ;
And, two days after, I did learn
I'd lost my own true lover, lover, lover.
I should like to be, &c.

So, now I roam dejected,
Whilst the Bear and Crocodile
Can wag their tails contented,
And the ugly Monkeys smile ;
The Cockatoo and Kangaroo
Seem not to care a jot :
But the curly Alligator seems
The sleepiest of the lot.

SPOKEN : Could I but sleep, I should forget my woe—but as I can't——

I should like to be, &c.

Turn it Up.

Written and Sung by J. Hillier.

Of motto songs, I have no doubt,
You've nearly had your fill :
With every sort of good advice,
You have been crammed until
You all exclaim : "Hold hard enough,
No motto songs for me ! "
But let me try a little one
With which you'll p'rhaps agree.

SPOKEN : 'Tis a very simple commonplace title, and advises you, if you find anything going a little bit wrong, to——

Turn it up, turn it up,
If you find that game don't pay, boys ;
Turn it up, turn it up,
If you find that game don't pay.

Some young men bent on seeing life,
Think betting a good game,
And lay long "odds" when "evens" would
Have answered just the same ;
They stake their health, their wealth, good name,
On the "Ledger" or the "Cup,"
Till in life's race themselves are scratched,
And then they turn it up.

SPOKEN : What's more common now-a-days than to hear of a young aspirant to fortune's favors, putting down an odd fiver on a horse, but what's less common than to hear of his ever taking it up again ? no, ye youths, be advised : let the first loss be the last, and as for gambling——

Turn it up, &c.

Some young gents fancy in their pride
Their sweethearts love them true—
And send them boquets, loves and doves,
And rings and bracelets, too ;
Until some night, when strolling home
With a friend to quietly sup,
He meets her with her Cousin Tom—
Then, of course, he'll "turn it up."

SPOKEN : Pinguey uncomfortable, isn't it ? to feel spooney, to stand under her bed-room window half the night, hoping to catch a glimpse of the shadow of the darling Sophanisba on the curtains, too nervous to declare your passion, too much confused to say : "Sophanisba, if you love me as I love you, no knife, but life, shall part us two." Be advised, ye youths, send confusion to the right-about, and as for nervousness——

Turn it up, &c.

An evening party's very nice
To mix with jolly friends,
And drink success in Champagne ice,
To life new pleasure lends ;
But should the morning come, and you
Are shouting "one more cup,"
And you feel your head is spinning round,
'Tis time to turn it up.

SPOKEN : Be sure, if you see four lights where there are only two, and button your bottom button into the top button-hole, your proper place is "Home, sweet Home," and as for Champagne cups, or hic-cups——

Turn it up, &c

Most people seem to think that advice, like a physic, to do good must be disagreeable.

U-Pi-Dee.

Written and Sung by G. W. Moore.

U-pi-dee lives in the dell,
Tral-la-la, tral-la-la ;
They call her the flower Bell,
Tral-la-la-la-la-la ;
She's fond of flowers, that I know :
They always blows where'er she goes—
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da,
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee-i, da, yah,
yah, yah, yah, yah !

U-pi-dee sings like a bird,
Tral-la-la, tral-la-la :
You'd think so if her voice you heard,
Tral-la-la-la-la-la ;
Now just between you and me,
She sings like a bird on a tree.
U-pi-dee, &c.

U-pi-dee, you are my love,
Tral-la-la, tral-la-la :
She's like the stars that dwell above,
Tral-la-la-la-la-la :
I'd like to be that star called Mars,
Then, U-pi-dee, we'd be Pa's and Ma's.
U-pi-dee, &c.

U-pi-dee, how I love you !
Tral-la-la, tral-la-la :
None knows our love but us two,
Tral-la-la-la-la-la ;
I don't like two, 'tis not the fun :
So, marry me, then two'll be one.
U-pi-dee, &c.

I'm Dreaming of Thee, Norah.

Written and Composed by Mr. Chas. MacEvoy for his Entertainment, and Sung by W. F. S. Lawlor.

I'm dreaming of thee, Norah, I'm dreaming still of thee,
Thy spirit haunts me ever, like fairy melody ;
When in loneliness I wander, or in halls of mirth and glee,
Ah ! my heart to thine is turning, I'm
dreaming still of thee—
I'm dreaming of thee, Norah,
I'm dreaming still of thee !

I'm dreaming of thee, dearest, I dream of thee alone :
I think how well I love thee, and feel we shall be one—
For, I know there is no other e'er can be so dear to me :
Ah ! when e'er I dream of Angels, I'm
dreaming still of thee—
I'm dreaming of thee, Norah,
I'm dreaming still of thee !

The Tailor and the Crow.

Music Published by John Church & Co. Cincinnati O. The Sheet Music contains an elegant lithograph of Mr. Sol. Smith Russell in four characters.

Once there was a tailor
Cutting out a coat,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, lilly, li do :
When an old black crow
Was perched upon an oak,
With his qua, qua, qua, qua,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, lilly, li do.

Wife, go and fetch me
My good old blunderbuss,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, lilly, li do :
To shoot yon crow,
For so much annoying us,
With his qua, qua, qua, qua,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, lilly, li do.

Now the tailor could not shoot :
No, not to save his life,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, lilly, li do :
He tried to shoot the crow,
And shot his darling wife,

SPOKEN : But still the old crow sat there,
With his qua, qua, qua, qua,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, lilly, li do.

BILLIOSHUN— My idee ov a delightful woman is one who seems tew luv everybody, but in fakt only luvs her husband.

Always Persevere.

Written, Composed and Sung by Albert Leighton.

In story books of Whittington,
A legend oft is told,
How he, poor lad, became Lord Mayor,
Possessed of lots of gold;
'Tis easy to define how he
Succeeded; for, 'tis clear
The secret of success in life
Is: always persevere!
For, while there is life, there's hope, boys,
Have courage, never fear!
Success will crown your efforts, if
You always persevere.

I like to see a fellow try
To prove himself a man,
And ne'er give way, but bravely meet
Misfortune while he can.
Though fortune for a time may frown
Upon us as we steer,
Through life all care will vanish, if
We only persevere. For, while, &c.

A faint heart never yet was known
A lady fair to win;
For, too much bashfulness I've found
Is looked upon as sin.
Go in, be nothing daunted, boys,
And cast aside all fear—
I'm sure you'll be successful, if
You always persevere. For, while, &c.

Then jog along together, boys,
Upon life's thorny road,
And ne'er give way to sorrow; for,
Each man must bear his load;
But try to help each other
The short time you are here,
And cry, when trouble meets you,
I'll always persevere! For, while, &c.

Walk In Joe.

Sheep's meat is too good for colored people,
Sheep's meat is too good for niggers;
When I went into de house, no one dar except a mouse,
Sittin' by de fire-place, dar was a rat eatin' greese.

BANJO SYMPHONY:

Walk in Joe, Walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe, now I'll be your friend John,
A long way to go, and no money for to spend.

Black my boots in de kitchen,
Sebenty-five cents to de quarter;
Black 'em wid ole Day & Martin, make 'em
shine an dat for sartin,
Massa sue me for de treason, 'kase he
couldn't, dat's de reason.
Walk in Joe, walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe, now I'll be your friend John,
A long way to go, and ain't got a red cent.

De old gray cat loved de honey,
De old gray cat loved de honey,
He loved de honey mighty well, he eat
so much, he 'gan to swell,
An' in de honey pot he fell, he couldn't
get out, it's strange to tell.
Walk in Joe, walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe, now I'll be your friend John,
A long way to go, and ain't got a picayune.

Rock Susanna.

Old Simon Buckheart,
Old Simon Buckheart
Kept a full sale grocery;
He didn't have but two peck measures.
One held about a quart,
An' t'other didn't hold a pint by a jug full.
Rock Susanna, an' fare you well,
Fare you well! for, I'm gwine away.

Clothes on de hill side,
Clothes on de hill side,
An' I tink I see de debble
Comin' down de hill
On a big wooden spade.
Rock Susanna, an' fare you well, &c.

Oh! de old gray cat,
Oh! de old gray cat
Chased de long tail rat,
From de fodder to de hay-stack,
Wid a peck ob corn a pon his back,
An' a bushel ob meal a top a that,
An' anudder one right on top a that.
Rock Susanna, an' fare you well, &c.

Jolly Old Couple.

Sung by the Hibernian Boys.

Such a jolly old couple as here you see,
There is not in this whole world wide;
For forty years together, my boys,
We travelled side by side;
A pattern to the neighbors round
My good old wife has been,
And such a jolly old fellow as mine,
There never has been seen.
Chorus: Round goes the world, troubles we defy,
Jogging along together, my boys,
My dear old wife and I.

Now, young folks, take our advice
As this world you go through,
And always do unto others,
As you would have done unto you;
Care or sorrow don't give away,
But court instead of sigh:
Then you'll be like my old man,
And my old wife and I.
Round goes the world, &c.

Believe 'tis Best to Give.

Air: You'll Remember Me.

How wrong it is to crush the poor,
Or pass them by with scorn,
Since all on earth are nought but dust,
Not buried—merely born!
Then caution use, nor too proud be
To heal another's grief:
To-morrow's moon may change the tide,
And you may need relief.

'Tis surely proved by law divine
That we should help each other,
Foster regard and tender love,
E'en as we would another.
Then why refuse to share your wealth
With those who crave for bread?
Unstring your purse, relieve in time
To save them from the dead.

Oh! speak not hastily to the poor,
Let mercy plead their case,
Nor turn the wand'rer from your door
With hunger in his face.
Life is but short, stern death is sure,
In luxuries though you live:
If 'tis but little from your store,
Believe 'tis best to give.

Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is weary, waiting,
Waiting for the May:
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May:
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the summer's beams are burning
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the winter lay.

Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May:
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where, in laughter and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.

"Capital weather, Mr. Jones, capital weather—my wife's got such a cold, she can't speak. I like such weather."

False Nelly:

OR THE PRIDE OF BAKER'S ROW.

Written and Sung by Frank Jolly.

Oh! I comes from Bethnal Green!
Yes, that is plainly seen,
Where the flimy girls and the coster lads do dwell:
But I've lately been betrayed,
And done brown, I'm sore afraid,
By a rorty little Donah named Flash Nell.
Then say, my leary boys, have you seen her?
For, her I should like you all to know:
She's the flashest girl that's out,
And knows her way about,
And she's called the Flimy Girl of Baker's Row.

She is so very fly.
Has a cast, too, in her eye,
And chirrups like a chaffinch, chuck wee-doo;
Her hair it is as red
As carrots on her head,
And she knows her book wherever she do go.
Then say, &c.

For six months her I did court,
And everything I bought;
For, we were to be married upon the first of May;
But a flash cove, named Frank,
Told her he'd got quids in the bank,
And with this Leary Boy she ran away.
Then say, &c.

To Highbury Barn on Sundays,
And to Hackney Wick on Mondays,
To the Derby and the Oaks, I took her there;
To the "Peacock," and "Seabright,"
I took her every night:
In fact, my boys, I took her everywhere,
Then say, &c.

Oh! what's the use of sighing,
A-fretting or a-crying?
For, I don't want to see my Nelly again;
But as for her bloke, named Frank,
I could drown him in a tank,
For causing me so much sorrow and pain.
Then say, &c.

All Hot, All Hot!

Sung by George Leybourne.

Just gaze upon this sad young man,
Who has been served so wrong
By a faithless girl named Milly Ann,
And I loved her so long—
Things went on very well till, at last,
When up turns a potatoe-man,
Who took away my girl, he did,
And his baked potatoe can.

CHORUS.

All hot, all hot! warm your hands and fill your belly:
All hot, all hot! smoking in the can!
I never thought that Milly would ever be so silly
To leave her darling Billy for the baked-potatoe-man.

We were standing, one night, at a public bar,
When my love heard him cry: all hot!
She said: "Bill, what a musical voice?"
And outside she quickly got;
She asked him how he sold his ware,
He winked and smiled at her:
They got in deep conversation,
And I saw no more of her.

SPOKEN: Yes, they had both gone, and all he left behind was some hot ashes, which seemed to say—

All hot, all hot! &c.

He used to stand by Shoreditch Church,
I never shall forget the time—
I was then a very good looking man:
For, I was just then in my prime.
Since then, I've never seen her face,
Tho' she stands out with a can.
For, alas! I don't want to see her no more,
And her baked-potatoe-man.

SPOKEN: Alas! I ne'er shall forget that fatal night, the 29th of October—Jealousy fires my brain—I'll go and drown myself—no, I won't—I'll sing—

All hot, all hot! &c.

The Broken-Hearted Lover's Farewell.

Farewell to those hopes that I once loved to cherish!
Farewell to those days when I thought you my own!
All my hopes are now blasted, but soon shall all perish—
All my dreams and delusions have speedily flown—

You love me no longer, severely I feel it:
Too soon I have found woman's heart is untrue—
And though my heart it should break,
I'll strive to conceal it,
And never, my dear, shall I love one but you—

When I know your fond looks are bestowed on another,
And think on the time those fond looks were my own—
How can I the pain of anxiety smother,
To think on those joys that forever are flown?

How hard was my fate to love so sincerely,
And all that fond love was repaid with disdain—
I'll strive to forget that I loved you so dearly,
Though, alas! the hard idea fills me with pain.

Then were you not cruel my heart to entangle,
And unfeelingly leave me a prey to despair?
Forgive me, my dear, if I cannot dissemble,
But deceit hath no balm for a heart filled with care.

Your image I'll strive to erase from my bosom,
Though my eyes at the thought are with tears running o'er—
I'll crush the soft buds e'er they come to a blossom,
And all your fond vows I'll remember no more.

Now think, cruel maid, should the man you're now courting,
Prove false to his promises by changing his mind:
It would grieve you sorely to find he was sporting,
And that all his fond vows had passed off with the wind.

Perhaps you might then think of the heart you had broken,
And sigh for the pain you unfeelingly gave—
You may think, when too late, the sad mischief of joking,
When love's fated victim is laid in the grave.

Moonlight at Cape May.

Sung by Pankhurst and Collins—The Music is Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

Oh! my poor heart is not my own,
It was stolen by a charming girl,
Whose eyes are black and full of love,
And her teeth as white as pearl.
How we met first I'll now tell you:
'Twas to me such a happy day:
'Twas down on the beach, in the evening,
In the moonlight at Cape May.

CHORUS.

How sweet to me this girl did seem,
The dear one of my happy dream—
She's such a little beauty,
Like a butterfly light and gay;
I met her on the beach, in the evening,
In the moonlight at Cape May.

Oh! she was gazing calmly,
As the waves rolled near her feet;
She turned her head as I came by:
Then, of course, our eyes did meet.
We spoke about the sweet moonlight,
While the hours they passed away:
As we walked, I was so happy,
In the moonlight at Cape May.
How sweet to me, &c.

Next evening as I passed the house,
I called my love to see:
And side by side we rambled on,
It was hours of bliss to me.
I asked her if she would have me;
"For, I love you," I did say.
She promised then to be my wife,
In the moonlight at Cape May.
How sweet to me, &c.

Of what feminine creature are you reminded on the completion of a building? A house-made.

Lizzie, the Polisher's Daughter.

Written, Composed and Sung by Frank Jolly.

Some time ago, there used to dwell
Somewhere near Fenbright Street,
Such a good tempered dear little girl,
As in a days' walk you could meet.
Her father he was a Polisher by trade,
And she worked at the polishing, too.
I'm told some money they made,
But I tell this in secret now to you.
Oh! my Lizzie dear, I love sincere.
And that's the reason why I court her:
She's a pretty girl, you see, and she's very fond of me,
Is Lizzie, the Polisher's daughter.

Day after day, I passed by the shop
On purpose this charming girl to see,
And sometimes at the window I'd make a full stop:
For, she had quite enraptured me.
How gently she'd varnish the carving I saw,
And work her rubber with such ease and grace—
There was never a time that I passed her door,
But there was always a smile upon her face.
Oh! my Lizzie dear, &c.

It so happened that I was a Polisher, too,
And went to work for her own father,
So as I could be near this dear girl, it's true—
For, didn't I love her, Oh! rather!
I'd laugh and I'd talk to her all the day long:
For, she seemed so happy and gay—
And sometimes I'd sing her a nice little song,
Just to while the time away.
Oh! my Lizzie dear, &c.

One day, when her father and mother was out,
And there was no one at work in the shop,
I scarcely knew what I was about:
So the question, at last, I ventured to pop—
She blushed and she smiled and hung down her head,
When I asked her if she'd be my wife,
The very next moment these words she said:
"Ask Pa's consent, I'm yours for life."

SPOKEN: Well, I got her father's consent, and we are going to be married at South Hackney Church next Monday morning.
Oh! my Lizzie dear, &c.

The Little Brown Church.

Words and Music by Wm. S. Pitts.

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale,
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.
Chorus: Come to the church by the wildwood,
Oh! come to the church in the dale:
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet, on a bright Sabbath morning,
To list to the clear ringing bell—
Its tones so sweetly are calling:
Oh! come to the church in the vale.
Come to the church, &c.

There, close by the church in the valley,
Lies one that I loved so well:
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the willow.
Disturb not her rest in the vale.
Come to the church, &c.

There, there by the side of that loved one,
'Neath the tree where the wild flowers bloom,
Where the farewell hymn shall be chanted,
I shall rest by her side in the tomb.
Come to the church, &c.

The Yellow Frog and Katydid.

Sung by Frank Kerns.

A Katydid sat upon a tree,
Musha duraling, duraladdy, oh!
Duraladdy, oh!
And it sung as loud as the loud could be:
"Pretty yellow frog, won't you come to me?"
Chorus: "For, my name is mural,
Maggy mural,
Nick nack mural,
Dinky dural,
Smiggy Maghural Maggendorf!"

Then the yellow frog only cocked his eye
Musha duraling, duraladdy, oh!
Duraladdy, oh!
And he blowed his nose and began to cry,
Then he bust his biler, and then he died.
For, his name was, &c.

Now there came a Frenchman from Foster town,
Musha duraling, duraladdy, oh!
Duraladdy, oh!
And he saw the frog and he drank it down,
And he died next day with the cholerum.
For, his name was, &c.

But the katydid painted up her face,
Musha duraling, duraladdy, oh!
Duraladdy, oh!
And she went to Washington to get a place
And she pipes her notes for Secretary Chase.
And her name is, &c.

To Love—Not Loved Again.

Of all things that are lovely,
Thou art a type to me!
Reflecting light and beauty,
As stars illume the sea.
Thy image in its brightness
Is painted on my heart,
Forever there to linger,
Till life itself depart.

Shall my true heart be doomed
To grow all desolate?
Without a hope to brighten
The gloomy will of fate?
And must my deep, true passion
Prove unreturned and vain?
'Tis life's most bitter anguish
To love—not loved again.

Blue-Eyed Annie.

Bright as the morning sunshine
Eyes of softest blue:
Hair in falling tresses,
Tinged with golden hue.
Blushing cheeks like roses,
Footsteps light and free,
Had our child of beauty,
Little Annie Lee.
Chorus: When the sun was fading
Slowly in the west,
Softly, sweetly sleeping,
We laid her to rest.

Gone now is the treasure
From our home and earth,
Never more to cheer us
With her childish mirth—
We no more her fair form
On this earth shall see:
She has gone to heaven,
Little Annie Lee.

Jersey Bill.

Sung by Ned Turner.

Now, white folks, here's a song for you:
It may be old and it may be new;
But dis I'll say, with a right good will,
I learnt it from Uncle Jersey Bill.
Chorus: Den bear a hand for Jersey Bill,
He's dead in love with Nancy Gill:
She's a dark-eyed gal, but dis I fear,
She drinks too much good lager beer.

Now Jersey Bill's a gallant nig,
He dances de square-toed fancy jig;
His heels stick out like a jay bird's wing,
An' dis is de song he used to sing:
Den bear a hand, &c.

Now if I had a Tambo dat wouldn't go,
Wid a corn-stalk fiddle, an' a shoe-string bow,
I'd play away wid all my might,
An' trow myself clean out ob sight.
Den bear a hand, &c.

Rosherville:

THE PLACE TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY.

Sung by James Hillier.

The place to spend a happy day,
A jolly day, a holiday,
Is Rosherville, I've heard 'em say—
So there I took my way.
On board the boat I met the Browns,
The Smiths and many more:
All smiles and gloves, the pretty doves,
And dressed up to the door.

SPOKEN: "And where are you off to, Mr. Brown?" "Why, to spend a happy day, of course"—come along, Mary-Jane, come along, Betsy-Matilda.

Come bring your sweethearts and Ma's
and let us all be gay:
Rosherville's the place, my boys, to
spend a happy day;
Come bring your sisters and Pa's and
dance dull care away:
Rosherville's the place, by Jove! to
spend a happy day.

We had our dinner on the boat,
The Gravesend boat, the packet-boat:
The ocean gives me appetite
Whenever I'm afloat;
We'd sheeps-head, beans and mutton broth:
But, through a sad mishap,
The vessel lurched, and all upset
In Missis Jones's lap.

SPOKEN: Dear me! Mrs. Jones, what a pity! your lavender silk, too—never mind, mum, go on deck, it will soon dry in the sun.

Come bring, &c.

The gardens always are so gay,
So bright and gay: they well may say
That Rosherville's the proper place
To spend a happy day;
Of archery and round-a-bouts,
When you have had your fill,
The mazy dance will make you gay,
Or swings will make you ill.

Come bring, &c.

An arbour is a shady spot,
A quiet spot, a cooling spot,
And in an arbour with Miss Smith
I somehow found I'd got;
"Oh! Jane!" said I. "Oh! Jem!" said she—
And then she simpered so,
I looked at her, she looked at me,
And then we both said: "Oh!"

Come bring, &c.

As we were nicely billing there,
And cooing there, and wooing there,
A heavy stick descended on
My head and made me stare—
I saw it was her Pa, who said:
"Name your intentions, pray!"
I answered: "My intentions are
To spend a happy day."

SPOKEN: And if you're wise, you'll do the same and sing—

Come bring, &c.

Of course, we made it up again:
For me and Jane the course was plain,
'Twas settled Jane should marry me,
And I should marry Jane.
Upon our wedding trip, of course,
At Rosherville we'll stay,
And we shall send our children there,
To spend a happy day.

SPOKEN: And we shall say to them: "Follow in the footsteps of your father and mother, my dear."

Come bring, &c.

Step Gently, Speak Softly.

Step gently, speak softly—she comes, she is nigh,
With a blush on her cheek and a light in her eye,
With a smile on her lips and the flash of her hair:
For, never, Oh! never was woman so fair!
For, never, Oh! never was woman so fair!

CHORUS.

Step gently, speak softly—she comes, she is here:
For, never, Oh! never was woman so fair!
Step gently, speak softly—she stands in the light:
Her eyes and her blushes, her hair golden bright;
With a smile on her face, as she stands near me there;
For, never, Oh! never was woman so fair!
For, never, Oh! never was woman so fair!
Step gently, speak softly, &c.

Step gently, speak softly—she comes, she is nigh,
With a calm on her face and a light in her eye,
With a seal on her lips and a halo of hair:
And never, Oh! never was vision so fair!
And never, Oh! never was vision so fair!
Step gently, speak softly, &c.

Erin Asthore.

The Music is published by C. D. Russel & Co., Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

There nestles an Isle in the heart of the waters,
Erin mavourneen, Erin asthore!
True hearts are its sons, and bright-eyed
are its daughters,
Erin mavourneen, Erin asthore!
As turns with the spring-time the flight
of the swallows,
The exile's thoughts turn, and the exile's
heart follows,
To the sweep of thy mountains, the dip
of thy hollows,
Erin mavourneen, Erin asthore!

The ring of the sea had an emerald for jewel,
Erin mavourneen, Erin asthore!
The kings of the sea they were proud and were cruel,
Erin mavourneen, Erin asthore!
They stole the green gem from the bravest
and fairest—
In the crown of the victor its gleam is the rarest;
Oh! Albion! the best of the jewels thou wearest
Is Erin mavourneen! Erin asthore!

Sweet Flower That Died.

'Twas a sweet young flower of beauty,
That had flown like autumn leaves away,
And we lost that fragrant blossom
In the gentle month of May.
Oh! we loved that darling one so tenderly,
And we kissed her when she died,
In the valley by the river,
Where the waters softly glide.
Chorus: Oh! we loved that darling one so tenderly,
And we kissed her when she died,
In the valley by the river,
Where the waters softly glide.

When the spring-time comes in gladness,
When the roses brightly bloom again,
And the bright, gay birds are singing
In their softest, sweetest strain,
How we miss the flower that bloomed so lovingly
In the spring of life most clear!
Yet her spirit, pure and happy,
Like an angel lingers near.
Oh! we loved that darling, &c.

Colleen Bawn — No. 2.

The Music of this beautiful ballad can be obtained at the Music Establishment of John J. Daly, New-York.

'Twas on a bright morning in summer,
I first heard his voice spakin' low,
As he said to a colleen beside me:
"Who's that purty girl milking her cow?"
Oh! many times afther ye met me,
An' vowed that I always should be
Your darlin' a Cushla, Alanna Mavourneen.
A Suilish Machree.

I haven't the manners or graces
Of the girls in the world where ye move,
I haven't their beautiful faces—
But, oh! I've a heart that can love:
If it plaise ye, I'll dress me in satin,
An' jewels I'll put on my brow—
But, oh! don't be afther forgettin'
Your purty girl milking her cow.

Laziness is a good deal like money—the more a man has of it, the more he wants.

Life Under the Lights.

Written by J. B. Lawreon—Music by H. W. Pitchett.

Sung by Alfred Bennett.

Under the light from a chandelier,
A scene of splendor we view:
Age, youth and beauty we see here,
And wealth shows what it can do—
'Midst glittering jewels and rustling silks,
This scene's a fashionable Ball:
It's cold without—but what care they—
Under the rich man's hall?
Under the lights, how many sights
In this great world we see!
In pictures true, I'll show to you
How they appear to me.

Under the light from a policeman's lamp,
A poor wretch next we see.
Hungry, homeless, cold and damp
And his crime is poverty.
"Move on! says law, move on!" but where?
There's no helping hand to save—
So the river finds him a spot to die,
And the Parish a pauper's grave.
Under the lights, &c.

Under the light of a street lamp's ray,
A drunkard stands alone.
Asking the post to show him the way
To reach his neglected home!
And by the light of a wretched fire,
Watching the fast fading life
Of her dying child, a mother sits,
A mother, and drunkard's wife!
Under the lights, &c.

Under the light, the still moonlight,
A vessel we now see ride
O'er the dark blue waves, on this calm night,
Thro' the gentle rippling tide:
She's homeward bound with hopeful hearts,
Dreaming of home while they sleep:
But when to-morrow's sun shall rise,
They'll sleep beneath the deep!
Under the lights, &c.

Under the light of the glorious sun,
A busy City is seen,
Where men and women, old and young,
Fight hard against the stream.
We leave this scene, and in the fields
How beautiful is the sight
Of hills, and dales, and sparkling brooks,
Under the bright sun-light!
Under the lights, &c.

No Trust.

If I should Trust each time I'm asked,
My stock would soon be gone,
And I a Bankrupt then become:
For, Credit I'd get none!

Once I trusted all my friends:
(For, so they seemed to be;)
But when I asked them for my pay,
They'd only laugh at me!

The', elsewhere they would trade for cash,
To me they would not come:
So I lost my Stock and lost my Trade,
And thus was near undone!

And now, my Friends, I sell for CASH,
As Cheap and Good as can be;
And though your trade I wish to have,
For CASH it is: I'd thank ye.

My weights are true, my measures just,
And trade I seek most fervent;
For smallest favors I will be
Your very humble Servant.

Let's all adopt this golden rule,
('Twill ease us off of sorrow:)
TO PAY FOR WHAT WE WANT TO-DAY,
AND TRUST NOT ON THE MORROW.

Bishop Hall quaintly remarks: "For every bad there might be a worse; and when one breaks his leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck."

The Poor Mechanic's Child.

Air: The Soldier's Boy.

One morning, to the city
  Thro' the East-end I did stray:
I heard a sweet voice singing
  This simple little lay:
"Kind friends, on me take pity,
  Oh! give me but a smile—
I've wandered from the East-end,
  A poor mechanic's child."
    Kind friends, &c.

I asked: "what is your father?
  And pray where has he gone?"
"A shipwright, sir, he answered
  In accents quite forlorn:
His work was in the East-end,
  But now there is none there;
So to look for food for mother
  Father's had to go elsewhere.

A good workman was my father,
  To his children always kind;
He's searched all London through and through,
  No labor can he find.
What can we do, how can live?
  We've walked for many a mile,
Yet there's no one will take pity
  On a poor mechanic's child.

Once we had as good a home
  As any children could;
But mother's had to sell it,
  To buy me and Billy food.
In the richest city in the world,
  Starvation stares us wild:
Oh! ye that have the riches, save
  A poor mechanic's child."

I looked, and thought this is the work
  Of England's rulers great:
To rob the poor man of his work,
  To keep the rich in state,
Our great men must have hearts like stones,
  Their feelings be beguiled;
They've made many a sorrowing mother,
  Many an orphan child.

Come, Landlord, Fill a Flowing Bowl.

Come, landlord, fill a flowing bowl,
  Until it does run over;
This night we'll merry be,
  To-morrow we'll get sober.
    Come, landlord, &c.

He that drinks strong beer,
  And goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
  And dies a hearty fellow.
    Come, landlord, &c.

Brandy cures the gout,
  The cholic, and the phthysic;
So it is to all men
  The very best of physic.
    Come, landlord, &c.

The man that drinks cold water, boys,
  And goes to bed sober,
Falls, as the leaves do fall,
  And dies in October.
    Come, landlord, &c.

But he who drinks just what he wants,
  And geteth half seas over
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
  And then lie down in clover.
    Come, landlord, &c.

He that courts a pretty girl,
  And courts her for his pleasure,
Is a fool if he marry her,
  Without stores of treasure.
    Come, landlord, &c.

So now let us dance and sing,
  And drive away all sorrow;
For, perhaps, we may not
  Meet again to-morrow.
    Come, landlord, &c.

Trifles Light as Air.

Sung by Harry Clifton.

It's not at all an easy thing to keep a pleasant face,
When sorrow comes and makes the world
    a most unpleasant place;
Yet sorrow may be softened by a sure and
    simple plan—
So the course I recommend you is to meet
    it like a man.
  Just follow my prescription as the only
    cure for care,
  And you'll find that all your troubles are
    but "TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

'Tis hard to lose one's lady-love, and coldly
    get the sack;
'Tis hard to lend a pound or two and never
    get it back;
'Tis hard, when some relation dies and
    leaves a lengthy will,
To find yourself put calmly down for
    just exactly NIL.
  Just follow, &c.

It's anything but lively to be anything but well,
When crowds of eager creditors come tugging
    at your bell:
And it's pleasant, at a party when your
    nerves are going wrong,
To be asked, "as quite a favor," for a
    screaming comic song.
  Just follow, &c.

It's awfully delightful to be told you're getting stout,
Or when you've got a tooth-ache, to be urged
    to have it out:
And when you take an omnibus, it's
    more refreshing still
To find yourself at Highbury when bound
    for Notting-Hill.
  Just follow, &c.

I've suffered many trials in the course of my career,
And found it hard to see my way particularly clear;
But I've long ago discovered that the
    proper thing to do,
Is to go and act precisely as I've recommended you.
  I take my own prescription as the only
    cure for care,
  And I find that all my troubles are
    but "TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

Answer to: Love's Chidings.

Composed and Sung by John J. McGunigle of the Wadsworth Varieties.

I will not try thee,
Neither will I deny thee:
And I will not fly from thee,
  Day after day.
Chorus: Yes, I have feeling
    To see thee kneeling,
    Thy love revealing,
      Day after day.

You alone I love dearly,
And nought can cheer me
When I'm not near thee,
  Day after day. Chorus.

No we need not sever
To be parted forever:
But I'll endeavor
  To meet thee, love, again. Chorus.

Roaming by the Streamlet.

Written by J. B. Lawreen—Sung by the C. C. C. Christy's.

Whilst by the streamlet roaming,
  What sweet thoughts came to me,
As I watch the waters foaming,
  When waiting, love, for thee.
The evening bells now ringing,
  So merrily and clear,
To tell the hour that's bringing
  My love to meet me here.
    Roaming by the streamlet,
    Waiting, love, for thee.
    Listning for the footsteps
    Of one who comes to me.

Fair nature's now reposing,
  And Earth in grey seems drest:
Each flower its leaves now closing,
  The sun has sank to rest:
The moon's now brightly beaming,
  While twinkling stars above,
To me seem fondly gleaming
  With joy to see my love.
    Roaming, &c

Some say there is a sadness
  In the quiet and gentle night:
But I welcome with gladness
  The beautiful moonlight;
The streamlet waters, foaming
  At night, I love to see,
While on its banks I'm roaming,
  And waiting, love, for thee.
    Roaming, &c.

I'm in Love with Alice.

Written and Sung by J. Trowbridge.

I never thought, when young,
  I should fall in love:
But at last my heart is won
  By a pretty little dove:
She's the daughter of a farmer,
  Lives thirty miles away,
Where I met this little charmer,
  In the month of May.
    Then I'm in love with Alice.
    She's such a nice young girl;
    I really think that Alice, boys,
    Is fit for any Earl;
    Yes, I'm in love with Alice,
    From her I'll never part,
    I feel so very happy since
    She stole away my heart.

Now of all the girls I've seen,
  And that's not very few,
My charmer is the queen,
  She is so kind and true:
I'm sure there is not many girls
  With quality so rare,
Blue eyes with teeth like pearls,
  And rich auburn hair.
    Then I'm in love, &c.

If you search, I will be bound
  There's not another lass,
For twenty miles around,
  My Alice to surpass.
If necessary, I would give
  The best part of my life,
If the rest I could but live
  With Alice for my wife.
    Then I'm in love, &c.

Now her Pa, a nice old gent,
  And well to do in life,
Has given his consent
  She may be my wife:
I know she dearly loves me,
  We are each other's pride:
Then how happy I shall be
  When she is my bride!
    Then I'm in love, &c.

Stars of the Summer Night.

Words by Longfellow.

Stars of the summer night,
  Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light:
  She sleeps! my lady sleeps!

Moon of the summer night,
  Far down yon azure steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light:
  She sleeps! my lady sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night,
  Tell her her lover keeps watch,
While, in slumbers light,
  She sleeps! my lady sleeps!

A notorious romancer was telling a story in company that made his friends stare. "Did you ever hear that before?" said he. "No, said one, did you?"

Take Back the Heart.

The Music of this song is published on the last page of the present Number of the Singer's Journal.

Take back the heart that thou gavest :
What is my anguish to thee ?
Take back the freedom thou cravest,
Leaving the fetters to me.
Take back the vows thou hast spoken,
Fling them aside and be free :
Smile o'er each pitiful token,
Leaving the sorrow for me.
Drink deep of life's fond illusion,
Gaze on the storm-clouds and flee
Swiftly, through strife and confusion,
Leaving the burden to me.

Then when at last overtaken,
Time flings its fetters o'er thee,
Come, with a trust still unshaken,
Come back a captive to me.
Come back, in sadness or sorrow,
Once more my darling to be :
Come as of old, love, to borrow
Glimpses of sunlight from me.
Love shall resume her dominion,
Striving no more to be free,
When on her world-weary pinion
Flies back my lost love to me.

It's Naughty, But It's Nice.

Sung by Arthur Lloyd.

I loved at first sight—now you've heard—
I live at Lisson Grove—
A lovely girl : yes, on my word !
I was a lucky cove ;
Although 'tis true at croquet
She's been my partner twice ;
We love, oh ! ain't it naughty !
And yet, oh ! ain't it nice !
No one can call it wicked,
Nor yet call it a vice ;
You can but say it's naughty :
It may be—but it's nice !

One night, I went from Lisson Grove
To see if she would go
To walk with me and talk of love.
At first she simpered : "No !"
Then "yes" replied—we went and talked
Love, like birds of Paradise.
She said : "'Twas wicked." I replied :
"It's naughty, still it's nice !"
No one can call, &c.

My arms I'd round her taper waist,
Her lovely form I pressed—
Her beauteous face reclining
Upon my manly chest,
I kissed her twicely on her lips,
I wish I'd done it thrice—
I whispered : "Oh ! it's naughty."
She said : "It is so nice !"
No one can call, &c.

Mamma she asked if she might wed,
But she exclaimed : "Oh, dear !
We cannot let you marry Ned,
Oh ! not for many a year :
How wicked 'twould be pa and ma
And home to sacrifice !"
"To marry, ma, I know, said she
It's naughty, still it's nice !"
No one can call, &c.

Both pa and ma consented, now
In two years mine she'll be :
So now I've given all my plans,
I hope you'll give to me
Applause from you, both one and all,
I hope this will intice—
It naughty is to ask,
But to get it it's very nice !
No one can call, &c.

Avoid hypocrisy, my dear boys, in all its moods and tenses : If you think a man is a fool, tell him so, unless he is bigger than yourself.

Keep your countenance open and your thoughts shut.

Golden Showers.

Written and composed by Jas. Maas, the well-known comedian — And sung in all the Minstrels' Theatres in New-York City.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of Wm. A. Pond & Co, 547 & 865 Broadway, New-York.

The horn of plenty's blowing, blowing, blowing,
Pompey am a-crowing, crowing, crowing, honey :
Silver streams am flowing, flowing, flowing,
Golden showers falling down :
Liza Jane has come to town.
CHORUS.
I feel so nice, I tell you, Soney :
Lasses nothing I'm like honey,
Tickle me, I feel so funny,
I colaps a-part.
Clouds of glory hanging high,
And little cherubims are singing in the chorus :
Don't come near me, don't come nigh,
They're bound for to adore us.
The horn of plenty's, &c.

Miss Liza's got a baby, baby, baby.
Say Pompey keep that shady, shady, shady honey
She's talking like a lady, lady, lady—
Golden showers falling down,
Liza Jane has come to town.
CHORUS.
I feel so nice, I tell you, Soney :
Lasses nothing I'm like honey,
Tickle me, I feel so funny,
I colaps a-part.
Clouds of glory hanging high,
And little cherubims are singing in the chorus :
Don't come near me, don't come nigh,
They're bound for to adore us.
The horn of plenty's, &c.

Little Feet so White and Fair.

Little feet so white and fair,
Pattering o'er the pavements bare,
Childish voices that should be glad.
Now so broken, thin and sad :
Garments reaching to the knees,
Fluttering in the wintry breeze,
Heaven keep thy form from danger,
Little houseless, homeless stranger.
Chorus : Little feet so white and fair,
Pattering o'er the pavements bare,
Heaven keep thy form from danger,
Little houseless, homeless stranger.

When the fiercest winds do blow,
When comes down December's snow,
When the birds on swift wings roam
Through their sunny southern home,
When the proud, and rich, and great,
Live, and walk, and ride in state,
Heaven dry thine eyes from weeping,
Angels have thee in their keeping.
Little feet so white, &c.

O Lady Fair!

Through all the golden-tinted hours,
I dream, O lady fair ! of thee ;
While love's sweet magic buildeth towers,
The home of thy dear heart to be.
Chorus : O lady fair—O lady fair !
Of thee, of thee I'm dreaming.

I dream of thee, O lady fair !
When night puts on her starry crown,
And fills the measures of the air
With notes of music all her own.
O lady fair ! &c.

When white-browed morn the heaven ascends
In splendor of her robes of light,
Her radiance with my dreaming blends,
And still thy face doth bless my sight.
O lady fair ! &c.

And while I dream, O lady fair !
Earth lies a landscape in the sun,
Which never storm nor frost may dare
With blighting curse to fall upon.
O lady fair ! &c.

What a Wonderful World it would Be!

I've seen life in its changes, in towns, low and high,
And know what it is to be sad :
But I find that it's better to laugh than to cry,
And always take good with the bad.
I can look at the world and find plenty like me,
With little or nothing in purse :
For, no matter how wretched and poor I may be,
I can always find somebody worse,
Try then to smile never be sad
Whatever your station may be :
If we would tear our sorrows and only be glad,
What a wonderful world it would be !

I envy no man tho' great he may be,
Nor utter my feelings too rash :
For, I know that some climb to the top of the tree,
And often come down with a crash.
If my neighbor is poor, I open the door,
And, if I can, give him some help :
For, I know very well I never can tell
How soon I might want it myself.
Try then to smile, &c.

Then never say die—for, we never can buy
That treasure called health with our pounds ;
There is many a king, to be happy as I,
Would give up his kingdom and crown.
There are princes as well, with me you'll agree,
Now paying a debt of remorse :
And if our aristocrats were as happy as we,
They never would want a divorce
Try then to smile, &c.

Never hold down your head, be happy instead
Bid your cares and your troubles be gone—
There's many a dark and shadowy night
Makes way for a bright sunny morn.
If your friends see you're poor, and they knock at the door,
And you in your poverty sigh—
They'll take things quite cool as a general rule,
And tell you they'll call by-and-by.
Try then to smile, &c.

Mary Had a Little Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was as white as snow :
It had no wool on the top of its head—
The place where the wool ought to grow.

Mary had a little lamb,
And snow white was its fleece :
She boiled it down in a big sauce-pan,
And sold it for axle grease.

Mary had a little lamb,
She fed him very freely,
And then she told him to "go west"—
By advice of Horace Greeley.

Mary had a little lamb,
She took him to a ball :
They asked him what his name was—
He said 'twas O. K. Hall.

Mary had a little lamb,
She called it her precious dearie :
Jim Fisk bought it and watered the stock,
And now it's Prince of Erie.

Mary had a little lamb,
The prettiest in the town :
But Laura Keene did envy her,
And so 'twas "Hunted Down."

This made the lamb hate Laura much,
And wander o'er the Park
So lonesome like, and never cared
To be out "After Dark."

Mary had a little lamb,
He was captured by a tanner,
Who turned him into sheepskin—
"That's what's the matter with Hannah."

Mary had a little lamb,
His fleece was—(that's too thin—
But whenever Mary took a walk,
The lamb was "counted in."

She took him to the Ferry,
(The darling little creature)
And sailed across the briny deep
To the land of Brother Beecher.

But when she reached that far off shore,
She was seriously alarmed :
For, she couldn't find a woman there,
And all the men were armed.

NOTE.
The manner of this lamb's death
Has been variously stated :
But the above, you can depend upon,
Is not exaggerated—

TAKE BACK THE HEART.

CLARIBEL.

1. Take back the heart that thou ga - vest,
2. Then when at last o - ver - ta - ken,

What is my an-guish to thee.....
Time flings its fet-ters o'er thee.....

Take back the free-dom thou ga - vest,
Come with a trust still un-shak - - en,

Leaving the fet-ters to me....
Come back a captive to me....

sf dim.

Take back the vows thou hast spo - ken,
Come back in sad-ness and sor - row,

Fling them a - side and be free.....
Once more my dar-ling to be.....

Smile for each pi - - ful
Come as of old, love, to

Rall.

to - ken,
bor - - row

Leav-ing the sor-row for me.....
Glimp-ses of sun-light from me,.....

Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - - sion,
Love shall re-sume her do-min - ion,

Gaze on the
Striv-ing no

rall. with pathos.

storm-cloud and flee.....
more to be free.....

Swift-ly thro' strife and con - fu - - sion,
When on her world-wea-ry pin - ion,

Leav-ing the bur-den to me.....
Flies back my lost love to me.....

Ril. Silento.

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CONTENTS.

As through the World you Go 492
APPLES FOUR-A-PENNY 495
Banks of the Old Tennessee 490
The BLIND GIRL 492
Coney-Island 494
The ELDERLY BEAU 493
Elsie gathers flowers in Heaven 493
FALSE ALBERTINA 492
The Few Feet of Clay 493
The FLOWER SHE LOVES 494
Good-Night! 494
Hunt the Buffalo: or the Banks of the Pleasant Ohio 492
How peal on peal Thunder Rolls 493
The HERO OF CHAMPAGNE 493
Hope for the Best 494
I wish my Sally could see me now 492
I'M A MODEL PAGE 494
It's just as well to take things in a quiet sort of way 494
Just so, you know: or as if as how we could 490
Jolly Joe, the Hero of Bellevue Jail 491
The JOY OF LOVING THEE 494
Kitty, the Gamekeeper's Daughter 491
LET US BE JOLLY 490
Love's Request 491
Mangling done here: or Pretty Polly Bangle 490
Meet Me in the Alley, Dear 491
My Little Bunch of Roses 495
NO ILL-FEELING 493
Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire 491
Parody on: Broken Down 490
PRETTY ROSALINE 494
Sparkling Moselle 492
SWEETER THAN A PEACH 495
Thoughts of Happy Days 490
Teach me, dearest, how to love thee 491
TEACH ME TO FORGET 491
Though we fond Men all Beauties woo 493
UP IN THE MONUMENT 493
Waiting in the Garden 490
WHEN THE ROSES BLOW 491
Why then for such loving care? 494
Where Flowers Blush and Bloom 495
Where the Woodbine Twineth 495
WIDOW MACHREE 495
When the Corn is Waving, Annie—Music 496

We take the liberty to remind our Customers, principally those from the Country, that our place of Business is at No 60 (not 61) Chatham Street, Up-Stairs, First Floor.

Just So, You Know:

OR AS IF AS HOW WE COULD.

Written by J. B. Lawrence—Sung by Harry Wingett.

You all know that we often feel
Just so, you know, as if we could
Do something we ought not to do:
That is, if we only could.
When sweet Amelia first I met,
My heart went wop, and would not stop,
Just so, you know, as if I could,
Then, and there, the question pop.
And I felt as if as how I could,
Yes, just as if as how I would,
Just so, you know, or how we should,
When we feel as if as how we could.

I met my fair one at a Ball,
With her danced till spooney grew,
And squeezed her hand—just so, you know—
But found out I was number two.
For, when I'd danced till out of breath,
To sup it was just time to go:
A chap walks up, she takes his arm,
And off they go—just so, you know—
And I felt, &c.

An old girl to the Supper Room
I had to take and on her wait,
While her spouse, the Major, stood
And eyed me in a jealous state;
So when the Ladies had retired,
The Major's face seemed in a glow,
He said: "You've made love to my wife,"
And down I went—just so, you know—
And I felt, &c.

I found he'd blackened both my eyes:
So ran down stairs into the street,
And never stopped till I found out
I'd knocked a Bobby off his beat—
Who in a rage then said to me:
"For this assault, with me you'll go:"
Then took me to the Station-House,
And locked me up—just so, you know.
And I felt, &c.

The Magistrate, next morning, said:
"It was a very grievous fault,
To have black eyes, and run so fast,
And the policeman to assault:
Five pounds is what you'll have to pay,
And hope that now you'll wiser grow."
I paid the fine, got in a cab,
Went home to bed—just so, you know.
And I felt, &c.

Waiting in the Garden.

Written and Sung by G. Herbert.

'Twas waiting in the garden, down beside a stile,
I met a little maiden with a winning smile:
Her cheeks were like the roses, sunny golden hair,
Teeth of pearly whiteness, fairest of the fair.

SPOKEN: And I met that charming creature just as I was—
Waiting in the garden, down beside the stile,
For a little maiden with a winning smile:
Nothing else can cheer me, now I feel so gay,
Since my darling Emma came and stole my heart away.

We strolled along together, many things discussed;
I asked her if she loved me, if in me she'd trust?
She blushed and looked so roguish, saying with a smile:
"To-morrow night, at seven, meet me at the stile."
Waiting in the garden, &c.

Those fascinating glances wove on me a spell
I love her very dearly, more than I can tell—
Oh! charming little creature, heart so free from guile,
I have something sweet to tell you, down beside the stile.

SPOKEN: But it's all up now: she bolted with a sandy man, I don't believe I shall ever see her more; if I do meet that fair creature again, why, I shall propose, and, if accepted, I shall invite you to a Jew's dinner in Petticoat-Lane—But I forgot I must be off to see if she will return to me whilst—
Waiting in the garden, &c.

Thoughts of Happy Days.

We have parted, aye, forever,
Meeting, meeting never more;
Yet we ne'er can wholly sever
Thoughts of happy days of yore.
Life was bright with hopes so golden,
Ripening but with mem'ries sweet,
And the blissful past is holden
Gladly, though no more we meet.
Chorus: We have parted, aye, forever,
Meeting, meeting never more;
Yet we ne'er can wholly sever
Thoughts of happy days of yore.

Thou wilt never meet me, never,
With thy sweet and joyous face,
Beaming with a glad smile ever,
That the angels love to trace;
Never more thy voice of gladness
Shall unite our yearning hearts;
No, the future has but sadness,
And no ray of hope imparts. Chorus.

Parody on: Broken Down.

Sung by Daniel Curran.

What legions of friends always bless us,
When golden success lights our way!
How they smile and softly address us,
So cordial good-humored and gay!
But, oh! when the sun of prosperity
Hath set—then how quickly they frown—
And cry out, in tones of severity:
"Kick the man, don't you see he is down?"

What though when you know not a sorrow,
Your heart was as open as day,
And your "friends," when they wanted to borrow,
You'd oblige—and ne'er ask them to "pay"—
What though not a soul you e'er slighted,
As you meandered about through the town:
Your "friends" become very near-sighted,
And don't seem to see you, when down—

When you're "up," you are loudly exalted,
And traders all sing out your praise:
When you're down, you have greatly defaulted,
And they really "don't fancy your ways."
Your style was "tip top" when you'd money,
So sings every sucker and clown:
But now 'tis exceedingly funny—
Things are altered, because you are down—

Oh! give me the heart that forever
Is free from the world's selfish rust,
And the soul whose high noble endeavor
Is to raise fallen man from the dust:
And when in adversity's ocean
A victim is likely to drown,
All hail to the friend whose devotion
Will lift up a man when he's "down!"

Banks of the Old Tennessee.

Sung by Frank Lum.

Oh! then, who has not heard of lovely Dinah,
That lived at the foot of the hill,
In the sly little nook, by the bubbling brook,
That turned the wheel of the mill?
Chorus: On the banks of the old Tennessee,
On the banks of the old Tennessee:
Together we strayed, in the noonday shade,
On the banks of the old Tennessee.

Old massa to us darkies was good,
Old missus she was kind:
She says no other darkey here
Should marry lovely Dine. Chorus.

Oh! it's now me and Dine we are one,
We are going to live together:
No darkey now can part us—
For, we have tied the knot for ever. Chorus.

A disgusted critic, writing upon the names and subjects chosen for some of the would-be-popular sentimental songs, suggests "Make over my Trowsers for Little Bubby," as a good name for song and chorus.

Mangling Done Here: Or Pretty Polly Bangle.

Written and Composed by G. W. Hunt.

Sung by Victor Liston.

I'm a flower cut down in the bloom of my youth,
And all through a damsel who spoke not the truth:
In a snug little house lived the one I held dear,
And over the door it said: "Mangling done here."
Whenever I passed, pretty Polly I'd see
A-turning her mangle, which quite mangled me.
To think such sweet hands such hard work endured,
And thus 'twas I loved her, and would not be cured.
Pretty Polly Bangle
Used to turn a mangle.
But she's sold her old mangle and bought a piano,
And married the Marquis of Camden Town.

One day, I spoke to her, with love did I burn.
Said I: "you look tired, miss, let me have a turn."
She smiled a consent, and to work I did go,"
How long I was at it I really don't know.
I soon felt fatigued, but I didn't care.
I'd have turned for a month her sweet presence to share;
At last fell on my knees and, while on the floor,
I told her I loved her and would evermore.
Pretty Polly Bangle
Used to turn a mangle.
But she's sold her old mangle and bought a piano,
And married the Marquis of Whitechapel Road.

I'd go there every day, and I'd turn for my life:
At length she consented that she'd be my wife;
I was happy until I was told, one find day,
Some one else turned her mangle when I was away.
I told pretty Polly the tale I had heard.
She said: "'Twas redickelus hortul. habsurd."
Said I: "I've your promise and hope you're sincere:
For, if I've a rival, there'll be Mangling done here."
(Pugilistic Mangling.)
Pretty Polly Bangle
Used to turn a mangle,
But she's sold her old mangle and bought a piano,
And married the Marquis of Bloomsbury Square.

After that she appeared to quite change in her manner;
She sold her old mangle and bought a "Pianner."
Now, I couldn't turn that, and—oh me! one day.
I found her house closed and my love gone away—
They say she's retired from mangling for life,
That some Duke of some Marquis has made her his wife;
So I sighs and I mourns, and oft drop a tear,
When I think of my love, and the mangling done here.
(Mangling of the heart.)
Pretty Polly Bangle
Used to turn a mangle,
But she's sold her old mangle and bought a piano,
And married the Marquis of Blackfriars Bridge.

Let Us be Jolly.

Written by J. B. Lawrence—Sung by Herbert Campbell.

I treat the world like a cigar,
And send all its clouds off afar;
Then dull stupid care can never come near,
He's afraid of my jolly "Ha, ha!"
What care I? when old fogies say:
"Look out for a dark rainy day."
Should troubles appear, we've no need to fear,
It is easy to drive it away.
So let us be jolly—for, sighing's a folly—
Fill up your glasses, and drive care away;
Banish all sorrow, a fig for to-morrow,
Whilst you can laugh and be jolly to-day!

Some say "that this life's full of care;"
The weather can't always be fair,
But clouds soon will pass, I call grief a farce—
So let it come here if it dare,
I jog on both happy and free:
If dull stupid care I should see,
Straight to him I say—get out of the way,
It's no use you bothering me!
So let us be jolly, &c.

We all know this life's but a span—
So I enjoy it while I can:
Whilst time's on the wing, I laugh and I sing,
And hope you'll all follow my plan.
With the future have nothing to do:
It's seldom forebodings come true—
And think never try of troubles gone by,
Is advice I now offer to you.
So let us be jolly, &c.

I will bet you a bottle of wine that you will descend from that chair before I ask you twice?" "Done!" said the gentleman, who seemed determined not to obey the summons so obediently. "Come down!" "I will not!" "Then stop till I tell you a second time."

Kitty, the Gamekeeper's Daughter.

Written and Sung by Watson Largo.

There are ladies of title that dress out so smart,
In costumes so neat and pretty ;
But no one can equal the girl of my heart,
My pretty little blue-eyed Kitty.
She is a beauty, I declare—
White pearly teeth and auburn hair :
The angels above you couldn't compare
With Kitty, the Gamekeeper's Daughter.
For, I feel so gay, she's named the day,
And the wedding-ring I have bought her ;
For miles around, the bells they shall play
For Kitty, the Gamekeeper's Daughter.

Her beauty I cannot describe unto you—
She's all that is pure and sweet :
Her heart, I am sure, is both honest and true
Her dress is so pretty and neat.
She has admirers, you must know,
Gentlemen that bother her so—
But still she's accepted me as her beau,
Has Kitty, the Gamekeeper's Daughter.
For, I feel so gay, &c.

Tho' strange it may seem how we first met,
'Twas last summer, when out on a tour,
Away down in Herts—I shall never forget—
To that pretty little town, Boxmoor.
It was, one day, at her cottage door
This sweet creature I first saw,
Amusing herself by plaiting straw,
Was Kitty, the Gamekeeper's Daughter.
For, I feel so gay, &c.

I must really confess it was love at first sight,
And for better or worse I could take her ;
I determined on making her acquaintance that night,
And trying my wife to make her.
I've courted since then : and quite content,
Her Pa to our marriage has given consent ;
And now, kind friends, 'tis my intent
To marry the Gamekeeper's Daughter.
For, I feel so gay, &c.

Jolly Joe, the Hero of Bellevue Jail.

Sung by Albert de Voy.

I is one of those sort of blokes
That never cares a mag for no one :
I smokes my pipe and cracks my joke,
And at cadging I am no slow one—
Among the cracks I triumphantly reign,
And I'm well-known in one quarter,
And that is a place called Bellevue jail,
On the other side of the water.
For, I smoke, I sing,
I'm as a happy as a King :
On the stepper I was never known to fail ;
No matter where I go,
I'm known as Jolly Joe,
The hero of Bellevue Jail.

I live down a place they call Mood Street ;
I'm the pet of the Deansgate Rifles ;
And Stafford is my country about
Where I never goes for trifles.
At cadging and dipping I is the click,
And I glory in my profession :
I can crack a crib just like a brick,
But feel like a bloke in possession.
I smoke, I sing, &c.

The times I've been in Bellevue jail,
Is beyond my calculation :
I'm a veteran, that's very plain,
In a government situation.
I've crossed the seas six times in all,
I think well run my race is :
For, my name is wrote in Bellevue jail,
In a hundred and fifty places.
I smoke, I sing, &c.

It's now some time since I was there.
But for it again I'm ready :
I've a job to-night in a certain Square,
And if my hands keep steady,
A prize I certainly shall gain :
For I don't mean a ten or borrow—
But if things goes wrong, in Bellevue jail
I'm sure to appear to-morrow.
I smoke I sing, &c.

So now my pals I'll say good night !
For, the Bobbys I can hear—
There isn't a bloke that flys his kite
Like Joe of Lancashire
But if like a soldier I should fall :
Why none would shed a tear, oh !
I mean to die in Bellevue jail,
As its veteran and its hero.
I smoke, I sing, &c.

When the Roses Blow.

Written by B. Reece—Music by C. B. Allen.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the piano-forte, is published in Dr. Witt's Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by R. M. De Witt, 33 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

When the roses blow,
Look for brighter hours,
Look for the songs of birds
Out of leafy bowers ;
Fades the winter gloom
Dark with chilly woe,
In the early bloom
When the roses blow !
Chorus : When the roses blow, my dear,
And when the roses blow.
We shall meet again, my dear,
Who parted long ago !
When the roses blow, my dear,
And when the roses blow,
We shall meet again, my dear,
Who parted long ago !

When the roses blow,
Love may wake a-new,
In the snow-drop pale,
In the violet blue :
Sorrow quits the heart,
Tears will cease to flow,
Care and pain depart,
When the roses blow ! Chorus.

Teach Me, Dearest, how to Love Thee.

Teach me, dearest, how to love thee,
Breathe it softly in mine ear :
And I swear, by Heav'n above thee !
I will love none half so dear.
Let it come like rippling music
From the far off distant stream,
Like some bright and joyous vision
Only seen in beauties dream.
Chorus : Teach me, dearest, how to love thee,
Breathe it softly in mine ear :
And I swear, by Heav'n above thee !
I will love none half so dear.

Oh ! take my wayward heart and keep it,
Call it, darling, all thine own :
For, I vow it's love's completeness
That sheds its sweetness thro' my soul—
Let me feel the gentle pressure
Of those ruby lips of thine,
Wake again the soul-felt pleasure,
That thrills within this heart of mine. Chorus.

Teach Me to Forget.

Friends depart, and memory takes them
To her caverns pure and deep ;
And a forced smile only wakes them
From the shadows where they sleep.
Who shall cull the heart's affection ?
Who shall banish its regret ?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh ! teach me to forget—

Bear me not to festive bowers :
'Twas with them I sat there last ;
Wave not to me Spring's early flowers,
They'll remind of the past.
Music seems like mournful wailing
In the halls where we have met ;
Mirth's gay call is unavailing—
Teach, oh ! teach me to forget !

One who hopelessly remembers,
Cannot hear a dawning light :
He would rather watch the embers
Of a love that once was bright ;
Who shall school the heart's affection ?
Who shall banish its regret ?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh ! teach me to forget !

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, is like a pin : his head prevents him from going too far."

Love's Request.

Now the day is slowly waning,
Evening breezes softly moan,
Will thou ne'er heed my complaining,
Canst thou leave me thus alone ?
CHORUS.
Stay with me, my darling, stay,
And like a dream thy life shall pass away :
Stay with me, my darling, stay,
And like a dream thy life shall pass away,
Like a dream shall pass away.

Canst thou thus unmoved behold me,
Still untouched by love so deep ?
Nay, thine arms more closely fold me,
And thine eyes begin to weep.
Stay with me then, darling, &c.

Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire.

Sung by George Leybourne.

Pity my sorrow and melt at my woes :
What I've put up with, you would not suppose :
How I've been treated and snubbed all along,
Listen to me, and I'll tell in my song :
When but a schoolboy, tho' trying my best,
In the last form I continued to rest,
Getting well flogged when I tried to rise higher :
'Twas out of the frying-pan into the fire.
Out of the frying-pan—out of the frying-pan,
P'raps you may fall, if too high you aspire :
Out of the frying-pan—out of the frying-pan—
Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

When tired of leading a bachelor's life,
Looking around me, I sought for a wife,
Met with an angel with manners so soft,
Face like a cherub's that sits up aloft :
Oh ! how I picture our lives free from care,
Happy as Dicky-birds up in the air—
But such a temper had darling Marin :
'Twas out of the frying-pan into the fire.
Out of the frying-pan, &c.

Doting on children, to babies endeared,
Happy was I when first twins appeard ;
But the next year, they were triplets we had,
Somehow or other I wasn't so glad ;
Now at my table twelve mouths do I see,
Hungry and open and waiting for me ;
Why did I ever to marriage aspire ?
'Twas out of the frying-pan into the fire.
Once I bought shares in a line that they made
Twenty per cent was the dividend paid.
Crash went the bubble—my savings entire
Went out of the frying-pan into the fire.
Out of the frying-pan, &c,

Meet Me in the Ailey, Dear,

Written and Sung by G. W. Welling, the celebrated Comique.

I'll meet you in the alley, dear, at half past ten,
As sure as eggs is eggs, I will be there then ;
My head with love is burning,
My stomach it is turning,
And all for you, my darling,
And your sweet turnup nose.
When all the folks are sleeping,
With bugs around them creeping,
Oh ! then will be our meeting,
In the alley near the gate.
CHORUS.
I'll meet you in the alley, dear, at half past ten,
As sure as eggs is eggs, I will be there then ;
I'll meet thee in the alley, meet thee in the alley,
Meet thee, meet thee, when the clock strikes ten.

I'll leave you in the alley, dear, before twelve o'clock,
And faithful will remain, love, as firm as a rock ;
I'll only leave you then, love,
Because like other men, love,
I want to get my gin, love,
Before I go home ;
And Kelso, the excise god, he
Proclaims to everybody
That those who want their toddy,
Must get it before twelve.
I'll meet thee, &c.

Sparkling Moselle.

Words by F. W. Green—Music by J. H. Young.

Sung by A. G. Vance.

Let each one praise his beverage,
And drink what he likes best,
Hock, Claret, Port or Burgundy,
Champagne and all the rest:
In my opinion there's a wine
All others doth excel,
I mean the bubbling, scented, rich
And sparkling Moselle.

CHORUS.

Sparkling Moselle. Sparkling Moselle.
Give me a bumper of Sparkling Moselle;
Sparkling Moselle. Sparkling Moselle.
Give me a bumper of Sparkling Moselle.

It cheers you when down-hearted,
And it drives dull care away,
It makes you quite forget your debts,
And what you have to pay;
It gives you pluck to face your duns
Far more than I can tell.
My true and bonny wine of wines,
My sparkling Moselle.

Sparkling Moselle, &c.

It cures the heart-ache when in love;
Whatever they may say,
The head-ache's better far, you know,
Than heart-ache any day.
No woman's half so sweet as thou,
Since our first parents fell;
For, woman's false and thou art true,
My sparkling Moselle.

Sparkling Moselle, &c.

If introduced in theatres,
'Twould be, I lay the odds,
The drink for boxes and for stalls,
And nectar for the gods:
'Twould put all in good humor,
And the Coster and the Swell
Would pledge each other heartily,
In sparkling Moselle.

Sparkling Moselle, &c.

Come fill your glasses high, my boys,
And let your cares be drowned;
We'll drink to joy and revelry
In brimming bumpers round;
We'll drink to each good fellow,
And each pretty girl as well;
But thou shalt be our toast of toasts,
My sparkling Moselle.

Sparkling Moselle, &c.

False Albertina.

Written and Sung by Albert de Voy.

I fell in love with a nice young girl,
While in a situation:
She lived head-cook at a large hotel,
Near Shoreditch Railway Station;
She vowed she loved me faithfully,
And that she would be mine, oh!
And agreed with me to share her fate—
I thought that very fine, oh!
But she ran away with a Horse-guard Blue,
I wish I ne'er had seen her;
For, I'm weeping and I'm wailing, and
don't know what to do:
For, I've lost my Albertina.

I bought her fine dresses and
New bonnets, shawl and laces:
I treated her to Epsom-Downs,
To see the Derby Races.
'Twas there she saw this Horse-guard Blue,
Who asked her to take wine, oh!
Then treated her to the Grand Stand,
A wretched fate was mine, oh!
But she ran away, &c.

I began to see she slighted me:
So I thought I'd go, one morning,
To her and have it all explained;
But from me take a warning:
For, there, upon the doorstep,
My rival he was standing—
I flew into a dreadful rage,
And satisfaction was demanding.
But she ran away, &c.

My hat he then smashed o'er my eyes,
And banged me left and right, sire;
A Bobby hard up for a job,
He collared me for the night, sirs.
There may p'haps be some girl unwed,
Who's lost her false young lover,
And if she'll have me in his stead,
We may console each other.
But she ran away, &c.

As Through the World You Go.

Written, Composed and Sung by J. Trowbridge.

Now if you'll all attention give,
A song I'll try and sing:
For those just starting life alone,
I think 'twill be the thing.
To give advice, whene'er I can,
You'll never find me slow;
So the title I've selected is
"As through the world you go."
As through the world you go, my boys,
As through the world you go,
Do all you can to be an upright man,
As through the world you go.

Be with your lot contented, boys,
Never covetous be,
And always think that "honesty
Is the best of policy."
Ill-gotten wealth will seldom
Bring comfort, we all know:
So mind you're always honest,
As through the world you go.
As through the world, &c.

Do unto others as you would
That they d do unto you:
Treat those above you with respect,
Be to your equals true:
To those that are beneath you,
A good example show:
And thus you'll be a useful man,
As through the world you go.
As through the world, &c.

Alway mend in yourself the faults
In others you may see:
Never be mean, but think 'tis almost
As bad to be too free:
No man can reach perfection,
Of course, we all well know;
But be as near it as you can,
As through the world you go.
As through the world, &c.

The man that does as I have said,
Will ne'er have cause to fret,
And when life is near ending,
Can look back without regret:
He dies respected and beloved,
Which to you all will show—
'Tis best to be upright and fair,
As through the world you go.
As through the world, &c.

Hunt the Buffalo:

OR THE BANKS OF THE PLEASANT OHIO.

Come all ye likely lads that have a mind for to range,
Into some foreign country your situation to change:
In seeking some new pleasures we will all together go,
And we'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.

CHORUS

And we'll range through the wild woods and hunt the buffalo:
And we'll range through the wild woods and hunt the buffalo.
All ye girls of New England who are unmarried yet,
Come along with us and rewarded you shall get;
For, there is all kind of game, besides the buck and the doe.
And we'll range through the wild woods and hunt the buffalo.

The fish in this river are good for our use,
Besides there is lofty sugar-trees that yield us their juice:
There's all kinds of grain in Kentucky doth grow
And we'll drain the rich man's gold from the New Mexico.
And we'll range through the wild woods &c.

To sit down to your wheels, girls, it will do you no harm,
To spin yourselves some clothing to keep yourse'ves warm;
If you card and spin, girls, we will plough, reap and sow,
When we settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.
And we'll range through the wild woods, &c.

If by chance the wild Indians should happen to come near,
We'll all unite together with heart and with cheer;
We'll march through the town, boys, and strike a deadly blow,
And we'll drive them from the banks of the pleasant Ohio,
And we'll range through the wild woods, &c.

It is now to conclude, without giving offence,
Each one has a right to choose his own residence:
But I will choose my residence where milk and honey flow,
And we'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.
And we'll range through the wild woods, &c.

"Have I not a right to be saucy, if I please?" asked a young lady of an old bachelor.

"Yes, if you PLEASE, but not if you DISPLEASE.

I Wish My Sally Could See Me Now.

Sung by James Hillier.

I've been up to Lunnon a week,
And I'm up to each move in the town:
Now mind when I say I am up,
I mean that on them I am down.
My name's Tony Lumpkin of York,
My profession's to follow the plough:
Oh! wouldn't my Sally be riled,
If she could but look on me now.
Oh! I wish my Sally could see me now,
See me now, see me now;
I've learnt how to dress and to talk, and to bow,
Oh! I wish my Sally could see me now.

My Sally's an infamous jilt,
To her I was going to be wed,
But I wasn't—oh! no she went off
And married another instead.
She called me a lumb'ring lout,
And treated me just anyhow:
I think that she'd alter her tune,
If she could but look on me now.

SPOKEN: Vine weathers make vine birds—O Sally, Sally—if thee wanted to marry a suit of clothes, why didn't thee tell I so?—I'd "a" come down and married thee, drest like I am now in a suit of clothes fit for a Duke—but thee wentest off and married that Skinflint as ain't got money enow' to dress like this—but thee shall see me, Sally—thee shalt see that Tony can look like a Swell—I wish, oh! dang it——

Oh! I wish my Sally, &c.

Directly to Lunnon I got
I'd scarce jumped out o' the train,
When I found the place to buy clothes,
Is a street called Petticoat-Lane.
The tailors there were so polite,
They suited me after a bit,
And they every one of 'em said—
These clothes were a beautiful fit.

SPOKEN: They ought to know the knows—I bought the clothes they cost me over four pun ten and the hat in—I said to tailor: "Chap ain't this rather loose here?" "Loose!" said he now s'elp me, pon my word he sez! no, my boy, fits beautiful, worth double the monish too. I said I ought to be taken in just here—Moses and Son. Said he: "Moses and Son; we've taken you in quite enough, it's beautiful, it's the fashion"—and so it is—Sally, thee might'st ha' had me and coat and all—but I wish she were here to see I—I'd rile her.

Oh! I wish my Sally, &c.

I know that all ways I'm a sweet;
For, every one I meet,
No matter if female or male,
Stops and stares at me in the street.
So Sally may go to the—well.
It's no bit use to kick up a row,
She'd be dying of envy, if she
Could only just look on me now.

SPOKEN: Eh! lads thee doesn't often see volks come out so extensive in Lunnon it beint only the clothes it be the figure as well, even the little poor boys in the street ha' been a noticin'. I heered one say: "Bill, d'ye see that blooming swell with the Grecian Bend on his shoulder?" "Yes says the other vy, he's got the Roman Fall in one leg and ram me into a rifle if he ain't got the Alexandra Limp in his body." "Yes says the Cabman, he's limp enough all over." I did feel proud and began to sing—

Oh! I wish my Sally, &c.

The Blind Girl.

By I. N. Metcalf.

They say this world is beautiful,
More fair than thoughts of love;
And nightly comes an angel hand,
That writes in gold above;
But, oh! 'tis viewless all to me,
As the softly breathing wind,
I cannot see those beauteous scenes—
For, I am blind, I'm blind!

I never saw the bird that sings
So sweetly to mine ear,
Nor snowy shroud that winter weaves
Around the dying year;
All nature is a sealed book,
Whose clasp I cannot find:
'Twas never meant for me to read:
For, I am blind, I'm blind!

But, ah! they tell me far away,
In bright eternity,
There is a land o'erspread with flowers,
Which every eye can see;
Where skies are ever soft and blue,
And silver streamlets wind;
Oh! when I reach that holy shore,
I shall no more be blind!

Why is justice like a shad? Because she carries scales.

Though We Fond Men all Beauties Woo.

Sung by Mr. W. Harrison,
In Balfe's "Puritan's Daughter."

Though we fond men all beauties woo,
Say not the fault is ours :
We no more can resist their charms
Than bees can honey-flowers.
If 'neath that breast of snow till now
A heart of ice has dwelt,
Let Love's warm glances cause at length
That heart of ice to melt.
No cause hast thou for dread :
'Tis I should—were I wise—
Have fled—
Those eyes !
Youth bears pleasure in her arms,
As she hurries down life's road ;
Since she cannot stop to rest,
Let us ease her of her load.
Though we fond men all beauties woo,
Say not the fault is ours :
We no more can resist their charms
Than bees can honey-flowers.



Up in the Monument.

Sung by George Leybourne.

Some like to spend their leisure time
At Margate or at Rome ;
Some ruralize in Shadwell,
And some rusticate at home :
But when I have a week to spare,
I'll tell you how it's spent ;
I take my sweetheart on my arm,
And see the Monument
Up in the Monument touching the sky,
Up in the Monument ever so high :
Up in the Monument a jolly day is spent,
The cheapest place for courting is the Monument.

We clamber up and reach the top,
Where seats are always placed ;
And, if I'm so disposed, I put
My arm around her waist :
It's ten to one there's no one there
To spoil the sentiment—
And so we have it to ourselves
Upon the Monument.
Up in the Monument, &c.

We fancy we are by the sea,
And gaze on Billingsgate,
Where periwinkles prondly strut,
And eels do predominate ;
We see the wilds of Hackney Marsh,
And Timbuctoo in Kent,
And see what they've for dinner,
From off the Monument.
Up in the Monument, &c.

There we look down on every one,
From off our Isle of sky ;
We cannot spend much money there,
Because there's naught to buy ;
There dissipation never dwells,
All's mild and innocent :
I mean to spend my honeymoon
Upon the Monument.
Up in the Monument, &c.

Come all who play upon the flute,
And go to bed at nine ;
Come, Country Cousins meek and good,
To this retreat of mine :
You'll find it is no fleeting joy,
When you've made the ascent ;
It's mad intoxicating bliss,
That blessed Monument !
Up in the Monument, &c.

How Peal on Peal Thunder Rolls.

Sung by Mr. Santley,
In Balfe's "Puritan's Daughter."

How peal on peal of thunder
Rolls crushing through the sky :
While, sweeping all before it,
The wind flits madly by !
With terror and with darkness
Fair Nature lies oppressed ;
But, oh ! what gloom can equal
The gloom within my breast ?

Long ere to-morrow dawneth,
The storm without may cease,
And night, be-gemmed with rain-drop,
Lie cradled into peace :
The thunder may be silent,
The wind be hushed to rest :
But, oh ! what power will silence
The storm within my breast ?

The Hero of Champagne.

Written and Sung by J. Trowbridge,
Also Sung by Harry Vance—Air : Moet and Shandon.

Good evening, friends, pray how do you do ?
I've come to see you once again—
Last time I came into this Hall,
My drink, it was sparkling Champagne :
To recognize me you all seem very slow,
Oh ! I oh ! oh ! I oh !
I'm "Champagne Charlie," I'd have you to know,
Oh ! I oh ! I oh !
Yes, I'm "Champagne Charlie" broken-down,
Fortune seems on me frown :
But still I hope to be again
A glorious hero of Champagne !

Not long ago I a fortune had,
But to gain renown went it rather fast :
In fact the pace was killing,
And my friends all said it could not last—
But still I with pride ahead did go,
Oh ! I oh ! oh ! I oh !
And now you can see it's brought me to woe ;
Oh ! I oh ! I oh !
Yes, I'm, &c.

Now when I think of days gone by,
And of the great renown I've gained,
It makes my heart beat high with pride.
Nearly everything after me was named :
"Champagne Charlie" hats was once all the go—
Oh ! I oh ! oh ! I oh !
Worn by Roughs of the East, and Swells of the "How"—
Oh ! I oh ! I oh !
Yes, I'm, &c.

Now if fortune is fickle, as they say,
Perhaps she'll smile on me again,
And make me as of old, my Boys,
A noble hero of Champagne :
So I'll never give way to despair, oh ! no—
Oh ! I oh ! oh ! I oh !
But always be cheerful wherever I go—
Oh ! I oh ! I oh !
Yes, I'm, &c.

The Elderly Beau.

Written by Frank Hall—Sung by Harry Clifton.

On a poor fellow pray look with pity :
Spite of my riches, I'm brim full of woe ;
Home at my Villa, or in the City,
This trouble follows the Elderly Beau.
No little wife to love have I,
Lonely in Bachelor lodgings I sigh :
If I could find one who'd have me,
Over particular I wouldn't be.
A gentleman bred from top to toe,
Welcome, too, where'er I go ;
When I propose each lady says "No !"
And turns up her nose at the Elderly Beau.

Once, a dear widow I nearly married :
She was quite willing, Egad ! so was I—
She was impatient—too long we tarried—
Ten years I courted her then I fought shy.
Terrible was the shock to bear,
She'd a glass eye and a lot of false hair :
Still if I could the chance recall,
She'd have been better than none at all
A gentleman bred, &c.

Then with a maiden bony but gushing
Turned twenty-eight—so she said was her age—
I into marriage nearly went rushing.
Softly she murmured to me she'd engage.
I was deceived I found once more :
Turned twenty-eight so she was by a score ;
Rather too old I thought her then—
I wish tho', I'd got the chance over again.
A gentleman bred, &c.

Have some compassion pity my sorrow,
Ladies, consider my unlucky fate :
Gladly I'd marry some one to-morrow,
Longer I fear I can't easily wait.
Is there e'er one whose heart is free ?
Maiden or Widow, don't matter to me—
Not even one coming looking—
Then, egad ! I'll go home and I'll marry my Cook.
A gentleman bred, &c.

Elsie Gathers Flowers in Heaven.

By E. B. Higgins San Francisco, Cal.

Long ago I loved her well the angels knew
How my soul grew rich and strong, many years ago ;
How a voice of music, tender, sweet and low,
Through my heart was murmuring long, ah ! long ago—
CHORUS
She's asleep while I weep o'er the marble stone
Elsie gathers flowers in heaven, gathers them alone ;
Elsie gathers flowers in heaven, gathers them alone.

Long ago I loved her oft I gaze on eyes
Dark and deep and beautiful watching from the skies ;
Watching, ah ! how fondly, o'er my night of woe.
Since their light went out on earth, long, ah ! long ago—

Long ago I loved her now above my bed,
Through the stilly midnight hours, angel wings are spread ;
Music haunts me dreaming tones I love to hear.
While upon my slumbering eyes falls an angel's tear.

No Ill Feeling.

Sung by Frank Lum, and also by Johnny Roach.

I'm obliging, you will say,
When my habits I're made known ;
Your attention give, I pray,
And my kindness will be shown
In a manner, you will say,
Shows straight-forward honest dealing :
I meet folks in a friendly way,
Just to show there's no ill feeling.
Chorus : So I jog on, day by day,
Nothing fearing or concealing :
I meet folks in a friendly way,
Just to show there's no ill feeling.

I possess a charming wife,
Chance has thrown her in my way :
Don't we lead a happy life !
I shall ne'er forget the day
When I dropped upon my knee,
And to her my love revealing,
Said : "Sweet maiden, marry me,
Just to show there is no ill feeling."
So I jog on, &c.

She blushed and showed her teeth like pearl,
Said she loved and would be mine—
I married then the best of girls,
Our family now numbers nine.
At eight o'clock the row begins,
Boys and girls around me squalling :
Yesterday she gave me twins,
Just to show she had no ill feeling.
So I jog on, &c.

If you think the song you've heard
Is not worthy of your praise :
On the safe side I have erred,
I only tried a laugh to raise.
Long I've labored in your cause,
To your kindness I'm appealing,
Grant to me your kind applause,
Just to show there's no ill feeling.
So I jog on, &c.

The Few Feet of Clay.

Descriptive Song—By J. S. Cox.

Though lofty our station, or splendid our wealth,
With knowledge though gifted, or
dowered with health,
Oh ! trust not in these : for, no man can gainsay
That all must soon come to the few feet of clay.
Take comfort, ye lowly, with envious eye
Who watch from your garrets the wealthy flaunt by :
Death, bounteous, will make you as rich as are they :
E'en rank bows its head to the few feet of clay.

The warrior, the statesman, or man of renown,
Who misleads a nation, or sacks a brave town :
Behold his ambition, his fame die away,
When come to the brink of the few feet of clay.
Thou widow, who mournest for him who has gone
Where the gay and the weary alike will be borne :
Oh ! sorrow no more ; for, it is but a day
Till thou it share his couch in the few feet of clay.

Thou poor stricken mother ! oh ! weep not for him,
Thy dear sailor lad whose blue eyes are now dim ;
His spirit shall soar, though his body may lay
Entombed in the sea caves, or wrapt in the clay :
These dark withered forms, to the loud trumpet call,
When time shall be dying the last day of all,
Immortal shall rise in a brighter array,
And the spirit shall triumph over the clay !

A large publishing house advertises a new Biographical Dictionary, and asserts that it will contain valuable and reliable information as to all sorts of people. We are ready to subscribe, if the firm he alludes to will inform us whether we shall find in the new work any account of—

People who have lived, but never ought to ;
People who should have lived, but didn't ;
People who have been hanged, that shouldn't ; and of
People who should have been hanged, but were not—

There is more devilty in the world than there is ignorance.

Hope for the Best.

Air: Motte for every Man.

The good times in England are gone to decay:
Great want may be seen everywhere
With poor working-men; they've high ren's to pay,
And, when paid, many cup-boards leave bare;
Provisions are high men's wages are low,
And all kinds of trade is at a stand—
When in want of a meal to their uncle's they go,
Is the case with the poor working-man.

CHORUS.

Still hope for the best, though with impatience burning,
To see all employed, and plenty in the store:
It is a long lane, they say, that is without a turning—
Let's hope the rich will turn their thoughts
towards the suffering poor.

'Tis hard for a man to be in want of a meal,
When everything he has pledged or sold:
In the shops may see food, but must not beg or steal,
He has nothing to keep out the cold;
His sorrows is great: for the wife that he loves,
And his children in rags full of care
In his friends he's deceived—but it's often been proved,
When they are asked they have nothing to spare
Still hope for the best, &c.

The star in the east, 'twas once shining bright,
And plenty of work all around:
The ship-building trade is in a sad plight,
In the workhous a tradesmen are found:
While the rich in their homes with every desire,
Have soft rugs to warm their poor feet—
Poor men try to work to raise food and fire,
At the docks stand for hours in the sleet.
Still hope for the best, &c.

The poor may be seen from the parlor outside:
What a pity that one single door
The warmth of the fire from the poor it should hide,
And the thoughts of the rich from the poor—
Starvation is slaying far more than the sword,
It's made widows and orphans, you'll own;
If the wealthy give money for charity abroad,
The poor should be thought of at home
Still hope for the best, &c.

The Flower She Loves.

Sung by Mr. W. Harrison, in the Opera of "Ruy Blas."

Beside her lattice, every night,
Some gentle flow'rets bloom:
Oh! who would scale that giddy height,
In darkness' thickest gloom?

Who brings these flowers with toil and pain,
Departs and leaves no trace?
Who could those lofty turrets gain,
And why such dangers face?

Nor armed guard, nor lofty wall,
With fear his bosom moves;
Heedless he climbs, with joy risks all,
To bring the flower she loves.

She nothing knows—but still will take
The tribute to her breast—
And all the joy these flowers make,
To no one is confessed.

A letter, too, lay once concealed
'Neath leaves of the bouquet:
Yet its contents were ne'er revealed,
Nor was it cast away.

Nor sentry keen, nor lofty wall
With fear my bosom moves:
Fearless I climb—would hazard all—
To bring the flower she loves!

Why then for such Loving Care?

Sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, in the Opera of "Ruy Blas."

Why then for such loving care
Should I all ungrateful be?
Why, ah! why drive to despair
One who'd give his life for me?

Sure heaven has sent him to protect
The object of Don Sallust's ire:
Dare I then such aid reject
And singly war with treachery dire?

Strange messenger of hope and joy,
Accept my spirit's love;
May happiness without alloy
Your brave kind nature prove!

What is the best Illustrated Paper out? A Bank-Note.

Pretty Rosaline.

'Twas near the banks of bonny Tweed,
And in a flowery dell,
A rustic cottage reared its head:
The traveller knew it well—
For, there a little lassie dwelt,
As fair as beauty's Queen;
Not one so rare, not one so fair,
As pretty Rosaline—
She was so bright, so gay and light,
So meek and mild her mien:
Heaven's own lustre lit the eye
Of pretty Rosaline.

Her aged mother, feeble, blind,
Was Rosa's only care;
Never child was half so kind,
Nor parent half so dear.
To get her food, she'd spin and knit,
Wi' cheerful heart, I ween:
And blind old Jenny fondly loved
Her pretty Rosaline.

But, oh! how gay, at close of day,
They'd wander o'er the green—
Jenny's feeble steps were led
By pretty Rosaline.
A cruel lord, so proud and base,
Sought shelter in the dell:
Enraptured with her bonny face,
He vowed—she trusted—fell!

Betrayed, despised, her spirits drooped—
No more she sought the green:
But like a lily in its bloom,
Died pretty Rosaline.
Her mother dear had none to cheer,
She died that very e'en—
And blind old Jenny sleeps beside
Her pretty Rosaline.

Coney Island.

Myself and Bob went out to ride, in a gallus hoss and wagon;
First we went to Brooklyn, then to Coney Island;
We passed everything on the road—you'd ought
to see us skyling;
We were a couple of gay boys, going to Coney Island!

CHORUS.

Oh my! you ought to see us going
Two-forty on the turf, and the old hoss a blowing!
Oh my! you ought to see us skyling.
We were a couple of gay boys, going to Coney Island!

When we got out the wagon, we was met by the waiter
We called for some roast clams, and a little brandy
and water,
Then we got segars, and went out-doors to light 'em—
I tell you we had a gay time going to Coney Island!

Then we got some flip which made us feel so funny!
And when I came to pay for it, I found I had no money:
The landlord began to talk, my blood it got a bilin',
Then we had a kind of a fight—going to Coney Island!

They took us from the house, and put us in the station:
They fined us five dollars for our intoxication;
The landlord commenced the muss, and we
commenced the fighting,
And I got a punch on the nose—going to Coney Island!

I'm a Model Page.

I'm a model page,
Take me altogether,
Gay as is my coat,
Light as is my feather,
A prettier the ladies say
There's not in the dominion:
And I'm very much inclined
To be of their opinion.

True I am as steel,
To the fair devoted,
Famed for daring, yet
For discretion noted:
A saucier the men all say
There's not in this dominion:
I'm not in the least inclined
To alter their opinion.

De woman dat married a man for a good match, must not be surprised to find him to be a Lucifer.

The Joy of Loving Thee.

The soldier loves his neighing steed,
The bugle's martial sound
He joys to see his fallen foe,
Lie gasping on the ground.
The Sailor—from a giddy height—
Is gladdened by the sea—
But, ah! they never, never feel the joy,
The joy of loving thee!

The tyrant knows no greater charm,
To warm his heart of stone,
Than binding, in his iron grasp,
Dominions not his own—
The miser—o'er his glittering gold
Delights with sordid glee—
But, ah! they never, never feel the joy,
The joy of loving thee!

It's Just as Well to Take Things in A Quiet Sort of Way.

We smile at the unnecessary trouble people take;
For, fortune is not regulated by the fuss we make;
I don't advise indifference, but this I mean to say:
It's just as well to take things in a quiet sort of way.

It's only from experience I find this course is best;
There was a time when I was as impulsive as the rest,
When something like a steam engine my feelings
used to play:
But it's just as well to take things in a quiet sort of way.

When I was some years younger, oh! how pleased
I used to be
In recounting the adventures I had seen upon the spree!
But now about the sprees I have no word you'll
hear me say:
It's just as well to take things in a quiet sort of way.

How easy 'tis to fall in love and vow your heart will break,
And prospects all be blighted for a fickle woman's sake—
I've been in love a dozen times and confidently say:
It's just as well to take things in a quiet sort of way.

Tho' frequently in love I've been more often still in debt,
And years ago, when short of cash, how much
I used to fret—
But fretting is a folly—without money, who can pay?
It's just as well to take things in a quiet sort of way.

I often think this life of ours is something like a race;
"They seldom win who make the running:"
nothing kills like pace!"
A horse that's quick at the start, is seldom good to stay:
And it's just as well to take things in a quiet sort of way.

To rise in your opinion most earnestly I hope,
But promise you I'll never mount the trapeze or the rope;
I fancy, in the long run that common sense will pay,
And it's just as well to take things in a quiet sort of way.

I think of getting married, and can't repress a smile—
For, the maiden whom I fancy, is exactly in my style;
I hope we shall be happy, and think perhaps we may—
For, we both intend to take things in a quiet sort of way.

To please my friends the public, I shall
always do my best:
And when I find them satisfied, my mind will be at rest;
I hope my friendships will increase as I prolong my stay:
For, I still intend to take things in a quiet sort of way.

Good-Night!

Good-night, good-night, good-night!
To all a kind good-night!
Lo! the moon from heaven is beaming
O'er the silver waters streaming:
'Tis the hour of calm delight—
Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night!

Good-night, good-night, good-night!
To all a kind good-night!
Angels like, while earth is sleeping,
Stars above their watch are keeping,
As the Star of Bethlehem, bright:
Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night!

Good-night, good-night, good-night!
To all a kind good-night!
Slumber sweetly till the morning,
Till the sun, the world adorning,
Rise in all his glorious might:
Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night!

Why do thoughtless people strew the sidewalks with the skins of fruit: thereby endangering life and limbs of elderly and infirm persons?

My Little Bunch of Roses.

Words and Music by Wm. H. Delehanty.

Sung by Delehanty and Hengler.

I am waiting here to meet my darling,
And my heart is in a flutter of delight :
For, we kissed last night when we were parting,
And this is where she bid me : " Come to-night. "
When away from her, I am so lonely,
I know not what to do :
But her bright, sweet smile can ever cheer me—
Her heart is warm and true. Oh !
When we kissed, then I saw her pretty blushes,
She turned her face away the blush to hide,
I was happy with my bunch of roses,
My little bunch of roses by my side.

CHORUS.

There is something that I must not tell,
And that is where this maid does dwell ;
In her hair she wears a white camelia,
And a dark blue is the color of her eyes—
And I call her my little bunch of roses,
My darling, charming, captivating prize.

It was in those happy days of childhood,
When first I met this roguish little belle,
By a streamlet running through the wild wood,
Though but a boy, in love with her I fell.
She is now the pride of all the city,
Of Summers, sweet sixteen :
And is called by all a perfect beauty,
A fawn-like, fairy queen, Oh !
Now I meet her almost every evening,
And I think it is the sweetest thing in life
For to walk with the flower of my affection,
Especially when she's soon to be my wife.
There is something, &c.

'Twas an evening when the moon was shining,
The little stars were twinkling far above,
Arm-in-arm we were walking in the garden,
'Twas there and then we both revealed our love.
So I asked her then if she would take me
For better or for worse :
When she smiled on me so very sweetly,
And answered : " Yes, of course. " Oh !
I confess that I never was so happy,
Nor do I think that ever I could be,
Till I've married my little bunch of roses,
With a little bunch of roses on my knee !
There is something, &c.

Where Flowers Blush and Bloom.

Words and Music by Wm. H. Delehanty.

Sung by Delehanty and Hengler.

Melody, simple and pretty, at O. D. Russell's, Boston, Mass.

I took a walk in Spring time,
To while away the hours,
And chanced to see a maiden
A sprinkling budding flowers,
In a handsome little garden,
Around a cottage home,
Where Cupid's ever lurking,
And flowers blush and bloom.
Chorus : Oh ! she's the fairest of the fair,
So like a jewel rich and rare ;
Oh ! I saw her in the garden,
Mid roses' sweet perfume,
And felt the dart of Cupid,
Where flowers blush and bloom.

I often pass the cottage,
In hopes that I may see
This charming little creature,
The dearest one to me.
For, I feel that I have won her,
And hope the day will come
That makes her mine forever,
Where flowers blush and bloom.
Oh ! she's the fairest, &c.

Oh ! yes, I'm very happy,
I'll meet my love to-night,
And that's the very reason
I'm dancing with delight.
Fate doomed her as my partner,
And that shall be quite soon,
We'll know no care nor sorrow,
Where flowers blush and bloom.
Oh ! she's the fairest, &c.

Where the Woodbine Twineth.

SONG AND DANCE.

Words by W. H. Delehanty. Music by Mrs. Delehanty.

Sung by Delehanty and Hengler.

The Music. Published by the Celebrated House of White, Smith & Perry 298—300 Washington Street, Boston, can be obtained at any Music-Store through the United States.

It was where the woodbine twineth,
Behind a floral screen,
In a graceful pose reclineth
A maid of seventeen ;
So enchanting was the picture,
I could not pass it by,
But I stood as if a statue—
For, beauty charms the eye.
Then I saw that she was reading,
To while away the time,
And my anxious gaze unheeding,
Beneath the woodbine vine

CHORUS.

But I love her so, as you may all know,
This pretty little creature on the portico :
It was there we met, I will ne'er forget,
Down where the woodbine twineth. [DANCE.]

There I stood like one bewildered,
What course could I pursue ?
With her loveliness enraptured,
I knew not what to do.
As a balmy breeze then wafted,
Her fan fell on the ground,
While in ecstacy I grasped it :
" Fair maid, your fan I've found. "
Then she smiled and thanked me kindly,
With blushes like carmine,
And she sweetly said she'd meet me
Beneath the woodbine vine.
But I love her so, &c.

The appointed time for meeting,
Was Sunday night at eight :
And what happened on that evening,
To you I will relate :
Now her Pa and Ma were absent,
And she was left alone,
As her parents gave their consent
That she might stay at home ;
So she played the grand piano,
I sang and danced in time,
And we sat on the veranda,
Beneath the woodbine vine.
But I love her so, &c.

There we met, we loved, we parted,
My heart with joy doth swell :
For, to me she breathed a secret,
With : " Darling, don't you tell ! "
But I soon became acquainted
With her Papa and Ma :
She's in every vision painted,
My love, my guiding star.
Now my story's almost ended,
I've married Caroline,
And we live where once we flirted,
Beneath the woodbine vine.
But I love her so, &c.

Sweeter than a Peach.

Original Song and Dance—Sung by Pankhurst and Collins

You talk about your lovely girls,
And charms that never die :
But I've seen the fairest creature
E'er seen by mortal eye ;
She's twice as sweet as honey,
In a school-house she does teach
I pass the door to see the one
That's sweeter than a peach.

CHORUS.

Oh ! Lucy Anna Gessimirma Araminta Screech
Is the prettiest girl I ever saw,
And sweeter than a peach !

The first day that I saw this girl,
At the school-house door she sat :
She waved her fan, and, in return,
I bowed and raised my hat.
For quite a while I stood there,
Near by Arabella Screech :
The first kiss than she gave which was—
Oh ! sweeter than a peach.
Oh ! Lucy Anna, &c.

I called quite often then to see
The idol of my heart :
She promised at some future day
We never more would part.
I asked her first, one evening,
While strolling on the beach ;
She answered : " Yes—" which was to me
Far sweeter than a peach.
Oh ! Lucy Anna, &c.

Widow Machre

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
Och, hone ! widow Machree !
Faith ! it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,
Och, hone ! widow Machree !
How altered your air
With that close cap you wear !
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free :
Be no longer a churl,
Of its black silken curl
Och, hone ! widow Machree !

Widow Machree, now the Summer is come,
Och, hone ! widow Machree !
When ev'rything smiles, should a beauty look glum ?
Och, hone ! widow Machree !
See the birds go in pairs
And the rabbits and hares ;
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree ;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't speak, they wish . .
Och, hone ! widow Machree !

Widow Machree, and when Winter comes in,
Och, hone ! widow Machree !
To be poking the fire, all alone, is a sin,
Och, hone ! widow Machree !
Sure, the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee . .
Yet alone with your cup,
Like a hermit, you sup,
Och, hone ! widow Machree !

Then, take my advice, darling widow Machree,
Och, hone ! widow Machree !
And, with my advice, faith ! I wish you'd take me,
Och, hone ! widow Machree !
You'd have me to desire :
Then, to stir up the fire ;
And, sure, hope is no liar
In whispering to me :
That the Ghosts would depart,
When you'd me near your heart,
Och, hone ! widow Machree !

Apples Four-a-Penny !

Written, Composed and Sung by Frank Bell.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

England is my nation,
Humble is my station.
A green-grocer by situation :
Oh ! how shall I explain ?
Well, I loved a girl called Kitty,
Who sells apples in the City :
Oh me she'll not take pity,
Her love I've tried to gain ;
I've asked her hand in marriage,
I've a donkey and donkey carriage,
And I'd take her down to Harwich,
If she'd but name the day.
But now she goes each morning,
And thro' the street she's hauling
A barrow and loudly calling
In a voice so loud and high :
" Apples four-a-penny !
Here's your fine strawberry,
Damson plums and cherries
You can taste before you buy. "

I oft at market meet her,
And with smiles I greet her,
And I wish to treat her—
As one that I love dear ;
And if I do tell her
Of some bargains I could sell her,
A nasty low lifed fellow
Says : " What do you want here ? "
And if to her I'm speaking,
Perhaps with loud words greeting,
This fellow's always sneaking,
And every word will hear.
And now she goes, &c.

I made up my mind one morning,
Upon this fellow calling,
To tell him of my falling
In love with Kitty dear.
Well I did repent it—
For, he rose his fist and sent it
On my nose and bent it :
What shall I do ? oh dear !
For her I'm always fretting,
The tears my eyes are wetting—
So I'll drown my woes in bottling ;
For, I've always in my jar—
So now she goes, &c.

WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING, ANNIE.

CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

Moderato.

cres.

1. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie, dear, Oh meet me by the stile, To
2. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie, dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be-

p

hear thy gen-tle voice a-gain, And greet thy winning smile, The moon will be at full, love, The stars will brightly gleam, Oh
side the gen-tle flow-ing stream, That both our hearts know well; Where wild flowers in their beauty, Will scent the ev'ning breeze, Oh

come, my Queen of night, love, And grace the beauteous scene, When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Oh meet me by the
haste, the stars are peep-ing, And the moon behind the trees, When the corn &c,

f

stile, To hear thy gen-tle voice a-gain, And greet thy winning smile.

f

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CONTENTS.

At Moonlight's Hour we'll Meet Page 499
A Starry Night for a Ramble 499
AFTER THE OPERA 499
Always Look High and never Say Die! 501
AS GOOD AS GOLD—Music 504
Beautiful Summer! 498
Could Life's Dark Scenes be Changed 498
Come, Let us Dwell in Sea-Girt Dell 498
The DRUNKEN SAILORS 500
Do a Good Turn when You Can 502
Far from Home 498
FORTY YEARS AGO 500
Good-Bye, Darling, I must Leave You 498
The Greeting at the Door 500
The Grecian Daughter 503
GOOD-BYE, DEAREST! 501
The Happy Change 499
The Hope of Return takes the Sting from Adieu! 499
Hope for Ireland! 500
Home, Sweet Home! shall be our Song 502
HOW DAT VAS FOR LOW? 503
It won't Suit Charlotte Baker 500
I'm a Ranting, Roving Blade 502
I'm the Ladies' Beau-Ideal 503
KITTY O'SHAUGHNESSY 499
Kiss Me before I Sleep, Mother 501
Kiss Me, Mother, Ere I Die 503
LONG BARNEY 501
Milly Gray: or My Pretty Little Buckinghamshire-Girl 498
The Man with the India-Rubber Face 499
The Man About Town 501
NIGHT-BIRDS 500
No Prize can Fate on Man Bestow 500
Parody on: There's many a Slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lip 500
Pretty Clare Market Clara 500
PETER PIPER 498
The Press and the Period! 502
Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake, Baker's Man 502
Pretty Maiden, Come Wander with Me 502
POOR HUMANITY! 501
She'd a Delicate Sort of Way 501
The Sweet Little Creature 502
There's a Path by the River 499
WINTER NIGHT 498
Whack for the Honor of Ireland! 501
When Strolling in the Burlington-Arcade 503
Waiting for the Train 503
You never Miss the Water till the Well Runs Dry 498
You See that Brightly Beaming Star 499

SINGER'S JOURNAL.

We take the Liberty to remind our Customers, principally those from the Country, that our place of Business is at No 60 (not 61) Chatham Street, Up-Stairs, First Floor.

Winter Night.

Music at Boosey & Co. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

When the woods are dim and dreary,
And the snow crowns every height,
And the path seems long and weary,
Though the stars shine clear and bright:
When no more the cushno singeth—
For, no leaves are on the tree—
And the hoar frost lightly clingeth
Where the blossoms used to be—
What then? what then? what then?
Why, in spite of wind and weather,
Round the fire that's blazing bright,
We will sing old songs together,
All the merry winter night.

When the winds are dirges singing
For the old, the dying year,
Through the faithful ivy, clinging
To the branches stripped and sere:
When the streams, no longer flowing,
Are in icy fetters bound,
And the burdened clouds are throwing,
Darker shadows all around—
What then? what then? what then?
Why, we'll sing old songs together
Round the fire that's blazing bright:
For, worth all your summer weather
Is a cheerful winter night.

You Never Miss the Water till The Well Runs Dry.

Written and Sung by Harry Linn

When a child, I lived at Lincoln with my parents
at the farm:
The lessons that my mother taught to me were
quite a charm—
She would often take me on her knee, when tired
of childish play,
And as she pressed me to her breast I've heard
my mother say:
Waste not, want not, is a maxim I would teach,
Let your watch-word be: despatch! —and practice
what you preach;
Do not let your chances like sunbeams pass you by:
For you never miss the water till the well runs dry.

As years rolled on, I grew to be a mischief-making boy,
Destruction seemed my only sport: it was my only joy—
And well do I remember, when oftimes well chastized,
How father sat beside me, and thus has me advised—
Waste not, want not, &c.

When I arrived at manhood, I embarked in public life,
And found it was a rugged road, bestrewn with
care and strife:
I speculated foolishly, my losses were severe,
But still a little voice kept whispering in my ear—
Waste not, want not, &c.

Then I studied strict economy and found, to my surprise,
My funds, instead of sinking, very quickly then did rise:
I grasped each chance and always struck the
iron while 'twas hot,
I seized my opportunities and never once forgot—
Waste not, want not, &c.

I'm married now and happy, I've a careful little wife,
We live in peace and harmony devoid of care and strife:
Fortune smiles upon us, we have little children three,
The lesson that I teach them, as they prattle
round my knee—
Waste not, want not, &c.

Could Life's Dark Scenes Be Changed.

Sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, in the Opera of "Ruy Blas."

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Could life's dark scene be changed for me,
Where my heart is, there my hand I'd give;
But duty stern must be obeyed,
With honor stained I cannot live

Woman can rarely choose her state,
By others oft her doom is sealed:
And warmest longing of the heart
For ever must remain concealed.

The fire of genius lights your soul:
Be merciful as you are great—
Oh! spare a woman's weakness now,
Nor madly strive to war with fate.

The gloomy present soon may pass,
Hope's star more brightly shine:
And should this hand be ever free
'Tis thine, and only thine!

Peter Piper.

Sung by Sydney Franks.

What great events will often spring
Out of a very little thing—
And I embittered all my life,
And also lost a loving wife,
Because when I was rather young,
I'd such a very awkward tongue:
And all my hopes have gone astray,
Because I really couldn't say—
Peter Piper picked a peck of peppercorns:
Did Peter Piper pick a peck of peppercorns?
If Peter Piper picked a peck of peppercorns,
Then where's the peck of peppercorns
That Peter Piper picked?

My speech somehow was very bad,
A great impediment I had,
I uttered every word with pain,
And stuttered out "my love" in vain.
And very curious to relate—
Another young man shared my fate,
And he would practice all the day,
In many vain attempts, to say—
Peter Piper, &c.

Both of us courted then, in vain,
A charming girl called Mary Jane:
Her voice was just then in its prime,
Tho' she had stuttered in her time
One day, she called us both and said:
"Look here young men I vow to wed
The one of you who first can say
These few words in a proper way:"
Peter Piper, &c.

When I had practised for a year,
My speech began, to get more clear,
And when a second year passed by,
I could say: "P-P Peter Pi-
Pi-pi-piper pecked a peck
Of Pep pop pecker pop pep pop:"
And when seven years at last had fled,
One day quite perfectly I said—
Peter Piper, &c.

I rushed at once to Mary Jane,
Of Peter Piper sang the strain;
Said she: "You're too late, it appears.
For, I've been married now six years;
The other young man you must know
Said that, more than six years ago,
And gave me then a wedding ring.
And since—Five children who can sing—"
Peter Piper, &c.

Good-Bye, Darling, I Must Leave You.

Written and Sung by Frank Jolly.

Oh! I love a charming girl,
And to her I never shall
Say or do anything that's wrong;
Now 'tis my great delight
To bring her here, each night,
Just to hear a quiet little song.
Good-bye darling, I must leave you!
One more kiss before I go;
I'll be here to-morrow night, if I cannot
come, I'll write
Just a word or two to let my darling know.

Of all the girls that is,
There's none like pretty "Liz:"
For, she's the lovely girl that's stole my heart.
Now I don't wish to boast,
But what grieves me, chaps, the most,
Is when of a night from her I have to part.
Good-bye, darling, &c.

She's a charming girl, I'm sure,
And when I meet her at the door,
On her lips I'm sure to imprint a kiss;
She has such a slender waist,
Rosy cheeks and pretty face,
She's too good, I think, for a world like this.
Good-bye, darling, &c.

Now when I meet my "Liz" to-night,
I think I'll make it right,
And ask her just to be my little wife:
Oh! shan't I feel so gay,
When she names the happy day!
Of course it will end all my care and strife.
Spoken: Ah! my dear Boys, I shant have to say then—
Good-bye, darling, &c.

Beautiful Summer!

Beautiful summer, there's joy on your wing,
Around ye the breath of the flower-bells cling:
There's sunshine and beauty wherever ye play,
Beautiful summer, oh! fly not away,
Beautiful summer, oh! fly not away.

In the forest thy pinions are wooing the trees,
Their green heads to bend to the light happy breeze,
And the flowers look up with a blush as ye fly,
To open their blossoms when summer is nigh.
Beautiful summer, &c.

The bloom of thy flowers, the breath on thy wing,
The sunshine and beauty your happy days bring:
With the cold touch of winter will wither away,
Yet, summer, we'll love thee, tho' doomed to decay—
Beautiful summer, &c.

Far from Home.

The music, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of 277 Washington Street, Boston, can be obtained at the well-known Music-Store of C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway.

Far away from home and kindred,
Sadly o'er the earth I roam,
And my heart is filled with anguish,
As I think of my loved home.
Far from home, all—all are scattered,
All the friends to me so dear:
And in vain are all my efforts
Now to stop the briny tear.

Where is she, that loving Mother,
On whose kind and peaceful breast
Gently, in the home of childhood,
Have I sweetly sunk to rest?
In the grave she now doth slumber,
And her child can only weep
Sad and bitter tears of sorrow
O'er the place her ashes sleep.

Where are they, those tender sisters,
And those loving brothers, dear?
All are scattered, sadly roaming:
None, oh! none are with me here!
Far away from home and kindred,
Lonely o'er the earth I roam,
And my heart is filled with anguish,
As I think of my loved home.

Milly Gray:

OR MY PRETTY LITTLE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE GIRL.

Written and Sung by J. Trowbridge.

Your glasses fill I pray, and drink to Milly Gray,
A charmer who can be surpassed by none—
Tho' a simple country girl, she really is a pearl,
And dearly loved by almost every one.
I never can forget the day that I first met
This charming girl—her face with smiles beaming—
Down by my uncle's Farm, with a basket on her arm,
Taking breakfast to some peasants that were gleaning.
CHORUS.
Then Cupid's little dart, I feel, has pierced my heart,
With joy and pride my heart feels in a whirl:
I'm sure there's not a lass in London, can surpass
My pretty little Buckinghamshire girl.

Now as she tripped along, warbling some pretty song,
I stood and listened, just as if spell-bound:
For, not thinking I was near, she sang with voice so clear
That seemed to float on the air for miles around.
She paused on seeing me and I thought that she must be
A fairy, or 'twas Fancy's daring flight—
Until to me she spoke—then the spell upon me broke—
Thus I fell in love with Milly at first sight.
Then Cupid's little dart, &c.

To you I will describe my darling Mill with pride:
She's as fair as any girl that could be seen.
Blue eyes with teeth like pearls and golden hair in curls:
Of pretty girls she really is the queen.
Her age is twenty-one she's always full of fun,
Her heart is kind and true to the core:
For many miles around, she has always been renowned
For her charity and kindness to the poor.
Then Cupid's little dart, &c.

My love for Milly Gray increases every day,
And in return she dearly loves me, too:
Rich rivals I have got, but I don't care a jot,
I'm sure she will never prove untrue:
She is my joy and pride, and when by her side,
I feel as proud as any Lord, or Earl.
She is soon to be my wife—then I'll love her all my life,
My pretty little Buckinghamshire girl.
Then Cupid's little dart, &c.

Come Let Us Dwell in Sea-Girt Dell.

Ballad by John Goodingham.

Come let us dwell in sea-girt dell,
Where love shall be our only spell:
A palace grand our cot would seem,
Its ivied walls with joy shall teem:
I'll weave for thee a chaplet gay,
While thou dost sing a roundelay.

Then let us haste to yonder shore,
And bide with love for evermore:
A poem shall the wild wave sing
In honor of its queen and king—
And when our barque bounds o'er the crest,
It shall be gentle at thy rest.

Let us away where slandering foes
Their venom cannot interpose
To mar our mutual happy love,
(Long registered in vows above)
There to forget the cold dull throng,
And pass our days 'mid joyous song.

After the Opera.

Written, Composed and Sung by George Leybourne.

After the Opera's over,
Gas tries to outshine the stars :
When half of the world sleep contented,
We'll champagne and smoke fine cigars ;
For, life without pleasure is cold,
And I shouldn't live very long :
But how we survive in the West end,
I'm delighted to tell in my song.

SPOKEN : With a tootle tum tum accompaniment upon the piano from the fair hands of a lady, we sing—

After the Opera's over,
After the Opera's done,
e. gems of the very first water,
With the ladies we tootle tum tum.

I keep my own box at the Opera.
I've racers and hunters as well,
Estates and lands in the country—
So much money I cannot tell !
Then why should I let myself down,
And neither spend money or lend ?
For, money well spent brings joys,
Yes, money was made to spend.
After the Opera, &c.

After the Opera's over,
Belgravia could tell many tales.
And as I am one of its people,
It wouldn't be fair to drive nails—
Suffice me to say that, at night,
We, "Upper Ten," never feel glum ;
We dance, sing and play, till the morn,
With the ladies we tootle tum tum.
After the Opera, &c.

After your business, take pleasure :
But business, by Jove ! I've none :
A fellow to find out his troubles.
Why, hang it—I don't see the fun—
To you that have money to spend,
Just take a lesson by me :
Live in the Squares of Belgravia,
And the pleasures of life you'll see.
After the Opera &c.

You See that Brightly Beaming Star.

Words by L. M. Thornton Esq.—Music by W. H. Weiss.

You see that brightly beaming star,
The nearest to the queen of night !
I never on that planet gaze,
But starting tears obscure my sight ;
To think how oft beneath its ray
I've rambled forth by Mary's side,
And hoped to hail the happy day,
When I should claim her as my bride !—

We ramble side by side no more ;
Yon hillock tells the reason why—
Oh ! if the mansions of the blest
Are those bright orbs which deck the sky,
It never will be deemed a sin
To think that from that world I see,
Amid the pause in rapture's song,
My Mary's looking down on me.

The Happy Change.

A Sequel to the Wife's Dream.

Words by L. M. Thornton—Music by H. Russel.

You asked me, sister, how it was that I appeared so gay,
While evening after evening my husband was away ?
You owned I ne'er did frown or pout, or say an angry word,
Although I'd plenty cause for tears, if all were
true you heard.
I told you how I rashly wished my husband dead might be :
I told to you that dreadful dream so like reality,
And said : if e'er by patience I could change
his wandering life,
I'd bless the hour that dream was sent to his neglected wife.

A bed of sickness, sister dear, with its attendant woe,
Oft teaches us a lesson which in health we rarely know :
We think what then we might have been, and what,
alas ! we are,
And how in dust what we will be, if God our
lives don't spare :
Late hours, the drunkard's cup, for weeks,
has laid my husband low,
When to his side he called me, and fast the tears did flow—
He cried : "for many years I've been a wicked
man, 'tis true :
But God has pardoned all my sins—then, Mary,
will not you ?

How nearly, dear, your awful dream to
me fulfilled has been—
But ever from the darkest clouds are gleams
of sunlight seen :
And from the grave's dread brink I'm raised
a better man to prove
And be what long I should have been to her
who thus can love."

And he has been an altered man, my sister, from that day,
No longer from his wife doth he with his companions stray.
All in one scene of happiness, and oft doth he exclaim :
"Mary, I've lived to bless the hour that visitation came !"

The Hope of Return Takes the Sting from Adieu.

By L. M. Thornton Esq.

The bright star of eve from the heavens was peeping,
The bee homeward fled to add sweets to her store,
As sadly I strayed where no form was intruding,
To muse upon one I might never see more—
O'ercome by my ramble, a slumber came o'er me,
Me thought a bright being appeared to my view,
And chiding my grief, in my ear sweetly whispered :
"The hope of return takes the sting from—Adieu !"

"And who art thou, fair one, that thus
would be cheering
The spirit long bowed by affliction and care ?"
She answered me thus : "I'm her Guardian Angel
Who bids thee look forward and cease to despair."
I rose a new man from that soul-stirring slumber,
And many a day kept the motto in view—
'Twas a light in the darkness, a star in the desert :
"The hope of return takes the sting from—Adieu !"

Kitty O'Shaughnessy.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

I'm a dacint Irish lad ; I was born in Ballyraigan ;
I was christened with great joy afther my father,
Patrick Fagan.
I had a sweet-heart, Kitty ; I coorted her so gayly ;
Oh ! the devil a thought of care had I, as I
twisted my shillaly !
Chorus : Musha Kitty O'Shaughnessy,
She was the girl for me ;
Whack fal de dal de raddy,
Kitty O'Shaughnessy !

Oh ! 'twas herself I coorted, a girl both nate and cosy ;
She said she loved me in return ; her cheeks
were red and rosy.
I had just twenty pounds, and she had seventeen :
Faith ! we'll slap them both together, and
we'll live like King and Queen !
Musha Kitty O'Shaughnessy, &c.

We both set sail for Liverpool, and clapped
our kits together,
And married were so nate and cool, in spite
of wind and weather.
With our money we opened a shop in a business not amiss :
We sould red herrings, mackerels potaties and dried fish.
Musha Kitty O'Shaughnessy, &c.

In business we did well, till one day she was taken ill, sir,
And the doctor nearly ruined me with
sending in a bill, sir.
So, I made a bargain with him : kill or cure !
for twenty pounds so frisky ;
He was a dacint sort of a man, d'ye mind :
for, he stood the naggin of whiskey.
Musha Kitty O'Shaughnessy, &c.

But she grew worse and worse, which made me
quake with fear, sir ;
The doctor he attended her for more than half a year, sir.
Till one fine morn she died, and myself it did bewilder.

SPOKEN : The doctor came in one day—The top o' the morning to you, says he—How the blazes are you ? says I, what can I be afther doing for you ?—I came for that thrifle of money you owe me, says he—What money ? says I—The twenty pounds for attending your wife, says he—Did you cure her ? says I—No, says he—Then, begorra,
You daren't say you killed her.
Musha Kitty O'Shaughnessy, &c.

So, gintlemin, enjoy yourselves, the whiskey
drink like thunder :
Of coorse, you all will own with me : there's
mirth in an Irish blunder :
If ever your wives are taken ill, now
mind you, and be sure :
Make the bargain as I did myself
with the doctor : Kill or cure !
Musha Kitty O'Shaughnessy, &c.

At Moonlight's Hour We'll Meet.

Written by W. Kirwood.

The stars are shining brightly,
At moonlight's hour we'll meet :
The breese upon the rose, love,
Shall kiss thy flushing cheek.
I hear the distant music
Sound welcome to our ear ;
Its echo's true sweet chords of love,
That merry days are near.
Then if that merry tale I hear,
And all within be true,
As sunrise hail the flowrets wild
Or part the early dew :
The bells shall peal—the village folks,
All clad in garments gay,
Shall grace the peaceful sons of muse
Upon our wedding day.

The Man with the India-Rubber Face.

By L. M. Thornton.

Strange freaks of nature are beheld
As thro' this world we stray ;
You have the Siamese twins seen,
And Azteca, I dare say.
It is my lot, before you now,
In turn to take my place,
And prove that I the man am with
The India-rubber face.

When I was born, the nurse, I'm told,
Did quite with laughter shake ;
For, I at her gave such a look
That made her old sides ache.
The Doctor said (it is a fact,
A sure as I'm no lubber)
The face of this unrivalled child
Is made of India-rubber.

As I grew up, unnumbered scrapes,
I managed to get in :
You see my phiz against me was,
Tho' I'd a heap of tin.
When I passed up or down a street,
I had to mend my pace :
For, urchins would shout out : Oh, my!
The India-rubber face !

I've managed, tho', to get a wife,
A very pretty lass.
And I've a son who likely is
His dad soon to surpass.
He pulls a mouth from ear to ear,
His nose doth meet his chin,
One eye is nigh out of his head,
The other has gone in.

I'm going now—but ere I'm gone,
Permit me to inquire
If I have pleased you : if I've not,
The fat's all in the fire—
But, if in looking round, I can
Sweet satisfaction trace,
Right happy will the man be with
The India-rubber face.

A Starry Night for a Ramble.

Written, Composed and Sung by Sam Bagnall.

I like a game at Croquet, or bowling on the green ;
I like a little boating to pull against the stream ;
But of all the games that I love best to fill me with delight,
I like to take a ramble upon a starry night.
A starry night for a ramble,
In a flowery dell :
Thro' the bush and bramble,
Kiss and never tell.

Talk about your bathing or strolling on the sands,
Or some unseen verandah where gentle zephyr fans :
Or rolling home in the morning boys and very nearly tight,
Could never beat a ramble upon a starry night.
A starry night, &c.

I like to take my sweetheart—" of course, you do "
said he—
And softly whisper in her ear "how dearly I love thee !"
And when you picture to yourselves the
scenes of such delight,
You'll want to take a ramble upon a starry night.
A starry night, &c.

Some will choose velocipede, and others take a drive,
And some will sit and mope at home half
dead and half alive :
And some will choose a steamboat, and others even fight
But I'll enjoy my ramble upon a starry night.
A starry night, &c.

There's a Path by the River.

There's a path, by the river, o'ershadowed by trees,
Where people may walk and may talk, if they please :
And, save by a bird, not a sound can be heard—
So do not come there, if you please :
So do not come there, if you please.
I feel that I'm lonely, my mind's ill at ease,
I'm sure it would mend me to feel the soft breeze,
As it plays on the shore, at the hour of four :
So, mind, you don't come, if you please,
So, mind, you don't come, if you please.
There's a path, by the river, &c.

Yet, if others should like to enjoy the fresh breeze,
Some who feel like myself that the mind's ill at ease :
If yourself you should go, I can't help it, you know,
You've a right to walk there, if you please,
If you please, you've a right to walk there,
if you please.
There's a hive near the walk, and I'm frightened of bees :
The gipsies might rob and the urchins might tease,
And really, I fear quite alone to appear :
So I think you may come, if you please,
Yes, this once, you may come, if you please.
There's a path, by the river, &c.

Night-Birds.

Sung by the Great Vance.

The night-birds love the glorious night,
And night's the time for me, boys;
We wake the lark; for, we're abroad
Much earlier than he.
When quiet folks are fast asleep,
Or putting out the light,
Then, like the owls, we sally forth
To pass the glorious night.
We fly by night the birds of flight—
Night is the time for me, boys;
We fly by night, when the moon shines bright:
For, that's the time for a spree, boys.

A night-bird sets his plumage straight,
Before he leaves his nest, boys;
And if not in good-feather then,
To stay at home is best.
We carry with us, everywhere,
Good humor in our flight,
And mirth and wit abound where'er
We pass the glorious night.
We fly by night, &c.

At night we meet with pidgeons, and
With hawks and birds of prey, boys;
And when they disagree and fight,
Policemen stop away.
Or if they're ever seen at all
In regions of a fight,
Of course, they run the wrong man in,
To pass a glorious night.
We fly by night, &c.

But glorious night must have an end,
And daylight comes at last, boys;
Bright chanticleer proclaims the morn,
And tells the night has past.
Then call a hansom, "Cabby, hi!"
The Albany, all right,
A headache p'rhaps—no matter—for,
We've passed a glorious night!
We fly by night, &c.

Forty Years Ago.

'Tis now some forty years ago,
A man was in his prime;
And forty years ago to him
Was then a merry time:
His heart was happy, light and free,
But Time has brought him low—
Still he can with pleasure speak
Of Forty Years ago.

He gave to those who sought his aid,
The poor ne'er left his door:
And shelter to the friendless gave,
For, relief he gave in store—
But age has now passed o'er his head,
He's seen each friend laid low;
And all his youthful days are fled,
Full Forty years ago.

"Now all my once-loved friends are dead,
(The old man breathed a sigh,)
And I am left alone to weep
O'er happy days gone by—
Now every thing to me seems strange,
This land I scarcely know—
All things have undergone a change,
Since Forty Years ago!"

No Prize Can Fate On Man Bestow.

From Balfe's New Opera.
"Satanella, or the Power of Love,"

Sung by Mr. W. Harrison.

No prize can fate on man bestow
Like love in woman's breast:
A light that brightest shines in woe,
And blessing then is blest.
Oh! make but mine one faithful heart,
All other realms above,
Life's varied joys, set all apart,
And leave me only love.

Though I would fain ennobled be,
And win an honored name,
Thy heart's true love is more to me
Than all the wreaths of fame.
If glory, like the mountain snow,
To shine must freeze above,
Let me still live where falls below
The soft warm light of love.

The Drunken Sailors.

A Parson, once, of Methodistic race,
With band new stiffened and with lengthened face,
In rostrum mounted, high above the rest,
In long-drawn tones his friends below addressed;
And while he made the chapel roof to roar,
Three drunken sailors reeled in at the door.
His reverence twigged them—baited fresh his trap—
"New converts for Old Nick and Co to knap!"
The poor pew-opener, too, a grave old woman—
Poor, did I say? Oh! how I wrong the race—
His honor told me she was rich—by rich in grace.

This poor pew-opener, though now thinking right,
Soon as Old Neptune's sons appeared in sight,
With preface of three dismal groans composed,
Her lips thus opened, and her mind disclosed:
"Ye wicked men, conceived and born in sin,
The gospel gates are open—enter in:
Come and be saved, ye fallen sons of Adam."
At which they all roared out: "Oh! dam-me, madam,
Your jawing tackle's at its proper pitch:
Come out, you swab-faced noisy witch!
Go hang yourself, you squalling cat,
What humbug rig is this that now you're at?"

Words such as these, spoke in a sailor's note,
Soon reached the man in black who preached by rote;
And he, tho' a dissenter, which I would remark,
Being no novice, beckoned to his clerk,
Told the amen-man what to say and do.
The clerk that instant leaves his pew,
Goes to the sailors to do as he was bid.
Out-hauls his 'bacco box with—"Dam-me, take a quid?
What cheer, my thundering bucks? how are ye all?—
Come in, my lads, and give your sins an over-haul!"

The sailors roll their quids, and turn their eyes,
And view their benefactor with surprise:
Swore he a hearty fellow was—damning their soul!
So in they staggering went—all cheek by jowl:
Found a snug berth, and stowed themselves away,
To hear what Master Blackey had to say.
His reverence preached, and groaned, and preached again!
And, says my story, it was not in vain:
The plan succeeding which they had concerted,
They went in sinners, and came out converted.

Parody on:

There's Many a Slip 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.

By L. M. Thornton—Music by G. H. Bussel.

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
Believe me, the saying is true:
And if you will listen to what I now say,
I'll very soon prove it to you.
John Adams, he courted the lively Miss Jones,
But never asked when she would wed:
The consequence was, as is often the case,
That some one else asked in his stead.
Oh! there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!

Miss Rose was followed, for many a day
By a steady and handsome young beau:
But the damsel was fickle and valued him not,
But flirting with others would go.
Young Harry the matter turned o'er in his brain,
And to this conclusion came he:
The girl who delighteth with many to roam,
Will never to one constant be.
Oh! there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!

Amelia had thousands bequeathed her, and, oh!
How soon Mr. Smith might be seen—
But the little god, Cupid, had failed to impart
In her bosom his arrows so keen:
Else, and her condition—for, while with his friend,
Mr. Smith soon his sentiments told;
Which a little bird straight to Amelia did take:
"I marry HER—ONLY FOR GOLD!"
Oh! there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!

My moral is plain—first, what's evil avoid:
And my second, don't parley too long;
Remember that this is a wide-awake age,
And much to our actions belong.
Is there any young Gent, at this concert to-night,
With the Girl of his heart by his side?
If you mean all you say, fix the wedding day,
Buy the ring and proclaim her your bride.
For, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!

Hope for Ireland.

Dear land, though the cold and the timid condemn,
We shall struggle for thee in defiance of them;
Till we hail thee as free as the eagle whose eye
Is exultingly turned to his home in the sky!

And like the wild eagle, when guarding his nest,
We'll shield thee in danger or die on thy breast,
Until thy last foeman hath fled from thy shore,
And thy days of dissension and thraldom are o'er.

And then, like that eagle, when scanning afar
The eyrie he knows that no mortal can mar—
Thy sons shall look down from thy land's highest peak
On the plains where a tyrant in vain they shall seek.

It Won't Suit Charlotte Baker.

Semi-Parody on: It don't suit Charley Baker.

Sung by Milly Gibbs.

Ah! gentlemen, you think the girls
Are silly every one,
But I can tell you this: that all
Are not so easily done.
If any fancy I am soft,
Why, try it on they may;
When people try to gammon me,
I always to them say:
Chorus: It won't suit Charlotte Baker,
It don't suit Charlotte Baker;
Wide awake is Charlotte Baker,
It never will do for me—oh, no!

When chaps, moustachoed to the eyes,
I meet with, while I walk,
Who ask me if I'll condescend
In confidence to talk:
Assure me they are captains bold
And in position high:
I keenly look at them and cold,
I make them this reply:
It won't suit Charlotte Baker, &c.

Extortionate cabmen try in vain
To overcharge my fare,
And 'bus conductors soon find out
For them I do not care.
To take me wrong, or charge too much,
Or give short change to me,
When they attempt, then to all such
I say boldly and free:
It won't suit Charlotte Baker, &c.

Of course, I'm willing to be wed,
But this do all I tell:
I won't marry an old greybeard,
Nor rakish fast young swell:
And suitors who no money have,
Had better stay away;
For, live on love alone thro' life
I can't, and so I say:
It won't suit Charlotte Baker, &c.

Pretty Clare Market Clara.

Sung by Harry Evans—Air: Pretty Little Flora.

Of beautiful Belgravia young damsels let them sing,
But I know one, superior to them in everything:
And I'd make her a queen, if I only was a king—
For, no other young girl is fairer.
Her father, he keeps one of the largest butcher's shops,
The Lincoln's Inn young lawyers go there to buy their chops,
And each one licks his chops, too, while lingering he stops
To chat with pretty Clare Market Clara.

CHORUS.

Pretty Clare Market Clara in the butchering line,
With the innocent young lambs I compare her:
While her father is away upon every "killing day,"
I go to court my pretty Clare Market Clara.

It's not for beef or mutton, it's not for meat or bone,
For kidneys, steaks, or cutlets, in love with her I've grown—
Oh, no! I love that butcher's daughter for herself alone,
And, if I could, to Fairyland I'd bear her.
It's not calf love that takes me there three times a week,
It's like their cheek, who say do,
it's bull's cheek there I seek;
Sweetbreads I scorn, while sweet words to
my love I can speak,
So killing looks my sweet Clare Market Clara.
Chorus.

I argue with her father his foreman I might be,
But he knocks down my argument by coolly telling me
I couldn't knock a bull down he plainly can see,
And of a tray out couldn't be a bearer.
Well, if I'm weak in body, I'm very strong in mind;
So I'll wait until the butcher is dead or shop resigned,
To wed the fairest fair, that near Drury Lane you'll find,
The Butcher's daughter, pretty Clare Market Clara.
Chorus.

The Greeting at the Door.

Sung by the Christy Minstrels.

Absence oft has made me weary,
Thoughts of home have made me sad,
All I saw was dark and dreary,
I found none to make me glad.
Now the cottage stands before me,
I see those I love once more,
And they shower blessings o'er me,
As they GREET ME AT THE DOOR.
Chorus: Loving hearts and sweet embraces,
Darling voices as of yore,
Children's kisses, happy faces,
Ever GREET ME AT THE DOOR.

Ah! what happy recollections
Hearty greetings can impart,
And how fleet all our affections
Centred once more in the heart—
Love and friendship run so finely,
As with wings across the floor,
Thus the feeling seems divinely,
As they GREET ME AT THE DOOR. Chorus.

Poor Humanity.

An Original Serio-Comic Song.

Metre of "The Five O'clock Bus."

There's a novel that is "Poor Humanity" named,
But spi aking of that all idea I've disclaimed:
I sing of us "humans"—some high, others low—
Poor creatures at best, tho' some make a grand show.
Tho' we're all of us clay, and together clay sticks,
As brothers, we don't stick together like "bricks."
Fed on turtle, or turnip, maintain it I will:
It is but with all—Poor Humanity still.
Chorus: Whether pampered, and nursed,
Or oft wanting crust,
Poor Humanity, after all, only is dust.

High Humanity gives concerts, dinners, and balls,
Leads fashion, sees pleasure and makes morning calls:
But like Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall,
It oft haps poor humanity has a great fall!
The small ape the great, in expense and display:
Without means, some manage to live very gay,
And not worth a "pony," drive steeds in the Strand:
That is poor Humanity doing the grand!
Chorus.

Poor Humanity thinks a great deal of itself,
It poor enough is when quite minus of pelf:
In tattered clothes showing it can't keep afloat,
No need then to try to pick holes in its coat:
For, there's plenty already, as people descry,
As low Poor Humanity moody goes by.
In seedy habiliments, with heart down-bowed—
That is Poor Humanity under a cloud.
Chorus.

Rich Humanity dresses and spends money free
On that which in time will a skeleton be:
Humanity civic, at banquet and feast,
Imagines itself a small God at the least.
Humanity aping humanity, goes
To Church with gilt psalter, and glossy new clothes:
And Humanity, swindled by bubbles, proves this:
What a quilliible thing Poor Humanity is!
Chorus.

Humanity calls damsels "angels," and "dears:"
Then oft Poor Humanity spoony appears.
When it's charitable, and does so advertise,
Ostentatious humanity people despise.
Humanity clay is, and doubtless that fact
Accounts for so much of it being so cracked.
However exalted, or low 'neath the sun,
It is Poor Humanity still with each one.
Chorus.

The Man About Town.

Air: Howard Paul's "A Bad Lot."

I don't believe papers, nor care to ask questions
About what's going on in this Babylon vast:
I visit saloons, music-halls, and theatres,
Taking stock of this mammon age, flashy and fast,
Gay smiles on the lip hides the heart's bitter struggle,
With many, I see—and this capital's full
Of tinsel and gammon, shams, humbugs, and juggles,
To blind, fleece, and take in unwary John Bull.
CHORUS.
Quizzing the populace, thro' the metropolis,
Reckoning up as I walk up and down:
Eyeing life flowing on, spying what's going on,
I am a wide-awake man about town.

Sensation, indelicate dramas prevailing,
Form oh! sir, an evil, tho' people applaud;
Vile highwaymen novels the boy population
Imbue with a taste for housebreaking and fraud:
Fast girls of the period, chignoned and painted,
Make modesty blush, round the West, after dark:
And rakish young England, from cafés vice-tainted,
And Argyle man-traps, fancy brawling a lark.
Chorus.

Belgravian banquets and civic feasts gaily
Go on, ever on—while within a stone's-throw
Of the revels thro' hunger, poor wretches die daily:
Next neighbors to wealth are want, squalor, and woe!
The land's full of plenty—the Bank millions twenty
In gold has in store; but what matters it all?
While here there's so many, who've no share in any,
To die of starvation up dark alleys crawl!
Chorus.

Miss Rye makes a wry face at poor "gutter children,"
And ships them abroad, but still shiploads remain;
Street ruffians and roughs commit daring outrages,
While householders call for policemen in vain.
Tho' thousands are idle the million can sport it,
In glittering music-halls sorrow to drown;
That the money's all honestly got to support it,
Grave doubts on that point has this man about town.
Chorus.

Dash on! go ahead! never think of the morrow!
Seems the "tip" in this era of splendor and sin;
While Old Nick, no doubt, more in joy than in sorrow,
Looks on with a Mephistophelian grin.
I keep my eyes on, tho' I don't understand all
The doings and rumors—and now I must go:
To slander the dead, or repeat high life scandal,
I've really no leisure, like some, to, B. Stowe (bestow.)
Chorus.

When is a boat like a knife? When it's a cutter.

Always Look High and Never Say Die.

Motto-Chorus, Serio-Comic Song.

Air: Wait for the Turn of the Tide.

We all must fight in this battle of life:
And, tho' we reverses meet,
From the turmoil, din and struggling strife,
It won't do to beat a retreat.
We may be downhearted, but still there no need is
To faint, endure sorrow and sigh;
Be certain the only real way to succeed is
To look high and never say die.
FULL CHORUS.
Dash tears from your eye and never say die,
But wait till the cloud is past:
Dash tears from your eye and never say die—
For, the sun will break out at last.

If you're down in the world, don't have the "hump,"
Eat a crust till on beef you dine.
And be content with a sup at the pump
Until you can quaff port wine.
Look obstacles full in the face, and never
Despair of meeting with a friend;
To raise yourself use every endeavour
And some one will a helping hand lend.
Dash tears from your eye, &c.

Look up for success, not down on the ground,
And keep bravely pushing ahead;
The philosophers' stone was never yet found,
By illusions don't you be led.
You must trust in yourself, work night and morning,
Be up when the lark's in the sky;
Be ever sloth and dram-drinking scorning,
Stick to it, and never say die.
Dash tears from your eye, &c.

The sons of toil have become Lord Mayors,
Ploughdrivers have risen to fame,
And shepherds have filled professors' chairs,
And, my boys, you may do the same.
Then stick to labor and never weary,
Be honest in word and deed:
And remember if one day is dreary,
A bright one is sure to succeed.
Dash tears from your eye, &c.

She'd a Delicate Sort of Way.

Written and Sung by John W. Lloyd.

Now I'm in love with a pretty little dove,
Her name's Matilda Green:
Her hair it hangs in ringlets,
And she's only seventeen.
I met her out, one summer's morn,
When for a trip one day:
Admired her because she had
Such a delicate sort of way.
Chorus: Oh! such a pet, I'll ne'er forget,
My sweet Matilda Green!
For she was just the girl for me,
And only seventeen.

I raised my hat, her thus addressed:
"The morning's very fine,"
She raised her head and sweetly smiled,
As I drew her arm in mine.
We walked and talked for an hour or more,
And found such lots to say.
And I felt quite enchanted with
Her delicate sort of way.
Oh! such a pet, &c.

She told me she was staying at
A grand Hotel close by,
Invited me to step inside.
Says she: "You won't deny."
Well, in I went, for Dinner there,
And wine I had to pay:
But how could I resist her,
And her delicate sort of way?
Oh! such a pet, &c.

I asked her to meet me the very next day,
Says she: "Indeed I will."
And though she cruelly did deceive,
I feel I love her still.
Next day I went, she was not there—
But judge of my dismay,
When I saw her out with another swell,
In her delicate sort of way!
Oh! such a pet, &c.

As I passed by, she smiled and bowed—
The fellow gave a grin
Then laughing very plainly proved
How I'd been taken in.
So now some other girl I'll find,
And her addresses pay.
But I'll have one who has not got
Such a delicate sort of way.
Oh! such a pet, &c.

Whack for the Honor of Ireland!

My heart is as sound as the heart of shillelah,
Old Honesty's made it as warm as a toast:
With love and affection 'tis glowing so gaily,
And, sure, fair Fidelity isn't my boast—
When the piper strikes up, why jig it away,
Look loving, dear joy, when I've nothing to say,
And when battle rages, I battle away,
With my too rol. lol. lol. &c.
Whack for the honor of Ireland!

Since my head was as small as an apple-potato,
I followed the sound of a drum and a fife:
Yet love, well as war, with the smiles of good nature,
Smoothed sweetly the wrinkles and furrows of life.
When the piper strikes up, &c.

A friend never axed, when distress played the devil,
A lift from myself, but I halved him my all:
And in fight, Och! the conquered found Larry so civil,
He lifted them up when he'd gi'en them a fall.
When the piper strikes up, &c.

Kiss Me Before I Sleep, Mother.

Words by Miss Nelly Power—Music by R. Lee.

Sung by the Christy Minstrels.

Kiss me before I sleep, mother, and
turn the light down low,
Kiss me and do not weep, mother—why do you tremble so?
Why do you stand beside my bed, my sister
and my brother?
Why do you weep? your eyes are red,
what is the matter, mother?
Kiss me before I sleep, mother, and
turn the light down low,
Kiss me and do not weep, mother—why do you tremble so?
CHORUS.
Kiss me before I sleep, mother,
Kiss me and do not weep, mother:
Kiss me before I sleep, mother,
Kiss me and do not weep, mother.

I think I'll soon be well, mother,
I'd such a pleasant dream—
I wandered through the dell, mother,
down by the dancing stream;
And, oh! I passed such happy hours thro'
bush and brake and fell, mother:
I danced and culled such lovely flowers—yes,
I shall soon be well, mother,
I think I'll soon be well, mother,
I'd such a pleasant dream—
I wandered through the dell, mother,
down by the dancing stream.
Chorus.

Where have you put the light, mother?
what voices are they that sing?
What are those forms so bright, mother,
that hover on heav'nly wing?
Oh! yes, I'll soon be strong, altho' again
you weep, mother:
Good-night! I shall be well ere long,
kiss me before I sleep, mother.
Where have you put the light, mother?
what voices are they that sing?
What are those forms so brigh, mother,
that hover on heav'nly wing?
Chorus.

Long Barney.

Did you ever hear tell of Long Barney,
Who came from the sweet grove of Blarney,
From the turn of whose eye, the girls would all sigh—
For, they all had a liking to Barney?

Did you ever hear tell of his fighting,
A thing that he took great delight in?
When he handled his stick, how the boys he would lick,
He'd floor them all round, would Long Barney.

He went to the fair, it being Easter,
In his pocket he'd many a tester:
There he met Biddy Twig and wid her he'd a jig,
And fell deep in love, did Long Barney.

Then into a tent he did take her,
To give her a drop of the crather:
With his arms round her waist, her sweet lips he did taste,
She cried: "Och! you'll smother me, Barney!"

Then in came big Darby O'Brien,
Who for Biddy had long had an eye on:
"Arrah! Biddy, said he, come over to me,
And don't sit there listening to blarney."

Said Barney: "I'll soon make you toddle,"
And hit him a crack on the noddle,
When whack went their sticks on the floor Darby kicks—
Faith! he dusted his jacket, did Barney.

Said Barney: "Tis Biddy for you then,
The devil I'd fight it is true then.
And if any spalpeen dare step out on the green—
Faith! I'll scuttle his nob," cried Long Barney.

And then he sat down by his Biddy,
While the fighting and punch made him giddy:
He buzzed in her ear: "Sweet Biddy, my dear,
'Tis yourself I will marry," said Barney.

With a good deal of blushing and twisting,
She at length said: "There is no resisting.
And my father Tim Twig, says he'll give a pig
To the man that will marry me, Barney."

"Sure my father will give me another,
And we'll soon make them sister and brother:
And wid children and pigs, little Barneys and Twigs,
We'll soon stock the cabin of Barney."

Why are soldiers apt to be tired in the month of April? Because they've just gone through a March.

Pat-a-Cake, Pat-a-Cake, Baker's Man.

Sung by James Hillier.

This baker is going to sing you a lay
Of courtship and marriage : so listen I pray.
I could not resist a temptation so great
As the dear little angel who settled my fate !
Whilst strolling thro' Kensington Gardens one day,
The dear little beauty I overheard say—
Or rather she sung to the babe on her knee.
The following rhyme that so much amused me.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man :
So I do, master, as fast as I can.
Pat it, and prick it, and cross it with T,
And toss it in oven for baby and me.

So I sat myself down on the seat by her side,
She blushed, and endeavored her sweet face to hide :
She, of course, left off singing and tried all she could
To keep her dear child quiet : but it would not be good.
I thought this a first rate excuse just to speak,
And my doing so brought a fresh blush to each cheek.
As I begged she'd repeat what I'd just heard her sing
For the dear little babe's sake, and it proved just the thing.

SPOKEN : For, strange to tell, the little darling was soothed directly it heard her silvery voice sing—

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake &c.

We soon became friendly, as you may suppose ;
I fell plump on my knees, and there did propose
That we should be wed—for, on that I was bent.
She replied she'd be willing if " Pa would consent ! "
So I called on her Pa, a Baker by trade.
Who had not long ago retired with the money he'd made ;
He gave his consent, and his blessing beside.
And in a month from that day, I made her my bride.

SPOKEN : And why do you think he consented ? Because he discovered I was musical ! and was therefore just the youth to become his Son-in-law—Son-in-law to a Baker ! ecstatic idea ! A musical Baker, with a voice of exactly one octave register from Do to Do ! and didn't he rub his hands with delight, when he heard me sing—

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, &c.

I have been married a year, and a week, or two more :
I feel, oh ! so happy, I ne'er felt before,
I feel I could fly ! if I only had wings—
For, I've lately been blessed with a pair of odd twins :
A boy like his papa, and a girl like her mamma,
And they'll both soon be able to sing out loud " tatta : "
And I'm going to teach them all, in good time,
This very old fashioned nursery rhyme.

SPOKEN : Fancy me a parient of a little male cherub on his side, and a wee-female cherub on this side—fancy six in the morning ! this one awakes, pats my face—tickles my nose and says with its little childish treble " pap, pa-a-a : " the one on this side repeats the operation, varying it only by saying : " Dad da-a-a " I open my eyes and say : " What, my pretties ? " they reply by placing their tiny little hands together in this fashion and singing—

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, &c.

Pretty Maiden, Come Wander with Me.

Oh ! come—for, the lilly is white on the lea :
Oh ! come—for, the blossom is now on the tree :
The lark sings with dew on her wings and her feet,
The thrush pours its ditty loud, varied and sweet—
We will go where the dew on the violet hath been,
And with flowers I will weave
thee a crown of a Queen :
Then come, pretty maid, come wander with me—
'Neath the shade, pretty maid, of the
old hawthorn tree.

Oh ! haste—for, the shepherd hath wakened his pipe,
And led out his flock near the backberries ripe :
The bright sun is tasting the dew on the thyme,
While gay maidens dance to the old village chime :
There is joy in the heavens and gladness on earth—
So come to the sunshine and join in the mirth :
Then come, pretty maid, come wander with me—
'Neath the shade, pretty maid, of the
old hawthorn tree.

The Sweet Little Creature.

Air : Savourneen Deelish.

Oh ! well I remember that sweet little creature
That lives in the cot, at the foot of the hill,
Whose smiles and good-humor adorn every feature
And close by her cot runs a murmuring rill :
Her cot is adorned with sweet woodbine and roses,
Her mouth, when she speaks such perfection discloses—
Her breath, too surpasses the sweetness of roses :
I'd give all the world, could I once call her mine !

I met her, last night, when my heart nigh forsook me :
She blushed like the rose as I took her hand—
And sweetly exclaimed : " Sir I think you've mistook me,
Or if not, your meaning I don't understand. "
" Believe me, said I, love, I do not mistake thee,
You alone have my heart and I ne'er will forsake thee.
I pledge thee my word, if it happy will make thee,
And all for the honor of calling thee mine. "
She quickly replied : " I've a father and mother,
Whose age now demand my tenderest care ;
They look up to me—I've no sister or brother
To help me provide them their day's humble fare :
But if you are sincere, sir, in what you've repeated,
Oh ! come to my parents, oh ! you'll be kindly treated,
And with their consent, when my duty's completed,
The heart I possess I'll repay with my hand. "

Home, Sweet Home Shall Be Our Song.

When in happier days we wander,
Fair and bright the scene may be,
They'll but make the heart grow fonder
Of the Isle beyond the sea :
Then our heart will still be grieving,
With affection deep and strong,
For the land we now are leaving,
Home, sweet home shall be our song !

Where the blue sea, proudly swelling,
Leaves the dim and distant shore,
Far from every human dwelling,
Where the mountain torrents pour :
When at eve we sadly ponder,
As we rove the woods along,
Whereso'er we're doomed to wander—
Home, sweet home shall be our song !

I'm a Ranting, Roving Blade.

Whoo ! I'm a ranting, roving blade,
Of never a thing was I ever afraid :
I'm a gentleman born, and scorn a trade,
And I'd be a rich man, if my debts were paid.

But my debts are worth something, this truth instil—
That pride makes us fall, all against our will :
For, 'twas pride that broke me—I was happy, until
I was ruined all out by my tailor's bill.

I'm the finest guide that ever you see,
I know every place of curiosity,
From Ballinafad unto Tanderagee :
And if you're for sport, come along wid me.

I'll lade you sportin' round about :
We've wild ducks and widgeons, and snipe and throut,
And I know where they are, and what they are about,
And if they're not at home, then I'm sure they're out.

The miles in this country much longer be,
But that is a saving of time, you see :
For, two of our miles is equal to three,
Which shortens the road in a great degree.

And the roads in this place is so plenty, we say,
That you have nothing to do, but find your own way :
If your hurry's not great, and you have time to delay,
You can go the short cut—that's the longest way.

Good-Bye, Dearest !

Written and Sung by W. Kirwood.

Oh ! dearest, I must leave thee,
Demaris, we must part :
We've struggled long with poverty,
For brightest shores I'll start.
Though all enticing riches
Perhaps be well with thee :
No heart so true on earth I love
As thou so dear to me.

When I am distant from you,
And on the briny sea,
The dangers of the deep I'll brave,
When thou art far from me :
And if that gold it be I seek
Across the foaming main,
That day will then be happy
To return to thee again.

But what are riches here on earth ?
A mere child's toy of sorrow :
'Tis like the rose to-day may bloom,
And fade again to-morrow :
Why leave the land that gave me birth,
Bid those I love adieu ?
Then good-bye, Dearest, for awhile,
My faithful, fond and true !

Why is a nail-post in the wall like an old man ? Because it's in-firm.

The Press and the Period !

New Serio-Comic, Satirico, Semi-Politico Song.

For Lady or Gentleman— Air : Par Excellence.

I'm an observer, you must know,
Connected with the Press,
To reckon up this Period
Of tinsel, shams, and dress.
Oh ! what startling, strange sensations
Turn up this land we're in :
And Divorce Court revelations,
To make old John Bull grin !

CHORUS

No land excels us, in fashion and display :
In England, as in France, dash on's the time-o'-day.
None to excel us can get half a chance :
In fact, in this fast period, ahead we do advance.

Here some can " work the oracle, "
Who do not work for bread ;
While others for a pittance bare
May work till nearly dead.
Little boys are set plough-driving,
And poor young damsels must
Toil hard, thro' long hours striving
To earn a daily crust.

SPOKEN : Ah ! and if the mighty power of the Press didn't fight against the money power of the Period, poor boys would reap less benefit by the reaping machine, and many more poor girls would only sow the seeds of death by the sewing machine, to destroy the human machine, yet—as the fashionable journals say—

No land excels us, &c.

While high life plays dishonest tricks,
The Press thinks it high time
A stigma it should cease to fix
On low life's petty crime.
The wealthy have few temptations
To lead them far astray ;
But the poor have hard privations,
And die on the Queen's highway.

SPOKEN : " But who cares ? says Fashion. Isn't this a free and glorious Christian country ? and—"

No land excels us, &c.

The girls adopt the " Grecian Bend, "
With chignons huge and tall :
The gents, as on their way they wend,
Affect the " Roman Fall : "
The ladies with feet extensive,
Or small as any shrimp,
Go hoppity, hop, assuming
The " Alexandra Limp. "

No land excels us, &c.

Our workhouses are full of poor,
Our jails are full of Tramps :
M. P.'s secure elections pure (!)
By aid of ruffian scamps :
It's a game of hocus-pocus,
That makes the devil grin—
But the motto of the Period
Is : " go ahead to win ! "

SPOKEN : Yes, that's the spirit of the Period—And things are only kept from collapsing up in a grand squash—hollow—slap-bang—smash, by the spirit of the Press, while we sing—

No land excels us, &c.

Do a Good Turn When You Can.

It needs no great wealth a kind heart to display :
If the hand be but willing, it soon finds a way.
And the poorest one yet, in the humblest abode,
May help a poor brother a step on the road.
Oh ! whatever the fortune a man may have won,
A kindness depends on the way it is done :
Though poor be our purse, and narrow our span,
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.

The fair bloom of pleasure may charm for a while,
But its beauty is frail, and inconstant its smile :
Whilst the beauty of kindness, immortal in bloom,
Sheds a sweetness o'er life and a grace o'er the tomb—
Then if we enjoy life, why, the next thing to do
Is to see that another enjoys his life, too :
And though poor be our purse, and narrow our span,
Let us all try and do a good turn when we can.

I'm the Ladies' Beau-Ideal.

COMIC SONG—Sung by Wm. Sinclair Lawlor.

Words by Geo. Cooper—Music by Ricd. Steirly.

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I promenade the street, each day, the gayest of them all,
The Belles they like the Grecian Bend, but
I the Roman Fall;
I'm dressed in killing style the fair sex love me well—
They call me everywhere: "The dashing Broadway swell!"
CHORUS.
For, with nobby tile, and elegant Moustache—
Up and down the crowded street bound to cut a dash—
Fascinating every pretty Belle—
I'm the ladies' beau-ideal, the dashing Broadway swell!

I sport a fine distingue air, and swing a little cane:
And as for spotless kids and coats, I've got
them on the brain—
I scatter 'round the cash: the tailors know me well:
In fact, I'm quite the rage—the dashing Broadway swell!
For, with nobby tile, &c.

One day, I met a charming girl,
her cheeks were like the rose:
She looked at me: I'm sure she did—
admired my gorgeous clothes—
I found out where she lived—I hired a chap to tell—
Thinks I: "She can't resist the dashing Broadway swell!"
For, with nobby tile, &c.

'Twas then I thought to settle
down by settling up my bills—
A wealthy wife is just the thing to cure all human ills!
"What! wed a tailor's sign!"
these were the words that fell!—
They took my breath from me—
the dashing Broadway swell!
For, with nobby tile, &c.

So I'm a bachelor, you see, a gorgeous butterfly!—
Where champagne corks are popping
round. Oh! there my boy, am I!
The best, you know, for me! in style I do excel!—
I bid you "au revoir!" the dashing Broadway swell!
For, with nobby tile, &c.

Kiss Me, Mother, Ere I Die.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Kiss me, mother, ere I die,
Let me feel thy soft caressing,
Ere I in the cold grave lie—
Give me once again thy blessing,
As you blest me when a boy.
When of life's bliss I was dreaming—
Years have wrecked those ships of joy,
And no star of hope is beaming:
Oh! kiss me, mother, ere I die,
Let me feel thy soft caressing,
Ere I in the cold grave lie—
Kiss me, mother, ere I die—
Kiss me, mother, ere I die—
Once again your child caress,
Soothe, oh! soothe my dying hours, dear mother,
Kiss me, kiss me ere I die!

Kiss me, mother, ere I sleep,
Never more on earth awaking:
Nay, I would not have you weep,
As my soul its flight is taking:
Do not weep for him who goes,
From a world of care and sorrow,
To a sweet and last repose,
Where there comes no fading morrow.
Oh! kiss me, &c.

Kiss me, mother, ere I die—
Sweeter far will be our meeting,
Past the pearly clouds that lie
Where the sun the morn is greeting:
Theft upon my pallid brow
Press thy loving lips with gladness:
Death is painless to me now,
Thy sweet kiss hath banished sadness.
Oh! kiss me, &c.

The first step only costs us remorse. This alludes to the entrance of young persons into vicious courses. Remorse strikes him at his first deviation from the paths of virtue, and the inward monitor conveys reproof; but at every repetition, repugnance becomes weaker, and, at length, sins of the deepest dye cease to affright him who before had trembled at the commission of even venial transgressions.

How Dat Vas For Low?

Composed and Sung by Alfred K. Gregory, of Philadelphia.

Air: Belle and Swell.

Yust look of me, und vait till you see
Vat I'm gone to tole you yust now:
Dat's all apout a leetle Deitcher gal,
Vat's directly gone to been mine frau—
lier eyes vas yeller, und her hair vas plue,
She always looks yust so—
Mit her purble green dress, vat she vears for de best,
Und "how dat vas for low?"

CHORUS.

"Oh, my! Oh! she looks yust so—
Dere don't vas none can peat her in
dis land, I know:
Oh! she vas got so sphunky, und
got such pully grit—
Vas Katarina, Margaritta, Josephiena Schmidt.

Oh! she is salesman in a lager-beer zaloon,
Und keeps dem pretzels nice:
Limburger Cheese, Rhine Vine, und odder tings
Besides dat beer on ice.
I goes of dat place efery day
To got my lunch, you know:
Und ven I laff of dat pig mouth,
den she hits me of de snoud—
Says: "How dat vas for low?" Chorus.

She tole me den she'd haf me soon:
Dat makes me feel so glad!
But maybe ven ve vas got tied,
Den she vil dreat me pad—
I tole her of she done dat same,
Dat I vill vay me go,
Und go to de Shudge, und got a DEVORCE,
Und "how dat vas for low?" Chorus.

When Strolling in the Burlington-Arcade.

Sung by Harry Rickards.

The Burlington's the place, by Jove!
the promenade of town,
Where dressed in style up to the nines.
I canter up and down:
Where pretty girls collect and heavy swells parade:
They're only seen inside the Burlington-Arcade.

CHORUS.

When strolling in the Burlington-Arcade,
Strolling in the Burlington gorgeously arrayed:
Strolling in the Burlington-Arcade,
I'm the beau of Burlington, of Burlington-Arcade!

'Twas in the Burlington-Arcade I often used to see
A lovely creature whom I thought would suit me to a T:
I introduced myself, and such impression made—
They can't resist the Beau of Burlington-Arcade!

SPOKEN: There's something about me the dear creatures can never resist especially—
When strolling, &c.

Although I captivated her, she wouldn't tell her name,
But said that I should see her
there next evening if I came:
Accordingly I went to meet this charming maid,
And buy her something in the Burlington-Arcade.

SPOKEN: Yes, some pretty little trinket, such as an eight-day clock or a rabbit-clutch to hang round the lovely creature's neck—
When strolling, &c.

I went into a Jeweller's to buy a locket rare:
A pretty girl was serving behind the counter there:
I did not notice her until the cash I'd paid,
Then saw she was my love of the Burlington-Arcade.
When strolling &c.

A man was standing by, to whom she
spoke in loving tones,
And introduced him to me as her husband Mr. Jones:
I did not like his looks: so tracks I quickly made,
And now we never meet in Burlington-Arcade.
When strolling, &c.

The Grecian Daughter.

Oh! never heed, my mother dear,
The silent tears I shed:
Indeed I will be happy here,
But ask me not to wed—
By day, you shall not see me weep,
Nor nightly murmur in my sleep:
But ask me not to be a bride—
For, when my own dear Lara died,
I kissed his brow—I breathed a vow:
Oh! ask me not to break it now.
Oh! never heed, &c.

He was the first love of my heart,
My last love he will prove:
But, mother, we will never part,
Name not another love:
At morn I decked him for the fight,
I bathed his blood-stained brow at night:
And now in his cold grave he lies—
There is no joy for these sad eyes:
Speak not of bridal robes to me—
No, mother, no, it cannot be!
Oh! never heed, &c

Waiting for the Train.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

While I was standing on the platform, waiting for the train,
There I met the girl who's been the cause of all my pain;
I often wonder whether I shall ever see again
That girl upon the platform, waiting for the train—
She was dressed so charmingly, and looked so very neat,
The prettiest of faces and the tiniest of feet:
Her hair it hung in curls, and her voice was low and sweet:
I thought she was the loveliest I ever yet did meet!

SPOKEN: Yes, I thought her one of the sweetest creatures I'd ever met, and considered it very lucky that I happened to be

CHORUS.

Standing on the platform, waiting for the train,
There I met the girl who's been the cause of all my pain;
I often wonder whether I shall ever see again
That girl upon the platform, waiting for the train!

She said: "Pray, sir, can you tell me how
long the train will be?"
Said I: "I'll, I go and ask the guard,
he better knows than me."
She said: "I thank you kindly, sir for your gallantry."
And then she blushed so prettily with such sweet modesty—
We had not long to wait: for, the train it soon was there,
And then into a carriage I did hand this lady fair;
There was lots of room for both of us—for,
no one else was there,
A circumstance that pleased me very much, I do declare.

SPOKEN: Yes, we had it all to ourselves: so I made up my mind to have a pleasant chat with the charmer I met, while
Standing on the platform, &c.

I asked if she objected to my indulging in a smoke,
She answered no—we on did go, and pleasantly did joke,
I told her I was single, and of love to her I spoke,
But from my dream of happiness I very soon was woke:
When we got to Mugby Junction, there this lady gay—
Began to scream and call out in a very funny way.
The guard rushed to the carriage without the least delay,
And found this lady in my arms—she'd fainted clean away.

SPOKEN: There was a nice position for a single young man to be placed in—and I began to wish I had not been
Standing on the platform, &c.

We got her from the carriage, and I was in a precious stew,
And then with salts and vinegar we quickly
brought her to;
When she cried: "I've been insulted, and
you villain, 'twas by you!"
Pointing straight at me—oh, dear! I
scarce know what to do,
I protested I was innocent—to believe
me they were slow,
Then she sent for the police, who
quickly came, you know.
They said that to the station-house I should have to go;
Oh! wasn't it a cruelty for her to serve me so?

SPOKEN: Yes, when they told me they were going to lock me up, you might have knocked me down with a scaffold pole, and all through
Standing on the platform, &c.

They took me to the station-house: the
place was dark and drear—
But she contrived a note to send,
the contents you shall hear:
She said: "If I'd pay five pounds my character to clear,
She'd not press the charge against me,
and at court would not appear."
I showed the note to the police, and very soon 'twas plain
That she was an imposter, and extortion was her game.
They found she was a very old offender at the same,
So they let me free, and liberty I quickly did regain.

SPOKEN: Now, gentlemen, allow me to give a word of advice: never get into a carriage alone with a lady—for, they are not to be trusted: or if you do, you will rue it, and be served out like your humble servant
BLEWITT.
When standing on the platform, &c.

Money earned with little labor, is generally spent with little consideration.

Those who know not how to love, rarely experience great enjoyment; and those who do love, frequently suffer deep griefs.

Continue adding a little to what was originally little, and you will form a great heap.

Hunger finds no bread bad, but makes all things palatable, and is therefore the "best sauce."

AS GOOD AS GOLD.

Written by FRANK W. GREEN. Composed by ALFRED LEE.



3 When matters go a little wrong,
And fortune seems to frown,
If one's a wife as good as gold,
One can't be long cast down;
For when I reach my home at night,
She does not fret or scold;
But always greets me with a smile,
And that's as good as gold.

4 Contented folks are happier
Than those who've greatest wealth;
For gold does not buy happiness,
Nor can it purchase health,
My wife and I will be content,
When we have both grown old,
To be as happy then as now,
And that's as good as gold.

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CONTENTS.

Artful Joe	Page 507	MISS MOLLY O'RIGGE	507
All the World's a Congreve Box	511	My Good Old Darkey Homie	509
ALL FOR MONEY—Words	511	My Own Dear Home	510
All for Money—Music	512	MY LAND	507
Boyhood's Years	506	Meet Me with a Kiss	511
BEHIND THE CURTAIN	507	Nancy Bell	509
Carry the News to Mary	511	Nelly Darling	510
Do you think the Moon could have seen us?	508	ONE BOTTLE MORE	507
Down the Burn, Davie	509	Oh! for Wings to Soar!	509
The FIRE-BRIGADE	506	O God! Preserve the Mariner	510
The Flaming O'Flanigans	507	Oh! Let Me Dream of Former Years	509
The First Kiss	509	The OLD BROWN COT	510
How to Cure a Cough	509	Orphan Boy's Song of Home	510
I'm thinking now of thee, Jamie	506	Old Friend of Youth	510
I LOVE THE GENTLE MOON-LIGHT	506	Oh! had I but Alladin's Lamp!	511
I'm a Happy little Wife and I don't Care	509	PARODY ON: KATTY DARLING	507
I'll ne'er get Drunk again	511	The Road to Fortune's Onward, Boys!	506
In vain, tho' Banished from thy Heart	511	Rorty Sam	508
JERRY RIDDLE	510	SAMMY DOESN'T CARE	508
Little Pigs	509	The Sunday Morning Band	508
Molly Doolan	507	The Song of the Lower Classes	508
		The SPINNING WHEEL	508
		There's Sunlight in Heaven	506
		Truth and Rhyme	506
		TO FRIENDS AT HOME	508
		Useful Knowledge	506
		Why do you Lovely Virgins Mourn?	508

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SINGER'S JOURNAL.

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REMEMBER:

60 Chatham Street, Up-Stairs, 60
First Floor. (Opposite William Street.)

Useful Knowledge.

Air: Learned Man.

Listen all, both short and tall,
Wise and foolish, great and small;
I boast of the wisdom of St. Paul—
Prove positive, decisive,
I've deeply read philosophy,
Politics and JAWGRAPHY—
So, now I'll make you as wise as me,
If you will be submissive.
These are sober truths, I vow,
Pay attention to me now;
And as the end you will allow
That mine is useful knowledge.

A heartstone's not a Flanders brick,
The Devil's mostly called Old Nick;
A candle's always got a wick,
A polecat's ont a poker;
A joey's not half a crown,
Wormwood Scrubs is not of town,
A white chemise cannot be brown,
A cobbler's not a broker.
These are sober truths, &c.

The belly-ache is not the gout,
Elder wine's not bottled stout,
Rice-pudding is not sour-crout,
A boot-jack's not a barrow:
The Bible is a holy book,
A lady's maid is not a cook,
A cockatoo is not a rook,
And a sea-gull's not a sparrow.
These are sober truths, &c.

Christmas comes but once a year,
There's not much strength in table-beer,
What's far off cannot be near,
And Irish is not Latin:
A flower-pot is not a dish,
No one's fond of stinking fish,
To have the spasms none would wish,
And leather is not satin.
These are sober truths, &c.

A hackney-coach is not a truck,
A person poor is out of luck,
A billy-goat is not a duck,
A tough goose can't be tender:
A mackintosh is not a shirt,
A walking-stick is not a squirt,
A steady woman's not a flirt,
And a frying-pan's not a fender.
These are sober truths, &c.

With bricks they don't build wooden walls,
They don't make tripe with velvet shawls,
And Good Friday seldom falls
On Saturday or Sunday:
Bread is very good with cheese,
Buggs are twice the size of fleas,
Pigs'-heads never grow on trees,
A Tuesday is not Monday.
These are sober truths, &c.

A beet-root's not a cavalcy,
A woman never was a boy,
Crying is no sign of joy,
A trombone's not a fiddle:
A hornpipe's not a galopade,
Whatever's soft cannot be hard,
A half-a-mile is not a yard,
And the side is not the middle.
These are sober truths, &c.

A ripstone pippin's not a plum,
Gin and butter is not rum,
A double bass is not a drum,
The kitchen's not the garret:
Boiling water's always hot,
A sober person's not a sot;
A pint of porter's not a pot,
And a donkey's not a parrot.
These are sober truths, &c.

I'm Thinking Now of Thee, Jamie.

Sung by Mr. H. Walker.

I'm thinking now of thee, Jamie,
And not of time's decay;
I love your few old locks, Jamie,
Although they're turning grey.
I have no mem'ry of regret,
Though shades and change there be:
I only hope to linger yet,
As happy still with thee.
I'm thinking now of thee, &c.

I'm weeping not for thee, Jamie,
'Tis joy that makes these tears
I'm thinking but how fast, Jamie,
Have fled away our years—
And though my steps are feeble grown,
Your old kind face I see,
To speak of happy days we've known,
And many more with thee.
I'm thinking now of thee, &c.

Boyhood's Years.

Ah! why should I recall them—the gay,
the joyous years,
Ere hope was crossed, or pleasure dimmed
by sorrow and by tears?
Or why should mem'ry love to trace
youth's glad and sunlit way,
When those who made its charms
so sweet are gathered to decay?
The summer's sun shall come again
to brighten hill and bower—
The teeming earth its fragrance bring
beneath the balmy shower:
But all in vain will mem'ry strive—in
vain we shed our tears—
They're gone away and can't return—
the friends of boyhood's years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid
me now count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized—
the days to come no more—
The happy days of infancy, when no
guile our bosoms knew,
Nor recked we of the pleasures that
with each moment flew?
'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the
past a dream appears:
And where are they—the loved, the young,
the friends of boyhood's years?

Go seek them in the cold church-yard—
they long have stolen to rest;
But do not weep—for, their young cheeks
by woe were ne'er oppressed;
Life's sun for them in splendor set—no
cloud came o'er the ray
That lit them from this gloomy world
upon their joyous way.
No tears about their graves be shed—but
sweetest flowers be flung—
The fittest off'ring thou canst make
to hearts that perish young—
To hearts this world has never torn
with racking hopes and fears—
For, blessed are they who pass away
in boyhood's happy years!

There's Sunlight in Heaven

There's sunlight in Heaven,
There's calm on the sea,
Perfume on the flower,
And bloom on the tree:
With nature as beaming
As nature can be,
And all around smiling,
Oh! smile thou on me!

With fondness unfading,
With pinion as free
As birds that hath wandered,
Flies home o'er the lee:
With spirits as ardent
As feeling can be,
And its passion renewing,
I come, love, to thee!

I Love the Gentle Moon-Light.

Written by J. W. Lake, Esq.—Composed by S. Glover.

I love the gentle moon-light,
When its silver steps are seen,
With the village lads and lasses
Gaily dancing on the green:
With their faces full of pleasure,
And their hearts from sorrow free,
To the merry music's measure—
Oh! the gentle moon for me!

I love the gentle moon-light,
When it smiles upon the flower,
Like a mother o'er her first-born,
Sleeping in its cradle bower!
There is glory in the sunset,
When it sinks beneath the sea:
But the moon-light is so lovely—
Oh! the gentle moon for me!

The Fire-Brigade.

Sung by Annie Adams,

Music at Boosey & Co., 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I'll tell you of my Willie, oh a jolly chap is he,
I am so fond of Willie I know he's fond of me!
We're going to be married that's if all things go on right
And I shall be so happy when I am Mrs. White!
He tells me that he loves me, and I believe it, too
For I know my darling Willie would never be untrue.
That he will e'er deceive me, I'm not at all afraid,
For, he's a dashing fellow in the Fire Brigade!
CHORUS.
Oh! he's such a jolly fellow, is my Willie White,
With his hatchet by his side and his helmet all so bright
Where'er his duty calls him, he never is afraid,
Like all the dashing fellows in the Fire-Brigade!

Some girls may like a Soldier, or sailor, or marine
And some with a Policeman may think themselves a queen
While some may say they'd only have a
fellow with a trade,
And some will say they'd rather live and die an old maid
But I know this I can say, and I always speak my mind:
A braver set of fellows, I know, you'll never find;
In fact, I mean to say they throw all others in the shade,
Those brave and dashing fellows in the Fire-Brigade!
Oh! he's such a jolly fellow, &c.

But, 'pon my word! sometimes you know,
I'm in a dreadful fright,
To see the Engine rushing by—it's a most alarming sight,
I tremble for my Willie, and feel dreadfully afraid—
For they run so many dangers in the Fire-Brigade!
But, then, how dreadful it would be, when
there are lives to save
If there were no one to be found, who
would the dangers brave!
I think you must agree with me they can't
be too well paid:
For, they risk their lives for others, in the Fire-Brigade!
Oh! he's such a jolly fellow, &c.

Then, may my Willie, and his mates, be
ready night and day—
I'm sure when duty calls them the call they will obey;
I'll ne'er believe the cry for help will e'er be made in vain.
They've proved themselves brave fellows and
so they will again.
Then, let us give them all a cheer—it's
nothing more than right—
There's one I know, deserves it well and
that's my Willie White—
To go thro' fire and water they never are afraid:
Then hurrah for those brave fellows in the Fire-Brigade!
Oh! he's such a jolly fellow, &c.

The Road to Fortune's Onward, Boys.

The road to fortune's onward boys
And all who strive will find—
Prosperity lies in the front,
Adversity behind.
Oh! never flag, but persevere,
She'll guide you on the way:
For Fortune ever smiles on those
Who dare and do, and say—
Chorus: The road to Fortune's onward, boys,
And all who strive will find—
Prosperity lies in the front,
Adversity behind.

In peaceful life in battle's strife,
With pen or sword the same—
Oh! never fear, but persevere,
'Twill lead to wealth and fame
Though rough the path though long the way,
Yet think not of the past:
But look in front and bear the brunt—
You'll reach the goal at last.
The road to, &c

Then, courage! America, 'tis certain
Shall prove, o'er land and sea,
Whate'er she dares she'll surely do,
No matter what it be—
There's better days in store for us:
The cry rings far and near—
That victory's crown shall give renown
To those who persevere.
The road to &c

Truth and Rhyme.

A country poet, after looking about over life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion:

"Oh! I wouldn't live forever,
I wouldn't if I could;
But I needn't fret about it—
For, I couldn't if I would."

Try it.—A rapid and emphatic recital of the following simple narrative is an infallible cure for lisping: "Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs: Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs: Hobbs with Snobbs robs Nobbs's fobs." "This is, says Nobbs, the worst of Hobbs' jobs and Snobb's sobs."

Behind the Curtain.

Serio-Comic, Descriptive Medley.

Introductory Recitative.

"There's a skeleton, 'tis said, in many a cupboard:"
The saying's old as tales like "Mother Hubbard,"
Illusions on the stage charm the spectator:
But on life's stage, there are illusions greater!
The dull world—audience, who applaud and titter—
Only behold the brilliant tinsel—glitter.
Before it, all looks bright, but it's quite certain
The scene is different, behind the curtain!
Chorus; Raise the footlights! ring the bell!
Let the thrilling music swell!
On the scene the curtain's rose,
Let's see what it does disclose!

Air: Up a Tree.

There's struggling gentility—without the possibility
To pay its way—makes a display, tho' sorely it's in need:
And when the curtain's drawn aside—the
mask completely torn aside—
You see what efforts born of pride
it makes to give a "feed."
Appearances up keeping still,
Go supperless to sleeping will,
And visitors don't see
They live a week—on "bubble-and-squeak!"
scant dinner, and less tea!
Chorus: Before their guests all wittiness,
Daughters to wed, all prettiness!
Behind the curtain bitterness,
And regular up a tree!

Air: Temple Bar.

A rich old fool has bought a young bride—
Fair young bride—his pet and pride—
Bright May to cold December allied,
Sold, by some manœuvering mar!
In front, all colour-de-rose it looks,
So it looks—but girls know their books!
And, 'ere the husband "drops off the hooks,"
A lover's more favored far.
Chorus: To all appearance, happy they are,
No family jar—their bliss to mar:
Before the world, as sweet as sugar—
But, behind the curtain, it's different far!
Raise the footlights! ring the bell! &c

Air: Curly Little Bow-wow.

There's quiet looking folks
Ignoring fun and jokes,
When they in public appear:
Who now an angry word
Between them e'er heard:
They'd faint at the bare idea—
And few people have conjectures,
Long and bitter "candle-lectures"
The lady mightly spins anyhow,
To each other so comformng,
Out of doors—but inside storming.
With a daily blow-up row, row, row.
Just the curtain draw aside
To give a glance inside,
And you'll hear a jolly row, row, row!
Raise the footlights! ring the bell! &c.

Air: Up in a Balloon.

We've banks, assurance Cos'ffices, too,
Loan offices, agencies "a. cee.," a few—
Right, fair and square to the public view,
All brass outside and inside, too!
Appearing so firm, who'd think they'd fail?
But to see they're inso vent, draw the veil:
Behind the curtain they're "cooking accounts,"
And totalling up fictitious amounts!
Raise the footlights! ring the bell! &c.

Air: Polly, put the kettle on.

The fair and frail ride in the "row,"
Like stately, happy queens:
Tho' what their misery? none can know,
But those behind the scenes
Some fancy they, while dashing by,
Must happiness posses
With every luxury wealth can buy,
Gems, equipage, and dress:
In public—silvery laugh and smiles:
In secret—blinding tears!
Before the curtain—witching wiles:
Behind it—boding fears!
Only draw the curtain up,
The curtain up—the curtain up—
Only draw the curtain up,
On the reality:
Quaffing sorrow's bitter cup,
And gin-death in a glitter cup,
Envying girls who get a cup,
Honestly, of tea!
Raise the footlights! ring the bell! &c.

Air: Shabby Genteel.

Before the gay scene, the stern tragedy-man,
You would think, had perpetual "blues;"
Behind it, he proves, with a pipe and a can,
He's the jolliest chap to amuse.
In front, funny clown, with jokes brings the "house down:"
But behind he's all sorrow and care—
And the fair ballet girls in front decked with pearls:
Behind, haven't a penny to spare!
CHORUS.
In front, we only view the ideal,
The truth of the matter must try to conceal:
We are but the sham, and a glance we must steal,
The curtain behind, for the real!
Raise the footlights! ring the bell! &c.

Molly Doolan.

The shamrock is a purty weed
When first the bright dew tips it;
Ould Irish whisky lubricates
The throat of him that sips it:
But though these same I much admire—
Wid me the passion rulin'
Is fondness for a Kerry maid,
A certain Molly Doolan.
(Singing) Tol lol lol, &c.

As mere "gossoons" our love began,
Increased as we grew oulder:
Bedad! I never shall forget
When first my love I tould her.
She gave her eye a saucy twisht,
She thought that I was foolin':
But I squeezed her waist and kissed her lips—
"Och, sure!" cried Molly Doolan.
(Singing) Tol lol lol, &c.

Said she: "You can't support a wife,
You know yez cannot, Barney."
But soon I made her hould her peace,
I trapped her with my blarney.
Said I: "I've fifteen pounds a year,
I've never had much schoolin':
But two can live as cheap as one."
"All right!" said Molly Doolan.
(Singing) Tol lol lol, &c.

One Bottle More.

Assist me, ye lads, who have hearts free from guile,
To sing in the praise of old Ireland's Isle,
Where true hospitality opens the door,
And friendship detains us for one bottle more—
One bottle more, one bottle more—
And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

At a tavern, one night, I will sing of a set
Of six Irish blades who together had met:
Four bottles a-piece made us call for the score,
And nothing detained us but one bottle more—
One bottle more, one bottle more—
And nothing detained us but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,
For, friendship had grappled each man by the heart,
Where the least touch you know makes an Irishman roar:
So a whack from shillelah brought six bottles more—
Six bottles more six bottles more—
A whack from shillelah brought six bottles more.

Now Phœbus now peeped through the window so bright,
Quite happy to view her blessed sons of the light:
So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
And the next time we meet we'll have twelve bottles more—
Twelve bottles more, twelve bottles more—
And the next time we meet, we'll have twelve bottles more.

Artful Joe.

Sung by George Leybourne.

Oh! my Father was the owner of a baked potatoe can,
My dear old darling Mammy was a charwoman,
My sister spliced a merchant wot goes about with coke,
My brother was the celebrated Chickaleary Bloke.
But he's a one see's a party, what knows his little book,
Although he hasn't travelled quite so far as Captain Cook:
You can take your Alfred David, that's
straight enough, you know,
You'll have a job to find a yob like Artful Joe.
CHORUS.
I can do a little shuffle with a thimble and a pea,
I'm up to every fakement, whatever it may be:
I'm known about the country wherever I may go,
You can't put the topper on to Artful Joe.

When I was only ten years old I've heard my mother say
When I was quite a baby, I'd such a taking way—
And when I was only twelve years old, a queer
complaint I had:
They called it kleptomania and I had it very bad.
The old folks tried their best this here complaint to cure,
But no! 'twas all in vain, break out 'twas certain sure—
But picking oakum cured me for! I didn't feel the same:
So I turned my pretty talents to a different sort of game.
I can do a little, &c.

I can't stand those guns wot does the prigging, 'tain't:
A man wot isn't honest, he's not a pal-o' mine:
For I once went on a visit to that crib at Holloway,
I didn't like the treatment, so found it didn' pay;
So now I goes to races, I'm known at all the fairs,
I does the country Yokels before they is awares:
The fakement with the three cards bring
the mopesses about,
My Coveys, I find honesty the best of games wot's out.
I can do a little, &c.

What kind of money do the ladies prefer? Matrimony.

The Flaming O'Flanigans.

Oh! now I'm of age, and come into my property,
Devil a ha'porth I'll think of but fun!
'Tis myself I'll be putting the ladies in joppardy,
Just for to prove I'm my daddy's own son.
Och me! Miss Malone, I'll teche you civility,
Judy O'Doddy, escape—if you can.
I'm that I'll show yez the sweet sensibility,
Lovin' most women, and fearin' no man.
For, that was the way wid all the O'Flanigans,
From the first bud of them down to myself:
And wasn't my mother, besides, of the Brulagans?
Why shouldn't I be a comical elf?

Oh! the racing and coorsing, and hunting and shooting,
The clattering of glasses, and batt'ring of skulls:
The dances where I'll be upon the best footing
With Irish Miss Murphies and English Miss Bulls:
The nate little parties of pleasure we'll row to,
The rows and the ructions, and devil knows what—
The Dunns that I'll bate black and blue, by my soul, too,
And the jules, that 'll ind the very first shot
For, that was the way with the Flaming O'Flanigans,
From the first illigant boys of the name:
And wasn't my mother, besides, of the Brulagans?
Why shouldn't I be a cock of the game?

Miss Molly O'Rigge.

At Cork lived Miss Molly O'Rigge,
With a nose like the snout of a pig;
Long carroty locks,
And ten pounds in the stocks,
Was the fortune of Molly O'Rigge:
What a beautiful Molly O'Rigge!

Tom Treacle loved Molly O'Rigge,
A part little tea-dealing prig!
Says he: "Molly, my dove,
My heart's brimful of love."
Says she: "Grocer, I don't care a fig."
What a hard-hearted Molly O'Rigge!

"I hate men, quoth Molly O'Rigge,
In love they're a mere whirligig.
But Cornelius O'Whack
Gave her heart such a smack,
That to church both capered a jig:
What a hearty Molly O'Rigge!

Says the tea-dealer: "Molly O'Rigge,
My heart is with jealousy big."
Says she: "Hold your clack,
I'm now Mrs. O'Whack,
I'm no longer Molly O'Rigge."
Good-bye, Mrs. Molly O'Rigge!

Parody on: Katty Darling.

Oh! Katty, my darlin', your rest I'll be breaking:
For, the crow of the ould cock is heard on the hill,
An' the dew from his cape now the peeler is shakin':
Yet, Katty, my darlin', you're slumbering still—
Och! have ye's forgotten the promise ye's made me,
Of yer bed and yer board wasn't I to have part,
For a week, for a month, if I liked it, for ever?
Then, dearest, wake up, hear the voice of my heart.

Wake, Katty, my darlin', arise from the floor now,
And the slim that is out with a lucifer light:
Och! where is the bell, that once hung at thy door, now?
Arise in thy beauty and let's in to-night.
Och! Katty, och! murder! the rain is fast fallin':
To think now that only a door should us part—
May be you've no ears, so you can't hear me bawlin'
Oh! why are you deaf to the voice of my heart?

My Land.

She is a rich and rare land.
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver—
Her women's hearts soft waver,
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my cost divine.

She's not a cold or cold land?
No! she's a warm and bold land,
Oh! she's a true and old land—
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her
And virtue still reward her,
No foe could cross her border—
No friend within it pine!

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
Oh! she's a free and rare land,
Yes she's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine.

The Sunday Morning Band.

Lady's New Serio-Comic Song.

Air: The Hallelujah Band.

I had a martial lover, once who nob'le looked and grand—
A trombone-player in the Horse-Guards'
Sunday Morning Band.
His air was "militarina," his hair was black as jet,
And the way his whiskers wood to
curl I never shall forget!
He was a handsome fellow and it nearly broke my heart,
When with his regiment far away my hero did depart:
He went out to New-Zealand with zeal and valor bold.
But whether he got shot or not I've never yet been told.

CHORUS

Ah! you may travel Pall-Mall round the West or Pimlico,
Che sea Belgravia, or all through the Strand,
But you will never see such a one as courted me,
My military lover in the Sunday Morning Band.

It was one fine Sunday morning, down in St. James's Park
Playing on his bright brass instrument
I first beheld my spark:
Before the soldiers went to Church, the
band played merrily,
And Peter Pipeclay—that's his name—he
fell in love with me.
I had a situation where no followers were allowed,
And he couldn't come to see me, tho' of
him I was so proud!
So where the soldiers did parade, I went
each Sunday morn.
To listen to the band, and see him—but, alas! he's gone!
Ah! you may travel Pall-Mall, &c.

A finer man you wouldn't see upon a whole day's march:
We often used to meet at night just by the Marble Arch.
I saved up all my wages, and he took care of his pay
To wed—but to the Colonies my Peter went away.
Now whether he got tomahawked or naturally died,
Got eat up by the natives wild or took a tattooed bride—
I cannot tell—but I know well, while sleeping all alone,
I dream of Peter Pipeclay playing tunes on his trombone.
Ah! you may travel Pall-Mall, &c.

To Friends at Home.

I thank you most sincerely, friends,
I thank you all to-day,
For thoughts and tears and holy prayers
That have tracked the exile's way;
For wishes that have followed him
Where'er his footsteps wend,
And most of all I thank you
For the Shamrocks that you send.

I greet the little wanderer,
No longer poor or banned,
And closely to my heart I press
The emblem of my land;
And gaze upon the triple leaf
With wistful, longing eyes,
And as it were a fellow-man,
Address it in this wise:

"Methinks as 'long the parapet
You stole, your footsteps fell
Right clearly on the list'ning ear
Of the pacing sentinel;
Right clearly, too, he heard the splash,
As you swam across the moat,
And little dreamed a rebel hid
Beneath the "WARDEN'S" coat.

Oh! Shamrock, little Shamrock,
My blessing be on you;
You mind me amid strangers here
Of warm hearts and true—
You mind me of a happier time,
And so my thoughts will stray
To the sunny hills of Ireland
And the old friends far away."

The Song of the Lower Classes.

We plough and sow, we're so very, very low,
That we delve in the dirty clay
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know—we're so very, very low—
'Tis down at the landlord's feet.
We're not too low the grain to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.

Down, down we go—we're so very, very low—
To the hell of the deep-sunk mines;
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
When the brow of a despot shines:
And whene'er he looks upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay
We're far too low to vote the tax,
But not too low to pay.

We're low, we're low—mere rabble, we know—
But at our plastic power,
The world at the lordling's feet will grow
Into palace, and church, and tower.
Then prostrate fall in the rich man's hall,
And cringe at the rich man's door.
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low,
Yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride.
And what we get and what we give
We know, and we know our share.
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low—
And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
Through the heart of the proudest king.
We're low, we're low—our place we know,
We're only the rank and file:
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil.

Why do Yon Lovely Virgins Mourn?

Why do yon lovely virgins mourn,
Like drooping lilies wet with dew?
And why around yon marble urn,
Spring's choicest roses do they strew?
Alas! the sweetest rose is gone!
By Shannon's stream it fell:
The brightest star that ever shone,
Hath bid the sickly earth farewell!

Of Roderick's noble race was she,
The gentle maid we loved so much—
And fair she was as eye could see,
She boasted Nature's finest touch:
And mild and comely was the youth
For whom she fondly sighed:
Oh! timid love and heavenly truth
Seemed in this glowing pair allied.

But sad and fatal was the morn,
That e'er he joined the martial throng:
Alas! from thence was no return,
And loud was heard the funeral song—
Her eye was fixed in silent grief,
Nor long was sorrow's dream:
For, death soon brought the wished relief,
And plucked the rose by Shannon's stream.

The Spinning Wheel.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning.
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting,
Is crooning and moaning, and drowsily knitting—
"Eileen achora, I hear some one tapping."
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eily, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'Tis the sound, mother dear of the summer wind dying."
Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel,
while the foot's stirring:
Sprightly, and brightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's the noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong, that old song of The Coolan?"
There's a form at the casement—the form of her true love—
And he whispers with face bent: "I'm waiting for you, love:
Get up on the stool through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring, &c.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers:
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily swings now the wheel round,
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound:
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings,
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stopped
their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by
moonlight are roving.

Sammy Doesn't Care.

Written by G. Sidney—Air: Sensations.

All men have their trials: Misfortune makes a call,
Without respect to persons, visits one, and all;
Of troubles, like most others, I have quite my share.
I always trust in Providence: for, Sammy doesn't care.

Of either my Papa or Ma, myself or no one knows:
The son I am of some one: often did suppose
Some great Lord or Bishop grieves for his son, and heir:
But, Ladies, don't you weep—for, Sammy doesn't care.

Honesty my motto is: I always carry out
Everybody honest is, till by somebody found out:
What Nature sends for all mankind, I expect my share:
If I cannot get it, helps myself—for, Sammy doesn't care.

Some are to a Parish left, as a Legacy:
Some on door steps have been left, that was my destiny:
Some have to CARVE their fortunes, I CHISEL mine with care:
To a shaving am not 'tik'lar—for, Sammy doesn't care.

Like the quality I dine, every day at six,
On COLLAR'D beef or ornaments half a pound at six.
To the opera in the cut, after dinner, I repair,
My pickwick in the Boxes smoke—for, Sammy doesn't care.

One night at the opera, a Lady fancied me,
Married were by register, now have off-springs three:
Of an increase to the family am perfectly aware,
Tho' Nature will be Nature still—yet, Sammy doesn't care.

So my pedigree you've heard, who and what I am:
Amusement have afforded is the hope of Happy Sam—
Should Misfortune on you fall, never should despair,
Nill Desperandum, just like me—for, Sammy doesn't care.

Rorty Sam.

Written and Sung by J. Trowbridge—Air: Artful Joe.

Now you've heard of Artful Joe, and you've
heard of Ikey Bill,
That dashing job who went to France
to see the "Gay Mabille:"
The style of both these knowing youths
is looked upon as grand—
But against this job as rivals for long they will not stand.
For, I'm the cove that tops them: in fact, they all confess
From East to West there's not a swell with
such a style of dress:
But I see you all look curious and wonder who I am?
Well, allow me to inform you that I'm known as Rorty Sam.

CHORUS.

Now did you ever see such a Ikey card before?
My togs are up to "nix," but they
loook immense, I'm sure:
I'm a Lardy Dardy Coster and I'd have you all to know
I'm known as Rorty Sam, my pals, wherever I may go!

Now I earn my money honestly, tho' I like
to do the grand—
I've as nice a little round as any Coster in the land,
And it still keeps on increasing: the reason I'll confess,
Is because I captivate the girls, with my dashing
style of dress.
But I've got a little Donah, her name it is Flash Kate,
She is a regular c ipper, pals, she is and no mistake:
When we go out on a Sunday, Oh! how the people stare.
They think that I'm some Duke, and
she a Duchess. I declare.
Now did you ever see? &c.

To the Garden, Field, or else the Gate, each
morning I take a drive,
And you should hear the Costers cheer directly I arrive:
They proudly lead my donkey and quickly clear the way,
Then they shout: "Hurrah! here's
Rorty Sam, the hero of the day!"
They know full well beneath my coat
there beats an honest heart:
For, I always do my best to play an upright honest part;
If I meet a chum that's in distress I help him all I can:
To start him in his graft again is the style of Rorty Sam.
Now did you ever see? &c.

Do You Think the Moon Could Have Seen Us?

BALLAD.

Words by Willie A. Pabor—Music by J. R. Thomas.

Do you think that the moon could have seen us,
As we stood with your white hand in mine,
And the words that you uttered so softly,
Seemed to me like a whisper divine?
Did you think when the time came for parting,
And we wondered the hour was so late,
There was any one near us to hear you,
When you kissed me last night by the gate?
Chorus: There was somebody near us to hear us,
There was somebody out just as late:
For, the whisper went by, in the moonlight,
That you kissed me last night by the gate.

There were Katy-Dids hid in the willow,
And they must have heard all of our talk,
And the love-words we uttered so softly,
Must have gone up to them from the walk:
For, one said "you did," while another
Cried "you did-n't," all thro' the long night,
While I thought, as I went thro' the moonlight,
If you did, you at least had a right. Chorus.

In the years that are coming, my darling,
We need care not tho' early or late:
Other Katy-Dids keep up the story
As to what was done down by the gate:
And the moon can betray us no longer,
Tho' beneath it my coming you wait:
For, by right of the ring on your finger,
You can kiss me again at the gate. Chorus.

I'm a Happy Little Wife and I Don't Care.

Written by Watkin Williams—Sung by Kate Harley.

What a blessing thro' life is a happy turn of mind,
Face wearing smiles and a look ever kind!
'Tis just the case with me. I never despair,
I'm a happy little wife, and I don't care.
Of course, I had my slights, when a young and loving maid:
But as to break my heart I never was afraid:
Tho' hard to shun a tear, I'd a smile summon up,
And for a breach of promise I ne'er had one up.
I can dance, I can sing,
I can work, I can play,
I can chirrup like a cricket,
And I'm merry all the day:
I laugh away sorrow,
And never despair.
I'm a happy little wife,
And I don't care.

Now husbands have their faults, depend upon it, wives:
You make matters worse by plaguein out their lives;
If they tumble home drunk, about half past four,
Let them on the carpet have their sonorous snore.
In the morn let your eye twinkle out a sly smile,
Depend they'll be looking ashamed all the while.
Then sing while breakfast you cheerily prepare:
That's the way to cure a husband, and I don't care.
I can dance, I can sing, &c.

If the kettle tumbles over, and puts out the fire,
And spoils all the crumpets you've buttered by desire
Of your husband, who's just coming in to tea,
Laugh and say: "What a good nigger I'd be!"
He may look precious black, but not blacker than you:
But 'tis no use crying: "Oh! what shall I do?"
Send him out to smoke his pipe, and breathe the fresh air,
While you brush away the blacks singing: I don't care!
I can dance, I can sing, &c.

That reminds me my sister was a steak cooking brown,
When half a peck of soot from the chimney came down,
And filled up the pan, while she trod upon the cat,
Which down in the kitchen prostrated her flat.
She fell against the table, knocked that over, too,
Smashed plates and dishes, of her best pattern blue:
Her husband coming in then, didn't he stare!
She said: "I ain't hurt, John," and I don't care.
I can dance, I can sing, &c.

They may chaff 'bout crinoline, say they can't near us get:
Well, as for the latter we have no need to fret:
If they were ten times bigger, the men I'll be bound,
Would, like flies round a sugar tub, come "bobbing around."
They say we are expensive in dress and all that:
Say a feather don't become us in our pork-pie hat:
But I deem it all nonsense as to what I shall wear,
I'm a happy little wife, and I don't care.
I can dance, I can sing, &c.

If the children are cross I put them all to bed,
Give them each a bit of sweet stuff and tuck in each head:
Wait up for my husband, that is if I'm inclined
Or go to bed contented, with no trouble on my mind:
Or perhaps I may go out and take a quiet walk,
Drop into a friend's for a little friendly talk.
But I never tittle tattle about others, I declare,
I'm a happy little wife, and I don't care
I can dance, I can sing, &c.

Then outside a buss, with skirts rather wide,
They say it's not genteel for ladies to ride:
On the box, beside the driver, 'tis my delight to sit,
I give him a cigar to let me hold his whip:
They say in men's apparel we ladies don't look well,
But 'tis my opinion that we cut a pretty swell.
And the gents may determine to have a good stare,
They may stare all their eyes out, but I don't care.
I can dance, I can sing, &c.

How to Cure a Cough.

One Biddy Brown, a country dame,
As 'tis by many told,
Went to the doctor (Drench by name:)
For, she had caught a cold!

And sad indeed was Biddy's pain,
The truth must be confest,
Which she to ease found all in vain:
For, it was at her chest.

The doctor heard her case—and then
Determined to assist her;
Prescribed—O tend'rest of men!—
Upon her chest a blister!

Away went Biddy—and next day
She called on Drench again:
"Well, have you used the blister, pray—
And has it eased your pain?"

"Aye, sur, the dame with curtsey cries,
Indeed I never mocks:
But—bless ye—I'd had no CHEST the size,
So put it on a BOX!

But lo! sur, it be little use,
It never 'rose a bit:
And you may see it, if you choose—
For, there it's STICKING yet."

Nancy Bell.

Written by J. Trowbridge—Sung by George Herbert

Kind friends, I am in love
With such a little dove,
She is such a little charmer, Oh!
It was in the month of May,
When she stole my heart away,
While driving down the dusty
road to the Derby, oh!
The Derby, oh! the Derby, oh!
While driving to the Derby, oh!

CHORUS.

But you should see my Nancy Bell,
She is such a charming girl:
She's the sort of girl that's always happy and gay,
She is the darling of my heart,
And from her I'll never part,
We are going to be married next Derby day.

As I trotted on so fast,
A gig I quickly passed,
And in it seated was my charmer, oh!
My hat to her I raised,
Back on me she sweetly gazed,
And won my heart, while driving
down toward the Derby, oh!
The Derby, oh! the Derby, oh!
While driving to the Derby, oh!
But you should see my Nancy Bell, &c.

Her Pa, a nice old gent,
On driving was intent:
So my bouquet unto her I did throw:
Then by signs she sweetly asked
Me not to draw so fast,
So I checked my horse, and drove
slowly toward the Derby, oh!
The Derby, oh! the Derby, oh!
I drove slowly to the Derby, oh!
But you should see my Nancy Bell, &c.

Now arriving at the stand,
I offered her my hand,
And a seat by my side, you must know:
She all others did excel,
'Twas remarked by every swell
She was the queen upon the stand
down at the Derby, oh!
The Derby, oh! the Derby, oh!
I shall never forget that Derby, oh!
But you should see my Nancy Bell, &c.

But since that happy day,
Some months have passed away,
And Nancy's to be mine, you must know:
We've resolved our wedding day
Shall be in the month of May:
And, for our wedding trip, we'll
drive down to the Derby, oh!
The Derby, oh! the Derby, oh!
We'll drive down to the Derby, oh!
But you should see my Nancy Bell, &c.

Oh! for Wings to Soar!

Air: Prima Donna Waltz.

Oh! for wings to soar
O'er the dark blue sea,
Speeding from this exile shore,
To live and die with thee—

CHORUS.

The year seemed bright, when hope's soft star
Shone out its light across our way:
And every hill and vale afar
Was gladdened with its ray.

Oh! for one sweet word
Whispered in mine ear;
Stirring as it oft have stirred
My heart with memories dear!

Chorus.

Oh! for one bright smile,
Full of love's sweet art:
Strong to cheer, and charm to wile
Each sorrow from the heart!

Chorus.

Why is the earth like a school blackboard? Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

The First Kiss.

Sung by Mr. Russell Glover.

One fine night, as homeward hieing,
When good folks in bed were lying,
I espied the fair Lizetta,
Standing by her cottage-door:
Softly, softly I drew near her—
Round her form the moon shone clearer—
When her tiny hand I seized it,
Anger flushed her cheek all o'er!
"Do not fear!" "Pray, let me go, sir!
You are rude, I'd have you know, sir!"
"Lovely maid! one kiss, deny not,
Grant one kiss, I ask no more!"
"Grant a kiss! these lips can answer
Such I never gave to man, sir."
"Courage take for once, and try, love—
It were folly to deny, love!"
"Quit my hand, and you may take
One salute for pity's sake!
Here's my cheek, sir!"
"Your lips were sweeter,"
"You're too bold, sir!"
"I'll grow discreeter!"
"If mama could only see me,
Holy saint! what would she say?"
"Save the moon that shines on high, love,
Looking down so sweet and sly, love,
None can see how you and I, love,
Chase the happy hours away."

My Good Old Darkey Home.

Sung by J. Stratton, at Bryants' Minstrels.

There is a place in childhood where oft I liked to roam:
It lies in old Virginny, my good old darkey home,
In a little cabin down there where mother used to dwell:
And how I love that good old spot there is no one can tell!

CHORUS.

Blow, blow, ye gentle winds, wherever I do roam,
There is no place I love so well as my good old darkey home!

How oft I've sat beside the fire, a-husking Massa's corn—
I never shall forget the spot, the one where I was born:
And when I've danced, at night my
thoughts would often roam—
I've never seen such happy times since I left
my darkey home.
Chorus.

I'm getting old and feeble, my eyes have lost their night,
And when I set alone, it seems the day had
turned to night:
I feel so weak from old age, my spirit it does roam:
And when I'm dead, oh! bury me in my
good old darkey home!
Chorus.

Little Pigs.

Little pigs lie on very good straw,
Straw, straw, shan diddle daw!
Little pigs, &c.

Lillipulari, my dad was a bonny wee man.

Little pigs eat the best of praties,
Praties, praties, shun diddle daties!
Little pigs, &c.

Little pigs make the best of bacon,
Bacon, bacon, shan diddle dakon!
Little pigs, &c.

And there's an end to our little song,
Song, song, dan diddle dong.
And there's an end, &c.

Down the Burn, Davie.

When trees did bud and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see:
When Mary was just out fifteen
And love laugh'd in her e'e:
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free:
"Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I will follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on yon burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride.
Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy-red and white,
Her e'en were bonnie blue:
Her locks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like honey dew.
Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

Jerry Riddle.

NEW COMIC SONG.

I'll tell you of a Girl—that I thought a perfect pearl—
Who entrapped the affections of this spooniest of swells;
I'd never been in love—calling belles my turtle-dove,
Nor ever yet inquired where young Cupid dwells,
Till I saw this little Venus—and if you had have seen us,
You'd have thought us as happy as the Gods above;
But a man called Jerry Riddle
Who thought he was "first fiddle,"
Contrived me to diddle
Out of her I did love.
He was called Jerry Riddle,
At skittles he could "fiddle"
And he managed me to diddle
Out of her I did love!

At a pie-shop, near the Strand—entranced I used to stand:
For, there it was Miss Mary dispensed the savoury food.
She looked charming in my eyes—while
she served the luscious pies
To dinnerless poor mortals, who thought them very good.
Oft to make a dainty meal—there
I bought a "twopenny eel,"
Thinking with her, perhaps, I might be hand and glove:
But, oh! that Jerry Riddle, &c.

Now, many, every day, of the pies I put away.
For, I went there continually to ogle and clist;
Every day, I liked them more, and swallowed them galore,
Tho' I heard a suspicious story of a tabby Cat.
But still I thought it right, and as well as me, each night,
A "Kidney pie" customer, who sported one kid glove,
Whose name was Jerry Riddle,
And at skittles used to "fiddle"
Came, too, and did diddle
Me of her I did love.

I told this pie-shop belle that I really loved her well.
She replied she was young and had not made up her mind
If to marry yet she ought. By the way she spoke, I thought
The kidney-pie fellow to oblivion was consigned.
At me he used to frown. I sneered to put him down:
Imagining I'd won her. I thanked fate and Jove;
But oh! love is a riddle,
And that chap who used to "fiddle"
At skittles, fiddled me of the Girl I did love!

Her birthday it drew near, and before her to appear,
To know if she'd have me, I went to the pie-shop.
When another Girl there served: I felt really unnerved,
And thought that quite down upon my luck I should drop.
Thought I: I'll know the truth, if deceived
is this poor youth,
When I asked for HER, the Girl said "Sir"—

SPOKEN: "Why, haven't you heard everythink about it all Sir?" "No sir-ee I, sint heard anythink about nothink." "Well, says she, I thought everybody knowed all the ticklers." "Well but says I I don't know any of the ticklers—Who are they?" "Why, you ARE green, says she, I thought every fool knowed as the pie-shop Girl—
Has married Jerry Riddle,
Who at skittles well can "fiddle,"
And has managed you to diddle
Of the Girl that you love!"

But I'm not down on my luck, and will keep my pecker up
In hopes to find another Girl who don't sell penny pies
And young fellows SKILLS, as well—and my story here I tell
Fondly trusting fair ladies with me will sympathize:
I only hope that belle, and the seedy-looking swell,
Who used to finger penny pies with one kid glove,
May ne'er have better meals than Claro Market stewed eels,
For breaking of my heart, which was brimful of love!
Bad luck to Jerry Riddle!
I'll stand Jack in the middle,
If any chap will diddle
Him, who stole my true love.

Bad luck, &c.

O God! Preserve the Mariner.

O God! preserve the mariner,
When o'er the troubled deep
The rolling thunder—lightning flash,
And howling tempests sweep:
When like a reed the tall mast shakes,
And human art is vain—
O God! restore the mariner
To home, dear home again!

The sailor's wife sinks down to rest,
But dreams disturb her sleep:
She starts to hear the hollow wind,
And turns aside to weep:
She clasps her baby, and she prays,
Through tears like falling rain:
O God! restore the mariner,
—To home, dear home again!

The widow for her darling child,
Her bosom's only joy,
Invokes the Power that rules the storm,
For blessings on her boy—
When ruin lurketh in the cloud,
And death sweeps o'er the man:
O God! restore the mariner
To home dear home again!

Nelly Darling.

The flowers are blooming, Nelly Darling,
And the birds are singing on each tree:
Then come to your lover, Nelly Darling,
My love, you know I'm waiting here for thee.
The sun is sweetly smiling,
With his face so clear and so bright—
Then haste to your lover, Nelly Darling,
Ere the morning will change to night,
Nelly, dear Nelly:
Then haste to your lover, Nelly Darling,
Ere the morning will change to night.

Meet me in the valley, Nelly Darling,
Where the moon shines over the sea:
Then meet me near the stream, Nelly Darling,
And tales of love I'll tell unto thee.
When the twinkling stars are peeping,
To me your eyes shine more bright:
Then meet me in the valley, Nelly Darling,
And our vows of love we'll pledge to-night,
Nelly, dear Nelly:
Then meet me in the valley, Nelly Darling,
And our vows of love we'll pledge to-night.

Oh! Let Me Dream of Former Years.

Oh! let me dream of former years,
When I was happy, bright and gay:
When I was free from grief and tears,
And joyfully passed time away—
But now those happy days are gone,
All hope and joy must soon depart;
I'm left to weep alone, for one
Who has betrayed my faithful heart.
Chorus: Oh! let me dream of former years,
When I was happy, bright and gay:
When I was free from grief and tears,
And joyfully passed time away!

Oh! weary are the passing hours
That once to me were dear and gay;
For, now my hopes like fading flowers,
No longer bloom, but pine away—
And, as I'm now by one forgot,
For whom I'll heave my latest breath,
Oh! grant me but the happy lot
To close mine eyes for e'er in death! Chorus.

Oh! let me dream of childhood scenes,
When sweetly flew the moments by:
Each passing hour was a dream—
This bosom knew no care or sigh.
But, oh! how sadly changed the scene
My youthful fancy painted bright!
A cloud obscures that happy dream,
And sunny days are turned to night— Chorus.

The Old Brown Cot.

The Music can be obtained at any Music-Store.

Among the scenes to memory dear,
To which my fancy oft returns,
And for those long-lost days of joy
My spirit in its sadness dreams—
There's none which seems so dear to me
As that where past life's early morn:
There's none for which I sigh so oft
As for the cot where I was born.

CHORUS.

The old brown cot, the low brown cot,
The moss-grown cot beneath the hill:
Though years have passed since I was there,
I love it, oh! I love it still!

It stood beside the running brook,
Whose waters turned the noisy mill:
And close beside the tall old oaks
That nodded on the sloping hill.
The woodbine creeping o'er the walls:
The sunshine on the grassy plot:
How beautiful were they to me,
When home was in that old brown cot!
The old brown cot, &c.

Though I may view the fairest land
On which the sun in glory beams,
And dwell in climes more beautiful
Than poets visit in their dreams:
Still with affection linger round
That loved and consecrated spot,
And tears will fall as I go back
To boyhood and the old brown cot—
The old brown cot, &c.

Why is an onion like a piano? Because it smell odious.

Orphan Boy's Song of Home

'Tis just five years ago, last May,
My Mother and I did part:
And ever since that very day,
Her memory is on my heart.
She was a kind and good mother,
And this I feel proud to say:
Repeat. { She always told me to be good,
And do as she would say.

She was so kind and true to me
That I can ne'er forget:
The days she nursed me on her knee
Is in my memory yet—
I think I see her image now,
Standing before my eyes:
Repeat. { But still I hope she is at rest
With angels in the skies.

I always loved my mother dear:
She always was so kind,
She never spoke a cruel word
Unto me, her child.
But still I hope she is at rest,
And when my soul departs,
Repeat. { We'll meet again in the world above,
Where we will never part.

My Own Dear Home.

In foreign lands I longed to roam
From those I left in tears,
And wander from my own dear home,
Perhaps for many years—.
Chorus: Oh! give me back my own dear home,
And those I loved most dear:
My gentle mother kindly dropped
A farewell parting tear!

My heart is sad, I cannot rest,
While sorrow's marked upon my brow:
Those last kind words my mother spoke,
Makes me sad to think of, now— Chorus

Oh! would that I were home once more
From whence I first did roam:
Oh! then, I would contented be,
Yes, in my own dear home. Chorus.

But now those happy days are o'er,
I have no home to shelter me:
My friends, alas! they now are gone,
And lie beneath the willow tree— Chorus.

Old Friend of Youth.

The Music can be obtained at any Music-Store.

Give me your hand, old friend of youth,
One hearty shake will do me good;
Tho' years have passed since last we met,
The heart's the same—'tis love renewed.
Talk not of palace, prince or crown,
Or worldly wealth—that fickle chaff—
But rather round our hearts entwine
Sweet school-boy days, and childhood's laugh.

CHORUS.

Give me your hand, old friend of youth,
One hearty shake will do me good;
Tho' years have passed since last we met,
The heart's the same—'tis love renewed.

Give me your hand, old friend of youth,
Tho' wrinkles on your brow are seen—
Those eyes grow dim, but speak the words
Of love—tho' years have rolled between.
We've met the world with all its change,
And sought its pleasures—felt its pain;
Now the bright moments come, at last,
Of early days—we're young again!
Chorus.

Give me your hand, old friend of youth,
Gray tho' we're grown, Old Time keeps pace:
Brothers are we in love, in truth—
No fear have we to end the race.
Here's happiness to friends of old,
Affection's urn brim full of love:
Soon will it blossom and unfold
A glorious flower, in realms above!
Chorus.

BIRDIE—"Why do you call me Birdie, my dear?" inquired a wife of her husband—"because, was the answer, you are always associated in my mind with a bill."

Carry the News to Mary :

WE ARE ALL SURROUNDED.

The Music of this now very popular Song, is Published by H. WITTIG, No. 30 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia. Price 40 Cents.

Arranged by Eddie Fox.

Words by CHARLEY HOWARD—Music by WALTER BRAY.

Oh ! Martha wept and Mary cried :
We're all surrounded :
The good old man has gone and died,
We're all surrounded.
Shake off your slumbers and arise,
We're all surrounded :
The sun is shining in the skies,
We're all surrounded.

CHORUS.

Then carry the news,
Carry the news to Mary !
Carry the news,
We're all surrounded. [DANCE.]

The good old man we'll see no more,
We're all surrounded :
He has gone to the happy shore,
We're all surrounded.
He's gone and left us darks alone,
We're all surrounded :
And Gabriel's trumpet called him home,
We're all surrounded.
Then carry the news, &c.

Adam and Eve climbed up a tree,
We're all surrounded :
Their lamb and master for to see,
We're all surrounded.
Eve stole an apple from the tree,
We're all surrounded :
And Adam was stung by a bumble Bee.
We're all surrounded.
Then carry the news, &c

All the World's a Congreve Box.

Sung by Mr. George Wild—Air : One Suit between two.

You may tell about your match-making,
and make of that a rout,
But the light of other days is faded now,
and gone completely out :
We other lights have got instead,
which if you doubt, I vow
You've only got to look at gals who
are making matches now.

CHORUS.

Then listen to my song, and, though this
your fancy shocks,
You'll find mankind are lucifers—the
world a congreve box.

The lover is a lucifer, well shaped and trimmed so nice—
The sight of his adorable ignites him in a thrice :
She acts just like the sand paper,
and very well she knows it :
One touch—pop ! bang ! fiz ! off
he goes—and she's his flame that does it.
Then listen to my song, &c.

The drunkard is a phosphorous match
rather reddened at the end :
You may rub him till all's blue,
but still he no light will send :
His only object all through life's
to wet his thirsty throttle :
So, if you want him to ignite,
you must dip him in a bottle.
Then listen to my song, &c.

Married folks are flint and steel, with few domestic joys,
Who never meet together but they're sure to make a noise
The wife about the bus. and's pranks is
sure to make remarks,
And then the husband—
how he'll swear, if he finds she's any sparks !
Then listen to my song, &c.

A theatre's a congreve box, in price that's much reduced,
Where lights and flames (and some for life)
are very oft produced :
But should sly Cupid 'gainst your
heart e'er give some double knocks,
You does the thing in style :
for, then—you take a Private Box.
Then listen to my song, &c.

"My dear, said an affectionate spouse to her husband, am I not your only treasure ?"

"Oh ! yes, was the cool reply, and I would willingly lay it up in heaven."

Slender party (who is not very comfortable) —"These street cars ought to charge by weight." Stout party (sharply)—"Ah ! if they did, they would never stop to pick you up."

All For Money.

Words and Music by J. W. Cherry—Sung by Herbert B. Williams Shakesperean Clown and Jester.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Publishing Office of E. H. Harding, No. 288 Bowery, New-York—Price 10 Cts.

What will not most people do—All for money !
Anything—'twixt I and you—All for money !
Friend will turn his back on friend :
Haughty people have to bend :
Love some to Old Harry and—All for money !

CHORUS.

As you travel on through life, you will find it ever so :
Nothing like the ready cash—For,
money makes the mare to go.

Some will swear that black is white—All for money !
Do a wrong and say it's right—All for money !
Moses he will swear to you
His old clothes are good as new :
Don't he make them fit you, too—All for money !

Chorus.

Pretty girls can love old men—All for money !
Egan wed three score and ten—All for money !
'Tis but a fool who ever dreams
That every thing is what it seems :
This world is full of mocking schemes—All for money !

Chorus.

Many people go to law—All for money !
Dentists nearly break your jaw—All for money !
Tradesmen give you unjust weight,
Beggars tease early and late :
Garroters kindly on you wait—All for money !

Chorus.

Lawyers plead the felon's cause—All for money !
Vows he has not broke the laws—All for money !
Had he been on t'other side,
What a difference, and how wide !
To make him guilty he'd have tried—All for money !

Chorus.

Don't the bobbies do the trick ?—All for money !
And to anything they'll stick—All for money !
Kinder souls you never knew :
Let them once get hold of you,
Then you'll see what they can do—All for money !

Chorus.

Don't the doctors physic you ?—All for money !
Give black draughts and blue pills, too ?—All for money !
What their patients all endure
Any saint would try, I'm sure :
They're good to either kill or cure—All for money !

Chorus.

Chalk and water milk-men sell—All for money !
Something else perhaps put as well—All for money !
Thus I will conclude my strain
With a sentence short and plain :
Every thing is done for gain—All for money !

Chorus.

I'll Ne'er Get Drunk Again.

I, once, did have a fortune, I ne'er thought I should want,
I spent it, one night, gambling : one night,
when I was drunk.
When I awoke, next morning,
my head was racked with pain :
My heart was full of sorrow : so, I got drunk again.

CHORUS.

So, I got drunk again, and I got drunk again ;
My heart was full of sorrow, and I got drunk again.

I went to California, in hopes to find some trade :
But I met a young companion, a jovial buxom blade :
We soon made up a party of happy fellows, then ;
We were all free and hearty, and I got drunk again . .

CHORUS.

And I got drunk again, and I got drunk again :
We were all free and hearty, and I got drunk again.

I, then, returned to New-York,
my thoughts being on a wife,
Resolved to give up gambling, and lead a different life ;
I found a prudent wife : oh ! I was happy, then !
But soon we were at strife : so, I got drunk again.

CHORUS,

So, I got drunk again, and I got drunk again ;
But soon we were at strife : so, I got drunk again.

I, then, returned to gambling, to recover my lost store :
But I soon found it washed away besides a darn site more :
My wife and her relations were down upon me, then ;
For, they knew I was a gambler : so, I got drunk again,

CHORUS.

So, I got drunk again and I got drunk again ;
For, they knew I was a gambler : so, I got drunk again.

But now I've seen the folly of such a gay course of mine :
In drinking to be jolly, in drinking too much wine :
So I formed a resolution, it ne'er shall rack my brain ;
I'll save my constitution, and I'll ne'er get drunk again.

CHORUS.

Yes I'll have one more drunk again.
I'll have one more drunk again ;
I'll save my constitution,
but I'll have one more drunk again.

In Vain, Tho' Banished From Thy Heart.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Publishing Office of E. H. Harding, No. 288 Bowery, New-York—Price 10 Cts.

In vain, though banished from thy heart,
I strive to bend to fortune's will,
I cannot with fond memory part—
Thine image, dear one, haunts me still—.
Thy smile, that dazzling beam of light,
That glided hope's bright morning ray,
That starred the darkest hours of night,
I worship still, tho' turned away.

CHORUS.

Though banished from thy heart, still mine
Remembers thee with fond regret :
I know thy love can ne'er be mine,
But, ah ! I never can forget—
My ever constant thoughts are thine :
Ah, no ! I never, never can forget !

Nor time, nor change of scene to me
Afford their balm to soothe my pain ;
My heart, tho' broken, clings to thee,
Reluctant to unloose thy chain.
Thy form, each feature, every grace,
As first they dawned upon my view,
The tyrant Mem'ry may retrace,
But never can one pang subdue.
Though banished from thy heart, &c.

Meet Me With a Kiss.

Words by Elmer Ruan Coates—Music by Eastburn.

Oh ! meet me with a kiss when I come home to-night,
Let me find my darling waiting at the door :
Oh ! let me read a bliss in thine eyes' loving light,
Let me feel the same devotion as of yore.
No matter who is by, let tears come in thine eye,
Let me see and hear the rapture you may feel :
For, though my heart is strong, I cannot live so long
From the pleasure that my treasure can reveal.

CHORUS.

Then meet me with a kiss when I come home to-night,
Let me find my darling waiting at the door ;
Oh ! let me read a bliss in thine eyes' loving light,
Let me feel the same devotion as of yore.

I've wandered, far and wide, o'er mountain and the tide,
For the purest pleasure I have been in quest :
I find it is at home, when we are "all alone,"
And my weary head is pillowed on thy breast.
They talk of life on high, of joy within the sky,
Of a time when all from sorrow are set free :
But lay thy lips to mine and let thine arms entwine—
And the earth is Heaven grand enough for me.
Then meet me with a kiss, &c.

Oh ! Had I But Alladdin's Lamp !

Oh ! had I but Alladdin's lamp,
If only for a day !
I'd try and find a link to bind
The joys that pass away.
I'd try to bring an angel's wing
Upon this earth again,
And build true worth a home on earth,
A home beloved by men.
It should be May, and always May :
I'd wreathe the world with flowers,
I'd robe the barren wilderness,
And bring life happy hours !

I'd soothe the lorn and desolate,
Increase the widow's store ;
And industry should wear a smile
It never wore before :
Where'er there dwelt unhappiness,
I'd use my magic sway
And none should be in poverty
Or dread the coming day.
It should be May, &c.

Why is a PRECARIOUS bank-note like an impenitent sinner ?

Because it don't know that its REDEEMER LIVETH.

An Irish magistrate, censuring some boys for loitering in the street, argued : "If everybody were to stand in the street, how could anybody get by ?"

ALL FOR MONEY.

Words and Music by J. W. CHERRY.



3 Pretty girls can love old men,
All for money,
Even wed three score and ten,
All for money:
'Tis but a fool who ever dreams,
That ev'ry thing is what it seems,
The world is full of mocking schemes,
All for money.—Cho.

4 Many people go to law,
All for money,
Dentists nearly break your jaw,
All for money:
Tradesmen give you unjust weight,
Beggars tease early and late,
Garrotters kindly on you wait,
All for money.—Cho.

5 Lawyers plead the felon's cause,
All for money,
Vows he has not broke the laws,
All for money:
Had he been on 'tother side,
What a diff'rence and how wide,
To make him guilty he'd have tried,
All for money.—Cho.

6 Don't the bobbies do the trick,
All for money,
And to anything they'll stick,
All for money:
Kinder souls you never knew,
Let them once get hold of you,
Then you'll see what they can do,
All for money.—Cho.

7 Don't the doctors physic you,
All for money,
Give black draughts and blue pills too,
All for money:
What their patients all endure,
Any saint would try I'm sure,
They're good to either kill or cure,
All for money.—Cho.

8 Chalk and water milkmen sell,
All for money,
Something else perhaps put as well,
All for money:
Thus I will conclude my strain,
With a sentence short and plain,
Ev'ry thing is done for gain,
All for money.—Cho.

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CONTENTS.

A Daughter of Israel Page 518
Brigham Young, and his five and forty Wives 517
The BARBER 517
The Beggar Girl 517
Be Happy with Me 518
The Burlington-Arcade—Music 520
COKEY DICK 515
Come to Me, Loved One 517
Caroline of Edinburg Town 519
DARLING BESSIE 514
Dreaming of Happier Days 518
Do You Really Think He Did? 518
For, He's such a Nice Looking Young Man! 514
Flow on, Thou Shining River 514
FALSE EMMA 515
Glass—With Care 515
Go! Little Barque 518
Gentle Words and Loving Smiles 518
Going Home with the Milk in the Morning 519
The HAMMERSMITH BELLE 514
The Highwayman 515
Have You Seen My Sarah? 516
Homeless and Friendless 519
I'll Have Your Number 515
I Have No Mother Now—New Version 519
JOE IN THE COPPER 516
Love Thee, Dearest! 517
The Lover's Alphabet 518
Little Maud 519
MINE OWN SUZAN JANE 517
My Soul is Dark 517
My Good Old Irish Home 519
Nelly Bray 514
The OLD CHURCH-YARD 514
Oh! Give Me Freedom Ever! 514
Our Own Sweet Thoughts 517
Peaceful Slumbering on the Ocean 514
Parody on: ISABELLA 514
Poor Old Joe—No. 2 515
The Rising Sun 516
She was a Serio-Comic Singer 515
The Smuggler's Fate 515
The Sweet Little Village 517
Thou Art Mine Own, Love 516
Thou Art Drinking Still 516
TIME IS A BLESSING 519
Those Dear Ones are Gone! 518
The Victim of Love 516

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SINGER'S JOURNAL.

We take the liberty to remind our Customers, principally those from the Country, that our place of Business is at No 60 (not 61) Chatham Street, Up-Stairs, First Floor.

REMEMBER:

60 Chatham Street, Up-Stairs, 60
First Floor. (Opposite William Street.)

Oh! Give Me Freedom Ever!

Oh! give me freedom ever!
A chainless heart and hand,
Slave of no jealous lover,
Nor husband's stern command:
To rove through hall and bower,
With honest smiles for all,
Prey to no suitor's power,
And holding none in thrall.
Chorus: Oh! give me freedom ever!
A chainless heart and hand,
Slave of no jealous lover,
Nor husband's stern command:
La, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la,
To laugh at Cupids archery,
With heart forever free!

Set maids to catch a lover,
Their brightest smiles put on:
Too soon they may discover
Their prize and hopes are gone—
While wives, half broken-hearted,
To tyrant husbands cling,
Free-footed and free-hearted,
I laugh at care, and sing:
Oh! give me freedom ever! &c.

For, He's Such a Nice Looking Young Man!

Written and Composed by Henry Miller.

Music at Boosey & Co. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

They tell me, at home, they'll ne'er own me,
If I marry that Mister McClan;
But what shall I care when HE owns me?
For, he's such a nice looking young man.
They tell me he's hasty and selfish,
But such I can't think he can be:
For, his words are so gentle and loving,
When e'er he is talking with me.
There's no man on earth I could fancy,
If it is not dear Mister McClan:
To the end of my life I shall love him—
For, he's such a nice looking young man,
Oh! such a nice looking young man!

They say he is proud and deceitful,
But this I can never believe:
To me he is upright and candid,
'Twould be cruel to think he'd deceive.
They tell me he's awkward and clumsy,
He is known by his shabby old hat:
But may he not dress as he pleases?—
And what if he is rather fat?
They may tease. I heed not what they tell me,
'Twill not lessen my love for McClan:
He is brave, noble-hearted and gentle,
And such a nice looking young man,
Oh! such a nice looking young man!

Cousin Ann says his looks will entrap me,
That if ever I'm Mistress McClan,
I may find him quite void of affection,
Altho' such a nice looking young man.
But I know why they speak thus against him:
'Tis not that they hate poor McClan,
'Tis envy—of course, they all want him—
Who don't like a nice looking man?
Let us hope they may each, in their turn,
Get a husband as good as McClan,
But I fear they will ne'er find his equal:
For, he's such a nice looking young man,
Oh! he's such a nice looking man!

Parody on: Isabella.

When you hear my version of a trip, by an excursion,
Down to Brighton going to spend the day:
In the carriage I did ride, a gent sat by my side,
Who was exceedingly chatty the whole of the way.
"Pardon me, said he, your name pray, miss?"
So mine I told him, he told me his
Was Augustus Albert Harry:
An eye-glass he did carry,
And his father had a country-seat in Lancashire.

We talked about the weather, one thing and the other:
The time passed away so pleasantly—
A biscuit and some wine I did not decline,
So very kindly he offered me.
He told me his father was a gentleman,
His uncle a general, a popular man:
Then Augustus Albert Harry
Asked me would I marry?
And he'd take me to his country-seat in Lancashire.

I blushed, I must confess, my hand so he did press:
I scarcely knew what to do or say:
With his arm around my waist, in a whisper I said: "yes."
'Twas settled and agreed upon the wedding day;
At Brighton arrived, his arm offered me,
And oh! so delighted I seemed to be
To think that I should marry
Augustus Albert Harry
And live in his country-seat in Lancashire!

We had scarcely left the station, when
guess my consternation!
I missed my watch, gold brooch, and chain—
I searched everywhere. "Oh! said he, my dear,
Behind you might have left it in the train!"
A man then came up, said "how do you do?"
Tapped him on the shoulder, said: "I want you."
Not long did he tarry,
But hand-cuffed Albert Harry,
Whose father had a country-seat in Lancashire.

The Hammersmith Belle.

Sung by Harry Rickards.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Oh! she lives out at Hammersmith Bridge,
Where she's in a situation:
If you don't know the location, it is very near the station
Of the Underground Railway;
There's a servant's and visitor's bell,
But I always ring the latter:
Then you ought to hear the clatter missus
asking wot's the matter?
Me a-catching of it hot from Sal!
CHORUS.
Oh, my! that I was with
That housemaid at Hammersmith,
When night's dark shadows gloom,
And missus is up in the droring room!
Did you ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever,
ever, ever see Hammersmith Sal?
Oh! I never, never, never, never, never, never,
never, never, never saw such a gal!

On the Oxford and Cambridge boat race,
Me and she go out a-larking:
And the people kept remarking: "What a
pretty girl he's sparking!
Don't we wish as we were him!"
But I never frets on that I hear,
And keep talking on to Sallie:
If she only knew her vally, she'd begin to dilly, dally,
And that wouldn't do at all for me.
Oh, my! that I were with, &c.

When it happens to be her day out,
She puts on her best apparel:
Hoops around her like a barrel make me
like a lark to carol,
As I see 'em swing about.
To the theatre sometimes we go,
With a border for the boxes:
Then the fellows come like foxes, leaving
their own private boxes,
Trying hard to sit next her and me.
Oh my! that I were with, &c.

Oh! I think we will married be:
For, my Sal will not say "no, sir:"
Then I'll set up as a grocer, and I'll wed my own Formosa,
And be jolly all my life.
But, of course, all that cannot come yet,
And my Sal and I am waiting,
Kneeling at the kitchen grating, talking wild of emigrating,
If she won't come out and let me in.
Oh, my! that I were with, &c.

The Old Church-Yard.

Tread softly round: here lie the dead
Beneath the grassy mound,
And death is here, in silence spread—
All is gloom around
Tread softly then, though cold it blows,
All must soon decay:
And the folks I loved, beneath repose—
They have passed away!
Chorus: Oh! when I lay me down to rest
In the ground so cold and hard,
Bury me by the folks I love the best,
Bury me in the old church-yard.

Cold winter made the old house creak:
For, all was dark outside—
And tears roll down my mother's cheek,
Sitting by the fire-side.
Of another home she oft would tell,
And gently shake her hand:
A home where all good darkies dwell
Far in another land.
Oh! when I lay me down to rest, &c.

Yes, years have fled since childhood's time,
And I was happy then—
The church-yard's wall I used to climb
With my brother Ben:
In the old church-yard he sleeps
Beside my mother dear,
The church-yard bell tolls, the darkies weep
For the folks that are sleeping here.
Oh! when I lay me down to rest, &c.

It's the last ostrich feather that breaks the husband's back.

Nelly Bray.

By Thomas Sloan Jr., Author of the Popular Song "Kitty Wells."

Air: Nettie Moore.

In a silent little corner of the old church-yard,
Where the sweetly-scented roses gaily bloom:
There, when twilight's gently fading off in sorrow I repair
To weep, in the evening's mournful gloom,
Beneath the little mound where the flowers
are blooming now.
Rests the gentle form of pretty Nelly Bray—
When Summer scenes were gayest, she
left me here to weep
And sorrow for her coming through the day.
CHORUS.
Oh! soon I'll meet you, love, in the happy world above,
Where gentle ones are never forced to part:
And together we will wander as we did in days of yore,
Ere sorrow came to blight each loving heart.

The many hopes I've cherished, have
vanished from my heart,
And early scenes have with them quickly flown:
I've no one now to love me, and my heart is ever drear,
And sadly now I wander here alone.
The gentle form that cheered when life was full of woe,
Has long been taken from my side away:
And I'm ever, ever sighing for the time when I will go
To meet with my gentle Nelly Bray.
Oh! soon I'll meet you, love, &c.

The hours are growing weary as I think of days long past,
And with sadness now my burdened heart is filled:
The music of the birds can never charm me now:
For, the music of her gentle voice is stilled.
With many tears I laid her beneath the cold cold sod,
While o'er her tomb the wild winds sadly play,
And the tall grass with its waving
breathes a story to my heart
Of my pretty darling Nelly Bray.
Oh! soon I'll meet you, love, &c.

Darling Bessie.

Once again, my native mountains,
Thro' thy wilds I stray,
Hear again thy warbling fountains,
Feel their cooling spray:
But the maid I fondly cherished
More than earthly store,
Like a newborn flower has perished—
Joy is mine no more—
Chorus: Darling Bessie, charming Bessie,
Now my spirit bride,
Hover near me till they lay me
Gently by thy side.

When bright dreams of wealth and honor
Urged me o'er the main,
Fondly then I gazed upon her,
Heard love's vows again:
"Back to thee, I cried, sweet Bessie,
Soon I'll cross the wave:"
Now returned, Alas! I find her
In the silent grave. Darling Bessie, &c.

Peaceful Slumbering on the Ocean.

Peaceful slumbering on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh:
The winds and waves in gentle motion
Soothe them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing?
Still no danger they descry:
The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

Flow on, Thou Shining River.

Flow on, thou shining river,
But ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee,
And tell her thus: if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there:
And tell her thus: when youth is o'er,
Her lone and lovely charms shall be
Thrown upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

She was a Serio-Comic Singer.

Written by George Herbert—Sung by Jem Trowbridge.

The other evening, for a walk,
Thro' Charing-Cross I strayed,
And just to pass the time away,
Went into the Lowther Arcade;
I shall ne er forget the funny things
That I saw there for sale:
'Twas there I met a charming girl,
And she wore a bright green veil:
She was a serio-comic singer
From the West-end Music-Halls,
And she quite took this heart by storm,
With her pretty green Parasol.

As she passed me by, I heaved a sigh:
She gave a knowing wink:
So I offered her my arm, and asked
If she with me would drink?
She paused, and then replied: "Yes, sir,
I'll have some Ice-Cream Soda."
Then into Gatti's we went,
And my love I quickly told her.

SPOKEN: Yes, and in return she told me it was the same with her as it was with me, love at first sight: but she let me know more than she intended I could see, and it at was she was going to open at "Deacon's" the next evening, as

A serio-comic singer, &c.

Next night, my boys, of course, I went
Into Deacon's Music-Hall,
And there I saw and heard my love
As she did loudly bawl:
But judge of my surprise,
When a fellow rushed on, too!
I rushed out of the Music-Hall, my friends,
Not knowing what to do?

SPOKEN: Yes at first, I intended throwing myself down a ping hole and drowning myself—upon second thoughts I rushed back to the chairman and asked him what he knew of her? he said he knew she was lately married to a "Pro," and that she now is a duettist—but before—

She was a serio-comic singer, &c.

But now I will be off my friends,
A broken-hearted card:
For, all my hopes are blighted,
And my happiness is marred.
But I never more will speak
To those charming little maids
Who try to catch their victims,
While strolling in Arcades.

She was a serio-comic singer, &c.

False Emma.

Written by J. Trowbridge—Sung by G. Mathews.
Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I once was so gay—but now I must say
I'm as wretched as wretched can be:
I once fell in love with a nice little dove,
And thought in return she loved me.
I thought her so pure and true to the core,
And believed she was one of a few—
But now I regret the day I first met
That false girl who has proved so untrue.
I once was so gay—but now I oft say
I wish that I'd never been born—
Sweet Emma with pride has thrown me aside,
And left me to grieve and to mourn.

Now my rival's a "Pro", the original beau,
And the swell of the Highbury Barn:
His dashing young pal is the pet of Pall-Mall,
And they both of them dress to alarm.
He was sweet Emma's beau but a short time ago,
When a quarrel took place, and then she
Gave me to believe she would never deceive,
If her dashing young beau I would be.
I once was so gay—&c.

Now, of course, I consented: but since I've repented:
For, she has thrown me aside, and returned
To her dashing young beau at which, you must know,
My heart with rage at first burned,
But now I am cool, I think what a fool
I must be not to treat it a lark?
So no more will I fret, but try to forget
That false girl that near broke my heart.
I once was so gay—&c.

Cokey Dick.

Written and Sung by Albert de Voy—Air: Ikey Green.

Oh! they call me Cokey Dick,
And they say I am a brick.
And selling coke, you know, it is my game;
I should be a flat to fret,
While a living I can get:
For me the rough or smooth, it's all the same.

CHORUS.

Air: Apples Four a Penny.

I rise up in the morning,
When early day is dawning,
Coke! I goes goes a-bawling
With voice so loud and high:
To serve you well I'm willing,
A sack full for a shilling,
Now who'll make a begining,
A shilling a sack! I cry.

Now my Sally keeps a shop,
Sells nuts, cakes, and Ginger pop,
Carraway comfits, almond rock, and apples, too.
So if we goes on so well,
Make a fortune soon we shall,
And round Spitalfields I'm known to all of you.

SPOKEN: Why, yes, of cause I is, and I can tell you, my Rumcuts that me and my Sally is doing a doll trick: ah! talking of dolls, that just reminds me of my Sally: now you see she had a proper dolly and did a clumping trade with the kids on Sunday; yes, the little soft cakes they used to go down the dolly for Butter cakes, but my Sall never let 'em win not likely: but my Sally got affrightened of the D's—so she turned the dolly up: still for all that we are doing very well, because—

I rise up in the morning, &c.

When the cock begins to crow,
To the market off I go.
And gets in a stock for Sally's little shop;
Then with my coke I goes around
With my voice so loud and sound.
And if I meets a pal, we always have a drop.

SPOKEN: Yes there's nothing like a pal—I always use a pal well. I runs 'em in cheap, somtimes I runs Albert de Voy in 6 sacks for 6 bob, that's cos he's a pal-o'-mine; but if any swell cove wants 6 sacks why, I always charges him seven and a kick, and takes care always to knock off all the top lumps and put them under the sacks for myself, and that's how it is I does so well because—

I rise up in the morning, &c.

Now my mare she's good and kind,
Tho', poor thing, she has gone blind:
But for trotting any odds on her I'll lay;
Tho' I know she's getting old,
Still she's worth her weight in gold:
For, she's in her harness fourteen hours every day.

SPOKEN: And, lord love you! isn't she a stunner to go! you ought to see me, and Tom and Dick, and our old women when we are going for a drive round to see Albert de Voy: we generally give him a call when we goes down the Lea Bridge Road, and doesn't my old mare know when Sally is behind her see her trot—then when we gets back, I put the mare in the stable and goes into the Red Lion, has a little drop, goes home and then—

I rise up in the morning, &c.

The Highwayman.

Written for and Sung by E. Mosedale.
Air: Who's for the Bank?

In the good (?) old days of George the Third,
When Highwaymen held sway:
"Stand, and deliver!" was the word,
Upon the King's highway.
With "barkers" primed and gallant steeds,
O'er Hounslow Heath they rode,
And always on the poor in need
Half what they stole bestowed.
And singing—
"Hi—ho!—Who's for the road?
Claude Du Val, and bold Paul Clifford!
Hi—Ho!—Who's for the road?
Make all travellers pay!

And who will say—that, in their day,
They were all in rogue's ranks?
They risked the rope—and did not slope,
Like Managers of Banks,
With hundreds of poor people's cash,
And to law defiance bid:
Who far more deserves punishment
Than brave Dick Turpin did!
Tho' he sung—

Hi—ho!—&c.

They called mine host, and drunk the toast,
Themselves, and pistols primed:
Then rode away, Mails to waylay,
When midnight hour chimed,
With booty rich on Country roads,
They dashed to town again;
And loudly sung, while their glasses rung,
In the "Mint" and Drury Lane.

Hi—ho!—&c.

Dick Turpin, and George Barrington
Were rogues I won't gainsay;
But they can stand comparison
With some, this present day!
Steam, Gas, and Electricity
Has stopped the little game
Of highwaymen: yet still we see
There's plunderers all the same!
Tho' they DON'T cry—

Hi—ho!—&c.

Well, those old days are passed away,
And let us fondly hope
Soon there'll be no more thieves at all,
And no more Jack Ketch's rope.
Those highwaymen were not ALL bad,
Who swung on Tyburn tree,
Altho' they stole, and drained the bowl,
And laughed and sung with glee:

Hi—ho!—&c.

Poor Old Joe—No. 2.

Sung by the Christy Minstrels.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay:
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away:
Gone from the earth to a better land I know—
I hear their gentle voices calling Poor Old Joe!
I'm coming, I'm coming, my head is bending low,
I hear their gentle voices calling Poor Old Joe!

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago—
I hear their gentle voices calling Poor Old Joe!
I'm coming, &c.

Where are the hearts, once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go—
I hear their gentle voices calling Poor Old Joe!
I'm coming, &c.

I'll Have Your Number.

Sung by Sam Bagnall.
Music at Boosey & Co., 4 Bond Street, New-York.

While walking out the other day, a pretty girl I met:
She was indeed a charmer, I never can forget:
I followed her for near a mile and, to my great surprise,
She smilingly touched a knocker
and vanished from my eyes.

CHORUS.

But I've got the number the number, the number:
I've got the number, it's 3642.

Half mad with love, I called a cab, and
asked him for to drive
To number 3642 away down in Cheapside.
Off he went with all his might, and drunk,
I have no doubt,
Upset the cab and killed the horse and
threw me slap bang out.
But I've got his number, &c.

While embracing mother earth a Peeler quickly said:
"Move on, old chap, quickly, too or I'll punch your head!"
And there, to mend the matter, this most inhuman pup
Said I was drunk and could not stand, and
swore he'd lock me up.
I've got his number, &c.

The mob, assembled in the street, came jostling around,
Soon assisted me to rise from off the filthy ground,
I stood like one bewildered, and wildly gazed about,
As all these inhuman dogs like demons hollowed out—
I've got his number, &c.

The Smuggler's Fate.

Air: Will Watch.
Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

A smuggler's skiff was sailing
swiftly o'er the midnight deep,
And all her hands aboard were wrapt in quiet sleep,
Except the man at the helm, and the officer on deck,
Who at a distance on the main espied a little speck:
"All hands on deck! he quickly cried,
a cutter speeds this way,
And we must crowd all sail to reach
the well-known bay."

And swiftly o'er the silent deep the little smuggler flew,
But every instant to her foe the cutter nearer drew:
But now the well-known bay's in sight,
each heart beats high with joy—
For, would the cutter take her foe
she must other means employ:
The long boat's manned with heroic tars,
who'll either win or die:
The smuggler captain knew this, and
then was heard to sigh—

The conflict's o'er, the captain's taken and
in a dungeon cast:
And by his judges it's decreed that day should
be his last—
And then his tyrants drag him forth, and
hang him up in chains
But ere the smuggler captain dies, his
bosom's racked with pains:
He thought upon his Mary dear, whom he
had left at home:
He thought upon his innocent babes,
who must face the world alone—

Bime, Bome, Bell.

ROUND.

Bime, bome, the bells are ringing,
Come come away:
I hear their distant ringing,
Come, come away;
Bime, bome, bell,
Bime, bome, bell.

Have You Seen My Sarah?

Written, Composed and Sung by George Herbert.

Music at Boosey & Co., 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I met a charming creature, yes,
In the Strand, the other night:
She glanced at me with a charming eye,
Oh! dear me! what delight—
For her I began to sigh,
I thought no one was fairer,
And she plainly told me that
Her name was Angeline Sarah.

SPOKEN: Yes. I admired that fair creature at first sight, she was gazing intently on a fashionable bonnet in a Milliner's window. I strolled carelessly up to her, and said: "That's a very pretty Bonnet, Miss,"—of course, she answered: "Yes!" I said: "Would you like it?" she answered: "Yes." Of course, no woman ever said no to a bonnet—I bought it, she wore it for the night, and—

You ought to see my Sarah,
Sarah, Sarah:
You ought to see my Sarah:
For, a nice young girl is she.

I asked if she was single,
She quickly answered: "Yes;"
She looked just like an angel—
As her neck I did caress,
My love began to kindle,
When I kissed that fair girl's cheek—
She promised for to meet me
This time next Tuesday week.
You ought to see, &c.

When the day arrived to meet her,
To the spot I soon did tear;
But think of my surprise,
No Sarah had been there!
I waited for one hour,
But my deceiver did not come;
Oh! I tore my hair and swore
That I'd been most cruelly done.

SPOKEN: Ah! that blow nearly broke my heart—Sarah, the one for whom I only cared, cruelly deceived me—oh! you women, what will you have to answer for? but try and make amends, by telling me this—
Oh! have you seen, &c.

If there's any girl, to-night,
Would like me for a beau,
I'd do my best to please her,
I can stitch, and I can sew:
If any girl here would like
To settle down for life,
Let her step up on this platform,
And make me a charming wife.

SPOKEN: Now, my dear girls, I am going, going to the first bidder, don't be backward—there's, dear girls—and if any of you will be my partner, why, I'll promise you—
I'll never more see, &c.

The Rising Sun.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

On a rocky cliff I stood,
And the ocean washed its base:
A prospect broad and good
The grateful eye could trace.
Not a cloud obscured the sky,
The dawn was bright and fair,
Nature slumbering seemed to lie
Unruffled by the air.

In the east, the rising sun
Displays his golden crest,
His daily race he had begun
Toward the glowing west.
O'er the waters of the deep
His glittering rays he shed,
While the sparkling billows leap
From out their liquid bed.

See where bright Aurora twines
Her tresses round her brow,
As the rugged lofty pines
With admiration bow—
Dewy mists, in sportive play,
Their glittering veils unfold,
Like happy spirits flee away
In tints of molten gold.

Gentle zephyrs float around
And murmuring surges meet,
Blending their notes of sound
In music wild and sweet.
How the grateful bosom burns
With wonder and of love,
As the soul in rapture turned
To brighter scenes above!

Joe in the Copper.

I'm going to tell a story,
The truth of which I know,
Of Mary Anne, a servant girl,
Whose sweet-heart's name was Joe.
Of her mistress and her six-roomed house
She was by no means proud:
For, 'twas one of those strict places,
Where "NO FOLLOWERS ARE ALLOWED."

I heard her once relate
How her mistress she did do:
One evening, when her Joseph came—
And he was nigh DONE, too—
One night, said she, my missus went
Quite early to the play,
And just as if it was to be,
My Joseph came that way.

He threw stones at the window—
I ope'd the area gate,
And let him in, and laid the cloth
For supper, ere 'twas late.
As nice a ham as e'er you clapped
Your two eyes on, we'd there.
And, as luck would have it on that day,
The man had brought the beer!

When all at once came Missus back—
Whatever should I do?
(She'd changed her mind about the play:)
So down the stairs I flew.
Poor Joseph creeping like a cat
Into the copper slid.
(Ah! lucky thought!)—but how I felt
As I popped down the lid.

Then down came Missus, and said she:
"We wash to-morrow morn—
You'd better light the copper fire,
And make the water warm."
I nearly dropped down with affright:
But I was forced to go
And dip the water, which I poured
Into the copper, on poor Joe.

I whispered to dear Joseph,
As the first pail roused his fire,
"Don't never mind the water, dear,
I won't make up much fire."
My missus brought the lucifer,
And I was forced to strike it,
And to light the fire—while poor Joe
Kicked as if he didn't like it.

I really sank while he got hot,
When a thought came in my head—
Says I: "Mum, since you have been out,
One of your fowls is dead."
She took the candle in her hand,
And by its flickering glimmer,
Joe bolted up the area steps,
Just as he began to SIMMER."

The Victim of Love.

RECITATIVE.

Angelina! my chickabiddy, I
calls upon Angelina! Angelina!
A Bobby hears and says: "Move on!"
His comic voice repeats the name around,
And with "Angelina" all the streets resound.

AIR.

A damsel there dwells in a court down in Stepney,
In disgraceful apparel she ever is dress'd:
This fair one I loved, and I asked her to have me:
"Oh! have me, sweet gender, and I shall be blest."
"Ah! nay, courteous masculine, the dear one replied,
This virgin don't mean to be not no man's bride."
So I'm the victim of love, I'm the victim of love,
There's no cure for consumption nor the victim of love!

"Yet stay, scrumptious maid, like a beautiful queen:
You shall dress in fine calico, silks, laces and shawls,
You shall ever wear the thingamys,
and your dear crinoline
Shall be three times as big as the dome of St. Paul's."
"Ah! nay, Simple Simon, she answered so cool,
I'd rather keep single than amalgamate with a fool."
So I'm the victim of love, I'm the victim of love,
There's no cure for dislocation of the
vertebræ nor the victim of love!

"Angelina, said I, put an end to my woes,
Oh! my buzzum's a bursting, nay cut me not short."
But all that she did was to turn up her nose,
And wagging her tail, she then waltzed down the court
Like a blighted young flower expire I shall:
For, I'd cast my infections on that there young gal—
So I'm the victim of love, I'm the victim of love,
There's no cure but extinction for the victim of love!

Thou Art Mine Own, Love.

Thou art mine own, love, how can I bear to part?
That thou hast all my heart, dearest, believe!
Thou hast this soul of mine—so wholly is it thine,
That I can love no one but thee alone.

Blue is the floweret called the "Forget-me-not"—
Ah! lay it on thy heart and think of me—
Should hope fade with the flowers love's
wealth shall still be ours.
That will remain with me, dearest, believe!

Were I a bird, love, soon would I fly to thee—
Falcon nor hawk to me should terror bring:
If shot by huntsman's hand, I at thy feet lay dead,
If thou one tear woul'st shed gladly I'd die!

Glass—With Care.

Written and Composed by Walter Burnet.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Some little time ago, I did to Margate go,
By a very cheap third-class excursion train:
There was such an awful rush, and an overwhelming crush,
That I vowed I never would travel so again.
For an hour I had to wait, pushed up against a crate,
And I leant against it faint for want of air:
When in letters large and black, there
came off upon my back
A label that was printed: "Glass—with care."
CHORUS.
Oh! I never shall forget what a quizzing I did get,
On the day that I was labelled: "Glass—with care.

At lenght—annoyed and flushed—into my place I rushed,
And found a third class carriage not a joke:
'Twixt a sweep, not over clean, and a boy about fourteen,
I was smothered by their bad tobacco smoke:
But the train went pretty fast, and we arrived at last—
But of the fact I still was unaware
That a label on my back announced, in letters black,
"Keep this side up," and "Fragile—Glass—with care."
Oh! I never, &c.

Arrived on the Parade, an excitement quite I made,
I was mobbed by a crowd I scarce could pass.
And the little boys all cried, as they around me hied:
"I say, Bill, look! here's a woman made of glass."
I wondered what they meant, as on the pier I went,
And I heard a peg-top whiskered fellow say:
"Aw! if there were a smash aw! what an awful cwash.
And what a lot of glass to sweep away!"
Oh! I never, &c.

Whichever way I went, all seemed on laughter bent,
And said: "What fun! Ha! ha! and what a lark!"
"There the glass of fashion goes!" said
a swell with turned-up nose.
And I heard another fast young man remark:
"'Twas nothing more or less than I wore a glace dress."
Another said "I had a GLASSY stare,"
When a gentlemanly chap did me on the shoulder tap.
And told me I was labelled: "Glass—with care."
Oh! I never &c.

The truth I then found out, and
the crowd they gave a shout,
When the gentleman he offered me his arm,
And that same day, understand he offered me his hand
And his heart, and a pretty little farm.
In a fortnight we were wed, and ever since he's said
He thinks me the fairest of the fair,
And all his time he'll pass with me, his darling lass,
And he treats his dear good-looking-glass with care
Oh! I never, &c.

Thou Art Drinking Still:

OR THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

Written by Elliott Brenchley—Air: The Bright Smile.

It is years we've married been,
And you've ne'er been sober yet:
Daily drinking you are seen,
Whilst your children you forget—
Every chance to drink you grab,
You can guzzle hot or cold,
And from off the precious bab
Every stitch of rag you've sold.
CHORUS.
Every day, for years, I've known
You to drink against my will:
In the cellar now alone,
Thou art drinking, drinking still.

Oft you've pawned my watch and chain,
I've redeemed it o'er and o'er:
Now my ring you've sold again,
I can ne'er forgive you more.
I have calmed the angry storm
That would rise within my breast
When you've promised to reform,
I have put you to the test.
Every day, for years, &c.

All the furniture is gone,
Not a single stick is left—
I am treated now with scorn,
You've my heart of love bereft—
I can never more forgive,
'Gainst thee I have stoned my heart:
Now with thee I cannot live,
But we must for ever part!
Every day, for years, &c.

Brigham Young,
And His Five and Forty Wives.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Now Brigham Young was a Morbold,
And leader of the roaring rams.
And shepherd of a lot of fine tub sheep,
And a nice lot of pretty little lambs.
Oh! he lives with his five and forty wives,
In the city of the Great Salt Lake,
Where they breed and they swarm like bees on a farm,
And cackle like a duck to a drake.

CHORUS.

Oh! Brigham, Brigham Young,
It's a miracle how you survive,
With your roaring rams and pretty little lambs,
And your five and forty wives!

Number forty five is about sixteen,
Number one is sixty and three.
And they make such a riot—how he keeps them quiet,
It's a downright mystery to me:
For, they clatter and they chow, and jaw, jaw, jaw,
And each has a different desire:
It would aid the renown of the best shop in town
To supply them with half they require.
Oh! Brigham, &c.

Now Brigham Young was a stout man once,
But now he's thin and old.
And I'm sorry to state he's bald on the pate,
Which once had a covering of gold.
For, his oldest wives won't have white wool,
And his young ones won't have red:
So with tearing it out, taking turn and turn about,
They've torn all the hair off his head.
Oh! Brigham, &c.

Now his oldest wives sing psalms all day,
And the young ones all sing songs,
And amongst such a crowd, he has it pretty loud,
They're as noisy as China Gongs.
And when they advance for a Mormon dance,
He's filled with the direst alarms:
For they're sure to end the night in a tabernacle fight,
To see who shall be rolled in his arms.
Oh! Brigham, &c.

Now there never was such a man as Brigham Young,
So curious and queer if his joys are double,
He has a tribie lot of trouble.
And it gains on him year by year.
Yes, he sits in state, and bears his fate
In a sort of semi-saintly way:
If he's one wife to bury, he's another one to marry,
And a new child born every day.
Oh! Brigham, &c.

Now, if any gentleman here envys Brigham Young—
Let him go to the Great Salt Lake.
And if he has the leisure to enjoy his pleasure,
He'll find it a grand mistake.
One wife at a time, so says my rhyme,
Is enough—there's no denial—
So before you'd strive to be lord of forty-five,
Take two for a month on trial.
Oh! Brigham, &c.

The Barber.

Sung by Miss Annie Adams—Air: THE SABRE.

A Barber loved a charmer named Maria:
She left a pain here at his side:
She was all mortal could desire.
She vowed that she would be his bride;
From him she never would be parted—
Oh! how her words he had believed!
With frenzy his brain it now has started:
For, cruelly, cruelly he has been deceived.

CHORUS.

She's jilted the Barber, the Barber, the Barber.
Mad is the Barber, he feels his brain on fire:
She's jilted the Barber, the Barber, the Barber:
Mad now is the Barber, yes! mad is the Barber,
And all this thro' false Maria.

The first time she went into his shop,
Ah! me, he felt so strange and queer:
Her bright eyes they nearly made him drop:
Her hair it hung right down to here;
He dressed it, and from that moment,
Wounded he was by Cupid's dart:
What he cut off he dearly cherished—
He wears it, yes! he wears it next his heart.
She's jilted the Barber, &c.

He never made the slightest charge,
So the fair one often came:
With love he felt his heart grow large,
He told his love and not in vain.
She named the day, ah! blissful moment!
With joy he could have danced a fling—
Racked in his heart with cruel torment
To find she is a false deceitful thing,
She's jilted the Barber, &c.

When he found out she loved another,
His heart it felt ten million blows,
He cut all the hair off one man's head,
And took an inch from off another's nose;
Often, with razor in his hand,
His sorrow with madness sends him raving.
His customers his woes can't understand,
And strange to say, they never now want shaving—
She's jilted the Barber, &c.

My Soul is Dark.

By C. E. Phillips.

My soul is dark—
Oh! quickly string the harp
I yet can brook to hear,
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its gentle murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again;
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strains be wild and deep,
And let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst:
For, it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And arched in sleepless silence long,
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
And break at once or yield to song,
And break at once or yield to song.

Mine Own Suzan Jane.

Sung by James Hillier.

I hope you'll excuse, but I look in to see
If somebody's here dat's belonging to me:
I vander and I vonder, Oh! vhere can she be,
Mine own loaf, mine tear Suzan Jane?
Shweet Suzan Jane vas to be dis German's vife,
De pride of mine hearts, and de joys of mine life:
But now mine poor head, and mine bosom's all shtrife,
Thro' de loss of mine own Suzan Jane.

CHORUS.

Den Oh! vhere shall I go? and, Oh! vhat shall I do?
To find mine own loaf, vhat I tink vas so true,
Mit her prite eyes so red, and her hair all so plue?
Oh! vy did mine loaf run avay, Suzan Jane?

Her Sourkrout von Splattundietch das is mine name:
And ven Suzan Jane first to Germany came,
She set all mine hearts mit loaf in von flame,
Such beauty I never did saw—
I shmiled upon her, and she shmiled upon me,
I asked her: if vrow Splattundietch she vould be?
She said: "Yar!" and den, soon ve both did agree
Ve never vould part anymore!
But, Oh! vhere shall I go? &c.

Sometime she vonld go to der Gartens to dance:
Dere a vonce saw von Englishman give her sly glance,
And der next time I go, hah! I see him by chance
Give von kiss to mine own Suzan Jane.
Oh! ten tousand tunders! I seize on him clothes,
And he come scratch mine head, and den blow mine nose:
Den he turn me all over, and den off he goes
Avay mit mine own Suzan Jane—
Den, Oh! vhere shall I go? &c.

Ven I meets dis robber, ha! let him have care—
I'll call him von tief, and I'll pull all his hair!
And as for de fraulien—to me she so tear—
I can't hurt mine own Suzan Jane—
I'll vander to find her untill I do drop:
Den I'll go to your "Monument," dere I will shtop,
Throw mineself from de bottom right up to de top,
And shmash for mine own Suzan Jane!
But, Oh! vhere shall I go? &c.

Love Thee, Dearest!

Love thee, dearest, love thee!
Yes, by yonder star I swear,
Which thro' tears above thee
Shines so sadly fair.
Tho' too oft dim,
With tears like him,
Like him my truth will shine,
And love thee, dearest, love thee!
Yes—till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest, leave thee!
No—that star is not more true:
When my vows deceive thee,
He will wander, too.
"A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine,
But leave thee, dearest, leave thee!
No—till death I'm thine.

A man telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from the window of a house which he had often passed, said:

"It cries Stop thief! so natural, that every time I hear it I ALWAYS STOP."

Our Own Sweet Thoughts.

Our own sweet thoughts, they come and go,
Like angel visits to the soul;
They round our hearts in gladness flow,
And all our acts control;
They mem'ries bring of early days,
Of childhood's loved and gentle hours,
When life was young and all our ways
Were strewn with buds and flowers.

Our own sweet thoughts we only share
With those we love and love to bless:
We breathe them only when and where
They fall on tenderness;
They are to us of far more worth
Than glittering gems of purest ray:
The dearest things of all on earth,
Our own sweet thoughts to-day.

Come to Me, Loved One.

Words by Wm. Howitt—Music by Carl Redan.

Come to me, loved one, from thy heav'n descending,
Come to me softly, with the falling dews:
Come when the shadows and the lights are blending,
And the heart fondly all its past renews.
Come to me, loved one, as I sit and muse.
Chorus: Come to me, loved one, loved one,
Come to me, loved one, loved one,
Come to me, come to me,
Come to me, loved one, loved one.

Come to me, loved one, when the breeze is sighing,
And the fair sky shines with a lovely light:
When loving lips to loving words replying,
Make e'en this cloudy world divinely bright.
Come to me, loved one, let our souls unite.

Come, when days darken, when the storms are raving,
When friends are passing, and the heart is low:
Come, when the soul is sick, and inly craving
For what it hopes and dreams and fain would know.
Come to me, loved one, in thy star-like glow.

The Beggar Girl.

Over the mountain and over the moor,
Hungry and bare-foot I wander forlorn;
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,
And she grieves for the days that will never return,
Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity—
Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on:
Give me some food for my mother—for charity—
Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

Call me not lazy-back beggar, and bold-enough—
Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew—
I've two little brothers at home: when they're old enough,
They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.
Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity—
Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on:
Give me some food for my mother—for charity—
Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

Think, while you revel so careless and free,
Secure from the wind, and well-clothed and fed,
Should fortune so change it, how hard would it be
To beg at a door for a morsel of bread!
Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity—
Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on:
Give me some food for my mother—for charity—
Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

The Sweet Little Village.

Our village is surely the sweetest on earth:
'Tis the spot I delight in, it first gave me birth:
So clear are our streamlets, so verdant our shades,
So brave are our youth, and so fair are our maids.

CHORUS.

Oh! the dear little village in which I was born!
Oh! the sweet little village in which I was born!

Our groves are so cool, and so fertile our fields—
So rich is the fruits that kind Providence yields!
Our labor is light—though our lands are well tilled:
From whence both our barns and our pockets are filled.
Oh! the dear little village, &c.

Our loves are sincere, our affections are strong.
Our wines are all old, and our girls are all young—
Then, why should we ever for happiness roam,
When we've women and wine, with contentment at home?
Oh! the dear little village &c.

The curse of being rich—having poor relations.
The curse of being poor—having rich ones.

The Lover's Alphabet.

Written by J. A. Hardwick.

Sung by C. Sansom and C. J. Wilkins.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I've so many sweet-hearts, I don't know what to do—
From A to Z their names range it's true.
I can see I might wed either, plain as A B C:
For, all love truly and want to marry me.

CHORUS.

I'm puzz'led in my mind, can't make it up yet,
Perplexed which to choose of the whole Alphabet.

A for Angelina, an angel in disguise:
Amiable and affable, auburn hair, and azure eyes
B brilliant Belinda, beauty of the ball:
Better I should like it, if she didn't flirt with all.

C is Clara—I declare her charming of all:
I should see my way clearer, Clara mine to call.
D for Dora—I adore her, she's dashing and divine,
Dutiful, delighting, and doesn't me decline.

E is Emma—at a party the beaux all hem her in
And Emmeline, to Emma Lean I may till her I win.
F for Flora, fascinating, fanciful, and fair:
In a second floor, her I admire there.

G for Grace—she's all grace, with gracious smiling face:
I should think it meet if I could say My Grace.
H is Honor—on my honor, truly I can say,
On her I am doating, every night and day.

I is Inez—to her highness oft I bow my knee:
She's innocent, industrious and busy as a bee.
J for Josephine—when I call her my heart's queen.
She sauctily replies: "No: not for Josephine!"

K for Kitty, kind and generous: if I can Kitty get,
Like a careful soldier, I'll take care of my Kit.
L is lovely Lily, like lilies of the vale.
Retiring and modest, and interesting pale.

M is my Matilda—tho' she'a not mine as yet.
I may prefer Mary, Minnie, Madge, or Margaret.
N for Naughty Nelly, I know very well:
Tho' no Campanologist, I'd like to ring a (k) nell.

O oh! sweet Ophelia! a pretty little thing,
Puts me in mind of Hamlet, when I hear her sing.
P pretty Prudence—and prudence whispers, Sir,
You will be acting prudent if you marry her.

Q is the Question and I shall put it quick
When quite I've made my mind up which one to pick.
R is Rose—a sweet rose, and she has arose
A flame in my bosom that continually glows.

S is Saucy Susan—I can see with a look
She won't be forsaken if I am for Suke (sook.)
T there's a Teazer, and she won't do for me:
Nor Tabitha—for fond of a Tabby she may be.

U is Una—she's unique, tho' at her I could storm:
For Una is too fond of the soldiers una form.
V is Violet—she's violet and vexing, holding forth,
She might pour upon me the vial of her wrath.

W for Winnifred, with her winning ways:
Woo her and win her I may, one of these days.
X you will excuse, xcept it's to x-press.
They are all xcellent, with beauty in excess.

Y for Young Cupid, the master of the field,
And the young beauty to whom my heart I'll yield.
Z the zeal with which I'll love her when we're wed.
Now you know my sweet-hearts' names from A to Z.

But I'm puzzled in mind, can't make it up yet,
Perplexed which to choose from the whole Alphabet.

Go! Little Barque.

BALLAD—By C. Kinkel.

Go! little barque, I send thee out
Upon the future's heaving sea,
And watch thee on thy trembling route:
For, thou art all in all to me.
Thy course seems clear as noonday light:
Thy sails are filling from the mast:
And tho' these token speedy flight,
I fear thou'lt be on breakers cast:
And tho' these token speedy flight,
I fear thou'lt be on breakers cast.

A bright sky gleams above thee now,
And heaven seems to cheer thee on:
But surging waves will lash thy prow
And on thy sides the foam will form.
But go thou must! I'll try thy fate,
And bid thee through the billows grope;
I'll give thee love to bear as freight,
And as thy name I'll call thee "Hope!"
I'll give thee love to bear as freight,
And as thy name I'll call thee "Hope."

Let the world understand that yu kan be spit upon, and yu are a spit box for life.

Dreaming of Happier Days.

Words by D. L. Gibson—Music by J. S. Hartly.

When day is past and evening shades
Fall o'er the earth and sea,
And dreary night in black arrayed
Hath hushed the busy bee:
When naught but night's plaintive song
Comes trembling o'er the sheen
Of placid lake and silent wood,
'Tis then I sit and dream.
Dreaming of happier days,
Dreaming of happier days:
Years roll back, I'm then a boy.
While memory paints the past.

I dream of bright and happy days,
Of childish joy and glee:
I hear again the happy lays
We sang as wandering by the sea:
The forms that passed before me then,
So true and bright they seem,
They leave me, mem'ry's gift, a tear,
To think 'twas all a dream.

Be Happy with Me.

BALLAD—By Alice Hawthorne.

Yes, many may love thee and many may praise
The charm of thy voice and the grace of thy ways:
But let them adore thee, if still thou canst be
As fond and as true, and as happy with me.
Since time hath endeared us, my fate is allied
To all that shall come as thy certain decree;
Have faith in me then, in me trust and confide,
And strive to be happy, be happy with me.
Chorus: Be happy with me,
Be happy with me,
Be happy, happy, happy with me!

Tho' many may flatter and hope to possess
The love of thy heart in its fond tenderness,
I heed not—I care not—if still thou canst be
As fond and as true, and as happy with me.
Oh! smile at my sins, and my follies forgive—
My heart is devoted sincerely to thee;
Be blind to my failings and strive, whilst we live,
To ever be happy, be happy with me!

Do You Really Think He Did?

SONG AND QUARTETTE—Composed by H. P. Danks.

I waited till the twilight,
And yet he did not come.
I strayed along the brook side,
And slowly wandered home—
When who should come behind me
But him I could have chid;
He said he came to find me—
Do you really think he did?
Do you really think he did?

He said since last we parted,
He'd thought of naught so sweet
As of this very moment—
The moment we should meet—
He showed me where, half shaded,
A cottage home lay hid;
He said for me he had made it—
Do you really think he did?
Do you really think he did?

He said when first he saw me,
Life seemed at once divine:
Each night he dreamt of angels,
And every face was mine:
Sometimes a voice, in sleeping,
Would all his hopes forbid,
And then he wakened weeping—
Do you really think he did?
Do you really think he did?

A youngster, after deep meditation, broke out to his father: "Pa, I know why colored people have white palms to their hands and white soles to their feet. When the first colored man was made, he stood on all fours while God was painting him!"

Those Dear Ones are Gone!

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I remember quite well when how careless I wandered—
To my home I've returned, the place where I was born:
As I gaze on the scene, how so deeply I ponder
For those dear loving faces I'm now left to mourn—
My parents' last words, ere I crossed the wide ocean—
Dear mother she wept and appeared quite forlorn
She kissed me so tender, and cried: "Boy, remember
Your father and mother when they're dead and gone!"

I ne'er can forget when my wife and I parted:
We stood on the shore with our little boy, Joe:
She wept on my shoulder, was nigh broken-hearted.
And my child said: "Dear father, stay with us, don't go!"
"Cheer up, my boy, I said, I shall soon be returning,
With fame, too, and fortune: so pray do not mourn:
I ne'er will deceive thee, farewell dearest Phœbe!
And don't forget William when to sea I am gone."

On my lone watch, at night, or in hammock reclining,
In fancy I oft hear the village church bells,
And the prayers of my Phœbe—for me she was pining—
My child's voice, God bless him! I heard, too, as well.
Four years had rolled by, I returned back with plenty,
To the home of my childhood with joy my steps borne:
But of what use was plenty? for, the old place was empty—
For, my dear wife and child to the cold grave had gone—

Alone now I wander, so sad and forsaken
And pray for the day we shall all meet again.
When I to that bright world, to them shall be taken
And be happy together without care or pain—
How often we see, in this wide world of sorrow,
Some people their parents' advice treat with scorn—
Be sure they'll repent: so this maxim pray borrow:
"The friends that you love, you will
miss, when they're gone!"

A Daughter of Israel.

Words and Music by Charles Sloman.

A daughter of Israel sat by a stream,
And the waters rolled murmuring by:
Like the shadows that flit o'er the soul in a dream,
Were the storm-clouds that darkened the sky;
The clear light that shone in her mild beaming eye
Proclaimed her as one of the free:
And these were the words she breathed in a sigh—
"I weep, land of Judah, for thee!"

The thunder roared loud, but she heeded not that,
She thought on the land of the brave:
And still by the waters she mournfully sat,
Till the stream billowed high on the wave;
And as she departed, this, this was the lay—
"Farewell to the land of the free!
No longer thy children the timbrel shall play,
I weep, land of Judah, for thee!"

Gentle Words and Loving Smiles.

Words by C. D. Stuart—Music by Henry Weber.

A budding rose in summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious are the many stars
That glimmer on the sea:
But gentle words and loving smiles,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers
Or stars that ever shone.

The sunbeam warms the grass to life,
The dew adorns the flower,
And shineth bright to hail the light
Of autumn's op'ning hour:
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are better than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art:
And gold or gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart!
But, oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

"I'll give that girl a piece of my mind," exclaimed a certain young fellow.

"I would not, replied his uncle; you've none to spare."

I Have No Mother Now.

(New Version.)

I hear the soft winds sighing
Through every bush and tree,
Where now dear mother's lying,
Away from love and me.
Tears from my eyes are starting,
And sorrow shades my brow :
Oh ! weary was our parting—
I have no mother now !
I am always sad and lonely,
With grief upon my brow :
She has gone, alas ! for ever—
I have no mother now !

I see the pale moon shining
On mother's white headstone :
The rose-bush round it twining,
It's here—like me alone—
And just like me, are weeping
The dew-drops from the bough :
Long time has she been sleeping—
I have no mother now !

Now I wander sad and lonely,
My heart is drear and sad :
'Twas her dear presence only,
That made my spirits glad :
From morn until the evening,
Care rests upon my brow,
She's gone from me to Heaven—
I have no mother now !

Going Home With the Milk in the Morning.

Grieving's a folly :
I hate melancholy—
For mirth is the best thing on earth I can find :
Let them say what they will,
Still my goblet I'll fill,
And water as drink will be scorning !
The head-ache and pains I all do defy !
It is better believe me, to laugh than to cry :
Stop out on the spree,
That's the motto for me,
And come home with the milk in the morning !

Some people say :
" From the glass keep away ! "
They are not to be thought of the ignorant elves—
I like to go out,
And wander about,
And stop with my friends till the dawning :
Sometimes I get more than my head well can bear,
When some friend I meet my enjoyment to share :
I don't care a pin
For the rows I get in—
But reel home with the milk in the morning !

Brown's an excellent fellow,
And likes to get mellow,
Stops out on the spree never heeding the end :
Although he is single,
With us he can't mingle :
For his landlady's given him warning :
" Mr. Brown Mr. Brown ' this conduct won't do :
Here night after night I'm obliged to sit up for you :
You shan't have the key,
You beast, I assure you from me,
To come home with the milk in the morning ! "

To see the sun rising
Is a sight most surprising,
As it's tipping with gold every red chimney pot,
Like the hue on the cheek
Of the maiden we seek,
And the light of your eyes on it dawning :
To see the small sparrows in quiet paths meet,
Hopping hither and thither their breakfasts to get,
It's a beautiful sight,
Which your eyes must delight,
Coming home with the milk in the morning !

There's little fat Biggs,
He'd been running his rigs,
And had, had many skirmishes with the Police :
And often his eyes,
You sure would surmise,
A circle of black were adorning.
At last, Johnny Biggs got a week at the mill,
Which proved to poor John such a nice little pill,
He swore never again
After twelve he'd remain,
To come home with the milk in the morning !

But I hope you don't think
That I'm given to drink :
For, that on my part a folly would be—
So mind my example,
And on it don't trample.
But take from my moral a warning :
There's no harm in your grog or beer with a friend,
But shun dissipation, or look to the end :
For, 'twould sad be to tell
That a black work-house shell
Took you home with the milk in the morning !

My Good Old Irish Home.

Air : My Old Kentucky Home.

Och ! my heart still yearns for my good ould Irish Home,
Though grieving may all be in vain :
Bad luck till the day that I ever thought to roam—
For, I'll never see my counthry again.
Methinks I can see my own little cabin door—
The thought makes my poor bosom swell,
But sad is my fate—I will never see it more—
So, my good ould Irish home, fare thee well !

CHORUS.

Thin spake no more of comfort : oh ! spake no more, I pray :
For, my heart still turns to the home I've left behind,
To my poor, but happy home far away—

I'll sit no more by the bright and blazing fire,
Where praties were boiling so rare :
I'll toil no more till my limbs begin to tire,
With my heart rint with sorrow and care :
But the thought will come like a dhrame unto my mind,
And whisper so softly, yet plain :
" Och ! Paddy, forget not the home you've left behind,
Though you may never behould it again ! "
Thin spake no more, &c.

Oh ! my counthry I love, though it never may be free—
But still 'tis my counthry the same :
The time may come when 'twill gain its liberty—
Thin Ireland may be proud of its name.
But fate has decreed, and my heart must be resigned,
Though tears from my eyelids may swell :
Och ! a few more prayers for the home I've left behind—
Thin, my good ould Irish home, fare thee well !
Thin spake no more, &c.

Caroline of Edinburg Town.

Come all, young men and maidens, attend unto my rhyme :
It's of a young damsel, who was scarcely in her prime :
She beat the blushing roses and admired by all around
Was lovely young Caroline of Edinburg town.

Young Henry was a Highland man a courting to her came,
And when her parents came to know,
they did not like the same :
Young Henry was offended, and unto her did say :
" Arise, my dearest Caroline, and with me run away.

We will both go to London, love,
and there we'll wed with speed,
And then lovely Caroline shall have happiness indeed. "
Now enticed by young Henry, she put on her other gown,
And away went young Caroline of Edinburg town.

Over hills and lofty mountains together they did roam,
In time arrived in London, far from her happy home ;
She said : ' My dearest Henry, pray never on me frown,
Or you'll break the heart of Caroline of Edinburg town. "

They had not been in London more than half a year,
When hard-hearted Henry proved too severe :
Said Henry : " I will go to sea,
your friends did on me frown,
So beg your way, without delay, to Edinburg town.

The fleet is fitting out, to Spithead dropping down,
And I will join the fleet to fight for king and crown,
The gallant tars may feel the scars, or in the water drown,
Yet I never will again return to Edinburg town. "

Then many a day she passed away in sorrow and despair :
Her cheeks, though once like roses,
were grown like lilies fair ;
She cried : " Where is my Henry ? "
and often did she swoon.
Crying : " Sad's the day I ran away from Edinburg town ! "

Oppressed with grief, without relief the damsel she did go
Into the woods to eat such fruit as on the bushes grow ;
Some strangers they did pity her,
and some did on her frown,
And some did say : " What made you
stray from Edinburg town ? "

Beneath a lofty spreading oak, this maid sat down to cry,
A watching of the gallant ships as they were passing by ;
She gave three shrieks for Henry,
and plunged her body down,
And away floated Caroline to Edinburg town.

A note, likewise her bonnet, she left upon the shore,
And in the note a lock of hair with
the words : " I am no more !
And fast asleep I'm in the deep—" The fish
are watching around
Once comely young Caroline of Edinburg town.

Come all you tender parents, ne'er try to part true love,
You're sure to see in some degree the ruin it will prove :
Likewise young men and maidens,
ne'er on your lovers frown,
Think on the fate of Caroline of Edinburg town !

The man who possesses good health is always rich.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

See the sack open before you buy what is in it ; for, he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated.

Little Maud.

The Music of this Beautiful Song can be obtained at all the Music-Stores in New-York and the United-States.

Oh ! where is our dainty, our darling—
The daintiest darling of all ?
Oh ! where is the voice on the stairway ?
Oh ! where is the voice in the hall ?
The little short steps on the entry,
The silvery laugh in the hall ?
Oh ! where is our dainty, our darling—
The daintiest darling of all ?

CHORUS.

Little Maud, Little Maud !
Oh ! the daintiest darling of all—
Little Maud Little Maud !
Oh ! the daintiest darling of all !

The peaches are ripe in the garden,
The apricots ready to fall :
The blue grapes are dripping their honey
In sunshine upon the white wall :
Oh ! where are the lips full of melting,
That looked up so pouting and red,
When we dangled the sun-purpled bunches
Of Isabelle over her head ?
O Maud, little Maud ! say where are you ?
She never replies to our call—
Oh ! where is our dainty, our darling—
The daintiest darling of all ?

CHORUS.

Fare thee well then dainty darling little Maud, fare thee well !
Oh ! the daintiest darling of all—
In heaven we shall meet thee, dearest darling little Maud—
Oh ! the daintiest darling of all !

Time is a Blessing.

Oh ! time is a blessing sent by God,
For the use, not abuse, of man :
And woe to him who shall ever presume
To frustrate his Maker's plan—
The sun hath its time of going down,
The birds know their hour of rest :
Then why is it that man should be
By his fellow man oppressed ?
By his fellow man oppressed ?

Oh ! why should the hour of toil endure
Till the head and the heart grow faint ?
Is it because the mind of man
Is better for such restraint ?
Need leisure hours be idle hours,
And tend to corrupt the mind ?
No ! brotherly love is the only chain
That master and man should bind,
That master and man should bind.

Go, ask ye of him whose sunken cheek
Proclaims a life of care,
How many hours of the twenty-four
He for wife and child can spare ?
Oh ! long ere he wearily seeks his home,
His children are gone to rest :
Little they know of a father's love,
Or the anguish that rends his breast,
Or the anguish that rends his breast—

Who will not toil for those he loves ?
But, alas ! human nature is weak :
And if time be not given for mental food,
Some other resource man will seek :
At the hour of ten, at the closing hour,
When the spirits require relief,
He rushes to scenes where excitement dwells,
To drown for a while his grief,
To drown for a while his grief—

Homeless and Friendless.

Homeless and friendless, victim of woe,
No one to comfort her, no where to go :
There's no one to speak to her kind words of cheer,
No one to wipe away sorrow's hot tear—

CHORUS.

Then say ; can ye pass her by, coldly in scorn ?
Then say ; can ye pass her by, coldly in scorn ?
Have ye no pity for one so forlorn ?
Have ye no pity for one so forlorn ?

Innocent yet is she, pure as the rose :
Child of simplicity, no guile she knows :
But oh ! what dangers lurk 'round her pathway—
Foes, in the guise of friends, to lead her astray !

Chorus.

Think of her—should she fall in her despair,
She, now so innocent, spotless and fair—
Think of her misery, think of her shame,
Think of her destiny—who is to blame ?

Chorus.

The Burlington Arcade.

As sung by HARRY RICKARDS.



3 Although I captivated her, she would not tell her name,
But said that I should see her there, next evening if I ca...e;
Accordingly I went to meet this charming maid,
And buy her something in the Burlington Arcade.—Cho.

4 I went into a jeweler's, to buy a locket rare,
A pretty girl was serving behind the counter there;
I did not notice her, until the cash I'd paid,
Then saw she was my love of the Burlington Arcade.—Cho.

5 A man was standing by, to whom she spoke in loving tones
And introduced me to him as her husband, Mr. Jones;
I did not like his looks, so tracks I quickly made,
And now I never walk in the Burlington Arcade.—Cho.

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CONTENTS.

A Summer Day	Page	524
As we went Berrying, Jenny and I		522
Beautiful Flowers for My Mother		522
Be Thankful, Darling		522
BROKEN TIES		523
Bessie Gray : or I will and I won't		524
The Beauty of Brixton		525
Billy Pattison		525
Can there be Harm in Kissing ?		522
COME TO ME IN DREAMLAND		523
Cottage on the Hill		523
The Contraband's Adventures		526
Cum Plung Gum		526
Do Right and Fear not		522
DEN I WAS GONE		527
Don't be Sorrowful, Darling		523
Do you know who Loves you ?		525
From this Moment thou art Free !		522
Fear not, but Trust in Providence		523
FEMALE SUFFRAGE		526
The Farmer's Son		526
The Factory Girl		527
Good-bye ! but come again		523
His Tail Kept Wagging		522
Her Chignon on My Shoulder		525
The Horrible Tale—New Version		525
I Dance like a Fairy		523
The IRISH GIRL		527
Let's enjoy Life while we can		522
Love of Early Days		526
Little Foot-Steps		527
Little Fraud		527
MY JAUNTING CAR		524
The Merry Vivandiere		524
Paddy Blake's Echo		523
The Pretty Girl of our Court		526
The Straight Tip		524
Sad News from Home		525
STEAM'S UP		525
Seraphina		526
There is no Place Like Home		524
We can Make Home Happy		524
What was I Made for .		525
WOODLAND MARY		527
Whene'er I Think of Thee—Words		527
Whene'er I Think of Thee—Music		528

HENRY DE MARSAN'S

SINGER'S JOURNAL.

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REMEMBER:

60 **Chatham Street, Up-Stairs,** 60
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His Tail Kept Wagging.

Sung by E. W. Mackney.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I had a cunning little dog, a prettier you'd not see—
Where'er I went, this little dog would always follow me!
His tail it was a telegraph,
by its movements you might find:
When pleased, it went a wagging; when
crossed, hung down behind.
His tail kept wagging, wag wag wagging,
Wiggle waggle wagging, or hung down behind.

His eyes were sharp as needles, his coat was silky sleek:
His actions ne'er denoted him to be a currish sneak;
He always spoke his mind out, in daylight or in dark,
There was grace in all his actions and music in his bark.
His tail kept wagging, wag wag wagging,
Wiggle waggle wagging, or hung down behind.

Now Pompey stood no nonsense, he'd
stick up for his own:
He'd not, like many dogs I know, walk off another's bone;
To see him pass a dogs'-meat shop was really quite a treat,
He was too well up in collar to beg or collar meat.
His tail kept wagging, wag wag wagging,
Wiggle waggle wagging, or hung down behind.

He was faithful, he was watchful, he'd
guard his master's home,
Nor after giddy fancies would my sober Pompey roam;
He'd go out with the children, when
they want to buy a bun,
But if he saw a penny-pie shop,
he'd drop his tail and run!
And it left off wagging, wag-wag wagging,
Not a bit of wagging, but hung down behind.

Pompey was not quarrelsome, he knew what he was at:
There was no cat-and-dog-life between him and our cat:
But if he saw a tallow man his heels he would assail—
Up he'd lift his little voice, and down he'd drop his tail.
His tail kept wagging, wag wag wagging,
Wiggle waggle wagging, or hung down behind.

I was going to marry, Pompey guessed it pat:
For, though he was no ratter, sly Pompey smelt a rat
His mistress wore a crinoline—as he ran by her side,
When tired he crawled up in the hoops, and
there he took a ride—
And his tail stopped wagging, wag wag wagging,
Wiggle waggle wagging, and hung down behind.

Let's Enjoy Life While We Can.

Sung by Miss Annie Adams.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Life is short, and youth's a treasure
Let's enjoy it while we can:
Those who pass their hours in pleasure,
Only follow wisdom's plan.
Time flies, that there's no denying,
Let us take wing:
And like time from care away be flying
While we all sing:
Yes, gaily sing, ah! gaily sing,
Now then all.

CHORUS.

Come along and join my song, and let's all sing,
While to aid the merry strain your glasses ring.

Life is short: so we should use it
As a playmate we adore:
If we sigh, we but abuse it,
As the miser does his store.
Time flies, that there's no denying,
Let us take wing:
And like time from care away be flying,
While we all sing:
Yes, gaily sing, ah! gaily sing,
Now then all. Come along and join, &c.

Life is short, but still we've ample joys—
So let us not repine:
Let us set the world example,
And drown care in rosy wine.
Time flies, that there's no denying,
Let us take wing:
And like time from care away be flying,
While we all sing:
Yes, gaily sing, ah! gaily sing,
Now then all. Come along and join, &c.

The conduct of the husband who beats his wife, beats anything; but that of the man who slams the door in the face of his wife's relations, bangs all.

Never deal with an undertaker if you can possibly avoid it. They are a mean set, always wanting to screw you down.

Be Thankful, Darling.

SONG—By D. C. Addison.

Thank God for the clouds, my darling,
So full of replenishing rain—
For, clouds as well as the sunshine
Are never sent in vain.

CHORUS.

So be thankful to God, my darling,
And never of storms complain:
For, he who gives sunshine, my dear,
Is the same who sendeth the rain.

So clouds of adversity, darling,
And the tears that in sorrow fall,
Like the waters that soften the earth,
Will soften our hearts as well.

'Tis up in the clouds, my darling,
The bow of God's promise appears,
And sunshine comes after the storm,
And laughter after tears.

Let us patiently wait, my darling,
For joy and for sunshine and light,
Since we know 'twill not always be dark:
For, day always follows the night.

From this Moment Thou Art Free.

BALLAD.

Words by Regina Parker—Music by John S. Cowley.

I have borne thy growing coldness
Growing day by day more cold:
I have borne thy stern upbraidings
With a sorrow yet untold:
I have borne thy frequent absence
With a true and patient heart:
Therefore think not, though it pain me,
That I cannot bear to part.
Oh, no! since I know thee faithless
In thy every vow to me,
I can bear it, I will bear it—
For, 'twere better it should be.

Young in years and richly dowered
With a heart as free from guile
As thy babe's, on whose sweet features
Thou hast never deigned to smile,
Never dreaming in my fondness
It would be my lot to find
In the form of human nature
One so loveless and unkind—
But 'tis done, the link is broken,
From this moment thou art free:
I can bear it, I will bear it—
For, 'twere better it should be.

As We Went Berrying, Jenny and I.

A BEAUTIFUL SONG—By Jas. Harrison.

On a sunny summer morning,
Early as the dew was dry,
Up the hill I went ber'ing,
Need I tell you, tell you why?
Farmer Houghton had a daughter
And it happen'd that I knew,
On such Summer morning, Jenny
Up the hill went ber'ing, too.

Lonely work is picking berries:
So I joined her on the hill:
"Jenny, dear, said I, your basket's
Quite too large for one to fill."
So we stayed—we two to fill it,
Jenny talking—I was still—
Leading where the way was steepest,
Picking berries up the hill.

"This is up-hill work," said Jenny.
"So is life, said I: shall we
Climb it each alone, or, Jenny,
Will you come and climb with me?"
Redder than the blushing berries
Jenny's cheeks a moment grew,
While without delay she answered:
"I will come and climb with you."

Two blacks don't make a white; they don't even make a mulatto.

Do Right and Fear Not.

SACRED SONG FOR MEZZO SOPRANO OR BARITONE.

Words by George Cooper—Music by J. R. Thomas.

Do ye right and fear not!
Oh! heed thy Lord's command:
This thy noble watchword,
While foes around thee stand.
Terrors that have bound thee,
End[illegible] but for a day;
Shadows that surround thee,
Oh! soon shall pass away.
Chorus: Do ye right and fear not!
In doubt and pain and loss,
Onward! thou shalt conquer,
Thou soldier of the cross!

Doubts will fly before thee,
And, Oh! the sweet relief
Simple trust will give thee
In all thy care and grief!
Lo! the end is wearing,
Oh! be then faithful still:
Life or death unfearing,
Since thou hast done His will!

Can There Be Harm in Kissing?

SONG—Music by Joseph A. Goschwend.

The waters kiss the pebbly shore,
The winds all kiss the hills:
The sunbeams kiss the tulip bud
For the odor it distils.
The dewdrops kiss the rose at morn,
The cereus dew at eve:
And germ and flower in circling clasp
Their mystic beauties weave:
And germ and flower in circling clasp
Their mystic beauties weave.

The moonbeams kiss the clouds at night:
The star-gems kiss the sea:
While shadows, dreamy, soft and light,
Are kissing on the lea.
The zephyrs kiss the budding pink,
That blossoms on beauty's lips:
And ruder blasts, tho' cold and chill,
Its ruby nectar sip:
And ruder blasts, tho' cold and chill,
Its ruby nectar sip.

The winds, the waves, the budding flowers,
The laughing, merry rills,
Are kissing all from morn till eve,
And clouds still kiss the hills:
E'en heaven and earth do meet to kiss,
Thro' tears of sparkling dew:
In kissing then can there be harm?
I don't think so, do you?
In kissing then can there be harm?
I don't think so, do you?

Beautiful Flowers for My Mother.

Words by Luis Wain Brooker—Music by T. M. Higgins.

Mother, I bring in my little hand
These beautiful flowers to you—
I gathered them fresh in the spirit land,
All sprinkled over with dew:
Roses of loveliest crimson,
Lilies whiter than snow,
Violets of clustering azure
Gemmed with flowers of star-like hue.
Chorus: Beautiful flowers from spirit land,
Sparkling with etherial dew:
Lona brings in her little hand,
Brings them, mother, dear mother, to you

Crimson roses—Lona found them
Twined around an evergreen,
Banding o'er the snow-white lilies,
Looking upward from the stream:
On the bank there, close beside them,
Gathered I these violets blue:
In the sunlight just beyond them,
Bloomed the flowers of star-like hue.

Roses are of love an emblem,
Love as pure as love can be,
Watching o'er the fleeting moments
Of my helpless infancy:
Lilies tell the spirit's whiteness—
Violets how pure and true—
Stars the crown of glorious brightness,
Waiting here in heaven for you.

RATHER IGNORANT — Two young ladies recently agreed to read Shakespeare together, and one said: "Let us begin with Romeo and Juliet."
"Why! exclaimed the other, "we can't read both of them at once."

Paddy Blake's Echo.

There's a spot by that lake, sirs,
Where echoes were born:
Where one Paddy Blake, sirs,
Was walking one morn—
With a great curiousity big in his mind!
Says he: "Mrs. Blake
Doesn't TRATE me, of late,
In the fashion she did
When I first called her Kate
She's crusty and surly—
My cabin's the DHIAOUL,
My pigs and my poultry
Are all cheek by jowl:
But what is the cause from the Acho I'll find."

SPOKEN: So up he goes, bowldly, to the Acho, and says: "The top o' the mornin' t'ye, Misther or Missus Acho: for divil a know I know whether ye wear petticoats or breeches"—"Neither," says the Acho in Irish—"Now, that being the case, says Paddy, turnin' sharp 'pon the Acho d'ye see, ye can tell me the stark-naked truth—" "Troth an' ye may say that with yir own purty mouth," says the Acho—"Well, thin, says Paddy agin, what the divil's come over Mrs. Blake of late?—" "Poteen!" says the Acho—"Oh! by the powers of Moll Kelly! shouted Paddy, I thought as mich—
It wasn't for nothin' the taypot was hid,
Tho' I guessed what was in it by smellin' the lid."

There's another suspicion
Comes over my mind:
That with all his CONTRITION
And prayers, and that kind,
Ould Father Mahony's a wag in his way.
When a STATION, he says,
Will be held at MY house,
I must go my ways,
Or be mute as a mouse.
For HIM turkey and bacon
Is pulled from the shelf:
Not so much as a cake on
The coals for myself:
But what all this MANES? why, the Acho will say.

SPOKEN: Up he goes agin to the Acho, and says: "Tell me, aff ye plase, what is't brings ould Father Mahony so everlastingly to my counthry seat in the bog of Bally Keeran?—" "Mrs. Blake," says the Acho—"Oh, hannimandhioul! says Paddy, I thought as mich the thief o' the world—sure I thought as mich, Oh! tundher-anouns!
I'll go home an' BATE her, until my heart's sore,
Then give her the key of the street evermore!"

I Dance Like a Fairy.

Answer to: She danced like a Fairy

Written by Elliott Brenchley—Air: She danced like a Fairy.

Some chap to the world has my doings proclaimed:
It's time he was tamed, since me he has blamed.
And said things about me for which he's ashamed,
I'm sure ought to be of himself.
'Twould better have been if he, friends, to you
Had shown of deceit a deal less:
To pest you with troubles 'twas folly to do,
He's caused me to like him much less.
CHORUS.
For, I dance like a fairy, as you all have heard,
I sing like a bird, but then I preferred
A Star Comic-Singer—so gave him my word
That I Mrs. Loybourne would be.

Now really I don't think he ought to complain,
Though he tried in vain my hand to obtain:
So how the affair came about I'll explain,
If you your attention will give.
He called at my Father's and unto me said:
"On trying to teach me he was bent,
He'd learn me to dance with a light fairy tread."
To which I, of course, gave consent.
Now I dance like a fairy, &c.

One day, my instructor he screwed up his pluck,
Said I was a duck, with me he was struck.
Then talked for an hour, said he "hoped 'twas his luck
To be loved by me in return."
"That some comic-singer had forestalled him, I said;
I'd referred him to Pa, good old gent.
He'd been and had asked his permission to wed—
To which kind old dad gave consent."
For, I'd dance like a fairy, &c.

This poor love-struck noodle then said he should die,
No more clothes he'd buy, I scarcely knew why—
"But if you mean to lammas, pray leave me, said I,
The ticket of your Sunday clothes."
He gave me a fierce look, then from me he flew—
So now, friends this favor I claim:
Believe what I've told you to be really true,
And say that I was not to blame
For, I dance like a fairy, &c.

The difficulty of expressing one's self in a foreign language, is illustrated by the remark of a German girl, who went to see a fine boy baby, and in endeavoring to express her admiration said: "Oh, my! what a nice fat babee! How fat she is, don't he?"

HIGH WORDS—Dialogue in a balloon.

Don't be Sorrowful, Darling.

Words by Alice Cary—Music by J. P. Webster.

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray:
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day!
'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun!
CHORUS.
Then don't be sorrowful, darling,
Don't be sorrowful, pray:
For, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day!

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads they are growing gray:
But, taking the year all around, my dear,
You will always find th' May!
We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago,
And th' time of year is coming, my dear,
For th' silent night and th' snow! Chorus.

And God is God my darling,
Of night as well as of day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever he leads the way.
Aye, God of the night, my darling,
Of th' night of death, so grim:
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is th' gate that leads to Him! Chorus.

Good-Bye! But Come Again.

BALLAD.

Words by George Cooper—Music by J. R. Thomas.

Oh! must we part! how sad the words
Are falling on my heart—
Your beaming eyes would bid me stay,
Then, dear one, must we part!
And yet the words of hope you breathe,
Have borne away my pain,
I bless the lips that sweetly say:
"Good-bye! but come again:
Good-bye, Good-bye,
Good-bye! but come again."

What bliss to hold your hand in mine,
And gaze within your eyes—
What bliss to know one heart is true,
'Neath fair or cloudy skies—
Your loving words, like Summer flowers,
Shall in my soul remain,
And soon I'll press the lips that say:
"Good-bye! but come again:
Good-bye, Good-bye,
Good-bye! but come again."

Broken Ties.

Poetry by Montgomery—Music by J. P. Webster.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before the mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream—
Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hands can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parent of our infant home,
The kindred that we love,
Far from our arms perchance may roam
To distant scenes removed:
Or have we watched their parting breath,
Or closed their weary eyes,
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties!

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They, too, are gone, or changed,
Or worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened and estranged:
They meet us in a glittering throng,
With cold, averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong
And mourn those broken ties.

Oh! who, in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain
Did not one radiant hope of bliss,
Unclouded yet remain?—
That hope, the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns beyond the skies,
That hope still points our souls to heaven,
Beyond those broken ties.

When conscience is awakened now-a-days, it don't like to say IT IS I, half so well as IT IS YOU.

Come to Me in Dreamland.

Words by C. C. Butler—Music by P. von Weller.

Oh! dearest! in my fondest dream,
I've seen thee oft, too oft, I ween:
Say: did I hear thee whisper, love?
For, such a smile I scarce have seen,
And all my soul enraptured grew:
For, I could vow that it was you.
CHORUS.
And all my soul enraptured grew:
For, I could vow that it was you.

I wandered long in Dreamland, love,
To hear again what thou would'st tell:
I listened while some spirit-song
Broke o'er me like some hallowed spell,
And from its tone I knew 't was thee:
For, not so sweet could other be.

Then come to me in Dreamland oft,
I'll tell thee of a heart that's true,
I'll tell thee how some spirit came,
And whispered: "I am loving you!"
And if that spirit be thy own,
I'll know it from its sad, sweet tone.

Fear Not, But Trust in Providence.

SACRED BALLAD.

Words by Anna B. Elmslie—Music by Geo. W. Persley.

As onward through this vale of tears
I wend my weary way,
When my poor heart, filled with vague fears,
Would bid my footsteps stay:
A sweet voice often whispers me
In accents soft and low:
"Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st go:
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st go."

There's sadness in my heart to-day,
And swift the shadows fall:
I cannot drive the gloom away,
There's darkness over all—
But that same voice speaks to my heart
Like music soft and low:
"Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st go:
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st go."

As swiftly onward roll the years,
The future to the past,
May faith in God calm all my fears,
And cheer me to the last—
And may I ever heed the voice
That whispers soft and low:
"Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st go:
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st go."

Cottage on the Hill.

BALLAD—Words and Music by Frank Howard.

Oft-times, at twilight, comes a shadow,
My heart with sweet mem'ries it doth fill:
Fond recollections it doth point to—
'Tis that dear woodbine cottage standing on the hill.
There dwelt those loved ones so near and so dear,
And there on its porch, at nightfall's approach,
Dear grand-pa with stories would cheer:
There oft I've played beside the rill:
Oh! tell me: does that cottage still stand on the hill?
The cottage that stood on the hill,
The cottage that stood on the hill?
No sight my heart with joy could thrill
Like the woodbine cottage standing on the hill.

Over this wide world I have wandered,
And sights ever beautiful I've seen:
But when in quiet hours I'd ponder,
Back came the cottage with the fields so green—
There with my dear cherished mother I'd roam,
Such pure joy to me, my heart light and free,
A heaven of bliss was that home:
Now where those tall old poplars wave,
Lies that dear mother with the green turf o'er her grave—
That cottage that stood on the hill,
That cottage that stood on the hill,
Oh! how my heart with joy 'twould fill,
Could I see but that dear old cottage on the hill!

The only industrious LOAFERS are the bakers.

We Can Make Home Happy.

Though we may not change the cottage
For a mansion tall and grand,
Or exchange the little grass plot
For a boundless stretch of land—
Yet there's something brighter, dearer
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have not means to purchase
Costly pictures rich and rare—
Though we have not silken hangings
For the walls so cold and bare—
We can hang them o'er with garlands:
For, the flowers bloom everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful,
If the right course we begin:
We can make its inmates happy
And their truest blessings win:
It will make the small room brighter,
If we'll let the sunshine in.

We can gather round the fireside,
When the evening hours are long—
We can blend our hearts and voices
In a happy, social song—
We can guide some erring brother—
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music,
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders
We will firmly close the door—
Yet should evil shadows enter,
We must love each other more.

Oh! there are treasures for the lowly
Which the grandest fail to find:
There's a chain of sweet affect on
Binding friends of kindred mind—
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

The Straight Tip.

Sung by THE GREAT TRUE.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I'm a downy sort of chap,
You'll see beyond all doubt;
Up to every move on the board—
I know my way about.
All information you may want,
You'll have it from these lips;
Make no blooming error there—
For, mine are all straight tips.
The straight tip the straight tip,
I give you the straight tip;
Make no blooming error there,
I give you the straight tip.

When courting, if you'd like to make
The lady your fair bride,
Get to know her character,
Before the knot is tied,
Or you may perhaps regret it,
When your cable you can't slip—
Make no blooming error there,
I give you the straight tip.
The straight, &c.

When going to the Races, if
On betting you're inclined,
Be sure you never bet upon
The horse that comes behind.
If you don't follow my advice,
Your coin away will slip—
Make no blooming error there,
I give you the straight tip.
The straight, &c.

When driving a hard bargain—
Now always think of this—
Be sure you have the best of it,
A good chance never miss.
For, in this world all seem inclined
Each other's coin to grip—
Make no blooming error there,
I give you the straight tip.
The straight, &c.

A tip I've got for fighting,
Which is useful you will say:
That is, to never let your man
Hit you in any way.
Keep your guard and now and then,
Aim at the nose or lip—
Make no blooming error there,
I give you the straight tip.
The straight, &c.

Never be too certain boys,
In what you undertake:
Or ten to one but things go wrong,
You make some sad mistake.
For, many a slip, you know, there is
Between the cup and lip—
Make no blooming error there,
I give you the straight tip.
The straight, &c.

Why is an empty champagne bottle like an orphan?

Because it has lost its "pop."

Bessie Gray: Or I Will and I Won't.

Long time a-courting I had been
The village Queen of May,
A maiden fair as summer's skies,
Whose name was Bessie Gray.
One evening, by the river's brink,
As we sat side by side,
With beating heart I whispered low:
"Sweetheart, wilt thou be my bride?"
She shook her golden ringlets back,
And laughing, said: "Now, don't!
Such folly sure was never heard:
Of course, you know I won't."

With anger fired, I chided her,
Her broken vows reproved,
Recalled sweet tender memories—
The maid remained unmoved.
I clasped her little hand—'twas cold—
I said: "False girl, you're free,
And ere another day may dawn,
Why, I'll be off to sea."
"No, no! she cried, 'twas all a jest:
Say but you love me still,
And I'll confess a maiden's WON'T
May sometimes mean I WILL."

Now twenty years are past and gone,
A happy couple we,
With health and sweet contentment blest,
And prattlers round our knee.
And now my simple song is done,
The moral I'll impart:
Oft words escape from lips which find
No echo in the heart.
"The course of true love ne'er runs smooth,"
The adage holds good still:
Then never daunted be by WON'T,
And you may gain your WILL!

A Summer Day.

Sunshine over the meadow lands,
Kissing the crimson clover,
And sunshine haunting the lily cups
That the yellow bees hang over:
And sunshine over the hazy hills,
And over the dimpling river,
And I wished that the sun and summer day
Might shine and last forever.

We walked down by the meadow path,
The broad highway forsaking:
For, the quiet of that lovely spot
Seemed better for our love-making;
And I was silent and she was shy,
As we walked down through the clover:
But we thought it the sweetest summer day
That ever the sun shone over.

We heard the birds in the waving grass,
As they twittered to each other
About the nests they had hidden away,
And the coo of each glad bird-mother;
And we thought, as we walked that summer day
Through the clover blooms together,
That at last the world was in perfect tune,
In the glad, bright summer weather.

I cannot tell what I said to her,
As we walked knee-deep in clover;
But I know that the robins merrily sang
Their sweetest of sweet songs over.
And down in my heart love's own bird sang
A song that was gladder, sweeter,
And its echo joined with the world's sweet hymn,
And made the day completer.

And when we came up the meadow path,
Our hearts sang over and over:
"Oh! sweet, glad day for blossom and bird,
And for every blithe young lover!"
And yet I know not the words she said,
Or whether she spoke at all:
But of all sweet days, that summer day
I count as the best of all.

The Merry Vivandiere.

Rataplan plan plan, how merry the drums are beating!
Yes, the drum is the music we delight to hear;
And merrily we march away, with
our banners gaily flying—
In the world there's none so gay as a merry Vivandiere.
Then hurrah! then hurrah for the merry Vivandiere!
Hurrah! hurrah! a merry Vivandiere!

And when the morning star's appearing
Above the camp, I sing with glee:
"VIVE LA FRANCE!" my voice thus cheering
The men to hope of victory.
With white cockade, and ribbons flying,
My glass I pass, well filled with cheer,
The while a hundred lips are crying:
"We toast, we toast our Vivandiere!"
Rataplan, &c.

I know no fear, in spite of danger:
For, I was born upon the plain
Of battle: so no simple stranger
Am I to scenes of death and pain:
To help the wounded and the dying
I quickly fly, their anguish try to cheer,
Who, with their latest breaths are sighing
A blessing on the Vivandiere!
Rataplan, &c.

My Jaunting Car.

I'm Larry McCue, a boy so true,
I belong to the Emerald Isle:
Your attention I crave, and I'll chant you a stave,
And perhaps it'll cause you to smile.
I'm jolly and gay, the truth I say, and the
girls, both near and far,
Say it's quite a thrate just to take a sate,
And a drive on my jaunting car.
Driving, jolting, driving on a jaunting car.

CHORUS.

For, when I get a fare, I drive away dull care,
As I sit on my jaunting car:
The reins I grip, and I crack my whip,
And off goes my jaunting car!

In Dublin town, of great renown,
You'll find me on the stand:
On my car so nate just take a sate,
And I'll drive through the streets so grand.
The sights so fine all others outshine,
No matter near or far:
The reins I'll grip, and crack my whip,
And off flies my jaunting car!
Driving, jolting, driving on a jaunting car.
For, when I get, &c.

If a girl to your mind you wish to find,
Quid Ireland's just the part;
The Colleen fair, I do declare,
Are sure to steal your heart.
With glance so sly, and beaming eye
As bright as any star,
By the powers of Jove! you're sure to fall in love,
If you drive on a jaunting car.
For, when I get, &c.

So if you wish for sport, sure I'm the sort,
Can find you lots of fun:
I can sit on my yoke, and crack a joke
With any boy under the sun.
I know well enough where they sell good stuff,
And the girls behind the bar
Can tell by my wink what sort of drink
Can grease the wheels of my jaunting car.
For, when I get, &c.

There is No Place Like Home.

What joy to return to my once happy home!
What bliss to again view the spot
Where in evening's calm beauty we wandered alone
From our humble but sweet little cot!
In my dreams I have seen him repeating his vows
While sadly my eyes filled with tears,
When we talked of our future—our happiness, too—
And my hopes that so soon turned to fears—

CHORUS.

For, he called me his darling, he called me his dove—
Deceived me, and left me the cold world to rove—
The angels are calling aloud from above—
"Mother, kiss me, ere I die!"

I wish that those days would return once again,
When under a dear mother's care,
He promised me all that his wealth could obtain,
If I with him my life I would share.
I fled from my home—scorned a mother's advice—
For one that had riches in store:
But he's left me to roam—and his child all alone—
To behold his proud face never more.
For, he called me, &c.

We ofttimes receive a good mother's advice
And treat it with scorn and with pride—
From the good paths of virtue we soon go to vice,
And still her good counsel deride!
Onward in folly go nearer the grave—
In shame and in poverty roam—
Till we fly to the arms of a mother at last,
Convinced that there's no place like home.
For, he called me, &c.

Old maids are described as "embers from which the sparks have fled."

FOR A WEDDING SONG—Love knot.

Do You Know Who Loves You?

Darling, do you know who loves you?
Do you know whose heart is YOURS,
Who is lonely here without you,
Through the weary midnight hours?

Do you know whose prayers are spoken
On the breath of morn and even—
Praying God that o'er his loved one
May be kept the watch of Heaven?

Do you know whose hope of living
Would be struck out from life,
Should he lose the LOVE and blessing
Of her he hopes to call his WIFE

Does our partings ever tell you
What a drear our life would be,
If from out its heartfelt treasures
LOVE should cease, and HOPE should flee?

Does it ever gently whisper—
For the sake of joys to come—
'Bear each other's burdens kindly,
Let our Heaven on earth be HOME?"

Oh! my heart's own cherished treasure,
Come WHATEVER Fate may send,
I'll always love thee without measure—
Love thee, bless thee to the end!

Cheer up! then, my darling "loved one,"
Let not sadness cross thy brow—
Though parted here, in Heaven we'll meet:
Till then, be patient here below.

Her Chignon on My Shoulder.

One dark and dreary winter day,
When snow-drifts fast were melting,
And 'gainst the window's dewy pane
The rainy flakes were pelting:
Beneath the bright gas' genial blaze,
As outer blasts grew colder,
I was seated by my Maggie's side.
With her chignon on my shoulder.

I heeded not the storm without—
Within the sun was shining;
The clouds of life were lifted, then
I saw the silver lining—
And as my darling sweetly smiled,
My throbbing heart grew bolder;
I dreamed as I had never dreamed,
With her chignon on my shoulder.

I dreamed of riches and of fame
Acquired by honest labor:
A name to live when I am gone,
And wealth to help my neighbor—
I dreamed, too, of a happy home,
Where, growing old and older,
Her little hand clasped close in mine,
Her chignon on my shoulder.

The tide of years will bear us on,
Our paths are undiverging.
No frost of time can blast the bud
Nor freeze the love that's surging:
And not until each heart-throb cease,
And dust to dust shall moulder,
Shall I forget the blissful time
Her chignon pressed my shoulder.

What Was I Made For?

God made the little bird to sing
Up in the tree so tall:
He made the castled snail to cling
Close to the garden wall.

He made the flower to charm the eye,
And scent the air around:
He made the tree so broad and high,
To shadow all the ground.

He made the stars to cheer the night,
And yon dark sky adorn:
He made the sun so warm and bright,
To ripen well the corn.

I cannot twinkle like a star,
Or blossom like the flowers.
But God has made me greater far,
And given me nobler powers.

Affection, reason, knowledge, will,
Lord, thou hast given to me:
Then shall not each thy law fulfill,
And all be used for thee?

The Beauty of Brixton.

Written and Sung by George Ware.

I feel so sad for I've been had, I wish that
my days were over:
I've just took a wife, as a partner for life,
and thought that I should live in clover.
When I saw that girl her sunshade twirl,
I fell deep in love in a minute,
And observed to a pal: "I'll make love to that
girl," and the very next minute did begin it.

CHORUS.

I've seen a girl or two in my time, but I never
met such a vixen.
With coal-black hair and bonny blue eyes,
and they call her the Beauty of Brixton.

I said: "My dear, as I drew near, I've
one little question to ask you:
Will you tell me your name? for, my heart's in a flame."
She smiled, and she said: "Why, my name's Loo."
"Then will you be my wife? or my pocket knife
Shall soon put an end to my sorrow."
"Oh! don't be a fist, you mustn't do that:
for, I'll marry you to-morrow."

We got married next day, but the truth I must say,
I've done nothing since but repent it:
For, the very first night, she got drunk out-right,
and the poker on my head, why, she bent it:
Then she got the poor cat, and a large piece of fat,
and the cat with the fat tried to choke it,
And she blackened my eye with a penny pork-pie,
and said: "Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

She put me in a fright—she brought home, the other
night, a soldier, a six feet life guard—
She invited him in, and called him cousin, but
he turned out a regular blackguard:
I began for to think, when they sent for lots of drink,
and ten pounds of pork-chops for supper,
That the thing was absurd—but I hadn't spoke a
word when they both helped me into the gutter.

She her nails in me dug, he gave me Heenan's hug,
and swore he'd lick creation:
Then I got an uppercut: but a policeman coming up,
I had them both taken off to the station.
The magistrate, next day, heard what I had to say,
his eyes on the pair he fixed on:
I'm now out of their reach, they got six months each,
and are both on the stepper at Brixton.

Sad News from Home.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 & 865 Broadway, New-York.

Sad news from home for me:
Friends gather there in gloom,
Friends who have joined in glee,
Oft in that cottage home.
But, oh! how that home is changed now!
No longer joyful hearts are there,
Within the tomb that aged brow,
That aged father's free from care.

CHORUS.

Sad news from home for me:
Friends gather there in gloom,
Friends who have joined in glee,
Oft in that cottage home—

Lonely a mother weeps,
Breaking her heart in vain,
Mourning for him who sleeps,
Ne'er to awake again—
And, oh! her loved ones by her side,
So sadly gazing through each tear,
Without a father for their guide,
Can ne'er again feel happy here.
Sad news from home for me: &c.

Far, far away I roam,
Far from my native land:
Oft will I sigh for home—
Sigh for each kindred hand.
Though I may ne'er again behold
The home and friends so dear to me,
There is a heaven, we are told,
Where all that's good on earth shall be.
Sad news from home for me: &c.

The Horrible Tale.

(NEW VERSION.)

Composed and Sung by W. Kelly.

A horrible tale I have to relate
It will put your nerves in a frightful state;
It is about a whole fam-i-lee
Who all committed Felo-de-see.

CHORUS.

Why, don't you turn pale shiver shake and die?—
This horrible tale it makes me cry.

The first one that died was a chap named Jim,
He blew out his brains with a rolling pin:
And the next one was his Gal Poll,
Who cut her throat with a farthing doll,
Why, don't you turn pale, shiver? &c.

Then his eldest sister went up to her room,
And choked herself with the carpet broom:
And the father, when he heard the awful tale,
He hung himself with the stable pail.
Why, don't you turn pale, shiver? &c.

The mother, when all the dead bodies she foun
In her washing tub herself she drowned,
While the dog they used to keep in the yard,
He smothered himself with a bladder of lard.
Why, don't you turn pale, shiver? &c.

The favorite cat, a very old tabby,
Killed itself by eating the baby:
The servant-maid went in a buster,
And cut her throat with a dirty duster.
Why, don't you turn pale, shiver? &c.

And the butler he had a deplorable fate:
For, he bolted away with the whole of the plate;
At the latest date he was doing well,
And that is all I have to tell.
Why, don't you turn pale, shiver? &c.

Steam's Up.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

All de world is in commotion,
People scarcely time to dream:
Nothing else but locomotion,
Ebery ting is done by steam.
Quiet times are out of fashion,
An' 'tis tought quite a disgrace,
If this world dat you can dash on
At a break-neck railroad pace.
For, ebery body must go flying,
Fizzing, fizzing, oh, oh, oh!
"Heave ahead! all folks are crying:
Steam's up, and away we go!"

I understand dey tink ob making
A railroad up into de Moon,
An' a branch ob dat line will be taken
To de Sun, I should presume.
In ebery Star, depend upon it,
Dere'll be stations on de rail,
An' next time dere comes a Comet,
Dey'll fix an engine to his tail.
For, ebery body, &c.

Steam to cause joy or vexation,
Steam to make you laugh or fret:
Steam to stop a perspiration,
Steam to put you in a sweat:
Steam to make you thin or fatter,
Steam to make you old or young:
Steam to make you chatter, chatter,
Steam to make you hold your tongue.
For, ebery body, &c.

Billy Pattison.

Oh! white folks, listen unto me,
Oh! Billy Pattison!
The subject of my story I'll tell unto thee,
Don't tell me don't tell me:
The name of my song I'll sing unto thee
Is: oh! Billy Pattison!
The name of my song I'll tell unto thee.
Don't tell me don't tell me

Chorus: Billy Pattison good-bye!
I think your horse will die:
If he don't, I'll ride again:
If he does, I'll tan his hide.
I'll lay ten dollars down,
I'll leave it in my will:
Show me the man in this yer town
That struck my brother Bill.

I had a brother, his name was Dick,
Oh! Billy Pattison!
Somebody hit him on the head with a brick,
Don't tell me, don't tell me:
Oh! what did he say when he came to?
Oh! Billy Pattison!
I say, darkies, this won't do:
Don't tell me, don't tell me.
Billy Pattison, &c.

If ever you go to Fiddlers' Green,
Oh! Billy Pattison!
A lame old nigger is there to be seen,
Don't tell me, don't tell me:
In his right hand he holds a will,
Oh! Billy Pattison!
And this is the man that struck old Bill,
Don't tell me, don't tell me.
Billy Pattison, &c.

The Farmer's Son.

Sung by Tom Fancourt.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I am a farmer young and gay,
As you all plainly see :
I came to town the other day,
Intent upon a spree—
In Brompton Square a lass I met,
A jolly jovial one :
She said : " Your name I now forget,
But you're the farmer's son. "
Then fal lal la fal lal la,
The west-end girls are full of fun :
Then fal lal la fal lal la,
They like a jolly farmer's son. "

We walked and passed a pastrycook's,
She leant close to my side,
And gave the cakes such longing looks,
That I took her inside.
About a pound for tarts I paid—
Tho she ate every one.
I thought this was the sort of maid
To suit a farmer's son.
Then, fal lal la, &c.

A pint of Port she drank or more,
Then said : " Her head swam round. "
We scarcely got outside the door,
When she fell on the ground !
She pulled me down, with her I fell,
For a crowd to see the fun :
Boys cried aloud : " Here's drunken Sal
Whacking the farmer's son ! "
Then, fal lal la, &c.

Of her ashamed, away I ran,
As though to save my life :
I th n knocked down a poor old man,
Also a baker's wife :
Her husband cried : " Mind what yer do !
Now just see where yer come ! "
A pail of water then he threw,
And drenched the farmer's son.
Then, fal lal la, &c.

The pail fell crash on my soft head,
I laid against a door—
A policeman came : " Move on ! " he said,
Just when the row was o'er.
In life a lesson I was taught,
I'll not again be done.
Experience was dearly bought
By me the farmer's son.
Then, fal lal la, &c.

The Pretty Girl of Our Court.

COMIC SONG.

Written by J. A. Hardwick—Music by Chas. Gotto.

I may say I reside at COURT :
For, in a COURT I live :
And there does dwell a charming Belle,
That grace to it does give.
She's bright, and fair, with golden hair,
Sweet smiling COURTEOUS face :
And Fanny she, with COURTESY,
Possesses COURTLY grace.

CHORUS.

Oh ! the Pretty Girl of our court—
If any of you try
To court the Girl of our court,
I'll know the reason why !

Her parents are respectable—
Her ma's a monthly nurse :
Her father's a TOWN-TRAVELLER :
For, he conducts a bus.
And she's makes artificial flowers,
The fairest flower of all :
And with the sprigs, green buds, and twigs,
At wholesale shops does call. Chorus.

She might have wed and settled well,
But I can plainly see
If I'm not cut out by some chap
That she's CUT OUT for me.
She's CAUGHT the fancy, says report,
Of swells, but I've not thought
That ever will be tripping CAUGHT
The beauty of our court. Chorus.

There's only one thing I require—
A hundred sovereign—loan—
To wed a furnished house to hire,
And call that girl my own.
If any one will lend me that,
Or for me " do a bill, "
To pay it back some day, I'll leave
Directions in MY will ! Chorus.

And if no generous-hearted friend
Steps forth I beg to state
Me and my Fanny dear intend
Till Easter next to wait :
For, on Easter Monday, do you know,
Shoreditch Church they open keep
To marry free—and there will we
Get married, on the cheap !

SPOKEN : But, in the mean time, take notice that in respect—

Of the pretty girl of our court, &c.

Seraphina.

Sung by W. Laburnum.

St. James's Park's a pretty place,
And when I've time to spare,
I never feel so happy
As when I spend it there.
One afternoon, while strolling
In this delightful park,
My attention was attracted
By a prettly little spark.
She was the pet of St. James's Park,
As Laburnum could plainly tell :
She was admired by every spark,
And in dancing was quite the belle.

I took a seat, it was a treat—
I praised her hair and face :
I thought her match could not be found
Throughout the human race.
In course of conversation
With this pretty little spark,
She said her age was seventeen—
Named Seraphina Spark.
She was, &c.

Six months, or more, have now elapsed,
Since that eventful day :
But what has passed, from then till now,
I'll not attempt to say—
But to make my story short and sweet,
I'm happy now for life :
For, Seraphina has become
My happy darling wife.
She was, &c.

The Contraband's Adventures.

Oh ! my name is Darkey Sam,
I'se a black-eyed contraband ;
Down on de Chickahominy I was born ;
But old massa run away,
When de Linkum sogers play :
So, I started for de Norf in de morn.
I soon met wid a man,
And he took me by de hand,
And brought me to de bobolition meeting :
Dere de broders made a speech,
And de sisters 'gan to preach ;
Dey said my complexion was light,
And de world dey would teach
What a point dey could reach,
And show dey could wash a nigger white.

Dey got me very soon,
And dey put me in a room .
Dis nigger couldn't tell what dey was arter ;
Dey took off all my clothes,
And den, what does you suppose ?
Dey put me in a tub of boilin' water !
And den dey got around
And some scrubbin'-brushes found.
And said dey'd wash me whiter dan paper.
Oh ! dey got me in a tub.
And dey all began to scrub . .
I tell you it was a pretty sight !
For, some put on de soap,
And de oders dey did rub,
But dey found dey couldn't wash a nigger white.

De next ting dey done
For to make de color run,
Dey began to rub me wid sand-paper :
Oh ! dey nearly killed me dead,
But dey only made me red . .
I tell you I cut up an awful caper !
Den dey whitewashed me so slick,
But de lime it wouldn't stick . .
I, golly ! I was just as black as ever !
Den dey got a lot of hay,
And dey rubbed and scrubbed away . .
Oh ! dey kept at it all dat night ;
And den dey found, next day,
Dat de job it wouldn't pay,
'Kase dey neber could wash de nigger white.

When I found dat day was tired,
Says I : Gemmen, list to me.
And you will find out dat I am right, man :
De nigger will be nigger,
Till de day ob Jubilee ;
For he neber was intended for a white man
Den just skedaddle home.
Leave de colored man alone ;
For, you're only makin' trouble in de nation ;
You may fight, and you may muss,
You may make a heap of fuss
But you neber will make tings right,
Until you all agree
For to let de nigger be :
For, you'll neber, neber, neber wash him white.

MOTTO FOR A FANCY-GOODS DEALER—" Now all men buy these presents. "

Female Suffrage.

Now what we daily hear and see, it's occuring to my mind :
Alterations for the better many we could find,
A thorough reformation is required, well I know :
For, many cogent reasons too, 'twill clearly show.
Why the men should rulers be and always have the sway ?
When better far it would be, if the ladies had their way—
I do not mean in everything—but think it is absurd
Why we are not consulted, allowed to speak a word.

CHORUS.

My opinions I will give you, and ideas some :
What we must expect to see, ere a hundred years do come.

I say that female suffrage should tolerated be,
The men all subject to our rule, in every degree :
A special act of parliament, the strict law of the land,
That ladies should control the men, have general command :
Divorce courts be abolished : for, is it not the men
Who causes domestic quarrels, nine cases out of ten ?
Such stringent laws we will enact, the men won't overcome :
See husbands as they ought to be, ere a hundred
years do come.

Of domestic life all husbands, then,
acquainted they will be,
In nursing, too, most thoroughly, in all its branches see :
If professions we should study them, at
home they must remain :
For, lectures we must them obtain, diplomas to obtain !
If physic we are studying, then, for practice sake,
A dose, or two, what prescribe, husbands then must take :
If dentistry our study be, extract teeth we must some,
Like lambs the men will stand it,
ere a hundred years do come.

In fact, an alteration there must and soon will be,
Until we ladies have command, a change will never see.
So, gentlemen, make up your minds, abdicate your sway,
Be advised, and yield it in a quiet sort of way :
In legal matters will consult, seek from us advice,
As doctors we'll attend you, prescribe for you so nice—
Rest assured more christianized the world
will then become,
The men will see, as they ought to be,
ere a hundred years do come.

CHORUS.

My opinions I have given, and ideas some :
What we must expect to see, ere a hundred years do come.

Love of Early Days

There is a flower springs from the heart,
When life is in its May,
Whose odors shed, in after years,
A sweetness o'er life's way :
Its name is Love, and ere the world
Its selfish cares can raise,
Is felt by all, but only once—
The love of early days.

And if the plant with care you tend,
Its leaves will never sere,
Its buds and blossoms will increase,
Through each succeeding year :
Neglect it, and its flowers will droop,
Which time can never raise,
And fading once, no more will bloom
The love of early days.

Cum Plung Gum.

Original Song and Dance by Joe Murphy, of San Francisco, Cal.

Oh ! I wish I was a turtle dove,
I wish I was a sparrow :
I'd fly away to my own true love,
And stay all day to-morrow.

CHORUS.

Cum plung gum here, cum plung dere,
Cum plung gum over yander,
Oh ! Lord ! ladies, can't you dance cum plung gum ?

I likes to see de ladies dress
With boots and high heel gaiters :
I likes to see dem fotch along
De biggest kind ob taters.
Cum plung gum, &c.

Ole massa's got a jug ob rum
And sugar by de pound,
A great big bowl for to put it in,
An' a spoon for to stir it round.
Cum plung gum, &c.

I likes to see de waving grass
Before de farmer mows it :
I likes to see a trotting horse—
For, when he goes, he goes it.
Cum plung gum, &c.

Den I Was Gone.

SONG AND DANCE.

Sung by Pankhurst and Collins.

Railroad and de river steamboat and canal ;
My love she is a cookie.
Ob de South she is de belle :
Den I was gone, gone, gone, soon I was gone, gone.

CHORUS.

Gone den I was gone, gone, gone,
Way down de starlit road den I see gone, gone, gone :
Soon I was gone, gone, gone, den I was gone, gone, gone,
Way down de starlit road.

Trouble in de kitchen, worse up ober head,
When my love said she would be mine :
She liked to kill me dead—den I was gone, gone.
Gone, soon I was gone, gone. Gone, &c

Snow in de mountain, sunshine on de lake,
De M. P. never will catch dis child :
For, he's too wide awake—den I was gone, gone, gone,
Soon I was gone, gone. Gone, &c.

Give me a bed on a comet's tail or a seat on a shooting star,
I'll ride right home to glory
In a silver gilded car—den I was gone, gone, gone,
Soon I was gone, gone. Gone, &c.

The Factory Girl.

Written by Billy Pastor—Air : Original.

If there's any young man here in love,
I think that I can cure him :
I once thought women angels were,
But now I can't endure them.
For I've been sold by a heartless maid,
Who made of me a martyr :
She worked in a straw-hat factory,
And her name was Kitty Carter.

SPOKEN : She was the nicest little bundle of deceit that a man ever met with—she lived with her parents—her father was brakesman in an Oyster Saloon, and her mother was book-keeper at an apple stand—but she, oh !

CHORUS.

Her eyes were bright, her foot-steps light,
Her teeth as white as pearls :
She'd jet black hair, and face as fair,
My pretty little factory girl—
I never shall forget the day,
When first I chanced to meet her :
She looked so nice, I surely thought
I never saw one sweeter.

What lots of presents for her I bought—
Rings, pins, sacks, shawls and bonnets—
And I hired a poet at ten cents a line,
To write some sweet love sonnets.

SPOKEN : Yes, I became highly extravagant, and desperately in love—I actually paid a dollar and a half for a love poem which I presented to her : it ran as follows :

Oh ! Kitty Carter, the brakeman's darter,
No girl is smarter to you I'm a martyr :
All the world I'd barter for a string of your garter,
And if you don't prove a tartar,
I'll love you forever, and long arter—for,
Your eyes were brighter, &c.

I sparked her for three months or more,
At last I was delighted :
I pressed her and she named the day
When we should be united.
O'erjoyed, upon her I bestowed
Such soft and fond caresses,
And I gave her all the cash I had
To purchase wedding dresses.

SPOKEN : Yes, I was rejoiced when she named the day—I rushed straight to the bank, drew all the money I had, (twenty-seven dollars) and deposited it on her lap : I couldn't help it, because
Her eyes were bright, &c.

At last the happy day came round,
To her house I did repair :
The door was locked and no one home,
The bride she wasn't there.
I searched all round, she couldn't be found :
What horror I was wrapt in—
When I learned that she had eloped that night
With a big canal boat captain !

SPOKEN : I was thunderstruck—the idea of her serving me so after I had given her all I had in the world !—My first thought was suicide—I rushed to the nearest saloon and called for a glass of brandy and water and drank it to the last drop, and all through her—for,
Her eyes were bright, &c.

Since then I've wandered all alone,
With grief I am confounded :
The canal boat got wrecked last week,
And the faithless girl was drowned.
I went to a friend, her burial to attend,
And I nearly lost my senses
When the captain ran away, and I had to pay
All of her funeral expenses !

SPOKEN : Yes, I made myself very prominent as a mourner. The undertaker called on me to foot the bill, I had to do it. Since then, I've carefully avoided the entire sex I'll never go near one of them even if—
Her eyes were bright, &c.

Little Foot-Steps.

The Music can be obtained at any Music-Store.

Little foot-steps, soft and gentle,
Gliding by our cottage door,
How I love to hear their trample,
As I heard in days of yore !
Tiny feet that traveled lightly
In this weary world of woe—
Now silent lie in yonder church-yard,
'Neath the dismal grave below—
Little foot-steps, soft and gentle,
Gliding by our cottage door :
How I love to hear their trample,
As I heard in days of yore !

CHORUS.

Little foot-steps, soft and gentle,
Gliding by our cottage door :
How I love to hear their trample,
As I heard in days of yore !

She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking,
By the golden river's shore :
And my heart it yearns with sadness,
When I pass that cottage door—
Sweetly now the angels carol
Tidings from our loved one far,
That she still does hover o'er us,
And will be our guiding star.
She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking,
By the golden river's shore :
And my heart it yearns with sadness
When I pass that cottage door— Chorus.

Little foot-steps now will journey
In the world of sin no more.
No'er they'll press the sand-banks lightly
By the golden river's shore—
Mother, weep not : father, grieve not :
Try to smooth your troubles o'er—
For, I'll think of her as sleeping,
Not as dead, but gone before.
Little foot-steps now will journey
In the world of sin no more,
No'er they'll press the sand-banks lightly
By the golden river's shore— Chorus.

Little Fraud.

As Sung by Harrigan and Hart at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass.

HE—Oh ! vere is dat leetle deicher darling,
Der pootiest leetle vaiter gal of all ;
Oh ! vere is der pickles by der garten,
Der mock oranges hanging by der vall ?
How sweet she used to vait on der table,
Mit sarsaparilla vater by her tray :
Und sometimes put bottles by der labes,
Von efer der boss he vas away.

CHORUS.

Leetle Fraud, (she) chews terbaccer,
Leetle Fraud, (she) vats der matter
Vas der pootiest little vaiter gal of all.
Leetle Fraud, (she) dunner vater,
Leetle Fraud, (she) dunner vater.
Vas gar pootiest leetle deicher gal of all.

SHE—I thought I heard somebody spoken,
Und vat kind of liquors do you like ;
Mein lieber shoots vill gif you such a shooking,
As makes your face so plack as pine as white,
So help me gracious :
I pelief dat you haf got anonder lover.
In some onder part by dis town.
Oh ! I shoost took mein finger and I guv her
A shmack dot vould shoost knock you down—
Chorus.

HE—Now, my love if you vould understood me,
I vould feel shoost so happy as a lord,
Ouf you vas so kleiner as you could be,
I vouldn't give dot for leetle Fraud.
SHE—I don't can tell vat ish der matter.
For dere you eat pretzels vere you board,
Und sometimes I bleve you never get her,
Dot onder deicher gal leetle Fraud.
HE—Oh ! Fraud—
SHE—Leetle Fraud—
HE—Oh ! vhere is dat gal—
SHE—I don't know.
HE—Oh ! vere is dot leetle deicher darling,
Der pootiest leetle deicher gal of all—
Chorus.

Woodland Mary.

With aloe black eyes and her black hair,
Cheeks like the rose and arms all bare :
With teeth so white and dimple chin,
And bosom fair and pure within,
A small straw hat so loosely tied—
A little basket by her side,
All filled with berries red and blue,
And little buds of many a hue,
She stepped as light as any fairy—
I met the little Woodland Mary.

If you, sweet maid, will come with me
My little servant maid to be,
And those soft notes you sweetly sing,
Repeat unto my nursling young.
And leave those hills, so bleak and wild,
To nurse and tend my darling child,
To cherish her I fondly love :
And if to her you'll tender prove,
And o'er her tender steps be wary :
I'll treasure you, my Woodland Mary.

O Lady, listen to my tale,
And let my simple words prevail—
My mother's old, she's lame and poor,
And scarce can walk unto the door :
Ah ! me ! she loves her only joy,
She has no other girl or boy :
And while she lives, with her I'll stay,
And think of you when far away—
Soon, soon the grave will rest the weary,
And then I'll be your Woodland Mary.

The Irish Girl.

One evening, as I strayed down the river's side,
Looking all around me, as an Irish girl I spied :
So red and rosy were her cheeks, and yellow was her hair,
And costly were the robes, which my Irish girl did wear.

Her shoes, of Spanish leather,
were bound round with spangles gay :
The tears came down her crystal eyes, and she began to say :
" Och, hone ! and, alas ! Astore Areen Machree.
Why should you go and leave me, and slight your own Molly ?

The first time that I saw my love, I was sick and very bad,
All the request I asked was that she might tie my head !
I asked her if one as bad as me could ever mend again—
For, love's a sore disorder—did you ever feel the pain ?

My love she'll not come nigh me for all the moan I make,
Nor either will she pity me, if my poor heart should break—
But was I of some noble blood, and she of low degree,
She would hear my lamentation, and come and pity me.

My only love is fairer than the lilies that do grow,
She has a voice that's clearer than any winds that blow :
She's the promise of this country, like Venus in the air,
And let her go where'ershe will, she's my joy and only dear !

Be it so or be it not, of her I take my chance :
The first time that I saw my love, she struck me in a trance—
Her ruby lips and sparkling eyes have so bewitched me
That, was I king of Ireland, queen of it she should be !

I wish I was a butterfly, on my love's breast I'd lie,
Or was I but a linnet how I would sing and fly—
Or if I was a corn-creak, I'd sing till morning clear,
I would sit and sing for Molly—for, once I loved her dear !

If my love was a red rose in yonder garden fair,
And I to be the gardener, of her I would take care.
There's not a month throughout the year
but my love would renew ;
With flowers fine I'd garnish, with
sweet-william thyme and rue.

If I was in Monaghan, and sitting on the grass,
And in my hand a bottle, and on my knee a lass :
I'd call for liquors plenty, and I'd pay before I go :
" Come on, they say, my brave boys.
let the wind blow high or low ! "

Whene'er I Think Of Thee.

Now the Summer's sunny gladness
Hath faded all away,
And there breathes a tone of sadness
In Autumn's lingering day :
But I had no change of season,
All cheerless though it be :
For, the heart can feel but Summer,
Whene'er I think of thee—
Whene'er I think of thee, love,
Whene'er I think of thee !
Oh ! the heart can feel but Summer,
Whene'er I think of thee !

Well we know the Autumn changes
To Winter's biting storm,
That o'er heart and blossom ranges
To wither and deform :
But I heed not Winter's raving,
Though black its storms may be :
In this heart is Summer's sweetness,
Whene'er I think of thee—
Whene'er I think of thee, love,
Whene'er I think of thee !
Oh ! this heart feels Summer's sweetness,
Whene'er I think of thee !

Whene'er I Think of Thee.

J. JONES. C. BLAMPHIN.

1. Now the sum - mer's sun - ny glad - ness Hath fad - ed all a - way, And there breathes a tone of sad - ness In
2. Well we know the Au - tumn chang - es, To win - ter's bit - ing storm, That o'er heart and blos - som ran - ges, To

Autumn's lin-g'ring day; But I heed not change of sea - son, All cheer-less though it be, For the heart can feel but
wither and de-form; But I heed not win - ter's rav - ing, Though black its storms may be, In this heart is summer's

sum - mer, When-e'er I think of thee, When - e'er I think of thee, love, Whene'er I think of thee! Oh, the
sweet-ness, When e'er I think of thee, When - e'er I think of thee, love, Whene'er I think of thee! Oh, this

For 2d verse, sing small notes.

heart can feel but sum-mer, When-e'er I think of thee.....
heart feels sum-mer's sweetness, When-e'er I think of thee.....

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CONTENTS.

All among the Barley Page 535
A Broth of a Boy 535
The AULD SCOTCH SANGS 532
A Blessing on the Outward Bound 533
Always do to others as you'd wish to be done by 535
The Boatman's Return 532
Better Late than Never—Words 535
Better Late than Never—Music 536
Come to me, Darling, I'm lonely without Thee 534
Don't say: No! 533
FAR ON THE DEEP BLUE SEA 531
The Fisherman's Glee 533
Good Counsel 532
Good-bye! Little May 534
God bless the church around the corner! 535
The HAPPY MAN 531
Happy Nigger Joseph 535
It is a Charming Girl I Love 530
IT SERVES YOU RIGHT—New Version 533
I Love to be on the Deep, Deep Sea 535
The Kitchen Poker 530
The King of the Cannibal Islands 533
Love has Eyes 531
LADIES, WON'T YOU MARRY 531
My Jamie is far o'er the Sea 531
Morning Star Serenade 534
NOT IN THESE BOOTS 533
Our Servants' Secret Ball 532
The Pottery Girls 531
The Pirate's Home 531
Rich and Rare were the Gems She Wore 530
RHEIN-WEIN SHARLEY 535
Sweet Kilkenny Town 530
Sweet Mother 530
So Early in de Morning 530
The SWELL WITH THE CURLY HAIR 530
Softly Falls the Moon-light 530
Shouldn't I like to get Fat! 532
The Songs We used to Sing 532
Swiftly Goes de Oyster-Boat! 533
STUDY ECONOMY 534
Say "Yes," Pussy 534
The Turkish Gentleman 532
The WILD ROSE OF ERIN 533
The Winter Nights for Me! 534
What a Stunning Pair of Legs 534

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60 Chatham Street, Up-Stairs, 60
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Sweet Kilkenny Town.

Answer to Katty's Letter Published in the SINGER'S JOURNAL No. 58, Page 429.

Words and Music by the Countess of Gifford.

I was working in the fields, near fair Boston city,
Thinking sadly of Kilkenny—and a girl that's there:
When a friend came and told me—late enough,
and more's the pity!—
"There's a letter waitin' for ye, in the postman's care!"
Oh! my heart was in my mouth, all
the while that he was speaking:
For, I knew it was from Katty!—sure's
the girl that can spell!
And I couldn't speak for crying—for, my heart
had nigh been breaking
With longing for a word from the girl I love well.
Oh! I know it was from Katty. Who could
it be but Katty,
The poor girl that loves me well,
in sweet Kilkenny Town?

Oh! 'twas soon I reached the place, and I
thanked them for the trouble
They wor taking with my letter a-sorting with such care:
And they asked: "Was it a SINGLE?" and
I told 'twas a DOUBLE!
For, wasn't it worth twice as much as any letter there?
Then they sorted and they searched, but
something seemed the matter,
And my heart it stopped beating when I
thought what it might be:
Och! boys, would you believe it? they
had gone and lost my letter,
My poor Katty's letter! that had come so far to me.
For, I knew, &c.

I trembled like an aspen, but I said: "'Tis
fun you're making
Of the poor foolish Paddy, that's so asy to craze:
Och! gintlemen, then look again, maybe
you wor mistaken,
For, letters, as you know, boys, are as like as pase!"
Then they bade me sarch myself, when
they saw my deep dejection:
But, och! who could sarch
when the tears blind the sight?
Moreover (as I told them) I'd ANOTHER strong objection
In regard of never larning to read nor to write.
For, I wasn't CUTE like Katty, my own darling Katty, &c.

Then they laughed in my face, and they
asked me (tho' in kindness:)
"What good would letters do me that
I couldn't understand?"
And I answered: "Were they cursed with
deafness and with blindness,
Would they care less for the clasp of a dear loved hand?"
Oh! the folks that read and
write (thought they're so mighty clever.)
See nothin' but the WORDS and they're soon read through:
But Katty's UNREAD letter would be speaking to me over
Of the dear love that she bears me:
for, it shows she is true!

Oh! well I know my Katty, my own darling Katty,
The poor girl that loves me well.
in sweet Kilkenny Town.

The Kitchen Poker.

Swate Widow Fag, one winter's night,
Invited a tea-party
Of elegant gentility,
And made the boys quite hearty.
But just as they were breaking up,
She missed her kitchen poker,
And delicately hinted that
The thief was Paddy Croaker,
He'd stole her little poker,
Her purty kitchen poker:
She delicately hinted that
He'd stole her little poker.

Now Pat he was a grenadier,
In what is called the grey light horse,
And a cleaner, stouter, tighter boy,
Upon my soul! there never was.
He cried out: "Blood and thunder!
Do you take me for a joker?
Do you think I'd come into your house
And stale your durty poker?
Your nasty kitchen poker?"
Do you think, &c.

Then Pat swore by the Hill o' Howth,
And by the Holy Fathers too:
By all the ghosts in yon church-yard,
If they were gathered in a crew—
Says he unto the widow:
"Do you take me for a joker?
Do you think I'd come to your fireside,
And stale your durty poker?
Your nasty, clarty poker?
Do you think an Irish jintleman
Would stale your durty poker?"
But all that he could say or do,
Had no effect upon her:
At length, says she: "Now, Pat, will you
Declare upon your honor?"
Arrah! Paddy stared and started back,
His hand behind his cloaker:
"Touch my honor! touch my life!
There's your durty poker!
Your nasty, filthy poker!"
Touch my honor! &c.

Sweet Mother.

Sweet Mother, tho' we're parted,
Fond mem'ry sadly clings to thee:
Dreaming of days departed,
When thou wert near to smile on me.
On earth our hearts were plighted,
Ever with pure and holy love:
Yes, still shall we be united,
In brighter realms of peace above.

Sweet Mother, as I wander
O'er fragrant mead and flowery dell,
'Tis then I sadly ponder—
And gather flowers you loved so well.
Tho' every hope be blighted,
That wreathed around our earthly love,
Still shall we be united
In brighter realms of peace above.

It is a Charming Girl I Love.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

It is a charming girl I love,
She comes from Garryowen,
She's gentler than the turtle-dove,
Her hair is brown and flowing:
Her eye is of the softest blue,
Her breath is sweet as mountain dew,
Her step is lighter than the fawn,
And, och! she's called the Colleen Bawn.
Botheration! her likeness I never shall see,
There's but one Colleen Bawn, and
she does not love me.

You ask me what I'm hoping for?
Then listen to the sequel—
The Colleen Bawn I'll love no more,
When I can find her equal.
Maybap now such a girl is here,
With step as light, with eye as clear:
Oh! she'll be welcome as the dawn,
Although she's not the Colleen Bawn.
Botheration, &c.

So Early in De Morning.

South Carolina's a sultry clime,
Where we worked in de summer time:
Massa 'neath de shade would lay,
While we, poor niggers, toiled all day—
So early in de morning,
So early in de morning,
So early in de morning,
Before de break ob day.

When I was young, I used to wait
On massa's table—lay de plate,
Pass de bottle when him dry,
Brush away de blue-tailed fly—
So early in de morning, &c.

Now massa's dead, and gone to rest—
Ob all de massas he was best:
I neber see him like since I was born,
I miss him, now him dead and gone—
So early in de morning, &c.

Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her hand she bore:
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white hand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good, or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For, though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more."

On she went—and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle:
And blessed for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor, and Erin's pride!

The Swell with the Curly Hair.

Written by John W. Lloyd—Sung by Albert de Voy.

Some swells often fancy they're so captivating,
And think that the girls must in love with them fall:
To learn their mistake is to them aggravating,
On finding they cause no sensation at all.
You'll see at a glance that my case differs greatly:
For, I of attention get more than my share;
You, girls in their teens, and old maids, tall and stately,
Make love to the Swell with the fine curly hair.

CHORUS.

Hair! Hair! I've got my share:
There's nothing so handsome as curly hair;
The belles of creation, the ladies so fair,
Make love to the Swell with the curly hair.

There's only one thing that annoys me so greatly,
While taking a stroll, and it's not at all fair—
The boys in the street, I've found out very lately,
Have a habit of shouting out, "I'll have your hair!"
It's not at all pleasant, when thus they salute you:
They manners and etiquette scorn. I declare:
I think you young rascals, a thrashing would suit you,
Insulting the swell with the curly hair.
Hair! Hair! &c.

One night, to a party I being invited,
To go not reluctant I really confess:
And when I arrived all the girls were delighted:
The reason, of course, I will leave you to guess.
And ere I departed, this is no deception,
Although it seems strange, yet it's true, I declare:
The ladies there present, without an exception,
Had fallen in love with my fine curly hair.
Hair! Hair! &c.

Now if my advice, gents, you will not be scorning,
I'll tell you the way to get on with the fair:
The plan is but simple, take this as a warning:
Believe it, my boys, that there's nothing like hair—
And if a young wife you should try to be finding
Your life and your fortunes you wish her to share,
To captivate her heart and to make the love binding,
Just raise up a crop of this fine curly hair.

SPOKEN: Yes, my dear fellows, there's nothing that catches the little dears so well as a curly head of hair—I ought to know—I've tried it—and the result of my experience is—
Hair! Hair! &c.

Softly Falls the Moon-Light.

A SERENADE.

Softly falls the moon-light,
Let its gentle beams
Call thee, lovely lady,
From thy peaceful dreams;
Night's sweet noon is round thee,
Chase dull sleep away;
See the stars above thee
Keep bright holiday—
Softly falls the moon-light,
Soon the stars will fade,
Wake and listen, lady,
To my serenade.
Softly falls &c.

Hark! the merry measures,
Far away they float:
Echo but repeats them
From her mellow throat.
Night is dressed in beauty,
Who its charms would miss?
What can daylight give us
Half so fair as this?
Then, ere night is over,
Ere the moon-beams fade,
Wake and listen, lady,
To my serenade.
Softly falls, &c.

I Love to Be On the Deep, Deep Sea.

How I love to be on the deep, deep sea,
Where the sea-birds wildly roam!
And I love to bathe on the yielding wave,
When the summer seasons come.

I love to away at the break of day,
When the winds and the waves do roar;
And I love to play with the dashing spray,
As it rolls on the ocean shore.

How I love to dwell in the lonely dell,
Where the yellow cowslips grew!
And I love to bound with the horse and hound
When Reynard's in full view.

How I love to leave, on a summer's eve,
For a stroll in the leafy shade!
And I love to walk, and I love to talk
With my love by the forest glade.

The Happy Man.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Come all you merry buxom blades
Of little fortunes, ranks, and grades,
No matter what your spheres or trades,
  Who have your means outrun!
If any here in sadness pines,
I bid them listen to my rhymes,
Leave off your larkings, fights and fines,
  And strike out a new plan.
Of learn'd men and learned men,
  How oft these walls have rung!
Of nigger men and comic men,
  Their deeds have oft been sung:
A new theme now inspires my muse,
To hear its gladness don't refuse.
And should my maxims meet your views,
  You'll be a happy man.

Man was not meant to live alone,
Or by himself to pick a bone;
'Twould break a heart as hard as stone,
  When of love you had first began.
Discontinue inebriety,
Mix well with good society,
Look to your cash each moiety:
  Go wrong you never can.
Let this your first grand effort be:
  Select a wife that's kind;
She of your virtues will be proud,
  And to your follies blind.
Let not her cash an object be,
True love will bring felicity;
Age and even in mendicity,
  You'll all be happy men.

If your wife should prove a fruitful vine,
At your good fortune don't repine:
Children none, or children nine,
  Bear it like a man.
Practice strict economy,
Keep up a plump physiognomy,
Dine off your own mahogany,
  And lunch where'er you can.
Keep creditors from your street-door,
  And don't be insolent;
Pay twenty shillings in the pound,
  Don't be an insolvent;
Put by your rent for quarter-day,
Never owe while you can pay:
Put a penny by for a rainy day,
  And you'll be a happy man.

Sport with your children prettily,
With your maid-servants don't make free:
Scorn jealousy, use charity
  In every shape you can.
Don't mix with too much company,
Teetotaller nor a drunkard be:
Live well, but do not live too free,
  And you'll need no warming-pan.
Ask favors with humility,
  If you grant one, don't be grand:
Humble with your family,
  Or your house will never stand.
Look to business first, to pleasure last,
You can't recall the time that's past,
Be not too slow, nor yet too fast,
  And you'll be a happy man.

If you're rich enough for Congress,
Maintain the rights by whom you're sent:
Let not promotion be your bent,
  Nor selfishness your plan.
Vote for no secret jobbing then,
Nor military flogging men;
And scorn the tyrant haughty clan,
  Speed on the electric van.
Be liberal but look at home,
  Don't give away your shirt:
Your daughters, old enough to wed,
  May turn coquettes and flirt.
And too much care will turn you grey:
For, girls when young, they will be gay,
But they'll repent and rue the day,
  And you're still the happy man.

If elected parish overseer,
Serve out good roast-beef and beer:
Let the poor taste American fare,
  Not bread as brown as tan.
Don't set an old man breaking stones,
Grinding wind, nor human bones:
Relieve but don't increase his groans,
  Assist him all you can.
When you hear poor crippled dames
  Well bullied by the beadle,
Read him a lecture long and strong,
  Wound him like a needle:
Deplore the widow's misery,
And hear the starving orphan's cry,
Feed the hungry and the dry,
  And you'll be a happy man.

Have you been unfortunate? And would you really like to test the sympathy of the friend who has just been giving you the warmest, most cheering words? Ask him to loan you a dollar.

A woman applied to a magistrate for a summons against a neighbor. "She called me a thief, your worship: can't I make her prove it?" "No doubt you could, said the magistrate, but I think you had better not."

Love Has Eyes.

Love's blind, they say—Oh! never, nay;
  Can words love's grace impart?
The fancy weak the tongue may speak,
  But eyes alone the heart—
In one soft look what language lies!
Oh! yes, believe me, love has eyes.
  Oh! yes, &c.

Love's winged, they say—Oh! never I
  On pinions love to soar;
Deceivers rove, but never love—
  Attached, he roves no more.
Can he have love who never flies?
Ah! yes, believe me, love has eyes.
  Oh! yes, &c.

The Pottery Girls.

Written and Sung by Albert de Voy.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

To sing a song of pottery girls
  I have come here to-night:
With their eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearls,
  They form a pretty sight,
And who in our hearts should o'er be first,
  In life's sudden changes and whirls:
So sing a song to you I must
  Of the dear little pottery girls.
CHORUS.
The pottery girls, the pottery girls:
Eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearls,
Buckles on their shoes, hair in curls,
What darling little creatures are the pottery girls!

At nine o'clock each morning,
  They roam along the street,
All thought of danger scorning:
  They look a perfect treat—
And as they pass each gay young spark,
  Oh! don't they use their eyes!
Some look very saucy,
  And some look at the skies.
  The pottery girls, &c.

Their different trades I'll state, and then
  I'm sure you'll say I'm right:
They work as hard as any men,
  From morning until night.
Like the "Wheel of Life," they turn the lathe,
  And sing like jolly pals:
Then where's the school can equal,
  The dear little pottery girls!
  The pottery girls, &c.

Some have to stand in a show room
  From morning until night,
With hair cropped up in front and a lump on the top,
  And squeezed in the waist very tight:
And some at Biscuit earn their bread,
  While others paint I'm told,
And others burnish up the gilt:
  But they are all as good as gold.
  The pottery girls, &c.

But now I must be going:
  For, soon I am to be wed
To one of these dear pottery girls,
  Who earns her daily bread:
She gets her 18 bob a week,
  On which she lives quite well:
And if you want to know her name,
  Of course, I will not tell.
  The pottery girls, &c.

The Pirate's Home.

The pirate's home is his gallant ship,
  And his garden the glassy sea;
In a summer's calm how the moments slip,
  As he glides o'er the waters free!

But, though the calm a pleasure brings,
He's a greater joy when the tempest sings:
  The storm's alarms
  For him have charms—
Its thunder is his minstrelsy.

But the joy of all joy is the charming sight
When the black flag streams o'er the rover's fight:
  When the prize is won,
  And the battle done,
And he shares the reward of the free!
  The pirate's home, &c.

The "heart" is the best card in the chance game of matrimony—sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves, often won by tricks, and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

Ladies, Won't You Marry?

I made up my mind, de other day,
Dat I'd get married right away;
I knocked at de door, began for to grin—
I was pretty good-looking: so dey let me in.
  Oh! ladies, won't you marry?
  Oh! ladies, won't you marry?
  Oh! ladies, won't you marry?
    Oh! tell me right away.

As I went walking down de street,
I meet some ladies dressed so neat!
Oh! ladies, Oh! ladies, look dis way,
And unto dem I thus did say—
  Oh! ladies, &c.

Some were short, and some were tall,
Oh! bless deir hearts I lub dem all:
One axed me home wid her to dine—
She was pretty good-looking: so I didn't decline.

SPOKEN: I couldn't refuse her imitation—when I looked into her counterhouse it made such a dispression on my appetite. I neber thinks ob her but what I feels berry hungry. But talk about a dinner, by golly! dat was a twister, and no two ways about it—we had cocoa-nuts and onion sauce: boiled beef and oranges—fowls, birds, goose, and geese—meat and mutton—fried soles and bees'-wax—Turkey-rhubarb tarts—sprats and fish—roast-pork and watercresses—pipes of tobacco and turpentine—champagne and sausages—lamb and camomile tea—and dat's all de joints we had. Den we had a desert, to disgust de animal fool—dat was all fruits—dere was shrimps, cabbage, cod-liver and cheese—bloaters and apple sauce—trotters tripe, and treacle—linseed tea—potatoes and ginger-beer—pickled carrots and cod-liver oil. Den after dinner came de dancing—ebery body took deir place by lemonading about—dere was Sally Weaver, Belvidera, Borgiesma, Rosy Anna, Clementina Crinolina, Crooked-shined Sal, and Hannah Duckleg. Dere was Peter Williams, Sam Johnson, Pompey Squash, Dandy Jim, Uncle Jess, and Julius Brown. Dere was muster ob quality. I shall neber forget how dem niggers went a head when I sung out—

  Oh! ladies, &c.

Far On the Deep Blue Sea.

Far on the deep blue sea,
  The ever moving sea,
Our ling'ring hearts will turn,
  Beloved home, to thee.
And all who made it dear,
  The loving and the true,
We ne'er may see again,
  Turn our hearts to you!

Thus as we watch the foam
  Dart backward on our lee,
We think of thee, dear home,
  Far on the deep blue sea.
Swift on the rolling wave
  Our bark speeds gaily on,
Each billow seems the grave
  Of happy moments gone.

Hope points to brighter hours,
  We wipe our tears away,
And think of that blest land
  Where friendships ne'er decay.
Still as we watch the foam
  Dart backward on our lee,
We think of thee, dear home,
  Far on the deep blue sea.

My Jamie is Far O'er the Sea.

Oh! sing from thy spray
  Thy wild notes so gay,
Pretty warbler, oh! sing from the tree:
  Oft beneath thy rosy bower
  I've met, at twilight hour,
My Jamie that's far o'er the sea.

  Beside yon myrtle boughs,
  We gave our mutual vows,
From sorrow our hearts then were free:
  All pleasure now is gone,
  While I murmur alone:
My Jamie is far o'er the sea!

  But why should I sigh?
  The summer is nigh,
And the birds sing again from the tree:
  The roses shall bloom,
  And the soft breezes soon
Shall waft him again from the sea!

  Thou, bright star of night,
  Oh! guide him aright:
From dangers my Jamie keep free:
  Now of wealth I have a store,
  He shall wander no more,
Ne'er again shall he sail o'er the sea!

The Auld Scotch Sangs.

Oh! sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,
I' the braid Scottish tongue,
The sangs my faither wished to hear,
The sangs my mither sung.
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or croon'd me on her knee,
And I wadna sleep: she sang sae sweet
The auld Scotch sangs to me!

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,
The blithesome or the sad:
They make me smile when I am wae,
And greet when I am glad;
My heart gaes back to auld Scotland,
The saut tear dims my e'e,
And the Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins,
As ye sing the sangs to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' these auld sangs:
For ilka ane can tell
O' joy or sorrow o' the past,
Where mem'ry loves to dwell;
Tho' hair grow grey, and limbs grow auld
Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch sangs to me!

Shouldn't I Like to Get Fat!

Oh! shouldn't I like to get fat!
I can't, and I cannot tell why
I am getting as thin as a rat,
And I eat till I burst pretty nigh.
I ain't got no weights on my mind,
On my belly I spends all my tin.
Enough grub I never can find.
And I'm getting so remarkable thin.
Oh! shouldn't I like to get fat: oh, my!
Oh! shouldn't I like to get fat!

I've often heard people say that
How very disgusted they feel
To see a person overloaded with fat,
When he ought to be thin and genteel.
Gentility's all very well.
But you fat ones, have got all the grin—
You look like as if you never eat a smell,
When you are so remarkably thin.
Oh! shouldn't I like, &c.

T'other morning I rose from my bed,
No one on earth could excel—
I devoured a box full of eggs.
And a side of fat bacon as well.
I eat off a loin of cold pork,
And a stunning sheep's head:
I fed off turkey and chine.
And I picked a cow's heel while in bed.
Oh! shouldn't I like, &c.

A score of black puddings for lunch,
And a plate of cold faggots I eat,
And save-oys all of a bunch.
But I don't think them much of a treat.
Sometimes at a tater can I halt,
And I eat all the man's got in his tin—
But I eat them without any salt,
Because they say salt makes people look thin.
Oh! shouldn't I like, &c.

There's my sister Mary Anne, I declare,
Was thin as a lamp-post in size:
I met her, t'other day, at the fair,
And I could scarcely believe my own eyes—
She's so chubby and fat to the view—
What she's been eating I cannot make out—
She's been married six months it is true,
And she's found out a way to get stout.
Oh! shouldn't I like, &c.

The Boatman's Return.

Row! row! homeward we steer, twilight falls o'er us:
Hark! music is near, friends glide before us;
Song lightens our labor, sing as onward we go,
Keep, each with his neighbor, time as we flow.

Row! row! sing as we go, nature rejoices:
Hark! how the hills as we flow echo our voices!
Still o'er the dark waters far away we must roam,
Ere Italy's daughters welcome us home.

See in the west lights dimly burning,
Friends in yon harbor of rest wait our returning;
See now they burn clear, keep time with the oar,
Now, now we near that happy shore.
Home, home! daylight is o'er, friends stand before us,
Yet ere our boat touch the shore, once more the chorus:
Row, row, &c.

Our Servants' Secret Ball.

Written by J. W. Laurence—Sung by Laurie Turner.

Last week, our servants' ball took place,
So grand a rout I ne'er did trace:
Being master's flunkey, I had my say,
And placed things in a proper way.
The party came, some short, some long:
We mustered twenty-seven strong;
We all looked large though we were small,
At our servants' secret ball.

CHORUS.

The bones and banjo so did play
In truth we all did dance away—
I never shall forget the noise and squall
We had at our servants' secret ball!

John dressed himself in Betty's frock,
And so amused the blessed stock:
Our Sally wore the butler's coat,
And put on a false Billy-goat.
Miss Jane put on master's smalls,
The nurse wore Harry's overalls.
The Bobbys' to their sweet-hearts did stall:
Yes—to keep order at our servants' ball.
The bones and banjo, &c.

Some came as niggers, brown and black,
And the girls' lips they did smack:
All their designs appeared quite dark—
For, with every kiss they left a mark.
Our cook's chap the whole hog did go,
He sang and danced Bob Ridley, Oh!
He upset chairs and tables all,
At our servants' secret ball.
The bones and banjo, &c.

The butler kept us in a roar:
For he sung and looked just like the Cure:
And master Thomas he got tight,
And nearly set the crib alight.
The chaps hugged the girls upon the sly,
They got kissed to death, or very nigh:
When a double knock surprised us all,
At our servants' secret ball.
The bones and banjo, &c.

"It's master's knock!" exclaimed young Fan—
In all directions off we ran.
Some in the dust hole there did roll,
Others rushed amongst the coal:
With the band we knew not what to do,
So we sent them up the flue—
And down came master amidst it all,
To finish up our secret ball!
The bones and banjo, &c.

He then called lots of Bobbies in:
Oh! such a row, Oh! such a din!
Such mangled forms there met my eyes,
We all looked like a set of guys—
The Police made us make our retreat,
And turned the whole lot in the street:
So we lost our places, one and all,
All through our servants' secret ball!
The bones and banjo, &c.

The Songs We Used to Sing.

By S. B. G.

"When the Swallows Homeward Fly,"
"A Thousand Leagues Away:"
"The Lark Sings Blithely in the Sky"
To "Little Maggie May."

"I Have Something Sweet to Tell You;"
"I Love Thee, Little, Laughing Bill;"
Oh! "Paddle Your Own Canoe"
With "The Man That Struck Old Bill."

"Tell Me Where Do Fairies Dwell?"
"Boy With Auburn Hair;"
"Far, Far O'er Hill and Dell,"
"Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer."

"Dearest, I Think of Thee,"
"When All the World is Hushed in Sleep:"
"What Can I Offer Thee"
"When a Little Farm We Keep?"

"Happy Moments Now Returning"
"With The Love Light in Your Eye:"
'Tis "Kathleen Mavourneen,"
"A Coming Thro' the Rye."

"Merrily O'er The Calm Blue Sea,"
"Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star:"
"Wilt Thou Not Smile On Me,"
In my "Irish Jaunting Car?"

"The Frog He Would a Wooing Go,"
"When Sherman Marched Down to the Sea:"
"A Little Bird Told Me So,"
"On the Banks of the Tennessee.

What is that which a man may have never possessed, and yet leave behind him?—A will.

The Turkish Gentleman.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

A word on the biography of a Turkish gentleman,
One Mister Hassan Ali Beg Mustapha Astracan.
A swell—from his illustrious crown to his illustrious toes,
A Pasha of some nine tails: for, so the story goes.
The Palace of this Turkish swell was awful to behold,
His door scraper was silver, the front-door knocker gold:
The marble floor INLAID with gems,
the fountains flashing wine
Defy description—and I'm glad it isn't in my line.

CHORUS.

Oh! Mister Hassan Ali Beg Mustapha Astracan!
This slippery, turbaned
cross-legged, smoking, Oriental man!

The beauty in his harem was enough to knock you down:
There were white girls, black girls, yellow girls,
and girls of whitey brown:
Black eunuchs watched them night and day:
for a very jealous man
Was Mister Hassan Ali Beg Mustapha Astracan!
They sung and danced before their spouse
with accomp'niment, you know,
On a three stringed instrument much worse
than modern Blacks' banjo:
Meanwhile he smoked his long chibogue,
reclined in his divan,
Did Mister Hassan Ali Beg Mustapha Astracan!
Oh! Mister, &c.

But if a wife presumed to flirt, as sometimes did occur,
I've only one thing to remark:
SO MUCH THE WORSE FOR HER!
For, deep down in the Bosphorus they'd
drown the naughty SHE,
Or else a SCIMETAR would soon destroy her SYMMETRY:
And if the Pasha wanted coin, to carry on the war,
He'd seize on a rich subject—what
else ARE rich subjects for?
He'd strip him to his very skin, he'd take his every sou,
And if he didn't jump for joy, HE'D BASTINADE HIM, too!
Oh! Mister, &c.

His fare was kibobs and pillau—what they
are, I can't divine—
And tho' the Koran don't allow Mahommed people wine,
It doesn't say a single word against a glass of grog:
So Hassan guzzled whiskey-punch enough to scald a hog.
Our Pasha then of happiness possessed a brimming cup—
Until his master, in his turn, (the Sultan) got hard up:
"Marshallah!" growled his Sultan-ship,
some of 'em must be bled—
That Caitiff, Ali Beg, is rich, fetch me the
scoundrel's head."
Oh! Mister, &c.

Said the Bowstring-man to Hassan, as he
made a low salaam:
"You'll pardon this intrusion: quite
ashamed I really am:
Fact is, I've come for SOMETHING—
what it is? you may divine—
When I tell you that the Sultan condescends
to DROP A LINE."
The fatal bowstring whirls aloft, a gurgle,
choke, and kick—
And, lo! the skilful bowstring-man has
done the fatal trick.
They bag his head in half the time
that you could wave a fan:
So much for Hassan Ali Beg Mustapha Astracan!
Oh! Mister, &c.

Good Counsel.

A RHYME SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Guard, my child, thy tongue:
That it speak no wrong:
Let no evil word pass o'er it:
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it speak no wrong!
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes:
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right:
From all evil turn thy sight;
Prying is not wise.
Guard, my child, thine eyes!

Guard, my child, thine ear:
Wicked words will sear.
Let no evil words come in
That may cause the soul to sin:
Wicked words will sear,
Guard, my child, thine ear!

Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young:
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be.
Guard, while thou art young,
Ear, and eyes, and tongue!

It Serves You Right.

(NEW VERSION.)

Written and Sung by Laurie Turner.

Composed by Fred. Higgins.

So very strange to me it seems
That bye-words are the rage :
I don't know where you get them from,
Perhaps 'tis off the Stage.
No matter where you travel now,
By day as well as night
You're sure to hear some urchin cry :
" My Boy, it serves you right. "
CHORUS.
It serves you right, it serves you right :
My Boy, it serves you right.
It drives me to distraction quite,
When folks they say : " It serves you right. "

A girl I took to Leicester-Square,
The Alhambra I mean.
That SHE WAS ACTING ON THE SQUARE
Oh ! little did I dream—
Until I squandered three pounds ten
Upon her in one night :
She left me minus watch and chain.
And said : " It serves you right. "
It serves you right, &c.

Invited to a ball, one night,
In my best I was attired :
Intending for to cut a shine,
A Hansom Cab I hired.
Oh ! soon along the road I was.
The horse it reared and shied,
And sent me sprawling in the mud
Whilst all the people cried :
It serves you right, &c.

I went to Ramsgate for a week,
My spirits to revive.
And being rather flush of cash,
The game I kept alive :
Until one morn, whilst sea-bathing,
Oh ! that unlucky day !
Some thieves, close by, my clothes they took,
And bolted clean away.

SPOKEN : And I was left in the water shivering, while all the people laughed at me and said :
It serves you right, &c.

To go and see my Lady-love,
Each night a wall I'd climb ;
Oh ! that I had known, one night,
Her Pa was close behind—
Whilst in a grove a making love,
Upon a moonlight night.
A something seized hold of me here—
And held me precious tight.

SPOKEN : I turned round and discovered it was a large dog, and then her Pa laid into me with a great big stick and said :
It serves you right, &c.

When folks they say it serves you right,
It makes me feel so wild :
It makes me feel so nervous,
I can't be reconciled.
So now, kind friends, I must be off,
I wish you all : good-night !
And if that I have pleased you all
Well—I think I served you right :
It serves you right, &c.

Not in These Boots.

By J. A. Hardwick—Air : Bonnie Dundee.

I'm a " Girl of the Period, " dashing and gay :
I'm fond of excitement and having my way ;
Oft I walk in the " Zoo, " gazing at bipeds and brutes—
In the latest of fashions—but not in these boots.
To Ball and Assemblies I ramble and roam,
To Gardens and Music-Halls I am at home,
Tasting of pleasure and joying the fruits,
Dressed in the fashion—but not in these boots.

SPOKEN : No, I think I should put my foot in it indeed, if I put my feet in these boots to go to a party, don't you ?

I go down to Margate, Herne Bay, and Gravesend,
At watering places the season I spend.
On the sands I am flirting, where swells blow cheroots.
SPOKEN : But make no mistake, girls,
I beg to assure you it's not in these boots.
To see high-life weddings where sold are the fair,
I go to St. George's, in Hanover-Square.
Admiring the bridesmaids, arrayed in Court suits.
I'm chignoned and jewelled—but not in these boots.

I'm rather strong minded, and want to know why
We girls can't attire as pleases the eye ?
I went to the Opera where the boxkeeper brutes—
SPOKEN : Now, would you believe it ? but the fellow said to me—
" Miss, your dress is en-regle, but not in these boots. "
If you " take off my boots " saying I'm a strange elf,
I will just to please you take them off myself :
I'll wed when I'm finding a man my mind suits,
And go the altar—but not in these boots.

Swiftly Goes De Oyster-Boat !

Oh ! swiftly goes de oyster-boat,
Just walking from de shore,
Unto de darkies' song she'll float,
To hunt de shelly store.
We whistle up a jolly breeze,
And hoist up de square-toed sail :
Den down de riber we scud wid ease,
And cheat old massa gale.
Oh ! swiftly goes, &c.

We cast our tongs in Oyster-Bay,
An' rake 'em far an' wide :
Den haul up while our boat so gay
Plays see-saw on de tide ;
Den wid her bosom jammed up full
Ob oysters fat an' fine,
Up to de town away we pull,
An' sing while our grinners shine—
Oh ! swiftly goes, &c.

De sailor in his ship may sing,
An' tink he's free from harm ;
Our boat can cut de sea-gull's wing,
An' walk right through de storm.
Den merrily in de port she splash,
Filled wid her shelly store,
While folks come dere to shell out deir cash,
In crowds along de shore—
Oh ! swiftly goes, &c.

A Blessing on the Outward Bound.

A blessing on the outward bound,
Wherever they may go,
From hills and dales their fathers owned,
Or cottage poor and low.
'Tis no slight thing to part from home,
Whate'er that home may be,
To trust a doubtful future on
The wild and stormy sea—
But while the tide of life rolls on,
The mighty stream must flow :
Then blessings on the outward bound,
Wherever they may go !

A blessing on the outward bound,
The noble and the true,
Who've rested long with poverty,
Which they shall conquer, too—
The earth was made for man to share,
And worthy it are they,
Those brave and bold adventurers
Our proud ships bear away :
To freedom and to sunny lands,
Still may the breezes blow :
May God protect the outward bound,
Wherever they may go !

Don't Say : No !

Words by Augusta Johnstone—Music by T. Wortley Walker.

Sung by Mr. H. Walker

Along the forest straying,
One summer evening fair,
We talked—the breezes playing
'Mid Jessie's golden hair :
Up from my heart there rose
A question, soft and low :
It whispered : " Can you love me,
Sweet Jessie ?—don't say : No ! "

No sound, that summer gloaming,
Returned my beating heart,
Still, through the wild wood roaming,
I felt we ne'er could part—
At last, my Jessie blushing,
And looking lovely so—
" Will you be ever constant ?
She murmured—" don't say : No ! "

Prosperity attracts friends—adversity proves them.

Laughing is not always the index of a mind at ease.

A mind contented with its lot, is more valuable than riches.

The Fisherman's Glee.

Lightly we bound o'er the foaming waves,
All weathers alike the mariner braves ;
We are lords of the sea, and to no lord slaves—
Then cheerily pull, yo, ho !

Soon as our bark has cleared the bay,
We'll spread our nets by the moonlight ray :
And, happy, ere 'tis break of day,
We'll haul in our prize, yo, ho !
Lightly we bound, &c.

Who would exchange the mariner's life
For landmen's toil, their cares and strife ?
Or the surge's sound for the drum and fife ?
So cheerily pull, yo, ho !
Lightly we bound, &c.

'Tis true they can spread their nets on land,
And bait their hooks with a skillful hand :
But can their hearts like ours expand,
When we haul in our prize ? yo, ho !
Lightly we bound, &c.

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Oh ! have you heard the news of late,
About a mighty king so great ?
If you have not, 'tis in my pate,
The King of the Cannibal Islands !
He was so tall, near six feet six,
He had a head like Mister Nick's
His palace was like Dirty Dick's,
'Twas built of mud for want of bricks :
And his name was Poonoowinkeewang,
Flibeedee, Flobeedee Buskeebang :
And a lot of Indians swore they'd hang
The King of the Cannibal Islands !
Hokee pokee wonkee fum,
Pattee po pee kaibula cum.
Tongaree, Wongaree, ching, ring, wum,
The King of the Cannibal Islands !

This mighty king had in one hut
Seventy wives as black as soot,
And thirty of a double smut.
The King of the Cannibal Islands !
So just one hundred wives he had,
And every week he was a dad :
Upon my word ! it was too bad—
For, his monthly dears soon drove him mad :
There was Hungkee Munkee short and tall,
With Tumtee Mumtee and Keeke Poll,
And some of them swore they would have all
The King of the Cannibal Islands !
Hokee pokee, &c.

One day, this king invited most
All of his subjects to a roast :
For, half his wives gave up the ghost,
The King of the Cannibal Islands !
Of fifty wives he was bereft,
And so he had but fifty left :
He said with them he would make shift :
So for a gorge all set off swift.
But not one answered to his call.
He sprang out through the muddy wall :
Then into the woods he went with grief,
And found each queen along with a chief :
He swore he'd pasonadise every thief,
The King of the Cannibal Islands !
Hokee pokee, &c.

He sent for all his guards with knives,
And put an end to all their lives,
The fifty chiefs and fifty wives,
The King of the Cannibal Islands !
His cannibal slaveys then begun
Carving their heads off one by one
And the King he laughed to see the fun
Then jumped into bed when all was done.
And every night, when he's asleep,
His headless wives and chiefs all creep,
And roll upon him in a heap,
The King of the Cannibal Islands !
Hokee pokee, &c.

The Wild Rose of Erin.

Her long raven locks in the night-wind was streaming
As over the waters she mournfully gazed :
The moonbeams around her were placidly beaming,
That beautiful daughter of Erin was crazed—
She plucked a wild rose that in beauty was glowing,
Then, kissing it, bade the fair flower decay,
And on the dark waves which were quietly flowing,
The wild rose of Erin soon withered away.

Bright, beautiful type of a heart that was broken
The fair hand that culled and then left it to die.
Was wooed and was won, but those vows kindly spoken
Deceived, and then left her 'mid sorrow to sigh—
'Twas far from the spot where the shamrock was growing
Her false-hearted lover had left her to stray
While on the dark waves which were quietly flowing,
The wild rose of Erin soon withered away.

Study Economy.

I am a gent reduced by railway speculations :
Tho' not possessed of ample means,
I've splendid expectations :
My uncle is director of a-round the corner junction :
So I often borrow a pound or two
without the least compunction—
For, upon my word !
By studying economy, I live like a lord.

Now since I've been upon the town,
by fickle fortune undone,
I've found that there's more ways than one
to live slap up in London :
This world is bad, but I contrive first-rate to rattle thro' it :
So if you list a while to me, I'll tell you how to do it.

I rise at half-past nine, A. M., and then I make my toilet,
Put on my dickey, rub my boots,
my hair with candle oil it :
As breakfast is a matter of pure taste, why, I don't mind it,
And if I've none, I go without, and healthy, too, I find it.

At ten, I sally out, and go to hear the band play :
This takes me to eleven, then I promenade the Strand way ;
Then I get up to London Bridge,
that rendezvous of schemers,
When half-an-hour passes by, admiring the steamers.

This brings me round till twelve o'clock,
when I invest a joey
In half a loaf, and pick one out slack baked
and rather doughy :
Because, you see, it satisfies—I feel compelled to tell it—
And a drink of water, at the pump,
to twice the size will swell it.

At one I buy a mutton-pie, and pop it in my pocket,
And then cut down a narrow court and bolt
it like a rocket :
It does not do to let the world know
all you have for dinner :
For, if they think you're living queer,
they'll swear you're getting thinner.

At two I reach a coffee shop, and read a book till seven :
Then half-a-pint of good four ale will
last me till eleven :
By twelve get home, and make no row,
for fear of Mother Randall :
Then in the dark I go to bed, because it saves a candle.

Sometimes to raise a sumptuous feast, I tax my ingenuity,
I don't indulge in meat : for, that I think a superfluity :
I can't abide block ornaments,
for fear of the small maggots :
So wait till eight o'clock comes round,
and patronize the faggots.

I used to smoke a meerschaum pipe,
once upon a time I bought one :
But now the times are altered quite.
I am glad to smoke a short one.
When I've no pieces of cigars, and getting low in coppers,
I toddle round St. James's Park, and pick
up all the toppers.

The faculty they all agree : "Light suppers aid digestion,"
And I decidedly agree with their view of the question :
But if a friend should ask me out, I'll not refuse the offer :
If not, I speculate my browns in a trottar or a gouffer.

I've told you all the particulars of how
I'd pass the day away :
Thro' studying economy, I don't have much to pay,
Though sometimes I'm reduced, I own to
puzzle pudding on a Friday—
But all things considered, why, I get on pretty tidy.

Good-Bye ! Little May.

SONG AND CHORUS—By T. Brigham Bishop.

I've lost my little May at last,
She perished in the Spring,
When earliest flowers began to bud,
And earliest birds to sing.
I laid her in a quiet grave,
A rural soft retreat,
A marble tablet at her head,
And violets at her feet.
Chorus : Good-bye ! little May,
Good-bye ! little May,
Farewell ! little May,
Thou art sleeping far away—

I would that she were back again,
In all her childish bloom :
My joy and hope have followed her,
My heart is in the tomb.
I know that she has gone away,
I know that she has fled—
I miss her everywhere,
And yet I cannot think her dead.

I miss her with the toys, beside
My desk in silent play,
And then I turn and look for her
But she has flown away—
She'd come and climb my chair again,
And peep my shoulders o'er,
I hear a stifled laugh, but no—
She cometh never more.

Morning Star Serenade.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

The bright star of morning now sinks to repose,
The nightingale ceases to sing :
Awake ! for, 'tis morn, and all nature is close
In the glorious green verdure of spring :
The soft rosy touch of the sun's freshest rays
Tips the orient hills with bright gold :
The steep-rugged mountain is set with bright gems,
As the sunlight their beauties unfold.
The bright star of morning, &c.

Then haste to the meadows where rivulets glide
With frolicsome music along,
While birds dip their plumage within its gay tide,
And then flutter away with their song.
The sweet, modest daisy peeps up in delight.
The Iris its soft eye unfolds,
While all teach a lesson of peace and content,
At the place which in nature each holds.
The bright star of morning, &c.

The Winter Nights for Me !

Bright summer flies on golden wings
To orient climes away :
The linnet now no longer sings
On fragrant breathing spray :
The fairest flowers are faded all—
The sun smiles not so free :
But why should this the heart appal ?
The winter nights for me !

The winter nights, when happy hearts
In social kindness meet :
When each his joyful tale imparts
To make life's cup more sweet :
When souls depressed forget their care,
And gladness circles free :
When lovers sit by ladies fair—
The winter nights for me !

What tho' 'tis bliss to wander forth
Thro' groves at sun-red eve—
What tho' rude Boreas from the North
Makes some for summer grieve—
Let me the sportive dance recall !
When merry hearts beat free,
I'll give you summer nights and all—
The winter nights for me !

Come to Me, Darling, I'm Lonely Without Thee.

By Joseph Brennan, Esq.—Music by E. O. Eaton.

Come to me, darling, I'm lonely without thee,
Daytime and nighttime I'm dreaming about thee :
Nighttime and daytime in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee—
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten :
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

You have been glad when you
knew I was gladdened :
Dear, are you sad to hear I am saddened ?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave or rhyme unto rhyme, love ;
I cannot smile, but your cheek will be glowing :
You cannot weep, but my tears will be flowing ?
You will not linger when I shall have died, love :
I could not live without you by my side, love.

Come to me, darling, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow :
Strong, swift and sweet, as
the words which I speak, love,
With a song at your lip, and
a smile on your cheek, love ;
Come—for, my heart in your absence is dreary :
Haste—for, my spirit is sickened and weary :
Come to the arms which alone can caress thee,
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee.

Say "Yes," Pussy.

She sat close by his side—
His face with fear was wan :
He could not, though he tried,
Propose—that timid man.
He moved uneasy in his seat ;
She asked him : "Was he ill ?"
He only shuffled with his feet,
His bosom's pain to still.

"Yes, no—no, yes—not VERY well—"
He said, with ghastly smile.
"But, oh ! I dare not, dare not tell
What ails me all this while :
I've often tried to say :
Think of me if you can—
I hope I'm not in the way—"
He was a timid man.

A favorite tabby lay
Upon the lady's lap,
All in her own sleek way,
Taking a quiet nap.
"Oh ! Puss, she thought, I wish you'd tell
All that he wants to know :
I really like him very well,
But must not tell him so."

"I'm sure you are very, very kind,
She slowly thus began :
But I—I've made up my mind ;
Never to think of man :
I never can consent to change—
You should have asked before—
At least—that is—'tis very strange,
I cannot tell you more."

He gave up all for lost,
Took up his hat to fly :
But ere the room he'd crossed,
He heard a gentle sigh—
With beating heart, he turned him round,
Then hit upon this plan,
His eyes were cast upon the ground,
He was a timid man.

"Oh ! Pussy-cat, said he,
Were I to ask her now,
D'ye think your mistress would have me ?—
Would listen to my vow ?"
Aloud his thoughts he trembling spoke,
Then paused to hear his doom—
"Say yes, Pussy—say yes, Pussy,
The lady answered soon.

What a Stunning Pair of Legs !

I'm a buxum little fellow, now it's true I do declare,
But still I'm not a dandy with a nobby head of hair :
As I roam along the streets, they admire me—oh, fegs !
And the ladies cry, when passing,
what a stunning pair of legs !
Tol de rol, &c.

The very morning I was born, I drained my mother's purse :
There was the cook and doctor, the mid-wife and the nurse.
They drank my health in gin and rum,
and ogled me—oh, fegs !
And each, in turn, kept shouting :
what a stunning pair of legs !
Tol de rol, &c.

Now, when that I grew up a boy, and I was sent to school
One day, I played the truant, and fell into a pool :
My master went to fog me—he ballooed out, oh, fegs !
"Hold fast the little rascal by his stunning pair of legs !"
Tol de rol, &c.

My mother doted on me, and often she would sing—
"Indeed I think my little son will surely be a king."
One day, I tried to stop a pig : it was a lark—oh, fegs !
For, he gave a grunt, and bolted through
my stunning pair of legs.
Tol de rol, &c.

A policeman collared hold of me—
oh ! how he made me squeak—
He took me to the station-house, and then before the beak.
"Do you know him ? said the magistrate.
Said the peeler : "Yes, oh, fegs !
You may know he is a prig by his stunning pair of legs."
Tol de rol, &c.

"Send him off to Bridewell, the magistrate then says,
And let him dance the treadmill for one-and-thirty days :
Tell the governor to watch him, and work him well,
And clap a pair of ruffles on his stunning pair of legs."
Tol de rol, &c.

I served a month in limbo, in misery and pain,
I hope that I shall never get into their claws again :
I tried to run one morning, but trod upon some eggs,
And slipped into a plug-hole with my stunning pair of legs.
Tol de rol, &c.

The acquisition of wealth is a work of great labor : its possession, a source of continual fear : its loss, of excessive grief.

Those who are happy at home should remain there.

Wealthy wives involve their husbands in extravagance and ruin.

Rhein-Wein Sharley.

Arranged by Henry Tucker.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the piano-forte, is published in Dr Witt's Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by E. M. De Witt, 33 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

Vat care I of a ten cent pie,
No madder if it made out of Kase,
So long vat I got mein goot Rhein-wein,
I laugh and do vateffer I blease?
Neffer care I how her dimes may go,
Zinzinnatti, Ohio:
Nice goot Rhein-wein will freely flow,
Ohio ioh!
Chorus: Rhein-wein Sharley vas my name,
Und from Shermany I came;
Ven I go out upon a spree,
Drinking Rhein-wein shust suits me.

Some beoples may of lager talk,
Und told you dat it vill make you stout:
Veneffer I drink a keg of it,
It makes me sick of my stomach out.
Down at a pank vat dey calls keno,
Ohio Tomy don't go—
Nice goot Rhein-wein will freely flow,
Ohio, ioh! Chorus.

Den come, I got me off fifteen cents,
Do-night I vill go out on a spree,
And ven I got full, I give you a doast
To Villiam de emperor of Shermany:
For, de fighting in Europe, not long ago
Ohio, Ohio:
Vas all apout de Rhein, you know,
Ohio, dat's so. Chorus.

Vhite weins are vhite, pecause dey're vhite,
Red weins, indeed, are also red:
Put Rhein-wein is de stuff you know,
Pecause it don't got into your head.
Some beoples got drunk on viskey, I know,
Ohio, Ohio:
Next day to de station-house dey go,
Ohio, dat's so. Chorus.

All Among the Barley.

Come out, 'tis now September,
The hunter's moon's begun,
And through the wheaten stubble
Is heard the frequent gun:
The leaves are paling yellow,
Or kindling into red,
And the ripe and golden barley
Is hanging down its head.
All among the barley,
Who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy barley
Is smiling on the scythe?

The spring she is a young maid
That does not know her mind:
The summer is a tyrant
Of most unrighteous kind!
The autumn is an old friend
That loves one all he can,
And that brings the happy barley
To glad the heart of man.
All among the barley, &c.

The wheat is like a rich man
That's sleek and well to do:
The oats are like a pack of girls
Laughing, and dancing, too.
The rye is like a miser
That's sulky, lean, and small:
But the free and bearded barley
Is the monarch of them all—
All among the barley, &c.

Happy Nigger Joseph.

Composed by W. H. Delehanty, expressly for and Sung with great success by the famous banjoist, Harry Stanwood.

Attention please, both one and all,
And listen to my rhymes:
I'll tell you 'bout things as they are
In these pleasant, troublesome times.
Nothing seems to worry me,
And that you all most know:
For, I spend my time in singing,
While I play the aged banjo.

Happy nigger Joseph is my name,
Happy nigger Joseph is my cognomen;
Did you ever see de debbil with great wooden shoval,
Digging up potatoes with his night-cap on?
Happy nigger Joe is my signature,
Happy nigger Joseph is my autograph;
Hey diddle, diddle, the cat broke the fiddle
And the cow went up in a balloon—
I fell in love with a nice young girl,
Kit Burns was her name:
A bully little girl with a big glass eye,
She walked a trifle lame:
I whispered love into her ear,
Brought her oysters by the keg:
Besides a terrible grecian bend,
She swings a wooden hoof.

Happy nigger Joe don't want it,
Joyous nigger man wouldn't have it:
Ding, dong gaily on your own benzine,
To meet Johnny Booker on Bowling Green:
I strut in my long tail blue.
When the swallows homeward flew;
When day's work's done. I had my fun
With the wickedest man in New-York.

This hunky girl was sweet sixteen,
As gentle as a camel.
With eyes as black as the driven snow,
And a mouth like a railroad tunnel:
She looked so neat and dressed so sweet,
While walking down the street,
With Bismark shoes as big as mine,
And a rattling set of false teeth.

Then, not for Joe not any,
I'm well supplied, you bet:
There's a rose in the garden for you, young man,
I can't hold the plow but I'll do the best I can:
Then don't you go, Tommy don't go,
Stay at home, Tommy, don't go:
The steep in the clock has just struck thirteen,
Say, Kiser, don't you want to buy a dorg?

Better Late Than Never.

Words by J. B. Geoghegan—Music by John Blockley.

What folly 'tis for man to fret,
And waste his days repining—
I care not though the sun be set,
He still is somewhere shining.
The clouds that hover round him now,
Will not be there forever:
In brighter days, we'll feel his rays,
And better late than never—
CHORUS.
Why, then, why not use the strong endeavor?
Try, men, try: 'tis better late than never!

Though rough's the road we journey now,
We need not still abide it:
'Tis little gain to have a plough,
Without the hand to guide it.
The frail and slender gossamer thread
A breath of wind may sever:
But all in vain—'tis formed again:
So better late than never! Chorus.

Should fortune fly ye—still proceed,
All thoughts of failure spurning:
The lane is long, and straight indeed,
That has no end or turning.
'Tis not the wish that makes men great,
'Tis works proclaim them clever:
A battle won though wrong begun,
And better late than never— Chorus.

Then, onward! be the watchword still,
Each on himself relying:
The way comes friendly with the will,
There's nothing lost by trying.
So if success we can't command,
To gain it let's endeavor:
Then, great or small, if gained at all,
'Tis better late than never— Chorus.

A Broth of a Boy.

Oh! I've got an elegant name—
And who dares say it is not?
I was born in a spot near Hibbager town,
In a nice, little wood-built cot.
My Father was the pride of the boys all round,
And my mother was much the same:
And that's how it is, my honeys, don't you see?
I've got such an elegant name.
Chorus: I'm a broth of a boy.

Now, an Irishman will fight like the devil,
don't you see?
And frighten him you never can:
They're the bravest set of boys that ever was seen,
Since first this world began—
With whisky in their heads,
and shillalahs in their fists,
They'll fight like the divil, do you see?
They'll never say they're dead till
their toe shoots out,
And that's just the way with me.
Chorus: I'm a broth of a boy.

Now, Ireland's a place that's got great fame,
And that I suppose you have all heard:
It's the purtiest little spot in all this world,
It is, take an Irishman's word—
For, there is not a part, in this wide world,
Where they drink the whisky so free:
You may talk of your good-drinking Englishman,
But an Irishman's the man for me!
Chorus: I'm a broth of a boy.

Always Do to Others as You'd Wish to Be Done By.

By Frank W. Egerton.

We meet with many curious folks,
As thro' the world we roam:
Some who are full of fun and jokes,
While others pine and moan.
I care not whether grave or gay—
One thing we all should try:
That is "to do to others as
We'd wish to be done by."
Chorus: Then "bear good will to all men:"
It's easy if you'll try—
And "always do to others as
You'd wish to be done by."

Perhaps in business you've been wronged
By some "defaulting rogue:"
For, by such scamps the world is thronged,
They long have been in vogue:
Don't seek revenge on such a wretch,
But to forgive him try—
And thus you "do to others as
You'd wish to be done by." Chorus.

If you are rich, and some "old friend"
Is "down at heel" and poor,
Well, let the bar of station bend,
And "open wide your door"
To welcome him, as you were wont
"In better days gone by:"
And thus you do to him, poor man,
As "you'd wish to be done by." Chorus.

I think by what I've said or sung
In this my song to-night,
That I have proved to every one
The glorious might of right.
So let us all make this resolve,
And keep it till we die—
That is to "do to others as
We'd wish to be done by." Chorus.

God Bless the Church around the Corner!

Words by George Cooper—Music by D. S. Wambold.

The Music of this piece is published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New-York—Price 50 cents.

God bless the little church around the corner,
The shrine of holy Charity and love!
Its doors are ever open unto sorrow,
A blessing fall upon it from above—
The rich and poor are equal 'neath its portals:
And be our path in life what'er it may,
No heart that needed comfort in affliction
Was ever turned uncomforted away.
[Repeat first four lines.
Chorus: God bless the church! God bless the church,
The little church around the corner!
Its doors are ever open unto sorrow,
A blessing fall upon it from above.

God bless the little church around the corner,
No matter what the creed that it may keep:
However we may differ in opinion,
The warmth of Christian sympathy is there—
A word of hope and kindliness awaits us,
When clouds of sorrow hover over head:
With needed words of pity for the living,
And reverence for the cold and silent dead—
[Repeat first four lines.
God bless the church! &c.

God bless the little church around the corner
And keep its hallowed memory ever green!
Oh! like a lily growing by the wayside,
It smiles upon life's ever busy scene!
It points the way to realms of joy unfading,
And bears of love a never ending store:
God bless the little church around the corner!
God bless the little church forever more!
[Repeat first four lines.
God bless the church! &c.

Better late than Never.

J. B. GEOGHEGAN. JOHN BLOCKLEY.



3.

Should fortune fly ye—still proceed,
All thoughts of failure spurning;
The lane is long, and straight indeed,
That has no end or turning.
'Tis not the wish that makes men great,
'Tis works proclaim them clever;
A battle won though wrong begun,
And better late than never.

Cho.—Why, then, &c.

4.

Then onward be the watchword still,
Each on himself relying;
The way comes friendly with the will,
There's nothing lost by trying.
So if success we can't command,
To gain it let's endeavor;
Then great or small if gained at all,
'Tis better late than never.

Cho.—Why, then, &c.

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CONTENTS.

As I Delight in Thee, Love ..... Page 538
Answer to: ANNIE LAURIE 538
Ambition's Early Dream had Flown ... 540
Answer to: Don't be angry with me, darling 543
Beautiful World! 538
The Blind Boy's been at Play, Mother 538
BARON MUNCHAUSEN 539
Bobbin' Around 542
Come Sot of My Side, My Shmall Darling . 540
The Corsican Brothers 542
DICKY DUTTON 539
Dixie's Land 543
Faces 542
Good-Night, Beloved! 538
Glory Hally, Hallelujah! or the John Brown Song ... 543
IF EVER I CEASE TO EAT 543
I Love to Roam at Close of Eve 538
'Tis Sad to Part 539
I'll Pray for Thee 541
I'm over Young to Marry yet 542
In Every Fertile Valley 542
JACK ON WIRES 541
The Kind, Honest Heart of a Tar 539
Lovely Polly 538
LOVE IN A HAY-BAND 540
The Ladies' Reform Bill 540
Land, Land, Land! 541
My Lovely Dancing Rose 541
MOTHER, I WAS NOT TO BLAME 541
Not for Gold nor Precious Stones 542
Oh! Dance, De Boatmen Dance: or De Boatmen of De Ohio 538
The OLD, OLD STORY 539
Oh! Yes, My Love, Yes! 541
Oh! take me to Thy Heart Again!—Words 543
Oh! take me to Thy Heart Again!—Music 544
POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON 539
Pud Me in My Leedle Bed 540
St. James and St. Giles of the Period 538
Softly Sighs the Voice of Evening 541
SOMEBODY'S COMING 542
That's where You Make the Mistake 543
When Fairies are Lighted 539
Why Didn't You Say so before 540
We are out on the Ocean Sailing 543
Yes, 'tis a Spell 538
Young Ellen Loraine 541

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The Blind Boy's Been at Play, Mother.

The Music is Published by Wm. E. Millet & Son, New-York.

The blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had:
We led him on our way mother,
And every step was glad.
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother
Where falling waters make
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played:
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spots
Where periwinkle crept mother,
C'er wild forget-me-nots.
"Ah me!" he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers,
It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers.

Oh! that poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me I am blest:
For, I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best:
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daises red and white,
I'll kneel upon the meadow sod,
And thank God for my sight!

Answer to: Annie Laurie.

ANNIE'S REPLY.

By L. M. Thornton—Air: Annie Laurie.

If all you've now been saying,
Doth from the heart proceed,
Then upon these words relying,
Your Annie's blest indeed,
Your Annie's blest indeed:
And future years will prove
That, in wedding Annie Laurie,
You'll not repent your love.

Though small our destined portion,
If by my side you be,
I'll ask no greater blessing,
I have my all in thee—
I have my all in thee—
And should thou trouble know,
Thou wilt have thy Annie Laurie
To share it with thee, too.

Yes, 'Tis a Spell!

Yes, 'tis a spell hath o'er me cast
Its all absorbing power:
And thus, for ever, may it last,
E'en to my latest hour—
Let those who cannot love forego
All hope of future bliss,
In Paradise they ne'er can know
More happiness than this.

Her bright eyes now before me shine,
And laughing, seem to say:
"Thou lov'st me—my heart is thine—
Be happy while we may."
We will be happy, nor forego
Such hope of future bliss:
In Paradise we ne'er can know
More happiness than this.

Beautiful World!

Oh! beautiful world! they say thou art cold:
Thy clouds and thy sorrows may never be told:
But the fair dream of life that brought gladness to me,
Oh! beautiful, bright, happy world! was of thee—
Saw thee in sunshine, in morn's golden bright:
The silver moon floating thro' Heaven at night,
The dew, and thy flowers, by summer unfurled:
Oh! wert thou not truly a beautiful world?

Oh! beautiful world! thou art cheerless, they say:
Thy blossoms and pleasures are born to decay:
But ere we can mourn for the one that has fled,
Where another more bright, a new beauty to shed?
'Tis we have the shadows, the glory is thine,
The free winds for ever thy mountains entwine,
With rivers and fountains, lay young curled:
Oh! wert thou not truly a beautiful world?

Lovely Polly.

A sailor's love is void of art,
Plain-sailing to his port, the heart:
He knows no jealous folly—
'Tis hard enough at sea to war
With boisterous elements that jar,
All's peace with lovely Polly.

Enough that, far from light of shore,
Clouds frown, and angry billows roar:
Still is he brisk and jolly,
And while carousing with his mates,
Her health he drinks—anticipates
The smiles of lovely Polly.

Shoulder thunder on the horizon press,
Mocking our signals of distress,
E'en then dull melancholy
Dares not intrude: he braves the din,
In hopes to find a calm within
The snowy arms of Polly.

Good-Night, Beloved!

SERENADE.

Words by Longfellow—Music by M. W. Balfe.

Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

Good-night, good-night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee:
To be near thee—to be near thee
Alone—is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning:
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good-night, good-night, beloved!
While I count the weary hours—

Ah! thou moon that shinest
Argent clear above,
All night long enlighten
My sweet lady love!

As I Delight in Thee, Love.

The summer gale that gently blows
Joys not to meet the balmy rose,
As I delight in thee, love!
The rose-bud, opening to the view,
Loves not to bathe in morning dew,
As I delight in thee, love!
Oh! thou art all to me, love,
All my heart holds dearly—
Never loved a village swain,
So truly, so sincerely!

The bee exaults not in the sweets,
Enriching every flower she meets,
As I delight in thee, love!
The lark rejoices not to rise,
At early morn, in cloudless skies,
As I delight in thee, love!
Oh! thou art all to me, love,
All my heart holds dearly—
Never loved a village swain,
So truly, so sincerely!

Oh! Dance, De Boatmen Dance:

OR DE BOATMEN OF DE OHIO.

Spring ob de year hab come at last.
De fishing-time hab gone and past—
Four-and-twenty boatmen, all in a flock,
Sittin on de sea-side peckin' on a rock.
Oh! dance, de boatmen dance,
Oh! dance, de boatmen dance,
Dance all night till broad daylight,
Oh! dance, de boatmen dance, &c.

De boatmen dance, de boatmen sing,
De boatmen up to ebery ting:
When de boatmen gits on shore,
He spends his money, den works for more.
Oh! dance, de boatmen dance, &c.

De boatman is a lucky man.
Dar's none can do as de boatmen can:
I nebber seen a purty gal in all my life,
But dat she was a boatman's wife.
Oh! dance, de boatmen dance, &c.

I Love to Roam at Close of Eve!

By W. Kirwood.

How sweet to roam at close of eve—
The rippling waters o'er:
And merrily glide the hours away,
Along the sandy shore—
By twilight hear the Gleek attune
His skilful notes in prayer,
Its echo greets the faintest breath,
And melts into thin air—
My thoughts in gleeful accents spread,
The breeze blew fresh and mild:
In fancy thought 'twas yesterday
When I was but a child.

I love to roam amid the dark,
And gentle hour of night,
To rest upon the dewey beach,
Beneath the heaven of light:
While friends in foreign climes or perhaps
No more on earth. We find
Our memory wrings life fondest scenes
More homeward to the mind:
I quickly raised my eyes in awe,
Across the following stream,
When daylight told me gently that
'Twas only but a dream.

St. James and St. Giles of the Period.

Descriptive, Serio-Comic, Contrastic.

Air: St. James and St. Giles.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

In this nineteenth century, contrasts are numerous,
And I'll give you a ditty, descriptive and humorous,
Of period St. James with his wealth and enjoyment,
And period St. Giles with his want of employment.
Period St. James has gold cash, and notes proper:
Period St. Giles seeking tin, notes the "copper."
(To beg criticise pardon, I feel much anxiety,
But a policeman's called "copper," in vulgar society.

CHORUS.

Period St. James and St. Giles I am noting—
St. James and St. Giles is the theme of my song:

Period St. James as a lion, will dash about:
Period St. Giles will lie-on, hawking trash about.
Period St. James apes the "Roman Fall" fashion in:
Period St. Giles he may roam-and-fall, famishing.
With period St. James a bright diamond pin it is:
With period St. Giles double diamond gin it is.
Period St. James with the upper ten free he is:
Period St. Giles, ten to one, up a tree he is.

Chorus.

Period St. James has an appetite puzzling;
Period St. Giles happy-tight is when guzzling.
Period St. James cuts a shine, nothing lacking:
Period St. Giles makes a shine, by shoe blacking.
Period St. James takes fresh air in famed Rotten Row:
Period St. Giles takes fresh herring with shotten roe.
Period St. James curry-favor his chicken up:
Period St. Giles carrys favor, debts sticking up!

Chorus.

Period St. James music has on his table:
Period St. Giles gets mews sick, over stables.
Period St. James often utters things curious:
Period St. Giles often utters tin spurious.
St. James takes in cards of swell west-end perfumers:
St. Giles, with cards, takes in his pal, beer-consumers.
St. James goes to warm baths of health a supporter:
St. Giles goes to Coldbath, getting into hot water!

Chorus.

St. James walking in the "Zoo," with a clique gaily is
St. Giles walking in his Sue with a stick daily is.
St. James has a nice carte-de-visite that pleases:
St. Giles has a (n) ice cart at ponds, when it freezes.
Miss Period St. James does the "grecian bend," haughty
Miss Period St. Giles stoops to many things naughty.
Miss St. James the "can-can" dance
won't deign to appear in it:
Miss Giles likes the "public" can-can
with some beer in it!

Chorus.

St. James makes his toilet, and
makes up with rich raiment:
St. Giles makes his mind up to make no rent payment.
Rich Period St. James has his fetes which all glitter is:
And poor Period St. Giles has his fate, which all bitter is.
Well, so wags the world—and
while time holds his hour-glass,
There will be a high class, and must be a lower class:
And maybe St. Giles when he lies, a non-feeder, down—
Rests happier far than St. James on his elder down!

CHORUS.

St. James and St. Giles of the period I've noted—
St. James and St. Giles was the theme of my song!

No temptation of emolument can induce an honorable man to commit a fraudulent act.

Dicky Dutton.

Dick Dutton is my name, you'll ne'er find such another,
Every body says I is the picture of my mother :
Everywhere, to routs and plays my figure I am sporting,
And because I've got such winning
ways, I vants to go a courting.

CHORUS.

I vants a girl to fancy me, one that I could greet smart :
Wouldn't I be proud, d'ye see, if I could get a sweetheart !

I made cock sure of one, by jove !
Ven first she did behold me,
Down on my knees confest my love,
And what do you think she told me ?
" I vos no use to her, by goah ! for she had got another,
You are a nice young man, but you won't wash,
so go home to your mother. "

Says I : " My dear, I is of age, and I have got no master. "
" That's one of them ere hats she says,
they peppered well my caster. "
Ven to upbraid her I began—
Says she : " You stupid donkey,
I prefers a nice young man to such a stupid monkey. "

My brother Bill has got a gal, but she is such a charmer—
Why shouldn't I have one as well ?
I'm sure I vouldn't harm her.
Home is home, sir, after all, if it's ever so humble,
And ven a man does all he can, a vife ought not to grumble.

If I should meet one, I declare, I'd valk her out on Sunday :
Take her down to Greenwich fair,
on every Whit-sun Monday :
Then we'd go into the Park, and that's just the thing, sir,
Roll down the hill, oh ! vot a lark, and
play at Kiss in the Ring, sir !

I'm sure I is a steady man, and not like many more, sir,
You never see the Beadle-man hanging round the door, sir :
But mother says I is a rake, and she much afraid is
I shall soon get into a scrape : for, I am fond of the ladies.

Now there's a lady vinked at me, I've gained her affections :
Call and take a cup of tea, I'll give you my direction :
No. 2 in Slaughter Yard, where they dress the mutton,
Ring the top bell very hard, and ax for Dicky Dutton.

'Tis Sad to Part.

'Tis sad to part from those we love,
We ne'er may meet again :
When kindred spirits friendship prove,
They sever but with pain ;
And, oh ! the parting word and tear,
The sigh, the last farewell,
Give to the soul a tone of fear,
Far more than lips, than lips can tell.

CHORUS.

'Tis sad to part from those we love,
We ne'er may meet again :
When kindred spirits friendship prove,
They sever but with pain.

And when from those we have to part,
Who've loosed a friendship's tie,
'Tis there that sorrow wounds the heart
And makes the bosom sigh—
Kind words and acts will ever prove
The means to bury hate ;
Then let us all forgive and love,
Ere it may be too late,
'Tis sad to part, &c.

The Kind, Honest Heart of a Tar

Yet, though I've no fortune to offer,
I've something to put on a par :
Come then, and accept my proffer,
'Tis the kind, honest heart of a tar.

Ne'er let such a trifle as this is,
Girls, be to my pleasure a bar :
You'll be rich, though 'tis only in kisses,
With the kind, honest heart of a tar.

Besides I am none of your ninnies :
The next time I come from afar,
I'll give you a lap full of guineas,
With the kind, honest heart of a tar.

Your lords with such fine baby faces,
That strut in a garter and star,
Have they, under their tamber and laces,
The kind, honest heart of a tar ?

I've this here to say now, and mind it
If love, that no hazard can mar,
You are seeking—you'll certainly find it
In the kind, honest heart of a tar.

Baron Munchausen.

Descriptive, Semi-Dialogue, Comic Song.

Air : The Mad Butcher.

I'm Baron Munchausen, famous,
Not quitted earth oh ! dear, no !
Meeting adventures, the same as
I was, in days long ago :
Daring deeds I good to try am,
And have done some in my day ;
I not inclined yet to die am,
And just believe, when I say—

SPOKEN : That I am the renowned, redoubtable, wonderful, invincible, marvellous, victorious, and veritable Baron Munchausen. I have been everywhere, that ever will be and seen everything that ever will be to be seen. I have been par-boiled, and roasted to a brown crackling in the Burning Mountains of the fiery North Pole, and frozen to glittering icicles in the "thick-ribbed ice" of Vesuvius ! I have fought the very Dragon that St. George tried to vanquish, and cried a go at. I have done battle with the mighty walrus, and sea-horse in the whale fishery—which is very like a whale ! It was me—me, the only living, original, and verocious Baron Munchausen, that knocked out the left eye of the Egyptian Sphinx, and dined off pork-chops cut from mummified King Cheops in the Pyramids. Tell the truth, and shame the devil, is always my way, and I shouldn't tell a lie for anything, if I got nothing by it. No—brand me as a liar, if I am not that most infamous—I mean famous—

CHORUS.

Baron Munchausen !
Baron Munchausen !
Baron Munchausen !
That wonderful Man !
Baron Munchausen ! &c.

I caught the shark that swalled Jonah,
Cleopatra's needle I've got :
I play Paganini cremona
With Nimrod's famed Bow I have shot.
I've seen the Tower of Babel,
Got a house built with its bricks :
On the Atlantic wire cable,
I've beaten Blondin to fits—

SPOKEN : Yes, all these things have I seen, and done, and left nothing undone that has to be done. Talk about gallantry—why, I run away with fifteen of the fattest of Brigham's Young's Mormon Wives from the Salt Lake City : I've seen the seven wonders of the world, and think nothing of them. Done pale ale and cigars with the seven champions of Christendom, and done a set-to with the seven Devils, and got the best of it. I've fought the wild beasts of Africa, and I never run away from a forty-feet-high lion, and that's no lie, on my soul ! In fact I can do anything, but tell a lie : so just take your oath that all I say is true when I say that I am the most reliable—

Baron Munchausen ! &c.

King Priam I once did dine with,
With semir- sloped :
Timor the Tartar took wine with,
With the Queen of Sheba eloped.
The sea-serpent's tail I have shaken,
Crocodiles knocked out of time :
Caught with a fish-hook the Kraken,
Don't you believe now, that I'm—

SPOKEN : The indisputable, irrefutable, non-confutable, astonishing, astounding, amazing, darling, delectable, speechable, mysterious, and mystifying—most lying—no, I mean, most unrelying—

Baron Munchausen !
Baron Munchausen !
Baron Munchausen !
That wonderful Man !

The Old, Old Story.

Summer sunbeams softly playing
Light the woods of Castle Keep
And there I see a maiden straying,
Where the darkest shadows keep.
She is list'ning meekly, purely,
To the wooer at her side :
'Tis the " Old, Old Story, " surely,
Running on like time and tide.
Maiden fair, oh ! have a care,
Vows are many, truth is rare—
Maiden fair, oh ! have a care,
Vows are many, truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple,
Lordly doublet speaks his lot ;
She is wearing hood and wimple—
His the castle, hers the cot ;
Sweeter far she deems his whisper
Than the night-bird's dulcet thrill :
She is smiling, he beguiling—
'Tis the " Old, Old Story " still.
Maiden fair, oh ! have a care, &c.

The autumn sun is quickly going
Behind the woods of Castle Keep ;
The air is chill, the night wind blowing,
And there I see a maiden weep—
Her cheeks are white, her brow is aching :
The " Old, Old Story, " sad and brief,
Of heart betrayed, and left nigh breaking
In mute despair and lonely grief.
Maidens fair, oh ! have a care, &c.

Polly, Put the Kettle On.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

I am a merry, happy chap,
A jolly cove am I
One of those very merry boys,
Who never will say die.
I have a very loving wife,
Her age is twenty-one,
She's like me and other folks,
So fond of harmless fun :
Sometimes we invite a friend,
An hour or two we pass :
For, nothing beats at home,
A social pipe and glass—
And when the clock is striking four
It's then I sing with glee :
" Polly, put the kettle on
We'll all have tea. "
Chorus : Polly put the kettle on,
The kettle on, the kettle on :
Polly, put the kettle on,
And make it sing with glee.
Polly, put the kettle on,
The kettle on the kettle on :
Polly, put the kettle on,
We'll all have tea.

Now when a very little lad,
I've often heard them say :
" Polly put the kettle on,
And clear the things away ;
Don't sit reading there so long,
But get the tea things laid. "
And when being done,
A pretty aspect made.
There's nothing looks much nicer,
On a cold and frosty day,
Than to see the toast and butter
Shining on the tray—
So like I've heard it when a child,
Those words still stick to me :
" Polly, put the kettle on,
We'll all have tea. "
Polly, put the kettle on, &c.

A brother I've a sailor,
The other day came home,
He told us of his travels,
And where he'd been to roam ;
He told us of his battles
What wondrous things he did,
And then he'd hoist his slacks,
And chew another quid.
I gazed with all astonishment
At his altered style.
And, judge of my surprise,
Although it made me smile—
For, with a voice like thunder,
To my missus shouted out :
" Polly, put the kettle on,
We'll all have tea. "
Polly, put the kettle on, &c.

No matter where I go,
Or when invited out,
As the clock is striking four,
You'll hear my welcome shout ;
Some folks may laugh at me,
For them I do not care,
As I'm a chap as you can see,
I'm jolly everywhere :
So not to break the friendship,
I ask you one and all :
Some afternoon, when you have time
Call me to make a call.
And as the clock is striking four,
It's then I'll shout with glee :
" Polly, put the kettle on,
We'll all have tea ! "
Polly, put the kettle on, &c.

When Fairies are Lighted.

When fairies are lighted by night's silver queen,
And feast in the meadow or dance in the green,
My William aside lays his plough and his flail,
By yon oak to sit near me and tell his fond tale.
And tho' I'm assured the same vows were believed
By Patty and Ruth, he forsook and deceived :
Yet his words are so sweet and like truth so appear,
That I pardon the treason—the Traitor's so dear !

I saw the straw bonnet he bought at the fair,
The rose-colored ribband to deck Jenny's hair :
The shoet-ies for Fanny, and still more than this,
The gloves he gave Ellen for stealing a kiss :
All these did I see, and with heart-rending pain
Swore to part—yet I know when I see him again,
His words and his looks will like truth so appear,
I shall pardon the treason—the Traitor's so dear !

Pud Me in My Leedle Bed.

As Sung by Gus Williams with Great Applause.

Oh! Jakey, I vas tired now,
It's many days sinze I vas young:
De ladies used to pet me den,
Und bretty songs to me dey sung:
Und den dey'd lay me down to snooze,
Mit a snow-plack billow neat my head:
I'd like to see dem lift me now,
Und pud me in my leedle bed.

Dat vas de dime, ven I vas shmall,
Und, oh! such bretty dings dey said—
Dey'd have a job to lift me now,
Und pud me in my leedle bed.

Und ven I grew to be man,
Und I got tired of single life,
Avay among de gals I ran,
Und got me bretty zoon a vife;
Und ven de marriage knod vas tied,
"I'm habby now," my frau she said.
Says I: "My darling, so am I,
Come pud me in my leedle bed."

I can't forgot dat habby day,
Dat habby dime dat ve vere ved
Dey dook my Katharine from me,
Und pud me in my leedle bed.

Zomedimes I goes among de poys,
To drive avay from me dull cares,
Und I got plind drunk on gin und milg,
Und den I fall down ub de shtairs—
Und den, Katharina she vill say:
"You've prought such drouble on my head:
Oh, dear! Oh, dear! vat shall I do?"

SPOKEN: Und I say: my darling, I am drunk, und I dink you'd better—

Pud me in my leedle bed.
Next day, I buy her a silk dress,
Und she'll forgot den vat I said:
She galls me duck und darling den,
Und puds me in my leedle bed.

Why Didn't You Say So Before?

As Sung by Gus Williams amidst Screams of Laughter.

New bye-words, you know, now-a-days, are the rage:
You'll hear them from every tongue:
Wherever you go, you'll find that it's so.
The little, the big, old and young,
Even the ladies are fond of the slang,
While the boys in the street loudly roar:
Oh! how they do shout the latest one out:
"Why didn't you say so before?"

One day, driven mad with a toothache so bad,
I rushed to the first doctor's shop,
When the grinder he eyed, and the tongs he applied,
And he pulled me six times round the shop.
Said I, when he'd done: "You've
pulled out the wrong one,"
While with agony loud I did roar.
"Now it's done, sir, says he,
the fault don't lay with me:
Why didn't you say so before?"

I once asked a friend me ten dollars to lend,
And said I'd return it next day.
When he did begin at once to rub his chin,
And these words unto me he did say:
"Old boy, it's too bad—I should have been glad—
In fact, I'd have let you have more,
Had you called yesterday—now, it's all paid away—
Why didn't you say so before?"

My wife yesterday sat crying away,
Because our first-born was a boy;
All day she would sigh and keep rubbing her eye,
Instead of being happy with joy.
Says she to me: "Joe, I hate boys, you know,
I'd sooner of girls have a score."
Says I (with a leer:) "it's too late, now, my dear,
Why didn't you say so before?"

He who wishes a thing to be done, goes himself to do it; but he who is indifferent about it, sends another person. In matters of consequence never rely on the service of others.

A miser, until he dies, does nothing right.

Love in a Hay-Band.

Did you ne'er hear of one Richard Short's history?
If you did not, I'll tell it you now.
All over our town it was thought quite a mystery,
He was a young man that followed the plough:
But he got tired of that kind of life, did.
Was hired as ostler at the sign of the Crown:
Fell in love with the maid, wanted her for a wife, did:
'Twas very well known to the folks of our town.

This lass Nelly Long, was dressish and dapper,
And though our Dick was a good-looking lad,
She snubbed him, and scoffed him: for, she was a snapper,
And said as right how that she warn't to be had—
For, she loved a lad that was handsome and bigger,
And he came from Lunnun, and wasn't a clown:
His name it was Sly, and he was a grave-digger.
And was very well known to the folks of our town.

Now as Nelly right flat his wife did refuse to be,
Richard he lost all his comfort and hope,
And said as he didn't feel like what he used to be,
He'd hang himself if he could find a rope.
He wandered about, while with love he did falter,
But the devil a rope he could find up or down:
She twisted a hay-band, and made him a halter—
'Twas very well known to the folks of our town.

He hung himself up to a tree in a meadow,
He felt all over he couldn't tell how:
His legs were a-stretching, his feet couldn't tread, Oh!
When up came by chance Farmer Giles's old cow.
She snapped at the hay, and took hold of the band fast.
Plucked out a mouthful, which brought Dickey down:
He jumped on his legs and away then he ran fast,
And was never more seen by the folks in our town.

Now mark what a judgment came on this lass Nelly,
For being so hard-hearted to this poor lad,
She by the grave-digger got stout about the belly,
And he ran away, leaving her all so sad—
She, when too late, found she was betrayed and
Relations they all turned their backs with a frown:
She laid in, and her boy it was marked with a hay-band:
'Twas very well known to the folks in our town.

The Ladies' Reform Bill.

Sung by Mrs F. R. Phillips,
Miss Latimer, and Miss E. Mowbray.

Written by C. G. Abbott—Air: The Sly Glance.
Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

They have made a deal of bother
In the House with one another,
With illogical orations and
debates both strong and warm,
And the patient British nation
Scarce conceals its indignation
That the "hubbub" has produced
a sort of half-and-half reform:
But it strikes me 'twould be easy
To propose a Bill to please ye,
Without much silly opposition, twaddle, and delay—
So all you of that opinion,
Let us women have dominion,
And the Ladies' own Reform Bill I will
give you straight away.

First: no gents who leave their spouses
In their solitary houses,
Must dare to dream of "latch-keys"
and "dub dinners" any more—
They're a very strong temptation
To mid-night inebriation,
And those "jolly dogs" and "howling swells"
are growing quite a bore.
Nor at home must they be stopping,
When we ladies go out shopping:
But about the town escort us like true cavaliers all day:
And should some expensive trifle
His purse or temper rifle,
They must make no wry grimaces
(as some brutes will) when they PAY.

They must not fly in a passion
At what THEY call "freaks of fashion"—
For, let them only look at home, conceited silly elves—
They wear some things daily seen
More absurd than crino line—
And then as for the bonnets, why—they're
made to please OURSELVES.
To the sea-side they must take us,
And no end of presents make us,
And, if we wish them so to do, give parties every day—
Fancy fair, ball, or theatre—
They must ne'er our feelings fetter—
For, why should women not
enjoy the world as well as they?

Then the dears must not be jealous
At our flirting with the fellows—
Our "cousin" in the Guards
perhaps—"or any other man,"
Though it's wrong (as they declare it)
If they'll only grin and bear it.
They'll find for keeping "peace at home"
that's far the wisest plan;
If they'll be kind and obedient
When to "storm" might be expedient,
And, as a general rule, in all things,
let us have the sway—
I'm inclined to the opinion
That with petticoat dominion
The Ladies' own Reform Bill would
be carried—yea or nay?

Come Sot of My Side, My Shmall Darling.

Sung by Gus Williams with Great Applause.

Come sot of my side, my shmall darling,
Und sweed dales of love I vill tell,
De splenderest vones I can dink on,
Und vone dat you like pooty vell.
Come sot of dis chair right peside me,
Und lisden to vat I vill say:
For, you vell know dat you are my sweedness,
Und have peen for many a day—dat's so—

CHORUS.

Come sot of my side, my shmall darling,
Und sweed dales of love I vill tell,
De splenderest vones I can dink on,
Und vone dat you like pooty vell.

Your eyes, dem vas shiney like tiamonds:
Your dooths, dem vas viter as pearls—
Your neck vas so nice like a goose's,
Und your hair, dat's all done ob mit curls.
Your hands, dem vere shust like an angel's,
Your footses so nead und so shmall,
Morn, noon und night, love, I vonder
You can ever valk on dem at all—dat's so.
Come sot of my side, &c.

Yesterday, I peebed out of mine vindow,
Und heard your sweed voice shtrong und glear
Delling Barbara, de maid of de kitchen,
Dat she'd better valk off on her ear:
'Twas den dat I knowed dat I loved you:
'Twas den dat I found out dat bliss—
Und I made up my mind I vould dold you,
Und now, love, you know how it is—yourself.
Come sot of my side, &c.

Ambition's Early Dream Had Flown.

GRAND SCENA.

Sung by Mr. W. Harrison in "Ruy Blas."

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Ambition's early golden dreams had flown:
Sad and dejected was my heart:
That bright world which young hope had shown,
Appeared, alas! but to depart—

Heedless I strayed in sorrow's night,
Reckless what destiny might bring:
Nought to my soul could give delight,
Or ease the pain of disappointment's sting—

Untill a glorious light
Shone on my desert way,
Changing my spirit's night
Into effulgent day.

Oh! blessed was that light,
It raised me from despair:
But yet so wondrous bright,
Its beams I scarce could bear.

Star like it shone,
Far, far above my head,
Bidding my grief be gone—
Yet filling me with dread.

I worshiped it with fevered brain—
I knew such love might aye prove vain,
And yet despite the torturing pain,
I madly braved its power again.

So dear was that light
Which shone on my despair,
I thought, though wondrous bright,
To love it I might dare.

Yes, fond hope whispered still to me:
"In spite of all, she may be thine:
The humble lackey yet may be
Destined with the great to shine."

Thus love prevailed, and still I live,
All hope I cannot lose:
For, fortune yet to me may give
What custom would refuse.

Oh! rapturous thought!
Oh! heavenly joy!
The right to love—nature's first boon—
The pride of man shall ne'er destroy.

He who begins badly, generally ends worse.

Land, Land, Land!

Words by C. Mackay, L. L. D—Music by H. Russell, Esq.

Land, land, land!
The dangers of the deep are past:
We're drawing near our home at last,
We see its outline on the sky,
And join the sailor's welcome cry:
Land, land, land!
Oh! joyful thoughts for weary man,
To tread the solid earth again!
And hark the church-bells pealing near,
From spire and turret, loud and clear,
As if they rang so loud and free,
To bid us welcome o'er the sea!
Land, land, land!
The dangers of the deep, &c.

Land, land, land!
The cry makes every heart rejoice:
Is this the country of our choice?
Is this the long sought happy soil,
Where plenty spreads the board of toil?
Land, land, land!
How gladly through its paths we'll tread,
With bounding step, uplifted head,
And through its wilds and forests roam,
To clear our farms, to build our home,
And sleep at night and never dread
The morn shall see us wanting bread.
Land, land, land!
The cry makes, &c.

Land, land, land!
We've passed together o'er the sea
In storm and sunshine, comrades we:
But ere we part, let's gather round,
And shout, with one accord, the sound:
Land, land, land!
The land of rivers broad and deep,
The land where he who sows may reap,
The land, where if we ploughmen will,
We may possess the fields we till,
To gather all and shout once more:
The land, the land, hurrah for shore!
Land, land, land!
We've passed together, &c.

Softly Sighs the Voice of Evening

From the Opera of "Der Freischuetz."

RECITATIVE.

Before my eyes beheld him,
Sleep never was my foe,
But hand-in-hand in sorrow,
Love e'er is wont to go:
The moon displays her silvery light—
Oh! lovely night!

AIR.

Softly sighs the voice of evening,
Stealing through yon willow grove,
While the stars, like guardian spirits,
Set their mighty watch above.

Through the dark blue vaults of ether,
Silence reigns with soothing power,
But a storm, o'er yonder mountain
Darkly brooding, seems to lower:
And along yon forest side,
Clouds of darkness seem to glide.

Oh! what terrors fills my bosom—
Where, my Rodolph, dost thou rove?
Oh! may heaven's protection shelter
Him my heart must always love!

Earth has lulled her cares to rest—
What delays my loit'ring love?—
Fondly beats my anxious breast—
Where, my Rodolph, dost thou rove?

Scarce the night-wind whispered vows
Wake a murmuring 'mong the boughs
Now the widowed nightingale
Softly tells her piteous tale—
Again, again, my heart shall prove
The bliss that springs from anxious love.

Prosperity is the nurse of passion. It often le men to give way to their passions, and to forget whence they themselves sprung.

My Lovely Dancing Rose.

Sung by Harry Liston.

My dear boys, I'd like you to see
A pretty little girl that I fell in love with
I'm sure with me you would agree
That she is just the style.
My thoughts on her are solely bent—
I met her quite by accident.
It was one evening when I went
For a dance to the Argyle.

CHORUS.
My lovely dancing Rose,
Round the room she goes—
And everywhere the people stare
At beautiful dancing Rose.

I had not long been in the room
Looking for a partner to have a dance with,
I turned and spied up by my side
A damsel standing close.
I said: "Beg pardon will you dance?"
She turned and gave me such a glance.
Said: "yes! and glad to get the chance:
For, they call me dancing Rose."
My lovely dancing Rose, &c.

We danced all sorts of gay manœuvering,
Polkaed, Waltzed, Quadrilled etcetra:
Her dancing was magnificent.
So elegant her style—
Tho' plainly p'haps she was attired—
By every one she was admired:
I thought she never would get tired,
This "Belle of the Argyle."
My lovely dancing Rose, &c.

We soon made friend and, often after,
I went to the Argyle to have some dancing—
And need I tell you who my partner
Was while I was there?
'Twas Rose, and now at every Ball,
Whether patronized by great or small,
We're there, and Rose she beats them all
At waltzing, I declare.
My lovely dancing Rose, &c.

Listen, my boys—now what do you think?
Rose and I are going to make a match of it,
Going to be married when
The year draws to a close:
And when the darling is once mine,
She never shall have cause to pine,
But the star of every ball-room shine,
My lovely dancing Rose.
My lovely dancing Rose, &c.

Jack on Wires.

Sung by J. H. Milburn.

Of course, you've heard of dancing cures,
who have a jumping knack:
You've heard of Jack who's in the box,
likewise of Spring-heeled Jack:
Now I'm a chap like all of them who dancing never tires:
I'll tell my name—I'm known to fame
as jumping Jack on wires.

CHORUS.
I'm up and down, and round about,
A chap who never tires:
And all through love, oh! such a dove!
I am a Jack on wires.

My Lucy Jane served at a stall in Burlington Arcade,
And on my heart, as she sold toys,
a deep impression made:
I thought her truth itself, I did—but truth has its alloys:
She was a base coquette, and
loved the man who made the toys.
I'm up and down, &c.

One day, I called and found him there,
the image of all joy:
He'd made a grand invention in a new and patent toy.
He promised to serve none but her,
if she would name the day,
And, through these little wooden dolls
he stole my love away.
I'm up and down, &c.

I saw her seated on a chair, the doll was in her hand,
She pulled a wire, I saw it move,
and stand as I now stand:
She seemed entranced—and so
I thought, if that she so admires,
To gain her love, I'll
henceforth be a dancing Jack on wires.
I'm up and down, &c.

I bought this dress and learnt to dance,
still now I'm treated bad:
For, when I call to worship her,
her husband calls me mad—
But still I keep on dancing, and if any girl aspires
To marry me, I'll let her be a Missus Jack on wires.
I'm up and down, &c.

I'll Pray for Thee.

By Donizetti.

Say not this heart can alter,
Think not, tho' now we sever,
I can forget thee ever—
Whate'er our dark'ning fate may be,
While life's last accents falter,
Yet will I pray for thee—
I'll pray for thee
I'll bless and pray for thee—

Here, tho' the hope forsake me,
Which that poor heart so treasured,
Soon will its hours be measured
And pitying heaven my sorrows see,
Soon to its refuge take me,
And there I'll pray for thee—
I'll pray, &c.

Young Ellen Loraine.

When I parted from Erin heart-broken to leave thee,
I dreamt not of falsehood, Young Ellen Loraine:
I thought, tho' but woman, thou
would'st not deceive me—
Ah! why art thou faithless, Young Ellen Loraine?
I loved thee in sorrow, I sought thee in danger,
And dear was the peril, and sweet was the pain—
But now is thy look as the look of the stranger:
Ah! why art thou faithless, Young Ellen Loraine?

Oh! thou wert the vision that lightened my pillow,
The star of my darkness, Young Ellen Loraine:
As the bloom to the rose, as the Sun to the billow,
Thou com'st to my slumber, Young Ellen Loraine.
Then think of me yet when
the false world deceives thee,
And friends of gay fortune look cold on thy wane:
When the sheen of thy cheek,
like the summer's night, leaves thee,
Thou'lt think how I loved
thee, Young Ellen Loraine!

Oh! speak not to me—in those eyes I discover
The wrongs thou hast done me,
Young Ellen Loraine:
Go, rest in the arms of a happier lover—
Go, lovely, but faithless Young Ellen Loraine!
The moments of rapture, the vow and the token,
They thrill in my bosom, and burn in my brain—
Go, false one! and laugh
at the heart thou hast broken—
Go—lovely, but faithless, Young Ellen Loraine!

Oh! Yes, My Love, Yes!

Air: Oh! no, my love, no! published in Number 87.

When I see the kind look you bestow on another,
And think of the time
when those looks were my own,
How can I the pangs of anxiety smother,
Or cease to remember the joys that are flown?
You love me no longer—severely I feel it—
Yet would not, for the world,
you should share my distress
If my sorrow afflicts you, with care I'll conceal it,
I still wish you happy, oh! yes, my love, yes!

I still well remember, though fated to lose you,
Those dreams that deluded my fancy so long—
When a story or song,
from these lips, could amuse you,
And you were the theme of both story and song:
But my lips have forgotten their amorous measure,
My heart is turned only to sorrow's excess—
Your name is still dear,
and I breathe it with pleasure,
Yet sigh as I breathe it—oh! yes, my love, yes!

Mother, I Was Not to Blame.

Oft hast thou told me, mother dear,
Subtle man I'd cause to fear
Thou, a saint in yonder skies,
Still thy warning voice I prise:
But, if he would still pursue,
Mother dear, what could I do?
Let this little tear proclaim,
Mother, I was not to blame.

Sadly beats my breaking heart
From one form so loved to part
Oh! how hard my lonely lot—
Still to live by him forgot!
Though remembrance wake a sigh,
Though pale sorrow dim mine eye—
Let my silent tears proclaim,
Mother, I was not to blame.

Bobbin' Around.

By W. J. Florence.

In August last, on one fine day,
A bobbing around, around, around;
When Josh and I went to make hay,
We went a bobbing around.

Says Josh to me: "Let's take a walk,
A bobbing around, around, around;
Then we can have a private talk,
As we go bobbing around."

We walked along to the mountain ridge,
A bobbing around, around, around,
Till we got near Squire Slipshod's bridge,
As we went a bobbing around.

Then Josh and I went on a spree,
A bobbing around, around, around,
And I kissed Josh and Josh kissed me,
As we went bobbing around.

Then Josh's pluck no longer tarried,
A bobbing around, around, around:
Says he, "Dear Patience, let's get married,
Then we'll go bobbing around."

Now I knew he loved another gal,
A bobbing around, around, around:
They called her long legged,
crooked shined, curly-toothed Sal,
When we went bobbing around.

So, after we got into church,
A bobbing around, around, around,
I cut and left Josh in the lurch—
Then he went bobbing around.

Now all you chaps what's got a gal
A bobbing around, around, around,
Do think of long legged, crooked shined, curly-toothed Sal,
When you go bobbing around.

Faces.

By Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

There are faces at the window
And faces at the door,
And a multitude of faces
We have never seen before;
In the cars and in the stages,
In the lanes and in the street;
But we soon forget the faces
That we daily, hourly meet.

There are faces pale and anxious,
With many a line of care:
And faces odd and devilish,
And faces young and fair!
Then the sweet and dimpled child-face
Upon us brightly gleams,
Like the faces of the angels
That we meet with in our dreams!

There are faces in the album,
That strangers scarcely heed;
These are faces of our loved ones,
Whose lineaments they read.
There is father, and dear mother,
Who long have passed from view,
And the faces of their children,
With the poor, dead baby's, too!

There are faces in our memories,
Pale faces of the past;
Some were photographed by sorrow,
Some by love—and these will last.
They will mingle with the faces
That time about us paints,
Until we (if God so wills it)
See the faces of the saints.

I'm Over Young to Marry Yet.

I'm over young, I'm over young,
I'm over young to marry yet:
I'm over young, 'twould be a sin
To take me from my mammy yet.

I am my mammy's ain bairn,
Nor of my hame am weary yet;
And I would have you learn, lads,
That ye for me must tarry yet.
I'm over young, &c.

For, I have had my ain way,
None dare to contradict me yet:
So soon to say I must obey,
In truth I dare not venture yet.
For, I'm over young, &c.

But I'm sixteen next Lammas day
And gin a body love me yet,
'Twould not be truth, ye ken, to say
I'm over young to marry yet.
For, I'm sixteen, &c.

The Corsican Brothers.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharpe, and J. Henry.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Once upon a time—for so runs my rhyme—
Which for place in the Island of Corsica we pitch:
There was two twin brothers extremely like each other:
Indeed, both were so like t'other you
couldn't tell neither from which.

And 'tis also a strange fact these brothers
had also made a strange compact—
One was called Fabian, t'other Louis by name—
That one should come to the other, if any thing
happened and say: brother, I'm killed, avenge me!
And the other was obliged to do the same.

Their fraternal sympathy was such—and
I'm not saying too much,
And I could bring instances to prove it if I please—
That though one was in Paris a Lawyer,
And t'other in Corsica a top-sawyer:

Still, if you had given Monsieur Louis a pinch of bad snuff,
Or any other stuff, at which he might have taken huff,
Monsieur Fabian so bluff, amid the
mountains of Corsica so rough,
Five hundred miles away from him,
would have sneezed.

'Twas on a windy morning, while taking of a ride,
Monsieur Fabian, in Corsica, a stitch felt in his side:
Oh! oh! said he, my brother, though you're in Paris now,
There's something wrong, and I feel ere long
you'll be in a jolly row.

This happened in Cor-si-ca,
Where they're famed for the Ven-det-ta:
You'll scarcely believe in such brotherly feeling,
But it happened in Corsica.

Monsieur Fabian sat himself down to write
Ri tol de riddle lol de ray—said he:
About Louis I feel uneasy quite—
Ri tol de riddle lol de ray—

The candles began to look quite blue,
His brother's ghost came behind the
chair and said: b-o-o-o!
I'm killed: so I've called to mention it to you—
Ri tol de riddle lol de ray, oh! ri tol
de riddle lol de ray!

Then Monsieur Fabian hardly believed his senses, his'n,
Looked to his brother's ghost—beheld a vision:
One Chateau Renaud had a bit of bobbery
About a lady going to a masquerade.

Said Chateau to young Louis: if you
don't mean to act snobbily,
Why, fight me, 'twill delight me, sir,
Young Louis said they went to the wood at Fontainbleu,
Crossed swords: they both fought very well.

Chateau Renaud was a crack fencer,
And very soon young Louis fell, close by a tree,
gave one groan,
Would have given just another, oh! but before he could,
His soul had fled to tell it to his brother, oh!

Pack my carpet bag, I'm going to Paris mother,
To challange the black-guard that killed my brother:
I can fight wrong to right him,
I'll stick like a brick, I shall know him
when I see him as sure as a gun.

They met, 'twas in the wood:
Chateau Renaud flew to shun him:
This he would, if he could,
But his eye was upon him.

You take me for a ghost;
But I tell you, you are wrong, sir;
Of your time pray make the most,
For, you'll not live very long, sir.

Don't ope at me your jaws,
Or strive your fears to smother, oh!
Thou hast been the cause of this row—
O my brother!

With your tierce and your crate, sa, sa,
Now our swords both broken are, ah, ah!
Pick that up, we'll fight as we are, oh, la!
And I'll soon start you off for Gravesend—

The fight soon was o'er Chateau Renaud fell dead,
And Fabian with fighting his strength had nigh sped,
When the ghost of his brother rose up from the tree,
Saying: Brother, you've licked him, I thank you for me!
—Saying: brother, you've licked him, I thank you for me!

One true friend is better than a hundred relations.

Every man's fortune depends upon his own conduct.

Happiness has many friends. The sunshine of prosperity has attraction for all those who love to bask within its influence, hoping to share in its sweets.

Somebody's Coming.

By J. C. Andrews.

Somebody's coming, coming, coming,
Somebody's coming, but I'll not tell who.
His form it is manly, his features are fair,
His dark flashing eyes and his glossy black hair:
His voice is all music, enchanting to hear,
And when I am with him, I've nothing to fear:
Do you wish me to tell you? no, no! you may guess;
Yet somebody's coming never-the-less.

Somebody whispered, whispered, whispered,
Somebody whispered, but I'll not tell what:
He said there were stars that shone in the heavens,
That listened to vows by true lovers given:
And a sweet little boy with a handful of darts,
That mischievously play with poor maidens' hearts:
Do you wish me to tell you? no, no! you may guess;
Yet somebody whispered never-the-less.

Somebody's going, going, going,
Somebody's going, but I'll not tell where:
There's a neat little church on the hill-side stands,
Where somebody asked me to go and join hands:
He said that he loved me, and I must be his:
Ah! what can I do then but answer him: yes!
Do you wish me to tell you? no, no! you may guess;
Yet sombody's going never-the-less.

In Every Fertile Valley.

In every fertile valley,
Where nature spreads the grass,
Her silly conduct rally
To every lad and lass:
Where weary reapers labor,
With Sylvia gay be seen,
Or to the pipe and tabor,
Light tripping o'er the green.

When cowslips, sweetly smiling,
Bedeck the verdant shade,
Appear the hours beguiling,
Or lead some gay parade:
Pursue these methods boldly,
Nor sink in hopeless grief—
The fair, once treated coldly,
Will quickly grant relief.

Not for Gold or Precious Stones.

Not for gold or precious stones
Would I change my mountain home:
Crowds and fashions of the town
Have no power to draw me down.
CHORUS.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la,
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Here the heart beats true and warm,
Knows no fear in danger's storm:
Truth and freedom flourish here,
In their native atmosphere.
La. la, l., &c.

Oft I climb, and gaze alone
From some airy Alpine throne,
With a feeling pure and high,
As of blessed spirits nigh.
La la, la, &c.

I would breathe this air, till death
Charms away my mortal breath,
Nursed above earth's poor alarms,
Here to wake in angels' arms.

HOW TO MAKE HENS LAY—Tie a stout string round the body, and lay the bird upon its side upon a board, and fasten the string underneath. You can then put a pillow under its head, if you wish. Hens secured in this manner will lay for any desired length of time.

The greatest riches man can possess is to know how to live on a limited income, with a contented mind.

When fools would avoid one fault, they surely run into the contrary one.

That's Where You Make the Mistake.

By G W. Hunt—Arranged by Henry Tucker.

Some folks think they're awfully clever,
That all other folks are but fools :
Some people will often endeavor
To make other people their tools :
Some people will boast of their knowledge,
And fancy they're well wide-a-wake,
That none are so deep or so cute as themselves—
That's where they make the mistake.
There's just as good fish in the sea, bear in mind,
As those we have managed to take ;
So don't be too proud, and don't crow too loud :
For, that's where you make the mistake.

Don't imagine you'll meet with a bobby,
Whene'er there's a row in the street :
Don't imagine you'll find a fishmonger
Declare that his fish are not sweet :
Do not fancy you'll meet with a cabby,
Who more than his fare will not take :
Many as well think an oyster could crawl up a tree,
And there you would make a mistake.
If you fancy a girl dislikes a small kiss,
You must be—what some folks call—a cake :
If you think your collector of taxes won't call,
That's where you make the mistake.

Don't imagine a man has no coin in his purse,
Because he's not dressed as a " swell : "
A book with a cover that's olden and worn
Has often a good tale to tell.
You'll oft see a swell, all collar, and cuffs
To his finger-tips, white as snow-flake :
But if you believe he's all over alike,
That's where you make the mistake.
The ladies still wear an abundance of hair,
'Tis a wonder their dear necks don't break :
But if you imagine they grow it themselves,
That's where you make the mistake.

When courting, don't write spooney letters
To your fair one, for love, nor for sport :
For, should you but break any promise,
They are SURE TO BE READ OUT IN COURT.
When you wed, do not marry the fam'ly as well
For, that will not a paradise make :
Above all, close the door to your mother-in-law,
Or—that's where you'll make the mistake.
But—talking of marriage—reminds me
We've given the Germans a shake :
They fancied Louise and her cash was for them—
That's where they made the mistake.

Don't imagine your milk is not " doctored, "
Nor quite pure is your two-shilling tea :
Don't imagine it's awfully jolly
The first time you go on the sea :
Don't reckon your chicks before hatched, or
Your duck may p'rhaps turn out a drake :
Don't go and eat mustard, and fancy it's jam,
Or that's where you'll make the mistake.
With all the advice I have given,
You ought to be well wide-awake :
And, should you imagine I'll sing any more
That's where you make the mistake.

We are out on the Ocean Sailing.

GIRLS.

We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide ;
Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore.

BOYS.

We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide :
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

Chorus : All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor :
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide :
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide.

Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on ;
All on board are sweetly singing :
Free salvation is the song.
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout : " our trial's o'er ! "
We will walk about the city.
And we'll sing for evermore :
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah ! or the John Brown Song.

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
His soul's marching on !

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah ! Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
His soul's marching on !

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
His soul's marching on !
Glory Hally, Hallelujah ! Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
His soul's marching on !

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul's marching on !
Glory Hally, Hallelujah ! Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
His soul's marching on !

His pet lambs will meet him on the way, —
His pet lambs will meet him on the way, —
His pet lambs will meet him on the way, —
They go marching on !
Glory Hally, Hallelujah ! Glory Hally, Hallelujah
Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
They go marching on !

They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree !
They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree !
They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree !
As they march along !
Glory Hally, Hallelujah ! Glory Hally, Hallelujah
Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
As they march along !

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union !
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union !
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union !
As we are marching on !
Glory Hally Hallelujah ! Glory Hally, Hallelujah .
Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah !

Dixie's Land.

Ethiopian Walk 'Round, Composed by D. D. Emmett.

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
'Cimmon seed an' sandy bottom.
Chorus : Look away—look 'way—away—Dixie's Land.
In Dixie's Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty morning,
Chorus : Look away—look 'way—away—Dixie's Land.
Chorus : Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray ! Hooray !
In Dixie's Land we'll took our stand,
To lib and die in Dixie, [Repeat.
Away—away—away down South in Dixie.

Old Missus marry Will de weaber :
William was a gay deceaber :
Look away. &c.
When he put his arms around 'er,
He look as fierce as a forty pounder.
Look away. &c.
Chorus : Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

His face was sharp like a butcher's cleaber ;
But that didn't seem to grieb 'er ;
Look away. &c.
Will ran away. Missus took a decline, oh !
Her face was de color ob bacon-rhine, oh !
Look away &c.
Chorus : Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

While Missus libbed, she libbed in clober,
When she died, she died all ober ;
Look away. &c.
How could she act such a foolish part
As to marry a man dat would break her heart
Look away. &c.
Chorus : Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

Here's a health to de next old Missus,
And all de galls dat wants to kiss us ;
Look away. &c.
Now, if you want to dribe 'way sorrow,
Come an' hear this song to-morrow.
Look away &c.
Chorus : Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

Sugar in the gourd, an' stony batter,
De White's grow fat, an' de niggar's fatter ;
Look away, &c.
Den, hoe it down, and scratch your grabble ;
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble !
Look away, &c.
Chorus : Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

An Ohio clergyman began a funeral sermon : " In the beginning was the devil, and the devil was with whiskey, and the devil was whiskey, and whiskey was the cause of this man's death. "

Oh ! Take Me to Thy Heart Again !

By M. W. Balfe.

Oh ! take me to thy heart again !
I never more will grieve thee :
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee—
Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken :
I did not dream those cherished chords
So lightly could be broken—
Oh ! take me to thy heart again !
I never more will grieve thee :
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee :
For, all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined about thee—
Oh ! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly,
And be once more the gentle guide
Who smiled on me so kindly—
Then take me to thy heart again :
I never more will grieve thee :
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee—

Answer to : Don't be Angry with Me, Darling.

Composed and Sung by S. D. Strickler.

I'm not angry with you, dearest,
I'll smile my sweetest smiles again :
Oh ! drive that trouble from your mind, love,
It fills my heart with grief and pain—
My smiles are always smiles of pleasure
As when I promised to be thine :
I'm not angry with you, dearest,
I am still forever thine—

CHORUS.

I'm not angry with you, dearest,
Drive that trouble from your mind,
My smiles are ever all thy own, love :
For, I am still forever thine—

I'm not angry with you, dearest,
You make a tear drop from my eye :
Why did you think that I was angry ?
Remember, love, the days gone by—
Then I told you that I loved you,
And gave to you this heart of mine :
I'll smile my sweetest smiles again, love :
For, I am still forever thine !

If Ever I Cease to Eat.

Dedicated to " Funny " Hazleton by A. W. French.

On the lunch routes I'm known as a rounder,
From break of the morning 'till night,
And they say I can equal magicians
In putting things out of their sight.
Oh ! I tackle all kinds of cold victuals,
From Limburger cheese to roast meat :
May cast away rocks make good pickles,
If ever I cease to eat—
If ever I cease to eat if ever I cease to eat—
May bob-tail flies make good mince pies,
If ever I cease to eat.

I am sure to " take in " all free chowders,
No matter what part of the town :
And in being on hand at all " openings, "
I've gained an unrivalled renown.
Oh ! I " clean out " the plates and the platters,
And everything else that I meet :
May I get forty days on the " Island, "
If ever I cease to eat—
If ever I cease to eat if ever I cease to eat—
May squint-eyed cats go back on rats,
If ever I cease to eat.

I am hungry from night until morning.
About starved from morning till night,
And just for a piece of old biscuit
I've got into many a fight :
I dote on old ham and stale crackers,
And think them a very fine treat—
May all the old maids chew tobacco,
If ever I cease to eat—
If ever I cease to eat if ever I cease to eat—
May dogs chew grapes and turn to apes,
If ever I cease to eat.

"OH! TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN."

H. W. HALPE

ANDANTE.

1. Oh! take me to thy heart a-gain! I
2. I think how ver - y sad and lone This

never-more will grieve thee, All joys are fled, and hope is dead, If I indeed must leave thee. Forgive the wild and an - gry words This
life would be without thee; For, all the joys my heart hath known Are closely twined about thee. Oh! teach me to sub-due the pride That

way- ward heart hath spo - ken, I did not dream those cherished chords So light-ly could be
woun - ded thee so blind - ly, And be once more the gen - tle guide Who smiled on me so

bro - ken— Oh! take me to thy heart again, I nev-er-more will grieve thee; All joys are fled, and hope is dead, If
kind - ly. Then take me to thy heart again, &c.

I in-deed must leave thee, If I in - deed must leave thee.

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CONTENTS.

A Perfect Cure ..... Page 550
The Brave Old Oak 548
Constancy 547
The COT IN THE CORNER 551
Dew D'Andies 546
The Darkey's Sigh 548
England's Going Down the Hill 546
Ella is My Style 547
FADING AWAY 548
The Foundling: or No Father's Care 551
Good Enough for Me 549
Happy Uncle John 546
Hull's Victory 546
It's a Sort of Thing You Read About 547
I'M A JOLLY OLD BOY STILL 548
I am a Bold Bucanier 549
The Infatuated Photographist 550
I Have No Mother Now—Original Version. 551
JUST TOUCH THE HARP GENTLY... 551
Land of My Birth 548
Look Aloft 548
Look Always on the Sunny Side 548
The Laughing Philosopher:
or the Philosophy of Laughing 550
The Last Sensation 550
LIFE IS LIKE A RACE 550
Laugh While You Can—Words 551
Laugh While You Can—Music 552
The Mountain Maid 547
One, Two, Buckle My Shoe 550
PADDY DON'T CARE 546
Peter Murphy 549
Right Side Up With Care 547
Rattling, the Reefer 549
Smile Again, My Bonnie Lassie 551
Somebody's Child 547
SAW YE MY WEE THING? 548
Scatter Song and Gather Roses 548
Stamp, Stamp, Stamp!
My Wife is Stamping 549
Seven Oud 551
UPON THE GRAND PARADE 549
Up in a Back Room, Boys!—New Version 549
Who'll Buy My Water-Cresses? 547
Wine Does Wonders Every Day 549
While I Live, I'll Crow 551
When the Cock Begins to Crow 551
Young Alice 546

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Hull's Victory.

It oftimes has been told
That the British seamen bold
Could beat the tars of France, neat and handy, Oh!
But they never found their match,
Till the Yankees did them catch—
For, the Yankee tars for fighting are the dandy, Oh!

Oh! the Guerriere so bold
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by Dacres the grandee, Oh!
With as choice a British crew
As a rammer ever drew:
They could beat the Frenchmen two to one, so handy, Oh!

When this frigate hove in view:
"Oh!" says Dacres to his crew,
Prepare ye for action, and be handy, Oh!
On the weather-guage we'll get her,
And to make the men fight better,
We will give to them gunpowder and good brandy, Oh!"

Now this boasting Briton cries:
"Make that Yankee ship your prize:
You can—in thirty minutes, do it handy, Oh!
Or in twenty-five, I'm sure:
If you'll do it in a score,
I'll give you a double share of good brandy, Oh!

When prisoners we've made them,
With switchell we will treat them:
We'll welcome them with Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh!"
Oh! the British balls flew hot,
But the Yankees answered not,
Until they got a distance that was handy, Oh

"Oh!" cries Hull unto his crew,
We will try what we can do:
If we beat those boasting Britons, we're the dandy, Oh!"
The first broadside we poured
Brought the mizen by the board,
Which doused the royal ensign quite handy, Oh!

Oh! Dacres, he did sigh,
And to his officers did cry:
"Oh! I didn't think the Yankees were so handy, Oh!"
The second told so well,
That the fore and mainmast fell,
Which made this lofty frigate look quite dandy, Oh!

"Oh!" says Dacres, we're undone—"
So he fires a lee gun,
And the drummers struck up Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh!
When Dacres came on board
To deliver up his sword,
He was loth to part with it, it looked so handy, Oh!

"You may keep it, says brave Hull,
What makes you look so dull?
Cheer up, and take a glass of good brandy, Oh!"
O Britons, now be still,
Since we've hooked you in the gill,
Don't boast upon your Dacres, the grandee, Oh!

Come, fill your glasses full,
And we'll drink to Captain Hull,
And so merrily we'll push about the brandy, Oh!
John Bull may toast his fill—
Let the world say what it will,
But the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, Oh!

Young Alice.

Noble rank and name uniting,
With the charms of sweet sixteen:
Of all unconscious love inviting,
Young Alice walked proud beauty's queen.
Blooming thus, no care displaying
To protect her guileless heart:
One she loved—but he, betraying,
Faithless played the traitor's part.
CHORUS.
From like evil, oh! defend
Sainted Alice, aid extend!
While we humbly bow to Heaven,
All our prayers for thee are given!

Fondly thus her troth she plighted:
But, before their vows were sworn,
He left her ruined, lone and blighted,
And broken-hearted and forlorn—
"He will come," she murmured, praying—
Faithless hope it ever proved!
For, the traitor, base, betraying,
Ne'er returned to her who loved!
From like evil, &c.

Now, along this river straying,
Alice oft returns to die:
This image, then its life betraying,
For injured Alice seems to sigh—
When the night is dark and storming,
And the tempests pour their rain:
Then this image, softly murm'ring,
Breathes the traitor's name again.
Be propitious aid extend!
Let thy spirit now descend:
While we humbly bow to Heaven,
All our prayers for thee are given!

Why are ladies like bells?
Because you can never find out their metal until you have given them a ring.

Dew D'Andies.

Words by W. H. Delehanty—Music by T. Brigham Bishop.

As Sung by Mr. Bob. Wilson.

Now I'm going to tell you all a little story,
But I promise you I'll not detain you long:
It's about a darling, charming, little sweet one,
She's the captivating subject of my song.
But I'll tell you how we talked and how we flirted,
When I met this belle:
And 'twas then I called her little Dew D'Andies:
For, her name she would not tell.
CHORUS.
She's so sweet —— and so neat ——
Oh! I love the charming little Dew D'Andies—
She's the sweetest girl that ever you did see,
And she often sings me "love among the roses:"
Now, boys, she's just the girl for me—

When I met her first, 'twas out upon a pic-nic.
And I shall never forget her winning smile:
For, she danced and made the changes in the music
With her graceful pretty fascinating smile.
Then I asked her for her name and her directions:
For, I'd like to call.
Then she turned around and
whispered "Dew D'Andies"
And she smiling said 'twas all!
She's so sweet, &c.

So, now listen to the sequel of my story:
For, as time rolled on, we dearer friends became:
And though yet I call her little Dew D'Andies,
I am sure she's got another pretty name.
I have placed a ring upon her taper finger,
So we're one, life for life,
And Rosy May, my little Dew D'Andies,
Is my darling, charming wife.
She's so sweet, &c.

Paddy Don't Care!

Air: The Cold Bog Hole.

Some people there are you never can please:
I am one who takes everything at my ease—
There never was a woman ever frightened me
With their tongues, though a dozen battled with me.
They should be like me take cooly such thing:
You don't catch me fretting my fiddle-strings:
Of troubles, like others, I have my share,
It's all one to me—for, Paddy don't care!
CHORUS.
I'm as happy as a bird and don't care a fig—
I can sing a jolly song, I can whistle, I can jig:
When there's a thundering row at home, I never despair,
I'm all in my glory: for, Paddy don't care!

I live in a lane, at the end of a street,
Up a garret, down stairs is my country-seat:
Some long Irish feathers they stick up for street doors,
And they've got no stairs to reach their first floors:
On one another's shoulders they climb up to bed,
And the last is pulled up by the hair of his head:
Though all the aides and top is quite bare,
I'm as happy as a Queen—for, Paddy don't care!
I'm as happy, &c.

There's my better half, and the best half, too:
Though the Priest made us one, she's enough for two
Sometimes, very often, but seldom does taste,
Seven days in a week she's as drunk as a baste.
The family plate she smashes all that.
But I can eat my grub off the crown of my hat:
If I kick a double knock, on my head, I declare,
She drops a large flower-pot—but Paddy don't care!
I'm as happy, &c.

On the ground is my bed, straw for my tick,
The rats and mice for warmth to me stick:
The stars for my candle, don't dread fire from a spark:
If the moon isn't up, go to bed in the dark.
The cats on the tiles have a jolly fight,
But they never disturb my peace at night:
And as to the smell, oh! it's rich, I declare,
Tho' not the eau-de-go-along scent—but Paddy don't care!
I'm as happy, &c.

Now take my advice, and away never roam,
Or, like me, you may have a baby come home:
I have seventeen children, young, stout and strong,
And twins am expecting every day before long.
I smile, and feel such pleasure, delight
To see smiling faces around me each night!
For, we are all born, all have troubles a share—
It's a pleasure to please you—so Paddy don't care!
I'm as happy, &c.

Happy Uncle John.

Oh! good evening, white folks all, we come to make a call,
And tell you how de old man gets on;
I've come to see you all, both short, fat, lean and tall,
While dere's dancing left in old Uncle John.
I often have been told dat dis nigger's getting old,
And soon will be going to de happy land—
But while I'm on dis spot, and I do chance have got,
I'll sing and dance as long as I can stand—
And dat's what de old man wants to do. [Dance.]

When I was in my prime, I had many a happy time,
With de folks way down upon de old plantation:
And when our days were done, it's den we wentan for fun:
I tell you we was a happy population—
My bones are getting sore, I cannot work much more,
And soon to de happy land be gone:
But while on earth I live, and I've a step to give,
Dere will be dancing left in old Uncle John,
And dat's what de old man wants to do. [Dance.]

England's Going Down the Hill.

Air: Down the Hill.

We talk of England's greatness,
And England's riches rare:
We talk of England's brightness,
And freedom that is there:
But I've been thinking lately
That she has some faults and ills,
That with all her grandeur stately,
England's going down the hill.
CHORUS.
Then never be down-hearted, boys the rich may have the run:
Your voices raise together, and let's see what's to be done;
We are in a land of plenty, tho' there's plenty starving still,
And that's the reason England, boys,
is going down the hill.

The titled lord may rob and steal,
And not be brought to book:
But the poor hard-working laborer
Is not allowed to look:
For stealing of an egg he's sent
Three weeks to tread the mill,
And that's the reason England, boys,
Is going down the hill.
Then never be down-hearted, boys, &c.

They talk of emigration
To help the working man,
While coroneted vagabonds
Have robbed them of their land;
They will not part their riches,
But they want more riches still—
And that's the reason England, boys,
Is going down the hill.
Then never be down-hearted, boys &c.

Ye lordlings of Belgravia,
Who on fashion's grandeur feast,
Go see the half-starved woman
Make your shirts a penny a piece;
You are wearing out her life's blood,
And abusing of her skill—
And that's the reason England, boys,
Is going down the hill.
Then never be down-hearted, boys, &c.

You'll often find in London Streets,
Where poverty abounds,
A man that served his country,
Begging through the town:
They've worn him out, and when he's ill,
He may go where'er he will.
And that's the reason England, boys,
Is going down the hill.
Then never be down-hearted, boys, &c.

They store ill-gotten thousands,
These lords of wealth and rank—
While some are daily starving
On the door-steps of the bank.
The weapon of starvation
Does dozens daily kill.
And that's the reason England, boys,
Is going down the hill.
Then never be down-hearted, boys, &c.

They talk of revolution:
But that they need not fear—
A man to fight must be well fed,
And we can't get it here.
If they drive us off, we'll tell the world
How we know no peace until
We left the starving country,
And England going down the hill.
Then never be down-hearted boys, &c.

Some say you've sung of England's faults,
For remedy we call:
Then I say England a large enough
To find work for us all.
For every Englishman that leaves,
There's two to fill his place:
Of course the end of that will be,
There'll be no English race.
Then never be down-hearted, boys, &c.

We do not want the workhouse,
But our hard honest crown:
Then don't let foreign countries
Run our English workmen down:
Set the wheel of trade in motion,
'Twill the workman's pockets fill,
And perhaps some day again we'll say:
"She's at the summit of the hill."
Then never be down-hearted, boys, &c.

Somebody's Child.

Sung by Harry Rickards.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

One night, upon the platform
Of the South Western line.
Snugly packed up in a hamper,
On which was written "whine,"
I was found by a big porter,
Who kindly set me free:
And as I smiled, somebody's child
He swore that I must be.

CHORUS.

There is a mystery—
For, you can plainly see
That somebody's child, that somebody's child,
I somebody's child must be.
A parentage I owe
To either high or low:
I'm somebody's child. I'm somebody's child,
I'm somebody's child, I know.

I feel sure I had a Mammy,
And likewise had a Dad:
You can't grow in a parsley bed
So beautiful a lad;
Besides there's nothing green in me
To show I came from there:
Look in my face and you can trace
Somebody's son and heir.

SPOKEN: You'll find nothing GREEN hanging to me: I feel certain I had a daddy and a mammy and, what's more, I was born young like the rest of us: but why they should have packed me in a hamper, and hampered the Parish with me, I can't make out—in fact—

There is a mystery—&c.

I've often heard the people say,
And no doubt they are right,
That I had Mr. Dizzy's nose,
And eyes like Mr. Bright,
And was the image of Sims Reeves,
When my long hair was curled:
Perhaps "pretty Jane" she could explain
Who brought me in the world.

SPOKEN: But somehow or other, I don't think Jane had anything to do with it, because she was so shy, not a bit like me: I ain't shy at all, I never says no to nothing: it's more likely to have been the t'other one—you know who I mean—the gal as used to meet him in the garden all alone. "MAUD!" that's it. Now I don't want to be MORE HARD than necessary, but who knows that the GARDEN did not lead to the NURSERY: for—

There is a mystery—&c.

I look at the advertisements
To see whose child is lost.
And every one I chance to meet
With these words I accost:
"You havn't missed a pretty child
Who you wish to reclaim?"
Then come a lick, or else a kick:
Oh! isn't it a shame!

SPOKEN: It was only the other day I saw an old chap looking as if he'd lost something. So I goes up to him and says: "Have you lost a child?" says I.—"a what?" says he.—"a KID?" says I.—"I've lost a pair!" says he.—"Perhaps I'm one of them?" says I.—at which he takes up his stick and gives it me to rights. "There now says he, you can go and pass yourself off for the Prince of WALES." And I might have done it: for, I felt WALES all over, I can tell you. Oh!—

There is a mystery—&c.

Oh! tell me: is there any here,
And speak without delay,
Who ever packed a hamper up,
And sent a child away?
Did you, or you, or you, or you?
If so be reconciled,
And let me know, before I go,
I am somebody's child.
Oh! solve this mystery,
And kindly welcome me
As somebody's child, as somebody's child:
I somebody's child must be.
A little kindness show,
And your applause bestow:
I'm somebody's child. I'm somebody's child,
I'm somebody's child, I know!

The Mountain Maid.

The mountain maid from her bower has hied,
And sped to the glassy river's side,
Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright,
And the willows waved in the silver light:
On a mossy bank lay a shepherd swain,
He woke his pipe to a tuneful strain,
And so blithely gay were the notes he played,
That he charmed the ear of the Mountain Maid.

She stopped with timid fear oppressed,
While a soft sigh swells her gentle breast:
He caught her glance, and marked her sigh,
And triumph laughed in his sparkling eye.
So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,
He charmed her tender soul to pity,
And so blithely gay were the notes he played,
That he gained the heart of the Mountain Maid.

Right Side Up With Care.

Composed and Sung by Frank Gayton.

It's, if I had the piles of cash I would not care two straws:
Hard times would never bother me—for
them I have no cause.
But as it is, I am satisfied that money starts the mare,
And as you see me here to-night
I am right side up with care.

CHORUS.

Yes, siree, yes siree, right side up with care
And as you see me here to-night,
I am right side up with care.
[Repeat.]

A nice young girl she courted me,
she broke my heart in twain:
I did not cry, nor did not die, but made it whole again.
Her cheeks were like roses, red and curly was her hair:
I did not die, oh! no, not I!
I am right side up with care.

CHORUS.

Yes, siree, yes, siree, right side up with care:
And as you see me here to-night,
I am right side up with care.
[Repeat.]

Our Union was not dissolved,
though traitors round us swarmed:
It's Johnny Bull across the pond,
he tried to do us harm,
Our starry flag is to the mast,
our forefathers placed it there,
And freedom's sons will die to keep
it right side up with care!

CHORUS.

Yes siree yes, siree, right side up with care:
And as you see me here to-night,
I am right side up with care.
[Repeat.]

Ella is My Style.

Sung by Lew Collins, the Song and Dance Artist.

As I travel around this town
And gaze upon the fashion,
I always see in merry glee
The pretty girls so dashing:
And as I get around them
They greet me with a smile.
But none among them pleases me:
For, Ella is my style.

CHORUS.

To see her, you'd confess
She is so gayly dressed:
She's my sweetness, she's my peach:
When on me she throws a smile,
There is no one to match her—
For, Ella is my style.

The first time that I met her,
It was at a promenade:
The moon was shining brightly,
'Twas then I made a raid.
I asked her quite politely
If I might see her home:
She smiled on me and took my arm,
And then we walked along.

To see her, &c.

I told her that I loved her,
And married we would be:
So in our best we quickly dressed,
The parson quick to see:
And now she's my darling little wife,
She greets me with a smile:
There is no one to match her—
For, Ella is my style.

To see her, &c.

Constancy.

Oh! say not love was never made
For hearts so light as mine:
Must love then seek the cypress shade,
Bear but a gloomy shrine?

Oh! say not that for me more meet
The revelry of youth,
Or that my wild heart cannot beat
With deep devoted truth.

Though mirth may many changes ring,
'Twas but an outward show:
Even upon the fond dove's wing
Will varied colors glow.

Light smiles upon my lip may gleam,
And sparkle o'er my brow:
'Tis but the glitter of the stream
That hides the gold below.

'Tis love that gilds the mirthful hour,
That lights the smile for me:
Those smiles would instantly lose their power,
Did they not glance on thee—

Who'll Buy My Water-Cresses?

DIBDIN.

Jack came home, his pockets lined,
In search of Poll, his only pleasure:
To Pickle-stairs his course inclined,
In her fair lap to pour his treasure.
But scarce arrived at famed Rag Fair,
Where the keen Jew the clod pole fleeces,
His whistle turned into a stare
At——Come, who'll buy my water-cresses?

He starts, and trembles at the sound—
Which now is heard, and now obstructed:
And now his hopes are all aground,
And now 'tis to his ears conducted.
"Zounds! cried out Jack, I know that phiz—
But then such togs, they're all to pieces:
Why, it can't be— d—e, it is,
'Tis Poll, a bawling: Water-cresses!"

And now she's in his arms, while he
Bids her relate fortune's reverses:
"The world finds faithless as the sea,
And loads false friends in troops with curses—
They took, said she, my very bed,
The sticks they seized, and sold in pieces:
So to get a bit of honest bread,
I cries—who'll buy my water-cresses?"

"Still art thou rich, my girl, cried Jack,
And still shall taste each earthly pleasure!
Thou'rt true, though rags are on thy back,
And honor—Poll's a noble treasure—
In his gay tog-shop rigged so neat,
Ill fortune from this moment ceases—"
This said, he scattered in the street
Basket and rags, and water-cresses.

It's a Sort of Thing You Read About.

Words by George Cooper.

I'm going to sing a little song,
If you will list to me;
It's not too short and not too long,
But that you'll quickly see.
I don't say my song will please you,
Tho' your verdict I don't fear;
In fact, it's a sort of song you read about,
But very seldom hear.

Now, politics are all the rage,
And bribes are changing hands:
On either side it's just the same,
No matter how it stands.
I don't say among politicians
That no honesty can be—
And yet it's a sort of thing we read about,
But very seldom see.

Divorces are the fashion now:
Chicago is the place
Where, if a man don't like his spouse,
He goes to change his base.
There are many wedded people,
Who, of course, in peace agree:
But then, it's a sort of thing we read about,
But very seldom see.

The girls are trying hard to vote
And wear the breeches, too;
They're trying hard to Doctor us—
But then, 'twould never do.
They would have us nurse the babies,
And to cook and make their tea:
But then, it's a sort of thing we read about
And hope we'll never see.

Why are a young lady's affections always doubtful?

Because they are miss-givings.

Why, if my father has ten sisters, may it be inferred that I have leased property?

Because I have ten aunts (TENANTS.)

Why are persons with short memories like office-holders?

Because they are always for—getting everything.

Derivation of Buss— Buss: to kiss. Rebuss: to kiss again. Blunderbuss: two girls kissing each other. Omnibus: to kiss all the girls in the room.

Land of My Birth.

Composed by A. Lee.

Celebrated Scena from the Operetta of the "Swiss Swains."

Sung by Mr. J. W. Williams.

Music at Boosey & Co., No. 4 Bond Street, New-York.

Oh! the land of my birth is the dear spot on earth,
To which my heart and mem'ry fondly cling:
Where the joys of my youth, from the fountain of truth,
In unsullied purity, did spring—
Again I behold thy wild mountains bold,
Thou home of the brave and the free—
thou home of the brave and the free—
But this aching breast can never know rest
If Rosette is faithless to me if Rosette is faithless to me.
My Rosetto dear, my mountain love,
when far away from Tyrolee,
In other climes when doomed to rove,
my only thought has been of thee:
When far away from Tyrolee, in other
climes when doomed to rove,
My only thought has been of thee—'mid
our hills again to rove.
Our early joys to number o'er, thy lover to his native home
Returns to claim thy hand, once more:
My Rosette dear, my mountain love,
when far away from Tyrolee,
In other lands when doomed to rove,
my only thought has been of thee—
When in battle the word: "for home draw the sword!"
When the conflict was done the victory won
For Tyrolee Tyrolee Tyrolee Tyrolee—
Ah! my Rosette, my mountain love,
when far away from Tyrolee,
In other lands when doomed to rove,
my only thought has been of thee,
My mountain love, has been for thee!

Saw Ye My Wee Thing?

"Saw ye my wee thing—saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down by yon lea?
Cross'd she the meadow yestre'en at the gloamin'?
Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw-tree?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue of her saft rolling e'e:
Red, red her lips are, and sweeter than roses:
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

"I saw nae your wee thing—I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea:
But I met as bonnie thing late in the gloamin',
Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree.
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
Dark was the blue of her saft rolling e'e:
Red were her ripe lips and sweeter than roses,
And sweet were the kisses that she ga'e me."

"It was na my wee thing—it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart and modest her nature,
And she never lo'ed ony until she lo'ed me:
Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castlecary,
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:
Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
Young braggart, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee."

"It was then your Mary, she's frae Castlecary:
It was there your true love I met by the tree:
Proud as her heart is and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!"
Sair gloomed his dark brow blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling e'e:
"Ye'se rue, sair, this morning,
your boasts and your scorning—
Defend ye fause traitor! for loudly ye lie."

"Awa' wi' beguiling," cried the youth smiling:
Aff went the bonnet the lint-white locks flee:
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the maid wi' the dark rolling e'e!
"Is it my wee thing—is it my ain thing?
Is it my true love here that I see?"
"Oh! Jamie forgi'e me: your heart's constant to me:
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!"

Look Aloft.

In the tempest of life when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart—
Look aloft and be firm and confiding of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed—
Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions, which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow the swifter to fly—
Then turn and through tears of repentant regret,
Look aloft to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart!
Look aloft, from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh! when death comes in his terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past—
In the moment of darkness with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thy eye, look aloft and depart!

Look Always on the Sunny Side.

Look always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise and better far
And safer thro' life's cares to glide
Beneath hope's beaming star.
The springs of rosy laughter lie
Close by the well of fears:
Yet why should merry fancies die
Drowned in a flood of tears?
Look always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise and better far
And safer thro' life's cares to glide
Beneath hope's beaming star.

Look always on the sunny side—
The guiltless bosom can:
Nor tremble 'neath life's roughest tide,
It is not worthy man.
Why should the heart with vain regret
Break joy's enchanting spell?
Tho' age be come, love lingers yet
In every flowery dell.
Look always on the sunny side—&c.

Look always on the sunny side—
Earth's not forlorn or drear:
Hope ever be thro' life our guide,
My friends, nor shadows fear:
The clouds around the setting sun
Add glory to the skies—
Thus shadows around us darkly flung,
Make brighter days arise.
Look always on the sunny side—&c.

Scatter Song and Gather Roses.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of Wm. Hall & Son, 543 Broadway, New-York.

As Sung by Rollin Howard.

Scatter song and gather roses,
As through life we pass along:
Never heed the weary hours
Weave them well with joy and song.
Scatter song and gather roses,
As through life we pass along:
Never heed the weary hours,
Weave them well with joy and song,
Weave them well with joy and song.

Scatter song and gather roses,
They are blooming buds of light,
Which adorn life's sunlit bowers,
And swell the moments with delight.
Scatter song and gather roses,
As through life we pass along:
Never heed the weary hours,
Weave them well with joy and song,
Weave them well with joy and song.

Scatter song and gather roses,
Never wait till storm is o'er:
For, in doing joy reposes.
Friends they love us all the more.
Scatter song and gather roses,
As through life we pass along:
Never heed the weary hours,
Weave them well with joy and song,
Weave them well with joy and song.

The Brave Old Oak.

A song to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
Who hath ruled in the green wood long:
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown
And his fifty arms so strong—
There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down
And the fire in the west fades out,
And he sheweth his might, on a wild midnight,
When the storm through his branches shout.
Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone.
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone—

In the days of old when the spring with gold
Had brightened his branches grey,
Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet
To gather the dew of May:
And on that day, to the rebeck gay,
They frolicked with lovesome swains:
They are gone—they are dead—in the church-yard laid—
But the tree it still remains.
Then here's, &c.

He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear:
When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small
Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway—we all obey—
And a ruthless king is he:
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.
Then here's, &c.

I'm a Jolly Old Boy Still.

Air: Bear it like a man.

Some say that I'm old, and growing too cold
To taste of festive joys:
That I've seen my prime, and have had my time—
But no such thing my boys!
I'm hale and strong, can sing a song,
And a toast give with good will:
I am, I know, and mean to show,
A jolly old boy still!
No trouble or care shall whiten my hair,
Tho' Time may, if he will:
For I'll let them see that I mean to be
A jolly old boy still.

Two wives I've had, and been the dad
Of children dear, a score:
And see, do I, no reason why
I should not own some more—
I've not lived fast therefore shall last:
So make my mind up, will,
With my third wife to go thro' life,
A jolly old boy still!
No trouble, &c.

State policy ne'er troubled me,
I ne'er to let it mean:
To the Revenue I pay what's due,
And sing: "God save the Queen!"
If there's a cause for foreign wars,
I'll pay for them, until
The triumph we gain, while I remain
A jolly John Bull still!
No trouble, &c.

Your "Bright Champagne" affects the brain,
With mine it won't agree:
But good old Port, the real right sort,
The "fattle" is for me—
Then with good cheer, and good friends here,
Go gently down the hill—
Of life, I mean, till the last scene—
A jolly old boy still!
No trouble, &c.

Fading Away.

Oh! hark! tis the angels now calling:
Your child, mother, soon must prepare
To leave this dear spot I was born in,
And join our dear baby up there—
Draw closer that little round table,
Come closer, dear mother, to me,
And let me see dear brother's cradle,
We'll both pray for father and thee.

When you gaze on that little round table,
You think of your daughter and son:
And my baby-brother's empty cradle,
You know where your children are gone:
Come closer, dear mother, your blessing I pray,
I go to join brother—I'm fading away—

Oh! list to those little birds singing:
Their music sounds sweetly to me:
I fancy a message they're bringing
From father across the blue sea.
I should like to have kissed those dear features,
And be clasped in his arms to his breast:
But bear him my love, little creatures,
And say that his child's with the blest—

Then give me your blessing, dear mother:
We shall all meet each other again,
Both you and I, father and brother,
And never know sorrow or pain—
Oh! hark! 'tis the village bells ringing
So merrily—brother, I come—
One kiss, good-bye! parents, say with me:
"Not my will, but thy will be done!"

The Darkey's Sigh.

As Sung by Ned Turner.

I fall in love with a yellow charmer,
Do one you saw me with to-day,
Dat caused de white folks to stare,
As we was passing down Broadway.
CHORUS.
De ladies sigh as we pass by,
Roll deir eyes at me and 'Liza.

Her daddy's from old Virginny,
Her mammy washes for de gents,
And 'Liza like a clever daughter
Hangs de clothes up on de fence.
De ladies sigh, &c.

I told her I was gwine to leave her
I come to bid her my last good-bye!
She ober de table fainted away,
And filled my handkerchief chock full of cry—
De ladies sigh, &c.

Peter Murphy.

Written and Sung by J. H. Ryan, with great success, at Tony Pastor's Opera House.

Away in South Brooklyn a big row was making,
Away in South Brooklyn a big row was making,
And poor Peter Murphy was the boy they were taking :

SPOKEN : Is there e'er a pretty girl here, from the East to West Broadway, that would be after trying to coax and entice the heart of the poor unfortunate, dilapidated Peter Murphy, from the green mossy banks of sweet Sliderermonteshterfluraturalnal ?

Fal de diddle I do.

Arrah ! but now he is taken and drove round the city :
Arrah ! but now he is taken and drove round the city,
With his hands tied behind him,
and all the girls they cry pity.

SPOKEN : Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to inform you that poor Peter was running for Alderman of the Fourth Ward : so instead of that, some of the cops got hold of him and ran him to Blackwell's Island to be the governor's man : but never mind, it's all I want to know.

Fal de diddle I do.

Oh ! sure he is gone to the Island,
but not for sheep stealing :
Oh ! sure he is gone to the Island,
but not for sheep stealing :
It was for the loving of a pretty girl—that
was poor Peter's failing.
Fal de diddle I do.

Stamp ! Stamp ! Stamp !
My Wife is Stamping.

By L. M. Thornton—Air : Tramp, Tramp, Tramp !

My name is Tommy Todd, don't you think it rather odd ?
I got married before anything I knew :
Yes, I thought I'd take a wife, parson said it was for life,
And, by jasus ! every word he said was true.

CHORUS.

Stamp, stamp, stamp ! my wife is stamping,
Blowing up and nagging all the day :
Throws the first thing at my head,
curtain lecture when in bed,
She's the devil if she cannot have her own way.

In the morning when I rise, like a cat she at me flies,
And swears she has had no sleep all the night :
In the bed she then turns o'er, and so loudly she will snore,
And, if I wake her, there is sure to be a fight.
Stamp, stamp, stamp ! &c.

And while she's at her ease,
I make the bed and catch the fleas,
I have to clean the chamber up also,
While my wife is always out, with
the neighbors gadding about,
Or with them to the public-houses go.
Stamp, stamp, stamp ! &c.

And when I bring the chink, not a drain I ask to drink :
If I do, the rolling pin she at me throws :
And her aim is pretty sure—if I don't make for the door,
She is safe to crack my skull or break my nose.
Stamp, stamp, stamp ! &c.

Every night she goes away, to the music-hall or play,
And I know she is with companions not a few :
For, she cuts it very fine, drinking ale and wine,
And comes rolling home about the hour of two.
Stamp, stamp, stamp ! &c.

If she would but shortly croak,
I'd the hat-band buy and cloak,
Get an onion just to water well my eye :
And they'll know it is but sham—for, too only glad I am,
When her nose and toes are turned up to the sky !
Stamp, stamp, stamp ! &c.

Rattlin, the Reefer.

Written and Sung by Welford Vawn.

Rattlin the Reefer, they say, is my name—
for want of a better :
Who gave it me ? I cannot tell—but
certainly I am his debtor.
I don't know if I ever was born,
or ever had sister or brother :
The only relation I claim, is jolly old ocean—my mother.

CHORUS.

For, I'm a racketty, rollicking, frollicking,
swaggering son of the sea !
I care for nobody, no, not I ! and nobody cares for me.

She's nursed me up from a kid, and ever been kind to me,
I think I dropped from the clouds, or was
found in a chest of tea :
Whichever it is, I don't care ! one man
is as good as another :
And never mind who's his dad,
as long as he's got a good mother.
For, I'm, &c.

Now that I've come on shore, I'll tell you
what I have done—
I've been in battles a score, many victories we've won :
We fought the Russian chaps—the
Chinamen we've made run—
The Indian blacks laid on their backs—and
whacked 'em all like fun.
For, I'm, &c.

Now that I'm here for a lark, determined I am to be jolly,
Could I see a neat little craft, whose name
might be Susan or Polly—
Should I again have to fight with
Russian, Prussian, or Turk,
The Union Jack will be at my back, and we'll
find them plenty of work.
For, I'm, &c.

I Am a Bold Bucanier !

At night, stealing over the waters
My bark like a spirit is seen,
When the billows are red with my slaughters,
Or the moon's in her loveliest sheen.
In fair or in foul, I am ready
'Gainst the rich laden merchant to steer :
I am firm to my purpose and steady—
For, I am a bold Bucanier !

My bark she has masts tall and raking,
She's fit for a master like me,
And all who behold her are quaking
Whenever she rides o'er the sea.
When a suppliant to me is kneeling,
At his deep tale of sorrow I sneer :
To me it is useless appealing—
For, I am a bold Bucanier !

I once owned a house where no danger
Intruded to ruffle my breast :
Usurped by a powerful stranger,
Now others its chambers have pressed :
So, now in my turn, I'm a rover,
No power—though potent—I fear :
I'll live till my destiny's over,
Then die—like a bold Bucanier !

Up In a Back-Room, Boys !

(NEW VERSION.)

New descriptive Comic Song by J. A. Hardwick.

Air : Up in a Balloon.

There are many people fond of living high,
And may do so, lodging in a garret near the sky,
Up five pair of stairs, about two feet wide,
With a night-serenade of the cats outside ;
It wouldn't suit ME. I should cut it in haste :
But, you know, there's no accounting for taste :
So I'll just describe your minds to illume,
The pleasures of living up in a back-room.

CHORUS.

Up in a back-room, boys ! up in a back-room,
Amongst tiles and chimney-pots, squalor and gloom !
Up in a back-room, boys ! up in a back room :
It's something anti-jolly to live up in a back-room.

Just fancy a garret about six feet square :
You can sweep the cobwebs down with your hair :
For, the slanting roof comes down so low,
You must draw up your legs, when to bed you go !
And can't stand up in your own TILE, don't scoff,
Without pushing some of the roof ones off !
Behind, you can see rags hung out on a broom,
That's a nice look-out from a top back-room—
Up in a back-room, boys ! &c.

With the floor full of holes, the walls full of bugs,
Five of the six window-panes stuffed with old rags :
I should be content, if I was a born fiat,
To owe ninepence a week for a crib like that :
It might suit a hard up poet, moonstruck,
Or bury artist, dead out of luck :
With a churchyard behind, he could count each tomb,
And study high-art up in a back-room.
Up in a back-room, boys ! &c.

Up in a back-room, you may take it at ease,
Studying the tricks of industrious fleas :
With a Pot of Porter, it's not a bad plan,
To dance on the table a quart CAN-CAN.
There's one draw-back : if the house catches light,
Bid good-bye to assistance quite—
You may bawl : "fire ! fire !" till the day of doom :
For, no one will hear you, up in a back-room !
Up in a back-room, boys ! &c.

Up in a back-attic, ninety feet high,
Water and wind coming in from the sky,
Smoke from the chimney blinding your eye,
That's just the place self slaughter to try :
Take a front parlor, a floor, or a shop,
A kitchen, or cellar, all day in to stop :
But if you'd avoid blue-devils and gloom,
Oh ! never live up in a top back-room !
Up in a back-room, boys ! &c.

"I have a great love for old HYMNS," said a pretty girl to her masculine companion. "I am much fonder of young HERS," was his reply.

Upon the Grand Parade !

Sung by Annie Adams.

Let some folks talk of foreign life,
its pleasures and its joys :
But Continental gaity to me's all empty noise !
And rattling dashing New-York, too,
is quite put in the shade
By Long-Branch, in the season, there
to walk the grand parade !

CHORUS.

Upon the Grand Parade, upon the Grand Parade !
The Grand Parade at Long-Branch throws
our Broadway in the shade !
Upon the Grand Parade, upon the Grand Parade !
Oh ! such a jolly set you meet upon the Grand Parade !

What can be more delightful than the
charming morning walk !
Such lots of dashing fellows, with lots of funny talk :
Such pretty little speeches, though I'm dreadfully afraid
There are some naughty fibs oft told
upon the Grand Parade—
Upon the Grand Parade ! &c.

Now, girls who wants a sweet-heart,
that's the place to pick and choose !
There are Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Germans,
Turks, Italians, Greeks, and Jews !
And nice old English gentlemen, who
have a fortune made—
And gay young sparks, with none at
all—upon the Grand Parade !
Upon the Grand Parade ! &c.

If ever I get married, Oh ! I hope that it will be
To some nice jolly Captain, who's been all his days at sea :
Then I'll persuade him just to stop
and buy his little maid
A charming Villa, by the sea, and near the Grand Parade !
Upon the Grand Parade ! &c.

Wine Does Wonders Every Day.

(A DUET.)

Wine does wonders every day,
Makes the heavy light and gay,
Throws off all their melancholy :
Makes the wisest go astray,
And the busy toy and play,
And the poor and needy jolly.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
Men in years forget they're old,
Women leave their coy disdaining,
Who till then were shy and cold :
Makes a niggard slight his gold,
And the foppish entertaining.

Good Enough For Me.

Words by George Cooper—Music by Charles E. Pratt.

The Music can be obtained for 10 Cents of the Publisher, BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, 29 Beekman Street, New-York.

De bumble bee is hummin',
De sunny days am commin',
De possum he am bummin'
Away up in de tree :
Oh ! I'se de gallus rover,
Wid fun I'm billin' over,
Dis nigger he's in clober—
Dat's good enough for me !
Oh ! go 'way from me, honey,
I'm lively as de flea,
And full of fun, my work am done—
Dat's good enough for me !

REFRAIN.

Den go 'way, honey, don't you see
You take de breff away from me ! [DANCE.]

Oh ! I'm in lub wid Liza,
De gayest tantalize,
De nicest ob de nicer
In style you must agree :
While oddors lub de roses,
And some de roman noses,
All in her sunday closes—
She's good enough for me !
She sets my heart a singin',
Like June-bugs in de tree :
I tell you all, both short and tall—
She's good enough for me !
[REFRAIN AND DANCE.]

I'se light as any fodder,
Dar's whiskey in de medder :
Oh ! if I only had her,
How happy I would be !
I feel as gay and funny,
Her kiss is sweet as honey ;
Oh ! she's de gal "for money—"
And good enough for me !
Among de stars a sailin',
Dis couple you will see.
And when we go, I tole you so—
She's good enough for me !
[REFRAIN AND DANCE]

The Laughing Philosopher:

OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHING.

Old time trudges rather fast,
As you are aware now:
Let's be merry while we last,
Heedless of despair now:
Snap your fingers at old care,
Care will not come near you:
If you're jolly, I declare
That is sure to cheer you.

LAUGHING CHORUS.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha hee,
Here we've joys before us:
Ha ha ha ha ha ha hee
Laugh and sing the chorus.

Dull-wich will not do for me,
Gaze-wich give me rather:
Little chubby chaps you see,
Make a happy father.
Kiss your wife, and never mind
What may follow after:
Kiss your maid, mayhap you'll find
That may spoil your laughter. Chorus.

Scorn not sad, or seedy folks,
Better far relieve them:
Nourish poor and needy folks,
When old care doth grieve them
Aiding those that are distressed—
Mark me—them hereafter.
Not a care within your breast
To impede your laughter. Chorus.

Little lovers rural trips
Thoughts of marriage blisses,
Little loving luring lips
Fondly yielding kisses:
Very oft a single life
Makes a fellow nervous,
While a merry little wife
Will from care preserve us. Chorus.

Sadness makes ye lean and pale,
Dull and melancholy:
Gladness makes ye stout and hale,
Happy, blythe, and jolly;
If you care at all for care,
Care is sure to grieve you:
If you treat him light as air,
Care is sure to leave you. Chorus.

The Infatuated Photographist.

Air: Going Home to Dixey.

Not far from here, as you must know,
There is a shop they call Photo.,
Where faces hung all in a row,
As I was going home
A young man dressed quite smart indeed
In white hat, and in suit of tweed,
And boots all made of patent leather
As I was going home:

CHORUS.

Said he: "Miss will you tarry?"
Said he: "Miss, will you stay?"
Said he: "Some day we'll marry."
Said I: "Perhaps we may."

I then walked on: he made me stop,
I then walked back, into his shop,
For him to take my photo.,
As I was going home.
I sat me down, ah! then he sighed:
He looked at me, and then he tried,
In vain, to take my photo.,
As I was going home. Chorus.

My blue silk bonnet I did doff,
My satin hood I then took off,
For him to take my photo.,
As I was going home.
Another look at me he took,
Then like an aspen leaf he shook,

SPOKEN: As he said:

"I wish you'd be my photho,
And make this house your home." Chorus.

I thought as I arranged my curls,
Since men were made to marry girls
That I would wed with photo,
And make his house my home.
I blushed and then I answered yis—
And then—he gave to me a kiss,
And then—I kissed my photo.,
As I was going home. Chorus.

Dear Photo. is 'bout six-foot two,
His hair is brown, his eyes are blue:
And what he said I won't tell you,
As we were walking home
A speaking likeness photo. takes,
Face-etious jokes dear photo. makes,
He makes me laugh till my side aches,
When'er he sees me home. Chorus.

There's little doubt if Photo., dear
Unto his vows is quite sincere
That we shall then, there's little fear,
Both have a happy home.
There's little doubt when married, we
Will try most acid-monially
T' increase our photoes gallery
Within our happy home. Chorus.

A Perfect Cure.

Young Love he plays some funny tricks
With us unlucky elves:
So gentlemen, I pray look out,
And take care of yourselves:
For once I met a nice young maid
Looking so demure,
And all at once to me she cried:
"You are a perfect cure!"

I wasted on her lots of cash,
In hopes her love to share:
I with her used to cut a dash,
And all things went on square—
Until I caught another chap
Who on his knees did woo her—
She cried, as she my face did slap:
"You are a perfect cure!"

I called upon her the next day,
Concerning that affair:
I took a seat and on it lay
A strange hat, I declare.
"Whose hat is that?" says I—Says she:
"Not yours you may be sure:
So you may walk your chalks from me—
For you are a perfect cure!"

"Cure or no cure, I replied,
Such insults are not needed—"
When a tall fellow I espied,
Who nearly half-killed me did,
I through the window took a leap
And fell in a common sewer:
They dragged me out, and loud did shout
"There goes a perfect cure!"

I was laid up for seven months,
Indeed I'm not romancing,
Which brought on Mr. Tantiny's dance:
That's why I keep on dancing.
One day, a Beadle called on me:
I felt alarmed, you're sure:
"Along with me come on!" says he,
You are the perfect cure."

He took me 'fore the magistrate:
There stood the faithless she—
An artful tale she did relate,
And swore the babe to me.
The case created lots of fun
At my expense, be sure:
So I pay for what I never done,
Ain't I a perfect cure?

Cure the neighbors now call me,
My shopmates say the same:
They try to cure me of my love,
And rob me of my name.
I've told you all—my song is done
You'll pity me, I'm sure.
And say, as I away do run,
"Ain't you a perfect cure?"

The Last Sensation.

By T. H.

I'll sing you of the new ideas
That please the Yankee Nation.
Since nothing now will suit the boys,
If not a new sensation:
The ladies lead that sort of thing,
In dress and rostrum speeches,
And we must let them have full swing,
Or we shall lose our breeches.
Oh! that, indeed, would be a go,
And spoil our recreation:
If men wore petticoats I know,
'Twould be the last sensation

We live not as our Fathers did,
A calm, hum-drum existence:
We burn our candle at both ends—
The reckoning keep at distance.
We plunge in debt for Fashion's sake,
The poor ape richer station
And live "two-forty"—but to make
Each day a new sensation—
And so we go hip, hip, hurrah!
And keep up an inflation:
We swig the "benzine" at the bar,
Till comes the last sensation.

Our papers dramas only live
By humbug stimulation:
Our pictures flashy, gaudy, false,
Got up for a sensation:
The people follow where they lead,
But few escape the folly,
Until at last they'll go to seed.
What matter, so we're jolly?
And so we go in every mood,
And serve out life's probation:
But if we all were wise and good,
There'd be a grand sensation!

Why are most people who eat turkies, like babies? Because they are fond of the breast.

Why are mosquitoes the most religious of all insects? Because they first sing over you, and then prey on you.

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe.

Written by Walter Burnet.

A lovely girl I chanced to meet,
But something ailed her pretty feet:
She asked for help in accents sweet,
In such a charming manner—
One, two, buckle my shoe:
That's what I did for Hannah;
One, two, buckle my shoe:
That's what I did for Hannah.

Some firewood in her arms she bore,
Her face was one you could adore:
I went with her unto the door,
And knocked at it for Hannah:
Three, four, knock at the door—
That's what I did for Hannah.

She dropped the sticks oh! cruel fate!
I picked them up and laid them straight:
She placed them in the fire-grate,
I kindled them for Hannah.
Five six pick up the sticks—seven, eight, lay them straight—
That's what I did for Hannah.

The fire burnt up, she killed a hen,
The fattest out of nine or ten:
I went and dug potatoes then
For supper for me and Hannah.
Nine, ten a jolly fat hen—eleven, twelve, dig and delve—
That's what I did for Hannah.

When supper was over she said: "Joe,
I think it's time you ought to go,
Or else the folks will say you know,
We're courting—" said fair Hannah.
Thirteen, fourteen, maids a courting—
So were me and Hannah.

This was a year ago, at Hitchin,
I never saw a more bewitching
Maid, in any city kitchen,
Than lovely, charming Hannah.
Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen—
So was I with Hannah.

We married were it's truth I'm stating,
I didn't like to keep her waiting.
And now there's seventeen or eighteen,
All at home with Hannah.
Seventeen, eighteen children waiting
At home along with Hannah.

As singing here don't suit me quite,
As I've an awful appetite,
I know my supper will be all right,
Because it's cooked by Hannah.
Nineteen, twenty, my cupboard's empty,
I'll go home to Hannah.

Life is Like a Race.

Composed and Sung by J. H. Ryan.

Air: Call her back and kiss her.

Life is like a race where some succeed,
While others are beginning:
'Tis luck in some, and others speed,
That gives an early winning:
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slack in your endeavor,
Just keep that motto in your mind
'Tis Better Late than Never.

CHORUS.

This world is a rocky road you'll find,
But each do his endeavor,
And keep that motto in your mind:
'Tis Better Late than Never.

And if you keep ahead, 'tis well,
But ne'er trip up your neighbor
'Tis noble in this life to dwell
By honest, patient labor.
No matter if you're broken-down,
Press on as bold as ever,
Though your friends may on you frown:
'Tis Better Late than Never.
The world, &c.

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring:
You may struggle hard, but when it's won,
Your crown is worth a wearing.
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slack in your endeavor,
But keep that good old truth in mind:
'Tis Better Late than Never.
The world, &c.

Doctors talk about paying their visits, when at the same time, it's their visits that's paying them.

To cure a bachelor's aches—Carry to the patient eleven yards of silk, with a woman in it.

Seven Oud.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams, the American Star Comique—The Music is Published by White & Goulland, Boston, Mass.

Oh! vere is my pocket-book now gone to?
If you vait I vill told it to you now:
Yesterday ven I game into dis city,
I met a rooster mit a red eye-prow,
Und he asked me if I vould blay cards den mit him,
Shust for to pass avay de dime:
Und my pocket-book und gold vatch it vas tooken,
At a leedle game dat he blayed so fine—

CHORUS.

Called—Seven Oud, Seven Oud,
Dat's de game vat ketched me rite avay:
Seven Oud, Seven Oud,
Dat's de game vat dat rooster he did blay.

Ven I losed me dem, I vent to a bolices,
Und I tole him all apout it rite avay.
He dook dat rooster to the shtation houses,
Und de Shudge, he asked me vat I had to say.
I tole him dat dat fellar vas a swindler,
Und dat I didn't know how it vas myself.
Dat he gave to me de High, de Low, de Shack, too:
Und dat he held de same cards to himself—
In—Seven Oud, Seven Oud, &c.

De Shudge he den says—"I'll discharge the brisoner."
"He's got my vatch"—I gwickly den cried oud.
"I know dat, says de Shudge, und as for you, sir,
I'll give you six months if you don't gwick hold your mouth."
I shut up gwick, und vent home to my family,
Und told my poy apout it (who was lame,)
Und I dake him on my knee, now, every evening,
Put I tole him for to never blay dat game—
Called—Seven Oud, Seven Oud, &c.

The Cot in the Corner.

Sung by Wm. F. Sinclair Lawlor in the laughable sketch of Barney and the Ghost, as performed by Chas. MacEvoy's original Hibernicon troupe.

Och hone, wirrastrew, how hard is our lot—
The landlord has turned us out of our cot:
To us in this world 'twas the happiest spot,
On the hill-side beyant in the corner.
The roof was thatched over with bright yellow straw,
And the walls were as white as the snowflake ageia:
Oh! it was a fine picture a painter might draw,
From the boreen beyant in the corner.

It was purty without, it was tidy within:
On the shelves shone like silver our plate made of tin,
Which cast some reflections when sunlight stole in,
On the dog and the cat in the corner;
Of bacon, galore, we had many a flitch in
The wide mouthed chimney that yawned in the kitchen:
Oh! 'twould make your mouth water, and eager to pitch in
To the hames that hung high in the corner—

And there, by the fire, my mother would knit,
And close to her side my auld father would sit:
What stories he'd tell when his dudeen was lit,
While he smoked away in the corner—
When supper was over, the neighbors dropped in,
And by the turf fire each roosted his shin,
While the boys and the girls ne'er thought it a sin
For to hug and to kiss in the corner.

When Jimmy, the piper, walked in on the floor,
The young people all made a rush for the door:
Dragging Jimmy along to the barn, and, sure,
They placed him high up in the corner.
Then at it they went dear with hearts light and gay,
And danced the night hours into the young day,
Till Jimmy got drunk an' no longer could play:
For, he lay pipes and all in the corner.

Laugh While You Can.

"Laugh while you can" was inscribed on the pages
Democritus wrote to enlighten those sages,
Who saddened the hearts of a whole generation
By praising up sorrow and mortification:
So prized was the precept—like wild fire it ran—
Care learned to dance, singing: "Laugh while you can."
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Laugh yes, ha! ha! laugh, yes, ha! ha!
Laugh while you can.

If we laugh at the world, we may have full enjoyment,
Whilst our own little follies may find us employment,
Some who think themselves wise, than plain folks proved dafter,
Whilst the proud and the selfish are fair food for laughter:
With the trifles which vex us, I find the best plan
Is to simply don't mind 'em and laugh while you can.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! &c.

Though Time with his snow our foreheads may sprinkle,
A laugh cheats the elf, and draws out each wrinkle:
Oh! why need we care? though old age hath bound us,
With hearts ever young we'll enjoy all around us:
For, sorrows fall thick round poor helpless man—
The best we can do—is to laugh while we can.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! &c.

We do not possess what we do not understand.

Just Touch the Harp Gently.

Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise,
And sing me the songs that I love:
They call back the days when together we sat
On the porch 'neath the nest of the dove!
There was one that you sang, my pretty Louise,
It brings fond recollections to me:
You remember the mocking bird mimicked it once,
As it perched on the sycamore tree.
Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise,
Just touch the harp gently, Louise.

Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise,
And sing the old songs that I love:
They'll recall the bright days when
we played in the wood,
And watched the birds flitting above:
There was one that you sang, my pretty Louise,
The words I remember them well:
I loved it, and when you had finished each verse,
I kissed you and said: "never tell!"
Just touch the harp gently, &c.

While I Live, I'll Crow!

Sung by J. H. Milburn.

I've found a plan to make you wise,
At least to keep you glad:
To give no chance for care to rise,
And laugh at those who're sad.
For, while we live, let's taste life's joys:
You'll find a way somehow,
If you'll adopt my motto, boys,
That "While I live, I'll crow!"
As gaily on I go,
Be fortune high or low,
This shall be my motto boys:
"While I live, I'll crow!"

Though some may try to press you down,
Still keep your head up high,
And smile, if you should meet a frown:
Don't lose your hope, but try.
For, in this ever busy world
Each day a chance will give:
So, while life's coil is yet unfurled,
Crow loud, to show you live.
As gaily on I go, &c.

There are some folks in life, I know,
Who, failing once, will yield—
But I say: "mount, and try to crow,
As monarch of the field."
If no one else will praise your plan,
Do so yourself, and show
You keep your point as winning man,
And while you live, you crow.
As gaily on I go, &c.

I think my crow's been long and loud:
So, parting, I advise
That, as you mingle with the crowd,
You've every chance to rise.
If, like a game young chanticleer,
(The contrast you'll allow,)
Why, flap your wings and show no fear—
But while you live, why, crow!
As gaily on I go, &c.

The Foundling: or No Father's Care.

No father's care, that I'm aware,
Have I been cherished by:
No mother's smile did e'er beguile
My joyless infancy.
That I'm alive, and grow and thrive,
I know, indeed, full well:
But how, alas! it came to pass?
I cannot, cannot tell—
No father's care, &c.

No father's pinch might make me flinch,
As you're no doubt aware:
A mother's tweak upon the cheek
Is very hard to bear:
But harder yet to owe a debt
To no progenitor—
Oh! I would die—content—if I
Could be accounted for.
No father's care, &c.

The most effectual cure a husband can find to keep his hair from coming out, is not to let his wife see him kiss the nurse.

Never insult misery, deride infirmity, nor despise deformity.

I Have No Mother Now.

(ORIGINAL VERSION.)

The midnight stars are gleaming
Upon her silent grave:
Now sleepeth without dreaming
The friend we could not save.
The cloud of grief is heaping
Its shadow on my brow:
Oh! blame me not for weeping—
I have no Mother now!
The cloud of grief, &c.

Yet not alone she lieth,
One angel child is there:
No more for him she sigheth—
For, death hath joined the pair,
Together sweetly sleeping
Beneath the locust bough:
Oh! blame me not for weeping—
I have no Mother now!
Together sweetly sleeping, &c.

No Mother now to bless me
With love sincere and true:
No Mother to caress me
As she was wont to do:
No Mother's grief is keeping
Its shadow on my brow:
Oh! blame me not for weeping—
I have no Mother now!
No Mother's grief is keeping, &c.

When the Cock Begins to Crow.

Many sluggards I have seen,
Of many I have read,
Who waste away their precious time
By being fond of bed:
But if you would take my advice,
You'll find it good and true:
How to gain both health and wealth,
I'll quickly tell to you.
Jump out of bed, jump out of bed,
Lying long looks lazy:
If the morn be wet or dry,
Or if it should be hazy,
Light or dark, get up with the lark,
Don't care for frost or snow,
Jump out of bed, jump out of bed,
When the cock begins to crow.

I never saw a lazy man
I could depend upon:
I never saw a lazy man
Who ever did get on:
Idle and inactive, they
Will lie in bed all day:
For, they prefer—just like the sloth—
To sleep their time away.
Jump out of bed, &c.

I love to see the farmer
In the fields at early morn:
He looks so gay and happy,
As he works among the corn—
Early off to bed he goes,
Too long he never sleeps:
For, well he knows the adage:
He must "sow before he reaps."
Jump out of bed, &c.

So, if you would be healthy, wealthy,
Prosperous, and wise,
Never lie in slumber when
The sun is in the skies:
Spend your ev'nings soberly,
Don't stay out too late,
Be early up to sow the seed,
And your harvest will be great.
Jump out of bed, &c.

Smile Again, My Bonnie Lassie.

Smile again, my bonnie lassie: lassie, smile again:
Pri'thee do not frown sweet lassie: for, it gives me pain.
If to love thee too sincerely be a fault in me,
Thus to use me so severely is not kind in thee.
Oh! smile again, my bonnie lassie: lassie, smile again:
Oh! smile again, my bonnie lassie, pri'thee smile again.

Fare thee well my bonnie lassie! lassie, fare thee well!
Time will show thee, bonnie lassie, more than tongue can tell:
Tho' we're doomed by fate to sever, (and 'tis hard to part)
Still, believe me thou shalt ever own my faithful heart.
Then smile again, my bonnie lassie: lassie, smile again:
Oh! smile again, my bonnie lassie, pri'thee smile again.

Suspicion and distrust are the greatest enemies to friendship.

Laugh while you can.



2.

If we laugh at the world, we may have full enjoyment,
Whilst our own little follies may find us employment;
Some who think themselves wise, than plain folks pro
dafter,
Whilst the proud and the selfish are fair food for laughte
With the trifles which vex us, I find the best plan
Is to simply don't mind 'em, and laugh while you can.

3.

Though Time with his snow our foreheads may sprink
A laugh cheats the elf, and draws out each wrinkle;
Oh why need we care, though old age hath bound us,
With hearts ever young, we'll enjoy all around us:
For sorrows fall thick 'round poor helpless man,
The best we can do, is to laugh while we can.

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CONTENTS.

A Heart For Sam ..... Page 556
Adolphus Blue Jay 555
The BELL-RINGER 554
Bright Eyes For Me 555
Cheeky Little Cove 558
Con Donahue 554
Darling Ones, Come from Above 556
Do a Kind Act when You Can 559
DOWN AMONG THE COALS 559
The Family Bible 554
Fanny Powers 556
Gray Goose and Gander 555
The Gay Deceiver 557
The GOOD OLD SONGS 557
Good-Bye, Charlie: or
Do Not Forget Your Nelly Darling 559
The Green Fields of America 559
I Love and I am Beloved! 558
I Leave You to Decide 558
I'LL TELL NOBODY— Words 559
I'll Tell Nobody—Music 560
I Really Don't Think I Shall Marry 559
Jamsetjhee! 557
Life's Like a Ship 554
The Little Street Peddler 556
The Musician and the Dancer 557
Marion's Song 558
Oh! No, I Never Mentioned it 554
OH! KISS ME AGAIN 554
The Old Sailor's Dream 556
Paul Jones 558
The Rataplan 558
REMEMBER THEE! 558
The Sabbath Bridal 554
The Song of Blanche Alpen 554
Some Eighty Years Ago 555
The Sailor Boy's Dream 555
STAGGERING HOME TO BED 555
Sweet Land of Tyrol 556
Stout and Fitter 557
Surely the Men are to Blame 558
Sweet Kitty Neil 558
SKATING ON THE ICE 559
Three Fishers Went Sailing 554
Up at Central Park 555
Vegetable Pills 556
Will No Maiden Marry Me? 554
When the Band Begins to Play 559
The Young Girl of the Period 557

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Three Fishers Went Sailing.

Words by Rev. G. Kingsley—Music by John Hullah.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west.
Out into the west as the sun went down:
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best.
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For, men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Tho' the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down:
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down:
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town—
For, men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning!

Life's Like a Ship.

Life's like a ship in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low,
Where every one must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever winds do blow;
If unassailed by squall or shower,
Wafted by the gentle gales,
Let's not lose the favoring hour,
While success attends our sails.

Or if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear,
But let us all our patience muster,
And learn by reason how to steer;
Let judgment keep you ever steady,
'Tis a ballast never fails:
Should dangers rise, be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
While your vessel's under weigh:
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compass will not stray;
When thundering tempests make you shudder,
Or Boreas on the surface rails,
Let good discretion guide the rudder,
And Providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger riding
In some welcome port or bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And care awhile to slumber lay;
Or when each can with liquor's flowing,
And good fellowship prevails,
Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
Drink success unto our sails!

Oh! No, I Never Mentioned It.

Air: Oh! no, I'll never mention him.

Oh! no, I never mentioned it,
I never said a word:
But lent my friend my five pound note,
Of which—I never heard!
He said he borrowed it
To pay another debt—
And since I've never MENTIONED it,
He thinks that I FORGET!

Whene'er we ride, I pays the 'pike:
I settles every treat:
He rides my cob—he drives my cob—
But CUTS ME when we meet!
My new umbrell' I lent him, too,
One night 'twas very wet;
Though HE forgets it to'er came back,
Ah! me—I don't forget!

To Sally Sims, my own true love,
Few visits can I pay:
But think how KIND my friend behaves,
HE calls on her each day!
By him I've sent rich pearls and rings,
With fruit and flowers a lot:
The FRUIT and FLOWERS came safe to hand,
The rest—my friend FORGOT!

Sometimes I treats Miss to the play,
And, what I can't abide,
Is when I just sits down by her,
My friend's at t'OTHER SIDE!
Such whispering and such quizzing, too,
They keep to make me fret—
I know 'tis only "make believe,"
But still I can't forget.

"A friend in need's a friend indeed!"
This I have found quite true:
For, mine is such a NEEDY FRIEND,
He sticks to me like glue!
We're like, they say—for oft have I
Been taken for—his debts:
He makes so free with ME and MINE,
HIMSELF he quite—forgets!

The Bell-Ringer.

I set the bell a ringing
When the bride to the altar was led,
And I loved to hear it swinging
So merrily over my head.
The children flung gay garlands round,
While I sent forth the jocund sound:
Then many tears were shed, but yet
The young lip smiled while the cheek was wet.
Ah! me, ah! me, ah! me, a song of joy and hope
Was heard afar as I pulled my rope.

I set the bell a tolling
When the bride to the church-yard was borne,
And the dismal notes went rolling
To tell of a heart forlorn;
The wondering children stood aghast
As sable mourners by them passed:
"And she has gone, so fair, so young!"
Thus loud lamented the iron tongue.
Ah! me, ah! me, ah! me, a song of perished hope
Was heard afar as I pulled my rope.

I set the bell a pealing
When in shadow is buried the day,
And a wondrous spell is stealing
O'er the hearts of the grave and gay:
The aged hear the funeral chime
Of slowly, surely dying time:
The youthful hear a cheering strain
That tells them day will revive again.
Ah! me, ah! me, ah! me, a song of grief and hope
Is heard afar as I pull my rope.

Oh! Kiss Me Again.

Oh! kiss me again, come closer to me now,
The death' damps are gathering fast to my brow:
And whisper thy love—its music will lay
Deep, deep in my soul when we've passed away.
Don't shrink from me, darling, no rudeness or stain
Shall rest on this hour: kiss, kiss me again—

CHORUS.

Don't shrink from me, darling, no rudeness or stain
Shall rest on this hour: kiss, kiss me again—
[REPEAT.]

Oh! kiss me again—the cold world has laid
Its mandate upon us, and we have obeyed.
Thy home has been sacred, thine honor to me
Was dearer than life even ever could be—
Don't tremble, my darling, my heart and my brain
Has held but one passion—oh! kiss me again.
Chorus.

Oh! kiss me again—'tis joy thus to be
Close, close to thee, dearest, untramelled and free:
To breathe out my passion and call thee mine own,
Ere I pass through the unlighted valley alone—
Don't grieve so, my darling, there's pleasure and pain
In meeting and parting—kiss, kiss me again!
Chorus.

The Sabbath Bridal.

(A DIALOGUE.)

"Whither I pray, whither I pray,
Pretty young maiden, wouldst thou stray?
Whither I pray, whither I pray,
Pretty young maiden, wouldst thou stray?'
"Sir, I am waiting the sabbath-bell,
For one long known and loved full well,
Who promised that on this sacred day
He would bear me a bride to his bower away."

"He sends me to thee with this willow wreath
To recall the fond words he used to breathe:
He will wed one as fair as thou to-day—
And he gives me to woo thee, if so I may."
"That willow wreath I need not wear:
For this do thy tell-tale eyes declare—
Let him wed his fair maid, and to her be true—
So now thou mayst woo me, and win me, too."

Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat?
Because it is first cradled, and then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

A good thing to be out of—out of debt.

The Song of Blanche Alpen.

By Stephen Glover.

You speak of sunny skies to me
Of orange grove and bower—
Of winds that wake soft melody
From leaf and bloomig flower—
And you may prize those far off skies,
But tempt not me to roam:
In sweet content my days are spent-
Then wherefore leave my home?

CHORUS.

In sweet content my days are spent—
Then wherefore leave my home?

You tell me oft of rivers bright,
Where golden galleys float:
But have you seen our lakes by night,
Or sailed in Alpine boat?
You speak of lands where hearts and hands
Will greet me as I come:
But tho' I find true hearts and kind,
They're kinder still at home. Chorus.

Had you been reared by Alpine hills,
Or loved in Alpine dells,
You'd prize like me our mountain rills,
Nor fear the torrent swells:
It matters not how drear the spot,
How proud or poor the dome,
Love still retains some deathless chain,
That binds the heart to home. Chorus.

The Family Bible.

By T. Bickard.

This book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start:
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations passed,
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hands this Bible clasped-
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names those records bear
Who round the hearth stone use to close,
After the evening prayer—
And speak of what those pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear:
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear—
Her angel face, I see it yet!
What throngings mem'ries come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew
Thy constancy I've tried:
Where all were false, I've found thee true
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give,
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

Will No Maiden Marry Me?

By H. Kleber.

All the girls are getting married-
Dropping off on every side—
Ah! I fear too long I've tarried,
Seeking, sighing for a bride.
Here I am, ye tender damsels,
Young and handsome as you see:
Will no maiden marry? marry
Will no maiden marry me?

I could get a weeping widow,
Almost any day, of course:
Or a lady rendered single
By a late divorce:
But I want a tender rose-bud,
Innocent, and full of glee—
Will no maiden, &c.

Oh! in pity don't deny me,
Let me end this weary life:
I would swim the wide Atlantic
Could I thereby gain a wife:
I'm in earnest, I am pleading
Here upon my bended knee—
Will no maiden, &c.

All is over! I am married!
What a hasty fool am I!
Where's the end of all creation,
Let, oh! let me thither fly—
Help, oh! help me, cunning lawyer,
Loose my bonds and set me free—
I will be your debtor forever,
If you will unmarry me—

Con Donahue.

Pathetic Ballad Sung by Frank Gayton.

In Jersey City there once did dwell
A butcher unknown to fame :
He fell in love with a nice young gal,
And he was not very much for to blame.
His name it was Con Donahue,
And hers was Biddy McCord :
She was daughter-in-law to the soap-fat-man,
That lived in the Fourteenth Ward.

Now Con he loved her with all his might,
And he thought that she loved him the same :
He took her to the theatre, one benefit night,
Which caused him all his pain.
For, she saw a young man in the pit,
That did her heart ensnare,
And she fell in love with his black mustache,
And curly auburn hair.

When Con came to hear the news,
His heart began to falter :
Says he : I will go like a hero bold,
And join the Sons of Malta.
But the thoughts of his cold hearted love
Did shortly mark his gills,
And he killed himself in a slaughter-house
With a box of Brandreth's pills.

Some Eighty Years Ago.

White folks your attention now, I'm going to sing a song :
I hope it will please you, and I won't detain you long.
Everything was on the square it's then we made no show,
We had no Grecian bends, my boys, some eighty years ago.

We had no fast horses then for to make them fly,
And men that had a red moustache,
they did not use hair-dye :
We had Champagne then, no cider stuff—for,
humbug's all the go—
We had no molasses whisky, boys, some eighty years ago.

We had no hundred dollar shawls,
no bonnets trimmed with lace,
Nor twenty different kinds of paint to make a pretty face :
We had no brass watch chains then :
for gold was all the go—
We had no dollar jewelry, some eighty years ago.

Some eighty years ago, the country it was right,
The Union then was not dissolved by a general fight :
But let us all unite again, we will let the world all know
That Uncle Sam is just as good as some eighty years ago !

Up at Central Park.

Original Song and Dance—Sung by Pankhurst and Collins.

There is a certain darling,
With blue and loving eyes,
Says that she loves quite fondly
A young man about my size ;
Her form and features are divine,
Her voice is like the lark ;
We met by chance, one Sunday afternoon,
Up at the Central Park.
Chorus : Where the fairest promenade,
I met this dashing little maid :
She was witching and so fair—
I admire her curling hair,
She is the fairest I ever met,
The emotion lingers yet.

She stood near the fountain :
Yes, just as I passed by,
Our eyes they met and surely
She must have heard me sigh.
How I wished to speak to her !
I said : " Miss, it's growing dark. "
The smile she gave me won my heart
From me at Central Park.
Where the fairest, &c.

Next eve again I met her,
And wandered by her side :
We spoke about the future.
She'll be somebody's bride :
I'm so happy, I'm her choice,
I'm to meet her about dark :
I hope I won't regret the day
We met at Central Park !
Where the fairest, &c.

Why can't a girl swallow her apron ? Because it always goes against her stomach.

Adolphus Blue Jay.

They call me Dolly Blue Jay,
I sing and dance the whole day,
And never seem to tire while in the motion
The people often say
I'd make clear a cloudy day
With my song and dance, when I'm in the notion.
CHORUS.
And I'm now as happy as happy can be,
I'm going to remain so all the day ;
Now wait just a moment, and
the motion you shall see
Of happy Adolphus Blue Jay.

My spirit is as light as the air,
I give no thought to care,
'Cause " neither rich nor poor "
is Dolly Blue Jay ;
Miss Simmons gave a bow
As I passed by her just now,
And she whispered
to her friend : " That's Dolly Blue Jay ! "
And I'm now as happy, &c.

With the girls I'm quite a swell,
'Cause I dress both neat and well,
And I think of making some one Mrs. Blue Jay ;
I'll go to Simmons' house to-night,
And I think you'll say I'm right
In asking " Ollie " to be mistress Blue Jay.
And I'm now as happy, &c.

The Sailor Boy's Dream.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind :
But watch worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced on his mind.

He dreamt of his home, and his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's marry morn,
While memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, and secreted a thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise !—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the hatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall :
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in the love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest :
" O God ! thou hast blest me, I ask for no more. "

Ah ! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye ?
Ah ! what is that sound which now startles his ear ?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky !
'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck,
Amazement confronts him with images dire :
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell,
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mary to save :
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.

O sailor boy ! woe to thy dream of delight
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss :
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love-honied kiss ?

O sailor boy ! sailor boy ! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay—
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge :
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge !

On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow :
Of thy bright yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll :
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—
O sailor boy ! sailor boy ! peace to thy soul !

What is the most profitable of all business ? The shoe : for, every pair is soled before it is finished.

Gray Goose and Gander.

When I was a single feller,
I lived in peace and pleasure :
But now I am a married man,
I'm troubled out of measure.
CHORUS.
Den look here, den look dare,
And look ober yander :
Don't you see dat old gray goose,
A smiling at de gander ?

Ebery night when I go home,
She scolds or it's a wonder :
And den she takes dat pewter mug
And beats my head asunder.

My old wife was taken sick.
De pain ob death came on her :
Some did cry—but I did laugh
To see de breff go from her.

Saturday night my old wife died,
Sunday she was buried,
Monday was my courting day,
On Tuesday I got married.

My old wife has gone abroad,
Some evil spirit guide her ;
I know she has not gone to church ;
For, de debil can't abide her.

I heard a rumblin' in de sky,
It imitated thunder :
If my old wife ain't back again,
It really is a wonder.

Sister Sally dreamt a dream,
Dreamt she went a gunning,
Dreamt she eat a mushroom
As big as any punkin.

Sister Sal she climbs right well,
Can't climb as she uster :
Dare she sets a pitching corn
At our old bob tail rooster.

Bright Eyes For Me.

My pretty little daisy,
She nearly drives me crazy,
Well bright blue eyes all men surprise,
Like dew drops on a daisy ;
By a Queen I'm loved, as you know :
Her name it is Queen Juno.
My little heart from her won't part,
She's such a lovely girl !
CHORUS.
Oh ! a pair of bright eyes are the thing for me,
And we know they are such pretty things to see—
When we are married, oh ! how happy we shall be,
Among the upper ten how envied I shall be !

Reposing on the flowers
Near the celestial bowers,
I was made to start by Cupid's dart
And thro' a golden shower,
While feigning to be sleeping,
I saw my Juno peeping ;
Mid the sunlit skies her bright blue eyes
Said : " Mortal, I love you ! "
Oh ! a pair of bright eyes, &c.

Staggering Home to Bed.

Sung by Hughey Dougherty—Composed by Frank Dumont.

I now belong to the " midnight club, "
Good fellows, you'll all agree,
Always ready to go on a lark
Or a good old-fashioned spree :
Or then, ere daylight, off we go—
To rest our weary head,
And vocally let each sleeper know
We're staggering home to bed.
CHORUS.
Then give up your former ways
And join our club instead.
And, by the light of early morn,
Go staggering home to bed.

And then each night we meet, you know,
And all our friends we greet :
Oh ! how the empty bottles fly,
As each one stands a treat—
And then we part to meet again,
With " good-night ! " to Jim or Fred :
A friendly M. P. takes our arm,
As we're staggering home to bed.
Then give up, &c.

At times we cling with a loving grip
To a lamp-post on our way,
Or dream of all our jolly friends,
As in the street we lay :
I'm looking ruddy in the face,
My nose is rather red.
We black our eyes, or crack our skulls,
As we're staggering home to bed !
Then give up, &c.

Fanny Powers.

SONG AND DANCE—Sung by Fox and Ward.

We've sung about the yaller girl,
And she's lovely as a rose :
But now we'll sing strains of one
Indeed you can't suppose ;
Her form is like a Venus fair,
Her cheeks blush like the flowers,
But the only one that holds our hearts
Is little Fanny Powers.

CHORUS.

It was early in the fall,
I met her at a ball :
She wore a wreath of coral flowers.
As side by side we sat,
My heart went pit-a-pat
To think of little Fanny Powers.

I asked her then to dance with me,
That's if she felt inclined :
She answered in a voice so sweet,
And said she didn't mind.
We danced the polka o'er and o'er,
And spent each happy hour,
And I found, that night, my heart had flown
To little Fanny Powers.

It was early, &c.

The Little Street Peddler.

Words by Frank Dumont—Music by Hicks.

Sung by J. L. Woolsey.

Weary and cold thro' the falling sleet,
Wandering about in her little bare-feet,
With tears in her eyes, she vainly tries
To sell a few apples which nobody buys :
All hurry by—for, dark grows the day,
And alone she is sitting, her thoughts far away—
Oh ! none hear her sobs or her plaintive moan,
Left thro' the cold night the streets to roam !

CHORUS.

Will no one heed my feeble cry ?
Must I be left here to die ?
Oh ! my tears, I see, are of no avail,
The winds answer me with a wail—

Thro' the dark night, and thick falling snow,
Trembling and fearful, alone to and fro—
Still waiting and hoping with tear moistened eye
That some one would see her nice apples and buy :
Will no kind soul 'mong the thick passing throng,
Ever pity the poor helpless girl so forlorn ?
Oh ! no—in the cold blast this night she may lie,
Left all alone uncared for to die !

Will no one heed my feeble cry, &c.

Darling Ones, Come From Above.

Words by Frank Dumont—Music by Fred. B. Naylor.
The Music is Published by Hempstead, Milwaukee.
Sung by J. L. Woolsey.

Spirit forms are hovering nigh,
As I sit so sad and lone,
Thinking of the happier days,
And the dear ones that are gone.
Loved ones, linger by my side,
Leave me not alone I pray :
Wife and children again are here—
Gentle spirits, stay ! oh ! stay !

CHORUS.

Now they beckon me to come
From this world so sad and drear :
Darling ones, come from above,
Gentle spirits, linger near.

Spirit forms are hovering nigh,
Wafting words of cheer to me,
Telling me earth I must leave—
With them forever happy be.
Little faces smile so sweetly—
Could I but clasp them to my heart !
And they beckon me to come :
Gentle spirits, must we part ?

Now they beckon me, &c.

A cynical lady, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like a cold—very easily caught, but very difficult to get rid of.

Vegetable Pills.

As Sung by the famous banjoist, Harry Stanwood.

There was a little man,
And he never had his health,
He was subject to all sorts of ills,
He went down town on Sunday afternoon,
And bought a box of vegetable pills.
Oh ! he took twenty four, and then he went to bed,
And soon was fast asleep ;
When he opened up his eyes,
Very much to his surprise,
He was turned into a great big beet.

The old woman was tackled
With a pain in her head,
And she sent for her darling son,
Said she : "Go get me that very box of pills,
I think that I will take some."
And then she got worse—
So they sent for the nurse :
For, she'd taken a very big number.
When she looked in the glass,
She was just as green as grass.
She had turned into a big cucumber.

One night, the old man
He got very tight,
And he felt so very queer.
He thought he would try
A small dose of pills.
In a pint of lager beer,
He took sixty-four,
Then about a dozen more,
Which made him feel forlorn,
When he sat right down,
And his head flopped around,
He had turned into a big ear of corn.

The little pussy, kitten cat,
Was looking for a rat,
And she spied the box of pills :
She looked all around,
Then she gobbled them down,
She thought 'twould cure her ills.
Then the fun begun,
When the cat began to run
From the cellar clear up into the garret :
Her body was turned right into sour-kront,
And her tail into a great big carrot !

MORAL.

For, if you do,
You surely it will rue,
And think how strange it seems,
How funny you would look,
All strung up on a hook,
And turned right into beans !

Sweet Land of Tyrol.

English Words by Geo. Cooper—Music by Mad'lle Theresa.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the piano-forte, is published in Dr Witt's Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by E. M. De Witt, 33 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

I know a land so far away,
A merry land so sweet and gay :
And there I know a pretty maid
With eyes that shame the stars above,
And she's the darling that I love—
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

CHORUS.

Tra, la, la, la,
The little darling that I love !
Tra ou, la ou, la ou,
Tra ou, la ou, la ou,
Tra ou, la ou, la ou, la.
La, la, la, la,
All in the land of sweet Tyrol !
Tra ou, la ou, la ou,
Tra ou, la ou, la ou,
Tra ou, la ou, la ou, la la ou,
Tra ou, la ou, la ou, la ou, la ou, la ou, la,
Tra, la, la.

Her step is like the bounding fawn,
Her rosy cheeks are like the dawn !
And hand in hand, among the hills,
With merry hearts we'd gaily rove
And tell our tale of simple love—

Tra, la ! &c.

Oh ! still in all my dreams I hear
That gentle voice I loved so dear !
And still I see my mountain home,
And wander through each vale and grove
And hear the native songs I love—

Tra la ! &c.

Why is a street-door like a barrel of Whisky ?
Because it is frequently TAPPED.

Why is justice like a shad ?
Because she carries scales.

The Old Sailor's Dream.

Sung by John C, Marlowe with great applause.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Publishing Office of E. H. Harding, No. 280 Bowery, New-York—Price 10 Cts.

'Neath the village oak sat an old man worn,
Leaning his hand on a trusty staff ;
He was silent and sad on that beauteous morn,
Till roused by the sound of a childlike laugh :
He raised his head and smiled, while a tear
Coursed gently down o'er his furrowed cheek,
And the wondering child sought his grief to cheer,
As he stroked the hand of that old man meek.

"Sit down, my child, by thy grandsire's side,"
And he passed his hand through his golden hair,
While he smiled in the zest of an old man's pride,
O'er his childish form, so blithe and fair.
It led him back to his boyhood's days,
When his arm was strong and his laugh was free—
Ere the storm had sprinkled his locks with grey,
Or he tempted the waves of the treacherous sea.

He dreamed of a maid, blue-eyed and mild,
Who once plighted troth 'neath that village tree ;
How he loved her then—ere she drove him wild,
And he left her and home for the blue, blue sea :
How he wandered afar, but found no balm,
Through the weary course of many a year,
Till years brought age, and age a calm
That memory moistened with a tear.

See : the old man's eyes are closed in sleep,
And the visions change in his slumbers now :
For, gentle smiles o'er his features creep,
Like the varied hues of the rains bright bow ;
But never more shall the old man dream
By the village tree of the days of yore :
For, his soul went out with the sun's last beam,
And his anchor is cast on the safe lee shore.

A Heart For Sale.

Words by Isaac Moffat—Music by E. Thompson.

The Music can be obtained of the Publisher, Louis Meyer, 1413 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

I'm young, as you see, my hand it is free,
My face is my fortune, I'll own ;
I want some young man to have pity on me,
I'm tired of this living alone.
I'm sure I'd be kind to the man to my mind :
For, my temper's as meek as a dove,
To his foibles and follies my eyes would be blind :
For, my bosom is brimful of love !
To his foibles and follies my eyes would be blind :
For, my bosom is brimful of love !

I'm not given to flirt, my heart is unhurt,
I was never brought out at the shore ;
I'm fond of my book and know how to cook,
Now what could my darling wish more ?
Don't speak all at once, I'm not such a dunce
To be caught like a fish, with a fly !
The man of my choice must be honest and true,
And him I will love till I die !
The man of my choice must be honest and true,
And him I will love till I die !

I suppose, like all others, I'm fond of a hat,
A feather, or trifles like these :
But the aim of my life will be higher, I hope,
And I'll strive best my husband to please.
I'm far from being perfect, forgive such a thought,
Tho' the streets I'm not given to roam ;
I'd like to be thought a most excellent mate,
The light and the joy of our home !
I'd like to be thought a most excellent mate,
The light and the joy of our home !

"Mother, said a little girl who was engaged in making her doll an apron, I believe I will be a Duchess when I grow up." "How do you ever expect to become a Duchess, my daughter ?" her mother asked. "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure," replied the girl.

"Julius, what's de worst feeling you ever 'sperienced ?" "Mortification."

"At what time did that happen ?" "When I popped de question to a gal and she said No !"

Stout and Bitter.

I tasted have all liquors known, but none could I e'er find
Which could so well my thoughts dispel,
and suit this languid mind :
I've paid high prices, but things, you know,
are not all gold that glitter—
But good and cheap I've found a deep,
good draught of Stout and Bitter.

CHORUS.

Stout and Bitter, Stout and Bitter,
Give me Stout and Bitter :
I care for nought, if I can sport
A glass of Stout and Bitter.

Yes, Stout and Bitter is my cry, when I am on the spree,
And none too much can I e'er touch, so well does it agree—
Now a lady once she said to me :
(I never shall forget her)
" What a strange feat you should be so sweet
on drinking so much Bitter !
Stout and Bitter, &c.

A charmer fair I once took out, the one I did adore,
When in a crowd I heard aloud she'd lovers half a-score—
How so many to avoid who all would like to get her,
I said : " Decide ! and she replied :
I'll have Stout and Bitter. "
Stout and Bitter, &c.

Now that we have wedded been a twelvemonth and a day,
And lots of troubles we have seen—still
we are light and gay :
And as through life we jog along,
and sunbeams o'er us flitter,
We'll drink to Mars and
thank our stars we still have Stout and Bitter !
Stout and Bitter, &c.

Jamsetjhee !

Just like Sinbad the Sailor
Or Robinson Crusoe—
I left my native land, in search
Of wonders I would go ;
I went to be a sailor—
I come back, as you see,
A mixture of an Indian,
A Turk and Chimpansee.
Chorus : Jamsetjhee, ma jabajahoy,
Jabbery Dobie Porie
Ikey, Pikey, Sikey, Crikey,
Chillingowallabadorie.

We'd been to sea a fortnight,
A dreadful storm arose :
Upon an Island I was thrown,
To wind and rain exposed,
By savages surrounded :
(It was their Island home,)
They addressed me in a language
Decidedly their own.
Jamsetjhee, ma jabajahoy, &c.

I expected from these savages
Less pence than kicks and blows :
They'd a funny dress, in fact they'd not
A single stitch of clothes.
They tore my things from off my back
My hair from out the roots,
They left me with a waistcoat,
A hat and pair of boots.
Jamsetjhee, ma jabajahoy, &c.

When they'd got all my clothing,
Thinks I : what next they'll do ?
They brought their paint and painted me
With colors red and blue—
And so that was my costume :
A waistcoat for my clothes,
Striped red and blue, a hat and boots,
And a ring stuck through my nose.
Jamsetjhee, ma jabajahoy, &c.

For five years in that costume,
I roamed about the land :
To a damsel of the Royal-blood
They made me give my hand :
And there were great rejoicings
Upon the wedding day,
And we've got two pairs of black kids
My wife has taught to say :
Jamsetjhee, ma jabajahoy, &c.

One day, a ship appeared in sight,
I'd scarce believe it true—
To reach the ship I stole a boat,
And paddled my own canoe.
But now I'm back in Merikey,
The country I adore—
I'll take good care to stick to it—
And never leave it more.
Jamsetjhee, ma jabajahoy, &c.

JOHNSON : Ned, what is woman ?

NED : Woman is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Althoug it may be dear, every man should have a copy.

Girls are like peaches—the nearer they are ripe, the more they blush.

Why are book-keepers like chickens ?
Because they have to scratch for a living.

The Gay Deceiver.

Gallant and tall, and a soldier withal,
Sir Harry goes courting the fair :
He has burnished his curls, and his white hand twirls
Through the tresses with tender care.
He is whispering low—but don't let your hearts go,
Maidens, just watch, and you'll see
That Sir Harry can smile, and mean nothing the while :
For, a gay deceiver is he.
Scout him and flout him with pride and scorn :
For, he'll sue you, and woo you,
and leave you forlorn—
Scout him and flout him with pride and scorn :
For, he'll sue you, and woo you,
and leave you forlorn—

He holds up his head, and tells of the dead,
And the wounded his beauty has left :
Lightly he'll boast of his love-smitten host
By his charms of their peace bereft.
Oh ! heave not a sigh at the blink of his eye,
Though melting its beam may be ;
He seeks to entrance your souls with a glance,
But a gay deceiver is he.
Scout him and flout him—he worships a stone :
For, the image he doats on is only his own—
Scout him and flout him—he worships a stone :
For, the image he doats on is only his own—

This gallant and gay Sir Harry, they say,
Has reckoned his worth in gold :
Sir Harry is not to be given away,
He is only a thing to be sold.
Maidens, don't fret, though his whiskers of jet
Right daintily trimmed may be ;
Oh ! give him no part of woman's warm heart :
For, a gay deceiver is he.
Scout him and flout him with pride and scorn :
And leave him and his beauty to live forlorn—
Scout him and flout him with pride and scorn :
And leave him and his beauty to live forlorn—

The Good Old Songs.

As Sung by Frank van Hees, Balladist.

I love to hear the good old songs
Our fathers sung of yore ;
A secret charm to them belongs,
Which makes me young once more.
They bring the past to me again—
I see the old fireside :
Their memory doth with me remain
And in my heart abide.

CHORUS.

Let roof and rafter loudly ring
With joyous shouts once more,
As we'll again the old songs sing,
Our fathers sung of yore.

I love to hear those songs so quaint,
Which woke our fathers' mirth,
And which in homely language paint
Kind deeds of social worth.
There's honest feelings in their tone,
Which warms the heart again :
A lasting beauty, of their own,
The old songs still retain.
Let roof and rafter, &c.

I love to hear those songs so bold,
Which Columbia's glory tell,
And speak of gallant deeds of old,
That in our mem'ry dwell.
There's vigor in their melody,
A spirit ever young :
No songs have such a charm for me
As those our fathers sung.
Let roof and rafter, &c.

Why are the monsters of the deep better posted than the cable operators ?
Because they KNOW the news before it reaches either side.

What is the difference between a young lady and an old hat ?
One has feeling, and the other has felt.

Why is the Union like a stone ?
'Cause it's hard to dissolve.

The Young Girl of the Period.

She's one that will shirk from all kinds of work,
But will read each new romance and sonnet :
Wears feathers and frills, like porcupine quills,
Stuck around in a piece of a bonnet.
She loves to 'tend balls, she loves to make calls,
She always looks faded and wearied :
She's of the same stripe, a very good type
Of the present young girls of the period.

CHORUS.

The truth I must speak, tho' sickly and weak—
Of one thing she never gets wearied :
It's " guding " the street, where you often will meet
With the " gushing " young girls of the period.

With " chignons " and " rats " 'neath
smallest of hats,
With a pannier assiding to " bend " her :
With cheeks cherry red, tho' painted, 'tis said,
With a look very " gushing " and tender :
If old " Rip-Van-Wink " should wake up, I think
The people by him should be queried
To know whence she came, and what was the name
Of this dashing young girl of the period.
The truth I must speak, &c.

She marries a man as soon as she can,
And in most cases weds him for money :
And 'twixt you and I, she'll make it to fly,
That he'll think it amazingly funny.
To be a good wife is such a dull life,
Of house-keeping she becomes wearied :
Then " Hubby " will find he must have been blind,
When he wed this young girl of the period !
The truth I must speak, &c.

The Musician and the Dancer.

As Sung by Frank van Hees.

His name was Herr Tuyfel, and we understand
That he played the bassoon in a orchestra band :
A portly young Dutchman, quite gallant and tall,
With a yellow mustachio admired by all.
Chorus : Ri too ral lu, &c.

Her name was La Sylphide, a native of France,
And in the theatre she used to dance :
Oh ! she was bewitching, and in the Can-Can
She could, with her toes, kick the hat off a man.
Ri too ral, &c.

And Herr Tuyfel, the Dutchman,
while she danced and he played,
Cast many a sheep's eye at this pretty maid :
And he'd blow, and he'd blow,
while he fondly thought how
He would relish his lager if she was his frau !
Ri too ral, &c.

And one evening, La Sylphide she happened one eye
To cast down on Herr Tuyfel—it knocked him sky-high !
He blew, and he blew till he got out of breath—
Her glance the young Dutchman most tickled to death—
Ri too ral, &c.

He wrote her a letter, he called her his " dove, "
He swore he was dying by inches in love :
To smile on her lover his angel he bid,
He asked her his heart to accept—and she did.
Ri too ral, &c.

He was smitten completely—and, joking apart,
She had captured Herr Tuyfel, and stolen his heart :
He bought her silk dresses, and rings one or two :
He swore to be constant—she swore to be true.
Ri too ral, &c.

But fierce was his anger, and great his surprise,
When, one night, on another she cast both her eyes :
He watched her quite closely : and, what do you think ?
Why, at the base drummer she gave a sly wink !
Ri too ral, &c.

He thought of the dresses, he thought of the rings,
He thought of her promise, her kisses and things—
" False ! False ! shrieked her Tuyfel, I see it at last !
And he seized his bassoon, and he blew a loud blast !
Ri too ral, &c.

And he blew, and he blew a most horrible blow :
La Sylphide got frightened and fainted, you know—
But he blew for an hour, and then didn't stop
Till he blew of his head a large hole in the top !
Ri too ral, &c.

But little to tell you, my dear friends, remains—
He blew, and he blew till he blew out his brains :
And the fickle La Sylphide—you
can guess what's to come—
She married the fellow who played the base drum !
Ri too ral &c.

There are three things that never agree : two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, and two lovers after one gal.

Surely the Men Are to Blame.

Oh! dear, what shall I do?
Sir, I'm an unhappy lass;
My lover to me is untrue.
I'll tell how it all came to pass.
Oh! I started, one day, for a fly,
To see all the sights at Nahant,
And, while I was go'e, my lover proved false,
And eloped—eloped with my aunt.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear, what a shame!
And why did he leave me alone?
Surely the men are to blame,
If ladies to flirting have gone.
Oh! what, Oh! what shall I do?
Will somebody tell me? I pray:
I'll offer the heart and the hand that are true,
To the first man that comes in my way.

Has any one seen my old beau?
His looks I'll try to depict:
He squints with his left eye, just so—
And scowls as if he had been licked.
Oh! he walks with a gold-headed cane,
He's lean and as thin as a bat,
And over his carroty, firey-red hair,
He wears a shocking bad hat.
Oh! dear, what a shame! &c.

I've advertised over the land,
To find my false lover in vain:
And now I have given him up,
I never shall see him again:
Oh! but if he should some time come back,
I tell you I'd give him a slant:
For, men are alike—they are prone to elope,
If only alone with their aunt.
Oh! dear, what a shame! &c.

Paul Jones.

An American frigate from Baltimore came,
Her guns mounted forty, the Richard by name,
When to cruise in the channel of old England,
With a noble commander: Paul Jones was the man.

We had not sailed long, before we did espy
A large forty-four and a twenty close by:
Those two warlike ships full laden with store,
Our captain pursued to the bold Yorkshire shore.

At the hour of twelve, Pierce came a'ong-side,
With a loud speaking trumpet: "Whence came you? he cried;
Quick, give me an answer: I hailed you before,
Or this very instant a broadside I'll pour."

Paul Jones, he exclaimed: "My brave boys, we'll not run,
Let every brave seaman stand close to his gun!"
When a broadside was fired by these brave Englishmen,
And we, bold buckskin heroes, returned it again.

We fought them five glasses, five glasses most hot,
Till fifty brave seamen lay dead on the spot:
And full seventy more lay bleeding in their gore,
Whilst the Pierce's loud cannon on the Richard did roar.

Our gunner affrighted, unto Paul Jones he came:
"Our ship is a sinking likewise in a flame."
Paul Jones he replied in the height of his pride:
"If we can do no better, we'll sink along-side."

At length, our shot flew so quick they could not stand
The flag of proud Britain was forced to come down:
The Lion bore down, and the Richard did rake
Which caused the heart of brave Richard to ache.

"Come now, my brave Buckskins, we've taken a prize,
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise:
They are both noble vessels, well laden with store:
We will toss off the can to our country once more."

God help the poor widows, who shortly must weep
For the loss of their husbands now sunk in the deep!
We'll drink to brave Paul Jones who with sword in hand
Shone foremost in action, and gave us command—

Sweet Kitty Neil.

Words by J. F. Waller.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New-York.

Ah! sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from your wheel,
Your neat little foot will be weary of spinning,
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree:
Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning,
The sun has gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley:
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded valley,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded valley.

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass as she bound her hair, glancing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she could not choose but go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad troops are seen
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing:
And Pat, without fail, led out sweet Kitty Neil:
Somehow when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing,
Somehow when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

The Rataplan.

What a charm has the drum with its tan-a-ran-tan,
When we march to the gay parade!
Oh! the music we love is the bold rataplan,
And the rubadub merrily played—
Every heart is inspired by its magical sound,
There's a soul in the stirring drum,
And there is not a voice, while its echoes rebound,
But would cry: "Let the enemy come!"

CHORUS.

So merrily, Oh!
So cheerily, Oh!
So merrily march away—
Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
March away while we may,
'Tis a gay gala day,
And our banners are flaunting high,
In the sun sword and gun flash around every one
With a glance just as bright as the sky.

To the field when we march, how the tan-a-ran-tan
Makes the heart of the soldier glow!
Let him hear but the roll of the bold rataplan,
And how gallantly forward he'll go!
When the battle is done,
And the victory won,
Still the sound of the rolling drum
Sends its echoes afar,
From the red field of war,
To the dear friends who welcome us home!
Then merrily, &c.

Cheeky Little Cove.

As Sung by Elise Holt in the Burlesqueof "Ivanhoe."

I'm a cheeky little cove,
As I'm ready for to prove:
A student of the famous Harvard College,
I'm as jolly as they make 'em
In that place of education;
With a head chock full of literary knowledge,
A fool I'm here, you see.
That's the author, it's not me:
With a cap and bells I'm personating folly:
I'm ready for a spree.
Champagne or Eau de Vie—
For, a student's life it is so very jolly!

When a man puts up his hands,
And a round or two demands,
My left bunch I gracefully put forward:
He'll receive it with a throb,
Fairly planted on his nob
No trifling with the festive lads of Harvard—
The girls they love us all,
I'm the favorite, 'cause I'm small,
The Lilliputian champion of the light weights:
I've taken my degrees,
And I do just what I please.
Does this cheeky little Harvard graduate.

"Homo omnium horarum,"
A Latin phrase and common.
For a "man who can't turn his hand to anything:"
A dash of spice you'll see.
If on the road you tackle me,
My nags will pass you by like a plaything:
I'm my father's only son,
Because he's only got one:
He thinks I'm rather fast and very forward.
When I only spend the tin,
Make things in general spin:
For, I'm one of the festive lads of Harvard!

I Love, and I Am Beloved!

"J'AIME, JE SUIS AIMÉ!"

Words by Edmond Arnould—Music by Reichardt.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the piano-forte, is published in De Witt's Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by B. M. De Witt, 23 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

I love, and I am beloved!
Oh! lovely now the blooming fields!
Oh! sweet and fair are the birds and the flowers!
And, hark! the notes of song birds
Ring all the live-long hours
Fill my soul with joy, with their anthem's sweet praise!
Dawns another spring to my gaze fond and loving:
Hills and beautiful vales now appear to my view
Sweet and bright in the dawn, 'neath skies laughing blue:
Earth and heaven are fair beyond the poet's painting:
And ye, beautiful sounds, borne to me, how ye charm!
Ye breathe of joy and love while my soul ye steep in balm:
Oh! tell, are ye more fair, more awake, more enchanting?
Tell me true, tell me, are ye doubly enchanting?
No, beautiful sun!
No, birds singing so sweetly!
No, beautiful sun!
Nothing has changed but me—None but me!
I love, and I am beloved!

Leave You to Decide.

I have a beau,
I love him so,
I don't know what to do:
And Papa said
I shall not wed—
Now what am I to do?
Chorus: I pray you tell me, any one,
Would you let him slide?
Or would you marry this dear one?
I leave you to decide.

He's such a dear,
That much I fear
To let him from me go:
"There's fish in the sea—"
Perhaps not for me—
Now what am I to do?
I pray you, &c.

He loves me, Oh!
He told me so:
And yet Pa's such a foe,
If he once says no,
It's sure no go—
Now what am I to do?
I pray you, &c.

I'll be a nun,
And then with fun
Forever I'll be through:
I love the man,
Yet this is my plan,
And that is what I'll do.
I pray you, &c.

Remember Thee!

By Thomas Moore.

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art:
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Were thou all that I wish thee—great,
glorious and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow:
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they torture, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose heart, like the young of the
desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop
that flows from thy breast.

Marion's Song.

Words by E. F—Music by Claribel.

Once in the cool of early morn,
The lark was singing aloud:
Like a king in state he was high up borne,
His throne was a crimson cloud:
While thro' the air his song was ringing,
Came the sweet sounds of Marion's singing—
The echoes listened and caught the strain,
I heard them singing the song again,
I heard them singing the song again.

Then, in the turf, the violet sweet
Looked up at the music rare:
The sunbeams crept to my darling's feet,
And worshipped the singer there:
The lark came down from his cloud to hear her,
The linnet flew up to a briar near her,
The dew-drops clung to her garment's hem:
She sings not now for any of them,
She sings not now for any of them—

Angels who sing in the heav'ns above,
Bent over their harps and smiled:
For, their love to me was a cruel love,
They robbed me of my child—
In vain may the lark and linnet listen,
In vain may the sun on the dew-drops glisten:
No Marion sings to them, never, oh! never!
The Angels will keep her, for ever, for ever!
The Angels will keep her, for ever, for ever!

Good-Bye, Charlie :
Or Do Not Forget Your Nelly Darling.

By G. W. Hunt.

Oh ! how I envy girls who have
Their lovers close at home—
While distance keeps me far from mine,
Who o'er the seas must roam :
Should I but see him twice a year,
Contented I must be,
And hope he'll ne'er forget my words
When last he went to sea.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Charlie, when you are away
Write me a letter, love :
Send me a letter, love :
Good-bye, Charlie, when you are away,
Do not forget your Nelly darling !

How nice the drive, the game at chess,
Or moonlight walk must be !
How nice to have one's love "drop in"
To take a cup of tea !
How nice to have sweet billet-doux
Arrive by every post !
The whilst poor me can but expect
Just two a year at most—
Good-bye, Charlie, &c.

It's hard to see such swarms of swells,
Who stay at home at ease,
The while my darling has to sail
The wide and stormy seas :
But I suppose it would not do
For all to stay at home,
And so I can but hope my love
Ere long will cease to roam.
Good-bye, Charlie, &c.

When the Band Begins to Play.

Written and Composed by G. W. Hunt.

I'm very fond of music—to me it's quite a treat,
Unless it be from German Bands, or Organs in the street :
Thro' list'ning to a band, one day, I fairly lost my heart !
The leader 'twas who found it and he now with it won't part.

CHORUS.

Oh ! I feel so awfully jolly when the band begins to play,
When the band begins to play,
when the band begins to play—
I'm very fond of music, I could listen all the day,
Especially when my Charlie leads the band—Pom, Pom.

My Charlie is my darling—the BEAU IDEAL of loves,
With his hair so black and curly, and
his whitest of white gloves :
My love stands in the middle, with his BATON in his hand,
And leads the instrumentalists in a style
that I think grand—
Oh ! I feel so awfully jolly, &c.

They play such jolly music—waltz, polka, and quadrille,
And sometimes play so FEELINGLY,
it gives me quite a thrill—
The leader sometimes gives a frown,
and looks as though he's rash :
And then they play so soft and sweet,
and after comes a CRASH—
Oh ! I feel so awfully jolly, &c.

Now, where my Charlie's to be seen I don't intend to tell,
For fear that he might captivate some other BELLE as well :
He's asked me "one small question"—
I gave him my reply—
In about a month there will not be a happier wife than I.
Oh ! I feel so awfully jolly, &c.

Do a Kind Act When You Can.

By L. M. Thornton.

If fortune is smiling upon you,
And care never enters your breast,
Oh ! do not forget for a moment
That many there are not so blest :
Amid the bright hours of plenty,
Remember that "Life's but a span,"
Be thankful for what you're enjoying,
And do a kind act when you can.

What's life to the poor, I would ask, but
A wearisome journey at best ?
Our duty's to lighten the journey,
And cheer up each spirit opprest :
Then 'mid the bright hours of plenty,
Remember that "Life's but a span,"
Be thankful for what you're enjoying,
And do a kind act when you can.

The Green Fields of America.

By Miss Mary O'Neil.

Let us go to the land where the green fields are blooming
Over the water, far, far away,
Where the banner of freedom o'er us will be waving,
Where all are so joyful, happy and gay—
We'll take a last look on the home we are leaving,
And sigh for the fate of our own native shore :
We'll go to the land where the green fields are blooming,
The home for the stranger, our new home, Ashtore.

Let us go to the land where the green fields are blooming,
Oh ! friends of our, we bid you adieu :
And Oh ! while our foot-steps are far distant roaming,
Dear ones of our kindred, we'll oft think of you :
Then bear us away to the land of the stranger,
The home of the pilgrim, the land of the free :
Cheer up, my own, we'll brave every danger,
And go to the green fields away over the sea.

Let us go to the land where the green fields are blooming,
——, my darling, the ship is by the strand :
We'll cross the great ocean, 'mid billows all foaming,
All perils and dangers we've learned to withstand—
Then cheer up, my loved one, let sorrow no longer
Dim the fond eye that once beamed with light :
There is plenty, they say, in the land where we're going,
The green fields of America ever are bright.

I'll Tell Nobody.

Oh ! I am in love, but I won't tell with who :
For, I know very well what the fair ones would do ;
They'd chatter, and flatter, and make themselves fine :
So poor little some one would have a sad time.
So I'll tell nobody, I'll tell nobody,
Nobody, nobody, nobody, no !
I'll tell nobody, I'll tell nobody,
Nobody, nobody, nobody, no !

If I tell it to one, she will tell it to two :
At the next cup of tea they would plot what to do :
And as men have no constancy in their own mind,
He'd seek a new face, and leave some one behind.
They all want somebody, all are dying for
Somebody, somebody, I know who :
They all want somebody, all are dying for
Somebody, somebody, I know who.

But this much I'll tell you : he's not over tall,
And lest you should guess him, he's not very small ;
I met him last night, and he pulled off my glove :
So I think you may guess who is somebody's love.
But I'll tell nobody, I'll tell nobody, &c.

But when I am sure that his heart's all my own,
That he loves me sincerely, and never will roam,
Oh ! then I'll defy all their jeers and their taunts :
For, plainly 'twill show what 'tis each of them wants.
They all want somebody, all are dying for, &c.

I Really Don't Think I Shall Marry.

Come listen to me, I'm sure you'll agree
'Tis a shame that I longer should tarry,
Tho' beaux I can find, yet not one to my mind :
So I really don't think I shall marry.
There's Edward so gay that he never can pay
Much attention to one girl in twenty :
And then his long hair—such a fright ! I declare
If half off, he would then have quite plenty.

CHORUS.

So, then, listen to me, and I'm sure you'll agree,
'Tis a shame that I longer should tarry,
Tho' beaux I can find, yet not one to my mind :
So I really don't think I shall marry.

Now George he is fair, and such men I can't bear,
And that turn in his eye is so horrid :
And I'm sure he must drink, or what else can I think
Makes his face so uncommonly florid ?
And James, though he's thin—and I think it no sin
To confess he's good-natured and funny :
And I should not object such a man to select,
Was he blessed with that needful, the money—
So, then, listen to me, &c.

Then Charles wears a wig, but I don't care a fig
For his locks, his deep sighs, and his letters :
This I wish him to know—for me he's too low,
I intend to look out for his betters.
And Edwin, though short, I own I have caught,
And have promised to tend him at leisure :
But I don't care for that, he is so very fat,
I can never look at him with pleasure.
So, then, listen to me, &c.

There's Arthur, now mind, who thinks he's refined,
And says he speaks French like a native :
But he turns in his toes, and wears very queer clothes,
Tells stories, and so imitative—
Indeed the whole set puts me quite in a pet,
I've no doubt you'll all own I have reasons
To leave such as these to do just as they please,
And wait till some good are in season—
Now you've listened to me, and, of course,
you'll agree, &c.

Why is the letter "e" a gloomy and discontented vowel ? Because, though never out of health and pocket, it never appears in spirits.

Down Among the Coals.

Sung by Henri Clark.

My Jemima was in service once,
At a house in Hoxton Square :
She never got out, and so I used
To go and court her there.
Her mistresses were two old maids—
Such very particular souls—
That Jemima often had to hide me
In amongst the coals.

CHORUS.

Down among the coals, down among the coals—
Oh ! by Jove ! it was a lark, all alone and in the dark—
Down among the coals, down among the coals,
Waiting to make love to my Jemima.

When in that cellar, cobwebs used
To decorate my clothes
The coal-dust got into my eyes,
And would get up my nose :
And when it rained, the water came
A trickling through a crack,
And I always fancied spiders were
A crawling down my back.
Down among the coals &c.

One night, they sent Jemima out,
Who'd forgotten her dear Joe
Was down among the Wallsends,
And a prisoner below.
I began to freeze, was obliged to sneeze,
And felt inclined to shout—
At last called thro' the keyhole,
"Here, Jemima let's get out !"
Down among the coals &c.

At last, the door was opened,
'Twas dark, oh ! best of bliss !
I threw my arms around her neck,
And gave her such a kiss—
A scream—and then a shovel
Gave me one upon the head—
I'd kissed her ancient mistress,
Oh ! ha ! I needn't say I fled—
Down among the coals &c.

They say : "Love laughs at locksmiths."
That was the case with us :
Of course, Jemima had to leave—
It caused an awful fuss—
But I married her soon after that,
I'm as happy as a king,
And often round our cozy fire,
This is what we sing—
Down among the coals, &c.

Skating on the Ice.

Written, Composed and Sung by Albert Leighton.

One morning when I rose from bed,
I looked into the yard,
And found to my intense delight
That it was freezing hard :
Of course, I quickly donned my clothes,
And off I went in a trice
To Central Park, there to enjoy
A skate upon the Ice.

CHORUS.

Skating on the Ice in the Park, lads :
Skating on the Ice in the Park, lads :
I never shall forget the charming girl I met
When skating on the Ice in the Park, lads

Already thousands had arrived,
That charming sport to try :
But soon amid that motley throng
A damsel caught my eye.
With seal-skin-hat and jacket, too,
She really looked so nice—
As like a fawn she glided on,
While skating on the Ice
Skating on the Ice, &c.

I followed her where'er she went,
I could not go away :
In fact, I could have followed her
For ever and a day :
She neared a spot marked "Dangerous"
Unheeding the advice,
She onward sped and with a scream
She sank beneath the Ice.
Skating on the Ice, &c.

Towards the place I madly rushed
That lovely girl to save,
Then in I plunged and soon a sigh
Of satisfaction gave :
I found her, clasped her in my arms,
There held her like a vice—
And with her quickly made my way
From underneath the Ice.
Skating on the Ice, &c.

Of course, I went to see her home,
We made love on the way,
And often I have called to see
My darling since that day.
It is arranged that I shall wed
That little pearl of price :
I saved her life and won a wife,
When skating on the Ice.
Skating on the Ice, &c.

I'll Tell Nobody.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.



3.

But this much I'll tell you, he's not over tall,
And lest you should guess him, he's not very sma
I met him last night, and he pulled off my glove
So I think you may guess who is somebody's lov
But I'll tell nobody, &c.

4.

But when I am sure that his heart's all my own,
That he loves me sincerely, and never will roam
Oh, then I'll defy all their jeers and their taunts
For plainly 'twill show what 'tis each of them wan
They all want somebody, &c.

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CONTENTS.

Alice, where art Thou? ..... Page 562
Angels Ever Bright and Fair 562
A Batchelor is his own Master 563
The ARAB 566
Avenue A 567
Don't be Addicted to Drinking 565
Don't I Like My Betsy! 566
DOWN IN A COAL MINE 567
Don't give de Name a Bad Place 567
The Flaxen-Headed Plough-Boy 562
Faith! I must be in Love! 566
The Girl at the Matinee 563
Give Me Thy Blessing, Dear Mother 565
The GIFT FROM O'ER THE SEA 566
I did not do it, upon My honor! 564
I Dreamed My Boy was Home Again 567
The Kiss in the Stile 565
LUMP OF FAT 563
The Light Bark 563
Little Mischief 563
Lilly Baker 564
Lizzie Lindsay 564
LITTLE LOG HUT 564
Let's Try to Meet Trouble Half-Way 565
The Midnight Serenade 562
The Medical Student 562
My Baby Boy 563
Molly Hill's Rejected 564
Marry in Haste and Repent at Leisure 565
MUSIC OF THE MILL 565
The Night-Wind Sighs Alone 563
The Nervous Family 565
Never more, My Clara Dear 566
NAPOLITAINE 567
The Old Cottage Clock—Music 568
Parody on: Nothing More 566
Roguish Eyes 562
ROBIN'S SO SHY 563
She is not Fair to Outward View 563
Singing for a Wife 564
The Strong-Minded Woman 565
She said: 'twas Delightful—Oh, very! 566
Some Folks Like to Sigh 566
SARAH 567
Terry O'Rielly 562
They Mourn Me Dead 563
We Met Beneath an Awning 562
When I Went out a-Sleighing 564
Willie, My Brave 566
You Know What I Know 567

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SINGER'S JOURNAL.
All the News Dealers, throughout the United States and Canada, can send their orders for the "Singer's Journal" to the
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Who will supply them at the Publisher's lowest rate.

Alice, Where Art Thou?

The birds sleeping gently,
Sweet Lyra gleameth bright,
Her rays singe the forest,
And all seems glad to-night:
The winds sighing by me,
Cooling my fevered brow,
The stream flows as ever—
Yet, Alice, where art thou?
One year back this even,
And thou wert by my side:
And thou wert by my side,
Vowing to love me—
One year past this even,
And thou wert by my side,
Vowing to love me, Alice,
Whate'er might betide—

The silver rain falling,
Just as it falleth now:
And all things sleeping gently—
Ah! Alice, where art thou?
I've sought thee by lakelet,
I've sought thee on the hill,
And in the pleasant wildwood,
When winds blow cold and chill:
I've sought thee in forest,
I'm looking heav'nward now:
I'm looking heav'nward now,
Oh! there, amid the starshine—
I've sought thee in forest,
I'm looking heav'nward now:
Oh! there, amid the starshine,
Alice, I know art thou!

The Midnight Serenade.

Air: Poor Mary Ann.

Now when half the world is dreaming,
I'll think on love:
While the moon is brightly beaming,
I'll think on love:
By its bright light I'll trace the bower,
Where Julia's the brightest flower,
And at her feet the homage shower—
Of honest love.

When nightingales warble their songs,
I'll think on love:
When night does lover's days prolong,
I'll think on love:
The rippling waves no longer bound
With sparkling oars or minstrel's sound,
But all are silent still around—
Except true love!

While the Dame is now sleeping
I'll think on love:
While night drowsy watch is keeping,
I'll think on love:
When sleep does close the watching eye
Of Julia's guard—her heart I'll try,
Or, failing in my hopes, I'll die—
For Julia's love!

Terry O'Rielly.

Sure, Terry O'Rielly, I've waited, you know,
And sure you're not coming, like my own thrue beau:
I've looked through the windy, till each little pane
Is near hid by my tears like a shower of rain—
Ooh, hone! Terry, come soon!
Or else I'll get married some fine afternoon.

Sweet Terry O'Rielly, why keep me sighing?
If I tarry longer, of grief I'll be dying—
Now, Terry, pray haste, and this heart give relief,
Or, faith! my dear Terry, I'll soon die with grief—
Ooh, hone! Terry, come soon!
Or else I'll get married some fine afternoon

Dear Terry O'Rielly, I ne'er was a flirt:
Still Terence is handsome and he'll gain my heart—
Sure some one I must have, whose kindness will prove
He's devoted to me, and, faith! him will I love—
Ooh, hone! Terry, come soon!
Or else I'll get married some fine afternoon.

Now, Terry O'Rielly, I am tired of sighing,
I'm wearied to death, sure, with fretting and sighing:
I'll marry to spite you, ma cushla, and part
With love for you, Terry, and so break my heart—
Ooh, hone! Terry, come soon!
Or else I'll get married some fine afternoon.

Angels Ever Bright and Fair.

From "Theodora," by Handel.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the piano-forte, is published in Dr. Wyer's Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by R. M. De Witt, 13 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

Angels ever bright and fair,
Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh! take me,
Take, oh! take me to your care!
Take me, take, oh! take me!
Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh! take me to your care.
Take, oh! take me to your care!

Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white,
Clad in robes of virgin white,
Clad in robes of virgin white:
Take me, Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh! take me,
Take, oh! take me to your care!
Take me, take, oh! take me,
Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh! take me to your care,
Take, oh! take me to your care!

We Met Beneath an Awning.

One sultry summer morning,
A year ago or past,
We met beneath an awning,
When it was raining fast.
She looked so very sweetly,
As ne'er had been before:
I was in love completely,
Before the rain was o'er.
Chorus: She looked so very sweetly,
As ne'er had been before:
I was in love completely,
Before the rain was o'er.

I said: "'Twas quite a shower."
"'Tis so" the lass replied:
And for a full half hour,
We chatted side by side
I found I knew her brother,
And she had heard of mine:
And then—somehow or other—
She asked me home to dine. Chorus.

Soon after, we were married,
And settled down in life:
And I have often tarried
Where first I met my wife.
And, though life's pleasant morning
Has dawned on me again
I'll ne'er forget the awning—
Nor that sweet summer rain. Chorus.

The Flaxen-Headed Plough-Boy.

A flaxen-headed cow-boy,
As simple as may be,
And next a merry plough-boy,
I whistled o'er the lea:
But now a saucy footman,
I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler,
And wag my jolly face:
When steward I'm promoted,
I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
My master's coffers empty,
My pockets for to fill:
When lolling in my chariot,
So great a man I'll be—
You'll forget the little plough-boy
That whistled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections,
But when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for parliament,
And then vote in myself.
Whatever's good for me, sir,
I never will oppose:
When all my ayes are sold off,
Why, then I'll sell my nose—
I'll bawl, harangue, and paragraph,
With speeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tired on my legs,
Then I'll sit down a peer—
In court or city honors,
So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy
That whistled o'er the lea.

The Medical Student.

So Miss Edwards is going to marry,
And they say 'tis a capital match:
But I know quite enough of the parties,
To affirm it not much of a catch.
They say he's a medical man:
(How people their friends will miscall!)
For as yet he is only a student,
And has passed neither college nor hall!

Yes, indeed he's a medical student,
And he wears such a horrid rough coat
Fitted up with those ugly wood buttons
Which he fastens quite up to his throat—
Then his hat cost about four and nine,
With a brim very broad and quite flat:
'Tis a pity that medical students
Have such love for a gossamer hat.

Yes indeed, he's a medical student:
And because his last bills are not paid,
His credit is gone for the future—
So he buys all his boots ready made:
They are Bluchers, and rather square-toed,
Which fit with the fashion accords:
But they do for a medical student
Just to tramp round the hospital wards.

He never has much in his pocket,
And the reason of this is quite clear—
He so quickly gets rid of his money
By drinking that horrible beer!
In the class he but seldom is seen,
And at those who attend he will laugh:
'Tis a pity that medical students
Drink so much of that vile half-and-half.

And if he attends any lectures,
It isn't because he's inclined,
But he shows himself (once in a fortnight)
Just to get his certificate signed.
He says he's well up in his Latin,
Both Celsus and Gregory too:
But I'm sure he's a little too certain,
And I don't much think he'll get through.

He goes up to the hall in the summer,
And so he's beginning to read:
But he don't like his practice of physic,
And thinks botany humbug, indeed:
He says the old saying's quite just,
Which most of you doubtless have known,
That hydrogen means gin and water,
And oxygen pure gin alone!

And when he has passed all his troubles,
He still from his lady must roam:
For, you know 'tis a horrid profession,
And you can't catch an instant at home.
Dear girls, if you'll take my advice
You will never repent of the plan,
However "hard up" for an offer,
Never marry a medical man!

Roguish Cora.

SONG AND DANCE—Sung by Pankhurst and Collins.

Cunning little fairy,
So beautiful and airy,
Is my roguish Cora
With hair of golden hue.
Of my love I'm ever thinking,
Yet it is beyond the speaking,
Though I thoroughly adore her—
But of her I will tell you.
Chorus: My roguish Cora,
How I adore her!
With her none can compare,
My heart she doth bother,
I'll ne'er love another.

Cora with golden hair,
She's as plump as can be;
Blue eyes with which she scans me,
Has my roguish Cora
With hair of golden hue;
She confessed that she did love me,
And then said that she would wed me:
When I told her I adored her,
I was happy, I tell you.
My roguish, &c.

So a wedding there'll be,
And we'll have guests in plenty:
The bride roguish Cora
With hair of golden hue:
At St. Paul's Church it will then be,
On the afternoon of Wednesday—
Do not then wait for another:
For, I now do invite you.
My roguish, &c.

FOR THE GIRLS AND BOYS—An old English book of days, which is now out of print, and never ought to have been in print, says there are thirty-two days in the year, on either of which it is unlucky to get married. It gives the days but not the seasons. They are January 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10 and 15: February 6, 7 and 18: March 1, 6 and 8: April 6 and 11: May 5, 6 and 7: June 7 and 15: July 5 and 19: August 15 and 19: September 6 and 7: October 6: November 15 and 16: December 15, 26 and 27.

They Mourn Me Dead.

RECITATIVE.

They mourn me dead in my father's halls,
The black banner waves o'er its tower,
Where bitterly weeps my forsaken love,
In her long neglected bower.

AIR.

Ah! maiden, cease those pearly tears,
And give thy lute its tone:
For, a penitent knight returns to thine arms
And the joys of the days that are gone.
A penitent knight, &c.

The harp shall sound in my father's halls,
The gay minstrel merrily sing,
And village bells, greeting my glad return,
Our bridal peal shall ring.

Then, maiden, cease those pearly tears,
And give thy lute its tone:
For, a penitent knight returns to thine arms
And the joys of the days that are gone.
A penitent knight, &c.

My Baby Boy.

Oh! softly sleep, my baby boy,
Rocked by the mountain wind:
Thou dream'st not of a lover false,
Nor of a world unkind.

Oh! sweetly sleep, my baby boy,
Thy mother guards thy rest:
Thy fairy clasp, my little joy,
Shall soothe her aching breast.

Wake, wake and smile, my baby boy,
My heavy heart to cheer:
The wint'ry blast howls on the hills,
The leaf grows red and sear.

Oh! tell me, tell me, baby boy,
How shall I bear the cry,
When hunger gnaws thy little heart,
And death lights on thine eye?

Oh! was it meet, my baby boy,
That thou such weird should dree?
Sweet Heav'n forgive thy father false,
His wrongs to thee and me—

Lump of Fat.

As Sung by Jimmie Thompson the Inimitable Dutch Comique.

Dere is a charm I can't exblain. it's apout a gal I've seen
She got freckles all over und pock marked, too:
Und her eyes vas red vhite und green:
She vears a patent Grecian bender.
vhich is low und somedimes high:
Und de people all look fun der eyes all outer,
Vhenever she was gone py.

CHORUS

Put I feel shust so healthy as a pig lump of fat
Vhat vas rolled all over on de shtove:
Und my heart vas so light as a pig lump of dough,
Vhen you make it into shlapjacks cakes.

Oft in de dimes vhen she goes past
Like a statue of Rocks' old dimes,
I dought de question I vould pop, und ask her to be mine
Put de answer I received dat day—
I never vould dought so—vhen I asked her
to loan me a dollar and a half.
She says: "Vhat de divel you vant dat for?"
Put I feel, &c.

The Light Bark

"Off! said the stranger, off, off, and away!"
And away flew the light bark o'er the silvery bay:
"We must reach, ere to-morrow, the far distant wave;
The billows we'll laugh at, the tempest we'll brave!"

The young roving lovers, their vows have been given,
And smiled o'er by mortals but hallowed in heaven:
She was Italy's daughter, I knew by her eye:
It wore the bright beam that illumines her sky.
Off! said the stranger, &c.

And she has forsaken her palace and halls
For the chill breeze and the light which falls
O'er the pure wave, from the heavens above—
And their guiding star was the bright star of love!
Off! said the stranger, &c.

Robin's So Shy.

Young Robin, my sweetheart, is handsome and fair,
His cheeks are fresh colored, and raven his hair:
My Robin is nimble, and light on his feet,
To me he's the dearest I ever did meet—
But Robin's so shy—
'Tis very distressing that Robin's so shy.

My Robin is ready and willing, I know,
To come and escort me wherever I go:
He ne'er in his life sought a kiss, it is true,
While I am quite ready to let him have two.

My Robin is gentle, so loving and kind:
But yet he's too bashful to speak out his mind,
To offer his love with true fondness to me,
And say: "My dear Mary, Oh! will you have me?"

But should he, some morning,
more courage command
And say: "My dear Mary, (while
pressing my hand,)
Oh! shall we be married? pray what do you say?"
"Yes! Yes! my dear Robin, we'll marry to-day."

Little Mischief.

Dancing feet and busy fingers,
Never still the whole day through—
For the litt e brain from dream-land
Brings them work enough to do:
Racing through the gorgeous parlor,
Romping on the winding stair,
Tearing books and breaking vases—
Into mischief every where.

Spilling ink upon the carpet,
Dashing pictures from the wall,
Breaking mirrors singing shouting,
In the attic and the hall:
Tracking mud across the entries,
Turning over desk and chair,
Cutting up the morning paper—
Into mischief every where.

Picks the cake and tastes the jelly,
Breaks the windows slams the door,
Throws the statues from their brackets,
Scattering playthings on the floor:
Tearing little coats and trowsers,
Rumpling up his curly hair—
Busy, naughty little fingers,
Into mischief every where

But no look of hate or malice
Darkens o'er those laughing eyes:
Not a thought of harm or sinning
In his little bosom lies—
For, his soul is pure and guiltless,
Whate er harm the fingers do—
Though the little feet are straying
Into mischief all day through.

The Girl at the Matinee.

A broken-hearted swell am I,
All through a girl so fair,
That swung the latest fashions, too,
And wore such flowing blonde hair—
I met her at the matinee,
With her opera-glass she admired me:
I winked my eyes all out of shape
At this sweet little honey-bee.

CHORUS.

She burnt two big holes in my heart
With her splendid eyes of blue:
I felt the world was naught to me—
For, I loved her—wouldn't you?

I waited until the play was o'er,
And quickly stepped to the door,
And waited to see this little belle,
As she passed on before:
As I followed up the street,
A fellow with a reddish snoot
Says: "Why are you staring at my wife?
You ugly, big galoot."
She burnt, &c.

I saw I was mistaken and in a fix:
For, his temper was rising high,
I told him 'twas by accident we met,
And he hanged me in the eye.
They walked off and left me there,
With my eyes I scarce could see:
I swore I'd never flirt again
With girls at the matinee.
She burnt, &c.

The Night Wind Sighs Alone.

Words by F. C. Burnand—Music by A. S. Sullivan.

The tinkling sheep-bell knells the parting day,
The flocks collect from meadow, hill, and moor:
The happy goatherd homeward takes his way,
His wife and children wait him at the door,
His wife and children wait him at the door.

CHORUS.

To me the bells send up no cheering tone,
Only the night wind sighs alone, alone—
To me the bells send up no cheering tone,
Only the night wind sighs alone, alone— [REPEAT.]

Tinkle the bells upon the mountain steeps,
Fainter and fainter down the narrow ways:
Now in his cot the shepherd, ere he sleeps,
Joins with his loved ones in their hymn of praise,
Joins with his loved ones in their hymn of praise.
To me the bells, &c.

A Batchelor Is His Own Master.

I think I had better get married:
But before the point is carried,
I'll argue it pro and con—
If he meets with any disaster,
A batchelor is his own master,
He's accountable to none.
No wife to add to the strife:
No sighing, fainting, and dying:
No vow, promise, or vow:
Stay out without any row:
Supper and tea, take the key.
For, a batchelor
A batchelor is his own master.

SPOKEN: Liberty is delightful! and why should it be sacrificed for women? Besides what possible use have we for women at all? A batchelor may go out, walk about, stay out, and no questions asked. If married, you must run about with your wife tied to ya. like a bottle tied to a dog's tail, clattering in one's ears, and trembling in one's boots. If a man loses his wife his friends will soon supply his loss: but let him lose any thing of value and he'll see the difference. A batchelor may eat what he likes, drink what he likes and kiss whom he likes—But a married man, only let him try the last!
A batchelor is his own master.

Yet I think I'd better get married:
For, some so long have tarried,
They can't get a wife at all.
Once gouty or rheumatic,
Toothless or asthmatic,
Near chance of a wife is small.
Many joys girls and boys.
Weddings, pies, kisses and sighs,
Shirts aired, money spared.
Chaste embraces pretty faces:
All right if home at night,
And besides,
And besides something nice for supper—

SPOKEN: What man would live alone, when he might have a pretty, obliging, kind gentle, loving woman to comfort him, and be cosey with? When a man has a wife, he has always buttons on his shirts, and never any holes in his stockings: besides, how miserable for a man to come home at night, let himself in, everybody gone to bed, nobody waiting for him but the rush-light! Who can take care of person and purse like a wife? Who can give gentle advice with such force as a wife? And how can any man be said to be starving when he has a wife? Oh! the delights of wedlock! tea and buttered toast—
I'm resolved,
I'm resolved this moment to be married.

She Is Not Fair to Outward View.

Words by Hartley Coleridge—Music by A. S. Sullivan.

She is not fair to outward view
As other maidens be:
But her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me,
Until she smiled on me.
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light—
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light!

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply:
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye,
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

When I Went Out a Sleighing.

An Original Comic Song.

Sung with great applause by Pete Morris.

It snowed so hard the other day,
I could not work I could not play:
And so I hired a horse and sleigh,
Resolved to go a-sleighing.

I soon put on my Sunday clothes,
And round to Sally Russell's goes:
And to her I did propose
That she would ride while yet it snows.
She very soon gave her consent:
But as my money was most spent,
Tim Bobbin to me three dollars lent,
All for to go a-sleighing.

With bells a-ringing all the way,
Money spent and thrown away,
Oh! there is the devil to pay—
When a man goes out a-sleighing.

As up the Bowery I did glide,
With Sally Russell by my side,
To cut a dash both of us tried.
When We went out a-sleighing.

But some naughty boys, to raise a din,
To snow-ball us they did begin:
One mashed my hat down o'er my chin,
Then stove Miss Russell's bonnet in.
Miss Russell she began to cry,
I turned around to say: "Oh! fie!"
When a snow-ball banged me in the eye,
When I was out a-sleighing.
Bells a-ringing all the way, &c.

I'd been very glad to turn back,
Because one of my eyes were black,
But we followed up the rail-road track,
Resolved to finish sleighing.

At something next our horse took fright,
And started off with all his might.
He banged the sleigh both left and right,
And sent Miss Russell in a snow bank tight—
The horse with me away he sped,
And left Miss Russell nearly dead.
And the wind blew the false curls all off her head,
When we went out a-sleighing.
Bells a-ringing all the way, &c.

For assistance Sally she did shout,
While I managed to turn the horse about,
But cursed the hour that I came out,
To go with her a-sleighing.

To get her out, Sal did me tease,
And so on I went to her release,
But it is a wonder she didn't freeze:
For she stuck fast in snow up to her knees—
But what was worse for poor Miss Russell,
In the snow amid the tussel,
The strings they broke and she lost her bustle,
When I was out a-sleighing.
Bells a-ringing all the way, &c.

We started home with heavy hearts
When there came along two butchers' carts,
And smashed our sleigh in twenty parts,
When I was out a-sleighing.

So since our horse and sleigh was gone,
Poor Sal and I had to walk home,
And for the damages we done,
I had to pay a pretty sum—
But my bills are paid and all is right,
And, folks when you go home to-night,
Oh! think upon my doleful plight.
But don't go out a-sleighing.
Bells a-ringing all the way, &c.

Lilly Baker.

Lilly was such a charming gal,
Not too short or yet too tall
She to Dinah's ball did go,
And I did escort her home, you know.

CHORUS.

Still my heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
Still my heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
Still my heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
All for Lilly Baker, Oh!

As we did go along the way,
The moon did shine as bright as day:
Then the darkeys did cry out
Where's your Lilly Baker? Oh!
Still my heart goes pit-a-pat, &c.

Then I took her to the church,
She did leave me in the lurch:
Then the parson he cried out,
Where's your Lilly Baker? Oh!
Still my heart goes pit-a-pat, &c.

Do not choose your friend by his looks; handsome shoes often pinch the feet.

Singing for a Wife.

Air: St. Patrick's Day.

Come all, you young ladies whatever your trade is,
My heart unto some I'm longing to give:
So any one who'd win it, must do so this minute—
For, no longer can I as a batchelor live.
All night lie waking, a-shivering and shaking
These cold frosty nights—Oh! I cannot endure:
But I think some young charmer must
keep me much warmer:
So, if possible one I must try to secure.

For, I'm sure it must be pleasing in this frosty season,
To find oneself locked in a pair of soft arms;
For, as summer advances, ten to one then the chances is,
The warm weather robs them of half of their charms.
So if here any miss is a husband who wishes,
I'm ready this moment myself to engage:
Or if she thought proper a note I could drop her,
Just stating my prospects, condition, and age.

And now that I've taken the trouble of making
A song as the means of procuring a wife,
I hope some young beauty will think it her duty
To come and to render me happy for life.
And if any will take me her husband to make me,
To call me her pet, and her joy, and her own:
She couldn't do better than drop me a letter,
Just stating what night I could see her alone.

But for fear some young gent, here,
a hoax should invent dear,
The ladies must please to observe this one thing:
In the letter they send me, they also must lend me
The sum of ten shillings to purchase the ring:
Because don't you see now how easy 'twould be now
For some roguish fellow a note to indite?
But by this ere token I'll know there is no joking,
And therefore I'll meet the young lady all right.

Molly Hill's Rejected.

Written for the "SINGER'S JOURNAL" by Mr. Charles Middleton—Air: The Happy Land of Erin.

List to me and I will tell of the woes that me befell,
Who I think should have better been respected:
But fortune frowns on me as you all will plainly see
For, I happen to be Molly Hill's rejected.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear oh! I'm pining in grief and woe,
To think the girl I loved could deceive me:
And I groan beneath the smart of a sad and broken heart,
And there's none barring Molly can relieve me.

I courted Molly long, and our love was firm and strong:
If I entertained a doubt she would scold me:
For she vowed she would be true,
stick to me like patent glue,
And a host of other little fibs she told me.
Oh! dear, oh! &c.

And as all things have an end, so her
love that way did tend,
And she left me to wallow in dejection:
For, a filthy looking snob—oh! I long to squeeze his nob—
Came and robbed me of Molly Hill's affection.
Oh! dear, oh! &c.

Now I don't incline to fight, or in war at all delight,
But this knocks my dander up completely:
And I wish that I were stout, I would turn him inside out,
Which only would be serving him discreetly.
Oh! dear, oh! &c.

I took her out to balls, and to first-class concert-halls,
And nought I should have done was neglected:
I also gave her cash, which indeed was rather rash,
When now for all my kindness I'm rejected.
Oh! dear, oh! &c.

But she's not so much to blame
as the snob (confound his name
Which I never yet could utter without snarling!)
With his sweet and oily news,
and his gifts of boots and shoes,
He has swindled me entirely of my darling.
Oh! dear, oh! &c.

Now some may think it strange that I talk not of revenge,
But fear is just the reason why I've hailed:
For, the brute is seven feet three,
nearly twice the size of me.
And could not very safely be assailed.
Oh! dear, oh! &c.

So I must submit to fate, and with hope and patience wait
That other ways and means may be effected:
Which will with blessing tend,
not to rights again and mend
The broken heart of Molly Hill's rejected.
Oh! dear, oh! &c.

An old merchant instructed his clerks thus:—"When a man comes into the store and talks of honesty, watch him; if he talks of his wealth, don't try to sell to him; if he talks of his religion, don't trust him a dollar."

"Be of good cheer," is as wise a prescription for the health of the body as of the soul.

Leezie Lindsay.

Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay.
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
My pride and my darling to be?

To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be:
For, I ken nae the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Leezie, lass, ye mann ken little,
If nae be ye dinna ken me:
For, my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee:
An' she's off wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

I Did Not Do It Upon My Honor.

Written and Sung by Mr. Ben Hoskins.

Air: The Pull Back.

One night, while I was walking
With my sweetheart all alone,
Sweet words we were talking,
When some one seized my arm:
Now wasn't that a draw-back?
Oh! yes it was a draw-back.
Her father, sure it was.
And he to me did say:
"That I had led his daughter astray:"
And I hadn't upon my honor,
No, no, no, no no not I.

So now the whole affair
I tried to explain
But her father would not hear my tale,
Which caused me grief and pain—
Now wasn't that a draw-back?
Oh! yes, it was a draw-back.
Her father was heard to say:
"He'd make me dearly pay:
As he thought I led his daughter astray;"
And I hadn't upon my honor,
No, no, no, no. no not I.

Now to make my story short,
Perhaps you'll think it queer:
For next day a summons I received,
At the court bound to appear.
And wasn't that a draw-back?
Oh! yes it was a draw-back.
The judge to me did say:
"Fifty pounds you'll have to pay:
For, I find you've led that girl astray."
And I hadn't upon my honor,
No, no, no, no no not I.

Now, young men all, a warning take,
And don't be foolish ever:
Let "number one" your motto be,
When you walk out pretty girls:
Or you may get a draw-back,
Like me you'll get a draw-back.
They've got such winning ways,
Those girls—you'll find now-a-days:
It is themselves that lead us men astray—
They do, upon my honor:
It's true, I tell you believe me I pray.

Little Log Hut.

Sung by the Columbian Minstrels.

In a little log hut in old Virginny,
There lived a darkey, came from Guinea:
Massa like him very little.
But give him plenty of work and victual.
Ole Massa Jim, he's a clever old body.
Every day he takes his toddy.
And when the sun sinks in de ribber,
He stops the work to rest the nigger.
Chorus: Ching and ring, that's the way
The darkies sing both night and day.
Ching and ring, that's the way
The darkies sing both night and day.

When all was still, and there was no noise,
Unless it came from some of the boys,
'Twould make you laugh to hear old Quasha
Mention the name of General Washe:
And when the darkies they heard that,
They all commence to wave their hat:
The girls they all fall in a ring—
And this is the song they all do sing:
Ching-a-ring &c.

'Twas on the eleventeenth of September,
The day the juba dance was over.
There came a noise which sound like thunder,
It made the darkies stare with wonder:
There came a cloud across the meadow
Which made the darkies crowd together:
But after all this great sensation—
It was nothing but the niggers from de oder plantation,
Ching-a-ring. &c.

The Strong-Minded Woman.

Originally arranged and Sung by Pete Morris.

Why don't the men propose mamma?
Why don't the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes—
It is no fault of yours, mamma,
That everybody knows:
You f-te the finest in the land,
Yet oh! they won't propose.

CHORUS.

They won't they won't,
They won't, they won't,
They won't propose:
Mamma, mamma they won't, they won't propose.

I'm sure I've done the best, mamma,
To make a proper match:
For coronets and eldest sons
I'm ever on the watch:
I've hopes when some distingue beaux
A glance upon me throws—
But though he'll dance and smile and flirt,
Alas! he won't propose!

I've tried to win by languishing,
And dressing like a blue:
I've bought big books and talked of them,
As tho' I'd read them through:
With hair cropped like a man I've felt
The heads of all the beaux:
But Spurzheim could not touch their hearts—
And, oh! they won't propose!

I threw aside the books and thought
That ignorance was bliss:
I felt convinced that men preferred
A simple sort of Miss:
And so I lisped out naught beyond
Plain "yesses" or plain "noes,"
An I wore a plain unmeaning smile
Yet, oh! they won't propose!

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,
I heard Sir Harry Gale
Exclaim: "Now I propose again!"
I started turning pale:
I really thought my time had come,
I blushed like any rose:
But oh! I found 'twas only at
Ecarte he'd propose!

And what is to be done, mamma?
Oh! what is to be done?
I really have no time to lose—
For I am thirty-one!
At balls I am too often left
Where spinsters sit in rows:
Why don't the men propose, mamma?
Why don't the men propose?

Don't Be Addicted to Drinking.

Originally Sung by Pete Morris.

As early, one morning, down the Bowery I walked,
The sky being shady and clouded.
When all of a sudden my senses were shocked,
Just to see how the gin-shops were crowded.
The folks ran out and in, as if running a race,
And they poured down the liquor like winking:
A glass now and then is very well in its place,
But don't be addicted to drinking.

Now these cold frosty mornings when raising your head
From your pillow, you'll find it quite handy
To knock off as soon as you turn out of bed,
A thumping good bumper of brandy.
A tumbler of rum in a basin of tea
Is a very good thing to my thinking,
Yet a pint of good liquor would better agree—
But don't be addicted to drinking.

A glass at eleven I've heard some folks say,
Is a very good thing: so it is miss;
But a man shouldn't drink every hour in the day,
In case it unfits him for business.
Then about one o'clock, when your dinner you get,
Your spirits at that time are sinking:
Take two or three glasses by way of a whet,
But don't be addicted to drinking.

Enjoying a segar after dinner you get,
Perhaps for an hour and a quarter:
Nothing will give such a relish to it
As a tumbler of brandy and water.
Then perhaps you'll feel inclined for a doze,
You can scarce keep your eyelids from winking:
Take three or four glasses your mind to compose,
But don't be addicted to drinking.

To think about business as soon as you wake,
Of course you will think it will be time:
Then four or five glasses more at least you must take,
If you wish to be sober by tea-time.
Then spending your evening at liberty's arms
Of your pretty fair maid you keep thinking,
While in hot gin and water you're toasting her charms:
Mind you—don't get addicted to drinking.

Now a bumper at parting you cannot do less,
It will just keep you from yawning:
But believe me, dear friends if you drink to excess,
You will have a devilish headache in the morning.
Now such my dear friends is my own sober plan,
And I hope you are my way of thinking:
For I've just joined the temperance society and am
By no means addicted to drinking.

Give Me Thy Blessing, Dear Mother.

Smile as I have seen thee, mother, mother,
When but a child at thy knee:
Some innocent tricks of mine, mother, mother,
Loved words have called forth from thee.
Let me not leave thee sighing, mother,
O'er bright days that are past:
Dry up those tears of sorrow, mother,
Thou shall be happy at last—
Oh! give me thy blessing, mother, mother,
Weep not, oh! weep not for me:
Tho' fortune is frowning, mother,
Happier days we shall see—
Give me thy blessing, dear mother, I pray—
Give me thy blessing, dear mother, I pray.

Give me thy blessing, dear mother, mother,
Weep not, oh! weep not for me:
Tho' fortune is frowning, mother, mother,
Happier days we shall see—
Tho' on the wild waves going, mother,
Dangers and perils to dare,
Hope in my bosom whispers, mother:
"Providence watches me there."
Oh! give me thy blessing, dear mother, mother—
Weep not, oh! weep not for me:
Tho' fortune is frowning, mother, mother,
Happier days we shall see—
Give me thy blessing, dear mother, I pray—
Give me thy blessing, dear mother, I pray.

Marry in Haste and Repent at Leisure.

As Sung by Pete Morris.

The Music, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston can be obtained at the well-known Music-Store of C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway.

How silly to marry! why did I not tarry?
'Tis foolish to marry in haste:
For, little's the pleasure repenting at leisure,
Nor is it at all to my taste.
My lover seemed kind and so very refined,
Such whiskers and nice curly hair—
His marmozet tricks got my heart in a fix,
That till now was a stranger to care.
Oh! dear! Oh! Ah!
How silly to marry—why did I not tarry?
'Tis foolish to marry in haste:
For, little's the pleasure repenting at leisure,
Nor is it at all to my taste.

Scarce a month has flown by, I do nothing but sigh,
And my husband does nothing but snub:
Between me and you, he ne'er comes home till two,
And says he's detained at his club.
To increase my despair, his jet curly hair
I discovered was false—(how I cried!)
When he doesn't go out, it's thro' having the gout,
And his beautiful whiskers are dyed.
Oh! dear! &c.

He's quite an old beau, and too late I know
I shall never be happy again:
For, now I can see it was money not me:
What cruel deceivers are men!
Some say: "serve me right—" I took such delight
In coquetting, but kept my heart free.
If fate should ordain that I'm single again,
What a smart little widow I'll be!
Oh! dear! &c.

Music of the Mill.

As Jeannie came from market, the rain fell from the sky,
She sought the mill upon the hill,
until the rain passed by:
And there sat Jeannie smiling, while
the miller her sack did fill,
And Jeannie sang in chorus to the music of the mill.

The storm it soon passed over, the sun began to shine:
Says he: "The way that you must stray,
it happens to be mine:"
Her cheeks they glowed like roses,
her eyes with tears did fill,
When he vowed his love would
changeless prove as the music of the mill.

She goes no more a gleaning: for, he has acres fair,
And Jeannie is the brightest flower
that ever blossomed there:
But she bids the village maidens their aprons full to fill:
As the year comes round and they
bless the sound of the music of the mill.

The Nervous Family.

Air: We're all Noddin—'s Sung by Pete Morris.

We're all nervous, shake, shake, trembling,
We're all nervous at our house, at home:
There's myself and my mother my sister and brother,
If left all alone are all frightened at each other.
Our dog runs away if a stranger's in the house,
And our tabby cat, too, is frightened at a mouse:
And we're nervous shake shake trembling,
We're all nervous at our house, at home.

We all at dinner shake shake at carving:
And as for snuffing we oft snuff out the light:
Last night every one did to snuff the candle try.
But my wife couldn't do it nor my sister nor could I.
"Come give me the snuffers said mother with a flout,
I'll show you how to do it—" and she snuffed the candle out.
For, she's so nervous shake shake, &c.

My nervous wife can't work at her needle,
And my shaking hand spills half my cup of tea:
When wine at dinner my timid sister's taking
It's spilt on the table—for so her hand is shaking.
My mother taking snuff very carefully doth try
To pop it up her nose when she pops it in her eye.
For, she's so nervous, shake, shake, &c.

Our nerves foretell all the changes of the weather:
We are so nervous, we're frightened at each noise:
We have got a private watchman to guard the private door,
But since we have had him
we are frightened more and more:
For, he falls asleep, and we've found out, too that he,
In respect to his nerves oh! he's quite as bad as we—
And we're all nervous, shake, shake, &c

The Kiss in the Stile.

Air: The May Dew.

One fine summer's eve, taking a stroll,
I met pretty Kate with a smile,
I said: "Pretty maid, shall I see you safe home,
as your cottage lies distant a mile?"
She blushed and she faltered and faintly said:
"No," tho' she meant "Yes," all the while,
I said: "You'll be lonely, such a distance to go—
for, your cottage lies distant a mile.
A mile a long mile, your cottage
Lies distant a long mile.

At last she consented, I chatted of love,
and won from my charmer a smile:
The time flew so swiftly, too rapid by half,
that it seemed to me a short mile.
So verdant were the fields so pleasant the dales,
and I kissed her at every stile,
And from my heart, when the time came to part
I wished it had been twenty long miles.
A mile, a long mile, &c.

She's lost all her shyness, and taken me in good part
and to meet me she never does miss,
And always at meeting or saying "Good-bye!"
she always expected a kiss.
She's now left off blushing, and never says "No,"
but freely says "Yes," with a smile,
And when to the church I asked her to go,
she said: "Yes I'll go, if it's seven long miles."
A mile, a long mile, &c.

Let's Try to Meet Trouble Half-Way.

Tell me: what is the use of repining?
Why can't we be light-hearted and gay?
If your planet just now be not shining,
Why, to-morrow 'twill beam for to-day.
Never moodily give way to sadness,
But blythely smile on as you may:
And your grief will soon change into gladness,
If you try to meet trouble half-way.

In the season when sorrow o'ertakes you,
And the bright star of hope shines above,
Never sigh that cold falsehood forsakes you,
But rejoice that truth's left you to love.
When fate hands the galled cup, you must drink it:
For, the jade never brooketh delay:
But the draught's not so bad as you think it,
If you cheerly meet trouble half-way.

Then be wise and take heart, don't be grieving,
Show a brow that's unruffled and calm:
And you'll find 'twill assist your believing
That for every fresh grief there's a balm.
So shake hands with dull care when you meet him,
Since you can't keep him always at bay:
And 'twill lighten your load when you greet him:
So, let's try to meet trouble half-way.

While we are permitted to live let us live—That is: let us enjoy life, which, without enjoyment, is not worth possessing.

Never More, My Clara Dear.

The southern sun was sinking low,
And bathing all in beauty's glow:
The blooming vale lay calm and still,
And silence reigned on every hill:
Then, as I gazed with loving eyes,
I heard this tender strain arise:
"Never more, Clara dear,
Never more, my Clara dear,
Never more, Clara dear,
Shall my songs at evening greet your ear."

The sun now sank far from my sight,
And hill and vale lay rapt in night:
But soon the moon in loveliness
Came forth again the scene to bless:
Still, as I gazed with loving eyes,
I heard the strain once more arise:
Never more, &c.

And thus we ever fondly rave
Whose love extends beyond the grave:
And where the little black girls sleep,
The faithful lovers come to weep:
And nightly there they breathe their sighs,
And nightly there these strains arise:
Never more, &c.

Don't I Like My Betsy!

I went out one day, when the rain was slopping,
Saw my Betsy going out shopping.
Very grand, &c.
The sight of her ankle filled my heart with delight,
As she gazed in the window of Cannock and White.
Very grand, &c.
Oh! don't I like my Betsy! I do, I do—
On a cellar floor I'd sleep and snore,
If I could dream of Betsy—
Oh! oh! don't I like my Betsy!
Oh! oh! don't I like my Betsy!

She'd a green parasol and a net pelerine,
And to show off her figure she had a large crinoline.
Very grand &c.
Her dress, nine yards of blue Bombazine,
And the nicest little bonnet that ever was seen—
Very grand, &c.
Oh! don't I like my Betsy! &c.

Outside her bonnet she'd a large red feather,
And she walked like a duck in rainy weather:
Very grand, &c.
I ran to speak to her then from afar,
And was nearly run over by an outside car
Understand, &c.
Oh! don't I like my Betsy! &c.

She said: "You've been taking an extra glass,
Or you wouldn't be making yourself such an ass:
But cheer up my daisy—my young buttercup,
I'll marry you directly, my mind's made up."
Understand, &c.
Oh! don't I like my Betsy! I do, I do—
You won't encore,
Now I implore:
For, I want to go to Betsy.
Oh! oh! I'm going now to Betsy—
Oh! oh! I'm going now to Betsy.

The Arab.

The noontide blaze on the desert fell,
As the traveller reached the wished for well:
But vain was the hope that had cheered him on—
His hope in the desert—the waters were gone!

Faintly he called on the holy name,
When swift o'er the desert an Arab came,
And with him he bore of that blessed thing,
Which failed the poor traveller at the spring.

"Drink, said the Arab, though I must fast:
For, half of my journey is not yet past:
'Tis far ere my home or my children I'll see,
Yet the crystal treasure I'll share with thee."

"Nay, said the weary one, let me die—
For, thou hast even more need than I:
And children hast thou that are watching for thee,
And I am a lone one, none watch for me—"

"Drink, said the Arab, my children shall see
Their father returning, fear not for me:
For, He who has sent me to thee this day,
Will watch over me on my desert way."

SMILES AND FROWNS—It is always in our power to make a friend by smiles; what a folly, then, to [illegible] by frowns!

She Said: "Twas Delightful—Oh, Very!"

Air: Think of your head in the Morning.

Now I fell in love with a charming young gal,
Her name was Arabella:
The first time I met her—forget it I ne'er shall,
When I carried her blue silk umbrella—
Her father a baker in Kensington lived,
Free, open hearted, and merry:
Whenever I called Arabella to see,
She said: "Twas delightful—Oh, very!"

To Richmond, one day, 'twas arranged we should go,
Which pleased very much Arabella:
"Would it rain?" she asked me, wishing to know
Should she take her blue silk umbrella.
"If you wish;" I replied, tho' a very fine day,"
By omnibus started so merry—
We were chatting and laughing the whole of the way,
She said: "Twas delightful—Oh, very!"

At Richmond arrived, the palace went through,
Then a trip on the water took Bella:
She said: "For a sail, suppose that we do
Open the blue silk umbrella."
We were sailing but slow, when of wind such a gust
Came as we were singing so merry,
Upset the skiff the moment when just
She said: "Twas delightful—Oh, very!"

An oar about floating I luckily found,
But, alas! of my dear Arabella
Not a glimpse could I see nowhere around,
Or the blue silk umbrella—
A boat from the shore to the rescue soon came,
Were dragging me into the wherry:
They rolled, and they squeezed me, to myself soon I came,
Feeling far from delightful—Oh, very!

Some drags were obtained, two boats quickly manned,
To search for my lost Arabella:
Very shortly they found grasped tight in her hand
The ill-fated blue silk umbrella.
A process of squeezing and rolling went through,
In the face was as red as a cherry:
With rubbing and brandy, soon she came to,
Said she felt so "delightful—Oh, very!"

Homewards returning on the same night,
As I carried the blue silk umbrella:
The day to be wed was settled all right,
Sealed with a kiss from Bella.
We were married, and now of children have three,
With faces so rosy and cherry:
As each one arrived, Arabella to me
Says: "This is delightful—Oh, very!"

Parody on: Nothing More.

Through London streets I wandered, a youth so jolly green:
I went into a ball-room, a place I'd ne'er been in:
And there I saw a maiden tripping lightly o'er the floor:
I asked her if she'd have a dance,
a waltz, and nothing more.

I became quite enchanted—she was such a fizzing girl—
And round about the ball-room so nicely she did twirl:
When the music it gave over, and the dancing it was o'er,
I asked her if she'd have a drain;
a glass, and nothing more.

I paid for rum and brandy, till she had a rosy comb:
I said: "My dear, I like just for to see you home."
She told me she must leave me, as she
passed her own street door:
I got what I expected a squeeze and nothing more.

At length I did persuade this girl to become a loving wife,
And ever since that moment I have led an unhappy life;
For, she has proved quite faithless from
the vows that she had swore,
And, though she says she loves me, that's
gammon, and something more.

My wages I take her every week I do deplore:
At last I was forced to take and kick her from my door:
She's been and got a summons—there's
trouble for me in store—
I hope the devil may have her,
then I'll ask for nothing more.

Faith! I Must Be In Love!

Faith! I must be in love! for, I feel very queer:
And it's nervous I am when young Barney is near:
For, he's got such a way, when he's looking at me—
Och! my heart is locked up, and himself keeps the key.
When I hear his sweet voice, my heart thrills with delight,
And when he's not with me the day seem as night:
In my dreams he appears as an Angel above,
And he whispers in my heart that I must be in love!
I must be in love! I must be in love!
And he whispers in my heart that I must be in love!

And it's when I lie down all alone in my bed,
'Tis nothing but Barney comes into my head:
And so between thinking and dreaming I keep,
That I lie awake wide all the time I'm asleep—
Och! Barney, a vianna, "then what will I do?
Thro' all the long night I've been dreaming of you:
For, it's lonely I am and that clearly must prove
With Barney, dear Barney, I must be in love!
I must be in love! I must be in love!
With Barney, dear Barney, I must be in love!

Some Folks Like to Sigh.

Some folks like to sigh,
Some folks do, some folks do:
Some folks long to die—
But that's not me nor you.
CHORUS.
Long live the merry, merry heart
That laughs by night and day,
Like the Queen of mirth—
No matter what some folks say.

Some folks fear to smile,
Some folks do, some folks do:
Others laugh through guile—
But that's not me nor you.
Long live the merry, &c.

Some folks fret and scold,
Some folks do, some folks do:
They'll soon be dead and cold—
But that's not me nor you.
Long live the merry, &c.

Some folks get grey hairs,
Some folks do, some folks do:
Brooding o'er their cares—
But that's not me nor you.
Long live the merry, &c.

Some folks toil and save,
Some folks do, some folks do:
To buy themselves a grave—
But that's not me nor you.
Long live the merry, &c

The Gift from O'er the Sea.

"What shall I bring thee? maiden say
What gift from o'er the sea
To prove, when I am far away,
I fondly think of thee?
A costly gem or pearly shell—
A bird of plumage rare,
Or flower unknown to us who dwell
Where blossom none so fair?
What shall I bring thee? maiden, say
What gift from o'er the sea
To prove, when I am far away,
I fondly think of thee?
I fondly—fondly—I fondly think of thee?"

"I ask no gem—no pearl I crave—
The weeping maid replied:
Thy bird would only find a grave,
Thy flower fade in its pride:
A worthier gift thou canst bestow—
Then bring me o'er the main,
If thou afar from me must go,
My own heart back again:
Tho' far your wandering steps may steer,
That heart I trust with thee:
Then prove, when thou art far away,
You fondly think of me!
You fondly—fondly—you fondly think of me!"

Willie, My Brave.

On the lonely sea-beat shore,
A maiden fair was weeping,
Calling one who far away
Beneath the wave was sleeping:
Thus her sad, unchanging strain
Floated ever on the main—
Chorus: "Come o'er the billow,
Ride on the wave:
Come while the wind bloweth,
Willie, my brave!"
[Repeat Chorus.]

He said his bark would soon return,
And with a kiss they parted:
But, when a year had passed away,
She then grew weary-hearted
Oh! 'twas sad from day to day
To hear the maiden's plaintive lay—
Come o'er the billow, &c.

None who knew the maiden's grief,
And saw her heart's devotion,
Would tell her of the fragile bark
That sank beneath the ocean:
But when all hope had passed away,
Her life breathed forth its parting lay—
Come o'er the billow, &c.

Down in a Coal Mine.

Written and Composed by J. B. Geoghegan.

The Music of this piece arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published in De Witt's Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by B. M. De Witt, No. 33 Bond Street. Price Five Cents.

I am a jovial collier lad,
As blithe as blithe can be:
For, let the times be good or bad,
They're all the same to me:
'Tis little of the world I know,
And care less for its ways:
For, where the dog-star never glows,
I wear away my days.

CHORUS.

Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found:
Digging dusky diamonds all the season round.
Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

My hands are horny hard and black
With working in the vein:
And, like the clothes upon my back,
My speech is rough and plain:
Well, if I stumble with my tongue,
I've one excuse to say—
'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong,
'Tis the head that goes astray.

Down in a coal mine, &c.

At every shift, be't soon or late,
I haste my bread to earn.
And anxiously my kindred wait,
And watch for my return:
For death that levels all alike,
Whate'er their rank may be.
Amid the fire and damp may strike
And fling his darts at me.

Down in a coal mine, &c.

How little do the great ones care—
Who sit at home secure—
What hidden dangers colliers dare,
What hardships they endure!
The very fires their mansions boast
To cheer themselves and wives,
Mayhap were kindled at the cost
Of jovial colliers' lives.

Down in a coal mine, &c.

Then cheer up, lads and make ye much
Of every joy ye can:
But let your mirth be always such
As best becomes a man:
However fortune turns about,
We'll still be jovial souls:
For what would nations be without
The lads that look for coals?

Down in a coal mine, &c.

Avenue A.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams, the American Star Comique—The Music is Published by White & Goulland, Boston, Mass.

I vant to sing a song to you
Apout dis noble town:
Und also apout doings here,
Vich have gained some renown:
I have peen here such a long dime,
I never more shall roam:
So in de fudure I shall say
Dot New-York vas my home.

SPOKEN: Und de shtreet dot I live in, vas—

CHORUS.

Avenue A, Avenue A.
Dot shtreet so gweer, full of Germans und beer,
Avenue A, Avenue A,
Oh! dot's vere I live ven I'm home.

Vile down Broadvay some dime ago,
I got upon a shpree:
I vas arreested und lokt ond,
Vich didn't quit suid me.
Next day dey dook me into gourt,
De Shudge looked rader gweer:
He said—"Young man, vat vas de reason
Dat you are prought here?"

SPOKEN: Und I told de Shudge dot: "Dwo policeman prought me," und he says: "Vat's de sharge?" "I don't sharge you a cent if you let me oud." He gets mad den und he makes his nose of his dumb in dat vay (IMITATES) und says: "Vot's de reason of you being here a gouple of dose dimes before yet shust now a leedle vile ago, right avay?" Und I tole him dat: "Dere vas not a bossibility of a dant in mine mind dat de gauses und de reasons vas beguase I vas drunk, und den he asked me vere I lived, und I dold him dot I lived in—

Avenue A, Avenue A, &c.

Now in de late rebellion, too,
De Germans dey vere found
In almost every battle,
Und dey nobly shtood deir ground,
Your Shenerals gomplimented us
As soldiers prave und drue,
Und now a leedle incidance
I vill relate off you.

SPOKEN: De incidunce vich I'm apout to relate, occured during de late var for de Rebellion: it vas during a terrible battle and it seemed at vone part of de battle as if de Union Army vas apout to retreat: ven all of a sudden vone regiment, (mind I say vone) vone regiment made a charge drove de rebels pack und turned de tide to victory: dis vas nodiced by vone of de Union Shenerals who rode up und shouded: "Vot regiment is dot?" De answer come pack: "De New-York Turners." "Vot part of New-York?" "New-York City." "Vot part of de Cidy den?" vy, Sheneral, from—

Avenue A, Avenue A, &c.

Don't Give De Name a Pad Blace.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams, the American Star Comique—The Music is Published by White & Goulland, Boston, Mass.

I keep a saloon in dis city,
I sell weiss-bier und oder drinks, too:
Und also I keep a lunch gounter,
Two tables und chairs dey vas new:
But a lod of dose loafers gome in dere,
Und dey try for to knock me about.
Put I tole you dey can't fool dis Dutchman—
For, I hit dem right all of de mout.

SPOKEN: Yes, und ven I vas hittin dem, mine vife comes up to me und says—

Chorus: Don't give de name a pad blace,
Und she looks at me right in de face,
Or de bolices vill gwick arrest you,
If you give de name a pad blace.

I blay cards de whole of de day time,
"Seven Oud" und "Eucherem," too:
Und somedimes I blay "Dominixes"
Put den dat game vas to me new.
Put de game dat I don't undershtand much
Und at vich I vas ten dollars oud.
Almost every dime dat I blay it,
Vas "Poger" vere you "ante" oud.

SPOKEN: Yes, dat's de game I don't undershtand. You see I vas blaying 'Poger" de oder day, und vas bedding all my money beguase I had a goot hand, und ven de oder feller asked me vat I had, I tole him dat I had four aces, und vat you dink? dat oder feller had five aces, und I losed my money. Dat's de first dime dat I ever knew dat dere vas nine aces in a deck of cards, und I felt so mad apoud it dat I vas going to fight, ven shust den mine vife hollered oud—

Don't give de name a pad blace, &c.

Some roosders vot gome in my saloon,
Dose vat is drinking I mean.
Venever dey get drough a drinking,
Vill tell me to "set dem oud again:"
Und dat vey dey keep on a talking—
I say: "pay, Shentlemens, it vas late."
Put dey look und doy make deir eye dat vay—
Und tell me "put dat down on de schlate."

SPOKEN: Und I say: "Shentlemens, ve don't got some schlates," und den vone big feller tells me to keep it in my head und dot he vould gome around in de morning und kick it oud, und ven I tole him dat ve don't do pusiness dat vay he says: "You don't, eh?" I says: "No, sir, not of de gouri-house knows herself und I dink she don't und if you don't pay me gwick I vill put a head off you—" und I vould have done it, too, only for my vife who cried oud—

Don't give de name a pad blace, &c.

You Know What I Know.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams the American Star Comique—The Music is Published by White & Goulland, Boston, Mass.

I know someding vhich I don't mind telling you,
Put keep it a secret, now mind
Pecause iff my vife vas to find it oud, too,
I know dat mit rage she'd go plind.
It's apout a young girl vat I meet th' oder day,
Vile valking along in de shtreet—
Und I know iff dis young girl knowed I had a vife
She vouldn't dink I vas so sweet.

CHORUS.

Now you know vat I know, und vat my vife don't know:
She don't know vat I know, und vat I know you know:
If you tell her vat you know und also vat I know,
Den she'd know vat I know, vat you know also.

I know dat dis young girl vore lots of false hair.
I could see dat at once at a glance:
I know dat her feet vas much larger dan mine,
I found dat oud vhen ve did dance.
She got peauty shpots all over her face
I don't vant to make fun at all.
She'd a mole on her cheek as red as a peet.
Und it looked like a pig cod-fish ball.

Now you know vat I know, &c.

Dis girl's hair vas red or a shtrawperry-blonde,
Her eye-prows hung down to her nose:
She'd a mout dat vhen open, looked like a mouse-trap
It vorked on a shpring, I suppose:
Put shtill she's a peauty 'longside of my vife,
To-morrow I get a Divorce—
Und de secret is——vell I don't mind telling you—
I marry dis young girl of course.

Now you know vat I know, &c.

Do not choose your friend by his looks: handsome shoes often pinch the feet.

Sarah.

Sung by J. H. Milburn.

I really think I shall go wild,
I don't know what to do:
I love a girl, and then we are
To be wed in a week or two.
She's the darling of my heart,
Of her I feel quite vain:
She's the prettiest girl for miles around,
And Sarah, that's her name.

CHORUS.

Oh, my! you should see my Sarah,
Smart and fine, she's quite divine,
As lovely as can be.
Oh, my! no damsel could be fairer:
Bandy toes and turn up nose,
She's all the world to me.

We have known each other for ever so long
And the first time that we met,
She was pushing a peanut-stand along,
And the rain came down quite wet.
I helped her to push the barrow along,
And when we got to the door,
She gave me a penny to treat myself,
Because she couldn't afford any more.

Oh, my! you should see, &c.

Her mother, she keeps a peanut-stand,
And Sally the money does take:
Of course, she looks out for herself—
For, Sarah's wide awake—
She never gives any one too much change,
When they go in to buy:
And if they try to cheat her, she says:
"Do you see any green in my eye?"

Oh, my! you should see, &c.

I Dreamed My Boy was Home Again.

Words and Music by Charles Carroll Sawyer.

Lonely, weary broken-hearted,
As I laid me down to sleep
Thinking of the day we parted,
When you told me not to weep,
Soon I dreamed that peaceful Angels
Hovered o'er the battle-plain,
Singing songs of joy and gladness,
And my boy was home again.

Chorus: How well I know such thoughts of joy,
Such dreams of bliss are vain;
My heart is sad my tears will flow,
Until my boy is home again.

Tears were changed to loud rejoicings,
Night was turned to endless day..
Lovely birds were sweetly singing,
Flowers bloomed in light array..
Old and young seemed light and cheerful..
Peace seemed ever where to reign..
My poor heart forgot its sorrow;
For, my boy was home again!

Chorus.

But the dream is past: and with it
All my happiness is gone:
Cheerful thoughts of joy have vanished..
I must still in sorrow mourn.
Soon may peace with all its blessings,
Our unhappy land reclaim:
Then my tears will cease their flowing,
And my boy be home again!

Chorus.

Napolitaine.

Napolitaine, I am dreaming of thee,
I'm hearing thy foot-falls so joyous and free,
Thy dark, flashing eyes are entwining me yet,
Thy voice with its music I ne'er can forget:
I'm far from the land of thy own sunny home,
Alone in this wide world with sorrow I roam:
In the halls of the gay or wherever it be,
Still, Napolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee.

Napolitaine, art thou thinking of me?
Hath absence not banished my memory from thee?
Remember our meetings, their whispers to keep,
When bright eyes were calling all lovers to sleep?
And yet would I not have a shade on thy brow:
As bright as though 'twere lit in thine on me now,
For, 'tis memory that brings all thy beauty to me:
Still, Napolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee.

Napolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee,
Napolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee.

The Old Cottage Clock.

MOLLOY.



3.

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never,
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever:
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone,
That warmer beat, and younger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer.
Tick, tick, it said, to the churchyard bed,
The grave hath given warning,
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning.

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CONTENTS.

Any Tinware to Mend? ..... Page 575
The Anti-Teetotaler 573
A True Man of My Word 574
Beautiful Annie 573
COSTERMONGER JOE 575
Come with Thy Sweet Voice Again 571
Come Back to Us, Father 573
The Dream: or John Bull and the Yankée 570
Did You Mean what You Said? 573
DEW-DROPS 574
Evening Repose 572
Friend of My Soul! 574
Give Me Woman! Give Me Wine! 572
High Times in the Kitchen 572
Homeward Bound 574
The HEART TO LOVE 575
'Tis Sad Thus to Fall 570
I Wish I Were a Fairy Queen 570
I am the Lad can do the Trick 571
I Wish We Kept a Carriage 571
I'VE BEEN TRUE TO THEE 572
It Was My Mother's Voice 573
I'd Give the World to See Her 573
IRISH FONTENOY 575
Jessie Lee 573
Kitty Bell: or the Hole in the Garden Wall 574
Lottie Lane 570
The Laughable Adventures of Larry M'Flynn.. 571
Lovely Nancy Brown 572
Love's Triumphs 572
My Grandma Lives on Yonder Little Green 570
Mary, Queen of My Soul 570
MY COTTAGE HOME 571
Matilde Heron's Celtic Song 571
My Heart is Thine 572
Martha 574
Norah Machree 570
Never go Back on Your Word 572
Oh! Come with Me in My Little Canoe ... 570
On Board the Panama 575
O'DONNELL ABU! 575
The Rose of Tralee—Music 576
Saucy Sal 572
Swiftly O'er Life's Surging Sea 574
She's as Pretty as a Pink 574
Three Sailors from Bristol City 572
TOO LATE TO MARRY! 573
True Love's Early Song 574
The Vesper Hymn 572
Wrecked and Saved 575

HENRY DE MARSAN'S

SINGER'S JOURNAL.

All the News Dealers, throughout the United States and Canada, can send their orders for the "Singer's Journal" to the

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Who will supply them at the Publisher's lowest rate.

My Grandma Lives on Yonder Little Green.

My Grandma lives on yonder little green
Fine old lady as ever was seen :
She often cautioned me with care
Of all false young men to beware—
" Tim-e-i tim-e um tum tim-e-um pa ta : "
Of all false young men to beware—
Tim-e-i tim-e-um tum, &c.

" These false young men they flatter and deceive :
So, my love, you must not believe :
They'll flatter, they'll coax, till you are in their snare—
And away goes poor old Grandma's care !
" Tim-e-i tim-e-um tum tim-e um pa ta :
And away goes poor old Grandma's care—
Tim-e-i tim-e-um tum, &c.

The first came a-courting was little Johnny Green,
Fine young man as ever was seen :
But the words of my Grandma run in my head,
And I could not hear one word he said.
" Tim-e-i tim-e-um tum tim-e-um pa ta : "
And I could not hear one word he said—
Tim-e-i tim-e-um tum, &c.

The next came a-courting was young Ellis Grove,
'Twas then we met with a joyous love :
With a joyous love I couldn't be afraid.
You'd better get married than die an old maid.
" Tim-e-i tim-e-um tum tim-e-um pa ta : "
You'd better get married than die an old maid—
Tim-e-i tim-e-um tum, &c.

Thinks I to myself : " there's some mistake—
What a fuss these old folks make !
If the boys and girls had all been so 'fraid,
THEN GRANDMA HERSELF WOULD HAVE DIED AN OLD MAID.
" Tim-e-i tim-e-um tum tim-e-um pa ta : "
THEN GRANDMA HERSELF WOULD
HAVE DIED AN OLD MAID—
Tim-e-i tim-e-um tum, &c.

Mary, Queen of My Soul !

Queen of my soul, whose starlike eyes
Are all the light I seek,
Thy voice in sweetest melodies
Can love or pardon speak :
I bow me to thy loved control,
Queen of my soul,
Mary, Mary, queen of my soul,
Mary, queen of my soul !

The mountains of thy native shore
Are cold and dim, and grey :
Ah ! linger 'midst their clouds once more,
Thy home is far away,
Where Italy's blue waters roll,
Queen of my soul :
Mary, Mary, queen of my soul,
Mary, queen of my soul !

The perfumed rose for thee is twined,
The lute awakes its strain :
There shall the withering northern winds
Steal all thy sweets in vain :
No ! fly beyond thy fate's control,
Queen of my soul :
Mary, Mary, queen of my soul,
Mary, queen of my soul !

Norah Machree.

Young Phelim O'Neale loved sweet Norah Machree,
The prettiest maiden in merry Tralee :
But though she looked on him with favoring eyes,
His love went no farther than glances and sighs.
In sport or in broil none were bolder than he—
His heart then was dauntless as stout heart could be,
But when to her side he attempted to steal,
Faith ! all in a flutter was Phelim O'Neale :
" Oh ! Norah Machree ! sweet Norah Machree !
Sure, you are the girl that's bewildering me :
Oh ! Norah Machree ! sweet Norah Machree !
Your bright eyes an' sure are bewildering me. "

One day Phelim thought he'd find courage to tell
Pretty Norah the love that within him did dwell :
He went to her cottage his suit to get heard,
But she so bewitched him, he spoke not a word.
The maid sweetly smiled, still he seemed in a dream :
So finding smiles useless, she gave a loud scream—
" Why, I never kissed you ! " said Phelim, in fear.
Says she : " Ain't you going to, Phelim, my dear ? "
Oh ! Norah Machree, &c.

Young Phelim thought twice then he stole to her side
And asked her all trembling, to be his sweet bride.
Her answer you'll guess—for, a sharp, sudden sound—
I think 'twas a kiss—broke the silence around.
If men will be bashful, and daily like this,
A slight gentle hint is not surely amiss :
So when, pretty maidens, in such straits you be,
Then just take a lesson from Norah Machree.
Oh ! Norah Machree, &c.

Lottie Lane.

Oh ! I once was gay as the lark in May,
And my young heart beat in tune.
While my way was bright, and my step was light
As the linnet's wing in June :
But sad and lone in my grief I've grown,
And all day I now complain—
For I've lost every bliss in a world like this :
Buried deep is sweet Lottie Lane !
CHORUS.
Lottie Lane ! Lottie Lane !
Lottie Lane, I'm nigh to thee :
By thy grave I weep, by thy grave I sleep,
'Neath the boughs of the old oak tree.
[Repeat Chorus.]

She was kind and true she was all mine, too :
Lottie Lane was all for me—
Not a joy had I but when she was nigh :
Oh ! we lived so happily !
But the oak-boughs wave o'er her little grave,
In the daisied meadow now :
And, at eve, oft do I on the green sod lie,
And whisper to her below :
Lottie Lane ! &c.

Withered roses rest on her gentle breast,
And the lillies o'er her wave,
And the birds now join their sweet lays with mine,
Singing dirges o'er her grave :
All is sad and drear, all is darkness here,
And I wander in my woe :
But betimes again I will meet Lottie Lane,
Though we meet never more below :
Lottie Lane ! &c.

The Dream :

OR JOHN BULL AND THE YANKEE.

Written and Sung by H. R. Clifton—Air : Alley Croaker.

I went to bed the other night,
fell fast asleep, and dreaming :
Whilst wrapt in " Morpheus' arms, " strange
things came o'er me beaming :
I thought I heard a conversation—'twas
enough to drive me crazy—
'Twixt old John Bull, the honest soul,
and Jonathan, the Yankee :
And what they said, and what they did,
and what to each befel, sirs,
Their QUIBBLES and their curious FACES
I'm now about to tell, sirs.

Says Jonathan—" How goes old Bull ?
You're looking rather serious.
We've got a little row on hand—don't
want you to interfere with us ?
We're LICKING them 'ere Southern chaps,
those reg'lar Nigger feeders :
And bringing them upon their knees—
those renegade seceders. "
Says old John Bull—" You're going to try,
I have no cause to doubt it :
But if you call this licking them,
you're precious long about it. "

Says Jonathan—" Well, don't be riled,
altho' you a-e a keen 'un :
We showed you up, on your own ground, when
we sent you J. C. Heenan. "
Says old John Bull—" I can't see that,
though you may show your airs :
He didn't match my Lieu—there
was not a patch on Sayers.
Your man stood six feet two, with muscle,
bone, and figure tough,
Nearly twice the size of mine—and
to lick him wasn't big enough.

Says Jonathan—" You talk of ships :
you're a precious sailor—
That Great Eastern, as you talks about,
almost turned out a failure :
She breaks down nearly every trip—to
me it's quite a staggerer :
You should come across the sea, old John,
and see our Great Niagara. "
Says John—" The big ship's qualities
I do not wish to show it :
I've a Black Prince and a Warrior, too—if
you're saucy, perhaps you'll know it. "

Says Jonathan—" Your temper's out,
I rather guess the reason,
Because we stopt your steamship Trent,
whilst she was the high seas on,
And took four rebels to New-York
upon another tack again. "
Says old John Bull—" And two to one,
I make you bring 'em back again !
You thought to be so clever with your uncivil capers—
You got the two commissioners,
but forgot to take the papers

Besides, says John, you're very wrong,
according to my thinking :
I've written to your President, Mr. Abraham Lincoln,
To know if he'll apologise, and set those people free, sir,
And not be interfering with my vessels on the sea, sir ;
And if he don't—why, rest assured,
he'll hear of something more, sir—
He'll find the Lion he can BITE as
well as he can ROAR, sir ! "

'Tis Sad Thus to Fall.

'Tis sad thus to fall in the spring-time of life,
When hope's fadeless garden with verdure is rife—
Oh ! could I behold thee, beloved and best—
This heart would sink calmly to death, as to rest :
My sighs cannot reach thee : in vain I deplore
The love that once bound us, unites us no more.

The shadows of evil crowd fast on my sight :
A light now surrounds me, more lovely and bright :
Some spirit still whispers : " When life's dream is past,
We fondly shall meet in love's heaven at last.
No sigh there will reach us, we may not deplore
The love that unites us will part us no more. "

I Wish I Were a Fairy Queen.

I wish I were a royal fay,
My robes of rose-leaves flowing light,
My sceptre from a jasmine spray,
My crown of dew-drop, diamond bright

When called in elfin halls to shine,
I'd hasten to the festal spot,
And zephyrs round my brow I'd twine,
Wreaths of the blue forget-me-not.

I'd make my throne some graceful rose,
My canopy its foliage green :
I'd wander earth where'er I chose,
If I were but a fairy queen.

I'd speed to all the haunts of woe,
And bid the gloomy shade depart :
I'd still the tortured spirit's throe,
I'd whisper hope to every heart—

To churlish boors I'd never give
The treasures meant mankind to cheer :
All those who on this earth would live,
Should each be to the other dear—

I have the will—the might had I,
This earth would teem with joy, I ween :
But I can only dream and sigh :
" I wish I were a fairy queen ! "

Oh ! Come With Me in My Little Canoe.

Oh ! come with me in my little canoe,
Where the sea is calm and the sky is blue :
Oh ! come with me—for, I long to go
To the isles where the mango apples grow :
Oh ! come with me, and be my love—
For thee the jungle depth I'll rove,
I'll gather the honey-comb bright as gold,
And chase the elk to its secret hold.
CHORUS.
I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
The tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
And the wild gazelle, with its silvery feet,
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.
[Repeat Chorus.]

I'll climb the palm for the Lins' nest,
Red peas I'll gather to deck thy breast :
I'll pierce the cocoa's cup for its wine,
And haste to thee, if thou'lt be mine—
Then come with me in my light canoe,
While the sea is calm and the sky is blue :
For, should we linger another day,
Storms may arise, and love decay.
I'll chase, &c.

Oh ! come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found—
Our sands are bare, and down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and as gaily springs,
As o'er the marbled courts of kings.
I'll chase, &c.

TRUE FRIENDS—Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm : swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Put not your faith in countenance. Judge not from appearances.

The Laughable Adventures of Larry M'Flynn.

Air : Larry was the Boy.

In eighteen hundred and forty-nine,
I thought a soldier's life I'd like fine :
I enlisted in Dublin with one Sergeant Speirs,
To serve her Majesty twenty-one years.

SPOKEN : Arrah ! sergeant honey, says I, this is a long time to be bound to serve a woman : but what am I to get when my time is expired ?—Well, Larry, says he, I will tell you what wages you will receive. If you happen to lose your head before your time is expired, you will receive one shilling a-day for life : and one and a penny every day while you are in the service. Besides, you will have nothing to do but walk about with your hands in your pockets, like a gentleman—Arrah ! figs ! sergeant honey, says I I'd like very well to be a gentleman : but I hope you will stick to your bargain.

Then before a Justice of Peace I was took,
And into my hand he did clap a large book :
" Now Larry swear to be true to your Queen, "
Says I : " to swear anything I'm very keen. "

SPOKEN : Ah ! but, Larry, says he, I suppose you do not understand me. You must swear to be true to her Majesty—Sir says I, I will swear anything you bid me. I regard a bit of an oath, on a dirty piece of paper, no more than a dog does his father—But, Larry, says he, mind you will have to say after me—Very well, sir, says I, do you swear on, and then I'll say after you, let it be right or wrong.

Then being attested, to barracks I went,
And into a room to a comrade was sent :
Ten shillings of bounty the sergeant gave me,
Did help to raise a bit of a spree.

SPOKEN : Well, sirs, they dressed myself in a suit of regimental clothes, polished shoes, and a white shirt—Arrah ! by jing says I, I am going to be a gentleman now. But figs ! I was sadly mistaken : for, in comes a bit of a thing called a lance-corporal, crying : " turn out recruits for drill. "—Larry says he, mind you must turn out for drill too—Arrah ! be aisy, says I, none of your nose nose didn't I list to be a gentleman ?—Oh ! but, Larry says he you must learn to be a soldier before you can be a gentleman. " Come, take him away, " says another fellow, with a nose on his face like a jack-ass's great-grandfather, and a head as big as a bushel of praties—A-well, gentlemen say I I have sworn to obey but one, but now you seem to be all masters here together, Howsomever thinks I, figs ! I'll go for this time : but I shortly intend to take leg bail for my honesty.

Six hours a day I was kept close at drill,
Confined to barracks sore against my will :
At length, one dark night, I scaled the wall,
Says I to myself : " now a fig for you all ! "

SPOKEN : Well, sirs, in about six weeks after, I went to see Donnybrook Fair with my sweet Kitty O'Flannigan. Figs ! myself shouldered her into a tent, to get a wee drop of Enniskowden, when who should step in at our heels but Sergeant Speirs and six of his party ! They seized myself like a murderer. Arrah ! be aisy, gentlemen says I, till we have a wee drop together. So, while we were drinking, I told Kitty to go to my house and fetch me my bear's skin, and she did so. Well, sirs, they handcuffed myself, and they marched me off to Richmond Barracks and put me into the black hole, where I lay trembling all night, like a dog in a wet sack.

As soon as the black-hole I did enter in,
Under my shirt I did clap the bear's skin :
I knew very well, from what they did say,
By a court-martial they'd try me next day.

SPOKEN : Well sirs, next morning the sergeant-major comes to the black-hole, and says to myself—Larry M'Flynn, prepare yourself for a court-martial—Arrah ! by jing ! sir, says I, I've been preparing myself all night. Well, sirs, I was then marched off between two soldiers to the place of trial. They found me guilty, and sentenced me to receive two hundred lashes. Well, sirs, in the evening, I was brought out to receive my punishment. The first thing that myself spied, was the Isle of Man coat-of-arms called triangles. My court-martial being read : " Come strip sir " says the colonel—Oh ! forgive me sir, says I, as this is the first crime—Strip, sir, said he for, you shall receive it on the bare skin—Faith ! that's what I want sir, says I I hope you will not allow them to flog me on any place else but the bear's skin—Come strip, sir says he, I pledge my honor that on the bare skin you shall receive it, and no place else—Well, now, says I since you have pledged your honor, I will strip. In taking off my clothes, the colonel cries : " Drum-major, see and make your men do their duty. " So when myself was taking off my shirt, the colonel says : What is that the confounded rascal has got on his back ? —It's what you pledged your honor to flog me on, says I, a bear's skin. With that they all fell a-laughing—Well, Larry, said he you have come Paddy over me for once, I forgive you for this time : but, depend upon it, the next time you come here, a bear's skin will not save you.

I learned to march with the rest of the boys,
And then I was put to the gun exercise :
To mind the manœuvres myself was not fit,
And to banish sorrow I drank out my kit.

SPOKEN : Well sirs, when the 24th of the month came, we were ordered for inspection : but then devil a kit had poor Larry to show—neither shirt, stockings, nor shoes—What the devil will I do now ? thinks I. 'Twill be another court-martial : but I fear I'll not get as clear off this time Howsomever I went and filled my knapsack with straw from one of the beds : then I went out and stole a young cat and put it in the knapsack among the straw. When we went to parade, they all laid down their knapsacks for inspection : but figs ! I took good care to keep my kit on my back—poor thing ! it never spoke a word. So, when the captain came to me, he says : " Larry M'Flynn, where is your kit ? Figs ! it's here on my back, snug and warm, sir, says I.—Well, come lay it down, sir, says he—Arrah ! by jing ! sir, says I, if I lay it down, it will run away—Run away ! Larry, says he, that's impossible, your kit couldn't run away : come, lay it down and let me see it : and then if your kit does run away, I will buy you another—Well, sir, says I, I will just take you at your word. So

I opened my knapsack, as they did stare,
Puss she popt out and ran through the square :
The captain from laughing could not refrain,
And said : " I will buy you a new kit again. "

He made me his servant the very next day,
And I've but one master now to obey :
Now I serve a captain instead of a Queen,
This is the adventures of Larry M'Flynn.

Come With Thy Sweet Voice Again

Come with thy sweet voice again,
To my heart still dear,
Laden with soft soothing pain
Like a tear, like a tear :
Bright visions, long vanished,
Round thy melodies beam :
Lulled in the lap of thy sighs,
Let me dream, let me dream—
Come with thy sweet voice again,
Come, oh ! come again !
Come with thy sweet voice again

Bring not a language that tells
How the light hours roll :
Come with the music that wells
From thy soul, from thy soul
Come not with bright offerings,
Cold, unhallowed and new—
Bring but thine own gentle heart,
Ever true, ever true—

Come again ! &c.

I am the Lad Can Do the Trick

Air : The Charity Girl.



My name, you see, is Dicky May,
A lad that's ever blythe and gay :
I laugh when other people cry—
For, care, you see, is all my eye !
So not to let my passion cool,
I went unto a dancing-school :
Some people say my noodle's thick,
But I'm the lad can do the trick.
Higgledy, piggledy, heel and toe,
Flare up music, off we go :
Shuffletty, shuffletty, cut and kick,
Oh ! that's the way to do the trick

My master, when I did begin,
Showed me how ladies' hearts to win,
He taught me how to place my toes,
And the newest cut to blow my nose :
Then after I was done with this,
Says he : " I'll show you how to kiss. "
It made me then my lips to lick.
I soon was sharp at that same trick.
Higgledy, &c.

I got with ladies Ann and Bet,
I learned to walk and minuet :
And at the ball to come the swell,
Go in with Smike at Clerkenwell,
My togs were finished to my will,
And Mr. Cabbage sent his bill.
Which I resolved should stand on tick,
Oh ! that's the way to do the trick.
Higgledy, &c.

Thus gaily rigged, I forth did rove
And to the ladies whispered love :
But not in wedlock meant to bind,
Till some good fortune I could find.
At last a maiden fair I found,
Possessed of twenty thousand pounds.
Her shiners did my heart afflict—
So I asked if she would do the trick.
Higgledy, &c.

She bade me go and ask her ma,
Her ma referred me to her pa,
Her pa referred me to the door—
And kindly bade me come no more.
But at night I softly stole unseen,
And coaxed my love to Glasgow Green :
She bolted off with me right quick—
Wasn't that the way to do the trick ?
Higgledy, &c.

However many friends you have, do not neglect yourself ; though you have a thousand, not one of them loves you so much as you ought to love yourself.

My Cottage Home.

My home, my home, my cottage home !
Thou fair and lovely spot,
How sad and lonely is my soul
When I can view thee not !
The vines may blossom in my path,
And flowers I must adore :
But what are all their charms to me,
If not beside my door ?

Home is a name we ne'er forget
Like other names of earth :
We never grow too old to love
The spot that gave us birth ;
And when in dreams of faded years
Of all our youthful pride,
How sweet to dwell beneath the roof
Where our dear parents died !

My home, my home, my cottage home !
I'll love thee evermore,
And every heart that greets me,
When I reach thy humble door :
And though my mother's smile be gone—
My father's watchful care—
I love to dwell beneath thy roof :
For, home was always there !

I Wish We Kept a Carriage.

I wish we kept a carriage, that we girls might take a drive
Through all the parks, and Regent Street :
for, as sure I am alive,
Unless we do, the beaux will never know
we're in existence :
For, ladies now should never walk,
however short the distance.
Heigho, for a carriage ! &c.

Where'er I turn, it makes me burn to hear the people talk,
As pointing down they say : " The Browns,
poor wretches, always walk. "
And folks we never saw before, at concerts,
balls, and races,
All sneer as if they saw the word " pedestrian "
in our faces.
Heigho, for a carriage ! &c.

When on our way, the other day, to dine with Mrs. Ware,
I plainly heard a neighbor say :
" Browns' carriage ! I declare ! "
" His carriage ! cried Miss Damper,
who by chance was standing by,
It's no more his than yours, my dear ;
'tis Dobson's hackney fly. "
Heigho, for a carriage ! &c.

When in my fright, the other night,
I leaned on Major Marriot,
Half-fainting in his arms, I whispered :
" Pray, sir, call my chariot ; "
He told the link-boy, and the wretch, as if to seal my fate,
Bawls : " Browns's carriage, pull up—Jarvey, No. 48.
Heigho, for a carriage ! &c.

Now, if you for your daughters wish to bring a marriage,
Of all things in this world, papa,
do keep some kind of carriage :
Unless you do, the beaux will never care for us a fig,
Without you keep, at very least,
a four-wheeled chaise or gig.
Heigho, for a carriage ! &c.

Matilde Heron's Celtic Song.

Come to me, darling, I'm lonely without thee
Come in the twilight when day's gone to rest ;
No rude eye shall witness me twining about thee,
As fondly I pillow thy head on my breast.
Then come to me, darling, nor doubt I am true :
For, my heart is but happy while thinking of you.

Come in the midnight, that propreant hour
When soul blends with soul in love's starlight bower :
When linked in long sweetness of exquisite bliss,
We murmur : good-night ! in a sweet, silent kiss.
Then come to me, darling, nor doubt I am true :
For, my heart is but happy while thinking of you.

Come in the twilight, or midnight, or day :
It's only my darkness when thou art away—
Then come to me, sweetheart, I languish, I pine
For one little smile to say : " Yes, I am thine ! "
Then come to me, darling, nor doubt I am true :
For, my heart is but happy while thinking of you.

Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.

Evening Repose.

By Prince Albert.

How calm and still around me
Each object now remains!
The hills that now surround me
Are breathless as the plains:
The verdant leaves, so tender,
Their slightest motion stop,
Nor sighs to Zephyr render
Upon the mountain top:
No twinkling star, appearing,
Its light o'er nature throws:
All to my heart endearing
The evening's calm repose.

Give Me Woman! Give Me Wine!

Give me woman, give me wine,
Each a treasure, both divine,
And let the bowl be crowned
With lovely roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from summer's blooming bowers,
To breathe perfume around.

And when the air is is scented, bring
The God of Love, without his wing,
His brows with myrtle bound,
To charm the mistress of my soul:
Let wit fly o'er the sparkling bowl—
Within it cares lie drowned.

Never Go Back On Your Word.

Oh! white folks, I'll sing you a ditty,
If you will listen to my little song:
And if it don't please, it's a pity,
And I promise to not keep you long.
The subject of my song it is wholesome,
The music no donbt you have heard,
And I promised to sing you a new one,
And I'll never go back on my word.

There was Old Hickory Jackson,
At the battle of New Orleans:
It was there he gave General Packenham
The best of his good Yankee beans.
He says: "Now, boys, we must whip them,"
And he looked at his trusty old sword:
He gave them gunpowder and cotton,
And he did not go back on his word.

In the days of the old revolution,
Or in the days of old seventy-six,
Our country was in a commotion,
And the British were playing dirty tricks:
We sent for a man for to help us
To drive off that tyrannical horde:
George Washington said he would do it,
And he never went back on his word.

Lovely Nancy Brown.

While walking down Canal street, the other day,
Feeling happy and quite gay,
As by the Park I chanced to spy,
Lovely Nancy Brown so shy.

CHORUS.

For, she is my darling,
She is so charming:
Prettiest little creature—Repeat.
Belle of all the town,
Charming, Darling, Lovely Nancy Brown.

With Nancy Brown I had a chat,
Oh! how my heart went pit-a-pat—
While walking out side by side,
Nancy vowed she would be my bride.
For, she is, &c.

"Are you the gent, I might ask,
That bowed to Nancy as she passed?"
"Oh! yes, I am, if you must know,
I left her just an hour ago."
For, she is, &c.

Nancy said my wife she'd be,
And that's just what she said to me:
"There s something wrong, what can it be?"
She thinks I'm you and you are me.
For, she is, &c.

Saucy Sal.

I'm a sassy nigger gal, and they call me Ginger Sal,
And I've just come out to shake my toe and heel;
Oh! I works down in the kitchen,
Into mischief I am pitching,
And I'm just as limber as a lamper eel.

CHORUS.

I'm happy anywhere, for troubles never care,
My heart is like an Injin rubber ball:
Now listen unto me, if fun you want to see,
Don't you like me, don't you hear me when I squall!

I'm a gallus waiter girl, but the men can't twist my curl,
And they cannot drink their juleps long with me;
For, I understand my business,
And I'm up to all their quinzees,
And I'm not the gal they take me for to be.
I'm happy anywhere, &c.

Oh! I feel so mighty high, I could jump up to the sky,
I'm as jolly as a crow upon the wing;
Don you know I'm so winning when
These eye-balls are a grinning,
That I get the fellars all upon the string.
I'm happy anywhere, &c.

Three Sailors From Bristol City.

Words by Thackery—Music Arranged by Henry Tucker.

There were three sailors from Bristol city,
There were three sailors from Bristol city,
And they were shipwrecked on the sea,
And they were shipwrecked on the sea-ee-ee.

There was Guzzling Jim and Gorging Billy,
There was Guzzling Jim and Gorging Billy,
And a cabin-boy, by name Tommee,
A cabin-boy, by name Tomme-ee-ee.

They had run short of fresh provision,
They had run short of fresh provision,
And then they said: "We must eat we!"
And then they said: "We must eat we-ee-ee."

Says Guzzling Jim: "We're tough and stringy,"
Says Guzzling Jim: "We're tough and stringy,"
But Tommy's tender, let's eat he,
But Tommy's tender, let's eat he-wee-ee.

"Oh! let me say my catechism,
Oh! let me say my catechism,
Which my dear mother taught to me,
Which my dear mother taught to me-ee-ee.

Then away he flew to the "main-top shrum,"
Then away he flew to the "main-top shrum,"
There knelt upon his bended knee,
There knelt upon his bended knee-wee-ee.

"I see the straits of Madagascar,
I see the straits of Madagascar,
And Admiral Napier, K. C. B.
And Admiral Napier, K. C. B.-wee-ee.

Now Guzzling Jim and Gorging Billy,
Now Guzzling Jim and Gorging Billy,
They were both hanged for piracy,
They were both hanged for piracy-wee-ee.

SPOKEN: SEE!

High Times In The Kitchen.

Oh! de Yankees played de debil way down in Dixy,
Old Massa took de gals and run away—
And dey played de very dickens all around in dat vicinity,
Old massa gave de darkies holiday.

CHORUS.

High times, good times, down in massa's Kitchen,
De darkies dey gain seven pounds a day.
Hilakey, hilakey, hilakey, hoo! I am bound to be a general,
At least so all de Yankee soldiers say.

Like Daniel in de lion's den, you
will see dem in de menagerie,
And de darkies dere encompassed all around,
And when de bugle sounded, why,
high, low, jack for liberty!
And de wenches to de frolic dey were bound.
High times, good times, &c.

Now de war is over and dere is peace down in Dixy,
De nigger he is better dan before;
But he will hoe de corn and bake de cake,
And wait for angel Gabriel to sound
him to Canaan's happy shore.
High times, good times, &c.

A third person is often an annoyance, as well in matters of love as of friendship.

The meanest cottage may often produce a hero.

My Heart Is Thine.

Why loves the breeze at noon to sigh?
Why cease, why cease the stars to shine?
I cannot solve, I know not why,
But my heart, my heart is thine.
Why loves the breeze at noon to sigh?
Why cease, why cease the stars to shine?
I cannot solve, I know not why,
But my heart, my heart is thine.

CHORUS.

Ask not why it is I love thee—
Why?—Why is heaven divine?
I only know I cannot tell thee,
But my heart, my heart is thine.

Though others smile with kindness on me,
This heart, this heart alone is thine,
Its every pulse an off ring to thee:
So hallowed as its shrine—
The sun will hold his onward course,
Thus does my love, my love incline
To thee, and nought on earth can force
My heart, my heart from being thine.
Ask not why it is, &c

In vain thou bidst me to forget thee,
Death will first, will first be mine—
E'en then my flitting soul shall bless thee—
For, my heart, my heart is thine.
Each thought that haunts my fevered brain,
From love's first dawn is thine, is thine,
And this, the latest, breathes again
That my heart, my heart is thine.
Ask not why it is, &c.

I've Been True To Thee.

I never said that I had loved
No other girl but thee;
I ne'er denied that I had loved
Far o'er the wide, wide sea:
But, Mary, why those troubled thoughts?
Too oft you've doubted me:
I have, I know, too many faults,
But I've been true to thee.
Then, Mary, never let a thought
Whilst me possess your heart,
Unless you are, with malice fraught,
And wish from me to part.
But, dearest, hear my plighted vow,
The while I bend the knee,
I love thee more than all beside,
And I'll be true to thee.

The Vesper Hymn.

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters, soft and clear—
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
Now it bursts upon the ear:
Jubilate——Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along:
Now like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song:
Hark! again like waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along—

Love's Triumphs.

Though glory loudly strikes my ear,
The softer notes of love prevailing,
Every sense assailing,
Or watch with hope or sink with fear,
My heart that points to fame,
Shall rise to love as honor true,
And fan the double flame.
With sighs which breathe a last adieu,
I go, my faith and love to prove:
Valor ne'er was foe to love,
Tho' bravest hearts obey the call,
Love's triumphant over all.

Better to buy than incur an obligation by asking.

Did You Mean What You Said!

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New-York.

Composed by John E. Coz.

Did you mean what you said when you told me
You'd love me thro' good and thro' ill,
And long as your lifetime you'd hold me
The centre of happiness still?
Did you not speak as men speak too often,
With words of no meaning at all,
Save only with falsehood to soften
The bosom they mean to enthrall?

CHORUS.

Did you mean what you said when you told me
You'd love me thro' good and thro' ill,
And long as your lifetime you'd hold me
The centre of happiness still?

My heart like a timid bird flutters
Around the fond tone of your voice,
And mute tho' the language it utters,
It beats but to hear and rejoice:
Nay, let not my words give you pain, love:
For, doubts like night shadows all fly,
And all seemeth sunshine again, love,
Beneath the dear glance of your eye.

Jessie Lee.

Composed by Wm. B. Tennisse.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New-York.

Loveliness is sweetly beaming
From the azure of thine eyes,
As tho' quietly 'twas dreaming
On its seat in paradise:
For, there's nothing more beguiling,
E'en in beauty's charms to see,
Than the magic of the smiling
Of thy sweet look, Jessie Lee.

CHORUS.

Sweet Jessie Lee, bright Jessie Lee,
Love is in your eyes,
As tho' quietly 'twas dreaming
On its seat in paradise.

Tenderness is in each feature
Of thy fair and pleasing face,
As tho' Modesty's own creature
Captivates in every grace:
For, a charm thy soul's enriching
Wealthier than all the sea,
That in beauty comes bewitching
Thro' thy sweet looks, Jessie Lee.

Too Late to Marry.

A maiden fair and young,
Were both, one morn in May,
Upon a bough there sang
A bird, that seemed to say:
"Why wait? why wait?
Soon, soon 'twill be too late.
Tra, la, la, la! tra, la, la, la, la!
Tra, la, la, la! tra, la, la, la, la!
Tra, la, la, la! tra, la, la, la, la!
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Away the maiden went,
And joined each festive throng,
On pleasures whirl intent,
And lingered late and long:
"I'll wait, I'll wait,"
Sang she, with joy elate.

Time flew as on she strayed,
Through Fashion's giddy round:
With many a heart she played,
And laughed at every wound:
"Too late! Too late!
Old Time itself shall wait!"

Then came the first gray hair!
And looks and hearts grew cold:
And wrinkles, here and there,
Their tale unwelcome told:
"Hard fate! Too late!"
She sang, disconsolate!

The Anti-Teetotaler.

Air: Fine Old English Gentleman.

I'll sing to you a wondrous song,
It was made by a young pate,
About a Gentleman who had become intemperate:
His hall so old was drear and cold,
The wind howled round the door,
He scorned to sleep upon a bed, so he slept on the floor,
Like an Anti-Teetotaler, one of the olden time.

He lived a lonely life: for, he had fewer friends than foes,
And there he sat in burly mood,
and rubbed his old red nose:
The greatest enemy he had, lived with him in the hall:
His name it was Dom'-fore, him he loved best of all,
Like an Anti-Teetotaler, one of the olden time.

In former days, he was gallant,
and dressed quite like a dandy:
But the Girls soon cut him, when they
found he was in love with Brandy—
And now a Bachelor, his house is lonely as a barn,
He has no wife to darn his socks, and has no socks to darn,
Like an Anti-Teetotaler, one of the olden time.

He had a fashion of his own, and dressed just as he chose,
He wore a hat without a crown, and toeless boots and shoes:
His pantaloons were much too short,
or he had grown too long—
And though he'd grown so very weak,
his breath was very strong,
Like an Anti-Teetotaler, one of the olden time.

But when he found the Temperance Pledge
made people fat and healthy,
That many who were poor before,
by Signing had grown wealthy:
"Give me the Pledge, said he. I'm Free!
I'll drink no more of sorrow.
My heart is light, and I shall be another man to-morrow!"
Like a Real Staunch Teetotaler, one of the Present time.

I'd Give The World To See Her.

Words and Music by G. W. Warren.

The Music can be obtained at any Music-Store.

I'd give the world to see her
Who cared for me when young:
I'd give the world to tell her
How oft her praise I've sung.
Her gentle chiding whisper,
Just like a silv'ry stream,
So soft, oh! so soft and sweet,
Comes o'er me like a dream.

My heart, with sadness breaking,
Breathes forth a silent prayer
To one whose love partaking
Still holds its image there.
How can I cease to love thee?
Or cease to shed a tear?
Tell me, oh! sweet spirit tell,
Oh! tell me: art thou near?

No more shall I behold thee,
Whilst wandering here below:
Yet, let thy spirit greet me,
As tears of sorrow flow.
Sleep on! I soon shall meet thee!
Sleep on!—'tis not a dream!
Sleep on!—sweet, oh! sweet the sleep
That chains me to my theme!

Beautiful Annie.

Poetry and Music by James G. Clark.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New-York.

Beautiful Annie, silver voiced Annie,
Gone ere thy light heart knew sorrow and woe:
Beautiful Annie, silver voiced Annie,
Oh! how we miss thee—no mortal may know.
Sweet is thy song, though the world may not hear it,
Bright is thy home, with the angels to cheer it:
Oh! for one view of thy glorified spirit,
Free from the fetters that bind us below!

CHORUS.

Beautiful Annie, silver voiced Annie,
Gone ere thy light heart knew sorrow or woe:
Beautiful Annie, silver voiced Annie,
Oh! how we miss thee—no mortal may know.

Beautiful Annie, silver voiced Annie,
Gone ere thy young life a shadow might feel:
Beautiful Annie, silver voiced Annie,
Green is thy memory, in sorrow and weal—
Thine is the splendor of joy undeceiving,
Ours be the love to thy memory cleaving,
Ours be the faith which is blest in believing
All the fond visions the angels reveal.

Beautiful Annie, silver voiced Annie,
Gone from our gloom in the early May:
Beautiful Annie, silver voiced Annie,
Smile on our home from thy glory-lit way:
Glide round the couch that so oft were thy pillow,
Sing in our gloom like the bird in the willow,
Come to our night like the star to the billow,
Gilding the wave with a promise of day!

It Was My Mother's Voice.

Words by M. A. Kidder—Music by Fred'k. Blume.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of Frederick Blume, Broadway, New-York.

O mother dear, I had a dream,
So sad and yet so bright,
When wounded on the battle plain,
I lay at dead of night:
A gentle strain fell on my ear,
That made my heart rejoice,
So soft and sweet it seemed to me,
It was my mother's voice.

CHORUS.

My mother's voice, my mother's voice,
How blessed still it seems,
When far away from friends and home,
To hear it in my dreams!

In years gone by, when but a boy,
Oftimes so sad and wild—
Dear mother, how your gentle voice
Would check your wayward child!
And when 'twixt good and ill, I made
The good my blessed choice,
A tender influence led me on—
It was my mother's voice!

My mother dear, though far away,
Upon a bed of pain:
If God but hear my earnest prayer,
We soon shall meet again.
To see my childhood's home once more,
It will my heart rejoice,
And once again before I die,
To hear my mother's voice!

Come Back To Us, Father.

Sung by the Christy Minstrels.

Come back to us, father, for ONE day to-day
From your wife and poor little daughter at play?
How often you leave us in sorrow and pain—
I'm afraid that my father is drinking again:
As I've watched my poor mother, how often I've wept,
As I lay on the floor, and she thought that I slept—
There was none to console her, we were all alone—
O father, dear father, I wish you'd come home!

Come back to us, father, don't stop out so late,
While we sit here and weep, hearkening gin that song
That I used, when you sat by the fire—I think
How happy we were before you took to drink.
When I climbed on your knee, and to kiss you I pout,
And you called me your darling, and hushed me to rest—
But now there's no fire, we're here all alone—
O father, dear father, I wish you'd come home!

Come back, dear father: poor mother's so pale,
I think she is dying—Oh! curse beer and ale!
And I'm so cold—Oh! hear how she moans:
"My child, he'll repent when we are both dead and gone—"
As I play in the street, Oh! it near drives me wild,
To be called, by my playmates, the poor dramkard's child—
And their parents they say: "She's but skin and bone,"
O father, dear father, I wish you'd come home!

Oh! hark! there's a footstep ascending the stair:
"I hope it's my father," was the little girl's prayer,
"Hush! don't wake my mother—Oh! why do you weep?"
"My child, your dear mother is in her last sleep—
But, no," she has fainted, thank heaven, he cried,
Forgive me, dear wife—and he sank by her side—
"I'll ne'er drink again, nor from you will I roam,
I do thank God, daughter, your father's come home!"

The wise man changes his mind, the ignorant man will not. The former will acknowledge his error and correct it, but the pertinacity with which the latter adheres to his opinions, always bears a just proportion to his ignorance.

Bear, and you shall be borne with. Forgive, and you shall be forgiven; or, if you expect others to do you a friendship, you, in your turn, must be ready so to do by them.

Swiftly O'er Life's Surging Sea.

Words by Dr. W. J. Wetmore—Music by N. P. B. Curtis.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of D. S. Holmes, 67 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, New-York.

Oh! swiftly o'er life's surging sea
My little life boat glides along,
With naught of freight, and none but me
To guide it through the current strong,
As o'er the earth I restless roam,
My bosom torn with cares and fears:
Bereft of friends, without a home,
I dread the scenes of coming years—

But darkly let the billows roll,
Let storm-clouds sweep the ocean wide:
God's hand the tempest will control,
And safely o'er the waves I'll ride
Then onward sail, my little boat,
I'll stem the waves though strong they be:
And firm in faith, I'll trusting float,
Unmoved down Time's eventful sea—

A True Man Of My Word.

How many men we meet along life's busy great highway,
Who make a promise recklessly,
not thinking what they say:
A promise ought to be a bond, has often been avered,
Alas! how few of those we meet are true men of their word!

CHORUS.

Remember what I say and don't make promises absurd,
But think before you speak and be a true man of your word.

Some meet a friend who needs their aid,
they tell him what they'll do
To help him on his way and at THE TIMES they mean it, too:
But out of sight is out of mind—I've very often heard—
And our poor friend finds out
they are not true men of their word.
Remember, &c.

The trouble that such people give, is more than I can say:
Appointments broken, chances lost
are caused by them each day;
Through their neglect, misfortunes
deep too often have occurred:
They promise, but they don't
perform as true men of their word.
Remember, &c.

Then learn a lesson from this song—in age as well as youth,
He cannot be an honest man who does not speak the truth:
Unthinking men may sneer, and call my theory absurd,
I ask no prouder title than a true man of my word.
Remember, &c.

Homeward Bound.

Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound:
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound:
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promises of which on us each he bestowed:
We're homeward bound!

Wildly the storm sweeps us on, as it roars,
We're homeward bound:
Look! yonder lie in the bright, heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound:
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale—
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail!
We're homeward bound!

We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound:
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound:
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number: Oh! come and be blessed,
Journey with us to the mansions of rest—
We're homeward bound!

Into the harbor of Heaven now we glide,
We're home at last:
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last:
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er:
We stand secure on the glorified shore—
Glory to God! we will shout evermore:
We're home at last!

While we are deliberating on the time when we are to begin, the time for action is lost.

Kitty Bell:

OR THE HOLE IN THE GARDEN WALL.

By T. Browne.

Oh! sweet Kitty Bell,
Dat's de girl so straight and tall:
She was such a swell,
When I met her at the ball;
Nebber she'd said no!
Oh dis no one ebber taxed her,
And de reason she did so,
No one ebber axed her.
One night in de dance,
When I squeeze her lubly finger,
She gave me such a stunning glance,
Dis heart was like big cinder.

CHORUS.

Oh! sweet Kitty Bell,
Dat's de girl so straight and tall:
She was such a 'toxicating swell,
When I met her at the ball!

"Oh! sweet Kitty dear,
Won't you take a walk some day?"
"No, I can't, I fear,
Den dis lubly girl did say:
Cruel massa I obey,
Lock me up from night till morning
Could me only run away,
Me wouldn't gib no warning."
Den dis child so sly,
Creeping round de house at night-fall,
What d'ye tink dis nigger spy?
A hole in de garden wall.
Oh! sweet Kitty Bell, &c.

Often den we'd meet,
When the eve did slowly fall:
Den I'd steal a kiss so sweet,
Through dat blessed garden wall.
Soon she I axed to wed,
Only imagine what she den said:
"Can't get out, so very small
Dat hole in de garden wall."
"Oh dat dere's no fear:
For, I'm sure dis jolly nigger
Soon will make, my lubly dear,
Dat hole in de wall much bigger."

CHORUS.

So bless dat garden wall,
Now we are so happy all—
Darling wife, and piccaninny small—
All through dat hole in de garden wall!

True Love's Early Song.

There's music in the murm'ring stream
That sports beneath the silver beam:
There's music in the rippling wave,
When howling storms have ceased to rave
There's music in the morning hour,
From tree to tree, from bower to bower:
But can such powers to these belong,
As those of true love's early song?

There's music in the gentle breeze
That softly stirs the greenwood trees:
There's music in the evening lay
Which echo bears so far away:
There's music in the winds that sweep
Our homeward bark along the deep:
But can such powers to these belong,
As those of true love's early song?

There's music in the words we hear
Of friends remote, to memory dear:
There's music in those early lays
Which charmed our infant happy days:
There's music, when afar we roam,
In every word that speaks of home:
But can such powers to those belong,
As those of true love's early song?

Friend Of My Soul!

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear:
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more sincere—
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind,
But like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

Come twine the wreath thy brows to sha
These flowers were culled at noon
Like woman's love the rose will f
But, ah! not half so soon:
For, though the flower's decayed
Its fragrance is not o'er:
But once when love's betrayed,
The heart can bloom no more.

Dew-Drops.

See the shining dew-drops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving, as they sparkle:
"God is ever good."

See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming:
"God is ever good."

Hear the mountain streamlet,
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying:
"God is ever good."

In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing:
"God is ever good."

Bring, my heart, thy tribute—
Songs of gratitude—
While all nature utters:
"God is ever good!"

She's as Pretty as a Pink.

SONG AND DANCE.

Written for and Sung by Charley Sturges.

Composed by Hollin Howard.

This is the silent pathway—
Ah! yes, I know it well,
The rill, the tapering fir-tree,
The fairy primrose dell—
'Twas here I met dear Marie,
In the budding of the year:
'Twas here my passionate pleading
I breathed upon her ear.

CHORUS.

Her eyes they are so soft and blue,
Her flowing hair is of golden hue,
Her merry laugh and song so gay
Makes music all the day:
She loves me: and she knows, I think,
She's as pretty as a pink.

The birds they sang so sweetly,
I think I hear them now:
The hawthorn's snowy blossoms
Were bright upon the bough.
I said: "Marie, I love thee!"
Sweet Marie drooped her eyes.
I said: "Marie, I love thee!"
She answered with her sighs. Chorus.

Then when the sun was shining,
Or when the stars peep forth—
At every hour of leisure,
We sought the little path.
The loving trees seemed joyful,
When we kissed beneath their shade.
She said: "I love thee, Charley!"
And that's every word she said. Chorus.

Martha.

QUARTETTE—Music by Theodore Harris.

Sexton! Martha's dead and gone!
Toll the bell! toll the bell!
Her weary hands their labor cease:
Good-night! poor Martha, sleep in peace.
Toll the bell!

Sexton! Martha's dead and gone!
Toll the bell! toll the bell!
For many a year has Martha said:
"I'm old and poor, would I were dead!"
Toll the bell!

Sexton! Martha's dead and gone!
Toll the bell! toll the bell!
She'll bring no more, by day or night,
Her basket full of linen white:
Toll the bell!

Sexton! Martha's dead and gone!
Toll the bell! toll the bell!
Sleep, Martha, sleep—to wake in light,
Where all the robes are stainless white!
Toll the bell!

While your strength and years allow you, endure labor. Curved age, with silent step, will soon overtake you.

On Board the Panama.

As Sung by Johnny Roach.

Once I was a waterman and lived at home at ease :
But now I am a marrineer and plow the raging seas ;
I thought I'd like a sea-faring life to visit lands afar,
So I sailed away from Calico Bay on board the Panama.

CHORUS.

Then heave away, my hearties, we're bound for lands afar,
As we sailed away from Calico Bay on board the Panama.

Our ship she lay at anchor in the famed Jersey canal :
She was a great and noble ship, describe her now I shall :
Her cabin was on her second deck, through
a ladder down the hole,
And we were bound for Wigan, me boys,
to get a big load of coal.
Then heave away, &c.

Our captain was a sturdy man, he stood just six feet three :
His hair was red, his eyes were green,
and his mouth as big as three ;
He could beat the world at drinking grog
you might search both near and far,
And his wife she was first mate, me boys,
on board of the Panama.
Then heave away, &c.

We sailed three days before the mast,
when the water it got short,
And every hour each man, me boys
he was allowed a quart ;
We were in latitude a hundred and one,
no land for many a mile,
And all the provisions we had on
board was a bottle of Castor Oil.
Then heave away, &c.

We fell in with a big sand junk bound for a foreign shore,
It's thunder and sparibles, said I, me boys,
I'll go to sea no more :
We had to sail east, west north and south
to keep clear of the ships in the bay,
And three years after that, me boys,
we landed down Broadway.
Then heave away, &c.

Our captain he gave orders for action to clear the deck,
When the man at the wheel fell through
the hole and nearly broke his neck :
I hollered at my messmates till I was black in the face,
But she turned out to be a Chinaman
and bound for St. Mark's Place.
Then heave away, &c.

Wrecked and Saved.

Words by J. Bendahl—Music by W. Knowles.

Descriptive Ballad—Sung by Wm. S. Pontin.

The Music of this piece arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No. 286 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

The day was fair, the Sun was bright,
Our ship so gaily dressed :
All hearts were bounding with delight,
Not one with fear oppressed :
The anchor weighed, each sail was spread
To catch the fresh'ning breeze,
And on our way we swiftly sped
Upon the boundless seas.

But soon a dreadful storm began,
The livid light'ning flashed :
The troubled seas like mountains ran—
The troubled seas like mountains ran,
The troubled seas like mountains ran—
And loud the thunder crashed :
The raving waters swept the deck
And shivered ev'ry mast :
All sails were gone—the ship a wreck,
And downward sinking fast !

Our Captain calm, serene his brow,
The fearful sentence gave :
" WE'RE LOST—NO POWER CAN HELP US NOW,
THE SEA MUST BE OUR GRAVE. "
E'en then we wept not, in despair
Tho' hope of life had flown :
But raised one voice in holy prayer
To Heaven's benignant throne.

The last farewell, the last good-bye
We gave—for, death seemed near—
When, Oh ! a sail ! a ship comes nigh—
Thank God ! thank God ! thine aid is here—
Hurrah ! we're saved, now homeward bound,
The ship speeds on a main—
Soon shall our joyous shout resound
In England once again.
Hurrah ! we're saved, now homeward bound,
The ship speeds on a main—
Soon shall our joyous shout resound
In England once again !

Any Tinware to Mend ?

Composed and Sung by Johnny Roach.

Air : Down Among the Coals.

Good people all give ear to me, I'll tell you who I am,
And if you listen to my song, I'll amuse ye if I can.
I am a traveling tinker, as you can plainly see,
Perhaps there's some one here that has a job for me.

CHORUS.

Any tinware to mend ? any tinware to mend ?
I'm the boy can mend your pans your pots,
your kettles and your cans :
Any tinware to mend ? any tinware to mend ?
They call me roving Irish Jack the tinker.

They told me when I left the old dart it's
some time now, of course,
A rolling stone where e'er it goes it seldom gathers moss :
But I am one that's not too fast, I never go too soon :
For, I belong to Butler's club and
keep one eye on silver spoons.
Any tinware to mend ? &c.

And if a pretty girl I meet, why, the question then I pop,
She is sure to bring her pots and pans
the holes for me to stop.
And if the mistress does come down to
find out what the bother,
I never fail to use on her some of the same soft soder.
Any tinware to mend ? &c.

The Heart to Love.

Music by F. A. Emil Stadler—Sung by Miss Dora Dawron.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No. 286 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

Though old and ragged be his coat,
And poor his richest fare,
Though he may not possess a groat,
Yet still I do not care,
If brother-like he'd share his store.
I care not who may know it :
I would not heed the coat he wore,
But love the heart below it.

No king or prince with gartered knee,
Or lord of noble birth,
Could e'er such homage win from me,
As one of noble worth.
Let others praise the blaze of arms,
I care not who may know it :
No gaudy show for me has charms,
But 'tis the heart below it.

The man that nets an honest part,
With bold and daring eye,
Whose breast contains an honest heart
That throbs with sympathy—
I'd ever love through weal and woe,
I care not who may know it :
The clothes are but the outward show,
The manly heart's below it.

O'Donnell Abu!

A. D. 1597—By M. J. M'Cann.

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale,
Fleetly the steed by Loc Suilig is bounding,
To join the thick squadrons in Salmear's green vale :
On, every mountaineer,
Strangers to flight and fear !
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh !
Bonnought and Gallowglass
Throng from each mountain-pass ! /
On for old Erin—O'Donnell abu !

Princely O'Neil to our aid is advancing,
With many a chieftain and warrior-clan :
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing,
'Neath the borders brave from the banks of the Bann—
Many a heart shall quail
Under its coat of mail :
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
When on his ear shall ring,
Borne on the breeze's wing,
Tyrconnell's dread war-cry—O'Donnell abu !

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling,
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling—
All, all who would scare them are banished or slain !
Grasp, every stalwart hand,
Hackbut and battle-brand—
Pay them all back the deep debt so long due :
Norris and Clifford well
Can of Tir-Conaill tell—
Onward to glory—O'Donnell abu !

Sacred the cause that Clan-Conaill's defending—
The altars we kneel at and homes of our sires :
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—
Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires !
On with O'Donnell, then !
Fight the old fight again,
Sons of Tir-Conaill all valiant and true !
Make the false Saxon feel
Erin's avenging steel !
Strike for your country !—O'Donnell abu !

Irish Fontenoy.

As Sung by Johnny Roach.

Oh ! have you heard the news, my boys,
That glorious news to-day ?
Those gallant sons, with pikes and guns,
Are girding for the fray :
The exiles are returning,
Their dear old land to see ;
And you and me must ready be
To strike for liberty.

CHORUS.

We'll tear that British banner down,
And we'll every foe destroy,
Till we trample in the bloody dust
Of an Irish Fontenoy !

The green flag shall wave over us,
As it did in days of yore :
And the dear old harp of Tara's Hall
Shall strike its chords once more :
And the tune we'll play shall be Patrick's day,
And we'll play it o'er and o'er :
And soon you'll see Old Ireland free,
And the exiles home once more—
We'll tear, &c.

We have begged of England long, my boys,
But now we'll beg no more :
No more like prowling hounds we'll crawl
Around our master's door.
We have learned the way to freedom, boys,
And soon we'll strike the blow
That will raise up poor Old Ireland,
And lay the tyrant low !
We'll tear, &c.

Costermonger Joe.

As Sung by Johnny Roach with great Success.

I'm Costermonger Joe, and as my rounds I go,
For many a smile the girls all smile on Costermonger Joe.
With mind devoid of care and spirits light as air,
I whistle and sing, and cabbages bring from
Centre Market, oh !
I started young in trade and a nice connection made
Along the streets, the avenues and squares :
Now all I have to do is call a thing or two,
While "Ned," my little donkey, draws
my wares, draws my wares—
While Ned, my little donkey, draws my wares.

CHORUS.

I'm Costermonger Joe, and as my rounds I go,
For many a smile the girls all smile on Costermonger Joe.

I'm Costermonger Joe—no money do I owe :
There's not a crust that's got on trust by Costermonger Joe.
And yet to barely live, why, I must credit give,
Or none would deal, or grease the wheel
for Costermonger Joe.
It's not the likes of me you in the papers see
Petitioning the court for a divorce :
But those who can almost a college education boast,
So morality by keeping laws force, laws force—
So morality by learning laws force.
I'm Costermonger Joe, &c.

I'm Costermonger Joe, and steadily I row
The stream of life—but wants a wife,
does Costermonger Joe,
His humble lot to share. Let her be dark or fair,
She'll be always sure of affection pure
from Costermonger Joe.
How happy would I be, in summer after tea,
To drive my little wife around about,
In the green lanes in my cart, with feelings proud at heart
That I could own what I was driving out, driving out—
That I could own what I was driving out !
I'm Costermonger Joe, &c.

I'm Costermonger Joe, and I would have you know
All are not fools from ragged schools,
says Costermonger Joe :
For, it's there I first began to learn that every man
His mind must give to work, and live
like Costermonger Joe.
I've told you all my mind, in hopes that I should find :
So, folks, to own the roughest may be true,
And beneath the humble corduroy life
hearts that beat with joy—
So respectfully I bid you all adieu, adieu—
So respectfully I bid you all adieu.
I'm Costermonger Joe, &c.

The Rose of Tralee.

Words by F. MORDAUNT SPENCER. Music by CHARLES W. GLOVER.

Andante con moto.

1. The pale moon was ris - ing a - bove the green moun-tain, The
2 The cool shades of eve - ning their man - tle were spread-ing, And

cres. *rall.*

sun was de - clin - ing be - neath the blue sea When I stray'd with my love to the pure crys - tal
Ma - ry all smil - ing was list' - ning to me, The moon through the val - ley her pale rays was

foun - tain, That stands in the beau - ti - ful vale of Tra - lee She was love - ly and fair as the
shed - ding, When I won the heart of the Rose of Tra - lee Though love - ly and fair as the

rose of the sum - mer, Yet 'twas not her beau - ty a - lone that won me, Oh, no 'twas the

dim. *sf* *p*

truth beam-ing in her eye ev' - er dawn - ing, That made me love Ma - ry, the Rose of Tra - lee.

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CONTENTS.

As Gay as a Hollyhock ..... Page 578
Ain't it Nice to have a Beau? 580
ASK MAMMA 579
Adam was a Gentleman 582
A Hundred Years Ago 582
Be not first to cast the Stone 578
Bourbon Johnny 578
The BARBER'S DAUGHTER 583
Chilly Sam 581
Come, Rest in this Bosom! 581
The Cymbal Man 583
The Deserted Seamstress 578
DAUGHTERS TO SELL 581
The Desert 582
The Emigrant's Farewell 579
The Full Moon is Beaming—Music 584
In the Park 580
IT WAS A FORM 582
I saw Her at the Fancy Fair 582
The Island of Green 583
Kathleen of Kildare 579
Lovely Eliza: or the Deluded Laundress .. 578
Love, Hope and Truth 580
Marion Lee 580
Marching through the Parks: or the Drum-Major .. 583
MR. SPRAGGS, THE GROCER 581
O'er the Hills, Bessie 581
The Old Chimney Corner 581
The Old Man and the Child 582
Parody on: Nothing else to do 580
REST, DARLING, REST 578
Rolling Home across the Sea 582
The Switzer's Farewell 578
Slap-up Lodgings 579
Sweet Lilla Brown 580
SOMEPODY'S PEEN DERE PEFORE . 583
The Swell with a Glass in His Eye 583
Tell me: Is My Father Coming? 579
There's Room Enough for All 580
Till Early in the Morning 580
Under the Linden Tree 579
VEN MY PAND PEGINS TO BLAY ... 583
The Victimized Young Man 579
Wait till I put on My Bonnet 581
Where are You Going on Sunday? 581
Why did I Love? 582
What can a Poor Maiden do? 582
The Yankee Girls 578

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SINGER'S JOURNAL.

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Who will supply them at the Publisher's lowest rate.

As Gay As A Hollyhock.

Companion to the "Big Sun-flower."

Sung by Charley Sturges.

Written and Composed by Rollin Howard.

The Music is Published by Koppitz, Prufer & Co., Boston.

I've just come from the garden there,
A charming place to see:
The flowers do scent the air,
Quite plain enough to me:
For, they are tended by a maid
So lovely and so fair,
The boys around here always said
With her none can compare.

CHORUS.

Oh! I'm just as gay as a hollyhock there
Over in yonder garden.
'Cause, to you I do declare,
I'll be married Sunday morning.

Her father gave her all the care
Of the house and garden d'ye see—
And now she's promised just out there
To come take care of me.
She is not rich, nor very poor:
To the world I can proclaim
She's to be mine for evermore,
Which is my heart's fond aim. Chorus.

The Hollyhock stalks its head up there,
And is pretty for to view:
But the loveliest flower growing there,
Cannot come up to Sue.
I've a modest little house and lot,
Where she will dwell with me:
How happy we'll be in this cot,
I hope you'll come and see— Chorus.

The Switzer's Farewell.

By Geo. Linley.

Adieu, dear land, with beauty teeming,
Where first I roved a careless child—
Of thee my heart still d'er be dreaming.
Thy snow-clad peaks and mountains wild—
Dear land! that I cherish,
Oh! long may'st thou flourish:
My memory must perish,
Ere I forget thee!

Far from my home I soon must wander,
In stranger land be doomed to dwell:
Oh! best beloved! my heart grows fonder,
While thus I breathe my last farewell—
Receive this sad token,
I leave thee heart-broken,
Our parting is spoken—
Beloved one, farewell!

The Deserted Seamstress.

A pathetic banjo Song, written by T. Gannon.

Air: Lily of the West.

Oh! fair maids all, both great and small
Come, listen to my tale:
It's of a fair young charmer,
Whose fate I do bewail.
She fell in love with a gay young man,
As deep as a maiden could:
And they both went up to rusticate
In the shades of Jones' wood.

He whispered in her youthful ear
Sweet tales of purest love,
And he swore that he'd be true to her
By all the powers above—
He twined his arms around her waist,
And pressed her to his breast—
If you read next Monday's Ledger,
'Twill explain to you the rest.

This gent was a policeman
And a mighty gallus sport:
He was well known in Broadway
And places of like resort.
He paid for suppers at Taylor's,
At two hundred cents a head,
While his wife at home was weeping,
And his children MINUS bread.

But things soon changed—the gal found out
That her dear beloved Smith,
Instead of proving true to her,
Had proved to be a myth.
"Why she wore her hoops so large?"
Was questioned here and thar:
But a baby told the story,
And he wore a silver star.

MORAL.

Now, take a piece of good advice,
Young maids as well as old:
Beware of going to Jones' wood,
And believing all you're told:
For, like this poor forsaken gal,
You may not feel quite disposed
To carry a little star around,
Where the boys have [illegible]

Rest, Darling, Rest.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Dedicated to Miss Maggie E. Warner—And Sung by Frank Dumont of Dupree & Benedict's Minstrels.

Beside the streamlet in the vale,
In dreamless sleep my Maggie lies:
Her warbling voice is hushed and still,
And closed in death her azure eyes:
Yes, here we oftentimes did meet,
And sit beside the purling stream—
But now she slumbers 'neath my feet,
And vanished is my happy dream!

CHORUS.

Rest, darling, rest: sleep, dear one, sleep:
From care and sorrow thou art free—
Though 'nt thy grave I grieve and weep,
'Tis sweet to know there's rest for thee—

With broken heart I stand alone,
And list to nature's plaintive strain,
And each sad and plaintive tone,
I seem to hear her voice again:
Though I be spared till old and grey,
My Maggie I shall not forget—
Supreme my love shall reign always,
Until life's ruling sun shall set.

Chorus.

Lovely Eliza: Or The Deluded Laundress.

Air: Fair Maids of Portsmouth.

As 'Liza was loitering,
A few nights ago,
Bedecked in white muslin
Much whiter than snow,
Her hair hung in ringlets
The color of gold:
She was a six-footer,
'Bout eighteen years old.

CHORUS.

All milliners and mangiers
And makers of caps,
Beware, oh! beware of
All soft soapy chaps.

Her head it was largish,
Her bonnet was small:
She wore a white veil—and
A large yaller shawl;
Pink was her parasol,
All fringed round with green:
And she looked just as if
In a band-box she'd been. Chorus.

She stop't at a stay shop
(The window I mean:)
In fine just to glance at
Some corsets, I ween:
When just at that moment,
A young gent, said he:
"Fine weather is this—Miss."
"Re-arther," said she. Chorus.

They walked on, they talked on:
He said as they strolled:
"May I ask your name Miss?
Don't think me too bold."
"My name is Eliza,
But some calls me 'Liz,
I lives down an arey, and
A Honer I His." Chorus.

Their way on to L'ester
Rare, Square, did they trace:
Then in the Alhambra,
A rather STRANGE place:
Then all agitation
Miss 'Liza she felt,
Such sweet words he whispered,
Her heart 'gan to melt. Chorus.

Then after the ballet,
This couple did roam.
Then through Sidney's Alley—
It was their way home—
From thence unto Bow Street,
Long Acre was crossed:
She found her first lover's
Sweet photo. was lost,
Her watch ditto and her
Purse, ditto, ditto. Chorus.

Now all you young maidings,
If maidings you'd be,
Prohibit young fellows
From making too free:
Their hearts hard as Hiron,
No feeling they've got:
If I had my will, I
Would mangle the lot! Chorus.

Poverty wants many things—avarice everything.

He who stands in need of forgiveness, should be ready to grant it.

The Yankee Girls.

Not England's daughters rosy cheeked,
Nor Scotia's lasses fair,
Nor Erin's blooming maidens can
With the Yankee girls compare:
Though what they tell us of their charms
All very true may be,
They'll not compare with Yankee girls—
The Yankee girls for me!

Let Byron of Italian maid
In glowing numbers sing:
And let the Turk his Georgian bride,
And black-eyed Houries bring:
Yet, what they tell us of their charms
All very true may be,
They can't compare with Yankee girls—
The Yankee girls for me!

Their faultless forms! their peerless eyes
As bright as morning dew!
Their cheeks so fair! their spirits light!
Their hearts so warm and true!
They're chaste as fair, their minds unchained,
In thought and action free:
There's nothing like the Yankee girls—
The Yankee girls for me!

Unto Columbia's daughters, then,
We'll drain the goblet dry:
Naught can the Universe produce
With Yankee girls to vie:
Oh! they are the fairest of the fair,
And ever may they be:
There's nothing like the Yankee girls—
The Yankee girls for me!

Be Not First To Cast The Stone.

Often do we gaze below us
On a frail and falling form,
Proud, as if sin did not know us,
And our life-bloom hid no worm:
Often do we breathe with scorning
Hard words in the sinner's ear:
But methinks the holy warning
Brings a gentler, gentler echo near—
Pause, bold mortal, ere thou darest
To ascend the judgment throne:
He whose deeds were purest, fairest,
Was not first to cast the stone.

There is much of human trial
In some human pathways set:
Some lips drain the bitter phial,
Which we have not tasted yet—
Crime and folly mar the glory
That lit up the Eden grove,
But man's long and erring story
Still seeks mercy, hope, and love—
Pause, then, ye who sternly trample
Those whom sin has overthrown:
Heed your Master's great example:
Be not first to cast the stone—

Bourbon Johnny.

Written and Sung by Johnny Roach with great success.

Air: Moet and Shandon.

What care I if the house comes down?
Let it come and come again!
No matter if all night you pound,
I'll still sing Bourbon on the brain.
Whisky, my boys, will drown all woe—
Oh-i-ho! Oh-i-ho!
It takes very little now-a-days to lay a man low—
Oh-i-ho! Oh-i-ho!
Chorus: For, Bourbon Johnny was my name,
Drinking Bourbon gave me pain;
Some time ago, when on a spree,
Bourbon had a fight with me.

Some people may talk of their own dear home,
And say it's the finest ever could be:
But of all the countries in which I've roamed,
Give me that dear old isle of the sea—
Down by the bogs where the shamrock grows—
Oh-i-ho! Oh-i-ho!
Many a time whisky laid me low—
Oh-i-ho! Oh-i-ho! Chorus.

The Dutchman can sing of his lager-bier,
The Frenchman with his wine may parlez-vous:
The swell may call for good champagne,
But give me Bourbon whisky true:
That is the stuff to make one bold—
Oh-i-ho! Oh-i-ho!
And imagine that half this world is your own—
Oh-i-ho! Oh-i-ho! Chorus.

Kathleen Of Kildare.

n ! my love's a flower surpassing
All others I have seen :
Tho' all o'er my dear old Erin
A rover I have been.
I ne'er yet beheld a blossom
So beautiful and fair
As that lovely gem of nature—
Young Kathleen of Kildare !

Oh ! her eyes are like the morning,
When breaking softly bright :
Her lips like op'ning roses,
Her teeth are snowy white :
Her step is light and graceful,
Her brow beyond compare—
And rich dancing golden tresses
Hath Kathleen of Kildare !

Oh ! the sun and moon for ever
With all the stars may shine :
But they cannot beam, no, never,
On bliss surpassing mine,
When she, fondly yielding, whispered :
" Life's ills or joys to share,
I am thine, my Terence, darling ! "
Sweet Kathleen of Kildare !

The Victimized Young Man.

By W. H. Wilson.

I'm the most unhappy man in life,
Oh ! dear ! what shall I do ?
To gain your pity, one and all, is the object I've in view.
There's scarce a week that through the
street with pleasure I can jog,
But circumstances cause me to be worried like a dog :
A few of those I've undergone I'll tell you if I can—
When doubtless you will say I am a victimized young man.

When first I went out to a ball, I met a lady fair :
She'd had some words with her young man,
and he likewise was there.
She danced with me throughout the night,
and thought the chance immense
To aggravate and jealous make her chap at my expense.
When going home, he knocked me down,
and then away he ran,
And left me in the gutter there, a victimized young man.

Near Oxford street, a girl to me said :
" James, how do you do ? "
I said : " You have th' advantage, miss :
for, I really don't know you. "
She then commenced to scream aloud,
and seemed with frenzy wild,
Saying : " Wretch ! you have deserted me,
and where's the darling child ? "
And there I like a dummy stood : for, satisfied I am
I knew her not, I felt I was a victimized young man.

A crowd had now collected round,
and all were crying : " Shame ! "
My hat was smashed, my coat was torn
before a policeman came.
She said : " That is my husband, sir,
who leaves me starving here. "
The Bobby said : " Oh ! man and wife,
then I shan't interfere. "
When she had turned her back to speak,
like a deer away I ran.
The boys all following pelting me—a victimized young man.

I refuge took behind a stall, not far from Drury Lane :
The mud and stones about me fell,
and showered down like rain—
It grew so hot that out I got, and once more beat retreat,
Half mad and smothered o er with mud,
to the baths in Endell street :
Like lightning through the door I flashed,
and didn't stop to scan
The money-taker : for, I felt a victimized young man.

Up-stairs I rushed, with worry flushed,
and didn't stop to read
Directions as where I should go : I was too glad to be freed
From the boys outside, who would deride
and follow in my path—
When, all at once, I found myself in
the ladies' swimming bath :
Some laughed, some screamed,
and all like ducks into the water ran,
And splashed me till I was wet through.
a victimized young man.

I know not whether they or I at first was most surprised :
I very soon was bundled out, and, of course apologized :
An explanation settled all, I washed and brushed my clothes,
Then hailed a cab, and hurried home
much better, you'll suppose.
I never now go out alone : for satisfied I am
That, if I do, I'm sure to be—a victimized young man.

Most of us learn more readily, and retain more perfectly, tales of scandal, than such as merit our approbation.

The Emigrant's Farewell.

Air : The Emigrant's Lament.

I'm leaving you at last, Mary, and all I love behind :
But sure 'tis for your sake I go—a better land to find—
I go to that young isle, Mary, where anger is unknown,
And the children of our widowed land
are cherished as her own.

Perhaps, in after years, I'll come, unchanged, to you again,
And if I win a golden store I'll not forget you then.
The peasant's lowly cot, Mary, I would not have you share,
Altho' I'm sure you'd bear
with me life's sorrows anywhere.

How happy I'd been, Mary, in all that nature willed :
My cabin by the mountain side,
and the ground my father tilled !
But the landlord with the bailiff came—the
poor man's bitter foe—
And he cast me out to live or die, as God should will it so—

I would not live in Ireland now : for, she's a fallen land,
And the tyrant's heel is on her neck,
with her reeking blood-stained hand—
There's not a foot of Irish ground,
but's trodden down by slaves.
Who die unwept, and then are flung,
like dogs, into their graves !

My troubles make me grieve, Mary,
and I often wish to die—
And I long to find the green church-yard
where all my kindred lie.
'Tis pleasant, when the heart is broke,
to sleep beneath the dust,
But I still hope on for better days,
and place in God my trust.

I'm leaving you, my Mary dear—they're
painful words to speak—
My last embrace I'm taking now, and
my lips are on your cheek.
The parting hour is drawing near,
and the sails wave in the wind,
Oh ! fold me closer to your breast,
I'll leave you soon behind !

Under The Linden Tree.

As under the linden tree I lay,
Dreaming the evening hours away,
Weaving many a chaplet light
Of memory's flower wreath bloom and blight :

My fancy fled, as it ever flies,
To my heart's dear queen with the violet eyes :
And I thought : " Does my lady think of me ?
As I lay under the linden tree.

Oh ! is she thinking of days gone by—
A smile on her lip, a tear in her eye ?
Or is she weary, heart and brain,
With days to come when we meet again ?

Or under the shadow of love's eclipse,
Lists she to love from another's lips,
Smiling on him and defrauding me,
As I lay under the linden tree ? "

Tell Me : Is My Father Coming ?

Tell me : is my father coming home again to us to-day ?
Oh ! the days have been so
cheerless since he went so far away—
I remember when he left us, when your
regiment passed by :
And our tears were sadly falling,
as he bade us all good-bye !

Tell me : is my father coming ? I am
sure he want with you :
And I see familiar faces of the comrades that he knew.
All along your ranks I'm looking—yet
I cannot see his face—
It may be that he is wounded, that a stranger fills his place.

Oh ! I cannot tell my mother fears that
in my sad heart burn :
Do not say that he has fallen—that he never will return—
For, I thought that he was coming when
I heard the joyful drum :
Soldiers, do not turn your faces, tell me :
has my father come ?

Killarney.

As sung at MacEvoy's " Hibernicon. "

By Killarney's lakes and falls,
Emerald Isles and windined bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells mem'ry fondly strays :
Bountious nature loves all lands
beauty wanders every where,
Foot-print leaves on many lands,
but her home is surely there—
Angels fold their wings and rest in that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home Killarney, ever fair Killarney !

Music then for echo dwells makes each word a harmony,
Many voiced the chorus swells till it faints in ecstacy :
With the charmful tints below seems
the Heaven above to vie,
All rich colors that we know tinge the
cloudwreaths in that sky :
Wings of angels so might shine glancing
back soft light divine,
Beauty's home Killarney, ever fair Killarney !

Ask Mamma.

By Herve.

They doat on my dear eye of blue,
And they praise up my tresses of gold :
No matter if false or true
The love-tale, provided it s told—
" Oh ! ain't she a fetching girl ?
Oh ! would she might fancy me !
And, oh ! don't my old head go whirl,
Thinking and dreaming of she ! "

SPOKEN : I don't quite see it : so I look down at my toes, and gently murmurs—[SIGHING]

CHORUS.

Ah ! ah ! you must ask, you must ask mamma :
Ah ! ah ! you must really ask mamma

They sigh for existence with me
In a cot by some far distant shore,
Proposing the town to flee,
And never come back any more !
" Oh ! haste thee, my darling, do !
Oh ! pledge there our mutual loves
And, oh ! there we will bill and coo
Like unto two turtle doves ! "

SPOKEN : Turtle doves, indeed ! Give me turtle soup ! So all I answer is—[SIGHING]

Ah ! ah ! you must ask, &c.

Mamma has been through it herself,
And she knows what is best to be done :
Believes in the use of pelf,
And not in a younger son !
Thus counsels my mother dear :
" Don't you throw a chance away .
Hear all they would have you hear,
Then softly unto them say—"

Ah ! ah ! you must ask, &c.

Slap-Up Lodgings.

When first to town I came, and at the railway landed,
By a fat old dame a card to me was handed :
Says she : " I'd have you know my name is Mrs Podgings,
I live down this back row, and I let off slap-up lodgings. "

We quickly did agree, together we did roam there—
Says she : " Young man, make free,
you'll shortly be at home here. "
The servants winked at me, and so did Mother Podgings.
Thinks I : " I'll have a spree, I've got in slap-up lodgings. "

I'd scarce put out the light, when there
was such a slaughter,
With two who'd a right to court the youngest daughter.
The women did murder ! cry : they
knocked down Mother Podgings,
And they broke a lodger's thigh—first
night in my new lodgings !

Just as the clock struck one, and mopping was advancing,
They, each and every one, like madmen, fell a dancing :
But when the chimes went three,
they all with Mother Podgings
Shouted through the key-hole to me—

SPOKEN : Hoy ! hoy ! old to-ro-laddy, old flummonfus, how do you like your lodgings ?

I then turned round in bed, thinking to have some quiet,
When two chaps, in the next room,
said that I made the riot :
They pulled me out of bed, as my
name was Peter Hodgings.
And they shoved a thing on my head
they use in slap-up lodgings.

I little thought, oh ! dear ! they'd got no fellow feeling,
When there came slap-bang in my mouth
a brick from the ceiling :
I then down stairs did creep, and
said to Mother Podgings :
" Cannot get no sleep, and——me if I'll
pay for my lodgings ! "

I'd scarce got in the street out of this here sad house,
When two policemen, on their beat,
collared me for being in a bad house :
Six months upon the mill, with ups
and downs and dogings,
I served against my will, thro' being in slap-up lodgings :

An egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow.

There's Room Enough For All.

What need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we, through this crowd of life
Keep trampling on each other?
Is there no goal that can be won
Without a squeeze to gain it?
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?

CHORUS.

O fellow-men, remember then, whatever chance befal,
The world is wide in lands beside,
there's room enough for all!

What, if some swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labor—
He need not idly stop behind
To thrust aside his neighbor.
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving.
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength, can grasp a living.
O fellow-men, remember then, whatever chance befal,
The world is wide where those abide,
there's room enough for all.

From poisoned air ye breath in courts
And typhus-tainted alleys.
Go forth, and dwell where health resorts
In rural hills and valleys:
Where every hand that clears a bough
Finds plenty in abundance,
And every furrow of the plough
A step to independence.
Oh! hasten then from fevered den,
and lodging cramped and small:
The world is wide in lands beside,
there's room enough for all.

In this fair region far away,
Will labor find employment:
A fair day's work, and a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment:
What need then of this daily strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we, in the crowd in life,
Keep trampling on each other?
O fellow-men, remember then, whatever chance befal,
The world is wide where those abide,
there's room enough for all.

In the Park.

Written and Sung by H. R. Clifton.

Of all the days, I've only one day
To enjoy myself, and that's on Sunday,
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park:
'Tis there you'll meet the swells by dozens,
Servant girls and "country cousins"
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park.

CHORUS.

Oh! the West-End Park on a Sunday—oh, hi ho!
If the day is fine,
And the sun does shine,
Why, go to the Park on a Sunday—oh, hi ho!
Why, go to the Park on a Sunday.

'Twas there I met a damsel neat,
Under a tree, on a wooden seat,
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park:
I edged up to her to have some talk,
Then offered my arm to go for a walk,
Thro' the Park, thro' the Park,
thro' the Park, thro' the Park.
Oh! the West-End Park, &c.

Over the long grass then we rambled,
And thro' the fifteen acres gambolled
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park:
We jumped about over bush and furze:
I lost my hat, so she lent me hers.
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park.
Oh! the West-End Park, &c.

I went to treat her at the HOLE IN THE WALL—
I paid for seven glasses, and she drank them all,
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park:
She asked me home to see her mama,
But she was so SCREWED, she fell off the car.
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park.
Oh! the West-End Park, &c.

Up comes a bobby—'twas B 17:
Says he: "Halloo, young man—what's all this mean?"
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park in the Park:
I tried to explain, but she said: "Shut up:
Policeman, he's drunk—so lock him up."
What a lark, what a lark, what a lark, what a lark?
Oh! the West-End Park, &c.

Locked up all night in a police station,
And fined five shillings for my recreation.
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park:
So, all young swells a warning take:
When you meet strange damsels, no freedom make
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park in the Park.
Oh! the West-End Park, &c.

He who pursues two hares, catches neither—When our attention is directed to different objects, we rarely succeed in any. It is like having "too many irons in the fire."

Sweet Lilla Brown.

Miss Lilla was a charming gal,
She was raised away down south,
And de prettiest features ob her face
Were de lips around her mouth.
Stop de dance, stop de song,
Lay de banjo down:
For, she is now in de happy land
Sweet Lilla Brown.

Her voice was all melodious,
Like de sound ob a silber fip,
And when she walk around de room,
She sail just like a ship.
Stop de dance, &c.

Her heels dey were so very long,
Dat, when she turn around,
She fell into de southern bay,
An' dere she run aground.
Stop de dance, &c.

Dat was her end, and no mistake—
Oh! how dis darkey cried!
He smoddered his solemchollyness
With oysters raw and fried.
Stop de dance, &c.

But now, oh, my! she's dead and gone—
Way down in de southern bay,
De oysters dey sing de requiem
To dis lubly darkey fay.
Stop de dance, &c.

Love, Hope, and Truth.

A maiden stood by the tranquil sea,
Where a bark at anchor lay—
And the captain said: "Prithee, sail with me
Across yon shining bay.
My name is Love, a mariner bold,
And a trimmer bark has none:
My crew fear no wave that ever rolled,
And all are on board save one."

She waited not, but the anchor weighed
When her foot the deck had pressed,
When a storm arose and the lightning played
On the ocean's darkling breast.
She gazed on the pale and drooping crew,
And sighed with grief to find
That Truth, who alone could bring them thro',
Had been left by Love behind.

And Hope, who still at the rudder kept,
Tried to steer in that lonely bay,
When a billow o'er the vessel swept,
And carried poor Love away—
And Hope, when he saw his captain drown,
Sprang over the vessel's side:
The helm was unshipped, the bark went down,
And all on board her died!

Ah! venture not in the bark of Love,
Tho' the seas be bright and clear,
Tho' the sky be smiling blue above,
And the hand of Hope may steer:
For, Hope and Love may do much, I'll own,
To guide us on life's dark sea:
But not enough—for, 'tis Truth alone
Should our trusty pilot be!

Till Early in the Morning.

What ever are the men about?
They stop so long when they go out,
Like naughty boys away they run,
And never think of coming home—
Till early in the morning,
Till early in the morning,
Till early in the morning,
About the break of day.

My Pa has joined a militia corps,
He marches home in the morning at four:
He says that duty bids him stay—
I think whisky-toddy's in the way
Till early in the morning, &c.

My brothers they must have the key:
Lor! how they frighten ma and me—
When they come home, they sing strange airs,
And dance the polka on the stairs
Till early in the morning, &c.

So, gentlemen, reform, I pray,
And save up for a rainy day:
Early to bed, early to rise—
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.
Till early in the morning, &c.

Parody on: Nothing Else To Do.

Written by Mr. Ben. Hoskins—Air: Nothing more.

Now if you'll only list to me and give me your attention,
I'm going to sing a little song, and in it I will mention
How I went into a tavern, once, to hear of something new,
When I there saw two men fighting.
'cause they'd nothing else to do.

I tried to seperate them, but I found it all in vain:
Soon as I got one from the other,
they went at it stiff again.
The landlord said I was in fault to
interfere between the two—
So kicked me slap-bang in the street,
as he'd nothing else to do.

I next went to the theatre for to pass away the time,
And there I spied a maiden fair concealed in crinoline:
She asked me to go home with her; for, she lived at No. 2.
I smiled and said: "My dear, I will,
when I've nothing else to do."

She turned upon her heel and left, and,
to my great surprise!
I found my watch and chain were gone,
I could scarce believe my eyes—
I turned round to look for her, she was
nearly lost to view—
I cried: "Come back!" Says she:
"I will, when I've nothing else to do."

I next went to the station house to give information there,
And on my way returning home, I met this maiden fair:
Says she: "I pawned your watch and chain
for—I think 'twas two pound two—
There's the ticket, you may lift it,
when you've nothing else to do."

So with your kind permission, I'll just finish up my song,
For fear you think that I intrude upon your time too long.
I was sitting at my fireside musing on a thing or two,
So I wrote this song, one evening
when I'd nothing else to do.

Ain't it Nice to Have a Beau?

By Arthur W. French.

As you out a walking go,
When the crowds are in the street,
Passing by you to and fro,
Oft by chance SOME ONE you meet:
Soon he's walking by your side,
With his arm in yours—just so—
Looking down on you in pride—
Ain't it nice to have a beau?
Chorus: Ain't it nice to have a beau,
One who loves you well, you know,
As you out a walking go—
Ain't it nice to have a beau?

Arm in arm you stray along
Envied by each single lass
Who, from out the passing throng,
Jealous glances on you cast:
And the swells that try to flirt,
Find that they have got no show,
Deeming you so proud and pert—
Ain't it nice to have a beau?
Ain't it nice to have a beau, &c.

By and by you reach the door,
While, of course, just there and then
Words of love HE whispers o'er,
Saying he will come again:
Loving lips to yours are pressed,
And you murmur softly—oh!
Don't you wish you knew the rest?
Ain't it nice to have a beau?
Ain't it nice to have a beau, &c.

Marion Lee.

Come to me, love: for, here I am waiting,
Sadly and lone, by the dark rolling sea:
Cold winds are blowing and strange voices moaning,
And fast flow the tears of thy Marion Lee—
Oh! why dost thou tarry so long on the ocean?
My poor heart is breaking in sorrow for thee—
Come to me, love: for, here I am waiting,
And fast flow the tears of thy Marion Lee.

Marion Lee, Marion Lee—
Never again shall his bark ride the billow:
Peaceful he sleeps where the sea-flowers are blooming,
And mermaids are watching his bright coral pillow.
Oh! why dost thou tarry, &c.

Long have I watched thro' the night's dreary shadows,
Gazing far out on the dark rolling sea,
Striving in vain, thro' the mists that are hov'ring,
To catch but one glance of thy proud bark and thee—
Oh! why dost thou tarry, &c.

Wait Till I Put on My Bonnet.

My father loves counting his cattle,
My mother she's fond of her chair :
But I, oh ! I dote upon moonlight,
Sweet walks, and the soft quiet air :
The field with the dew star upon it,
The scent of the newly mown hay :
Oh ! wait till I put on my bonnet,
Night's sweeter by far than the day—
There are bonnets with ribbons and feathers,
But mine's like a gipsy so brown,
A bonnet that's careless of weather,
But happy's the head 'neath its crown.

The day was intended for labor,
But night was a gift to the heart,
When neighbor might visit with neighbor,
And love have his whispers apart—
The life finds a bloom still upon it,
And time walks in silver array :
Oh ! wait till I put on my bonnet,
Night's sweeter by far than the day—
There are bonnets, &c.

Chilly Sam.

They call me chilly Sam,
I am so cold, oh, dear !
Amongst you I have come
To try and warm me here.
Holloway's pill I've tried,
Likewise the water cure,
But 'tis all in vain,
I'm still a chilly cure.
Oh ! oh ! dear, oh !
So bitter cold I am :
You that feel so warm and nice,
Pity chilly Sam.

SPOKEN : Oh, dear ! o—o—o—ain't I cold ! I've tried everything : pill, ointment, Turkish baths, cayenne pepper, Turkish towels, running, jumping, fighting, slept in an oven, worked by a blasting furnace : at last I was recommended to try the East Indies : I went, gave all the people the chills—so the Governor General sent me home again. Coming home, I froze the sea, so the ship was ice-bound. Then I tried love, was over head and ears in it : the young lady said my affections were too cold for her : it chilled her heart, and she died—Then I tried hot water baths : one day, I was found frozen in the bath and all the water froze in the pipes : so after diggin me out they turned me out, and never allowed me near the place again. In the summer time, I am employed by butchers to keep the meat wholesome and fishmongers to keep the fish sweet, as I am many degrees cooler than ice. The other day, I was told that my father—you must know I never had the pleasure of his acquaintance—met with a great misfortune : he accidentally killed another man, he was cold blooded : so I suppose it's in the family : that accounts for cold blood in my veins : he left no property : as to the family plate, there was but an iron one, the heir loom of the family, presented him by government after death, as a memento of his deeds—

I was in the Chinese war,
Some say war is hot :
But very well I know
Warm I never got.
I was in the battle's heat,
Without the least alarm :
So bitter cold I felt myself,
Tho' others I did warm—
Oh ! oh ! dear, oh ! &c

Is there one amongst you,
A receipt would give ?
For, I feel that I
Longer cannot live—
I feel so very cold,
An icicle I am :
You that feel so warm and nice,
Pity chilly Sam.
Oh ! oh ! dear, oh !
So freezing cold I am :
Perhaps, if you applause bestow,
It might warm chilly Sam.

O'er the Hills, Bessie.

O'er the hills, Bessie, and over the heather,
To find a lone bower, we'll wander together :
Our beds shall be roses : our shelter the skies :
Each spot will grow lovely when lit by those eyes—
At twilight's soft glow, we'll whisper of love,
As night-bird's sweet melody flows from above.
O'er the hills, &c.

Beneath the sweet briar, we'll look back on each scene
Of tumult and city, and bless the bright green :
In summer we'll wander the river along,
And Bessie shall cheer winter's gloom with a song :
And, oh ! my dear Bessie, when charms shall depart,
I'll gaze on thy mind and still twine round thy heart—
O'er the hills, &c.

Daughters to Sell.

Daughters to sell—daughters to sell—
They cost more money than I can tell :
Their education has been first-rate :
What wealthy young nobleman wants a mate ?
They sing like nightingales, play as well !
Daughters to sell—daughters to sell !

Here's my fine daughters, my daughters, oh !
German, Italian, and French they know :
Dance like Sylphides for grace and ease :
Choose out your partner, whichever you please—
Here's a nice wife for a rich young swell :
Daughters to sell—daughters to sell !

Beautiful daughters, dark and fair,
Each a treasure to suit a millionaire,
Or fit to pair with any Duke's heir.
At St. George's Church by Hanover Square.
Hoy ! you that in lordly mansions dwell,
Daughters to sell—daughters to sell !

Buy my dear daughters, who wants a bride,
That can give her a carriage and horses to ride
Stand an opera box for his fancy queen,
And no end of acres of crinoline :
Ever new furniture, jewels and plate,
All sorts of servants upon her to wait :
Visits to Paris, Vienna, and Rome,
In short, all that she's been brought up to at home—
Here are girls for your money—if out you can shell—
My daughters to sell—my daughters to sell !

The Old Chimney Corner.

In the dear old chimney corner let us circle round the fire :
For, the wind it whistles mournfully,
chill falls the evening dew :
Our fire has life existence, heap the blazing faggot higher :
As warm and bright it kindles,
will each bosom kindle, too.
'Tis a friend, a glad companion
through the lonely winter night :
Its creation how delightful, to neglect it were a shame—
How it blazes, how it sparkles,
as it bursts from smoke to light—
With life and voice it leaps, it speaks ! feed,
merry hearts, the flame.

In the snug old chimney corner
is the off'ring burnt of home,
The sacrifice of heart at hospitality's own shrine :
The incense of good fellowship we'll raise to all that come,
From which, as high as the smoke ascends,
we'll omens draw divine—
Blythe fire ! what fairy visions
in thy cheerful front we trace—
Bright faces, sunny landscapes,
that still smile at every care :
Thy ashes tell us we must die,
but thoughts of sorrow chase,
And with our fire-side songs,
my merry hearts, defy despair !

Mr. Spriggs, the Grocer.

By W. Reeves.

Mister Spriggs, the grocer, he married Miss Revel :
He thought her an angel, she turned out a devil :
Poor Mister Spriggs !
She sang PAR-LER-VOU'D, danced waltzes and jigs,
She wasted the tea, and the sugar, and figs :
And said she'd be mistress—" please the pigs ! "
Poor Mister Spriggs !
Oh ! poor Mister Spriggs !

Missus Spriggs gave parties to tea and to dinner,
And played guinea whist, tho' she ne'er was a winner :
Poor Mr. Spriggs !
She loved silver, muslin, French lace, and rich stuffs,
Pelisses and tippets and chinchilli muffs :
And some say she loved Captain Brown of the Buffs—
Poor Mr. Spriggs !
Oh ! poor Mr. Spriggs !

Mr. Spriggs and his wife fell out, one night,
And she vowed she'd drown herself out of mere spite
To poor Mr. Spriggs !
She ran to the river, but when she walked in,
Her courage grew cold as the wave touched her chin,
And drowning herself she thought was a sin—
Poor Mr Spriggs !
Oh ! poor Mr. Spriggs !

A fisherman saw her, and thought she'd be wet,
So he pulled Sally out by a cast of his net :
Poor Mr. Spriggs !
Took her home, half-drowned, to her anxious dear,
Who cried when he saw her (she was looking so queer !)
" Pray, sir, why the devil did you interfere
With poor Mrs. Spriggs ? "
Oh ! poor Mr. Spriggs !

It is injurious to be in a hurry, and delay is often equally so ; he is wise who does everything in proper time. Tardiness and precipitation are extremes equally to be avoided.

He labors in vain who aims at pleasing everybody.

Where are You Going on Sunday ?

I am going to tell a story,
And I wish you all good health :
Now what I am going to tell you,
'Tis all about myself
My shopmates would be chaffing,
And as I went along :
" Where are you going on Sunday ? "
They all would hollos. Tom.
Chorus : I'm going somewhere,
Some funny sights to see :
" Where are you going on Sunday ? "
They shouted after me.

Upon last Sunday morning,
I dressed myself so fine,
With my new pork-pie hat,
And a feather stuck behind :
Off to the park I toddled,
I kept going on a rum way,
Lor ! how the people hollaed :
" Where are you going on Sunday ? "
I'm going somewhere, &c.

At me the boys did laugh,
But onward straight I goes :
And as they all did chaff,
Came a cowdab on my nose :
Into my mouth it ran
And down my throat some way :
So nicely I was done,
When going out on Sunday—
I'm going somewhere, &c.

I met a girl so fine,
She was a charming creature,
She had a crinoline,
It would cover half an acre :
So lovely was the weather,
I thought it was a rum day :
Then arm-in-arm together,
We went along on Sunday.
I'm going somewhere, &c.

We got into the Strand,
The boys got flocking round :
They hit my pork-pie hat,
And bang sent in the crown—
Me and my fair lass
Fell down together in some way,
We nicely were stuck fast.
When going out on Sunday.
I'm going somewhere, &c.

They blacked my face with soot,
Smashed Mary's crinoline,
Before I could get up,
They my trousers split behind :
The boys pulled out my shirt,
Kept going on a rum way,
I was smothered in dirt,
When going out on Sunday.
I'm going somewhere, &c.

Poor Mary cut her stick,
And bolted like a shot,
She had lost her crinoline,
And broke her, you know what—
Poor I was left alone,
And in a very rum away :
They may say when I get home :
" Where are you going on Sunday ? "
I'm going somewhere, &c.

Up came a " bobby " then,
It did me sore affright :
To the station-house me took,
And locked me up all night :
Charged me with being drunk.
Before the " beak " on Monday :
Five bob they made me pay
For going out on Sunday.
I'm going somewhere, &c.

No money I had got,
So they gave the " bobby " a paper,
To take me off to quod.
A week to thread the chaffer.
The guv'nor looked at me ;
When I came out on Monday,
I say : " Old chap. " Says he :
" Where are you going on Sunday ? "
I'm going somewhere, &c.

Come, Rest in this Bosom !

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear !
Tho' the herd have fled from thee,
thy home is still here :
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last !

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments,
through glory and shame ?
I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art—

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be 'mid the sorrows of this—
Through the furnace, unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee—or perish there, too !

There's Room Enough For All.

What need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we, through this crowd of life
Keep trampling on each other?
Is there no goal that can be won
Without a squeeze to gain it?
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
CHORUS.
O fellow-men, remember then, whatever chance befal,
The world is wide in lands beside,
there's room enough for all!

What, if some swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labor—
He need not idly stop behind
To thrust aside his neighbor.
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving.
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength, can grasp a living.
O fellow-men, remember then, whatever chance befal,
The world is wide where those abide,
there's room enough for all.

From poisoned air ye breath in courts
And typhus-tainted alleys.
Go forth, and dwell where health resorts
In rural hills and valleys:
Where every hand that clears a bough
Finds plenty in abundance,
And every furrow of the plough
A step to independence.
Oh! hasten then from fevered den,
and lodging cramped and small:
The world is wide in lands beside,
there's room enough for all.

In this fair region far away,
Will labor find employment:
A fair day's work, and a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment:
What need then of this daily strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we, in the crowd in life,
Keep trampling on each other?
O fellow-men, remember then, whatever chance befal,
The world is wide where those abide.
there's room enough for all.

In the Park.

Written and Sung by H. R. Clifton.

Of all the days, I've only one day
To enjoy myself, and that's on Sunday,
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park:
'Tis there you'll meet the swells by dozens,
Servant girls and "country cousins"
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park.
CHORUS.
Oh! the West-End Park on a Sunday—oh, hi ho!
If the day is fine,
And the sun does shine.
Why, go to the Park on a Sunday—oh, hi ho!
Why, go to the Park on a Sunday.

'Twas there I met a damsel neat,
Under a tree, on a wooden seat,
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park:
I edged up to her to have some talk,
Then offered my arm to go for a walk,
Thro' the Park, thro' the Park,
thro' the Park, thro' the Park.
Oh! the West-End Park, &c.

Over the long grass then we rambled,
And thro' the fifteen acres gambolled
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park:
We jumped about over bush and furze:
I lost my hat, so she lent me hers,
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park.
Oh! the West-End Park, &c.

I went to treat her at the HOLE IN THE WALL—
I paid for seven glasses, and she drank them all,
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park:
She asked me home to see her mama,
But she was so SCREWED, she fell off the car.
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park.
Oh! the West-End Park, &c.

Up comes a bobby—'twas B 17:
Says he: "Halloo, young man—what's all this mean?"
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park:
I tried to explain, but she said: "Shut up:
Policeman, he's drunk—so lock him up."
What a lark, what a lark, what a lark, what a lark?
Oh! the West-End Park, &c.

Locked up all night in a police station,
And fined five shillings for my recreation.
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park:
So, all young swells, a warning take:
When you meet strange damsels, no freedom make
In the Park, in the Park, in the Park, in the Park.
Oh! the West-End Park, &c.

He who pursues two hares, catches neither—When our attention is directed to different objects, we rarely succeed in any. It is like having "too many irons in the fire."

Sweet Lilla Brown.

Miss Lilla was a charming gal,
She was raised away down south,
And de prettiest features ob her face
Were de lips around her mouth.
Stop de dance, stop de song,
Lay de banjo down:
For, she is now in de happy land
Sweet Lilla Brown.

Her voice was all melodious,
Like de sound ob a silber flp,
And when she walk around de room,
She sail just like a ship.
Stop de dance, &c.

Her heels dey were so very long,
Dat, when she turn around,
She fell into de southern bay,
An' dere she run aground.
Stop de dance, &c.

Dat was her end, and no mistake—
Oh! how dis darkey cried!
He smoddered his solemchollyness
With oysters raw and fried.
Stop de dance, &c.

But now, oh, my! she's dead and gone—
Way down in de southern bay,
De oysters dey sing de requiem
To dis lubly darkey fay.
Stop de dance, &c.

Love, Hope, and Truth.

A maiden stood by the tranquil sea,
Where a bark at anchor lay—
And the captain said: "Prithee, sail with me
Across yon shining bay.
My name is Love, a mariner bold,
And a trimmer bark has none:
My crew fear no wave that ever rolled,
And all are on board save one."

She waited not, but the anchor weighed
When her foot the deck had pressed,
When a storm arose and the lightning played
On the ocean's darkling breast.
She gazed on the pale and drooping crew,
And sighed with grief to find
That Truth, who alone could bring them thro',
Had been left by Love behind.

And Hope, who still at the rudder kept,
Tried to steer in that lonely bay,
When a billow o'er the vessel swept,
And carried poor Love away—
And Hope, when he saw his captain drown,
Sprang over the vessel's side:
The helm was unshipped, the bark went down,
And all on board her died!

Ah! venture not in the bark of Love,
Tho' the seas be bright and clear,
Tho' the sky be smiling blue above,
And the hand of Hope may steer:
For, Hope and Love may do much, I'll own,
To guide us on life's dark sea:
But not enough—for, 'tis Truth alone
Should our trusty pilot be!

Till Early in the Morning.

What ever are the men about?
They stop so long when they go out,
Like naughty boys away they run,
And never think of coming home—
Till early in the morning,
Till early in the morning,
Till early in the morning,
About the break of day.

My Pa has joined a militia corps,
He marches home in the morning at four:
He says that duty bids him stay—
I think whisky-toddy's in the way
Till early in the morning, &c.

My brothers they must have the key:
Lor! how they frighten ma and me—
When they come home, they sing strange airs,
And dance the polka on the stairs
Till early in the morning, &c.

So, gentlemen, reform, I pray,
And save up for a rainy day:
Early to bed, early to rise—
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.
Till early in the morning, &c.

Parody on: Nothing Else To Do.

Written by Mr. Ben. Hoskins—Air: Nothing more.

Now if you'll only list to me and give me your attention,
I'm going to sing a little song, and in it I will mention
How I went into a tavern, once, to hear of something new,
When I there saw two men fighting.
'cause they'd nothing else to do.

I tried to seperate them, but I found it all in vain:
Soon as I got one from the other,
they went at it stiff again.
The landlord said I was in fault to
interfere between the two—
So kicked me slap-bang in the street,
as he'd nothing else to do.

I next went to the theatre for to pass away the time,
And there I spied a maiden fair concealed in crinoline:
She asked me to go home with her; for, she lived at No. 2.
I smiled and said: "My dear, I will,
when I've nothing else to do."

She turned upon her heel and left, and,
to my great surprise!
I found my watch and chain were gone,
I could scarce believe my eyes—
I turned round to look for her, she was
nearly lost to view—
I cried: "Come back!" Says she:
"I will, when I've nothing else to do."

I next went to the station house to give information there,
And on my way returning home, I met this maiden fair:
Says she: "I pawned your watch and chain
for—I think 'twas two pound two—
There's the ticket, you may lift it,
when you've nothing else to do."

So with your kind permission, I'll just finish up my song,
For fear you think that I intrude upon your time too long.
I was sitting at my fireside musing on a thing or two,
So I wrote this song, one evening
when I'd nothing else to do.

Ain't it Nice to Have a Beau?

By Arthur W. French.

As you out a walking go,
When the crowds are in the street,
Passing by you to and fro,
Oft by chance SOME ONE you meet:
Soon he's walking by your side,
With his arm in yours—just so—
Looking down on you in pride—
Ain't it nice to have a beau?
Chorus: Ain't it nice to have a beau,
One who loves you well, you know,
As you out a walking go—
Ain't it nice to have a beau?

Arm in arm you stray along
Envied by each single lass
Who, from out the passing throng,
Jealous glances on you cast:
And the swells that try to flirt,
Find that they have got no show,
Deeming you so proud and pert—
Ain't it nice to have a beau?
Ain't it nice to have a beau, &c.

By and by you reach the door,
While, of course, just there and then
Words of love HE whispers o'er,
Saying he will come again:
Loving lips to yours are pressed,
And you murmur softly—oh!
Don't you wish you knew the rest?
Ain't it nice to have a beau?
Ain't it nice to have a beau, &c.

Marion Lee.

Come to me, love: for, here I am waiting,
Sadly and lone, by the dark rolling sea:
Cold winds are blowing and strange voices moaning,
And fast flow the tears of thy Marion Lee—
Oh! why dost thou tarry so long on the ocean?
My poor heart is breaking in sorrow for thee—
Come to me, love: for, here I am waiting,
And fast flow the tears of thy Marion Lee.

Marion Lee, Marion Lee—
Never again shall his bark ride the billow:
Peaceful he sleeps where the sea-flowers are blooming,
And mermaids are watching his bright coral pillow.
Oh! why dost thou tarry, &c.

Long have I watched thro' the night's dreary shadows,
Gazing far out on the dark rolling sea,
Striving in vain, thro' the mists that are hov'ring,
To catch but one glance of thy proud bark and thee—
Oh! why dost thou tarry, &c.

Wait Till I Put on My Bonnet.

My father loves counting his cattle,
My mother she's fond of her chair :
But I, oh ! I dote upon moonlight,
Sweet walks, and the soft quiet air :
The field with the dew star upon it,
The scent of the newly mown hay :
Oh ! wait till I put on my bonnet,
Night's sweeter by far than the day—
There are bonnets with ribbons and feathers,
But mine's like a gipsy so brown,
A bonnet that's careless of weather,
But happy's the head 'neath its crown.

The day was intended for labor,
But night was a gift to the heart,
When neighbor might visit with neighbor,
And love have his whispers apart—
The life finds a bloom still upon it,
And time walks in silver array :
Oh ! wait till I put on my bonnet,
Night's sweeter by far than the day—
There are bonnets, &c.

Chilly Sam.

They call me chilly Sam,
I am so cold, oh, dear !
Amongst you I have come
To try and warm me here.
Holloway's pill I've tried,
Likewise the water cure,
But 'tis all in vain,
I'm still a chilly cure.
Oh ! oh ! dear, oh !
So bitter cold I am :
You that feel so warm and nice,
Pity chilly Sam.

SPOKEN : Oh, dear ! o—o—o—ain't I cold ! I've tried everything : pill, ointment, Turkish baths, cayenne pepper, Turkish towels, running, jumping, fighting, slept in an oven, worked by a blasting furnace : at last I was recommended to try the East Indies : I went, gave all the people the chills—so the Governor General sent me home again. Coming home, I froze the sea, so the ship was ice-bound. Then I tried love, was over head and ears in it : the young lady said my affections were too cold for her : it chilled her heart, and she died—Then I tried hot water baths : one day, I was found frozen in the bath and all the water frose in the pipes : so after diggin me out they turned me out, and never allowed me near the place again. In the summer time, I am employed by butchers to keep the meat wholesome and fishmongers to keep the fish sweet, as I am many degrees cooler than ice. The other day, I was told that my father—you must know I never had the pleasure of his acquaintance—met with a great misfortune : he accidentally killed another man, he was cold blooded : so I suppose it's in the family : that accounts for cold blood in my veins : he left no property : as to the family plate, there was but an iron one, the heir loom of the family, presented him by government after death, as a memento of his deeds—

I was in the Chinese war,
Some say war is hot :
But very well I know
Warm I never got.
I was in the battle's heat,
Without the least alarm :
So bitter cold I felt myself,
Tho' others I did warm—
Oh ! oh ! dear, oh ! &c

Is there one amongst you,
A receipt would give ?
For, I feel that I
Longer cannot live—
I feel so very cold,
An icicle I am :
You that feel so warm and nice,
Pity chilly Sam.
Oh ! oh ! dear, oh !
So freezing cold I am :
Perhaps, if you applause bestow,
It might warm chilly Sam.

O'er the Hills, Bessie.

O'er the hills, Bessie, and over the heather,
To find a lone bower, we'll wander together :
Our beds shall be roses : our shelter the skies :
Each spot will grow lovely when lit by those eyes—
At twilight's soft glow, we'll whisper of love,
As night-bird's sweet melody flows from above.
O'er the hills, &c.

Beneath the sweet briar, we'll look back on each scene
Of tumult and city, and bless the bright green :
In summer we'll wander the river along,
And Bessie shall cheer winter's gloom with a song :
And, oh ! my dear Bessie, when charms shall depart,
I'll gaze on thy mind and still twine round thy heart—
O'er the hills, &c.

Daughters to Sell.

Daughters to sell—daughters to sell—
They cost more money than I can tell :
Their education has been first-rate :
What wealthy young nobleman wants a mate ?
They sing like nightingales, play as well !
Daughters to sell—daughters to sell !

Here's my fine daughters, my daughters, oh !
German, Italian, and French they know :
Dance like Sylphides for grace and ease :
Choose out your partner, whichever you please—
Here's a nice wife for a rich young swell :
Daughters to sell—daughters to sell !

Beautiful daughters, dark and fair,
Each a treasure to suit a millionaire,
Or fit to pair with any Duke's heir,
At St. George's Church by Hanover Square.
Hoy ! you that in lordly mansions dwell,
Daughters to sell—daughters to sell !

Buy my dear daughters, who wants a bride,
That can give her a carriage and horses to ride
Stand an opera box for his fancy queen,
And no end of acres of crinoline :
Ever new furniture, jewels and plate,
All sorts of servants upon her to wait :
Visits to Paris, Vienna, and Rome,
In short, all that she's been brought up to at home—
Here are girls for your money—if out you can shell—
My daughters to sell—my daughters to sell !

The Old Chimney Corner.

In the dear old chimney corner let us circle round the fire :
For, the wind it whistles mournfully,
chill falls the evening dew :
Our fire has life existence, heap the blazing faggot higher :
As warm and bright it kindles,
will each bosom kindle, too.
'Tis a friend, a glad companion
through the lonely winter night :
Its creation how delightful, to neglect it were a shame—
How it blazes, how it sparkles,
as it bursts from smoke to light—
With life and voice it leaps, it speaks ! feed,
merry hearts, the flame.

In the snug old chimney corner
is the off'ring burnt of home,
The sacrifice of heart at hospitality's own shrine :
The incense of good fellowship we'll raise to all that come,
From which, as high as the smoke ascends,
we'll omens draw divine—
Blythe fire ! what fairy visions
in thy cheerful front we trace—
Bright faces, sunny landscapes,
that still smile at every care :
Thy ashes tell us we must die,
but thoughts of sorrow chase,
And with our fire-side songs,
my merry hearts, defy despair !

Mr. Spriggs, the Grocer.

By W. Reeves.

Mister Spriggs, the grocer, he married Miss Revel :
He thought her an angel, she turned out a devil :
Poor Mister Spriggs !
She sang PAR-LEZ-VOU'D, danced waltzes and jigs,
She wasted the tea, and the sugar, and figs :
And said she'd be mistress—" please the pigs ! "
Poor Mister Spriggs !
Oh ! poor Mister Spriggs !

Missus Spriggs gave parties to tea and to dinner,
And played guinea whist, tho' she ne'er was a winner :
Poor Mr. Spriggs !
She loved silver, muslin, French lace, and rich stuffs,
Pelisses and tippets and chinchill muffs :
And some say she loved Captain Brown of the Buffs—
Poor Mr. Spriggs !
Oh ! poor Mr. Spriggs !

Mr. Spriggs and his wife fell out, one night,
And she vowed she'd drown herself out of mere spite
To poor Mr. Spriggs !
She ran to the river, but when she walked in,
Her courage grew cold as the wave touched her chin,
And drowning herself she thought was a sin—
Poor Mr Spriggs !
Oh ! poor Mr. Spriggs !

A fisherman saw her, and thought she'd be wet,
So he pulled Sally out by a cast of his net :
Poor Mr. Spriggs !
Took her home, half-drowned, to her anxious dear,
Who cried when he saw her (she was looking so queer !)
" Pray, sir, why the devil did you interfere
With poor Mrs. Spriggs ? "
Oh ! poor Mr. Spriggs !

It is injurious to be in a hurry, and delay is often equally so ; he is wise who does everything in proper time. Tardiness and precipitation are extremes equally to be avoided.

He labors in vain who aims at pleasing everybody.

Where are You Going on Sunday ?

I am going to tell a story,
And I wish you all good health :
Now what I am going to tell you,
'Tis all about myself
My shopmates would be chaffing,
And as I went along :
" Where are you going on Sunday ? "
They all would hollos. Tom.
Chorus : I'm going somewhere,
Some funny sights to see :
" Where are you going on Sunday ? "
They shouted after me.

Upon last Sunday morning,
I dressed myself so fine,
With my new pork-pie hat,
And a feather stuck behind :
Off to the park I toddled,
I kept going on a rum way,
Lor ! how the people hollood :
" Where are you going on Sunday ? "
I'm going somewhere, &c.

At me the boys did laugh,
But onward straight I goes :
And as they all did chaff,
Came a cowdab on my nose :
Into my mouth it ran
And down my throat some way :
So nicely I was done.
When going out on Sunday—
I'm going somewhere, &c.

I met a girl so fine,
She was a charming creature,
She had a crinoline,
It would cover half an acre :
So lovely was the weather,
I thought it was a rum day :
Then arm-in-arm together,
We went along on Sunday.
I'm going somewhere, &c.

We got into the Strand,
The boys got flocking round :
They hit my pork-pie hat,
And bang sent in the crown—
Me and my fair lass
Fell down together in some way,
We nicely were stuck fast.
When going out on Sunday.
I'm going somewhere, &c.

They blacked my face with soot,
Smashed Mary's crinoline,
Before I could get up,
They my trousers split behind :
The boys pulled out my shirt,
Kept going on a rum way,
I was smothered in dirt,
When going out on Sunday.
I'm going somewhere, &c.

Poor Mary cut her stick,
And bolted like a shot,
She had lost her crinoline,
And broke her, you know what—
Poor I was left alone,
And in a very rum away :
They may say when I got home :
" Where are you going on Sunday ? "
I'm going somewhere, &c.

Up came a " bobby " then,
It did me sore affright :
To the station-house me took,
And locked me up all night :
Charged me with being drunk,
Before the " beak " on Monday :
Five bob they made me pay
For going out on Sunday.
I'm going somewhere, &c.

No money I had got,
So they gave the " bobby " a paper,
To take me off to quod.
A week to thread the shaffer,
The guv'nor looked at me :
When I came out on Monday,
I say : " Old chap, " Says he :
" Where are you going on Sunday ? "
I'm going somewhere, &c.

Come, Rest in this Bosom !

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear !
Tho' the herd have fled from thee,
thy home is still here :
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last !

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments,
through glory and shame ?
I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art—

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be 'mid the sorrows of this—
Through the furnace, unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee—or perish there, too !

It was a Form.

RECITATIVE.

One day, I wandered far away,
As deer is known to browse or stray,
And roving down the mountain side,
With Heaven, my only hope and guide,
The cries of danger caught mine ear,
As an unbridled horse grew near
Bearing a fainting form. Between
That steed and yonder deep ravine,
I sprang, and reckless of alarms,
Clasped the sad victim in mine arms.

AIR.

It was a form so finely wrought—
A look, though pale, so fair,
It seemed that lavish Nature brought
Her choicest treasures there.
To gaze upon her beauty's beam,
In hope its light to share,
Tho' less than fancy fain would dream,
Is more than it would dare.

The charm upon that brow and cheek
Have rarely blended yet,
And worship elsewhere vain might seek
The idol there it met.
To gaze upon, &c.

The Old Man and the Child

The child and the old man sat alone,
In the quiet peaceful shade
Of the old green boughs that had richly grown
In the deep thick forest glade.
It was a soft and pleasant sound,
That rustling of the oak:
And the gentle breeze played lightly round
As thus the fair boy spoke:

"Dear father, what can honor be,
Of which I hear men rave?
Field, cell and cloister, land and sea,
The tempest and the grave:
It lives in all, 'tis sought in each,
'Tis never heard or seen:
Now, tell me, father, I beseech,
What can this honor mean?"

"It is a name, a name, my child,
It lived in other days:
When men were rude, their passion wild,
Their sport thick battle frays:
When in armor bright the warrior bold
Knelt to his lady's eyes—
Beneath the abbey pavement, old,
That warrior's dust now lies—

The iron hearts of that old day
Have moulded in the grave:
And chivalry has passed away,
With knights so true and brave—
The honor which to them was life,
Throbs in no bosom now:
It only gilds the gambler's strife,
Or decks the worthless vow."

Why Did I Love?

Why did I love? why, why did I love?
But it's past, it's past for ever—
Vainly shall man endeavor
Henceforth my heart to move:
I, who laughed at its chain,
Have worn it, I vow,
But it's broken, and now
I laugh it to scorn again.
Why did I love? &c.

Free, free as the wind
That courses the green vales through,
No fetter shall bind
My heart or mind,
And Cupid shall find
That I'll only be blind,
In future, his charms unto.
Why did I love? &c.

Why is a young lady like misery? Because she loves company.

Adam was a Gentleman.

Old Adam was the first man formed, that everybody knows:
He never paid no tailor's bills, because he wore no clothes:
Nor white kid gloves upon his hands,
as you may well suppose:
Nor dandy collar round his neck,
nor shoes to hide his toes:
For, Adam was a gentleman, all of the olden time.

He neither rent nor taxes paid, nor duns came to his door:
He had enough of meat and drink,
and some left for the poor:
But then the poor were not yet born
and neither were the great:
No rogues nor thieves had he to fear:
so he never barred his gate.
For, Adam was a gentleman, &c.

His wife his dinner cooked, each day,
of good fat roast and boiled:
But oftentimes for want of fire his dinner it got spoiled:
He would have had it cooked with gas,
but couldn't that afford:
From Newcastle he'd have had his coals,
but the pits were not then bored.
For, Adam was a gentleman, &c.

His wife, unlike our women now,
in frills or bows ne'er dressed,
Wore no Magenta petticoats, crinoline, and all the rest—
Her neighbors she ne'er scandalized,
or treated them with scorn—
She was the pink of women, sure—because
none else were born.
For, Adam was a gentleman, &c.

His time passed happy on the wing, he led a frugal life:
Nor quarrelled he with any one unless it was his wife.
She durst to trust him out at night: for, so the people say:
She never yet was once afraid of Adam going astray.
For, Adam was a gentleman, &c.

Old Adam ne'er example took from other people's ways,
Nor e'er frequented clubs or balls, or play-houses or plays:
For, play-houses and concert-rooms
had not been builded then:
And Eve was never one accused of flirting with the men.
For, Adam was a gentleman, &c.

He lived unto a good old age without any care or pride,
And when his days had run their course,
of course poor Adam died.
In a coach and six they his remains conveyed to his last bed,
And of what came o'er him, after that I never heard it said.
For, Adam was a gentleman, &c.

What Can a Poor Maiden Do?

Were it not for these men, we should ne'er do amiss,
Nor papas nor mammas disobey,
But, alas! when with sighs, they demand but a kiss—
Why, what can a poor maiden say?
She cries no—then cries hush—
Then looks down with a blush—
While he swears to his vows he'll be true:
And with one by your side,
Who will not be denied—
Why—what can a poor maiden do?

While they guess there's a heart
pleading for them within,
'Tis in vain that our lips say them nay—
But, alas! if they once are determined to win—
Why—what can a poor maiden say?
She cries no—with a blush—
He persists—she cries hush—
If she fly, still the lovers pursue:
Those men we may fear,
Yet, without them, oh, dear!
Why—what can a poor maiden do?

A Hundred Years Ago.

A hundred years ago, the world was just as now:
The ways of men are same as then, and will be so, I trow;
We've joy to raise our hearts, and grief to lay them low,
Yet joy and grief were just as brief a hundred years ago,
A hundred years ago, a hundred years ago:
Yet joy and grief were just as brief, a hundred years ago—

The gay and giddy crowd which every day we view,
Both old and young, have passions strong
as those our grandsires knew:
In friendship and in truth you'll find 'twas ever so—
For, fools believed, and knaves deceived,
a hundred years ago,
A hundred years ago, a hundred years ago.
For, fools believed, &c.

Let heroes talk of war, in ages past away,
The laurels won were proudly borne,
as those they win to-day!
What though our valiant arms lay prostrate ev'ry foe
The men of old were quite as bold a hundred years ago,
A hundred years ago, a hundred years ago.
The men of old were quite as bold, &c.

Then since 'twas ever so, let pleasure be the theme,
The song entwine with wit and wine,
and woman reign supreme:
Why gather life's dark flowers when
bright ones round us grow?
It was the same whate'er you name, a hundred years ago,
A hundred years ago, a hundred years ago
It was the same, &c.

Rolling Home Across the Sea

Up aloft amid the rigging,
Sings the fresh exulting gale,
Strong as spring time in the blossom,
Filling out each blooming sail:
And the wild waves cleft behind us
Seem to murmur as they flow:
"There are kindly hearts that wait you
In the land to which ye go."
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home, dear land, to thee!
Rolling home, to merry England,
Rolling home across the sea.

Twice a thousand miles behind us,
And a thousand miles before,
Ancient Ocean heaves to bear us
To the well remembered shore:
New-born breezes swell to waft us
To our childhood's balmy skies,
To the glow of friendly faces,
To the light of loving eyes—
Rolling home, &c.

I Saw Her at the Fancy Fair.

I saw her at the fancy fair,
Where youth and beauty joyful met—
The loveliest of the lovely there,
Ne'er shall I that girl forget—
That girl forget!

No one could pass her coolly by:
Fairer than all she was, yet meek—
Heaven was in her diamond eye,
And roses crimsoned o'er her cheek.
And roses crimsoned o'er her cheek.

To nature's gayest scenes she lent
A sweet, a soul-enchanted spell;
At home, abroad, where'er she went,
How loved, how courted, none can tell—
None, none can tell.

'Mid dazzling splendor arrayed,
She urged the sacred claims of woe,
As gracefully her tresses played
O'er neck—that mocked the mountain snow—
O'er neck—o'er neck that
mocked the mountain snow—

The Desert.

Alone in the desert! alone—I'm alone!
My good steed exhausted my false guide hath flown,
My path to recover I've sought all in vain:
O God! I am lost in this desolate plain!
No stream can I find the cool waters to sip,
Or wild fruit to moisten my blood-swollen lip:
Still more faintly I draw the life parting breath—
No breeze but the simoon, whose hot kiss is death:
For assistance in vain my glance wildly I fling:
Not a speck in the air save the vulture's dark wing:
Soon! soon shall I feel his keen beak in my breast,
And the desert's hot sand prove my last couch of rest—

I am here like some wreck by the mad billows thrown,
With death and its terrors to struggle alone:
In this contest with death the deep pang that rends
Is the thought of those dear ones—
wife, children, and friends!
Must I die? must I die?—See, the vulture draws near,
Humanity's form can no more cause him fear.
Hark! hark! 'tis a bell, faintly sounding I hear—
Some ship of the desert, a camel is near!
O God! mock me not with a faint fleeting hope:
If my false ears deceive me life's last hope is broke—
I am saved! I am saved! friends, friends are at hand—
They see me, they hear my lone cry on the sand:
And nearer and nearer the camel bell rings,
And the vulture sails from me with outspreading wings—
I'm saved!

A witty doctor said that tight lacing was a public benefit, inasmuch as it killed all the foolish girls, and left the wise ones to grow to be women.

The Island of Green.

Written for Harry Clifton, and Sung by him at all his popular Concerts throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H Harding, No. 298 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

Ah, poh! botheration, dear Ireland's the nation
Where man ev'ry joy upon earth may obtain:
Where with hospitality, conviviality,
Friendship and open sincerity reign.
Shure, I've roamed the world over, from Dublin to Dover,
But in all the strange countries wherever I've been,
I ne'er saw an Island on sea or on dry land,
Like Paddy's own sweet little Island of green.

CHORUS.

The sweet little Island, the dear little Island,
Like Paddy's own sweet little Island of green.

In England your roses make mighty fine posies:
Provoke Scotia's thistle, you meet your reward:
But shure, for its beauty, an Irishman's duty
Will teach him his own native plant to regard.
St. Patrick he set it, with dew-drops he wet it,
And often to cherish and bless it was seen:
Its beauties are rare too: it's fresh and it's rare, too:
And blooms but in Ireland's own Island of green.
The sweet little, &c.

A sprig from each stem forms a rich varied gem,
More brilliantly bright than the dew on the thorn,
Together unblighted, unsullied, united,
It blooms a bouquet beauty's breast to adorn.
Oh! long may they flourish, may Heaven's dew nourish
Each warm kindred soil where the emblems are seen!
May no fatal blunder o'er tear them asunder
But long be they wreathed in the Island of green!
The sweet little, &c.

Success to ould Ireland, its bogs and its mire-land—
There's not such a universe under the sun,
For honor, for spirit, fidelity, merit,
For wit and good fellowship, frolic and fun;
With wine and with whiskey, when once he gets frisky,
An Irishman's heart in true colors is seen:
While with mirth overflowing, with love it is glowing,
With love for its own native Island of green.
The sweet little, &c.

Marching through the Parks

Or the Drum-Major.

By J. F. Brian.

Behold a warrior bold,
Who is not too fond of fighting
Home service suits me best,
It's so much more inviting.
Tho' men may laugh at my walking staff,
They envy me, I wager,
And would not they all like to be
The Grenadier's Drum-Major!

CHORUS.

Marching through the parks,
Marching through the parks,
You hear the drum go rum, tum, tum,
As we march through the parks.
Marching through the parks,
Marching through the parks,
You hear the drum go rum, tum, tum
As we march through the parks.

As we go marching by,
There is many a pretty face
That always has a smile
For me and my bright gold lace.
At a girl I wink, which makes her think
In talk I should engage her:
But bless their hearts I love 'em all,
Does the Grenadiers' Drum-Major.
Marching through the parks, &c.

At night, with what delight
Do we beat the grand tat-too—
Then every drummer-boy
To his sweet-heart bids adieu.
We've beaten the drum, then out I come,
To meet Matilda Pager,
Who thinks it grand you understand,
To walk with her Drum-Major.
Marching through the parks, &c.

Now, ladies pray don't start
At what I'm going to mention;
Although I love you all,
To wed's not my intention;
The band would so make fun of me,
My wife it would enrage her:
But, ladies dear, are any here
Who'll walk with the Drum-Major?
Marching through the parks, &c.

Marriage—A man who passes through life without marrying is like a fair mansion left by the builder unfinished. The half that is completed runs to decay from neglect, or becomes at best but a sorry tenement, wanting the addition of that which makes the whole useful.

Ven my Pand Pegins to Blay.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

I love a lootle Deitcher, de sweedest gal in town,
Und she vas fit to pe a queen, und wear a golden crown.
She always comes to see me, und almost every day,
She listens to de music, ven my pand pegins to blay.

CHORUS.

Und my gal she says she feels pully,
ven my pand pegins to blay:
Ven de pand pegins to blay, ven my pand pegins to blay,
I'm as habby, like a sardine, ven I see her every day,
A listening to de music of my pand, pum! pum!

Und ven ve rest a minute, I dalk to her a pit,
Und I order her a lemonade, mit a shtick in it;
Den I ask her if she'll have some more,
ven to me she vill say:
No dank you; put I rather hear your pand pegin to blay.
Und my gal says &c.

My pand it ain't a large one—dere's a fifer and a drum,
Und I'm de leader of it, und I vear a yellow blume:
Ven I see a bolicemans I get oud of his way,
Somehow dey don't like de music
ven my pand pegins to blay.
Und my gal says, &c.

Put den dere vas a fellar—de fifer of de pand—
Whom I caught vinking at my gal—
dat's someding I can't shtand—
To have a rival in my pand, it don't exactly suit,
Und if I dought she loved him, I would
pruise him of de anood.
Und my gal says, &c.

Somepody's Peen Dere Pefore.

Written, Composed and Sung by Gus Williams.

I am an unfortunate miserable man,
Und I'll tole vy I am so:
Ids begause I've peen hunding, de vhole of de day,
To dry und find some vork to do:
I've vent here und dere to dry und get vork,
I've peen in mosd every shtore,
Und verever I go, I quickly find oud
Dat somepody's peen dere pefore.

CHORUS.

Oh! vat is de reason dat I'm always late?
Dere is noting I ever vent for,
Put vat I find oud dat I'm pehind time,
Und dat somepody's peen dere pefore.

Now I vonce invended a heel for a shoe,
Und a peautiful model I made:
Dis heel vas made so id vould never vear oud:
For, I'm a shoemager py drade.
Ven I got id done, I dook it around
To a large vhole-sale bood und shoe-shtore,
Und dey dold me dere my invenshun vas old,
Dat somepody'd peen dere pefore.
Oh! vat is de reason, &c.

I vonce knew a gal vat lived vay oud Vest,
Und I loved her so dear as my life:
So I vent von nide to brobose to dis gal,
Und I asged her if she'd pe my vife:
Und vat do you dink? she give me de "sack,"
Und as she kicked me oud of de door,
She said id vas nonsense to brobose to her,
Dat sompody'd peen dere pefore.
Oh! vat is de reason, &c.

The Cymbal Man.

Sung by Johnny Roach.

I'm going to tell the public the way I've been served,
And when they hear my story, they'll know
what makes me so unnerved.
'Twas a girl called Mary, whom I loved—
she promised me her heart and hand,
But she left me for a fellow whom she thought
was much more grand,
'Cause he played upon the Cymbals in a military Band.

CHORUS.

Cling, clang, the Cymbals went, the Cymbals went:
Didn't he think himself a gent, as he marched
in the middle of the Band!

I dropped in quite promiscuously to take a cup of tea,
It was earlier than usual, I dare say half past three:
I was eating of a muffin, when my girl held up her hand,
And says: "My dear, now don't you hear a military Band?
Don't you see that darling fellow there?
oh! don't he look quite grand?
Cling, clang, &c.

You can judge of my astonishment to hear her talking thus,
And of that beastly Cymbal fellow making such a fuss:
"Mary, I exclaimed, with jealous rage
which I could scarce withstand,
I'm sorry you take such interest in a military Band,
'Cause fellows dressed in uniforms
you always think looks grand—"
Cling, clang, &c.

For a while I had to leave her in the country I'd a job:
I little thought that any one my happiness would rob.
When I returned and heard the news—why,
I could scarcely stand—
She skedaddled with that Cymbal man,
who she thought looked so grand—
But I'll smash his Cymbals on his head
when I catch him in his Band.
Cling, clang, &c.

The Swell with a Glass in His Eye

How do you do, "my dear" boys—how do you do?
You're looking remarkably well:
No doubt you have met me before—
'Twas at Long Branch, Broadway, or Nilsson-Hall:
By Jove! you don't seem to remember—
But you'll recollect me "by the by:"
By respectable people I'm known
As the swell with a glass in his eye.

CHORUS.

For, it gives a distinguished appearance:
And as I go sauntering by,
The darlings all sigh as though they would die
For the swell with a glass in his eye.

Some people delight in a moustache,
And make it stick out like a pole:
Some have their weakness on whiskers:
But mine wouldn't grow, 'pon my soul!
Some people like the opera—
Roman Fall—but I, by the by,
Contented with my natural charms,
As a swell with a glass in his eye.
For, it gives, &c.

Some say: can I see any better?
No, by Jove! I can't see half as well:
My sight is as good as most folks,
Tho' I fancy the near-sighted swell:
It makes a move so interesting—
When the low folks they call me a guy:
Which meets with a sneer of contempt
From this small piece of glass in my eye.
For, it gives, &c.

The Barber's Daughter:

Or I'll throw Myself off London Bridge.

Ah! once there was no young Cock Robin,
Once there was no Bumble Bee,
Once there was no young Cock Chafer,
Half so gay and happy as me:
Now I feel so sad and lonely,
Like a Dove that's lost its mate:
Cupid, Cupid's sent me stupid,
Misery's to be my fate—

CHORUS.

So I'll throw myself off London Bridge,
I'll jump into the water
And down down down I'll drown, drown, drown,
For the loss of the Barber's Daughter.

Sweet Seraphina Mackintosh,
She was the girl I did adore:
I loved her father's Barber's shop,
I loved the pole outside his door:
For her how often I felt raving
Mad with love both night and day—
Three times an hour I wanted shaving,
Then could not tear myself away.
But I'll throw, &c.

Alas! one fatal morn I went
To undergo my seventh shave:
The Barber of our loves got scent,
And like a maniac did rave:
He seized his razor, danced the "can can!"
Smothered my eyes with lather hot:
For fear that he might cut my nose off,
Hastily I fled the spot—
To throw, &c.

He told his child—the grey old willing—
A titled lady she should be,
But he'd cut her off without a shilling
If she but dared to think of me.
Now she turns up her pretty nose,
Whenever down that street I go:
My friends call me a perfect muff,
Where'er I tell them of my woe.

SPOKEN: Which makes me feel all the more inclined—
To throw, &c.

What is the difference between a chilly man and a hot dog?—One wears a great-coat, and the other pants.

The three great conquerors of the world are Fashion, Love, and Death.

What grows bigger the more you contract it?—debt.

THE FULL-MOON IS BEAMING.

DUNKERRON. HENRY SMART.

Andante con Moto.

p

1. The full - moon is beam - ing A - bove the blue deep, The tide - wave is dream - ing, The winds..... are a - sleep :..... The full - moon is beam - ing A - bove.... the blue deep,.... The tide - wave is dream - ing, The winds, the winds are a - sleep....
2. The bright wave is bring - ing A song sweet and clear, But sad is that sing - ing, If thou..... art not here..... The bright wave is bring - ing A song....sweet and clear,.... But sad is that sing - ing, If thou, if thou art not here....

pp

The love - star is peep - ing A - far..... o'er the sea, And my heart, love, is keep - ing Its vi - gil for thee..... And my sleep - ing ; Oh ! come....then to me, For, my heart, love, is keep - ing Its vi - gil for thee..... For, my heart, love, is keep - ing its vi - gil, its vi - gil for thee. And my heart, love, is keeping, Ah ! keeping its vi - gil for thee.

pp *pp*

cres. *cres.*

p *poco ritard.* *a piacere.* *a tempo.*

pp

p

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HENRY DE MARSAN'S NEW COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL

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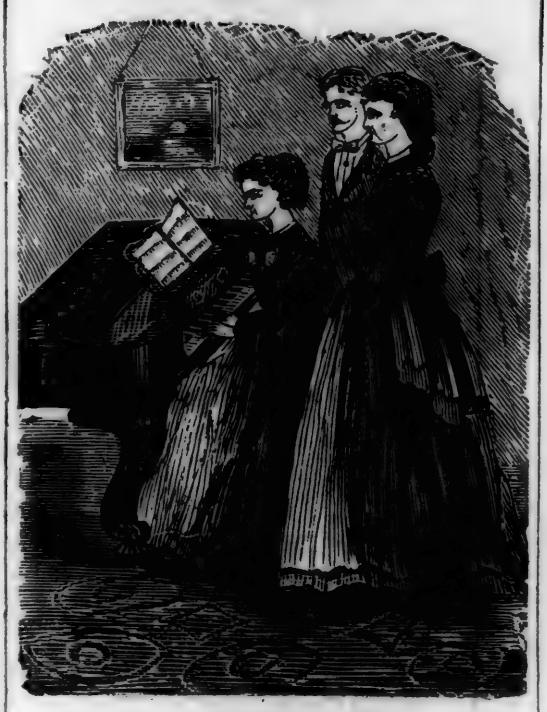
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CONTENTS.

All round the Room ..... Page 587
Be a good boy and take care of yourself .. 587
The Boy in Blue 588
The BILL-POSTER'S DREAM 590
Be sure you're right, then go ahead ! 590
Biddy Maguire of Ballinaclash 591
The City Sport 589
Come down, Darling, do 590
FOLLOW ME, IF YOU DARE 588
Give me the Gal with the Blue Dress on .. 589
The Heart that can feel for another 589
The House-Keeper's woes 589
I'll not be a Young Widow 586
I make no noise at all 588
I'm Bound to my Love ! 589
IN THE BOWERY 591
I wear the " Bolly Varden " 591
Jeannie Morrison 586
Jane O'Malley 588
Juliana and her Grand Piano 589
Judy McGee 590
The Knight of the Sable Plume 586
Lawks ! what can a poor Maiden do ? 587
Life in the Army 587
Little Clarence 588
Lalla Rookh—Ali Pacha's Twenty Wives . 591
The LASS OF RICHMOND HILL—Music .. 592
The Lugger 586
Minnie Gray 586
The Mad Butcher 588
My Little one's waiting for me 591
NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.. 586
Nora Creina 590
The Old Garden Gate 586
Oh ! come again, Sweet Love 589
Our Hearts are not our own to give 589
O'BLARNEY 590
Push on ahead, Boys ! 588
Poor Me !—A Reverie 591
The Skylark 591
There's magic in thine eye, Love 586
Together let us range the Fields 587
The Twig of Shalaly 590
Why did I e'er behold thee ? 586
Wife, Children, and Friends 588
When shall we three Meet again ? 587
The WIDOW'S LAST PRAYER 587
Will she let me kiss her ? 589
Words to Remember 590

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The Lugger.

List ! list to the storm, see the dark frowning sky,
The breakers are foaming, the billows run high—
Hark ! hark ! how the minute gun booms o'er the wave—
'Tis a signal for help from the bold to the brave.
Bear a hand, my brisk lads ! see ! a sail through the mist
Standing up 'gainst a sea she can never resist :
The gale is o'erwhelming—her storm-beaten crew
Can ne'er keep her off—boys ! there's now work for you.

Still wilder the blast, and the sea mountains high :
She strikes ! my brave hearts, to our lugger we fly !
Heave-a-he ! we're afloat, trust your skipper's tried skill :
His heart knows no danger, and yours fear no ill :
Pull away, pull away—o'er the breakers we ride,
Our arms full of strength, and our hearts full of pride :
Pull, pull, boys, together, she'll soon make the wreck,
And cheer every heart on that storm-stricken deck.

See, see ! now her mainmast is gone by the board—
She rights—pull away, boys, our help quick afford !
Now, now, every hand, every heart do its best,
And heaven shall be with us, our toil shall be blest—
Stand by, now, my hearts, heave a line from your brow :
Be cool, boys, be steady, we are well by you now :
Veer away, set the fore-sail : for shore now we run—
Hurrah ! boys, we've saved them, and our duty is done !

Never Forget the Dear Ones.

Never forget the dear ones
Around the social hearth,
The sunny smiles of gladness,
The songs of artless mirth :
Though other scenes may woo thee
In other lands to roam,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home :
Never forget, never forget,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home—

Ever their hearts are turning
To thee when far away :
Their love, so pure and tender,
Is with thee on thy way :
Wherever thou may'st wander,
Wherever thou may'st roam,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home—
Never forget, &c.

Never forget thy father,
Who cheerful toils for thee :
Within thy heart may ever
Thy mother's image be :
Thy sister dear, and brother,
They long for thee to come—
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home—
Never forget, &c.

The Old Garden Gate.

One even, Dame Gray, at her own cottage door,
Sat watching the pathway that leads up the moor :
For, Ellen, her darling, had gone to the fair,
And the Dame couldn't fancy what 'twas kept her there—
While deep were the shadows the sunset had flung,
And the Dame had forgotten what she did when young—
She waited and wondered why Nelly was late,
And longed for the click of the old garden gate

Now had she looked up on the path of the hill,
There Nelly was coming with Hal of the mill,
Not hurrying homeward, I'm sorry to say,
But loitering, sadly, the rest of the way—
In converse so earnest, with gesture and tone,
As if the two made up the whole world alone,
And still they would linger, although it was late—
To say the last word at the old garden gate.

Now what do you think they were talking about,
Till the bright moon arose and the planets peeped out ?
Was it logic ? or love ? oh ! be that as it may,
I know that, in argument, Hal gained the day ;
For, the maiden, appealed to, could only say "yes !"
How the contract was sealed too, I leave you to guess.
Next week, Hal was there, as a bridegroom elate,
Conducting sweet Nell through the old garden gate.

My tale has a moral, dear maidens, beware !
If ever you're tempted to visit a fair,
Be sure to leave early, and take the short way :
Then walk home quite briskly, whatever beaux say :
And when you arrive at your own cottage door,
In spite of the moonlight, don't say a word more :
Take warning by Nell, or it may be your fate,
Like her, to be led through the old garden gate.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom ? When long experience has made him a sage.

Why Did I E'er Behold Thee ?

Why did I o'er behold thee,
Too lovely as thou art ?
Why did I o'er allow thee
To steal away my heart ?
Time was I knew thee not, love :
Oh ! peaceful time for me,
Before my eyes met thine, love—
For, then my heart was free.

Oh ! that I could forget thee,
And give my heart its rest,
Which palpitates for thee, love,
Within this ardent breast—
But, ah ! I try in vain, love,
From all thy charms to fly :
Thou art my life—my soul, love,
Without thee I should die !

There's Magic in Thine Eye, Love.

There's magic in thine eye, love,
Which seems a soul of light :
There's music in thy sigh, love,
More sweet than lutes at night :
Oh ! thy every word's a song, love,
Thy every breath's a rose :
For, they steal thy lips along, love,
And scent them as they close.

I shall ne'er forget the day, love,
When first I heard thee sing !—
Oh ! 'twas like the young bird's lay, love,
That wakes the infant spring :
For, the murmur of thy lips, love,
Came sweetly unto me,
As the sound of oars that dip, love,
At moonlight in the sea.

Jeannie Morrison.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Thro' many a weary way :
But never, never can forget
The love o' life's young day,
My dear, dear Jeannie Morrison—
The thoughts of bygone years
Still fling their shadows o'er my path,
And dim my eyes with tears :
O morning life ! O morning love !
O lightsome days and lang !
When honied hopes around our hearts
Like summer blossoms sprang—
Dear Jeannie Morrison !

The fount that first burst frae my heart
Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper as it flows
The love o' life's young day,
My dear, dear Jeannie Morrison :
Since we were sundered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music of your tongue :
But I could bear my wretched fate,
And still could happy be,
Did I but know your heart still dreamed
Of bygone days and me—
Dear Jeannie Morrison !

Wife, Children, and Friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund ill secured oft in bankruptcy ends :
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
And round him Arabia's whole fragrance descends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with—wife, children, and friends.

Though valor still glow in his life's dying embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he, dying, remembers
How blest was his home with—wife, children, and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends :
But dear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of—wife,
children, and friends—

I'll not Be a Young Widow.

Now, all single gents I address myself to,
And hope they will all pay attention :
In the first place, allow me to ask how you do ?
And weigh well in your mind what I mention—
My husband has been dead six months at least,
And seriously now I consider
'Tis folly to mourn so for one that's deceased,
And I can't bear to be a young widow.

Now, young men, look sharp, there's no time to lose :
Half-mourning I put on to-morrow ;
Look at me—just hear me—you cannot refuse—
I've only six months left in sorrow.
What an odious custom to wait for a year ?
For one's feelings they do not consider :
To lose so much time—it's quite horrid, oh, dear !
So, long I'll not be a young widow—

They say 'tis not decent to marry so soon,
And to dress in no color but sable :
I'll not be convinced they may talk to the moon,
Me mourn for a year !—I'm not able :
Besides, my good man who's now dead and gone,
For my comforts would always consider :
I'm sure he don't wish me to live so forlorn—
So, now then, who'll have d young widow ?

But I think it quite fair, e'er the bargain I seal,
To state I require due submission :
The husband I choose must serve me with zeal,
And then there's another condition :
He must rise—light the fire, and breakfast prepare :
Boil the eggs—make the toast—and consider
That I must be master—or else I declare
I would rather remain a young widow.

He must not contradict if I say cold is hot,
Black must be white at my pleasure.
Or, by chance, at your head you may have the tea pot—
Then, young men, don't miss such a treasure—
Such sweetness of temper you'll ne'er meet as mine :
Of a young woman's troubles come rid her !
Now don't all speak at once, only one at a time :
You must wait till again I'm a widow—

Minnie Gray.

The dew-drops gleam in the sunlight beam,
The lark sings o'er the lea :
Sweet love, arise ! for, the sunny skies
Are not half so bright as thee—
Come, Minnie, sweet Minnie, dear Minnie Gray,
O'er the mountain side, where the waters glide,
Oh ! come with thy lover away !

The gentle breeze that waves the trees,
Wafts odors from the flowers,
But nought so sweet as thee I meet
In glen or forest bowers :
Come, Minnie, sweet Minnie, dear Minnie Gray,
Where the heather blooms and the gale perfum
Oh ! come with thy lover away !

Oh ! list, my love, to the widowed dove,
That pines on yonder tree :
Like her I mourn for the hour's return
That brings me back to thee—
Come, Minnie, sweet Minnie, dear Minnie Gray,
To this faithful heart, no more to part :
Oh ! come with thy lover away !

The Knight of the Sable Plume.

The moon rose over the battle-field,
And its pale light dimly shed,
When a dying warrior reclined on his shield
Amidst the surrounding dead—
He left his native land to fight,
But perished in his bloom :
And to sorrow left his lady bright,
The Knight of the Sable plume—

A snow white scarf—a pledge of love—
On his right arm he wore :
He pressed it to his aching heart :
'Twas crimson in his gore—
He cast a fading look around,
But all was wrapt in gloom :
Then lifeless sank upon the ground
The knight of the Sable plume !

Which are the most industrious letters ? The Bee's. Which are the most extensive letters ? The Sea's. Which are the most masculine letters ? The He's. Which are the egotistical letters ? The I's. Which are the leguminous letters ? The Pea's. Which are the sensible letters ? The Wise.

Lawks! What can a Poor Maiden do?

A kind old man came wooing to me,
When my age it was scarce eighteen:
He asked with a sigh if his bride I'd be,
And he'd make me as rich as a queen.
No parents had I, no money had I,
Nor a sweetheart that ever proved true:
If young men won't, and old men will,
Lawks! what can a poor maiden do?
Heigho!
Lawks! what can a poor maiden do?

And now I am a widow, you see,
Tho' my age is scarce nineteen:
With gold in my purse, every lad would be,
Yes, my partner to dance on the green—
No brother have I, no sister have I,
With no children to cling unto—
When old men die, and young men sigh,
Lawks! what can a lone widow do?
Heigho!
Lawks! what can a lone widow do?

Life in the Army.

Air: Paddy's Wedding.

I'm safe once more, and landed on shore,
And sound as a trout, and sounder, Oh!
No music so sweet my ears can greet
As the noise of a fourteen pounder, Oh!
When honor calls for bullets and balls,
My heart is light and airy, Oh!
My eyes get bright as the stars at night,
That shine over sweet Tipperary, Oh!

SPOKEN: Oh! boys and girls I'm just after putting over the devil's campaign, as Mickey Flinn said when he beat the devil! But the devil take the Russians for me, anyhow: for, if I haven't had my hearty bellyful of them the devil a well-fed man in Turkey has. But boys, to make a long story short, I'll tell you how I became a soldier. Well, you see, I had an uncle by my mother's side, in the army: and he, being over on the recruiting service in our part of the country, he came one fine morning, and says he: "Phelim Devlin, do you know what I'm after thinking?"—"How should I know what you would be after thinking, before you tell me?"—"Well, says he I am just thinking that you are losing your good-looking time here when you might list for a soldier, go out the Crimea and mix amongst the most respectable of society."—"It's a very large society, uncle, says I: they must have the devil's own mortality to pay, but devil a word ye're speaking about being kilt."—"You're only to die once, Phelim, my boy."—"By my sucklers, and you are right, and when I'm dead, I'll be done buying Blutchers: but kilt or not kilt, tip us the bob."—Well, sirs he struck the left side of the heel of my fist with the shilling, and off we marched to the tune of—

Hurrah! boys, machree, come join with me,
Those Russians, boys, can't harm you, Oh!
Both night and day we're sure of our pay:
So, hurrah for a life in the army, Oh!

To a shebeen we got, but the day was so hot,
And myself was tired of lushing, Oh!
Uncle, Ochone, where are we gone?"
"Och!" says he, we're gone down to the Russians, Oh!
"Is it to fight?" says I—Says he: "Aye, or die:"
When in marched Captain O'Leary, Oh!
Says my uncle: "Don't fear, in a couple of years,
You'll get back to sweet Tipperary, Oh!"

SPOKEN: And, sure enough, in walked Captain O'Leary, with a face upon him, for all the world, like a four-penny loaf, burnt brown, that a three year old kid had picked the currants out of. "Is your men all ready, sergeant, d'ye mind?"—"They are, your honor'd glory," says my uncle.—"Thanks be God I'm not one of them, anyway!" says I. "I'll tell ye what says my uncle, you're the Queen's man for ten years or two, if required."—"How the blazes can I be the Queen's man for ten years, or two, if required, when I'm Nelly Brady's at home for life, and we're going to be married the day after to-morrow?"—"I'll tell you what, says the captain, you had better not tell your sweet-heart anything about it, or she might lie in next winter."—"You'll excuse me, Captain, says I, but if you get the route out to India, you might lie out next winter." But, boys, with talking I didn't see where I was walking: so the toe of my boot happened to rub up against the Captain's trousers. He turns round to me and says he: "Mind where you're going, sir: mind where you're going. Do you see what you're after doing to my trousers?"—"I beg your pardon, Captain, says I, but I think it's tens years since you could call them trousers."—"What do you mean, sir? what do you mean?"—"I mean that if you be after wearing them as long as you have done already, you'll have them worn into knee-breeches." But, boys, when he saw I turned the joke against him, he gave me a look as sharp as a sack of razors.—"Right-about-face!" says he—"Oh! here's your shilling," say I, and I looked home to Nelly Brady. But boys, it was no use talking, I might as well try to stop a railway train as to speak to either of them: so, boys, the Captain gave the word of command, and we all struck up a singing—

Hurrah! boys, machree, &c.

We were ordered away we'd no time to stay,
I got my trousers and jacket, Oh!
With walking, astore, my feet were sore,
Till we arrived on board the packet, Oh!
We were ordered away, we'd no time to stay,
And the ship flew through the waves like a fairy, Oh!
When coming near shore each man gave a roar:
For the army in sweet Tipperary, Oh!

SPOKEN: Down comes my uncle and says he to me—"Prepare, Phelim: for, fight's the word."—"Och! go and amuse yourself with shooting Russian sparrows. Is it committing murder you want me to be after?"—"Well, if you don't, they'll peg youd own if they can."—"Will they? let them try it, by my soul. Do you know this, uncle? the man that would peg me down, wouldn't I get up and knock his brains out! d'ye mind that now." But, boys we began fighting in real earnest—there we were to be seen going up the heights of Alma—there were to be seen heads looking for their bodies and bodies looking for their heads in return. But when it came to the charge of the 88th, the 96th and the 77th och! we put the chase on them, as Phil Doolan said to his bull-dog. After two or three hours hard fighting, down comes my uncle, and says: "Dress up in the front, Phelim: for, here comes the Captain with a despatch." Down comes the Captain and says to me: "Come here Phelim Devlin, my Tipperary soldier: the field's our own." "Had we not better take it with us?" says I. My boys, he had scarcely the words out of his mouth, when he got the hit of a Russian bullet on the refreshment bag and down he fell like a pig in a fit. "Ho, terenageous! the Captain's hit!"—"I've got a ball, Phelim" says he—"Well, you can do no less than give them a ball in return, says I—Get up!" says I.—"I can't." says he.—"For why?" says I.—"Because I'm kilt," says he.—"Well, you shan't lie there as long as Phelim Devlin's here." So, boys, I got him on my shoulders and carried off to the trenches. But, boys, as great a favorite as I was with the Captain, faith! he got that stiff, devil a word he'd speak to poor Phelim: the fact of the matter, boys, he was dead: so, of course, we buried him in all due military respect. But, boys, I was forgetting to tell you, that I didn't escape unhurt myself. I got the hit of a Russian bullet on the cap of my left knee, that made me roar like a Spanish ass. I was sent home to Dublin on a shilling a day, and just arrived there in time for a jolly blow out that was given to all the Crimean heroes: then you may know what Phelim laid in, when he bursted three button-holes of his shareholder: but if ever I meet with any of my old comrades that suffered with me in the Crimea, I won't prevent my Tipperary tongue from singing—

Hurrah! boys, machree, &c.

Together Let Us Range the Fields.

Together let us range the fields
Empearled with morning dew:
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
Or the apples' clustering bough:

There in close embowered shades,
Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
By tinkling rills on rosy beds,
We'll love the sultry hours away—

All Round the Room.

All round the room I waltzed with Ellen Taylor,
All round the room I waltzed till break of day,
And ever since that time I've done nothing but bewail her—
Alas! she's gone to Margate,
the summer months to stay:
'Twas at a ball at Islington I first chanced to meet her.
She really looked so nice, I couldn't keep my eyes away:
In all my life before I ne'er saw so sweet a creature.
She danced with me three hours, then fainted quite away.

SPOKEN: She was such a divine creature! I fell in love with her the moment I saw her. I looked languishing at her and she did the same at me: then she gave such a sigh—such a heavy one!—you might have heard it—

All round the room, &c.

My Ellen's rather tall, and my Ellen's rather thin, too:
Her hair is rather sandy, and singing she's AU FAIT:
That she should leave me now, I think it quite a sin, too:
I'm sure I shan't be happy all the time she is away.

SPOKEN: She was such an angel! such a natural sort of woman! She wore a bustle—that wasn't very natural, though—it was rather a largish one: I suppose, upon a moderate calculation, it would have reached—

All round the room, &c.

For seven long years I'm apprenticed in the city,
But four of them are gone, and I've only three to stay:
But if Ellen should refuse me, oh! crikey! what a pity!
I'll go and ask her pa, and I think he won't say nay.

SPOKEN: No! I don't think he'll refuse me: and if he don't, I'll marry Ellen, and we'll go into business. We'll keep a cats-meat shop—no: we'll keep a chandler's shop. Ellen would look so nice behind the counter, serving the customers out a ha'p'orth of treacle, a red herring, a half quartern of butter, &c.—Then we'll keep a one-horse shay, and I'll drive the children out with us on a Sunday—yes, I'll drive them—

All round the room, &c.

A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband.

When Shall We Three Meet Again?

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again—

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky:
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls:
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, power, and fame are laid:
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again—

Be a Good Boy and Take Care of Yourself.

When I was at home, with my father and mother,
I beat the old couple, and Teddy, my brother—
At learning, I mean—for, I handled the spade,
And so nately I followed the turf-cutting trade.
But old Father Murphy, our parish director,
He now and then gave me a bit of a lecture:
"Arrah! Barney, says he, you're a frolicsome elf,
But be a good boy, and take care of yourself."
With your too ral lal loo, &c.

My Judy I loved, and oft gave her a kiss:
"Fie! Barney," says she: but ne'er took it amiss.
One night I took leave: says I: "Judy, I'm off!"
But heard, as I thought, in the closet a cough:
So I opened the door, and I stared like a pig:
There stood old Father Murphy, without hat or wig.
"Arrah! Father says I, you're a frolicsome elf,
But be a good boy, and take care of yourself."
With your too ral lal loo, &c.

I was going, when old Father Murphy cried: "Stay!
We'll settle this matter I'll tell you the way:
I'll marry you both, and then, Barney you know—"
"Thankee, father, says I, but I'd much rather go!"
So to ould Father Murphy, I bade a good-night,
And to Judy I said what you'll own was quite right:
"Arrah! Judy, says I, you're a frolicsome elf,
But I'll be a good boy, and take care of myself!"
With my too ral lal loo, &c.

The Widow's Last Prayer.

Answer to: Mother, is the Battle over?

"O Mother dear! now leave off crying,
Your only child is by your side:
On you all my hopes relying,
Ever since my father died—"
"My child, my thoughts are ever on you,
My nightly prayer for you is given:
My health, my dear, is fast decaying,
My soul must take its flight to heaven—

Come, my child, come nearer to me,
Do not fret, do not despair:
A parting kiss before I leave you:
I'm going to meet your father there—
It is our lot, we must not murmur,
It is our great Creator's will:
When I depart this world of sorrow,
He'll be a father to you still—"

She clasped her child to her bosom,
While her eyes were closed in death:
"God bless my boy!" she faintly murmured,
It was her last expiring breath—
Alone and helpless stood the orphan,
With tearful eye and aspect wild:
O God! look down in all thy mercies,
And be a father to this child!

The funeral cortege onward rolling,
There stood one—a Soldier brave,
Reported dead, but only missing—
He stood beside the new-made grave,
Tears rolled down his manly cheeks:
With weary look and features mild:
"Weep not, my boy, I have safe returned
To be a father to my child!"

All women are good: good for something, or good for nothing.

The Mad Butcher.

Once I was happy and gay—
But now I am dreadfully changed:
And all my acquaintances say
That I am ill-me and deranged.
I once was as red as my beef
But now I'm as white as my veal;
My senses have flown thro' my grief.
And my heart is as hard as my steel.

CHORUS.

Oh! I'm the mad butcher, I'm the mad butcher,
I'm the mad butcher: they say I'm insane:
I'm the mad butcher, I'm the mad butcher,
Brought to this state all thro' false Mary Jane!

Mary Jane—you don't know her—but, ha!
The thoughts of her now makes me start—
She shone on my path like a star.
But she's stolen my pluck and my heart.
Each day, she called into the shop.
When my heart 'gainst my ribs would go thump,
When she asked me to weigh her a chop,
And some suet, a jolly good lump—

SPOKEN: I'd cut her a hundred weight of suet and place it by her chops, and think how well we should suit each other—but, no! she refused me because—
I'm the mad butcher, &c.

She smiled on me, one afternoon,
I grew hot and cold by degrees:
I told her my love very soon.
In the sawdust I knelt on my knees—
But she spurned me and then, what was more,
I know you will say it was too bad:
She married the tailor, next door,
And ever since then I've been mad.

SPOKEN: Mad! stark, staring mad! She married the ninth part of a man! a tailor! in preference to me but I had revenge—he took her abroad to Highbury, and there she got possession of all his hard-earned savings, and she lavished it away upon dress she bought a chignon and she practiced the Grecian Bend, and then she paid a lot of little boys to say—
He's the mad butcher, &c.

One day, I'd a furious shock:
I hacked and chopped up the meat:
At one blow I severed the block,
And I pitched the sheep's heads in the street
By turns I now laugh and then cry,
But somehow I've lost all my trade:
I cry: buy! buy! the buy! buy! buy: buy!
But my customers all seem afraid.

SPOKEN: Yes and I'm as quiet as a lamb, I wouldn't hurt a worm—but they come round the shop and pick up the block ornaments then look up to know the price: directly they see me, they remain silent, not a word, but I can read their thoughts that—
I'm the mad butcher, &c

The Boy in Blue.

Cheer up, cheer up! my mother dear,
Oh! why do you sit and weep?
Do you think that He who guards me here,
Forsakes me on the deep?
Let hope and faith illume the glance
That sees the bark set sail!
Look, look at her now, and see her dance:
Oh! why do you turn so pale?
'Tis a Yankee ship and a Yankee crew:
So, mother, be proud of your boy in blue!

Oh! wonder not that next to thee
I love the galloping wave:
'Tis the first of coursers wild and free,
And only carries the brave:
It has borne me nigh to the dark lee shore,
But we struggled heart and hand:
And a fight with the sea in its angry roar
Shames all your strife on land—
The storm was long, but it found me true:
So, mother, be proud of your boy in blue!

And if the breakers kill our ship,
And your boy goes down in the foam,
Be sure the last breath on his lip
Is a prayer for those at home—
But come, cheer up! methinks I heard
A voice in the anchor-chain,
That whispered, like a fairy bird:
"The bark will come back again."
God bless you, mother, adieu, adieu!
But never weep for your boy in blue!

"Buy a trunk, Pat?" said a dealer.
"And for what should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat.
"To put your clothes in," was the reply.
"And go naked! exclaimed Pat: the divil a bit iv it."

Push on Ahead, Boys.

Written and Sung by W. F. Sinclair Lawlor.

Air: Act on the Square.

It very plainly seems to me this life is like a race.
And on its rugged course we see men differ in their pace:
Some going quick, but others they
at snail's rate onward tread,
But to get on in life, I say you must push on ahead.
Chorus: Push on ahead, boys push on ahead:
Life's like a race, boys so don't be afraid,
Push on ahead, boys, push on ahead:
Don't lay behind, boys, but push on ahead.

In business now, as you all know,
there are some who succeed:
The chances they pick up soon show
may on to fortune lead:
But there are some who hesitate until the chance has fled,
And then they grieve that they're too late
and wish they'd push ahead.
Push on ahead, boys, &c.

I know a young man—he's a friend—
he loved a nice young maid,
To marry her he did intend, to ask her felt afraid.
He thus her patience sorely tried: she's now another wed,
When she might have been his bride,
if he'd pushed on ahead.
Push on ahead, boys &c.

But life is rugged, as I've said,
and some good fortune lack:
Along the road they just have trod,
they may be carried back—
Yet don't despair, and never be by bad example led,
But start again quite cheerily and onward push ahead!
Push on ahead, boys, &c.

I Make no Noise at All.

SONG AND DANCE.

Written and Composed by Mr. Chas. MacEvoy,
for the Original Hibernicon.

The Music, Published by the Celebrated House of White, Smith & Perry 298—300 Washington Street, Boston, can be obtained at any Music-Store through the United States.

Some people think that they must make
a noise to get through life,
While others are more sensible, avoiding every strife,
The wise lay low and wait their chance,
the foolish loudly bawl—
So here's my subject: when I dance, I make no noise at all.

DANCE.

Then watch my motion to and fro:
So silently about I go.
You'll see the movement of my foot, you cannot hear it fall:
For, when I do my little dance, I make no noise at all.

I think it very foolish to confide in every friend,
And tell him all your business from beginning to the end:
You can't trust everybody: if you do, you'll surely fall:
Be wise in speaking of yourself: so make no noise at all.

CHORUS.

Now as I think I've said enough then silently I'll go,
And if I have made too much noise, of course,
you ought to know:
I hope to see you here again, you're welcome when you call:
So recommend us to your friends, but make no noise at all.

Little Clarence.

Away from this world of care they have gone.
Our Clarence and Sophie so dear:
Brother and Sister, yes, they both have gone—
We shed many a bitter tear.
But hope bids every fear away,
They now both reign above:
Then let me as my duty say
I know that God is love.

CHORUS.

Ah! Little Clarence, we shall miss him:
We know he dwells above,
To heav'n the angel bore him, child of hope and love.

Our home made ever happy and light
With song and ringing laugh so gay—
And now, alas! we hear no more, at night,
Our names in prayer they used to say.
Ah! loved ones, in your home of bliss,
Clad in your robes of light,
Oft let me feel thy Spirit kiss
In this drear world of night.
Ah! little Clarence, &c.

There is many a slip between the cup and the lip: but there are many more slips after the cup has been drained by the lips.

Jane O'Malley.

I'll tell thee a tale of a maiden's veil:
It was worn by Jane O'Malley:
On the Highland green her form was seen,
But she now sleeps in the valley—
Chorus: She now sleeps—
She now sleeps in the valley.

One year ago, when the sun was low,
Along with Elwyn Ally,
To chat and talk, she took a walk:
But she now sleeps in the valley—
She now sleeps, &c.

They talked of love, she stood above
A rocky cliff with Ally:
Alas! she fell—he could not save,
And she now sleeps in the valley—
She now sleeps, &c.

They searched around, till the spot was found
Where struggled Jane O'Malley:
Where the rock was cleft her veil was left,
And she now sleeps in the valley—
She now sleeps, &c.

Follow Me, If You Dare.

I saw her first at Brown's great race,
Held at the skating rink:
And as I met her face to face,
She gave me such a wink—
I really felt a sudden pang,
Right through my heart of hearts,
As though I had been shot kerbang
With one of Cupid's darts.
Chorus: The glance I gave she did receive
With the most bewitching air:
Then turned about, and took French leave,
With a "Follow me, if you dare."

I met her next at Russel's store,
She knew me at a glance,
And as she winked at me before,
I said: "now is my chance
To catch this charming fair haired girl,
And take her out to dine:
To vow I love her flaunting curls,
And ask her to be mine."
But when I touched her on the sleeve,
She smiled with a charming air,
And suddenly turned, and took French leave,
With a "Follow me, if you dare." Chorus.

I caught her walking Tremont street,
My glance she quickly met:
I turned about in an odd way,
An interview to get:
But she kept on, though once or twice
She turned and smiled at me,
Who really thought it very nice
To follow her home to tea;
My anxious heart she could relieve,
If for me she had a care:
But a smile was all, and a French leave,
With a "Follow me, if you dare." Chorus.

She reached her home, and at the door
She turned and winked at me:
What I supposed meant something more—
So I followed her in to see.
Her husband met me in the hall,
He saw my little game:
For, suddenly I felt a fall,
Which sent me home quite lame.
Look out for her, she will deceive,
This girl with the golden hair:
She flirts awhile, then takes French leave,
With a "Follow me, if you dare." Chorus.

The moral of my song is this,
To it let all take heed:
When you are searching after bliss,
And find just what you need,
Be sure the charming girl you seek,
Whose curls you so admire,
Does not, with all her smiles so meek,
With a husband thus conspire.
For, this is now the style, believe,
Of the girls with the golden hair:
They lure you on, they take French leave,
With a "Follow me, if you dare." Chorus.

Will She Let Me Kiss Her?

When sitting by my darling's side,
She promised soon to be my bride
With smiles that nearly set me
In ecstacies—they were so sweet—
My heart began to pant and beat:
I whispered: "will she let me kiss her?
Will she let me, will she let me kiss her?"

I quick encircled with my arm
Her waist: (now sure I meant no harm
To her who oft did pet me,)
She tried to get herself away,
She smiled and frowned, yet looked so gay,
That I, nonplussed for what to say,
Just murmured: "will she let me kiss her?
Will she let me, will she let me kiss me her?"

I gazed within her love-lit eye,
Whose drooping lashes made me sigh:
Can eyes so pure forget me?
Oh! no, they never can—for, they
In every glance do seem to say:
"For thee I live, for thee I pray!"
Then surely she will let me kiss her—
Surely let me, yes, she'll let me kiss her!

Enraptured at my own request,
She dropped her head upon my breast—
And made such thoughts beset me
That I, bewildered plunged in bliss,
Sighed: "Surely there is Heaven in this!"
And here I stole a long sweet kiss,
And found, odag! She'd let me kiss her!
Yes, she let me, truly, fondly kiss her!

Give Me the Gal with the Blue Dress on.

Give me the gal with the blue dress on,
The white folks call Susanna:
She's stole my heart, and away she's gone,
Way down in Alabama.
She was tall and slender about the waist,
And as beautiful as Venus:
And of all the gals you ever did see,
She was the greatest genus.

CHORUS.

Give me the gal with the blue dress on,
The white folks call Susanna:
She's stole my heart, and away she's gone
Way down in Alabama.

My love she says I look so fine,
My boots are patent leather,
My shirt all striped, my bob-tail coat
I stepped up like a feather:
My voice it is of dulcet notes,
My hair is all in curls,
And when I walk along the street,
I astonish all the girls— Chorus.

The Heart that Can Feel for Another.

Some folks say that friendship exists but in name,
But I'm not inclined to believe them:
There must be exceptions, all are not the same,
And, if we look close, we perceive them.
There is an old proverb, in which we are told
To do a good turn for each other—
A gem far excelling wealth, riches, and gold
Is the heart that can feel for another.

CHORUS.

Let nought but good will and peace with us abound,
Let's all like men act to each other,
Prove there's such a thing in this world to be found
As a heart that can feel for another—

We oft find a man by adversity bowed,
Who suffers on without complaining,
Not caring to speak of his losses too loud,
A small spark of pride remaining:
If friendship can ever be put to the test,
It is at that time and no other:
Reverses are frequent and always show best
Where the heart is that feels for another.
Let nought but good will, &c.

Oh! happy's the man with a free, open heart,
To give aid he always is willing:
He tries to diminish stern poverty's smart
And freely divides his last shilling.
No matter to him if a friend or a foe,
He'll all animosity smother,
And by one good action endeavor to show
He's a heart that can feel for another—
Let nought but good will, &c.

Then let us act rightly—for life's but a span—
We'll go its short journey together,
Bestowing assistance whenever we can,
The dark storm of life thus to weather.
Let nought but good fellowship with us abound,
Each act like a man and a brother,
With FRIENDSHIP his motto as time doth veer round,
And a heart that can feel for another—
Let nought but good will, &c.

Oh! Come Again, Sweet Love.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of Wm. A. Pond & Co. 547 & 865 Broadway, New-York. Price 25 Cents.

The days are dark, the nights are long,
Oh! how I watch for thee!
The robbin sings a cheery song,
But all in vain for me,
But all in vain for me—
I count the weary hours, and sigh:
Afar thy foot-steps rove,
While summer days are passing by,
Oh! come again, sweet love:
While summer days are passing by,
Oh! come again, sweet love.

I see thy face in every flower,
Thy name is on the breeze:
I live again the parting hour
That bore thee o'er the seas,
That bore thee o'er the seas:
Then wander back unto thy nest,
Thou truant weary dove:
My heart shall be thy home of rest:
Oh! come again, sweet love:
My heart shall be thy home of rest:
Oh! come again, sweet love.

The City Sport.

I suppose you know that I'm just from the city,
And I know all its joys and its cares:
And if you will listen awhile to my ditty,
I'll tell you how to get out of its snares.
'Twas once my fate to love a lass
With all my young heart's power:
It was the first time we had met,
As the golden day was o'er;
I loved her then, I love her yet,
But, alas! she's mine no more—

I went to see her, one evening in June,
And my heart was light as a fawn's:
And as I neared the house of my darling,
I found she with another had gone.
But I'll not pine for one so false,
If she has gone and left me:
I'll forget all my cares and woes,
And I'll sing merrily:
I'll forget all my cares and woes,
And I'll sing merrily.

Juliana and Her Grand Piana.

Oh! I'm in love with such a dove,
A fair and blue-eyed maiden:
My heart goes jump and bumpty bump,
Because with joy it's laden.
Her flaxen hair she waved does wear,
Her name is Juliana,
And all the day she thumps away
Upon the grand piana.
Chorus: With a do ra mi and a ra mi do,
She is the sweetest feminine I know;
"A 1" at heel and toe,
Is charming Juliana.

Her lips so red can vie, 'tis said,
With Covent Garden roses,
While, out beneath her pearly teeth
Their snowy white discloses!
To see her smile, I'd walk a mile,
She's in her chin a dimple:
Upon her nose a large wart grows,
And on her cheek a pimple. Chorus.

Then she can sing like anything,
No voice I'm sure is finer:
She's such a throat, her highest note
Is P flat, in Q minor!
To hear her play, and sing "Dog Tray,"
I'm sure 'tis worth a tanner:
For, no trombone excels in tone
The voice of Juliana. Chorus.

Now music I to learn did try,
And, one day, did beseech her
To teach it me: she did agree,
And proved a first rate teacher.
I'm quite au fait she now does say,
And play in charming manner:
I like it so, I often go
And play on the piana. Chorus.

Then shortly we shall married be,
I only wish 'twas over:
When her I mate in style first rate
We'll pass our days in clover:
Duets we'll play, throughout the day,
I and my Juliana:
Or she shall sing the "Highland Fling,"
While I play the piana— Chorus.

I'm Bound to My Love!

Loose, loose every sail to the breeze
The course of the vessel improve,
I've done with the toils of the seas—
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
My griefs I fling all to the wind:
'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all filled to my dear,
What tropic bird swifter can move?
Who cruel shall hold his career,
That returns to the nest of his love?

Hoist, hoist every sail to the breeze!
Come, shipmates, and join in the song
Let's drink, while the ship cuts the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along!

The Housekeeper's Woes.

By H. A. Fechter.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the piano-forte, is published in DE WITT'S Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by E. M. DE WITT, 33 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

Now, my dear friends, I pray that you will listen,
The truth you will certainly find in my lines:
It's all about what the poor housekeeper suffers,
A tug with the dirt takes the whole blessed time.
One day, in my rambles I heard a complaining,
And saw a poor woman the picture of gloom:
She glared at the mud on her door step, ('twas raining.)
And this was her wail, as she wielded her broom:
[Repeat.

"This life is a toil, and love is a trouble,
And beauty will fade and riches will flee.
And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.
There's too much worriment goes to a bonnet:
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt,
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it:
There's nothing that lasts us but trouble and dirt.

In March it is mud, and it's slush in December,
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust
In Fall, the leaves litter: in muggy September,
The wall-paper rots and the candlesticks rust:
There are worms in the cherries and slugs in the roses
And ants in the sugar, and mice in the pies:
And rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches, and damaging flies—

It's sweeping at six, and it's dusting at seven:
It's victuals at eight, and it's dishing at nine
It's potting and panning from ten to eleven,
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.
With grease and with grime, from corner to center,
Forever at war and forever alert:
No rest for a day lest the enemy enter.
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

Last night, in my sleep, I was stationed forever
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea:
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep off the waves are they swept off poor me—
Alas! 'twas a dream—again I behold it,
I cease—I am helpless my fate to avert!"
She rolled down her sleeves and her apron she folded,
And lay down and died, and was buried in dirt—

Our Hearts are Not Our Own to Give.

From Balfe's Opera of "Satanella."

Our hearts are not our own to give,
They yield without a sign,
Nor in our keeping seem to live,
When once love says "they're mine."
In vain would reason's rebel voice
The tyrant overthrow:
Did fate accord the power of choice,
'Twould with our fond hearts go.

I knew not that I'd lost my heart,
Till it securely won.
Love begged so piteously a part,
I'd sought, and found I'd none:
But o'er the theft I now rejoice,
Such bliss from thence doth flow,
Did heaven accord the power of choice
'Twould with my fond heart go.

The reason why a ship is by common consent designated in the feminine gender, is because so much attention has to be paid to her rigging.

The Bill-Poster's Dream.

Or Cross Readings—Air: The Captain with his whiskers.

If you walk through the streets of New-York City,
You can daily see the subject I have chosen for my ditty:
Upon almost every fence and wall that you may espy,
Posted bills, of every size and shape,
Is sure to meet your eye.
Standing near a pile of bricks, at a building in Broadway,
I scanned my eyes along the bills,
And read them as they lay:
Being posted o'er each other, you know,
They will read strange,
And if you'll only listen I will tell you how they range.

"Artemus Ward will give a lecture,"
"price fifty cents a box."
"Use the Old Dominion coffee-pot" and
"buy your hats at Knox."
"You can get five cents a pound for old books"
and "Postage stamps."
And "Lloyd's war maps and pictures."
"Agents wanted in the camps"
For "coughs, colds" and "broken chairs,
Spaulding's prepared glue"
"Palmer's Artificial legs and arms"
just the thing for you.
"For Sing-Sing direct" "Horace Greely"
and "Ben. Wood."
"The Siamese twins at Barnum's"
"Use Drake's bitters for the blood."

"Now on exhibition at the" "Rogue's gallery,"
"A potrait of Gen. Fremont with his"
"Black-horse Cavalry;"
"Forrest" "the tight rope dancer at Niblo's to-night,"
"Will volunteer" "to eat a horse"
"in the Great Prize Fight."
"Read Napoleon's life of Cæsar"
"in this week's Police Gazette."
Go to "The Winter Garden" "cheap groceries to get."
"American Bible Society" "at the Gallies to-night;"
"Dr. Chever and" "the Waiter girls"
"will address the" "Drummont light."

"Highest bounties paid for substitutes"
"and genis' cast off clothes."
"Lubin's extract of" "Turtle soup."
"Bergamot and Rose;"
"At auction sale this day, A. J. Bleeker, auctioneer,"
"Forty barrels of Irish" "Lager"
"and snyders" "whisky" "beer."
"For Mayor" "the Hippopotamus"
"regular Union nomination."
"Five hundred dollars reward for the"
"President's Proclamation."
"Sons of temperance this evening will"
"try Woolf's shedam schnaps."
"Purge the blood with Helmbold's Extract"
"and Military Maps."

"Wendell Philips" "the What is it?"
"Who struck Billy Patterson."
"Can cure warts, corns and bunions with"
"the budget of fun."
"Wild's lemon drops and" "carpet tacks"
"for forty cents a pound."
"The Iron-clad Dictator" "Lucy Stone is"
"outward bound;"
"Grand sparring exhibition"
"the Siamese twins will appear;"
"Edwin Booth" "throws a somersault on horseback"
"in King Lear."
"Read the Nic-Nax for December"
"at Barnum's Museum."
"Sacred concert at the" "Coal yard."
"Miles O'Reiley's dream."

O'Blarney.

Parody on: Kate Kearney.

Oh! have you not heard of O'Blarney,
Who came all the way from Killarney?
If you wear a black eye,
Take a warning and fly—
For, a broth of a boy is O'Blarney!

When the pooteen, that's whisky, is steaming,
'Tis nought but of fighting he's dreaming:
And, och! I can tell
Where mischief does dwell—
The shillelah of Paddy O'Blarney!

Then should you ere meet this O'Blarney,
Who rode all on foot from Killarney,
Beware of his smile,
Mind your eye all the while:
A shillelah has Paddy O'Blarney!

Though he looks so bewitchingly simple,
Och, faith! but he'd soon crack your pimple:
And should he inhale
A drop of the BALY,
Then's fatal the blow of O'Blarney!

How to keep ale from spoiling—Drink it.

The Twig of Shelaly.

Mulroony's my name, I'm a comical boy,
A tight little lad at shelaly:
St. Paddy wid whiskey he suckled me, joy,
Among the sweet bogs of Killaly!
The world I began with the prospect so fair,
My dad was worth NOTHING, and I was his heir:
So all my estate was a heart free from care,
And a tight little twig of Shelaly.

"Turn captain, cried dad, and if skilt in de strife,
Success and long life to Shelaly!
Your fortune is made all the rest of yer life,
As sure as there's bogs in Kelaly."
But, thinks I, spite of what fame and glory bequeath,
How conceited I'd look in a fine laurel wreath,
Wid my head in my mouth to stand picking my teeth
With a tight little twig of Shelally—

Yet firmly both Ireland and America'll aid
The land of oak stick and shelaly:
For, now those two sisters are man and wife made,
As sure as there's bogs in Killaly.
I'll still for their friends have a heart warm and true,
To their foes give my hand—for, what else can I do?
Yes, I'll give 'em my hand—but along wid it, too—
A tight little twig of Shelaly!

Words to Remember.

By Emil Stadler.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Publishing Office of E. H. Harding, No. 288 Bowery, New-York—Price 10 Cts.

Words to remember are those that are spoken
From lips that are breathing the tones of the heart:
Cherished like vows that are not to be broken.
These from our memories ne'er should depart—
The voice of the stranger may charm for a season,
The song of the syren the moment may please:
But the words of a friend breathing love wed to reason:
Words to remember and cherish are these—

Words to remember are those that are plighted
When young hearts are blending their earliest vows:
For, hearts like the flowers of spring may be blighted,
And drop like the blossoms that fall from the boughs:
But time cannot alter the voice of affection,
Though seasons may change both
the flowers and the trees—
For, youthful love tones amid joy and dejection—
Words to remember and cherish are these—

Judy M'Gee.

Parody on: A Baby was Sleeping.

Pat Fagan was snoring, poor Judy was roaring,
He'd given her a beating for nothing, d'ye see:
And while he was sleeping, poor Judy was weeping,
Saying: I know the devil
has been whispering to thee.

The pot it was boiling, and the praties were spoiling:
But the devil of a bit more I'll
cook for him, says she,
To find him the eating when he gives me the bating:
For, he's trashed well the hide of poor Judy M'Gee.

Why need I be telling of my father's snug dwelling?
For, he was a farmer and a kind man to me:
He had a cow, and a pony, and a little dog, "Tony,"
And a pig he christened after me, Judy M'Gee.

You nasty big sarawl now, I will explain all now,
And my big brother Barney will soon let you see:
Altho' you're a Pagan, he'll whack you like a Pagan:
For, you've murdered the soul out of Judy M'Gee—

I once was your charmer, but now
I'm your bed warmer:
Each night I'm asleep when you're out on a spree—
You come home in clover, and you make me roll over,
Then you jump into the warm place of Judy M'Gee.

Nora Creina.

Nora Creina see the flowers,
The lovely flowers that all seemed parished,
The tendrils we together trained.
The blossoms we so fondly cherished.
Now beneath the Summer's sun
Gladly waking, gayly springing.
O'er thy bower their trellis weave,
Sweetest perfumes round thee flinging.
Nora Creina! Nora dear!
Lovely darling, Nora Creina!

Nora Creina see the birds,
We thought forever flown away, love,
Whose nest was in the Linden tree.
Whose young would round thy foot-steps play:
Now the weary winter's past,
O'er the wild wave gayly winging,
Come to seek thy smiles again,
'Neath thy lattice sweetly singing:
Nora Creina! Nora dear!
Spirits watch o'er Nora Creina!

Nora Creina! Nora dear!
Thus my love is thine forever,
Tho' stern fate a decree is past,
Two foud hearts awhile to sever—
Nora, darling, wipe away
The tear that's in thy blue eye starting:
Soon, love, we shall meet again,
And still more fondly for the parting—
Nora Creina! Nora dear!
My sweet my own my Nora Creina!

Be Sure You're Right, then Go Ahead!

Words by Barry Aiden—Music by Straub.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Publishing Office of E. H. Harding, No. 288 Bowery, New-York—Price 10 Cts.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead:
Make this your motto, boys,
And fewer clouds will o'er you spread
To shadow life's fair joys.
There's nought that's great but may be won:
Of this I will remind you,
And when your eyes are on the sun,
The shadows lie behind you.
Be slow, till doubts have all an end:
Then on, nor stop to rest:
For, Providence will e'er befriend
The man who does his best.
Ah! many are the traps and snares
That lie on every side:
But when you're right, you'll know no cares,
Or fear whate'er betide—

CHORUS.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead:
My boys, oh! ne'er despond—
Be sure you're right, then go ahead!
Success lies just beyond.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead:
With heart and conscience true,
You'll on the path of right be led,
And heaven will prosper you.
What though your station lowly be?
A purpose placed you there,
Which, though your earthly eyes can't see,
Shows wisdom everywhere.
Let slander wound you: all it can,
The truth it cannot slay—
Fear not, my boys: an honest man
Is open as the day.
Act but your part as, to your sight,
The better course appears:
Walk in the right, and joy shall light
The skies of future years.
Be sure you're right, &c.

Come Down, Darling, Do.

As Sung in "Sindbad" by Mr. De Solla

The day-light, love, is dying,
The soft low wind is sighing,
And the veil-like clouds are flying
Across the sky's dark blue:
Fear not to ope thy lattice,
No one is nigh to hear thee.
Only I, my love, am near thee—
Then come down, darling, do.

Thy curtain moveth lightly,
And there an arm is gleaming,
And if I be not dreaming,
'Tis thine and thine alone:
And there an eye is beaming,
Than stars more true and tender:
Oh! in all thy maiden splendor,
Come, Queen, unto thy throne!

A bashful young man was escorting a bashful young lady, when she said, entreatingly: "Jabez, don't tell any body you board me house." "Don't be afraid, replied he, I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

In the Bowery.

Tony Pastor's great Sensation Song.

[This song has been called for nightly for months in succession, and having been sung by Mr. PASTOR in his own inimitable style, has been received with THUNDERS OF APPLAUSE.]

Some say that Central Park's the place
For fun of every kind:
On Broadway and Fifth avenue
Much pleasure others find:
But I'm a different sort of chap,
No fun in that I see:
For, when I want enjoyment,
The Bowery for me.

SPOKEN: Yes, you may talk about your Broadway belles your Fifth avenue swells your exquisitely-dressed creatures with their lavender kids, and their la-de-da's now what do they know about enjoyment? They are afraid to go in for a little fun for fear of disarranging their toilets; and then what would Mrs. Grundy say? "Charles Frederick Augustus is getting decidedly vulgar: Seraphina Emelia is positively shocking!" But here in the Bowery, people enjoy themselves just when they feel like it: they don't care a damn what others may say—for, that's the custom—

CHORUS.

In the Bowery, in the Bowery,
For beautiful girls with bright eyes and dark curls—
In the Bowery, in the Bowery,
That's where I reside when I'm home.

No butterflies of fashion there,
Or idlers may be found,
But men with open hearts and hands,
With honest labor browned:
Men who, to help a friend in need,
Would their last dollar lend,
Who never live on other folks,
But earn the cash they spend.

SPOKEN: Yes, there is no place in the Bowery for those well-dressed corner statues to try to look like millionaires' sons, while their mothers are out scrubbing for a dollar a day to support them in idleness—A fellow has no business on the east-side of town unless he wants to work and earn his own living. What fortune is there more honorable than that of a working man? There was Washington, he was a farmer, and Franklin a printer, Warren a doctor, Andy Johnson a tailor, Abe Lincoln a rail-splitter, and Grant a tanner. If you want to see the men who make our country great, who add to her wealth, develop her resources, maintain her strength and prosperity, you will always find them—

In the Bowery, &c.

The other day, a well-dressed fop,
While walking through the street,
Insulted a poor working girl
With whom he chanced to meet:
A young mechanic came along,
And heard the words he said:
He soon pitched in to the fop
And on him put a head—

SPOKEN: Yes, he laid the cowardly rascal out. "Now, he says, git up and git, and if ever I catch you insulting a female again, I'll add a French roof to that head I've put on you." The dandy quietly sneaked away; the young lady turned to her preserver, with tears in her eyes, and said: "My dear sir, how can I ever thank you for the kindness which you have shown me in protecting me from the insults of that ruffian? and I hope, sir, we shall meet again: Do you live near here?" "CERTAINLY, YOUNG LADY, I'M ALWAYS FOUND—

In the Bowery, &c.

When dark rebellion raised its head,
And war o'erspread the land,
When rushed unto Columbia's aid
Each gallant hero band:
Among the foremost on the field,
Amid the battle's noise,
Upholding still our starry flag,
Was found the Bowery boys—

SPOKEN: When the call came for soldiers in the hour of danger, the Bowery was the first to send its volunteers, and nobly did they do their duty. Who does not remember that incident at the battle of Antietam? When the enemy charged in full force, one brave regiment bravely stood its ground, under a terrific fire, and changed the tide of seeming defeat to one of glorious victory. This was noticed by General McClellan, who exclaimed: "What regiment is this?" "New-York Volunteers!" was the answer. "Where do they hail from?" "WHY, OF COURSE—

From the Bowery, &c.

Biddy Maguire of Ballinaclash.

[The copy of this song, sung by Tyrone Power, has been furnished to us by Mr. John H. O'Conor.]

'Twas at Ballinaclash lived Biddy Maguire,
As neat a young creature as man could desire:
Oh! such was my love for this girl I adored
When I sighed in my sleep faith! they told me I snored—
Chorus: For Biddy Maguire Biddy Maguire:
Sweet Biddy Maguire of Ballinaclash!

Then straight to the darling on Sunday I goes,
Resolved to unburthen to her all my woes:
And, says I: "If a lover should sigh through his nose,
Pray, what is the cause?"—"Pooh! 'tis love, I suppose"—
Chorus.

"Then, Biddy Maguire, says I, this is the case:
In my sleep I see your own illigant face,
And with both my eyes shut if I see you, asthore,
With my ears open, sure, I would hear if I snore"—
Chorus.

Then Biddy and I went together to Mass,
And may be she didn't outshine every lass:
Oh! she looked so divine, and she prayed so devout,
That, faith! I scarce knew what myself was about—
Chorus.

Returning from chapel, not over ten mile,
She hopped like a Leprauchan over the stile,
And love with myself being busy the while,
I caught hold of her apron and then caught a smile"—
Chorus.

Now Biddy had got a most beautiful blush:
Och! she was the girl took the rag off each bush!
So, what to nobody myself would impart—
I told to the sowl—'twas the state of my heart—
Chorus.

"And, sure, all I have won't I share it with you?
For, your eyes, Biddy jewell, have pierced
my heart through:
You look so engaging, I vow and declare
That I'd just like to see in your arms a young heir"—
Chorus.

"Och! then, fie! for shame! Paddy, says Biddy to me,
How could you be after a making so free:
For, Father O'Dougherty says it's a shame
To give yourself heirs without giving your name"
Chorus.

Then Biddy and I both together were tied:
Och! she made a most monstrously beautiful bride:
So, I bought some white ribbon to make a neat sash
For my illigent Biddy of Ballinaclash—
Chorus: My tight little Biddy, my neat little Biddy,
My beautiful Biddy of Ballinaclash.

My Little One's Waiting for Me.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

In the dell, where the brooklet's gently flowing:
On the bench, 'neath the old willow tree,
Where the birds their songs sweetly singing,
There my little one's waiting for me:
And she knows well the sounds of my foot-steps,
As I cross o'er the bridge by the lea,
And I hasten with arms stretched to greet her:
My little one's waiting for me.

And at night, when my daily toil is o'er,
And I am wending my way toward my home,
My heart always beating with pleasure—
For, my little one surely will come:
As I pass o'er that clear, rippling brooklet,
There watching I always can see
On the bench, 'neath the old weeping willow,
My little one waiting for me—

Poor Me!

A REVERIE—By Edward F. Bourke.
Air: In the Meadow.

I sat at my attic window,
In view of the silvery moon
That sparkled upon the window panes
And lighted up the room:
My thoughts had wandered far away
To a distant happy home,
Where oft, in boyhood's pleasant years,
I with sweet Nellie roamed.

Oft on those pleasant summer days,
Down by the rippling rill,
Arm in arm with her I loved,
We sauntered o'er the hill:
Those happy days gone by for e'er,
I'd wish them back once more,
That I might spend some happy hours
With her whom I adore—

But, alas! I cannot call them back,
They're gone for e'er from me,
Just as that one whom I adore,
Has ceased to think of me:
She has learned to love another,
A scornful beauty he:
Broad acres he had many—
But not a cent poor me!

As thus I ponder on the scenes
Of boyhood's happy years,
My eyes, that once were radiant bright,
Are now bedimmed with tears:
Those tears that down my pallid cheeks
So freely now do flow,
Reminds me of a parting
That happened long ago—

Lalla Rookh—Ali Pacha's Twenty Wives.

Words by J. Foster—Music by H. Tissington.

There was Ali Pacha, he'd twice ten wives:
And once in a terrible passion,
From the score complete he required their lives
In a very odd sort of a fashion—
In a muddy pond he the ladies pop't,
While a legion of frogs there was croaking:
The water ran deep, at the bottom they stop't:
Oh! what a Hindoo method of joking!

Mild Mustaphey Bey had a gentle mode,
He began by a sample of banging:
And then if his charmers restive rode,
Why, he finished the matter by hanging—
A nice silken cord to each lonely bride,
And thus, on the system of choking,
By tying one knot he another untied:
Oh! what a Hindoo method of joking!

Had I twenty wives, would I treat them so?
Tho' twenty times more plague than pleasure,
I'd give them wings, let nineteen of them go:
One sweet little pet, my heart's treasure,
Oh! Leskar, dear Leskar, not a hair of your head
Should he hurt, were you always provoking—
Dear dimpled face rogue, better living than dead,
We'd have no Hindoo method of joking—

The Skylark.

By Julius Benedict—As Sung in Lalla Rookh.

The world is wakening in to light,
The dark and sullen night hath flown:
Life lives and re-assumes its might:
Life lives and re-assumes its might,
And nature smiles upon her throne,
And nature smiles upon her throne.
Chorus: And the Lark? Hark the Lark:
She gives welcome to the day
In a merry, merry lay—
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

The morn, the morn is in the skies,
The reaper singeth from the corn
The shepherd on the hill replies,
The shepherd on the hill replies:
An all things now salute the morn,
And all things now salute the morn.
And the Lark? &c.

I Wear the "Dolly Varden."

CHARACTER SONG—By Arthur W. French.

Oh! I wear the latest style, the Dolly Varden:
Every day I promenade along the street,
While my friends they stop and say: "I beg your pardon,
Really, do you know you look so very sweet?"
And the gentlemen they give me such admiring glances,
Smiling sweetly as I swiftly pass them by
While I hear them whisper: "I am going for my chances:
For, that Dolly Varden suit just takes my eye."
Chorus: Yes, I wear the latest style, the Dolly Varden:
In the fashion I am always sure to be:
So I wear the latest style, the Dolly Varden:
For, it suits, I'm sure, a dashing girl like me.

Oh! I wear the latest style, the Dolly Varden,
To the church and opera it don't matter where:
For, I know it always is the height of fashion—
You would think so, could you see the people stare—
All the girls with jealousy are nearly dying,
Just because I've beat them in the latest style:
Everywhere I go, I find that they are trying
To imitate me—how it makes me smile—
Yes, I wear the latest style, &c.

Oh! I wear the latest style, the Dolly Varden,
And I had it on, the other pleasant night,
When I wandered in the shadows down the garden,
'Neath the shining of the moon, so clear and bright,
Some one softly whispered that he learned to love me,
When he saw me wear that fascinating style:
Some one made me promise by the stars above me
That I'd be his darling then and all the while—
Yes, I wear the latest style, &c.

"Sir, you have broken your promise," said one gentleman to another.

"Oh, never mind! I can make another just as good."

Beware of no man more than yourself: we carry our worst enemies with us.

The Lass of Richmond Hill.

J. HOOK.

Allegretto.



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CONTENTS.

All round my hat ..... Page 597
A Soldier to-night is our Guest 596
A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew 596
The AFTERNOON CRAWL 596
Better times are coming, friends 594
The Cow that ate the Piper 596
Come to-night again 598
Doing the Grand 594
The DOCTOR'S BOY 595
Darling Minionette 596
Down in dot Restaurant 599
The Fair Land of Poland 597
Gipsy Jane 594
Glendy Burk 595
HIS HEART WAS TRUE TO POLL .. 595
How to choose a wife 598
I often dream of Nelly Gray 594
I'm off to Charleston 594
In the Strand 594
I always say I'm Single 595
I don't think much of you 597
KILLARNEY 600
The Last Farewell 594
The Lover's Pen 595
Low Necked Dress 597
Love's Secret 598
Lina May 598
Little Diamond Dew-Drop—Music 600
My Pretty Bird, Sing on ! 596
Mister Barney O'Toole 598
MOTHER SAYS I MUSTN'T 599
No Lovers Need Apply 594
Off to Georgia 594
Old Brown's Daughter 596
Ooh ! Norah Dear ! 596
Old Friends met together 597
Old Mad Tom 597
Oh ! Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut 597
Oh ! Sing that Song again ! 598
PERHAPS SHE'S ON THE RAILWAY 599
The Rocky Road to Dixey 595
The Seaman's Home 595
Sheridan's Ride 599
Sauer-Kraut 600
Tapioca 598
The WILD BOY 595
We Stand Here United 597
While there's Life, there's Hope 598
Yes, let me like a Soldier fall 597
Your Mother won't Know 596

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No Lovers Need Apply.

Air : No Irish Need Apply.

Oh ! those men, what dreadful pests they are, to be sure—
Deceitful flatterers, they are false and nothing more :
Like foxes after poultry, they are so cunning sly,
For all the ladies vow, declare ready are to die.
One of the sex deceived me once—that is the reason why
My answer to their offers all : " No lovers need apply. "

One day, a volunteer, on going to his drill,
Such a sly glance shot at me, the stoutest heart would kill :
I very quickly turned my head, let him see that I
His very pointed rifle aims bravely could defy—
He had missed his aim could see : with a half an eye,
My glance conveyed to him the thought :
" No lovers need apply. "

The other night, whilst waltzing with a partner at a ball—
He was such a tiny mortal, with black moustache and all—
So gallant he was indeed, soon the reason I knew why :
The little tiny dill declare for me would willing die :
From his misery, poor little thing, released so soon did I,
I answered him good humoredly : " No lovers need apply. "

There was Captain Edward Dix, conceited puppy fop,
With his attentions pointed, to an end I put a stop :
" My deaw—a—Edwawd—a—you must know, a—that I
Have a pet—a—puppy : no other—a—need apply. "
His moustache he pulled about, not a word said in reply,
On his attempt to speak, it said :
" No other—a—need apply. "

He could not restrain his rage, out of the room did glide.
Declaring with a naughty word, I should never be a bride.
Conceited fop, he must have felt the personal reply :
It served him right : for, well he knew
" No lovers need apply. "
For the future, an advertisement in my
window may descry :
" It's no use knocking at the door :
NO LOVERS NEED APPLY. "

Better Times are Coming, Friends.

I will not prate of grief and care,
As is so much the fashion,
Nor in each speck that dims the air
See clouds to blight the nation :
Like those who magnify each ill,
And swell each petty sorrow,
Who fain would every bosom fill
With dark thoughts of the morrow.
For, better times are coming, friends,
Better times are coming :
For trials past to make amends,
Better times are coming.

Yes ! better times, when tyrant fight
And venal party faction
Shall only seek to compass right,
Nor seminate distraction :
When freedom's banner, soaring high,
Shall spread the power of reason,
And art and science serve to guide
The man's divinest season—
For, better times are coming, &c.

My creed is not so sad as this—
Our world is one of beauty,
And life would be unchangeful bliss,
If man but did his duty :
What were we born for but to aid
Each poor and suffering brother ?
Remember what heaven's law hath said :
" Be kind to one another. "
For, better times are coming, &c.

I Often Dream of Nelly Gray.

I often dream of Nelly Gray, who left me long ago :
Her features I forget by day, at night full well I know—
Then years flow back, I'm young again,
now hopes my bosom cheer,
I carol forth a joyous strain in gentle Nelly's ear.
Then years flow, &c.

My face is stern, my glance is cold, an iron man I seem :
I have no wish except for gold—'tis not so when I dream—
Then wealth is turned to useless dross,
my memory's burning ray :
Then I regain my heart's great loss, I see dear Nelly Gray.
Then wealth is turned, &c.

And in my dream there is a truth, all waking dreams above,
Eternal are those days of youth that glowed with Nelly's love :
All else will fade before mine eyes the world will melt away :
But near my pillow, when I die, will linger Nelly Gray.
All else will fade, &c.

A wrinkle is the line by which time generally travels.

I'm off to Charleston.

Sung Nightly by all the Minstrel Troupe.

My massa and my missis have both gone away,
Gone to de Sulphur Springs de summer months to stay :
And while dey're off togeder on a little kind ob spree,
I'll go down to Charleston de pretty girls to see.

CHORUS.

I'm off to Charleston early in de morning,
I'm off to Charleston a little time to stay :
Give my respects to all de pretty yaller gals,
I'm off to Charleston before de break ob day.

My Nell she waved her handkerchief afore she let me go,
Floating down de river with my old banjo :
I stood and gazed upon her and wiped away a tear :
De last words she said to me was : fare you well, my dear !
I'm off to Charleston, &c.

It begin to rain a little, de night was berry dark,
De niggers dey get frightened, de dogs begin to bark :
De coon he scared de buzzard, de buzzard scared de coon,
And dey all kept up a running till to-morrow afternoon.
I'm off to Charleston, &c.

De coon begin to tire, de dog he tire, too :
De nigger he got tireder, and he didn't know what to do—
De buzzards kept a flying till de chickens 'gin to crow,
Den he came down to hear me play de old banjo.
I'm off to Charleston, &c.

Charleston is a pretty place, de gals dey dress so neat,
Dey am so slender round de waist and dey kiss so sweet—
I'd rader kiss my Nell dan all de gals I ebber see.
Kase her breff is like an orange-blossom hanging on de tree.
I'm off to Charleston, &c.

Off to Georgia.

SONG AND CHORUS.

'Way down in Georgia, when on de old plantation,
Oh ! how quick de times did pass so happy, light and free !
We wish we was at home again, and at our old vocation :
For, day're striking darkies neff by
de double rule-of-three.

CHORUS.

So, we're off to Georgia so early in de morning,
We're off to Georgia, before de broke ob day :
Give my respects to all de pretty yaller gals,
We're off to Georgia, before de broke ob day.

'Way down in Georgia, when on de old plantation,
We had two pretty yaller gals, we used to court all day :
And we hope dey ain't forgotten us
while on our long vocation,
We're off for Georgia, before de broke ob day.
So, we're off to Georgia, &c.

Since we come up from Georgia,
dere's something we will mention :
We are in rags and starving and we're dying off each day :
And, as for dem abolishionists, I don't
know dbir intentions,
But I tink dey ieb de niggers, just
because dey make it pay.
So, we're off to Georgia, &c.

'Way down in Georgia, while on de old plantation,
We used to hoe sugar-cane : Lord ! how de darkies sweat !
But now we're roaming through de worst abandoned nation,
We've neither clothes nor money, nor not half to eat !
So, we're off to Georgia, &c.

Doing the Grand.

The other night, as I was sparking down the Strand,
A thought came in my head that I should
Like to do the grand,
The grand the grand—
I stepped into a shop and bought a dickey new,
This is the one that I now show to you,
So grand, so grand,
Grand, grand, grand—

Next night, I went to see my lady fair,
My dickey, of course, I put on to go there :
It looked so grand,
Grand, grand, grand—
I walked her out, and not one did I see
That looked near half so good as me :
I was so grand,
So grand, so grand—
How do you like my dickey ?

She asked me to treat her to oysters smart :
To refuse her I hadn't got the heart—
That wouldn't have been grand,
Grand, grand, grand—
So there we sat, and chatted and talked,
And every passenger said as past he walked :
" Isn't he doing it grand,
Grand, grand, grand ! "

I fancy the man thought we should clear the shop :
He asked for money and that made us stop,
Although so grand,
Grand, grand, grand—
I owned I'd got none : so he made a great fuss,
Caught hold of my throat by my dickey, thus—
And so I was served in the Strand,
Doing the grand, grand, grand—
But he didn't get my dickey.

In the Strand.

For the last three weeks I've been a dodging
A girl I know, who had a lodging
In the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand.
The first thing that set my heart in a flutter,
Was a Balmoral boot as she crossed a gutter,
In the Strand, in the Strand in the Strand, in the Strand.
Chorus : I wish I was with Nancy—oh ! hi, ho !
In a second floor, for ever more,
To live and die with Nancy.

A pork-pie hat with a little feather,
And new Knickerbockers for the dirty weather.
In the Strand, in the Strand in the Strand, in the Strand.
Some pretty petticoats, too, she's got 'em
Trimmed with embroidery all round the bottom.
In the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand
I wish I was with Nancy—&c.

One night, as I was out for a run,
I saw my Nancy buying a bun,
In the Strand in the Strand in the Strand, in the Strand.
I told my love, and down did fall
Slap on my knees by Exeter Hall,
In the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand.
I wish I was with Nancy—&c.

I poped the question neat and nobby—
Says she : " Get up ! here comes a Bobby,
In the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand. "
But said to me : " Don't look so blue :
For, I'll marry you in a week or two. "
In the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand.
I wish I was with Nancy—&c.

I married her off without any fuss,
And bought a cradle and a nurse.
In the Strand in the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand.
I never repent me going out west :
For, of all the wives you get the best
In the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand, in the Strand.
I wish I was with Nancy—&c.

Gipsy Jane.

Sung by the charming cantatrice, Miss Fannie Vandewelde.

I'm a merry Gipsy maid from my tent in yonder glade,
Selling ballads is my trade, fortunes, too, I tell !
For village maids I've comfort bland,
of sweethearts who complain
You've only just to cross the hand of little Gipsy Jane.
Tra la la, &c.

With the lark I greet the morn when the dew is on the rye,
With the milkmaid 'neath the thorn stealthily am I.
For her I've tales of house and land,
and husbands rich to gain :
She has but just to cross the hand of little Gipsy Jane.
Tra la la, &c.

The Last Farewell.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the piano-forte, is published in DR WITT'S Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by R. M. DE WITT, 33 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

The heath is lonely and drear, love,
There's nobody stirring or near, love :
Awake thee, and list thy soft ear, love :
I sing my last farewell to thee !
Awake thee, and list thy soft ear, love :
I sing my last farewell to thee !
Disdain not thy lover to hear, love,
His heart is oppressed with sad care, love :
In pity then shed one kind tear, love,
And open thy lattice to me :
In pity then shed one kind tear, love,
And open thy lattice to me.

The night is swift passing away, love,
And losing its gloom in the day, love :
Then show of thine eyes but one ray, love,
Ere I go far o'er the sea :
Then show of thine eyes but one ray, love,
Ere I go far o'er the sea :
The stars are deserting the skies, love,
The night-bird is ceasing its cries, love :
Then hasten to cheer these fond eyes, love,
And open thy lattice to me :
Then hasten to cheer these fond eyes, love,
And open thy lattice to me.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE—" Daddy, I want to ask you a question. " " Well, my son. " " Why is neighbor Smith's liquor shop like a counterfeit dollar ? " " I can't tell, my son. " " Because you can't pass it, " said the boy.

Why do people go to bed ? Because they are tired.

I Always Say I'm Single.

Words and Music by J. Batchelder.

Kind friends, I've found a secret out
And which I'll tell you all about :
The truth of it you will not doubt,
If with the upper ten you mingle.
You must do as I do, that's the way,
And then you're sure to win the day :
If they say : " Are you married, pray ? "
I always say I'm single.

CHORUS.

Kind friends, let our voices mingle,
Clink your glasses, let them jingle :
For, here and there, and everywhere,
I always say I'm single.

One night, I went to a fancy ball,
I was asked to dance by nearly all :
A girl in love with me did fall,
Her name was Patty Pringle.
Her brother stood cigars and wine,
Her mother said I danced divine :
And in the waltz I cut a shine,
I whispered : " Love, I'm single ! "

Kind friends, &c.

As thro' the world we onward rove,
Let's keep always on the move,
And if it comes you fall in love,
Be sure that you are single—
Take no heed of care or strife,
Be just and honest all thro' life ;
And don't forget, if you've a wife,
To love her as when single—

Kind friends, &c.

The Seaman's Home.

O you, whose lives on land are passed,
And keep from dangerous seas aloof :
Who careless listen to the blast,
Or beating rains upon the roof :
You little heed how seamen fare,
Condemned the angry storm to bear—

Sometimes, while breakers vex the tide,
He takes his station on the deck :
And now, lashed o'er the vessel's side,
He clears away the cumb'ring wreck :
Yet, while the billows o'er him foam,
The ocean is his only home !

Still fresher blows the midnight gale !
" All hands reef top-sails ! " are the cries—
And, while the clouds the heavens vail,
Aloft to reef the sails he flies.
Still while the waves around him comb,
The ocean is the seaman's home.

The Wild Boy.

My father he died and left me his estate :
I married a lady whose fortune was great :
But, by keeping bad company, I have spent all my store—
For, I've been a wild boy, but I'll be so no more.

[Repeat.

There is Harry and Dick, there is Betsy and Sue
And two or three others that belonged to our crew :
We have stayed out till midnight,
and we've made this to roar :
For, I've been a wild boy, but I'll be so no more

[Repeat.

So now to jail and to Newgate at last,
On a cold bed of straw I was forced to lay at last :
I was forced against friendship as I lay on the floor—
For, I've been a wild boy, but I'll be so no more.

[Repeat.

Now my trial is over and my sentence is passed,
It is more than I expected, Oh ! it's come to this at last—
But now I've gained my sweet liberty,
that I once had before :
For, I've been a wild boy, but I'll be so no more.

[Repeat.

Now I'll go to my home and I'll go to my wife,
And there I'll live happy all the days of my life :
And I'll sing to these merrymen that
have spent all their store,
That I've been a wild boy, but I'll be so no more.

[Repeat.

If fools would be kontent to ackt nat'ral, they wouldn't be noticed.

The Doctor's Boy.

Air : Sarah Sykes.

Peter Pillgarlic is my name,
My miseries have driven me quite insane :
A stranger I am to every joy,
And all thro' being a Doctor's boy.
Both day and night—unlucky wight—
As thro' the streets with physic I pop,
The boys all cry as I pass by :
" There goes a walking Doctor's shop ! "

SPOKEN : Yes, I shall soon be a candidate for a churchyard—I know I shall.

Chorus : This world to me's a world of woe,
Not a moment's happiness I know—
A stranger I am to every joy.
And all thro' being a Doctor's boy.

There's my Master Doctor Puff ! Oh, dear !
He has no feeling, that is clear—
He feeds on dainties every day,
And I don't get half a meal a day.
Yet he declares how well I fares,
And vastly I improves in health :
But as I'm a sinner, I'm getting thinner,
I'm scarce the shadow of myself.

SPOKEN : No wonder : when I get up in the morning, I'm so hungry—I could cut the brass knocker off the door. When master comes down stairs, he says to the cook : " Don't give that boy any breakfast, it'll spoil his appetite for his dinner. " When dinner time comes, he says : " Don't give that boy any dinner : for, dinner makes him drowsy in the afternoon. " I'm obliged to starve till supper time, and then I could eat the left leg of a pickled donkey, when master says : " Give that poor little boy no supper—supper creates fears, and brings on restless nights " Then he gives me a dose of salts, and sends me to bed ; and the only change on my diet is a blue pill and a black draught—he says : " It cools my system and improves my indigestion "

This world to me's, &c.

To my master of hunger I oft complain,
He says : " It starves my cough and brain. "
Pretends my case creates alarm,
And quickly bleeds me in the arm.
If my appetite is not gone quite,
He gives me an emetic—the cruel quack—
Then, with twisters, he sticks on blisters
Upon my neck, my chest, and back.

SPOKEN : There's a situation for a poor boy to be in—four large blisters : one on my NUT, one on the sole of each foot and another on my back. Master says : " He approves of a blister on the skull : for, it draws all the humor from the trunk. " I'm sure it's precious little it'll draw away from my trunk now. He put a blister on my breast one day, that was so strong, it drew me all round the room—I would have been up the chimney, if the vent hadn't been closed. That puts me in mind of a notion my master took of drawing the other day : " Peter, says he to me, have you ever had the toothache, Peter ? " " No Sir, says I, I never had and I don't think I will have, as I don't abuse my teeth by eating too much. " " But you may have, Peter, says he, and to prevent is better than to cure is it not ? " " Very true, Sir. " says I. He said no more, but tied me down and drew every double tooth out of my head : and he has fed me on nothing but hardship for the last three months—

This world to me's, &c.

My master oftentimes has said
He'll anatomise me when dead :
And very oft with fear I shake
To think what a skeleton I'll make.
But never mind I hope to find
A chance. Shakspere said (and it is true.)
" Each ass will bray, and cat will mew,
And every dog will have his day. "

SPOKEN : Shakspere ! I'm very fond of Shakspere's plays ; that puts me mind of one day I was practising that part of MACBETH where he says to the Doctor : " Throw physic to the dogs I'll none of it. " I had just uttered that sentence, when I got a kick behind that knocked me through a pane of glass, and there I stuck, while the boys outside bawled out : " Hallo ! old spoonie mouth, does your mother know you're out ? " till our cook came round with the bellows and blew me in again. I must be off to Mrs. Gnzyball's, or I'll nap it when I get home. Poor woman ! I'm sure the smell might cure her. " When taken, to be well shaken. " master always puts that on ; and I have a box of pills for her—let me see : what ! five and thirty to be taken every ten minutes without fail, or no cure need be expected ! No ! poor woman, I'm sure I hope she'll live to take them all : for, if any comes sick, I'm sure to get the benefit of them—

This world to me's, &c.

The Rocky Road to Dixie.

There is a land where cotton grows,
That's where milk and honey flows,
Away down south to Dixie :
For, I'm going home !

CHORUS.

I hain't got time to tarry,
I hain't got time to stay :
It's a rocky road to travel
To Dixie, far away.

Dixie land is the place for me.
The niggers down there all are free,
Away down south to Dixie :
For, I'm going home !

I hain't got time, &c.

My mother and my sister dear,
When I left home, they shed a tear,
Away down south to Dixie :
For, I'm going home !

I hain't got time, &c.

Now, white folks, I'm going away,
I'll call again some other day,
Away down south to Dixie :
For, I'm going home !

I hain't got time, &c.

His Heart was True to Poll.

Air : In 1809.

I heard my aunt, once sing a chant,
Which now p'raps isn't new,
Of Billy Kidd, who, whatever he did,
To his Poll was always true.
He sailed away in a gallant ship
From the pretty port of jovial Bristol,
And the last words he uttered,
While his handkerchee he fluttered,
Were : " My heart is true to Poll. "
Chorus : His heart was true to Poll,
His heart was true to Poll :
No matter what you do,
If your heart is ever true :
And his heart was true to Poll.

They were wrecked : William to shore he swam,
And he looked about for an inn.
When a noble savage lady, of a color rather shady,
Came up with a cheerful grin.
Says she : " Marry me, and a king you'll be,
And in a palace loll,
Or they'll eat you like a FILET. "
So he gave his hand, did Billy,
But his heart was true to Poll.

His heart was true, &c.

So William Kidd a happy life led
As the King of the Kikaroos :
He had nothing but a hat upon his head,
And a pair of over-shoes.
They made him a present of twenty wives,
Which their beauties I cannot now extol :
But, one day, they all revolted ;
So he back to Bristol bolted—
For, his heart was true to Poll.

His heart was true, &c.

The Lover's Pen.

(LA PENNA.)

Words by Maria X. Hayes—Music by Prince Poniatowski.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the piano-forte, is published in DE WITT'S Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by B. M. DE WITT, 33 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

O dove, thro' ether blue so lightly winging :
O dove, whose nest is hid 'mong rocks so lonely :
From thy white wing one feather downward flinging,
But give that I may write one letter only :
I fain would send my love a missive tender,
And when 'tis done, thy pinion back I'll render—

CHORUS.

The message that I'll send so sweet shall be,
So sweet shall be,
So sweet shall be—
The pen that writes shall with its task enamored be,
It shall enamored be,
It shall enamored be.

O dove, that o'er the ocean vast are flying,
But hear my prayer, and lend me one soft pinion,
That swift as thou may bear to him my sighing,
Who only o'er my heart holds sweet dominion—
And when I've told him all my true devotion,
The missive thou shalt bear across the ocean !

The message that I'll send, &c.

Glendy Burk.

The Glendy Burk is a mighty fine boat
and a mighty fine captain, too :
He struts along the hurricane deck
a looking after the crew :
I can't stay here, the work's too hard,
I'm gwine to leave the town,
I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back,
when the Glendy Burk comes down.

CHORUS.

Oh ! Louisianna, I'm going to leave this town,
I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back,
when the Glendy Burk comes down.

[Repeat.

The sights way down at New Orleans
I tell you are mighty rare
The steamboats along the levee
are bound to make one stare :
The engine rocks, the smoke goes up,
the wheels turn round and round :
I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back,
when the Glendy Burk comes down.

Oh ! Louisianna, &c.

The Cow that Ate the Piper.

In the year '98, when our troubles were great,
And it was treason to be a Milesian :
That black whiskered set we will never forget,
Tho' history tells us they were Hessians.
In this troublesome time, oh ! 'twas a great crime,
And murder never was riper—
At the side of Glenshee, not an acre from me,
There lived one Denny Byrne, a piper.

Neither wedding or wake would be worth a shake,
Where Denny was not first invited :
At squeezing the bagd and emptying the kegs
He astonished as well as delighted.
In these times poor Denny could not earn one penny,
Martial law had him stung like a viper :
They kept him within till the bones and the skin
Were grinning through the rags of the piper.

One evening in June, as he was going home,
After the fair of Rathnagan,
What should he see from the branch of a tree,
But the corpse of a Hessian there hanging—
Says Denny : " these rognes have boots, I've no brognes—"
On the boots then he laid such a griper,
He pulled them with such might, and
the boots were so tight,
That legs and boots came away with the piper.

Then Denny did run, for fear of being hung,
Till he came to Tim Kennedy's cabin.
Says Tim, from within : " I can't let you in,
You'll be shot if you're caught there a rapping. "
He went to the shed, where the cow was in bed,
With a wisp he began for to wipe her :
They lay down together, on a seven foot feather,
And the cow fell a hugging the piper.

Then Denny did yawn as the day it did dawn,
As he streeled off the boots of the Hessian.
The legs, by the law, he left them on the straw,
And he gave them leg-bail for his mission.
When the breakfast was done, Tim sent out his son
To make Denny jump up like a lamplighter :
When the legs there he saw, he roared like a jack daw :
" Oh ! daddy, the cow's ate the piper ! "

" Musha bad luck on the beast—she'd a musical taste
For to eat such a beautiful chanter :
Arrah ! Patrick avic, take a lump of a stick,
Drive her off to Glenhealy—we'll cant her. "
Mrs. Kennedy bawled, the neighbors were called :
They began for to humbug and gil e her :
To the churchyard Tim walked with the legs in a box,
And the cow will be hung for the piper.

The cow she was drove a mile or two off,
To the fair at the side of Glenhealy,
And there she was sold for four guineas in gold
To the clerk of the parish, Tim Daley,
They went to a tent, the lucky penny was spent,
The clerk being a jolly old swiper :
Who d'ye think there was there playing the
" Rakes of Killdare ? "
But poor Denny Byrne, the piper !

Then Tim gave a bolt, like a half-drunken colt,
At the piper he gazed like a gommock—
He said : " By the powers ! I thought these eight hours
You were playing in Drinan Dhu's stomach. "
Then Denny observed how the Hessian was served,
And they all wished necks secure to the griper
For grandeur they met, their whistles they wet,
And like devils they danced round the piper.

A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew.

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho ! you know !
O'er the bright blue waves like a sea bird flew,
Singing hey ! aloft and alow !
Her sails are spread to the fairy breeze,
The spray sparkling as thrown from her prow,
Her flag is the proudest that floats on the seas,
When homeward she's steering now.
A Yankee ship, &c.

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho ! you know !
With hearts aboard both gallant and true,
The same aloft and alow.
The blackened sky and the whistling wind
Foretell the approach of a gale :
And home and its joys flit over each mind.
Husbands, lovers, on deck there ! a sail !
Distress is the word, God speed them through.
Bear a hand aloft and alow !

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho ! you know !
Freedom defends the land where it grew,
We're free aloft and alow !
Bearing down is a ship in regal pride,
Defiance floating at each mast-head ;
She's wrecked, and the one bears that floats alongside,
The stars and stripes that's to victory wed,
Ne'er strikes to a foe while the sky is blue,
Or a tar's aloft and alow.

My Pretty Bird, Sing on !

FRIENDLY.

Words by Wellington Guernsey—Music by Lindblad.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the piano-forte, is published in DE WITT'S Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by R. M. DE WITT, 33 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

My pretty bird, sing on ! sing on !
And cheer me with thy lay—
Thou mournest not for freedom gone,
Nor playmates far away.
My pretty bird, sing on ! sing on !
Thou mournest not for freedom gone :
Sweet bird, thy wing's alone restrained,
But, oh ! my heart's forever chained—
My pretty bird, sing on ! sing on !
And cheer me with thy lay.

Thou still may'st hope to reach the grove,
And gain thy liberty :
But I am bound by cruel fate,
And never can be free—
Thou still may'st hope to reach the grove,
But I am bound by cruel fate :
Sweet bird, thy wing's alone restrained,
But, oh ! my heart's forever chained-
My pretty bird, sing on ! sing on !
And cheer me with thy lay.

A Soldier To-Night is Our Guest.

Fan, fan the gay hearth, and
fling back the barred door,
Strew, strew the fresh rushes around on the floor :
And blithe be the welcome in every breast—
For, a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

All honor to him, who, when danger afar
Had lighted for ruin his ominous star,
Left pleasures and country, and kindred behind,
And sped to the shock on the wings of the wind !

If you value the blessings that shine at our hearth :
The wife's smiling welcome, the infant's sweet mirth—
While they charm us at eve, let us think upon those
Who have bought with their
blood our domestic repose.

Then share with a soldier your hearth and your home,
And warm be your greeting whene'er he shall come :
Let love light a welcome in every breast—
For, a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

The Afternoon Crawl.

By G. W. Hunt.

Some fellows like the early morning
For a constitutional :
Others put it off till night,
And then get spreeing with a pal.
I do not agree with either :
Early morning's far too soon
For me, while night's the time for fun,
I crawl out in the afternoon.
CHORUS.
The afternoon crawl, the afternoon crawl,
For quizzing the darlings, or making a call :
The afternoon crawl, the afternoon crawl—
The proper correct thing's the afternoon crawl.

Now when a fellow crawls in morning,
Swarms of cads got pushing by :
A " sweep " will brush a fellow's nose,
A " butcher's " tray goes in one's eye :
And as for girls, scarce half a dozen
Venture out " costumed " so soon :
The fair ones are " EN DISHABILLE, "
But crawl out in the afternoon.
So the afternoon crawl, &c.

A good cigar, soda and brandy,
Are proper morning pals till one :
Read the papaw, if it's handy,
Just to see what betting's done :
Then DEJEUNER (which means breakfast)
About two, or not so soon,
Shoves the time along " TRES JOLLIE : "
Next, the crawl in the afternoon.
The afternoon crawl, &c.

Some like dwiving smart " turn outs, "
Others riding in the Row :
But such bothaw and exertion
Don't suit this boy—oh ! dear no !
A gentle saunter 'mongst the beauties
Sometimes do a little " spoon : "
I'd rather give up beer and " smokes, "
Than crawling in the afternoon.
Oh ! the afternoon crawl, &c.

Darling Minionette.

You may talk about your fascinating beauties,
Your fashionable blondes and pretty belles :
But the subject of my song I'm going to sing you,
Is par excellence the queen of all the swells.
We met, 'twas in a crowd, and then we parted—
The beauty of her face I will ne'er forget :
As she never told her name, I cannot tell it :
But I have christened her my Darling Minionette.
CHORUS.
She is sweeter than the flowers I name her after,
And the memory of her beauty haunts me yet :
There is a band of opera music in her laughter,
You will know her—she is my Darling Minionette.

She looked at me, a glance was all I wanted.
As I followed her along the crowded street :
And my memory with her loveliness was haunted,
As she tripped so lightly on those fairy feet.
The second time she cast her eye upon me,
She smiled on me—and then a moment more,
She rang the bell and faded from my vision :
Then all was dull : for, she was there no more—
She is sweeter, &c.

Next day, in hopes to see my little darling,
I sought the house ('twas No. ninety four.)
When the poodle in the house commenced a snarling,
And barking loudly chased me from the door.
I ran along the street and he ran after
And with his teeth he seized my pantaloons :
He hung on—while the crowd, convulsed with laughter,
Cried : " That's the chap that stole the silver spoons ! "
She is sweeter, &c.

Old Brown's Daughter.

COMIC SONG—Sung by Alfred G. Vance.

Written and Composed by G. W. Hunt.

There lives an ancient party
At the other end of town :
He keeps a little chandler's shop,
His ancient name is Brown.
He's got an only daughter,
Such a party I ne'er saw—
By jingo ! I should like to be
The old chap's son in law.
CHORUS.
For, old Brown's daughter's a proper sort of girl,
Old Brown's daughter's as fair as any pearl :
I wish I was the Lord Mayor, a marquis, or an earl—
I'm blowed if I wouldn't marry old Brown's girl !

O'd Brown, now, he sells very nearly
Everything you'd please :
Treacle, soap and bundles of wood,
Lollypops and cheese.
His daughter minds the shop,
It's a treat to see her serve :
I'd like to run away with her,
But I haven't got the nerve. Chorus.

Poor o'd Brown he's very often
Troubled with the gout :
He " grumbles " in the little parlor
When he can't get out.
Then I go and make a purchase,
Oh ! and when she hands the change,
That gal makes me FEEL GAL-VANISED,
I feels so VERY strange— Chorus.

Miss Brown she smiles so sweetly,
When I says a tender word :
But OLD Brown says that she shall wed
A marquis or a lord :
But I don't think as ever
One of them swells I shall be—
But, by jingo ! next election
I shall put up for M. P.

SPOKEN : I shall then get in the House of Commons, which is only next door to the Lords. " Who'll vote for Scroggings ? "—" Scroggings for Spitalfields ! "—" Scroggings for ever ! " — " Scroggings the working man's friend ! "—" Down with taxes, and up with Scroggings ! " " Scroggings votes for everything ! "—I think I'd stand a chance anyhow, I shouldn't be the only muff in the House—and then I should be the happy owner of—
Chorus.

Och ! Norah Dear !

Och ! Norah dear ! I'm waiting here,
I'm watching still for you, love :
And while you sleep, the flow'rets weep,
All shrined in tears of dew, love.
The silvery moon its bright rays soon
Behind the hills will fade, love :
But better there her beauties bear :
For, thou her beams would shade, love.
Och ! Norah dear ! &c.

Och ! Nora dear ! I'm waiting here,
The stars look cold and blue, love :
Their twinkling rays have come to gaze,
To see how bright are you, love.
The breeze that brings such balmy things
From all that's bright and fair, love,
It sighs to sip from thy sweet lip
The perfume that lies there, love
Och ! Norah dear ! &c.

All Round My Hat.

All round my hat I vears a green villow.
All round my hat for a twolvemonth and a day:
If any one should ax't the reason vy I vears it,
Tell them that my true love is far, far avay.

'Twas a going of my rounds in the streets,
I first did meet her:
Oh! I thought she vas a hangel just
come down from the sky—
SPOKEN: She'd a nice VEGITABLE countenance: TURNUP nose, RADISH cheeks, and CARROTTY hair—
And I never heard a voice more louder and more sweeter,
When she cried: "Buy my Primroses,
my Primroses come buy!"
All round my hat, &c.

Oh! my love she vos fair, and my love she vos kind, too:
And cruel vos the cruel judge vot had my love to try!
For, thieving vos a thing she never vos inclined to,
But he sent my love across the seas far avay!
All round my hat, &c.

For seven long years my love and I am parted,
For seven long years my love is bound to stay:
Bad luck to that chap vot'd ever be false hearted—
Oh! I'll love my love for ever, though
she's far, far avay!
All round my hat, &c.

There is some young men is so preciously deceitful,
A coaxing of the young gals they vish to lead astray:
As soon as they deceive 'em so cruelly they leave 'em,
And they never sigh nor sorrows
when they're far, far avay!
All round my hat, &c.

Oh! I bought my love a ring on the very day she started
Vich I gove her as a token all to remember me:
And vhen she does come back, oh! ve'll
never more be parted,
But ve'll marry and be happy, oh! for ever and a day—
All round my hat, &c.

The Fair Land of Poland.

When the fair land of Poland
was ploughed by the hoof
Of the ruthless invader—when might,
With steel to the bosom and flame to the roof,
Completed her triumph o'er right:
In that moment of danger, when freedom invoked
All the fetterless sons of her pride,
In a phalanx as dauntless as freedom e'er yoked,
I fought and I fell by her side:
My birth is noble, unstained my crest—
As is thine own, let this attest.

Low-Necked Dress.

Air: The Low Backed Car.

When first I saw Miss Delia,
A West-End Ball 'twas at
A low-necked dress she wore, and near
The open door she sat:
But when that door was thriving oak,
Exposed to tempests keen,
And bitter air
So much, 'twas ne'er
As the blooming girl I mean,
As she sat in her low-necked dress,
Blooming, I must confess:
For of all the men round
Not one could be found
But looked after the low-necked dress.

The polka's tumult over,
The fondest of mammas
Her daughter calls, and hints at shawls:
But scornful "hums" and "hahs"
From Delia. (artful goddess!)
The kind proposal meet—
Quite faint she feels—
She fairly reels—
She never could bear the heat!
So she sat in her low-necked dress,
But the heat would have troubled her less,
For long weeks would have rolled,
Ere she's rid of her cold
That she caught from her low-necked dress.

I'd rather see those shoulders
'Neath dowdy cloak of fur,
Or pilot coat: or round that throat
A ploughman's comforter—
For, I know that tender bosom
Was safe from climate's ill,
And the heart so sweet
Would much longer beat,
Then I now feel sure it will.
While she clings to her low-necked dress:
I've proposed, and she answered "yes."
Next week it is to be:
But make sure I shall see
That it's not in a low-necked dress.

Why is the map of Turkey in Europe like a dripping-pan? Because there's Greece at the bottom.

Old Friends Met Together.

Oh! time is sweet when roses meet
With Spring's sweet breath around them:
And sweet the cost, when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them:
And sweet the mind that still can find
A star in darkest weather:
But nought can be so sweet to see
As old friends met together.

Those days of old when youth was bold,
And time stole wings to speed it,
And youth ne'er knew how quick time flew
Or, knowing, did not heed it:
Tho' grey each brow that meets us now—
For, age brings wintry weather—
Yet nought can be so sweet to see
As old friends met together.

The few, long known, that years have shown,
With hearts that friendship blesses,
A hand to cheer, perchance a tear
To soothe a friend's distresses!
That helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather—
Oh! nought can be so sweet to see
As old friends met together—

Old Mad Tom.

I'm old mad Tom, behold me!
My wits are quite unframed:
I'm mad, I'm sure, and past all cure,
And in hopes of being proclaimed.

I'll mount the frosty mountains,
And there I'll skin the weather:
I'll pluck the rainbow from the sky,
And I'll splice both ends together.

I'll mount the stairs of marble,
And there I'll fright the gipsies:
And I'll play at bowls with sun and moon,
And win them with eclipses.

I prentice was to Vulcan,
And served my master faithful,
In making tools for jovial fools:
But, ye gods, ye proved unfaithful—

The stars plucked from their orbs, too,
And I'll put them in my budget:
And if I'm not a roaring boy,
Then let the nation judge it.

Oh! Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut.

Oh! Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan came to pree:
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

CHORUS.

We are na fou', we're na that fou',
But just a drappie in our e'e:
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here we are met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow are we:
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mair we hope to be.
We are na fou', &c.

It is the moon I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sae high:
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my troth, she'll wait a wee.
We are na fou', &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wa last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three.
We are na fou', &c.

In the year 1784, the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to abolish the practice then prevailing, passed the following resolution, after considerable opposition:

"That hereafter no member shall come into the chamber barefooted, nor eat his cheese on the steps of the Capitol."

I Don't Think Much of You.

Blow your winds and crack your cheeks,
Laugh and make a rout:
But all you can do, my boys,
You cannot bring me out.
To every artful dodge I am fly,
To every move I am down:
I can reckon you up with half an eye,
And do the thing up brown.

Now, there is a covey over there,
Any one might tell,
With his pretty curly hair,
He thinks himself a swell:
His hat is from his uncle's shop,
His boots they were once new:
You may think a great deal of yourself,
But I don't think much of you.

Next it is you I will have a slap,
Because you are among the flats,
And see how nice you look,
Stuck up in one of them ere hats—
Your feelings I don't wish to hurt,
But what I say is true.
You make a shift without a shirt—
So I don't think much of you.

Now, say, what causes you to laugh?
You are not so very bright,
You bought a cow to suck a calf,
And set two fleas to fight—
You bit a carrot up one night,
Upon my word! 'tis true.
In a candle stick to give a light,
So I don't think much of you.

Now you may laugh and wink your eye,
And make a rout and scoff:
But if you listen to my song,
I am bound to take you off.
No danger of getting your shirt out!
For you know, 'tis nothing new
For you to shove it up the spout—
So I don't think much of you.

Now, say, ain't you a pretty fellow
To laugh at another?
You know you took your breeches off
To go and fight your mother:
You made the hogs two wooden legs,
Yet broke the poor things, too,
Because the hogs would not lay eggs—
So I don't think much of you.

Now I think I had better stop,
In case I make too free:
And if I have tried to make you laugh
Don't think hard of me.
For all I have said is but a jest,
Believe me it is true:
I hope you think as much of me
As I now think of you.

Yes, Let Me Like a Soldier Fall.

Yes, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain,
This breast expanding for the ball,
To blot out every stain.
Brave manly hearts confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Though o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiems swell,
Enough they murmur o'er my grave
"He like a soldier fell!"

We Stand Here United.

We stand here united in courage and will,
The cause of the right to maintain:
With hearts true and constant, whatever may come,
We, firm as the rocks, will remain.
Chorus: For the right, for the right,
Here determined we stand:
So pledge we the word,
So join we the hand:
So pledge we the word,
So join we the hand.

Nor fearing nor doubting shall enter the band,
No question of evil report;
The nations and people of every land
To us be united in heart. Chorus.
We stand here united in courage and will,
The cause of the right to maintain:
With hearts true and constant, whatever may come,
We, firm as the rocks, will remain. Chorus.

How to Choose a Wife.

By Dr. Pierre Blanc.

The bachelor leads a miserable life,
Some folks that are wed no better :
Yet a fellow may live happy with a good wife,
But the question is " How shall I get her ? "

There are pretty good wives and pretty bad wives,
And some wives WORSER than others :
But as for those wives who scold all their lives,
They are nothing but fuss, plagues and bothers.

Some choose them a wife for ease or grace,
Or a pretty, firm step while walking :
Some choose a fine figure, some a fine face
Yet very few choose one for talking.

Then to choose you a wife to join you through life,
Choose one that can speak sincerely :
Who, though not over nice can give advice,
And love a good husband dearly.

So now, young men, if to wedlock inclined,
May deceit nor flirtation ne'er trap ye :
May those who are single get wives to their mind,
And those that are married be happy—

Oh ! Sing that Song Again !

By J. H. B.

Oh ! sing me that sweet song again !
Its gentle rhythm and tender flow
Remind me of those sunny times,
The happier days of long ago,
When I was young and knew no care,
And ere my heart had dreamed of pain—
They all return with that old air—
Oh ! sing me that sweet song again !

I well remember one bright day—
It does not seem so very long—
When on the green, green sward I lay,
And you to me sang that sweet song :
I hear the tones of your guitar,
I see the heavens so blue above—
I would have given worlds—but, ah !
I dared not say to you—" I love. "

And you went your way—I went mine—
Mine lay across the wide, wide sea :
But, Oh ! those days of " auld lang syne "
Are sweet remembrances to me—
I've thought of them on foreign shore—
I've dreamed of them on raging main—
Then, lady, let me live them o'er,
Oh ! sing me that sweet song again !

Love's Secret.

CHANSON DE FORTUNIO.

As Sung in the Comedy of " Ours. "

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the piano-forte, is published in DE WITT'S Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by R. M. DE WITT, 33 Rose Street, New-York. Price Five Cents.

Who is on earth my soul's best treasure ?
Ne'er shall I tell !
Breathe her pure name for idle pleasure ?
That were not well !
But if you will, we'll sing her beaming,
Bright as a star—
Nameless but gracious light—still gleaming
From Heaven afar.

CHORUS.

Curtain of gold her blue eye hideth,
Lady of mine !
And this fond heart, where she abideth,
Is holy shrine !
And this fond heart, where she abideth,
Is holy shrine !

Sometimes my soul feels deep dejection—
(Love is such pain !)
But would I doubt her firm affection,
'I were vain, 'twere vain !
Weak heart of mine ! to think such treason
Of thy fair one !
Painting in summer of love's season—
Too bright the sun.

Curtain of gold, &c.

Your Mother Won't Know.

Written by A. G. Vance—Composed by Alfred Lee.

I met her at a ball, one night :
She'd golden hair, was dressed in white—
I worshipped her—love at first sight—
To speak to her in vain I tried :
She'd left boarding school that day,
And had a mother—strange to say—
I could not get the girl away
One instant from her side.

CHORUS.

Come, and have a dance, and your mother won't know,
Your mother won't know, your mother won't know :
Come, and have a dance and your mother won't know,
No ! your mother won't know—won't know.

I longed with her to have a talk,
Or take a sentimental walk :
But then she was my jo to baulk,
Tied to her mother's APRON-STRING.
I crept up closely to her side,
To squeeze her little hand I tried :
She turned her head away and sighed,
When I asked her to sing. Chorus.

Next day, I drove a dashing pair,
And called upon this damsel fair—
What joy ! the old girl wasn't there,
She'd just gone out to tea. NEXT DOOR.
" My love, I said come, drive with me :
For Rotten Row you ought to see. "
" What would my mother say ? said she,
I never did before. " Chorus.

I asked this lovely girl to wed,
She blushed, and hung her little head,
And then in accents sweet she said :
" My mother would object, NO DOUBT :
Although mamma will ne'er relent,
I'm sure that I shall not repent :
So, if I can't get her consent,
I'll marry you without. " Chorus.

While There's Life, There's Hope.

As Sung by Mr. John Collins, the Celebrated Irish Comedian and Vocalist, in Brougham's play of the " Duke's Motto, " at Niblo's Garden, New-York.

Never lose heart, where'er thou art,
Whatever storms assail ;
With courage true, your duty do,
And boldly, boldly face the gale ;
The fiercest sea will tranquil be,
When gentler winds prevail.

CHORUS.

So, never give up the ship,
But with all danger cope ;
Strive to the end, fate may befriend :
For, while there's life, there's hope—
Strive to the end, fate may befriend :
For, while there's life, there's hope !

Never despair, though every care
Should gather on your way ;
Look boldly up, the bitter cup
In time, in time will pass away ;
The darkest night will takes its flight
Before the cheering day.
So, never give up the ship, &c.

Mister Barney O'Toole.

Mister Barney, one day, went to Limerick fair,
And hired a noddy to carry him there,
To meet pretty Sheiah Megan :
But Sheiah who'd waited some time for the boy,
And thought he'd been courting with Kate Molloy.
To tell him her mind thus began :
" Och ! Mister Barney,
None of your carney—
Hands off ! and don't be so free—
You've been with the girls,
Your muffin face tells.
And the Devil may have you for me, Mr. Barney ! "

Mr. Barney, who little thought thus to be used,
Made oath that his honor and word she abused,
And could she be Sheiah Megan ?
Then running to kiss her—She cried : " If you're wise,
Don't touch me—or, Barney, I'll scratch out your eyes,
I know you're a vile wicked man :
So, Mister Barney,
None of your carney—&c.

Mister Barney, then, pulled out a bit of a rope,
And told her : that, since he had nothing to hope,
He'd hang up for Sheiah Megan.
But Sheiah grown softer, his purpose to check,
Cried : " No if you hang, let it be round my neck—
Though Barney aren't you a sad man ?
Och ! Mister Barney,
Pretty-faced Barney,
And is it the ring there I see ?
We'll ride in the noddy,
To Father O'Toody
And married och, oh ! won't we be Mister Barney ? "

Tapioca.

Words and Music by Edward Warden.
The Music can be obtained at any Music-Store.

When I used to work upon the Levee,
Many happy darkies there you see :
Cotton coming in so very heavy.
Oh ! jolly ! there was lots of work for me :
Black man hauling in the cargo,
Sun am very hot upon the head :
When he done, he dance a jolly jargo :
Rum tum ! on the banjo, and then to bed !

CHORUS.

To my cakum, to my chokum,
Oh ! Pompey, can't you pick a peck of cakum ?
Ah ! ah ! ah ! golly ! ain't the Levee-nigger free !

SOLO.

Working on the cotton boat, ten shilling a day,
Johnny, can't you pick upon the banjo ?

CHORUS.

Oh, me ! oh, my ! mamma, mamma, mamma,
why don't you hear the baby cry
Oh, me ! oh, my ! ah ! mamma, mamma, mamma,
don't you hear the baby cry

When I used to work off in the river,
Sat in wood and water all the day :
Chilly wind he come, and make me shiver :
Oh ! glad this child he was to get away !
White man he gave me silver dollar,
Ev'ry day I work upon the dock :
Then I get some whiskey, and I holler :
Biom'e, biom'e, Caterrego rock !

Chorus

This child is fond of frigh'd 'tatoe,
Cat-fish, and coffee : oh ! it's nice ;
It make him feel just like an alligator,
When him just about to catch a mice.
When the bell he rings I go to dinner :
Den I goes and see my Dinah dear :
I'll marry her, as sure as I'm a sinner,
And love her all the days that's in the year.

Chorus

Lina May.

Composed by Fred Wilson.

Published by Gilmore & Russell, Court St., Boston.

Now throw a log upon the fire,
Then darkies draw your chairs,
And listen to a tale of woe
That's made me sad for years :
While working at old massa's farm,
'Twas on a summer's day,
I saw a lovely colored girl,
They called her Lina May.
Chorus : Now, darkey, lay the banjo down,
And there let it remain :
For, I'm too old and feeble, now,
To strike the chord again.

'Twas love that beamed in those dark eyes,
And faultless was her form,
Her voice was sweeter than the birds,
That warbled in the morn :
We often met when sun was down,
Then I would sing and play,
And sit beside the pine-knot fire
Along with Lina May. Chorus

Our wedding day came 'round at last,
And happy passed the time,
Till massa died, and I was sent
Into another clime :
Then sorrow filled her pure young heart,
She drooped and pined away—
So, darkies, now I've told you how
I lost poor Lina May. Chorus

Come To-Night Again.

Words by J. H. B—Sung by Sims Reeves.

The rosy hours have flown so fast,
It's true as I'm alive.
My love, I'm very sure the last
The old clock struck was five !
The sun, a rising in the east,
Shines in the window pane—
One kiss ? nay, give me THREE at least,
And come to-night again
Chorus : The sun, a rising, &c.

How wearily the time goes by
When you're away my dear.
But how like mischief it does fly
As soon as you are here ;
Then one more kiss before we part—
I'd cry—but 'twere in vain
So I will say " Good-bye, sweetheart,
And come to-night again ' "
Chorus : Then one more kiss, &c.

Sheridan's Ride.

By T. Buchanan Read.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing from Winchester fresh dismay,
Th' affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more:
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away—

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the state in that fiery fray:
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the state in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away—

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down:
And there, thro' the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need
He stretched away with his utmost speed:
Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away—

Still sprung from those swift hoofs thundering South,
The dust like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster:
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away—

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy alpine river flowed,
And the landscapes sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind:
And the steed like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire:
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away—

Hurrah! hurrah! the day is won!
Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah! the day is won!
Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!

Killarney.

The Music is Published in B. W. Hitchcock's Half Dime Series, No. 439 Third Avenue, New-York City.

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Em'rald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders ev'ry where
Foot-prints leaves on many strands
But her home is surely there!
Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the west,
Beauty's home Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney—

Innisfallen's ruined shrine
May suggest a passing sigh.
But man's faith can ne'er decline
Such God's wonders floating by:
Castle Lough and Glenna Bay,
Mountains Tore and Eagle's Nest:
Still at Mucross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest.
Angels wonder not that man
There would fain prolong life's span:
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney—

No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints:
Every rock that you pass by,
Verdure broiders or besprints:
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every morn Spring's natal day.
Bright-hued berries daff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.
Angels, often pausing there,
Doubt if Eden were more fair:
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney—

Music there for Echo dwells,
Makes each sound a harmony,
Many-voiced the chorus swells,
Till it faints in ecstacy.
With the charmful tints below
Seems the heaven above to vie:
All rich colors that we know,
Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.
Wings of angels so might shine,
Glancing back soft light divine:
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney—

Sauer-Kraut.

As Sung with great applause by Gus Williams.

Now if you'll only listen to vot I shpeag apoud,
I'm going for to tole how to make dot Sauer-kraut:
Sauer-kraut ain't made of ledder, as every vone subbooss,
Put of dot leedle flower vot ve calls de cabbage rosses.

CHORUS.

Sauer-kraut vos pully, I tole you it vos fine,
I dink I ought to know dot, for, I eat it all de dime.

Ven de cabbages vos growing so nice like it can pe,
Ve dake it und ve cut it up, no pigger as a pea:
Ve pud it in a parrel und ve shtamb it mid our feed,
Und ve shtamb it, und ve shtamb it,
for to make it nice und sweet.
Sauer-kraut vos pully, &c.

Ve pud in plenty salt, put ve don't pud in no shnuff,
Nor any skyan pebber or any of dot shtuff:
Ve pud it in de cellar, till it pegins to shmell:
So help me gracious! ain't it nice? ve dutchmen like it vell.
Sauer-kraut vos pully, &c.

Ven de Sauer-kraut pegins to shmell,
und it can't shmell any shmeller,
Ve dake it from dot parrel dot's away down in dot cellar:
Ve pud it in a keedle mit shpeck,
und ven it pegins und biles
So help me! you can shmell it round
for fifty dousand miles—
Sauer-krant vos pully, &c.

Down in Dot Restaurant.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

I am a German vaiter, I vould have you all to know,
Und I vork in a restaurant from here dree plocks pelow.
I vork from morning until night in dot eading saloon,
Put de time dot vere de busiest, vas always apout noon.

CHORUS.

Down in dot restaurant, underneath de ground,
Vere a blate of cold hash always can pe found:
Vaiting on de dable all de season round,
Down in dot restaurant, underneath the ground.

De beoble vot come into dere are fust glass, can be said,
Und if a snoozer should come in ve put on him a head:
Ve've visky of fust gwality vich cost dree cents a drink,
Und Henry Glays at seven cents,
vich can't pe peat, I dink.
Down in dot restaurant, &c.

Put yesterday two funny fellars came in dot saloon,
Vone called for bork und peans,
de oder he called for a "moon:"
I told dot fellar he must not his fun on me to dry,
Und dot if he vanted a "moon," he'd get dot in de sky—
Put not in dot restaurant, underneath de ground,
Vere a blate of cold hash always can pe found:
Vaiting on de dable all de season round,
Down in dot restaurant, underneath de ground.

Perhaps She's on the Railway.

Written and Composed by Charles McCarthy.
Sung by Alfred Walker.

Behold in me a wretched man, quite broken down by woe,
I've lost my wife and cannot find her anywhere I go:
At first she robbed me of my heart,
and now she's flown from me,
And taken all my furniture—wherever can she be?

CHORUS.

Perhaps she's on the railway with a swell so fair—
Perhaps she's up in a balloon flying thro' the air:
Perhaps she's dead, perhaps alive
perhaps she's on the sea:
Perhaps she's gone to Brigham Young a Mormonite to be.

She read so much of Mormonites,
of nothing else she'd talk,
And with a sanctified young chap
each day, she used to walk:
She said he was a Mormon Saint from far across the sea:
I have not seen her for a week—wherever can she be?
Perhaps she's on the railway, &c.

She can't respect the marriage vows
that faithfully she swore:
I only hope her Mormon spouse has fifty wives or more.
I hope he'll thrash her every night
when he comes home to tea,
I hope they'll always row and fight wherever they may be.
Perhaps she's on the railway, &c.

I hope she'll have a lot of hungry squalling brats to keep,
I hope they'll cry all night, and never let her go to sleep:
I hope her chimneys all may smoke, her lodgers never pay,
And German bands and organ men annoy her all the day.
Perhaps she's on the railway, &c.

If she is in the railway train, I hope that it will smash:
If up in a balloon I hope she'll fall out with a crash:
If on the road to Salt Lake, then,
I hope she may get drowned—
Then I will get another wife and quickly I'll be bound—
Perhaps she's on the railway, &c.

Mother says I Mustn't.

Sung by Leybourne.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No. 298 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

I fell in love with a pretty girl,
A few short years ago:
All sorts of weather, hail or rain,
To court her I would go:
I'd long and sigh with love until
'Twas time to be away,
And when I asked a parting kiss,
She always used to say—
Oh! mother says I mustn't,
Mother says I mustn't:
O George, please, George,
Not just yet a while:
Mother says I mustn't,
Mother says I mustn't:
O George, don't, George,
Not just yet.

I "waiting" kept: at last, one day,
I thought I'd know my fate:
I sunk upon my knees in quite
An agonizing state:
"Selina, say you'll have your George,
And when shall we be wed?"
I longed to hear my love's reply,
And this is what she said—

Spoken: Well, George dear, you're very kind, but we could never live on two hundred a year: so until you are worth at least five hundred per annum, darling—

Mother says I mustn't,
Mother says I mustn't:
O George, please, George,
Not just yet a while:
Mother says I mustn't,
Mother says I mustn't:
O George, don't, George,
Not just yet.

From then I went to work, by Jove!
I left no stone unturned,
Until five hundred pounds a year
At last I really earned.
Selina heard how things had changed,
And when we met, one day,
She seemed so pleasant, and at last
She lovingly did say—

Spoken: "You remember, George dear, what I said when you asked me, some time ago—well, George dear, as you have so improved in circumstances, suppose you ask me now, Georgey Porgey darling? eh! what say?" "Well, said I, upon consideration you're very kind, but—

Mother says I mustn't,
Mother says I mustn't:
O dear, please, dear,
Not just yet a while:
Mother says I mustn't,
Mother says I mustn't:
No, dear, I can't, dear,
Not just yet.

Give me the girl who loves a man,
And loves him for himself:
Whose first consideration is not
What he's worth in pelf:
All sordid minded dameels who
May worship golden dross,
May they be old maids till they die,
And we'll never feel their loss.

Spoken: So, ladies who don't want to be old maids, mind you don't once too often say—

Mother says I mustn't,
Mother says I mustn't:
O George, please, George,
Don't ask yet a while:
Mother says I mustn't,
Mother says I mustn't:
O George, don't, George,
Not just yet.

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's rod? Because it hurts the pupil.

Little Diamond Dew-drop.

CHARLES BLAMPHIN.



NUMBER 80. VOL. I

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CONTENTS.

Angeline..... Page 608
Isn't I Sweet? 604
AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW 605
The Belle of Avenue B 604
Courting in the Rain 605
Don't you go foolin' round the Girls 602
Fairest Jessie 602
The FARMER OF CHAPPAQUA 605
Ski from the South 603
The Grasp of an Honest Man—Music 608
It's enough to make a Girl go Mad 602
IF I DON'T VOTE FOR GRANT 605
Jeanie of the Forest Glade 602
Let us be Friends 602
Little Allee 608
Nancy Gray 603
OLD BARLOW'S ONLY CHILD—A Story— ..... 606—607
One good turn deserves another 608
Out by the Schuetzen Fest 604
OUR NATION'S SONG 605
Poor Sally Warner 602
Pat Murphy of Meagher's Brigade 602
Rambling Boys of Pleasure 603
The Stage Driver on the Knickerbocker Line 603
Saucy Sam 604
The SHOP GALS 604
Sukey Soap Suds 604
Single Young Man Lodger 604
TIME ALONE WILL PROVE 605
The Wanderer's Farewell 602
Waiting, My Darling, for Thee 605
You've been a Friend to Me 603

THE SINGER'S JOURNAL

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For the last three or four months, we have received letters from many of our Subscribers, advising us to devote part of our Journal to literature and novel-publishing of the day—Pages of good stories, added to the pages of songs and music, would give still more variety and attraction to our publication—We have decided to try the experiment, and we commence, in the present Number, a very well written story which, with its sensational and admirably combined incidents, will certainly please our readers. If this addition of a story succeeds, we may be induced to issue weekly, instead of monthly, the Singer's Journal.

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Poor Sally Warner.

Composed and Sung by Fred Wilson, with great applause.

Ballad—Very Pathetic.

Oh! listen awhile, and I will tell
You of a dreadful murder
That was done not very far from here,
Perhaps a little further:
There was a gal, and her name was Sal,
She sold candy on the corner,
Now, while you're here, pray drop a tear
For poor little Sally Warner.

There's a pop corn man lives down the street,
He wanted Sal to marry:
But she loved a baker better than him,
Because his name was Harry.
Pop corn did black the baker's eye,
Then let the loafer take her.
While you're here, pray drop a tear
For poor little Sally Warner.

Now, old Pop Corn thought he'd be revenged
On little Sally Warner:
So, he stole behind her where she sold
Her candies on the corner,
With a vicious gripe squeezed her wind pipe—
And so died Sally Warner—
When you're here, pray drop a tear
For poor little Sally Warner.

They popped this pop corn man in jail,
And then a jury tried him:
The verdict was, for killing of her,
That by his neck he should swing:
But, alas! he died with suicide
By taking too much laud'num.
While you're here, pray drop a tear
For poor little Sally Warner.

The Wanderer's Farewell.

Composed by Fred Wilson.

Sung by J. C. Trowbridge,
of Morris Bros' Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels.

Published by Gilmore and Russell, Court St., Boston.

Farewell, dear friends, once more farewell!
I ne'er can cease to roam,
Until I see again once more
My own, my boyhood's home—
Although I cross the deep blue sea,
And find there faces new,
Oh! never can I once forget
Old friends, so kind and true!
Chorus: Farewell, sweet bird of liberty!
How gallantly he flies,
And guards the land with uncaged wings,
Away up in the skies—

Farewell, dear land again farewell,
The birth-place of the free!
Tho' far away in other climes,
My heart will turn to thee:
And when the time of death draws near,
(For all are born to die)
We'll meet again in heaven above
With angels up on high. Chorus.

Jennie of the Forest Glade.

Composed by Fred Wilson.

Sung by Ambrose A. Thayer,
of Morris Bros. Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels.

Published by Russell & Tolman, Boston, Mass.

Oh! how I love to wander forth,
At eve, when all is still,
Along the clear, bright, rippling stream,
That rushes down the hill—
'Twas there we held our trysting place,
'Twas there the vow was made
With the purest, purest heart to me
Jennie of the forest glade.
Chorus: Her clear blue eyes sparkled bright,
And a dimple in her cheek was laid:
The dearest one on earth to me was
Jennie of the forest glade.

But now these happy days are o'er:
For her pure spirit's flown
To that dear place of rest above,
While I remain alone—
She slumbers near the old stone church,
Beneath the willow's shade,
While flowers sweet are growing o'er
Jennie of the forest glade. Chorus.

My heart is sad now she is gone,
We ne'er can wander more
Along that bright and rippling stream,
As in those days of yore—
But when my weary life is passed,
The debt of nature paid,
Oh! lay me in the grave beside
Jennie of the forest glade. Chorus.

The youth, who would have a will of his own, has been struck out of that of his father.

It's Enough to Make a Girl Go Mad.

Oh! Cupid is a very naughty boy:
For, with his poisoned dart
My tender bosom he
Made a target, and you see
He's quite riddled my poor heart—
But it's all through a lazy dandy swell,
Who just like all the men
Said Mary he should:
And I really thought he would,
But he forgot to mention when.
Chorus: I do declare,
It's enough to make a girl go mad,
And wander all the day
To see what he has brought me to,
And now he's gone away!

As I passed the "Grand Central," one day,
On the slip, this swell caught my view:
He wore a suit a check,
And he twiddled round his neck
A glass that he couldn't see thro'—
I thought he was a General at least,
And when he said he'd be mine,
I trembled with delight
And I couldn't sleep at night:
For, I thought what a chance was mine!
I do declare, &c.

Ladies, all, take warning from my tale,
The men do not believe:
No matter what they say,
You should no attention pay:
For, you'll find that they all deceive—
I pine and I wander day and night:
For, I can't forget my wrongs,
And the only way I find to relieve my troubled mind,
Is, at night, to sing comic songs—
I do declare, &c.

Don't You Go Foolin' Round the Girls.

By G. Fred. Reed.

When once you get to going,
To gliding smoothly on,
Don't venture then from out your course—
Let "well enough" alone.
MANKIND EMBRACES WOMANKIND:
But when they do, they're gone—
A consequence of foolin' round the girls.

I really cannot tell you
What girl I loved the best:
But I knew a little charmer
Far prettier than the rest.
I popped the question, but I found
Her love for me a jest—
I'll never more go foolin' round the girls.

Now, when a handsome ankle
Or eyes of heavenly blue,
Teeth of pearly whiteness,
Hair of golden hue,
Entice you for a moment,
I'll tell you what to do—
Don't you go to foolin' round the girls.

Fairest Jessie.

Composed by Fred Wilson.

Sung by the great Balladist, D. S. Wambold.

Published by Gilmore & Russell, Court St., Boston.

Wilt thou come, fairest Jessie?
I'll make thee my bride:
How happy I would be, love,
With thee by my side—
I've a home in the green-wood,
There wild flowers spring,
And along by the streamlet,
The merry birds do sing.
Chorus: Fairest Jessie, dearest Jessie,
This heart beats for thee:
Wilt thou come to my home, love,
And share it with me?

Wilt thou come dearest Jessie,
Where skies ever smile
And the little twinkling stars
Shine bright all the while?
In that dear, secluded spot
Together we'll dwell,
And gather blue violets
In dingle and dell.
Fairest Jessie, &c.

Wilt thou say, fairest Jessie,
That mine you will be?
I will guard thee, and tend thee
With heart light and free:
And when life's joys are o'er,
In that realm above
We can mingle with angels
With truth and with love—
Fairest Jessie, &c.

Let Us Be Friends.

Poem on music—By Beauvilliers, of Baltimore.

Thou of the snowy heart, passionless—cold:
Though this heart's love to thee vainly was told,
How fair a lover bows humbly it bends:
Though thou canst love me not—let us be friends!

Thou of the pure, high brow, stainless and calm:
Though for thy heavenward heart earth has no charm,
Still this fond prayer for thee warmly ascends:
Though thou canst love me not—let us be friends!

Thou of the lofty soul, sinless and fair:
Though to thy love my heart may not aspire,
Prayers for thy happiness upward it sends,
Craving but one sweet boon—let us be friends!

Pat Murphy of Meagher's Brigade.

Air: Think of your head in the morning.

'Twas the night before battle: and, gathered in groups,
The soldiers lay close in their quarters:
They were thinking, no doubt, of the dear ones at home,
Of mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters.
With his pipe in his mouth, sat a dashing young blade,
And a song he was lilting quite gaily:
It was honest Pat Murphy, of Meagher's Brigade,
And he sang of the Sprig of Shillaly.

Ooh, murdher! says Pat, it's a shame for to see
Brothers fighting in such a quare manner:
But I'll fight till I die (if I shouldn't be kill)
For America's bright Starry Banner.
Now, if it was only John Bull to the fore,
I'd rush into battle quite gaily:
For the spalpeen I'd rap with a heart an' a half,
With my illigant Sprig of Shillaly!

Jeff. Davis, you thief! if I had you but here,
Your beautiful plans I'd be ruinin':
Faix! I'd give ye a taste of me bayonet, bedad!
For thrying to burst up the Union:
There's a crowd in the North, too, an' they're just as bad
Abolitionist spouters so scaly—
For throubling the naigers, I think they deserve
A Whack from a Sprig of Shillaly!

The morning soon came, and poor Paddy awoke,
On the Rebels to have satisfaction:
The drummers were beating the devil's tattoo,
Calling the boys into action.
Then, the Irish Brigade in the battle was seen,
Their blood, in our cause, shedding freely;
With their bayonet-charges they rushed on the foe,
With a shout for the Land of Shillaly!

The battle was over, the dead lay in heaps:
Pat Murphy lay bleeding and gory;
A hole through his head, from a Rebel's shot,
Had finished his passion for glory;
No more in the camp shall his laughter be heard,
Or his voice singing ditties so gaily:
Like a hero he died, for the Land of the Free,
Far away from the Land of Shillaly!

Then, surely, Columbia can never forget,
While valor and fame hold communion,
How nobly the brave Irish Volunteers fought
In defence of the Flag of our Union;
And, if ever Old Ireland for Freedom should strike,
We'll a helping hand offer quite freely:
And the Stars an' the Stripes shall be seen along-side
Of the Flag of the Land of Shillaly!

Good-Bye, But Come Again!

Oh! must we part? how sad the words
Are falling on my heart:
Your beaming eyes would bid me stay,
Then, dear one, we must part—
And yet the words of hope you breathe,
Have borne away my pain:
I bless the lips that sweetly say:
Good-bye, but come again!

What bliss to hold your hand in mine,
And gaze within your eyes—
What bliss to know one heart is true,
'Neath fair or cloudy skies—
Your loving words like summer flowers
Shall in my soul remain:
And soon I'll press the lips that say:
Good-bye, and come again!

It has been justly said that, without the society of women, the beginning of our days would be helpless, the meridian without refinement, and the close without comfort.

Those who praise you in the beginning will ask favors in the end.

The Stage Driver
On the Knickerbocker Line

Composed and Sung by UNSWORTH.

, white folks, pay attention, for I'se gwine to sing a song :
ope it's going to please you, though it isn't very long ;
bout one of the old boys so gallious and so fine—
r he drove an omnibus on the Knickerbocker line
as such a favorite wherever he went,
d he never was known to knock down a cent ;
lung a graceful whip : for he was bound to shine
he a high salary'd driver on the Knickerbocker line.

as driving down Broadway, the other afternoon,
hen just as he was passing a tiger bier saloon,
s there he spied a young gal, the prettiest e'er was seen :
e'd just arrived that morning from
the Jersey quarantine.
whar are you going, young woman ? he said.
e guv him a look dat like to kill him dead—
handed up her band-box, and den got up herself—
e so exprised George Henry dat he nearly lost his braff.

hought he'd caught an heiress, a Southern Lucy Neal,
e the gallant French Captain and the maid of Mobile.
she, she was very hot,
gib me ha'f of your umbrella,
name is Miss Pinkinneen,
and I peddles Sassaparilla.
n George heard this news, which
couldn't have been wus
e mug it did turn yellow, and he rolled off the bus :
bathed his head in vinegar, to take away the scars,
d now he's driving mules on the Second avenue cars.

Rambling Boys of Pleasure.

ou rambling boys of pleasure,
Give ear to these few lines I write :
is true I am a rover,
And in roving take great delight.

fix my mind on a fair maid,
Tho' oftentimes she does me slight :
y mind is never easy,
But when my darling is in my sight.

he second time I saw my love,
I thought she really would be mine :
ut, as the weather alters,
This maid did change her mind.

old is the root of evil,
Although it shines with glittering hue :
auses many a lad and lass to part,
Let their hearts and minds be e'er so true.

here's one thing more I have to relate
Before that I do go away :
n my own country where I was born,
Cupid would not let me free.

o leave my girl behind me—
Oh, dear ! alas ! what must I do ?
ust I become a rover,
And court some girl I never knew ?

Little Alice.

Words by George Cooper—Music by Henry Hyatt.

Oh ! knew you Little Alice,
With the sunny laughing eyes,
That seemed to ever whisper
Of the spotless Summer skies !
Her sweet voice fell, like music,
On the blossom-laden air :
And lillies in the lake let
Could not boast of cheeks so fair.
Chorus : But little Alice now is gone !
'Neath the church-yard tree,
Lies buried all the joy that Earth
Could ever give to me !

We watched her fading daily—
Saw her cheeks grow thin and pale—
And marked her feeble footsteps,
As she wandered through the dale—
But still her gentle goodness
Cheered the hearts of those around ;
And still within our household
Rang her voice's merry sound. Chorus.

Oh ! patient Little Alice !
While you stayed with us on Earth,
You drove away our sorrow
By your simple, childish mirth—
Still smile upon us Darling,
From your happy home above,
And light our earthly pathway
With the presence of your love ! Chorus.

man who is good company for himself, is al-
s good company for others.

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

The light of wisdom dimly burns,
Although the times are sad ones :
Still we are taught to do good turns
For those that do us bad ones.
But nature tells us, and most true,
To either friend or brother :
" Do that for them they'd do for you,
'Cause one good turn deserves another."

CHORUS.

Thus, while the world goes round,
'Mid confusion, strife and bother,
Believe me, friends, I ever found
That one good turn deserves another,
That one good turn deserves another.

A neighbor, once, was sent to jail :
And, having soon repented,
Asked me for to be his bail :
To which I soon consented.
And, after I had got him clear
From all his broils and bother,
He ran away with my wife—oh, dear !—
'Cause one good turn deserves another.
Chorus.

A beggar, once, came to my door,
Whilst I stood there a thinking,
And said, " Kind sir, relieve the poor :
For, with hunger I'm fast sinking ! "
Then I ordered the cook to fill his lap
With food for his poor mother—
When from the door he stole the mat,
'Cause one good turn deserves another.
Chorus.

Angelina.

Oh ! my Sammy's gone and joined the Volunteers,
And now I'm unhappy as can be :
He leaves me every night to play at soldiers,
When he ought to be at home here with me.
CHORUS.
Oh ! Sam, he would be a soldier,
When I think on't, I can't restrain my tears—
He once was very kind, but he's broke my peace of mind,
Since he went and joined they gay young volunteers.

We were as happy as the birds of Paradise :
He wasn't more than twenty years of age :
And he always was so very, very nice—
But I'll tell you now what puts me in a rage.
Oh ! Sam, he would, &c.

Oh ! Sam, he used to like his cup of tea,
So soon as his daily work was done,
And, then, he'd make me sit upon his knee—
Oh ! wasn't that a happy little home ?
Oh ! Sam, he would, &c.

But now, alas ! he never wants his tea,
For, he takes something stronger now, I fear :
And when I want him to stay at home with me,
He's always got to meet a volunteer.
Oh ! Sam, he would, &c.

For, Sam often marches home belated,
" Attention there ! " he bellows out to me :
He's an awful martinet when elated,
He wants to come the soldier over me !
Oh ! Sam, he would, &c.

But I'm not agoing to stand it any longer :
For, when Sammy comes home late o' nights,
Instead of being at home a-sitting all alone,
He'll find me maintaining " Woman's Rights. "
Oh ! Sam, he would, &c.

So, Sammy, you may now remain a soldier,
And I'll dry up all my bitter tears,
And prove a woman's right to stay out as late at night
As any of your gay, young volunteers !
Oh ! Sam, he would, &c.

You've Been a Friend to Me.

Sung by Frank Dumont, the favorite Baritone.

My bark of life was tossing down
The troubled stream of time :
When first I saw your smiling face,
When youth was in its prime.
My days of darkness turned to light,
My sorrowed heart was free—
Oh ! since that time I've always found
You've been a friend to me.
Chorus : I'll ne'er forget where'er I roam,
Wherever I may be,
If ever I have had a friend,
You've been that friend to me.

Misfortune nursed me as her child,
And fondly loved me, too :
I would have had a broken heart,
Had it not been for you—
Kind words were whispered soft and sweet,
But glad I could not be,
Until I found that you had been
A faithful friend to me.
I'll ne'er forget, &c.

The light of hope from your bright eyes
Dispelled the clouds of strife,
And threw their rays of sunshine down
My weary path in life.
I now look back upon the past,
Across life's stormy sea :
I smile to think 'mid all life's scenes
You've been a friend to me.
I'll ne'er forget, &c.

Nancy Gray.

I fall in love with Nancy Gray,
The first time that I met her :
She looked so loving at me,
That I never can forget her.
I said that I would win her love,
Not minding the expense :
So I treated her to peanuts,
Till it cost me fifteen pence.
CHORUS.
Oh ! dear, oh ! she stole my heart away,
And then she left me here to die—
Deceitful Nancy Gray !

I met her down Broadway, one night,
With a great big darkey walking :
I turned, and followed close behind,
And overheard them talking.
He told her that he loved her,
And she said that she loved him—
Oh ! I felt as if I had set down
On a cushion full of pins ! Chorus.

I must have satisfaction :
So I'll have to fight a duel—
I'll send a challenge to that darkey,
Who cut me out so cruel.
I'll kill him dead as chowder then,
Without a word of pity ;
And then I'll leave this country,
And I'll go to Jersey City. Chorus.

Gal from the South.

My Massa had a colored gal—
He brought her from the South—
Her hair it curled so very tight,
She could not shut her mouth.
Her eyes they were so very small,
They both ran into one :
And when a fly lit in her eye,
'Twas like a June-bug in the sun.
CHORUS.
Ha, ha, ha ! yah, yah, yah !
The gal from the South—
Her hair it curled so very tight,
She could not shut her mouth.

Her nose it was so very long,
It turned up like a squash :
And when she got her dander up,
She made me laugh, by gosh !
Old Massa had no hooks or nails,
Or nothing else like that :
So on this darkie's nose he used
To hang his coat and hat.
Ha, ha, ha ! yah, yah, yah ! &c

One morning, Massa going away,
He went to get his coat,
But neither hat nor coat was there—
For, she had swallowed both.
He took her to a tailor shop,
To have her mouth made small :
The lady took in one long breath,
And swallowed tailor and all !
Ha, ha, ha ! yah, yah, yah ! &c.

Affectashun has made more phools than the Lord has.

Saucy Sam.

Sung by J. T. Boyce at Hooley's Minstrels.

I am Saucy Sam a Southern nig, as you can plainly see:
I was born among the sugar-cane 'way down in Tennessee.
My master used to wallop me: so I cut my stick and ran;
De soldiers dey cotch hold ob me, and make me contraband.

CHORUS.

Oh! yes, white folks just listen unto me:
I'se de sanciest little nigger ever lived in Tennessee.

If I was de President, I'd take a bold position:
I'd play de very deuce wid dat nigger Abolition;
I'd make Secession hold its jaw, and 'Mancipation, too,
And I'd make 'em cry out: Union!
as Washington used to do.
Oh! yes, white folks, &c.

I don't like to see folks in de Norf cut such foolish figures,
And get our Country in dis fuss all about de niggers:
I don't like Abolitionists, to please a foolish whim,
Shove poor white folks out of work, and put de niggers in.
Oh! yes, white folks, &c.

I don't like to see some folks, when
dey've been here lots of years,
When de Country wants deir aid, tromble with deir fears.
Dey ought to shoulder a musket, and join de Regiment,
Instead of asking help from de British Government..
Oh! yes, white folks, &c.

I would like to see de white folks of dis
great and glorious Nation,
And leave de niggers whar dey is
down on de old plantation:
And shake each oder by de hand—
and wid deir loud hurrahs,
Cry: Constitution as it is and Union as it was!!—
Oh! yes white folks, &c.

Single Young Man Lodger.

I was by trade a snob,
And for myself and master,
And quick I did each job;
And few could earn money faster—
We had a room to let,
And my wife, a funny codger,
Said: "Love, we had better get
A single young man lodger."

A bill did soon appear,
Which some afforded fun for:
"A gentleman may here
Get taken in and done for."
An application had we—
A young man, whose name was Roger,
Who forthwith said he'd be
Our single young man lodger.

I thought, of course, he'd pay,
As he wore decent raiment:
But two months passed away,
And still there was no payment:
And if I asked him for a bob,
He'd give me such a codger,
And say: "Get out, you snob,
How dare you insult your lodger?"

I've been married seven years,
And, during all that time,
We were without those dears
That make marriage so fine—
All at once, she had
Two bunkin little codgers:
One was mine, by gad!
But the other was the lodger's.

Sukey Soap Suds.

Air: Lord Lovel.

Sukey Suds, she stood at her washing tub,
A washing her clothes so nice,
When I pops in my head, and to her I said:
"Sukey Suds I am off in a trice, trice, trice!
Sukey Suds, I am off in a trice!"

"Oh! where are you going? my Sukey said,
Oh, where are you going?" says she.
"I am going, my own dear Sukey, says I,
Strange places for to see, see, see!
Strange places for to see!"

"Oh! you false hearted Peter, says she to me,
You false hearted lovier, says she,
You are going a courting another young 'oman,
Because you are tired of me, me, me!
Because you are tired of me!"

"Oh! Sukey, my dear, oh, Sukey, my dear!
I swear I'm free of that sin;
So wipe your eyes, my Sukey, don't cry,
Take a sup from this bottle of gin, gin, gin:
Take a sup from this bottle of gin!"

So we both sot us down by the side of the fire,
Took a sup, turn and turn about,
When Sukey she turned the bottle up,
And drank every drop clean out, out, out!
And drank every drop clean out!

As soon as the bottle was finished,
Says Sukey, says she, she, she:
"You've promised to marry me many a time
Come marry me now, says she, she, she,
Come marry me now," says she.

"Oh! I can't marry you, Miss Sukey, I said,
Oh! I can't marry you, says I;
For, to-morrow I'm off to a strange country,
And I've got other fish to fry, fry, fry!
And I've got other fish to fry!"

Now her passion was up as high as could be,
So it couldn't be up no higher:
When she seizes a three-legged stool by one leg,
And she knocks me right into the fire, fire, fire!
And she knocks me right into the fire!

The Shop Gals.

Air: Irish Molly O—By Eugene F. S—n.

Listen, one and all, to this very little song:
It's about the shop gals: I won't detain you long;
If I do offend, I hope with me you'll say
That all of them put on airs, going down Broadway.

I rise early mornings and stroll down the street,
Nod and smile to every pretty gal I meet:
I stand and talk awhile, because they look so gay,
Laugh at them put on airs, going down Broadway.

Some have a COUNTENANCE just like any saint:
Some try to look well by using a little paint,
And blacken their eyebrows for to look so gay
As they put on airs, going down Broadway.

All with hoops, which are so tremendous big,
That reminds me of a sack thrown over a pig:
But they themselves think they always look so gay,
With large hoops to put on airs, going down Broadway.

When they are walking, they hoist their hoops a peg,
To show the young men their very pretty leg,
With clean stockings on, which always looks so gay,
To show their pretty ankles, going down Broadway.

There is men a watching them with a roguish eye:
All the gals that knew them have had cause to sigh:
Now all their beauty's gone they never look so gay,
And seldom put on airs, going down Broadway.

Now if the shop-gals would take advice from me:
Stop using paint, let the hoops hang far below the knee:
And before long, you'll find honest lovers as gay
As the most noted loafers standing in Broadway.

The Belle of Avenue B.

Composed by Brother Bones—Air: Belle of Tennessee.

Oh! Boys, do now have pity, and listen unto me,
I tells you of a gal I loved, that lived in Avenue B.
Her hair it was so very red, and her name it was Rose,
And she had a carbuncle on the other side of her nose.

CHORUS.

Rosa, dearest Rosa, my heart still beats for thee—
The only gal I ever loved, the belle of Avenue B.

When I went up in Avenue B, it grieved my heart full sore,
I see my own dear Rosa there a-crying at the door:
But I sat down and began to laugh, as Rose said to me:
"Big dirty Jake, what
troubles you make with me in Avenue B!"
Rosa, dearest Rose, &c.

My Rose, she don't wear no hoops, like other gals around:
But she wears a big long dress
that sweeps upon the ground,
And when she goes across the street,
she'll raise it to let you see
A bigger foot than any other gal that lives in Avenue B.
Rose, dearest Rose, &c.

Now I'm sad and dejected: for, my Rose is gone away,
On a trip to Blackwell's Island,
the summer months to stay:
But she sent me a letter—she wishes she was here:
Where she could eat the
sourkrout and drink the lager-bier.
Rose, dearest Rose, &c.

But Rose's coming back again in
two weeks more, you know,
The last time I was up there—'twas then she told me so:
And when she does come home again,
we'll go in the Dutchman's shop,
And we'll eat bologna sausages,
and drink the brandy schop—
Rose, dearest Rose &c.

Now Rose she is mine again, now happy I do be,
I gets up in the mornings then before when I can see,
And first I gets my breakfast,
then I takes my books and bags,
And I travels around the streets
and picks up bones and rags.
Rose, dearest Rose &c.

Ain't I Sweet?

Words and Music by Brigham Bishop.

Sung by Miss Pauline Markham.

My good mama, she feels so sad,
And says I am a flirt:
Because I go to promenade
All in my walking skirt,
She thinks I ought to be ashamed
To go out in the street
With clothes, she says, all frazed and frail
To show my little feet!

CHORUS.

Ain't I sweet? ain't I sweet?
I know I'm sweet,
And have a right to promenade the streets,
And glad I am there is a style
To show our pretty feet.

We want the sanction of the gents
In all our style of clothes:
And yet I love to please mama,
But more to please the beaux:
And ever thus you'll find it is,
When ladies walk the street,
They'll try and manage some good way
To show their pretty feet!
Ain't I sweet? &c.

Our bounets now are but a "mite,"
Tho' "mighty" dear they cost!
Beneath our furbelows and bows,
Our little forms are lost;
The tiny heels upon our shoes
They are so gay and neat,
And solely made, you may be sure,
To show our handsome feet!
Ain't I sweet? &c.

With parasol above me held,
And no mama to see,
I fascinate the darling men
Where'er I chance to be!
"Oh! what a charming lovely girl!"
I hear them oft repeat—
To make their hearts go pit-i-pat,
I show my pretty feet!
Ain't I sweet? &c.

Out by the Schuetzen Fest.

Air: On the Beach at Long Branch.

Out py der Schuetzen Fest, one fine summer's day,
I vas lager drinking to pass dot time away,
Und I vas so thirsty und so very hot,
Shtill I had drank plenty, do I don't know dot?
While I vas imbibing, freely I vill own,
A damsel stood beside me valking all alone.
She gave me such a curious glance, mit her eyes so gleet
Dot made me twice so drunk as if I drank a parrel of bier.

SPOKEN: Yes, my poys, und vhere I met dot purty gal vas

CHORUS.

Over py dot Schuetzen Fest one fine summer's day,
'Twas dere I met Miss Bummelstine,
who shtole my heart avay
Der glances dot she gave me vas so very steep.
Dot for a couple of dose nights I don't get me some sleep.

As I looked around me und saw no one vas near,
I tought I vould make love on her, if der coast vas gleer.
I quietly valked up to her and called her pretty dear:
She came und sot peside of me und drinked a glass of bier:
In her ways of feeling she soon von my heart.
On her I shpent my money und swore ve'd never part,
Shtill we kept on drinking, drinking mit our might
Till dot lager bier commenced to tell,
und den ve both got tight.

SPOKEN. Tight! no, drunk! Und I got me fighting mit a man out dere, und py-und-py a policemens take me py dot station-houses over, und I tink I blay shmardt on dem; so vhen dey take me der front door in, I dry und go me der back vay oud, but dot vas locked up: In der morning vhen der Shudge mans asked me: "Vhat brought you here?" I told him two policemens. Und he got angry und said: "No, sare-rec, I mean vas in der charge?" und I told him I vould not charge a cent if he let me out. Und den he got his mad up und said: "Hallo! you blease! vhat brought you here, just now, putty soon, before right-away, a couple of dose times, a little vhile ago, now." Und I told I guess all dose reasons und causes vas, pecause I vas
Over by dot Schuetzen Fest, &c.

Why is a young lady who paints, like a pirate vessel? Because she often sails under false colors.

Why do young ladies like cold weather? Because it brings the shape to their lips.

Tew git rid ov cockroaches—sell yure house and lot.

A young lady who has been practising: "Let me Kiss him for his Mother—" says the more she tries it, the better she likes it.

Do with trials as men with new hats; put them on and wear them until they become easy.

Our Nation's Song.

This song written and composed by H. MILLARD, was sung on the 23d of June, at the International Musical Festival held in Boston, June, 1872.

The Music is published by White & Goulland, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Hail the flag our fathers raised !
Let the " Stars and Stripes " be praised,
Let each patriot's voice prolong
Our nation's song !
Now let the trumpet's shrill voice proclaim
To all the world, in Freedom's name,
Hope's beacon light it ever shall be
To point the home of Liberty !
Swell the anthem loud and strong,
Let each patriot's voice prolong
Our nation's song !

While it waves from ev'ry hill,
Let each breast with valor fill,
Let each patriot's voice prolong
Our Nation's song !
Let cannons' voices rending the air
Instill with pride each fold so fair :
Let ev'ry heart exultingly thrill
To see it floats triumphant still !
Swell the anthem loud and strong,
Let each patriot's voice prolong
Our nation's song !

Never let our Banner trail :
Truth is strong and will prevail :
Let each patriot's voice prolong
Our nation's song !
Let children's children ever be taught
How, with the blood of patriots bought,
Each star upon its blue field remains,
That we might dwell where Freedom reigns !
Swell the anthem loud and strong,
Let each patriot's voice prolong
Our nation's song !

Courting in the Rain.

Sung by Arthur St. Vincent.

One April morn, when walking down
A quiet country lane,
I overtook a fair young girl,
Whilst hurrying thro' the rain.
I asked her " If she would accept
My arm and take a share
Of my umbrella ? " " Thanks, kind Sir,
I will. " replied the fair.

CHORUS : One with golden locks, by Jove ! and without one of those useful articles (holding up Umbrella) —when she popped her little arm in mine, my heart beat to that degree it nearly dislocated my ribs (of the Umbrella I mean) it's a fact : I thought to myself, here's a chance to go—
Courting in the rain, courting in the rain :
I ne'er regret the day I met my charmer in the lane :
Courting in the rain, courting in the rain,
'Twas sweeter far than moon or star,
whilst courting Mary Jane.

The rain poured down alarmingly,
When to a tree we came,
And shelter took beneath it :
There I quickly learnt her name.
She also told me where she lived,
With Pa down at the farm,
A farmer's daughter : well, said I,
That is an extra charm.

CHORUS : I glory in country life, and a farmer's daughter—what could be better ? I wished the rain would keep on as I rather liked—
Courting in the rain, &c.

At length the rain abated,
And the sun shone out quite bright,
The little birds began to sing,
My heart it felt so light—
I gently pressed her arm in mine,
And said : " now don't say nay,
But let me come and meet you here
Again, some other day. "

CHORUS : " Well she said I can't exactly decide you must ask my Pa—" So I made up my mind to go and inform the old Gentleman we'd been—
Courting in the rain, &c.

We reached the old farm-house, and then
She introduced to me
Her Pa a jolly nice old boy :
With him I made quite free :
I told him when and where I'd met
His daughter in the rain,
And blessed the lucky chance that took
Me down that country lane—

CHORUS : The old Gentleman was quite delighted with my kind attention, and I soon gained his consent, which proves the truth of the old proverb—" It never rains but it pours, " said so it covered to me through—
Courting in the rain, &c.

The Farmer of Chappaqua.

Air : John Brown.

The farmer of Chappaqua is the people's leader now,
And gladness thrills their faces,
and it's trood upon each brow :
Reform in all departments we must have it anyhow,
As we go marching on—

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
The people are aroused.

Honest Horace Greeley holds the banner in his hand :
Economy and right he is ready to demand
For every class of people in this happy Yankee land,
As he goes marching on—
Glory, glory, &c.

And there's Missouri Brown, he is marching by his side,
And both are pledged to stem this base corruption's tide,
And by their honest promise all the people will abide,
As they go marching on—
Glory, glory &c.

I tell you we're some pumpkins
with the farmer boy to lead,
We PLANT him in the White House,
and then he'll sow the SEED
Of honesty and virtue through the government, indeed,
As he goes marching on—
Glory, glory, &c.

Old Johnny Bull will tremble when
our farmer takes the chair,
Or he'll THRESH them to the devil
lest they settle on the SQUARE :
He'll whistle Yankee Doodle as he RAKES the damage in,
As he goes marching on—
Glory, glory, &c.

Then come and join the cohorts of the good and noble man,
Who'll be guided by his conscience to do the best he can :
He'll take Ulysses flying or just any other man,
As he goes marching on—
Glory, glory, &c.

Then it's rally round the flag, boys,
for Horace and Reform !
He'll send the plunderers flying as
he makes the combat warm :
So you'd better stand from under
and avoid the coming storm,
As he goes marching on—
Glory, glory, &c.

Time alone will Prove.

Sung by Vance.

Tho' doing what we think the best
In life's all busy throng,
'Tis time alone will prove if we
Are right, or if we're wrong :
Our judgement's apt to go astray,
As in the crowd we move :
We cannot read the future, no—
'Tis time alone will prove.
Time alone will prove,
As on thro' life we move :
We cannot read the future, no—
'Tis time alone will prove.

That marriage is a lottery
You'll own beyond a doubt,
And woman is that sort of thing
No fellow can make out :
The men who choose a wife in haste
Too often find they're sold,
But when they get a good one, they
Have found a mine of gold.
Time alone will prove, &c.

Too often we believe in those
Who make the finest show,
And take their glitter all for gold,
Before their worth we know :
The gilt wears off we find them out,
And somehow they suggest
The olden shows at Country Fairs,
The outside is the best
Time alone will prove, &c.

New schemes are starting : ev'ry day
There's something new appears :
Long legal cases, too that seem
As though they'd last for years :
How all these things may chance to end,
The wisest do not know :
So be content to wait and see
What time alone can show.
Time alone will prove, &c.

The Tichborne case now going on
Creates a stir and fuss :
It bothers all the legal minds
And sadly puzzles us.
Is he the man ? well, if he's not,
He is a clever move :
Now would you be surprised to hear ?—
But time alone will prove.
Time alone will prove, &c.

The heart is the heritage that keeps the man young.

If I Don't Vote for Grant.

Air : If Ever I Cease to Love.

Oh ! the day of election is coming,
When a choice must be made of the man :
Grant's our choice, and he has been
Since ever the campaign began.
He's worthy and honest and faithful,
Vote for another we can't :
And may I never vote again,
If I don't vote for Grant !
May roosters hatch out cobble stones,
If I don't vote for Grant !

CHORUS.

If I don't vote for Grant !
If I don't vote for Grant !
May I be a " sorehead " all my days,
If I don't vote for Grant !

Oh ! the friend of the people forever,
Is the man whom we love so to praise :
Warrior, Tanner and Statesman—
Oh ! long in the land be his days !
His goodness and trustworthy kindness
Still in our songs we will chaunt :
May specie payment come again,
If I don't vote for Grant !
May bull pups grow on pumpkin vines,
If I don't vote for Grant.

CHORUS.

If I don't vote for Grant !
If I don't vote for Grant !
May his " presents " all be given back,
If I don't vote for Grant !

Waiting, My Darling, for Thee.

Sung by Miss Ada Wray.

I've been waiting for more than an hour, love,
Yes, waiting and watching for thee,
While hoping and praying you'd come, love,
And keep true your promise to me :
For, you told me you'd meet me this evening,
And listen to what I've to say—
For, to speak the plain truth, I am certain
I can't tell you all in a day.

CHORUS.

By the lilies that float down the river,
By the cowslips that grow on the lea,
By the roses that bloom in the forest,
I'm waiting, my darling, for thee.
I'm waiting, yes, waiting,
I'm waiting, my darling, for thee :
I'm waiting, yes, waiting,
I'm waiting, my darling, for thee.

For more than a year I have waited
That promise from you to receive :
So surely you'll not break your word, love,
And leave me your absence to grieve.
So I'll watch and I'll wait here still longer,
In hope of your coming this way,
When the dim, misty vail of the twilight
Has shut out the brightness of day.
By the lilies that float, &c.

As If You Didn't Know.

Sung by Mrs. Louise Wray.

Come tell me who you met alone,
Last evening, at " the Grange ? "
If moon-light fell on only one,
Two figures would be strange :
My question is not answered yet,
(No need of blushing so)
Now come, who was it ? you forget ?
Oh ! as if you didn't know,
As if you didn't know :
As if you didn't know,
As if, as if, as if you didn't know.

What vows were those I overheard,
As thus you walked alone—
A world of hope in every word,
Of love in every tone ?
Nay turn not thus your head away,
Why such confusion show ?
Now did you really name the day ?
Oh ! as if you didn't know,
As if you didn't know :
As if you didn't know,
As if, as if, as if you didn't know.

If talking to yourself you were,
Such questions would surprise :
But if you only asked them there,
Who gave you the replies ?
Besides we don't a parting kiss
Upon ourselves bestow—
Now come, who was it gave you this ?
Oh ! as if you didn't know,
As if you didn't know :
As if you didn't know,
As if, as if, as if you didn't know.

OLD BARLOW'S ONLY CHILD.

A NEW STORY, IN FIVE CHAPTERS,

By Tom Slender.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, Alan, this is the last of your bachelor days, and to-morrow you will bid farewell to liberty, and will put on the fetters of married life. The thought of it does not seem to weigh heavily upon you, I must say," said Charlie Blair to his friend Alan Graham, as they sat in their old places in Graham's room, sending forth clouds of smoke from their darkly-colored meerschaum pipes.

Alan Graham made no reply, but only puffed away, apparently watching the volumes of smoke as they ascended and merged into the thick atmosphere of the room.

"I wonder whether she will let you smoke," continued Charlie Blair, chuckling, as he said it, at the idea of his old friend's liberty being curtailed, and thinking the while that, after all, matrimony might not be such a haven of bliss.

Still Alan Graham remained silent: even the possibility of an interference with his favorite habit could not elicit a reply.

"What is the matter? Why don't you speak? You are not faint-hearted, surely, now, at the eleventh hour?"

"I'll tell you what it is, Charlie: I am puzzled, fairly puzzled, by old Barlow. I cannot make him out. Not one word has he ever said about settlements."

"But I thought it was understood that Mary Barlow would have two thousand a year."

"Well, yes: it was so—indeed old Barlow told me so himself, and that I ought to consider myself a very lucky fellow to begin life so comfortably: but somehow I should like to have it all down in black and white, signed, sealed, and delivered."

"You don't mean that he has made no settlement?"

"Yes, I do"

"But why don't you insist upon it?"

"What can a poor devil like me do in such a matter, with only my three hundred a year? Whenever the subject has been mooted, he shirked it, saying it is all right, and that he has settled it all with Creyke, his man of business. I can't affront old Barlow. How do I know he might not break off the marriage, and send me to the right-about? I wish I had some one—a father, an uncle, or a guardian—to fight for me. But, you see, I have no one to stand by me: I am alone in the world, and have to shift for myself. Everybody tells me that I am the luckiest fellow alive in marrying old Barlow's only child—and perhaps I am."

"I dare say he will set it all straight to-morrow before you go to church."

"Not very likely, I am afraid. I wish it might be so. Half the promised sum would content me if it were but settled."

"You don't mean that you think the old fellow shaky—that he is a bubble?"

"Not at all: but I've seen enough of commercial men to know that in business there's nothing certain, that's all."

"Well, never mind: let the worst come to the worst, you will soon be behind the scenes: for, you will be a partner in the concern in no time, and, if I know anything of you, you will not be long in ferreting out the truth. So "cheer up, Sam, and don't let your spirits go down!"

Alan Graham and Charlie Blair had been friends through school and college days. They had battled with life successfully, and Alan Graham, with a private income of three hundred a year, was going to marry the only child of a man who had the reputation of being possessed of considerable wealth. These two friends had lived together in Glasgow, and as Charlie Blair had a few thousand pounds of his own, they had managed to "rub on" comfortably enough, lodging in the same house. The marriage of Alan Graham with Mary Barlow dissolved the partnership between him and Charlie Blair.

The wedding went off like other weddings. There was the right proportion of gay and bright colors, contrasting favorably with the white dresses of the bride and her four bridesmaids. The sumptuous breakfast given by Mr. Barlow, in honor of his daughter's marriage, amply justified his reputation for wealth, and when "the happy pair" drove off amidst a shower of old satin shoes, many a young man envied Alan Graham his good fortune, while the elders pronounced him to be a lucky man. Charlie Blair was not quite so sure of the fact, as he was more behind the scenes, and had learned from his friend that old Barlow had not said a word about settlements, though he had been generous enough in supplying his son-in-law with ample means to defray the expenses of his wedding tour. When Alan Graham and his fair and comely bride—for, she was all that those words express—returned to Glasgow, they rented a small house in Mr. Barlow's neighborhood, that she might be near her father, and he not far from the office in which he was to spend the greater part of his time. At first, Mary Graham felt very lonely in her new home: but as her old friends gathered round her, and welcomed her back amongst them, she became accustomed to look for companionship out of her house. Her greatest friends were Mary Bland and Rachel Gurney, the pretty Quakeress, who had somewhat departed from the traditional demureness of her persuasion, and was one of the brightest and gayest of the Glasgow belles.

Charlie Blair was a frequent visitor, and almost as great a favorite with Mary Graham as with her husband.

"Where is Alan?" he inquired of his friend's wife, one day when, after waiting for him some time, Alan Graham did not make his appearance.

"Indeed that is more than I can tell you. I only know that he seems to me to stay later every day, and that when he does come home, he is tired to death."

"There's nothing the matter, I suppose? Only business. I declare that, after all, we lawyers are better off: our time is more our own."

"All lawyers do not say so, she said: but perhaps some work harder than others. But here comes Alan: I heard him shut the street-door, I am sure."

Alan Graham had come in. His wife's quick ears did not deceive her: but he was tired and worn by the day's work, and went into his own room, and sat down in his arm-chair by the fire, thankful for the rest and the comparative darkness, after having worked so long by gas-light. It was one of those short and dark December days when the night seems to set in early, almost before the day is half over.

"I wonder why Alan does not come up? said Mary Graham. It is a bad compliment to us both."

"I will go and fetch him. He does not know that I am here, and, I dare say, thinks he shall find the room full of your fair friends. Besides, I have some news for him."

With these closing words Charlie Blair left the room, and, opening the door of his friend's study, found him very much as we have described him, but gazing sadly into the fire.

"Why, Alan, what has happened to you? We heard you come in, and have been expecting you up-stairs. I have been here ever such a time waiting for you. Come along. Is anything the matter? Nothing wrong at old Barlow's, I hope?"

"Of course not. What can make you think of such a thing? You have not heard of anything, have you?"

"Nothing, upon my word. But how you took me up!"

Alan Graham made no further remark: but, rising from his chair, put his hand on his friend's shoulder, and went with him up-stairs, stopping at the door of the drawing-room to inquire: "Is anybody with Mary?"

"Not a soul. I have been there this hour waiting for you, and thinking you must have absconded altogether. What has happened to you to-day, Alan? inquired his wife. You are later than ever."

She rose and put a chair for him, saying: "Now that you are come, we will have a comfortable chat by the fire: and as I know your partiality for the blind man's holiday, I will blow out the candles."

Alan Graham thanked his wife for her kind consideration, and Charlie Blair, in a moment turned the current of their thoughts into a new direction by saying: "Alan! Do you know that I have serious thoughts of cutting the law, and of going out to Australia and trying my luck there?"

"To Australia!" exclaimed Mary Graham, in astonishment.

"Cutting the law!" said her husband, incredulously.

"Yes. Why not? I have fallen in lately with a fellow who has just returned, Mark Halliday. You must remember him: he was at the head of the school when we were in the fifth form. He has got your old rooms, and I have seen a good deal of him. He has not been out long, and he has come home with fifty thousand pounds in his pocket."

"Did he tell you how many have returned home with nothing in their pockets, Charlie?"

"They were a set of idle fellows, he says. "Ne'er do weels," that would never have succeeded anywhere."

"And you really are bitten with this mania, and would throw up the law just when you are making a good start?"

"Ah! but think of fifty thousand pounds. Why, I should live like a prince with such a fortune as that—" And he put his hand into his pocket as if he expected to find the sum there, and consoled himself with the prospect as if it were already realized.

"But you surely have not settled it all yet? asked Mary Graham: I did think——"

"Ah! I know what you were thinking, but there is no use in that. They say that two negatives make one affirmative, but I never heard that two empty purses make a full one."

They were alluding to the pretty Quakeress, to whom Charlie Blair was especially devoted, and Alan Graham and his wife had often spoken of it as a possible event. But Charlie Blair was not "a marrying man," and when he looked at the careworn face of his friend, he doubted more than ever whether matrimony did really conduce to happiness. At all events, emigration to Australia was the one absorbing idea which had now taken possession of his mind, and he felt considerable relief at having broached the subject to his friends, who would, he well knew, oppose it by every argument in their power. That it was less violently opposed than he expected, was owing to the preoccupation of Alan's mind.

The fluctuations to which Mr. Barlow's business was subjected, had made Alan Graham an anxious man: he became cautious and reserved as well as moody, and appeared to take less and less interest in things which did not immediately concern himself. Charlie Blair perceived the change in his friend, but failed to attribute it to the real cause.

After many discussions with the Grahams, Charlie Blair parted from his old friends, and accompanied Mark Halliday, who had resolved to earn, as he said, another fifty thousand pounds. "With that I shall come back and settle in the old country, and you will do the same, my friend, or my name's not Mark Halliday."

CHAPTER II.

The rude, energetic, hard out-door life of Charlie Blair in Australia contrasted strangely with the sedentary, anxious life of Alan Graham in Glasgow.

Charlie Blair had sunk nearly the whole of his capital in the purchase of land, and sheep, and all other things necessary to the life of an Australian farmer. He had placed himself in the hands of the successful Mark Halliday, who certainly prophesied smooth things for his friend. If energy, activity, and cheerful industry presage success, there certainly could be no doubt that Mark Halliday was fully warranted in saying that Charlie Blair would return to England laden with the result of his exertions, and would realize the wish of "living like a prince."

Alan Graham in the meanwhile sat at the same desk, poring over the same books, and becoming more and more reserved and thoughtful. He had moved into a larger and more imposing house, and his wife had become one of the elite of Glasgow. He had acquired a considerable reputation for business, and the firm of Barlow and Graham ranked high in the commercial world. But Mary Graham's life was not altogether so bright as it seemed. She, though she possessed in her children, her home,

and her comforts all the elements of happiness, her husband's gravity and increased anxiety cast a gloom over the whole household. She was conscious that, for some reason, his reputed success had failed to promote his happiness, and her own was therefore incomplete.

After the lapse of a few years, during which time they had received frequent letters from Charlie Blair, all written full of the spirit and energy of a man who was working hard with a hope in his life, the mercantile world was convulsed by one of those panics which have been so frequent of late. Mary Graham became anxious for her husband and father, and the shadow that had fallen across her life deepened as she watched their countenances. Though Alan Graham had learned to control the expression of his face so that few could read there what was passing in his mind, Mary could not be deceived. She saw that something was astir, though she could not tell what: she saw it was not only at home, but as she walked or drove along the street—she saw it in the grave whisperings of knots of men in the corners of the streets, or at the doors of the public buildings, and she inquired of her husband the meaning of it all.

"What has happened, Alan? Everybody seems oppressed as if by some mysterious secret. Something must have happened."

"Only one or two Houses have stopped payment, he answered, carelessly. It had been expected for some time."

"That means, she inquired, as calmly as she could, that many persons are ruined."

"I am afraid so. But you need not look so frightened, Mary. It has not come to our turn yet."

"Yet! How can you speak like that—as if anything so dreadful could happen to us?" As she said this, she looked round her luxurious room and at her youngest child, who lay smiling in her lap: and as the word "yet" rung in her ears, she felt as if she must hear more, be it what it might.

"Alan, why did you say that? Surely there can be no chance of such a disaster for us? My father's house was always considered to be one of the first in Glasgow, and I am sure you have never neglected the business. You cannot be afraid. Are you?"

"Afraid! Well that is putting it strongly, Mary. There is nothing certain in business. Only look at Greaves and Co. There was not a more thriving house going, and now they have not a sixpence. When a large firm like that fails, it gives us all a bit of a shake."

"I cannot bear to hear you speak so. It is just as if you expected the same fate."

"It is best to be prepared, is it not, Mary?"

"Yes, I suppose so, she said after a pause—but, she added, rising as she spoke, and taking her child up in her arms, I cannot, and will not believe it. Will we, darling?" and she kissed her child as she left the room.

Alan Graham sighed as he watched her, and when the door closed, he said aloud to himself: "It must come. I am glad this has happened: she will not be so unprepared."

It was the possibility of such an end to all his labors that had eaten all the brightness out of his life. He had found it impossible to persuade Mr. Barlow to alter his tactics, and every failure made their own more certain.

When that fatal moment came, and the house of Barlow and Graham stopped payment, and Alan was compelled to move into a smaller house in the outskirts of the town, taking with him his father-in-law, whose health had been seriously affected by all he had gone through, he was out of humor with all the world. Though something remained to them after the affairs of the firm had been wound up, their position was so altered that Alan Graham was obliged to seek a situation in an old and well-established house.

"Alan, my father's health is failing rapidly. I fear this shock has been more that he can bear, said Mary Graham to her husband: I wish you could think of him with less bitterness."

"How can I help it, when I find myself in such a plight as this after so many years of hard work? It is enough to try the temper of any man. It never need, it never ought to have been."

Alan Graham had grown hard, and even his wife's kindly pleading for her father was without effect, and when Mr. Barlow died, she alone mourned his loss. To her husband his death was a relief: for, the sight of the old man sitting in his easy chair, was a perpetual source of irritation to him, and kept alive in him the memory of his wrongs. He forgot how much he owed to his father-in-law in past years. The hard struggle after wealth which had ended in failure, poverty, and defeat, had changed his nature, and made him bitter and resentful against the whole world, as though it had conspired against him.

It was late in the spring, some time after all these changes had taken place, when Alan Graham was at his desk in the town, and his wife was alone, wearied after her morning's work of teaching, that the maidservant entered the room to say that a gentleman was at the door inquiring for her master, and when he would be at home. Mary Graham rose and went to the door to give the stranger the information he demanded: but before she could open her lips, she found both her hands seized in his strong grasp, while the well-known voice of Charlie Blair greeted her. It was the pleasantest sound she had heard for long, and after the first sudden surprise was over, tears came into her eyes as the past and present contrasted themselves in her mind. There was much to tell and much to hear, and they were glad that, when Alan Graham returned home, there was nothing left for him to tell.

It was a strange sight when those two friends sat together as they had done some years before—the one so broken in spirits, so careworn, suspicious, and reserved—the other so frank, strong, genial, and generous, ready to trust the whole world: for, he had labored as few can, and his labors had been crowned with success. Mary Graham observed the contrast, and noted the healthy tone of the Australian's mind, as he related the various vicissitudes of his life, and laughed over the mistakes which he had made.

"Alan, said he, you told me I was a fool bent upon my own ruin: but here I am, still young and strong, with full fifty thousand pounds, which, with your help, I intend to invest. We must talk about that by-and-by, but you will allow that I have toiled to some purpose. Look at my hands: did you ever see such hands? They are like any laborer's, but they have done me good service, and have served me honestly: for, not one penny of that money has been got without toil, and honest toil, too."

Alan Graham could scarcely bear to hear of Charlie Blair's success, and the sight of his great manly frame irritated him almost beyond endurance. How it might have been if he, too, had been successful, who can tell? As things were the contrast between himself and his friend and the result of their labors overpowered him.

The two friends often met. Charlie Blair was disappointed at the want of sympathy and cordiality in Alan, and lamented it to Mary Graham. She only drew such a picture of her husband's trials and disappointments as disarmed all resentment and moved the pity of their friend.

Towards the close of his sojourn in England, Charlie Blair entrusted Alan Graham with the management of the money which he had, under his advice, invested: and after having satisfied himself that everything was ready for his departure, he set sail, according to his agreement, with Mark Halliday, bent upon making another venture, in the hope of equal success.

Alan Graham experienced a sense of relief at his friend's departure, and occupied himself day by day in the same routine of business. To Mary Graham Charlie Blair's absence was a loss which she felt very deeply: his brave, generous nature, and the tender pity which he felt for his friend's misfortunes, had made sunshine in her altered home, so that, when the monotony of her life was again unbroken, she became more than ever sensible of the alteration in her husband.

As time went on the gloom increased, till he became so irritable and uncertain in his moods that she was anxious about him: and when this gave way to an unwonted excitement, for which she could not account, she became really alarmed for his health.

After a long interval, during which they received no tidings of Charlie Blair, Alan Graham informed his wife that he intended to take a small house in the country, as he considered it would be more to her advantage and that of her children if they were removed beyond the air of the suburb in which they lived.

"But can we afford this, Alan? inquired his wife: I had rather remain here than incur any risk."

"Of course, we can, Mary, he replied. Besides, it is only an experiment. If it answers, perhaps I shall buy the place. I shall be glad to see the color come back into your cheeks again," he added, with unwonted tenderness.

The whole household soon migrated, and Mary Graham was enchanted with her new abode, which promised to afford her both interest and occupation. As it was well situated near a railway station, Alan Graham was able to attend to his business, so that his wife did not apprehend that he would lose anything by the change.

CHAPTER III.

"Mary, said Alan Graham to his wife, one Sunday, as they sat together in the garden, surrounded by their children, you are not like the same person you were a few months ago. You look both better and happier. Somehow this place has put new life into you."

This was true: for, Mary Graham delighted in her garden and other country pursuits: she had some poultry, of which she was very proud, as they were a source of profit as well as an amusement to her: besides which she felt as if she had got rid of all the unpleasant associations from which she could not escape in Glasgow. But she was surprised to find that her husband had observed the change in her, especially as when he came home he always seemed too weary to notice what was going on, and as if he only cared for rest and quiet.

"I hope, Alan, you do not quarrel with the change. This is a more healthy place than Glasgow, at least it is to me: besides which I can walk with the children here without let or hindrance. We have had many pleasant excursions together, have not we?" she added, appealing to the children as she spoke. Though they were somewhat in awe of their father, and could not understand his silence and reserve, they one and all spoke up in reply to their mother and seconded all she had said.

"It is strange that we have not heard of Charlie Blair," said Alan Graham, as if thinking aloud.

"Yes, very strange. We have never been so long without hearing, have we?" replied his wife.

Alan Graham made no reply, but sat still, leaning his head upon his hands as he looked down upon the ground. After a while he said: "The papers speak of a bad season in Australia: I hope he has not suffered. They do not mention what part has felt the drought, nor whether it has been only partial."

'Poor fellow! said Mary, I trust no misfortune has happened to him: he deserves to prosper."

"Why so? why more than any one else?" inquired her husband, testily.

"I only meant that he worked so hard and seemed to have so much energy and courage," she said, apologetically.

"Other people work hard, he answered: I hope you have the same compassion and sympathy for them."

Mary Graham made no reply. She had become afraid of her husband since she was not allowed to share his thoughts.

Years passed on, and Mary Graham's contentment deepened when her husband bought the house in which they lived, together with some adjoining land: for, she argued from it that he was prosperous, though she carefully abstained from asking any questions, as her doing so had invariably annoyed him.

It was strange how Alan Graham had managed to live his life apart from his family. They had nothing in common. Mary Graham knew this, and had grown reconciled to the idea, which was at first almost insupportable. She would often ask herself what it was that had grown up as a wall between them? Was it the love of greed, or the pains of a disappointed ambition?

(To be Concluded in our next Number.)

"The Grasp of an Honest Man."

Words and Music by H. J. BYRON.

Allegro Marcato.

1. They may talk a-bout health, They may brag a-bout wealth, Of
2. When one's down in the world, And in - vectives are hurl'd At y

f *p*

la - tions so fine and so grand..... But much bet-ter by far Than those at - tri-butes are, Is the grasp of an hon - est hand..... For
head by your friends and your foes..... Then you find at that time, To be poor is a crime, A worse one than you would suppose..... When yo

mon - ey is spent, And it's lost, and it's lent And con - firm that re - mark ma - ny can: Lies may hang on the lip, But ther
pov - er - ty's slave, There's to make you feel brave, And your flick - er - ing cour - age to fan: Why, you'll find be - yond price Is th

mf

Chorus.

truth in the grip Of the grasp of an hon - est man. For mon - ey is spent, And it's lost, and it's lent, And co
grip like a vice In the grasp of an hon - est man. When you're pov-er - ty's slave, There's to make you feel brave, And yo

firm that re - mark ma - ny can; Lies may hang on the lip, But there's truth in the grip Of the grasp of an hon - est man.
flick - er - ing cour - age to fan; Why, you'll find be-yond price Is the grip like a vice In the grasp of an hon - est man.

mf

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CONTENTS.

Adieu, my Native Land, Adieu ..... Page 610
A Sweet Song-Bird was Singing 612
After Election is over :
A Greeley Campaign Song 613
The BELLE OF WESTBOURNIA 612
Dorothy Drew :
or the Calico-Printer's Clerk.... 610
Down in Washington :
A Grant Campaign Song 613
Enniskillen Dragoon 611
From thee, Francesses, I must go ! 610
The Fellow that Played the Banjo 612
The FALSE ONE 613
Go 'way, Bumble Bee ! 610
Going to be Married to-morrow 613
The Hardy Sailor 613
I do not watch alone 610
The Irish are Preferred 611
I'd be a Blue-Bottle 611
The Irish Brigade 612
I'll Stand by my Friend—Music 616
JENNIE JERUSHA JANE 611
Kingdom Coming 610
Merry Little Gray Fat Man 611
The Mariner's Child to his Mother 611
Mother would Wallop me 612
Maiden, I will ne'er deceive thee 613
OLD BARLOW'S ONLY CHILD—
Story Concluded— ... 614—615
Oh ! do not bid me to forget 611
Philip, the Falconer 610
Roguish Little Beauty, Emaline 613
Since I've been in the Army :
or the Gentleman of the Army 611
Soft glides the Sea 611
Shule Agra 612
Sweet Jenny of the Moor 612
SPEAK GENTLY 613
There was a Simple Maiden 610
What will Mrs. Grundy say ? 612
The Wolf 610

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Written and Composed by Thomas M. Hengler, Author of Playing Gay Croquet.

The Music. Published by the Celebrated House of White, Smith & Perry, 298—300 Washington Street Boston, can be obtained at any Music-Store through the United States.

Don't you hear the buzzing
Of the busy, buzzing bee,
Around your head a-singing
Their favorite melody?
If ever they should happen
To light upon your nose,
I, golly! how you'd squirm
And jump out of your clothes!
They're coming right this way,
I see them on the wing:
For, one I'm going to lay,
I hear their voices ring:
Honey bee, busy bee,
On every blooming flower,
Making honey all the day
In their own little bower.
Don't you see over there
That great big bumble bee?
Gracious! how he's staring me—
Go 'way, bumble bee!

I go out in the morning,
The first thing I do see,
In a dandylion a-snoring,
A great big bumble bee:
I dance around their hive,
And have such jolly fun,
I often get them very mad,
Then after me they run.
They're coming, &c.

There was a Simple Maiden.

There was a simple maiden,
Long ago, yes, long ago:
Whose heart with grief was laden—
Pray, how came it so?
She thought upon the knight who dwelt
Within the castle yonder:
Keen was the pain she felt
As on him she would ponder.

Then did she die of grieving?
No, no, no, it was not so:
Now yonder she is living,
Old enough, I trow:
The knight observed her downcast eye,
And learned the cause of sorrow:
"Maiden, no longer sigh,
I'll marry thee to-morrow."

In manner she was homely,
You must know: yes, you must know;
But, oh! her face was comely,
Very long ago:
And though she was of lowly birth,
And owned no golden treasure,
He thought her simple worth
A dowry past all measure.

From Thee, Francesses, I Must Go!

By John H. Battermann.

"From thee, Francesses," I must go,
And from my native shore:
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans, roaring wide
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Francesses dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear:
We part to meet no more—
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Francesses, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh.

Why are umbrellas like pancakes? Because they are seldom seen after Lent.

Adieu, My Native Land, Adieu!

Adieu, my Native Land, adieu!
The vessel spreads her swelling sails:
Perhaps I never more may view
Your fertile fields, your flowery dales!
Delusive hope can charm no more:
Far from the faithless maid I roam:
Unfriended, seek some foreign shore:
Unpitied, leave my peaceful home!
Adieu, my native land! &c.

Farewell! dear village, oh! farewell!
Soft on the gale thy murmur dies:
I hear thy solem Evening-bell:
Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes—
Though frequent falls the dazzling tear,
I scorn to shrink from Fate's decree:
And think not, cruel maid, that e'er
I'd heave another sigh for thee.
Adieu, my native land! &c.

In vain, through shades of frowning night,
Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore:
Deep sinks the fiery orb of light,
I view thy beacons now no more—
Rise, billows, rise! blow, hollow winds!
Nor night, nor storm, nor death I fear:
Unfriended, bear me hence to find
That peace which Fate denies me here.
Adieu, my native land! &c

Dorothy Drew, or the Calico-Printer's Clerk.

Sung by Tony Pastor—Air: The Irish Volunteers.

In Manchester, that city of cotton, twist, and twills,
Lived the subject of my ditty, and the cause of all my ills.
She was handsome, young, and twenty:
her eyes were azure blue;
Admirers she had plenty, and her name was Dorothy Drew.
Chorus: She was very fond of dancing,
But allow me to remark
That, one fine day, she danced away
With a Calico-Printer's Clerk.

At a private ball I met her, in Eighteen-Sixty Three.
I never can forget her, tho' she was unkind to me;
I was dressed in the pink of fashion, my
lavender gloves were new:
I danced the valse Circassian with charming Dorothy Drew.
She was very fond of dancing, &c.

We Schottisch'd and we Polka'd, to the
strains the band did play;
We Valsed and we Mazourka'd, till she
valsed my heart away;
I whispered, in this manner, as round the room we flew,
Doing Var-so-vi-a-na: I love you, Dorothy Drew!
She was very fond of dancing, &c.

For months and months, attention unto her I did pay,
Till with her condescension, she led me quite astray;
The money I expended, I'm ashamed to tell to you;
I'll inform you how it ended with myself and Dorothy Drew.
She was very fond of dancing, &c.

I received an intimation she a visit meant to pay
Unto a near relation, who lived some miles away:
In a month she'd be returning, I must take a short Adieu.
But her love for me was burning, deceitful Dorothy Drew!
She was very fond of dancing, &c.

At nine o'clock, next morning, to breakfast I sat down:
The smile, my face adorning, was soon changed to a frown:
For, in a morning paper, a paragraph met my view:
That Jones, a Calico-Printer's Clerk, had
married Miss Dorothy Drew!
She was very fond of dancing, &c.

The Wolf.

At the peaceful midnight hour,
Every sense and every power
Fettered lies in downy sleep—
Then our careful watch we keep.

While the wolf in nightly prowl,
Bays the moon with hideous howl:
Gates are barred—a vain resistance—
Females shriek—but no assistance.

Silence! silence!—or you meet your fate—
Your keys—your jewels—your cash and plate:
Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly asunder,
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder—

Marry yung!—thare is but one good excuse for a marriage late in life, and that iz—a seckond marriage.

I Do Not Watch Alone.

Words and Music by Annie Fricker.

When every flower that ope'd at morn
Its weary eye shall close,
And by the wings of mem'ry borne,
My thoughts on thee repose,
I love to hear the ev'ning bells,
To list their soothing tone:
For, to my heart their music tells:
"I do not watch alone,
I do not watch alone."

In fancy, while I hear that chime,
I rove again with thee,
And hear thy vow: "At ev'ning time,
My thoughts of thee shall be."
Then will I love those vesper bells
And list their soothing tone:
For, to my heart their music tells:
"I do not watch alone,
I do not watch alone."

Philip, the Falconer.

Young Philip, the falconer's up with the day,
With his merlin on his arm.
And down the mill meadows has taken his way
To hawk—and, pray, where's the harm?
Philip is stalwart and Philip is young,
And Philip, they say, has a musical tongue:
The miller's young sister is fresh and is fair,
And Philip is always hawking there.
He vows and declares, believe it or not,
There's not in the kingdom for herns such a spot:
And falcons, they say, to fly true to their prey,
Should be trained in the morning early.

The miller's to market to buy him some corn:
For, work it should ne'er stand still—
A maiden is loitering under the thorn,
In the meadow below the mill;
And Philip, grown tired of a batchelor's life,
Thinks the miller's young sister
would make a good wife:
And so comes a whisper, and so comes a smile,
And then a long leave-taking over the stile—
Oh! when he returns from market, I guess
The miller will find he's a sister the less:
For, maidens, they say, do not always say nay,
When they're asked in the morning early.

Kingdom Coming.

Say, darkeys, hab you seen de Massa,
Wid de muffstash on his face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin'
Like he gwine to leab de place?
He seen a smoke way up de ribber,
Whar de Linkum gunboats lay;
He took his hat, an' lef' berry sudden,
An' I spec' he's run away!
Chorus: De Massa run, ha! ha!
De darkeys stay, ho! ho!
It mus' be now de kingdom comin'
An' de year ob Jubilo!

He six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An' he weigh t'ree hundred pound;
His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go half way round.
He drill so much, dey call him Cap'an,
And he got so dreffful tanned;
I spec' he try an' fool dem Yankees,
For to t'ink he's contraband.. Chorus.

De darkeys feel so berry lonesome,
Libing in de log-house on de lawn;
Dey move dar t'ings to Massa's parlor,
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I s'pose dey'll all be cornfiscated,
When de Linkum sojers come. Chorus.

De Oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key t'rown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken,
But de Massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enuff, big enuff, ought to know better
Dan to went, an' run away Chorus.

Advice iz like kastor ile, eazy enuff te giv, but dredful uneazy tew take.

Jennie Jerusha Jane.

Words by A. G. Chase—Music by W. M. Phelps.

As Sung by Dave Reed.

I'll tell you of a handsome girl, the prettiest ever seen.
She's the master-piece of nature, she is fairer than a queen:
She's the pride of this great city, and she's
got the sweetest name—
Oh! I'm in love, head, neck, and heels,
with Jennie Jerusha Jane!

CHORUS.

Oh, my! she is a charming beauty: oh, dear!
she's got the sweetest name—
Hi! yi! to love her is my duty, handsome,
pretty little pinky, Jennie Jerusha Jane!

I met her on the Avenue, one sunny afternoon:
And, in passing by, she gave a wink—I
followed after soon—
You ought to see the people stare, they
didn't know what to think
To see me promenading with this pretty little pink.
Oh, my! she is a charming, &c.

My place the fellows envied, the girls were jealous, too:
I know it by their actions—what I say to you is true:
They tried to bluff and scare me off but
nothing could they gain,
They couldn't win from me my love, sweet
Jennie Jerusha Jane!
Oh, my! she is a charming, &c.

Her eyes they are as black as jet, her teeth
are white as pearls:
Her hair is bright, and dark as night, and
gracefully it curls:
Her cheeks are like the sweetest rose, her
lips in crimson stain—
Oh! she's a perfect little pet, this Jennie Jerusha Jane!
Oh, my! she is a charming, &c.

I asked her if she'd have me, and would
be my guiding star:
She referred me to her mama and likewise to her papa.
They said that they were willing for a son-in-law to claim,
And told me to be happy with my Jennie Jerusha Jane!
Oh, my! she is a charming, &c.

Since I've Been in the Army:

OR THE GENTLEMAN OF THE ARMY.

Air: Who'll be King but Charlie?

I'm Paddy Whack of Ballyback,
Not long ago turned soldier:
In grand attack, in storm or sack,
None will than I be bolder.
With spirits gay I march away,
I please each fair beholder:
And now they sing "He's quite the thing,
Och! what a jovial soldier!"
In Londonderry, or London merry,
Och! faith! ye girls, I charm ye:
And there ye come, at beat of drum,
To see me in the army—

CHORUS.

Rub a dub dub, and pill! li loo,
Whack! fal de lal la, and trilli li loo:
I laugh and sing: aye, that's the thing,
Since I've been in the army!

The lots of girls my train unfurls,
Would form a pleasant party;
There's Kitty Lynch, a tidy wench,
And Suke, and Peg M'Carthy:
Miss Judy Baggs, and Sally Maggs,
And Martha Scraggs all storm me:
And Molly Magree is after me,
Since I've been in the army!
The Sallys and Pollys, the Kittys and Dollys,
In numbers would alarm ye:
E'en Mrs. White, who's lost her sight,
Admires me in the army—
Rub a dub dub, &c.

The roaring boys who made a noise,
And thwacked me like the devil,
Are now become before me dumb,
Or else are very civil:
There's Murphy Boake who often broke
My head now daresn't harm me:
But bows and quakes and off he sneaks,
Since I've been in the army—
And if one neglect to pay me respect,
Och! another tips the blarney
With "Whist! my friend, and don't offend
A gentleman of the army."
Rub a dub dub, &c.

My arms are bright, my heart is light,
Good-humor seems to warm me:
I've now become with every chum
A favorite in the army.
If I go on as I've I've begun,
My comrades all inform me
They soon shall see that I will be
A general in the army.
Delightful notion, to get promotion:
Then, ladies, how I'll charm ye!
For, 'tis my belief: Commander-in-Chief
I shall be in the army.
Rub a dub dub, &c.

The Irish are Preferred.

Air: No Irish Need Apply.

Before the war, 'twas heard in almost every place:
"No person need apply that has an Irish face."
Many advertisements read, which no one can deny:
"A hearty man is wanted but no Irish need apply."
But now on every side a different cry is heard,
And the public feeling is—"an Irishman preferred."

When able men are wanted to fight for freedom's cause,
Then Irishmen receive the guerdon of applause:
When Union was menaced by the great Rebellion herd,
No friends at home or fears of death
have Irishmen deterred:
When the country was with fears of ruin stirred,
'Twas then, we know, the Irish were preferred.

When men seek a constant, never changing friend,
Who will his share or his last dollar lend,
They need not seek the German, Scotch, or English race:
For they'll find this friendship only
in an honest Irish face.
Then let this sentiment throughout the land be heard:
"For friendship or for hospitality the
Irish are preferred."

Should America seek to add Canadian soil,
Or free fair Cuba from her bloody toil:
Should General Grant desire the Alabama Claims,
Though the way were bloody and
through scorching flames:
Should the call for volunteers be heard,
We then would see the Irish were preferred!

Merry Little Gray Fat Man.

There is a little man,
Dressed all in gray,
He lives in the city,
And is always gay;
He's round as an apple,
And plump as a pear,
He has not a shilling,
Nor has he a care:
And he sings and he laughs,
And he laughs and he sings:
Oh! what a merry, little,
Fat, fat, gray man!

He drinks without counting
The number of glasses,
He sings merry songs
And he flirts with the lasses:
He has debts, he has duns,
But no bailiff he fears,
He shuts up his doors,
And he shuts up his ears:
Then he sings and he laughs,
And he laughs and he sings:
Oh! what a merry, little,
Fat, fat, gray man!

Enniskillen Dragoon.

A beautiful damsel of fame and renown,
A gentleman's daughter of fame and renown,
As she rode by the barracks this beautiful maid,
She stood in her coach to see the dragoons' parade.

They were all dressed out like gentlemen's sons,
With their bright shining swords and carbine guns,
With their silver-mounted pistols—
she observed them full soon,
Because that she loved her Enniskillen dragoon.

You bright son of Mars who stand on the right,
Whose armor doth shine like the bright star of night,
Saying: "Willie, dearest Willie, you've listed full soon,
For to serve as a royal Enniskillen dragoon."

"O Flora, dearest Flora! your pardon I crave:
It's now and forever I must be a slave—
Your parents they insulted me, both morning and noon,
For fear that you'd wed an Enniskillen dragoon."

"Oh! mind, dearest Willie, Oh! mind what you say:
For, children are bound their parents to obey;
For, when we're leaving Ireland, they
will all change their tune,
Saying: "The Lord may be with you,
Enniskillen dragoon!"

Fare you well, Enniskillen! fare you well for a while,
And all around the borders of Erin's green Isle!
And when the war is over, we'll return in full bloom,
And they'll all welcome home the Enniskillen dragoon.

One of the fussyest scenes i ever beheld waz two old maids waitin on one sick bachelor.

Why do foolish ferry travellers risk their necks by dangerous jumps after receding boats? Do they consider the saving of a few minutes' time worth the risk of a leap into eternity?

The Mariner's Child to His Mother

Oh! weep no more, sweet mother,
Oh! weep no more to-night,
And only watch the sea, mother,
Beneath the morning light:
Our beautiful Madonna
Will mark how you have wept,
The prayers of early morning,
The vigils you have kept.

She will guide his stately vessel,
Though the sea be dark and drear:
Another week of sunshine,
My father will be here.
I'll watch with thee, sweet mother,
But the stars fade from my sight:
Come, come and sleep, dear mother,
Oh! weep no more to-night—

Soft Glides the Sea.

Soft glides the sea,
Bounding and free,
Dance the blue waves as they rush to the shore:
O'er vale and height
Gleams the moon bright,
Gaily the Mariner plies the swift oar.
Singing awhile: "Ere the sun lights the main,
Land of my birth, I shall greet thee again."

Night wears away;
Sullen and grey
Frowns the dark sea; o'er the wild restless deep
Lightning's red flash,
Thunder's loud crash
Now quiver and peal—"Go Mariner, weep:
Haply I deem, though the sun lights the main,
Its rays to thy land shall not greet thee again."

Tempests are fled,
Morning hath shed
Light from her eye and balm from her breath;
All things rejoice;
Heard is the voice
Of the Mariner now singing praises of home:
The ship's gallant prow presses on through the main,
And he treads on the land of his fathers again.

Oh! Do Not Bid Me to Forget.

Oh! do not bid me to forget
What once I loved so well—
For, I have ever, ever said
My heart shall not rebel.
'Twas on that spot beside the stream,
Where last we fondly met,
I promised him, whate'er my doom,
I never would forget—

He loved me when we parted last,
I knew he loved me true—
For, falsehood never seemed so fair,
And well his looks I knew;
For, when he spoke, his eye was filled,
His cheek with tears was wet:
His latest words—his last farewell—
I never can forget!

I'd Be a Blue-Bottle.

I'd be a blue-bottle, black as a cinder,
Born in a crack on a fine summer's day:
Buzzling about on the panes of a window,
Tasting the sweet things which fall in my way:
Pastrycook's tarts I would eat at my leisure,
Make myself sick, too, with treacle and jam:
I'd be a blue-bottle, born but for pleasure,
Nothing to do but to stuff and to cram.
I'd be a blue-bottle, &c.

Then much I fear I should soon be a glutton,
Making my dinner off butcher's prize meat:
Tasting each joint from the beef to the mutton,
Spoiling folks dinners—oh, dear! what a treat!
But when cold winter at last gave me warning,
Creep to my hole, where for months I'd remain:
Come out next summer as fresh as the morning,
Buzzing about on the large, window pane.
I'd be a blue-bottle, &c.

Most every one seems tew be willing tew be a phool himself, but he kan't bear to have ennyboddy else tew be one.

The Fellow that Played the Banjo.

Composed and Sung by Harry Liston.

I dare say you fancy that strange it appears
To see a comedian who's nearly in tears:
But when my sad story I pour in your ears,
Perhaps you will pity my woes
I on a young damsel so fondly did doat,
A charming young creature was she:
She fancied the stage, but could not sing a note:
So came to take lessons from me.
[Do, re, me.]

CHORUS.

To music-halls nightly this damsel would go,
And listen to Liston, who enchanted her so—
But now she is married and lives in Soho
With a fellow that plays the banjo.

On hearing me sing the Bohemian swell,
Right up to her neck she in love with me fell:
In less than three weeks she knew all her notes well:
For, to her such attention I paid.
A I new lad es' songs that were published I sought,
I bought her stave properties new:
For, she by that time to perfection was brought,
And soon was to make her debut.
To music-halls nightly, &c.

As I out of town for one evening did go,
I asked a young fellow I happened to know,
He being a debate upon the banjo
To perform my town duties for me.
He promised—and I for my journey did start:
Come back—to my great dismay!
Found he with his banjo had so charmed her heart
That with him she had bolted away.
[Come, I say.]
To music-halls nightly, &c.

She never came near me from that very night,
I ne'er saw her more tho' I looked left and right,
For seven weeks I was laid up thro' the fright,
So much on my feelings it played.
Some time after that, when out walking, one day,
I started to hear music's jones.
Turned round saw this banjo-chap strumming away,
And she was a shaking the bones.
[Oh! Miss Jones!]
To music-halls nightly, &c.

Against that young fellow a grudge I now owe,
He did very wrong in serving me so:
I likewise a grudge have against his banjo,
And I hope it will not keep in tune:
I hope when he plays it the bridge will break down,
And knock a great hole thro' the skin:
And as for those, may they go round the town,
And ne'er get a farthing of tin.
[Won't I grin!]
To music-halls nightly, &c.

Sweet Jenny of the Moor.

One morn, for recreation, as I strayed by the sea-side,
The sun was gently rising, bedecked in all his pride:
I beheld a lovely maiden sitting at a cottage door,
With roses blooming on her cheeks,
Sweet Jenny of the moor.

I stood in contemplation, as I viewed each charming scene,
And filled with admiration as if in some fairy dream:
Enchanted by this fair one as she walked along the shore:
Gathering of choice sea-weeds was Sweet Jenny of the moor.

I said: "My pretty fair one, why so early do you rise?"
"I love to breathe the morning air, when the
Lark soars in the skies:
This spot is sweet to wander by, tho' the
breakers often roar,
And wakes the bosom of the deep."
says Sweet Jenny of the moor.

We, both, sat down together by a pleasant shady side,
I said: "My dear, with your consent,
I'll make you my bride,
I've plenty at my own command, brought
from a foreign shore,
And proud's the man that wins the hand
of Sweet Jenny of the moor!"

"I have a true-love of my own
tho' long he's been from me,
And true I'll be to him, while he is on the sea:
His vows were fondly spoken when we parted at the door:
I will wait till his return," said Sweet Jenny of the moor.

"Oh! if your love's a sailor, pray, tell me now his name."
"His name is Dennis Ryan from Newry-town he came:
With laurels I'll entwine him, when he returns on shore,
We'll join our hands in wedlock's bands,"
said Sweet Jenny of the moor.

"If Dennis was your own true-love I know him very well:
Whilst fighting at the Alma by an angry ball he fell:
Behold this true-love token, which
upon his hand he wore—"
She fell and fainted in my arms, Sweet Jenny of the moor.

"Since you have proved so kind and true
look up, my girl I cried!
Behold: it is your Dennis now standing by your side!
Let us be united and live happy on this shore:
The lie is cha'l ring merrily, I'll go to sea no more."

The Belle of Westbournia.

Sung by Miss Milly Gibbs.

I'm a girl of the period, dashing and gay,
I'm fond of excitement and having my way:
Oft I walk in the "Zoo," where I'm known very well
Quizzing dandies and apes, a Westbournia Belle.
To balls and assemblies I ramble and roam,
In gardens and music-halls I am at home,
Tasting of pleasure, and quizzing each swell,
Dressed in the fashion, Westbournia's Belle.

I go down to Margate, the Nore, and Gravesend,
At watering places the season I spend,
On the sands I am flirting with each boating swell,
And the visitors call me the dashing young belle.
To balls and assemblies, &c.

To see high-life weddings, where sold are the fair,
I visit St George's, in Hanover Square:
I take stock of bridesmaids, the pride of Pall Mall,
And eclipse them in beauty does this London belle.
To balls and assemblies, &c.

I'm rather strong minded, and wish to know why
We girls can't attire as pleases the eye?
There's one thing I know—anything would look well
On the pretty girls here, and this dashing young belle.
To balls and assemblies, &c.

Now, altho' I am single I mean to get wed,
And not live a grumbling old maid till I'm dead:
And I fancy a wealthy Belgravian swell
Would just be the man for Westbournia's Belle.
To balls and assemblies, &c.

Mother Would Wallop Me.

Parody on: Mother would comfort me.

Wounded and sorrowful, in Jersey I roam,
Two miles and a half from Weehawken, my home;
Even the dogs that used sweetly to howl,
Have gone to the sausage-machine with a growl:
Nothing but Petroleum can cheer me to-day:
For a Kerosine sour I would fervently pray:
When none to console me, or kind friends are near—
Mother would wallop me, if she were here.
Chorus: Gently my foot o'er my forehead she'd press,
Trying to sober me, when tight in distress:
Gently she'd say: as I've got you so near:
Mother will wallop you, Mother is here.

If she were with me, I ne'er would forget
The pain from a poker, no more would I fret:
One kiss from her eyes, one look from her lip
Would make me go crazy on a bounty-full trip:
Gently my foot o'er my forehead she'd press,
Trying to sober me, when tight in distress:
Gently she'd say: as I've got you so near—
Mother will wallop you, Mother is here. Chorus.

Cheerfaithly, faithcheerly, Mother would stay
Always away from me, night and by day;
If I would grumble or wish to complain,
A slight touch of the broom-stick would calm me again.
Sweetly a Mother's love shines from afar,
Darkest in brightudes, like a policeman's star:
In moonshine or sunshine, in snow or in rain,
Mother's gymnastics are ever the same. Chorus.

Shule Agra.

Arrah! Johnny's gone across the say
To fight the nagurs in Bombay,
And my heart is sad and weary to-day,
Och! why did he go for a soldier?
Chorus: Shule, shule, shule agra,
Time will never fade or change,
Battershin Nabocklish Aoclahan marule,
Ah! Johnny's gone for a soger.

An' if my gorsoon in the wars gets slain,
And never comes back to me again,
I'll become a loonatic and die wid the pain,
Arrah! why did he go for a soger? Chorus.

Och! I wish I was on Butthermilk hill,
Faix an' I was there I would cry my fill,
An' its every tear would turn a mill,
Musha Slatheroen ma colleen bouchal deelish. Chorus.

Shule Agra—No. 2.

Or the Return of Johnny—By S. F. D.

Oh! Johnny's come from across the say:
He's bate the nagurs from Bombay.
And me heart is joyous an' light to-day—
Och! isn't he the boy for a soger?
Chorus: Shule, shule, shule agra,
Here he is, come from afar—
Bathershin Nabocklish Aoclahan marule,
Johnny's the boy for a soger.

Sure, me own gorsoon's escaped being slain,
And now he's come back till me again:
He's got bags of goold which he did gain—
Arrah! Johnny's the boy for a soger. Chorus.

Och! now I'm here on Butthermilk hill,
Faix an' as I'm here I'll dhrink my fill,
An' its ivery dhrop can turn a mill,
Since Johnny's returned a soger. Chorus.

The Irish Brigade.

When brave hearts shall be a reproach to a nation,
And love of our birth-place a stain on our name,
And the soldier's bright sword a shame to creation,
These heroes will then lose their honor and fame:
When waters shall turn their course up a mountain,
And the beauties of nature forever shall fade—
When old age to childhood is changed at youth's fountain,
Oh! then, we'll forget the brave Irish Brigade.

When the waves of the deep shall still their wild motion,
And earth cease to move on her axes below,
When heaven shall reject a pure heart's devotion,
And England shall cease to be Ireland's foe—
When her claim on our own verdant Isle she'll resign,
Without a death struggle—though nations upbraid—
When she'll give it up in due justice divine,
Oh! then, we'll forget the brave Irish Brigade.

We'll forget them, when Erin her "Mooan" shall deny,
When his name to her sons shall cease to be dear:
When the flowers of his songs shall wither and die,
And music has lost all its charms to the ear:
We'll forget them, when freedom at slavery's shrine
Shall kneel down to tyrants, her just cause to plead,
When a free heart in bondage shall cease to repine,
Oh! then, we'll forget the brave Irish Brigade.

We'll forget these brave soldiers, when time shall destroy
Each glorious action on the record of fame—
We'll forget them when France shall forget Fontenoy,
And England that day's dishonor and shame:
When her proud monarch was heard to bemoan,
And curse the vile laws and the folly that made
Foes to her peace, his honor and throne—
Of Sarsfield, Mount Cashel, and the Irish Brigade.

What Will Mrs. Grundy Say?

Oh! fashion now is all the rage in houses, hoops and dress:
And each must do what others do—they dare
not think of less.
Mrs. Grundy is the queen of all mankind to-day;
And each one thinks, before she acts, of—
What will Grundy say?

Mr. Tompkins failed last fall, and is not worth a red,
But still he lives upon the "Fifth,"
and still holds up his head.
They keep the carriage all the same,
though not a dime they pay:
They can't retrench a cent for shame of—
What would Grundy say?

There's Mary Jane, she's tall and slim:
a sack of bones she's grown,
And brown as any Gipsey girl and awkward as a clown:
Yet she must wear her dresses low, and
her thin neck display:
For, 'tis the fashion: and you know
What would Dame Grundy say?

There's Mrs. Jones, she's fifty-four, and still
she curls her hair,
Although all know it is a wig the vain old dame doth wear.
She gives of balls, each season, two,
and wastes her wealth away:
For, she must do as others do—else.
What would Grundy say?

There's fat and stumpy Martha Ann, that
weighs two hundred pounds:
She's a bait to catch a man, but not a bite has found:
And though she is so short and stout,
she promenades Broadway—
Her skirts are thirty feet about:
Oh! what will Grundy say?

There's shanghai coats and bad cigars, and
Musard's new cravats:
There's paper collars and wristbands, and
bell-crowned, small-brimmed hats:
For, comfort, ease and common sense
must yield to fashion's sway—
For, now the sole prevailing thought is—
What will Grundy say?

A Sweet Song-Bird Was Singing.

By W. F. Taylor.

A sweet song-bird was singing,
Singing in the old elm tree,
And seemed to say in notes so ringing:
"Fly away, Oh! fly with me,
Come into the clear blue sky,
And leave behind the mouldy earth:
Come unto the heavenly fountain,
Where the muses had their birth.
Fly away, fly away!"

It flew away still singing:
"Fly away, Oh! fly with me."
Until it vanished in the æther,
As I gazed beneath the tree.
Still its song does linger long,
And makes me long to leave the earth:
And take my thoughts unto the fountain,
Where the muses had their birth.
Fly away, fly away!

After Election is Over.

A GREELEY CAMPAIGN SONG.

Air: After the Opera.

After election is over,
Old Horace will take the big chair:
Ulysses and his carpet-baggers
To clear out will quickly prepare.
The people are speaking their verdict,
Ulysses has taken alarm:
The racers, gift-trotters, and bull-pups
Are shipped to the St. Louis farm.

CHORUS.

After election is over,
And counting the ballot is done,
The followers of Honest old Horace
Will cheer for the victory they've won.

After election is over,
Grant's porter his luggage must pack:
Cattell must go home to Camden,
And Robeson take the back track:
Farewell then to all the bribe-takers—
No plunder, the people insist,
Grant's host of relations they'll banish,
From old Jesse down through the list.
After election is over, &c.

After election is over,
Fair Cuba, we swear, shall be free,
Let Grant go to Santa Domingo,
His mahogany crony to see:
Prince Fred and the fair Princess Nellie
No longer shall ape royal airs:
No flunkeys shall tarnish our banner,
When Horace shall manage affairs.
After election is over, &c.

The Hardy Sailor.

The hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the roaring wind:
Yet his heart with soft emotion
Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
Though the youth may dauntless roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger
In a rival left at home.

The False One.

By Beecher Homan—Air: Ben Bolt.

Don't you remember sweet Annie, Jim Weeks,
Sweet Annie so pretty and fair?
Her form unequaled by Venus of old,
Her voice so touching and rare?
Oh! pure was her love for you, Jim Weeks,
In the good old days that's past:
But your cruel deeds and bitter words
Cut like a winter's blast.

I remember well the night, Jim Weeks,
As 'neath the willow tree,
You told the love you bore for her,
How faithful you would be—
I see her now in your arms, Jim Weeks,
So plain, by the moon's clear ray,
And I hear her ask you with a kiss
To name the joyful day.

Oh! little did she think, Jim Weeks,
How false to her you'd be—
That she would wait, and pine, for years,
For her false one o'er the sea:
'Twas thirteen years she pined, Jim Weeks,
Your cruel face to see,
And these the words her prayer was:
"Oh! guide him back to me!"

In the old church-yard, in the valley, Jim Weeks,
In a corner where tall willows wave,
There grows sweet flowers on a turfy mound:
'Tis your sweet Annie's grave—
The flowers are faded now, Jim Weeks,
The grass has ceased to grow,
No more you see the turfy mound,
'Tis buried 'neath the snow.

Down in Washington.

A GRANT CAMPAIGN SONG.

Air: Down in a Coal Mine.

An honest man we've got again
To make corruption fly,
And bribery will end its reign,
When General Grant is by!
The former General of our army
Is worthy, brave and true:
The Candidate that we adore,
We're bound to send him thro'!

CHORUS.

Down in Washington, there will be his home,
Till '76 we will not let him roam!
With his wise administration under freedom's dome,
Down in Washington, there will be his home.

He'll settle every foreign claim,
And bring the nation joy:
The magic of his noble name
Shall quell each home annoy.
The argument against him is:
He smokes such strong cigars—
But no one doubts, in spite of this,
He loves the stripes and stars!
Down in Washington, &c.

Let those who laugh at him be sure
Our Candidate won't fail:
His record, ever grand and pure,
The people fondly hail!
Just wait until election day:
And those who scorn our man,
Will have to laugh the other way,
When Grant and Wilson lead the van!
Down in Washington, &c.

Speak Gently.

By William Fretze.

Speak gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we might do here.
Teach it, in accents soft and mild,
From evil to refrain:
Speak gently to the little child:
Its love be sure to gain.

Speak gently to the young: for, they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care:
Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart:
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart

Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard:
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.
Speak gently—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well:
The good the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Maiden, I will Ne'er Deceive Thee.

Maiden, I will ne'er deceive thee,
Never wrong thee, never grieve thee:
Take this hand, and we will go
Where the early violets blow:
In the deep and shady grove,
Then we'll dare to tell of love.
Maiden, smile or—ere we part—
Chainless give me back my heart.
Maiden, &c.

Happy was I, ere I knew thee:
Wherefore should thy charms pursue me?
Like the rainbow's fitful beam,
Like the image in the stream—
When I think thy bosom's won,
Cloud thy brow, and hope is gone!
Maiden, smile or—ere we part—
Chainless give me back my heart.
Maiden, &c.

Going to be Married To-morrow.

Written by Jem Trowbridge—Air: All the way from Paris.

To see you all so jolly here,
Just suits me to a T:
For, a easy-going-happy chap
In me you all can see,
But to-night I'm extra jolly:
The reason is, my boys,
I'm very soon about to taste
Life's matrimonial joys.

SPOKEN: Yes, to-morrow I shall commence to give half my food away to get the other half cooked.

Oh! I feel so very happy,
I feel so gay, my boys—
So fill your glasses, shout hurrah!
And let us make a noise:
I care a fig for no one,
I'm as happy as a Lark:
To-morrow I'm going to marry
Miss Susannah Smart.

My Susey is a nice young girl,
And wherever she may go,
She's as smart by nature as by name,
I'd have you all to know:
I never shall forget the day,
That Cupid pierced my heart,
And made me feel as if as how
I loved Susannah Smart.

SPOKEN: I do love her and, no mistake!—I wouldn't part with her for a diamond as big as a brick.

Oh! I feel so very happy, &c.

Her Dad is such a proud old man,
And well to do in life:
A year ago he'd not consent
For her to be my wife:
We really loved each other so—
For 12 months we have tarried,
And now that Susey is of age,
We're going to be married.

SPOKEN: My Aunt Angelina (an old maid 53 last birthday,) is going to be bridesmaid: and, if you like, I'll give you all an invitation to come to the "Red Church" in Bethnal Green, and see us married, but——

Oh! I feel so very happy, &c.

But really I must toddle:
For, 'tis getting rather late:
So with kind respects to every one,
My leave I now will take.
Next time I call to see you,
My Susey you shall see:
But, instead of Miss Susannah Smart,
Mrs. —— she will be.
Oh! I feel so very happy, &c.

Roguish Little Beauty, Emaline.

Poetry by W. H. Delehanty.

Written expressly for Miss Emma Taylor.

I'm as happy as a bird in spring-time
That warbles in the air:
As they hop about from limb to limb,
For the troubles of this world they little care:
That's just the very way I'm feeling,
The reason I will tell:
I'm in love, as you can plainly see,
With a fascinating roguish little belle.

CHORUS.

We first met in the summer,
Down by a running stream:
And, upon my sacred honor,
It seems to me a dream—
But I love her, as you may suppose:
She's one of sweet sixteen:
And as pretty as the red rose,
Is the roguish little beauty, Emaline!

I received a billet-doux this morning
From one in love, I ween,
Which has made me happy all day long:
'Twas from the little beauty, Emaline:
And she sweetly said she wished to see me,
She named the place and time:
So, of course, you know, I will be there,
As I know I'm going to make this beauty mine.
We first met, &c.

OLD BARLOW'S ONLY CHILD.

A NEW STORY, IN FIVE CHAPTERS,

By Tom Slender.

CHAPTER III.

(*Continued.*)

Letters had been occasionally received from Charlie Blair. He explained his long silence by relating the trials of his life, which had at one time obscured his prospects: but having been able to weather the critical period, he had begun to reap an abundant reward for all his labor and exertions. He sent over by a trusty hand some more of his earnings, entrusting them to his friend, Alan Graham, to invest them profitably and securely.

"I shall not return till I have realized the sum I wish to make: what that is, you will not know till I come back with my pockets full," was the closing passage in one of Charlie Blair's letters.

"I have just seen Arthur Sullivan, who has returned from Australia, said Alan Graham to his wife, as he threw himself into his arm-chair: he gives a flourishing account of Charlie, and says not only that he and Mark Halliday are realizing more money than any one else, but that he does not believe that he will ever come back, he seems so infatuated with the life out there."

Mary hardly knew what to say: for, her husband always resented any regard she might show for Charlie Blair. Yet she longed to know more—she longed for his return. He was like an elder brother to her, and she felt that she could trust him in everything.

"Shall you not write to him, Alan, and persuade him to come back? What is the use of all his riches out there? He had much better come home and settle somewhere near us."

"Certainly not. Every man knows his own affairs best. Why should I persuade him to return, if he prefers to live in Australia? Besides, what good would he do here, living an idle life, after the bustling, active one he has been living?"

Mary could not understand her husband's apparent indifference on the subject, but she laid it all to that hateful love of gain, and wished, in her heart, that there was no such thing as money.

The tide had turned in Alan Graham's favor, and he was again spoken of in Glasgow as a prosperous, thriving man: but his prosperity did not make him happier. The recollection of his losses, and of the hard struggle he had had to fight, marred his enjoyment of what he possessed, and he slowly but surely developed into a miser. It was pain and grief to him to part with his money: and even the necessary expenses of his household eventually became a worry and an annoyance to him. Mary Graham watched the inroads of this passion till the necessity of applying to him for money to meet the current expenditure became a sort of night mare to her. She grew nervous and timid, and prayed more earnestly than she ever did in her life before for the return of Charlie Blair.

"Who else, thought she, can rouse him to grapple with this passion?" But though she prayed, the relief did not come.

Her eldest daughter had been married about a twelvemonth, and Mary had gone to the Highlands on a visit to her, taking with her the second girl, who had never been separated from her sister till the day of her marriage with Archibald Campbell. The other children, with the household generally, were left in charge of Jane Macpherson, the old nurse, who had lived with them for many years, through all their troubles, in weal and in woe, and who was both the friend and the servant of her mistress. Alan Graham would often listen to Macpherson when he turned a deaf ear to his wife.

Jane Macpherson had great compassion for her master, who, she said, had never been the same man since his troubles: and were it not that she looked upon him as an afflicted man, she would have often-times resented his behavior to her mistress whom she designated as "a fallen angel."

During Mrs. Graham's absence, her husband frequently returned home earlier than his wont. But it did not appear that it was for any special object. Jane Macpherson related afterwards that she used to hear him pace up and down the study, sometimes speaking to himself aloud: that he would go out, though the nights were cold and dark, and walk up and down the gravel walk in front of the windows. Sometimes Macpherson would go out to him and ask him to come in and have some tea, or some warm whisky and water, but it was to no purpose.

"What ails the man? she would say to herself. He cannot rest. He'll surely go daft if he goes on like this. Trouble has been too mighty for him, poor man! It is a pity Mr. Blair is not here to keep him company."

"A gentleman has been inquiring after you, sir," said one of the clerks to him, one morning, as he entered his office,

"Do you know who he was?"

"No, sir."

"Did he state his business?"

"No, sir. He walked away as soon as I told him you were not at home."

"Did he say he would call again?"

"No, sir. He made no reply."

Alan Graham made no further inquiries. There was nothing unusual in the fact of any one's calling to see him. Men came to him on business continually: so, feeling convinced that his visitor would call again if he required anything of him, he dismissed the subject altogether from his mind.

CHAPTER IV.

Coming events are said to cast their shadows before. But there are exceptions to every rule.

Alan Graham's visitor was no less a person than Charlie Blair, who had returned to England laden with the fruits of his industry, and uncertain whether to settle in the land of his adoption, or sell his property in Australia and lead a domestic life in his native country. He was surprised and disappointed to find that his friends lived no longer in Glasgow. He had never heard of their having taken a house in the country, and was therefore wholly unprepared for the change. He was anxious to know whether the world had prospered with them: for, when he left them, they were still suffering from the effects of their reverses, and the unsatisfactory tone of their letters led him to fear that their circumstances were not improved.

Towards the end of the day, a few moments before the office was closed, Alan Graham was startled by the sudden entrance of his friend. He was so overcome by the unexpectedness of the meeting that some time elapsed before he could recover from his astonishment and welcome him as he would have desired. His hesitation and the extreme pallor of his countenance surprised Charlie Blair.

"You look, Alan, as if you had seen a ghost. Had you given me up for dead?" he said, endeavoring to make a joke of his friend's apparent dismay.

"I did not expect you. It is not fair to take one by surprise like this, he replied, nettled at Blair's remark: I began to think it might be a case of second sight. But now that I hear you speak, and see that you are flesh and blood, I must bid you welcome." And he grasped him by the hand.

Deep down in Alan Graham's heart lay the wish that his friend had remained in Australia among his flocks and his herds: but he did not betray it.

"You will come home with me? I am going there now. It is not more than half an hour by the train, and it is a pleasant walk from the station to my house."

"Not to-day, Alan, thank you. I have some business to arrange, and I suppose I must make myself look more like other men, before I make my appearance in civilized society. But I will walk with you to the station, if you are going now."

As they walked together, Charlie Blair inquired after Mary Graham and the children, and asked more questions than Alan had time to answer. But before they parted, he had ascertained that his friends were no longer poor, and, in fact, that Graham was a thriving man. But he also saw that the struggle had been too hard a one, and that his friend's heart was deadened by the pursuit of wealth. He marvelled at this: for, he had likewise devoted himself to the same object: but the result had been widely different: for, his sympathies were as fresh and quick as ever, whereas Alan seemed incapable of any strong emotion.

"I am come to take up some of your time to-day, said Charlie Blair to his friend, as he walked into his office: I suppose you are not too busy to spare me an hour or two?"

"As many as you please," replied Alan Graham.

"I have brought home a considerable sum of money, which I have just lodged in the bank, and I want you to advise me how to invest it."

He then recounted to him the history of his success, which had been almost unparalleled: and Alan listened attentively, amazed at his friend's prosperity, especially when he heard the amount and value of his possessions in Australia.

"I have not made up my mind whether to return for good, or sell up and settle here. You and Mary must advise me."

"Women are not good advisers upon such matters. They know nothing of business," was Alan Graham's curt reply.

"Never mind. There is plenty of time to think it over. Mark Halliday remains out two years longer, and he will manage matters for me during my absence."

Alan Graham was on thorns during the whole of Blair's narrative. Every moment he expected to be called upon to give some account of the disposal of the funds with which he had been entrusted. He was able to breathe again under the respite.

Entrusted with the care and management of his friend's money, he had betrayed the trust, and had employed it for his own purposes. With it he had bought his house and land: with it he had speculated: and there was but a very small portion of it which he could pay over to Charlie Blair.

The want of money, combined with the eager desire for change, first prompted him to employ a portion of it in the purchase of Grove House: and Mary's pleasure and increasing delight in her new home silenced whatever scruples he had. After the first devintion, he went on ploughing in the crooked furrows, and as opportunities for speculation recommended themselves, he had recourse to the forbidden fund. He buoyed himself up with the conviction that Charlie Blair would never return—a conviction that was strengthened by Arthur Sullivan's report—and he grew bolder in the course he had pursued till he became, at the time of his friend's arrival, unable to render such an account as would establish his fidelity. He might have replaced a portion of the misused funds by the surrender of all he himself possessed: but his miserly love of money interfered to prevent an act which motive of self-preservation alone might have suggested.

The presence of Charlie Blair became a torment to him, and he was in the mood to listen to almost any suggestion by which he might rid himself of it. But, ignorant of all that was passing in his friend's mind, and giving him credit for some feelings of satisfaction at his return, Charlie endeavored to take an interest in Alan's affairs, in his home, and in his children's occupations and pursuits, while every remark and every suggestion was gall and wormwood to him for whom they were made.

"I think I must go back to Glasgow to-morrow, Alan. It will not do for me to love idleness."

"You surely need not go so soon. What can you have to do? You have no office that requires your attendance," replied Alan, ever dreading the moment when explanations must come.

"That is true: but I have to call at the bank about that money. I do not like to talk to you about business when you come out here for rest and quiet: so I shall wait till we meet again in Glasgow."

This was the first real note of warning that Alan had as yet received. He had such complete mastery over his countenance that no one could have imagined the sickening dread occasioned by the few simple words which Charlie Blair spoke so kindly and thoughtfully.

"Well—if you will, I suppose you must: but at all events you need not go up early. You can leave by the last train, and so get up in the morning, fresh for work," said Alan Graham, clinging to the smallest respite that he could obtain.

"All right. It shall be so." And Charlie Blair was pleased at his friend's unwillingness to let him go sooner than he need.

CHAPTER V.

The large elm trees which sheltered Grove House on the north, and gave it its name, looked sombre: the bats flitted about beneath their branches, and the owls hooted from the midst. It was a dark evening, and neither moon nor stars were visible. Charlie Blair looked out upon the scene, but could see little beyond a few yards of the gravel walk that formed a terrace in front of the windows. Nothing of the garden, so carefully planned and tended by Mrs. Graham and her daughters, was visible; nothing of the far distance could be discerned. There was neither mist nor fog: it was the darkness of a starless night, which was deepened by the many large trees that surrounded the house.

After his friend had left, and Alan Graham was seated in his accustomed place, the door was suddenly opened, and Jane Macpherson stood before him, with clasped hands.

"Sir, Mr. Graham! you surely never told Mr. Blair to take the short cut to the station, on such a night as this?"

"What are you talking about, Macpherson? You forget yourself, surely," replied Alan Graham, as he rose quickly from his chair, and answered her impatiently.

"Surely, sir, I heard you telling Mr. Blair to take the short cut, and you never told him of that quarry. He never has been that way, and if he should not keep quite close to the hedge all the way, he must come to his death. Oh, sir! God forgive me, but why did you let him go that way this dreadful dark night?" and she clasped and wrung her hands. It is all too late now. The mischief must be done, if it's done. But, oh, master! I wish you had done anything but this. Poor Mr. Blair! and he such a brave, fine gentleman, too! I wish my mistress had been here." In her excitement Jane would have run on, had not her master interrupted her suddenly by saying—"What is all this fuss about? You must be out of your mind, Macpherson. Do you suppose that Mr. Blair cannot take care of himself?"

Jane Macpherson looked hard at her master, as if she would read his inmost soul, and then, without a word, left the room.

Alan Graham was in no inviable mood. Before the interruption of the faithful nurse, he dimly thought, with a latent feeling of satisfaction, that some calamity might befall his friend: but the words of Macpherson rang in his ears, and what he had so dimly and dreamily imagined became a probability: and with that thought there came another, more dreadful still, that he was virtually a murderer: for, he had in his heart desired and compassed the death of his friend.

"Why did you tell him to take the short cut?" *She* must have heard him then giving instructions to Charlie Blair as they parted on the door-step. "Oh, master! I wish you had done anything but this." *She* then realized and understood the full extent of his guilt. He had been guilty of a crime which he thought had been done in secret, with no eye to see and no ear to hear: and now he finds that it is discovered, and he is accused of having knowingly and wilfully misled his friend to his destruction. "It is all too late now," she said, and now his own heart echoes back the words: "It is too late!" The deed has been done: the crime has been conceived. Whether Charlie Blair be dead or alive, *he* is yet guilty. Visions rose up before his awakened mind of his old and faithful friend lying a mangled corpse at the foot of the quarry. It was, he well remembered, an ugly place at the best of times, and his children had been continually warned against ever going in that direction: and yet to this very spot he had directed his friend on a night when nothing less than a miracle could save him from death. As he sat by himself with Macpherson's remonstrance ringing in his ears, he seemed to see the finding of the body, and its being brought to his house: the welling forth of the blood afresh as the body passed his threshold, and Jane Macpherson's accusing eye resting upon him. It was more than he could bear. He passed up and down his room. He could not rest: he could not sleep. One subject only occupied his mind. He threw open the window and looked out into the darkness. The owls hooted, and a bat startled him as it flew quickly across his face. He did not dare to go out and ascertain what evil he had done. He was afraid of his own thoughts, and still more fearful of what Macpherson might say.

Exhausted by the agitation of his mind, he went to bed, and crept up stealthily to his room lest he should again meet the nurse. He threw himself on the bed, after having placed the lighted candle by his side, and lay there till he was startled by the loud ringing of the door-bell.

His troubled and guilty conscience had foreshadowed the coming evil, and his apprehension of some calamity made him hesitate what course to pursue. The whole house had been awakened by the sound of the bell, and the noise occasioned by the opening and shutting of doors, and by the voices of the servants who had been so suddenly and unexpectedly aroused out of their sleep, made it no longer possible for him to remain quiet.

He left his room, descended the stairs, and saw by the glimmer of the few candles which had been brought, that men were carrying in some heavy burden. Exclamations of horror and distress reached his ears, and pale, but resolute, he stood among his servants, not daring to ask the cause of the disturbance. He looked upon the burden as it was laid down in the hall, and the men who had borne it stood apart, while Alan Graham gazed upon the mangled form of his friend.

"We were passing down by the quarry, sir, said the chief spokesman, and heard some one a-groaning there at the bottom. We asked him what was the matter, but he could na speak, and Bill here and I found our way down to him, but he could na do mair than groan: so I told Bill to run home for a hurdle and get some of them to come and help us, and when we saw it was the gentleman that used to come here, we brought him to you, sir. Maybe we have done wrong?" he added, inquiringly.

Alan Graham bent down to listen to the sufferer's breathing to ascertain whether he lived, and then turning to the bystander said—

"You did right. Will some one run for the doctor while we carry him up-stairs?"

His inquiry was instantly responded to by the departure of Donald Campbell, the spokesman, and then Charlie Blair was laid in the room which he had so lately occupied. As they ascended the stairs, Jane Macpherson stayed behind, and Alan Graham turned uneasily from her, as, with clasped hands, and a face in which the most intense horror was depicted, she fixed her sad gaze upon him, and said, scarcely above a whisper: "Oh! master, master, this has been an awfu' night! God ha' mercy on us a'!"

When the doctor arrived, it was found that not only were both of Charlie Blair's legs broken, but that there were also far greater internal injuries, which made it very doubtful whether he would recover. He remained for some time in a state of semi-consciousness, and Jane Macpherson and Alan Graham devoted themselves to him. But at Macpherson's suggestion, Mrs. Graham was sent for, and on her arrival the sufferer was moved into her own room, which was larger and more convenient for him. Jane Macpherson never alluded to the past. It was a secret which she never divulged, and though Mrs. Graham continually questioned her, she never let it appear that she knew more than any of the other servants. Alan Graham became aware that Jane would not betray him: but he rarely remained alone with her, and she equally avoided the presence of her master so far as she could do so without exciting suspicion. Weeks and months passed, and Charlie Blair still remained a prisoner at Grove House. He was able to speak of that night, but his spine had been injured, and he was helpless. He could not walk, and he lay there without the smallest chance of being able to move again.

"You have taken me, Alan, for better and for worse. I am a poor cripple, and never shall be anything else: but if you and Mary can let me stay here a bit longer, I will take care that it shall be no expense to you."

The question of Blair's future was often discussed, and he still remained with them: for, Alan Graham always assured his friend that they would not let him leave them.

"Where can you go, Charlie? You have no other friends, and I believe that Mary would break her heart if you were to leave us."

This was true. Mrs. Graham never knew how much her husband was to blame, but she continually affirmed that some one must have behaved very incautiously in allowing him to go near the quarry at night. Charlie Blair always took the blame on himself, and really believed that he must have taken the wrong road.

These conversations were among Alan Graham's sorest trials: for, he knew not only that he was the cause of his friend's sufferings, but had even compassed his death, and all that was said only added to his self-reproach.

He often argued with himself whether he should make a clean breast of it all and accuse himself of his cruel treachery. But of what avail would it be? What could be gained by such an avowal? It would not restore his friend to health and strength. It would alienate himself for ever from his wife, his children, and his friend. No one knew his secret but Jane Macpherson, and he knew that her love for her mistress would prevent her revealing it. His prudence triumphed, and he determined to conceal his share in the accident of Charlie Blair. But his conscience gave him no rest. His peace of mind was gone. He became old before his time, and when men noticed his changed and worn aspect, they praised him for his tender-heartedness. But their praises were gall and wormwood to him.

"Alan, I am quite able to attend to business now: so I wish you would ask Macleod to come out here. I always intended to make over ten thousand pounds to you to be settled upon my two godchildren, but now you will have all that I possess. It is the least that I can do for you in return for all the trouble I have given you: and if you and Mary will take care of me so long as I live, you may look upon yourself as my heir."

"For God's sake! do not speak like that, interrupted Graham: you will drive me mad:" and he rushed out of the room to hide his emotion.

Years passed, and still Charlie Blair lived on, while Alan Graham was wasted to a shadow, and his wife often marvelled at the change.

The injury to the spine had for some time affected only the lower limbs, but of late the brain had suffered, and Charlie Blair was sinking slowly but surely into idiotcy. Occasionally he would recur to the past and speak of his accident, and ask Graham why he had advised him to go by the quarry? Then Mrs. Graham would look with surprised inquiry at her husband, but she could not elicit anything from him, and she attributed it to some hallucination of the mind.

But the breach of fidelity towards his friend, which led to so much treachery and to such disastrous results, could not be obliterated from the mind of Alan Graham, and the presence of Charlie Blair became the torment and reproach of his life. Though his secret remained undiscovered, the patient sufferer who lay helpless before him, continually reminded him of his guilt, and was both his penance and his punishment.

With Jane Macpherson's death passed away the only witness of his crime, but the words which she whispered into his ears, as she was dying, were never forgotten:—"Oh, master, master! why did you do this wicked deed?"

THE END.

A FABLE.—Ariosto tells a story of a fairy who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her guise, were ever excluded from participation in the blessings she bestowed: but to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love, and victorious in war. A useful moral might be drawn from this little fable, in favor of showing kindness and civility to the most degraded and unhappy.

TAINE says: "When a Frenchman is drunk, he chatters; when a German is drunk, he sleeps: and when an Englishman is drunk, he fights."

TO MAKE A THIN MAN APPEAR FAT.—Call after him, and he will then look round.

I Will Stand by my Friend.

Words by BEDFORD REUTER. Music by GEORGE BICKNELL.

Moderato.



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CONTENTS.

A Little more Cider ..... Page 620
Bowery Gals 618
Bruce's address to his Army 618
BIDDY DARLING 620
Dear Confiding Heart 620
False one, I love thee still 619
Ferdinand Waring, Esq.—A Story— 623
God for our Native Land! 618
The Groves of Blarney 618
The GIPSY KING 620
Henrietta, the Farmer's Daughter 621
'Twas within a Mile of Edinburg Town 620
The Jolly Waggoner 619
The Lively Flea 618
Little Dog Stray 619
LITTLE THINGS 619
The Level and the Square 621
The Lass of Gowrie 620
Marching Along 619
Moonlight, Starlight, Daylight 621
The Masonic Adieu 621
The New Policeman 621
NELLIE MILES 621
New-York Sights 621
Out in the Cold—New Version 618
Oh! would she but name the day!—Music 624
The Rash Mistake—A Story— 622
SLANDER 622
St. Patrick's Birthday 619
Traitor, Spare that Flag! 619
Think of your poor Wife at Home 620
There is no Girl like Maggie 620
Wearing out the Green 619
You'll soon forget Kathleen 618

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We beg to remind the trade that our Valentines will be this Season as fine and as cheap as ever.

You'll Soon Forget Kathleen

Sung by Miss Jenny Engel.

The circumstance which gave rise to this beautiful ballad, occured during the visit of a friend of the Author to the North of Ireland, and was most feelingly related to the Author by him. It was the parting of a young tenant-Farmer from his bethrothed, on going to seek his fortune in some distant land.

Oh! leave not your Kathleen there's no one can cheer her,
Alone in the wide world, unpitied she'll sigh:
And scenes that were loveliest, when thou wert but near her,
Recall the sad visions of days long gone by!
'Tis vain that you tell me: you'll never forget me:
To the Land of the Shamrock you'll ne'er return more:
Far away from your sight, you will cease to regret me..
You'll soon forget Kathleen, and Erin Go Bragh!

Oh! leave not the Land, the sweet Land of your childhood,
Where joyously passed the first days of our youth,
Where gaily we wandered 'mid valley and wildwood:
Oh! those were the bright days of innocent truth!
'Tis vain that you tell me: you'll never forget me:
To the Land of the Shamrock you'll ne'er return more:
Far away from your sight, you will cease to regret me..
You'll soon forget Kathleen, and Erin Go Bragh!

God for Our Native Land!

God's blessing be upon
Our own, our Native Land
The Land our Fathers won
By the strong heart and hand,
The keen axe and the brand:
Repeat. When they felled the forest's pride
And the tyrant-foe defied
The Free, the Rich, the Wide:
God for our Native Land!

To none upon a throne,
But God, we bow the knee
No noble name we own
But noble liberty—
Ours is a brother band:
Repeat. For, the spirit of our sires
Each patriot bosom fires,
And the strong faith inspires
God for our Native Land!

Up with the Starry Sign,
The Red Stripes and the White!
Where'er its glories shine,
In peace or in the fight,
We own its high command:
Repeat For, the Flag our Fathers gave,
O'er our children's heads shall wave,
And their children's children's grave:
God for our Native Land!

America, to thee—
In one united vow,
To keep thee strong and free,
And glorious as now,
We pledge each heart and hand—
Repeat. By the blood our Fathers shed
By the ashes of the dead!
By the sacred soil we tread!
God for our Native Land!

Bruce's Address to His Army.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
Scots, wham Bruce has often led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!
Now's the day, and now's the hour!
See the front of battle low'r!
See approach proud Edward's pow'r!
Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave!
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee.
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw:
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in service chains:
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die.

What is the difference between truth and eggs? Truth, crushed to the earth, will rise again: eggs won't.

The Lively Flea.

Air: The Ivy Green.

Oh! a dainty old chap is the lively flea,
As he creepeth o'er young and old—
His choice food is fat, no lean liketh he,
And he's not werry fond of the cold.
You can't be too warm when he finds you in bed,
To pleasure your dainty skin.
Of a nice young kid wot's been well fed,
Is a werry good meal for him.
Creeping where no light there be
A dainty old chap is the lively flea.
Hatching, scratching.
All over your body at night he'll be—
Creeping, hopping.
A dainty old chap is the lively flea.

SPOKEN: Villain! traitor! I thought thee once my warmest bosom friend: but now—Ha, thou'rt turned backbiter. I was poor once, but now I am worth thousands.

Fast he stealeth on, though he hasn't no wings
But a stunning good hopper is he—
How sharply he stingeth, how nimbly he springs
From your toe to the top of your knee,
And slily he hides, and cannot be found,
When tormenting to you he behaves—
Then he joyously hops, and crawleth round
The rich spots which his appetite craves.
Creeping, &c.

SPOKEN: Is this a flea I see upon my cheek? come let me clutch thee—Ah! now I have thee, villain—and thou shalt die. And yet I have thee not—oh! horror.

Thou art gone from my gaze,
Oh! now ain't this a treat:
And I seek thee in vain
'Twixt the pillow and sheet.
Off the candle I light,
And to catch thee then try:
But my efforts are fruitless,
In fact all my eye,
In the stillness of night,
When I sought sound to sleep
Oh! my blood seems to boil,
And my flesh, too to creep:
For, I feel thou art near,
And where'er I may be,
That you! you, young wretches,
Are hopping o'er me.

SPOKEN: Here's another of the enemy—perdition catch thee—down, down to h——l, and say I sent thee thither. Oh! No, No, No, my hand trembles: I cannot do the deed. Go to another, go.

Old bedsteads they burp, and the sacking they rout,
And thousands are crushed, d'ye see—
All kinds of clothing turned inside out:
But you cannot get rid of the flea.
This queer old chap, in future nights,
Shall fatten upon he or she:
For, the stateliest man or woman he bites,
They're all of 'em food for the flea.
Creeping, &c.

CATCHES ONE IN HIS HAND AND THEN EXCLAIMS—At last thou'rt in my power—who art thou? I am thy father's spirit—doomed for the night to prey upon thy body and nip thee most infernally: and all day long to lurk within the blankets, where no vile fingers shall pounce upon me.
Oh! horror, horror, it makes my very hair to stand on end—like bleis that will come in at Christmas time—
SHAKESPEARE—But hark! I hear a voice—'tis from the upper air—ah! listen!

Oh! goodman, spare that flea,
That fills thee with alarm:
In youth he sheltered thee,
And him you must not harm.
SPOKEN: Harm thee, dearest, never! so help me Jimmy, never!
Oh, no! I will not harm thee,
Dear one, I cannot harm:
Fear not, I will not harm thee:
For, father, I love thee still.

DEPOSITS THE FLEA INSIDE THE BREAST OF HIS COAT AND THEN SINGS:

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Memory will bring back the feeling:
Spite of all my grief revealing,
That I love you—that I fondly love you still:
Still I love you—Yes, I love you—Yes, I love you,
Yes, I fondly love you still.

Bowery Gals.

As I was lumbering down de street,
Oh! down de street,
Oh! down de street,
Dat pretty colored gal I chanced to meet,
Oh! she war fair to view.
CHORUS.
Den de Bowery gals, will you come out to-night?
Will you come out to-night?
Will you come out to-night?
Oh! de Bowery gals, will you come out to-night,
And dance by de light ob de moon?

Den we stopped awhile and had some talk,
Oh! we had some talk,
Oh! we had some talk:
And her heel covered up de whole side-walk,
As she stood right by me.
Den de Bowery gals, &c.

I'd like to kiss dem lubly lips,
Dem lubly lips,
Dem lubly lips:
I think dat I could lose my wits.
And drap right on de floor.
Den de Bowery gals, &c.

I axed her would she go to a dance?
Would she go to a dance?
Would she go to a dance?
I thought dat I might have a chance.
To shake my foot wid her.
Den de Bowery gals &c.

I danced all night and my heel kept a rocking.
Oh! my heel kept a rocking
Oh! my heel kept a rocking
And I balance to de gal wid a hole in her stocking.
She was de prettiest gal in de room.
Den de Bowery gals &c.

I am bound to make dat gal my wife,
Dat gal my wife,
Dat gal my wife:
Oh! I should be happy all my life,
If I had her along wid me.
Den de Bowery gals, &c.

The Groves of Blarney.

Och! the groves of Blarney, they look so charming,
Down by the purling of sweet silent brooks:
All graced by posies that spontaneous grow there,
All planted in order in their most beautiful rocky nooks.
'Tis there the daisy and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink and the rose so fair,
Besides there's the lilly, and the beautiful little
flower what they call the daff-downdilly,
All planted in order, snuffing up the most
beautiful and salubrious morning air. Och, hone!

'Tis Lady Jeffreys that owns this station,
Like Alexander—or like Helen, fair—
There's no commander in all the nation
For regulation could with her compare:
Such wall's surround her, that no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength.
Till Oliver Cromwell, he did her pummel,
And made breaches right through the middle centre o
her battlements. The divil brake his ugly neck,
bad luck to him, oh oh!

There is a cave there where no daylight enters,
Where cats and badgers are for ever bred.
All mossed by nature, which makes it a great
dale complaster
Than a coach and six or a long straw six-foot
feather downy bed.
'Tis there the lake is well stored with fishes,
And comely eels in the verdant mud.
Besides the leeches, and the grove of beaches
But if you try to catch them, don't they cock up
their tails and swim most beautifully away.

There's statues gracing this noble mansion,
All Heathen Gods and Goddesses so fair.
Bold Neptune, Plutarch and Nicodemus,
All standing out stark naked in the open air—with
divil a tack on their dirty carcasses.
So now to finish this bold oration,
That my poor genius could not entwine,
But were I a Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar
In every feature I'd make it shine.

Out in the Cold.

NEW VERSION—Written and Composed by Sam Bagnall.

Gazing on noblemen's mansions of splendor,
Filled with perfume and shining with gold,
A thought often strikes me: "do great ones remember
Those that are shivering out in the cold?"
CHORUS.
Hungry, dejected, feet unprotected,
Houseless, homeless—sad to behold—
Eyes red with crying, care-worn and sighing
Shivering and shaking out in the cold.

No one to soothe the sad heart of sorrow,
None to pity—plenty to scold:
None will ask if he lives to-morrow,
Shivering and shaking out in the cold. Chorus.

What has he done to be so neglected?
Why do you thrust him away from the door?
Perhaps he was once most highly respected—
The answer is simply: "Because he is poor." Chorus.

What is that dark looking object before us?
A funeral, carried from the workhouse, I'm told.
They're taking a poor wretch home to his friends.
They found him last night out in the cold. Chorus.

Friends of the churchyard, none there will scorn him
E'en from the best down to the worst:
He'll soon be forgotten, no one will mourn him,
Where he commingles his dust with the dust. Chorus.

Sad scenes of sorrow each coming morrow
Brings in its dull stealthy pace day by day,
Heaping fresh troubles on man to his horror,
Till death seals his doom and he passes away! Chorus.

What is the legal-tender act? Kissing your own wife—kissing your neighbor's wife is an illegal tender act.

Marching Along.

Words by Mrs M. A. Kidder—Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 & 865 Broadway, New-York.

The army is gathering from near and from far :
The trum pet is sounding the call for the war :
McClellan a our leader, he's gallant and strong,
We ll gird on our armor, and be marching along.

CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor, and be marching along :
McClellan's our leader, he's gallant and strong :
For God and our Country we're marching along !

The foe is before us in battle array :
But let us not waver, or turn from the way :
The Lord is our strength, and the Union's our song :
With courage and faith, we are marching along.

Chorus.

We sigh for our Country, we mourn for our dead :
For them, now, our last drop of blood we will shed ;
Our cause is the right one : our foe's in the wrong :
Then, gladly we'll sing as we're marching along !

Chorus.

Our wives and our children we leave in your care :
We know you will help them their sorrows to bear ;
'Tis hard thus to part, but we hope 'twont be long :
We'll keep up our hearts as we're marching along !

Chorus.

The Flag of our Country is floating on high :
We'll stand by that Flag, till we conquer or die !
McClellan's our leader, he's gallant and strong :
We ll gird on our armor, and be marching along !

Chorus.

Little Dog Stray.

De morn of life is past,
Last night has come at last,
It brings me a dream dat I vas drunk toder day :
Und den I had a dream,
Dat I vas very green,
Ven I landed mit my little dog Shtray.

CHORUS.

Little dog Shtray vas never faithful,
Beef could not drive him avay :
He vas shentle, he vas kind,
You never never find
A petter friend dan little dog Shtray.

Den Hans I call my own,
On a Sunday he is gone,
My lager bier, my shnaps, de Mayor's taken away,
My sauerkraut has flown,
Und I am left alone,
Mit nothing left of little dog Shtray.

Little dog Shtray, &c.

Ven I tinks apout de past,
Mine Shtray, Shtray, he vent got lost,
I vished he knew vat I just goin' to say :
I lost him in de shtreet,
One day mit de sausage meat,
My petter friend, mine little dog Shtray.

CHORUS.

Little dog Shtray vas never faithful,
Beef could not drive him avay :
He vas shentle, he vas kind,
Mit his tail cut off behind,
Mine petter friend, mine little dog Shtray.

False One, I Love Thee Still

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all my grief revealing,
That I love thee that I dearly love thee still

Tho' some other swain may charm thee,
Ah ! no other e'er can warm me :
Yet ne'er fear, I will not harm thee,
No, thou false one, no, no ! I fondly love thee still.

See those looks so fraught with sadness,
Once my heart was filled with gladness,
Now 'tis driven into madness,
Made unhappy, made unhappy still by thee.

Still no other e'er can warm me :
Fear not then, I will not harm thee,
No false one, no ! I love thee still,
I love thee, false one, still.

Dost thou speak of me when dreaming ?
Then a ray of light is beaming,
And thy innocence is gleaming—
Oh ! I love thee, oh ! I dearly love thee still.

Now no other swain can claim thee,
Thou, my love, shall ever warm me,
And I swear I will not harm thee ;
Yes, dear one, yes, I love thee still,
I love thee, dear one, still.

Wearing Out the Green.

An Original Vegetarian Parody, without any cabbage. Written and Sung by Fred. Rouse. Dedicated to all the Grass-Widows, Ever-Green Batchelors, Young Men from the Country, Green-Horns and Beats in City—Air : Wearing of the Green.

Oh ! Judy dear, and did you hear the news
that's going round ?
There's not a Blade must grow a blade of grass
now in the ground :
On carrots, beets and turnips you must now be fed :
And if you want to grow a cabbage, why,
you must grow it red.
Now, there's the little children, they must
not raise their heads,
Or, in their infant fancy, speak of Parsley beds.
And if you want to change their food, you must
live on Pork and Beans :
For, men and women are forbid, by law,
to indulge in any Greens.

Now, there's the priceless Emerald of which
you've often read :
It will be superseded by the Pearl or Ruby Red :
And the Rainbow in the sky must never more be seen :
For, you know, that Glorious Emblem it
wears a Stripe of Green.
I met with neighbor Green, and took him by the hand,
Says I : How's your potatoe patch, and does
your cabin stand ?
Mr. Green no more on paper written must be seen :
And you must change your name, old boy,
or you'll be Jolly Green.

Now, there's the Glorious Thistle that grows
wild on the heath,
And the rose, you know, must cease to grow,
if it shows but one green leaf :
And the Welchman, with his leak, must
never now be seen :
For, there's a bloody law against everything that's green.
And Young Men from the Country must not
come out after dark,
Or be seen, in town or city, going out upon a lark.
And now I've done my song : at the bar, I may be seen,
When, if I refuse to take a drink, you'll say :
I'm jolly Green.

The Jolly Waggoner.

When first I went a-waggoning—
A-waggoning did go—
I filled my parents' hearts full
Of sorrow, grief, and woe :
And many are the hardships
That I have since gone through.
Chorus : But sing, wo ! my lads, sing, wo !
Drive on, my lads, I O !
And who can lead the life
Of a jolly waggoner.

It is a cold and stormy night,
And I'm wet to the skin :
But I'll bear it with contentment,
Till I get unto the inn :
Then I will get a-drinking
With the landlord and his friends.
And sing, wo ! my lads, &c.

Now summer it is coming—
What pleasures we shall see !
The small birds are a-singing
On every green tree :
The blackbirds and the thrushes
Are whistling merrilie—
Singing, wo ! my lads, &c.

Now Michaelmas is coming—
What pleasures we shall find !
It will make the gold to fly, my boys,
Like chaff before the wind :
And every lad shall take his lass,
And set her on his knee—
And sing, wo ! my lads, &c.

St. Patrick's Birthday.

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That St. Patrick, at midnight, he first saw the day :
While others declare on the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn.
For, mistakes will occur in the hurry and shock,
And some blamed the BABY and some blamed the CLOCK,
Till with their cross-questions, sure no one could know
If the child was too FAST, or the clock was too SLOW.

Now, the first faction fight in could Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday ;
Some fought for the eight, for the ninth more would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his eye.
At last both the factions so positive grew,
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two.
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said no ONE could have TWO birthdays but a twins.

Says he : "Boys, don't be fighting for 8 or for 9.
Don't be always dividing, but sometimes adding.
Combine 8 with 9 and 17 is the mark,
So let that be his birthday—Amen." said the clark,
If he wasn't a TWINS, sure our history will show
That he's worth at least any two saints that we know.
Then they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

Traitor, Spare that Flag.

Air : Woodman, spare that tree.

Traitor, spare that Flag,
Touch not a single Star :
Its sheltering glory still
Increaseth near and far :
'Twas our forefathers' hand
That placed it o'er our head,
And thou shalt let it stand,
Or perish with the dead !

That dear old precious Flag,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea
And would'st thou tear it down ?
Traitor, forbear thy touch,
Rend not its heart-bound ties :
Oh ! spare that glorious Flag,
Still streaming through the skies

When I was yet a boy,
I gloried in the sight,
And raised my voice in joy
To greet its folds of light ;
For it my home is dear,
Dear is my native land ;
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old Flag stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy stripes, Old Friend :
Thy praises men shall sing,
Till Time itself shall end.
Old Flag, the storm still brave :
And, Traitor, leave the spot . .
While I've a hand to save,
Thy touch shall harm it not !

Little Things.

Sung by J. Wood.

As little things are all the rage,
To please this little throng,
And, as I'm on this little stage,
I'll sing a little song.
Oh ! oftimes a little trouble
Often little sorrow brings :
I'll give you a few little lines
On little funny things.

The little ladies of the day
Their little figures dash on,
They have such funny little ways,
And they like a little fashion :
And, as they cross the little streets,
They look like little pegs,
And when they raise their little skirts,
They show their little legs.

There was a very little maid
Looked like a little dove :
This little maid felt very queer,
She felt a little love.
There was a very little man
Said he felt a little smart :
He told this pretty little maid
That she'd stole his little heart.

And, now this very little maid,
So says my little song,
She believed this little man,
And she done a little wrong.
And, oh ! this pretty little maid :
She grew a little wavy,
And so after a little time,
She found a little baby.

And now this very little man,
After the little wrong he'd done,
From this naughty little maid
This little man did run.
Oh ! he would not a little pay
To buy little baby frocks :
They sent him then a little way
To crack the little rocks.

Now, all you very little men,
Just let the little ladies be :
Unless babies you will nurse,
Why, cracking little stones you'll be—
Now listen to this little moral,
You pretty little ladies,
And never walk with little men,
If you're not fond of little babies.

Think of Your Poor Wife at Home.

Air: Write me a letter from home.

Oh! husband, the long night is past:
Waiting so lonely for thee,
Her sad tears are now falling fast,
Sighing: "oh! where can he be?"
The memory of happier days
Is her only comfort now,
As the babe on her bosom she lays,
Kissing its snowy brow.

CHORUS.

Have you forgotten her now?
Drinking with strangers you roam—
Remember your child so dear,
And think of your poor wife at home!

Your children forget how to play,
And cry with their mother, instead,
Watching her stitching away
To earn them a morsel of bread:
How changed is the girl of your choice,
Who once was so pretty and neat—
How ragged and thin, looking worse
Than she who begs in the street—
Have you forgotten her now? &c.

The home where she lived a young wife,
You left it a twelve-month ago:
Where she lived the best days of her life—
How changed is everything now!
She lives in a garret obscure,
Has parted with everything,
But it grieved your poor wife most
To part with her wedding ring—
Have you forgotten her now? &c.

When sober, together you lived
As happy as two turtle-doves:
But now the poor woman she fears
The face of the man that she loves.
Oh! husband, have pity, I pray:
No longer with strangers do roam,
When tempted again for to stray,
Think of the dear ones at home.
Have you forgotten her now? &c.

There is no Girl Like Maggie

By Jack McShindy.

I have lived along in this world,
And through it I have been,
And many a charming girl,
Within my time, I've seen:
But of all the maids I've met with,
Be they beauty great or small,
The girl whom now I worship,
Doth far outshine them all.
Chorus: For, there is no girl like Maggie,
The girl whom I do love;
She is so fair—she ought to share
A mansion up above.

In form she is perfection:
Yes perfect in every part;
She's not a single feature
That wouldn't defy the sculptor's art.
While her voice is soft and mellow,
And her eyes like the stars doth shine,
Her lightest smile doth the heart beguile—
Oh! she really is divine!
For, there is no girl like Maggie, &c.

Yet, it's not alone in feature,
Nor form, nor grace, nor mien,
Nor outward gait, nor carriage,
That my Maggie's charms are seen:
To the beauty of her person
She adds what's more glorious still—
A true, a kind, and a loving heart
And a mind above all ill—
For, there is no girl like Maggie, &c.

Now, I'd rather be loved by Maggie,
Than the foremost man to be
This world has ever witnessed,
Or ever again may see:
For, wealth and fame and power,
What pleasures could they bring,
To compare with the joy of being the loved boy
Of the girl that I now sing?
For, there is no girl like Maggie, &c.

Now if there is ought to glad the heart,
And to make life brightly shine,
It is the hope that Maggie
Will unite her fate to mine:
And when that wished-for day arrives,
As soon I hope it to see,
No happier man in all this land
Will be that day than me!
For, there is no girl like Maggie, &c.

'Twas within a Mile of Edinburg Town.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburg town,
In the rosy time of the year:
Sweet flowers bloomed, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd wooed his dear.
Bonnie Jockie, blithe and gay,
Kissed sweet Jenny making hay:
The lassie blushed, and frowning cried:
"Na, na, na, it winna do:
I canna, canna, winna, winna, mauna buckle to."

Jockie was a wag that never would wed,
Though he long had followed the lass:
Contented she earned and ate her brown bread,
And merrily turned up the grass.
Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
Yet still she blushed and frowning cried:
"Na, na, na, it winna do:
I canna, canna, winna, winna, mauna buckle to."

But when he vowed he wad make her his bride,
Though his flocks and his herds were not few,
She gied him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vowed she'd ever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
At kirk she na'er mair frowning cried:
"Na, na, na, it winna do:
I canna, canna, winna, winna, mauna buckle to."

A Little More Cider.

I love the white gal and the black,
And I love all the rest:
I love that gal for loving me,
But I love *myself* the best.
Oh, dear! I am so thirsty,
I've just been down to supper,
I drank four pails of apple jack,
And a tub of apple butter.
Chorus: A little more cider, do:
A little more cider do:
A little more cider for Miss Dine,
A little more cider, do.

I went to see Miss Snow Flake,
'Twas on Broadway I spied her:
I'd have given my hat and boots, I would,
Just to have been beside her.
She looked at me, I looked at her,
She walked across the street,
She smiled at me, then she said:
"A little more cider sweet—"
A little more cider, &c.

I wish I was an apple,
And Snow Flake was another:
Oh! what a pretty *pair* we'd make
On a tree together—
How bad the darkies all would feel,
When on the tree they spied her,
To think how happy we should be,
When we're made into cider—
A little more cider, &c.

Dear Confiding Heart.

Words and Music by H. Millard.

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I love my love because to me
She's good and kind and true:
Her face may not the loveliest be,
Her eyes the heavenliest blue:
Her trusting faith I often prove,
Her pulse with mine is thrilled
Whene'er I tell her how with love
My soul for her is filled.
My soul for her is filled—

CHORUS.

Gentle trusting heart
We will never part!
Love on! love on! dear confiding heart!

We've loved thro' many a struggling year,
When fate brought loss and pain:
Her smiles repressed each starting tear
And brought back joy again.
Both hopes and fears we've daily known,
But still we've kept in view:
Two hearts can bear misfortune's frown
If they are fond and true,
If they are fond and true! Chorus.

So let Old Time his race still run:
For us the world shall be
A day of Summer just begun,
From care and sorrow free:
Our hearts are one, and fond and true,
And that's the reason why
Each passing day shall but renew
The love-light of her eye,
The love-light of her eye! Chorus.

The Lass of Gowrie.

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gade down
My lassie wi' a braw new gown
Came o'er the hill to Gowrie.
The rosebud tinged wi' morning shower
Bloomed fresh within the sunnie bower,
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That ever bloomed in Gowrie.

It had nae thought to do her wrang
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said: "My lassie, will ye gang
To view the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll take ye to my Father's ha'
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And make ye lady o' them a'—
The brawest wife in Gowrie!"

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread,
She whispered modestly and said:
"I'll gang wie ye to Gowrie!"
The auld folks soon gaed their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went
Wha tied us to our heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie!

Biddy Darling.

By Bill Banty—Air: Molly Darling.

Oh! don't be angry, Biddy darling,
If I should stay out all night:
Oh! don't be angry, Biddy darling,
If in the morn I come home tight.
Oh! don't you scold me, Biddy darling,
Oh! don't you hit me on the head,
But lift me gently, Biddy darling,
And put me in my little bed.

CHORUS.

Biddy darling, sweetest Biddy,
I look so sick, and feel so pale—
Oh! lend me two dollars, Biddy darling,
I want to get a glass of ale.

Last week I saw a politician,
And I told him I had no work at all:
And he said he would fix me, Biddy darling,
If I would go and see him at the hall.
So I went and I've seen him, Biddy darling:
So get out my working shirt, it's torn,
And mend it nicely, Biddy darling:
For, I am going on the pipes on Monday morn.
Biddy darling, sweetest, &c.

I'll buy you a new dress, Biddy darling,
And I'll buy meself a nice new hat and coat,
And we'll go out a riding, Biddy darling,
In a hand-cart drawn by a billy goat.
Oh! won't we have a nice time, Biddy darling!
Och! Biddy darling, hear me speak—
Since I'm going on the pipes, Biddy darling,
I'll only get drunk six times a week!
Biddy darling, sweetest, &c.

The Gipsy King.

'Tis I'm the Gipsy King!
And where's the king like me?
No trouble my dignities bring,
No other is half so free!
In my kingdom there is but one table,
All my subjects partake of my cheer:
We'd all drink champagne were we able:
As it is, we have plenty of beer.
Chorus: For, I'm the Gipsy King, ha! ha!
For, I'm the Gipsy King!

A king, and a true one am I:
No courtier or minister here:
I see everything with my own eye,
And hear everything with my own ear.
No conspiracy I apprehend,
Among brothers and sisters I rule:
We help both to gain and to spend,
And get drunk when the measure is full. Chorus.

I confess that I am but a man,
My failings who pleases may know:
I'm fond of my girl and my can,
And of jolly companions a row.
My subjects are kind to me:
They don't grudge me the largest glass:
Nor yet that I hold on my knee,
At this moment, the prettiest lass— Chorus.

No'er a king do I envy, nor kaiser,
That sits on a golden throne:
And I'll tell you the reason why, Sir:
Here's a sceptre and ball of my own.
To sit all night through in a crown
I've a notion my ears they would freeze:
So I pull my old night-cap down,
And tipple and smoke at my ease Chorus

The New Policeman.

Air: Nora Creina.

Oh! good evening, gentlemen, to-day—
Now list awhile to me and my blarney:
I am arrived from Dublin quay,
Now sure my name is Michael Karney:
Grub was scarce and luck was bad,
Hunger's rumbling ne'er did cease, man:
So to this city I came, egad!
And Murphy's made me a new Policeman.
Ranting, rollicking Irish joys,
Always quarrelling, ne'er at peace, man·
Kissing the girls and licking the boys:
Oh! that's the life of a new Policeman.

Och! there isn't yard or garden wall
About the city but I can scale it,
And if any thing I find at all.
Now shouldn't I fool be not to nail it?
Next morning there's a hue and cry,
There's something stolen and to be brief, man,
Oh! by the hookey, who but I
Am running about to catch the thief man.
Ranting, rollicking, &c.

And then, you know, when I'm out at night,
In every hole and corner peeping:
What's that I spy by the pale moonlight,
Och! by my soul! 'tis a gentleman sleeping.
His pockets I grope and his money I take,
And then with my staff in the ribs I'm jobbing him:
And if by chance the man should wake,
I tell him I thought a thief was robbing him.
Ranting, rollicking, &c.

Then if there isn't a row in the street,
Sure it's myself knows how to raise one
For, I knock the first man down I meet,
Then make a shindy fit to craze one.
He resists, then loud he hollers,
I lock him and swear he's rioty:
Next morning he is fined two dollars,
Just because myself couldn't murder him quietly.
Ranting, rollicking, &c.

I'm in with every servant maid,
For mutton and love I've ever an itching:
And of being caught I'm not afraid:
For, sure I'm there to guard the kitchen.
And then, too, don't the scriptures say:
"Multiply, too, and increase men—"
So if we only have our way,
We'll fill the city with little policemen.
Ranting, rollicking, &c.

Moonlight, Starlight, Daylight.

Sung by Harry Rands.

While going through this brilliant world
So many lights we see:
There's moonlight, and there's starlight,
And daylight makes the three.
They are the three great lights, we are told:
At least we'll let them be—
For, daylight is a jolly time,
And moonlight shines so free.

CHORUS.

Moonlight, starlight, daylight or other lights,
Rushlight, sunlight, no matter what they be,
Gaslight, nightlight, candlelight or limelight,
Skylight, lamplight—are pleasant unto me.

First, moonlight shines so brightly,
The stars they glitter so—
The daylight shows us daily
Wherever we do go:
The gaslight burns so gaily,
While the rushlight's glimmer glow:
The best and dearest of all things
Is light, that we all know—
Moonlight, &c.

One day, I purposed that I'd go
The Palace for to see:
The sun was shining bright, that day:
The birds sung out their glee.
The day it passed, the evening came:
While sitting down to tea,
A bird came whistling in my ear,
And singing merrily.
Moonlight, &c.

It shines on man and woman,
It shines on cattle, too:
But most I hope sincerely,
It shines on all of you.
It shines on houses, and on lands,
The waters and its view
How pleasant, of a sunny day,
When the sky it looks so blue—
Moonlight, &c.

The Level and the Square.

By the eminent Masonic Poet, Rob. Morris. This Song and Burns's Adieu to his Lodge are the finest productions in the Masonic Order.

WE MEET UPON THE LEVEL, AND WE PART UPON THE SQUARE:
What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are—
Come let us contemplate them, they are
worthy of our thought,
With the highest and the lowest and the rarest
they are fraught.

We MEET UPON THE LEVEL, though
from every station come:
The king from out his palace, and the
poor man from his home.
For, the one must leave his diadem
outside the mason's door,
And the other finds his true respect
upon the chequered floor.

WE PART UPON THE SQUARE: for, the
world must have its due,
We mingle with its multitude, a cold unfriendly crew:
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we long UPON THE LEVEL to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal—we
are hurrying towards it fast—
We shall MEET UPON THE LEVEL there, when
the gates of death are passed,
We shall stand before the Orient, and our
Master will be there,
To try the blocks we offer by his own unerring Square.

We shall MEET UPON THE LEVEL there,
but never thence depart:
There's a mansion—'tis all ready for each
trusting faithful heart,—
There's a mansion and a welcome, and a multitude is there
Who have met UPON THE LEVEL, and been
tried UPON THE SQUARE.

Let us meet UPON THE LEVEL then,
while laboring patient here,
Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor seem severe:
Already in the western sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools, and PART UPON THE SQUARE.

Hands round, ye faithful masons, form the
bright fraternal chain:
We part UPON THE SQUARE below to meet in heaven again—
Oh! what words of precious meaning
those words masonic are—
"We meet upon the level, and we part upon the square."

Nellie Miles.

Written, Composed and Sung by J. Wood.

Some girls have got two sweethearts,
Whilst others they have none:
Of course, to play with us poor imps
They think it jolly fun:
But when I think of Nellie Miles,
And of her Quarter Master,
I feel cut up and nearly dead,
Like a whitered China-aster.
Oh! Nellie Miles, Oh! Nellie Miles,
My heart is beating faster,
All through that look, so full of smiles,
You gave the Quarter Master.

'Twas on the Captain Armstrong,
He sailed away last week:
She says she thinks he won't be long,
So now's my time to speak.
Last Sunday, on my knees I went
Love's question for to ask her:
I'd scarce began when I was sent
Right on my Quarter Master.
Oh! Nellie Miles, &c

Yes, there he stood, he had returned
Much sooner than expected:
And there I shook, my head was turned:
For, I had been detected.
She winked at him and said: "My dear,
Why the devil didn't you come faster?"
"I would, said he, but I've presents here
From your loving Quarter Master."
Oh! Nellie Miles, &c.

His fists at once, in my eye was sent,
Whilst she wollopped me well behind:
I wished that I had knocked him down,
He was too big: so I declined.
Upon the ground my breeches rent,
I lay and called for plaister—
"Old chap, she says, 'tis my intent
To marry this Quarter Master."
Oh! Nellie Miles, &c.

Young masculine genders, understand
This advice to you all I offer:
Don't on your knees attempt to land
When courting of the daughter,
Or else some time when walking out,
And Love it prompts to ask her,
A Seaman's voice in your ear will shout:
"I'm that girl's Quarter Master!"
Oh! Nellie Miles, &c.

Let another's passion be a lecture to thy reasons.

The Masonic Adieu.

By the Great Scotch Poet, Robert Burns.

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu,
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favored, ye enlightened few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba'—
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'—

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful festive night;
Oft honored with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw,
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim
Justly that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honored, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here:
When yearly ye assemble a'
One round—I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far awa'—

Henrietta, the Farmer's Daughter.

Written and Sung by Watson Largo.

Some folks they say that love it is a folly:
But there's nothing can surpass a good tempered little lass:
And how happy are the moments that we do often pass
With the pretty little girls we love!
So I'll sing in praise of one, that can be surpassed by none:
Such a pretty little creature, that is always full of fun:
And she really is an angel after all is said and done,
Is my pretty little Farmer's Daughter.

CHORUS.

Then I'll sing in praise of fair Henrietta,
For, there's none you can compare to that
charmer young and fair,
And I'll ne'er forget the first time that I met her
In a farm-yard down in Derbyshire.

Her father he's a well to do old farmer,
And now I'll be bound to lay down twenty pound
That he is much respected for as many miles around,
As the pounds I now offer to lay:
Her ma's a stately dame, that's respected much the same,
As her stately looking farmer, who has won his way to fame:
And there is not one in Derbyshire but what
would say the same
Of my pretty little Farmer's Daughter.
Then I'll sing, &c.

For hours by her side I've been standing
While she's fed the hens, and the sheep that
are in the pens:
And I've watched her pretty figure as across
the yard she sends
Her pretty bas lambs to their fold
But she's said, upon her life, that she will be my wife:
My time shall be so happy! I shall never know no strife—
So I'll try my best, from day to day, to
comfort her throug life
My pretty little Farmer's Daughter.
Then I'll sing, &c.

New-York Sights.

If you want to go down Broadway,
You must look out very sharp,
Or you'll get knocked down with a horse,
And run over with a cart.
The stage-drivers, on the box,
Are always looking 'round,
And the first thing that you know,
They will knock you on the ground.

CHORUS.

New-York City it is the place to be.
The gals are so pretty, and they're all in love with me.

The policemen, on the corners,
Have been stationed there
To see that all the ladies
Get across the street with care:
The hackman and the carman
Are always driving so fast,
That you have to make your legs go,
If you want to get apast.
New-York City, &c.

Down by Barnum's Museum,
There's always such a rush
That the gentlemen and ladies
Are always in a fuss;
They get half-way across the street,
And along comes a 'buss
Which knocks them in the mud,
And then they make a muss.
New-York City, &c.

THE RASH MISTAKE.

"No tramps here," said I—and I shut the door in his face. The wind blew so I could hardly do it, and the sleet was beating on the pane, and the bare trees were groaning and moaning just as if they suffered in the storm—"No tramps here, I'm a lone woman, and I m afraid of 'em."

Then the man *I* hadn't seen yet for the dark, went away from the door—tramp, tramp, came through the slush, as I heard the gate creak as the gate always does: then tramp, tramp, came the man back again, and he knocked on the door—knocked not half so loud as he had before — and I opened it hot and angry. This time I saw his face, with yellow brown hair, cropped close, and great staring blue eyes: and he put his hand against the door, and held it open.

"How far is it to the next house, madam?" said he.

"Three miles or more," said I.

"And that is not a tavern?"

"No, said *I*: no drinks to be got there: it's Miss Mitten's, and she's set against tramps as I am.

"*I* don't want anything to drink, said the man, but I do want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in, madam. I've been wounded—am not able to walk far—my clothes are thin, and it's bitter cold. I've been trying to get to my parents at Greenbank, where I can rest till I am better: and all my money was stolen from me three days ago. You needn't be afraid: just let me lie before the fire, and only give me a crust to keep me from starving, and the Lord will bless you for it."

And then he looked at me with his mild blue eyes in a way that would have made me do it, if it hadn't been that I had seen so much of those impostors. The war was just over, and every beggar that came along said he was a soldier travelling home, and had been robbed. One that I had been fool enough to assist, limped away out of sight, as he thought, and then—for, I was at the garret window—shouldered his crutches and tramped it with the strongest.

"No doubt your pocket is full of money, said I, and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Go away with you!"

Drusilla, my niece, was baking short cake in the kitchen. Just then she came to the door, and motioned with her mouth to me: "Do let him stay, aunty," and if I hadn't had good sense, I might, but I knew better than a girl of sixteen.

"Go away with you! said *I*, louder than before: I won't have this any longer."

And he gave a kind of groan, and took his hand from the latch, and went tramp, tramp, through the frozen snow again: and I thought him gone, when there he was once more, hardly with a knock at all — a faint touch like a child's now.

And when I opened the door, he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than ever.

"Well, of all impudence!" said *I*.

He looked at me, and said he: "Madam, I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go further to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers," said I, and just then it came into my mind that I hoped my son Charles, who had been a soldier—an officer he had got to be, mind you—wanted to see his, and would soon.

"I've been wounded, as you see," said he.

"Don't go a showing me your hurts, said I: they buy 'em, so they tell me, to go begging with now. *I* read the papers, I tell ye, and I'm principled, so's our clergyman, agin giving anything, unless it's through some well-organized society. Tramps are my abominations. And as for keeping you all night, you can't expect that of decent folks—go!"

Drusilla came to the door, and said: "Let him stay, aunty," with her "lip" again, but *I* took no notice.

So he went, and this time did not come back, and I sat down by the fire, and listened to the wind and sleet, and felt the warm fire, and smelt the baking cakes, and the apples stewing, and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove: and I ought to have been very comfortable, but I wasn't. Something seemed to be tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke, and lit another candle to cheer myself by, and I went to my work-basket to get the sock I had been knitting for my Charlie: and as I went to get it I saw something lying on the floor. I picked it up. It was an old tobacco pouch, ever so much like the one I gave Charlie, with fringe around it, and written on it in ink: "C. F. to R. H.,"—and inside was a bit of tobacco and an old pipe, and a letter; and when I spread it out I saw at the top—"My dear son."

I knew the beggar must have dropped it, and my heart gave one big thump, as though it had been turned into a hammer.

Perhaps his story was true, and he had a mother. *I* shivered all over, and the fire and the candles, and the nice comfortable smell might just as well not have been at all, I was so cold and wretched!

And over and over again *I* had to say to myself what I had heard my pastor say so often: "Never give anything to chance beggars, my dear friends: always bestow your charity on worthy persons, through well-organized societies," before I could get a bit of comfort. And what an old fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my cheeks wet.

But I did not cry long: for, as I sat there, dash and crash and jingle came a sleigh over the road, and it stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying—"Halloo, mother!" I went to the door, and had him in my arms—my great, tall, handsome, brown son. And there he was in his uniform, with his pretty shoulder straps, and hearty as if he had never been through any hardships. He had to leave me to put up his horse; and then I had by the fire again my own boy. And Drusilla, who had been up-stairs, and had been crying, came down all in a flutter—for, they were like brother and sister—and he kissed her, and she kissed him, and away she went to set the table for supper. How Charlie enjoyed them! But once, in the midst of all, I felt a frightened feeling come over me, and I turned very pale; for, Drusilla said: "What is the matter, Aunt Fairfax?"

I said nothing, but I thought I heard something like the ghost of a step, going tramp, tramp, over the frozen snow: kind o' like the ghost of a voice crying: "Let me lie on the floor before the fire, and give me any kind of a crust:" kind o' like seeing some one that had a mother, dropping down on the wintry road, and freezing and starving to death there.

Charlie and *I* drew up together by the fire, when tea was over, and he told us things about the war, I'd never heard before: how the soldiers suffered, and what weary marches and short rations they sometimes had. And he told me how his life had been set upon, and he was badly wounded: and how, at the risk of his own life, a fellow soldier had saved him, and carried him away, fighting his path back to camp.

"I'd never have seen you but for him, says my Charlie: and if there's a man on earth I love, it is Rob Hadway—the dearest, best fellow. We've shared each other's rations, and drank from the same canteen many a time: and if ever I had a brother, I couldn't think more of him."

"Why don't you bring him home to see your mother, Charlie? said I. Why, I'd love him, too, and anything I could do for him, for the man who saved my boy's life, couldn't be enough. Send for him, Charlie." But Charlie shook his head, and covered his face with his hands.

"Mother, said he, *I* don't know whether Rob Hadway is alive or dead to-day. While I was still in the ranks he was taken prisoner. And the prisons are poor places to live in, mother; I'd give my right hand to be able to do him any good; but I can't find no trace of him. And he has a mother, too; she lives at Greenbank — poor old lady! My dear, good, noble Rob, the preserver of my life!" And I saw Charlie nearly crying. Not to let us see the tears, he got up and went to the mantel-piece.

"Good Heaven! what is this?" And I turned, and Charlie had the tobacco pouch the man dropped, in his hand.

"Where did this come from? said he. I feel as though I had seen a ghost. I gave this to Rob Hadway the day he saved me. We soldiers have not much to give, you know, and he vowed never to part with it while he lived. How did it come here, mother?"

I fell back in my chair, white and cold, and said I: "A wandering tramp left it here, never—never your Rob, my dear, never your Rob. He must have been an imposter. I wouldn't have turned away a person really in want. Oh! no: no: it is another pouch, my child: not yours, or he stole it. A tall fellow with blue eyes, and yellow brown hair, wounded, he said, and going to his mother at Greenbank. Not your Rob."

And Charlie stood staring at me with clinched hands, and said he: "It was my Rob! it was my dear old Rob who saved my life, and you have driven him out in such a night as this, mother. My mother, to use Rob so!"

"Curse me, Charlie, said I, curse me, if you like: I'm afraid God will. Three times he asked only for a crust, and a place to lie, and I drove him away. I, I—and he's lying on the road now. Oh! if I had known—"

And Charlie caught up his hat. "*I'll* find him if he's alive, said he. Oh, Rob! my dear friend!"

And then—*I* never saw the girl in such a flurry—down went Drusilla on her knees, as if she was saying her prayers, and says she: "I thank God I dared to do it!" And she says to me: "Oh! aunt, I've been trembling with fright, not knowing what you'd say to me. I took him in the kitchen way, I could not see him so faint and hungry, and wounded, and I put him in the spare chamber over the parlor, and I've been so frightened all the while!"

"Lord bless you, Drusilla!" said Charlie: and "Amen," said *I*. And she, getting bolder, went on: "And *I* took him up hot short-cake and apple-sauce and tea, says she, and I took a candle, and a hot brick for his feet, and told him to eat and go to bed in the best chamber, Aunt Fairfax, with the white counterpane."

After this, Charlie, not being ungrateful, nor poor either, helped Rob into business. And he got over his wounds at last, and grew as handsome as a picture, and to-day a week he is going to marry Drusilla.

"I'd give you anything *I* have, said I, and I won't refuse you even Drusilla," when he asked me, telling me had loved her ever since she was kind to him, on the night I've told you of.

And Charlie is to stand up with him, and *I* am to give Drusilla away, and Rob's sister from Greenbank is to be bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring her home to me in Drusilla's place.

I don't drive beggars from the door now, as I used to, and no doubt I'm imposed upon: but this is what *I* say: "Better to be imposed upon always, than to be cruel to one who is really in need of your help."

SLANDER.—The evil done by the first utterer of a slander is small compared with that which is spread through a community from the repetition of the false tale by idle babblers. These persons would fain excuse themselves by alleging that they had heard it from Mrs. So-and-so, a Mrs. Such-a-one, or they shelter themselves under the common generalities of "people say," or "they say." Spurious coin and forged bank-notes, however ingeniously executed, do no harm if they remain in the hands of the original forger. It is by their circulation that the people suffer. Somebody once said to a sage—"A man slandered you in my presence."—"If, replied the wise man, you had not listened with pleasure, he would not have defamed me."

The remark was a just one.

In all cases of slander currency, whenever the forger of the falsehood is not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the endorsers.

Put not your faith in him who predicts a hot season: he sells ices—nor in him who predicts a cold one: he owns a cheap clothing establishment—nor yet in him who declares a wet one: he vends umbrellas—nor a dry one: he sells beer.

There are 62,383 physicians and surgeons in the United States, or an average of one to look after the health of every 618 people.

Wire shovels, to economize coal consumption, will be found very advantageous to heads of households. The articles sift cinders thoroughly.

FERDINAND WARING, Esq.

"You must return to the country, Louisa, said Mrs. Malmsey, and there is an end of the matter."

"I shall do no such thing, Caroline, returned the young lady: and I did not think you would behave in such an unsisterly manner."

"You had no business to run away from home."

"But I have run away. What's the use of talking about that?"

"With everything around you to make you happy——"

"I hate being made anything. I like to make myself happy, or not to be happy at all."

"Your delightful spirit has improved, I think, since I left you. What in the world made you come to me?"

"Why, where else should I have gone? You have a nice house, and a nice husband, and plenty of money, and plenty of company, and nothing to annoy you; and you have no feeling for me, who have been shut up for two years in a dull little box in the country, with no amusement except listening alternately to the history of papa's gout and the hacking of mamma's cough, and no excitement except wonder when the doctor's boy came late with the bark and the paregoric."

"Poor Loo! said Mrs. Malmsey, laughing: but then see what a healthy life you have led. You look as fresh and as pretty as—as I used to look before the days of late hours and hot rooms."

"And what is the use of looking well when there is nobody to look at one? was the unanswerable answer of Miss Louisa Mountnorris: "You write me long letters full of your gaities and your parties—but come, Caroline, how do you mean to manage for me?"

"Malmsey shall see you to the railway to-morrow morning—it is too late to-night, I'm afraid."

"To go home?"

"Certainly."

"I won't, Caroline:" and the beauty burst into tears.

"You need not begin doing that, Louisa, said Mrs. Malmsey, very quietly: you forget that I have been in the habit of seeing you cry, at various short intervals, during eighteen years."

"What a hard, unkind thing you are! Oh! but, Carry, can't you, out of all your acquaintances, get me a husband like Malmsey?"

"No! *that* I can't, Miss Modesty: but stop—"

"That's just what I want to do, Caroline."

The married lady pondered for some minutes, with a curious smile occasionally playing about her features. Once or twice she seemed about to speak, and then checked herself. At last she compressed her lips and looked grave, as if making up her mind.

"Louisa, she said, I am too good to you, and you don't deserve it. But a plan occurs to me: and if Malmsey approves it—hark!—there is his knock. Come into my dressing-room—I dare say he will follow."

The council sat late: until Louisa, who had arrived in town that day, after an exciting journey, fell back in her white easy chair, "a dove outwearied with her flight." But the result of the conference shall be told hereafter.

Ferdinand Waring enacted the part of perpetual selfishness with as much fidelity as his means permitted. He had an independent income of about seven hundred a-year, which he seldom referred to: but, when he mentioned it, he always materially understated it, partly that his vanity might be gratified by the wonder of his acquaintances that he could surround himself with so many luxuries for so little money, and partly by warning off any friend or relative who might presume, from the appearance of so much silver and so many pictures, or the taste of such Burgundy, that a five-pound loan might be elicited upon an emergency.

Ferdinand was small in person, but neatly made, wore a tiny black moustache, dressed with extreme care, and used no perfume except *eau-de-cologne*. He was an unexceptionable ornament in a room, if you were not ill-natured enough to think of the band-box in which some people supposed he came.

Ferdinand, of course, was not a marrying man—he perhaps took more pains than was absolutely necessary to announce the fact: for, he was not very popular among the young ladies of his set, who had not arrived at an age to understand that selfishness is a virtue. So that there was not the manifest scramble for the hand of Ferdinand, which that gentleman, in his private mind, expected and guarded against. His attentions to the single part of the female community were of the most limited and frigid kind. Morning call, dinner party, or quadrille, Ferdinand was ever watchful against those assiduous enemies who must win a heart before they may wear a diamond.

But with the married women Waring was different. With them, the distant, starched-cravat manner was exchanged for one as bending, attentive, excited, and full of gesture, as Ferdinand could assume; and if it was sometimes a little overdone, or not a little funny to behold, assuredly it was regarded by him as a master-piece of fascination. But Ferdinand was a sad bore, and was habitually dropped with great expedition, a circumstance for which he could never account: for, it is needless to say that his belief in himself was almost fanatical in its enthusiasm.

A few days after the conversation which we have had the honor to record, Mrs. Malmsey assembled a small well-selected party in Great Coram Street. Mr. Malmsey came home early from his office, and gave out the wine; and hearing that a "sit-down-supper" was intended, expressed a satisfaction in which all right-thinking persons must have concurred. As the clock struck ten, Ferdinand Waring was making his way across the room to Mrs. Malmsey.

"Ah! Mr. Waring, you are very good to come early."

"The difficulty is to stay away from Mrs. Malmsey's," replied Ferdinand with a bow of extreme politeness.

And he looked towards a very pretty person who stood near his hostess, to see whether his distinguished manner had not produced an effect upon her. It obviously had: for, she smiled very graciously.

"Let me introduce Mr. Waring to you, my dear. This is my sister Louisa. Is your husband in the room, dear?" said Mrs. Malmsey, taking care that the words should not be lost upon Ferdinand.

"I—I *hope* so," said Louisa, pretending to look round, and thus telling stories with her eyes, but truth with her tongue.

Ferdinand thought that she was the prettiest young wife he had seen for a long time. So, like the gentlemen who stood amid the glittering throng, he whispered low, he took her hand, he led her forth to dance.

Yes, Ferdinand was caught, though he didn't know it. How many quadrilles he contrived to dance with Louisa—how many things he poured into her ear, if not tender, certainly soft—how he led her down to supper, imploring her to draw her scarf closely round her neck on the stair-case—how he sat by her side, helping her to the white of chicken, and sliced the tongue into the finest shaving, took sherry with her, and then champagne, and then more sherry—and engaged her for the first *valse* after supper—we need not pause to note—but Mrs. Malmsey did.

Once during the evening, Ferdinand asked her to point out her husband: but, with an arch-laugh, the unsophisticated Louisa refused, saying, playfully, that surely so observing a person—indeed, she feared he was a quiz—could not fail to find him out. And this nonsense, as Ferdinand thought it, she persevered in, until Ferdinand, after fixing alternately on two strangers, one of whom was an Irish barrister, and the other a Polish refugee, decided that it did not signify, and after supper he forgot all about it.

That champagne: but for its effects, Ferdinand would never have told Louisa that he was an isolated being whom nobody understood or loved. He would never have said that if he had ever the good fortune to meet such a creature of light and loveliness as herself, he might have been spared a desolate home, a desert heart. He certainly never would have expressed a hope that, although she was another's, she would sometimes think of him with pity—might he—dare he say, with something like interest? And when they were sitting on the couch in the corner, Mrs. Malmsey having discreetly withdrawn certain dowagers to leave such a flirting-place at their command, Ferdinand would not, but for such agencies, have managed to touch her hand as he asked if he might write to her. Would he not? Yes, he would: for, it was his nature, expanded a little by the wine and the excitement, but his own vain nature.

As to his writing, Louisa could not think what he could possibly have to say to her, but, of course, she should be happy to hear from him. But he must not address her direct. What would everybody think? Let him write under cover to her sister, and put "L." in the cover. Would he remember, now, "L?" Would he not?

Home he went, as happy as young gentlemen who are in the habit of vending sand, are traditionally reported to appear. In the morning, he reflected on his conquest, and it seemed to him even more signal than before. She had not only permitted him to write, but had asked him to do so. He would scarcely wait for his boots, but rushed into Soho Square, and bought three quires of embossed note-paper, with roses painted in the first page. Pleasant and pathetic were the lucubrations he indited—carefully was "L." inscribed in the corner—and merrily did the said "L." and her sister laugh as they read them. There was no lack of encouragement in the well-framed answers, written under the eyes of Malmsey, a solicitor of no common talent. Nearly half the painted paper had been received in a very inflammatory state by Louisa, when Malmsey said that those letters would "do." So he called upon Ferdinand Waring, and asked him his intentions.

When the truth came upon Ferdinand that he had been carrying on a correspondence with a single girl, and that such correspondence would carry any amount of damages Malmsey might like to ask for, in "Mountnorris v. Waring," the defendant in perspective uttered a huge groan, and subsided into his easy chair, with thoughts of remaining there, coiled up, for the remainder of his natural life.

But Malmsey was too good a tactician to make him more unhappy than was necessary. He represented that Waring was very well off—a jury, by-the-bye, would remember *that*—that he could afford to marry, and, by his own showing, was desolate and lonely. Louisa was a very dear, good girl, and one that any man might be proud of, especially when she entered a room—a weak point of Ferdinand's. Her affections had been insensibly, but deeply engaged, which was no wonder, considering Ferdinand's knowledge of the sex, and many other attractions. Waring smiled miserably. That there could have been any mistake, was so improbable that Malmsey could only suppose Mr. Waring was trying a joke, and he admitted it was a good one; but they must talk seriously, as the poor girl had done nothing but cry for two days. Ferdinand never asked why, but that was his guilty conscience. He would finally put it to the heart rather than the head—selfish people like to be told they are good-hearted—whether Louisa's happiness should be for ever wrecked, and one of the best girls in the world made miserable, besides the exposure, ridicule, and ruinous damages, which an action would entail: or whether Ferdinand would not secure himself an excellent wife, who would make his *eight* or *nine* hundred a-year—"that is about the mark?" asked Malmsey cunningly—go as far as fifteen hundred.

What could Ferdinand do? The two things he most hated were threatened, if he did not marry—ridicule and the loss of money. And then Louisa was very pretty and would be the star of almost any ball-room. He looked piteously at Malmsey, but the solicitor was imperturbable.

"Were I you, my dear friend, said Malmsey, there should be no nonsense or chatter about it. We are all attached to you, or you should not have had such chances with little Loo. Come and dine with us at six: I have some splendid Severn salmon, which I know you like."

He went, and it was hard to say which was most exquisitely dressed, the salmon or Louisa. Ferdinand asked for a third slice, and that the wedding-day might be fixed. He was indulged on both points: and, by a curious coincidence, the same county newspaper which announced the marriage of Ferdinand Waring, Esq., with Miss Louisa, informed the Malmseys that some quack ointment had cured Mr. Mountnorris's gout and Mrs. Mountnorris's cough.

[THE END.]

Words by E. FALCONER.

OH! WOULD SHE BUT NAME THE DAY!

Music by M. W. BALFE

Allegretto, con grazia.



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CONTENTS.

A Shilling or Two ..... Page 629
After me 628
All like faded flowers are gone! 629
AWFULLY CLEVER! 629
Could I live my time over again 629
Dashing young Gent 627
The Detective's Song 626
Get up early 627
GOING OUT FISHING 628
Get out! or Darkie Politics 627
Have you seen my Sarah? — New Version 626
The House-Carpenter 626
In the Louisiana low-lands 626
I wish that I could fly! 627
The Increase of Crime 627
The KISS BEHIND THE DOOR 627
Leonore: or the Page's Stratagem— A Story— 630—631
Murmuring sea 627
Napoleon's farewell to Paris 628
Old Virginia Low-lands low 626
OLD FOLKS 628
The Rose's errand— Music— 632
Rambling thro' the town 629
Some love to drink 626
The Seedy Swell 628
Strolling on the sands 629
There's nothing of that about me 626
There's Somebody waiting for me 627
Uncle Ralph's Ghost— A Story— 630
When the Boys come home 628
Waiting at the mill 628

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Old Virginia Low-lands, Low.

Air : P mpey Snow.

Ye Tars of Columbia, it's listen to my song :
It's of a Union battery, I won't detain you long :
She was built by Erricson, a famous man is he,
And she has proved to Southern traitors,
she's the terror of the sea.
Chorus : In the old Virginia low lands, low :
In the old Virginia low lands, low.

It was on the eight of March, me boys, remember the day,
The Rebel steamer Merrimac from
Norfolk came straight way
To burn and sink our Union ships, at
New-Port-News they lay,
And strike the hearts of Union men,
with terror and dismay.

She first assailed the Cumberland, whose guns did not avail,
Against her iron plated hull a rain of iron hailed ;
She struck her about amidships and parted her in two,
And to the bottom went many of this Frigate's gallant crew.

She next attacked the Congress a cowardly trick, you'll say,
Who poured at her both shot and shell,
while she at anchor laid :
Her guns they being disabled, her men were scanty few,
And prisoners they were taking both officers and crew.

She then steamed down to Hampton-Roads
for to destroy our fleet :
But on the road the Monitor she happened for to meet,
Who poured at her a quilling fire which
made them wink their eyes,
And from the Rebel monster the splinters they did fly.

This little Union battery fought her
for five long hours or more,
Until the Rebel monster retreated for the shore :
She was towed up into Norfolk in a sinking state, they say :
Which proves to Southern traitors that
the Yankees gained the day.

The Connecticut came to anchor on
the third succeeding day,
And for the Rebel monster at our quarters we did lay
Until the close of evening, and they did not appear ;
And then all hands up anchor, boys !
and for the Blockade steered.

Oh ! here success to Erricson, a Union man is he,
And for his little Monitor, she's the champion of the sea :
And for all of her blue Jackets, wherever they may be,
And death to Southern traitors by either land or sea !

The House Carpenter.

"Well met, well met, my own true love,
Well met, well met !" cried he—
For I've just returned from the Salt Sea,
All for the love of thee—

I might have married the King's daughter, dear."
"You might have married her, cried she,
For I am married to a House Carpenter,
And a fine young man is he."

"If you will forsake your House Carpenter,
And go along with me,
I will take you where the grass grows high,
On the banks of old Tennessee."

"If I forsake my House Carpenter,
And go along with thee,
What have you got to keep me upon,
And keep me from misery ?"

Says he : "I've got six ships at sea,
All sailing to dry land :
One hundred and ten of your own countrymen,
Love they shall be at your command."

She took her babe upon her knee,
And kissed it one, two, or three,
Saying : "Stay at home, my darling sweet babe,
And keep your father's company."

They had not sailed four weeks or more,
Four weeks or scarcely three,
When she thought of her darling sweet babe at home,
And she wept most bitterly.

Says he : "Are you weeping for gold, my love,
Or are you weeping for fear ?
Or are you weeping for your House Carpenter,
That you left and followed me ?"

"I am not weeping for gold, she replied,
Nor am I weeping for fear.
But I am weeping alone for my sweet little babe,
That I left with my House Carpenter."

"Oh ! dry up your tears, my own true love,
And cease your weeping, cried he,
For soon you'll see your own happy home,
On the banks of old Tennessee.

They had not sailed five weeks or more,
Five weeks or scarcely four,
When the ship struck a rock and sprung a leak,
And they were never seen any more.

A curse be on the sea-faring men,
Oh ! cursed be their lives.
For while they are robbing the House Carpenter,
And coaxing away their wives—

In the Louisiana Low-Lands.

Sung by M. Ainsley Scott, at Bryants' Minstrels.

Way down in Louisiana, not many years ago,
There lived a colored gemblum, his name
was Pompey Snow :
He played upon de banjo, and on de tamberine,
And for rattling ob de bones he was de greatest ober seen.
Chorus : In the Louisiana low-lands, low,
In the Louisiana low-lands, low.

One night, old Pompey started off, to play for Ceaser Clubs,
But afore he went, he fortified with a good
sized glass of rum :
When on the road, he thought he saw a
darkey tall and grim,
So Pompey-laid de banjo down, to break de darkey's skin.
Chorus.

Says he : "Old chap, just move along,
or else I'll spoil your face."
But dis darkey didn't seem to move from
out his hiding place :
So drawing back, he crooked his head
and down at him cachunk,
But Pompey made a sad mistake : for,
'twas nothing but a stump.
Chorus.

The stump it proved a little hard,
too hard for Pompey's wool :
For when he struck, the hickory knot went
through the darky's skull :
They found his banjo by his side, and Pompey lying dead,
First time he ever died by de breaking ob his head.
Chorus : Den dey buried him in de low-lands, low,
Den dey buried him in de low-lands, low.

The Detective's Song.

Sung by Mr. Corney Grain.

When information I receive that Jones has been a forging,
And on the proceeds of his crime is prodigally gorging,
Do you suppose I collar my friend and take
him to the beak, Ma'am ?
Why, bless your heart, they wouldn't retain
me in the force a week, Ma'am.

In curious wig and quaint disguise and
strangely altered face, Ma'am,
Unrecognized, I follow my prey about
from place to place, Ma'am :
I note his hair, his eyes, his nose,
his clothing, and complexion :
And when I've got 'em all into my head,
I set about detection.

I take his servants, one by one, and
bring them all to book, Ma'am :
Both man and maid of every grade,
particularly his cook, Ma'am :
His tradesmen then I call upon, examine
them on their oaths, Ma'am :
And the elderly man of the Hebrew clan,
who buys his left-off clothes, Ma'am.

His father-in-law, perhaps, is buffalo
hunting in the prairies :
His aunt may keep a lodging-house
in the ocean-girt Canaries :
His uncle's out in Honolulu : his niece
in artic zones, Ma'am :
I find them out and talk to them before
arresting Jones, Ma'am.

And when my case is quite complete,
and home again I fly, Ma'am,
I find that Jones has gone abroad, some
people are so sly, Ma'am :
But I've this consolation—all the facts I've collated
Would surely have transported Jones,
if Jones had only waited.

Some Love to Drink.

A Popular Temperance Song—Air : Lilly Dale.

Some love to drink from the foamy brink,
Where the wine-drops dance they see :
But the water bright in its silver light,
And crystal a cup for me.
Chorus : O water ! bright water !
Pure, precious, free !
Yes, 'tis water bright in its silver light,
And a crystal cup for me.

Oh ! a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
'Mong the rocks where the moss doth grow :
There's health in the tide, and there's music beside
In the brooklet's bounding flow. Chorus.

As pure as heaven is the water given,
'Tis forever fresh and new :
Distilled in the sky it comes from on high
In the shower and gentle dew. Chorus.

Let them say 'tis weak, yet its strength I'll seek :
For, the stern rock owns its sway—
And we're borne swift along by its wing so strong,
When it riseth to fly away. Chorus.

There is strength in the glee of the mighty sea,
When the loud stormy wind doth blow :
And a fearful sight is the cataract's might,
As it leaps to the depths below. Chorus.

There's Nothing of that About Me.

Written, Composed and Sung by J. Wood.

I'm a single young chap in search of a wife,
From the country I just have come.
In London, I'm told—at least, he said it—
There are plenty of girls full of fun.
For, I'm a jolly young chap in my way,
Though by some I'm called too free :
But I'm neither proud nor gay—
No ! there's nothing of that about me.
For, I'm a jolly, &c.

To make a girl happy for life
My intentions, you'll find, they are true :
For there are plenty who live on 4s strike,
And wish they never had wooed.
My heart I'll give with my hand.
And steady and constant will be :
I'm not fond of doing the grand,
No ! there's nothing of that about me.
For, I'm a jolly, &c.

There are many who are fond of fine clothes,
And think if they only dress well,
The girls will admire their show :
And be enamoured to walk with a swell.
I don't think they could e'er have been to school,
Or what they have learned I can't see :
Its through pride, I suppose, they so act the fool,
But there's nothing of that about me.
For, I'm a jolly, &c.

Some people are always complaining
At the trouble they have to go through,
Then take my advice and cease crying :
For, I'm sure that will never help you.
You will never get through it by fretting,
And sorry at heart you will be,
If my motto you are it forgetting :
For, there's nothing of that about me.
For, I'm a jolly, &c.

So now if there's any young lady here,
Who to marry does feel inclined,
I hope she'll speak for once quite clear,
And not afterwards change her mind.
I'm not seeking for one who has wealth in galore :
For, with that we ne'er happy could be :
Or one that would always be pining for more—
No ! there's nothing of that about me.
For, I'm a jolly, &c.

Have You Seen My Sarah ?

New Version—Written and Sung by Joe Woolley.

I'm a Special Bobby,
My number's 63 :
I love a cook that knows her book
And I think that she loves me.
I met her at an area gate,
One night at half past nine :
I told her that I loved her,
And she said that she'd be mine.
Have you seen my Sarah ?
She's only got one eye :
If I don't love Sarah,
Why, I love her rabbit pie.
I met her at an area gate :
When I first began to woo,
She bestowed her young affections
On this Bobby dressed in blue.

My Sarah she's a beauty,
Some say that she's a guy :
But I think she's an Angel,
Though she has a crooked eye :
She ought to be a duchess :
Her hair is nearly red.
She dresses so neat, with great flat feet,
Besides a bushel head.
Have you seen, &c.

My Sarah's very saving,
Fifty pounds she's got,
And when we are married,
We'll take a fried fish shop.
We are going to sell potatoes,
And stewed eels in a dish.
And won't we serve you nobby
When you come for a piece of fish !
Have you seen, &c.

My Sarah's house is handy,
Not far from off my beat,
And when I feel hungry,
I go and eat cold meat :
I tell her that I love her,
I'll marry her soon, that's flat,
And all the most that I can't eat,
I carry away in my hat.
Have you seen, &c.

Kind friends, I must be going,
My time is getting short :
There's a swell gets drunk most every night,
That lives down Badger Court :
And being in want of a job,
I think that him I'll catch.
But the most important question is—
He carries a lever watch—
Have you seen, &c.

The Increase of Crime.

As Sung by FRANK LUM, the Great Comic Singer.

I've been thinking, Uncle Sam, I've been thinking,
And my thoughts I can scarcely define:
I've been thinking why people can wonder
At America's increase of crime.
Over old Uncle Sam: It's a poser,
There is something I can't understand:
I would give up a trifle to know, sir,
Why crime should increase in our land?
We have plenty of gold, I am told, sir,
We have heaps laid away in store, sir,
Guarded with bolts and bars, sir,
And still there is an increase of crime?

It's quite true what you say, Uncle Samual,
We have gold laid away in store,
Mouldy with mildew and rust, sir,
And guarded with heavy iron doors.
While you like a dog in your manger,
Your gold to yourself you confine,
When a little would make a great change, sir,
In this terrible increase of crime.
For expenses you don't give a jot, sir,
Politicians you feed a whole lot, sir,
While the poor man with hunger may rot, sir,
And still there is an increase of crime.

Can you wonder at crime? can you wonder,
When you meet the Police, on their beat,
Arresting the poor starved gent,
For earning his bread in the street?
While the thief on the corner stands grining,
In the broad open light of the day,
Your pockets he will pick for a shilling,
And the law cannot touch him, they say.
While he laughs with contempt and derision,
Defies all your police division,
This poor carter you cast into prison,
Uncle Sam, can you wonder at crime?

It's quite true what you say, Uncle Sam, sir,
Temptation is hard to resist,
Just look at our poor needle girls, sir,
Toiling their best to subsist.
Can you wonder at their prostitution,
When blood-sucking firms barely give
Enough to ward off destitution?
Although she is poor, she must live—
There is our poor servant girl, God defend her,
With footings as yours and tender,
As our proud city ladies remember.
Uncle Sam, can you wonder at crime?

Just think while you are drinking your wine, sir,
How the poor of our land they are fed,
While you with your rich folks can dine, sir:
'Tis a God send for them to get bread.
Go visit the house of the poor, sir,
Such sights you will never behold—
The prison dens go and expose, sir,
Then scatter your hoardings of gold.
When a little would soon break asunder
The chains that the poor suffer to lie under,
Go list to that great voice of hunger,
And never more wonder at crime!

There's Somebody Waiting For Me.

The moon's shining bright, and the stars
give their light,
And the evening invites us to stray:
But in vain do I talk of a bright moonlight walk—
I am here, and I can't get away.
I'm a bird in a cage, and they say "at my age,"
That their wonder is what I can see
In a walk in the cold—though the truth must
be told—
That there's somedy waiting for me

CHORUS.

There's somebody waiting, there's somebody
waiting,
There's somebody waiting for me

They ask me to sing, and my music they bring:
'Tis "Meet me by moonlight alone" again
And it's getting quite late, and I know he
won't wait
And he'll go if it comes on to rain.
And now they propose all the shutters to close,
As a form in the moonlight I see..
But, before they're aware, I'll steal down the
back stair—
For, there's somebody waiting for me.
There's somebody waiting, &c.

Get Up Early.

TRIO: Sung by Barney, Norah, and Mollie McFlinn.

BARNEY: Get up early, Mistress Mollie,
Talking's but an act of folly:
Norah's mine—Och! ain't I jolly,
In the morning early?

NORAH: Aunty, listen to my Barney,
All the way from bright Killarney;
He loves me and I love Barney,
In the morning early.

Chorus: Get up early Mistress Mollie,
Talking's but an act of folly:
Norah's mine—Och! ain't I jolly,
In the morning earley?

MOLLIE: Who are you who comes to me,
To ask the hand of Norah darling?
Rough and rude to me, ye rogue,
Poor as any thrush or Starling—
Get up early, &c.

BARNEY: Mrs Mollie, let me plead:
Poor Barney is an honest true man;
Should you give me Norah's hand,
Be sure 'tis what you'll never rue,
ma'am.

Murmuring Sea.

As Sung by DAN KELLY.

Murmuring sea! beautiful sea!
How I love to list to thy melody.
When the winds are still in thy rocky caves,
And the sweet stars glance on thy purple waves:
'Tis then I dream of the distant land,
Where I left a loving and joyous band;
Oh! dearer than ever they seem to be,
As I muse on the shore of the murmuring sea.

CHORUS.

Murmuring sea! beautiful sea!
Oh! dearer than ever they seem to be,
As we muse on the shore of the murmuring sea,
The murmuring, murmuring sea!

Murmuring sea! beautiful sea!
I no more shall sail o'er thy waters free,
But I watch the ships as they fade from sight,
And my fancy follows their trackless flight,
Bounding away to their distant mart,
To the land so dear to my lonely heart—
Oh! dearer than ever it seems to be,
As I muse on the shore of the murmuring sea!
Chorus: Murmuring sea! &c.

Get out! or Darkie Politics.

Sung by Walter Howard.

Oh! I was born when I was young,
And this is the song my mother sung:
The landlord came and said he meant
To make my mother pay the rent,
But mother said: "The money's spent.
SPOKEN: Get out:

I went to see my lady fair,
And found another nigger there:
I broke all that young nigger's bones,
And he cried: "help me, Mary Jones!"
But Mary said in silvery tones:
SPOKEN: Get out!

A friend of Darwin's came to me:
"A million years ago, said he,
You had a tail and no big-toe."
Said I "My friend, it may be so.
But I've one now, I'll let you know."
SPOKEN: Get out!

An egg was laid by our old hen,
She sat three months upon it: then,
A chicken said: "I'm down below,
It's time my head began to show."
His mother said "eggs-act-ly so—"
SPOKEN: Get out!

I wish That I Could fly!

Sung by George Leybourne.

I once was very happy, but I'm now so very sad,
My disappointment is so great, it nearly drives me mad:
A mountain maid who lives in Whales, a Gipsey girl so fair,
Quite won my heart, last summer, when I happened to be there.

I only wish that I could take and fly, fly fly!
Up on the mountain tops so high, high, high!
My life would be all honey, 'cos I'd take up all my money,
And along with Jenny Jones I'd live and die, die, die!

I sauntered out, one morning, when this Gipsey Girl I spied:
"Oh let me tell your fortune, sir," the little darling cried.
I said: "fair maiden, what's thy name?" When in angelic tones,
She said: "I live upon the hills, and my name's Jenny Jones."
I only wish, &c.

I felt enraptured, kissed her hand when, lo! a man came near,
And swore he'd shoot me if again he ever caught me there:
He tore the maiden from my arms, and then to her said: "come,
Leave that half cranky tourist there, go to thy mountain home!"
I only wish, &c.

So now she vanished from my sight, I have no wish to live:
My wealth, 'tis almost twenty pounds, unto the poor I'll give:
My furniture, one wooden stool, unto my brother Will:
I'll turn a Hermit, build a hut, and live on prim-rose Hill—
I only wish, &c.

The Kiss Behind the Door.

Sung by George Leybourne.

Oh! once, I was as gay
As a jolly cock sparrow,
Who a perched upon an apple tree,
Or down amongst the corn:
But now, clean through my heart
You could drive a large wheel-barrow:
For, my love has left a hole in it—
Oh! where is Rosanna gone?
I shall never kiss my love again behind the kitchen door,
I shall never squeeze my darling's little finger any more,
And she'll ne'er pinch my funny-bone, until it's rather sore—
Oh! where's Rosanna gone?

I'm shure no other maid
Could equal my Rosanna:
Without my love, this measly form
Will soon become a wreck.
Of her Dad I was afraid,
He's a disagreeable tanner,
And he's often promised faithfully
He'd dislocate my neck.
So I used to kiss Rosanna, just behind the kitchen door:
But I ne'er shall squeeze my darling's little finger any more,
And she'll never pinch my funny-bone, until it's rather sore—
Oh! where's Rosanna gone?

Of an evening, after tea,
While her Daddy blew his "'bacca,"
I'd seek my love Rosanna,
And ask her to share my loi:
But when he found it out,
Oh, my! how he would whack her,
While I'd jump over the garden-wall,
As tho' I'd just been shot!
I shall never kiss my love again, &c.

I'd jumped over the wall, one night,
In search of sweet Rosanna,
And, tho' I gently whistled,
My love did not appear:
But my hair stood bolt upright—
For out came her Dad, the tanner:
Oh! my teeth they rattled like dominoes,
And my legs doubled up with fear.
SPOKEN:—At the end of our interview, I FELT convinced that HE understood what "TANNING" was, and so did I—I also concluded—
I should never kiss my love again, &c.

Some say she's hid away
By her cruel Dad, on purpose
To cure her of her love for me;
Some say my love's no more—
If she's defunct, then soon
Shall they find my clay cold corpus,
And our ghosts shall come and frighten her Dad,
Behind the kitchen door,
I shall never kiss my love again, &c.

Dashing Young Gent.

As Sung by TONY PASTOR.

As I through the Park, on a bright summer's day,
Was leisurely walking to hear the band play,
My thoughts for a while were turned from the scene,
As I passed the ramble near by the green,
And on looking around, why, who should I see
But a dashing young gent, who was winking at me?

Oh! he looked so sweet, and he dressed so gay,
With his pretty black mustache curled this way,
And his jet black eyes; oh! they looked so bright,
And his features, too, were a most lovely sight;
So I had to look around once more to see,
When that dashing young gent gave a sweet smile at me.

And if I was an old maid, I do declare
The sight of that young gent would have made me stare:
But the fun of it is I am not—much less—
And what is more? I love it, I must confess;
Oh! dear! he smiles: I will faint; oh! no, not me—
For, that dashing young gent is in real love with me.

EASY THINGS TO MAKE:— Mistakes

When the Boys Come Home.

Words and Music by CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER.

The boys are coming home again,
This war will soon be o'er ;
The North and South again will stand
United as of yore :
Yes, hand in hand, and arm in arm,
Together we will roam ;
Oh ! won't we have a happy time,
When all the boys come home !

CHORUS.

We'll hoist the good old Flag again
On Freedom's lofty dome,
And live in peace and happiness,
When all the boys come home.

We'll have no more false hopes and fears,
No more heart-rending sighs . .
The Messenger of peace will dry
The weary mourner's eyes ;
We'll laugh and sing, we'll dance and play—
Ah ! wait until they come,
And joy will crown the happy day
When all the boys come home !
We'll hoist, &c.

How proud our Nation then will stand !
United ever more,
We'll bid defiance to the foe
That dare approach our shore ;
We'll hoist the good old Flag again
On Freedom's lofty dome,
And live in peace and happiness,
When all the boys come home !
We'll hoist, &c.

Napoleon's Farewell to Paris.

Farewell ! ye splendid citadel, metropolis, called Paris,
Where Phœbus every morning shouts
forth refulgent beams,
Where Flora's bright Aurora advancing from the horizon,
With radiant light adorning the pure shining streams :
At eve, when Centaur does retire, while
the ocean glides like fire,
And the Universe admires our merchandize and store,
Commanding Flora's fragrance the fertile field to decorate,
To illuminate that Royal Corsican again
on the French shore.

My name's Napoleon Buonaparte, the Conqueror of Nations !
I've banished German legions, and drove
Kings from their thrones :
I've trampled Dukes and Earls, and
splendid Congregations,
Tho' they've now transported me to St Helena's shore ;
Like Hannibal, I've crossed the Alps, the
burning sands and rocky cliffs :
O'er Russian hills, through frost and snow,
I still the laurel wore :
I'm on a desert island, where the rats
the devil would affright :
Yet, I hope to shine, in armor bright
through Europe once more.

Some say the first of my downfall was
parting from my consort,
To wed the German's daughter, who
wounded my heart sore :
But the female train I ne'er will blame ;
for she never did me defame :
They saw my sword in battle flame, and did me adore :
Now, I severely felt the rod for meddling
with the house of God :
Coin, and golden images in thousands away I tore :
I stole Malta's golden gates ; I did the
works of God disgrace :
But, if he'll give me time and place to
Him back I will restore.

My golden eagles were pulled down by
Wellington's allied army :
My troops, all in disorder could no longer stand the field :
I was sold that afternoon on the Eighteenth day of June ;
My reinforcements proved traitors which
caused me to yield :
I am an allied oak : with fire and sword
I made them smoke :
I have conquered Dutch and Danes,
and surprised the Grand Signor :
I have defeated Austrians and Russians,
both Portuguese and Prussians,
Like Joshua, Alexander, or Cæsar of yore.

And to the South of Africa and the Atlantic ocean,
To view the wild emotions and flowings of the tide :
Banished from the Royal Crown of Imperial promotion,
From the French throne of glory to see those billows glide.
Three days I bore the pain Liberty's cause to maintain :
Thousands I left slain and covered in their gore :
I never fled without revenge, nor
to the allied army cringed.
But now my sword is sheathed and Paris is no more ! . .

The Seedy Swell.

Written and Sung by Frank Jolly.

Behold in me a seedy swell,
And a man that has seen better days,
Although, if the truth to you I tell,
'Tis not my intention myself to praise.
Yet I once lived in Belgravia,
But now, my friends, 'tis easily seen,
That I do my best to shirk the West,
And live up a court at Bethnal Green.

SPOKEN : Oh ! yes, I used to live in Belgravia—that was when I was in my property—but now I live in Bethnal Green, and I don't find Bethnal Green a bad place after all, for—

They pity the downfall of a fast young swell, sir,
Yes pity the downfall of a West End swell, sir,
Who once drove a carriage, and dressed so gay,
But now my glory's all faded away—

I once could drive a carriage and pair,
The finest of any in the land :
The latest fashion out I donned,
And in Pall-mall I did the grand :
My clothes I ordered them from Poole,
I drank brandy, wine and Moet's champagne :
But now it's ale, and sometimes not that
And a second-hand suit from Petticoat Lane—

SPOKEN : A three and sixpenny suit—
Then pity my, &c.

When I think of the days when I was well off,
And what respect I could command—
From Lords and Dukes, and Marquisses,
In fact the highest in the land—
Their concert, soirees, and their balls,
I went to them day after day :
But now when I want a friend or two,
I scarcely find one—for, they've all gone away !

SPOKEN : Oh ! when I was well up in this world, I used to have too many of them : but now I can't find one to—
Pity the, &c.

They have given to me the cold shoulder,
Since I am down in this world,
And my money's gone, my carriage and
pair and jewellery,
And all my clothes, too are in pawn—
But if ever I rise in this world again,
Which, perhaps some day, you know, I might—
The only friends that I shall make
Will be like those around me here, to-night.
They pity, &c.

Going Out Fishing.

Written by J. B. Lawreen—Sung by Herbert Campbell.

In Izack Walton's book I've oft read of the joys
And delights of the gentle sport :
So started out of town with jolly Jack Brown,
Both equiped like such anglers ought.
Soon the river we reached, and got into a punt,
But forgot that the stream ran fast.
We began to fish for chub in a boat like a tub,
And got wrecked upon the bank at last.

CHORUS.

Through going out a fishing, going out a fishing,
How often now I'm wishing
I'd never seen a brook, or Izack Walton's Book
On the pleasures and the joys of Fishing.

We next got in a field but didn't see a board
With a notice " Of the dog beware ! "
And angled in the stream for jack perch and bream.
Says Brown " We shall have a bite here. "
We stood watching our floats, and longing for a bite,
In the rain for an hour and a half,
When 'midst an awful rout, I heard Jack Brown call out :
" There's a dog got hold of me by the calf. "
Through going, &c.

I didn't want a bite ; so I took to my h'eels,
When the owner of the dog came in sight
The Joskin of a clown, in a ditch ran me down,
And together we there had a fight.
We fought like bricks till I got a fearful black eye,
Which at once put an end to the war,
And then he said to Brown : " when next,
you gents, come down,
I can promise yet a few bites more. "
When going, &c.

We somehow hobbled off, got on the towing path,
Of having better luck then in hope,
And soon I got a bite, but never got a sight
Of a large being pulled by a rope.
I found I'd hooked a fish, and heard Brown call out :
" He's a whacker—keep your rod a little bent. "
While both brimful of hope—behind us came the rope,
And a nap into the river we went—
Through going, &c.

When both were nearly drowned, the barge-man got us out,
And we vowed we'd ne'er angle again.
So we ran about three miles—over hedge, ditch and stiles,
Just in time to be too late for the train.
We'd to walk all the night in sorrow to our homes,
Where our wives both began to scold.
You may call fishing sport, but what we really caught
Was a scolding and a jolly bad cold.
Through going, &c.

Waiting at the Well.

On the seat by the well I am waiting, my love,
And list for footsteps so dear :
The fair stars of ev'ning are shining above,
As I'm waiting to welcome you here.
The soft wind is wafting the nightingale's song,
So sweet, o'er the meadows to me,
And the rivulet's stream goes murm'ring along,
As I wait at the well, love, for thee.

CHORUS.

Yes, for thee I am waiting, I'm waiting here to-night,
And for your voice I listen in the dell,
Beside the chestnut tree, and the
pale moon's silver light,
I am wating, yes, waiting at the well.

Then haste to my side, love, the twilight is fading,
The birds are all nestled to rest,
And hushed are the sounds of the murmuring river,
And silent the wind in the west :
Come forth from thy casement, for thee
I am pining—
Oh ! come o'er the meadows to me :
The blue sky is smiling, the moon it is shining,
As I wait at the well, love, for thee.

After Me.

I am a jovial customer, all miseries I shun,
And as the proverb tells us I take care of number one !
I'm not at all a selfish man, my maxim don't you see,
Is to let other folks go first ! Yes after me—

CHORUS.

After me, after me, for greediness don't thirst,
After me, yes, after me, and then you shall be first.

Whilst walking out, the other day, I think
'twas near the Strand,
In my coat-pocket soon I felt a rather clumsy hand :
Some rough was just about to take my handkerchief away,
But I was quick, I collared him, and thus to him did say—
After me, &c.

I had a dance, one night last week, 'twas
at a Tradesman's ball,
With such a charming partner, too, the handsomest of all,
At my expense she drank Champagne,
when some swell said : " My dear,
When the ball is done, I'll see you home. "
I whispered in his ear—
After me, &c.

I know a sponging fellow, who somehow
will not act square,
And when the settling time comes round,
will never pay his share :
He did the usual greedy at a wine party to-day,
He seized a bottle, but I snatched it from him and did say—
After me, &c.

Old Folks.

Written by J. Wood.

Now don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray :
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day :
'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks, my darling,
Our heads are growing grey,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May :
We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago,
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and snow.

Time tries us most severely,
And our children they are gone—
Ah ! the ones that loved us dearly
Have left for their happy home—
That I and you may meet, good wife,
In that home that is above,
Where all is day—for, there's no night,
But all is Perfect Love !

A well known comic writer says he would rather be a widower every two years regularly, than to be a lonely, miserable old batchelor for ninety days.

The man who never made a mistake never made a discovery.

Rambling thro' the Town.

I've led a very quiet life,
A hundred miles from here;
I've always felt contented with
Old cosy Leicestershire:
But as I'd never seen New-York,
I thought, the other day,
I'd come and view its wonders
Before I passed away.
I must say that some sights were grand,
And if you'll list to Brown,
I'll tell you of some strange sights I've seen,
Whilst rambling thro' the town.

I saw two drunken fellows, who
Were fighting in the street:
A Policeman on the OTHER side
Looked on! 'twas OFF his beat:
He said: "I cannot interfere:"
He was an artful Cop
He was locking up some unmuzzled pup,
(A far more easy job.)
Those men fought on, till one poor wretch,
Half dead at length fell down:
I thought this was a disgraceful sight,
Whilst rambling thro' the town.

A woman stopped me in the street,
Tho' shabby yet looked clean:
She begged, and said: "My children starve,
We better days have seen
Ah! sir, SOME charitable rich,
Won't give to such as ME
But ONLY where their gift's made known
Thro' Papers PUBLICLY."
I don't possess a fortune still
I spared her half a-crown
And turned from that distressing sight,
Whilst rambling thro' the town.

A sight 'twas even worse than that,
A soldier next I saw:
He'd but one arm and leg—I thought
A shocking thing is war—
He had two medals: for, he'd fought
All thro' that cold Rebellion:
His pension was sixpence a day,
But only for one year.
As an American I fairly blushed,
My head I hung it down
At that neglected hero
I saw rambling thro' the town.

And then I saw a sight, to see
Which no one would desire:
'Twas somewhere in this neighborhood,
A very large house on fire:
A woman rushed about the street,
And shrieked in accents wild—
"God heavens! is there no one here
Will try and save my child?"
A Fireman up a ladder flew,
And brought her infant down:
That was the SADDEST sight I saw,
Whilst rambling thro' the town.

Strolling on the Sands.

Of course, we all know Ramsgate, well,
That spot to thousands dear.
Where dashing belles and heavy swells,
Assemble ev'ry year.
Some like to roam along the Pier,
And view what that commands,
But my delight, from morn till night,
Is strolling on the sands.

CHORUS.

Strolling on the sands, strolling on the sands.
Watching all the bathers dip, list'ning to the band:
Strolling on the sands strolling on the sands,
In cool or heat there's nought to beat a stroll upon the sands.

I'll ne'er forget last Summer-time:
I spent a fortnight there.
And made the sweet acquaintance of
A lovely lady fair.
She'd gone to bathe at DUMPTON GAP,
But, oh! the naughty Queen,
For once she thought she'd do without
That vile bathing machine.
Strolling on th sands, &c.

She placed her clothes upon the beach,
Then in the water played:
But when she tried to come on shore,
Oh! wasn't she dismayed!
The tide had TURNED, and all her clothes
Were floating out to sea—
She'd nothing but her bathing dress—
In what a plight to be!
Strolling on th sands, &c.

I fetched her mother to her aid,
And saved all further strife.
The maiden said: "This great event
I'll think of all my life."
We soon became the best of friends:
For, all enjoyed the fun:
We're lovers now—and soon we TWO
Are going TO be ONE.
Strolling on th sands, &c.

He is wise that knows when he is well enough.

Could I Live My Time Over Again.

Written for Harry Clifton, and Sung by him at all his popular Concerts throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

I'm not so old in appearance or years,
As I am in folly or sin:
Experience teaches fools to be wise,
But not till their troubles begin.
I know that in this worldly fight,
I've not been always in the right,
But a different view I'd keep in sight,
Could I live my time over again—

CHORUS.

Then what's the use of fretting, my boys,
In this world of folly and pain?
But, oh! what a different man I would be,
Could I live my time over again!

That honesty is the best in the end,
Of course, I've lived to see.
I once was tempted to "do" a friend
Who had done all he could for me:
But when his assistance I want, alack!
He oh me coldly turns his back:
I'd sail upon a different tack,
Could I live my time over again.
Then what's the use, &c.

And the boon companions I thought such friends,
And squandered my thousands on.
And helped them out of many a fix—
Oh! where are those old friends gone?
I know that I meet them day by day,
But their hearts, with their memories, went away:
I'd treat those scamps in a different way,
Could I live my time over again.
Then what's the use, &c.

And now, instead of a millionaire,
I once had the chance to be,
I'm poor and old, and left "out in the cold,"
To use a slang phrase: "Up a tree!"
Think kindly then of poor old Ben:
I'm too much like all other men,
But if I could live my time over again—
But I can't—so it's fiddle-de-dee—
Then what's the use, &c.

Awfully Clever.

I'm a fella who doesn't like bother,
All trouble's a deuce of a bore:
I've an income left me by my mothaw,
What on earth could a fella want more?
My favorite sport's killing time,
My aim's to do nothing at all:
While some thro' this world run or climb,
I take the trip easy and crawl.

CHORUS.

But they tell me I'm awfully clever,
Oh! so clever, deuced clever—
They say that they never, no never,
Met a fella so clever before.

Some fellas go in for the army,
And some fellas go in for trade:
But I haven't such bores to alarm me,
My fortune was already made.
And some fellas go in for brains,
And scribble to turn in a penny:
Those fellas deserve all their gains,
As for brains I could do without any.
But they tell, &c.

In the Park I am often seen driving,
When the dear girls take me for a duke:
Whenever I go in for billiards,
Somehow I'm a demon to fluke.
Sometimes to an evening party,
To keep them alive in I peep:
Whenever they ask me to sing,
They're certain to fall fast asleep—
But they tell, &c.

Some fellas will borrow a tanner,
For which I get no I O U:
Sometimes I assist them in bills
Which I have to pay when they're due.
There are mothers with daughters to marry,
Somehow take a fancy to me:
They think they're as deep as Old Harry,
But the bate and the hook I can see.
But they tell, &c.

The greatest poet that England ever produced—Shakspeare.

"It's all well enough, said Simon, to call a SPADE a SPADE, but I can't see the sense in calling STOCKINGS—HOSE."

A Shilling or Two.

Written by Harry Lynn—Composed by E. W. Fitchett.

This is trash I'm writing,
And yet still it is true,
That each mortal is fighting
For a shilling or two;
And pray what crime is so great
That is known unto you,
As this to be rather short
Of a shilling or two?

CHORUS.

A shilling or two, a shilling or two,
'Tis fearful to want a shilling or two;
This wicked world you can never get through,
Lest you're possessed of a shilling or two.

Now if you your friends would try,
There's but one thing to do:
Just ask them to lend you
But a shilling or two,
And you will find your sworn friends
Turn their backs upon you;
For, it is dreadful to want
Just a shilling or two.

CHORUS.

A shilling or two, a shilling or two,
Friends can be bought for a shilling or two;
Yes, yes, it is true, you'll find it is true,
Friends can be sold for a shilling or two.

Now, pray, do girls wed for love?
Well, p'raps some of them do,
But they more often do wed
Just a shilling or two.
But mind, most men are the same,
But their folly they rue,
Because real joy is not bought
For a shilling or two.

CHORUS.

A shilling or two, a shilling or two,
It oft proves a curse, a shilling or two;
Young maidens are bought, and
young men sold, too:
And all for what?—just a shilling or two.

Perhaps you may think it strange,
Yet still it is true,
But I'm singing these few lines
For a shilling or two,
And I've not been backbiting:
For, search the wide world through,
And all men you'll see fighting
For a shilling or two.

CHORUS.

A shilling or two, a shilling or two,
Wonderful charms has a shilling or two;
It buys things on earth, that's all it can do:
But heaven's not bought for a shilling or two.

All Like Faded Flowers are Gone.

The dream has passed, the spell is broken,
Hopes have fallen one by one:
The whispered words—so sweetly spoken—
All like faded flowers are gone.
Still her voice in music lingers,
Like a harp whose silver strings,
Softly swept by fairy fingers,
Tell of unforgotten things.
The dream, &c.

In the music's saddened measure,
Dead delights and dying dreams
Live again, and perished pleasure
Wake from death in golden gleams—
Tho' by love and hope forsaken,
Tho' by sorrow overcast,
Yet will memory awaken
Sleeping shadows of the past—
The dream, &c.

Why is a spider a good correspondent? Because he drops a line by every post.

"My friend, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a dollar?" "Oh, yes! confidence enough, but no dollar."

Follow the wise few rather than the vulgar many.

UNCLE RALPH'S GHOST.

It was the twenty-ninth day of June, 1871.

A Brazilian forest, all aglow with the flash and glitter of scarlet-winged birds among the dense foliage of the palm and mimosa, where the festoons of crimson passion-flowers hung from tree to tree, and the gleam of the Orinoco River shone like silver in the sunset. A rude hut, constructed of bamboo poles, draped by the folds of canvas, occupied the centre of this dell, or ravine; and a blue wreath of smoke, curling up into the gold of the evening air, spoke of home and preparations.

Harry Delford came plunging down through the plumy banners of giant ferns that waved along the steep bank, crushing odorous flowers in his descent, while over his shoulder he carried a rifle; and Guy Farringdon came to the tent door to greet him—a tall, browned-skinned fellow, with pleasant dark eyes, and a silky black moustache.

"Home at last, old fellow? It has been a long and weary day without you. But what makes you look so serious?"

Delford lowered his gun to the ground.

"Guy, I don't know," he answered, with a forced laugh. "Somehow there has been a shadow over me all day."

"Indigestion?" hazarded his friend gayly.

"Nonsense! when you know I've got the stomach of an ostrich. But I believe I am a little home-sick."

Farringdon smiled.

"*I have* been home-sick a good many times since we came out here, gold hunting: if that's all, come, supper is ready, and I, for one, have a good appetite to bring to it."

They sat down to the broiled birds and the cakes baked in the ashes, these two friends; and what with the after-supper pipes and chat, the evening wore itself away, and the tropical moon mounted, a great glittering shield of gold, into the sky, and still no lamp was lighted.

Farringdon had gone out to look after the welfare of the sturdy little ponies who were stabled under an impromptu awning, just beyond the tent; and Harry Delford sat quite alone, musing in the moonlight, and staring out at the shadows of palm and banana on the tropical grass.

Suddenly a figure entered slowly in at the doorway—the figure of an old man, in a rough brown coat, and silver hair streaming down upon his shoulders, and peculiar light hazel eyes, which seemed to shine and gleam strangely in the uncertain light. Under his arm he carried a flat pocket-book or wallet of faded brown leather; and after standing quite still for one instant on the threshold, he turned back, and lifting the broad flat stone in front of the door, placed the wallet under it. Then he slowly passed into the tent. Involuntarily Delford turned to look after him, but the tent was quite empty, save for the dying embers of the fire and the uncertain reflections of the moonlight.

But what was strangest of all, during all this, Henry Delford had seen the moving banana leaves and sparkling dewy grass as distinctly as if nobody intervened in the door-way. The strange apparition had been like a translucent mist or a shadow, and Delford had looked directly *through* the dim outline of human figure.

He sat there, a cold chill gradually stealing through all his nerves and fibres, until the cheery sound of Farringdon's whistle roused him from a sensation which was neither trance nor dream, but a peculiar mixture of both.

"Shall I light a lamp, old fellow?" Guy asked.

"No; let us sit here, just as we are. Farringdon, I must start for home by the next steamer," added Henry Delford.

"For home?"

"Yes. I have this night seen my Uncle Ralph Wills, who lives thousands of miles away. There is some trouble at home. I might have known that that strange depression I told you of arose from no mere fancy."

And he told his friend of the strange vision that had appeared to him.

Farringdon listened in silence. Too wise to laugh at a story that had so evidently impressed Delford with its truth, he yet did not like to attach undue weight to its premonitions.

"Hal," said he, "I would advise you to go. Not that I really believe in ghosts or apparitions, but I think you will not be quite satisfied without investigating the matter for yourself. Of course I shall miss you sadly; but you will come back to me."

And so he bade his friend farewell.

* * * * * *

"Mother, don't fret. Harry will be back as soon as a letter can reach him, and he can catch a home-coming vessel. He is strong and brave-hearted; *he* will work for us and help us."

Thus bravely spoke out little Clara Delford, the lame girl who was, in herself, as helpless as a broken-winged robin.

The Widow Delford wiped her eyes.

"I wouldn't have thought it of your cousin Caleb, Clara, to turn us out of the house Ralph always said was to be ours. And when he was on his death-bed, dear, he said we were provided for."

"His mind must have been wandering, mother dear, or else—else he trusted in Caleb's generosity, little knowing what a broken reed it was to lean upon;" and Clara Delford's voice was full of suppressed bitterness. "But we can sew, or bind shoes, or do something, until Harry comes back; for surely, surely you will not make a second appeal to that cold-hearted miser!"

"Not if we starve first! But it *is* hard, Clara, after all the years we have made a home for Ralph, and nursed him, and waited upon him."

"Life is often hard, mother," Clara answered simply.

The mother and daughter were sitting in the dreary uncarpeted room, strewn with the straw and matting, and all the *debris* of packing up: for, it was their last day at Horningham farm-house. Caleb Wills, the son whom Uncle Ralph had not spoken to for thirty years before his death, was to move in on the morrow, and Mrs. Delford was to be banished from the home where she had been born, married, and widowed. The sunset shone in the tops of the trees, where here and there a stray golden leaf bespoke the insidious approach of autumn; and the marigolds nodded their crests of orange bloom in the borders by the gate.

"Mother," said Clara, as her eyes listlessly sought the view from the window, "there comes some one with a valise."

"Some wayfarer to get a drink of water, no doubt," Mrs. Delford sighed. "It will be the last cup of water we shall ever bestow out of the old well, Clara."

But Clara had started up in her chair.

"Mother, it—it is Harry!"

And the next moment brother and sister were folded in each other's arms.

"But, Harry," gasped the enraptured mother, "how did you happen to come home just now, when we needed you so sorely?"

"I was summoned," he answered, gravely. "Uncle Ralph died on the 29th of June, did he not?"

"Then you got our letter? But you could not—it is impossible!" cried Mrs. Delford.

"I have received no letter. Tell me all about it."

He listened silently, while Mrs. Delford recounted the sad events which had rendered them homeless and poor.

"If dear Ralph had but made a will, as he always said he meant to do, things would have been quite different," said Mrs. Delford, with tears.

"He *did* make a will!" asserted her son. "And you will find it in an old leather wallet, buried, with other papers, under the door-stone."

"Harry!"

"Get me a crowbar, mother, and let us look. And please ask me no more questions just yet."

With a strength so nearly superhuman that it seemed bestowed upon him expressly for the occasion, Harry Delford pried up the huge flat door-stone; and there, enveloped in an oiled silk covering, lay the wallet he had seen in his vision, containing papers, money, and the will, which bestowed upon Mrs. Delford and her children the Horningham farm, and enough to enable them to dwell thereon in competence.

Then, and not until then, he told the strange tale of that moonlight night among the forests of Brazil.

"Was it a dream, mother, or a vision?" he asked in a low, thrilling voice. "Or was it, as I firmly believe, that Uncle Ralph's departing soul, troubled by the consciousness of one last duty unfulfilled, made itself present to me in a way which psychologists can never satisfactorily explain away?"

It was a question that they never could answer. But there were the facts; and when Henry Delford once more rejoined his faithful friend out in Brazil, he had a tale to unfold which made Guy cry out: "Verily, truth is stranger than fiction!"

And Uncle Ralph slept peacefully at last in the church-yard behind Horningham hill.

LEONORE:

OR THE PAGE'S STRATAGEM.

Throughout sunny France there was mingled pride and sorrow. All France was proud that, on the morrow, the brave Sir Roland was to set out for Spain, to make war against the Saracens; but many a maiden's heart was heavy with grief and anticipation of the coming parting from the knight she loved. Well for them that they knew not of the fate which awaited the gallant army of the Paladins.

Under the Gothic roof of the great hall, a group of the wisest, the bravest, and most honored of the realm were gathered near the brazen throne whereon sat the martial King of the Paladins, Charlemagne of the Iron Crown. One was a gray-haired warrior, who bore the scars of many a battle; and as he came and stood at the foot of the throne, the mighty ruler smiled graciously and inquired his wish; for, the old Count of Navarre, who had served him so faithfully, yet declined the honors the King would have showered upon him, was one of Charlemagne's most trusted friends.

"Sire, I have a favor to ask," said the Count.

"We are always ready to grant the requests of friends as true as thou," answered Charlemagne. "Ask on."

"Sire, wilt thou send another knight with Sir Roland? He is one of my relatives, whom I would have away."

"Thy request is granted," said the King; "though it seemeth to us a strange one. Who is thy relative, and why is he in thy way?"

"He is young Sir Herbert of Mardent; the orphan son of my cousin, sire. Thou knowest he was made a knight but a short time since. I am fond of the youth, and loth to send him away; but he must not remain, for his own sake and my daughter's. He loves her, sire, and thou knowest he is not a mate for Leonore of Navarre."

There was a gleam of dry humor in Charlemagne's eye, and a hint of sarcasm in his voice as he answered:—"It strikes us thou art taking not the best way to cure the youth's malady! Dost thou not know that if thou shalt separate these lovers, they will but love the more? Or do I mistake in understanding that the Lady Leonore returns the young knight's affection?"

"Thou art not mistaken, sire," replied the Count, with a look of annoyance. "My daughter has so far forgotten her rank as to encourage the youth in his folly; for which I hold him the less to blame, and deserving of no severer punishment than banishment from her presence."

"Who told thee of the matter?" asked the King.

"Leonore's page told me. He has seen them often meet and part, and knows of all that has passed between them. He held that I ought to know it, but desired that I should not tell the Lady Leonore of his intervention."

"And Sir Hubert?" asked Charlemagne. "Will he go willingly, dost thou think?"

"He will, sire," answered the Count. "He thirsts for glory, and dreams of gallant deeds. He will be a brave soldier, methinks. And when he is gone, the Lady Leonore will perhaps forget him, and give her heart to one who will be a more fitting mate."

"We doubt that," laughed the King. "But thou shalt have thy way; Sir Hubert shall go with Sir Roland."

And so, ere noon, intelligence came to Hubert of Mardent, that Charlemagne himself chose *him*, of all the new-made knights at court, to go with

Sir Roland into Spain, and recommended him to a position near the person of the renowned chieftain.

"That was a proud moment for the young knight, and no suspicion of the motive for this honor detracted from his pride and pleasure. Only when he thought of Leonore, a pang of pain and regret lessened his triumph; but even the sorrow of leaving her grew less bitter when he thought of the laurels he might win and, returning, lay at her feet.

But little cared Leonore for his bright dreams of glory. *She* only knew that she loved him, and he was going from her to return, perhaps, no more. When he met her at their trysting-place that night, he found her distracted with grief at the news which had already reached her ears. All his bright pictures of the time when he should return with honor and fame, to offer her the trophies of his valor, failed to assuage her grief, or check her falling tears.

"My heart tells me thou wilt not return, Hubert," she wept, in answer to it all.

"Nothing but death can prevent my returning to thee, as loyal and true as now, dearest Leonora," tenderly replied her lover.

"Death! Do not speak of it! Oh, Hubert! how can I let thee go?"

"I *must* go, beloved," said Hubert. "And if death come to me, be assured I shall meet it as a Christian knight, and leave no craven's name behind me."

"Swear that thou wilt not forget me; that if thou livest, thou wilt come back," she sobbed, passionately.

"I swear!" he solemnly replied.

Leonore unwound from about her waist a silken scarf, of brilliant colors, and giving it to him, she said:—"Keep this, then, as a token of thy truth. So long as thou lovest me, bear it with thee; but if ever thy heart shall turn from me, and find another love, return it."

"The scarf shall never be thine again, dear Leonore," said the knight, as he pressed it to his lips and placed it in his bosom.

"Hubert, I must not linger here too long, or they will seek me," said the lady. "I must bid thee farewell—and, oh! my Hubert, I fear it is for ever!"

One passionate embrace, one long kiss, one word of farewell, and Leonore tore herself from her lover's arms, and fled away to weep along in her bower. And as the young man turned from the spot, his heart seemed bursting with the agonized thought that they *might* be parting for ever.

When both had gone, and all was still about their trysting-place, a third figure stole out from the shelter of a rock, and stood upon the spot where the lovers had parted. The figure of a handsome boy, in a page's showy dress, and wearing in his cap a jewel that was the Lady Leonore's gift, and marked him as in her service. He stamped his foot upon the ground where Hubert had stood, and menaced with his clenched fist in the direction taken by the departing knight, as he muttered fiercely: "Mayest thou fall by the Saracen's hand, Hubert of Mardent! If thou *dost* return, thou shalt no more be dear to her, whose heart I might have won, hadst thou not taken it from me!"

With his face full of hate and anger, the page turned towards Sir Roland's camp, whither Sir Hubert had gone. He knew the tent where Hubert was to pass the night. Unseen, he reached it, and making sure that it was unoccupied, he entered and concealed himself within. An hour later Sir Hubert entered the tent, and little thinking what unfriendly eyes were watching him, he sought his couch and slept, to dream of glory and Leonore.

Upon the following morning a vast crowd gathered on the plain where the mighty Charlemagne reviewed his departing warriors. Well might the monarch look proudly on that chivalrous array: for, the flower of all the kingdom was there. The bravest hearts, the strongest arms in France, went forth to die, that day—to die at fatal Roncesvalles.

It was a gallant sight to see them go, amid the cheers and farewell songs of those who flung wreaths and garlands of flowers in their path; it was a glorious sight; but many eyes that saw it were dim with tears, and many gentle hearts were sick with bitter woe. The fairest of all the lovely dames who came to see the brave Sir Roland start for Spain—Leonore of Navarre—went weeping from the throng.

None saw her tears but Philip, the handsome page, whose devotion to her was often alluded to by her friends as being so beautiful and touching: the boy was a waif of unknown birth and parentage, whom the Count had found upon the battle-field, while but a child, and had brought home and educated for his daughter's page. His age was nearly that of the Lady Leonore, and they had grown up together, the petted boy being treated more as a familiar play-mate than as a servitor, by his little mistress. And now that she had grown to womanhood, the Lady Leonore was ever more familiar to him than to others. Much as they praised his devotion, they never dreamed how deep was his love for her: with what a wild passion he worshipped her, hating all men who found favor in her eyes, lest they should win her heart, to which he himself aspired: nor was his dream so very wild.

He knew that when Leonore gave her heart, her hand would go with it: and should her father oppose her choice, she would not hesitate to brave his wrath, and fly with the man she loved. So all his life he had shaped his every act and motive by the hope of gaining her love. So kind and even affectionate had she been to him, that he had believed he should succeed, until young Hubert of Mardent came. From the first he hated the brave and handsome young knight, whose name was already well known, from the gallant deed by which he had won his spurs. Philip had hated him, at first, for fear that Lady Leonore would love him: and now he hated him intensely for the certainty that she did love him.

He had come with Leonore to behold the army march away: and he ground his teeth to see Hubert wave his hand to her, and to see the tears that flowed from her beautiful eyes, as she turned to hide them from all eyes but his. Riding close to her side, when they had left the crowd, he bent near her and whispered gently:

"Lady, art thou weeping, too?"

"Wouldst thou not weep, Philip, if thou wast a maid, and thy lover gone to the war?" murmured the Lady.

"Pardon, sweet Lady, hast thou a knight with Roland, then?"

"Ah! Philip: the bravest and the truest knight of them all is mine!" smiled Leonore through her tears: "God shield him through all harm, and bring him safely back to me!" she added fervently.

The weeks passed on, and Leonore did not forget Sir Hubert of Mardent. All the dearer to her, in absence, became the young knight in whose truth she placed such a trust, and for whose triumphant return she now began to hope and wait.

One day, as she sat alone, in her bower, dreaming of her absent lover, Philip came to her, bearing in his hand a small package:

"Lady, a lad brought this for thee," he said, extending it to her.

"For me: what is it?" asked Leonore indifferently.

"I know not, Lady: the lad was a stranger to my eyes, and he said only that thou wouldst understand."

With curiosity, Leonore unrolled the little package, and out floated the brilliant folds of that silken scarf, her parting gift to Hubert of Mardent!

The bright fabric fell from her nerveless hand, and, with a cry of bitter agony, she turned to her waiting page:

"Philip, she cried sharply, who brought this scarf? and where is he now—the messenger?"

"Lady, I told thee that I knew him not: and I cannot tell thee whither he went. I urged him to stay, but he said there was no need: he but placed the package in my hand, and went away."

"Is that all thou knowest of the matter, Philip?"

"All, my Lady."

For a moment, Leonore sat silent and pale, looking away into space: then she said quietly:

"Thou mayest go, Philip."

Well for the page that his mistress did not see the vengeful and malicious glance in his blue eyes, as he turned from her presence! When he was gone, she threw herself upon the floor in a sorrow too bitter for tears. He was false whom she had believed so true.. he had found another love, and sent back her gift.. and now could she ever trust again?

But Leonore of Navarre was proud, and wished not that any should guess how she had given her faith, to have it scornfully thrown back at her.. and she still shone, at *fete* and tournament, the star of beauty among the loveliest: and the old Count chuckled to himself over the seeming success of his plan.

There came a day when there was dark mourning in the homes of France: when tears were trifles to those who had thought they knew what sorrow meant, when they wept at the going forth of Sir Roland and his knights: when hearts froze with horror at the thought of awful Roncesvalles! All had died, all had fallen beneath the Moorish spears in that bloody pass: and it was but a poor balm for broken hearts to know that their death was more glorious than victory.

When the fearful news reached Leonore of Navarre, it came to a heart already filled with sorrow: for, Philip, her page, was dying.. he had been her play-mate in childhood, and her friend in youth, and her heart was rent with a new anguish at the thought of losing him. But he must die: so said the skilled physician who examined the wound he had accidentally received.

When he knew that his moments were numbered, he called Leonore to his bed-side, and.. besought her to listen while he confessed the wrong he had done to her. With death hanging over him, he told her all: how he had betrayed her secret to the Count, and caused the banishment of Hubert, and how he had stolen the silken scarf, and brought it back to her, that she might believe her lover false. Pleading his vain love for her, he implored forgiveness, and Leonore was too gentle to refuse it: so Philip died forgiven.

The old Count heard the page's confession, and his heart smote him for what he had done. Leonore did not reproach him: but, as days, weeks, and months passed on, and the maiden's once bright cheek grew pale and thin, and the joyous smile that had been the light of her father's heart never gladdened it now, the Count bitterly repented the word which had sent Hubert of Mardent away to die at Roncesvalles. Many times he sorrowfully said that were it possible to bring the young knight back to life, he would gladly bestow on him the hand of the Lady Leonore.

But when he said it to his daughter, she only answered sadly: "It is too late, my father!"

A year had gone since Roland the brave fell, with his gallant knights, at Roncesvalles. It was the hour of sunset, and Leonore of Navarre left her bower, and wandered alone to the spot where last she had seen Sir Hubert: for, it was often her custom to visit their trysting-place, and there to weep for her fallen knight.

Leaning against a tree, beneath whose wide branches she had parted from Hubert, the Lady bowed her head upon her hands, and murmured, in low tones: "One year ago, he stood beside me here, and now he is dead! Oh! Hubert! Hubert!"

"Leonore! mine only love!"

Was it a voice from the other world that spoke? Was it a ghost that stood beside her, or was it Hubert of Mardent, alive and in the flesh? The clasp of his strong arms told her that he was no spirit: and his own loved voice drove every sorrow from her heart, as he told how two knights alone, of all that fought at Roncesvalles, had lived, and he was one of them. Taken prisoners by the Moors, and experiencing many months of hardship in slavery, they had at last escaped.

There was no more sorrow for Leonore of Navarre. Too glad to see the smiles on his daughter's face again to be stern, the Count joyfully sanctioned her union with Sir Hubert. And, in their happiness, the lovers gladly forgave the stratagem of Philip, the page.

THE END.

The wedding-ring was not, at first, of gold, but of iron adorned with an adamant: the metal hard and durable signifying the duranee and perpetuity of the contract.

ALWAYS DRIVING THINGS — A hammer.

THE ROSE'S ERRAND.

Words and Music by CHARLES MACKAY.

Rather slow, with expression.

p *cres.* *p* *f* *p* *dim.*

1. I sent a mes - sage by the Rose, That words could not con - vey; Swe
2. My love re - ceiv'd it with a smile, She read its thought and sigh'd, The

f ten. *pp* *p*

vows I nev - er dared to breathe, And wish - es pure as they; A mute but tell - tale
placed it on her hap - py breast, And wore it till it died— Im - mor - tal Rose! it

pp

mes - sen-ger, It could not do me wrong; It told the pas - sion I concealed, And hopes I cher - ish
could not die, The spir - it which it bore Lives in her heart as first in mine, A joy for ev - er

cres. *rf* *cres.* *f* *p* *cres.* *f*

long.
more.

f *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *p*

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CONTENTS.

Always make the best of it ..... page 634
A prayer for those at sea 634
An old man's advice 636
A BIT OF MY MIND 636
A Colored Professor 'cussin De Free Lub Doctrine 637
A Bit of my mind— Tony Pastor's Version 637
The Bird on the Tree 636
Comic Version of Mollie Darling 635
Dot Leedle German Band 635
DOLLY DOT 635
The First dear thing that ever I loved 636
Happy Go-lucky: or never say Die 635
Horse-Fly, come tickle me 637
Harry Ross's Secret — a Story ..... 638—639
I'll Find a way or make it 634
If I only had my way! 635
I Would if I could: If I couldn't, how could I? 634
Kiss my Mother dear for me 637
The Little Brown cot on the Hill 635
MOLLIE DARLING 635
Never Show the White Feather 634
Oh! leave me not, my Darling one 636
Oh! Love me as of old, Darling 635
Pretty Little Maggie 637
Speed, Speed, my Swift Vessel 634
The Sailor's song 634
She was fair, She was fat, She was forty .. 636
The SOAP-BOILER'S DAUGHTER 637
That's where you're wrong 637
TWILIGHT DREAMS—WALTZ 640
Upon the Danube river 636
Up in the Mormon Land 636
Who Stole the Ham? 634

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Always Make the Best of it.

Winter snows bring summer flowers,
Harvest and the rest of it:
Pleasant is this world of ours,
If we make the best of it.
Misfortune boldly met by man,
Adds but to the zest of it—
Our life at most is but a span,
Always make the best of it.
So bear trouble like a man,
Never go in quest of it;
Life at most is but a span,
Always make the best of it.

Some fret and fume a long life through,
While some are always jolly:
And some give up old friends for new,
And find their wisdom folly:
Love often fades 'neath Fortune's ban,
Poverty the test of it:
Our life at most is but a span,
Always make the best of it.
So bear trouble, &c.

No money means but money's worth,
Tho' money's power is great:
While silver spoons are good at birth,
Wooden ladles fight 'gainst Fate:
Castle or cottage in life's plan,
Host or but the guest of it—
Our life at most is but a span,
Always make the best of it.
So bear trouble, &c.

Friends, love, and money pass away,
More bubbles on life's river:
And soon for us must come the day
When we leave all for ever—
So let's be jolly while we can,
Hang care—make a jest of it:
One life at most is but a span,
Always make the best of it.
So bear trouble, &c.

A Prayer for Those at Sea.

Far across the surging main
The gallant ship doth steer,
And now may we call in vain—
For those who were so dear!
Lonely o'er the ocean's foam,
And through the sparkling spray,
Seek they out another home,
Far away—far away!
Pray, pray, pray, pray,
Pray for those at sea,
Both by night and day.

Oft when through the leafless trees
The hollow winds shall roar,
Lowly bending on our knees—
From this our distant shore—
Prayers shall follow in the wake
Of where that ship doth glide,
And shall bless it for the sake
Of those it bears inside.
Pray, pray, &c.

Speed, speed, my swift Vessel.

Speed, speed my swift vessel, my home is in sight,
The breezes are fair, we shall anchor to-night;
To-morrow at sunrise, once more I shall stand
On the sea-beaten shore of my own native land.
Ah! why does despondency weigh down my heart?
Such thoughts are for friends who reluctantly part—
I come from an exile of twenty long years.
Yet I gaze on my country through fast falling tears!
I come, &c.

My home is not changed? No, the clematis climbs
O'er the gay little porch, as it did in old times:
And the seat where my father reclined is still there:
But, where is my father? oh! answer me, where?
My mother's own casement, the chamber she loved,
Is there overlooking the lawn where I roved:
She thoughtfully sat with her hand o'er her brow,
As she watched her young darling—ah! where is she now?
As she watched, &c.

But see the green path—I remember it well—
'Tis the way to the Church—hark! the toll of the bell
Oh! oft in my boyhood a truant I've strayed
To ponder dark yew tree, and slept in its shade!
But sorely the pathway is narrower now—
No smooth place is left 'neath the dark yew tree bough—
O'er tablets inscribed with sad records I tread,
And the home I have sought—is the home of the dead!
O'er tablets, &c.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death: one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride and fear.

Who Stole the Ham?

Air: Virginia Rosebud.

We had a ham 'twas in the bunkroom hanging,
Which we had hidden with the greatest care;
When rashers of it on the stove were frying,
A fragrant odor seemed to fill the air;
Oh! how each watched his rasher while 'twas cooking,
And thought to eat the rest another day—

REPEAT.

That morn we left it on the nail it was hanging,
But ere the night 'twas swiftly stole away.

CHORUS

They stole, they stole, they stole our ham away,
Hear us now calling, hear us, we pray.

SOLO.

Our empty stomachs craving,
For the ham the ham they've stole away.

FULL CHORUS.

My fancy sees them on the stair,
They've got the ham, I do declare;
They stole, they stole, they stole our ham away.
They stole, they stole, they stole our ham away.

And then with stomachs empty and dejected,
We wandered through the house, but all in vain;
And every hole and corner was inspected,
But not a smell of ham did there remain.
Then swift as thought this firm resolve came o'er us,
That for the future whether night or day:

REPEAT

Provisions that the Grocery furnish for us,
Should never from the house be stole away.

Chorus: Solo: & Full Chorus.

The Sailor's Song.

Sweetly blows the western wind
Softly o'er the rippling sea,
And thy sailor's constant mind
Ever turns to thee.
Tho' the north wind may arise,
And the waves dash madly by:
Tho' the storm should rend the skies,
And vivid lightnings round me fly:
Then I love thee more and more,
Then art thou more dear to me—
And I sigh for that fair shore,
Distant o'er the sea.

Thus thy sailor, when away,
Fondly fancies home is near,
And to thee his thoughts will stray,
Thee he holds most dear—
Tho' the tempest may appal,
And strike terror to the brave:
Tho' on high for aid we call,
And pray we may not find a grave:
Then I love thee more and more, &c.

Never Show the White Feather.

Written by J. A. Hardwick.

I know in this world there is plenty of strife,
Each morning some trouble discloses:
I know we all find in the garden of life
A fair share of thorns with the roses:
But if we face trouble, we surely shall see
'Twill soon disappear altogether
An American never should show the white feather.

CHORUS.

Don't show the white feather! don't show the white feather!
Tho' danger and trouble perplex you together,
Don't show the white feather—tho' stormy the weather,
An American never should show the white feather.

When debtors and duns both annoy and perplex,
And grief casts a shadow of sorrow:
When fortune so fickle does nothing but vex,
Then hopefully wait for the morrow.
Although it may be dark at the close of the day,
The dawn may bring forth brighter weather:
Keep on persevering, but don't let folks say:
"You ever have shown the white feather."
Don't show the white feather! &c.

In love as in war you must never turn back,
Altho' your chance may appear shady:
If beaten at first, yet renew the attack:
For faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
The battle of life ever fails to the brave,
You'll get to the end of the tether,
And win the good fight, if you boldly behave:
So never, boys show the white feather.
Don't show the white feather! &c.

The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

I'll Find a Way or Make it.

Written for Harry Clifton, and Sung by him at all his popular Concerts throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker
Before the castle say:
"They're safe in such a fortress,
There is no way to shake it:"
"Oh! oh! exclaimed the hero,
I'll find a way or make it."

CHORUS.

So in this world as we're travelling through,
Troubles and trials we all see a few:
We must not give up as some people do,
But "find it or make a way through."

Is Fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high—
In vain he seeks her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh:
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it,
Who says with Roman firmness:
"I'll find a way or make it."
So in this world, &c.

Is learning your ambition?
There is no royal road:
Alike to Peer or Peasant
Must climb to her abode.
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it—
If he has still the Roman will
To "find a way or make it,"
So in this world, &c

Are riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought:
With wishing and with fretting,
The boon cannot be bought.
To all the prize is open,
But he alone can take it,
Who says with Roman courage:
"I'll find a way or make it."
So in this world, &c.

In love's impassioned warfare,
The tale has ever been
That victory crowns the valiant—
The brave are those that win:
Though strong is Beauty's castle,
A lover still may take it,
Who says with Roman daring:
"I'll find a way or make it."
So in this world, &c.

I would if I could: If I couldn't, how could I?

Sung by Emma Day.

I'm such a light-hearted girl,
Sorrow for me hath no sting:
The gents all declare I'm a belle,
Dearly deserving a ring:
A ring—that means marriage, of course—
I'm not in a marrying way;
Oh! you gents are so fond of Divorce,
That at present allow me to say:

CHORUS.

I would if I could: if I couldn't, how could I?
I couldn't without I could, could I? could you?

The gents in our days are, I find,
Most pleasant teasing, but then
They think we like Justice—are blind
To all the deceit of you men.
I dare be bound now, if I said:
"Come kiss me, I'm going away!"
Oh! then each one would hold up his head—
But at present permit me to say:
I would, &c.

The fashion at present's to urge,
It's catching, or catch, who catch can:
On earth there is no greater rage,
At catching a girl, than a man:
And tho' I am not to be lost,
The chaff will be all thrown away:
Oh! tho' dear, I am not to be bought—
So at present allow me to say:
I would, &c.

A great deal more I could say,
But the least said the soonest will mend:
But this I respectfully say:
Don't think that I mean to offend.
One word, 'tis the last ere I go—
"Have I cheered all your sorrows away?"
Oh! you'd like me to stay here, just so—
But at present permit me to say:
I would, &c.

Mollie Darling.

A BEAUTIFUL SONG BY WILL S. HAYS.

The Music can be obtained at the well-known Music Establishment of J. L. PETERS, 599 Broadway, New-York.

Won't you tell me, Mollie darling,
That you love none else but me?
For, I love you, Mollie darling,
You are all the world to me.
Oh! tell me, darling, that you love me,
Put your little hand in mine,
Take my heart, sweet Mollie darling,
Say that you will give me thine.
Chorus: Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest,
Look up, darling, tell me this:
Do you love me, Mollie darling?
Let your answer be a kiss.

Stars are smiling, Mollie darling,
Through the mystic vail of night;
They seem laughing, Mollie darling,
While fair Luna hides her light;
Oh! no one listens but the flowers,
While they hang their heads in shame,
They are modest, Mollie darling.
When they hear me call your name. Chorus.

I must leave you, Mollie darling,
Though the parting gives me pain;
When the stars shine, Mollie darling,
I will meet you here again.
Oh! good-night, Mollie, good-bye, loved one
Happy may you ever be!
When you're dreaming, Mollie darling,
Don't forget to dream of me. Chorus.

Dot Leedle German Band.

Written and sung by GUS WILLIAMS.

...sed listden unto me, und I'll sing you a ditty,
...oud a German Band, dot blays abound dis city;
...instrumends dot dey have got. Is a Drombone
und Cornet,
... Alto horn, a big brass drum, und a B flat Clarinette.
Spoken—Yes, und I'm de leader of—
Dot leedle German Band,
Dot leedle German Band,
De beeble cry und say, "oh my!"
As ve march drough de land.

...go around de sdreets, almosd every day,
...nd set de beeble vild mit de music dot ve blay;
...Good-bye, sour heart" und "Hime sweed Hime."
...alvays blay so fine
...t ve alvays do our best, ven ve blay "Die Wacht
Am Rhein."
Spoken—Yes, und de music comes so sweed from—
Dot leedle German Band, &c.

...le valking yesterday down by a German garden,
...man saked me if I could blay, "de tune de old
cow died on,'
...old dot man to go avay, or mit my fiads und toes,
I show him gwick. dot I could blay a solo on his nose.
Spoken—Und dot if I couldn't do dot mineself, dot
I vould get to helb me—
Dot leedle German Band, &c.

Comic Version of Mollie Darling.

Sung by TONY PASTOR.

When I met you, Mollie darling,
I believe t'was after ten,
You had on your "Dolly Varden,"
And you completely dazzled me.
When I asked you if you loved me,
You gave my little hand a squoze:
Take my greenbacks, Mollie darling,
But don't turn up at me your nose.
Chorus: Mollie dearest, fairest, sweetest,
Look, darling, tell me that:
Won't you love me, Mollie darling?
Don't despise me because I'm fat.

When we're married, Mollie darling,
And you are my loving spouse,
We'll have lots of Dolly Vardens,
Playing around the house.
When 'tis evening, Mollie darling,
You'll put them in their little bed,
And if they annoy you, Mollie,
Gently put on them a head. Chorus.

The Little Brown Cot on the Hill.

The Music can be obtained at the well-known Music-Store of C. H. Ditson & Co. 711 Broadway, N. Y.

I remember the little brown cot on the hill,
Where I lived in the bright long ago,
And the musical sound of the murmuring rill
That beside the brown cot used to flow;
Though to others no beauty in it might appear,
That could wake in their bosoms a thrill,
Yet there's nothing on earth to my heart was
so dear
As that little brown cot on the hill.

CHORUS.

It was lonely and old, and in winter was drear,
And the winds could assail it at will:
Yet there's nothing on earth to my heart was
so dear
As the little brown cot on the hill.

Long ago in that little brown cot I was born,
And there passed all my boyhood away;
On its porch I would sit from the first flush of
morn
Till the close of the long summer day:
Or I'd play in the cool shady woods that were
near,
And my shout would ring merry and shrill,
Till fatigued I'd return to my mother so dear,
In the little brown cot on the hill. Chorus.

It is years since I parted my friends at its door,
When I left them to wander away,
And I sigh when I think that they'll meet me
no more;
For, they sleep in the church-yard to-day.
But although in this world I'll not meet them
again,
It will cherish their memory still.
And remembrance forever with me will remain,
Of the little brown cot on the hill. Chorus.

Happy Go-Lucky: or Never Say "Die!"

The Music can be obtained for 10 cents at the Music-Publishing Office of E. H. Harding, 288 Bowery, N. Y.

Send care to the right about, always be jolly;
No matter if you should be low in the purse.
Whatever your cares are, remember the maxim
"'Tis never so bad, but it might have been worse."
It must be a long lane that has not a turning,
I've never been in it myself, I declare;
If sorrow or trouble looks into my face, boys,
I turn him away with an impudent stare,
I'm happy go-lucky, and never say 'die.'

Chorus.

Never say 'die,' Never say 'die.'
Give care the cold shoulder and never say 'die,'
Never say 'die' say I.

Some people anticipate trouble and worry,
And fly off at once to the care-killing cup;
'Tis better to wait on the chapter of chances;
For, some thing or other is sure to turn up.
Misfortunes will happen, and worry won't mend 'em,
A sober clear head will do much more than that;—
Be ready to face 'em—to Jericho send 'em;
A man who's afraid of misfortune's a flat. Chorus.

If I have not a friend, and I have not a dollar,
I will not be dolorous then, I declare:
I'll shake my own hand, and I'll pull up my collar,
I'll whistle a tune and I'll wait for my fare.
I may meet by-an-bye, if I laugh and am merry,
A sorrowful chap with some money to spend;
His heart I can cheer; he pay for a dinner,
And thus give him more than he's able to lend. Chorus.

'Tis folly, you'll own, to look back on a grievance,
'Tis worse to rush on and meet trouble half way:
For, pleasure is shy, and of blue-devils jealous:
Encourage the blues, and pleasure won't stay—
And life is so short, that time isn't granted
To flirt with dull care and be jolly to boot.
I would tend upon joy like a bright little flower,
And tear out old care, like a weed, by the root. Chorus.

Dolly Dot.

As sung by MISS JENNIE ENGEL.

I'm told that once there lived a maid,
Whose name was Dolly Dot.
And while her Pa soled boots and shoes,
She sold potatoes hot;
He never stirred from out his stall,
But Dolly had to roam;
For, she repaired to Madison Square
While he repaired at home.

Chorus.

Dolly Dot was handsome, Dolly Dot was fair.
Dolly Dot potatoes hot sold in Madison Square;
Oh! Dolly Dot was charming Dolly Dot was gay
And just the sort of a girl to steal a fellow's heart away.

Now as she earned her daily bread,
'Tis said that it befel
She won the heart of one who came
His daily bread to sell;
So gay was he that in his coat
A flour was always found,
And he went round the Square because
The Square was in his round. Chorus.

But Dolly had a black amour,
A chimney sweep so cute,
And as she helped the black-a-moor,
She looked upon his suit;
An all persuading tongue had he
And was such an adept,
That all he grind was chimneys sweep
And then the chimneys wept. Chorus.

These two heroes were bosom friends,
Until it came about
That they fell in with Dolly Dot
And then they both fell out;
Beside poor dolly's can they met
For her fair hand to fight,
And soon they had the matter up
And down in black and white. Chorus.

The baker soon began to tire:
For, dough is tender stuff
And when they'd a bout or two,
He'd had about enough;
The lucky chimney sweep thus proved
His right to Dolly's charms
And soon his sweetheart flew unto
Her love's victorious arms. Chorus.

Oh! Love Me as of Old, Darling.

Composed and Sung by SAMUEL D. STRICKLER.

Oh! love me as of old, darling,
It's this I'd ask of thee:
Think of the days to come, love:
For, brighter days we'll see.
Oh! don't forget your promise
That night you gave to me;
We talked of days to come—when
How happy we would be!
Chorus: Oh! love me as of old, darling,
It's this I'd ask of thee;
For, brighter days will come, love,
How happy then we'll be!

How happy did I feel—then,
Upon that summer's night,
You said you'd e'er be true to me
As the stars that shine so bright;
Oh! think not of the picture,
How dark may seem the hour—
But love me as of old, darling,
And happiness is ours. Chorus.

If I Only Had My Way.

Written by R. ROBERTS. Music by S. B. ALLEN.

Sung by MISS JENNIE ENGEL.

How many things so wanting now, I very often say,
I would supply with pleasure, if I only had my way!
Apart from help to needy souls, and "lifts" to
struggling friends,
I'd give some folks that I know their just deserts
and ends:
I'd have the honest aided and the weary hearts
made gay;
And idleness turned begging, if I only had my way!

Chorus.

If I only had my way! If I only had my way!
I'd do all sorts of wonders, if I only had my way!

I'd have the earnest worker paid his credit and
his due,
Nor have the toil of many made the pleasure of
the few!
I'd put a tax on bachelors, and have some
husbands know
Their proper place at home, and let some idle
woman go:
I'd be revenged on all that's mean, I'd make all
debtors pay,
I'd do all sorts of wonders, if I only had my way!
Chorus.

Upon the Danube River.

(BARCAROLE.)

Words by George Cooper—Arranged by Henry Tucker.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published in De Witt's Half-Dime Series of Choice Music. For sale by B. M. De Witt, No. 33 Rose Street. Price Five Cents.

We glided over the rippling wave
That in the starlight dances,
To loving looks you fondly gave
The brightest, sweetest glances :
We watched the silver rays of night
Above us softly quiver :
Oh ! life was fair, and rosy bright,
Upon the Danube river !

CHORUS.

We watched the silver rays of light
Above us softly quiver :
Oh ! life was fair, and rosy bright,
Upon the Danube river !

I held your little hand in mine,
And thought not of the morrow !
I saw your eyes in beauty shine,
Undimmed by clouds of sorrow.
I would that both our lives might flow
As calmly on forever :
'Twas Cupid at the helm, you know,
Upon the Danube river !

We watched, &c.

The First Dear Thing that ever I Loved.

The first dear thing that ever I loved
Was a mother's beaming eye,
That smiled as I woke on the dreamy couch,
That cradled my infancy :
I never forgot the joyous thrill
That smile in my bosom stirred :
Nor how it could charm me against my will
Till I laughed like a joyous bird.

And the next fair thing that ever I loved
Was a bunch of summer flowers
With odors, and hues, and loveliness,
Fresh as Eden's bowers—
I never can find such hue again,
Nor smell such sweet perfume :
And if there be odors as sweet as they,
'Tis I that have lost my bloom.

And the next dear thing I was fond to love,
Is tenderer far to tell :
'Twas a voice, and a hand and a gentle eye
That dazzled me with its spell :
And the loveliest things that I had loved before
Were only the landscape now
On the canvas bright where I pictured her
In the glow of my early vow.

And the next good thing I was fain to love
Was to sit in my cell alone,
Musing o'er those lovely things,
Forever, forever flown—
And the last dear thing I was fond to love
Was that holy service nigh,
That lifted my soul to joys above
And pleasures that do not die—

Up in the Mormon Land.

Some like to spend their leisure time
At Long Branch, or Cape May :
Some ruralize at West Point,
And some like at home to stay.
But when I have a week to spare,
I spend it out of hand :
I take my sweetheart and we go
Up to the Mormon land.

CHORUS.

Up in the Mormon land, folks are not so shy,
Up in the Mormon land, how is that for high ?
Up in the Mormon land, a matrimonial band,
The easy place for courting is the Mormon land !

The rules of strict society
Are not to Mormon taste :
And, if I'm so disposed, I put
My arm around her waist.
Their notions of morality
Are not so very grand :
And so they do just what they please,
Within the Mormon land.

Up in the Mormon land, &c.

Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet ? Because it is always in FUN.

An Old Man's Advice.

Written by Harry Clifton, and Sung by him at all his popular Concerts throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

A jolly old man of seventy three
Am I, as you plainly you can see.
As BLITHE AS A LARK, and BRISK AS A BEE—
No doubt you will think it surprising;
How I manage to carry my years so well,
AS HARD AS A ROCK and AS SOUND AS A BELL ;
It's no secret at all—I don't mind it to tell.
It's accomplished by early rising.

CHORUS.

Then if you would be wealthy, you must always do as I do :
Save a penny, spend a penny, and a penny give :
And if you would be healthy, you must always do as I do :
Take a lot of exercise, that's the way to live.

I trouble my head with my own affairs
I've very few wants and I've very few cares :
The bloom on my face my life's habit declares.
I always keep steady and sober.
A fig for your Burgundy, Moet, Champagne,
The brandies of France, and the vintage of Spain—
Give me but two things, and I cannot complain :
That's a pipe and a jug of October.

Then if you would, &c.

The merchant may toil from morning till night,
And turn all to profit that comes to his sight :
But what is his wealth, if his health isn't right ?
His riches he then will be scorning.
Perhaps by good living he grows corpulent :
Then when twinged by the gout, he'll sit down to repent—
And wish that his youth in the fields had been spent,
And he'd breathed the fresh air in the morning.

Then if you would, &c.

The Doctor with me will never agree :
It deprives him of practice, and lessens his fee :
But what is his practice ? it's nothing to me,
All potions and pills I am scorning.
The proof of my maxim it needs no alloy :
Three things upon earth man should care to enjoy :
Health, plenty, and peace ! I believe you, my boy :
And they're yours, if you're up in the morning.

Then if you would, &c.

She was Fair, She was Fat, She was Forty.

By G. W. Hunt.

I'm full of dejection and woe :
Upon me I'm sure you'll take pity.
The cause of my grief, you must know,
Is a widow who lives near the city.
Her name it was Jones, Mary Jones :
How my heart has gone flipperty flop,
When I've heard the fair widow's sweet tones,
And my love kept a snug chandler's shop.

SPOKEN : And over the door of the same was the following poetical inscription—

" Mary Jones, Licensed Dealer in Tea Coffee, Tobacco, Pepper and Vinegar, to be drunk on the premises"—and

She was fair, she was fat, she was forty.
And I thought that one day she'd be mine :
But she served me uncommonly naughty,
And left me to grieve and to pine.

I often had dealt at her shop,
When her manner appeared rather strange :
She'd smile, or a soft word let drop,
And forget p'raps to give me my change.
I began to feel funny myself
And, one day, with my heart in a flutter,
I told the dear creature my love,
The while she was patting her butter.

SPOKEN : Ah ! you should have tasted her celebrated " Eight penny fresh—" Oh ! but—

She was fair, &c.

She at first seemed to not understand.
Smiled as though it her fancy did tickle :
And in trying to squeeze her dear hand,
I knocked down a jar of mixed pickle !
I begged of her ten thousand pardons,
And offered the damage to pay :
But she wouldn't allow it, and hinted
That the lot might be mine some fine day.

SPOKEN : Oh ! blissful visions of bloaters, pickles, and hair-oil, bundle-wood and cheese, tin-tacks and treacle, Fuller's earth and figs hair-pins and butter, Flanders brick and bacon blacklead and German sausage—and there was full twenty stone of the darling herself, for—

She was fair, &c.

Next door to my love lived a baker—
Confound him !—too partial to what :
I so oft found him in at the widow's,
That I fancied some game he was at.
The worst of it too, he was single,
And, as I thought, made rather too free :
One day, how it made my ears tingle,
When I heard him invited to tea—

She was fair, &c.

The next time I called at the widow's,
She was in at the baker's next door,
But she'd left a small note which informed me
That I needn't call there any more.
Widow, shop and all snatched from my grasp—
By the baker I'd nicely been done :
He married the widow last week—
Now they've knocked the two shops into one.

She was fair, &c.

A Bit of my Mind.

Written for Harry Clifton, and Sung by him at all his popular Concerts throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

I'm not of a quarrelsome nature at all,
But a peaceable sort of a man,
And I always avoid a dispute or a brawl,
That's to say, if I possibly CAN.
Still if people behave in an insolent way,
Or to argue or fight are inclined,
Why, I first listen calmly to all they've to say,
Then I give them a bit of my mind.

CHORUS.

A bit of my mind, a bit of my mind—
If friends or relations should e'er prove unkind,
You cannot conceive the relief that I find,
If I'm able to give them a piece of my mind.

When a wild little urchin of seven years old,
I was under a pedagogue's rule,
And the first time I got into trouble, I'm told,
Was for smashing a window at school.
I was promised the cane, as a matter of course,
Which I told them was not very kind :
But I didn't much care, tho' they flogged me by force :
For, I gave them a bit of my mind.

A bit of my mind, &c.

I've been sadly deceived by my intimate friend,
Tho' I treated him just like a Prince :
For, he took all the cash I could manage to lend,
And I've never set eyes on him since.
Still I wrote him a letter, indignant and strong,
Full of all the bad names I could find,
And it pleased me to think, tho' his conduct was wrong,
That I gave him a bit of my mind.

A bit of my mind, &c.

So, if ever I'm injured or treated amiss,
My behavior is always the same :
And I've one satisfaction, at least, which is this—
That I don't think I'm greatly to blame.
If my wife should elope with a rival to-day,
(Tho' I might not at first be resigned)
I should feel myself better, I'm happy to say,
If I gave them a bit of my mind.

A bit of my mind &c.

Oh ! Leave Me not, My Darling One.

Oh ! leave me not, my darling one,
There's sorrow in my heart ;
And with thee, should I lose thee now,
My last hope would depart !
Come here and kiss my burning brow,
And let me, dearest, rest
Upon that pillow of my love,
Thy pure and sinless breast.

I've seen each flower of hope decay,
Save one—and should that die
And in its beauty fade away,
And on the cold ground lie
All torn and scattered like the rest,
What would become of me ?
Then leave me not, my loved, my best,
I'll perish losing thee—

Thou dost not speak, but in thy face
I read what thou would'st say :
And this fond kiss and dear embrace
Bids every fear away :
This truant tear, this burning kiss,
This smile so sweetly given,
With rapture fills my soul with bliss,
And makes this earth a heaven.

The Bird on the Tree.

The bird on the tree is singing his song,
So sweetly to me—the whole evening long—
How happy and gay, how joyous and free
He is with his song—sweet bird on the tree.
The day-light is fleeting, the moon shines above,
'Tis time for our meeting, oh ! Cora, my love !
To guide thee to me, dear, the woodlands along.
The bird on the tree, dear, is singing his song.

CHORUS.

Then listen !
The bird on the tree, dear, is singing his song—
Yes, he calls, he is calling for thee,
Is the bird on the tree.

The bird on the tree sings carols so clear,
His song full of glee now falls on mine ear ;
Then haste to me, pray, I am waiting for thee,
And fain would be gay—like the bird on the tree.
The blossoms are sleeping, the wind softly sighs,
The fair stars are peeping above in the skies,
To guide thee to me, dear, the woodlands along—
The bird on the tree, dear, is singing his song.

Then listen ! &c.

What is the difference between a girl and a night-cap ? One is born to wed, the other is worn to bed.

A Colored Professor 'Cussin de Free Lub Doctrine.

Fellow slingers ob de inestimable pribiledges ob votin' de Republican ticket, I'se 'peared afore yer to-night to 'cuss Mrs. Woodhull, an' de new an' strange ideahs which dat ar' much married critter am tryin' to obfuscate de 'stablish doctrines, which hab been de back stay ob women since de time when dat exiled princess, Cleopatra, swallowed de pearl ob great price, in obedience to de command ob dat wonderful delineator ob white man's excentricities, William Shakespeare, who, arter 'dopting de Carl Shurtz style ob political suicide, 'peared on de jury ob de attempted assassinator ob Queen Victory, an' declar'd dat de babbie ob a woman's tongue was wuss dan de chuckle ob de Shanghai rooster, who got away wid more feed dan our respected President can wid presents. Dat am a fact, gemmin, dese am sum ob de questions which I am cum afore ye dis yere evening to 'cuss. Now, de inestimable liberty wherewid dis yer woman, surnamed Blood, wishes to clothe de female sex ob de present generation, am de right to marry as many men as she wants to, an', by golly! as many times as she pleases—Now, fellow frauchisers, dat ar' am a pleasant privilege for de hardness ob human flesh, but it am a ticklish 'vantage for de human family. Dis kind ob bugall-ober love may do very well for de white trash, but dar's no use for to try an' break up de 'stablished regularity ob de married relations ob people ob cuiler. Dar's one question, fellow 'Publicans, I'se gwine to ask yer. Suppose one ob de children ob one ob dem women who hab forty-sleben husbands, an' one ober, should come into de house ob de munchly-married mamma an' cry: "Mamma, dar's a gal out day, scratched me." Den a'pose his mudder say: "Go tell your fader, Johnny;" now, ladies an' gemmen, de question dat bodders me, an', I guess, wud boddor dat ar' chile, how, in de name ob regimental multiplicity, am dat ar' chile gwine to find out who is his daddy? Talk about your Japhet in search ob a fadder, why, dat ar' Japhet's search would only be a walk ober agin de queer old strike out dat ar' free-lub chile's gwine to hab.

Fellow ebonites, dar am an old proberb dat say: "It am a wise chile dat knows him own daddy." Let dem ere free-lub doctrines jine hands wid de notions ob de times, an' yer can strike any hope ob dat ar' fadder findin' wisdom from de book ob remembrance for ever an' ever, an' arter dat, too. Den dar's anudder question, dar's a provision in de Constitution dat de mudder mus' be able to calkilate as to de fadder ob her chile. Now, I'se gwine to tell yer, brudders, dat dis yere promiscuous fadderism ain't gwine to go down, 'cause it's against de Constitution ob de United States. 'Cordin' to dis yere free-lub Woodhullism, dar ain't no tangent: I've heard ob one man faddering all de orphans, but I've neber heard ob all de fadders faddering one chile. Dar's de scratch, an' dar's wher dis am unconstitutional. Yer kin jes bet dat if dar had bin de least show for dis yere newfangled fadderism Horris Greely would hab bin dar you bet. I'se ob de 'pinion dat our ole fren' Horris ain't gwine to git nuffin de go by when de woman question am arouse—if dar's anythin' decent in it, no how. Dat wudn't be Horris if he did, and I'd begin to t'ink dat de ole man was gettin' wuss t'ings on de brain dan wantin' to be President. I'se gwine to tell ye, dat eberything in nature in de female line gets dar backs up at de male, an' I tell you, fellow-corporators, dat when I see dese yer woman folks gettin' dar backs up at de lords ob creation, I'd'se t'ink dat it's 'cuse dey need a little scratchin' to smooth dem down again. I'se gwine to tell yer, fellow-sisters, dat if yer ever want to hear Jordan roll, yer got to keep yer ha'r down, an' do yer own combin'. Do affinity business am a big business, an' yer got to have as many sleepin' apartments as a queen bee has in a honey comb if yer gwine to 'commodate all yer 'finities to once, 'specially if yer hab a face like Wenus and a bust like a Coney Island mermaid. Dat's what's de matter—an' as yer forewarned I hope yer forearmed. Dat ends de fust lesson for to-night. De brudderen am now invited to adjourn to ex-Senator Norton's tin weddin' party.

Horse-Fly, Come Tickle Me!

A Companion to "Shoo fly, don't bodder me!"

The Music can be obtained at the popular Music-Store of C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, New-York.

There is a charming girl I know,
Her cheeks are red, her neck like snow:
I am so happy by her side,
I dance and sing this song with pride!

CHORUS.

Horse-fly! come tickle me!
Horse-fly! come tickle me!
Horse-fly! come tickle me!
Won't you come and tickle me?

Sometimes I go out on a time,
And oft am left without a dime:
But what of that? I will be gay!
I'm bound to "go it" and will say!
Horse-fly! come tickle me! &c.

I 'tend the horse-race at the park:
What fun to be out "on a lark!"
To balls and theatres I go,
When coming home, I sing out, oh!
Horse-fly! come tickle me! &c.

That's Where You're Wrong.

One of Tony Pastor's most popular comic songs.

There's a dashing young clerk, here let me remark,
His sal'ry is ten dollars a week;
Yet he dresses in style wears an elegant tile,
And to keep up appearance will seek.
Then at night, let me say, he at keno will play,
With the boys around town go it strong,
And the money flies fast, but he's found out at last,
And discovers that's where he was wrong.
Yes, he finds out that's where he was wrong.

As you go through the street, you are certain to meet
Some gift enterprise jewelry store:
"Heaps of riches each day here are given away,"
You are told by a man at the door.
You go in with the rest, your cash you invest,
Think gold watches are had for a song:
When your money you've sank, find each drawing a blank—
And it strikes you that's where you were wrong.
Yes, it strikes you that's where you were wrong.

Just to pass time away, into court t'other day
I rambled and took a seat:
A poor girl had to sue, for the money was due,
A slop-clothing man from Chatham street.
Says the fellow: "I'm bent I will not pay a cent,
Dough she sues me for ever so long."
Says Judge Dowling: "Just so, Well, to prison you go,
To convince you that's where you are wrong.
Yes, I'll show you that's where you are wrong."

Ninety-four years ago, as, of course, you all know,
King George o'er these colonies reigned:
But the Yankees awoke, and their shackles they broke—
Our liberty Washington gained.
John Bull o'er the main boldy ventured again,
But he found out Columbia was strong:
Andrew Jackson they met, and they'll never forget
How he showed them that's where they were wrong.
Yes, he showed them that's where they were wrong.

It's a pleasure to me your kind faces to see,
Brightly beaming each evening around.
While here, on the stage, I am bound to engage
Every novelty that's to be found
We'll all do our best, and myself 'mong the rest,
Always happy to sing you a song:
But if you think it's right here to keep me all night,
I can tell you that's where you are wrong.

Pretty Little Maggie.

By Chas. A. Ruff.

Pretty little Maggie, there's none that's half so fair:
None's got such pretty eyes and none such pretty hair:
Of all the pretty maidens that in this town do dwell,
There's none that's half so pretty as little Maggie Snell.

CHORUS.

Maggie dear! Maggie dear, Maggie bright and fair,
Maggie with bright blue eyes and pretty hair!

Pretty little Maggie, as good as pretty, too;
Heart that's ever beating warm and heart that's ever true:
Oh! what are all the pleasures that on my pathway shine
To one sweet smile from as sweet a face as thine!
Maggie dear! &c.

Pretty little Maggie, if I could only tell
All the happy thoughts of thee that in my fancy dwell—
I know you'd fondly listen, as maidens always do,
To all the tender stories that I'd softly breathe to you.
Maggie dear! &c.

A Bit of My Mind.

Tony Pastor's Version—Sung by Tony Pastor.

When I see a young chap with more money than brains,
Dressed out in the finest of clothes,
At some laboring man with true blood in his veins,
Look scornful and turn up his nose:
Then I say, though my arm is hard to restrain
From knocking the idiot blind:
"My exquisite duck, you're a fool that is plain."
And I give him a bit of my mind.

When I jump on a street-car, determined to ride,
But I can't get inside of the door,
Like sardines in a box are packed people inside,
And they always find room for some more:
I feel it's an outrage we shouldn't allow—
If the public were only combined,
They'd wake up the railroad directors somehow,
If they'd give them a bit of their mind.

When I see a poor seamstress, in garret or room,
At midnight incessantly stitch
And know that consumption is surely her doom,
While her wealthy employer grows rich:
If that man who grows fat on the blood of the poor
Were to my tender mercies consigned
I mightn't assault him, but really I'm sure
I'd give him a bit of my mind.

When I see a young swell in fine feathers arrayed,
And moustache so daintily curled,
Insult a poor girl, of the fellow afraid,
And perhaps with no friend in the world—
Though not fond of a riot, and hating a din,
Just to teach him good manners inclined,
I like to pitch in, but before I begin
Just to give him a bit of my mind.

There's Cuba, is yet in the terrible grasp
Of the merciless minions of Spain:
'Tis time that America took up the task
Of ending there Tyranny's reign.
But our government, heeding not Liberty's cry,
To their bloodthirsty doings seem blind.
But I'd like to see Grant on the subject, and I
Would give him a bit of my mind.

Kiss My Mother Dear for Me.

Oh! kiss my mother dear for me,
Gently kiss her furrowed brow,
Dry the tears that fast are falling
For her boy who's dying now:
Never more shall I caress her,
Her sweet smile I'll no'er more see,
Life I've given for my country,
Kiss my mother dear for me.

CHORUS.

Soon I'll sleep in death's cold slumber,
Soon in Heav'n at rest I'll be:
For the Stars and Stripes I've fallen,
Kiss my mother, kiss my mother dear for me.

If mother dear were near me,
'Twould seem so hard to die,
Hard to leave loved friends and comrades
In a soldier's grave to lie—
Yes, kind friend, I know I'm dying,
But one boon I'll crave from thee:
When sweet flow'rs are o'er me blooming,
Kiss my mother dear for me.

Soon I'll sleep, &c.

Fainter sounds the battle din,
Death's chill is now upon me,
And bright angels want to bear me
To the world that's free from sin.
Once I thought to fight for honor,
But a crown of life 'twill be,
I am going—when you see her,
Kiss my mother dear for me.

Soon I'll sleep, &c.

The Soap-Boiler's Daughter.

Written and Sung by Charley Backus, the Celebrated Comedian at the San Francisco Minstrels.

Down by a clear and cooling stream,
A maid-u-en did dwell:
She was beauteous as a bright sunbeam,
Her name was Cymanthe Pell.
She came 'way across the sea,
She was a heavy loss to-me:
I tell you she was a hummer, zounds!
She weighed in her stockings three-hundred pounds!

CHORUS.

I loved her fondly and most true:
Her hair was red, her eyes were blue:
You bet, right straight in love I fell
With the soap-boiler's daughter, Cymanthe Pell.

Her father I thought had the soap,
And 'twould wash our way through life:
I told Cymanthe not to moap,
And I'd marry her for life.
I never saw a girl so pleased:
She laughed, she sighed, she giggled, she sneezed:
She says: "Now do you sure mean that?"
But as I spoke, she fell in the vat—

Chorus.

We put in ropes with big hooks on,
And fished this way and that:
But all that was left was her skel-i-tu-on,
As her flesh had gone to fat—
Now, you maid-u-ens who now hear me,
You see how Cymanthe I mourn:
If you'll agree to marry me,
I'll grieve the same, when you are gone—

Chorus.

Why is a beautiful and fascinating girl like a butcher? Because she is a "killing creature."

HARRY ROSS'S SECRET.

Mrs Ross stood by her little garden-gate and looked down the white, dusty road, where she still discerned her husband's figure going with hasty steps towards the town; then her eye roamed over the dewey fields—already dewey in the long summer twilight—and took in the effects of shadow on the golden wheat, on the distant blue rocks, and the glimpse of dark blue-sea beyond. Truly, it was a pleasant scene where her home was situated, and many pictures rushed to her memory as she stood there—the glitter of white sails, as they caught the sunlight: the crisp waves in the freshening breeze, the curling waves that were crested with foam, and came tramping up on the beach stronger than any army with banners: the glistening line of pebbly beach, the gold-green mosses, brightened by their daily sea bath; the crags with green, trailing vines: the sea darkening in storm, the quick furling of sails— all came before her as she stood there.

She was a pale, delicate little creature at best, but paler now with the pain at her heart; for, she was soon to leave this spot so dear to her, since Harry had brought her there a bride, three years ago. A dear little home it had been, happy even amid the contrivances and shifts of genteel poverty; but now they were too poor to keep even that. There was a mortgage resting on it, enough to crush the little house, and Harry had gone to advertise it for sale in the local paper. So this must all go to another—the flowers she had planted, the summer-house which Harry had built, all the little Contrivances of taste and beauty which the two had planned and executed together. And Mrs Ross clasped her hands over the gate-post, and laid her head upon them with a weary sigh. She did not feel very strong or hopeful about her new life in a new place. Harry had seen how thin and transparent the dear little hands were growing, but he had not told his darling the doctor's verdict about her; so she half wondered at her weariness and want of hopefulness about the future.

"I am young, and I ought to help him to bear up against the storm," she said as she felt this death-like weariness steal over her: "but I am like a broken reed. I wonder what is the reason?"

Harry knew, as he rode along the darkening way, and the thought was the drop of bitterness in his cup.

"If she could go to some of the German spas now," the doctor had said: "it would restore her. Ems is the place for her."

He had not said what would happen if she did not go, but Harry's vivid imagination needed no words; he had a picture of desolation before him which no words could utter. To see her die for the want of fifty or a hundred pounds!—that would be madness. The thought even made him frantic, as he tried to remember where he might borrow; but, alas! no name suggested itself but that of an old uncle in India, so far away that poor little Mabel might be dead and buried before they could hear from him.

Dead and buried! Then what would the world be to him? He clinched his hands in agony, and strode on bitterly despairing, half inclined to doubt the goodness of God, who allowed such things to be. A black cloud was gathering over the sky, heavy with rain, and now and then a faint flash of pale light set before him a lurid picture of ghastly-looking waves, and brilliant white sails furled, and white beach, dotted with hurrying figures, and wonderful trees with leaves of vivid green trembling in that fitful light.

Mrs Ross had hurried in to her little parlour at the first flash. She was not very brave, and she trembled as she shut the windows, and wished her Harry was home. It was a bright, cozy room, with its light chintz-covered furniture, and flowers here and there in vases. One saw that a woman had adorned it, with taste and time, instead of money, for her helpers.

Mrs Ross sat down at her low table, and took a little bit of work in her hands, but she looked far oftener at the windows, which were lit up now and then as with a sheet of flame, as the storm came nearer and nearer. She could not sit still, but restlessly went out to the kitchen, where her rough maid-of-all-work was busy ironing.

"It is a bad night, Maggie," she said, wistfully, "and Mr. Ross is not home."

"Och, niver fear," Maggie said, stolidly, holding an iron frightfully near to her face to ascertain its heat: "if he don't take shilter under a tree, like me sister's cousin's son, Dennis O'Haggerty—as likely a bye as ye'd wish to see—as was brought home quite black in the face, an' he a beautiful-complected, red haired bye, as niver knew better but rin under a pine-tree—the very divil for taken the lightnin', you know, ma'am; but the master's a knowin' one, nivir fear."

"There are so many pine trees about," said Mrs. Ross, not much comforted by her appeal.

"But isn't the master an eddicated gentleman as knows? continued Maggie, confidently. "Eddication before everything, I says to me sister, as was for takin' Jimmy away from the school, an' he doin' beautiful, an bindin' him to a cooper. Bless me, how the hall-door do slam! It's master, for sure."

Mrs. Ross rushed out. The first drops of the pelting storm had begun to fall, and Harry seemed to be shaking them off his coat. He stopped but a moment.

"Are you wet, Harry?" cried his wife. "It is such a relief to see you home again."

"What a timid little kitten you are, he said: I think I am rather too damp for you to touch yet. I'll go a moment or two by the kitchen fire."

He must have walked very fast, Mabel thought; for, he spoke in such a breathless voice; yet his face was pale, not flushed, and he did not look at her.

"He feels it terribly—poor Harry!" she thought, as she remembered the business which had taken him to town. "He is more shaken by it than I thought."

And she tried to be very bright and chatty, as he stood silently by the kitchen fire. But not till they were in the cozy little parlour again, did she take up the sore subject.

"Will the—the advertisement appear to-morrow, Harry?"

Very odd that he should give her that queer, confused look, as if she had started some new topic of which he had never heard; then he seemed to recall it.

"Oh, the advertisement! Sit down, Mabel, I have some news for you."

"Bad news, Harry?" she asked, trembling anew.

"Oh, no!"

"Because I can almost tell by your face, dear, she said: and now you looked so very solemn and troubled, and—well, the rest of your expression I cannot analyze," she went on, examining him with smiling eyes: "but you don't look as if you had good news."

"Perhaps I've been unfortunate so long, that my face has got settled in that expression," Harry said, with a forced laugh; "but I think you will consider it good news when I tell you that I did not take the advertisement to the paper, because we are going to keep the house."

"Oh, Harry!" with a bright flush. "What—how did it happen?"

"An old debtor to my father has remembered his debt in time—just in time—that is all."

"Tell me his name, that I may pray for him every night," cried Mabel, in an excited way. "Oh! Harry, you did not know how much it pained me to give up our little home."

Harry's face, clouded and troubled as it had looked, brightened, too, at these words.

"Yes, darling, he went on: I thought it would make you happier, and the doctor says it will do you good. I'm going to carry off you to Ems for a couple of months; then you'll be well again. Oh! how precious this money is just now! God must have sent it."

"Of course, He did, cried Mabel: He put it in that debtor's heart to send it, which is just the same. Why, Harry, I am nearly beside myself with joy. To see the Rhine with you—with you, dear, as we used to dream about till we grew so poor that even to dream of it was preposterous; and then, when our rambling is over, to return to our sweet little home! How could you come in with such a grave, troubled face with such news?"

Harry did not answer the last question; it was pleasanter to talk about the Rhine, and hunt up an old "Guide," and find out how charming each spot was as represented there. The storm was forgotten in that absorbing talk.

"You look better already, Mabel," Harry said, at last, as he saw the flush of her cheek and the brightness of her eye.

"Yes, I was mortally weary, an hour ago: How happiness changes everything! But we are planning as if we had a fortune. How much did that man owe, Harry?"

"How much?" Harry looked at the window, and started, as a flash of terrible light came with thunder that rang like the report of a cannon through the room. "I think that must have struck somewhere, love."

"I never saw you nervous about a storm before, Harry," cried his wife; "or is it all the excitement of this night?"

"Both, said Harry: I wish the night were over. How soon do you think we can start?"

"In a week, I am sure," exclaimed Mabel; and she forgot that Harry had not answered her question. She remembered it, however, and asked it again in a sleepy way, just as if she was at the gateway of dreamland, and the answer seemed to mingle with her dreams.

Did Harry say a thousand pounds?

The morning was brilliant after the storm, and Mabel, standing in the porch, felt as if she were looking at a new world, fresh as in the dewy dawn of time—sunshine revelling everywhere—on the blue crisp waves, on the white sails, on the shining beach. There was so much sunshine in her heart, too, Mabel looked up at that sky with a half-articulate prayer of thankfulness. The next moment, her husband was at her side.

"The storm has left everything brighter, like our storm, dear, she said. Last night it seemed to me that everything was going to be swept away. The foundation of things seemed broken up; but now God has set our feet in a firm place, and established our goings."

Harry Ross looked about with less exultation. His face was pale, and there was a sleepless weariness about his eyes. Perhaps, as he had said, he could not get into the habit of feeling happy so soon.

Maggie had been having a gossip with the butcher at the back door, but brought in the coffee just then, with a face of horror. Like most of her kind, she enjoyed telling news, the more tragic the better.

"Howly Mother! but I tremble so! It's a mercy if I kin howld up this tray, mem. To think of a murther here!"

"A murder!" cried Mrs Ross, growing very white. Her happiness had not made her strong yet.

"What do you mean, woman! by coming in with your howls, and frightening your mistress to death?" exclaimed Harry.

"Oh! it's nothing, Harry!" said his wife, recovering herself. "What tale have you been hearing Maggie?"

"No tale at all, at all, but the blissed truth," answered Maggie, stoutly, "as Stubbs, the butcher, saw, with his own eyes, the poor gintleman sittin' in his own carriage, mem, as his throat was slit from ear to ear; an' a gashly sight as he'll not forgit to his dyin' day."

Mrs. Ross sat down, quite trembling at the terrible picture.

"I should think he never would forget it," she said.

"Do they know who the person is?" asked Harry Ross. Perhaps he cut his own throat. People have done that before to-day."

"Stubbs says as how he were there at the search, an' nothin' earthly were found—not a smithereen—nayther note-book nor pocket-book; but he were a well-dressed gintleman, an' ould; an' Stubbs says it's a clear case of murther for money; fur, it isn't likely sich a gintleman 'ud be travellin' without plinty of it."

"How frightful, Harry! And to think you were out last night!" exclaimed Mabel.

"But no one would have murdered me for my money, love," Harry said, with a faint smile. "I wish, Maggie, you had waited till after breakfast before you dished up this murder for us."

Maggie went out with an offended air.

"Some folks liked to hear the news, she muttered;

but the master was a queer one; nobody knows how to take him."

Mabel toyed with her breakfast, and did not eat. Somehow, that ghastly picture of the poor man with the fatal cut across his throat had spoiled her appetite.

"Think of his family, Harry! What desolation! What a horrible way for him to die!" she said, shuddering.

"My dear little sensitive plant!" her husband said, bending over her, and kissing her trembling lips, "don't vex yourself with any vain imaginings. The man may have been a cruel old hunks, of whom the world is well rid. He may have no family. His death may even have brought happiness to some deserving people."

Taking this consoling view of it, Mabel grew more composed.

"But it was a horrible thing to happen so near us, she said: I shall always feel miserable when you are away at night again. There are always roughs on the coast. To think that you were out at that very time! Why, Harry, it's a wonder you didn't discover it!"

"We don't know that it was the very time," answered Harry. "Come, we wont feast on horrors any longer, dear."

But Mrs. Ross had a morbid curiosity about this murder, which had shaken the whole town with excitement. She found out all the fact of the case, but did not talk of them to her husband, to whom they seemed unpleasant. An elderly gentleman, gray-haired, and bearing evidences of comfortable circumstances, had been found sitting in an open carriage with his throat cut from ear to ear. The carriage was stained with blood, and the horse, strange to say, did not appear to have dashed onward in any fright, but was standing quietly, as if waiting for his master's word. A fisherman going home had first made the discovery, in a by-road, near the town. He said the night was so dark that he "come upon it quite unaweer," and as he was feeling his way, he touched something dark and slippery, as give him "a turn," even before a flash of lightning lit up the scene, and showed him that he had touched a carriage wet with blood, and that a ghastly corpse was leaning towards him, with the fatal cut across its throat. He hurried back to the town as if a ghost were after him, and others crowded to the spot, the officers of justice among the rest; but no clue, no faintest hint of the victim's identity could be found. It was odd that no letter, no memorandum, were discovered, and no money; but that showed conclusively the object of the murder.

Advertisements were put in local and London papers, and rewards offered, but in vain. The body was laid out for public inspection, but no one identified it. No friend dropped a tear over the lonely man who had been waylaid and murdered in the storm and darkness that terrible night. An attempt was made to gain a clue by finding out if the horse and carriage had been hired, and where. But this search was also fruitless; and all were forced to believe that the gentleman owned his own equipage. So the days passed by till the burial. The victim was hidden from man's sight and the crime was written down in the annals of heaven.

During that week, all was bustle at the little cottage— a pleasant bustle of preparation. Harry walked restlessly about. It was so strange to have nothing to do but to get ready for a pleasant trip, that he could hardly settle to this new phase of existence. He was eager to be gone, that he might believe in this realization of a day-dream more fully— so feverishly eager, that Mabel laughed at him when they stood on the deck of the steamer, and saw the shores of home fading away.

"You are quite glad, I think, to wish your native land good night," she said.

Yes Harry saw the opposite coast with a pleasure he could not conceal.

Day by day his spirits rose, and he grew more like the Harry of the old time, before he had been sobered and made old by poverty and care. They sailed down the Rhine when the grapes were just ready to turn.

"When we come back, they will be ripe," cried Mabel. "We must come up here and see the vintage, Harry, dear. But how stiff and ugly the vines are trained on those little sticks! the Italian way must be more graceful, festooned from tree to tree.

"We might stay a couple of months at Ems, and then go to Italy for the winter," said Harry.

"Oh! that would be delightful! but we would quite squander our little fortune," answered Mabel. "I am the prudent, far-seeing one now, sir. We must not be so intoxicated with pleasure as to lose sight of the future. We must wait for Italy till you have made your own mark in the world, my Harry. We must not lavish this fairy money that came to us so strangely that dreadful night. That night which brought death and desolation to some, was rich in blessing to us. How strangely Providence deals with us!"

"If you grow well, I shall bless that night," said her husband, gazing at her with troubled eyes; but she looked so blooming that he smiled at once.

And whether it was the change, or travelling, or the famous water of Ems, she grew better every day.

They had long strolls through the famous wooded valley, but made little acquaintance with the gay throng that crowded the baths. Their knowledge was confined to reading their names in the strangers' book.

"Here is the last! cried Mabel, one morning— "Henry Marsden. Esq."

An exclamation of surprise burst from her husband.

"Do you know him?" asked his wife.

"Not at all,"

"Henry Marsden, Esq. Well, you seemed struck at something."

"I—I have heard the name before. How long have we been here, kitten?"

"Only a month, you don't think of tearing me away?"

"No, love. Why sould I, indeed?" he murmured, as if speaking to himself.

Mabel was puzzled a little, and felt some curiosity about seeing this Mr. Henry Marsden, whose name had startled her husband; but she found he was a stout, common-place, red-faced old gentleman, and her interest ceased.

She found her husband more fond of lonely rambles than ever, and it struck her once that her Harry was growing unsociable: but while he found all his happiness in her society, could she complain? But did he find happiness? Lately he had grown more quite, moody, listening to her talk with an absent smile, or recalling himself to attention with a sudden start.

"You ought to make friends with some of the gentlemen, Harry," said his wife. "Here is a benevolent, fat old fellow coming towards us, who looks as lonely as yourself. That is Mr. Henry Marsden."

Harry glanced at the individual, but took the shortest way of avoiding him, saying, with a laugh, "A nice, youthful friend you found for me, pussy. Let me alone. I enjoy myself in my own way."

It was the month of December before they reached home again. The vines were faded on the little cottage, and only brown, dead stalks stood up in beds of snow in the garden. But two fir-trees, green and beautiful, stood on each side of the house; the white beach was glittering in the clear sunshine, and the busy sailors were hurrying about as usual. The whole scene, so familiar, thrilled Mabel with the keenest joy; and when Maggie met them at the door, and the little parlour, with its bright fire, was opened, she ran from one object to another in childish delight, as if in ecstasy that no mysterious change had taken place. Harry sat down quietly in his old seat, with a look as if the old cares had met him on the threshold. His wife rallied him on looking so grave on their first night home.

"You are sorry the holiday is over, you idle boy!" she cried.

"No; I am only revolving the future, he answered: We must begin to save now. I have made great inroads on our little fortune."

It did not make Mabel gloomy to think of saving. She was accustomed to that. When Harry was gone, the next morning, she tripped blithely about, setting things in order. It was sweet to be among her own belongings again, though so much more simple than the gorgeous curtains, and canopied beds, and frescoed ceilings of their rooms abroad. Mabel placed the new nick-nacks she had brought in various positions, finding that they added immensely to the beauty of the room.

"I'll surprise Harry by putting his clothes away," she thought; and she ran to get the keys.

Mabel felt so strong now that she did not get tired with her work. It was not the least of her pleasures in her return home that she felt so well— as if she had taken a new draught of the wine of life. The old weariness was gone. A new sunshine lay on the landscape. She sang as she tripped about, and the joy of her heart overflowed in the music. Maggie, peeling potatoes in the kitchen, was half resentful at any one being so happy in this vale of misery.

But the song suddenly ceased. Maggie never know why. Mabel had taken a few papers from her husband's portmanteau, where they were lying loose among his clothes. They might be valueless, but it would be better to put them with the others in his writing-desk. The thought came to her, as she tried the various keys, that she had never opened that desk before, and she found that none of the keys on the ring fitted it.

"Very odd, she said, that Harry does not keep this key with the rest." And she began to search in every unlikely spot, when she discovered it in an empty cigar-case—a little bright brass key, that was to open for her a chamber of horror equal to the one framed in Bluebeard's legend; for, there, as she turned over some loose papers, she touched a large gray pocket-book, stained with blood.

Mabel drew back her hand with a sick feeling she could not explain. Then she reasoned with herself against such a childish fear, and boldly took the pocket-book in her hand. There were only two bits of paper in it. On one was scribbled in lead-pencil, as a sort of a memorandum:—"A thousand pounds in ten pound notes." The figures swam before Mabel's eyes, and grew into fiery hieroglyphics. The other was a scrap of commencement of a letter to "Henry Marsden, Esq."

That name! Mabel remembered her husband's start when he heard it. Then he had said he did not know the person. But this writing was not Harry's. It was a firm, large, old-fashioned, business-like hand. Perhaps that of the debtor who had sent Harry this money; and the old pocket-book might have been Harry's father's. There was a date on the letter, however—the 21st of July!

Mabel shut the desk, put the little brass key in its place, and sat down to think. Who was this Henry Marsden, and how did Harry come into possession of a piece of a letter to him? Who had traced that name and this other strange memorandum— "A thousand pounds, in ten-pound notes?"— and whose was this pocket-book stained with blood?

The 21st of July! Why, that was the day which had ended in such a storm— which had brought them the saving help— the very day!

And the day when that lonely traveller had been way-laid, murdered, and robbed— for, no money had been found with him— the very day!

Why did these two thoughts strive and struggle with one another in her brain, as if they had any relation to each other? Her Harry! A cold, curdling terror was at her heart. She knew in what a bitter mood he had gone forth that night; she knew now that he had feared to lose her, for the want of a few pounds. Was it possible that in a moment of wild frenzy——

Ah! She put that thought away from her with a sickened groan. It was not possible. Her Harry a highway robber, and worse! He lift his hand, even in the deepest gloom of poverty and desperate rebellion at fate against his fellow-man! Never— it could not be!

Yet the date, the exact sum which he had told her he had received that night, the pocket-book with the ghastly stains, that name which had startled him, all this killed her peace. She sang no more, but sat down quietly in her old fashion and watched for her husband's coming. She began to remember his gloomy air when he was telling her the glad tidings of the money, and a troubled look which his face had scarcely ever lost since; and the memory was like a poisoned arrow to her heart. In all the chaos of thoughts which whirled through her brain, one purpose formed itself. *To be Continued.*

"TWILIGHT DREAMS." Waltz.

Composed by J. ERNST STANDHAFT.



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CONTENTS.

A Rich Daddy ..... page 643
A Colored Professor 'cussin' Office Seekers 643
As I Sat by my Hearth 645
The Bud of the rose— Music 648
Bread and Cheese and Kisses— New Version 642
BEYOND THE GOLDEN DOOR 642
Better Days 647
Dressed in a Dolly Varden 642
The Diamond Takes the Heart 644
Der Exise Law: or My Gal und I 644
Dumpty Humpty 645
The Frenchman's Tabby Tom-Cat 642
Friends Versus Money 643
FLIRTING IN THE TWILIGHT 643
Fair, Fair without Compare 644
French Ladies 647
The Gal that took my Eye 642
Half Must High 645
Harry Ross's Secret— Story ended 646
I'm Sorry I made the Remark 644
Joe, the Charmer 643
Loafer's Advice 642
MY PET 642
Mother, I have heard Sweet Music 645
Managing a Husband— a Story 647
Norah O'Neal's Reply 643
Never look Behind 644
ONLY AN OUTCAST 643
The Queen of the Concert Saloon 645
The Quill of the Concert Saloon 645
She said I was too Small 642
The Step at the Gate 645
Take the Nectar from her lips 643
TEDDY O'LYNCH 644
Would you be Surprised? 642
When I was a Batchelor 643

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Dressed in a Dolly Varden.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

While promenading, the other day,
I chanced to stray in a careless way,
I met a pretty girl she looked so gay,
Dressed in a Dolly Varden.
I said: "My dear, now draw it mild;
I like your style," she gave a smile;
I followed her fully a mile,
Mysing her Dolly Varden.

CHORUS.

Dressed in her Dolly Varden dressed in her Dolly Varden,
On the illuminated pier I saw my little dear.
Down, down, yes, down on the beach at Brighton.

The band was playing on the pier,
It enchanted the ear of my little dear:
I thought the music I'd like to hear,
So I followed the Dolly Varden;
I said: "My dear, can I dance with you?"
"That would never do—with a stranger too:
What would ma say if she knew
I had on my Dolly Varden?"
Dressed in her, &c.

Her Dolly Varden looked like silk,
Or London milk, which is finer than silk:
She said: "Sir it's out of ma's bed quilt
I've made a Dolly Varden."
I saw her home, that very night,
The moon shone bright my heart was light;
I popped the question, and now it's all right,
I'm to marry the Dolly Varden.
Dressed in her, &c.

My Pet.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

Though others may harp on their own darling treasure,
The name of their favorite often repeat,
There's naught unto me affordeth such pleasure
As my mouse-colored kitten with little white feet.
My pretty, soft kitten!
My bright, playful kitten!
My little pet kitten—
So loving and sweet!

She's as sly as a fox—so mischievous and cunning,
And keeps one ear open—e'en when she's asleep:
She knows in a minute whenever I'm coming,
And springs from the cushion to give me a seat.
My wide-awake kitty!
My frolicking kitty!
My mouse-colored kitty—
So loving and sweet!

Lilly may sing of her charming canary,
Exult in his warbling throughout the long day:
Emma, enjoying her fair garden—so airy,
Charmed by the sweets of a fragrant bouquet:
Minnie has chickens, and pet lamb so pretty,
And little gray rabbits so lively and neat:
Yet none so cheerful, so pleasing as kitty—
My mouse-colored kitty—with little white feet!
My wonderfull kitty!
Intelligent kitty!
My beautifl kitty—
So loving and sweet!

Loafer's Advice.

Composed by John Sheridan—Sung by J. Kelly.

In this town they call me a loafer,
A swindler and a cheat,
Whilst others, still harder upon me,
They call me a regular dead beat:
But then they may call me what they please,
It makes no difference to me:
For, I always am taking my ease,
While ever I have a penny.

CHORUS.

Now what is the good of hard working,
While you love whiskey?
You may work hard all your life time,
And then will have no money.

Some loafers you will see go to work,
And work till they get paid,
And then around bar room will lurk,
Until their money is played:
They will ponder their thoughts when sober,
And think of the work they have done,
But something yet is still lacking,
And that is the board bill to come—
Chorus.

But if you want to be prosperous,
And lay your money in store,
Go join some temperance society,
And then drink whiskey no more.
Next day start off to your work,
And do what ever you can:
You will think it is very hard,
But bear it like a man.

CHORUS.

In less than one week you will say:
"Working with me does agree:
I never have seen a hard day,
Since I left off from whiskey."

Would You be Surprised?

Written and Sung by Gus Williams, the American Star Comique.

Wonders every day we see
Start before our eyes:
Tho' they're common enough, yet we
Can't repress surprise.
Take the papers up and read
Where they're advertised:
If there you don't find half a score,
Would you be surprised?

CHORUS.

Nothing under the sun is new:
So we're all advised—
But if you'd nothing to wonder at,
Would you be surprised?

Read the papers—If you want cash,
Lots of folks, you see,
Lend you money at nought per cent—
What could nicer be?
Pay the fees that the place requires,
Be well catechized
And if you never receive the cash,
Would you be surprised?
Nothing under the sun, &c.

How to live on a groat a day,
If the way you'd learn,
Send six stamps, and the secret then
Is posted by return.
If, however, you practice it,
When you are apprised,
And get as fat as a drayman's horse,
Would you be surprised?
Nothing under the sun, &c.

Beyond the Golden Door.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

When the stars were shining dimly,
At the peaceful close of day,
And a veil of pearly dew-drops
O'er the sleeping blossoms lay,
Little baby's eyes were closing,
And her sweet and patient smile
Seemed to tell us of the angels,
Who were watching all the while.

Now her laugh no more is ringing
In our lone and quiet room,
And the robins miss her foot-fall
In the orchard bright with bloom:
I can hear their voices calling,
As among the clouds they soar,
For the little baby angel,
Who has passed the golden door.

Ever near me, waking, sleeping
Seems the little cherub form,
That the shining hosts have sheltered,
Safe from every earthly storm:
And in dreams, the wee lips smiling
Press my forehead as of yore,
While they whisper of the glory
Just beyond the golden door.

The Gal that took My Eye.

As I was walking down the street,
The other afternoon—
Pulled on my kids lit my segar,
In front of a saloon
When a vision floated past my sight,
Which caused my sight to fly:
'Twas the prettiest gal I ever saw—
My golly! she took my eye.

CHORUS.

She was so fair—I do declare
I feel so queer when I am near
The gal that took my eye!

I watched her as she crossed the street—
My heart was all aflame!
I quickly moved my handkerchief—
I golly! she did the same:
In a moment I was at her side:
"Your pardon, miss," said I,
She said I wasn't very bold—
Oh! golly! she took my eye!
She was so fair, &c.

I asked if she would be mine,
As we stood at her door—
She said she'd no objections.
Her parents they were poor:
But I don't mind such trifles: for,
To win her I shall try.
And if I do, I'll just show you
The gal that took my eye—
She was so fair, &c.

Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses.

New Version—Sung by Tony Pastor.

One day, when I came home fatigued,
And felt inclined to grumble,
Because my life was one of toil,
Because my lot was humble:
I said to Kate, my darling wife,
In whom my whole life's bliss is:
"What have you got for dinner, Kate?"
"Why, bread-and-cheese and kisses!"

Though worn and tired, my heart leaped up
At those plain words she uttered:
Why should I envy those whose bread
Than mine 's more thickly buttered?
I said: "We'll have dessert at once."
"What's that?" she asked. "Why, this is."
I kissed her. Ah! what sweeter meal
Than bread-and-cheese and kisses!

I gazed at her with pure delight:
She nodded and smiled gaily;
I said: "My love, on such a meal
I'd dine with pleasure daily.
When I think of you, dear girl,
I pity those fine misses
Who turn their nose up and pout
At bread-and-cheese and kisses.

And when I look at your dear form
And on your face, so homely:
And when I look in your dear eyes,
And on your dress so comely:
And when I hold you in my arms,
I laugh at Fortune's misses.
I'm blest with you, content with you,
And bread-and-cheese and kisses."

She Said I was too Small.

Composed and Sung by Samuel D. Strickler.

Air: If ever I cease to Love.

While walking out, the other day,
To see what I could see,
I chance to meet a pretty girl,
Who smiled so sweet at me—
I only asked this girl for fun
If I could on her call,
And what do you think she said to me?
She said: I was too small.
Chorus: Do you really think I am?
I'm over five feet tall:
I can do the work a man has done,
Do you think I am too small?

I was going to speak, and had just commenced,
When she turned her head away:
Says I: "please face the music Miss,
I've something I would say."
She put both hands over her ears,
And would not listen at all,
And all she said was the parting word:
"I think you are too small."
Chorus.

I turned and looked after this girl,
In wonder and surprise,
To think that one so small as she
Would quarrel about my size.
So I hope some day, I'll get my shape,
If it's stout or if it's tall:
For, I hate the girls to tell me that
They think I am too small.
Chorus.

The Frenchman's Tabby Tom Cat.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

Oh! have you seen my pussy Tom Cat,
What I did love, oh! so dear?
He was all over black so nice and fat,
Can any one tell me, dat's here?
I had my poor pussy ven only so big—
A bon little kitten was he:
He grewed, and he grewed as fat as a pig,
Be gar! he growed fatter zan me—

CHORUS.

Oh! where, oh! where is my Tabby Tom Cat?
Oh! where, oh! where is he now?
With his tail in se front, and his nose behind,
Oh! where can my Tabby Tom be?

His w'iskers stick out from se side of his nose,
One grande, brave pussy was he:
He'd catch se mouse, he'd catch se rat,
And somtimes he'd catch it from me.
Sometimes he'd walk on se tiles, at night,
And all se strange cats he would beat,
And ven he was hungry, jump over se wall,
And dine upon somebody's meat.
Oh! where, &c.

Now, ven he was angry, he'd stick up his tail,
Tho' it's not quite as long as before:
Because on one day he was running away,
When he got his tail jammed in se door:
I walk thro' se street in search of my pu e,
And drown my despair in hot grog:
Some say my cat-as-tro-phe met with my cat,
And some say my cat's gone to the dogs—
Oh! where, &c.

A Rich Daddy.

Sung by Dick Prendergast.

I courted once a lovely miss,
With Cupid's fair connival:
But when I said "Let us marry, sis,"
I found I had a rival.

Now, I was honest young and strong,
Though my father was a Paddy:
But my rival's only merit was,
He had a wealthy daddy.

I offered her as true a heart
As beats in my body;
But a mechanick had no show
Against the son of shoddy.

So, soon she wed the sickly sprout,
And gloried in her laddie:
Soon in fine clothes paraded out
On the greenbacks of his daddy.

My hook I hustled in the sea,
And caught an humble maid:
And in her honest faithful love
My struggles were repaid.

My former love with sneering laugh
Did often pass me by—
My wife with sweet content just said:
"For Low how is that for high?"

Thus time went swiftly bounding on:
A boss I soon became:
My little wife a lady grew
In look and wealth and name.

Thus when I built a stone-front house,
And hired a hungry laddie
I soon found out my hodman was
The son of the rich daddy.

"Come, Paddy, quick bring up the brick
And mortar in your hoddy."
And this is what became of her
Who wed the son of shoddy.

And now fair maids a moral learn:
Remember this my rhyme:
There is no path so rugged that
An honest love can't climb.

When I was a Batchelor.

When I was a Batchelor, bright was my eye,
I never knew trouble or either a sigh,
Until, one day, I met Miss FAN;
She declared I would make a nice family man.
Oh! dear! deny it who can—
Now I am the style for a family man.

We lived and we loved—and a year passed away:
She drove me around like a horse every day:
See the cradle in the corner, deny it you can,
Now I am a father and a family man.
Oh! dear! deny it who can—
Now I am a father and a family man.

There is Mr. Moustache with his silvery talk,
He politely solicits my wife for a walk:
I fall in behind, look pleased if I can,
And carry the baby like a family man.
Oh! dear! deny it who can—
And carry the baby like a family man.

Now, husbands and wives, take warning by me:
Be kind to your families, and always agree:
Be kind to your neighbors, I know you can:
This ends the song of the family man.
Oh! dear! deny if you can—
This ends the song of the family man.

Friends versus Money.

You may all talk of friends, as much as you like,
But he, who trusts to them, is an unlucky wight:
You may count them by scores, when you've money to spend,
But wait till you're "broke," then how are you, friends?
Experience, we're told, is a very good teacher,
And experience has taught us that money's the feature.
You may call it vile dross, but on it depends
Your own future prospects, and also your friends:
If, humbly attired, for a position you go,
You're quickly informed, "We can't give you a show."
If you ask for the reason they'll sneeringly smile
And say: "'tis because you haven't the style."
But if fashionably dressed, ah! that is sufficient:
Although in much learning you may be deficient,
You're "accomplished"—"genteel"—no matter how vile—
Because you've the spondoolics—"money and style."
As you go through this world, bear this fact in mind—
To treat every one well and pleasure you'll find:
Do good where you can, and no one revile,
Twill make you more happy than "Money or Style."

Sorrows are the shadows of past joys.

Take the Nectar from Her Lips.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

Basking in the sunshine of lovely woman's smiles,
And listening to the music of her tongue:
Or toying with the silken hair that hangs in golden locks,
That's the style, my boys, to jog along.
Cheeks like blooming roses, skin like lilies white,
One fair arm around your waist, press her with delight.

CHORUS.

Then take the nectar from her lips,
Sweeter than honey that wild bees sip;
Then take the nectar from her lips,
Sweeter than honey that wild bees sip.

Dark and frowning beauty, with her eyes as bright as stars,
And tresses falling like a stream of jet:
With stately walk and proud disdain upon
her haughty brow,
Take heed, although we stoop, we conquer yet;
Talk of rank and titles, of gold and jewels bright—
Then she will offer you her hand, press it with delight.
Then take the nectar, &c.

You see how very easily is lovely woman bought,
Should wily man her capture undertake:
And with a little flattery how soon the bird is caught,
And thinks a splendid match she's going to make—
But he proves a nobody, alas! she finds too late,
When honeyed words and simple little kiss
have sealed her fate.
Then take the nectar, &c.

Now what a simple kiss will do at any time, you've seen,
If you have watched its progress through my lay:
'Twill lift a man from poverty, or break a maiden's heart,
Or cause a man to throw his life away:
A simple kiss works wonders, a woman's tears 'twill dry:
We cannot do without it, and I don't mean to try.
Then take the nectar, &c.

Joe, the Charmer.

Written and Sung by Dick Hunt, and sung at Tammany Hall, with tremendous applause.

As I was going down Broadway,
I met Miss Big-feet on the way:
Of course, I stopped and had a walk,
Her big feet took up the whole sidewalk.

CHORUS.

Joe, the charmer, Oh! Joe, the charmer, Oh!
Joe, the charmer, Oh! Joe, the charmer, Oh!

We took a walk, the other afternoon,
And went into a Dutch saloon:
We had some sauer-kraut and lager-bier,
And she spent my money there.

Chorus.

The first thing I knew—she was light—
And how was I to get her right?
Of course, she was not very light,
And by that time it was getting night.

Chorus.

ENCORE: There was two men afloat in a tub, one was blind and the other had no arms. The blind man saw a knife a floating on the water, the man that had no arms, he picked it up.

Chorus.

Flirting in the Twilight.

Oh! I'm very fond of roving,
When the stars are in the sky:
And a heart, so true and loving,
Often meets me on the sly.
The sweetest words he whispers,
And his eyes are sparkling blue—
But what he tells, you may be sure
I'll never tell you.

CHORUS.

Oh! we wander while the shadows fall,
But a pair of eyes are MY light—
Of all the joys it beats them all,
This flirting in the twilight.

Oh! my heart kept going pit-a-pat,
I scarce could tell what I was at:
We wandered in the shadows,
But his beaming eyes they were MY light—
Of joys we meet there's none so sweet,
As flirting in the twilight.

Now he called me "pet" and "dearest,"
And I could not tell you half!
And he said I was the "nearest,"
Then I laughed a little laugh:
His arm he kindly offered,
Then he offered me his hand,
And said he'd make his darling one
The happiest in the land!

The darker the setting, the brighter the diamond.

Norah O'Neal's Reply.

FROM SATURDAY NIGHT.

You say you are lonely without me,
That you sigh for one glance of my eye:
You're blarneying always about me—
Oh! why don't you to papa apply?

You beg me to go galavanting,
To meet you at the foot of the lane—
With a kiss, too! why, man, you are ranting:
Do you think that I'm wholly insane?

When you woo a young lady of sense, sir,
Don't whine about sorrow and tears:
It's a matter of dollars and cents, sir,
No tale of romance interferes.

Oh! poverty's not at all funny:
My style I will never conceal:
If I can't get a husband with money,
Then I'll live and die Norah O'Neal.

A Colored Professor 'Cussin' Office-Seekers.

Feller-slingers ob de right to place yer frens on de high road to ruin, I'se 'peared afore yer to-night to 'cuss de science ob politics, and de pitfalls ob office-seekin'. Now, I tell yer gemmen, what's de hash comin' from, if yer got ter span' yer time chasin' de ignus-nebber-cum-at-a-bus pinnacle ob de politician's glory?—Don't yer build yer hopes ob happiness on gettin' a posish, unless yer happiness will hold out; yer will meet wid a high ole disappointment afore yer git to de climax. No, no; I tell yer, gemmen, dis office-seekin' am a mighty onsartain trade; ye're gwine to hab de posish at sharp eight to-morrow: but, my frens, dat to-morrow nebber comes: Der ain't none: when it's to-morrow, it's to-day. I tell yer, fellers, to-morrow's allays bouncin' to dodge a peg a-head: dar's no fice wuss dan to-morrow, 'specially de politicians' to-morrow: dat am de most onsartainest thing on dis yere yeth an' no mistake.

I tell yer, feller-franchisers, go to de polls, positate yer votes, an' den clar out; don't yer spen' no time roun' dat are little drop game. Dare's a fren ob mine down Souf, day coms one day an' sez: "Now, Mr. Pompey, we want yer to go to de next Congress we do." Now, dis fren was as honest an ole niggah as eber husked corn, but when he coms home, golly! what a changed man dat ar niggah wuz; dare wasn't nuffin' darker dan a snow drift dat wud suit dat ar peacock; an' it didn't stop dar nudder. Dat ole feller, he tuk to stealin', he did, an' de parson, he cum aroun' to sposinate wid dis yer ex-Congressman. "Mr. Pompey, said de parson, I'se afeared dat de am a chance dat yer soul am in jeopardy." "Don't yer bodder yer hed 'bout dat, cried Mr. Pompey, I'll hab a bill passed de next session to hab a new heel put on dat ar critter;" an' dar he was. He went to Congress a Christian niggah, an' cum back wid more amendments to de law ob doin' just as yer's a-mind to, dan one ob de Committee ob Seventy.

I tell yer, my frens, dare ain't no use perambulatin' round de cercle. Keep jes as far out ub de reach ob politics as yer kin git. Dare's Horace Greeley, he used to be a Sunday-school teacher; but since de ole man's bin tryin', to git de nomination for President, he's takin' to swearin' like a trooper, and de wust ob it is de ole man don't know how to swar no how. It mus obfustikate de clerk ob de brimstone pit when he gits about to make a record ob dat swarin'. I tell yer dare ain't no more shadders tween day-light an' dark dan wat de office-seeker chases. No, no, frens, nebber chase dat ignus-nebber-cum-at-a-bus. Better be a lunch fiend dan a posish-seeker, unless yer got "WEIGHT" on de brain. Breddren, dis am de lesson for dis ebenin'; to-morrow night we will 'cuss de subject ob charity or how to shell out wen de collection plate cums aroun'.

Only an Outcast.

From the New-York Clipper by Mignone of Philadelphia.

"Only an outcast,"—wandering alone—
Speak a kind word to her, friends she has none:
Once she was pure as any you'd meet—
Now she's a cast-away, out in the street.

"Only a Magdalen"—stare in her face—
Profligate debauchee—has she no trace
Of womanhood left? Ah! mothers, alas!
And sisters have fallen, like her you pass.

"Only an outcast,"—but sad and alone—
"Ye who are sinless, cast the first stone"—
God will be pitiful—men turn aside—
Caring no matter what evil betide.

Weary and tired with contumely and strife,
Day after day madly struggling for life—
At last (sorely tempted) all has an end,
The outcast in death at last finds a friend.

When you despair of good, beware of evil.

The Diamond takes the Heart.

Air: Wearing of the Green.

Kind friends, I come to sing a song of what I do not know,
Unless it is of what you've seen in the news,
some days ago:
If there's some that have not seen it,
and studied well its part,
I now tell them its title is—"The diamond takes the heart."
You'll find it so in every place,
whether you're good or bad,
No matter if you're homely, if you but own a nag,
And have plenty of money, why,
strangers will take your part,
And say you're a good fellow: for,
the diamond takes the heart.

You may be a noted vagabond, and
have just knocked off the link,
In a minute you're an honest man
if you but show the chink:
And if a courting you should go and cupid sends his dart,
Though bad you be, if you've money,
you're sure to win her heart:
Mind I do not say in every case that this is sure to pass:
But nine-tenths I know will have you
for your money in a mass:
She'll not have you if you've on poor clothes,
no matter if you're smart:
Put a good rig on, she'll die for you—for,
the diamond takes the heart.

Now when a man gets about forty,
young girls will laugh at him,
And say he's an old fogy, and but a played out limb:
They'll make all sorts of fun of him
and if he should propose,
We may expect to hear the young girl say:
"Old man, go wipe your nose—"
If his mouth does stretch from ear to ear
or if a by-word be his name:
Or if he has no principle, or is broken down and lame:
Or if he's forced to wear a wig or on
his nose there'd be a wart:
Yet, if he's rich, why, she'll have him—for,
the diamond takes the heart.

Now I think I've proven, in my song,
all what I've said is true:
Yet still I hope and pray it may never happen to you,
Don't despise a man because he wears a ragged coat,
You'll find an honest heart beneath,
and staunch as a life-boat.
Then if you are a young girl, love him because he's poor:
He may be rich one of these days,
then can you wish for more?
Or if a young man you may be, then take her, do not start,
Altho' she's poor—let it ne'er be said
that the diamond took the heart—

Fair, Fair without Compare!

Sung by Tony Pastor.

The best little girl that ever I met
Was one on a steamer. I can't forget:
I was caught like a little fish in a net,
When to Gravesend I went for the day.
She sat by my side with her waving hair,
I thought I should like her my bread to share:
I felt I could kiss her, and did—but there—
'Twas love that had led me away.

CHORUS.

Fair, fair without compare—
A squint in her eye and carroty hair,
One eye looked HERE and the other looked THERE,
Beautiful, BEAUTIFUL girl!

She had a felt hat with feather dark green,
Her age I should say was about nineteen
And she was not too crummy nor yet too lean,
Just the sort of a girl for a wife.
Her waist was as round as a wedding-ring
Like a bag of sawdust tied round with a string,
She whistled the notes she couldn't sing,
And I wished she was mine for life—

Fair, fair, &c.

When Gravesend was reached, we went for a ride,
And in a small boat went down with the tide:
But, when I looked behind me, some men I spied
Rowing after us two with might and main:
They pulled very hard, and she screamed with fright,
I shook like a leaf, and felt rather white,
But I tried to defend her with all my might,
And I wished myself home again—

Fair, fair, &c.

These men for a lark then boarded my boat,
And collared my waist-coat, my girl and my coat,
Took my sculls and my rudder, and set me afloat,
And I drifted right down to the sea—
They dragged her away, she began to cry.
The boat sprang a leak, too, oh! crikey my!
And but for a fishing-boat that was nigh,
It soon would have been all U. P.

Fair, fair, &c.

I got up to town the following day,
And for my diversion I had to pay
The expense of new clothes: so advice take, pray,
Mind and don't do the same thing as me:
'Twas love at first sight, tho' I must confess
To see her again I a wish possess,
And if I could find out that girl's address,
Delighted indeed I should be.

Fair, fair, &c.

I'm Sorry I Made the Remark.

Sung by Gus Williams.

I'm careful whenever I open my lips,
And know pretty well what I'm at:
But a word now and then from the best of us slips,
And I'm no exception to that.
A careless expression, no matter how slight,
Is taking a leap in the dark:
So if I transgress, I freely confess
I'm sorry I made the remark.
I say: 'twas a joke,
I regret that I spoke—"
Or: "I'm sorry I made the remark."

A fancied indignity often will cause
A man to fall out with his friend:
And then in a passion he flies to the laws,
His wounded self-love to defend
He seeks his attorney, and says: "For revenge,
All my fortune I'll gladly embark."
But when he has lost, and has reckoned the cost,
He's sorry he made the remark.
He finds it no joke,
He regrets that he spoke,
He's sorry he made the remark.

A dandy will meet with a damsel so sweet,
That he offers all cost to defray:
To the opera perhaps, or in smartest of traps,
To Long Branch go for the day.
But if this gay youth—as is often the truth—
Is only a poor city clerk:
By the time he takes flight to his garret at night,
He is sorry he made the remark.
To his uncle he goes
With his best suit of clothes,
And he's sorry he made the remark.

A batchelor often will jeeringly say
That Cupid will never wound him:
Or at least if he does he will have his own way,
And gratify every whim.
He'll, perchance, say his bride must be slim, and beside
Her beautiful eyes must be dark:
But when he gets fond of a plump little blonde,
He's sorry he made the remark.
He'll say: "'twas a jest:"
But it must be confessed
He's sorry he made the remark.

A troublesome tailor will send you his bill
And "touching that little account,"
He'll plainly inform you he must, and he will
Immediately have the amount.
But if, by a chance, you can pay him at once,
Of his valor there isn't a spark:
He says: "I was rash. I don't want the cash,
I'm sorry I made the remark:
It was foolish to make
Such a stupid mistake,
And I'm sorry I made the remark."

The lover is wooing the girl of his heart,
And plumps himself down on his knees:
He joyfully hears her consent to take part
Of his home and his bread, and his cheese:
The fragrance he sips from her pretty red lips,
And he's happy and blithe as a lark—
But ere two years elapse, he'll discover, perhaps,
He is sorry he made the remark.
He'll sigh, and confess
He's got into a mess,
And he's sorry he made the remark.

Teddy O'Lynch.

A beautiful craiture was Teddy O'Lynch:
He shtud in his stockins six feet and an inch:
His hair it was red, and his eyes they were blue,
And a hole in his face that the whiskey wint through—
Such a broth of a b'y was our Tedd.

He left all his fri'nds and relations in Cork,
And sailed in a beautiful ship to New-York:
And whin his feet touched on American ground,
A shillin alone in his pocket he found—
So nearly cleaned out was our Teddy.

"A shillin'!" says Teddy—sure that isn't much:
'Tis a poor shtummickt b'y 'll git drunk upon such,
But I'll look in yon house and dishcover a fri'nd:
For I always want that with a shillin' to shpind"—
Such a jinerous b'y was our Teddy.

'Twas the time whin the North and the South had a foight,
And vor poundin aitch other from mornin' till night:
And Teddy he shtumbled right into a din
Where a Federal sarjint was lookin' for min—
'Twas a bit of good luck for our Teddy.

Says the sarjint to Teddy: "A b'y like yerself
Should rush to the battle regardless of pelf:
But we'll give you good wages an' fightin' aitch day,
And three hundred dollars for bounty I'll pay:"
And he flirted the greenbacks at Teddy

Says Teddy, as gally his alpeen he twirled:
"Is there half so much money in all the wide world?
Sure glory's inticing, so give me your fisht,
And the three hundred down, an' bedad! I'll inlisht—"
So ready for foight was our Teddy.

Then down to the wilderness Teddy he wint
His mushkit his shtuff and his great coat his tint;
And for sackin a hin-coop or shtormin' a fort,
Or marchin', or fightin' or any such sport,
The divil a wan like our Teddy.

Grant's min they wor kilt as a circle he shwept—
But his own skin was safe, so a pushin he kept.
Says Teddy: "Be jabers! it's warm here," says he:
So alone by himself he took Ginoral Lee—
And he ended the war, did our Teddy.

And but for our Teddy historians say,
The North and the South ud be foightin to-day:
So the Govermint gave him—he losht his right leg—
A hand-organ foine and a license to beg:
So grateful they wor to our Teddy.

"Och, musha!" says Teddy, a crank musht I turn
In a musical treed mill my livin' to earn?
To the divil with you and your organ!" says he:
And he opened a grocher'y on Avenue D—
Where he's makin' a fortune, is Teddy.

Der Excise Law: or My Gal und I.

Sung by Gus Williams.

Von day, I vent out mit my gal,
To drink some lager-bier:
Ve vent ond to der Lion Park,
Far, far away from here.

Ve ate und drank, und sang, und laffed,
Und ve felt sholly glad:
Ve tought of oldeu dimes gone by,
Ve tought of noting pad.

I put mine hand around der vaist
Of mine dear little Anna:
She laffed so sweet, she grinned at me
In a most telishous manner.

She said she loved, oh! so much—
Und I believed it, too:
She hugged me tight, und I hugged her:
Ve hugged as none else can do.

Put you cannot imagine all
Der nature of my pliss:
I tought I vas in heaven ven
She gave my mout a kiss—

Her lips felt nice, dat kiss so sweet—
Mine heart come to mine mout:
I asked her for anoder von,
Put she told me 'git oud!"

Vhile ve vere deu in rapture sitting,
I heard a noise vas here:
Dere came dwo bolice who den say:
"Vy you drunk lager-bier?"

I cursed und swore like every tinks,
I said I voud drink more:
I cried aloud und spoke der words:
"Oh! damn dat excise law!"

Den dat bolieeman kot me py
Der throat und hold me tight:
I told him let me go, I'd stay
At home next Sunday night.

Never Look Behind.

Sung by Gus Williams.

How many folks repine at fate,
And bow their heads to sorrow!
I laugh when cares upon me wait,
I know they'll leave me to-morrow:
And easily through life I glide,
'Tis always the best I find
To carry my troubles cheerfully,
And never look behind.

CHORUS.

For, what's the use of looking back,
Or giving way to sorrow?
The skies to-day that look so black,
May brighter be to-morrow.
'Tis easy to drive dull care away,
If you've the strength of mind
To carry your troubles cheerfully,
And never look behind.

In journeying 'long the road of Life,
You'll surely meet with many
A man who'll throw an X away,
Because he's lost a penny,
And wander from the beaten track,
As if he felt inclined
To look for some new trouble
While he might have left behind

For, what's the use of looking back, &c

Others too will try and make
A fortune in a hurry,
And if they don't succeed at once,
Will fret and fume and worry.
What can't be cured must be endured,
Is a maxim old and true:
Don't care for care, then rest assured
That care won't care for you.

For, what's the use of looking back, &c.

In life, at times, we must expect
To meet with things unpleasant:
We can't recall the time that's past,
But may improve the present.
Deal fairly with your fellow man,
To every one be kind,
And hope for bright and better days,
But never look behind.

For, what's the use of looking back, &c.

The Queen of the Concert Saloon.

I'll sing you a song of a pretty little gal :
  Oh ! she was a high percoon—
Her hair it was red, and curled about her head,
  She's de Queen of de Concert Saloon.
You will see her, every night dressed in blue and white,
  And her apron all trimmed off with yaller ;
Her smiles are fascinating when on de folks she waits,
  An breaks de hearts of all de pretty fellers.

With a little paint and powder she looks like a rose
  Or a sun-flower out in full bloom :
Her nose it is pug, and sits on her little mug,
  And her breath is de sweetest of perfume.
Her teeth dey am false but deir color am green,
  And she's left-handed in bofe feet :
Each night, out at de door, dere is lovers by scores,
  Who take her down to Taylor's for a treat.

Dare was a young man who fell in love
  Wid dis little charming young dear :
For, he seen her, one night when he was tight,
  In de concert saloon peddling beer :
He spent his money like a sailure so bould,
  And swore dat he'd marry her soon :
But she played de poor feller for all he was worth :
  Den sloped from de concert saloon.

Now, this young maid was sweet thirty-five,
  But she looked like a woman of twenty :
And her little pug nose was as red as a rose,
  But for all that she had lovers plenty.
Her teeth was false, and so was her heart,
  Her skin was dark, just like an Octoroon :
So young fellers, take my advice : Shun de waiter gals
  What tends in de concert saloons.

The Quill of the Concert Saloon.

Air : Sally of the Sewing Machine.

I'll sing to you of a poor little quill,
  And I guess you've all seen him about ;
He looks so innocent, you'd most feel inclined
  To ask him if his mammy knows he's out ;
He wears parrot-collars squeezed tight to his neck,
  And his hair frizzled up with perfume,
With a little round cap about two inches high,
  He's the Quill of the Concert Saloon.

Now he bought five bottles of " Old Graham's Onguent, "
  To make whiskers grow in six weeks ;
He used them a year but nary a hair came out
  On his baby-like cheeks :
But on his upper lip there grew a mustachio,
  At least he called it so,
Three hair on one side and four on the other,
  All laying down straight in a row.

Now this mustachio was his greatest pride,
  Of a carroty color very pale,
As fine as silk and looked very much
  Like the down on a goose's tail ;
He drinks Soda-Water, but he can't go segars :
  For, they make him sick very soon,
But he's going to learn to smoke like a man,
  This Quill of the Concert Saloon.

Now the girls, both before and behind the scenes,
  Play their points on this Quill, they say ;
They understand their business and go it with a rush,
  For, where there's a will, there's a way ;
Oysters and wine, lager and gin,
  And a carriage-ride in the afternoon.
And all that they say : let the Lunatic pay,
  He's the Quill of the Concert Saloon.

Now their daddys are men that put on airs,
  Very rich, so the people all say,
Big bug-merchants, doing business down town,
  But very hard men on the pay ;
They belong to the cod-fish aristocracy,
  And strut like peacocks around,
And live in the very latest frenchefied style,
  In a brown stone house up-town.

Now this poor little Quill, he run up a bill,
  Which was presented to his daddy, one day.
It took him by surprise, he couldn't believe his eyes,
  At the sum which he had to pay :
Oysters and wine, Ice-cream and lemonade,
  And the other fixens that follows.
And another little item I won't mention here,
  Set down in the bill at five dollars.

Now the Old man smelt a very large mice :
  For, he suddenly left the room ;
He paid up the bill and he struck a " B " line,
  For this terrible Concert Saloon.
He paid his fin, and then rushed in
  And he leaned up against the wall.
When (Oh ! what a sin ") he espied his young son,
  The very biggest man in the hall.

Now he gently took him by the coat collar,
  And raised him a foot from the floor :
That was an ACT that wasn't in the PROGRAMME,
  And, Oh ! how the audience did roar !
He called for a carriage, and drove straight home,
  And he took him up in his own room.
He spanked his behind and he sent him to bed,
  The poor Quill of the Concert Saloon.

In times of prosperity, friends will be plenty : in times of adversity, not one in twenty.

Dumpty Humpty.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

I'm a proken-hearted Dutchman,
A boor old blayed oud Dutchman :
My vife's she's vent und gone,
  Und run avay, und gife to me der shake.
She's gone und jined Sorosis,
Der Vommen's Righd's Sorosis :
Und vile she's hafing pully dimes,
I dink my heart vill preak.

CHORUS

Oh ! my Dumpty Humpty's gone oud from my sighd,
Und ve mighd hafe peen so habby, yes ve mighd,
Put now she's gone avay to peen a vommen's righd,
Und I bed she's dat got a dozen husman's more.

She vas so nice und poody,
So shblendid und so poody—
Ven I married her I nefer dinked
  Dat she can use me so.
Pud she's goned avay und greaved me,
Gone righd off und leaved me,
Und now my heart's dat pusted,
I vant you all to know.
  Oh ! my Dumpty Humpty, &c.

Put I must go und find her,
Go on der shly und find her,
Shust go righd up pehind her,
  Und to her I vill say :
" You dought dat I vas shooken,
Put you find you are mistooken :
You can't fool me, Louisa,
'Cause I voon'd pe fooled dat vay. "
  Oh ! my Dumpty Humpty, &c.

Now, my friends, took a varning,
Led my fade pe a varning :
Dem vommens dem is all alike,
  Und I ped you dat it's drue.
You can loaf dem und caress dem,
Fix dem up und dress dem,
Dey vill bead you if dey got a shance,
Und go vay und shook you, too—
  Oh ! my Dumpty Humpty, &c.

Mother, I have Heard Sweet Music.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Sung by George A. Parkerson, of Hooley's Minstrels.

Written by John H. Eccles—Composed by R. R. Steirly.

The Music of this piece arranged for the voice and pianoforte is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No 285 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

Mother, I have heard sweet music
  Floating round me, as I lay,
Like the songs of angels singing
  From the bright land far away—
And I felt such joy and gladness,
  As I listened to each strain—
Mother, do you think they'll ever
  Come and sing to me again ?

CHORUS.

Mother, I have heard sweet music
  Floating round me, as I lay,
Like the songs of angels singing
  From the bright land far away.

Mother, I have heard sweet music
  Not like that we sometimes hear,
But so full of tender feeling,
  Coming forth so soft and clear—
As I lay so calm and silent,
  In the twilight soft and gray.
Such a mingling of sweet voices,
  As they came and passed away— Chorus.

Mother, I have heard sweet music
  That would melt the hardest heart,
And to the tired and weary-worn
  Would a soothing balm impart—
And I felt such joy and gladness,
  As I listened to each strain :
Mother, do you think they'll ever
  Come and sing to me again ? Chorus.

A man of words and not of deeds, is like a garden full of weeds.

Half Mast High.

Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

With silver gleam the moon's pale beam
  Fell on the sleeping wave :
Yet o'er the main there seemed to reign
  The stillness of the grave.
Each fishing boat seemed scarce afloat,
  Dark ships were anchored nigh :
On one alone the moon beams shone,
  Whose flag was " half mast high—"
On one alone the moon beams shone,
  Whose flag was " half mast high. "

And then I knew, while stars were few,
  The Angel had come down,
And o'er some brow, all peaceful now,
  Had held th' immortal crown :
His race is run, his voyage done—
  I could not choose but sigh.
Sad tears would flow, if some could know
  That flag was " half mast high—"
Sad tears would flow, if some could know
  That flag was " half mast high. "

Shine on, fair moon, and set not soon :
  Look down, ye golden stars,
And shed your light on souls to-night
  That feel their prison bars :
For that glad soul who sees
  The goal, the heavenly haven nigh,
We will not weep—tho' on the deep
  A flag rides " half mast high. "
We will not weep—tho' on the deep
  A flag rides " half mast high. "

As I Sat by My Hearth.

BALLAD—Sung by E. H. Harding.

Words by A. W. Hammond—Music by D. Sutch.

As I sat by my hearth, when the day-light was closing,
  Round Time, long departed, was Memory cast ;
The embers burnt low, and were calmly reposing
  Like Age, when the passions of manhood are past.
In the warm glowing light I could see the loved faces
  Of friends, well remembered, but long past away,
And gladly my fond heart rejoiced at the traces
  That fancy could form of a happier day.

And there was the steeple its loud music ringing,
  The only glad tune that the poor man can own !
The smoke from the cottage was heav'nward winging,
  Like a bliss-seeking spirit, to sorrow unknown :
I traced, too, the roof-tree that ever had shaded
  The porch where the rose and the Jasmin would bloom,
Till my dreams, like the days they recalled to me, faded
  To vanish for ever in darkness and gloom.

The Step at the Gate.

The shades of eve are falling
  Athwart the garden wall :
The summer winds come whispering by,
  And showers of rose-leaves fall,
As I sit by my cottage window
  And dream, and listen and wait
For the sound of a well-known whistle
  And a welcome step at the gate.

The tea-kettle out in the kitchen
  Is humming its busiest song :
" I'm boiling, I say : it's time to get tea :
  So why don't you come along ? "
The table is set in the parlor,
  But the singing kettle must wait :
For, the tea will spoil, if I make it
  Till I hear the step at the gate.

Baby sleeps in her cradle,
  Dreaming with all her might,
And over both her blossom blue eyes
  Are drawn their curtains white :
But her nap is nearly over,
  She seldom sleeps so late :
She'll wake in a glow of gladness
  When she hears the step at the gate.

This is our little kingdom,
  This cottage with vines o'ergrown :
Papa's the king, and mamma's the queen :
  And baby's the heir to the throne—
Why lingers the king, I wonder ?
  'Tis growing so very late !
Ah ! there he comes—Baby, wake up !
  For, I hear the step at the gate.

HARRY ROSS'S SECRET.

(Continued.)

"I shall ask him that question, she said: Heaven help us! There must be some horrible mystery."

She asked the question suddenly that evening.

"What was the name of the debtor who made us so happy, Harry?"— and she fixed her eyes with a sort of terror on her husband's face, as she waited for the answer.

"What direful purpose are you meditating, little woman?" cried Harry, with an undisguised start "You have a strange expression. You've tired yourself out this day. I left you rosy, bright, exultant. I find you pale, quiet, depressed. Go to bed, kitten."

"The name, Harry?" gasped Mabel.

"To remember it in your prayers, eh?" asked Harry; but his laugh did not hide his confusion. "It is Mayhew. But it won't do him any good to pray for him now: for, he's dead— only remembered to be just in his will."

Harry had reason to wonder, the next day, and many days, at the change in his wife. The roses, dashed out of her cheeks by the sudden shock, never returned. She was still quiet, evidently making an effort to talk with him, and to appear interested, but listening with a wandering, vacant look.

"She looks as if something preyed upon her mind. What secret trouble can she have, dear child?" thought Harry, as he strove to win his wife to the gay holiday mood which had made their stay abroad so bright to him.

"Those German springs are humbugs," he thought. "She has lost more than she gained already; or perhaps it doesn't agree with her here and I'd better sell the place, after all."

But Mabel resented such an idea strongly. Sell the house! Where could she be better than in such bracing air? So they staid, and grew more and more miserable day by day— more apart— as though a widening gulf were between them. Even Maggie wondered at the silence in the house.

"What iver has come over they two?" she said, in confidence, to a neighbor. "Sure an' they were for all the world like two kittens, an' niver happy apart. Faix! an' it's all the bedivilment iv thim furrin waters, I'm thinkin'."

One morning, Mabel was wandering about in her listless way, too wretched to take any interest in anything, when she found herself again in the room where the writing-desk lay. A vague wish seized her once more to look at those dumb witnesses of some secret which had so marred her peace. It was strange that she cared to see them again; for, they were ever before her. Yet it might be some clue, some written word; or perhaps a name in the pocket-book had escaped her. A wild desire to know the worst possessed her; anything— anything but this weary suspicion which dared not form itself into words. At times she scorned herself for her want of faith in her beloved, her noble Harry. How could she dare suspect him? He was above suspicion.

The key was in its old place, and she turned it in the desk. She had just opened the stained pocket-book, and held the memorandum in her hand, when the door opened. Harry— yes, it was Harry— with such an angry face, as he stood speechless with surprise.

Mabel felt like a culprit for a moment; then she looked him full in the face. She could dare all, even his anger, rather than bear this dreadful mystery longer. A sort of mad courage took possession of her. She would brave the worst.

"Tell me— tell me, whose is this, Harry? she said in a shocked voice. "Let us have no secrets from one another. This life is killing me!"

The anger passed away from Harry Ross's face as he looked at his wife, and saw the traces of suffering in her languide eyes and transparent skin. What! had he sinned in vain, then— and was God punishing him by touching his treasure? He went to her, and took the pocket-book from her trembling hands.

"It is stained with blood!" she gasped.

"Yes, love," he answered, holding her hands, and looking at her wistfully.

"Whose blood?" she cried in a shrill, unnatural voice. "Harry— not— not the man— the old man who was murdered that stormy night?" and she drew her hands away, and shrank from him with horror.

"My darling, be a little calm, and I will tell you all. God knows I have longed to do so ever since that night. I did not know what a burden I was taking on myself when, in a moment of temptation, I yielded. You will never believe in my honor or integrity again."

"Honor!" Mabel echoed the word strangely. Surely he spoke in a curious way of— but she must listen; if only she could still the mad whirl in her brain!

"I went out that night, you know, full of despair. The doctor had told me your life depended on a change, which I could not give you. I found a letter at the post, as I said. Old Mayhew, a friend of my father's, had remembered that he owed him ten pounds, when he lay where death sharpens the memory, and the amount was enclosed. The sum seemed such a mockery to me, Mabel, I can't tell you why, I felt more furious with fate than before. I saw the storm coming on; and knowing how timid you were, I resolved to leave the advertisement till the next day. I took the by-path— the shortest way home. It was already so black with the storm that I hardly saw the path, save when a lurid flash illuminated it with a pale, intense light."

Mabel hardly breathed now. Her eyes dilated, expectant, were fixed on her husband's face. He seemed unable to meet those anxious eyes, and turned his head away.

"Mabel, that scene has haunted me ever since. One blinding flash revealed it— an old man's face, ghastly, leaning forward a little, rigid, livid, with a murderous cut from ear to ear. The carriage stood in my way; the horse was standing still, but seemed to tremble at the storm Of the other horror he could know nothing."

"So you saw it first," cried Mabel, her heart giving a strange bound, "this terrible scene?"

"Yes, love. We need not dwell on it. You have heard all before. Even as I stood terrified in the blackness, my foot touched something. I felt, even before I saw in the next flash, that it was a well-filled pocket-book. In a moment of temptation, I took it, half meaning to restore it to the rightful heirs, if any appeared. You will despise me for such an act. It was to save a life, I thought; as if we can buy life or death from Providence, especially by a crime. So I hurried home. I gave no alarm. Some other wayfarer would make the ghastly discovery, I thought, which I had done. You remember all the rest. The man was unknown. Some roughs from the sea must have beset him on that lonely way. I think he threw the pocket-book from him in the struggle, and they failed to find it— perhaps heard steps, and fled. But, oh! Mabel! I feel as if I had carried all the burden of their guilt. They murdered their victim for the sake of robbery. I robbed him without dealing first the fatal blow. Afterwards I dared not come forward. It would have been a strange proceeding to have produced the pocket-book with such a story. I could not tell but I might be arrested as the murderer."

"No, indeed," answered Mabel, with a shudder.

"I shall work hard to make up the original sum," said Harry, "if any heirs arise."

"Yes, to make restitution is all we can do," said Mabel.

"Poor little darling, you do not reproach me. What do you advise?"

"Go to your late father's lawyer, and tell him all," said Mabel.

"What! old Carlyon?" cried Harry, feeling how bitter such a confession would be.

"Yes, put it in his hands. You don't know what peace it will bring. He will advise and act for the best."

"I will, dear," Harry said, after a moment. "Why should I shrink from any humiliation? I cannot sink lower in his eyes than I have in my own."

Yet his heart ached with a bitter pain when he stood the next day at the door of the lawyer's office. Old Carlyon had patted him on the head many a time when he was a curly-haired boy, and he shrank from proving what sort of a man he had become.

"Truly, the way of the trangressor is hard," he muttered, as he stood in the sanctum, and felt like a culprit in the sight of his father's friend.

Old Carlyon jumped up with an expression of delight.

"Why, my boy, you've just saved me the trouble of sending for you."

Harry coloured, stammered something, and sat down. What could old Carlyon want of him? He felt as if he had been detected. The lawyer then suddenly remembered that it was a doleful business about which he had desired young Ross's presence.

"I have letters from your great uncle's house in India, and from his bankers in London," he said. "He left India nearly a year ago, having wound up his affairs, they say, and desiring to end his life among his own people. He obtained from his bankers in London the amount of a thousand pounds in ten-pound notes. I suppose he was going to make a present, or pay a deposit on some intended purchase. He has not been heard from since. His letters sent to the bankers have not been called for or sent for. His lawyer writes that you, being the heir, would probably have heard from him; but there are fears that some mischance has happened."

"A thousand pounds in ten-pound notes! echoed Harry, in a mazed tone.

"Yes; they are quite particular in mentioning the sum, of course," replied the lawyer. "He carried a shabby old gray pocket-book with him, and he put the notes in that. Now, the question is, what has become of your worthy uncle, and this money, which is yours, my boy, if anything has happened to him?"

An old grey pocket-book! It was time for Henry to speak; he dared not be silent now, bitter and humiliating as the task might be. He told his story, and old Carlyon listened in silence, only once raising his bushy grey eye-brows, with a look which was like a stab to Harry's heart.

"This need go no further," he said, after a moment's thought; "I'll manage it all. As it turns out, there can be little doubt that the money's yours, only you entered somewhat prematurely on your estate. My poor old friend, he was most likely on his way to visit *me* in order to inquire about *you!* Ah! that was a sad ending to his dreams of home, after toiling so many years. That Marsden was a friend of his. Send me the writing. He can identify it. I will manage it all, for your father's sake."

An inexpressible sense of relief came over Harry Ross as he took his way to the little cottage. How good Providence had been to him to lift him out of the mire of guilt and shame into which he had fallen—to set his feet in a sure place: and establish his goings!

The neighbourhood all united in thinking that Carlyon was a clever fellow for his discovery, which was established beyond dispute in time; but they never knew the clue he possessed in Harry Ross's secret.

And years after, a sailor, who had received his death-stab in a drunken quarrel, confessed the crime.

And over the victim's grave children strew flowers, and Harry and Mabel sit there sometimes, and talk with bated breath of the dark, dark days when the secret of guilt, long ago repented with tears, made their lives miserable.

[THE END]

BEARING TROUBLE— There are persons who emerge from every affliction and trouble and vexation purified like fine gold from out the furnace. There are others— and they are the more numerous— who are embittered and soured, and made despondent and apathetic. We think the latter belong to the class who try to stand alone during the storms of life, instead of looking Above for aid. When one can truly say, "He doeth all things well," the sting is taken out of affliction, and courage is given to bear what the future has in store. This, we think, makes the great difference between these two classes.

The Arabs say: "Anger your friend, and you will be surprised to find what a great villain you are, even in your friend's estimation."

MANAGING A HUSBAND.

NELLIE DAVIS was the prettiest, sweetest, best, and dearest little girl in Illsburg; and when Tom Carter fell head-over-heels in love with her, nobody blamed him in the least. And when the parson gave his blessing, and they went to commence housekeeping in a cosy little house on the south side of the town, everybody prophesied all sorts of happiness for the pretty bride.

And truth to tell, Nellie Carter was very happy. It is a pl sant thing to go into housekeeping for the first time, with everything new and shiny; and if you have somebody you love very much for a companion, it is still pleasanter. Now Nellie did love that great, big, blundering Tom Carter with all her might and main; and there was only one thing to disturb her perfect peace. She was the very pink of tidiness and Tom was the most careless fellow alive.

He kept his person neat and nice—but he kept his personal belongings anything else. Tom would persist in tossing his slippers under the parlour sofa, to have them handy. In vain did she gently suggest that the rack in the hall was the place for his hat and overcoat. Tom would fling his overcoat, damp or dry, on her pretty, smoothly-made bed, and drop his hat anywhere.

In vain did tidy Nellie make a place for everything; for, Tom invariably tossed everything down in some other place. Now little Mrs. Nellie was only human, and Tom's slovenly ways annoyed her exceedingly. She was resolved not to spoil the peace of their cosy home by scolding; but how to cure him? she could not tell.

She bore with him with the patience of an angel, until, one morning, after he had gone to his office, she went into the parlour, and there lay Tom's heavy shawl right across the table, ruthlessly crushing beneath it the pretty trifles which lay upon the marble top.

"Now I can't stand this, and I won't!" said Nellie, as she carefully raised the shawl from the delicate treasures, and discovered the ruins of a favourite Bohemian vase.

"I don't know *what* to do, but this I *won't* have!" she continued, with the little bit of wifely snap which every good wife must have if she expects to get on at all with that occasionally unreasonable animal—a man.

"Some way must and shall be discovered to cure Tom of such performances as this!" went on Mrs. Nellie, as she removed the ruins of her vase, and all the morning she went about the house with scarlet lips closely compressed and a little flash in her brown eyes, which argued well for Master Tom's domestic subjugation.

Woman's wit, having a will, seldom fails to find a way. And when a determined little woman says "must" and "shall," masculine insubordination might as well surrender at once. Before Mrs. Nellie closed her bright eyes that night, she had arranged her plans for the campaign against her liege lord, who slept the sleep of the innocent at her side.

But she meant to give him one more chance. So, after breakfast, when Tom drew on his boots and gave his slippers their usual toss under the sofa, she gently said: "Tom, dear, hadn't you better put your slippers in the passage or the bedroom?"

"No: let 'em alone; they 'll be handy to-night," said Tom.

"But, Tom, dear, they look so untidy."

"Why, no, they don't. A thing looks as well in one place as another. What's the use of a man's having a home if he can't keep things where he wants to?" said rebellious Tom.

"What's the use of keeping a wife and a servant on their feet all day to pick things up after you?" asked Nellie, without the least show of temper.

"Don't pick 'em up at all. Just let 'em alone, and then I can find 'em when I want 'em," declared Master Tom, as he gave her a kiss, and took himself off.

And the moment the door closed on him, Nellie's red lips compressed again, and her brown eyes wore the same look they had worn yesterday.

"War it is, then!" she said to herself. "Now, Master Tom, we shall see who wins the field."

She set quietly about the usual morning's work of a mistress of a house where only one servant is kept; and when Tom came home to lunch, everything was in its usual good order. It remained so, and Nellie busied herself with her needlework until nearly time for Tom to return to dinner.

Then she rose, put away her work, and prepared, as she said to herself, to "open the campaign."

First she put Tom's slippers where he always left them, under the sofa. Then she tossed his shawl upon the piano, and his best hat on the table. Then she brought some of her dresses, and flung them across the chairs and on the sofa. Her furs reposed in Tom's own especial arm-chair, and her best bonnet kept Tom's slippers company under the sofa, while her own slippers lay upon the chiffonier.

And then, thinking that feminine ingenuity could make no greater sacrifice than her Sunday bonnet, she took a piece of crochet work and sat down.

Presently the door opened, and in walked Master Tom. He gave a low whistle of surprise as he glanced at the unwonted disorder, and at Nellie, sitting calmly in the midst with her crochet work, and then came into the room.

"Haven't been putting things to rights, Nellie?" he asked.

"No, no. Why?" said Nellie, looking up in sweet unconsciousness.

"I thought may be you had been, that's all," remarked Tom, dryly, as he looked for a place to sit down.

Nellie quietly pursued her work.

Presently Tom said: "Paper come this evening?"

"Not yet," answered Nellie.

Tom gave a half sigh.

"Nellie, I met Granger just now and he said he would call round this evening."

"Very well. Probably he won't come before dinner. It will be ready soon," said Nellie, working away in demure innocence.

"Hadn't you better put things a little to rights before he comes?" said Tom, glancing uneasily around the room.

"Oh! no. Just let 'em lie, answered Nellie sweetly.

"But they look so bad," said Tom.

"Oh! no, they don't," said Nellie, as sweetly as before. "A thing looks as well in one place as another.',

Tom's face reddened.

"I never saw your room look like this before," he said, hesitatingly. "I shouldn't like to have any one step in."

"Why not?" said Nellie. "We might as well keep things handy. What's the use of having a house if you can't keep things where you want to?"

Tom's face got redder and redder. He tried to look serious, and then broke into a laugh.

"Oh! that's your game, is it?" he said. "Trying to beat me with my own weapons, are you, little woman?"

"Well, don't you like the plan?" said Nellie, demurely.

"No, by George, I don't!" said Tom.

"Well, then, I'll make a bargain with you. As long as you will keep your things in their places, I'll do the same with mine; and whenever you don't——"

"Oh! I will!" interrupted Tom. "Come, Nellie, I'll confess like a man—you've beat me this time. Only just put things right in this awful room, and I'll never throw anything down again. There, now, let's kiss and make it up, as the children say."

Nellie rose, and laughingly held up her sweet mouth for the kiss of peace. And then, under the magic influence of her deft fingers, confusion was suddenly banished; and when Mr. Granger came round to spend the evening, he decided that nobody had a prettier wife or a tidier home than his friend, Tom Carter.

Wise little Nellie having gained possession of the matrimonial field, took good care to keep it until Tom was quite cured of his careless habits. Sometimes he seemed threatened with a relapse; but Nellie, instead of scolding, only had quietly to bring something of her own and lay it beside whatever he had tossed down, and it was sure to be put away immediately: for, Tom seldom failed to take the hint.

And if some other little woman, as tidy and wise as Nellie, takes a hint also, this little story will have served its purpose.

FRENCH LADIES.

IN the details of French etiquette, the one conspicuous feature everywhere manifest is the supremacy of woman at home. Thus at the dinner-party she heads the procession from the drawing-room to the table: for, in French eyes she is on her own ground, and, therefore, merits the homage which is due to every woman in her right place. The husband, on the contrary, comes last, because, as a man, his duty is to yield precedence to everybody he receives. When dinner is finished, every one returns in the self-same order, arm-in-arm, the mistress and her cavalier first: the husband and his companion bring up in the rear. And why do all come back at once straight into the drawing-room? Why is there no separation of the sexes, no division into male and female talk?

Because the women will not have it; the men obey them, not unwillingly, indeed, but because they find it pleasanter. In many houses, especially in Paris, even the excuse of smoking is not allowed to divide the guests: cigars are lighted in the drawing-room— the very women offer matches, so determined are they that men shall not abandon them.

But whatever be the concessions which she makes in order to fulfil her first duty of keeping society together, no Frenchwoman who respects herself will permit concessions to degenerate into liberty. No Frenchman will dream of showing less deference to the women round him, or of less strictly observing forms, because he is allowed to smoke in the company of diamonds and white dresses.

In questions of this sort the French show remarkable tact. Impertinent as they often are with women that they do not know, they rarely attempt to profit by the familiarities which the modern system of life permits among people who meet on a footing of recognised equality. On both sides there is a sentiment of measure and propriety which is not often forgotten; the result is that cigars authorize no license, that natural *abandon* produces no disrespect. The material attitudes of the men prove this. There is no lolling about, no carelessness of position, no neglect of the observances which are habitually practised in the presence of women.

BETTER DAYS.

THERE is something deeply and peculiarly affecting in the expression— applied to persons in distress— "they have seen better days." No claim upon our sympathy touches us so nearly as this. When woman, in particular, gentle, good, and unobtrusive, is the unfortunate object that has "seen better days," the case is still more strongly calculated to move our compassion; for, we are usually inclined to presume, and with probability, that, though she is a participator in the sad reverse, she could not have had any blamable share in producing it. Of all objects of pity, indeed, under the sun, the woman who has undergone a change in her estate, and bears her fall with uncomplaining mildness and patience, is one of the most truly and profoundly interesting. Shoeless garmentless, homeless poverty, poverty that sits by the wayside begging, with its many wants obtruded on every hand, never touches the soul with a pang a hundredth part so acute, as does the shrinking, carefully concealed indigence of the woman who has "seen better days."

— No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none lies heavier: for, it never melts.

— WHILE the gift of conversation proves a clever man, the want of it is no proof of a dull one.

— WE ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

Composed by WILLIAM SHIELD.

Moderato.

mf *sf* *p*

Her mouth, with a smile de -

- void of all guile Half o - pen to view, is the Bud of the Rose, is the Bud of the Rose, in the morning that blows, impearl'd with the dew, im-

- pearl'd with the dew, the Bud of the Rose, im-pearl'd with the dew.

FINE

mf

FINE

tr

More fragrant her breath than the flow'r-scented heath, than the flow'er-scented heath, at the dawning of day, The hawthorn in bloom, The

p

tr

ad lib D. C. al SEGNO.

li - ly's perfume, the li - ly's per-fume, or the blos-soms of May..... Her

tr

D. S.

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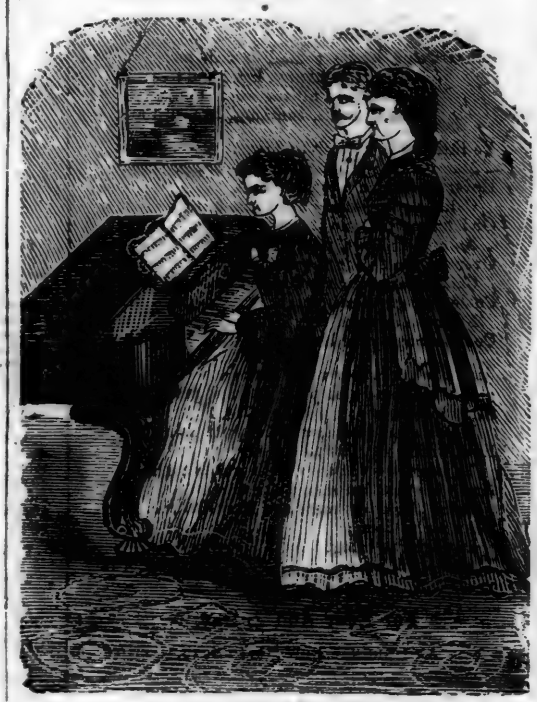
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CONTENTS.

Annie's Grave ..... page 651
The Brook 653
Best of Wishes, Love, to thee 653
BILLY JONSON'S BALL 653
Come, Birdie, Come 650
Don't go, Mollie Darling 652
Esther's Trials: a Story 655
First She would, and then She wouldn't ... 650
For Ever and a Day 650
From one Single Kiss! 651
GOING TO THE SHUCKING 650
Good-Bye, Liza Jane 652
Gilbert Langston: or the Mate of the Desdemona: a Story .. 654-655
The HERO STANLEY 652
It's little for Glory I care 651
The Irish Boy's Lament 651
The Jolly Miller: or as welcome as the flowers in May ... 653
Kate O'Leary 651
The London Street Arab 650
Old Black Joe 650
OH! GEORGE! 652
Only an Ivy leaf 653
Old Familiar faces 653
Parody on: Twenty years ago 651
Pullman Car 652
Pat won't go home till morning 652
The SPADE 652
Star of Columbia 651
There's nothing like a fresh'ning breeze .. 651
The WHITE HOUSE POLKA—Music 656
Who am I? 653
When my Ship comes home 651

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Going To The Shucking.

Banjo Duett sung by DAN KELLY and BOB NEVINS.

What's the matter, Pompey, what's the matter now?
The roosters are a crowing, and so am the brindle cow;
The pigs they am a squealing, the old tom cat does meow,
Miss Suzie she am going to feed the speckled sow.
CHORUS.
Then we're going to the shucking,
Yes, we'll go to the shucking.
Yes we'll go to the shucking of the corn, of the corn,
And we'll stay until the morning,
Yes, we'll stay until the morning,
We'll stay until the morning, sure as you are born.

Her dad he was a surgeon, they called him Dandy Jim;
He cut down all the trees, to amputate the limb.
Her mother took in washing they called her
Aunty Simms,
She'd fourteen little children, and she used them
for clothes-pins.
Chorus.

Her head was like a cabbage, and reddish was
her cheek,
Her nose it was a turnup, and therefore can't be beat:
Her legs they were like cornstalks, her heels they
followed arter,
She'd come upon her toes, which made her a tomater.
Chorus.

Miss Lucy said she loved me, she says she loved me too:
To me she'd give her gizzard, to me I know she's true:
She am a Rhinoceros, she's a hump-backed Chamomile,
She's a Giraffe-Hippopotamus, she's a Kangaroo-
Crocodile.
Chorus.

First She Would, And Then She Wouldn't!

To an evening party once I went,
And I met such a nice young girl,
Dressed, Oh! so fine, and smothered in scent-
My head soon felt in a whirl:
I asked her if she'd dance with me:
She gave a languishing smile.
She wouldn't say "No!" she didn't say "Yes!"
She'd quite a peculiar style.
Chorus: First she would, and then she wouldn't:
Then she smiled and said "she couldn't:"
Then she said: "Oh! my! you *shouldn't*,
Oh! you *naughty, naughty* man!"

I sat down by the fair one's side,
And handed her wine and cake:
I told her what I'd do and dare
For such a darling's sake.
She hung her head and smiled and giggled-
Her giggle to me was bliss—
And when we parted on that night,
I tried to steal a kiss.
First she would, &c.

I often met her after that,
And I'd take her here and there,
And every time I got a chance,
My passion I'd declare;
I've vowed to be true on the top of St. Paul's,
On the under-ground rail, Richmond Hill:
At last I said "if she wouldn't wed,
By Jingo! myself I'd kill."
First she would, &c.

I thought it was *right*: so I had
The banns put up on *speck*,
And sent my love a "sweet silk dress,"
Her darling self to deck.
Upon the wedding morn I called,
My intended bride to find
Not *dressed at all* and worst of all,
She'd not made up her mind.
SPOKEN.—She said she thought
At first she would, and then she wouldn't:
And then, somehow, she thought she couldn't,
And then she said "I *really* shouldn't,
And I was a *naughty, naughty* man.

Well, after that we married were,
And we're pretty jolly at home:
To one thing tho' my wife objects,
That's when I wish to roam.
She says that "home's the proper place
For all good married men."
If I trot out at night, I have to be in bed by ten.
SPOKEN.—As for letting me have a latch-key—
Once she would, but now she wouldn't,
I say "she could:" she says "she couldn't."
She says "what's more she's sure she shouldn't,"
And I'm a *naughty, naughty* man.

Old Black Joe.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know:
I hear their gentle voices calling: "Old Black Joe."
CHORUS.
I'm coming, I'm coming; for, my head is bending low:
I hear their gentle voices calling: "Old Black Joe"

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms departed long ago—
I hear their gentle voices calling: "Old Black Joe."
Chorus.

Where are the children I held upon my knee?
Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go—
I hear their gentle voices calling: "Old Black Joe."
Chorus.

Come, Birdie, Come.

The music of this Song can be obtained at any Music Store.

Beautiful bird of spring has come,
Seeking a place to build his home,
Warbling his song so light and free,
Beautiful bird, come live with me.
Come live with me, you shall be free,
If you will come and live with me:
Come live with me, you shall be free,
Beautiful bird, come live with me.
I'm all alone,
Come live with me,
Come live with me.
Chorus: Come, birdie, come live with me,
We will be happy, light and free:
You shall be all the world to me,
Come, birdie, come and live with me.

Ye little birds that sit and sing,
Many a thought of loved ones bring,
Hovering around your tiny nest,
Calling your loved ones home to rest.
Oh! happy bird, no thought of care,
No aching heart, no grief to bear,
Over the land, over the sea,
Come change your home and live with me.
Come change your home,
No more to roam,
Come change your home. Chorus.

Birdie, what makes you fly away,
When I come near you? tell me, pray:
I'll not deceive you, you are free,
If you should come and live with me.
Now, birdie, fly, fast to the sky,
To your sweet home: for, night is nigh,
And when the sun shines o'er the lea,
Bring thy sweet mate and live with me.
Then we will sing,
Daylight to bring,
Then we will sing. Chorus.

For Ever And A Day.

AN ORIGINAL NEW MOTTO-SONG.

In life's spring time and glory,
When all is fresh and new,
Men vow and promise rashly
What they will be and do.
But promises like piecrust,
I've heard the proverb say,
Are made but to be broken
For ever and a day.
Motto Chorus.
Oh! merry men, and maidens,
Beware of what you say:
Don't vow and promise lightly
For ever and a day.

"I'll love my love for ever,
(I've heard the lover say:)
There's nought on earth can sever
My heart from her away."
But soon a rich old widow,
Lured by her gold display,
He wed, and thought no more of
For ever and a day. Chorus.

Some would-be warrior hero,
Eager for fame, will cry:
"Though all should fall around me,
I'll fight on till I die!"
But danger conquers courage,
He'll vanish from the fray,
Preferring life to glory,
For ever and a day. Chorus.

"We swear eternal friendship,"
Cry revellers o'er their wine;
But jealously makes foemen
Of them thro' love divine.
Then friendship's ties are broken,
They meet in hostile fray,
And, if not slain, are sundered
For ever and a day. Chorus.

Tho' forms may be all beauty,
And brows as fair as snow:
And voices like sweet music,
And cheeks like roses glow:
And tresses bright and golden,
And eyes of starlight ray:
They cannot last, remember,
For ever and a day! Chorus.

The London Street Arab.

Sung by E. MORRDALE.

Air—"Perhaps she's on the Railway."

In this great British nation
There are street arabs still,
That the "School Board" can't lay hold of
To rescue from all ill.
God bless the Earl of Shaftesbury!
He does do all he can;
But I think what I am as boy
I shall grow up as man.
Chorus: Perhaps I live by dodgery—
Perhaps by shamming fits:
Perhaps I live by honesty—
Perhaps upon my wits:
Perhaps I know my book well,
And so a living get:
Perhaps the "London School Board"
May collar me as yet!

Spoken: And if it does perhaps it will kindly enlighten my understanding as to who were my father and mother. All I know about 'em is from the old woman that keeps the "dolly shop" where I lodge, and pay twopence a night for the privilege of being taken in, and and sharing half a bed with a nigger, where I'm kicked on one side by the black man, and bitten by the black-beetles on the other. Now, that old woman tells me she believes I was born once, but it was when I was very young: and she thinks my mother was a woman—she's not quite certain—and she rather fancies that she was a girl first—and that my father, of course, was a man—and that my father and mother had three twins, and that I was one of them, born a few weeks afterwards—and that we twins all got mixed up together, and they couldn't tell which was which—and that when they took us to be christened the old man said to the old woman: "Come, old girl, it's not every day in the week we have twins, suppose we wet 'em with a drain?" That's all I know about it: and as for a living, why— Chorus.

I like a grand procession—
I like a Lord Mayor's Show:
To all teetotal funerals
This street arab will go,
But tumbling after 'busses
Is now no game at all:
And chalking on the pavement
"I'm starving" is a poor stall.

Spoken: Now, if I can't read books, I can read people, and know a kind old lady half a mile off. If she happens to have a fat lap-dog with her, I know she's good for a penny if I says: "Oh, my eyes! what a pretty creature!" Lor' bless you! I don't know nothing. I don't— never did— never shall— and what's more, don't want to— why should I? I'm only an outcast, cast out by society, to cast in my lot with murderers and vagabonds, or vagrants, as the case may be. What I get for breakfast, dinner, and tea is a mere nothing, and what I get for supper is a fleabite: perhaps I may turn honest when the maggot bites. But just at present— Chorus.

I've tried at holding horses,
I've tried at blacking boots:
But, now-a-days, the bobbies
Are really getting brutes.
They move along a fellow
Who tries a crust to earn,
And a London street arab
Is cuffed at every turn.

Spoken: I once heard a street preacher say "Honesty's the best policy;" and, tho' I'm but a poor, ignorant street arab not too honest, if starving I do believe it is. But what's a boy to do, when he's got no friends? And perhaps had a month? Nobody won't look at him to give him employment. And there's another thing I can tell you, my friends.—If the London School Board rescued all the poor street arabs to-morrow, the Newgate Literature, and Thieves Highwaymen, penny books would make more to fill the streets the next day: and they'd have to say as I do— Chorus.

I'd be a lady's footman,
I'd be a cabin boy,
Carry telegraphic messages,
Indeed I would with joy.
If I obtain employment,
I in it shall remain:
If I don't to-morrow night,
You'll see me here again. Chorus.

The Irish Boy's Lament.

Written and Sung by Johnny Roach, the successful Irish vocalist.

Farewell, Ireland! I can no longer dwell at home,
I must cross the stormy main,
Where cruel strife may end my life,
to see you ne'er again—
It will break my heart from you to part,
astore acushala machree:
But I must go, full of grief and woe
to the shores of America.
Chorus: So now farewell! I can no longer dwell
At home, acushala machree:
But I must go, full of grief and woe,
To the shores of America.

On the Irish soil my fathers lived
since the days of Erin Banoo,
They paid their rent and lived content,
convenient to Killdew:
But a landlord cruel gave us the cruel—
my poor old mother and me,
We had to leave our home, far away to roam,
and come to America.
So now, &c.

No more in the old church-yard, astore,
on my father's grave shall I kneel,
But the tyrant knows but little of the woes
that a poor boy has to feel—
When I look around on that little
spot of ground where the cabin used to be,
I could curse the laws that gave me cause
to come to America—
So now, &c.

Oh! where are the neighbors, kind and true,
that was once our country's pride?
No more they are seen at the fair on the green,
or the dance by the green hill side:
'Tis a stranger's cow that is grazing now
where the cabin used to be:
With notice they were served to be
turned out and starved, or come to America.
So now, &c.

O Erin Machree! must your children
be exiled all over the earth?
Must they think no more of you, astore
of the land that gave them birth?
Must the Irish yield, like the beasts of the field?
No no! acushala machree—
They are going away in ships, with
vengeance on their lips, to return from America!
So now, &c.

It's Little for Glory I Care.

Air: The Grinder.

It's little for glory I care:
Sure ambition is only a fable:
I'd as soon be myself as Lord Mayor,
With lashins of drink on the table.
I like to lie down in the sun
And drame, when my faytures is sehorchin,
That when I'm too old for more fun,
Why, I'll marry a wife with a fortune.

And in winter with bacon and eggs,
And a place at the turf fire basking,
Sip my punch as I roasted my legs,
Oh! the devil a more I'd be asking—
For, I haven't a janius for work,
It was never the gift of the Bradies,
But I'd make a most illigant Turk:
For, I'm fond of tobacco and ladies.

Annie's Grave.

I remember well the time, tho' 'twas many years ago,
When I wooed and won the love of dear Annie:
Oh! the time went swiftly by, like a sweet gliding stream:
For, my young heart was happy, light and free.
But that happy time is past and my hair is turning gray—
For, that loved one I never more shall see.
And my heart is sad and lone, as I weep from day to day,
Since dear Annie is no longer here with me.

CHORUS.

Oh! Annie, dear Annie, thou art laid
where the tall willows wave,
And my heart is sad and lonely:
Yes, my heart is sad and lonely,
As I weep o'er dear Annie's grave.

'Twas a bright and sunny morning
in the Autumn of the year,
When they told me that I'd lost dear Annie.
That her sweet and gentle voice I never more shall hear,
Or her winning smile would beam again on me—
In a little green vale where the sweet flowers bloom,
Near the spot where the tall willows wave,
They have laid her there to rest, and
my heart is sad and lone,
As I weep o'er dear Annie's grave.
Oh! Annie, dear Annie, &c.

Kate O'Leary.

Don't talk to me of your Broadway swells,
Nor rave about your Bowery belles:
I'll tell you of the best of girls,
A country little fairy.
I'll sing to you of a girl I knew,
She lived in Huntingdon, it's true:
And if you listen, you'll find there were mighty few
Could equal Kate O'Leary.

CHORUS.

For, she is just the girl you'd like to spark:
Her eyes are blue and her hair is dark:
Not from the Battery to Central Park
Could you equal Kate O'Leary—

Her cheeks were red, and her eyes were blue:
Her hair was dark, of the deepest hue:
Her foot was small and neat to view,
And her heart was light and airy.
Her voice was music to my ear:
She had an Irish brogue, so rich and clear—
The like again I'll never hear,
As from sweet Kate O'Leary—
For, she's just, &c.

Although she had no "Grecian Bend,"
She had the hearts of all the men:
For, invitations they would send:
For, she danced just like a fairy.
She was none too short, nor yet too tall—
She had no "Chignon" nor "Waterfall:"
But, faith! the belle of any ball
Was my charming Kate O'Leary—
For, she's just, &c.

Parody on: Twenty Years Ago.

I wandered by the village, Tom,—
I sat beneath the tree:
And gazed upon that dear old jail
That oft sheltered you and me.
But none was there to bail me out,
At least they told me so:
I was not acquainted with the judge,
Like twenty years ago.

The jail is altered some, dear Tom,
It's larger now than then:
Its cells are twice as wide, dear Tom,
To accomodate more men.
The bell is there that used to ring,
When to work we had to go:
The music's just as sweet, dear Tom,
As twenty years ago.

The boys are at the same old game
Of hooking on the sly:
They stole a ham, the other night,
'Twas oft done by you and I.
They're gambling, too, for money, Tom,
At seven-up, you know:
That good old game we loved so well
Just twenty years ago.

Down by the spring, close to the elm,
You know poor William Way:
I mean the old shoemaker, Tom,
I saw him yesterday.
Some wretch has kicked his stuffing out,
He's dying, sure but slow:
Just as the one, you wolloped so,
Died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, dear Tom,
But tears came to my eyes,
When I think upon that good old hash
And those dear old mutton pies.
I went into Fent's to get a drink,
But, Tom, I started so—
I had nary red—I was dead broke—
Like twenty years ago.

When you marry "take the daughter of a good mother."

Star of Columbia.

Star of Columbia, fair as the morn,
Unsullied by crime, and in liberty born:
The giant of nations, of freedom and art,
The mirror of nature, the bold, honest heart:
The arts fly for favor to this happy land,
From Europe's famed cities to thy fostering hand,
Here find they a favor to aid and to grace,
And are met like a parent, with smiles on thy face:
Here genius has vent, here the mind's free to roam,
And the soil to the stranger is turned a home:
No longer depressed by fashion's dull brain,
He lives and he feels like a giant again!

There's Nothing Like a Fresh'ning Breeze.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No. 326 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

Give me a fresh'ning breeze, my boys,
A white and swelling sail:
A ship that cuts the dashing waves,
And weathers every gale.
What life is like a seaman's life,
So free, so bold, so brave?
His home the ocean's wide expanse,
A coral bed his grave—

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah then
for a seaman's life,
For ocean ship and wind!
There's nothing like a fresh'ning breeze
To gladden heart and mind—
Gladden heart and mind—
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

When foaming waves around us dash
The angry storm loud roars:
'Tis music to the sailor's ears,
And high his courage soars.
He feels a king of mighty power,
The elements his slaves:
His trusty ship at his command
Steers on through storm and wave.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

When my Ship comes Home.

I'm sadly out of spirits: for, I'm out of luck, you see:
Dame Fortune, that uncertain jade,
has turned her back on me.
Some men are born with silver spoons,
I've oft heard people state,
I fear the spoons that fell to me were but electro plate.
I recollect, in childhood's days, when pretty toys I sought,
They told me I must wait until my ship came into port.
How hopefully I waited then—now comfortless I roam:
Perhaps things will be better when my ship comes home.
When my ship comes home, boys,
when my ship comes home,
Like a jolly fellow through the world I'll roam:
When my ship comes home, boys,
when my ship comes home.
I mean to do some wonders, when my ship comes home.

When childhood passed and youth appeared
the dawn of manhood fair,
I longed so for that ship—and built my castles in the air—
What boon companions I would choose
what dinners I would give,
What horses I would drive, and, oh!
in what a style I'd live—
The world would not be large enough
for all the good I'd do,
When once that visionary ship of mine appeared in view—
Misfortune's gales tho' kept her back
or sunk her in the foam,
And I'm weary waiting till my ship comes home.
When my ship comes home, &c.

The years go swiftly by: for, Time is speedy in his flight,
And not a vestige of that ship has yet appeared in sight:
The higher that one's hopes are raised
the greater is the fall—
It will be hard indeed if she does not come at all.
If friendly winds should waft her here
to me with wealth galore,
My heart will still be found as true as in the days of yore.
No willing man shall want for work,
none penniless shall roam:
You see! I'm only waiting till my ship comes home—
When my ship comes home, &c.

From One Single Kiss!

Ah! Justine! what have you done?
All this ecstasy of bliss,
All this throbbing passion won
From one single kiss!
Lingering kisses never cloy
On the loving lips we press,
But, perhaps, the foretaste e'en of joy
Is love's greatest happiness—

And e'en the remembrance, Sweet,
Of this first kiss, always will
Mak[illegible] your bosom flush and beat,
[illegible]ll your heart be cold and still.
Now [illegible]our lover scarce believes
[illegible]hat 'tis his love inspires you:
Better to give than to receive:
So he joys in the love that fires you—

Don't Go, Mollie Darling.

Words by FRANK DUMONT. Music by J. HENRY WHITMORE.

Oh! Mollie, darling, the anchor is weighed,
The ship is now ready to sail o'er the sea:
Each moment is precious and time will not wait,
Oh! Mollie my treasure, do listen to me:
You're going far away from kindred and friends,
Off to the land that is far o'er the foam:
We've no one to care for but you, Mollie dear,
Don't leave us, Mollie, sweet light of our home.

CHORUS.

Don't cross the sea, Mollie, and leave us alone—
For, dreary our beautiful home then will be.
We've no one to care for but you, Mollie dear,
Don't leave us, darling, Oh! listen to me.

Oh! Mollie, my darling, your father is ill,
But still he has come down to see you depart:
He stands by your side in our sorrow and pain,
And tears tell the anguish that lies in his heart.
Oh! come to my arms, let me fold you again,
Close to the heart that is throbbing for thee—
Remember the days when I sang you to sleep:
Don't leave us, Mollie, to cross the blue sea.

CHORUS.

Oh! Mollie, my darling, say what will you do,
Alone in a land were but strangers abide?
No kind words you'll hear of advice, Mollie dear,
But, ah! many evils will lurk at your side;
Let me kiss you, perhaps for the last time on earth:
For, we are old, and our days are but few:
There's tears in your eyes, I see you'll not go—
Heav'n pour sweet blessings, dear Mollie, on you!

CHORUS.

The Spade.

Sung by the Celebrated Irish Comic Singer, JOHNNY ROACH.

Give me the Spade and the man who can use it:
A fig for your lord, and his soft silken hands!
Let the man who has strength never stoop to abuse it,
Give back to the giver—the land, boys, the land.
There's no bank like the Earth to deposit your labor,
The more you deposit, the more you shall have;
If there's more than you want, you can give to your neighbor,
And your name shall be dear to the true and the brave.

CHORUS: Give me the Spade, &c.

Give me the Spade—the American's glory—
That fashions the field from the bleak barren moor:
Let us speak of its praise in ballad and story,
While 'tis brightened with labor, not tarnished with gore.
It was not the Sword that won our best battles,
Created our Commerce, extended our Trade,
Gave food for our wives, our children, our cattle,
But the Queen of all weapons—the Spade, boys, the Spade.

Give me the Spade, &c.

Give me the Spade: there's a magic about it,
That turns the black soil into bright shining gold—
What would our fathers have done, boys, without,
When this land lay all bare and the north wind blew cold?
Where the tall forests stood, and the wild beasts were yelling,
Where our stout-hearted ancestors shrank back afraid—
Now the cornstack is raised, and have cleared a dwelling—
Then Hurrah for our true friend, the Spade, boys, the Spade!

Give me the Spade, &c.

Why is a new-born chicken like a cow's tail?—Because it was never seen before.

Why is a corroter on his trial like a shirt hanging out to dry?—Because he is in a state of suspense.

Why is an extravagant wife like ivy?—Because the looser she clings, the greater the ruin.

The Hero Stanley.

By W. H. EDWARDS— Air: Red, White and Blue.

The hero we welcome and honor to-day
Shall in years yet in history reign:
Brave Stanley, who merits the honor we pay,
Bringing Livingstone to us again.
Deserted by each vain explorer,
Neglected by Kirk and his crew:
The brave heart will bless his restorer,
Which again life and hope doth renew.
CHORUS: Let his crown be the evergreen wreath,
Let us cheer thus, to honor his fame.
As did Marmion with his last breath
Who died while repeating the name.

Through heat, through cold, 'mong wild tribes of men,
In tempests, 'neath burning hot sun.
He fought bravely on through swamp and through fen,
In the work he'd so nobly begun.
No army no monarch, no barbarous race
Could stay this young hero's career:
His pleasure, his joy, his delight we embrace,
When with Livingstone he shall be here.
CHORUS: No coward will dare sneer again,
The hero's known prowess he'll fear:
A groan for the "poltroons," not men,
Who presumed at the banquet to sneer.

Now is Africa known: may its riches ne'er cease.
Where the lands are a treasure of gold:
For, the wealth of the world 'twill increase,
As the alchemist promised of old.
Its riches great kingdoms will raise,
Adding stores to the stores they possess:
For this brave young Stanley we praise,
May his great courage never be less!
CHORUS: To America—Sister! we say:
If thy goodwill has ever been slighted,
As our hands join in friendship to-day,
Let our States be for ever united.

Good-Bye, Liza Jane.

As sung by FRANK LUM, the great Sensation Comic Singer, with immense applause

Away down south where I was born,
I husk the wood, and chop the corn,
Walk that loo, oh! miss loo,
Ah! ah! ah! hear me now:
A roasted ear to the house I bring.
The overseer catch me and made me sing.

CHORUS.

Walk that loo, oh! miss loo,
Ah! ah! ah! hear me now:
For I am going away to leave you, good-bye, good-bye:
I am going away to leave you, good-bye, Liza Jane.
Oh! I am going away to leave you oh! I am going down to Lynchburg town
If you get there before I do, oh! good bye, Liza Jane.

Ducks play cards and chickens drink wine,
And monkeys grow upon grape vines:
Walk that loo, oh! miss loo,
Ah! ah! ah! hear me now:
Corn-starch pudding and tapioca pie.
Oh! the gray cat picked out the black cat's eye.

CHORUS.

The old cow in the young cow's shed,
Fell over a corn and broke off her head:
Walk that loo, oh! miss loo,
Ah! ah! ah! hear me now:
And when the jackass heard the row.
He stabbed himself with the tail of a cow.

CHORUS.

A nigger came from Arkansaw,
The worst old fool I ever saw:
Walk that loo, oh! miss loo,
He went some water for to get,
And he carried it home in a corn basket.

CHORUS.

Pullman Car.

Words by ALFRED HUDSON. Music by CHAS. J. MIKES.

Pray give me your attention.
Some facts to you I'll mention
About a dear, bewitching girl
I met the other day;
'Twas in the hours of leisure,
While traveling just for pleasure:
She came walking through a Pullman Car.
And looked so sweet and gay.
CHORUS: Riding in a Pullman car,
Whilst riding in a Pullman Car,
A girl she passed me by,
And winked at me so sly,
Whilst riding in a Pullman car.
(Repeat Chorus.)

As I alone was sitting,
She through the car came flitting:
I watched her with enraptured gaze.
As she was tripping by,
My heart was gone completely,
Her eyes they beamed so sweetly—
I smiled at her, she smiled at me,
And then she winked her eye.

Riding in, &c

At last we reached the station,
Which was our destination:
I lost sight of the pretty girl,
Who stole my heart away;
But soon I mean to find her,
And then I will remind her
About that small flirtation
We had the other day.

Riding in, &c

Pat Won't Go Home Till Morning.

Composed and sung by J. H. RYAN.

The dawn upon the hill was breaking the stars were twinkling in the sky,
As Pat upon the ground lay dreaming, his big shillelah lay close by:
All night the whiskey he's been drinking and now he wakens from his drunken snore,
He calls for drink to make him frisky, and swears because there is no more.

CHORUS.

Then fill up the bowl, hurrah! for a thirsty soul, ha! ha!
All night on a spree, my boys, my throat with fire is burning,
Dance so blithe and gay, hurrah! none like Pat can be, ha! ha!
Divil a hair I care, my boys, we won't go home till morning.

The moon upon the bogs was gleaming, and the lambs were bleating in the shed,
The pigs and cows the swill are raking, and the geese on waiting to be fed:
Pat home from the wake is trudging slowly, with divil a farthing in his purse
Besides his pockets are both holey and credit to poor Pat not worth a curse.
Then fill up, &c.

The night and fun again advances, and the song and dance again goes 'round,
And Pat again is nimbly drinking, until with whiskey he gets drowned:
All night he's been swigging at the bottle, and now he tumbles flat upon the floor,
Yet still the boys and girls are dancing, but Pat's asleep to dance no more.
Then fill up, &c.

Oh! George!

Sung by WALTER LABURNUM.

Some time ago I knew a girl,
Who'd eyes of sparkling brightness,
With coral lips and teeth of pearl,
And steps of fairy lightness:
Then when I used to whisper love,
As we along did stray,
She'd, smiling, hang her head and blush,
And timidly would say—
Chorus: "Oh! George! Oh! George!
You know I'm so sensitive, George:
It isn't display—but only my way
Whenever I say: Oh! George!"

Her manners were so innocent,
So charming and so chaste,
That, as we walked, I gently stole
My arm around her waist:
She shrank in modest fear away,
As her along I led,
And blushing like the opening day,
Most timidly she said—

Oh! George! &c.

As time flew on, our love grew strong,
And, one day, I proposed:
I said that I should like to wed—
If she was so disposed.
She gave a sigh and shed a tear,
Then hung her little head,
And in her usual simple way
To me again she said—

Oh! George! &c.

And now in happy unity
A merry life we lead,
With lots of olive branches,
Which I have to clothe and feed:
And sometimes when we speak about
Old times all passed away.
She'll bring to mind their courting hours,
When slyly she did say—

Oh! George! &c.

The Brook.

Words by Tennyson—Music by Dolores.

Sung by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No. 298 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow, weed, and mallow.
I slip I slide, I gleam, I glance
Among my skimming swallows:
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows:
I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river:
For, men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever, ever—
I go on forever, ever—
I go on for ever!

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling:
And here and there a snowy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silver water-break
Above the golden gravel;
And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river:
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever, ever—
I go on forever ever—
I go on for ever!

I steal by lawn and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers:
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
That grow for happy lovers.
I murmur, under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses:
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses,
And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river:
For, men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever, ever—
I go on forever, ever—
I go on for ever!

Old Familiar Faces.

Give me old familiar faces.
Plain and homely they may be,
But love counts not absent graces.
Fancy paints them fair to me,
Fancy paints them fair to me,
Thought her light'ning pinions stretching,
Thro' fairy realms may rove,
But she'll find no sound so witching
As the tones of those we love:
But she'll find no sounds so witching
As the tones of those we love.
Then give me old familiar faces,
Plain and homely they may be,
But love heeds not heeds not absent graces,
Fancy paints them fair to me,
Those old familiar faces,
Those dear, those loved familiar faces—

Dating ago in slumber traces,
By gone years of care and pain,
Dreams of old familiar faces
Hears each well-known voice again,
Hears each well-known voice again.
Deck the walls with fairy lightness,
Bid flowers perfume the air,
But how cold will seem their brightness,
If the loved are wanting there:
But how cold will seem their brightness,
If the loved are wanting there.
Oh! with old familiar faces,
Eyes grow bright and hearts expand,
Flowers spring up spring up in desert places,
Making earth a fairy land:
Those old familiar faces
Those dear, those loved familiar faces—

Oh! those old familiar faces
Circle us like mirrors rare,
Ev'ry change which fortune traces,
We shall find reflected there.
When to distant lands we wander,
Seeking happy peace in vain.
How the wearied heart grows fonder,
When returning home again:
How the wearied heart grows fonder,
When returning home again.
As we near it, mem'ry traces
Each loved valley, path and hill.
And those old, those old familiar faces,
How we trust to find them still—
Those old familiar faces.
Those dear, those loved familiar faces!

The best guardian of a woman's happiness is her husband's love; and of her honor, her affection for him.

Best of Wishes, Love, to Thee.

The Music of this song is published by J. L. Peters & Bro., Cincinnati.

Far across the trackless ocean,
Flies the lone bird to the main,
Countless miles and still unwearied
Till it finds its home again.
Thus when far away I'm roaming,
Memory fondly bears from me,
O'er the weary leagues that part us,
Best of wishes, love, to thee—
Chorus: Thus when far away I'm roaming,
Memory fondly bears from me,
O'er the weary leagues that part us,
Best of wishes, love, to thee.

In the storm the ocean sweeping,
Tempest-tost the sailor's hand
On her course the vessel keeping,
Makes at last the wished for land:
Like the star that guides him onward,
Safely o'er the angry sea,
On life's wide and stormy waters,
Thou art still the same to me.
Thus when far away, &c.

Ever when along my pathway
Sorrow's lengthened shadows fall:
Still its gentle ray is shining,
Shining sweetly over all—
All a poet's adoration
Keeps thee in this heart of mine,
Every hope and silent roaming
Made more pure by love from thine.
Thus when far away, &c.

Billy Johnson's Ball.

Written and Composed by G. W. Hunt.

Billy Johnson had been married
Just a twelve months and a day,
When he sent his friends some letters,
In which he went to say
As how, about just two months since,
A baby had been sent:
So he'd give a ball to celebrate
The glorious event.

CHORUS.

Lar dar-de dar, and doodle, doodle, diddle,
They played upon the fiddle, and went
up and down the middle:
Such jolly boys, and pretty girls, enough to please you all—
A reg'lar brilliant sort of spree was Billy Johnson's ball.

There were the Jones-es-es, and the Brown-es-es,
And the Smith-es-es a score:
The Spriggins-es, the Scoggins-es,
And half a dozen more.
In Billy's room there wasn't room
To dance a decent jig:
So he went and took a big one
At "The Tinder-box and Pig."

SPOKEN: An efficient band was provided, consisting of a fiddle, a tin whistle, and a Jew's harp and they played—
Lar dar-de, dar, &c.

They introduced the baby,
And we kissed it twice all round.
Mrs. Johnson was quite "overcome,"
Fell fainting to the ground:
But they "brought her to" with water,
And "a drop of something in,"
And when "she fell herself again,"
The dancing did begin—
Lar dar-de, dar, &c.

In and out and round about,
Such a ball was never seen,
And, every now and then
We'd "a drop to drink between."
Billy Johnson he got dancing
With all the girls he'd find,
Mrs. Johnson she grew jealous,
And declared he was "unkind."

SPOKEN: I make it a rule never to interfere in family quarrels: so I chose a lovely creature in red and yellow, and we glided into the—
Lar dar-de, dar, &c.

I drank "love" to the Jones-es,
I drank "love" to the Browns:
I tried to keep on dancing, but
'Twas somehow "ups and downs:"
To tell you how it ended,
I really am not able:
For, I found myself, next morning,
Lying underneath the table.

SPOKEN: I felt rather confused till a friend reminded me that I had been doing the—
Lar dar-de, dar, &c.

A picture is a poem without words.—Horace.

Only an Ivy Leaf.

Words by H. Weed—Music by John Blockley.

I've brought thee an Ivy leaf, only an Ivy leaf:
From the land of the rose, where the wild heather grows,
And the violet blossoms in quiet repose,
I've brought thee an Ivy leaf, only an Ivy leaf:
I'd have brought thee a flower, a beautiful flower,
But it would have sighed, till it faded and died,
And have drooped in humanity's withering tide:
So I brought thee an Ivy leaf, only an Ivy leaf.

I'd have brought thee a rose-bud, a fairy-like rose-bud,
To place in thy hair, and to perfume the air,
But it, like the flower, would fade in despair:
So I brought thee an Ivy leaf, only an Ivy leaf,
An Ivy leaf green, a beautiful Ivy leaf,
Bright type of true heart, of true friendship a part—
Oh! wear it for ever, love, nearest thy heart:
I've brought thee an Ivy leaf, only an Ivy leaf.

Who am I?

A Recitation as Delivered by Gus Williams.

I'm a proken-hearded Dutchman,
Vot's filled mit grief und shame:
I'll tole you vot de dronble is—
I don't know vot is my name.

You dink dot's kind of funny, eh?
Vell! ven you de shtory hear,
You vill not vonder den so much:
It vas so shtrange und gweer—

My moder had some leedle dwins,
Dere vas me, und my broder:
Ve looked so very much alike,
No one knowed vich from t'other.

Vone of de poys vas Yacob,
Und Hans, de oder's name:
Put dis don't make no difference,
Ve both got called the same.

Vell! vone of us, vone day, got dead—
Yah, mine Herr, dot's so:
Put vedder Hans or Yacob—
Mine moder she don't know.

Und so I am in droubles,
Und I can't get drough my head
Vedder I am Hans vot's living,
Or Yacob, vot is dead—

The Jolly Miller: or

AS WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY.

Written and Composed by Harry Clifton.

I live at the mill, at the foot of the hill,
Where the stream runs rippling by:
For ten miles round there cannot be found
A merrier fellow than I:
For I laugh and I sing, and I drive away care,
I've enough for my wants and a little to spare:
If a poor old friend should pass my way,
I make him as welcome as the flowers in May—

CHORUS.

For, I laugh and I sing, and I drive away care,
I've enough for my wants and a little to spare:
If a poor old friend should pass my way,
I make him as welcome as the flowers in May

The jolly old mill, it stands there still,
As it did in my father's time,
Who often used to sing to me
This little bit of rhyme:
"Remember, my boy, don't turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes:
But think, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth is a bubble that comes and goes."
For, I laugh and I sing, &c.

I never saw the pleasure yet
Of dressing very loud:
I think there's little good to get
By looking very proud—
Or crossing over, when you meet
A poor acquaintance in the street—
I may be wrong, but then, you know,
That's merely the style of the miller—just so,
For, I laugh and I sing, &c.

I think it just as well to try
To pay your tailor's bill,
To pay a wrong or injury
With good, instead of ill:
In fact I think it best to do
As you'd see others do to you:
I may be wrong, but then, you know,
That's merely the style of the miller—just so—
For, I laugh and I sing, &c.

If thou beat a loitering servant, send him of thy errand just before his dinner.—Fuller.

GILBERT LANGSTON:
OR
THE MATE OF THE DESDEMONA.

"I wonder what is your definition of a brave woman?"

The speaker lay in an attitude of careless ease on the deck of a merchant ship lying at anchor in an Australian port. He was very handsome, and rather young—perhaps twenty or so—with a boyish face, curly golden hair, and a lithe form, seen to advantage in his uniform. His blue eyes looked straight at the face of his companion—a darker, graver face, bearing the seal of thirty years on the broad brow and in the restless eyes.

"One who thinks no sacrifice too great for the sake of her duty or her honor."

"I thought you meant something in the Grace Darling line," said the younger man, lifting his cap with its mate's badge, and letting the wind play among his sunny curls. "You set so much store on that one virtue, Robert."

A passionate glow darted from the dark eyes of of the elder man.

"I do," he answered, bitterly; "my life for ten years past has been an empty existence through the lack of that one virtue in a woman."

Gilbert glanced at him. It was an eloquent look, in which pity, sympathy, and wonder were blended.

"The mail is in," he said, presently: "I had a letter, Robert. See, here is a piece of my home." (He threw a small portrait at the other's feet. Robert Alleyne picked it up.) "That is my sister Meg—my eldest sister, Robert. I don't exactly know whether she would come up to your standard of an ideal brave woman; but, to my thinking, she is the dearest girl in the world—save one."

Gilbert's face was turned away. The other looked at the likeness, at first critically, then eagerly:

"I can picture your home, Gilbert," he said, at length, musingly—"a sunny-fronted-Rectory, wherein loving and tender memories of you are among the dearest pleasures—where every book you ever read, every song you ever sang, are held in reverence. I should like to know your people. If ever we get back to England, do you think they would welcome me for your sake?"

"They would welcome you for your own, old fellow."

"It must be pleasant to have some one thinking of a fellow when he is away *in perils by sea*," murmured the elder man, wistfully. "It must be pleasant to look forward to a home and woman's loving welcome at the end of the peril."

Something in Gilbert's throat kept him from replying. Tears in the eyes might be hidden—tears in the voice would shame his manhood.

There was a long silence—so long that Gilbert Langston fell asleep as he lay with his head pillowed on his arm. The other sat still with the miniature in his hand just where the sunset flashed on it, revealing a fair face, doubting, unsatisfied eyes, full of a want that the coming years might or might not satisfy.

"She looks true," he mused: "Am I a fool for deeming all women false because one was untrue—for letting that old disappointment make me what I am—a hard, reckless fellow, trying to kill time by cruising about in my uncle's ships, and letting my wealth lie useless—almost forgotten? Was it a happy fate led this lad across my path? Whew! I am getting sentimental over a girl's face," and somehow a thought, too tremulously sweet for utterance, rose up and beat against his heart for entrance: "It might be even yet, so that some one would wait and watch for me, too."

The sun went down—the red died in the west—but the dream of that night kept warm and bright in the heart of the dreamer.

* * * * * *

It was a very wet afternoon in October. The twilight was closing, and the lamps in the busy little station of Ripston threw a bright light on the wet platform and wetter umbrellas of the few passengers who were waiting for the train now due—among them, a young girl with a pale yet sweet face, and golden hair peeping from beneath a shabby black bonnet—She was dressed in a time-worn waterproof cloak, and carried a roll of music in her hand.

"I wonder who she is?" said one gentleman to another, as they walked leisurely up and down beneath the shelter of the shed.

"She is governess to the children of Farncombe, the manager of the theatre," was the grave reply.

"You know her, then?" asked the first speaker, curiously.

"No. I had a slight acquaintance with her father—a very nice fellow. He died in the Summer of some fever, caught while visiting a poor person. He was Rector of Chilling—you know where that is?—three or four miles from here. Perhaps you knew him? Langston the name was."

"No, I do not think so."

"I believe he died very poor—left a large family almost unprovided for. This girl supports herself, and perhaps does more; but you know what women's earnings amount to. Have a cigar? Here comes the train at last, thank goodness!"

The two entered a first-class carriage, drew up the window, and leaned back on the luxurious cushions, while the object of their conversation crept into a third-class carriage and quietly took a seat.

Yes, the story of the golden-haired girl was told in those few careless sentences, forgotten almost as soon as uttered. The quiet calm of the sweet face was unruffled by the discomfort around her; her eyes were bent upon her lap as her busy thoughts flew away, far beyond the crowded and dingy carriage.

"Fancy papa's daughter on the stage! But then fancy papa's daughter wearing fingerless gloves, and travelling like this."

A little smile curled the sober lips an instant. A whiff of smoke from her neighbour's clay pipe wafted in her face, and waved about her head. She sat very still, while the rain beat against the windows, and only a driving mist of darkness could be seen without. The train came to a brief pause soon at a little wayside station called Chilling. The girl got out with a slight shiver, and, unfurling her umbrella, prepared for a long walk through mud and rain and darkness.

* * * * * * *

The firelight flickered softly on the walls of a little room the red carpet and moreene curtains of which, despite their threadbare shabbiness, gave an air of warmth and home-comfort to the apartment. On a sofa lay a lady in a widow's cap. She looked very fragile; but the lines round the mouth and the shadow on the forehead told of the heart's weariness more than the body's sickness—very weary it was sometimes.

By the fire sat a girl of perhaps eighteen Summers. Her face was all brightness, her brown eyes were full of sunshine—a very radiance of gladness. The full red lips were made for smiling, brightest perhaps when all around was darkness. There was a smile on them now while her heart went dancing over the waters to a far country in the wake of another heart that was gone before. The opening of the door broke her reverie. A very bright smile greeted the one who entered.

"Meg, are you not tired and wet?"

"A little of both, Kate. How bonnie your fire looks! Mother——"

The young girl cast off the waterproof and the shabby bonnet, and the fire-light caught every thread and wave of the golden hair, as she bent her head over her mother's pillow. Finally, kneeling down, she laid her face upon it, and met the mother's smile with wistful eyes.

"What is it, darling?"

"Mamma, I'm going to tell you something. Promise not to be shocked."

"Is it so bad, Meg?"

"Not bad, mother. This morning Mr. Farncombe met me in his hall, and he offered me an engagement at the theatre as an actress, mamma; he says that my appearance and voice are very suitable, and that my salary would be nearly four times larger than it is now."

She finished speaking rapidly. The darkness hid the burning colour that dyed the very tips of her ears. The reply was in a strange, hard tone.

"What did you say?"

"I said I would speak to you."

"Meg"—the tone was stern now—"put away all thought of that for ever. My darling, it would break my heart."

"It was only for your sake, mamma—and for the sake of the rest," whispered Meg, ashamed and grieved. "I was thinking, mamma, that—that the Winter is come, and we want so many things."

"My head is aching with trying to think what we shall do, Meg," sighed the mother. "I am so weary of it all, dear."

Meg stroked the soft hair on the careworn forehead.

"Don't give way, mamma."

"Meg, it is all so dark."

"Oh, mamma, if my father could know how we suffer!" uttered the girl with a sob. Some one lifted her gently to her feet.

"Aunt Janet, we are going to get tea—Meg and I. You don't deserve to have your pumpkins turned into coaches."

The widow looked up at the sunny face, and met Kate Lane's wistful smile with another.

"Now lie still, and try to imagine yourself the successful client of the Chancery suit."

That Chancery suit! There had been a time when she thought that the money to which she had so good a claim in her father's name, would be awarded her by judge and jury. For, long now she had given up all hope of it. The case was in Chancery, and would probably end in her losing it after all. Kate gave a pat to the pillows, and went off to the large, barely furnished tea-room, followed by Meg.

"My dear," she said, poking the fire with a cautious hand, "I'm surprised at you! Fancy your encouraging your mother to repine! Now, Meg, be sensible: for, I want advice."

"Some fresh trouble?" asked Meg, fearfully.

"My dear, we are so inured to affliction that I have long ceased to regard any phase of it as 'fresh.' At present there is quite a volly of small shot to face. To begin with, the coal is almost gone (I believe I could count the remaining lumps). Launce's shoes are hopelessly bad; he cannot go out again in them. Next the butcher kindly informed me that we can have no more meat until we settle up—we shall have to have broth without mutton for the future. To finish—Anne gave me a month's warning to-day. She complains of being kept too short in sugar (I observe she is devotedly fond of it); her loss will be felt in that respect principally."

Meg looked aghast. Kate flashed a bright look at her, and went on more soberly.

"In a few weeks our quarter will be out with the landlord. We must take a smaller—a much smaller—house in Ripston, to save the expense of your railway travelling. We will do without a servant. Now, Meg, not a word—I can surely manage the housework; the cooking won't be extensive, I fancy."

Meg's tears plashed down thick and fast on the fender.

"Kate, you do too much now for us," she said, sadly.

"My dear, I can never do too much for your mother," was the earnest reply. "She gave me a home ten years ago when I had none; and, Meg, don't talk of these things before her."

"How terrible it is!" sobbed Meg.

"Very, dear, if we did not know that Some One is leading us through the cloud right out to the silver lining," said Kate, gravely.

"Perhaps there is none," Meg returned gloomily.

"There always is, dear, only people don't get to it sometimes."

"If Gilbert were with us! If he could only know!" The yearning want burst from quivering lips.

"It would be no use to make him wretched, too," Kate murmured, and turned away to hide

crimson brow.

he busied herself getting the simple meal as children came trooping in. They gathered d Meg, asking for a story; and she took the y boy on her knee, glad to hide her face among flaxen curls while she told the wonderful story Cinderella to the bright-eyed little band in their oby black dresses. Kate, from her place by table, looked at the group with a pain at her rt she often remembered in the after years.

he next morning Meg held an open letter in hand. She was already dressed in the shabby erproof cloak for her walk to the station. She nmed through the brief page, then looked up eyes full of joy and consternation.

Oh, mamma! Kate! he is coming home— — Gilbert I mean! He only received our letter ut dear papa two months ago. He does not much about it, only a few sad words. And, mma, he is bringing some one with him— friend of whom he wrote before—Mr. Alleyne."

Kate sprang to her feet with an exclamation. her joy was overcome by the horror of this piece of intelligence. Mrs. Langston clasped hands in dismay.

"He does not dream how things are. Poor bert! what a home-coming!"

"They—at least, this Mr. Alleyne must not ne, that's certain," said Kate promptly. "We st write and tell Gilbert the truth, and he must for the best."

Meg went off in silence. How suddenly her joy s dashed with pain; yet it was a joy. Gilbert s coming home; there would be some one to tell ll the anxiety and worry and poverty; some one on whose strong arm to lean, if only for a time at st—some one whose very presence would be a nfort and a rest.

The day came to a close, as all days must. The ildren were gone to bed; even little Launce— o persisted in demanding a candle to go sleep by— had been beguiled into silence and mber. Kate Lane, half enveloped in a sheet she s repairing, was giving an attentive ear to Dora's ench reading. Meg sat before the little desk, iting to Gilbert.

The letter was ready, even to the address, "St. atharine's Docks," and she was sealing it, when brisk rat-tat-tat sounded through the quiet house, using Mrs. Langston to drop her knitting and ate her sheet. The next moment some one, ttoned up to the chin in a pilot coat, dashed in nong them. There was a little cry from the other, then she was clasped in her son's arms, the el clinging round him, all unmindful of a stran- r in the shadowy hall who looked on with wistful es.

"Little Meg, little Meg!" and Gilbert drew the ght black-robed figure close. "Come, my dar- gs, all of you. Oh, mother!"

His glance fell on the white cap that she had no use to wear when he left her last, and for an in- ant a dimness veiled his sight.

"Kate," he said softly, as his eyes fell upon the y happy face of his cousin. Only that one word d he for the girl who had been in all his dreams is long year past. Kate turned away to hide e crimson blush that dyed her cheek. Follow- g her movement with his eyes, Gilbert caught ght of the figure in the doorway. He sprang rward.

"Robert, my dear fellow! how selfish you must hink me! Mother, my friend, Mr. Alleyne."

Robert Alleyne, taking the thin white hand, ooked down at the careworn face lit up with tear- l joy, and a feeling of envy filled his heart that ilbert Langston—second mate in one of his ncle's ships—had so much that he with all his ealth had not.

Kate and Meg had stolen away to hold a con- ultation respecting supper. Anne was gone to ed, and the kitchen fire was hopelessly out.

"What is there?" asked Meg, anxiously.

"I'll see," replied Kate, poking her head in the upboard. "There," she said, laying a small iece of bacon on the table—"with the exception f a loaf or two and one egg, this is all we possess."

"That is not much use," said poor Meg in a emulous way.

(*To be Continued.*)

ESTHER'S TRIALS.

"Well, well! This seems hard, very hard, in- deed: but it is Heaven's will!"

With these words, the little woman folded the letter which she had just read, and laid it upon the mantel-shelf.

Poor Esther! This was the third time, during the last twelve months, that she had bowed to the will of Him whose "ways are not as our ways." Her father had been prostrated by sunstroke, in the height of the busy season, and died after three days of unconsciousness, leaving his family in- volved in pecuniary difficulties. Her mother, who had been bedridden for a number of years, did not long survive the death of her husband; and Esther felt as if the last link that bound her to earth was broken when she closed the eyes of the dear pa- tient sufferer.

With her head bent upon her knees, Esther pondered over the contents of the letter, and her slight form shook with a tremor of deep emotion.

At length she rose; and, tying on her bonnet, went out into the orchard, which seemed almost alive with the twittering of birds and the hum- ming of bees among the white blossoms; but it was evident that her heart was not in harmony with her surroundings: for, her steps were slow and her eyes downcast. Leaving her for a few moments, we will take a peep at the letter on the mantel-shelf.

"Maidstone, June 1st, 1872.

"My Dear Miss Esther,—

"I suppose you are aware that, some time before his death, your father borrowed from me a sum of money, giving me as security a mortgage upon his farm. I saw your brother a few days ago, and told him that I was pressed for money, and would be obliged to sell the mortgage if he was unable to redeem it. He told me he was not only unable, but unwilling to comply with my request; and certain circumstances, over which I had no control, have compelled me to dispose of the mortgage, to a young man of my acquaintance, for ready money. Hearing that this person intends settling on the farm immediately, I feel it my duty to notify you of the fact, and at the same time offer you a home in my family until you are able to procure a suit- able situation.

"Yours sincerely,

"Charles Elmore."

Over the orchard into the meadow slowly walked Esther: so slowly and thoughtfully, that one would almost imagine she was measuring every yard of the greensward over which she passed.

She was thinking of the olden days—the days of childhood—when Roger and she had scampered over that very meadow: when they had gathered the yellow buttercups, and made them into long chains, while they sat under the shade of yonder chesnut tree; and she wondered how Roger could have changed so much: and how a few years' residence in London could have blotted out all the sunny memories that were now rushing back into her heart; and, with all the yearning love of a sister for an only brother, she exclaimed: "Oh! Roger, Roger!" She thought, too, of Tom Wilson, the companion of all their rambles, the sharer of all their fun and frolic. What of Tom? had he, too, forgotten? Rough Tom, kind Tom, who had lifted her over the ditches, and carried her on his back across the stubble field—

Tom who always brought her the ripest plums and the biggest apples: who, in later years, had lightened for her many a household burden; who had wooed and won her, and whose wife she had promised to be in the golden years that were to come—Surely he had not forgotten the past; although years ago he had gone out from her pre- sence with a frown upon his brow because she could not, dared not, leave her sick mother to the care of Aunt Hetty, and accompany him to seek a new home in Australia.

Heaven knows, she would have followed him to the ends of the earth, but for the sacred charge that had been committed to her trust. And she had never regretted the step which she had taken; never even murmured, although the roses faded from her cheeks, and the sparkle of youth from her eyes, with the constant anxiety that she endured, and the close confinement that her situa- tion demanded. But if the "earthly tabernacle" had grown less beautiful, the soul and its aspira- tions had been hallowed, and strengthened, and beautified by the witness of an unbounded faith in all the dispensations of Providence, that was daily exemplified in the life and conversation of her mother. Oh! no—it was impossible for Tom to forget.

Roger had been led away by evil companions; he had been lured by them into a course of extrava- gance and dissipation that ruined himself, bur- dened his father, and which was now turning his only sister homeless and penniless upon the world.

But Tom was proud-spirited and high-minded; he would never stoop to be the slave of his associ- ates. Perchance even now he was thinking of her, and deeply repenting of the hasty step which had divided them, perhaps for ever.

Thus thought and reasoned Esther, as she wandered from field to field, constantly discover- ing something that brought another pang to her heart; and it was not until the sun had set, and the shadows of the evening were shrouding the landscape, that she thought of turning her steps towards home.

Home! it was no home of hers now. She had no place upon earth to call by that sweet name. Henceforth strangers would gather round the old hearthstone, and strange voices would ring through the old house that had shielded and sheltered her infancy.

Thus soliloquizing, Esther did not observe a stranger who had been watching her for some time and who, on seeing her come towards the orchard, had opened the gate, and now stood waiting her approach.

With an exclamation of surprise, she started back, and gazed full on the intruder.

"Esther, don't you know me?"

Ah! yes: it needed not the broad glare of day to tell Esther who stood there.

"Oh! Tom!"

This was all she could utter. He took her hand and led her to the seat under the old pear-tree. He told her how long and how bitterly he had re- pented of his conduct towards her: how utterly he had despised himself for his selfishness: and how shame and pride had so long kept him from acknowledging his fault, and begging for her forgiveness.

He told her of all his wanderings, and how her spirit had followed him, and watched over him, and strengthened him. How he had struggled and toiled and saved only for her; and now re- turned to cast himself upon her mercy, humbly and truly penitent.

And Esther was satisfied. She spoke of all her trials and sorrows during these long years. Of those who had been laid side by side in the village graveyard: of Roger's neglect and want of sym- pathy with her in all her deep afflictions. But "as her day so had her strength been."

Finally, she told him of the letter that had broken the last link of her earthly associations, and that she had just returned from bidding a silent farewell to the dear familiar haunts of child- hood and youth.

Tom drew a paper from his pocket, and laid it upon her lap.

In the deepening twilight it was very difficult for Esther to make out its import; but she read enough to learn that it was the mortgage which her father had given to Mr. Elmore, and the whole truth flashed across her mind.

"And so it is yours, now?" she said.

"Not *mine*, but *ours*, darling. Have you for- gotten?"

Nay, she had not forgotten the promise of her girlhood: and the tears of love and joy were mingled together as she renewed the vows that would be fulfilled very soon

It was quite dark when they parted; but the cloud that had hidden from Esther the bright sunshine of that glorious summer day, was lifted from her heart, and "at evening time it was light."

(The End)

What table is needful, though it has no legs? The multiplication table.

THE WHITE HOUSE POLKA.

Composed by JOHN KENNEDY.



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CONTENTS.

Awfully Good form ..... page 658
Don't Marry a man if he drinks 658
Dear Love, Be true 659
The GIPSY COUNTESS 660
The Girl in advance of the times 658
The Girl what I calls mine 660
Gilbert Langston: Story ended..... 662–663
Happy Mick and Dan 659
The Hands 663
How to be Happy 663
The Husband's Commandments 661
I DO NOT WATCH ALONE—
Words and Music ... 664
Little Coquette 658
The Little Old Woman 659
Little Nelly Ray 660
The Military Style 658
The Man that we ought to avoid 659
Macgregor's Gathering 660
Mollie Dear, Come then with me 660
Nary red: or the Bummer's Lament 659
On Broadway 658
Once he was a gay young clerk 658
The Promenade Elastique 659
POETICAL EFFUSION 660
Remembrance of Home: or Home once more 661
Rules for Bummers 661
Silver Convent Bells 659
St Patrick's day 661
St Patrick's day in New York 661
St Patrick was a Gentleman 661
TYROLEAN DUCKS 658
When all this uproar is over 658
Who will care when I am gone? 659
The Wife's Commandments 661
While we live, Let us live 660

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When all this Uproar is Over.

Words by C. Browne—Music by Alfred Lee.

I'm fond of taking it easy :
Trouble I ever avoid,
Though I assure you I always
Like to see others employed.
So at a fight or a fire.
When all the danger is gone,
I, as a peaceful spectator,
Like to look quietly on.
Chorus : When all the uproar is over,
When all the bustle is done,
Let's be a little bit quiet,
And let's have some sensible fun.

Once I was single and happy,
Leading a bachelor's life,
Gone are my latch-key and chambers,
Now I am blessed with a wife :
Mother-in-law came to see us,
Then little twins came to town :
They and the nurse and the doctor
Turn all the place up-side down. Chorus.

When all the danger is over,
I shall be visiting France.
Though till it's perfectly quiet,
Not a step will I advance :
As for the Commune's supporters,
I can soon sum up the lot,
Patriots, noisy and dirty,
Running at sound of a shot. Chorus.

When I go out to a party,
Though all the girls are divine,
I never go in for dancing,
Whist is much more in my line ;
Some people consider it pleasure
Whirling around in a swarm,
Making them giddy and bilious,
Moist and unpleasantly warm. Chorus.

Say : in a fete day at Sydenham,
Where is the joy to be found ?
Old women, muslin, and baskets,
Pork-pies and babies abound :
Children get lost by the dozen,
Some tumble into the lake.
Wives grow ill-tempered, and husbands
Far too much beverage take. Chorus.

Some folks crowd into a theatre,
Pushing and struggling so—
I, when the uproar is over,
After them quietly go :
What is the use of such bother ?
What is the good of this strife ?
Taking such trouble is needless
On the short journey of life. Chorus.

Tyrolean Ducks.

As Sung by Miss Jennie Hughes.

Whenever ducks go two by two,
They've surely got something in view :
And what it is they will not tell,
Although themselves they know it well :
They smoothe the feathers on their back,
With a loving quack, quack, quack, quack.

CHORUS.

Quack, quack, quack, quack,
And little ducks words never lack,
Tra, oh ! la ub, tra la, tra-la uh, ah !
Quack, quack, quack.

Whenever ducks go three by three,
It puzzles much both you and me :
Are there two drakes and but one duck,
Or but a single drake in luck :
They smoothe the feathers on his back,
With a loving quack, quack, quack, quack.
Quack, quack, &c.

The Girl in Advance of the Times.

The "Girls of the Period" have all had their say,
And we've had enough of the "Young men of the day!"
But neither of the parties with my fancy chimes,
Because I'm a girl in advance of my times.
Chorus : I can sing I can sew,
I can ride I can row,
I can cook, I can nurse :
So for better or worse
I'm a girl in advance of my times.

I can set a charade, play billiards or pool,
Can serve up a cutlet or a drag I can tool :
I can dance half the night, and be up with the dawn,
With the elders play whist, or croquet on the lawn.
I can sing I can sew, &c.

I can live in the country or live in the town,
I can flirt with a guardsman or talk to a clown !
I'm the pet of the house the pride of the "Row,"
I'm a girl for use—not dressed up for show.
I can sing, I can sew, &c.

The Military Style.

As Sung by Miss Jennie Hughes.

One day, the Park while ranging,
Close to the marble arch,
The 9th their quarters changing,
I met upon the march :
Their dresses gay my senses charmed,
As they marched rank and file,
I vowed to join them and adopt
Their Military Style.

CHORUS.

Oh ! how do you like the military style, girls ?
Oh ! how do you like the military style ?
Blow the trumpet, beat the drum,
See the conquering hero comes—
Oh ! how do you like the military style ?

To excursions I'm devoted,
And always enjoy the day
I'm sure to be promoted
For merit not for pay :
I've read the deeds of General Grant,
But in a little while,
I fancy I shall cut him out,
In Military Style. Chorus.

On Broadway.

Words by George L. Stoute and expressly adapted to the air of "Piccadilly" for Miss Jennie Hughes.

You talk about your languid swells
Who Central Park parade :
But there's a gent, I know right well,
Who throws them in the shade.
But where he lives or what's his name,
I do not wish to say,
But the first time that I met this gent,
'Twas on the gay Broadway.

CHORUS.

On Broadway, on Broadway,
For elegant swells, and the fairest of Belles :
On Broadway, on Broadway,
That's where I am seen when in town.

This handsome gent I sing about,
This dashing Broadway swell,
Has pearly teeth and deep blue eyes,
And Blonde moustache as well :
And like Adonis is his form,
He always dresses gay :
With a nobby air and curly hair,
He walks in gay Broadway. Chorus.

I met him at the matinee,
And much do him admire,
But when he looks me in the face,
I think I shall expire :
At the Comique he buys a chair,
But more I dare not say—
Of course, you know the Comique is
Five fourteen Broadway. Chorus.

Don't Marry a Man if He Drinks.

The Music of this Song can be obtained at Horace Waters' Music Store, 481 Broadway, New-York.

Young ladies pray listen to me,
And keep just as quiet as mice,
While I sing you a song it is not very long,
Which contains quite a piece of advice.
Spoken : It is this—
No matter what people may say,
No matter what somebody thinks :
If you wish to be happy the rest of your days,
Don't marry a man if he drinks,
Don't marry a man if he drinks.

He may be so handsome and gay,
And have such a beautiful voice :
And may dance so divinely you'll feel in your heart
That he must be the man of your choice.
If his accents are tender and low,
And sweeter than roses and pinks,
And his breath quite a different thing—you may know
Your exquisite gentleman drinks.
'Tis no matter, &c.

Just think of the sorrows and cares,
The heart-rending sighs and the fears,
Of the words and the blows and the cruelest woes,
And then think of an ocean of tears—
Think of Toodles the drunkest of men,
His attitudes hiccoughs, and winks—
And then think what a dignified pair you will make,
If you marry a man and he drinks.
'Tis no matter, &c.

Young ladies look well to your hearts,
Don't throw them away on a sot :
Or a man who is given to treating his friends,
Whate'er be his station or lot.
Though his pride may uphold him awhile,
Yet sooner or later he sinks :
Then if you would be happy the rest of your days,
Don't marry a man if he drinks.
'Tis no matter, &c.

Once He was a Gay Young Clerk.

As Sung by Jennie Hughes.

I'm the girl that's always laughing,
I'm so very merry all the day,
Nothing can annoy or fret me,
I'm as happy as the flowers of May :
Some are crying, some are sighing,
I'm so jolly and perhaps you'd like to know the reason :
Can't you guess it ? I'll confess it :
I'm in love with such a nice young man.
Chorus : Once he was a gay young clerk,
In a Broadway dry-goods store,
But now he's joined the city militia,
And I love him all the more.

My love he is a high private,
That is nothing very great, you say :
But he's learnt how to salute me,
And embrace me in a military way :
When parading and arrayed in
A grey coat without a single dollar in his pocket,
Could you but see him, you would love him :
For, he's really such a nice young man—
Once he was a gay young clerk, &c.

Little Coquette.

Oh ! how I love to flirt,
Yes to flirt : yes, to flirt ;
To coax in manner pert.
And bring men on their knees ;
With love they say they'll die,
And they sigh and they cry ;
But this is my reply.
And this is how I tease.
Spoken : Singing—
Tral lal lal lal lal lal lal la,
Tral lal lal lal la,
Tral lal lal lal la
Tral lal lal lal lal lal lal la,
Tral lal lal lal la.
Tral lal lal la.

When asked to name the day,
Yes, the day, happy day,
I laugh at them and say :
"To think of such a thing!"
I tell them that I am free,
Yes I'm free : yes I'm free,
And ne'er will married be :
And thus I gaily sing.
Spoken : Singing—
Tral lal lal, &c.

And so I'm called coquette,
Yes, coquette : yes, coquette ;
But then I never fret,
Nor heed a word they say ;
For flirting is such fun,
Yes, it's fun : oh ! such fun !
And till my heart is won,
I'll laugh and sing all day.
Spoken : Singing—
Tral lal lal, &c.

Awfully Good Form.

I'm not by any means a swell,
At least the sort one sees about :
Apollo don't sit on me well,
And dandified get up I scout :
My hair with perfume is not dank,
My hands with rings I do not deck,
And, as for money, not a bank
Would ever cash my check !

Spoken : But I come out of the ruck simply and solely because—
I'm awfully good form !
I'm awfully good form !
Where'er I go, in park or row,
The men all mutter,
And the girls are in a flutter :
For, I'm awfully good form !
I'm awfully good form !
In park or row, where'er I go,
I'm awfully good form !

The slangy gent sings very small,
Whenever he comes into range :
The West-end suits him not at all,
He reeks of Mark Lane and of 'Change :
He never seems to have enough
Of rings and pins in doubtful gold,
He's great in collar and in cuff,
And scarf of many fold.

Spoken : I couldn't match him in these—and only depend on this—
I'm awfully good form, &c.

The Promenade Elastique.

Written and Composed by Arthur Lloyd.

The Grecian Bend is almost done,
The Roman Fall as well,
But I've invented something else
That both these must excel :
The grace that I impart to it
Ont-does the POSES PLASTIQUE.
It's meant for gentlemen and called
The " Promenade Elastique. "

CHORUS.

Look HEAH look HEAH, you swells and belles,
The Grecian Bend is at an end, the Roman Fall as well,
But I've something new for all of you : so don't despair,
And I've christened it the " Promenade Elastique. "

I used to try the Roman Fall,
But suffered from such pain,
I got a stiffness in the back
Would scarce come out again
SEVERAL Turkish Baths I took,
And it was only last week
This new idea occured to me—
" The Promenade Elastique. " Chorus.

If all who tried the Roman Fall,
Like me experienced pain,
I don't suppose it ever will
Be popular again :
And so if those, who patronized
The fashion of the past seek
For something new I'd recommend
" The Promenade Elastique. " Chorus.

I'm certain that this fashion will
In time gain great renown :
And surely will adopted be
By every swell in town :
It's just the thing for those young gents,
Who always something fast seek :
So graceful, light and airy is—
The Promenade Elastique.

SPOKEN : You may find a little difficulty at first, you know, and may be chaffed a little as I was, really. As I was going through the Park, yesterday, a dirty little boy shouted : " D'ye 'ear, mister, 'ave ye got the staggers ? "—Really—" No 'e ain't, it's the screws at the joints want tightening. "—Really.

I was rather annoyed at the time as Miss de Chignon happened to pass, and, of course, I had to stop and speak to her. " Really, I said, you look as charming as a delicate camelia and your eyes are brighter than the most sparkling brilliants. "—" Do you think so, Mr. Pinkey, she said, (my name's Pinkey Maurice Pinkey) you are looking well ? "—" Yaas, I said, they say I'm quite a pot, what do you think of my flower, Miss de Chignon ? "—" A great deal more, she replied than I do of the pot. "—" Now, really Miss de Chignon, your sarcasm is bitter enough to blight the flower and crack the pot. "—" That's impossible " she said. " Why ? " I enquired.—" Because, she replied, I'm afraid it was cracked before. "—" Really, I said, that's too bad, really. "—" Why, what's the matter with you, Mr. Pinkey ? she asked, why do you jump up and down like that, are you ill ? "—" Ill my dear I said, no, really, don't you know what it is ? "—" No, she said, how should I ? "—" Well, then, I replied—

Look HEAH, look HEAH, &c.

The Men that We Ought to Avoid.

A man is oft known by the friends that he keeps :
For, birds of a feather, we find
Will oft flock together—and so to the fact,
It is right we should never be blind.
How many a hope of advancement in life
Has been by false friendship destroyed :
So it cannot be wrong to name in my song
Some men you ought to avoid.

CHORUS.

Some sham to be gold, but with plenty of brass
You'll very soon find them alloyed :
A man who seems this, and proves to be that,
Is a man you ought to avoid.

There are men who will borrow at every chance,
Whom 'twere better at once to offend :
But the danger is worse in knowing a man,
Whose business is ever to lend :
He has interest in you and from you as well :
And e'en if of cash you're devoid.
Your uncle who hangs out the three golden balls,
Is a man that you ought to avoid. Chorus.

A lawyer who runs up his six-and-eight fees,
A drunkard with unsteady gait.
A braggart whose talk is all full of bombast,
As of wisdom is empty his pate :
A liar whose word is a pitfall and snare,
A parson whose time is employed
Informing on crimes for the sake of the fines :
These are men that we ought to avoid. Chorus.

The egotist praising his own paltry deeds,
Who'll of nothing but self ever speak :
The smooth, fawning oil-taking cat sort of man,
The tale-bearing, tit-tattle sneak :
These all are the pests of our snug little isle,
By which we are oftimes annoyed :
Like sharks in the sea or flies in your tea,
They are things that you ought to avoid. Chorus.

Make not a fool of thyself to make others merry.

Mary Red : or the Bummer's Lament.

Oh ! where is my money all gone to ?
And where are the friends I used to treat ?
Now I can't get a drink when I want to
And they call me a played out DEAD BEAT.
Once I Stamps had, and friends too, in plenty,
But, alas ! they have all long since flown—
Now my stomach and pockets are empty,
And I've not got one Red to call my own.
Chorus : Nary Red—Nary Red—
Nary single red cent to call my own—
Nary Red—Nary Red—
Nary single red cent to call my own.

I am bloated, forlorn, and dejected,
And my clothes are all ragged and coarse :
I am homeless, despised, and neglected,
And am covered with shame and remorse.
Oh ! where have the treasures been banished,
That were mine when the girls I used to court ?
Where's my suit of fine-broad-cloth now vanished,
And the handsome watch and chain I used to sport ?
Chorus : Up the spout, at my Uncle's.
You'll know the place by them three golden balls :
Up the spout, at my Uncle's.
And the Rumsellers got the money all.

Now, one night as I lay on some lumber,
And was sleeping as quiet as a mouse,
A Policeman dropt in on my slumber,
And snatched me to the Central Station-House.
In the morning, tho' I wanted a Hummer,
I was brought before squire Chargeall, who says :
Now I see by your face you're a Bummer,
So I'll send you up for thirty days.
Chorus : Thirty days—thirty days
Was the sentence often passed on me before :
Thirty days—thirty days—
So he sent me up for thirty days once more.

Silver Convent Bells.

Brightly, clearly ring the convent bells—
What soft cadence on the echo dwells—
To the hillocks, to the silent dells,
Floating high their dulcet music swells.
As unto silence the chimes fade away,
They proclaim the close of weary day :
Like sparkling gems of wondrous light,
The stars begin to stud the sky—
Sweet harbingers of the coming night,
They tell the herdsman rest is nigh.
Chorus : On his ear, sweet and clear,
Fall the convent bells—
" Gone's the day, " is the lay
Of the silver bells.

Bells are swinging in the belfry tower,
Hymns and chiming mingle at this hour :
Nuns are praying in the convent cells :
Ring on, sweetly ring on, silver bells—
Oh ! what a world of happiness you bring,
With your merry notes, your golden ring !
The lonely wand'rer lost his way,
The path, alas ! is hard to find :
He hears your sweet enchanting lay
Borne on the balmy summer air !
Chorus : On his ear, sweet and clear,
Fall the convent bells—
" Found's the way, " is the lay
Of the silver bells.

Happy Mick and Dan.

Written by Brian O'Lynn, and performed only in this country by Brian & Teddy O'Lynn.—Air : The Cure.

Here we are, two Irish lads, as you can plainly see :
We just came over from Ireland, across the briny sea.
To please you all we'll do our best, we'll do it with a will,
You see we're always on the move :
for, we never can keep still—

CHORUS.

We'll dance and sing from morn till night,
and please you all we can :
For, there's not two boys, from the Emerald Isle,
like happy Mick and Dan.

We are the boys for fun and mirth :
we went to Donnybrook fair,
And as we went straight into a tent,
why ! Bridget and Molly were there :
We asked them up to dance a jig, they did it with a will,
That pleased us both, because, you see,
we never can keep still—
We'll dance, &c.

We'd just set down to take our ease,
when the two Maloneys said
That we had taken away their girls—
and gave us a welt on the head.
Then up we flew, shillelah in hand,
and gave them both their fill :
We made the blackguards roar and shout—
for, we never can keep still—
We'll dance, &c.

Dear Love, be True.

The Music is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., No. 547 & 805 Broadway, New-York.

RUDOLPH.

Dear love, my heart is moaning now,
Will yearn for thee both night and day :
Dark clouds will gather on my brow,
When I, my love, am far away—
I'll hasten back, my darling one,
And drive the shadows from your sky :
If shadows ever hide thy sun,
I soon will bid them fly.
Ah ! Amina dear, be true, love,
Never let thy love grow cold :
No, never let thy love grow cold.
Amina dear, be true—Amina dear, be true—
For thee, and only thee, I live :
For thee, and only thee, I live,
For thee I live, for thee, love, I live !

AMINA.

Dear love, my heart is moaning now,
Will yearn for thee both night and day :
Dark clouds will gather on my brow,
When thou, my love, art far away—
Oh ! haste thee back, my darling one,
And drive these shadows from my sky :
The shadows ever hide the sun,
Until thou bid them fly.
Ah ! my dear Rudolph, be true, love,
Never let thy love grow cold :
No, never let thy love grow cold.
My dear Rudolph, my only love,
For thee, and only thee, I live :
For thee, and only thee, I live,
For thee I live, for thee I live, for thee, love, I live.

The Little Old Woman.

As Sung by Dick Martz.

There was an old woman, and what do you think ?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink :
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And still this old woman scarce ever was quiet.
This old woman, as I've heard tell,
Went, one day her eggs for to sell :
She went to market on a market day,
She laid down and went to sleep on the highway.

There came by peddler who's was stout,
He cut off her clothes of all round about :
He cut her dress off up to her knees,
And left the old woman for to shiver and freeze.
When this old woman did first awake,
She began to shiver and began to shake :
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
Saying : " Lady gody massy ! this can't be I ?

But if it be I, as I hope it be,
I've a little dog home and he'll know me :
If it is I, he'll wag his little tail,
But if it ain't, then he will bark and wail. "
So home went the old woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog and began to bark :
He began to bark and she began to cry,
Saying : " Lady gody massy ! this can't be I ? "

Who will Care when I am Gone ?

Sung by Tony Pastor.

When my heart has ceased its yearning
For the joys that will not stay,
And my rested feet are roaming
In the angel's shining way,
Who will sigh for words of greeting ?
Who will moan for smiles withdrawn ?
Never more my welcome meeting,
Who will care when I am gone ?

When with still and painless bosom
I am lying fast asleep,
Underneath the dew and blossom,
In the grave so dark and deep—
Who will grieve for words unspoken—
Tender greetings at the dawn ?
From the lips by death o'ertaken—
Who will care when I am gone ?

When the birds have hushed their music,
At the twilight dim and gray :
Who my name will softly whisper ?
Who for me will kindly pray ?
Gazing at the dew-wet blossoms,
Leaning o'er my narrow bed—
Who will breathe a word in blessing
For the soul from sorrow fled ?

The Gipsy Countess.

A Duett.

Words by Mrs. Crawford. Music by Stephen Glover.

A tradition is current in the North of England that a young Earl of one of the Border Counties, in the course of his rambles, met with a beautiful Gipsy girl, whose charms at once made a deep and lasting impression on his heart. On entering into conversation with her, he found to his surprise the artless grace of her manners, and the intelligence and purity of her mind were quite equal to the beauty of her face and person: and in spite of the great disparity of rank, he soon became enamoured of her. It may be supposed that the struggle between affection and pride was long and severe, before the Earl could make up his mind to ally himself to the humble object of his disinterested regard; but love finally triumphed.

To increase however the romance of the story, it is added that the Gipsy girl had been stolen in her infancy by one of the roving band, with which she thus became associated: and that she was afterwards discovered to be the Daughter of a wealthy Baronet. The pride of her lover was thus spared the intended sacrifice in raising the beautiful Gipsy to the rank of a Countess.

Gipsy— Oh! how can a poor Gipsy maiden like me,
Ever hope the proud bride of a noble to be?
To some bright jwelled beauty thy vows will be paid,
And thou wilt forget her, the poor Gipsy maid,
And thou wilt forget her, the poor Gipsy maid.

Earl— Away with that thought! I am free,
I am free to devote all the love of my spirit to thee:
Young rose of the wilderness, blushing and sweet!
All my heart, all my fortune I lay at thy feet.
All my heart, all my fortune I lay at thy feet:
By yon bright moon above!

She— That can change like man's love—
He— By the sun's constant ray!
She— That night's tears chase away!

Both.

She—Oh! never by thee will my trust be betrayed:
Thou wilt love me for ever, thine own Gipsy maid,
Thou wilt love me for ever, thine own Gipsy maid.

He—Oh! never by me shall thy trust be betrayed:
I will love thee for ever, mine own Gipsy maid:
I will love thee for ever, mine own Gipsy maid.

She—Go, flatterer, go! I'll not trust to thine art:
Go, leave me and trifle no more with my heart!
Go, leave me to die in my own native shade,
And betray not the heart of the poor Gipsy maid:
And betray not the heart of the poor Gipsy maid.

He—I have lands and proud dwellings, and all shall be thine,
And coronet, Zillah! that brow shall entwine:
Thou shalt never have reason my faith to up-braid—
For, a Countess I'll make thee, my own Gipsy maid:
For, a Countess I'll make thee, my own Gipsy, maid—
Then fly with me now—

She—Shall I trust to thy vow?
He—Oh! yes, come away—
She—Wilt thou never betray?

Both.

She—No! never by thee will my trust be betrayed,
And to-morrow thou'lt wed me, thine own Gipsy maid:
And to-morrow thou'lt wed me, thine own Gipsy maid.

He—No! never by me shall thy trust be betrayed,
And to-morrow I'll wed thee, my own Gipsy maid:
And to-morrow I'll wed thee, my own Gipsy maid.

Macgregor's Gathering.

The moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae,
And our clan has a name that is nameless by day:
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich!

Our signal for fight, which from mountain to crag,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful halloo:
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Gregalich!

Glenarchy's proud mountains Calchurn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours—
We're landless landless, landless Gregalich!

But doomed and devoted by vassal and lord,
Macgregor has still both his heart and his sword:
Then, courage, courage, courage Gregalich!

Should they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flames, and their flesh to the eagles!
Come then come then, come then Gregalich!

While there's leaves in the forest or foam on the river,
Macgregor despite them, shall flourish for ever:
Then gather, gather, gather Gregalich!

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt:
Then vengeance vengeance vengeance, Gregalich!

Little Nelly Ray.

I love a little country queen, a village beauty rare,
With rosy cheeks and pearly teeth, and lovely nut-brown hair;
Her waist it is so slender, and her feet they are so small—
Of all the girls I ever loved my Nelly beats them all.

Chorus.

Nelly Ray, Nelly Ray, charming little Nell,
Nelly Ray Nelly Ray, pretty little belle:
Nelly Ray like birds of May, singing all the day:
I never had a sweetheart like my charming Nelly Ray.

Her father keeps a farm-house in a village down in Kent,
And being on my holidays to spend them there I went;
And while strolling through the fields, as on my way I roamed,
It's there I met my Nelly, as she drove the cattle home.
Nelly Ray, &c.

I took my Nelly for a walk among the bright green grass,
And words of love I whispered to this young country lass:
I placed my arm around her waist as I sat by her side,
And while we were a talking she pledged to be my bride.
Nelly Ray, &c.

And now we've named the happy day, and how happy we shall be!
No thoughts of jealousy shall enter the minds of her or me;
But in our farm-house we'll be happy night and day,
And our lives shall pass like sunshine: for I have the brightest ray—
Nelly Ray, &c.

Mollie Dear, Come Then With Me!

Words and music by Harry Macarthy. As sung in "Barney's Courtship."

The music of this Song is published by A. E. Blackmar, 201 Canal Street, New Orleans: Price 35 cents.

The clouds have dispersed and the moon shines so clear,
The face of the Heavens is bright now, my dear:
My heart whispers true, there is joy yet for thee—
So, Mollie dear, Mollie dear, come then with me!

Chorus.

Come Come, Come then with me!
Mollie Mollie, Come then with me!
Come Come then with me!
Mollie dear, Mollie dear Come then with me!

The ship's in the offing the anchor is weighed:
It is but for you love that I have delayed;
We're bound for Columbia the land of the free—
So, Mollie dear, Mollie dear, Come then with me!
Come, Come, &c.

I know your heart's sore to leave your own home,
And over the wide waste of waters to roam:
But with truest friends darling, there we will be—
So, Mollie dear, Mollie dear, Come then with me!
Come Come, &c.

At my mother's neat cabin adown the boreen
Ould Father Maguire for three years hours has been,
And I've got the ring: so, Cushla Machree,
Mollie dear, Mollie dear, Come then with me!
Come, Come, &c.

Poetical Effusion.

Poetically diffused by Dan Kelly.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Eating apples by the peck:
At every bite he'd heave a sigh,
And loudly he for more would cry.

When marshaled on the mighty plain,
The spider and the fly
Saw a crow on a hickory limb,
Singing: "Root hog or die!"

There is a land of pure delight,
By the lake where droops the willow:
When this cruel war is over,
Who will care for mother now?

Love me little love me long:
Wouldn't you like to know,
In the days when we went gypsying,
A long time ago?

I'm lonely since I lost my dog,
He was but two feet high:
She's as lovely as a rose:
How is that for high?

The Girl What I Calls Mine

Just round the corner, you'll observe
A snug little green-grocer's shop,
With the name of William Viggins
Painted large as life on top:
Well, that concern belongs to me,
And the trade I does is fine:
But I'd sooner part with all I have,
Than the girl what I calls 'mine.'
For, I dotes on the ground she walks upon,
And her two bright eyes that shine:
I would not take all the money in the bank
For the girl what I calls mine!

Now where she lives and what's her name
I don't intend to tell:
For certain sure she'd soon be quizzed
By every noble swell.
You may see me on a sunday, if
The weather it is fine,
As I takes my walk and on my arm
Is the girl what I calls mine.
For, I dotes on, &c.

There's servant maids—and other maids,
What's dealers at my store:
They winks their eye, so I winks mine—
In fun—but nothing more.
If a Duchess wished to marry me,
I'd beg leave to decline:
I'd rather live on bread and cheese
With the girl what I calls mine.
For, I dotes on, &c.

'Twas on last Sunday afternoon,
I plucked up nerve to pop
The question if she'd have me, and
My vegebles and shop
She didn't say "No!" she didn't say "Yes!"
But she said she'd "drop a line,"
'Cause so very bashful and so shy
Is the girl what I calls mine.

Spoken— I do believe she'd blush herself to death if anybody'd let her: but if's a ton of coals to a pint of goose-berries she answers "Yes!" So, if the vegebles *should* go up a penny or so, it will be owing to the matrimonial speculation of this "umble hindiwiddle" with the party of the hopperaite sect of which as I said before—
For, I dotes on, &c.

While We Live, Let Us Live!

The Music of this Song can be obtained for 10 cents of E. H. Harding, 288 Bowery.

Life's journey's a path full of briers and thorns,
We must trudge it on foot, boys, together:
The rough and the smooth, the calm and the storm,
We must face it, no matter the weather.
It is folly to grieve for the joys that are past,
Our troubles a lesson will give:
So, courage, my lads, with strong hearts and true,
We will sing: "while we live, let us live."

Chorus.

The adgae, tho' old, is a good one to give:
In this world "while we live, let us live,"
In this world "while we live, let us live."

The miser, a crusty old knave, with his pelf,
The rich in their carriage and four,
Are not half as happy as you are, my friends,
If you've got health and strength, though you're poor.
Then to grumble gainst fate is a sin and a shame,
But thank God for blessing he'll give;
Throw care to the winds, be staunch to the core,
And then sing: "while we live, let us live."

Chorus.

There are those in the world, that are poorer than us,
Struggling hard with its turmoils and strife:
Then hold out your hand, and help them to mount
A round in the ladder of life:
The mite, though but small, will reap its reward.
If you've enemies, freely forgive:
With envy to no man, and good will to all,
You can sing: "while we live, let us live!"

Chorus.

Can anything that is baleful be a blessing?—Yes, a baleful of cotton.

The Husband's Commandments.

Thou shalt love no other man but me.

Thou shalt not have a daguerreotype or any other likeness of any man, but thy husband.

Thou shalt not keep it in secret, and worship it; for, I, thy husband, am a jealous husband.

Thou shalt not speak thy husband's name with levity.

Remember thy husband's commandments to keep them sacred.

Honor thy husband and obey him, that thou may'st be long in the home he has given thee.

Thou shalt not find fault when thy husband chews and smokes.

Thou shalt not scold.

Thou shalt not permit thy husband to wear a button-less shirt; but shalt keep his clothing in good repair.

Thou shalt not continually gad about, neglecting thy husband and family.

Thou shalt not strive to live in the style of thy neighbor, unless thy husband is able to support it.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's fine house, nor his fine furniture, nor his wife's thousand dollar shawl, nor her fifty dollar handkerchief, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Thou shalt not go to Women's-Rights meetings, neither to speak thyself or to hear others speak.

Thou shalt not scold if thy husband stays out till after ten o'clock at night.

Thou shalt not sum up large bills, at the stores, which thy husband is unable to foot: for, verily, he knoweth his means.

St. Patrick's Day.

You, Sons of the Gael, wherever you kneel,
At home or abroad, I hope you will pray
For the land of your birth, the fairest on earth,
On the anniversary of Patrick's Day.

That Apostolic man, when he entered our land,
He found her enduring druidical sway;
But those ministers of h——l he soon did expel,
And converted our Island, on Patrick's Day.

When that Norman of old, with his legions so bold,
M de the Saxons his slaves, as history does say:
Old Erin was then, with her learned men,
Admired by Europe, on Patrick's Day.

But fate had decreed that they would be freed
To fall on old Ireland like wolves on their prey:
With jibbet and rack, they made her bones crack,
And caused Erin to weep, on Patrick's Day.

The Saxons have tried, by torture and bribe,
To make our forefathers their Country betray:
But the torture they bore, and what is still more,
They have never forgot St. Patrick's Day.

Our Isle's sufferings through ages, does stain history's pages,
And has caused us to wander from our home, far away,
In the land of the Free, or wherever we be,
To think of old Erin, on Patrick's day.

The exiles of Erin if arms they are bearing,
All over the world in battle array:
When that day comes around, they will always be found
Drowning their Shamrock, on Patrick's Day.

Those brave Irish Sons, with their Yankee guns,
Are always first and last in the fray:
I pity the foe that before them does go,
When they march to the tune of Patrick's Day.

That Gem of the sea, with me you'll agree,
Her debts every Irishman should try to repay:
To have revenge of the foe that leaves her so low,
On the anniversary of Patrick's Day.

When I think of her plains where Tyranny reigns,
And despotic landlords carry the sway,
I wish for the time when with the Sixty-Ninth,
To land in old Ireland, on Patrick's Day.

So, you that are here, be of good cheer,
Never mind what your enemies or others do say:
But prepare for the strife for death or for life,
To rise for your rights, on Patrick's Day.

So now let us all attend to the call
Of our Country, who thus to her sons seems to say:
"The time has come now: so come with a vow
To drive out the Saxon, on Patrick's Day!"

True courage is cool and calm: but what is done in anger, can never be placed to the account of courage.

Youthful minds, like the pliant wax, are susceptible of the most lasting impressions: and the good or evil bias they then receive, is seldom if ever eradicated.

The Wife's Commandments.

Thou shalt have no other woman but me.

Thou shalt not have a picture or likeness of any other woman but me; for, I only am thy wife, and a jealous wife!

Remember thy wife's commandments to keep them sacred.

Love and Cherish thy wife, and no other woman, that she may live lovingly together in the home thou gavest unto her.

Thou shalt not find fault when thy wife goes out to spend money, buying fashionable shawls, and dresses; for, I am thy wife. Thou shalt not scold. Thou shalt not suffer thy wife to wear a thread-bare dress, but shalt keep her decently clad and in good repair. Thou also shalt furnish buttons and thread to keep thine and thy children's shirts in order. Fail not.

Thou shalt not gad about, from saloon to saloon, after sun-set, neglecting thy wife and children. Thou shalt not dress thyself in fashion, unless thou dress thy wife also.

Thou shalt not go to spiritual or other slight-of-hand meetings, neither to speak thyself, nor hear others speak: thus saith thy wife.

Thou shalt not find fault if thy wife should fail in getting the meals in due time; for, knowest thou, O man!..better late than never.

Thou shalt not drink beer, nor spirits, nor chew, nor smoke: for, knowest thou it consumeth money. Verily, verily I say unto thee: I am Mistress of the house thou gavest unto me.

St. Patrick's Day in New-York.

Air: Donnally & Cooper.

Come, all you true bred Irishmen, wherever you may be,
I hope you'll pay attention, and listen unto me:
Attention! pray you lend an ear to what I am going to say,
It's of the glorious turn-out in York on St. Patrick's Day.

The morning it was charming, all hearts seemed
light and gay
In memory of that glorious time of old—St. Patrick's Day.
The sun it brightly shone that day, and gave an extra shine,
As the line of march commenced to move,
exactly half past nine.

To see Erin's Sons that day walk in their country's cause,
Protected by America, her freedom and her laws,
United like the shamrock, and forever shall remain
By Murphy and O'Reilly, McKenna and O'Neil.

United are those Irishmen, united may they be,
And like their little emblem, the one stem bear the three;
In brotherly love they marched along to the
tune of fifes and drums
And if Granuwale from Ireland came, she'd
smile upon her sons.

With banners waving in the wind, the music on that day
Played Hail Columbia, Garryowen, Yankee Doodle
and Patrick's Day:
The shamrock and the Stars and Stripes
that day went hand in hand
To beat the foe of Phelim O'Roe, and free our native land.

To see the military appearance of the troops marching
rank and file
Through East Broadway and Chatham street:
to the Park they drew in line:
Their military tactics they went through,
reviewed by the Mayor,
And well may Erin's sons adore the land
whose name they bear.

Success to Marshall Keelan, that day did laurels win,
Likewise to Colonel Ryan, his officers and men:
The way that day they marched their men
filled their hearts with joy,
As it done before, in days of yore, on the plains of Fontenoy.

Here's to the land of liberty! Unsevered may she be—
And to her majestic Eagle, the emblem of the free!
And to the lions of Granuwale that may yet
their courage show
In Ireland's cause, for America's laws, as
they done in Mexico.

Cheer up, ancient Hibernia boys, the time it is not far,
When that dear isle on us will smile protected by the Stars:
And when the Stars and Stripes, my lads,
and Eagle of liberty,
When the whole day long will be our song:
Old Ireland, she is free!

The question, "Does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness?" would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whiskey. "Oh! Biddy, it's a trate intirely, to see two of your swate purty faces instead of one."

Rules for Bummers.

No Bummer must eat more than two Meals a day.
No Bummer shall run down his fellow Bummers.
No Bummer must see his fellow Bummers in want.
No Bummer must refuse to drink when asked at any time, for the good of the house.
No Bummer is allowed to set more than half an hour without drinking.
No Bummer must sleep when business is good.
All Bummers must attend the meetings regular.
All Meetings begin at 6 o'clock precisely.
No Bummer's Bummer must get too drunk to drink when asked or he will be expelled.
All Crackers, Cheese, Onions, &c., must be paid for.
No Bummer must leave the house before the meeting is out.
No Bummer must drink private drinks, under a fine of four drinks.
No Bummer must ask for Crackers, when asked to drink.
No Bummer must take good customers out of the house.
No Bummer must run down the company or officers.
No Bummer that is sick must stink around the stove.
All the sick that can't drink better stay out to make room for others.
No more Bummers allowed in the company.

P. Swellhead, Sec'y. Nic. Bacchus, Pres't.
M. Bacchanal, Treas'r. Jos Blower, Cashier.

St. Patrick Was a Gentleman.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman, and came o' decent people
He built a church in Dublin town, and upon it put a steeple
His mother was a Callaghan, his father was a Brady,
His sister was an O'Hoolihan, and his brother a O'Grady.
Noh! noh! noh! poh!
Success attend St. Patrick's fist: for,
He's the decent Saint, Oh!
He gave the bugs and toads a twist,
He's a beauty without paint, Oh!

The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's the
hill of Howth too
But I know a hill that's twice as high and
taller than them both, too.
'Twas on the top of that high mount where
St. Patrick preached his sarmint:
He made the frogs jump through the bogs
and he banished all the varmint
Noh! noh! &c.

No wonder that we Irish boys should be so gay and frisky:
For St. Patrick taught the happy knack of
drinking of the whisky
'Twas he that brewed the best o' malt,
and understood distilling
For, his mother kept a sheeban shop,
in the town of Inniskillen
Noh! noh! &c.

Then should I be so fortunate as to go back to Munster,
Och! I'll be bound that from that ground
again I ne'er would once st'ir.
'Twas there St. Patrick planted turf, and
plenty of the praties
With pigs galore, A GRAH M'STORE, and
butter milk and ladies
Noh! noh! &c.

Remembrance of Home: Or Home Once More.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

I am thinking of my home,
Of the cottage on the hill—
The cottage where my poor old mother died—
Of the orchard, of the school where
I learned the golden rule:
Of old "Dobbin" I oft did ride—
And as I recall the scene,
It seems just like a dream,
A dream that is past now, and is o'er,
A tear comes in my eye,
And I can only sigh
For to see my dear and good
Old Home once more.
Chorus: Home once more, Home once more,
Shall I ever see my home once more?
Home once more, home once more
Shall I ever see my home once more?

Shall I ever see the church where I often used to go?
Shall I ever see that dear old church again?
Shall I ever see the mill that stood on the hill,
Or must I in a foreign land remain?
Shall I ever see my father,
That dear old grey-haired man,
As he sat in the arm-chair by the door?
I have power I have wealth:
Yet I'd give them all for health,
So that I could see my dear old home once more.
Home, once more, &c.

GILBERT LANGSTON:
OR
THE MATE OF THE DESDEMONA.

(*Continued.*)

"No, indeed; I dare say this Mr. Alleyne has an enormous appetite— sailors generally have."

"He is not a sailor— oh, Kate, how can you!" remonstrated Meg, with a laugh that was half a sob. "Have you any money left?"

"Yes, a shilling."

"We must waken Anne. She must go to Finch's and buy more eggs."

Finch was proprietor of the Chilling emporium. Kate spoke again.

"No, that cannot be done. Anne would leave on the spot. You go in the parlour, Meg, and I will manage the supper."

Meg, sad at heart, turned away, leaving Kate on her knees before the fire-place. Passing the room that had been her father's study, she saw within it a figure with bowed head. Meg's light footstep broke his reverie, he turned with outstretched arms, and she went to them.

"I miss him so, Meg."

She burst into tears. It was such a tender chord, and the poor little heart was troubled about many things. She cried on. It was such a luxury to have a breast whereon to weep, and the touch of Gilbert's hand on her hair was so loving and so tender.

"Meg," he said, at last, "you must be very poor, how are you living?"

"I scarcely know, Gilbert— I will tell you all to-morrow. Do not ask me to-night. I am so glad to have you, darling."

"How foolish— how wrong I have been! But Robert Alleyne's coming is the fulfilment of an old compact. At any rate, I can relieve your present wants— I shall draw my pay to-morrow. Dear little sister, you are so altered; and my mother— oh, Meg!"

There was a long silence; then Gilbert Langston, looking attentively at the sorrowful face before him said—

"But you have grown very lovely, little Meg. If we don't mind, we shall have Robert Alleyne falling in love with you," he added, jestingly.

"Every one does not see with your eyes, Gilbert," was the sober reply.

* * * * * *

Gilbert's leave was up— the *Desdemona* was taut and ready for sea, bound for Java. Robert Alleyne had left his friend's home a fortnight before. Meg who had begged a holiday of her employers for the last day of her brother's stay, walked to the Chilling station with him. In these last moments a secret trembled on her lips many times before it found utterance.

"Gilbert," came at last, half sadly, half shyly, "I ought to tell you that Mr. Alleyne——" Meg came to a pause. Gilbert looked at her quickly.

"I think I can guess the rest, Meg. Robert Alleyne has asked you to be his wife," he said tenderly.

"And I have refused," she said, with an effort.

There was a long pause.

"Was that well, Meg? He is wealthy."

"Gilbert, can you ask? My earnings will be almost our only settled means. How could I leave mamma and all the little ones? And do you think I would bring such a burden upon a generous man's bounty?" The pain found utterance in the passionate words and tone. The white lips quivered.

"My darling, my heart bleeds when I think of what your sufferings may be this coming Winter. Meg, I would throw up my berth, and stay in England if I had a chance of earning anything; but I have been to sea so long, what am I fit for but to be a sailor?"

"Do not think of it, Gilbert: it would ruin your prospects, dear."

"I will send home my pay as soon as we get out there— every farthing, Meg, you may depend upon it; but meantime——"

"We shall get on somehow, Gilbert."

"And for yourself, my little sister, is not this hard to bear?"

The tone was tender. He took her hands and looked down at her face, Meg's lip quivered, but she lifted her eyes bravely.

"Not too hard. You must not pity me; you, too, have to bear, Gilbert, I have known your secret long."

"Guard it well, Meg: it is an untold secret yet," he said, solemnly. "Now good-bye. Let me have one smile to take across the sea. God keep us all till we meet again!"

"Till we meet again!" repeated the girl, trying to still her heart's wild beating as she watched him away. "My Father, give me strength till then."

A few days later came a letter with the Plymouth postmark— only a few hasty words.

"My darlings— We are fairly off. Robert Alleyne goes with us again— for the sake of my company, he says. I am glad of his. Wish me *bon voyage*. Mother, my thoughts are with you in all and through all. "GILBERT."

So he went, leaving behind him sad hearts all the sadder for his going— hearts that looked forward, trembling, doubting, fearing to ask themselves when and in what misery the next meeting would be.

* * * * * *

Robert Alleyne leant on the bulwarks of the *Desdemona*, looking with dark, dreamy eyes at the white cliffs fading rapidly from sight as the ship sped on.

"Only a month" he thought— "only a month since I saw them loom up to welcome us home again. And since then another life drama is over for me— over; and the curtain has fallen for good this time, I think. Yes, she is brave and steadfast. She, by her deeds, has put to shame my shrinking, cowardly life— my mean unbelief. I am punished; my very words rise up and condemn me. Only one thing I know— she is noble and brave, and because of it my passionate love and all hope of happiness on earth lie buried in the waves beneath my feet."

* * * * * *

On the deck of a homeward-bound ship— homeward-bound in the Indian Ocean— a little group were gathered round a fair-faced man, who was reading, in clear and solemn accents, the burial service over their captain. They lowered him into the waters that were gleaming in the sun— the bright dancing waters of the great ocean, that closed up again after gathering one more to the multitude of her dead, and left no trace upon her sunlit bosom. There was a moment's hush. Then the gangway was drawn up. The rough men, who had no time for weeping, returned to their work, and the ship sped on with her flag half-mast high, to the old country, whence one had gone out who would never return.

In his cabin lay another man, with the shadow of coming death on his bronzed brow, and lips parched with fever. Over him bent the one who had read the burial service, and clasped his hand.

"It is almost over, dear friend."

A look of intense agony met the sick man's upturned gaze.

"Be brave, old fellow," he whispered. "It was the skipper you buried just now, was it not? I shall be the next. Tell her I loved her to the last; her face has been in my dreams so often lately— her name will be the last on my lips. She will think of me sometimes in the days to come."

There was a long pause; then he resumed, speaking with difficulty—

"I trust you will get safely to England, Gilbert. The craft is in your hands— the skipper gone, the first mate down with this pitiless fever. Please God, the men will be spared. You are a good seaman, Gilbert— you do not fear?"

"If I might save you, my friend, my friend!"

"It is very easy for me to go, Gilbert— I do not suffer. I am anxious for you, or I would have perfect peace. They are waiting and watching for you— no one will miss me."

* * * * * *

The gale was coming up with fearful strength. "Deep called unto deep." Waves mountains high lashed each other with terrible wrath. Breasting the storm rode a ship, laboring more and more as the night advanced. Bronzed cheeks grew pale when the masts fell away and the rent sails came down upon the deck. One among the little crew walked amid them fearless where all was fear— one who yet bore on his calm face "the lingering light of his boyhood's grace." He walked among them, bidding them work while there was hope, urging, encouraging the rough men whose hearts he held by the power of his brave and kind words. As the night wore on, there was a sudden alarm, and fearful words were spoken by one with white lips.

"The ship has sprung a leak!"

There was a lull— a moment of despair too deep for speech or cry. Then the voice of the young mate rose high above the storm.

"All hands to the pumps! Boys, keep a good heart, for the sake of those at home!"

They needed to do so. But for him, they had never done it. So the night wore on, with the storm and the darkness. Would the day ever dawn for them? It came at last— first a grey streak, then a lurid red in the east. The wind had sunk, the fury of the waves had abated, but the leak remained a dreadful reality. A very little longer and——

Suddenly from the mast-head came a shout— clear, strong, joyous— that rang through the gloom and rose above the sullen sound of broken surges—

"Land ahead!"

The words rolled through the dismantled ship, and after the hush of joy too deep for words, came the answering shout from many throats. The crew left their labours and crowded round the "lad" who had saved them— whose brave words and example had borne them up. They bared their heads to bless him, they pressed close to clasp his hand— hard, weather-beaten men to whom he was scarcely more than a boy. Then he spoke, in a voice tremulous for the first time. He had but to speak to be obeyed. They knelt around him on the wet deck, and many there who had long forgotten to pray answered "Amen" to Gilbert's thanksgiving. A few hours later the *Desdemona*, stripped of her glory, and looking like the ghost of herself, rode in safe waters.

* * * * * *

"It is the last resource, mother."

"It is none the less hard."

"Mother, it breaks my heart to see you fading before our eyes day by day for want of proper nourishment and a doctor's care," wept Meg, despairingly.

"I am but a burden to you, darling," was the wistful answer.

It was Christmas week. More than a year had elapsed since Gilbert left them— a year of such intense suffering that even Kate's sunny smiles were quenched. The family were living in Ripston now, in a dingy little house, one of many such in a narrow street. Gilbert had sent home his earnings for the outward trip. These with Meg's slender salary and a trifle Kate earned by taking plain needlework, were all the helpless family had to live upon. But worse than the struggle with poverty— worse than the sight of the four young children, now, indeed, almost shoeless— was the increasing weakness of the mother. The two girls looked on in speechless agony.

"I would give my life— do or suffer anything!" Meg had said one day passionately.

"We have done everything but beg— I suppose that will be the next thing," Kate had answered sadly.

"If Gilbert would only come!" It was the cry of their hearts by day and night; but the months wore on and he came not.

Meg had three weeks holiday at Christmastide. She had obtained a little daily teaching in another family for the time. It was snowing hard this afternoon, and she came and stood by the sofa while she buttoned on the old waterproof cloak.

"Kate and I talked about it, mamma, and we think it is the only thing for us to do, or——"

"Or my children must want bread," said the mother slowly. "Let it be so." She turned her face away.

"Then I may go to Mr. Farncombe now, and tell him I will accept the offer he repeated last week of engaging me at his theatre?"

Meg spoke steadily, bringing out the words distinctly, as willing to face them in all their stern reality. It was, indeed, the last resource. She went out in silence, not even pausing to speak to the children whose voices she heard in an upper room. Yet as she walked through the snow, a vague indefinable feeling that was not all pain, came to her.

"Something is going to happen," thought Meg.

Mr. Farncombe was delighted to engage his children's pretty governess as a novelty. He undertook to give her the necessary instructions—they would be trifling, he knew. The girl was elegant and well educated, and he offered her a weekly salary more than double her present one.

"The weekly payment will be better to us than the quarterly," she thought as she walked away, trying to tell herself she was glad.

"She will make a fortune with that face and voice," said the manager to himself as he closed the door after her. *He* had no need of persuasion to think he was glad.

It was quite dark when Meg got home. She let herself in quietly. The children were still at play in the upper room. Meg went to the door of the sitting-room and turned the handle. A single gas jet from the fire showed her the figure of her mother standing before the hearth with something in her hand. The baby boy was crying on the rug, but she did not seem to hear him.

"Come" she said sharply, gasping for breath—"come and open this. I dare not—I have waited for you. Kate is gone out to buy bread. Come, open it quick, quick, or I shall die! It is just come."

Meg sprang forward and took what she held forth. It was a large blue envelope with a strange seal, and addressed to "Mrs. Langston, the Rectory, Chilling."

"Mamma, be calm—sit down," she urged.

"Open it," uttered the white lips.

Meg bent forward to the flame and obeyed, her hands trembling. She read the missive in silence—she could not read it aloud while her heart throbbed madly, and the blood rushed swiftly through her veins, and her brain was hot and dizzy. Mrs. Langston sat cowering with her eyes covered. Meg's hand fell on her shoulder.

"Mother, can you bear me to tell you something?"

She looked up. The girl's voice was so strange.

"Yes" she whispered, "I think I can."

"It is ours, mamma, yours—the fortune! Do you hear, mamma? The suit is decided in your favour. We are no longer beggars."

"O God, this is too much!"

With a sudden cry she fell forward and lay at her daughter's feet. A terrified shriek rang through the house, bringing the children from their play, and Kate, who had just returned, hastened up-stairs.

"Meg, what—what is it?"

Springing forward, she lifted the fragile form and laid it on the sofa, sending Dora for a candle while she chafed the thin hands in her own tender fashion.

Consciousness at length returned, and with it the wondrous gladness that flooded into the seared heart, making it beat as it had not for many a long day. Then they told Kate the glad tidings, who caught up the baby boy to kiss him and weep over him for very joy.

In the midst of it all a swinging step sounded on the uncarpeted stairs, making the mirth suddenly cease. The door was burst open—there was a glad cry of "Gilbert!" and he stood among them, a powdering of snow upon his shoulders, and his own bright smile answering the torrent of welcome. He broke from them to bend over the tearful face on the pillow.

"My dearest boy, they will tell you that something has happened" she murmured; but he was heedless of her words.

"Mother, I bring good news. I am promoted—I am captain of the prettiest little craft on the ocean—and better than that, my salary is redoubled. Dear ones, I can help you at last!"

"Oh, Gilbert, we have won the Chancery suit—uncle Grant's money is ours!" sobbed Meg.

"And Meg need not go on the stage," said Kate.

"And mamma can have nice things to make her well," said Dora.

Gilbert, kneeling, bent his sunny head in his mother's lap, as he had done often in the old days, and, covering his face, remained silent a long time.

What a Christmas that was! What fires roared in the cramped chimneys of the dingy house! What savoury feasts Kate's dexterous hands prepared! And amid it all they did not forget those poor ones to whose suffering no bright ending had come. Many a crammed basket found its way to sad hearths and desolate homes.

All the brighter was that Christmas for the presence of Robert Alleyne. He was an invalid still, and it would be many weeks before he recovered from the effects of the terrible fever which had brought him so near to death. What evenings they spent round the fire, while Gilbert roasted chestnuts on the narrow, inconvenient bars, from which they kept falling into the coals, to the delight of the children! How eagerly they listened when Mr. Alleyne told the story of how Gilbert brought the ship and cargo safely home himself, after the skipper died and the first mate, like Mr. Alleyne, lay sick; and of how his uncles, the owners, had presented Gilbert with the command of one of their finest ships, together with a purse of gold and a gold chronometer; adding, that the whole affair was printed in the London newspapers.

Often was Mr. Alleyne besieged for this story, and so often was Gilbert called upon to show his chronometer, that he declared he would hang it up over the mantelpiece for public inspection during a whole week, after which no one should ever persuade him to exibit it. How tremulously glad was Meg, when on Christmas Eve, as she stood upon the narrow door step listening to the Christmas chimes, Robert Alleyne came to her, and, asking no question, speaking no word, drew her to his breast in a silence more eloquent than speech, and held her so while the snow fell in soft flakes before them, then taking her hand, led her in to join the others!

"My brave Meg—mine at last!"

Those were the only words she heard, although they were all laughing and chattering while they kissed her, and wished her so much happiness in her new life. And how shyly happy was Kate when Gilbert whispered softly in her ear under cover of the noise—

"Darling, may I give my mother another daughter, as Meg gives her another son?"

Even if he had not heard the low reply, the glimpse he caught of the laughing happy eyes would have been answer enough. With a deep and joyous light in their clear depths, his own eyes looked into Meg's when she came to say good night, and he whispered softly, "Meg, it is the silver lining."

C. C.

(The End)

Being Loved.—It is very sweet to be loved—to know that one's coming rejoices the heart and brightens the eyes, and that when we go where we are beloved, we scatter light and joy, and make the dark chamber of the soul radiant with sunshine.

An honest employment is the best inheritance that can fall to any one.

He who murmurs at his lot, is like one baring his feet to tread upon thorns.

Misery and vice travel in pairs; and they always prefer to burrow under ground as they go.

Always be good natured if you can. A few drops of oil will do more to faciliate the movement of the most stubborn machinery than rivers of vinegar.

A husband, father, or brother, who is well-bred abroad, is often the very reverse at home. There he gives way to his selfishness, which he has to restrain in society, and the wife, or daughter, or sister suffers in consequence.

THE HANDS.

Neatness is the first consideration which makes a hand attractive. No matter how long, bony, or large-jointed and unshapely, if it is clean, and the finger-nails properly cared for, a hand can never look disgusting.

A soft, warm, pliable hand has great power and fascination. There is character in a large hand, many times far greater than in a tiny one. A hand corresponding in size to the rest of the body is much finer than the little fat, dimpled hands, so many are proud to possess, and others envy the possession. It is equally as nonsensical to squeeze the hands into gloves a size too small, as to pinch the feet in tight boots.

A very small nose is considered insignificant, while a large one is said to indicate nobility of character. Why not the same with hands and feet? If with changes of time the idea should prevail that small noses only were fine, while large ones were something to hide, and of which to be ashamed, would not the vanity of humanity attempt to reduce the proportion of that member by lacing, or inserting in a close net? It would be equally as sensible as stopping the circulation of the blood in the other portions of the body.

A white, flexible hand is desirable, but not at the sacrifice of duty. Many a hard, rough hand has done enough good in the world to look beautiful in the eyes of the appreciative. Girls who shirk all the housework, making drudges of their mothers rather than soil their dainty white hands, need not expect to be loved by those who know it. The callous places and other signs of labor would be far more to their credit.

The best hand in the world is an honest hand, be it hard or soft, white or brown, smooth or rough, angular or shapely; an honest palm that takes the hand of a friend with a warm, hearty grasp, as if there were nothing in the heart to conceal, only warmth and kindness towards all. This is the best and most beautiful hand in the world.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

A French philosopher laid down three rules for the attainment of happiness. The first was occupation, the second occupation; and the third and last was still occupation. It developes your mental and physical powers. You were created for it. Brain and judgment, sinew and muscle, bone and blood, were all given you to be thus used. Unused, they rust, and wither, and shrivel, and decay. Brought into active, healthful exercise, they bring happiness to you of which the idle, listless man knows not. Even the sleep of the toiler has a joy and zest that others can imagine but never fully comprehend.

Establish hours of rest and relaxation. To the hardest worker comes the blessed day to rest, interleaved among the seven days of the week. This, at least, the law allows him to command for his own; and the happy tendency of our times is to give him other hours of rest besides, to enjoy with the loved ones at home. But those who work with the mind, as well as the body, should have even more hours of rest and relaxation with their family, unharassed by the wearing business toils of life, free from its corroding and cankering cares, and dedicated to happiness and recuperation.

What is the best thing to do in a hurry?—Nothing.

Verbum Sap.—Time is never in a hurry, but never idles.

When is an army like a tuck in a lady's skirt?—When it is hemmed in.

The May of life blossoms only once.

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree?—Because we are glad when he leaves.

A singular fact—To-day will be yesterday to-morrow.

I DO NOT WATCH ALONE.

ANNE FRICKER.

Andante con moto.

p a tempo.

1. When ev' - - - ry flow'r that oped at morn
2. In fan - - - cy, while I hear that chime,

Bells.

f *p* slentando. *p* a tempo.

wea - ry eye shall close, ... And by the wings of mem' - ry borne, My thoughts on thee
rove a - gain with thee, ... And hear thy vow, "At ev'n - ing time, My thoughts of thee

cres.

- pose. I love to hear the ev'n - ing bells, To
be." Then will I love those ves - per bells, And
list their sooth - ing

cres. *p*

mp

tone, ... For to my heart their mu - sic tells I do not watch a - lone, ...

mp

del. ritard. 1st time. 2nd time.

do not watch a - lone.

del. ritard. Bells. *f* *p* slen. *Ped.*

D.C.

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CONTENTS.

A Tollar Fifdeed cends ..... page 669
A Garden is my Lady's face 667
Billy, I have missed you 666
Can any vone tole vere dot cat is gone? .. 669
Dear Harp of my Country 667
Do not fear to meet me to-night 667
ERIN! O ERIN! 667
The Fifteenth amendment 666
Frank Lum's Fifteenth amendment 667
I've Something else to do 666
Jenny, Put the Kettle on 668
Kitty Clare 668
Lillie's Good-night 666
LA ROSA— Music— [Favorite Waltz] 672
My Mary has the longest nose 666
Micky Moore, the Boot-Black 669
My poor heart is sad with its dreaming ... 669
New Version of Maggie May 669
Oh! 'Tis Sweet to think! 667
The Old man's drunk again 669
The OLD KITCHEN FLOOR 669
Rorty Carrotty Sal 668
Shannon's Flowery Banks 666
Silent, O'Moyle! 668
She was Mad!— a Story. ..... 670—671
Truly Yours 667
Take back the sigh 667
That little girl with the hood on 668
The Woman in white 666
What will you take to drink? 666
When he who adores thee 667
WHEN I MET HER 668
What gives life to love? 668
The Young May Moon 667
You Shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday 668

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The Fifteenth Amendment.

Composed and Sung, with unbounded applause, by J. H. Ryan and J. Welch.

Arrah! sure, I guess you all did hear
The latest news that seems so queer:
There is no show for the Irish here
Since the Fifteenth Amendment.
Sure as this is the land of the free,
I just come over the sights to see:
They say a nigger is as good as you or me,
Since the Fifteenth Amendment.

SPOKEN: Yes gentlemen, but my opinion of the state of affairs in general is that

It would be the devil's own night to see
A nayger in a white family
Taking your sister out for a spree,
Or eloping with your mother.

The other day, as I strayed out,
A big buck nayger at me did shout
Saying: "Paddy, you're gone up the spout,
Since the Fifteenth Amendment."
I returned the compliment right away,
Says I: "wait until election day,
Then you'll find that Paddy will have a say,
When ye naygers are a voting."

SPOKEN: Sure enough. I'd like to see the nayger that would come to the election box with me when I get naturalized: I'd give him such a tip with this—under the left side of the right leg—that he'll be sure to meet with a long sickness or sudden death; for, as I said before, gentlemen—

It would, &c.

You'll find they will not rest content
Till they have a nayger President:
For, all the stamps are nearly spent
In giving them education.
It seems they're trying with all their might,
If they could, they'd make a nayger white:
Faith! between them and the Woman's Rights,
This country is gone to the divil—

SPOKEN: Yes, gentlemen, but I'm sure it's no business of mine at all, at all, only that I'm still of the opinion and will tell the day I kick the bucket, that—

It would, &c.

Now, gentlemen, do you think it's fair
To let a nayger in the chair,
Or have a colored city Mayor,
By this Fifteenth Amendment?
I'm sure you'd get a great surprise
To see them getting naturalized:
Faith! you'd see gorillas in disguise
At the polls on next election.

SPOKEN: Yes, gentlemen, talking of surprise, sure it was myself that was surprised to see the coal yard they were making of the Cooper Institute on a certain occasion: it was not till then the idea struck me that—

It would, &c.

I find they have the cheek as well
To sit above in the Saint Nicholas Hotel:
They act the part of an English swell,
Since the Fifteenth Amendment:
But one thing gives me great delight,
You may think I'm wrong, but I think I'm right:
They can't come amongst us here to-night,
And that's where the fun comes in, boys.

SPOKEN: Yes gentlemen, one of them had the cheek o tell me, the other day, he was my brother. Oh! boys, oh! boys, is it it possible I left old Ireland to come over to find a brother as black as the divil in America? but if that's the case, I'll soon pack up and disown relationship, but before I go gentlemen, I want to ask you—

What's this country coming to?
Or what's a white man going to do
When a colored wench may marry your son,
Or a baboon run away with your daughter?

The Woman in White.

I am really a very susceptible man:
So I vowed that no woman my heart should trepan,
I have set at side tables, and played at short whist,
The charms of the polka resolved to resist.
I have said to myself: "It's a folly, that's clear,
In a man to get "spliced" on three hundred a-year."
But in spite of all this, since one unlucky night,
I have been haunted, each day, by a Woman in White.

I had my misgivings, it really would seem:
This Woman in White, then, was only a dream.
I went to a party again, in despair:
"The Woman in White!" I exclaimed, she was there:
I led her aside ere the dancing had closed,
She blushed, I explained:
she looked down, I proposed:
Her fortune her own, I was her Mr. Wright:
So I married the dear little Woman in White.

Strongest minds are often those of whom the world hear least.

It is only those who climb the ladder that know the strength of every round.

Billy I have Missed You.

A parody on: "Willie I have missed you," dedicated to the Bowery Bo'hoys with feelings of DISTINGUISHED CONSIDERATION by Pete Morris.

Oh! Billy, I have missed you,
Since I've been on this spree:
Vy don't you come see a pet,
Up in the Bowwowree?
The Bowery nin't "played out" yet,
You may think that raythor queer
Kase the Dutchman have possession
Wid their schnapps and Lager Bier.
So come along, my Billy boy,
The sports will be around,
They'll show you all the sights, Billy,
In this gay and gallus town.

Oh! Billy I have missed you,
And it makes my heart grieve:
I'm bound for Blackwell's Island,
The city I must leave.
So come up there, my Billy boy,
You shan't be treated mean,
We will talk about our gin-head days,
Ven we run wid de old mashine:
You shall have mush plenty, Billy boy,
On Sunday you'll get rice:
So come along, my Billy dear,
The times will be so nice—

What will you take to Drink?

Originally sung by Pete Morris.

The other night, I walked out, and strolling up so grand,
I stopt in a place to hear a song about
"What are you going to stand?"
Now that, we know, is a common phrase—
but if I'd got the chink,
When asked to stand, my motto is
"what will you take to drink?"

I stayed and drank very late, until I couldn't stand:
So to the police I was took, as if it had all been planned.
His worship said, with an angry frown:
"you're a very nice fellow, I think,
What have you to say for getting drunk?"

SPOKEN: Say? why, you old butter, you—what should I say, but—

What will you have to drink?

His worship laughed, and with a smile
told me to quit the place:
So off I went, resolved was I no more to show my face,
But scarce outside the door I'd got,
when down I thought I'd sink:
For, a lot of boys kept singing out
"What will you take to drink?"

Curse the drink! cried I, ashamed,
it's the cause of all my strife:
So no more, thinks I, I'll be blamed:
so I went and got a wife,
In a little while we had a child,
of perfection quite the pink,
But the first words it learnt to say was:
"Daddy, what'll you take to drink?"

So you see the trouble I got in: and scorned by every one,
I'll now conclude with this advice:
"mind you drinking always shun:
For, in life, you know, there's many flaws
you'll agree with me I think:
But if I gain your kind applause—
What will you take to drink?"

My Mary has the Longest Nose.

Written and Sung by Pete Morris.

Air: My Helen is the Fairest Flower.

My Mary has the longest nose,
In which she gently takes a pride:
So large the shoes her feet inclose,
That insects strive in vain to hide.
Her hair is of the brightest red,
Which lights her foot-steps in the dark:
Her mouth is large for hiding bread,
Her voice is sweeter than the lark.
Yes, Mary has, &c.

In Mary there is nothing green,
She'll let you kiss her if you can:
Her mother says she's not sixteen,
Though twice as strong as any man.
But far ahead of these, of all
The charms my Mary can combine,
She's six foot six, and I can call
This charming little creature mine.
Yes, Mary has, &c.

I've Something Else to Do.

After waiting long and wondering
Whether married life is best,
I at last resolved to venture,
And myself the question test:
But my wife, e'en in my honeymoon,
Strange conduct did pursue:
For, she said: "My love, don't tease me-
For—I've something else to do."

I imagined all my bachelor
Discomforts then would end:
For her I gave up smoking,
And I cut my oldest friend:
But my collars are neglected,
And my buttons she won't sew:
For, she says: "I'm not a seamstress,
And—I've something else to do."

Shannon's Flowery Banks.

In summer, when the leaves were green,
and blossoms decked each
Young Teddy then declared his love,
his artless love t
On Shannon's flowery banks we sat,
and there he told his
"O Patty! softest of thy sex! oh! let fond love prev
Ah! well-a-day, you see me pine in sorrow and despo
Yet heed me not—then let me die,
and end my grief and c
"Ah! no! dear youth, I softly said,
such love demands my th
And here I vow eternal truth—
on Shannon's flowery ba

And here we vowed eternal truth—
on Shannon's flowery b
And then we gathered sweetest flowers,
and played such artless pr
But, woe is me! the press-gang came,
and forced my Ted
Just when we named next morning fair
to be our wedding
"My love! he cried, they force me hence,
but still my heart is t
All peace be yours, my gentle Pat,
while war and toil be n
With riches I'll return to thee—"
I sobbed out words of tha
And then he vowed eternal truth—
on Shannon's flowery b

And then he vowed eternal truth—
on Shannon's flowery b
And then I saw him sail away, and join the hostile re
From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,
his absence sad I mou
The peace was made—the ship came back—
but Teddy ne'er retu
His beauteous face, his manly form,
has won a nobler
My Teddy's false, and I, forlorn, must die in sad deep
Ye gentle maidens, see me laid,
while you stand round in r
And plant a willow o'er my head—
on Shannon's flowery b

Lillie's Good-Night.

Sung by Madame Patey.

Dear mother, when my prayer is said,
Before you take the light,
Oh! lean your head so closely down,
And bid me soft "Good-night:"
For, I am happier in my dreams,
And sleep in sweeter rest,
If I have laid my lips to thine,
And thine to mine are pressed.

One kiss, dear mother, for the love
My heart keeps warm for thee,
And one for all the tenderness
Thy sweet eyes look to me:
Kiss me forgiveness of my wrongs,
Kiss me with hope and prayer
That I shall be a better child,
And more reward thy care.

Kiss me for some poor orphan child,
To whom no kiss is given:
And, next, for all the happy ones,
And then for one in heaven:
Kiss me for every thing I love,
The beautiful and bright:
Sweet mother, kiss me for thyself,
And now, once more, "good-night!"

There is always time enough to boast—wait a little longer.

Frank Lum's Fifteenth Amendment.

As Sung by Frank Lum, the Great Sensational Comic Singer, with tremendous applause.

Oh! what is this country coming to?
What is a white man going to do.
When a nigger is as good as me or you,
In this happy land of Canaan?
The fifteenth amendment was passed by chance,
But the Democrats fought it sword and lance:
If you pay the fiddler why, you must dance,
In this happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

Oh! isn't this the land of the free.
Where a nigger is as good as you or me,
Where a big fat wench may marry your son,
Or a nigger may marry your daughter?

Now things are progressing very fast:
For, this is the brazen age of brass:
Farewell to the glorious days of the past,
In this happy land of Canaan!
You can sport your diamonds and velvet coat,
But a greasy nigger without a groat,
Can go to the polls with you and vote,
In this happy land of Canaan.

Now you may get mad, go drink and get tight,
But a nigger, that can neither read nor write,
Can run for an office sound and tight,
In this happy land of Canaan.
And, some night when you're out on a tare,
You'll be pulled by a cop with woolly hair,
And tried by a nigger in the judge's chair,
Down to the tombs in the morning.

There is the nigger barber that cuts your hair,
You will see some day in the Senate chair:
For, they will have all kinds of colors there,
In this gay and happy Union—
The niggers will go it now, you bet,
And a poor white man will have to get,
Oh! they will have a nigger President yet,
But he will walk off on his eyebrow—

It was glorious Washington's intent
That this was a white man's government:
To be ruled by niggers he never meant,
In this happy land of Canaan.
Let them, who like them, mix quite free
With niggers, on terms of equality:
But I'm be blamed if I want them to mix with me,
In this happy land of Canaan!

They can drink their wine at white men's bars,
Crowd our city railroad cars,
Consider themselves all first-class stars,
In this happy land of Canaan.
They can smoke segars like stylish quills,
Drink their whisky and wipe their gills,
But they can't come up in Harry Hill's—
Shoo-fly, don't bother me!

Truly Yours.

A New Popular Ballad, Sung by Mr. Robert Daley.

'Tis many years since first we met
When youth was in its prime:
You've made my life a joy to me,
One long sweet summer time.
Our friendship ripened into love,
My heart but you adores,
And, day or night, I love but you,
I still am "truly yours."
Chorus: Believe me when I tell you true:
Love cannot close its doors,
So long as you are true to me,
And I am "truly yours."

When other lips breathe words of love,
And breathe some promise true,
Then, like some swift-winged messenger,
My love flies back to you.
Then I am happy—for, I feel
Love crushes hearts by scores,
And leaves yours loving none but me,
While I am "truly yours."
Believe me, &c.

Though time, in its untiring flight,
Teach others to forget,
There's one whose heart you taught to love,
Who fondly loves you yet.
Though I be sitting by your side,
Or off on foreign shores,
Morn, noon or night, afar or near,
I still am "truly yours."
Believe me, &c.

Why is an old maid like an old boot? Because it is of no use without its fellow.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken.

The Young May Moon.

Words by Thomas Moore.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love:
How sweet to rove through Morna's grove,
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake, the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear:
And the best of all ways to lengthen thy days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the sage his star-watch keeping, love,
And I whose star, more glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake till rise of sun, my dear,
The sage his glass will shun, my dear:
Or, in watching the flight of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

Dear Harp of My Country.

Words by Thomas Moore.

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song.
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest thy liveliest thrill:
But so soft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers!
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine:
Go sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone:
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

Oh! 'tis Sweet to Think.

Words by Thomas Moore.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear:
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!
The heart, like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone:
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doomed to find something still that is dear:
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there:
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike—
They are both of them bright,
but they're changeable, too:
And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue—
Then, oh! what pleasure, &c.

Do not Fear to Meet Me To-Night.

Meet me to-night in the path which lies
By the side of the woodland hollow:
The moon will have opened her silver eyes,
And tell thee which path to follow.

Then tripping along to thy foot-step's sound,
Thy lip to thy heart will be humming:
If thy glance for a moment turn around,
'Twill assure thee, love, I'm coming.

Oh! do not fear, not a tone will break,
On earth or in air, that can chide thee
If a lonely rose perchance to awake,
'Twill droop its bloom beside thee—

Why is Scotland like a place not mentionable to ears polite? Because it is the land of IMMORTAL BURNS.

A Garden is My Lady's Face.

A garden is my lady's face,
Where roses and white lilies blow:
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein the fairest fruits do grow.
There cherries be that none may buy,
Till "cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do disclose
Of orient pearls a double row:
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow.
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till "cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

When He who Adores Thee.

Words by Thomas Moore.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrow behind,
Oh! say: wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree:
For, heav'n can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love:
Every thought of my reason was thine:
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see—
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

Erin! O Erin!

Words by Thomas Moore.

Like the bright lamp that lay in Kildare's holy fane,
And burned through long ages
of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frowned on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them unfading and warm—
Erin! O Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears!

The nations have fall'n, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others are set:
And though slavery's cloud
o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! O Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star shall shine out when the proudest shall fade—

Unchilled by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till the hand of spring her dark chain unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower—
Erin! O Erin! thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it,
shall blossom at last!

Take Back the Sigh.

Words by Thomas Moore.

Take back the sigh thy lips of art
In passion's moment breathed to me:
Yet, no—it must not, will not part—
'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
And has become too pure for thee!

Take back the kiss that faithless sigh
With all the warmth of truth impress:
Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie—
Upon THY lip its sweets would die,
Or bloom to make a rival blest!

Take back the vows that, night and day,
My heart received, I thought from thine:
Yet, no—allow them still to stay—
They might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they've ruined mine!

What is it that Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave to each of his children? Parents.

When riding a donkey, what kind of fruit do you represent? A pear.

You Shouldn't Buy Tripe on a Friday.

RECITATIVE.

I've often heard my poor old granny say
That Friday was a most unlucky day!
And as a proof old granny wasn't wrong,
Oh! listen, listen to my doleful song—

AIR.

Old Mrs. Snipe was fond of tripe,
Sure no poor soul was thinner;
In Sunday clothes to market goes
On Friday for a dinner;
But as she went along the road,
She met with neighbor Tidy:
He heard her errand—lack a day!
And unto her those words did say:
"You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday!"

But on she went, the tripe she bought,
Though she was in a shiver;
She got a large piece for a groat,
Besides a hap'orth of liver!
As she returned, a large dog lay
With open mouth so wide—he
Snatched her liver, and ran away,
And barking thus he seemed to say:
"You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday!"

Then home she went with sorrow flat,
Such luck she'd ne'er before met:
And then she saw her tabby cat
Sat mewing at the door mat.
"Ah! puss, she cries, I can't be gay,
This seems to be a wry day—"
But puss she mewed, and round did play,
And thus to her she seemed to say:
"You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday!"

But still she thought her tripe to eat,
So laid it on the dresser:
But pussy got it down so neat,
And soon she made it lesser:
A large piece stuck, sirs, by the way,
Which choked her, neat and tidy:
She kicked and sprawled, and down she lay,
And as she died, she seemed to say:
"You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday!"

Rorty Carrotty Sal.

Written and Sung by Frank Jolly.

Oh! have you seen my gal?
If not, her I'll describe to you:
She's rorty and she's very flash,
Upon my word, it's true.
The first time I met her,
It was down in White-Chapel:
Selling wall-flowers a penny a bunch
Was rorty carroty Sal.

SPOKEN: Make no blooming error, my boys, it was love at first sight, and no wonder at it—
For, she's a flash young gal,
So all the neighbors say:
And wall-flowers she does sell,
Out in the streets all day.
She's my rorty carroty Sal.
And she lives in White-Chapel:
One day, while walking in the streets,
In love with her I fell.

When she goes out on Sundays,
She wears a white shawl round her neck:
Red laces too in lace-up boots
And a dress made out of check.
She never wears any chignon,
Or a Grecian bend behind:
But search White-Chapel thro', my boys,
No flasher gal you'll find.

SPOKEN: Yes I have seen some flimey gals round——Street and down——Lane, but there is none so likey as my gal: why, if she thought that any one dressed flasher than her, she'd take poison she would—make no blooming error—But there, I love her—
For, she's a flash young gal, &c.

Her father keeps a private house,
Near Mile End railway station:
Her brother's serving seven long years
In a government situation.
Her mother and sister got lagged
For garrotting of a pal:
But the virtuous one among them all
Is my rorty carroty Sal.

SPOKEN: Well she hasn't been lagged yet, but she's had two or three narrow chances of it though: once or twice she's been before the Magistrates: but they've let her off saying to the Bobby: "You know as well as I do, that—
For, she's a flash young gal, &c.

Now, my blooming Ikey pals,
I don't mind telling you,
I'm going to wed this flash young gal,
In the course of a week or two:
And if we have any children,
Which of course, I hope we shall,
I'll christen one of them Ikey Bill,
And the other Carrotty Sal.

SPOKEN: And make no blooming error, if we have number three and it's a boy, I'll name him Rorty Tom, and number four, if a gal, Flash Nelly.
For, she's a flash young gal, &c.

Kitty Clare.

Golden hair and laughing eyes,
Beaming on the gladdened sight,
Like an angel from the skies,
Comes a fragile form of light.
Not a flower, 'mid all the bloom
In that many lured PARTERRE,
Half so sweet a presence has
As my blushing Kitty Clare.
Chorus: Golden hair and laughing eyes, &c.

Romping, dancing all the day,
Singing gay as any bird,
Never 'mid celestial choirs
Was a rarer cadence heard:
Turns she up two pouting lips
Then with laugh draws back the snare:
Never mind, I'll have her yet—
Charming, teasing Kitty Clare.
Golden hair, &c.

When I Met Her.

Copied from the New-York Clipper—Words by J. H. B.

I met her not where courtly throng
Bent blindly down at Fashion's shrine,
Nor where the jest, the laugh, the song
Were mingled with the ruby wine:
Where the sweet music, soft and low,
Played for the dancers flushed and hot,
Whirling in waltzes; no, ah! no,
Amid such scenes I met her not!

I met her not where gladsome mirth
Sped on her rosy, laughing hours:
Where bright lights burned, and where the earth
Seemed made of sunshine and of flowers:
Amid the gay and DEBONNAIRE
This daughter of fair Erin's land
I did not meet—I'll tell you where—
On Broadway, at a peanut stand!

That Little Girl with the Hood on.

Sung by Ned Turner.

Oh! I once used to court a nice young gal,
And I'll tell you now if I can:
She was a big rich farmer's daughter,
And her name it was Mary Ann.
Oh! I treated her to oysters, cabbage,
Also vinegar, cheese, and blanc mange:
She says to me: "Now you're my darling,"
This little gal with the hood on.

Oh! I took her to supper, one evening,
And I placed her right in a big chair,
When her cousin, a Frenchman from Limerick,
Says: "Mary, what are you doing there?"
Says she to him: "This is my sweetheart."
Says he to her: "What! that sardine?"
I split him right straight in the "bugle,"
And skinned just like a maker-eel.

One day, now, she was a feeding
The ducks, and the geese, and the deers,
This Frenchman from Limerick came pouring
Flat-iron tales in her ears.
Oh! I rushed to the house, and I seized on
A great big Dutch butcher's cheese-knife,
I grabbed him right straight by the wizzen,
And put an existence right to his life.

RAILWAY.—They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there.

On week days you buy your music by the sheet; on Sundays you can have it by the choir for nothing.

Silent, O Moyle!

Words by Thomas Moore.

Silent, O Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes! your chain of repose,
While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes—
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep with wings in darkness furled?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, O Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away:
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

Jenny Put the Kettle on.

NEW VERSION—As Sung by Ned Turner.

In old Virginny, in de arternoon,
I sweps de Kitchen wid a bran new broom:
De rooster's blind an' he cannot see,
Jenny, put de kettle on—let's hab tea.
CHORUS.
Jenny, put de kettle on,
Jenny, put de kettle on,
Jenny, put de kettle on—let's hab tea,
De coffee is a billin and won't suit me.

De ole gray goose an' de gander, too,
Dey bof talked Dutch till dey turned blue:
De ole black horse said "Yes, sir-ee!"
Jenny, put the kettle on—let's hab tea.
Jenny, put de kettle on, &c.

Dar's a little yaller gal dat libs in de souf,
Her head so big she can't shut her mouf:
Her eyes am bright, but she don't suit me.
Jenny, put de kettle on—let's hab tea.
Jenny, put de kettle on, &c.

Now, white folks, if eber you should go
Floatin' down de great ribber de Ohio,
In a little log cabin dar we'll be—
Jenny, put de kettle on—let's hab tea.
Jenny, put de kettle on, &c.

What Gives Life to Love?

What gives life to love?
A glance—a tone—a tear—
Value known,
Kindness shewn,
Some accents sweet, some word sincere:
Oh! these give light to love—
When sources such as these supply
Love with life—he ne'er should die.

What keeps life in love?
A hope—a smile—a sigh,
Rosy youth,
Trusting truth,
And hearts that ever change defy:
Oh! these keep life in love—
When sources such as these supply
Love with life—he ne'er should die.

What brings death to love?
A slight—a frown—a sneer,
Anger blind,
Words unkind,
Concealment's art, some jealous fear:
Oh! these bring death to love—
How sad he cannot live for aye,
When all that's wretched see him die.

Why is a large carpet like the late rebellion? Because it took such a lot of tax to put it down.

When are thieves like leopards? When they are "spotted."

Love's young dream—a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a very great deal of lying.

The Old Man's Drunk Again.

As sung by Gus Williams.

Words and Music by Will S. Hays— The Music of this Song is published by J. L. Peters, New York. Price 35 cents.

You've no doubt heard the song
Of "Father dear, come home,"
And the fate of hungry little Ben,
Who sent for him to come;
How the old man used to "smile,"
And cause the family pain:
But he let up for a little while,
And then got drunk again.
Chorus: We've give him up for gone,
He's lying in the lane,
And almost every body knows
The old man's drunk again.

He takes his morning nip,
And loafs about the door;
He told his family more than once
That he would drink no more;
But then he would forget
From "Benzine" to abstain:
The police, they would come and say,
"The old man's drunk again."
Chorus.

He'd smash poor mother's nose,
And upset brother Ned,
And drive us all into the street,
Then tumble into bed;
And when he'd be asleep,
We'd go back and remain,
Until he woke and left the house
To come home drunk again.
Chorus.

"O Father, dear! come home,"
Stop drinking like a sow;
You've drank away the beds and stove,
Don't swallow up the cow;
Oh! don't abuse the boys,
And cause poor mother pain,
Or we'll rebel and "go for you,"
When you get drunk again.
Chorus.

New Version of Maggie May.

By M. A. Naughton.

Oh! the summer has gone, the trees are bare,
The birds have flown away:
The pretty red roses have faded, too:
But where's poor Maggie May?
Chorus.
Oh! how she loved to hear the little birds
Sing out their melody—
She'd sit for hours to hear them sing
Down near the old oak tree.

Oh! they buried her near the old oak tree,
Where she was wont to play:
They laid her in the cold, cold ground,
My littie Maggie May.
Chorus.

The brook where little Maggie played
And where she'd sing all day,
Now it's covered with ice and snow
And Maggie is far away—
Chorus.

But the winter will go and spring come again,
The brook will run as ever—
Will little Maggie play there again?
The echo answers "never!"
Chorus.

Why is time the best pickle?—Because "Time cures everything."

Why is a sail-maker like a man beginning an election?—Because he is about the canvas.

Why is a lover popping the question like a tailor running a hot iron over a suit of clothes? Because he is *pressing a suit.*

The prodigal robs his heirs, the miser robs himself.

The Old Kitchen Floor.

Sung by Ed. Burton.

Inscribed to D. L. Moody, Esq., Superintendent of the famous Illinois St. Mission Sunday School, burnt in Chicago, October 9th, 1871.

Far back, in my musings, my thoughts have been cast
To the cot where the hours of my childhood were passed:
I loved all its rooms, the pantry and hall,
But that blest old kitchen was dearer than all—
Its chairs and its table, none brighter could be:
For, all its surroundings were sacred to me,
To the nail in the ceiling, the latch on the door,
And I loved every crack in that old kitchen floor.
Chorus.
Oh! the old kitchen floor, the old kitchen floor—
How dear to my heart is the old kitchen floor!

I remember the fire-place with mouth high and wide,
The old-fashioned oven that stood by its side,
Out of which, each Thanksgiving, came puddings and pies,
That fairly bewildered and dazzled my eyes;
And then, too, St. Nicholas slyly and still
Came down, every Christmas, our stockings to fill:
But the dearest memories I've laid up in store,
Is the mother that trod on that old kitchen floor.

Day in and day out, and from morning till night,
Her footsteps were busy, her heart always light:
For, it seemed to me then that she knew not a care,
The smile was so gentle her face used to wear—
I remember with pleasure what joy filled our eyes,
When she told us the stories that children so prize:
They were new every night though we heard them before
From her lips, at the wheel, on the old kitchen floor.

To-night these old visions came back at their will,
But the wheel and its music forever are still:
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it lie moldering to clay—
The hearth-stone, so sacred, is just as 'twas then,
And the voices of children ring out there again;
The sun through the window looks in as of yore,
But it sees stranger feet on the old kitchen floor.

I ask not for honor, but this I would crave,
That, when the lips speaking are closed in the grave,
My children will gather their own at their side,
And tell of their mother who long ago died;
'Twould be more enduring, far dearer to me,
Than inscription on marble or granite could be,
To have them tell often, as I did of yore,
Of the mother who trod on the old kitchen floor.

Can Any Vone Tole Vere Dot Cat is Gone?

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

Music published by White and Goullaud, Boston, Mass.

Of you lisden mit me, I'll do vot I can
To tole unto you I'm a misserable man;
I did lose a cat, shust dree tays ago,
Und I feel so pad, I don't know vot to do.

Chorus: Can any vone tole vere dot cat is gone,
Dot kidden cat, dot mauldose cat?
Can any vone tole vere dot cat is gone,
Dot peautiful John Dhomas Cat?

He vos a nice cat, he had vone eye-prow,
Und such a sweed voice, ven he'd say me-ow;
Put yesterday some poys, dey got a din-pail,
Und dey tied id on to my busey-cat's dail.
Chorus.

To any vot find him und pring him to me,
I'll give to dot person dwo tollars or dree:
He had such nice eyes, und den dey did shine,
Und his dail id gurled ub like a pig number nine.
Chorus.

Micky Moore, the Boot-Black.

By John J. Reddy— Air: Broken Down.

Oh! I'm Micky Moore, the boot-black,
And I'm going to sing to you,
And if any body wants a shine,
I know just what to do:
Just show to me the gentleman
That wishes for to stand
And put his foot upon my box,
Then Micky is on hand.
Chorus: Just show to me a gentleman
With his calf-skin boots so fine:
Oh! I'm the boy that can black them up
And put on them a shine.

I came of a proud and noble race,
But a poor boot-black am I:
And if you want to know how it is,
I'll tell you the reason why.
My Father was a French Lord,
And from Cork's own town he came:
My Mother was a German Duke,
And Flannigan was her name.
Chorus.

My Father was proved sister
To the fearless Teddy O'Flynn:
My Mother's third cousin Turkish
To the man called Bryan O'Lynn.
See all these fine relations
Of which this boot-black boy can boast—
There's another: wait, I forget his name—
Oh! yes; 'tis Shaun the Post.
Chorus.

But when I've earned my fortune
At my glorious pro-fes-shun,
I'll go and find out all my folks,
And I'll cross the big O-shun.
And when I do find out me folks
Won't their hearts all beat with joy,
When they do recognize in me
Micky Moore, the boot-black boy!—
Chorus.

My Poor Heart is Sad With its Dreaming.

Words and Music by T. Brigham Bishop—

The Music of this song is Published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, N. Y. Price 35 Cents.

My poor heart is sad with its dreaming,
It brings back the once happy day,
When earth like a heaven was seeming,
But now it has passed all away—
They say that young love's like the flower
That needs tender care in its urn,
But mine it was snatched from its bower,
And I never gained one in return,
Chorus: My poor heart is sad with its dreaming:
For, it brings back the once happy day,
When earth like a heaven was seeming,
But now it has all passed away.

My sad heart recalls all the pleasure
Of thoughts that were all, all for thee,
When dreaming of you, of its treasure,
And you seemed to love none but me:
Tho' we meet not as friends, yet I'll never
One unkind word to thee give:
For, your cherished memory ever
Shall be my sole joy while I live!
Chorus.

A Tollar Fifdeen Cends.

As sung by Gus Williams.

Dwas at a Lager Bier saloon,
Vay down in William shtreet,
I used to meet a German girl,
Who always looked so neat;
Such eyes such teeth, und such a nose
I never seen pefore.
I did not notice vot I eat,
Undill I paid de score.
Spoken: Den ven I asked her vot I had, she said I had
Chorus.
Roast pork, poiled pork bickled eels und sweitzer kase,
Plood pudding sauer-kraut, vich you said vos immense,
Rhine-vine, sausages, smear-kase, und liver wust,
Dot, added up togeder, makes a tollar fifdeen cends.

I looked at her I squeezed her hand,
De squeeze she den returned;
I vent next day to see dis gal,
Because my poson burned;
I couldn't eat me neting,
I felt so awful queer,
Und she vinked her glass-eye at me,
Und den she vispered in my ear.
Spoken: Yes, she said dot I had petter order—
Roast pork, poiled pork, &c.

I told her dot I loved her,
Und I asked her for her hand:
I told her I vos vealty,
Und I owned a pea-nut shtand:
I asked her for to be my vife,
Und be my turtle-tove:
Ve dwell in Sout Fifde Avenue,
Und learn to live on love.
Spoken: Und she told me she would rather live on—
Roast pork, poiled pork, &c.

Never marry a woman till you know where her dress ends and her soul begins.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure? In the case of a watch.

Man and wife, together, are like a pair of scissors; separated, they are more like daggers.

SHE WAS MAD!

CHAPTER I.

"By Jove! how lovely! what a perfect scene! What a muff Charlie was to go home and miss such a treat as this for the sake of dangling all day at a girl's heels, playing croquet, and drinking five o'clock tea! There's the best fellow I know spoilt by a pair of blue eyes and a pretty complexion. He's a perfect idiot about Nellie Campbell! Strange how a man's whole nature seems metamorphosed by love. I suppose I shall undergo the same peculiar transformation myself some day, but at any rate I can honestly say now, having reached the mature age of five-and-twenty, that I have never so far succumbed to female influence as to resign a ride, or walk, or row, or to have my appetite damped for a single meal by the loveliest girl in the universe."

So spake I some years back, as I stood on a lovely August morning on the summit of a hill in Mountshire, gazing down into the most perfect little valley that I had ever beheld. A faint white mist, which, like a veil over a pretty woman's face, heightened while it partially obscured the beauties of nature, hung over the gleaming river that wound through the trees; the sky overhead was a cloudless blue, and though the sun was hot, the breeze that fanned my face prevented its rays from being too powerful.

Never had the country seemed so perfectly enjoyable, and yet Charlie Harman had forsaken it unhesitatingly, and returned to the walled-in one-acre garden at Twickenham, merely because his sister had written him word that Nellie Campbell had come to stay with her for a fortnight! With an extra shirt and a tooth-brush in our knapsacks, stout boots, and straw hats, we had started, a fortnight before my story commences, for a month's walking tour in Wales; and now, just half way through, before a single cloud had arisen over our holiday, he had forsaken me in this mean, unmannerly way, and left me to express my admiration to the trees and stones, or to plod silently on till my jaw rusted from disuse.

It was too bad, and I felt that Charlie was a lost man to me. A month or two more and the fair Nellie would have riveted the chains for ever; and a man married is a man marred, as far as male friendships go. Never again would he be free to wander away for weeks with me— never again could I speak my thoughts freely as of yore, knowing too well that they would be passed on to "dear Nellie," and through her to half the young ladies in the neighbourhood— never again should we smoke the post-prandial pipe of peace, and sip the accompanying tumbler of comfort. These are the luxuries of bachelorhood, and I knew too well that I should never see my friend again as a bachelor. An engaged man is rather worse than a married one, and such he too probably was during this time.

With a heavy sigh for my lost friend I began to descend the hill, picking my steps with some care: for, there was no regular path, and I had to jump from ledge to ledge, often losing my footing through the loose stones that covered the hill. It was hot, tiring work; and more than once I wished that I had kept to the orthodox route, in spite of the finer view that I had had from the very summit of Ben's Crag.

My wishes did not last long— neither did my descent; for, as I alighted on a ledge, it gave way beneath me, and with a cry of horror I found myself rolling, bumping, bounding down the side of the hill; then came a long rush through the air and a blank.

I must have lain senseless for many hours; for, when I came to myself the sun had passed over to the other side of the hill, and the shadows were getting long. I looked up at the tall cliff above me, and shudderingly wondered why I had not awoke among the misty ones who people the Silent Land.

"Never cry 'Safe' till you are out of the wood," though. The misty ones might be unpleasantly close to me yet; for, on trying to raise myself I found that my right leg gave me such a frightful twinge that I sank back with a groan of pain, concious that, if not broken, the limb was at all events so severely sprained as to be utterly useless. I was in pain all over, and my head lay in a small red pool that came from a nasty cut on my temple. I was still a good way up the hill, but far out of the beaten track, and the thought flashed through my mind that I might lie there all night undiscovered and unable to move. All night! Nay, why not for many nights and days too? And the misty ones drew verynear as I gradually realized my position.

"I have to thank Master Charlie for this agreeable situation," I thought bitterly. "If he had been with me, I should not have been in danger, as I now am, of dying here like a sheep on this lonely hill. Ten chances to one against any one coming to this deserted chalk-pit until my bones are as white as the rest of the place. Heavens! how my leg is hurting me!"

My fears did not lessen as the hours passed on and no sound of human beings was to be heard. At times I shouted, but the mocking echoes flung my voice back— they alone reverberated my cry. My limbs were stiffening; my head ached and whirled till I began to wonder wheather I should grow delirious; and my tongue, parched and dry, seemed too large for my mouth. I had tasted nothing since eight o'clock; and though there were sandwiches and brandy and water in my knapsack, experience had taught me that if I attempted to reach them the agony in my leg would be more than I could bear.

Thus the tortures of Tantalus were added to my other miseries. And as the hours wore on, and the air grew chill with approaching night, my senses wandered from pain and exhaustion, and the lumps of chalk and shrubs around me moved slowly backwards and forwards, before my eyes, in a weird dance, whilst an old thorn tree nodded its head in time to their movements, and seemed to sing a wild monotonous song that rang with painful distinctness in my ears. The white cliff and the blue sky mingled and parted, and parted and mingled. The singing of the old thorn grew louder and louder in my ears, mingled with the dash of waves on a shingly shore; something heavy seemed to press on my chest, and then came darkness, silence, and oblivion. The misty ones were very close, but I knew nothing of their presence. Life and death were alike to me now!

* * * * * *

It was not the face of a shadow from the Silent Land that met my eyes when I once more opened them, but the grave, almost stern countenance of a man of fifty or thereabouts, with a piercing gaze that seemed to go right through me. I was conscious of being in great pain all over, and feeling weak and giddy; but it was some minutes before I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to recolect what had happened. Then a groan broke from me, and I closed my eyes again.

"Where am I?" I asked, as I felt two strong warm fingers pressing my pulse.

"In my house," said a very quiet voice. "You are a lucky man, and have had a wonderful escape. Drink this," and the speaker held a cup to my lips, out of which I swallowed a few mouthfuls of nectar, or what seemed like it; and then I looked round me.

I was lying in a large, low-ceiled room that evidently formed part of a farmhouse, clean and neat, but very unpretending, with its white dimity curtains and sofa, its little bare table, on which stood a vase of flowers and a black Bible, and a few prints in wooden frames hanging on the flowery-papered walls.

My companion remained silently seated by my side as I took my inventory, and then, as my eyes returned to his face, he said—

"Now go to sleep if you can. You will soon be all right again."

"How many bones are broken?" I asked, becoming aware that my right arm was strapped to my side.

"Only your collar-bone, and I have set that."

"And my right leg?" I added, remembering the twinge I had felt.

"No; your uncle was dislocated, but that is in now, so you have only to lie still and get well. You must not talk any more;" and, taking up a book, he leant back in his chair and began to read, whilst I in a few minutes had taken his advice and dropped into a sound sleep.

I awoke, feeling stronger and better, as the morning sun streamed into my room. My grave friend had gone, and an old woman, her head tied up in a silk pocket-handkerchief, and a scarlet flannel dressing-gown enveloping her tall, attenuated figure, was dozing in the great arm-chair. She awoke as I turned my head on my pillow, and my thoughts flew instinctively to Meg Merrilies, as her keen gray eyes, sunken cheeks, and hooked nose met my gaze. She was a woman of unusual size, and I almost started as a voice as deep and hoarse as a man's exclaimed—

"Eh, but ye've had a fine sleep."

"Yes, I feel much better for it. Tell me where I am? Was that a doctor I saw last night?"

"Ay, ay, it was the master, Doctor Mayo. He brought ye home more like a dead body than a livin' one, and he's just saved yer life, young man;" and as she spoke, she forced a spoonful of jelly into my mouth as if she was feeding a baby.

"But what is the name of the house, and who lives here?" I asked, between the mouthfuls.

"And what do names matter, seein' ye're well cared for?" she returned grimly. "But men are a' alike. They can't be content to lie quiet and be took care o'. They must know all about it. It's just Deepdale Farm, and Doctor Mayo and his gude lady live here; and ye may thank yer stars and the gude God above that Rover found ye yester even lyin' in the chalk pit, as near dead as a man could be, and barked at ye till the master came and brought ye here."

"I'll give Rover a gold collar when I get well," I answered, smiling at the woman's gruff manner.

"It's sma' thanks he'd gie ye for that," she returned grimly, lifting the bedclothes off my foot and beginning to bathe it with vinegar and water. I lay still till the stern but pleasant countenance of my preserver appeared at the door as he paused on his way to his breakfast to ask how I had slept.

Day followed day in wearisome monotony as I progressed towards recovery, and thankful indeed was I when I was allowed to get on the great sofa and lie by the window, looking out into the great rambling shady garden that surrounded the old farm-house.

What a quiet lonely place it was, standing completely alone in that deep valley, the steep hills towering above it on every side like frowning sentinels! I wondered what made this middle-aged couple bury themselves in such a secluded spot, without a child or friend to cheer their lonely hours. Doctor Mayo had a look on his pale thin face that spoke of some great sorrow having passed over him, and the same look was visible in the sad blue eyes and firmly closed mouth of his wife. She was a very sweet woman, unusually quiet and silent, never speaking unless I spoke to her, and with hair of snowy white that must have been blanched by something more than years: for, she could not, at the most, be more than sixty.

I amused myself by inventing many fantastical stories about them as I lay at the open window that still August afternoon: for, my enforced quiet and seclusion had made me more romantic than was at all usual to me, and I was not allowed to read for more than half an hour at a time.

I had watched my host and hostess drive off in their low pony-carriage, and in my weariness envied them even that mild enjoyment, and for the hundredth time I enveighed against my own folly in not looking before I leapt. Then, as the door gently opened, I turned my head, glad of even the grim Alison as a relief from my own dull thoughts. A small oval face was pearing through the opening: great soft dark eyes, more like a deer's than any I have ever seen, were fixed upon me in silent curiosity, while the tiny rosy mouth wore a half smile of delight.

Afraid of dispelling the lovely vision, I neither spoke nor moved as a light graceful form came slowly forward, and one of the loveliest girls Nature ever made stood by my sofa, gazing silently at me.

"You do not know who I am," she said, in a low sweet voice, seating herself on a stool by my side: "but I know you. I saw you the night you were brought home, and I have been longing to come and help to nurse you, but papa and mam-

ma never would let me."

"Are you their child, Doctor Mayo's child?" I asked in astonishment. "I thought he had no children."

Her lovely face clouded, and her dark eyes had a dreamy far-away look as she answered, sadly—

"Not really. They like me to say so, but my father died long, long ago, before I can remember. Only, do not say I told you, or they would never let me speak to you again."

"Then you may be quite sure I will not," I answered, feeling utterly glamoured with the fascination of her rare beauty and her sweet artless manner. She looked about two or three and twenty, but she spoke more like a child than a woman; that was explained by her next speech.

"It is so nice to see somebody new," she said, smiling up in my face. "It is so very dull and lonely here; I have no friends, not one. From year's end to year's end I never see a young person, nor any stranger except the poor people who come to papa as patients. It is very cruel of them to keep me here always. Of course they do not care for society at their age, but I should like to know some people."

"I should think so," I answered, thinking what a sensation she would make even in London, and how much the world would give her of admiration and homage. "Are you the only child?"

"They have no children," she said, hurriedly; "and my father had none but me. Don't get well quick," she continued, pleadingly; "it will be worse than ever when you go. It has been quite an excitement to feel you were in the house, though I have never been able to speak with you before; but papa and mamma are out driving, and Alison is asleep. She was awake all night with toothache, so she will not wake for a long time. They would be very angry if they knew I was here."

"Why?" I asked, longing to take the tiny hand that rested on my sofa, but afraid of frightening its owner away. "It is very dull for me, lying here alone, but I shall not mind how long I am laid up if you will come and sit with me. It is very kind of you."

"I like it," she answered, smiling brightly. "May I do something for you? I peeped in once and saw Alison bathing your temples. Shall I bathe them now?"

"Please do," I said eagerly. "My head often aches from the blow it had when I fell. There is the bottle of eau-de-Cologne on that table. Pour a little into the saucer and mix a little water with it."

She obeyed with alacrity, and I lay with closed eyes, perfectly happy, as her soft little hands stroked back the hair from my forehead and dabbled my temples.

I think that was the beginning of the wild passionate love that grew hourly in my heart for that lovely wild-flower. I had resisted so long, only to fall more hopelessly when my time came; and even now I cannot look back on those days of intoxicating happiness without a thrill passing through my frame.

She started and colored crimson as Alison's harsh voice behind exclaimed—

"Miss Isla—you here! What will your papa and mamma say?"

"Oh, Alison, let me stay," she said, pleadingly, laying down the wet handkerchief and taking the old woman's hand in hers. "It is so nice, and my life is so dull. Come and sit with him too, and then they will not mind."

But the old woman was firm.

"I daren't, miss," she said grimly. "But you run away now, and you can ask them when they come home."

Isla reluctantly obeyed, and as the door slowly closed behind her, the sun-shine seemed to have gone out of my room. My lot seemed duller and more wearisome than ever.

Chapter II.

I lay wondering for some moments, when I awoke the following morning, what pleasant thing had happened, or was going to happen, till the recollection of the lovely little Isla flashed through my mind. Should I see her again? If not, I would beg Doctor Mayo to let me try to limp downstairs, declaring I should never get well until I got out of that weary room.

I was restless and impatient until Alison came to help me to get up, and then I lay on the sofa, starting and turning my head sharply at every step in the passage.

After I had finished my early dinner (for the habits of Deepdale Farm were far too primitive to allow that meal to be eaten later than half-past one), Doctor Mayo entered the room, and drawing the arm-chair close to my side, settled himself in it with the air of a man who intends to remain. I am afraid I was ungrateful enough to feel far from pleased at these signs; and after a few words as to my progress, I asked if he was not going out that afternoon.

"No, I think not," he replied. "The sun is too hot for my wife. We shall wait for our drive until after tea; so I may as well do my best to relieve the weariness of your present life."

I thanked him as cordially as I could, wishing Mrs. Mayo in a warmer region than Deepdale, more especially as the good man's flesh proved weaker than his will, for he was soon comfortably dozing over his book, whilst I lay fretting and fuming and twisting my head nearly off in my efforts to catch a passing glimpse of Isla in the garden.

Suddenly I heard a light step in the passage that made my heart beat more quickly; the door gently opened, and her sweet arch face appeared once more. With a quick, light tread she stole across the room; and before Doctor Mayo had opened his eyes, she had seated herself at his feet, and taking his hand between hers, said in her own sweet pleading tones—

"Papa, let me stay here with you! Mamma has gone to sleep. Alison is busy with her jam; and it is so dull downstairs. I will be very good, and quite quiet. I have brought my knitting."

Doctor Mayo looked very much disturbed, and a faint pink tinged his pale face as he bent over his daughter.

"Better not, my darling," he said, very gently and fondly. "It may not be good for Mr. Stanhope to have visitors yet. Run down to mamma and wake her up."

"No, no!" said Isla, in the pettish tone of a spoilt child; "I like staying here best, and I will stay. I came in here yesterday while you were out, and it did not hurt him; so why should it to-day?"

Doctor Mayo looked up with almost a startled expression on his face; and, feeling very guilty, I said hurriedly—

"Miss Mayo came in for a few minutes yesterday, and I think it did me good to see a fresh face. I shall be very glad if she will stay now. My head does not ache at all to-day."

"There, papa. Now say no more," exclaimed Isla triumphantly; "for he says I may stay, and I do him good. Is Stanhope your name?" she asked, turning to me,

"Yes, Frere Stanhope," I replied, smiling at her pretty, bright manner.

Doctor Mayo, leaning back again with a sigh, gave in, though he seemed anxious and uneasy, and kept his keen eyes fixed on his daughter as she prattled gayly to me of her flowers, her books, and her canaries.

How the hours flew by! It was the shortest afternoon I had ever known, and my heart bounded as Isla exclaimed in a tone of regret—

"Oh dear! Is it tea-time already? We seem to have only just done dinner. It is so nice having somebody new to talk with."

But that was the first of many happy days; for Isla came to see me every day after that until I was well enough to limp downstairs into the pretty drawing-room, when she danced with delight, and showed me her canaries, her piano, and her books with the joyous excitement of a child. Very childish she seemed at times, though never silly; and, oh! how inexpressibly sweet and charming! Isla, my lovely little Isla!—my first love! Never shall I see your equal.

The old couple watched their darling with an eager jealousy that I resented, for it prevented me ever getting her alone for five minutes; and I imagined it was because they had read my secret. I did not take much pains to hide it indeed; for I saw with a lover's quickness how my darling's soft eyes drooped when they met mine, and how the colour deepened in her cheek when she saw me approaching.

They were days of perfect happiness, those August days, and my heart sank as they fled away, for I must go back to work by the thirty-first, and I dreaded the parting more than words can say, though I had made up my mind not to go without asking Doctor Mayo to give me his one pet lamb. I felt it was a cruel return to make for his having saved my life; but that life was valueless without Isla, and I would not part him from her. They might come and live near us, or with us, if I might not have her without.

Only one more day now, and I was determined to get a moment alone with Isla, to hear from her own lips what her eyes had already told me; and Fate for once was kind.

We were sitting on the lawn under a spreading beech tree, Isla arranging some flowers in a vase on the little rustic table by her side, and Mrs. Mayo knitting diligently on my left, when Alison approached with rapid steps, exclaiming—

"Will you come in for a minute, ma'am? Jane have cut her finger badly, and the master is out."

Mrs. Mayo gave one quick glance at her daughter, and then followed her old servant into the house. The moment was too precious to be lost, and, laying my hand on Isla's, I exclaimed—

"Isla, my darling, listen to me; we shall not have such a chance again. I want to tell you I must go on Saturday away from here, back to my work. Only tell me you love me, and that I may come back some day and carry you away with me. Isla, you do love me?"

Her great eyes were fixed on my face in grief and terror, as she answered, sadly—

"I do—I know I do; but don't go; or, you must go, take me with you. They will never let me go if they once know of it, and I shall die if you leave me."

I pressed her slight form tightly to me as I heard her sweet words, and kissed the tears from her upturned face.

"My darling, you know how gladly I would carry you away at this moment," I answered; "but what a return that would be to your father for all he has done for me! He will consent. I will not take 'No' for an answer."

"He cannot, he cannot," she cried, wringing her hands, "because of that terrible vow! Oh! you must not ask him, or he will take me right away and hide me. Hush! here comes mamma." Springing to her feet, she hurried away to a distant flower-bed to hide her tearful, burning face, leaving me with a strange foreboding of coming evil oppressing my heart.

All that evening she seemed to avoide me, and yet I caught her eyes many times fixed on me with a yearning misery that went through me like a knife. She cast looks of anxiety and fear at both Doctor and Mrs. Mayo, more especially the former, and went early to bed, saying she was tired.

I thought it cruel of her to shorten the few hours that were left us, but the poor child was so evidently upset that I blamed myself at times for having spoken to her without her father's consent. I longed and yet dreaded to ask what she meant by the "terrible vow," and lay tossing sleeplessly on my bed half through the night, dropping into a feverish sleep towards morning, so full of troubled dreams that I awoke less refreshed than if I had not closed my eyes at all.

Chapter III.

Doctor Mayo was out all that morning, attending a man who had broken his leg, and I wandered restlessly about the house and garden in all the misery of suspense. Isla seemed to avoid me, or, more properly speaking, to avoid being alone with me, for she kept close to her mother's side; and there was the same wild look of anxiety and grief in her great dark eyes as they rested on me from time to time. Once she passed close to me, murmuring eagerly—

"Do not speak to him; pray, pray do not!" and as I answered sadly, "I must, darling," she wrung her hands and swiftly left the room.

(To be Continued.)

"LA ROSA."

FAVORITE WALTZ.

Composed by JOHANN STRAU



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CONTENTS.

An excuse for a Song ..... page 674
All among the roses 676
A Secret! 677
BRIAN THE BRAVE 675
The Bonnie Hills of Scotland 675
By-gone Days 677
The Beggar's Lament 677
Dream, Baby, Dream 677
From the Valley you're going 677
GRAMACHREE AND PADDY WHACK 675
I wish I was young for the sake of the Ladies 674
The Irish Smugglers : or the Comical Keg ... 675
Kitty Brady and Dennis O'Connor 675
LET ME PRAY BEFORE I DIE 674
Lovely Night 677
Little Sweet-Heart, Come and Kiss me 676
Miss Hilton 674
My little Bunch of carrots 674
Nothing at all 674
Oh ! would I were a star! 677
Poor little Adelina 675
Peace be Still! 677
PAT ROACH AT THE PLAY 676
The Rose of Erin— words and Music 680
She was mad! — End of the Story .. 678—679
Squint-Eyed Molly Gee 674
Solitude 675
The Smuggler's Bride : or the Death of Susan 675
Sleep well, Thou sweet Angel! 677
Stay with me 677
The Star of Broadway 676
THERE'S BOUND TO BE A ROW 676
The Worse for being a bettor 675
Washington's grave 676
Washington, Star of the West 676
Whiskey, you're the Divil! 676

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Squint Eyed Molly Gee.

Written by Joseph Walker—Air: Bright Eyed Jenny Lee.

In my young days, when all was square,
I always felt so bright and gay:
To theatres and concert-halls
I ev'ry night did take my way.
The sweetest music filled the air,
The stage seemed Paradise to me:
The brightest actress on the stage
Was cruel squint eyed Molly Gee.
Molly Gee, oh! Molly Gee!
I cannot help but think of thee—
I fancied that thou did'st love me,
Thou cruel squint eyed Molly Gee!

The stage has from me faded now,
And ten unhappy years have flown,
Since Molly Gee did from me go
With some chap who's to me unknown.
I don't want her to see again,
I know she don't want me to see,
My prayers shall not for her arise,
That cruel squint eyed Molly Gee!
Molly Gee, &c.

Miss Hifton.

L. M. Thornton.

Hear my ditty,
Then me pity:
Once a courting I did go,
To Miss Hifton
Up at Clifton:
How she served me you shall know.

Just a year I
Loved her dearly,
And intended her to wed,
Took two rooms grand,
Out at Redland:
Oh! the thought nigh turns my head—

'Twas on a Sunday—
No—on Monday,
June the tenth the weather calm,
I at Clifton
Saw Miss Hifton
Leaning on a Bobby's arm.

He a beauty,
Just off duty,
Seemed as blithe as blithe could be:
"Heavens!" I uttered.
"Fool!" he muttered.
While Miss H. laughed heartily.

"Oh! Miss Hifton,
Why at Clifton
Did I your sweet features see?"
"Leave me now, sir,
Or I vow, sir,
That well pulled your nose shall be."

Home I speed then,
Nearly dead then,
And next day gave up, alas!
Those two rooms grand,
Out at Redland,
Taken for a faithless lass.

None believe me,
Shall deceive me
For the future oh! dear, no!
Joseph Dingle
Will live single,
And a-courting never go.

I wish I was Young For the Sake of the Ladies.

L. M. Thornton.

When I was a young man about one and twenty,
Of followers I can assure you I'd plenty:
The case now is altered, the truth must be told, sir:
It is because I, as you see, am grown old, sir.
How oft my mouth waters, when near me a maid is—
I wish I was young for the sake of the ladies!

I'm like a clock now with the works all affected:
I cannot keep time, so I'm not much respected.
But when seen by some that
my worth used to know, sir,
I hear them say: "He was a good 'un to go," sir.
How oft my mouth waters, when near me a maid is—
I wish I was young for the sake of the ladies!

"I wonder what causes my eyes to be so weak?" said a fop to a lady. "They are in a weak place," replied the latter.

My Leetle Bunch of Carrots.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams, the American Star Comique.

Oh! dell me, have you seen my Katharina?—
Dat darling leetle gal I love so well—
Vho told me dat she'd love me to substraction—
My darling leetle hunkey deitcher belle?
Ven away from her, I'm like a mackerel
Dat's out de vater vonce:
My heart is heavy, like a great pig dough-nut,
Und I feel like a dunce.
She has a face dat's all full of freckles,
Her hair is red, shust like a carrot too.
Put shtill I love dis darling leetle deitcher:
If I don't, I hope to pe cut right in two.
Her hair is red, put dat's not all,
Shust like some vater it does fall:
In her hair she vears a Russia turnip,
Und a sweet potatoe in her vater-fall,
Und I love me dis darling punch of carrots,
Dis darling leetle deitcher gal of all.

De first dime I met dis leetle darling,
'Dwas at a pic-nic oud at Kaiser's park.
Und I danced mit my darling Katharina,
Und pooty soon I gwick commenced to spark.
I dold her dat I loved her, oh! so muchly!
I couldn't say more dan dat:
Und if she vould love me shust a leetle,
I'd puy her a new hat.
She said dat she loved me very truly,
Und if I wanted for to kiss her, too, might:
I felt as habby as a pantam rooster,
Dat vas crowing after he has von a fight.
Her hair is red, &c.

Ve'll get spliced vén putter it gets cheaper,
Und ve'll give a great pig barty at our house:
Und if you'll only come und see me,
I'll introduce you to my darling spouse:
Und ven you see dis leetle peauty,
You'll say dat she's a queen.
Und she's shust as pooty as a pea-nut,
Put you know vat I mean—
I must leave you now and go to see her:
For, I promised for to call on her to-night,
Und I never preak my vord mit Katharina,
Pecause dat vouldn't pe exactly right.
Her hair is red, &c.

Let Me Pray Before I Die.

Sung by Fred Williams.

A poor motherless boy was found stowed away on board of an English steamer. He told the mate whose duty it was to look after such cases, that "he had been put aboard by a relative." The mate not believing the story, and suspecting some of the crew in the matter told the boy that he had two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life. "Oh! said the little boy, I've told all the truth, but let me pray before I die."

Sad and weary, far from home,
None to help or save him there:
Pale as angry ocean's foam,
Knelt the ragged boy in prayer,
Gently boved his noble head:
Mother watched him from the sky:
These the only words he said:
"Let me pray before I die."

Pale and tearful all around,
Hushed the noise of breeze and wave:
Cords are brought, his hands are bound,
All are silent as the grave.
Mild blue eyes are raised in prayer,
Death and parting bring no sigh:
Please one moment do but spare:
"Let me pray before I die."

Softened thus the sailor stood:
Lo! he heeds that pleading form:
Brave his heart, so kind and good,
Brightly fell the tear-drops warm.
Swiftly he flew as ocean birds,
There around the joyful cry,
Kissed the lips that breathed the words:
"Let me pray before I die."

Nothing at all.

As Sung by Frank Lum, the Great Sensational Comic Singer, with tremendous applause.

In Darry-down-dale, when I wanted a mate,
I went with my feyther a-courtin' to Kate:
With a nosegay so fine in my holiday clothes,
And my hands in my pockets a-courtin' I goes.
Now, the weather was cool, but my bosom was hot,
My heart in a gallop, my old mare in a trot,
And I was so bashful, so loving withal
My tongue stuck to my mouth and I said—nothing at all.
But I would if I could, if I couldn't, how could I?
I couldn't without it, now could I—could you?
Fol the rol de rol, lol de rol lol de ral lay,
Fol the rol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol lay.

When I came to the door, I looked glumpish and glum,
The rapper I held 'twixt my forefinger and thumb—
Rap, rap! went the rapper, Miss Kitty showed her chin:
She chuckled and buckled, I bowed and went in.
Now I was as bashful as bashful could be.
And Katty, poor girl, was as bashful as me;
She simpered and frowned, I let my hat fall,
I grinned, scratched my head, and said—nothing all.
But I would if I could, &c.

Now if bashful was I, not less bashful the maid:
She simpered and whimpered,
with her apron strings played.
Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed little Kitty and I should be one.
In silence we young ones soon got consent,
Hand in hand to the church, to get married, we went.
Where we answered the Parson, in voices quite small,
Love, honor, obey, and—nothing at all.
But we would if we could, &c.

Now what a change in the course of a week!
Miss Kate left off blushing, I hadn't couth speak,
I could play with my dearie, laugh loud at a jest:
She could coax, too, and fondle, as well as the best.
Ashamed of past follies, we often declare
We'll encourage young folks to have in wedlock a share
And if to their aid some assurance they call.
They may kiss, and get married, and do—nothing at all.
But they would if they could, &c.

'Twas in a Village Near Castlebury.

Dibdin.

'Twas in a village near Castlebury
A cobbler and his wife did dwell:
And for a time not too so merry
Their happiness no tongue can tell.
But to this couple, the neighbors tell us,
Something did happen that caused much strife:
For going to a neighb'ring ale-house,
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

But though he treated her so vilely,
What did his wife, good creature, do?
Kept snug, and found a method slily
To wring his heart quite through and through:
For, Dick the tapster and his master,
By the report that then was rife,
Were both in hopes, by this disaster,
To gain the cobbler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
And all their furniture was sold,
She seemed t'approve what each was doing,
And got from each a purse of gold.
So when the cobbler's cares were over,
He swore to lead an altered life,
To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
And love no other than his wife.

An Excuse for a Song.

Air: Haste to the Wedding.

You ask for a song, and indeed I'm quite sorry
I cannot oblige the good company here:
Were I to begin, you would find in a hurry
The guests would depart and
the coast would be clear:
They could not sit still to have their ears pestered
By such horrid notes, but away they would run
To some lone desert or valley sequestered,
And give that the preference fifty to one.

But since that you seem so desirous to hear me,
I now will endeavor—this trial's my best:
I sure shall be laughed at by those who sit near me,
And those afar off will make me their jest.
"A shepherd once tended his
flock on a mountain"—
Oh! that is too high for my voice by a tone:
"A maiden once sat by the side of a fountain—"
Oh! that is so low I shall never get done:
But by your permission I'll try at another—
"When echo's shrill voice
through the wood-lands doth ring—"
Oh! that is, if possible, worse than the other:
I beg you'll excuse me, I really can't sing.

Why should machinists be allowed to use tobacco? Because it's a small vice.

"Are oats good to eat, mother?" "Of course, they are, my son—good to eat mice."

How to get a-long well. Have it dug deep.

Kitty Brady and Dennis O'Connor.

In Ireland, that pretty place,
There lived a charming lady:
She was the talk of all her race,
Her name was Kitty Brady:
Out, one day, deep in love she fell,
'Tis true, upon my honor!
And swore she felt love's fatal spell
For young Dennis O'Connor.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

Now Dennis was as nate a lad
As any you could find, sir:
With grief his heart was never sad,
But always true and kind, sir.
As Kit and him would snugly sit,
And talk of things so frisky,
Young Dennis never did forget
To close his eyes with whisky.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

Now hot with love and whisky, too,
Without any more delay, sir,
To Father Swipes young Dennis flew
To name the wedding-day, sir.
Then soon this couple they were wed
Without bother or care, sir,
And then, at night, they went to bed,
And did what they pleased there, sir.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

Gramachree and Paddy Whack.

There was an Irish lad
Who loved a cloistered nun
And it made him very sad:
For, what was to be done?
He thought it was a big shame,
A most confounded sin,
That she could not get out at all,
And he could not get in.
Yet he went every day—he could do nothing more—
Yet he went every day to the convent door,
And he sung sweetly: Smallion, smallion, smallion,
And he sung sweetly: Smallion, gramachree,
and Paddy whack.

To catch a glimpse of her,
He played a thousand tricks:
The iron bolts he tried to stir,
And he gave the wall some kicks:
He stamped, he raved, he sighed, he prayed,
And many times he swore:
"Och! the devil take the iron bolts—
The devil take the door!"
Yet he went ev'ry day—he made it a rule—
Yet he went ev'ry day, and he looked like a fool,
Though he sung sweetly: Smallion, &c.

One morn, she left her bed,
Because she could not sleep,
And to the window sped
To take a little peep.
And what did she do then?
I'm sure you'll think it right—
She bade the honest lad good-day!
She bade the nuns good-night!
Tenderly she flew kind to all he had to say,
Then jumped into his arms and so they ran away,
And they sung sweetly: Smallion, &c.

Brian the Brave.

Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er,
Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkorah no more!
That star of the field which so often has poured
Its beam on the battle, is set—
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when nature embellished the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smiles we shall never resign,
Go tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions who stood
In the days of distress by our side:
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirred not, but conquered and died—
The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain—

The Worse for Being a Bettor.

Written by Ramsay—Sung by William Randall.

Air: Poor Mary Ann.

Only see the ups and downs
Of a flash betting swell:
Fortune's smiles have turned to frowns
Of a poor betting swell.
Once high in the stirrups I did flash it,
In fashion's togs did gaily dash it,
Till bad luck came and that
Poor betting swell.

First I seemed to make good each stake then,
Gay betting swell:
I thought I was quite wide awake then,
Gay betting swell:
But on the cross I got well shaken
Went the whole hog and was mistaken,
And found I couldn't save my bacon,
Done betting swell!

Now, young fellows, mark what passes
From a broken down swell:
If you bet on horses, don't act like asses,
Like a broken down swell.
So you who now the race list getting,
Look at me and shun great betting:
For, you are certain to be let in
Like this betting swell.

SPOKEN: Here I stand a melancholy example of horse-racing: the cove what run the race and wasn't a winner. (TURNS OUT EMPTY POCKETS.) Ah! there is no change about me but yet there is great alterations My bad habits stick to me: I have been a bettor. Now they say there is always a change for the better—Well, I can't well change for the worse. If I had never been a bettor, it would have been better for me: for, now bad is the best.

Solitude.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this early tear to flow:
It is not grief that makes me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home:
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed:
I would not be a leaf to die,
Without recording sorrow's sigh.

The woods and winds with sullen wail
Tell all the same unvaried tale:
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I weep, to weep with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That looks on me, and loves me, too:
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

The Bonnie Hills of Scotland.

Words and Music by G. Linley.

O'er the bonnie hills of Scotland,
Where sports the summer bee
How oft in youth's bright time I roved
With heart so gay and free!

The blooming heath and pale blue bell
In my bonnet then I wore:
Oh! mem'ry holds no fonder theme
Than those happy days of yore.

Scotia! land of chiefs and song,
Oh! what charms to thee belong!
Oft I sigh but sigh in vain,
To greet thy purple hills again—

The bonnie hills of Scotland,
I never more may see:
Oh! no spot so dear in the world's wide range,
As those bonnie hills to me!

Oh! the bonnie hills of Scotland,
Oft doth fancy's dream restore,
With the hearts I prized, the faithful friends,
Now linked to me no more.

Some change, perhaps, o'er all has come,
Could I love's circle view:
And my anxious eye might look in vain
For some loved form it knew.

Scotland! childhood's happy home,
The warrior's bed, the martyr's tomb:
Oft I sigh, but sigh in vain
To roam thy bonnie hills again—

The Smuggler's Bride: or the Death of Susan.

[A Sequal to the celebrated Song of "Will Watch"—by Upton.]

'Twas the girl that Will Watch the bold smuggler loved dearly,
Heaved a sigh, and turned pale,
when she heard of his death:
For, ne'er was affection returned more sincerely
Than that by his Susan while Susan had breath.
Brave Will prized her merits far more than her beauty,
Though Susan was lovely as lovely could be!
But merit with Will was a jewel and duty,
To love and to fight for, at home or at sea.

'Twas her hand tied his handkerchief
when they last parted:
'Twas her bosom pressed his as they stood on the beach:
'Twas his lips that kissed off the fond
tear-drop that started,
And did for his Susan each blessing beseech!
Will swore nought in life their attachment could sever,
His heart was his Susan's by land or by sea:
"Yet, should it so happen we now part for ever,
Then wed some good fellow, and love him for me!"

He spoke—fled, and fought aye, and died like a man, too:
For, Will was soon cut off at Destiny's call:
Yet the boast of his crew is, (and truly they can, too,)
How dearly Will Watch was beloved by them all!
The news of his fate, with reluctance and sorrow,
The very next day to his Susan they bore:
She heard it and frenzy her wits seemed to borrow—
She smiled, looked around her—but never spoke more.

In the grave, with the lad that she both lived and died for,
Were laid the remains of the girl he loved dear:
And while to his memory his mates heave a sigh for,
Each lover will give to his Susan a tear.
Not a flint marks the spot where their bones lie enshrouded,
Yet the earth is held sacred and dear by the crew:
And often right off, by the moonbeams, unclouded,
Is a tear dropped for Will, and his Susan so true—

The Irish Smugglers: or the Comical Keg.

From Brighton two Paddies walked under the cliff,
For pebbles and shells to explore:
When, lo! a small barrel was dropped from a skiff,
Which floated at length to the shore.

Says Dermot to Pat: "we the owner will bilk,
To-night we'll be merry and frisky:
I know it as well as my own mother's milk,
Dear joy! 'tis a barrel of whisky."

Says Pat: "I'll soon broach it, O fortunate lot!
(Now I'st, you must know, was a joker)
I'll go to Tom Murphy, who lives in the cot,
And borrow his kitchen hot poker."

'Twas said, and 'twas done—the barrel was bored,
(No Bacchanals ever felt prouder,)
When Paddy found out a small error on board—
The whisky, alas! was gunpowder!

With sudden explosion, he flew o'er the ocean,
And high in air sported a leg:
Yet instinct prevails when philosophy fails,
So he kept a tight hold of the keg.

But Dermot bawled out, with a terrible shout:
"I'm not to be chous'd, Master Wiseman:
If you do not come down, I'll run into the town,
And, by Jasus! I'll tell the exciseman."

Poor Little Adeline.

(Cross.)

Dorothea was handsome, her teeth white as snow,
In her cheeks did the rose and the lily combine:
Her lips crimson coral, eyes as black as a sloe,
And her lovers and looking-glass called her divine.
But never content, with two sweethearts coquetting,
With one and the other a long time she played,
Till some how deserted she took to hard fretting,
And poor little Dorothy died an old maid.

Margaretta, the prude, like a maypole, was tall,
As majestic a charmer as eyes ever saw:
From rudeness her looks would her lovers appal,
And so stately she walked, and she man kept in awe:
Two swains she tormented, till somehow unblinking,
Like pussey too long with the nibblers she played,
And deserted, I don't know how, took to hard drinking,
So tall Margaretta, too, died an old maid.

Fifitella, the witty, Prudentia the grave,
And half-a-score more callow virgins they call,
Who could ne'er be contented with one loving slave,
Till, alack! they were doomed to have no slave at all:
I too, have been wrong but to mend will begin though
The first match that offers Fates will be played:
For, I'm sure it would be both a shame and a sin to
Let poor little Adeline die an old maid.

Little Sweetheart, Come And Kiss Me.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH. Music by W. H. BROCKWAY.

As sung by GUS WILLIAMS.

The Music of this Song is published by WHITE & GOULLAUD, 86 Tremont Street, Boston. Price 35 cents.

Little sweetheart, come and kiss me,
Just once more before I go:
Tell me truly, will you miss me,
As I wander to and fro?
Let me feel the tender pressing
Of your ruby lips to mine,
With your dimple hands caressing,
And your snowy arms entwine.
Chorus: Ah! little sweetheart, come and kiss me,
Come and whisper, sweet and low!
That your heart will sadly miss me,
As I wander to and fro.

Little sweetheart, come and kiss me,
We may never meet again!
We may never roam together
Down the dear old shady lane!
Future years may bring us sorrow,
That our hearts but little know:
Still of care we should not borrow—
Come and kiss me ere I go.
Ah! little sweetheart, come and kiss me,
Come and whisper, sweet and low!
That your heart will sadly miss me,
As I wander to and fro.

Whiskey, You're The Divil.

Composed and sung by the great JERRY BARRINGTON.

Music published by E. H. HARDING 288 Bowery, New York.

Now, brave boys, we're on for marching
Off to Portugal and Spain;
Drums are beating, colors flying,
Divil a home we'll go again:
Love, farewell!

CHORUS.

With my real royal al da dah, with my real
royal al da dah,
My real royal addy, oh! there's whiskey in the jar:
Oh! whiskey, you're the divil, you've led me astray:
Over hills and over mountains, and out of the way—
You're stronger, sweeter, decenter, and spunkyer
than tea:
Oh! whiskey, you're my darling, drunk or sober.

Says the mother: "do not wrong me,
Do not take my daughter from me:
For, if you do, I will torment you,
And after death, my ghost will haunt you:"
Love, farewell! Chorus.

Now, the drums are beating boldly,
Men are dying, hot and coldly;
Give every man his flask of powder,
And his firelock on his shoulder:
Love, farewell! Chorus.

Washington's Grave.

Disturb not his slumbers: let Washington sleep
'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep:
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars in the dark vaulted heaven at night—
Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore—
On the river's green border, so flowery drest,
With the hearts he loved fondly, let Washington rest!

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around:
'Tis the grave of the Freeman, 'tis Liberty's mound—
Thy name is immortal, our freedom ye won,
Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington!
Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest, calmly rest on his dear native shore,
While the Stars and the Stripes of our country
shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave!

Why is a PRIMA DONNA like a jeweller?—Because she may be called a dealer in precious (s)tones.

Children are the to-morrow of society.

The Star of Broadway.

As revised and sung by HARRY SAUNDERS, the London Comic.

I am one of those curious, jovial, young bricks,
That don't care a jot whatever's my lot:
I can toss off a glass, though I'm not a sot,
Or a slave to that beverage quite:
In society, there appearance I keep,
And don't indulge too much in wine,
But at night, boys, I roam while others do sleep:
For, in Broadway, why! this star does shine—

CHORUS.

For, I am the star of Broadway, ha, ha!
Of Broadway, ha, ha! of Broadway, ha, ha!
For, I am the star of Broadway, ha, ha!
And shine most at night, my dear boys, hurrah!

I drive to the race, with my four in hand:
Like the best in the land, I cut it grand—
Right down the road till I reach the grand stand,
Where my place is already marked out.
I draw forth my pencil, pocketbook follows suit,
And to make a short book I begin:
With black legs, my boys, I never bet,
But stand an honest chance for to win.
For, I am, &c.

My time all I can the ladies annoy,
To their perfect joy, I make them my toy:
When I've naught else to do, I'm sure for to find
A little mischief to do, I declare:
I can crack a good joke or smoke a segar,
Or at billiards for a five I will play:
There's none can equal this Broadway star,
So for me, why! you must clear the way—
For, I am, &c.

Pat Roach at the Play.

The Music of this song can be obtained for 10 cents of E. H. HARDING, 288 Bowery.

As Pat Roach and the Missus, from Galway,
In Dublin once happened to be.
To the playhouse they went one fine evening,
Determined diversion to see.
But, says Pat as he entered, "there's no one."
"Pay here!" cried a voice. "Holy murther!
Says Pat, there's a man in the wall."
"Pay here!" cries a voice. "Holy murther!
Says Pat there's a man in the wall."

The missus she looked all around her,
In wonder her eyes they did roll,
But says she "Paddy darling, alanna,
He is here like a rat in a hole:
Pay here how much is it?" "a shilling."
"A shilling apiece, that won't do;
'Tis too much, Mister Pay here avourneen,
Eighteen pince I will give you for two:
'Tis too much, Mister Pay here avourneen,
Eighteen pince I will give you for two."

Pat grumbled but paid and got seated,
The band was beginning to play,
He jigged on his seat quite elated,
And to the musicians did say:
"'Tis yer selves that can do it me bouchals,
And I wish to ye's wid all me mind
To the fiddlers more power to your elbows,
Mister bugler, Heav'n spare ye, yer wind,
To the fiddlers more power to your elbows,
Mister bugler, Heav'n spare ye, yer wind."

The play then went on and Pat wondered,
And sat with his mouth open wide,
As the proud haughty Lord of the Manor
Sought to make the fair maiden his bride;
"To the mountains" says he "I will bare thee."
She shrieked as she saw him approach:
"Is there no one at hand now to save me?"
Shouts a voice: "yis me darlin Pat Roach."

Then up on the spot jumped brave Paddy.
Says he "now, you blackguard, be gone,
Or a lord though you be tin times over,
I'll knock your two eyes into one:—
"Sit down there in front!" "what you spalpeen
Is it me you thus dare to address?
Do you think that Pat Roach would sit easy,
And see that poor girl in distress?"

A scuffle ensued last minute
But soon sure the row did subside.
And as Pat jumped for breath he discovered
Of the door he was on the wrong side.
He soon found the missus next morning
They started for home and Pat swore
If he once safely landed in Galway
He'd come up to Dublin no more.

Let a man be treated as a brute, and he will become more brutish than a brute; but as a rational being, and he will show that he is so.

Washington, Star of the West.

There's a Star in the West that will never go down,
Till the records of valor decay:
We must worship its light: for, it is our own,
And liberty bursts in its ray.
Shall the name of Washington ever be heard
By a freeman and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the name
Of Washington, Star of the West?

War! war to the knife—be enthralled or ye die!
Was the echo that waked up the land;
But it was not this frenzy that promoted the cry,
Nor rashness that kindled the brand—
He threw back the fetters he headed the strife,
Till man's charter was firmly restored:
Then he prayed for the moment when liberty and life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh! his laurels were pure, and his patriotic name
In the pages of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hoffer and Tell!
Then cherish his memory, the brave and the good,
At Mount Vernon the hero now rests:
Peace. Peace to his ashes—our father is dead!
Great Washington. Star of the West!

There's Bound to be a Row.

Sung by Miss JENNIE ENGEL.

I'm a poor unlucky married man,
I've got an awful wife:
To please her I do all I can.
But still she plagues my life.
If I do everything that's right,
She'll find a fault some how,
And if not in at eight, each night,
There's bound to be a row.
Chorus: There's bound to be a row,
Bound to be a row:
Do all in life to please my wife,
Yet there's bound to be a row.

She makes me do the household work
When I come home at night:
If I cough or sneez when going to bed,
Of course, that is not right.
If she should wake the young ones up,
With rage she'll storm. I vow,
And if I snore too hard for her,
Why, there's bound to be a row.
There's bound, &c.

She wakes me early, every morn,
In an awful cruel way:
She kicks me round about the room,
Yet not a sentence dare I say.
I have to wash my stockings,
My pants and shirts, I vow,
And if I don't wash for her as well,
There's bound to be a row. There's bound, &c.

And when I'm paid my wages,
After working hard all week,
I give her every farthing up,
And then she's got the cheek
To give me two pence for myself,
And for that I have to bow:
But if I spend it all at once,
There's bound to be a row. There's bound, &c.

All Among the Roses.

SONG AND DANCE—Poetry and Melody by W. H. DELEHANTY.

In an Ivy-covered cottage,
Hidden back of oaken trees,
Lives a lovely little maiden,
Blythe and happy as you please,
Where upon a low veranda
Every summer's eventide,
I sit amid the flowers fair,
Camillia by my side.
Chorus: All among the roses,
Making sweet proposes—
Lovely, laughing soul bewitching,
Sweet Camillia May:
Captivating, aggravating,
Never tired of play—
Flitting like a little birdie,
Happy, light and gay:
Kill me or I'll die with love
For sweet Camillia May:

There's a pretty white camelia
Ever glowing in her hair,
Lovely violets and roses
Blooming in her face so fair:
Little stars and merry sunshine
In her eyes so bright and gay,
And a choir of angels singing
In the voice of Milly May. All among, &c.

Now, forget not to remember
When in love you chance to be,
Try and keep in all your feelings
Not act foolishly like me:
For I live on hoping, dreaming
Of a coming joyous day
When I'll make of one Camillia
Such a lovely sweet bouquet. All among &c.

Peace be Still!

Words and Music by E. Bowcott.

SACRED SONG.

When thine heart with sorrow acheth,
Peace, Peace be still!
When the sad lone mem'ry waketh,
Peace, Peace be still!
List to music softly stealing,
O'er life's ocean sweetly pealing,
Jesu's voice with balm and healing,
Peace, Peace be still!
Peace, Peace be still!

When the wave and billow rolleth,
Peace, Peace be still!
This the word which us consoleth
Peace, Peace be still!
When life's battle fiercely rageth,
Foe with deadly hatred wageth,
Ever this our heart engageth,
Peace, Peace be still!
Peace, Peace be still!

He can walk upon the ocean,
Peace, Peace be still!
He can quell its wild commotion,
Peace, Peace be still!
Soon shall we behold his glory,
Sing with joy the wondrous story:
So till grace is crowned with glory:
Peace, Peace be still!
Peace, Peace be still!

Sleep well, thou Sweet Angel!

Music by Franz Abt.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No. 360 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

The bells are hushed, the world is still,
The sounds of toil are heard no more:
The bird has ceased his tuneful song,
And heav'n with stars is spangled o'er:
Sleep well, sleep well, and let thy lovely eye-lids close:
Sleep well, sleep well, dear angel, sweet be thy repose!

Oh! did'st thou think of me to-day?
The thought of thee my heart could fill,
And now to breathe a fond good-night,
Beside thy door I linger still.
Sleep well, sleep well, and let thy lovely eye-lids close:
Sleep well, sleep well, dear angel, sweet be thy repose!

There comes to thee from heav'nly realms
A holy messenger to-night,
He brings you bright and peaceful dreams,
Till you awake in morning's light.
Sleep well, sleep well, and let thy lovely eye-lids close:
Sleep well, sleep well, dear angel, sweet be thy repose!

Stay with Me.

Words and Music by Franz Abt.

The Music of this song is published by S. T. Gordon, 706 Broadway, New-York City.

See the flowers, their heads are drooping,
The golden Sun is near the West:
Leave me not with heart desponding,
Thou my dearest, loveliest, best:
Stay with me, when all the woods are still,
Love can shield you yet from ev'ry ill:
Stay with me, when all the woods are still,
Love can shield you yet from ev'ry ill.

I have loved thee well and fondly,
All my soul was given to thee:
Oh! believe that I am happy,
Wilt thou only smile on me.
Stay with me, when all the woods are still:
Love can shield you yet from ev'ry ill:
Stay with me, when all the woods are still:
Love can shield you yet from ev'ry ill.

Trust not yonder world of sorrow,
Heartless is that world and cold:
The garb of truth may borrow,
All that glistens is not Gold:
Stay with me, when all the woods are still:
Love can shield you yet from ev'ry ill:
Stay with me, when all the woods are still:
Love can shield you yet from ev'ry ill.

From the Valley You're Going.

Words by Frank W Green—Music by Anthony Nish.

From the valley they tell me you're going,
I shall miss your blue eyes and sweet smile:
For, alas! you take with you the sunshine
That has brightened my pathway a-while.
'Tis a long time, you know, I have waited
For the word that you never would say..
But now ev'ry fond hope has vanished:
For, they tell me you're going away—

CHORUS.

From the valley they tell me you're going,
I shall miss your blue eyes and sweet smile:
For, alas! you take with you the sunshine
That has brightened my pathway a-while,
That has brightened my pathway a-while.

Do you think of the valley you're leaving,
And how lonely and drear it will be?
Do you think of the heart you are breaking,
And the sadness that's shadowing me?
Then consider again, ere you leave us:
Do not haste so to bid us adieu—
But think of the bright little valley,
And the boy who has ever been true—
From the valley, &c.

By-Gone Days.

Words by Martin Cawood—Music by W. H. Weiss.

I think of thee and those bright hours,
When life was strewed with fairest flowers,
Ere care and sorrow yet were known,
And love and hope were all our own.
I think of thee—and as I dwell
On youthful love's enchanting spell,
I live again a life of bliss,
Nor wish a brighter world than this.

CHORUS.

I think of thee and those bright hours,
When life was strewed with fairest flowers,
Ere care and sorrow yet were known,
And love and hope were all our own,
Love and hope were all our own,
Love and hope were all our own.

I think of thee, and in my mind
A Heav'n of purest bliss I find:
And, oh! as long as thou art there,
How can I languish and despair?
As long as ling'ring hope remains,
As long as life one thought retains,
That cherished thought shall ever be
Of by-gone days, of love and thee—
I think of thee, &c.

Dream, Baby, Dream.

Words by Barry Cornwall—Music by Virginia Gabriel.

The Music is published by Boosey & Co., No. 32 E. 14th Street, New-York.

Dream, baby, dream, the stars are glowing:
Hear'st thou the stream? 'tis softly flowing.
All gently glide the hours:
Above no tempest lowers:
Below are fragrant flowers
In silence growing.
Sleep, baby, sleep till dawn to-morrow:
Why should'st thou weep,
who know'st no sorrow?
Too soon come pains and fears,
Too soon a cause for tears—
So from thy future years
No sadness borrow.

Dream, baby, dream, thine eye-lids quiver,
Know'st thou the theme of yonder river?
It saith: "Be calm, be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure:
So shall thy life endure,
Like mine, for ever—
So shall thy life endure,
Like mine for ever!"

Some men have little coin in their purse, but this is made up in abundance of brass in the countenance.

Oh! would I were a Star!

Words by J. M. Heppell—Music by Carlo Minasi.

Oh! would I were a star,
Bright beaming down on thee,
And from those realms afar
Could raise thy thoughts to me—
How blissful it would be,
Through the long silent night,
Communing, love, with thee,
Beneath the moon's pale light!
While heaven's soft winds were blowing,
With music low and sweet,
Our hearts with pleasure glowing,
We nightly, love, would meet.
Oh! would I were a star,
Bright beaming down on thee,
And from those realms afar
Could raise thy thoughts,
thy thoughts to me—

Oh! would that I could shine
On thee from worlds above,
And feel that thou wert mine,
My own, my only love:
For, distance cannot chill
The love I feel for thee,
Nor love from others fill
The heart that beats for thee—
And when thine eyes are closing,
I'll sing thee, love, to sleep,
And while thou art reposing,
O'er thee my vigils keep—
Oh! would that I could shine
On thee from worlds above,
And feel that thou art mine,
My own, my only, my only love.

Lovely Night.

Lovely night! lovely night!
They have called thee dark and drear,
But the light, but the light
Is to me not half so dear.
For, though the sun-light gladsome seems,
Too oft it brings but tears alone—
But circled with thy fairy dreams,
How many joys my heart hath known!
Lovely night! lovely night!
They have called thee dark and drear,
But the light, but the light
Is to me not half so dear.

Lovely night! lovely night!
Though thy dews may be thy tears,
Yet how bright, yet how bright
From thy grief the world appears!
The flowers that before, at noon,
Had faded with the sun's warm ray,
When smiled on by the gentle moon,
Revive to bless the coming day.

The Beggar's Lament.

By Mallet.

O mercy! heaven's first attribute,
Whose care embraces man and brute:
Behold me where I shivering stand:
Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
To want and age, disease and pain,
That all in one sad object reign—

Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
Existence is to me a curse:
Yet how to close this weary eye!
By my own hand I dare not die:
And Death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the last and sound repose,
Death does at dreadful distance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep.

A Secret!

T'other day, John Trot thus nicely did intend
To draw a secret from his honest friend—
"Come, Tom, said he, now tell me: on my life,
If you tell me, I'LL ONLY TELL MY WIFE!"
"Oh! no, said Tom, if to your wife you show it,
I'm sure and certain ALL THE WORLD WILL KNOW IT!"

SHE WAS MAD!

(*Continued.*)

Doctor Mayo returned home to dinner, and I hung about, watching for an opportunity to speak with him, while poor little Isla, in her vain efforts to frustrate me, kept close to his side.

But I was not to be baulked. I could neither leave her nor take her without her father's full consent, and, becoming desperate as the afternoon wore away—my last afternoon—I said boldly, in spite of Isla's presence and Mrs. Mayo's—

"Will you give me a few minutes' private conversation, Doctor Mayo, in your study? I must leave you to-morrow morning, and I have something to say before I do so."

Isla sprang forward and caught his arm.

"No, no, no!" she cried, wildly. "He must not speak with you! Do not let him, papa, please do not!"

He did not seem surprised at her strange behaviour, though a look of intense pain crossed his pale features; but, putting her gently aside, he said soothingly—

"My darling, I will not be long. I must hear what Mr. Stanhope has to say." Then, with a motion to me to follow him, he left the room.

Did he know what was coming? I thought then that he did, and it helped me to begin my subject. Shutting the door and locking it behind him, he signed to me to be seated, and stood waiting for me to speak.

"Doctor Mayo," I began, "I fancy you guess what I am going to say, and it can scarcely surprise you if you do not, knowing, as you must, the beauty and attractions of your child."

He started, and a faint flush tinged his cheek, but he did not speak, and I went on—

"I have been for nearly three weeks under your roof, and we have seen a good deal of each other during the time. You must know that it is impossible to see much of her and not to love her; and I do love her, Doctor Mayo, most truly and deeply. My means are ample. Will you give her to me?"

He stood gazing at me with an expression that made my heart beat slowly—grief, surprise, anger, all at once; and his voice was hoarse and trembling as he exclaimed—

"Stop, for pity's sake, Mr. Stanhope! It cannot be, it cannot be! Is it possible you do not know? Oh, great Heaven!"

He sat down and buried his face in his hands, overcome with emotion.

Alas! Isla was right; but what did it mean? Feeling utterly bewildered and miserable, I said—

"I know nothing, Doctor Mayo. How should I? When I spoke to your daughter yesterday, she said you would never consent because of some terrible vow. What did she mean?"

"My poor child, my poor Isla!" he murmured, in broken accents, and great tears, the bitter tears of a strong man's agony, welled through his fingers, and fell slowly on the ground. It was distressing to see, and though my own heart was heavy enough, I repented ever having spoken.

"Forgive me, Doctor Mayo," I said, earnestly; "I had no notion I should have pained you so deeply, or I would have held my tongue for ever."

He was silent for several minutes, striving to regain his composure, and I rose and walked to the window, waiting patiently till he could speak. It seemed strange to me the sun shining so peacefully over everything, the birds singing, the gardener raking a distant bed, everything just the same as usual, whilst to me all life was changed, and happiness, as I imagined, gone for ever from my heart.

Presently Doctor Mayo rose, and, approaching me, laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Mr. Stanhope," he said, in a very low voice which still trembled painfully, "I cannot tell you the reason why it is impossible that my child must never marry. It is a grief too great to be spoken of; one that has clouded my life and driven me away from the world to hide myself in this solitude from every eye. I will write it, and give you the letter to-morrow morning when you leave my house—when I know that we shall never meet again. Will this satisfy you?"

"It must," I answered, wearily. "But, Doctor Mayo, believe me, if I have to wait for years, I shall be true to her. There can scarcely be an obstacle that will not yield to time."

He shook his head sadly.

"Do not hope. She can never, never be your wife."

He walked to the door and unlocked it, and after I had passed through, fastened it once more behind me.

I walked like a man in a dream up the narrow stairs, to try to collect my thoughts in my room. In the darkening passage that led to it I met Isla, wild, almost fierce-looking.

"I was right," she whispered, hurriedly, "he utterly refused his consent."

I did not answer in words, but pressed a miserable passionate kiss on her white face and turned away. She caught my arm.

"Mr. Stanhope—Frere!" she cried, piteously; "will you leave me for ever? Will you give me up quite?"

"Not if there is any hope in waiting for you, my darling," I replied, sadly. "It will almost kill me to lose you, Isla, but I would rather die a thousand times than repay Doctor Mayo for saving my life by stealing his one treasure."

"You are quite determined?" she said, in a strange, short manner.

"Quite," I answered, firmly.

"And you go to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, by the early train from Barton. Would to Heaven I had never come here, or had died on that hill!" and, with one long kiss on the cold, pale lips, I turned away and entered my room.

What a miserable evening it was! I remained in my room until Alison came to tell me the tea was ready; and then, though I knew I could eat nothing, I went down that I might not lose my last moments with Isla.

What a strange, unintelligible being she was! Never had she been brighter or more full of her pretty childish gaiety than she was that evening. There was a restless look in her great dark eyes, a bright flush on her cheeks, that made her look more exquisitely lovely than I had ever seen her, but no trace of the hopeless grief she had shown just now. Doctor Mayo did not appear. He was busy, he sent word, and Alison was to bring him a cup of tea in the library.

I do not know how I got through that evening, for, the brighter Isla was, the more utterly miserable did I feel; but—

Be the day weary, and never so long,
At length it ringeth to evensong,

—and it came to an end at last. I wished Mrs. Mayo and Isla good night for the last time, and sought my room, to pass the long sleepless hours in such misery as I hope I may never know again.

CHAPTER IV. AND LAST.

I was downstairs next morning by eight o'clock, and found old Alison preparing my breakfast. The old woman looked pale and worn, and I asked her if she had been kept awake by the toothache again.

"No, sir, thank you," she answered. "It was Miss Isla. She weren't well in the night; but, thank the gude God, she has dropped into a nice sleep now, and told me not to come to her till she rings her bell."

"Poor little darling!" I thought, sadly; "she battled it out bravely last night to spare me pain, and succumbed when I was no longer by. Heaven grant she may not wake till I am far away! And yet what would I not give for one last word—one parting kiss!"

I strove hard to swallow some breakfast, but it was a miserable failure; and rising at last, I buckled on my knapsack and prepared to start. Barton was only three miles off, but I was obliged to allow myself a full hour to do it in, for my foot was not quite well yet, and I should probably have to rest by the way.

Just as I reached the hall door, Doctor Mayo joined me, his pale face and heavy eyes evincing that he had passed as weary a night as I had. He put a letter in my hand, saying—

"There is what I promised you. Heaven help you to bear it! I can only wish we had never met; but you are young, and will learn to forget it. Good-bye."

He wrung my hand, and walked away without listening to my abrupt thanks for all his kindness; and, putting the letter in my pocket, I strode rapidly away from Deepdale Farm.

Half way up the hill I turned to take a last look at the scene of so much happiness and misery. There stood the old red house half hidden by trees, the blue smoke curling lazily up from its tall chimneys, looking the picture of peace, but containing so much grief. I could see Isla's window, with the white curtains drawn close across, framed in the old pear-tree that nearly covered that side of the house; and I pictured the lovely young face sleeping peacefully on its pillow till my heart felt as if it would burst with the anguish of knowing I should see it no more; and groaning aloud I hurried on, not daring to look round till I reached the other side of the hill, and the house was hidden from my sight.

It was a lovely, misty Autumn morning, and the country around me was perfect in its beauty; but I had no eyes for its charms. I was only thankful for the utter solitude, that no passing stranger might read the misery that I knew was written on my face.

There was no one on the little platform when I reached the station except an old man and woman on their way to the market in the neighboring town, and I was glad to hear the train approaching as I took my ticket. I wanted to get away; and I wanted to be quiet that I might read my letter, the seal of which I had not broken. I was thankful, therefore, to find an empty compartment, and, jumping in, I locked it after me, regardless of byrules, and settled myself in the farther corner, knowing that the only other passengers—the old countryman and his wife—were not likely to travel first class.

Alas for my hopes! As the starting bell rang, the guard hastily opened the door and, regardless of my exclamation of disgust, hurried a lady in, blew his whistle, and sprang into his van. A few puffs and snorts and we were off, and as we cleared the station my unwelcome companion flung herself in my arms, and Isla's sweet voice exclaimed—

"Frere, Frere, forgive me! I could not stay behind!"

For some minutes I could not speak. The reaction was so great that, after believing I had looked my last on her for ever, and now finding her once more in my arms, I could only strain her to me, and rain kisses on her lovely little face.

"You would not run away with me, so I was obliged to run away with you," she said, laughing merrily as she looked gaily up in my face. "Are you very angry with me?"

"My own darling, how can I be?" I answered, scarcely able to control my voice. "And yet what will your father think of me? Oh! Isla, my love, would to Heaven you were back at Deepdale, though my heart nearly broke when I thought I had left you there for ever!"

"But he is not my father," she said, freeing herself and looking out of the window with a troubled face; "and the sin is mine, not his. It is I who have broken the vow, for he tried his best, his very best to keep me true to it. But I could not help it. I felt last night that I would rather face the wrath of Heaven than give you up. Why should I suffer for my father's sin? Surely I am not bound by his rash vow," and her dark eyes flashed like stars as she clenched her hands tightly together.

I felt bewildered once more. What was this dreadful vow that was to debar this lovely young creature from all the joys of life? It could not be one that ought to be kept; and, alas! I felt, like her, that I would risk even the wrath of Heaven sooner than relinquish all hope of calling her mine. She turned to me with a look of amazement as I implored her to explain.

"You must know," she answered slowly. "Everybody has heard of Jephthah's rash vow."

"Yes, of course," I answered eagerly—"what of that?"

She turned her beautiful dark eyes on me with a look I shall never forget, and, laying her hand on my arm, said in low thrilling tones—

"I am Jephthah's daughter!"

A low cry of utter horror broke from me as the

truth forced itself upon my mind. She was mad! In a moment all was clear— her father's grief, her stiffly manner, his assertion that she could never be my wife; and, burying my face in my hands, I sank back in my seat completely stunned by the terrible blow.

Why had I been so blind, so terribly blind, when all was so fearfully distinct now? And now what was I to do? I felt with keen agony that, loving her as madly as I did, I could not make her my wife. It was, as Doctor Mayo had truly said, an obstacle that would not yield to time; for even were she completely cured, how could I make her the mother of my children, to perpetuate in all probability the terrible curse of insanity?

She sat perfectly silent opposite me, apparently well pleased with the effect her words had produced: for, when I looked up she smiled and said—

"You did not know it was as dreadful as that, did you?"

"Indeed I did not," I answered with a shudder, trying to form some plan in my mind for restoring her to her parents.

"But, Isla," I continued, very gently, "I am not so brave as you are. I dare not incur Heaven's wrath by making you my wife. We must part, my darling, bitter as it is."

She looked at me in silent dismay for some seconds; then with a sudden bound she sprang to the other end of the carriage and opened the door.

"Sit still!" she cried as I moved towards her, her eyes flashing wildly, and her lovely face as white as death. "Make one step towards me, and I will jump out!"

I sank back, paralysed with horror, and she went on fiercely—

"Your love is not equal to mine, then? You would have me keep that cruel, impious vow? You would send me back to Deepdale, would you?"

"What else can I do, Isla?" I asked, at my wits' end. "Dare you fly in the face of Heaven?"

"Yes, I dare," she said in the same fierce tone; "for— listen!—if you do not swear solemnly that you will not send me back, that you will marry me at the first town we come to, I will spring out of the train this moment. Do not try to stop me; I can jump before you can reach me, and I will!"

She held the door wider open, and as I hesitated I saw the hedges flying past, the telegraph posts blurred into one white mass, so swift was the speed at which we were going. She would be dashed to atoms, and I should be her murderer. But then how could I take the oath that she dictated? Should I be justified in breaking it?"

Only for one moment I doubted. It could not be binding under the circumstances, and to refuse would be to have her death on my hands.

"I will not send you back, Isla darling," I said, soothingly. "Come and sit down, and do not talk so wildly."

"Swear!" she said, without moving; and with a silent prayer for forgiveness I repeated—

"I swear."

Then she shut the door, and came quietly back to her seat, a happy light shining in her eyes that made her look inexpressibly lovely.

How utterly miserable it made me to look at her and know we were parted for ever! In spite of all, I loved her still so dearly. I held her tiny hand fast in mine to prevent a recurrence of the terrible scene, and tried to think calmly as she prattled as quietly and merrily as ever.

How was I to restore her to her father without arousing her suspicions? She seemed as sensible as I was, except on the one point, and would instantly know if I attempted to break my word; and then what might she not do!

I wonder my hair did not turn gray during that terrible half hour. It was such agony to hear the sweet voice telling me with childish candour of her love for me, talking so hopefully of our future, and asking me if I would give her some new canaries. At times the soft little hand was laid caressingly on my cheek, and she said, detecting with a woman's instinct the misery in my eyes—

"Ah, you do not love me as I love you, or you would not look so troubled. I am so very, very happy. Will the train never stop to let us be married? I shall not feel quite safe till I am actually your wife, and then, you know, papa cannot take me away. Ah, Frere, Heaven knows how I love you, and it is too kind to be very angry."

She raised her sweet young face to mine, and I leant forward and pressed a long, passionate, loving kiss on the rosy lips, and then—— I remember nothing more.

* * * * * *

When I came to myself I was lying on the line, the bright sun shining full on my upturned face, a heap of broken wood around and on me, and shrieks, cries, and groans of agony singing in my ears. It was some seconds before I could collect my scattered senses and understand what had happened and where I was; then I raised myself and looked round for Isla.

She was close by, lying not three feet from me, and my heart stood still as my eyes rested on the still white face and the parting lips wearing a strange sweet smile. I was unhurt— and she?

With a low cry of agony I drew the slight young figure from under the mass of broken timber, and pressed my lips to the lovely face that was already stiffening into rigidity. A beam had struck her on the temple, and the poor blighted life was over— Isla had gone to the Heaven that is "too kind to be very angry." These were her last words: and how swiftly had they been proved true! While the pure heart was full of gladness, before the bitter disappointment came, she had been mercifully removed from this earth. Even in the first burst of my sorrow I recognised this; and though great scalding tears fell on the white upturned face, I thanked Heaven for its goodness.

Many years have passed since Isla was laid in her quiet grave; but even now I scarcely like to recall that journey back to Barton. It was midday and past when we reached it. I had telegraphed to Doctor Mayo to meet me, breaking the blow as well as I could by a hint of something terrible having happened. The news of the collision had already arrived, and the poor old man was prepared for the worst. But still when his eyes fell on the dead face of his child, his grief was terrible to witness. Just one word of reproach he uttered as he took her in his arms.

"Ah, Mr. Stanhope, could you not have spared me my one pet lamb?"

I could not bear that he should think me guilty of such baseness, and in a few words I told him all.

"I believe you," he said, sadly; "the poor child was not mistress of herself. We found she had escaped through her window while we thought she was sleeping, and I guessed where she had gone. Heaven has dealt very sorely with us, but its will be done! She saw her only brother crushed to pieces in a mill when she was only fourteen, and her mind never recovered from the shock. It is best as it is perhaps, but at is hard to say so just at first."

I would not leave the striken man till he and his sad burden had reached the farm, and then, feeling that I could only add another sting to their deep grief, I left them.

I do not think they suffered more than I did at the time. It was such a terrible awakening from the bright dream of first love, and the world seemed so blank and empty, that again and again I wished that I had died when I missed my foot on the mountain, or with Isla in the collision; but time effaces most sorrows, and, though I have never forgotten her, I have learned to love another as deeply and truly as I loved her.

I have visited Doctor and Mrs. Mayo every year since then; and when I named my first little daughter Isla, after her we had all loved and mourned so deeply, they had once more something to love in life, and my wife and I try not to murmur at the long and frequent stays our little one makes at Deepdale Farm with her godfather and godmother. I know I owe them every reparation I can possibly make, as I was the unwilling cause of their loss, and my heart rejoices as I see the brightening of the two sad old faces when the childish prattle and pattering of feet of their new Isla fall on their ears. As to Alison, I believe she actually worships the child. M. P.

(The End)

"Grave" Subjects. — Tombstones.

What a Bell Said.

BY A SUMMER SAUNTERER.

It was a soft, hazy day in June, a veritable season to tempt one from the house into bowers and leafy retreats. I could not resist the appeal, even if I wished; so forth I went, now wading through green meadow grass, anon stopping to note a perfect fairy bower, covered with the redly-blushing faces of June roses. At last, passing into a smooth, well-beaten foot-path, I loitered on aimlessly, owing for no other companion than Nature, whose gentle hand led me until I came to an old church whose rugged gray stone walls were softened and almost hidden by the thick foliage of climbing ivy.

Something about the appearance of the edifice, its air of quiet peace, and its picturesque surroundings, attracted me, and I entered. After examining the interior, I sat down, overcome with fatigue, in one of the large, old-fashioned pews; and a delicious languor crept over me. How long I had been seated there I cannot tell. Suddenly I heard the strong, deep tones of the bell, in what at first seemed to me a confused clangour: but, after listening intently a few moments, the sounds finally resolved themselves into words, and the great bell spoke:—

"Many a year has passed away with silent footsteps, young eyes have dimmed, and brown locks silvered. But still I, from my ancient nook, have seen countless springs born amid smiles, rejoicings, and gay flowers, and marked the wane of countless autumns, and heard the last faint sighs of both as they wafted into silence. Here every holy Sabbath for years, have I rung out in my clearest and sweetest tones a call to God's worshippers, and have bidden them gather with love and reverence.

"How solemnly have I tolled my dirge for the dead! and still, for the deep bitter sorrow of the living there was a note of peace and comfort, as I whispered of the weary soul at rest.

"Joyously I rang when I welcomed the marriage guests to these portals, every note a blessing on the fair young head of the bride; and then, when they emerged thence, how gladly sounded my God speed!

"The fresh breezy days of spring, the passion-languor of summer, the gorgeous tints of autumn, and the sharp frosts of winter, I have seen, and loved them all. The dainty birds brush their shining wings in fearless play against me: The whispering zephyrs and glancing rain-drops caress my old face, rough and harsh though it is. Many a time and oft have I basked in the effulgent sheen of sunlight, or caught the first pencilling of the morning. Undaunted I hear the hoarse, deep voice of the thunder, or face the lightning's jagged flash. The storm howls fiercely about me, I stand unmoved.

"Like a headstone of the Past, Time acknowledges me as a friend, and gnaws but gently my weather-beaten visage. Ah! through storm and sunshine, through joy and sorrow, have I kept my post, a faithful, untired sentinel."

The old bell ceased, and silence filled the building. It was broken at last by the deep tones of the bell sounding the evening hour, and I awoke with a start. Night had fallen, and shadows were stealing softly through the weird old windows, that were like the eyes of an aged person, filmy and dim: and I arose and walked musingly homeward, pondering in my dream.

Why is a convent like an empty house?— Because it is a nun-inhabited place.

The miseries of the poor are as sacred as those of the rich; and the rich have miseries in spite of their riches.

Tears do not dwell long on the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easy from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that which has lived its day.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies?— Because they want carrying out.

A Rifle company. — A gang of thieves.

The Rose of Erin.

Words by CLARIBEL. Music by JULES BENE

1. I saw her first in gold - en hours
2. I saw her next in sum - mer time,
3. A - las, a - las, on au - tumn's wave,

p dolce poco rall *pp*

cres *p*

prim - rose stars ap - pear - in', Oh, queen was she of all the flow'rs, The love - ly Rose of E - - - rin;
ev - 'ry charm en - dear - in', For she was in her girl - hood's fame, The love - ly Rose of E - - - rin;
heav'n her bark was steer - in', And I, no pray'r of mine might save My love - ly Rose of E - - - rin:

cres dim *pp*

- neath the shade of I - rish hills, Their Isle's own co - lors wear - in', Ah, Where smil'd the sham-rock all the day,
met be - side the banks of Erne, No thought of sor - row fear - in', Ah, Yet oft I thought her li - ly pale,
well a day the an - gels came, My heart's own gar - den near - in', Ah, and took from earth, to bloom in heav'n,

dolciss.

rall slow 1st & 2d time. last time.

dwelt the Rose of E - rin, dwelt the Rose of E - rin. E - rin,
dar - lin' Rose of E - rin, dar - lin' Rose of E - rin.
love - ly Rose of E - rin, love - ly Rose of

pp

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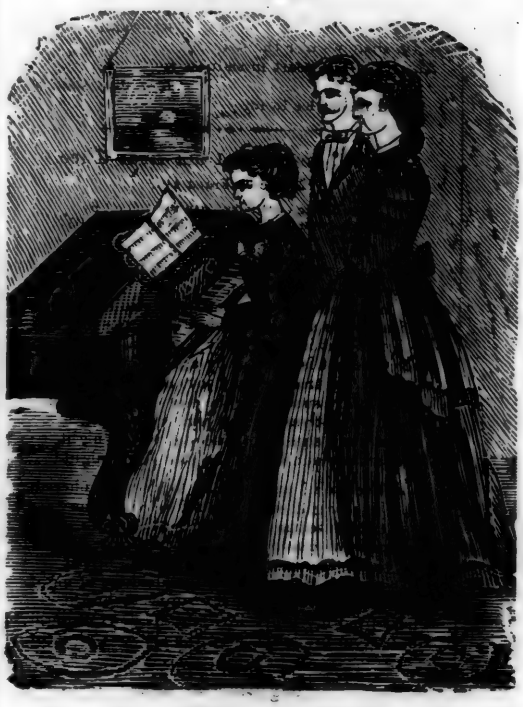
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CONTENTS.

A Man to my mind ..... page 683
As on the beat I go 685
The ANIMALS' FAIR 684
Augusta's Expiation— a Story..... 686—687
The Battle Prayer 682
Cheese Paring: or How to choose a wife .. 683
Charming Jane Louisa 684
DREE DOUSAND MILES AVAY 684
Darling Bessie of the Lea 684
Five o'clock in the morning— Music 688
Fond Memories of Home 682
The Gray Hairs of my Mother 684
The Harp without the Crown 683
HOP LITE LOO 685
I sighed alone for you 683
I saw the Peasant's hand unkind 683
The Lovely Lass of Inverness 683
The Liquor Law 684
Marie: or when I am near thee 682
The Miller 683
Night fall at Sea 682
Nymphs of the Lake 682
The Old deserted Church 682
O Woman, your heart is a pitiful treasure! 683
Pat Corney's account of Himself 683
Pompey Moore 685
Pretty Dilly Burn 685
The Peanut Stand 685
Paddy on the Rail-way 685
The Rose of Alabama 685
Silent Evening 682
Sweet be thy Slumber 682
TWILIGHT IN THE PARK 684
Wandering Willie 683
Whene'er I Kiss the Sparkling Glass 683
Youth's the Season made for joys 682

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Silent Evening.

BALLAD.

Composed by E. H. Harding—Arranged by Anton Straub.

The Music of this piece arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published by E. H Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H Harding, No. 288 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

Silent evening, how I love thee
With thy star and vesper hymn!
Heav'n is sweetly calm above me,
While o'er earth loved perfumes swim:
Labor in his cot reposes,
Toil his daily task hath done:
Rustic children, like wild roses,
Slumber with the setting sun—
Labor in his cot reposes,
Toil his daily task hath done:
Rustic children, like wild roses,
Slumber with the setting sun.

Silent Evening, hour of musing,
When the birds have ceased their strains:
When devotion, peace infusing,
Lifts the soul to hallowed plains:
When the flowers, like angels breathing
Grateful incense to the skies,
Close their leaves in fragrance wreathing,
Peaceful twilight as she lies—
When the flowers, like angels breathing
Grateful incense to the skies,
Close their leaves in fragrance wreathing
Peaceful twilight as she lies.

Silent Evening, well I love thee—
Balmy hopes exalt my breast,
As I view thy beams above me,
And behold love's mansions blest:
Like thy shadows gently stealing
Over river, tower and tree,
Half the busy world concealing,
Let my life's last moments be—
Like thy shadows gently stealing
Over river, tower and tree,
Half the busy world concealing,
Let my life's last moments be!

The Old Deserted Church.

A SACRED BALLAD.

WRITTEN UPON CHINGFORD OLD CHURCH.

Words by George James Cook—Music by George Barker.

I love the Old Deserted Church
That stands upon the Hill:
For, though 'tis fallen to Decay,
There's grandeur in it still:
There's Music in the rustling wind
That whistles through the Aisle,
It plays a tuneful melody
Upon the Sacred Pile.

Thick foliaged Elms o'er daisied graves
Cast forth a sombre gloom
And one tall spreading aged Yew
Moan o'er the mouldering Tomb—
The wayworn wanderer halteth here
To rest upon the stile.
Where youth and age have stopt to share
Their Pastor's parting smile.

The Chiming Bells long since have ceased
Their clamorous peal to ring:
Now round the beams on which they hung
The twining Ivyes cling:
The whistling Plough-boy, hobling home
At twilight's lonely hour,
With fearful glance strides by the Porch
Beside the ruined Tower.

The seatless Porch affords a haunt
For midnight Owl and Bat
Where courting swains, in olden days,
With Blooming Damsels sat:
And where the good man's warning voice
Struck Terror to the gay,
The Robin to Mortality—
Chaunts forth a holy lay.

The silver moon-beams, fairy-like,
Play round this hallowed spot.
Where Sabbath suns have brightly gleamed
On Christians long forgot:
Whose mortal forms lie crumbling here
Beneath the verdured sod,
Till summoned by their Maker's call
To rise and meet their God.

He is a weak man that cannot get angry, but a wise man who won't.

Fond Memories of Home.

Words by H. J. St. Leger—Music by W. H. Weiss.

Dear home which mem'ry oft brings back
To charm my wearied eyes,
When searching, in life's chequered track,
For joys unmixed with sighs:
I dream of thee with tearful eye,
And see the well-known tree
Where I, in sunny infancy,
Have wandered oft with thee—
I dream of thee, I dream of thee with tearful eye,
And see that well known tree
Where I, in sunny, in sunny infancy,
Have wandered, wandered oft with thee.

The village bells I loved to hear,
At twilight's soft decline,
Are charming now some other ear,
Some other heart than mine.
At that sweet hour when darkness steals
Its shadows o'er the sea,
Ah! then my heart in sadness feels
How dear thou art to me—
Fond memories at that sweet hour
when darkness steals
Its shadows o'er the sea,
Ah! then my heart in sadness feels
how dear thou art—
Fond memories to me—

Marie: or when I am Near Thee.

Music by Franz Abt.

The Music of this song is published by S. T. Gordon, 706 Broadway, New-York City.

When I am near thee,
Time treads on flowers,
Ah! how unheeded his foot-steps slip by—
When thou art absent, slow move the hours,
Each moment is marked by a sigh, a sigh,
Each moment is marked by a sigh, by a sigh.
Thou art my treasure, my joy, my delight,
Thou art my sun-beam, the star of my night:
Thou art my treasure, my joy, my delight,
Thou art my sun-beam, the star of my night,
Thou art my sun-beam, the star of my night!

Smile then, oh! smile on the fond love I cherish,
Let one bright sun-beam my heart illume:
Love unrequited must languish and perish—
Hope is its cradle, despair is its tomb.
Thy smiles so beaming, thy smiles so bright
Chase from my heart, love, the shadows of night.
Thy smiles so beaming, thy smiles so bright
Chase from my heart, love, the shadows of night,
Chase from my heart, love, the shadows of night.

Nightfall at Sea.

A REVERIE.

Words by Arthur Matthison—Music by Virginia Gabriel.

The Music is published by Boosey & Co., No. 32 E 14th Street, New-York.

Sleep the great waters, shadows fall round us,
Night in her mystic folds softly hath bound us:
Through the still darkness, o'er the sea's deep caves,
Floating serenely, creeting th: dim waves,
Spirits, home spirits, angels now move—
Whisp'ring, breathing, bearing us love!
Angels, angels breathing love,
Softly and tenderly peace falleth on us.
Gone the dark shadows, fair stars shine upon us:
Tenderly, softly, peace falleth on us—
Gone the dark shadows, fair stars shine upon us:
Tenderly, softly, peace falleth on us:
Gone the dark shadows, fair stars shine upon us,
Peace, peace falleth on us.

Youth's the Season Made for Joys.

By Gay.

Youth's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty:
She alone who that employs
Well deserves her beauty!
Let's be gay while we may.
Beauty's a power despised in decay—
Youth's the season, &c.
Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow:
Love with youth flies away,
Age is nought but sorrow!
Dance and sing Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring—
Let us drink,

Nymph of the Lake.

BARCAROLE.

Words by Arthur Matthison—Music by A. Wunder

The Music can be obtained of the Publisher, A. Wunderman at the Extensive office of th CORRESPONDENCE MUSICALE 660 Broadway, New Y

Softly the moon-beams on the waves float,
Under the branching trees,
Swift glides my boat:
Murmur a loving song, waves, as ye flow:
Moon-beam, your sweet light o'er her couch
Moon-beam, your sweet light o'er her couch t
Softly the moon-beams on the waves float,
Under the branching trees, swift glides my

Under her window resteth my boat,
Sweetly my mandoline
Sound forth love's note:
Then from her dreams of me, shall she awake,
Darling, sweet Angel, nymph of the lake:
Darling, sweet Angel, nymph of the lake.
Softly the moon-beams on the waves float,
Under the branching trees, swift glides my

Sweet be thy Slumber!

SERENADE.

Words by Arthur Matthison—Music by A. Wunderm

The Music can be obtained of the Publisher, A. Wundermann at the Extensive office of th CORRESPONDENCE MUSICALE 660 Broadway, New-Y

Sweet be thy slumber, darling, to-night!
Angels watch over thee from regions of light:
Blessings a thousand fold rest on thy head,
Over thy young life happiness spread—
Over thy young life happiness spread!
Sweet be thy slumber, darling, to-night!
Angels watch over thee from regions of ligh

God keep thee, darling, holy and pure,
From all temptation, safe and secure,
Guard thee when strongest, hold thee when fa
And when death cometh, crown thee a saint,
And when death cometh, crown thee a saint.
Good keep thee, darling, holy and pure,
From all temptation, safe and secure.

The Battle Prayer.

Words by Walter Maurice—Music by Himmel

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Father! I bend to thee—
Life, it was thy gift,
Thou now can'st shield it:
From thee it came, and to thee,
I yield it—
In life or death, forsake not me,
Father! I bend to thee—

Father! I trust in thee—
When mid'st the Battle's strife
Death did surround m,
E'en at the cannon's mouth,
Death has not found me
Father! 'twas thy will, I trust in thee
Father! still guide thou me.

All I give back to thee!
When at thy call
I my Life then shall yield,
When in the cold tomb,
My fate shall be sealed,
Father! my soul take unto thee—
Father! forsake not me—

Love like honesty is much talked about and little understood.

Pat Corney's Account of Himself

In the land of shellelagh my father did dwell,
A dealer in murphies—his shop I knew well:
His wife, 'twas my mother—my father and she
Got my brother and sister, and then got me.
Now I soon grew a boy: as I've often been told,
I found it was true that age made us old:
So I resolved for to marry the first girl I'd see,
That's if I did like her and she would have me.

Now it's show me that city where girls are so pretty,
Because I'm in want of a wife you must know:
If she is but willing I swear I'll be killing
And make her my wife, whether she will or no.

Now it chanced as one day I looked out for a wife,
I spied a dear creature, the joy of my life:
There she stood all alone like a statue so pale,
Crying: "Oysters and cockles, and muscles for sale!"
Oh! she looked so bewitching, I thought I should drop,
When "oysters!" I cried: and herself she did stop:
"Is it oysters you want? they are three for a penny,"
Says I: "my dear joy, that's two oysters too many.

With that little figure, I want you no bigger:
For tall is the girl that's the woman for me:
So let us be bedded, and then we'll be wedded,
Sure then you the wife of Pat Corney will be."

Now she asked me to buy with a voice like a dove,
Says I: "my dear joy, 'tis yourself I want, love!"
"Is it me that you want? Oh! for shame, you sly elf,
I was once just like you, till I married myself"
Then she bid me to fish where the fish they would bite,
Then turned on her heel and was soon out of sight.
So I left my own land, and to London did tramp it,
Where I got a master and now I'm his valet.

Oh! bother the ladies that love not the paddies:
For, they have the will and the knack for to please:
If ever I double to save further trouble,
I'll have a virgin widow to keep me at ease.

The Harp without the Crown.

[At the Newry Petty Sessions a publican's license was objected to because he had the above sign over his door.]

The Yankee loves the Stars and Stripes,
And Orangemen the blue.
And why not we our emblem show,
As other nations do?
Or must we alter thro' the dread
Of any bigot's frown,
The sign for which our fathers died,
The Harp without the Crown?

Oh! many a warlike hero
Beneath its shadow died:
Of poets bards and sages,
It always was the pride.
To please a few officials,
Must we now pull it down,
The emblem of a thousand years,
The Harp without the Crown?

Let Fenians rage, and crafty spies
Against their objects plan,
Each link they gain—in rapture prize
To sell their fellow-man.
Convict imprison if you will,
And rebel cruisers drown,
But yet we'll show our emblem still,
The Harp without the Crown.

The world may change and Mr. Black
May wear an altered mien,
I feel convinced he will not turn
To any shade of green.
He can't be white, but yet, thro' time,
Perhaps he'll turn brown:
'Tis nought to us we still will love
The Harp without the Crown.

The Miller.

By Cunningham.

In a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows—a freehold estate:
A well-meaning miller, by labor supplies
Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies:
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment:
His constant companions are health and content:
Their lordships in lace may remark if they will—
He's honest though daubed with the dust of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May:
He cheerfully whistles regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair.
While courtiers are toiled in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections in hope to be great:
No fraud or ambition his bosom does fill,
Contented he works, if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday, bedecked in his homespun array,
At church he's the loudest to chant or to pray:
He sits to a dinner of plain English food,
Though simple the pudding his appetite's good:
At night, when the priest and excisemen are gone,
He quaffs at the ale-house with Roger and John:
Then reels to his pillow and dreams of no ill—
No monarch more blest than the man of the mill.

Whene'er I Kiss the Sparkling Glass.

Whene'er I kiss the sparkling glass,
For bliss in vain I try—
With thee alone she dwells, sweet lass,
And sparkles in thine eye.
How then, presumptuous, can I dare
The rosy stream to sip,
Or hope to find such nectar there,
As on Sophia's lip?

But, ah! such rapture is not mine,
At distance must I gaze:
I woo thee, soul-inspiring wine,
To join Sophia's praise:
No rival thou, thy aid I boast,
Most welcome ever prove:
Transport accompanies the toast,
The charming maid I love!

Wandering Willie.

By Robert Burns.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, hand awa hame:
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee,
Welcome now, simmer, and welcome, my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes: row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main:
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

I Sighed alone for You.

When first I left my native soil,
Wide o'er the foaming surge to toil,
And bade my friends adieu,
In passing sighs my bursting heart
Did to the winds its grief impart,
But sighed alone for you.

And when in whistling stormy gales,
Æolus sternly split our sails,
I'd still my fair in view:
When lightning flashed, and thunder roared,
And split our mainmast by the board,
I sighed alone for you.

In gun-shot when we did discern,
And all the crew, from stem to stern,
Prepared to drub the foe:
I calmly viewed, from side to side,
The havoc made by each broadside,
But sighed; alas! for you

And when in dock our ship was laid,
And every tar his wages paid,
His pleasures to pursue:
I hastened to the girl I loved,
But find my Fan's inconstant proved—
Yet still must sigh for you—

O Woman, Your Heart is a Pitiful Treasure!

Words by Thomas Moore.

And do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
When surely there's nothing
in nature more common?
She vows to be true, and while vowing she leaves me,
But could I expect any more from a woman?

O woman, your heart is a pitiful treasure,
And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
When he thought you were only
materials for pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid:
But, Oh! while he's blest, let him die on the minute,
If he live but a day, he'll be surely betrayed—

Cheese-Paring: or how to Choose a Wife.

By C. W. Esq.

A friend of mine three daughters had,
all in the prime of life.
And whichsoe'er that I should choose,
he'd give me for my wife.
"To try the one would suit me best,
says I sir, if you please,
I will present to each of them a slice of Gloucester cheese."

The first to whom the cheese I gave,
to me seemed proud and pert,
With greediness she eat the whole,
the rind and all the dirt.
"That will not do!" said I. My friend
who seemed a little vexed,
She'll prove a dirty, greedy wife—
but come, we'll try the next.

To the second, then, I gave a slice,
who, dressed out fine and gay,
The best part of the cheese she eat,
but threw the rind away—
"Ah! foolish, wasteful jade, cried I,
you'll spend my money fast;"
Again with hope and fear I burned
to try the next and last.

A third slice to her then I gave, who with a pocket knife
So tidily the rind did scrape—and her I chose for life
She proves a cleanly, prudent soul—
then, young men, if you please,
If you would gain a thrifty wife,
well bait your trap with cheese.

I Saw the Peasant's Hand Unkind.

Words by Thomas Moore.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever:
They seemed in very being twined,
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widowed ivy shines,
Torn from its dear and only stay—
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its blooms away.

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till Fate disturbed their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

A Man to My Mind.

By Cunningham.

Since wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despised,
To all bachelors greeting these lines are promised:
I am a maid that would marry but where shall I find
(I wish not for fortune) a man to my mind?

Not the fair weather fop fond of fashion and lace:
Not the squire that can wake to no joys but the chase;
Not the free-thinking rake whom no morals can bind:
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Not the ruby-faced sot that topes world without end:
Not the drone, that can't relish his bottle and friend:
Not the fool that's too fond: nor the churl that's unkind:
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit:
Not the flash, that's all fury without any spirit:
Not the fine master fribble, the scorn of mankind:
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.

But the youth, in whom merit and sense may conspire:
Whom the brave must esteem and the fair should admire:
In whose heart love and truth are with honor combined:
This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

The Lovely Lass o' Inverness.

By Robert Burns.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see:
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And ay the saut tear blins her ee:
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me:
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see:
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man, I trow thou be:
For monie a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

The Animals' Fair.

Air.—"Marching through the Park."

Banjo Solo. Sung by GEORGE HARTLEY.

Now, listen to my lay: I'll do my best to please you;
The song I'm going to give is a popular kind of a thing.
I had a dream and it did seem to me so very queer:
The birds and beasts they had a fair, and I was overseer.

CHORUS.

'Twas at the animals' fair, all birds and beasts were there:
The gay baboon, by the light of the moon,
He combed his auburn hair
The monkey he got drunk and fell on the elephant's trunk
The elephant sneezed and fell on his knees:
Now, how was that for the monk?

The jay-bird played the flute; the muskrat took the fiddle:
The tom-cat he did promp, as he tuned his light guitar:
The alligator hugged the bulldog's wife, the bear
got up his dander.
The camel smashed the fox in the eye, and thumped
the nose of the gander.
'Twas at the animals' fair, etc.

The bear began to cry, the crocodile wiped his eye,
The fox he took a walk with the goose, the spider
eloped with the fly.
Says the skeeter to the flea: "this is no place for me:"
The horse fly stung the tiger's nose, and the lion
swallowed the bee.
'Twas at the animals' fair, etc.

The rabbit passed the beans the squirrel passed potatoes:
There was fish-balls made of mud, and cobblestone
succotash;
There was nice green peas from button-ball trees
grape soup and peanut salad;
The pig he cried: "root, hog, or die!" and the bull
in chorus bellowed.
'Twas at the animals' fair, etc.

It soon began to rain, and the fair to an end it came:
The jackass kissed the elephant's wife I heard her
laugh quite plain;
The grasshopper jumped up quick, and the kangaroo
he did kick;
He threw a flip-flap up against the fence and scraped
his shins with a brick.
'Twas at the animals' fair, etc.

The Gray Hairs of my Mother.

Words by GEORGE COOPER—Music by T. B. BISHOP.

The Music of this song, published by BLACKMAR & Co of 201 Canal street, New Orleans, can be obtained at any Music Store.

The gray hairs of my mother,
This tress, this tress recalls them now:
Again I see them cluster
In beauty, in beauty 'round her brow—
Oh! tender are the mem'ries
That wake from out the past:
I live again life's morning,
Too beautiful, too beautiful to last—
Oh! the gray hairs of my mother,
This tress, this tress recalls them now:
Again I see them cluster
In beauty, in beauty 'round her brow—

Once more I kneel, at twilight,
In childhood's simple, earnest prayer:
Once more I see the home-stead,
And all, and all the blessings there—
Oh! lovely tress of silver,
Whatever cares may be,
My heart, in all its trials,
Is nearer Heaven, is nearer Heaven for thee—
Oh! the gray hairs of my mother, &c.

Dree Dousand Miles Avay.

Sung by GUS WILLIAMS.

Written expressly for him by NED HARRIGAN.

Dree weeks ago last Duesday nide, I come from off de see,
In a gread pig ship. I make dot drip from my own
deitch gountry;
I leave pehind by faderland my gal so sweed und gay
ay, ay—
She lives by Frankford on de Rhine, dree dousand
miles avay.

CHORUS.

Den plow you vinds avay. I don't no longer shtay,
I vas on poard dot gread pig drain, vich shtarts by
yesterday;
Yankee doodle doo und Kill Kolumpis too,
I dink ids bead I go ond vest dree dousand miles avay.

I vride me ledders blendy, und I tole my gal come ond;
Ve go in pisainess rite avay und make dot sauerkraut;
But ven I got a ledder pack, vot do you dink she say, ay, ay?
I vas no use. I vas a goose, dree dousand miles avay.
Den p'ow you vinds &c.

I vork de railroads und de farms I shovel blendy dirt,
I fall avay down in a coal mine You bet I don't vas hurt;
I vas so shtrong like onions, too, but dot vas nix-ver-stay,
ay, ay—
I catch de grouh, from drinking soub, dree dousand
miles avay.
Den plow you vinds, &c

Darling Bessie of the Lea.

Words by GEO. COOPER—Music by HENRY TUCKER.

The Music of this Song is published by WILLIAM A. POND & Co and can be obtained at their Music Stores 547 Broadway and 39 Union Square, New York—

Oh! I wander mid the roses in the golden Summer time,
And listen to the streamlet while it rings a merry chime,
But far sweeter than the roses or the streamlet unto me
The sun-bright face of Bessie, Darling Bessie of the Lea!

CHORUS.

Oh! she is the sweetest flower ever sent to comfort me:
Pure and gentle as an Angel Darling Bessie of the Lea!
Yes, she is the sweetest flower ever sent to comfort me—
I love that little fairy, Darling Bessie of the Lea!

Not a bird in all the wild-wood but will answer to her call:
Oh! most I love the twilight when the pearly
dew-drops fall—
Then she meets me in the valley and she kindly
welcomes me:
My bonnie star of evening, Darling Bessie of the Lea!
Oh! she is the sweetest flower, &c,

Oh! the honey-bee may linger where the buds and
blossoms grow,
The gentle breeze of Summer in its fragrance come
and go:
But they all will pass unheeded: for, wherever she may be,
My heart is full of Bessie, Darling Bessie of the Lea!
Oh! she is the sweetest flower, &c.

Twilight in the Park.

As sung by GUS. WILLIAMS.

Words by GEORGE COOPER. Music by WM. H. BROCKWAY.

The Music of this piece is published by C. H. DITSON & Co., 711 Broadway, New York. Price 40 Cents.

'Twas on a summer's day,
I met her all by chance,
Her smile was bright and gay,
And loving was her glance!
We wandered in the "mall:"
We strolled beside the "lake:"
Her pretty hand so white and small,
Of course, I chanced to take!
We talked about the swans,
And all the other birds:
I thought I heard sweet music,
When I listened to her words!
She leaned upon my arm,
The sun went down the west,
I tried in vain to whisper
All the love within my breast.
Chorus: Twilight in the park,
Twilight in the park,
Cupid lingers there,
And no one near to mark:
Some one by your side,
Happy as a lark!
That's the time I love
Twilight in the park.

She left me at the gate
And sweetly said good-bye!
I begged to know my fate,
And half suppressed a sigh:
She said she'd come again,
And named the time and place:
Her absence gave my heart such pain—
For, heaven shone in her face.
So every day I watched in love's delightful trance,
And sure enough we met again,
She knew me at a glance:
'Twas love at first sight, I said,
And as the day grew dark,
I won her heart for evermore,
At twilight in the park.
Twilight in the park, &c.

Charming Jane Louisa.

It was in the merry month of June, when woods and
fields were flowery,
Down a sunday afternoon, I strolled along the Bowery;
It was there a charming maid I met, one slightly
known to me sir.
She was a tailoress by trade her name was Jane Louisa

I made my bow, she took my arm, and listened to my
flatte
I paid her every attention until we reached the batt
She then gave me to understand my manners much
did please h
I thought I'd gained the heart and hand of charmin
Jane Lou

Now, sir, says she, I really have a wish to leave this
dry la
Suppose we take on board the Wave a trip to Staten
Isla
You may be sure I quickly went, determined for to
please h
Nor cared I a cent how much I spent on charming
Jane Lou

We soon arrived, on shore we went, the gayest among
a milli
And quickly then our steps we bent towards the
famed Pavili
For tucking in Ice Cream, and cakes Lord was not
she a sneeze
I paid three dollars for the sake of dearest Jane Lou

But still for more she seemed to lack, although my
heart was willi
I had tickets for my passage back, but I had not
left a shilli
So, says I, we had better walk: for, the wind here
blows a breez
So quickly I came back to York, with charming
Jane Lou

When on Broadway, she says: I know I ought to ask
your pard
But sir, I have such a wish to go into Niblo's Gard
She spoke with such a winning look, I answered to
appease he
At home I left my pocket book, my dearest Jane Lo

She tossed her head, and said: I swow, you do not
treat me right,
Here comes a gentleman I know, I wish you a
good night,
She left me there, to my despair, beneath a shady tree
And that's the way I lost my fair, false-hearted
Jane Loui

Since then I never had a dear, nor now will I, unless
There is some gentle lady here my loneliness will
bless,
I'll treat her as a husband ought, and do my best to
please h
And never more will give a thought on cruel Jane Lo

The Liquor Law.

As revised by JOHNNY ROACH.

One Mick MacGee, from Arranafee, who once was a bo
sailor, o
But growing old, as I've been told, he turned a liquor
dealer o
To licence Mick would not agree, or pay the excise
bounty, o
But he sould away, both night and day, and beat the
excise of the county,

CHORUS.

Arrah! grammachree, come drink with me,
The liquor law won't injure me:
Arrah! grammachree, come drink with me,
The liquor law won't injure me.

Two policemen bold, as I've been told heard Mick
was selling on the s
So off they went, with full intent to get a bottle
they did t
They went in then, dressed like rag-men, and took a
seat down in the sh
Asked Mrs. MacGee if so kind she'd be as to give
them a bottle of the real ould dr
Arrah! grammachree, &c

A thought struck her then that she knew the men,
and a big black bottle she went and g
She went into the room saying: "I'll be back soon:
and she filled it nicely up with slo
"I'll let you see, says Mrs MacGee, the liquor I sell
is the real ould stock
As she filled it right, she corked it tight, and she got
two dollars for a bottle of slo
Arrah! grammachree &c

The police in glee ran off do you see, and stated
the case to Kenne
Who opened his eyes at cheating the excise: "go
bring your prisoner at once to m
You say she did sell—(as he took a smell *Phew!*)
and what did you pay for the bottle you got
"Two dollars, said they, we had to pay," "Why!
you foolish men it's nothing but slop
Arrah! grammachree, &c

The police in dread hung down their heads, when
they saw nicely they were do
Away they went from Kennedy with the stinking
bottle they thought was re
And Mick MacGee and his wife Mary keep selling
away at the same old s
And, if a spy or a policeman comes around she
gives them a bottle of the real old sto
Arrah! grammachree, &

What is that which never uses its teeth for eati
purposes?—A comb.

Pompey Moore.

As Sung by J. T. Boyce of Hooley's Minstrels.

Oh! my name is Pompey Moore,
I'se from ole Virginny shore:
And I neber had any education,
Except now and den a lickin'
Down at de cotton-pickin'.
'Way down on de ole plantation.
But just list to me,
And you will plainly see
Dat I have got some knowledge,
Though I isn't any fool,
And I never went to school,
Nor passed into any oder college.

CHORUS.

But just list to me, and you will plainly see, &c.

Now, you see it's bery plain—
Dere was ole Massa Cain
Killed his broder 'kase he was bigger:
When he see what he had done,
He tried to cut and run
But was turned in a crack, to a nigger.
Now it's often asked by some:
"Whar de niggers dey come from?—"
But dis is my calculation:
For 'tis easy to explain
Dat ole Massa Cain
Was de daddy ob de nigger population. Chorus.

It's been de way wid some,
Eber since dis world begun,
To bother deir heads about de nigger:
First Boboliition comes to view,
And den Secession too:
And dis fight is all about de nigger—
You may talk and you may write,
You may work and you may fight,
But what good does eber arise?
You may paint and you may rub,
You may wash and you may scrub,
But a nigger is a nigger till he dies! Chorus.

Now, white folks, in a trice,
I'll gib you some advice:
Don't get mad because it comes from a moke:
Let de Norf and de Souf
Both shut up deir mouf
And den you will hit de right stroke.
Let Abolition die,
And Secession keep shy,
And de Norf and de Souf shake hands:
And now white folks hear me:
Just leave de nigger be;
For, I tell you dey isn't worth a cent. Chorus.

As on the Beat I Go.

Oh! I'm the sport that's got good times,
I've just turned twenty-two;
If I don't pay for what I get,
What matters that to you?
It is a habit on me grown;
Of course, I go it all alone,
As from place to place I roam,
To look for something new.

SPOKEN: The other day, I stepped into the store of the original Jacobs in Chatham street, gazed over some of his choice diamonds, and in the silver line, including SPOONS—Showed him a letter from "BENJAMAN," formerly of New Orleans, but now residing in Lowell, and managed thereby to get an invoice of Jewels on a promise to pay.

Leaving the place and gazing around I thought—

For, as on the beat I go,
The Peelers want to know
Who is that swell dressed up to kill?
They'd like to know.

One night, I tried a faro bank
With pockets full of tin,
But they played a game of flank,
And I was taken in.
When I got out upon the street,
I thought a "Beat" to-night is beat,
And for this it's time to treat,
An honest game I'll win.

SPOKEN: So, at last, I have made up my mind to give up all my old friends, including Members of Congress and the Common Council, and believe in the maxim that: "An honest man is God's noblest work." For, no more—

On the beat I'll go:
For, in that I have no show—
I'll settle down on Pork and Beans,
I'm right, ain't it so?

Never go to bed at night till you know something useful, which you did not know in the morning.

The Rose of Alabama.

Away from Mississippi's vale,
With my old hat there for a sail,
I crossed upon a cotton-bale
To Rose of Alabama.

CHORUS.

Oh! Brown Rosey, Rose of Alabama—
A sweet tobacco posey is the Rose of Alabama

I landed on a sandy bank,
I sat upon a hollow plank,
And there I made the banjo twank
For Rose of Alabama. Chorus.

Oh! after d'rec'ly, by-and-bye,
The moon rose white as Rosey's eye:
Then like a young coon out so sly,
Stole Rose of Alabama. Chorus.

The river rolled, the crickets sing,
The lightning-bug he flashed his wing:
Then like a rope my arms I fling
Round Rose of Alabama. Chorus.

I hug so long, I cannot tell—
For, Rosey seemed to like it well:
My banjo in the river fell,
Oh! Rose of Alabama! Chorus.

Like an alligator after prey,
I jumped in, but it float away:
But all the time it seemed to say:
Oh! Rose of Alabama! Chorus.

And every night, in moon or shower,
To hunt that banjo for an hour,
I meet my sweet tobacco flower,
My Rose of Alabama. Chorus.

Hop Lite Loo.

As Sung by Frank Lum,
the Celebrated Ethiopian Comedian.

Ole Bull and ole Dan Tucker
Played a match for an oyster supper:
Ole Bull did Tucker beat,
An', of course, he had to stand de treat.

CHORUS.

With a hop lite loo,
De Devil's in de big I am:
Oh! oh! de hop lite loo:
Don't take it all, but just leave me some, an'
Ram, jam de hoo da.

Daniel Tucker went out for to skate:
He fell down on the ice and broke his pate:
He fell down on the ice a little
harder than he oughter:
The ice broke trough, and the poor
old devil fell in the water.
With a hop lite loo, &c.

Nix Comarous with de Sourkrout:
Hit a negro on his shin and nock his eye out:
Slock block, try hussue: oh! Jenny, come along
With a good beefsteak and a boll of shu-shong.
With a hop lite loo, &c

Pretty Dilly Burn.

I loved a little colored girl she lived in Tennessee:
She wasn't much to any one, but all the world to me—
Her master used her very hard, but mine he used me well,
And how I pitied this poor gal—there's
none but me can tell!

CHORUS.

I loved her long, I loved her strong,
And she loved me in return:
But she left one day and went away,
My pretty Dilly Burn!

My heart grew sad, I could not work—my
massa wondered why?
I told him how she left one day, and never said good-bye—
'Twas then I learned from his dear lips
that Dilly has been sold,
And how we severed had to be for a paltry sum of gold!—
I loved her long, I loved her strong, &c.

Now after this (it was not long) my Dilly's owner died
When massa bought her, good kind soul!
and gave her as my bride—
And now we're happy in our cot, and
massa's pleased to see
How two fond hearts that truly love
tho' black, can happy be!
I loved her long, I loved her strong, &c.

The Peanut Stand.

Air: Joe Bowers.

Come listen to me, white folks, while I rehearse a ditty:
It's all about a nice young gal, she lived in Jersey-City,
She fell in love with a gay young man: he was
wealthy once in his time,
He was Chief-Engineer of a shoemaker's shop,
and his name was Conny O'Ryan.

Now, Biddy Magee was a handsome gal and
known both near and far:
She kept a peanut-stand in Jersey-City, and
supplied the railroad cars:
But when her mother she heard of Conny,
she swore vengeance against his clan,
She said if her daughter kept company with him,
she'd bust up her peanut-stand.

Now, Conny O'Ryan was a man of fame,
and noted far and near:
He'd beat Saint Patrick at "forty-fives,"
a playing for lager-bier;
He got in with a parcel of Jersey ROUGHS:
they led him around like a toy;
So, he joined the New-York Fire-Zoo-Zoos
and he went for a soger-boy.

When Biddy Magee she heard of this,
she took right to her bed;
The peanut-stand went up the spout,
and the gal she died right dead.
The news took effect on Conny himself so
he could never march to time;
So, out of the camp, in very short time,
they drummed poor Conny O'Ryan.

The old woman's house is haunted now,
at night about twelve o'clock:
She sees the most horrible sort of a sight,
which gives her a terrible shock:
The Ghosts of Conny and Biddy Magee come
walking in hand and hand,
While right behind them comes, marching along,
the Ghost of the peanut-stand!

Paddy on the Rail-way.

A Paddy once, in Greenock town, for
Glasgow city he was bound,
Staring all round and round:
at length he saw the Rail-way:
Then up the stair he did repair, and a
sixpence paid down for his fare,
And with great wonder he did stare,
when he got on the Rail-way.

Chorus: Engine, boiler, water-tight,
Driving in with all its might:
Upon my soul! it was a sight,
To see the Greenock Rail-way.

The ladies were all Pat's delight, and he
sat down amongst their whites:
I once was wrong, but now I'm right,
this morning on the Rail-way:
A Gent sat there with curled hair,
at Paddy he began to stare,
And said he did not pay his fare for
that class on the Rail-way.
Engine, boiler, water-tight, &c.

Paddy's blood began to rise, he took
that spalpeen by surprise
And hit him then between the eyes,
that morning on the Rail-way
The people all then made a fuss,
to get the conductor in they must
Pat told him to enter if he durst, that
morning on the Rail-way.
Engine, boiler, water-tight, &c.

But now in sight of Glasgow town, and
at the station we came down:
They looked if a Police could be found
to drag me from the Rail-way
But now my shillelah quick I drew,
the conductor on the ground I threw,
And then with legs so swift I flew,
and left them at the Rail-way.
Engine, boiler, water-tight, &c.

Now to the harvest I will go, and
tell them there of all I know
I'll tell them of each friend and foe
that I met on the Rail-way.
Then off to Ireland I'll repair, and tell
them all the wonders there:
For, never a one in county Clare ever
saw or heard of a Rail-way.
Engine, boiler, water-tight, &c.

When is the right man in the right place?—when a husband is at home in the evening.

When does a candle resemble a tombstone? When it is set up for a late husband.

He who has good health, is a rich man, but does not know it.

Nothing is more precious than time, and those who misspend it are the greatest of prodigals.

AUGUSTA'S EXPIATION.

Chapter I.

The little parlour, called by courtesy drawing-room, at No. 3, Derby Place, Abbotsferry, seemed very matter-of-fact and commonplace for the exciting scene going on within its precincts; it looked far too plain and hard for any thing but "the trivial round, the daily task," and most unsuited to romance or sentiment of any kind. It was not a room that one would fly to with one's heart full of happy visions either past or future—where, lulled to a feeling of delicious repose by gentle breezes floating in through elegantly-draped windows, and surrounded by objects of beauty and taste and comfort, one could dreamily pass away the blissful hours, unconscious of their flight, yet longing for their stay.

The room was essentially severe and uncompromising, and the scanty lace curtains, faded carpet and washed-out chintz clearly bespoke a very limited income. Still there was a dash of brightness here and there, and the appearance of an attempt to make things look their best. A few tasteful paintings hid a small portion of the dingy paper, and a slender vase filled with Summer flowers formed a fragrant oasis amid the desert of ancient table-cloth.

A hot afternoon sun blazed through the white blinds which covered but did not shade the two narrow windows, setting forth in distinct relief the shabbiness and unhomely look of the poor little room, and adding possibly to the discomfort of its occupants.

Perhaps that very sun's unlucky "showing up" may have influenced Augusta Saville when she refused the proffered love of Herbert Blake: certain it is that the dream of his manhood had been rudely dispelled, and he stood by her side grieved and disappointed at receiving a negative when he had fondly, and perhaps not unnaturally, anticipated an affirmative reply.

"Then you will not be my wife?" he said at length, breaking a silence of some minutes in which he had been striving to conquer his passion and his pain, and she had nervously pulled to pieces a rose taken from the vase on the table. At her feet lay the crimson petals, meet emblem of the hopes she had remorselessly (or perhaps remorsefully) shattered. "Why is this, Augusta?" continued the gentleman, more vehemently. "I cannot believe that you have been luring me on wilfully, only to give me the humiliation of a refusal at last."

"Indeed I have not," answered his companion, turning towards him impulsively, her beautiful dark eyes full of earnest pleading.

"I have too much faith in your honor and womanliness to think so; and yet how am I to reconcile your conduct? Dearest," clasping her hands in his, "I have not rushed blindly to a conclusion: for, I am very sensitive and very proud, as you know, and it is not in my nature to bear a rebuff such as this without feeling its sting to my heart's core. It is many months since I first loved you, yet even now I should not have spoken but for one circumstance." He drew her closer to him, looking fondly into her face, which alternately flushed and paled beneath his scrutiny. "A fortnight since I was thrown from my horse at your feet, stunned certainly, but not so unconscious as to miss the cry of her I loved best on earth, or her excited utterance of 'Herbert! my darling! speak to me—speak to me!' My hopes had been fluctuating, but they bounded high at those words, and I determined to know my fate as soon as possible, little dreaming of the answer you would give me. Think again, dear one; surely those words, breaking forth involuntarily, were a truer index of your feelings than the cold repulse of to-day?"

Augusta Saville gave a hurried glance at the speaker, and another round the scantily-furnished apartment, and, hastily snatching her hands from his, she covered her burning face with them, murmuring almost inaudibly over and over again: "I cannot marry you, Herbert! I cannot—I cannot!"

"But why—why? For Heaven's sake, tell me why, Augusta?" a proud and angered gleam lighting up the speaker's every feature. "I have a right to demand the reason of this unexpected treatment."

She did not speak: so he repeated his question more urgently. Then, suddenly lowering her hands, she answered hurriedly, as if the words would not leave her lips quickly enough,

"I cannot marry a poor man. I have never known anything but poverty since I was born; as your wife, the same thing would go on, and I should be miserable."

The hot indignant crimson mounted to her lover's broad white brow, while a strange meaning smile flashed across his face.

"And your love is not true enough, your faith in me not strong enough, to bear a little longer the poverty you deprecate, till I could give you a brighter home? you are unwilling to consent at once to share the means I have at command? I thought a woman was equal to any sacrifice where she loved, but it seems I am mistaken. I hope you may find a husband rich enough to satisfy your ideas of comfort. By the way, it is true, then——"

"What is true?" asked Augusta.

"The report circulated in Abbotsferry that the wealthy James Pearson is an aspirant for Miss Saville's hand. Perhaps he has already been made happy by a promise of the gift. No wonder Herbert Blake has received his *congé*."

"No, no," returned the girl—"Indeed he has never asked me."

"But you are hoping he may do so. Very well, Augusta, if you think you will be happier as his wife than as mine, marry him to-morrow. I will even attend the ceremony if you wish," he added, with a bitter laugh.

"Oh! hush, Herbert! you are cruel," and Augusta held up her hand deprecatingly.

"I beg your pardon if I have wounded your delicate sensitiveness, Miss. Saville; but perhaps you think it nothing to have pierced mine to its centre. I tell you again that I am fearfully proud, and you have bowed that pride to the dust. If you had told me that you could not love me, I would have tried to bear the knowledge as a man should—with patience and all forbearance towards the woman he honors and reveres—but you disappoint me. You not only refuse to brighten my life with an affection you dare not deny, but you are contemplating a marriage in which love can have no part, because you fancy your path may have fewer thorns, and that abundance of wealth can make up for lack of feeling. Good bye! It is the first time I have ever asked a girl to be my wife, and I swear by everything sacred it shall be the last. I will never give another the chance to make a fool of me."

"Forgive me!" faltered Augusta. You make no allowances for the life I have led—the miserable straits which have made me loathe the very word poverty; and if I am anxious to marry to improve my circumstances, it is for the sake of others as well as my own."

"I can understand it all, Augusta; and I longed to take you away from this hard, cheerless life of yours, to one which should at least have affection to brighten it. We might have been very happy," he murmured, as if to himself.

She stood there trembling, loving, fearing, doubting—visions of luxury flitting before her, which must be given up if she became Herbert Blake's wife; and she strove against the love which was battling with the unworthier passion, and cast from her the noble heart—so warm, yet sensitive; so proud, yet devoted—wondering even while she did so if "the game was worth the candle."

For an instant her dark eyes, full of the hot tears she would not shed, met Herbert's stern and moody gaze, and something in their dreamy depths again dashed away the angry film which obscured his love, and with one great sob of pain he folded his arms around her, and rained passionate kisses thick and fast upon her upturned face.

Augusta's heart throbbed wildly; all the love of her life welled up in that moment—promises of lasting devotion and self-renunciation hovered on her lips—destined, alas! never to be spoken; for, ere they could find utterance, the door opened and Mrs. Saville entered the room.

It was too late. Too late! That sad, sad requiem has sighed over many a heart's desire, killed in its budding beauty by some withering, blight cold, or sudden lightning stroke.

Mrs. Saville's unexpected entrance destroyed daughter's better impulse; and, hastily di gaging herself from her lover's clasp, Aug fled past her mother, leaving Herbert to exp matters or not, as he pleased. But the lady quick-sighted, and any momentary disconfi was politely ignored, and a few common-plac marks closed the interview.

"She must have refused him," soliloquised Saville, as she watched her visitor disappear d the road; "he does not look happy enough fo accepted suitor; besides, he would have spoke me in such a case. I like young Blake very but Augusta, with her beauty, may do better that."

Mrs. Saville was right; her daughter did better"—from a monetary point of view, at rate; for, when Augusta Saville and Herbert Bl met again, she was the promised wife of Ja Pearson—the pain and the sorrow hidden f stranger eyes, which only saw the beauty and vied the prospects of the fortunate *fiancée*.

Chapter II.

There was much truth in what Augusta told Mr. Blake. Hers had been a hard li peculiarly so to one possessing much beauty talent, and longing vainly for a position which was by nature so well calculated to adorn.

We are all too apt to think that which we not already enjoy the only thing needed for perfect happiness; and a scantily-furnished pu has been the bane of many a life, crippling its ergies, warping its impulses, cutting off ever innocent pleasures, and withering its hopes. P suddenly within its grasp, however, the mean gratifying all those different desires, and, in cases out of ten, the man or the woman will y to the temptation, even at the risk of some sacri of feeling, and perhaps of conscience also. will it be otherwise while matrimony is looked u as a mere matter of money instead of

The calm crowning and assurance
Of two hearts, fulfilling rather,
And not changing, either life.

But let us deal gently with those who have tr den the wine-press alone, and wearily wrung their joy and their sweetness drop by drop—we may have one weak spot, and barter in a mom some real for a fancied good.

An indolent, intemperate husband had l rendered the existance of Mrs. Saville and daughters Augusta and Winnifred a daily burd and never woman expiated in bitterer dust and as than did the first-named lady the youthful f of running away from home with the first man w whispered Love's language because he had handsome face and winning flattering tongue.

It was the oft-repeated story. Parents, imagi to be tender-hearted and easily appeased, pro obdurate; and, instead of the fine fortune wh Mr. Saville expected upon his wife's restoration favour, the denunciations of an irate family w thundered in his ears. "Love's young drea was thus quickly dispelled, and the clever but i George Saville was like a leaf thrown up the ocean—at one time, by a lucky, favoura wind, cast high and dry upon a friendly sho at another, swamped and stranded in the mir poverty and destitution.

Of good family herself, it was gall and wor wood to his wife to be degraded by the numer shifts and stratagems necessarily employed keep the wolf from the door; and when her children attained the age of five and seven ye without any prospect of improved circumstanc she became frantic at the idea of their growing under such adverse influences, and with so advantages. In desperation she made a last peal to her father, and, to her surprise and inwar thankful, was promised, "for the sake of girls," the means of sending them to school u they were eighteen, when, their relative consider they would be competent to earn their own livi In consequence school—generally such a *bête no* —became to the young Savilles an elysium of b compared with their own poverty-stricken and often quarrelsome home, and the vacation looked upon with dread rather than pleasure.

Both girls inherited the talents as well as the beauty of their respective parents, and promised to adorn any station which they might be called upon to fill — to all appearance, not a very exalted one. But, when Augusta was little more than seventeen, the old grandfather died, and his heirs refused to consider themselves bound to supply funds for educating the Misses Saville.

Close upon this catastrophe came Mr. Saville's own demise, an apoplectic fit cutting short his undesirable career; so nothing remained for the girls but to give up their studies, or continue them under serious disadvantages. This Augusta steadily refused to do.

"I will never go back as a governess pupil, mamma, to be twitted with my altered fortunes. I have taken care never to let my school companions know the real state of affairs. Winnifred can please herself."

"But what can you do, my dear?" demanded Mrs. Saville.

"We will go to another town, and I will take pupils, if you like; then, when Winnie leaves school, we can perhaps set up for ourselves."

"You may marry, Augusta, and, with your beauty, should marry well."

"Daily governesses are not much sought after; nevertheless I shall never marry a poor man. I have had one dose of poverty, and it has proved so nauseous that I shall never willingly place another to my lips."

This was Augusta's resolve, daily strengthened by her mother, whose ambition, failing in herself, was centered in her two lovely daughters, and she would have sacrificed her life to ensure them the position she had forfeited.

Winnifred did "please herself," resolutely making up her mind to endure humiliation rather than render her education incomplete. She was neither so lovely nor so ambitious as her sister; the glossy black hair and dark grey eyes of Augusta were softened to the waving auburn tresses and tender loving brown orbs of her sister. The former commanded admiration at once, the latter won lasting affection when known intimately.

Abbotsferry, a flourishing town on the north-west coast, was ultimately fixed upon by Mrs Saville as a place of residence, its daily increasing size, combined with salubrity and distance from old associations, rendering it peculiarly adapted to her requirements; and at the time when this story opens, mother and daughter had been occupants of No. 3, Derby Place, four years— Augusta spending her days in teaching, while her mother eked out their scanty income by miniature painting. Winnifred, having bravely completed her studies under many difficulties, soon took her place in the home circle, and any brightness or elegance the little cheerless six-roomed tenement could boast, was certainly due in great part to her refined taste and sunny contented nature.

The advent of Herbert Blake, two years after that of the Savilles, drew the attention of suburban busybodies away from the widow and her two daughters, whose personal attractions gave free scope for the exercise of "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness" among their less favored acquaintances; and a certain reserve about the young lawyer—who had come to assist the great firm of Dexter & Cleaver, solicitors— made him all the more interesting to the young ladies, if not the old. When, however, it was discovered that the beautiful Augusta monopolised the affections of their handsome cavalier, several "unruly members" had a great deal to say in opposition.

"I declare it is too bad," enunciated one fair damsel to another, as they stood— mallet in hand —engaged in an exciting game of croquet. "Mr Blake ought to have been here this evening— I know he was invited— and there he is escorting those Savilles up and down instead. He makes a perfect spooney of himself with that Augusta; and she is only a governess."

"Well, Laura dear, he is only a lawyer's clerk, as mamma says," responded another soothingly; "so if it comes to anything, they will be well matched."

"She is an awfully handsome girl," put in a gentleman who had just finished playing, "and I don't wonder at any fellow being spooney."

"Indeed! do you think so, Mr. Smallwood?" questioned Laura, who was a tall angular blonde, and under an impression that the speaker admired her style immensely.

"Who is he, and where does he come from?" demanded an amiable inquisitor with a mania for pedigrees.

"No one seems to know," answered their hostess, coming up in time to hear the remark. "My husband took a marvellous fancy to him, and often has him here— but he is very reticent about his home affairs. I have heard him speak of Carlsford as his home, and I believe he has a mother living. He has made himself quite a favourite among the old ladies here by being so devoted to them individually and collectively. Richard says he is studying the law because he really likes it, but he certainly only receives a clerk's salary."

"Did he meet Miss Saville here then?" asked Laura again. "She teaches your children music, Mrs. Fernyhough, I believe."

"Yes; he has seen her here several times, but he was acquainted with her previously. I do not ask my children's governess to meet my friends on an equal footing, Miss Wilde; but she has played the piano for us sometimes at our juvenile parties."

There were a few houses where Augusta met with genuine open-hearted kindness, a few people who did not shrink from holding out their hands to her as their equal; but Mrs. Fernyhough was not one of these.

"She holds her head a great deal too high for her situation, in my opinion," announced Miss. Wilde again with *empressement*, and she croquetted her opponent's ball viciously across the lawn as if she wished it were the offending Augusta herself.

"For my part, I like the younger sister best," said another gentleman; "but I suppose the elder one takes the lead in society. I shouldn't wonder if that girl marries well; I have seen decided hits made by a little careful manœuvring."

Now, with all her faults, Augusta was too proud to manœuvre; her mother might do so for her, but, ambitious as her dreams were, she would not have lifted a finger to draw to her feet any man whom her beauty did not make a voluntary worshipper. Human nature is so very charitable, however, that it gave her credit for many meannesses that she never would have committed. And even while she loved Herbert Blake— loving him better when his presence brightened up the seedy little drawing-room in Derby Place, than amid the gayer scenes in which they both occasionally took part— she had never wilfully lured him on, though he in his wounded pride accused her of doing so; for, was he not poor? And how could she bear to marry a poor man? Once affection got the upper hand of prudence, and a second time it nearly lost Mr. Pearson his wished-for bride.

The night began to close in, and the guests gradually took their departure from the house of Mrs. Fernyhough; but the ball of scandal which had been set rolling was not to be stopped so easily, and no wonder if the ears of Mr. Blake and Miss Saville burned unpleasantly during their evening promenade. One of the former speakers resumed the topic by remarking that Mr. Pearson had paid more frequent visits to his sister's house since the lovely music-teacher's appearance there.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated another croquet player; "is she aiming as high as that? Why, we visit there; and I'm sure, if he married her, we could not possibly continue the acquaintance."

Sweet girl, Mrs. James Pearson would be a very different individual in your eyes from Miss Saville, the daily governess, and you would not like to give up the elegant luncheons and occasional *soirées dansantes* given by the master of the Rosary, who is no niggard, but rather over-fond of display.

So the last idea soon became a general one, and more than once was uttered in Herbert Blake's hearing; but he, full of faith in the girl he loved, gave little heed to the report until Augusta's own actions compelled him to believe there was some truth in it; and he thought harder thoughts of her because he felt that she was sacrificing herself knowingly, and to one to whom she could not possibly have any affinity.

Mr. Pearson was a well-meaning man in his way; he had been the architect of his own fortunes, of which fact he was not a little proud; and when he retired upon the accumulated earnings of many busy, hard-working years, he thought a handsome wife would be a fitting *addendum* to his other handsome surroundings; and Miss Saville kindly smiling on his suit, he considered himself a happy man, no questions of equality ever entering his mind. So the fair Augusta— much to her parent's delight— fulfilled her destiny, and society, which had snubbed her privately, was forced to receive her publicly as the future mistress of the Rosary, in whose hands would be vested not a few of its enjoyments.

Chapter III.

The Savilles very wisely abstained from the usual display attendant upon a *mariage de convenance*; though Augusta was to move in a very different sphere, they remembered they were poor, and acted accordingly; and when the middle-aged bridegroom urged an early day for the consummation of his happiness, his wish was acceded to promptly, and without any fuss

Herbert rigidly avoided the house so long as Augusta remained in it. He knew they must meet in society after her marriage, but the pain was too new and the sting too deep for him at once to greet her as a mere acquaintance. He did not appear at the ceremony, as he had ironically proposed, but took holiday and was lost to Abbotsferry for an indefinite number of weeks as soon as the nut-brown leaves and purpling tints of Autumn warned him that the time of the sacrifice drew nigh.

It was the evening before the day, and for the last time the sisters shared the same apartment, its scanty space being filled to overflowing with all the multifarious articles necessary for the morrow's exodus— trunks and packages obstructed every step, and the bride's gray silk travelling dress which was also to constitute her bridal array, lay waiting the pleasure of its fair owner.

The girls were more than usually silent— one thinking, perhaps, that there might be as much drudgery in schooling a rebellious heart as teaching a bevy of unruly children; inwardly agreeing, perchance, with one who said,

It is the saddest sight of all,
To see a gay young thing
Lay aside her maiden gladness
For a name and for a ring.

The other—well, it will not do to scan her thoughts too closely. There was a shade upon her sunny face which even parting from her sister could scarcely warrant. Once she came and kneeled down by Augusta, who sat brushing out her long dark tresses, looking moodily into the dressing-glass at the same time and said—

"Gussie dear, are you happy?"

It broke the spell, and, with a careless laugh, Augusta answered—

"Happy, child! of course I am. Who wouldn't be, with such prospects as mine?"

"I should not," returned Winnifred, earnestly. "Wealth would have few charms for me without affection. I should be like a prisoned bird, and beat my wings everlastingly against the bars of my gilded cage."

"But I am going into the cage of my own free will, sister: besides, my husband"— her voice lowered itself half a tone as the last word fell from her lips— "will be proud of me and love me, after his fashion, and I shall be content."

Winnie's clear brown eyes questioned that assertion, and Augusta's gray ones drooped before them.

"Do you never regret, Augusta?"

"I regret nothing but that insane moment when I let my heart fly to my lips, and Herbert learned that I cared anything for him," she answered, fiercely.

"And you really did love him?" murmured Winnie, almost unconsciously, while a close observer might have noticed the deepening colour gradually rise up to her very forehead and then die away, leaving her paler than before; but her voice was calm and clear as she concluded, "I cannot understand your motive for refusing him then."

"No, and you never will," replied her sister, still more impetuously. "I hate my life, you know that, and I was not going to perpetuate the same *ad infinitum*."

(*To be Continued.*)

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

As sung by Madame PAREPA ROSA.

BY CL

Moderato con espress.



2. And Bessie, the milkmaid, merrily sang,
For the meadows were fresh and fair,
The breeze of the morning kissed her brow,
And played with her nut-brown hair.
But oft she turn'd and looked around
As if the silence scorning ;
'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe,
At five o'clock in the morning.

3. And over the meadows the mowers came,
And merrily their voices rang,
And one among them wended his way,
To where the milkmaid sang.
And as he linger'd by her side,
Despite his comrades warning,
The old, old story was told again,
At five o'clock in the morning.

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CONTENTS.

All among the clover ..... page 691
Augusta's Expiation—Story ended .. 694—695
The BOLD FISHERMAN 691
Beneath the Snow 692
Down by the Sea 692
Dry Dock Sal 693
Flirting with me 692
For Charity's Sake 693
Glitter 690
Gertie, my Darling 693
The INCREASE OF THIRST 691
I want to go home to Mamma 691
I'm a Dad, Dad, Dad! 693
I'm so Thirsty 693
Jane and Jeremiah 691
The Last Watch 692
Love Song 693
My Sugar Plum 690
New Parody on:
You'll remember me 692
'Neath the wild prairie 693
Oh! would I were a boy again:
Music 696
Pretty Swallow, Homeward fly 691
Pulliest couple vas oud 692
The Shipwreck of the "Atlantic" 690
The Sport from Brooklyn Town 692
Shdill I don't vas habby 692
Strolling along by the Sea 692
The TRUE LOVERS' DISCUSSION 690
The Unlucky Moke 693
We met in happy days 692
When the sails were unfurled 692
When will you meet me again,
Norah? 692
When those we love return once more 693

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The True Lovers' Discussion.

One pleasant evening, as pinks and daisies
Closed in their bosoms a drop of dew,
The feathered warblers, of every species,
Together chanted their notes so true.
As I did stray, wrapped in meditation,
It charmed my heart to hear them sing.
The silent orbs of night were just arising,
And the air in concert did sweetly sing—

With joy transported, each sight I courted:
Whilst gazing 'round with inspective eye,
Two youthful lovers, in conversation
Closely engaged, I chanced to spy:
Those couple spoke with such force of reason,
Their sentiments they expressed so clear,
And just to listen to their conversation,
My inclination was to draw near.

He pressed her hand, and said: "My darling,
Tell me the reason you changed your mind:
Or have I loved you to be degraded,
Tho' youth and innocence are in their prime?
For, I am slighted and ill requited
For all the favors I did bestow—
You'll surely tell me, before I leave you,
Why you're inclined now to treat me so."

With great acuteness she made him answer,
Saying: "On your favors I would rely—
But you might contrive to blast my glory,
And our marriage day you might hover by:
Young men, in general, are fickle-minded,
And to trust you I am afraid—
If for your favors I am indebted,
Both stock and interest you shall be paid."

"To blast your glory, love, I ne'er intended,
Nor fickle-minded will I ever be:
As for my debts you can never pay them,
But by true love and loyalty—
Remember, darling, our first engagement,
When childish pastime was all we knew—
Be true and constant: I'm thine for ever,
I'll brave all dangers and go with you—"

"Your proffer's good, sir, I thank you for it,
But yet your offers I can't receive;
By soft persuasion and kind endearment
The wiley serpent beguiled Eve—
There's other reasons might be assigned:
The highest tide love will ebb and fall:
Another female might suit you better—
Therfore I can't obey your call."

"Yes, I'll admit the tide in motion
Is always moving from shore to shore,
But still its substance is never changing,
Nor never will—till time's no more—
I'll sound your fame with all loyal lovers,
To fix their love on whose mind is pure,
Where no existence can ever change it,
Nor no physician prescribe a cure—"

She says: "Young man, to tell you plainly,
To refrain you I am inclined:
Another young man of birth and fortune
Has gained my favor and changed my mind.
My future welfare I have considered:
On fickle footing I'll never stand:
Besides my parents would be offended
To see you walking at my right hand."

"What had you, darling, when you were born?
What nature gave, love—so had I—
Your haughty parents I do disdain them,
And poor ill-got riches I do deny.
An honest heart, love, is far superior—
Your gold and riches will soon decay—
It's naked we came into this world,
And much the same we'll go away."

"You falsify when you say you love me:
And slight my parents whom I love dear—
I think it's justice, sir, to degrade you,
If that's the course you mean to steer.
By wealth, or feature, or art of nature,
You're not my equal in any line:
Since I conjure you, insist no farther:
For, to your wishes I'll not incline."

"To falsify love, I do deny it,
Your imputation is wrong, I swear:
Like Eve, I find you're a real deceiver—
Your heart's as full as your face is fair—
For the want of riches you vainly slight me,
And my complexion you do disdain—
Our skin may differ, but true affection
In black or white is all the same."

"Oh! curb your passion, sir! she did exclaim,
It was not to quarrel I met you here,
But to discurse you in moderation
And a real intention to make appear:
I speak with candor, I will surrender
To what is proper in every way:
If you submit to fair discussion
And reason's dictates you will obey."

"It's now to late to ask that question,
When you despise me before my friends—
Lebanon's plains, if you could command them,
Are not sufficient to make amends.
There's not a tree in the Persian forest
Retains its color, excepting one:
That is the laurel which I will cherish
And always carry in my right hand."

"The blooming laurel you may admire,
Because its verdure's always new:
But there's another—you can't deny it—
Is just as bright in the gardener's view.
It's wisely resting throughout the winter,
And blooms again when the spring draws near:
The pen of Homer has written its praises,
In June and July it does appear."

"You speak exceedingly, but not corrective.
With words supported, your cause is vain:
Had you the tongue of a Syrinn Goddess,
Your exhortation I would disdain.
It was your love that I did require—
But since you've placed it on golden store,
I'll strike my string and my harp shall murmur:
Farewell, my love, for ever more!"

She seemed affected—with eyes distracted,
With loud exclaiming she thus gave way:
"Sir, my denial was but a trial—
You, Gods! be witness to what I say—
I say: my darling, if you don't forgive me,
And quite forget my incredulity,
A single virgin for your sake I'll wander,
While a green leaf grows on yon laurel tree—"

So, all young maidens, I pray take warning,
Let love and virtue be still your aim:
No worldly treasure should yield you pleasure
With those whose person you do disdain.
All loyal lovers will then respect you,
And to your memory will heave a sigh—
The blooming rose and ever-green laurel
Will mark the spot where your body lies.

From Ballynahinch about two miles distance,
Where blackbirds whistle and thrusches sing:
With hills surrounding, and vallies bounding,
Enchanting prospect all in the spring:
Where female beauty is never wanting,
The lonely stranger a refuge find—
Near Maria Tenpenny, if you require,
You'll find the author of those simple lines.

The Shipwreck of the "Atlantic."

Composed by Erlnicns.

You kind and tender Christians, I pray you now draw near:
It's of a dreadful shipwreck I mean to let you hear,
The loss of the Atlantic upon the ocean's wave,
Where fully seven hundred souls met with a watery grave.

'Twas on the 20th day of March our gallant ship did sail,
Bound for the harbor of New York: we had a pleasant gale.
We called next day at Queenstown, as we always did before,
And took on board three hundred souls—their loss we now deplore.

We steamed away for seven days without either dread or fear:
Our brave and honored captain his course right well did steer,
Until he found to his dismay his coal was rather low,
So he changed his course for Halifax which proved our overthrow.

'Twas on the 1st of April in the morning at three o'clock,
When all on board was sunk in sleep, she struck upon a rock:
To hear the cry of dark despair 'twould make you for to weep,
And that loud wail of anguish as they sunk into the deep—

O heavens! 'twas an awful sight the struggle the
The mother parted from the child, the husband from t
The billows mad—the breakers wild—o'er the ve sides th
And washed o'erboard those human beings to sin and rise n

Oh! sad it is for to describe all that they suffered
The men and women rushed on deck with wild o
And some climbed up the rigging, for so we hav be
And after hours of suffering they died there wit th

One man escaped into the boat with terror looked
And, trembling there upon the deck, he saw his
"Without my wife I cannot live, so with her I w
And I hope we soon will meet again before the L on

It's when the news it reached New York, 'twould grieve your heart f
To see the people cry and weep for friends they'l meet n
The office of the "White Star" in crowds they d
To see if news from those they loved, was there f to be

To see the aged mother it would melt your heart wit
"Where is my loving daughter? must we never meet a
And the tender hearted sister with sorrow she di
"Does my kind and loving brother in the ocean' beaon

The poor old feeble father with grief he tore his
"Must I ne'er see for ever more my sons and daughters
So to conclude my dreary song I've one thing mo
In your tender mercy, Christians, I hope you'll them

Glitter.

Sung by Ed Freeman— the Music is publish
E. Harding, 288 Bowery, New York—price 10c

They're not all gems that glitter—no,
Attractive though they seem;
For, tinsel has a spurious glow,
A bright but transient gleam.
The thoughtless oft are caught by this,
And most men may be sold;
Be careful that you don't get dross,
Instead of sterling gold.
Chorus: Glitter and glare may make people
But howe'er dazzling bright it m
Glitter and gloss are nothing but d
Pure gold, pure gold's the metal for

Be ye as chaste, as pure as snow,
You'll not escape the touch
Of slander's tongue: be guarded, and
They will not harm you much.
Be upright, just and always fair,
Each debt of kindness pay,
Let deeds, not words, reflect your worth,
And bear the light of day. Ch

Pure gold with some is very scarce,
But wealth's a fleeting joy:
The wealthy, like the poor, oft have
Their share of life's alloy:
Let each look round and, if he can,
Extend a helping hand:
The peasant thus may vie the peer,
The richest in the land. Ch

My Sugar-Plum.

Song and dance. Sung by Charley Hannon

I am over head and ears in love
The truth I tell, with a turtle dove,
She ought to be in the skies above,
An angel she should be;
Her laughing eyes with a dimpled chin,
Her face so white and fair,
Her looks so neat and so complete,
With a mass of silk-like hair—oh!
Chorus: Prettily she dances on her little toes,
Looks as neat and sweet as a little tube-
Charms all the people as up the street sh
She's my sugar-plum.

This luscious little sugar-plum
Was introduced to the one you see
At a masked ball where I had such fun,
Every one was in full glee;
This joyous night my heart felt light,
With gleams of future bliss
When parting at the dawn of day,
I was rapt in happiness—oh!

The Increase of Thirst.

From the New York CLIPPER— By EDWARD AUSTIN.
Dedicated to OSCAR SHAFFER, character vocalist.

I've been drinking of late, I've been drinking—
And the fact I can scarcely deny—
I've been drinking hot gin and rum-punches,
But now I'm obliged to go dry!
Cries the man at the bar: "You're a bummer,
You re something I can't understand;
You've worked like a man all the summer,
And still you've no scrip in your hand.
It is true you are cheeky and bold, sir,
All the rum I have got you could hold, sir;
You could drink a whole barrel, I'm told, sir—
Can you wonder the reason you're dry?"

It is true what you say, Mr. Landlord,
I ought to have scrip laid away—
A great plenty to go on a bust, sir,
And drink cocktails all night and all day;
But you are like a dog in the manger,
You might treat me, would you but try,
But to bummers you act like a stranger—
Can you wonder the reason I'm dry?
For my thirst you don't care a thing, sir,
For the rich man you'll make a gin-sling, sir,
While I for my beverage must sing, sir—
Can you wonder that sometimes I'm dry?

'Tis true what you say, Mr. Landlord,
Good liquor is hard to resist;
Just look at that poor, drunken rounder—
Few drinks, God knows, he has missed.
Can you wonder at his weak constitution,
When he drinks every time that he's asked?
Soon he'll go to that great institution,
To the State Farm he'll stagger at last!
There's his poor wife at home, God defend her!
With children whose years are quite tender,
All the bread that they get kind friends send her-
Can you wonder they re hungry and dry?

Can you wonder I'm dry, can you wonder
When there's so many like me on the beat,
So many poor thirsty creatures,
Who would much rather drink than to eat?
There's a rounder in the corner sits grinning
In the broad open light of the night—
In my pockets I've not got a shilling,
Or we'd both be exceedingly tight;
He smiles with contempt and derision,
A hot whiskey punch meets his vision,
But the price of good liquor his risen,
And still we are forced to go dry.

Just think while you're drinking your wine, sir,
That I'm not too proud to drink rum;
While the drinks that you take can't be counted,
'Tis a godsend for me to get one!
Go visit the places that I take in;
Such sights you will never behold.
When a man's broke, his friends all forsake him,
Though his heart may be made of pure gold!
While one drink would soon break asunder
The thirst this poor sufferer is under:
Hear me plead with a voice loud as thunder:
Oh! why will you let me go dry?

The Bold Fisherman!

There once was a bold fisherman
Who sailed forth from Billingsgate
To catch the mild bloater,
And the gay macker-el:
But when he arrove off Pimlico,
The wind it did begin to blow,
And his little boat it wibble wobbled so,
That slick overboard he fell.

Chant: All among the Conger eels and the Dover soles, and the kippered herrings and the Dutch plaice, and the Whitebait, and the *Black*bait, and the Tittlebats, and the *Brick*bats—

Dinkle doodle dum, dinkle doodle dum,
That's the highly interesting song he sung:
Dinkle doodle dum, dinkle doodle dum,
Oh! the bold Fisherman!

First he wriggled, then he striggled
In the water so briny:
He bellowed, and he yellowed
Out for help—but in vain:
Then down did he gently glide
To the bottom of the slivery tide—
But previously to that he cried:
"Farewell, Mary Jane!"

Chant: On arriving at the *terra firma*, at the bottom of the *aqua pura* he took a cough lozenge, and murmured—

Dinkle doodle dum, dinkle doodle dum,
That's the refrain of the gentle song he sung:
Dinkle doodle dum, dinkle doodle dum,
Said the bold Fisherman!

His ghost walked that night
To the bedside of his Mary Jane,
He told her how dead he was:
Then says she: "I'll go mad."
"For since my love's dead," says she,
"All joy from me's fled," says she,
"I'll go a raving lunatic," says she;
And she *went*—very bad.

Chant: She thereupon tore her best chignon to smithereens danced the *Can-Can* on the top of the water-but, and joined "the woman's rights association," and frequently edifies the angelic members by softly chanting—

Dinkle doodle dum, dinkle doodle dum,
That's the kind of soul-inspiring strain she sung;
Dinkle doodle dum dinkle doodle dum,
Oh! the bold Fisherman!

Jane and Jeremiah,

Written by Walter Burnett. Sung by Walter Laburnum.

I've come this evening to complain
Of the treatment of a girl called Jane,
With eyes and hair as brown as a nut,
Whose business place it was in the Cut:
Penny ices there she sold,
But like her trade her heart it was cold:
Her each night I hear in a dream
Cry: "Lemon ice, raspberry or cream!"
I never shall forget that girl
Whom all the chaps admire,
Nor yet the names and little games
Of Jane and Jeremiah!

She used to drive a roaring trade,
And in the ice line money made:
She turned them out so very nice,
I lived on nothing else but ice:
But on this fare I grew so thin,
That I was merely bone and skin,
And, after all, she told me flat
She liked a fellow short and fat.
I never shall, &c.

She said that in the summer days
The ice line is a trade that pays,
But in the winter, when it's cold,
There's very little to be sold.
She met a man called Jeremiah,
Who kept a brazier full of fire,
And who dealt, in the winter time,
In baked chestnuts and elder wine.
I never shall, &c.

All among the Clover.

Some people love to roam about upon a starry night:
Well, that's the very sort of thing that fills me with delight:
For, I'm a happy sort of a lad who dearly loves a spree,
All among the clover, that's the style for me.
It's all amongst the clover, in the merry month of May,
When the day is over, to the fields I hie away,
Sniff the balmy breezes that whisper in the dell,
And place my heart's affections on the girl I love so well.

Now don't you think it's very nice, in such a scene as this,
To fix your arm around her waist—steal a gentle kiss,
And whisper tales of love to her, and press her to your heart,
And vow by all the purple heads your love will ne'er depart?
It's all amongst the clover, &c.

Then pluck the gentle clover that blushes at your feet,
And robe your love in garlands, there's nothing half so sweet:
The rose will mantle on her cheek, her eyes will sparkle bright,
All among the clover, on a summer's night.
It's all among the clover, &c.

There's nothing in this wide, wide world, could please you half so well,
As strolling in the clover with tales of love to tell:
It makes your heart rebound with joy, and fills your soul with bliss
To stroll among the clover and steal a loving kiss.
It's all among the clover, &c.

Dryden used to say that the heart never grew old, but that it became sad from being lodged in a ruin.

The heart is the mint of all who have no other wealth.

I Want to go Home to Mamma.

I once had a sweetheart—tho' her name was Brown,
She was most decidedly *green*:
But when you have seen her, you'll say she's as nice
A young lady as ever was seen;
And then she's so funny, she's just like a child,
She loved me much, better far
She loved her dear parents; for, always she cried—
"I want to go home to Mamma."
I want to go home to Mamma,
I want to go home to Mamma.
It's naughty, I say, to keep me away,
When I want to go home to Mamma!"

When first I beheld her, I thought what a dear!
With joy, oh! I nearly went wild,
But when I began to boo and to coo,
Why, she snivelled out like a child.
I thought she was ill, I could not make her out,
When she jumped up and said—"Oh! tat-ta!"
I said: "Pray don't go," when she cried out "Oh!
I want to go home to Mamma."
I want to go home, &c.

With lots of persuasion, and coaxing and fuss—
The worst job I've had in my life—
I contrived to assure her I loved her so much,
Till she said she'd be my wife.
We drove to the church, when, oh! such a scene!
She would have the door left ajar,
The clergyman said: "will you wed?"
she shrieked out—
"No! I want to go home to Mamma!"
I want to go home, &c.

At last we were married: oh, my! what a job!
To the Continent then off we went:
I'm happy to say she her nervousness lost,
When the honeymoon cosy we spent;
So now she's so diff'rent to what she once was,
We're happy by night and by day,
Her marriage she says she will never repent,
And never do I hear her say—
I want to go home, &c.

Pretty Swallow, homeward fly.

Oh! pretty swallow, homeward fly:
Bird of passage, swiftly hie
Unto my loved one miles away,
Whose love for me will ne'er decay.
Around thy neck this message bear
Swiftly o'er the deep blue sea,
And when the summer comes again,
My pretty bird, come back to me!
How gladly I will welcome thee—
Pretty swallow, homeward fly:
Bird of passage, swiftly hie
Unto my loved one miles away,
Whose love for me will ne'er decay.

Oh! pretty swallow, while thou'rt gone,
This fond heart will weep alone,
With fond love and anguish burn,
Fearing he may ne'er return.
But, oh! I trust, when winter's past,
To hear love's sweet enchanting spell;
So fly then quickly far away,
My bonnie bird, "good-bye! farewell!"
How gladly I will welcome thee—
Pretty swallow, &c.

Ah! now you've left me sad and lone:
To my humble cottage home,
I'll wander silent down the lane,
Where soon I'll meet my love again.
At night I'll pray for happier days,
When blooming is the hedge and tree:
And when the summer comes again,
My love and bird will come to me:
How gladly I will welcome thee—
Pretty swallow, &c.

What is that from which if you take the whole, some will remain?—Wholesome.

"Don't worry yourself about my going away, my darling. Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder."—"Of somebody else," added the darling.

Down by the Sea.

Down by the sea, in my life's early morn,
I've passed all my happiest hours :
My playground the beach, my toys tiny shells,
While weeds of the sea were my flowers.
Oft on the shore, when the tide has ebbed out,
I've roamed o'er the wave-rippled sand
With playmates beloved, who are scattered abroad,
Or gone to the bright spirit land.
Sweet days of bliss, I remember you well—
On memory you come back to me,
And fancy will paint in her brightest array,
The scenes I loved down by the sea.

Down by the sea I for ever could gaze,
And still feel delight in my soul—
Its music I love, when lulled by the calm,
Or storms bid the wild waves to roll :
I think of the hopes and the fears that it bears,
The brave hearts that sail on its breast,
And breathe forth a prayer that all may return
To dear ones that each love the best.
Years have gone by, yet the charm is the same,
And weaves its soft spell over me.
As brightly as when, in my childhood I roamed,
Those scenes I loved down by the sea.

Beneath the Snow.

Under the snow the grass is green,
Though hidden from our eyes a while :
The tiny plants are sleeping, too,
Till spring awakes them with her smile ;
They snugly lie till sunshines glow,
Under the snow, under the snow.

Our dearest thoughts, our brightest hopes,
Lie hidden thus thro' winter's frost :
Though deeply buried in the snow,
They are not altogether lost :
They'll again with spring, although
Like flowers they sleep under the snow.

Tho' winter seems so bleak and long,
Tho' snow be falling thick and fast :
From out the clouds, so dark and drear,
The golden sun will break at last :
When birds will sing, and flowers will blow,
Tho' they all lie under the snow.

We Met in Happy Days.

I am waiting in the wild-wood, Essie dear,
Beside the stream that murmurs sweet and low,
In the nook we've known since child-hood Essie dear,
Where sunbeams on the ripples come and go :
Over head the birds are singing in the trees,
While their joyous carols echo thro' the dell !
Where the violets are smiling in the breeze,
There our happy, happy tale of love we'll tell.

Linger not, but haste to me Essie dear !
Down where we've roamed in merry days, "Lang-syne :"
I am waiting here to greet thee, Essie dear !
For I long to hear you whisper : "Ever thine !"
Oh ! I love you more than all the world beside—
Ever true you've been in sorrow and in pain :
You were the star my weary heart to guide,
How I love to hear your winning voice again !

The Last Watch.

The breath of the tempest has cast away
The ship to the depths below :
Nought swims on the ocean at break of day,
Save a spar drifting to and fro :
It carries a life—tho' 'tis but a dog's—
A life that is honest and true :
The four-footed fav'rite of the mess,
The playmate of all the crew.

Up ! 'tis the morning watch, up from sleep,
See the red-breasted sun !
No answ'ring call comes over the deep,
No sound of a morning gun,
Hushed is the seaman's gath'ring note :
No matter ! the dog is true :
Like a Briton he'll keep his lonely watch,
He knows he's the last of the crew.

The sun and the moon may come and go,
He'll watch till his latest breath
Over the men who have gone below,
Who sleep in the hammocks of Death.
The tempest awaking—a wild lament
Is shrieked by the lone curlew :
The watch is relieved—for, the brave old dog
Lies again at the feet of the crew.

The Sport from Brooklyn Town.

Composed and Sung by Samuel D. Strickler.

Air : Moet and Shandon.

Oh ! what's the matter with the girls up town ?
They smile at me when I go that way :
They look at me with their laughing eyes,
Which makes me feel so happy and gay—
For, I only flirt with the wealthy and fair,
Ha, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha !
For others around me I do not care,
Ha, ha, ha—ha, ha !
Chorus : For, I'm a sport from Brooklyn town,
I'm known as a chap of great renown :
So I flirt with the girls up town each day,
Which makes me feel so happy and gay.

My clothes are of the latest style,
The best and finest are the kind I mean,
I dine in the best saloon up town.
In the park I drive the finest team :
For, I only care to flirt with the fair,
Ha, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha !
But when it comes to marrying, I'm not there,
Ha, ha, ha—ha, ha ! Chorus.

Flirting with Me.

Sung by Dick Prendergast.

I'll tell you my troubles as soon as I can :
For, I certainly am an unfortunate man !
Wherever I wander, 'tis a fact, you'll agree,
All the girls in the street keep a-flirting with me !
Flirting with me ! flirting with me !
It's really a shame how they're flirting with me.

I rode in a 'bus down the street, t'other day,
When a charmer she gave me her "fare" for to pay :
She smiled so bewitchingly that I plainly could see
Her dear "little game" was just flirting with me.

My wife and myself to the theatre went :
For a "play," why, of course I would spend my last cent—
My wife got a letter that was dropped on my knee,
From a girl in the box who kept flirting with me !

I'd like to tell all of my woes, but I can't—
I have been down to "Long Branch," with Gen'l "Grant :"
But while I was bathing to my neck in the sea,
All the girls on the shore kept a flirting with me !

I'm in such a flurry right here where I stand,
You can see now yourself how I'm truly unmanned :
I'd sing all the evening, but I know how 'twould be—
There's a girl over yonder keeps flirting with me !

Pulliest Couple Vas Oud.

Written and Sung by Dick Prendergast.

Here ve are a pully couple vat's just come oud to sing :
How are you, Horace Greely ? does your
farder know you're in ?
Of droubles dey come shlow und quick,
ve do not know amoat,
Dake battern after Fritz und I, ve're de
pulliest couple vas oud.

CHORUS.

Squint your eye und look on us, und see if I don't told you,
If droubles dey come shlow und quick,
ve do not make a mout :
Dake battern after Fritz und I, ve're de
pulliest couple vas oud.

Of lager bier und bretzels, ve drink und eat our fill,
Und if you vant to know us more, my
farder's name vas Pill :
Und if ve fights mit a bolliceman, ve hit him in de snout,
Put vat de dunfel do ve care ?—ve're de
pulliest couple vas oud.
Chorus.

New Parody on : You'll Remember Me.

When other boys shall say that they're
In love with my young Nell,
I'll stand up and fight them fair,
And make their two eyes swell.
I'll serve them as I served a chap
I found with her at tay :
I broke his head with one good rap,
Then said—now you'll remimber me !

They once for thieving took me up,
And sent me down for trial :
The case was proved, I found 'twas useless
To give them a denial.
The judge he says : "You must git six months'
Hard labor :" and then he
Began to laugh, and said : "My chicken,
You'll remimber me—ah ! you'll remimber me !"

Prosperity gains a multitude of friends.

Shdill I Don't Vas Habby.

Sung by Gus Williams.

I vas a miserable man as ever yet vas seen,
Und since de hour ven I vas porn, I've miserable
Ven porn, I had an ugly frown as if I'd eat a bill,
Dat nasty frown dat I had den, is on my feadures
My farder he vas dead, und I galled my ungle—p
He peat me, kicked me, knocked me around, und
Shdill I don't vas habby.

Ven I grew ub I dought, dat I a doctor dan vould
I changed my mind, I tried de law,
und den de law
I made a very shlight mistake, spout a person's p
Dey called it "berjury," und I vas sent
six months to co
Dey locked me ub, cut off my hair, vould
give me no "
Und make me preak shtones all day long, und,
Shdill I don't vas habby.

I married, too, sometime ago, a gal named Lena
I dought dat she vas vealthy put soon found I vas
Her moder comes to visid me, und
shtops dree mont
Her six pig sisters alko come, put never seem to
Dey've eat me oud of house und home.
I pegin for to look "
I ain't eat noting for a veek, und,
Shdill I don't vas habby.

Strolling Along by the Sea.

Strolling along by the sea,
Fond memory whispered to me
How a loved mother's voice made my childhoo
Strolling along by the sea.

Ah ! well I recall the old song
She sang as we wandered along,
When the waves were at play, on a still summ
Strolling along by the sea.

When manhood my brow had impressed
And the guide of my youth was at rest,
Another sweet face filled that fond mother's p
Strolling along by the sea.

But she, too, is called from my side—
The hope of my life, my heart's pride :
And alone, day by day, I still wander away,
Strolling along by the sea.

When the Sails were Unfurled.

When the sails were unfurled, and dear Lucy I le
She declared that her heart of each joy was bereft
She looked like an angel, her eyes cast above,
As she said : "You'll prove true,
to your QUEEN, to your
To her bosom she pressed me, unable to speak,
As I kissed off the tear from her beautiful cheek ;
And I wished with the dead that my hulk might b
Should I ever prove false to my LOVE, or my QUEE

When will You Meet Me Again, No

When will you meet again, Norah ?
Tell me, I pray, ere you go :
When in the woods I am lonely straying,
Time passes slowly, you know :
Say shall it be when the moon so shy
Peeps out to-night in the clouded sky,
Down by the stile at the end of the lane ?
Say you will meet me again.
Oh ! when will you meet me again, Nora
Let it be early to-night :
For, near the stile you will find me waiti
Out in the pale moonlight.
Down in the lane, meet me again,
Long I've been faithful and true :
Oh ! say you'll be there to-night, my No
I've something to whisper to you.

When will you meet me again, Norah ?
When shall I see the bright smile
That often has chased my sadness away,
When we have met at the stile ?
Daily to me have you grown more dear,
Life has no charms when you are not here,
Let me not plead so often in vain—
Say you will meet me again.
Oh ! when will you meet me

A Pledge of Real Love—Popping the quest

I'm a Dad, Dad, Dad!

I'd been married nearly twenty years,
And no'er a chick or child
Had crowned my joys: folks made remarks
That often made me wild—
Aye what they've said, and how they've looked,
Oft drove me to despair.
But something happened, t'other day,
That made the neighbors stare.
My wife, my darling joy, she's got a little boy,
I feel so very glad, I could go mad, mad, mad!
The neighbors say; "it's clever, and it's better late than never."
I feel so very proud now I'm a Dad, Dad, Dad!

When I'd call upon my married friends,
Each one I surely found
Had lots of little images
A-playing all around:
And every time I'd chance to meet
My old chum, Peter Green,
He'd say: "Why, Brown, you've not one yet,
And I've got seventeen!

Spoken: This became very annoying: so at last I said: "You needn't throw your seventeen children in my face quite so often Peter. I'm in no hurry for seventeen, and when I am I shall go to one of those convenient establishments that supply families on the shortest notice." But he'll open his eyes now that he hears that—

My wife, my darling joy, &c.

To behold the little stranger
There's been quite an anxious crowd,
They say now I'm a father
I should really feel quite proud:
And so I do and oft with joy
I feel as tho' I'd burst,
When I hear them compliment me
On the beauties of my first.

Spoken: I was in the garden catching earwings when the news was brought me, and I couldn't help doing a peculiar kind of Can-can amongst the geraniums. A gentleman next door looked over and said: "What is the matter, Mr Brown?" "Matter!" said I—

My wife, my darling joy, &c.

Egad, I'm that excited
Every now and then I feels
As tho' I scarce knew whether
I'm on my head or on my heels:
Of course, we'll give a party soon,
Aye, jolly grand affair
In honor of the birth of this,
My infant son and heir.

Spoken: It's really a wonderful child, tho' born very young, and I can't do anything but run up and down stairs all day long singing—

My wife, my darling joy, &c.

When those we love return once more.

'Tis only when the sad farewell
And parting sigh around us fall,
The heart can know and fondly tell
The world of love which they recall:
But angel rays will cheer our gloom,
And dying hope to life restore:
They whisper: "joys that fade will bloom
When those we love return once more."

We gaze with fond and weeping eyes,
While one by one their forms depart:
We cull the flowers we know they prize,
And press them to our lonely heart;
The moment comes in vision sweet,
And gems the future's mystic shore:
Oh! hands and lips in raptures meet,
When those we love return once more.

'Neath the Wild Prairie.

As sung by LIZZIE LAGRANGE of HOWE'S Circus.

Oh! Norah, dear Norah, you're going to leave us,
To better your fortune you tempt the rough main:
But think, oh! mavorneen! how sadly 'twill grieve us
To think we may never behold thee again.
Let me fold you once more to my poor heart that's breaking,
God guard you, my darling, where'er you be:
In a far distant land send a sigh or a token,
That you'll never forget us and old Ireland again.
Chorus: 'Neath the wild western prairie,
Poor Norah lies sleeping,
Far away from the village
Of Ca-hir-ci-veen.

Oh! flatter me not with your speedy returning,
Few, few, that come back from that bright distant land—
Keep the star of your land in your inmost soul burning,
And kiss the green hills—for, you'll see them no more—
Oh! blame me not then that my hot tears are starting,
All ready in fancy the sea rolls between,
And the light of our home like a dream is departing,
And may never return to old Ireland again.

Chorus.

For Charity's Sake.

Sung by J. BYRNES—Music published by E HARDING, 288 Bowery N. Y.

Oh! darling, 'tis cruel you are, and unfair,
In closing your ear to a lover's fond prayer:
So hungry am I for your kisses, you know,
And yet you won't give your poor lover a show:
Come, don't be so close, darling, open your heart,
And hold those dear lips of yours slightly apart:
Why, sure 'tis more blessed to give than to take:
Then give me a kiss, just for charity's sake.

Oh! darling, I'm tired of a bachelor's life,
And oft my heart tells me I'm needing a wife:
It would be but a kindness some pity to show,
When thus I entreat you to lighten my woe.
True, faith is enduring and hope comes at call,
But charity, though, is the greatest of all;
Why, sure 'tis more blessed to give than to take:
Then give me yourself, just for charity's sake.

Dry Dock Sal.

Banjo Solo—Sung by JOHN BOGAN.

I'll sing to you of a red-headed gal,
They called her Dry Dock Sal.
She sold mutton-pies on a big tin pan,
And her lover was a gay young sailor man—
Her lover was a harpoon man.

Her lover was a sailor laddie,
And his American name was Paddy:
He was chief harpooner on a big whaling ship,
And he sailed once a year right from Peck Slip—
Her lover was a harpoon man.

But now she's vamoosed the ranche,
She's gone down to Long Branch:
There she sits in the light-house all day long.
A-looking through a clam-shell singing this song—
My love was a sailor man.

The Unlucky Moke.

Air—Rose of Texas.

Banjo Solo—Written and Sung by ED. FREEMAN.

I was once a gallus nigger,
And used to cut a dash,
But now-a-days am glad to get
Some boarding-house hash.

Once I'd plenty money,
Now I am dead broke.
And everything that I have had,
'Has gone up to soak.

My watch, clothes and everything,
Is laid up on the shelf:
But what's the use of talking?
You know how it is yourself.

So now I'm going to leave you,
To get a glass of beer,
And if the man asks me for stamps,
Why, I'll slide off on my ear—

Love Song.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me;
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep:
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep;
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee,
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Life is the hyphen between matter and spirit.

I'm so Thirsty.

Sung by WALTER LABURNUM. Written by FRED ALBERT.

You often meet folks who are fond of a glass,
But of all thirsty souls I all others surpass:
Each hour of my life I'm afflicted with thirst
And I've drank enough liquid to make forty burst,
Whatever I drink and whatever I take
Nothing on me will an impression make:
I have never been satisfied yet since my birth.
In fact I'm the thirstiest man on the Earth.

Spoken: When I was a baby it took thirteen wet nurses, six feeding bottles besides my mother to keep me alive, and they had to employ two women all day to make pap for me, but then they couldn't satisfy me.

I'm drinking from morning till evening, you see,
Yet still I'm as thirsty as thirsty can be;
All night I drink and I don't get a wink,
In short I do nothing but drink, drink, drink.

I don't mean to say that a drunkard am I,
But still I am always so terribly dry.
And so to get rid of the feeling severe.
I drink quarts of spirits and barrels of beer,
Hogsheads of ale and coffee and tea
Oceans and oceans are gulped down by me;
Sometimes I try, vainly, the dryness to stop
With hundreds of dozens of prime ginger-pop

Spoken: Yes talk about drinking, I'm always drinking. Some people are fond of a drop or two a thousand drops wouldn't satisfy me and the wonder is where it all goes to? Some say it's because I'm so long that before the liquor gets half way down it evaporates I don't know if that's true, but I do know they've doubled my water rate I've drank so much water that the neighbors a mile round me can't get any; the New River Company won't supply me any more: so I'm going to have a main of my own laid on from the Thames

I'm drinking, &c.

I've worn out the pump that near our house stood,
And dried up the fountain in our neighborhood;
I've finished a well a small way beyond
And now I'm at work at a large fishing pond.
I've drank all the milk from each dairy around
And the milkmen say "Simpson" thro' me can't be found.
All the publicans tremble when they see me nigh
For they know that my wants they can never supply.

Spoken: Most people when they drink will find it quench their thirst but the more I drink the more I want. I once went fishing in a small lake belonging to a Country Cousin of mine and I drank so much of the water that at last there was none left for me to fish in, nor the fish to swim in. After that he invited me to spend a day or two at his house: I rather surprised him I can assure you. My usual performance was something after this style —a pail or two of coffee, do. tea for breakfast, drain all the cups and sometimes finish up with the slop basin: unlimited quantities of ale till dinner-time, then half-a-dozen tureens of soup ditto of broth and then wind up by swallowing the vinegar and all the sauces on the table.

I'm drinking, &c.

Gertie, My Darling.

BALLAD.

As sung by LIZZIE LA GRANGE of Howe's Circus.

They have laid her to rest 'neath the willow
By the side of her mother and child:
In summer birds sing sweetly over her,
In winter the winds whistle by.
Her form was as fair as the fairest,
Her eyes were as blue as the sky:
Oh! Gertie, my darling, my loved one,
Why did you, why did you die?

Chorus: Her form was as fair as the fairest,
Her eyes were as blue as the sky:
Oh! Gertie, my darling, my loved one,
Why did you, why did you die?

Her lily white hands they were folded,
A rose bud she placed on her breast;
Her coffin was strewn with camelias,
The day that we laid her to rest.
Her sweet gentle voice how we miss it,
And also her bright loving smile—
Oh! Gertie, forever you've left us,
Oh! why was it not for a while?

Chorus: Her form was as fair, &c.

Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothes and money.

If love were never professed but when it is felt, it would appear to be a scarce article.

Why is your shadow like false friends? Because it follows you only in sunshine.

AUGUSTA'S EXPIATION.

(*Continued.*)

"I hate it too, dear Gussie. I have had the same provocations to bear—and other things," she added, in a lower tone; "but they could never make me do what you are doing to escape from it."

"We are very unlike; but there, don't prose—you are a good little thing"—rising and kissing the upturned face of her sister, down which the tears were silently falling—"I'll do my best to get you a rich husband too, and release you from this dreary, hard life. Mamma will then feel herself compensated for some of her own disappointments."

"Thank you, Augusta; I am not ambitious. But I hope you will be happy."

She went to the window as she spoke, and gazed out into the soft, clear Autumn night, through which the quiet stars looked down, and, heedless of her sister's busy preparations, fell into a somewhat sorrowful reverie, the purport of which may be slightly imagined from the few brief words which her lips framed and lingered over. They were these—"I would have waited for you, Herbert."

And, as if the sweet message had been telegraphed through space, another watcher at another window turned a moment from the contemplation of his sorrow, and the echo of her thought came like an answer to his inward query—"Would Winnie Saville have chosen like her sister?"

* * * * * *

Mrs. Fernyhough said that Herbert Blake's home was in sunny Carlsford, and she said rightly. Far away from the broad waters which washed the shores of populous Abbotsferry, lay the snug little village, amid the waving of trees and bubbling of streams; while fine old cathedral bells pealed over the space which intervened between the parent city and its infant suburb.

After six months' hard office work, the young lawyer was boyishly glad to find his way to Ellscroft, where his widowed mother lived her peaceful, uneventful life; and to that haven of rest he retreated until the gossip and agitation consequent upon Augusta's marriage should be over.

He sat at the breakfast-table awaiting his mother's appearance; a news-paper was in his hand. As his eyes gravely perused the intelligence, for a moment the colour left his cheek, his lip quivered, and he leant his head upon his open palm. The deed was consummated, and his love—dead, indeed, long since—must now be buried out of sight.

A gentle touch aroused him from the reverie into which he had fallen, and a patient-looking white-haired woman stood by his side, gazing anxiously into his face.

Mrs. Blake—or Hannah Blake, as she would fain have been called—was a Quakeress; and a worthier "Friend," in every sense, hardly existed. Her son was brought up in the same persuasion, but due thought and study altered his views as time went on.

He pressed his lips fondly to the small thin hand which rested on his should

"What ails thee, Herbert? Thou lookest troubled and sorrowing."

"Your presence, mother, has even now dispelled some of my gloom."

"It is well, dear boy; but I doubt me if it will always do so. Thou canst not say it is all gone?" and the tender eyes were fondly questioning.

Herbert sighed, and picked up the paper from the carpet, where it had lain unheeded for some time. He placed it in his mother's hand, pointing to a paragaph.

"October 6th, at St. Peter's, Abbotsferry, by the Rev. C. B. Goode, James Pearson, Esq., of the Rosary, Abbotsferry, to Augusta, elder daughter of the late George Saville, Esq., of Dublin."

Mrs. Blake read it with a puzzled expression stealing over her placid countenance. At last she seemed enlightened.

"Thou hast been loving and losing, Herbert," she murmured, infinite sympathy in her tone. "Who is she that she could refuse my boy?"

"She is young and beautiful, but she could not bear her youth and beauty to be wasted on a mere lawyer's clerk, and so she married a rich man." Pride was paramount, and bitterness trembled in every tone.

"And thou didst not tell her? But no, she was not worthy. Thou art not suffering still because of such, dear?"

"Only a little, mother. I came here to be taught some of thy sweet patience," said the young man, relapsing into the familiar pronoun, as he occasionally did to please her.

"Ah! thou wert ever proud and impatient. Herbert, one day, when thy patience has had its perfect work, a fairer, truer love will shine upon thy life, and thou wilt forget that thou hast ever rested thy heart upon so frail a reed."

"Not so; I am afraid the pride in me is too strong."

"And thou wilt go back to Abbotsferry, and perhaps meet the lady. How then, my son?"

"The same pride will sustain me. And now let us have breakfast; your keen affection sees the slightest thing amiss with your wilful boy, mother; and while I am here, you shall help me to forget everything but your own dear self."

He rose and led her to her seat at the table, and the conversation took a cheerfuler turn; but before he left Ellscroft, Herbert Blake had confided to his gentle monitress the story of his love and its refusal, with somewhat less of bitterness tinging its recital.

Chapter IV.

More than two years elapsed since the incidents related in the last chapter; but, with one exception, they wrought little change in the *dramatis personæ*.

Mr. Blake was still at his post in the office of Dexter & Cleaver, as great a favorite with the ladies, young, middle-aged, and elderly, as ever, and a bachelor. Rumour coupled his name with first one fair damsel and then another—most persistently with that of a Mrs. Laurence, a young widow at whose house he was a frequent and welcome visitor. Things certainly looked suspicious, and gossip took up the slightest threads and wove them into facts.

Augusta's marriage had altered the Savilles' position materially; they lived in a larger house and entertained their friends; and though Winnifred persisted in continuing her former occupation, firmly refusing to be dependent on her sister's or brother-in-law's generosity, she was welcomed as much for her own sake as Augusta's. She had rejected more than one eligible suitor—much to her mother's displeasure—for, many were attracted by the sweet and lovable qualities she displayed.

Herbert, after a while, resumed his old habit of visiting at the Savilles', and he and Winnie were the best of friends. He had also been drawn rather against his will, into becoming an occasional guest at the Rosary, whose lovely mistress, lovelier than ever, queened it right royally, and appeared outwardly, whatever she might be in reality, perfectly happy and contented with her lot. Her husband was her inferior in every respect, and the reins of government had long since left his hands for hers; but she possessed sufficient tact and good management to prevent his feeling the loss.

Mrs. Fernyhough had the pleasure of frequently meeting her *ci-devant* governess in society, who in her turn had the satisfaction of looking down from her superior altitude of wealth and luxury upon her late employer.

Fortune is no respecter of persons, and the *parvenu* of one year is the peer of the next. Mr Smallwood, finding the "awfully handsome" Miss Saville placed irremediably beyond his reach, fulfilled the saying that "extremes meet," and from admiring the proud, dark beauty of Augusta Saville, turned to woo and finally win the tall fair giantess, Laura Wilde.

The one chief change referred to began about the end of the two years. Pretty brown-eyed Winnie Saville was very ill, so ill that many a voice grew hushed when it breathed her name. A violent cold caught one damp Autumn evening as a party of happy young people rambled all unthinking beneath the beams of a crescent moon, resulted i dangerous inflammation which kept her priso the whole Winter. There were no gay Christn parties, no bright health-giving walks for p Winnifred, no more going to and fro to her pup

They came to visit her, bringing books and fl ers and pleasant talk of the outside world, wh Herbert Blake oftener than ever was found by side, and the transparent cheeks of the inv would glow and her eyes assume a deeper and in vivid lustre as his voice beguiled the wearines her long imprisonment.

Still she did not mend, and Augusta, returning Abbotsferry after a prolonged sojourn in Irela was startled to find how very thin and worn her ter had become. To do Mrs. Pearson justice, she indefatigable in ministering to the needs of her latives out of the abundance she had gained by sacrifice of herself; and her first act upon reach home was to remove Winnie, carefully wrapped to the Rosary, so that all the appliances of wea might be added to those of affection and kinshi

In some unaccountable manner the sisters l seemed nearer and dearer to each other since th partial separation; and Augusta occasionally lowed Winnie to see beneath the veil which usua shrouded her thoughts and feelings. Moreo a keener insight into the sorrows of others h been vouchsafed Mrs. Pearson since her marria and her heart—bare as it was of a love wh could at all satisfy the yearnings of her passion nature—turned to Winnie almost despairingly.

* * * * * *

One morning in early Spring, as Mr. Blake looked o his official correspondence, he found a letter addres in a handwriting he little expected. Marvelling dee what Mrs Pearson could have to say to him he cast other missives on one side and broke the seal. The r ran as follows:

"You will be surprised, Herbert Blake, that I sho address you and perhaps, when you have finished re ing, your pride will wonder how mine has stooped solicit anything like a favor at your hands—not for self, you may be sure, but for one who is dear t both.

"We have met often as the merest acquaintance. you have apparently kept your resolve never to ask other woman to be your wife. The love for me has d ont, Herbert—I know that; is it never to live again one more worthy? Your name has been frequently c pled with that of Mrs. Laurence; is there any truth the rumor that you are to marry her? I can scarcely lieve it; she is not the woman you would choose.

"And now I am going to test your honor—if I did deem it fully worthy, my hand would never pen following secret; but, even if my prayer remains answered—cannot be complied with—you will gu the revelation carefully, I feel confident.

"Herbert Blake, my sister Winnie loves you. So thing tells me that you are not indifferent to her; i will you suffer your resolve to blight her young life perhaps even hasten her passage to the tomb? Will let me be ever haunted with the knowledge that my folly has wrecked the happiness of two lives? Not my own sake do I ask this but for hers. Oh! Herb she will make you far happier than I could, with restless cravings, my ambitious dreams, my discon and impatience. I humble myself for her sake; I for her what I would die rather than urge for myself

"Do not imagine that she is aware of this appeal. does not even guess that I have surprised her sec but such is the case; and whatever you may do—h ever you may act—I feel sure it is perfectly safe in y keeping. One word will tell me that the past is forgiv and assure me that my expiation is accepted. "A.

Mr. Blake read this letter more than once, an finite variety of emotions passing over his face w le he did so. His next movement was to take other correspondence to the head of the firm, a after a few moments' conversation, return to desk, hastily write a few lines, put his hat on head with a great deal of energy, and finally w out of the office in a state of decided peturbatio

The very next train conveyed him and his val in the direction of Carlsford, on his way to El croft; and Augusta, when she returned from l morning stroll through her gardens and conser tories, found a brief note on her dressing-table.

"Mr. Blake is suddenly called from Abbotsfer but upon his return will have the pleasure of wa ing upon Mrs. Pearson."

She dashed the missive to the ground in a par yasm of passion, her face pale with bitter ang How much humiliation it had cost her to write him, no one knew, and to be answered thus—stung her to the quick.

"Is that all he can say to me?" she cried loud, the scalding tears of wounded pride trem ing on her dark lashes. "He might have writ

'Yes' or 'No.' Oh! I am punished— punished! and, my little sister, I have done you no good." She threw herself into an arm-chair, and buried her face in her hands, murmuring: Oh! Herbert, you are indeed implacable! I thought there was some spark of pity in your heart, but there is none."

Could she have read that same heart at that moment, she might have made a less sweeping assertion. Soon luncheon-bell rang: so, tossing off her cloak and hat, she slowly wended her way to the breakfast-room, where Winnie's pale face, shrined in delicate shawls and downy cushions, gazed wearily out on the fair April landscape, and inhaled the soft balmy air, which lifted her brown tresses, and bore to her from the surrounding, flower-beds the delicious perfume of violet and hyacinth.

"How do you feel now, Winnie?" asked her sister, ere she took her seat at the table.

"Ever so much better, thank you, dear— only longing intensely to go out and breathe that delightful air unfettered by all these wrappings. The scent of the fresh earth after last night's rain is most tantalising. By the way, Augusta," she continued, changing the subject, "did Mr. Blake ever bring that *Bijou d' Opera* he promised? I wish you would try it for me after luncheon."

"He never gave it to me," replied Mrs. Pearson, with asperity; "but I heard Mrs. Laurence playing it as I passed yesterday."

"Oh!" Winnie gave a little sigh, and a slight tinge of colour came into her pale cheeks.

Augusta bit her lip — she had not meant to pain her sister, but in her anger the words escaped her without thinking. After a pause Winnie inquired—

"Do you think he will marry Mrs. Laurence?" There was no name mentioned, but the pronoun was sufficiently definite.

"How should I know, child? At least —— No, I mean I don't fancy he will."

Winnie wondered at her sister's incoherence, then sighed again.

"I forgot— he said he would never ask another to be his wife when you refused him. I suppose he has kept his word."

"He is so proud, so bitterly proud and unforgiving," replied Augusta, as she thought of her appeal and its apparent rejection. "He has gone away," she added, abruptly.

"How do you know?" demanded Winnifred, surprised.

"I — I heard so this morning; but I dare say it will not be for long. Let me give you some jelly, dear," added her sister, wishing to change the conversation; and Winnie took the amber-hued delicacy to please her hostess, but she only played with her spoon, and her thoughts went roaming.

Chapter V.

A private brougham drove up to the Rosary, and its occupant, alighting, was ushered into the drawing-room by an obsequious servant, upon whom the equipage had made its due impression.

Mrs. Pearson was not at home, so the visitor asked to see her sister. Knowing that Miss Saville was not denied to callers, the man led the way to the same morning-room where Winnie had been so lately revelling in the scent of flowers and sweet fresh breezes. The lady advanced, but there was no movement or word of recognition. She went up to the sofa, and found that the fair invalid she was come to see, had fallen into a light slumber; and very earnestly she contemplated the delicate profile which lay against the crimson cushion. Drawing a chair to her, she laid her hand upon that of the young girl, and gently pressed her lips to the pure white forehead of the sleeper. The touch, though soft, was loving; and with it the brown eyes opened, and mildly questioned the visitor's identity.

"I am Hannah Blake, dear. My son told me of thy illness, and I am come to make thy acquaintance, if thou wilt let me."

"You are very kind," returned Winnifred blushing as her companion's name fell on her ear, and marvelling at the quaint style of address. Herbert had never been voluble concerning his home relations, and this was his mother's first appearance in Abbotsferry, evidently brought about for some most cogent reason.

"Nay, my child; I came to pleasure thy friend Herbert. But thy face is passing fair (I do not wonder they called thee Winnie), and I shall soon love thee for thy own sake."

Winnifred gazed wonderingly at the little prim figure by her side, clad in its delicate silver greys, and her heart went forth in quick response to the sweet and loving words uttered in so musical a voice. How thoughtful of Herbert to send her such an angel visitant!

"My sister is out, Mrs. Blake," she volunteered, to break the silence wherein her new friend was reading her face attentively, and she shrank a little from the scrutiny, tender as it was. That keen but affectionate glance seemed to pierce her secret soul, and her eyes drooped at last beneath the newcomer's gaze.

"I came not to see thy sister, but thyself, and I am thinking it will be best to tell thee all before she arrives. Thou knowest little of me, dear child, but if I ask thee a question or two, wilt thou trust me, and answer me truly, feeling sure that I shall do thee no wrong for my son's sake?"

"I am sure I may trust you, dear Mrs. Blake. I feel as if I had known you ever so long."

"Then thou wilt answer my questions, Winnie?"

"Y-e-s," came hesitatingly from the girl's lips— not from distrust, but she felt intuitively that in some way her heart was about to be probed.

"Thou knowest that Herbert once asked thy sister to be his wife"— and, in answer to a surprised look in Winnie's eyes, Mrs. Blake continued— "he was ever a good boy, coming to me, his mother, in all his difficulties and troubles. He suffered much, and declared that another love should never more gain a place in his heart; but lately he has had cause to change his mind. He came to Elliscroft the other day, and asked my advice; but when I bade him learn his fate himself, he shrank from another ordeal— he dreaded another repulse. Dost thou think he has any need to fear?"

"I should say not; she is very happy to be honoured with Herbert's— Mr. Blake's affection."

"Then thou thinkest he may hope?"

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Laurence would never refuse him, I am sure," gasped Winnie, her self-command nearly exhausted, the realisation of numerous rumours being almost too much for her weak frame

The little "Friend's" eyes opened wide.

"Child, child, what have I done? I know nothing of thy Mrs. Laurence." Bending down, she whispered, tenderly, "Would'st thou refuse my son? He has learned to love thee, Winnie, very, very dearly, but he dares not come until I have told him thou dost bid him welcome."

"I — I, Mrs. Blake?" A bright beam of joy lighted up face and eyes till the rose-hue of health seemed suddenly planted there. "You do not mean it!"

"Yea, verily I could not have the heart to cheat thee; and thy face tells me I may go now, and leave Herbert to plead his own cause."

Winnie threw her arms round the dear old lady, and sobbed out her surprise and happiness on her warm motherly breast.

"Thee must make haste and get well, Winnie, and Herbert will soon bring me home a dear new daughter."

With many fond kisses the worthy little Quakeress took her departure; and Winnifred had scarcely time to recover from the agitation of her late interview, when the sound of a familiar footfall sent her into another flutter of excitement, and a pair of deep, loving eyes asked mute questions which were fully and satisfactorily answered by the soft brown orbs which shyly met their downward gaze.

Mrs. Pearson, entering the room in perfect ignorance of all that was occurring within the walls of the Rosary, gave a start of more than surprise when she saw Herbert Blake seated by her sister's side, and evidently occupying a much nearer relationship than when they had last met. For the moment a hot jealousy, a maddening regret for all that she had lost, flooded heart and brain, then her old pride instinctively came to her aid. Her prayer was answered, her humiliation had not been in vain— her sister would be happy; so, putting aside all other thoughts, she tendered her congratulations to both, as the lady of the Rosary should. But when she accompanied Mr. Blake to the door, while Winnie watched his departure from the window, she held out her hand and thanked him for what he had done.

"I have to thank you, Augusta!" was the answer he gave, for the first time since her marriage calling her by her Christian name. "I do not know that I could have been my pride had you not set me the example. 'Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city;' and the thought that you have made two people happy will add a new lustre and a sweeter peace to your own life."

"You will not tell Winnie of my share in the matter?"

"Certainly not, if you desire it; but she will miss the deep satisfaction of knowing how much her sister loved her. We have both been to blame, Augusta; but perhaps in the future we may be permitted to atone."

The door closed, and again the two had parted who once stood in such different relations to each other.

* * * * * *

Winnie Blake and her husband stood under the verandah at Elliscroft, while in the room adjoining it the sprightly little figure of Mrs. Blake, senior, could be discerned flitting about, duster in hand, said duster, butterfly-like, settling down first on one delicate ornament and then on another, as the smallest speck of dust caught her keen housewifely glance. It was the morning after their return from their honeymoon tour, and Herbert had been showing his wife the various points of interest visible from the house itself.

"It is a delightful place," said the fair young bride; "so quaint and beautiful with a dash of primness even about its flower-beds and garden walks."

"Like the dear old mother herself, eh? My father and his father before him were strict Quakers, and everything belonging to them partook in some measure of the Puritan style."

"Then this is your own, very own home, Herbert? I thought——"

"You thought I was a penniless lawyer's clerk, little wife— like many others in Abbotsferry— and you were good enough to care for me in spite of my disadvantages. It was a little piece of deception on my part, I confess; but it showed me where I was valued for myself— or otherwise."

"And did Augusta know this when she refused you?"

"No, darling; I never told her. Sometimes I blessed myself for not having done so; still, I gave her the chance; if she had not been afraid of sharing poverty with me, I should have been proud to share my affluence with her. Perhaps I did not make sufficient allowance for her, but it was a test by which I had determined to try the love of any girl I asked to be my wife, and she could not stand it. Some one else did," he continued, looking fondly down at the sweet face nestling against his arm, to which the bright hue of health and vigor was rapidly returning; "and I can never be sufficiently thankful that my Winnie gave herself to me— brave enough and loving enough to share my lot, whatever it might be."

"I should have been content, dear Herbert, with a modest dwelling in Abbotsferry; it would have been a satisfaction to help you to earn money, and make a small income go as far as possible."

"Instead of which you shall help me to spend it, dearest. My law experiences were undertaken solely for pleasure; but, now that I have fully penetrated its mysteries, I may take it up for the sake of something to do. Are you agreeable to that, Mrs. Blake?"

"Didst thou call me, Herbert?" spoke a gentle voice at his side.

"How long hast thou acknowledged thy proper title, friend Hannah?" demanded her son, mischievously.

"Thou art a saucy boy," returned Mrs. Blake with as near an approach to a laugh as her peaceful quiet nature would allow. "Winnifred there should chastise thee."

"Nay, mother, thy new daughter hath neither the power nor the will to do so."

His bride lifted her small white hand, in obedience to her mother-in-law's injunction, but her husband arrested it and clasping her in his arms, nearly smothered her with kisses

"You see what return my wife may expect if she follows your advice, mother."

The little Quakeress looked with astonishment on the rhapsodies of lovers of the second generation. Her own wooing had been carried on in a much quieter fashion, when Antony Blake came to win the gentle Hannah Doeg for his bride.

"Ah, well, thou shouldst thank me for thy wife, Herbert. Thy patience had not had its perfect work when I brought thee word that Winnie——"

"No, indeed;" and Herbert placed an arm round each. "It was only when we were driving away from the church door, and I felt that neither my pride and obstinacy nor anything else could come between us that your favorite maxim began to be clearly appreciated, but we are exercising it unnecessarily now, for the coffee is getting cold, and Harrison has rung the breakfast-bell long since."

Winnie turned her head once more to admire the bright summer landscape spread out before her, and over the hills came the sweet cathedral chimes, like joy-bells welcoming her to her new home: and tears of loving gratitude rose in her eyes for the green pastures and still waters beside which her future life was to be spent, rendered doubly fair and peaceful by contrast with the barren plains and noisy, turbulent streams which had formed the scenes of her childhood and destroyed the fair outlook of her youth.

Daisy H.

OH, WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

Arranged by L. Mi

Andantino.

mf

1. O, w
2. 'Tis

were a boy a - gain, When life seem'd form'd of sun-ny years, And all the heart th
mourn that years have shown How false these fair - - y visions were, Or murmur that mi

p

pain, Was wept a - way in transient tears, Was wept a - way in transient tears. When
known The bur-den of a fleet-ing tear, The bur-den of a fleet-ing tear. But

cres.

tale hope whisper'd then My fan-cy deem'd was on-ly truth, O, would that I cou
heart will fond-ly cling To hopes no lon - - ger priz'd as truth, And mem'ry still de

Con anima.

-gain The hap-py visions of my youth! O, would I were a boy a - gain, Wh
bring The hap-py visions of my youth! O, would I were, &c.

D.

form'd of sun-ny years, When life seem'd form'd of sun - - - ny yea

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CONTENTS.

A good Cow ..... page 698
A weary lot is thine, fair Maid 701
A poor Working-Girl's trial—a Story 702—703
A tear shall tell him all—Music 704
BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—No 2 699
Beautiful Emily 701
Cupid is a roguish Boy 701
The Cross of Blood—a Story 703
Do as near right as you can 699
DO NOT GET THE BLUES 701
The Golden Curl 699
The Happy Hottentots 698
How my heart beats: or the Knock at the door 699
House and home 699
Here's a health to all good Lasses 700
I am sad To-night 698
It just suits me 700
I was Sighing in my Sleep, Love 700
Litil Robin tell Kitty I'm coming 698
Love, and Home, and Native Land 700
MACKENNA'S DREAM 698
The Master of the Ceremonies 700
New York Society 698
The Night is fine 699
Never again 699
The ORPHAN BOY 701
Our Little Will 701
Old Probabilities 701
Potteen, Good Luck to ye, Dear! 700
Sauntering down the Lane 701
Too-ral-oo-ral-oo-ral Lee 699
Trust him not 700
Under the Daisies 698
When the wind blows 700
Will you ever Tumble? 700

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Under the Daisies.

By H. Millard—Sung by Miss D. Lingard.

I've been just learning the lesson of life,
The sad, sad lesson of loving,
And all its powers for pleasure or pain
Been slowly and sadly proving:
And all that's left of the bright, bright dream,
With its thousand and brilliant phases,
Is a handful of dust in a coffin hid—
A coffin under the daisies—
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And thus forever, throughout this wide world,
Is love a sorrow proving:
There are still many sorrowful things in life,
But the saddest of all is loving;
The life of some is worse than Death,
For, fate—a high wall oft raises—
And far better than life with two hearts estranged,
Is a low grave starred with daisies—
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And so 'tis better we lived as we did
The summer of love together,
And that one of us tired and lay down to rest
Ere the coming wintry weather;
For, the saddest of love is love grown cold,
And 'tis one of its surest phases:
So I bless my lot, tho' with breaking heart,
For that grave enstarred with daisies—
The beautiful, beautiful daisies
The snowy, snowy daisies.

I am sad to-night.

Music by S. M. Weller—Sung by Alice Dunning Lingard.

Let me sing a song of the olden time,
Let me dream a dream of the past:
While the stars are bright in their golden light,
And the night shades are gathering fast,
I would weave a chaplet of cypress leaves,
And gem it with cypress flowers,
And crown the grave where the wild flowers wave
O'er the friend of my happier hours.

Chorus.

I am sad to-night, though the stars are bright,
And my cheeks have lost their hue:
For, mem'ry brings on her raven wings
Sad dreams of the fallen true:
For, mem'ry brings on her raven wings
Sad dreams of the fallen true:

Sad echoes are floating upon the air,
The wind is sobbing a-loud,
And the daisy and violet blooming sweet
Are my brave soldier's only shroud:
But I'll weave a chaplet of cypress leaves,
And gem it with cypress flowers,
And stars are bright, in their golden light,
And the night shades are gath'ring fast. Cho.

The Happy Hottentots.

Written by W. H. Delehanty.

We are happy Hottentots,
Happy happy happy Hottentots,
And from Africa we came.
That's where we got our name:
We used to gather Buchu leaves,
Buchu Buchu gather Buchu leaves,
And when Massa Hemboldt came,
He paid us for the same.

Chorus: This is what we used to do,
Picking up the Buchu:
We are happy Hottentots.
Happy, happy, happy Hottentots,
And from Africa we came.
That's where we got our name.

Every night when work is done,
Day time, night time, always full of fun,
In our cosy little cots,
Us, happy Hottentots.
Sing and dance most all the day:
Singing dancing, pass the time away,
All our troubles come and go,
We send them down below.
That is what, &c.

MacKenna's Dream.

Anonymous. — *Street Ballad.*

One night of late I chanced to stray,
When all the Green in slumber lay,
The moon sunk in the deep;
I sat upon a ruined mound,
And while the wild wind whistled round,
The ocean, with a solemn sound,
Lulled me fast asleep.

I dreamt I saw that hero true,
Who did the Danish force subdue:
His sabre bright, with wrath he drew,
These words he said to me:
"The Harp with rapture yet shall sound,
My children's chains shall be unbound,
And they shall gather safe around
The blooming laurel tree:"

I thought brave Sarsfield drew up nigh,
And to my question made reply;
"For Erin's cause I'll live and die
As thousands did before.
My sword again on Aughrim's plain
Old Erin's rights shall well maintain,
Through millions in the battle slain
And thousand in their gore."

I thought Saint Ruth stood on the ground,
And said: "I'll be your monarch crowned,
Encompassed by the French around,
All marching to the field."
He raised a Cross, and thus did say:
"Brave boys, we'll show them gallant play:
Let no man dare disgrace the day,
We'll die before we yield."

The brave O'Byrne he was there,
From Ballymanus, bright and fair,
Brought Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare,
To march at his command:
Westmeath and Cavan, too, did join,
The county Louth men crossed the Boyne,
Slane, Trim, and Navan, too, did join
With Dublin to a man.

O'Reilly, on the hill of Screene,
He drew his sword both bright and keen,
And swore by all his eyes had seen,
He would avenge the fall
Of Erin's sons and daughters brave,
Who nobly filled a martyr's grave,
And died, rather than live a slave,
And still for vengeance call.

Then Father Murphy came to say:
"Behold, my lord, I'm here to-day,
With eighteen thousand pikemen gay
From Wexford's hills and caves;
Our country's fate, it sure depends
On us, and on our gallant friends,
And heaven will their cause defend,
Who ne'er were willing slaves."

I thought the band played "Patrick's Day,"
To marshal all in grand array;
With cap and feather, white and gay,
They marched in warlike glow,
With drums and trumpets loud and shrill
And cannon upon every hill,
And pikemen who with valor thrill
To strike the fatal blow.

When all at once appeared in sight
An army clad in armor bright,
Both front and rear, and left and right,
Marched Paddies evermore.
The chieftains pitched their camps with skill,
Determined tyrants' blood to spill:
Beneath us ran a mountain rill,
As rapid as the Nore.

A Frenchman brave rose up and said:
"Let Erin's sons be not dismayed,
To glory I'll the vanguard lead,
To honor and renown.
Come, bravely draw your swords with me,
And let each tyrant bigot see
Dear Erin's daughters must be free
Before the sun goes down."

Along the line they raised a shout,
Crying: "Quick march, right about;"
With bayonets fixed they all marched out
To face the deadly foe.
The enemy were no ways shy,
With thundering cannon planted nigh;
Now thousands in death-struggle lie,
And streams of crimson flow.

The enemy made such a square
As drove our cavalry to despair.
Who were nigh routed, rank and rear,
But yet not forced to yield.
The Wexford boys that ne'er were slack,
Came, with the brave Tips at their back,
With Longford joined, who in a crack
Soon sent them off the field.

They gave three cheers for Liberty,
As the enemy all broken flee;
I looked around, but could not see
One foeman on the plain.
Except the men who wounded lay:
When I awoke 'twas break of day—
So ends MacKenna's dream.

Little Robin, tell Kitty I'm Coming

Words by Frank Howard — Music by Geo. W. Pe
The music of this song is published by S. Brain
Sons, Cleveland and Boston. Price 35 Cents.

Little Robin, tell Kitty I'm coming,
Yes, tell her to meet me for sure:
Oh! say I'll await in the gloaming,
With love ever constant and pure;
How bright is the bloom of the flowers,
Bedecking the sweet new mown hay,
While, up in the blue heaven's bowers,
Rings sweetly the nightingale's lay.

Chorus; Then, Robin, tell Kitty I'm coming,
Yes, tell her to meet me for sure:
Oh! say I'll await in the gloaming,
With love ever constant and pure.

Little Robin, tell Kitty I'm coming,
With fondest of hopes in my heart,
I'll wait where the brooklet is running—
Then fly, birdie, quickly depart;
I'll be at the foot of the meadow,
A-down in the shady green dell,
And there in the oak's spreading shadows,
Our love for each other we'll tell.
Then, Robin,

Little Robin, tell Kitty I'm coming,
To meet her the same as of yore,
The old love is still purely burning—
There's none I so fondly adore;
Then go, pretty bird, with your message,
Don't tarry so long in the air,
But fly, don't delay on your passage,
And tell her be sure to be there.
Then, Robin,

New-York Society.

Air: *London Society* — As sung by Johnny Mar

I think I've travelled everywhere, and seen what's
to be
Wherever I may roam, I make myself at home:
I've flirted down to Long-Branch, to Newport I have
To Saratoga, Rockaway and to Rome;
I've seen society in every shape and form,
I've watched the tide of fashions rise and fall:
I've viewed it in its calm, I've seen it in its storm,
And this is my conclusion after all.

Chorus: Baden-Baden Spa, France and Germany,
Liverpool or London, Spain or Italy:
In such society there's much variety,
But nothing equals New-York society.

Society as soon as the New-York season's o'er,
Will to the sea run down, where in a bathing gown
It dabbles in the water, or perhaps upon the shore
It yawns and wishes it was back in town:
And though it may be nice to drink the nasty water
And lose your money gambling at the Spa
And meet the sort of men you'd cut at any place,
The New-York season I prefer by far.
Baden-Baden Sp

Society I've met with in old Ireland, mid the bogs.
In Paris ever gay, in London every day,
In Mount St. Bernard convent, with the monks and
jolly
At every place I think that I may say;
But there's a charm in town, I can't help saying so,
Which makes me like it more than all the rest:
To the opera we go, and that will plainly show
Society in New-York is the best.
Baden-Baden Sp

A good Cow.

She's long in her face, she's fine in her horn,
She'll quickly get fat without cake or corn:
She's clean in her jaws, and full in her chine,
She's heavy in flank, and wide in her loin.

She's broad in her ribs, and long in her rump
She's straight and flat-backed without e'er a hu
She's wide in her hips, and calm in her eyes,
She's fine in her shoulders and thin in her th

She's light in her neck, and small in her tail.
She's wide in her breast, and will fill the milk-
She's fine in her bone, and silky of skin,
She's airy without—a meat market within.

In what case is it absolutely impossible
slow and sure?—In the case of a watch.

Too-ral-oo-ral-oo-ral Lee.

Written, Composed and Sung by ARTHUR LLOYD.

Oh! I'm a fool, as you can see,
And I've been fooled: so you'll a-gree,
When I tell you what oc-curred to me
And Too-ral-oo-ral-oo-ral Lee:
When Too-ral and me went out to tea
With Sal-ly Ma-gee, and she sat on my knee,
And we couldn't agree, 'cos Too-ral said he
Loved Sal-ly Ma-gee, and she loved he,
And so all three did dis-a-gree,
And Sal-ly Ma-gee up-set the tea
All o-ver me and Too-ral-oo-ral-oo-ral Lee.
And Too-ral-oo-ral-i-doe;—
And Too-ral-oo-ral-oo-ral Lee and Too-ral-oo-ral-i-doe—

A feeling of anger o'er me spread,
I threatened to punch young Too-ral's head;
Then Sally's face got awfully red,
When I asked her which of the two she'd wed.
She up and said I was misled,
And was very ill-bred on her heart to tread,
That she couldn't conceive why I thought she'd deceive,
That she'd very much grieve if I'd disbelieve
In her love: for, she was certain that we
Would always agree, and said that she
Would sooner have me than Too-ral-oo-ral-oo-ral Lee,
Than Too-ral-oo-ral-i-doe.

So as on marriage we were bent,
Why, Sally and I to the altar went,
Though I'm sorry she ever did give her consent:
But the crime has carried the punishment—
For she's not content that's evident,
And I often lament that I underwent
The experiment: for she's violent
To such a degree 'cos I could see
That Too-ral Lee was much too free:
And, between you and me, I think that she
Is rather fond of Too-ral-oo-ral-oo-ral Lee,
Of Too-ral-oo-ral-i-doe.

And therefore, as a last resource,
I'm going to try and get a divorce,
I find that'll be the easiest course,
And I'll do it without the least remorse.
For ye know, of course, I can't be worse,
I'd best be a horse, or a bloated corse,
Than allow she and Too-ral Lee
To treat poor me as if I was a flea:
But I hope with glee the day to see
When sorry she'll be she discarded me,
Because she wanted Too-ral-oo-ral-oo-ral Lee,
For Too-ral-oo-ral-i-doe.

Do as Near Right as You Can.

The world stretches wildly before you,
A field for your muscle and brain;
And though clouds may often float o'er you,
And often come tempests and rain,
Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you—
Push forward through all like a man—
Good fortune will never forsake you,
If you do as near right as you can.

Remember: the will to do rightly,
If used, will the evil confound;
Live daily by conscience, that nightly
Your sleep may be peaceful and sound.
In contests of right never waver—
Let honesty shape every plan,
And life will of Paradise savor,
If you do as near right as you can.

Though foes darkest scandal may speed
And strive with their shrewdest of tact
To injure your fame, never heed,
But justly and honestly act:
And ask of the Ruler of Heaven
To save your fair name as a man,
And all that you ask will be given,
If you do as near right as you can.

How my Heart beats: or the Knock At the Door.

I've a beau, you must know,
Who it is I'll not tell:
Don't ask—for, you'll get no reply.
He's a dear dashing fellow,
Although he's no swell,
For swells I've no fancy, not I.
He's a true gentleman, and that is a rank
Above titles, which some girls adore.
Ah! how my heart beats
When I hear my dear Frank
Give his darling rat-tat at the door!

Chorus: Oh! how my heart beats
Whenever I hear his rat-a-tat-tat-tat!
No music so sweet, with joy my heart beats
When I hear my love knock at the door.

He has not yet proposed,
But I think he will soon:
My mirth I've to hide with a frown—
For, I know the dear fellow
Has often began,
And as oft in confusion broke down.
He has vowed to be mine,
In fact we've both vowed
Each other to love and adore:
Ah! where's the girl, whose heart beats not fast
When she hears her love knock at the door?
Oh! how my heart beats, &c.

Blackwell's Island. No 2.

Sung by TONY PASTOR.

Sing I of a gallant Isle, my boys, not many miles away,
Where there's lots of time for digging stone, and little time for play:
Where we get no lush, but lots of mush, and they w'ollop you if you smile:
It's opposite to Jones' Wood, and they call it Blackwell's Isle.

CHORUS.

Judge Dowling told me so, to Blackwell's Isle I'll go,
Just, at Bellevue. I'll say adieu to my true love so gay;
For, the Steamboat now does wait
To carry me on state,
And I'll stay for a while on Blackwells Isle
Not many miles away.

While bussing in a Broadway stage, I met a country bloke,
I faked his cly so nice and sly, went through him for a joke:
But a cop did drop, he caught me pop, he stagged my game in style,
And they didn't send me to Ludlow street, but up to Blackwell's Isle.
For, the Judge, etc.

When I'm at that summer resort, which ain't much like Long Branch,
How many a day I'll feel quite gay, could I vamoose the ranche;
When I think of my girl at Jones' Wood, with another cull waltzing gay,
Then I'll feel so melancholy when the band begins to play.
For, the Judge, etc.

When Jim Fisk's boats so gaily floats close to the Hell-gate shore,
And I think of the state-room I have cracked, and would like to do once more,
Of the wallets full I used to pull, with my mull to work the pay,
While all alone I'm breaking stone, from my pals so far away—
For, the Judge, etc.

If I had my way, on some fine day I'd set the Tombs on fire,
Such a flame I'd raise, and in the blaze I'd burn the Black Maria:
The peelers, too, I'd catch the crew, and roast them on the pile,
And each judge what lives six moons I'd give way up at Blackwell's Isle.

Spoken: Hey, Shorty Gilliver, wouldn't that be bully? We'd have all our own way then, and—
No Judge to tell me so, etc.

The Night is Fine.

BARCAROLLA—Sung by MISS D. LINGARD.
English words by M. L. L.—Music by GUGLIELMO.

Upon the bright lake shining, the evening stars appear,
The golden day, declining, has left its shadows here,
Has left its shadows, its shadows here.
Still does my heart, absent from thee,
Vainly its long-lost peace deplore:
Ah! to my sight wouldst thou return,
Bringing the happy dream of yore—
Come, then, ah! list to my voice entreating,
Come, come! ah! come!

Upon the water floating, my light barque waits for thee,
And at thy side unnoted, the hours will pass away,
The hours will pass away.
Still does my heart, absent from thee,
Vainly its long-lost peace deplore:
Ah! to my sight wouldst thou return,
Bringing the happy dreams of yore—
Come, then, ah! list to my voice entreating,
Come! come! ah! come!

House and Home.

What's a house? you may buy it, or build it, or rent:
It may be a mansion, a cottage, a tent:
Its furniture costly, or humble and mean:
High walls may surround it, or meadows of green.

Tall servants in livery may stand in the hall,
Or but one little maiden may wait on you all;
The tables may groan with rich viands and rare,
Or potatoes and bread be its costliest fare.

The inmates may glitter in purple and gold,
Or the raiment be homely and tattered and old:
'Tis a house, and no more, which vile money may buy:
It may ring with a laugh, or but echo a sigh.

But a home must be warmed with the embers of love,
Which none from its hearth-stone may ever remove:
And be lighted at eve with a heart-kindled smile,
Which a breast, though in sorrow, of woe may beguile.

A home must be a "Home:" for, no words can express it—
Unless you have known it, you never can guess it:
'Tis vain to describe what it means to a heart
Which can live out its life on the bubbles of art.

It may be a palace, it may be a cot,
It matters not which, and it matters not what:
'Tis a dwelling perfumed with the incense of love,
From which to its owner 'tis death to remove.

The Golden Curl.

DOUBLE SONG AND DANCE—By W. CHARLES.

HE—Oh! white folks, I've come out to sing
To you about a girl
I met while I was walking out,
And who wears a golden curl:
I met her on the avenue,
A promenading there:
Her teeth so white, and eyes so bright,
And a wealth of golden hair.

SHE—I've promenaded through the streets,
And think I've lost my way:
I'm followed by that little nig
Who dresses up so gay:
I scarcely know what I'm about,
And though I'm but a girl,
I almost know that he's in love
With my darling golden curl.

HE—I wonder where the deuce she is,
It seems so very queer—
I saw her but a moment since
A promenading here.

SHE—Oh, dear! you naughty, naughty man,
My brain is in a whirl.
HE—Then let me take you as you are,
With your precious golden curl.
SHE—But do you think you'll love me true?
HE—If you'll my troubles share.
BOTH—And we will wear next to our hearts
A lock of golden hair.

Never Again.

By ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Never again in the sunshine or rain,
Shall I list to the voice of my love:
For, her wandering feet they are treading the street
In the Beautiful City above.
Never again when the sunny hours wane,
Shall I whisper my love soft and low,
Sitting close to her side, in the sweet eventide,
As I did in the days long ago—Never again.

CHORUS.

Never again, in the sunshine or rain,
Shall I list to the voice of my love:
For, her wandering feet they are treading the street
In the Beautiful City above.

Never again shall sweet happiness reign
In my bosom that once was so light,
Since her fair, sunny face, with its beauty and grace,
Has vanished so far from my sight;
Never again shall the birds sing as sweet,
Or the flowers look fair to my eye:
For, the roses may bloom, yet the heart live in gloom,
Till the beautiful days by and by—Never again.

The Master of the Ceremonies.

Kind friends, please excuse my imperfections,
At present I don't feel myself;
I've been robbed of all my affections
By a cruel bewitching young elf.
I never thought she would have done it:
For, she seemed so partial to me—
My heart, at that ball, she had won it,
When I was installed the M. C.

Chorus: Her form is still before me,
Wherever I may be—
That lovely charmer at the ball,
In which I was M. C.

Her black eyes seemed on me to linger,
I picked up a glove she let fall:
She took it, and just squeezed my finger!
Oh! why did I go to that ball?
Her sweet voice bewildered my senses,
Like a post I often stood still:
For a Waltz I shouted out Lancers,
And the Polka I called a Quadrille.
Her form, &c.

I sat by the side of my charmer,
And thought her the nicest of girls:
Then vowed that no one should harm her,
As I played with her bright auburn curls.
I thought what a beauty I'd captured,
As close to my side she did cling:
With love I felt so enraptured,
That I gave to her my diamond ring.
Her form, &c.

I asked if I might have the pleasure
To see her safe home through the rain:
She consented—and called me her treasure,
I kissed her again and again—
When a fellow, standing behind me,
Growled: "redress he would have or my life:
And swore to powder he'd grind me
For my making love to his wife."
Her form, &c.

In anger and doubt I gazed on her,
Begged her to explain the case:
I appealed to her love and her honor—
Oh! the hussey! she laughed in my face.
I never thought she'd have done it:
For, she seemed so partial to me—
My heart, at that ball, she won it,
Where I was installed the M. C.
Her form, &c.

Trust him Not.

A Parody on: The Gipsy's Warning. By P. H. D.

Trust him not, oh! gentle barman,
Though he swears he will pay down:
He has ne'er been known to do it,
Since he's lived around this town.
He has "chalks" in every gin-mill
You can find upon the street,
But none's ever seen a penny
From this red-nosed whiskey beat.

Trust him not, oh! gentle barman:
For, he'll lie before your face,
Swear you are a jolly fellow,
Just the boy for such a place:
Then he'll ask you for some tipple,
Vow he has left home the "shot:"
But be prudent, don't believe him,
Gentle barman, trust him not.

Here's a health to all good Lasses.

Here's a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses:
Let the bumper toast go round.
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure:
For, with these, true joys are found.

What ought you to do if you split your sides with laughter? Run till you get a stitch in them.

It just suits me.

Written by J. A. Hardwick.

I live a jovial country life,
Happy am I with my home and wife.
Some men are richer, I envy none,
I'm rich enough with my dog and gun,
Early at morning I leave my home,
That is the time in the fields to roam.
Down in the valley my house you'll see:
Folks say it's small, but it just suits me.

Chorus.

I love my wife, my pipe, and my glass,
Gaily along life's road do I pass,
Jolly and free: it just suits me—
Out with my gun in the morning.

Who'd lie in bed when the lark sings high,
Up in the blue and cloudless sky?
Gay as the birds to the fields I go,
Back I return in the sunset's glow:
My dear little wife, as I cross the stile,
Welcomes me home with a loving smile:
Perhaps other women may fairer be,
But she's my own and she just suits me.
I love my wife, &c.

Winter may come and the winds may blow,
Safe in my home from the frost and snow,
By my fire-side with my wife I sing,
I wouldn't change with a crowned King:
Happy am I in my little cot,
While I am content with my humble lot:
People may sneer at my low degree,
They call it poor— but it just suits me.
I love my wife, &c.

Potteen, Good Luck to ye, Dear!

Written by Charles Lever, Esq.

Av I was a monarch in state,
Like Romulus or Julius Caysar,
With the best of fine victuals to eat,
And drink like great Nebuchadnezzar,
A rasher of bacon I'd have,
And potatoes the finest was seen, sir;
And for drink, it's no claret I'd crave,
But a keg of ould Mullen's potteen, sir,
With the smell of the smoke on it still.

They talk of the Romans of ould,
Whom, they say, in their own times was frisky;
But trust me to keep out of the cowld,
The Romans at home here like whiskey.
Sure it warms both the head and the heart,
It's the soul of all readin' and writin';
It teaches both science and art,
And disposes for love or for fightin'.
Oh! potteen, good luck to ye, dear!

Love, and Home, and Native Land.

Written by Samuel Lover.

When o'er the silent deep we rove,
More fondly then our thoughts will stray
To those we leave—to those we love,
Whose prayers pursue our wat'ry way.
When in the lonely midnight hour
The sailor takes his watchful stand,
His heart then feels the holiest power
Of love, and home, and native land.

In vain may tropic climes diplay
Their glittering shores—their gorgeous shells;
Though bright birds wing their dazzling way,
And glorious flowers adorn the dells:
Though nature, there prolific, pours
The treasures of her magic hand,
The eye—but not the heart—adores:
The heart still beats for native land.

Love often re-illumes his extinguished flame at the torch of jealousy.

Happiness is often at our side, and we pass her by. Misfortune is afar off, and we rush to meet her.

When the wind blows.

When the wind blows,
Then the mill goes,
Our hearts are all light and mer
When the wind drops,
Then the mill stops,
We'll drink and sing hey down

I was sighing in my sleep, Lov

Written and composed by H. MacCarthy
The Music of this song is Published by Wi
Smith & Perry, 298–300 Washington Street, B
Price 40 Cents.

I was sighing in my sleep, love,
When a bright pearly tear
Came a trickling down my cheek, love:
For, my dream was very drear.
I dreamt thou'd learned to doubt me.
I felt thine eyes were cold:
For, they shed no joy about me,
As in loved days of old.
Chorus: May the adage then hold true,
That reverses all our dreams,
And the darkest clouds of night,
At morn be love's bright beam

I was sighing in my sleep, love,
And dreamt the love had flown,
That in our bright youthful days, love,
Had made thee all my own;
Then I tried to find the light, love,
That was even in those eyes,
But tears had dimmed the sight, love,
And left me naught but sighs.
May the adage the

I was sighing in my sleep, love,
But brushed away the tear,
Quickly with it went the grief, love,
That filled my soul with fear:
For, the storm was o'er, and stars, love,
Twin stars began to shine:
I awoke and found thy eyes, love,
Were gazing into mine.
May the adage the

Will you ever Tumble?

To George H. Treat, Bridgeport, Conn.
Arthur W. French.

I went to see my Susie dear one Sunday night at
And in the room with pa and ma we chatted till qu
The old folks said, when off to bed: "You know
our clock is
It was a gentle hint, but then I did not take it so.

Spoken: So I was just having a nice time with
when her little brother stuck his head out of t
room door, saying:

"Will you ever tumble, will you ever drop?
Sherry out of this or else I'll call a cop;
One, two, three: now bounce him, hit him with
I could not help but tumble, couldn't help but d

Some time went by. I called again upon my Susie
She met me at the door, but then I thought she
acted
When telling me her cousin had just come to pass
And consequently for his sake no callers could receive

Spoken: I said I would like to become acquaint
her cousin, when that young kid, at the bottom
stairs, sung out:
Will you ever tum

I went right home that very night, in hand my p
d
And asked her if she could explain the cause of
such a
I asked her to forgive, forget, and all that sort of
And sure, as long as life should last, no other gir
to "

Spoken: A few days after, I received a postal
from her? No—from that little kid, saying:
Will you ever tumt

Prefer loss before unjust gain: for, that
grief but once, this for ever.

The moment a man is satisfied with hi
every one else is dissatisfied with him.

Be reasonable, and you will be happy.

The Orphan Boy.

As sung by CHARLEY BUDDY, Brooklyn's favorite vocalist.

My poor old mother and I did part when I was very young,
Her memory still around my heart like the morning mist has clung;
They tell me of my mother's form, she watched o'er me while I slept,
And with her light and gentle hand she wiped the tears I wept.

CHORUS.

But now my mother's gone to rest in realms of purest joy:
I wonder if she thinks of me, her little orphan boy.

And that same hand that held my own when I began to walk,
And the joy that sparkled in her eyes when I began to talk—
I remember, too, when I was ill, she'd kiss my burning brow,
And the tears that fell upon my cheek, I think I feel them now.

Chorus.

And then she used to kneel with me and teach me how to pray,
She'd lay her hands upon her breast to teach me the way:
Oh! mother—mother! in this breast thy image still shall be,
And I will strive even to the last for to remember thee.

Chorus.

Do not get the Blues.

Trip lightly over trouble:
Trip lightly over wrong:
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow:
Though all the day be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark:
Fair hopes have not departed.
Though roses may have fled:
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness;
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb:
While stars are nightly shining,
And the heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

Sauntering down the Lane.

'Twas in the golden summer,
And the birds sang blythe and free:
No other sound came on the wind
Save the droning of the bee:
The brook went purling through the wood,
And softly waved the grain,
As I, one morn, went sauntering,
Sauntering down the lane.
Chorus: Sauntering down the lane,
Sauntering down the lane,
How blest were I if times gone by
Would only come again!

With heart so light and merry
I jogged upon my way,
When a vision burst upon me
That eclipsed the light of day;
O charming Jessie Martin!
My toil was not in vain
As I, that morn, went sauntering,
Sauntering down the lane!
Sauntering down the lane, &c.

No song of bird was sweeter
Than the melody that fell
From those lips as red as roses,
Where a thousand Cupids dwell:
I pressed her to my bosom
Again and yet again,
And we kissed as we went sauntering,
Sauntering down the lane!
Sauntering down the lane, &c.

Our little Will.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Lower the curtains, fold the white hands,
Press the wan eyelids—spent are life's sands:
In the cold cerements, lying so still,
Seems to be sleeping—our little Will!

CHORUS.

Softly, tread softly, he's gone to his rest,
Pure as the lilies he folds to his breast.

Mute are the lips on whose accents we hung,
Shadows are stealing those bright looks among,
Save where a sunbeam slants through the gloom,
Deepening the shades in the desolate room.

Softly, tread softly, &c.

Though the door's muffled to shut out all noise,
Each lifeless object has language and voice:
And as we bend o'er his senseless form, still
We seem to hold converse with our little Will.

Softly, tread softly, &c.

Old Probabilities.

AN "END" SONG—BY HURWOOD.
Tune—"Moet and Chandon."

I am the boy who lets you know
When it will rain and when it will snow,
And the plan I use I'll now tell you:
For, although it's old, 'tis as good as new.
Chorus: Never care I how the winds may blow,
Oh. hi. ho. oh, hi. oh!
I know in advance of both rain and snow,
Oh, hi, ho! hi, ho!
Old Probabilities is my name,
Predicting storms has made my fame;
I watch the signs of snow and hail,
And seldom have been known to fail.

When a man, quite late at night,
Goes rolling home a little tight,
And his wife sits up, this opinion I form—
There will be a "blow" and perhaps a "storm."
Chorus: By going home "full" you can with ease,
Oh, hi, ho, oh, hi, ho!
Cause the old woman to raise a "breeze,"
Oh, hi, ho! hi, ho!
Old Probabilities is my name, &c.

When an old fraud with a very red nose,
Who takes his "nip" wherever he goes,
Heaves in sight, then you can bet
That he is a sign of a "heavy wet."
Chorus: Another sign in him I spy,
Oh, hi, ho, oh, hi. ho!
Whenever you meet him, he's always "dry."
Oh. hi, ho! hi. ho!
Old Probabilities is my name, &c.

When you see a man and wife,
After a year of wedded life,
Go out and bring a cradle home,
Look out for "squalls," they are sure to come!
Chorus: So you may watch the signs of the times:
Oh. hi. ho. oh. hi. ho!
In the manner I've mentioned in my rhymes,
Oh, hi. ho! hi. ho!
Old Probabilities is my name,
Predicting storms has made my fame,
How I do this I have now told you,
And you'll find, if you try, it's easy to do!

ENCORE VERSE.

When two men get in a fight,
And punch each other with all their might,
And a "peeler" comes up to take them in,
A "clearing off" will then begin.
Chorus: They both get fined ten dollars next day,
Oh. hi, ho. oh, hi, ho!
And look very "cloudy" when forced to pay,
Oh. hi, ho! hi, ho!
Old Probabilities is my name, &c.

When is a man likely to be done brown?—When his friends toast him.—

What is the difference between a tenant and the son of a widow?—The one has to pay rents, the other has not two parents.—

What kind of *Juries* are most dangerous to our liberties?—Why, *Perjuries*.

Moving for a new trial.—Courting a second wife.

Why is a gouty old gentleman like a window?—Because he is full of pains (panes.)

Just the reverse.—When a clock is wound up, it goes. When a firm is wound up, it stops!

A Weary Lot is Thine, Fair Maid.

Song written by Sir WALTER SCOTT.
The Music is published by E. H. HARDING, 286 Bowery—Price 10 cents.

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine,
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
To press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue:
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
No more of me you knew.
My love, my love!
No more of me you knew:
No more of me you knew, my love,
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again,
Ere we two meet again.
He turned his charger, as he spake,
Upon the river shore:
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
Said: "adieu, for evermore:
My love! my love!
Adieu, for evermore,
Adieu, for evermore, my love,
Adieu, for evermore!"

Cupid is a Roguish Boy.

Sung by ALICE DUNNING LINGARD

Lovers we may find plenty,
Wavering as the wind,
But scarcely one from thousands
Has a true hearted mind:
Therefore, ladies, take care of your hearts,
Cupid is a treacherous boy:
He will lurk with his bow and his darts,
And your peace and calmness destroy:
Conquered you are then surely,
If you don't shun his field:
For, wounded only slightly,
Your bleeding hearts must yield.

But we say also gaily:
"Cruel you'll judge we are,
Seldom one finds a lady
True as the Northern Star:"
Therefore, gentlemen, be not deceived,
It is best from Cupid to flee,
He is one that is not to be believed,
Or you must his victim soon be.
But spite of all this danger,
You can't resist his art,
Too lovely is this ranger,
Sweet is the death by his dart.

Beautiful Emily.

Sung by ALICE DUNNING LINGARD.
Words by W. H. S. Music by CHAS E. PRATT.

Beautiful Emily, Beautiful Emily,
Day time and night time I'm dreaming of thee.
Would I could near thee bide:
For, all the world beside,
Thou art the nearest and dearest to me.
Chorus: Beautiful Emily, beautiful Emily,
Sadly and lonely I roam o'er the sea:
Since I have left your arms,
Life for me has no charms,
Day time and night time I dream, love, of thee.

Beautiful Emily, my darling Emily,
Thou art the beacon that, shining afar,
Lights up my lonesome way,
Turning night into day,
Guiding me on as a bright evening star. (Cho.)

Beautiful Emily, sweet black-eyed Emily,
Oceans forever between us may roll,
Still I will turn to thee,
Still I will yearn for thee,
Light of my life, and joy of my soul. (Cho.)

A Poor Working-Girl's Trial.

"A Holiday to-morrow! Oh, ain't you glad?" exclaimed a girl, beautiful and bright looking, notwithstanding the long hours and close atmosphere of the work-room.

She was such a happy little bird, with such a hopeful heart, that she would not grow pale and thin as most of the others.

"Ain't you glad? Why don't you clap your hands, and dance for joy? I believe I must," throwing her arms round one of her companions.

She was about to suit her actions to her words, when a step was heard on the stairs.

"Oh, here comes Miss Crane!" she whispered, and returned quickly to her work.

Miss Crane was the forewoman of the dress-making department, in one of the largest establishments of the West End. She had never been very popular with the girls; and lately they had all grown not only to dislike her very much, but really to dread her entry into the work-room. It was whispered that she had been trying to fascinate Mr. Osborn, the head of the firm, an old bachelor of about sixty. His marriage, a few months previous, to the widow of an old friend, ended all hope in that quarter.

This disappointment had not tended to improve her temper by any means.

However, for a few days previous to our story, the girls had to admit some change for the better in her mood. Then some of them declared she was after Mr. Harry, Mr. Osborn's nephew. Indeed, it looked rather like it; for somehow Miss Crane managed to have a great deal of business with Mr. Harry.

Although no longer very young, Miss Crane was still quite handsome; and as many a man of thirty had married women ten, fifteen, and even twenty years older than themselves—she had read of men of fame doing just so—Miss Crane had hope, and really *did* look very sweet whenever she could manage some excuse to carry her to Mr. Harry.

"Do you think she heard Mr Harry whisper to me in the hall?" the happy girl asked, putting her rosebud of a mouth close to her friend's ear, as Miss Crane passed by, going into another room.

"I am not sure, Gertie, but fear so. *I* did," answered her friend.

"I don't mind if you did near. I should have told you. But I do hope that she did not."

"We shall know if she did. She will show her rage in some way."

A moment after, Miss Crane entered.

"Six o'clock, young ladies," she said.

In ten minute more the girls were ready to leave, every face brightened by the thought of rest on the morrow.

"Miss West, you will have to come here as usual in the morning. The dress you are at work on must be finished for the evening. I have an order to that effect," Miss Crane said, approaching the door, as Gertie was about going.

"Oh, no! Indeed, I *can't* come. How can I? I"—she hesitated—"I have an engagement," Gertie said, looking imploringly at Miss Crane.

"Very well, miss. Perhaps Mr. Osborn can find some one more willing, and more desirous of getting and retaining employment, to fill your place," returned Miss Crane, coldly.

"Can I not take it home with me? I will finish it to-night," Gertie asked.

"No, miss. You know that is against the rules of this department."

"Then I shall have to come," Gertie answered.

Her lips quivered, and she strove hard to keep back the tears, as she followed her friend down the steps.

When out on the pavement, Gertie's companion said, "You know now that she did hear."

"Yes, of course. Oh, is it not too hard? Mr. Harry was going to take me out to see mother. I don't mind losing the ride so much, but it would have been such a happy surprise for her. You know I have not been home for four weeks. I cannot afford to go but once a month. And mother is so poorly, too! Well, I shall have to wait until Saturday evening, and go in the train."

"Would it be too late to start at twelve, or say ten o'clock? I will help you with the dress, Gertie," her friend asked.

"Oh, yes. If we should start at ten, we should not get home before two o'clock, and it would not be worth while to stay only an hour or so. And Miss Crane would manage some way to stop my going, even if I could get the dress finished in an hour. I wonder how I can let Mr. Harry know? I cannot—I don't like to go in to tell him. Katy, you would not mind doing it for me? You always turn this corner. Go in the side door, and I will go on; so Miss Crane won't know any more than now. She is on the watch up at the window, I'm sure," said Gertie looking, up.

Sure enough, Miss Crane was there.

Katy promised to do as her friend wished; and so they parted.

The next morning, just as Gertie entered the establishment, the porter approached her, and was about to speak, when Miss Crane appeared. With a dexterous movement, unseen by her, the man passed on, and Gertie went up to the work-room.

A few moments after, Miss Crane entered. Gertie's face flushed painfully as she turned aside, as if to conceal her embarrassment.

Instead of giving instructions concerning the trimming of the dress, Miss Crane was very busily engaged moving about and turning over the work, as if hunting for something. At length she grew apparently very much agitated, and turning to Gertie, she said, "Miss West, last evening, just before our leaving, Mrs. Dalton's messenger handed me a five pound note. I thought I put it in my pocket-book; but when going into the counting-house to pay in my money, a few moments ago, I missed it. I must have dropped it here somewhere; indeed' I am perfectly certain of it. Will you look about, while I go out for a few moments? You will find it, no doubt. You know there has been no one here since we left, and as you were the first to enter this morning, of course it must be here now."

Again Gertie's face crimsoned, and as the door closed after Miss Crane, she said, with a frightened look, "Oh, she must have seen James when he handed the note!"

Ten minuts, and the door opened again.

"You have found it?" Miss Crane said, in a tone rather asserting than inquiring.

"No, indeed; and I have looked everywhere," Gertie said, looking very much worried.

"Miss West, it is useless for you to seek either to retain the mony or deney its being in your possession," Miss Crane said, approaching Gertie, and looking as if she was about to lay hands on her.

"What?" cried Gertie. "You mean that I have found the money, and am keeping it?"

"Exactly so, Miss. And it is of no use to put on that astonished and injured look. I *know* you have it. I saw you conceal something in your bosom as I entered. Can you deny that, or explain your embarrassment at the time?" Miss Crane asked, with a triumphant air.

Gertie West's color fled. She grew very pale as she said, "I know nothing about the money."

"Ah! you cannot deny it. I *knew* it!" Miss Crane cried. "Hand it to me, this instant!" approaching Gertie, and holding out her hand.

The girl drew back, paler than ever, only repeating again, "I know nothing about the money."

"I will send for a policeman. I will have you arrested. Some one shall search you, if you do not give it to me," the excited woman said.

"I have not it, Miss Crane. Surely you will not bring such a dreadful charge against me!" the poor girl cried.

"Enough of this acting. If you do not give me the money immediately, I will go for advice to Mr. Osborn. Perhaps Mr. *Harry* Osborn would be more kindly disposed—a less impartial judge, eh?"

Again the pale face crimsoned. But she raised her eyes to those of her tormenter, and said, "You will not believe me. I have nothing more to say."

"Then, Miss, I shall take the liberty to lock you in here until I return," Miss Crane said walking out and locking the door after her.

Gertie sank on a seat and burst into tears. What should she do? Ere she could collect her thoughts the door opened, and Miss Crane entered, followed by Mr. Osborn.

The old gentleman was very much embarrassed. He had a good heart, and felt sorry always to of any one falling into sin. Gertie West w last person he could imagine being dishonest did not know what to say to her, or how to her. He looked at Miss Crane, and she a At length, glancing pityingly at the tren girl, he said, "Well, Miss Crane?" feeling thing but well himself.

"I stated the case to you down stairs," Crane answered.

"Oh!—ah!—well!—really!" began M born.

It was difficult to tell which was the agitated, Gertie or her employer. The poo had, by a great effort, managed to keep weeping aloud. She dropped her head ther all the suppressed emotion escaped in one sob. This was too much for the kind-hearted He started forward, placed his hand on her g head, and said, "My dear child! there, don't We are all likely to err. The strongest of u be tempted. I—I will endeavor to have th happy affair remain unknown outside this Give Miss Crane the money."

"Indeed, I have not got it," sobbed fort weeping girl.

"She has, sir," cried Miss Crane, more than ever at the kind way Mr. Osborn dealt Gertie. "I saw her myself when she put it bosom."

Mr. Osborn knew not what to say then, walking to the window and pulling it although it was one of the warmest mornin July, and taking out his handkerchief and w his face he returned to Gertie. She was calmer, and raised her eyes to his.

"Can she be guilty, looking so sweet and cent? I can't believe it," the kind man tho but said:—"The only way we can retri wrong action, my child, is first to acknowled Then——"

"Mr. Osborn, perhaps I may never be a prove my innocence, but I am not guilty. I never seen the money," Gertie said.

Miss Crane angrily asked, "Do you prote deny my seeing you hiding it as I entere room?"

"I can, and do."

"What is this, then?" Miss Crane exclai and darting up to Gertie, she snatched fo closely folded paper, the corner of which worked its way through an opening in her which the poor girl, in her haste to hide the had failed to button.

Impulsively Gertie sprang forward, and stepped back, simply saying, "It's not money."

When she saw the paper unfolded, and a temptuous smile on the woman's face, she s Mr. Osborn, "She has no right to read my le Make her hand it to me."

"Really!" Miss Crane said, with a mo smile. "Mr. Osborn, this is something for eyes, sir. Perhaps you may not relish the th of a thief becoming your niece! This artfu has entrapped Mr. Harry into a proposal of riage. I insist that she shall be searched, s

Poor Gertie! She saw the look of displ plainly on the old gentleman's face. What she do? what say? Nothing that she could said would have gone so quickly to her empl heart as the one word which escaped her lip wail of despair:—"Friendless!"

Mr. Osborn refolded the letter without lo at it, and handing it to Gertie, said, "I a willing to condemn you, Miss West, on eit Miss Crane's charges. About the first there be some mistake. I suppose it must have my nephew's letter that you concealed on Crane's entrance. Still, for your own s should like this mystery solved."

"You can have me searched, sir; but Crane shall not do it. She hates me, and is enough to pretend she found it on my perso believe," Gertie cried. Then catching hold Osborn's hand, she said, "*You* are just. Y help me to prove my innocence, will you Have me searched; have the room searched, we *must* find it! It will kill my mother i thought dishonest. I cannot have this d suspicion on me!"

Before Mr. Osborn could reply, Miss Crane said scornfully. "Having entrapped your nephew—"

Just then the door opened, and Harry Osborn entered, holding an open note in his hand. Miss Crane's words had reached his ear. Looking from her excited face to Gertie's, tear-stained and expressing so much agony, he was by her side in an instant.

"What is the matter, sir?" he asked, looking towards his uncle.

"Miss Crane can inform you better than I," the old gentleman replied.

"I heard Miss Crane's remark as I entered. Excuse me, but I must deny the assertion. I have *not* been entrapped. I have been so fortunate as to avoid *your* snares," Harry Osborn said, in a tone more malicious than gentlemanly.

For the moment Miss Crane was completely silenced, while Gertie, taking courage from her lover's presence, said, "Oh, Mr. Harry, she has accused me of something terrible! She has called me a—a——"

"Thief!" Miss Crane said, her tone and look full of venom. "Yes, Mr. Harry Osborn, I say your promised bride cannot boast of an unspotted reputation after this. I accuse her of stealing a five-pound note! Let her prove her innocence, if she can."

A look of withering scorn Harry Osborn cast upon the woman as, holding towards his uncle the open letter, he said, "Here is the proof of Miss West's innocence. Mrs. Dalton's servant has just brought it, and it was for the purpose of returning to Miss Crane the lost money that I came up. You will see Mrs. Dalton says she found it in the sleeve of her dress; probably dropped by Miss Crane when folding it."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed old Mr. Osborn. "I am glad, very glad. Miss Crane, I'm sorry you have been so hasty."

It is impossible to describe Miss Crane's chagrin. But she would make another thrust at poor Gertie, and said, "If Miss West had not looked so guilty when she hid your nephew's love-letter, I should not have thought of her having the money."

"The letter the answer to which I am so anxious to hear," said Mr. Harry; and added, "Uncle, Miss West is not my promised wife. I only wish she had made me so happy. But my highest hope is to win her. Have I your good wishes for my success?"

Miss Crane was getting out of the room as fast as possible, but Mr. Osborn's reply reached her ear.

"Yes, yes; win her, if you can, and comfort the poor child the best you know how. She has passed through a terrible ordeal, truly. Ugh! that woman is very fierce."

He turned, and was going out of the door, when Gertie hastened after him. Catching his hand, she said, "I want to thank you, sir. If you had not been so good to me, I could not have borne up through that dreadful scene."

Hesitating a moment, she continued:—"Tell me, do you not regret your nephew's loving me? Would you not rather it should be otherwise?"

Mr. Osborn looked into the pretty young face raised to his with such a gentle, pleading expression, and stooping, pressed his lips on her clear, broad brow, saying, "You are a dear, good girl. No! I have no regrets about Harry or his love. I chose my own wife, and expect other men to do the same—to suit themselves. Now go, and be happy. May God bless you, child! And I'm sure he will."

Harry Osborn would not let Gertie touch any work that day. He did not believe it was ordered for the evening, and did not care if it was; Gertie should have her holiday, he declared. And so the day which brought Gertie West the greatest trial of her life, secured to her also the greatest blessing—the love of a good and noble-hearted man.

When does a farmer work a miracle? When he turns a horse to grass.

The way addition sometimes works subtraction may be seen in the fact that if you add another syllable to short it makes it shorter.

What is often found where it is not?—Fault

The feature of our age.—Cheek.

The Cross of Blood.

I was not young—something over forty years of age, and a childless widow,—when I accepted the position of governess and companion to Elise Manderson, the motherless daughter of Paul Manderson, the great iron merchant.

Elmdale, the superb mansion where Mr. Manderson established his home when he retired from the iron business, was a large country house of the last century, modernized with all the new contrivances for comfort, and splendidly furnished. The grounds were extensive, and thoroughly cultivated; and the station where the railway trains stopped for passengers to and from New York was not two miles away, over a pleasant road.

The little village of Linton was near the station; but Elmdale was isolated from the other country seats in the neighborhood by having a hill for its grounds, and proudly overlooking the country for miles from its summit.

The family consisted of Mr. and Miss Manderson, myself, and a large number of servants under the superintendence of the housekeeper, Mrs. King. I may as well introduce myself here as Mrs. Rutherford, commonly called Madame, being myself of French birth, although my late husband was an American.

My position in the household may be best defined by the words of my employer when he welcomed me to Elmdale.

"My little girl, madame, will not tax your time for much instruction, as she has masters for languages, music, and drawing, and pursues her Latin and English studies with me. But she wants a companion—one who will fill, in some measure, the place of her mother, who died two years ago in Italy. While we remained abroad, travelling constantly, I was sufficient companion and protection for Elise; but my business will call me from home very frequently, and I shall feel happier to leave her with a pleasant friend."

He then led me to the drawing-room, and introduced me to his "little girl."

Truly I thought she was a child when she rose from her chair to greet me; but in a moment I saw my error. The graceful courtesy of her manner, the gentle dignity and sweetness combined, were not those of a child, though the exquisitely lovely face and small, delicate figure were very childlike.

She was in her twenty-first year, but any stranger might have mistaken her for a girl of sixteen at most. In five minutes I was conversing easily with my beautiful charge, and had my position as friend and confidante well defined by the stately courtesy of the father, and the gentleness of the daughter.

Our first evening passed pleasantly; and in a few days I was thoroughly at home in Elmdale, joining Elise in her walks, rides, and drives, and sitting with her when she was with her masters. She was no book-worm, but an enthusiast in music, a fair amateur artist, and an admirer of the poets of Germany, Italy, and France.

I think if I were going to name the greatest charm of my young charge, I should embody it in one word—purity. Her very beauty was of that fragile fairness we associate with angels.

We had plenty of visitors, and returned the calls and civilities of the neighbors; but there was no especially intimate friend to cause me jealousy. For I loved Elise in a week so fondly, that I was greatly happy in having her give me fond confiding affection.

It was in September when I went to Elmdale, and there was no break in our pleasant, quiet life until Christmas. It was from a large Christmas ball given by Mrs. Rierson, one of the magnates of the neighborhood, that I date the commencement of the train of events I am about to relate.

Mr. Manderson had gone on a journey upon some business; for, although he had retired from the pursuits that made his fortune, he was constantly engrossed in speculations, the investments of his immence wealth, or other occupations. He had remembered the festive day by a large box of gifts sent to Elise from New York, in which was enclosed a pair of heavy, costly bracelets for myself; but he was not coming home.

Being left as usual to our own devices, we had accepted Mrs. Rierson's invitation, and after a late dinner, with Christmas luxuries for our solitary selves and the servants, we prepared for the ball.

I never saw a lovelier vision than Elise as she entered the drawing-room for my final touches to her dress, she having laughingly assured me that her maid could never put on the French finish in my fingers.

Over a pale peach-colored silk she wore a dress of white lace—a Parisian work of art—caught up on the overskirt with a garland of peach-blossoms. Her shoulders and arms were bare; but the slender throat was clasped by a necklace of pearls, white pearl-drops hung from the dainty ears, and loops of the same costly stones confined the showers of golden curls.

"Papa's Christmas gift," she said, as I admired the pure stones. "It is to bad he is not here to see them."

The drive was not a long one, and we were soon at Mrs. Rierson's. The evening was on the verge of midnight when the hostess came to my side.

"Madame," she said, "have I your permission to introduce Mr Baxter to your pupil? I do not like myself to take the responsibility, because he is quite a stranger amongst us, and his story is rather too romantic for my taste."

"What is his story?" I asked.

"Mr. Murray, the lawyer, at Linton, introduces him, and vouches for the fact that he is the heir of an eccentric millionaire in San Francisco, who was a client and old friend of the lawyer's. Who or what he was before this benefactor adopted him, and left him his fortune, the story does not state. He is a very handsome man, about thirty, and heir to immense wealth. That is all I know."

"But why must he be introduced to Elise?"

"He has requested the introduction. Ah, we are too late. Mr. Murray is presenting him."

I followed the direction of Mrs. Rierson's eyes, and saw the old lawyer leading a gentleman to the side of Elise. The young girl looked up, and smiled, then courteously greeted the new-comer. One of Strauss's waltzes broke from the band, and the stranger evidently asked Dr Elise's hand for the dance.

She smiled, and bowed assent. I saw him put his arm around her delicate waist, and in a moment she was in the throng of gracefully moving waltzers.

She danced like a fairy, my dainty little darling, moving in that perfect accord to the music that only a lover of music can attain, and seeming to float along the current of the sweet, stirring melody. Twice she passed me, borne along on the strong arm of her tall partner, who danced well; and the third time she approached, leaning upon his arm, and seeking a seat beside me.

When she introduced me, I looked with some curiosity at the hero of Mrs. Rierson's romance. I saw a tall, eminently handsome man, with good features, a dark complexion, black hair and moustache, and large black eyes. His manner was gentlemanly, but reserved, and the impression he left upon my mind was that he carried some great sorrow, or, perhaps, secret.

He stood beside us for some time, conversing pleasantly, but always with grave reserve, and an expression of settled melancholy, that was very sad in so young a face. Yet, I was favorably impressed, and certainly was forced to admire the gentle courtesy of manner that marks the breeding that is habitual, the inborn instincts of refinement.

"Whatever else Mr. Baxter may be, he is certainly a gentleman," I thought, before we had been five minute together, and I never changed my opinion in all the doubts and fears that followed.

My responsibility was soon over; for, early in January, Mr. Manderson returned, and his inquiries about the stranger resulted in a cordial extension of hospitality, and apparently perfect approval of his admiration for Elise.

So the old, old story, that is ever new, began at Elmdale; and I saw Elise learning, day by day, the sweet lesson of love, from lips that could be dangerously eloquent, and eyes that softened and grew luminous for her alone.

He loved her devotedly—this tall, grave man; and I was sure his love was fully returned when, one lovely day in early spring, she showed me a glittering diamond ring, and whispered that Morton Baxter had placed it on her finger, the seal of their betrothal.

(To be continued.)

A TEAR SHALL TELL HIM ALL.

Arranged by L. ME

Slowly, with simplicity and feeling.



2.

Though heedless of his vow he prove
His falsehood I'll not harshly blame
And should he wander back to me,
I will not ask him whence he came.
No angry frown shall cloud my brow,
No murmur from my lips shall fall;
But ere this heart in silence break,
A tear, a tear shall tell him all.

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CONTENTS.

Avenging and Bright ..... page 707
A Shantyman's Life 706
Allie Weir 706
The BRIDGE OF SIGHS 709
Behind the Scenes 706
Cousin Jim : or Sam Moore's Lament 709
The Cross of Blood—Story ended ..... 710—711
The Dawn is breaking o'er us 707
Dear Fanny 707
Dennis O'Shane 708
DON'T SELL MY FATHER RUM ..... 706.
Edith : or the loss of the Clipper-Ship "Golden Lion" 711
For the lack of Gold 706
Fashions of the Day 708
Good-Bye, Susan Jane 706
Homeless to-night : or Boston in ashes 708
The Heathen Chinee 706
I am waiting, Birdie 708
Lilly Dale : Music 712
Mother, Home and Heaven! 706
MAGUIRE'S PIC-NIC PARTY 707
Maudie Moore 707
Never go back on the poor 709
Oh! Do not look so bright and Blest! ... 707
Oh! No, we never mention her 708
Oh! Trust me, Darling, once again 708
Poor child of the Drunkard 708
POOR BROKEN FLOWER! 707
Sweet Somebody 707
They met but once 707
When to Sad Music Silent you Listen 707
When will you think of me? 709
Wine : or around the clock we go 708

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The Heathen Chinee.

Words by BRET HARTE. Music by HENRY TUCKER.
The Music is published by R. M. DE WITT, 33 Rose Street. Price Five Cents.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah-Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies,
Which it might be inferred
That Ah-Sin was likewise:
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah-Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand,
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor;"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued,
I did not take a hand
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah-Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

Don't Sell my Father Rum.

A BEAUTIFUL TEMPERANCE BALLAD.

Don't sell him another drink, please,
He's reeling already, you see,
And I fear, when he comes home to-night,
He'll beat poor mother and me;
She's waiting in darkness and cold,
And dreading to hear him come;
He treats us so bad when he's drunk:
Oh! don't sell him any more rum!
Chorus: Don't sell him another drink, please,
He's reeling already, you see,
And I fear, when he comes home to-night,
He'll beat poor mother and me.

I heard mother praying last night,
(She thought I was quite sound asleep)
She prayed God her husband to save,
His soul from temptation to keep;
She cried like her poor heart would break:
So, trying to comfort her some,
I told her I'd beg you to-day
Not to sell father any more rum. Chorus.

Why don't you have something to sell
That will not make people so sad?
That will not make dear mothers grieve,
And kind fathers cruel and bad?
Ah, me! it is hard: I can see
You're angry because I have come:
Forgive a poor, sad little girl,
And don't sell her dear father rum! Chorus.

Behind the Scenes.

Sung by ED FREEMAN. Music published by E. H. HARDING, 298 Bowery, N. Y.—Price 10 cents.

When but a little boy, oh! really it was my joy
To visit the the theater, I'll admit:
How happy I could be the performance to see,
While seated in the gallery or pit—
I fancied all was real that the curtain did reveal,
But since that I've passed beyond my teens:
I begin to understand, though in front it may look grand,
'Tis very different just behind the scenes.
So if you will attend for a moment now, my friends,
I'll do the best within my humble means
To show to you to-night, though in front it may look bright,
'Tis very different just behind the scenes.

The comedian is one who, while causing lots of fun,
His heart may yet hang heavy in his breast:
And the man who plays the king, though it seems a curious thing,
In private may be very poorly dress.
The ladies, too, so fair, who go floating through the air,
And look like little angels there instead
Sometimes have to roam unto a wretched home,
And oftentimes go supperless to bed—
While those who play the parts of the men with stony hearts,
And look as if their tempers were like fiends;
Could you see them while away, you'd very likely say:
"They're the mildest looking men behind the scenes."

'Tis just the same in life: for, what lots of care and strife,
And suffering some folks will undergo
Just to cut a shine and to make themselves look fine!
They think of nothing else but outside show:
They fancy and suppose that those who wear good clothes,
Always look the richest and the best:
But an honest heart and mind is respected most, you'll find,
No matter whether rich or poorly dress.
Still many one, you know, have caused themselves much woe,
Through trying hard to live beyond their means:
And though they wear a smile, yet, really all the while,
They are very wretched just behind the scenes.

There's many a married pair, I've no doubt you are aware,
Who in public are so tender and so kind;
But could you only see them at home in privacy,
A very different state of things you'd find—
Sometimes it is the wife who's the cause of all the strife,
Sometimes it is the husband who's to blame:
Let that be how it may who causes all the fray,
Their quarrelling continues just the same.
Yet still they try to hide from all the world outside
The snarls and jars with which their household teems,
And often, when you hear them call each other dear,
They hate each other just behind the scenes.

The wealthy and the great who can ride about in state,
And have a host of wealth at their command,
Have, you may be sure, as many troubles to endure
As those who are the humblest in the land—
For, England's greatest sage says all the world's a stage,
And each of us endeavor all our might
Our follies to conceal and only to reveal
That which is most pleasing to the sight.
No matter where you go from the highest to the low—
From peasantry right up to kings and queens—
Whatever they enjoy, there's something to annoy,
If we could only see behind the scenes!

Good-bye, Susan Jane!

Banjo Solo. Sung by ED. FREEMAN.

I went to see my Susan,
She met me at the door;
She told me that I need not come
To see her any more,
She fell in love with Rufus
Andrew Jackson Pane;
I looked her in the face, and said:
Good bye, Susan Jane!
Chorus: Oh! Susan Jane!
Oh! Susan Jane!
Oh! Susan, quit your foolin'
And give my heart to me:
Oh! give me back my heart again,
And I will let you be;
I used to love you dearly,
I cannot love again:
I'm going away to leave you soon—
So, good-bye, Susan Jane!

Her mouth is like a cellar,
Her foot is like a ham,
Her eyes is like the owl's at night,
Her voice is never calm;
Her hair is long and curly,
She just looks like a swan:
I bid farewell to all my love:
So, good-bye, Susan Jane!
Oh! Susan Jane, &c.

Allie Weir.

By H. A. DARLEY—From the New-York Cu

In the village churchyard, calmly sleepin
Lies the form of darling Allie Weir,
While the stars above are brightly peepi
O'er the grave of her we cherish dear.
The summer winds are gently sighing,
And sadly murmuring through the air,
And linger round the grave of Allie,
Our Allie, once so young and fair

CHORUS.

Darling Allie, lovely Allie,
We mourn the loss of one so fair:
In the village churchyard, calmly sleepin
Lies the form of darling Allie Weir.

With aching hearts we watched our darli
Whose eyes to ours would gently roam
Calmly she waited for death's angel
To bear her to that other home.
"I am going, farewell! said our darling
Kiss me, mother, father, ere I die."
Then her gentle spirit fled forever
To that mansion far beyond the sky.
Darling Allie, lovely A

For the Lack of Gold.

By ARTHUR W. FRENCH—From the New-York

My clothes they are out of the fashion
And my toes they are out of my boots
They say I have got in the passion
Of wearing the oddest of suits:
My watch has been lent to a friend, sir,
(Please do not imagine it's sold)
And the way I have come to this end, sir,
It was all "For the lack of gold."

CHORUS.

There's many a man in these times, sir,
Who loses his grip and his hold,
And tumbles as fast as he climbs, sir—
But it's all "For the lack of gold."

I used to have friends of a plenty,
Who clung to me long as I'd treat:
But now there is not one in twenty
Who would recognize me in the street.
My heart it will never grow brighter—
And it's wicked to envy, I'm told—
But I think that this world would be brig
Were it not "For the lack of gold."
There's many a man in these times,

Mother, Home and Heaven!

Sung by JENNIE ENGEL.

Mother, Home and Heaven!
How dear those words to me!
The first, she held me to her breast,
And danced me on her knee;
I was to her a priceless gem,
She thought me nice and fair;
And now I never can forget
A faithful mother's care.
Chorus: Mother, Home and Heaven!
How dear to think of all!
Before the trumpeter descends
To bid us mind his call.

Mother, Home and Heaven!
How sweet to me is home!
For, there we meet with those we love,
And do not care to roam;
We have a pretty sister's voice
To cheer us day by day;
We have a little baby bright
To watch while he's at play,

Mother, Home and Heaven!
The last we hope to see!
Where angels gather 'round the throne,
And sing a joyous glee;
Oh! may we all assemble there,
And cast our sins aside:
For, with the true and righteous ones
Our aim is to abide.

Maudie Moore.

Composed by Wm. H. Delehanty, and sung by Delehanty and Hengler.

I'm always gay by night and day:
I'm sure I could not ask for more,
Since I have seen that lovely queen,
That said her name was Maudie Moore.

When her you see, you will agree
There's none with Maudie can compare,
Her style is neat, her smile is sweet,
In truth I love her, Maudie Moore.

O Maud! dear Maud, I love you, Maud,
And I have said that o'er and o'er:
If you will only tell me boldly
That you love me, Maudie Moore!

Come, welcome Spring: sing, birdie, sing:
I will not drive you from my door,
May flowers bloom in sweet perfume
Around your pathway, Maudie Moore.

Where we first met, I ne'er forget,
Your bright eyes smiled in joyous glee;
'Twas at the show, how well I know!
At the Olympic Matinee.

The usher gay said "step this way,
Your seat is numbered forty-four:"
'Twas happiness I can't express
To have a seat by Maudie Moore.

Her face got red; for, then I said
"I think that we have met before."
"Oh! yes! said she, please call on me:"
Her card inscribed with Maudie Moore—

Sweet Somebody.

Words by Lou. R. Hewett.

I am thinking now of somebody,
Sweet Somebody, far away:
And I must see that somebody,
At not a far distant day.
Oh! to be with her I'm yearning,
And backwards my thoughts will run:
Yes, my thoughts to-day are turning
To that pretty, that lovely one.

Chorus.

Sweet Somebody, Sweet somebody,
Somebody far away:
I am thinking now of somebody,
Sweet Somebody far away,
And I must see that somebody,
At not a far distant day.

The eyes of that Sweet Somebody
As fair as e'er was seen:
The smiles of that Sweet Somebody
Are fit to grace a queen:
But it's no use to be singing
About this sweet little dove;
But I am always exposing
Myself, and the girl I love.

Sweet Somebody, Sweet Somebody &c.

When to Sad Music Silent You Listen.

By Thomas Moore.

When to sad music silent you listen,
And tears in those eye-lids tremble like dew,
Oh! then there dwells in those eyes, as they glisten,
A sweet, holy charm that mirth never knew.

But when some lively strain, resounding,
Lights up the sunshine of joy on that brow,
Oh! then, the young deer, o'er the hills bounding,
Was ne'er in its mirth so graceful as thou.

When on the skies at mid-night thou gazest,
A light so divine thy features then wear
That, when to some planet thy bright eye thou raisest,
We feel 'tis thy home thou art looking for there.

But when the word for the gay dance is given,
So buoyant thy spirit, so heartfelt thy mirth,
Oh! then we say: "ne'er leave earth for heaven,
But linger still here to make heaven of earth!"

The dawn is breaking o'er us.

By Thomas Moore.

The dawn is breaking o'er us,
See, heaven hath caught its hue!
We've day's long light before us,
What sport shall we pursue?

The hunt o'er hill and lea?
The sail o'er summer sea?
Oh! let not hour so sweet
Unwinged by pleasure fleet.

The dawn is breaking o'er us,
See, heaven hath caught its hue—
We've days long light before us,
What sport shall we pursue?

They met but once.

By Thomas Moore.

They met but once—in Youth's sweet hour—
And never since that day
Hath absence, time, or grief had power
To chase that dream away.

They've seen the suns of other skies,
On other shores have sought delight:
But never more to bless their eyes
Can come a dream so bright.

They met but once—a day was all
Of love's young hopes they knew—
And still their hearts that day recall
As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth!—oh! ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.

For, youth, the spell was only thine,
From thee alone th' enchantment flows,
That makes the world around thee shine
With light thyself bestows.

They met but once—oh! ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now—

Dear Fanny.

"She has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool:
She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so:"
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool—
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so.
Dear Fanny!
'Tis not the first time I have thought so!

"She is lovely—then love her, nor let the bliss fly:
'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season:"
Thus Love has advised me—and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Reason.
Dear Fanny?
Love reasons much better than Reason?

Oh! do not Look so Bright and Blest.

By Thomas Moore.

Oh! do not look so bright and blest—
For, still there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.
There lurks a dread in all delight,
A shadow near each ray,
That warns us then to fear their night,
When most we wish their stay.
Then look not thou so bright and blest—
For, ah! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things
The soonest fleet and die?
That, when most light is on their wings,
They're then but spread to fly?
And, sadder still, the pain will stay,
The bliss no more appears:
As rainbows take their light away,
And leave us but their tears!

Then look, &c.

Avenging and Bright.

By Thomas Moore.

Avenging and bright fell the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed!
For every fond eye which he wakened a tear in
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung o'er Connor's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war which, so often high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed:
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengence is wrecked on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall:
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

Maguire's Picnic Party.

Song and Chorus—By Will H. Stoutenburgh.

Maguire Pat once stated that it was his firm intintion
To celebrate his wedding date in a way he soon wud nintion;
An' so, they say, that wan foine day, wid a manner free and hearty,
He announced to all in place ov a ball he'd give a big picnic party.

Chorus: The girls were there, decked out so fair,
The by'es were gay an' hearty:
Have ye's ever been on a festive scene
Like Maguire's picnic party?

They hired a boat, and when afloat upon the light-blue wather,
The fiddles then struck up a chune in the rare ould style they ought ter:
Delaney sung, but the brogue ov his tongue changed sintimint to laughter,
And the noise then made by aich gay young blade shook the boat from roof to rafter,
The girls were there, &c.

Things went on well for quite a spell, Maguire was doin' the Lancers
Wid anger blind: for, he cud not find his bride among the dancers;
But off on a seat, in a cool retreat, his wild eye quickly found her—
Her form he spied at Delaney's side, wid Delaney's arm around her!
The girls were there, &c.

In a terrible sweat he left the set, to Mrs. Maguire he bounded,
He pushed aside his charming bride, but Delaney's head he pounded:
Them that were near, tried to interfere: for, the battle looked so hearty,
And Maguire Pat lost the new white hat he'd bought for the picnic party.
The girls were there, &c.

In the general feud that then ensued, they say some bones were broken,
An' blackened eyes to rumor gave rise that hard words had been spoken:
The moral of this you can aisily guiss: If yez wish kape hale an' hearty,
For your pace ov mind lave your wife behind when yez go on a picnic party.

Chorus: The girls were there, decked out so fair,
The by'es were gay an' hearty;
Niver befor was there fun galore
Like Maguire's picnic party!

Poor Broken Flower!

Poor broken flower! what art can now recover thee?
Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath:
In vain the sunbeams seek
To warm that faded cheek:
The dews of heaven that once like balm fell over thee,
Now are but tears to weep thy early death!

So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her—
Thrown from his arms, as lone and lost as thou:
In vain the smiles of all
Like sunbeams round her fall:
The only smile that could from death awaken her,
That smile, alas! is gone to others now!

What chin is it that is never shaved?—An urchin.

What nation produces most marriages?—Fascination.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?—When it runs down.

Oh! No, We Never Mention Her.

Oh! no, we never mention her,
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word:
From sport to sport they hurry me
To banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene
The charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more
The valley where we met,
I do not see the hawthorn tree:
But how can I forget?

They tell me she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets me;
But I heed not what they say.
Like me perhaps she struggles
With each feeling of regret:
But if she loves as I have loved,
She never can forget.

Dennis O'Shane.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by J. W. POPE— Music by H. T. KNAKE.
The Music is published by BARR & KNAKE, 12 Sixth Street, Near Suspension bridge, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Why art thou lonely, and why art thou sad?
Thoughts of thy Norah should make thy heart glad:
Thoughts of my loved one gives life to my heart,
Bidding all feelings of sorrow depart.
When thou hast left me, my Spirit takes wings:
Bird-like it follows thee, gladly it sings,-
Sings to thy Spirit its love-laden strain—
List then, my darling, my Dennis O'Shane,
Come then, my darling, my Dennis O'Shane.

CHORUS.

Trust me, believe me, I only am thine.
True as the star which the mariner guides:
Clouds may obscure it, but love like to mine
Shines on the same, and forever abides.

Oft when the sun with his gold gilds the West,
Oft when the kine have lain down to their rest:
When the sweet flowers are drinking the dew,
Bounds my fond heart its last vow to renew:
Short are the lives of those dew-drinking flowers,
Short are the moments of joy we call ours—
But to enjoy them we'll meet at the lane,
Come then, my darling, my Dennis O'Shane—
Come then, my darling, my Dennis O'Shane—
Chorus.

Homeless To-Night: or Boston in Ashes.

Music Published by WHITE, SMITH & PERRY, Boston, Mass.

Lone and weary through the streets we wander:
For, we have no place to lay our heads,
Not a friend on earth is left to shelter us:
For, both our parents now are dead—
Poor mother died when we were both young,
Yet father made for us a home:
But now he's killed by falling timbers,
And we are left here all alone.

CHORUS.

Lone and weary through the streets we wander:
For, we have no place to lay our heads,
Not a friend on earth is left to shelter us:
For, both our parents now are dead—
Who will pity us and who will give us shelter,
Through this sad and lonely night?
Little brother now is cold and hungry,
And the tears roll down his cheeks so white:
Oh! if our mother now was left us,
Then she would care for us to-night:
But, ah! the angels they have borne her
Unto a home where all is bright.
Lone and weary, &c.

I am Waiting, Birdie.

Composed and sung with great applause by SAMUEL D. STRICKLER.

I am waiting for a bright smile
Beaming pure and bright,
I am waiting for those footsteps
Treading soft and light.
When the stars are shining, Birdie,
I will meet you here:
All I ever long for, birdie,
Is to be with thee near.

Chorus: I am waiting, Birdie, waiting
For to greet thee here:
All I ever long for, darling,
Is to be with thee near.

I'm so lonely, darling Birdie,
When I'm far from thee:
For, no other's smiles can cheer me,
You are all the world to me.
And when I'm dreaming, darling Birdie,
Dreaming, love, of thee,
I pray that Heaven will bless me, darling,
And bring me back to thee.

Chorus: I am waiting, Birdie, waiting
For to greet thee here:
I am always happy, Birdie,
When I'm with thee near.

Oh! Trust Me, Darling, Once Again.

Composed and sung by SAMUEL D. STRICKLER.

Oh! trust me, darling, once again,
I never more will grieve thee:
'Tis hard to part with all I love—
I cannot—must not leave thee.
How sweet those memories to me
Of the bright and happy hours,
When we strolled together, hand in hand,
To gather the fairest flowers!

Chorus: Oh! trust me, darling, once again,
I never more will grieve thee:
'Tis hard to part with all I love—
I cannot—must not leave thee.

Wilt thou forgive me, darling one?
For, world's no charms without thee:
Forgive those angry words I spoke,
The pain that I have caused thee:
Believe me when I tell you true:
For, thou art so dear to me—
And while there beams a light above,
I ne'er will cease to love thee—
Oh! trust me, darling, &c.

Wine: or Around the Clock We Go.

As sung at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Sing cheerily, sing lustily,
Good liquor is divine,
The nectar of the gods
Was wine, wine:
Now pleasure be our queen,
Old father's time we mock,
And close the merry hours,
Laughing 'round the clock.

Chorus: All 'round the clock,
Good liquor is divine,
The nectar of the gods
Was wine.

With jolly souls like ours,
And wine to make them gay,
The sorrows of the world
Can never come our way:
And thirstier crew than we,
Since Moses struck the rock,
Ne'er chased the merry hours,
Laughing 'round the clock.
All 'round the, &c.

Why should a sea voyage have no terrors for medical men?—Because they are accustomed to see sickness.

A Shantyman's Life.

Composed and Written by GEO. W. STAGG

Oh! a Shantyman's life is a weary one,
Though some call it free from care:
It's wielding the axe, from morning till night,
Midst the forest dark and drear:
A lying in the shanty, bleak and cold,
Where the stormy winds do blow:
And as soon as the morning stars appear,
To the wild-wood we must go.
Transported we are, from the pretty maidens fa
On the banks of Black River stream,
Where the wolves, and the owls, with their terr
Disturb our nightly dreams.

At two o'clock, our early cook
Calls out: "'tis the break of day!"
In broken slumbers we do pass
The long winter nights away.
Had we Ale, Wine or Beer our spirits to cheer,
Whilst in the desert wild:
Or a glass of any thown, whilst in the woods alo
'Twould shorten our long exile:
But we've parted from the glass, and the smilin
love
All pleasures left behind—
No kind friends near to wipe the falling tear,
When sorrow fills the troubled mind.

When spring comes in, double hardships begin,
And the waters, piercing cold,
Dripping wet our clothes, our limbs are almost
To our oars we can scarcely hold.
But the rocks, shoals, and sands give employm
to al
Our well-bended raft to steer,
And the rapids, that we run,
To us they are but fun,
Void of all slavish fear.
Now a shanty-boy I do love the best,
And I never will deny the same:
For, his heart scorneth those conceity beaus,
That call it a disgraceful name.

It makes me, indeed, my very heart to bleed
To see the danger he daily does stand:
But all this he will repay, in some future happy
When joined in wedlock band:
All rafting he'll give o'er, and anchor safe on sh
Lead a quiet and sober life,
Never more will he roam from his peaceful, happ
But he'll marry him a pretty little wife.

Fashions of the Day.

Banjo Solo. Written and sung by GEORGE HA

I just come out to sing a little ditty,
And I hope I won't offend in what I say
I'll tell you of the sights you see while wall
Any afternoon, up our gay Broadway.

The ladies they dress so very funny,
With a curl or two hanging down behind
Their front hair rushing down their eyebro
While they strap on all the papers they ca

You'll see the swell a-standing on the corn
His pantaloons so tight you'd think he'd
His mother's out a-washing for a dollar,
While he high-priced cigars am bound to

The free-lunch brigade, you're sure to meet
Any time a day, working up their route:
Oh! how the cheese and crackers they do
To say nothing of the beans and sauerkr

Poor Child of the Drunkard.

Poor child of the drunkard, none careth for
Thy desolate dwelling no shelter can be:
Friendless and forsaken, rude winds on thee
Left now to the wide world, say: where can
th

CHORUS.

Come hither, my darling, dwell ever with m
Here thou shalt be welcome, I'll cheer and
comfo

Low under the green sod thy mother now li
Her prayers for thy safety God will not dea
Her words I remember, oft spoken in faith
"My child, God will shield you when I sle
d

Come hither, my darling,

Thy sad, thoughtless father, how fallen is h
May God in his mercy the drunkard set fre
Friendless and forsaken, rude winds on the
Left now to the wide world, say: where can
th

Come hither, my darling,

The Bridge of Sighs.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not Loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smoothe and compose them
And her eyes, close them
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Savior!

When will you think of me?

From the New York Clipper—By "Mignonne."

When will you think of me, dear friend,
When will you think of me? When?
When you sit alone at twilight hour,
And yield unto its mystic power,
Or when you see some tender flower,
Ah! you'll think of me *then*

When will you think of me, dear friend,
When will you think of me? When?
When your heart is sad, no friend is near
To sadly with you drop a tear,
And make the grief more light appear,
Oh! you'll think of me then.

When will you think of me, dear friend,
When will you think of me? When?
When adown the west the daylight dies,
And golden-tinted Summer skies
Smile on thy calm, unclouded eyes,
Ah! you'll think of me then.

When will you think of me, dear friend,
When will you think of me? When?
Some strain you hear, low, soft and sweet,
It comes like a memory that you greet
With tender tears—Ah! it were meet
That you'd think of me then.

When will you think of me, dear friend,
When will you think of me? When?
I cannot tell: but I believe,
As time her varied chains shall weave,
No matter where, for me you'll grieve,
And kindly think of me then.

Never go Back on the Poor,

Written and composed by Watts, especially for Messrs Harris and Brady, and sung by them with great success.

Air:—Don't put your foot on a man when he's down.

In this world of sorrow, of toil and regret,
There are scenes I would gladly pass o'er,
But stern truth compels that each fact must be told,
That thro' life we may check them the more.
Is it right that a man who has well earned his pay
On the pipes by the sweat of his brow,
Should wait like a beggar on Green, day by day,
Or else home in hunger to go?

Chorus.

If a man is in trouble, remember this song,
Go drive the grim wolf from his door,
Assist him in need, you will seldom be wrong,
If you never go back on the poor.

From the wild waste of waters a death-cry came,
As dashed on the iron-bound shore,
A noble ship struck in the darkness of night,
And sank 'mid the tempest's loud roar.
The captain asleep and the men off their posts,
With the coal and provisions run short
While the doomed ones they hoped for that bright western land,
Which in joyous sweet dreams they had sought.

Chorus.

Can it be such neglect shall by us be forgot,
Or that money shall triumph once more?
A good willing hand, a stout branch and a rope
For those who go back on the poor.

When the divers went down 'neath the wreck to search
For the victims that lay far below
"'Tis only a steerage" was oft the remark,
As the ghastly form came up to view—
As if only a steerage could shut out a soul,
Because poverty claimed him her own,
As if dollars and dimes are the standard of worth,
And the pass to all good that is known.

Chorus.

But the White Star must change its emblem aloft
To blood-red, a-float and ashore
Till the steamer Atlantic's forgotten by time,
With its cargo of unburied poor.

At the stands on the corner of every street,
The aged and blind used to be
And work out a living to save them from want,
From the poor-house that they might be free:
But now stout Italians healthy and strong,
Each old grandmother's driven away,
I don't think the people will stand the base wrong
Of those people who work under pay.

Chorus.

And the newsboy or bootblack that toils, morn and night,
To keep hunger and pain from the door,
Have been pushed to the wall by these great organ men:
Let us never go back on the poor.

Cousin Jim: or Sam Moore's Lament.

Character Song.

By Will H. C. of Canton, O.

Dedicated to Edwin Browne, Character Vocalist.

As it happened in the city, one fine evening,
I took a little ramble down the street,
When a splendid-lookin' chap came up and asked me
If I remembered when we last did meet.
I told him that I had no recollection
Of ever having seen his phiz before;
And he gave me then a mighty close inspection,
And he said: "My friend, I guess your name is Moore."

Chorus.

"Oh! yes, says I, my name is Samuel Moore, sir,
And I hail right from the sunny hills of Pike:
And my dad he used to keep the village store, sir,
And I have five sisters and a brother Ike."

Then he told me that he knew all my relations,
And that his uncle's brother was my dad:
And from his many friendly intimations
I am sure I thought he was a bully lad:
But when he asked me: "how is sister Lizzie?"
I knew he was my long-lost Cousin Jim:
So we went into a place that made me dizzy,
And he told me all that style belonged to him.
"Oh! yes, says I, &c.

Then he asked me if I'd play a game called keno,
But I told him that I'd never yet learned how;
I said I could play nothing yet but euchre,
Which I'd learned on Sundays in the barley mow.
Just then in rushed some fellows dressed so funny,
And quickly Cousin Jim blowed out the light—
And now I haven't got a cent of money—
For, with it Cousin Jim has taken flight.

Chorus.

"Oh! yes, I say, my name is Samuel Moore, sir,
And I wish that I was back in sunny Pike,
As a clerk in my daddy's village store, sir,
I would never play except with brother Ike.

When does a ship display a propensity for climbing?—When she runs up her flag.

What is that which has a mouth and never speaks, and a bed in which it never sleeps?—A river.

"Necessity knows no law." Well, necessity is like a great many lawyers.

The Persians have a saying that "ten measures of talk were sent down upon the earth, and the women took nine." A libel!

The Cross of Blood.

(Continued.)

It was after I had embraced and congratulated her, that Elise mentioned, for the first time, a peculiarity I had often noticed in her lover.

"Why is it, do you suppose, that Morton always wears a glove on his left hand? In doors or out, even at the table, he keeps that hand perpetually covered."

"It may be injured or disfigured in some way."

"I mean to ask him. I want to know all about him now," she said, gaily. "It is a mystery, and I dislike mysteries."

That same evening, when her lover came, she asked him the secret of the gloved hand.

"There is no mystery about it," he said, unbuttoning the delicate kid-gloved hand. "I wear it to conceal an unsightly scar I received, in a fight, when I was a miner in California."

I noticed a pallor on Elise's face as he spoke, and as he uncovered his hand, I leaned forward with her to see the red scar that was certainly unsightly enough to excuse its covering. But Elise, white as a corpse, never heeded the scar, fixing her eyes, dilated with horror, upon a large seal ring on the fourth finger of the disfigured hand.

Her very lips grew white, as she struggled with some deep, painful emotion.

Her lover, looking with wonder at her white, agitated face, said, "Elise, you are ill! What moves you so, darling?"

She looked up, with a piteous, yearning expresion, that was heart-breaking, and with a sigh that seemed like a death-knell, sank down, white and senseless, at our feet.

Mr. Manderson was summoned from the library, and a physician sent for, as we could not revive her.

All the long night, her father and myself worked over her, restoring her from one long fainting fit, only to cry, in a tone of agonized horror, "the cross of blood! the cross of blood!" and again fall back insensible.

The physician arrived when we were becoming seriously alarmed, and at once inquired if Miss Manderson had suffered from a mental shock.

Her father answered, promptly, "No; Miss Manderson lives a perfectly tranquil, happy life. She has never had any mental affliction, excepting her mother's death."

But when the night of insensibility was over, and Elise passed into violent delirium, the doctor became positive in his conviction, and I grew fairly bewildered.

She raved incessantly of Morton, calling him by every endearing name, then crying out in horror, "Morton! The cross of blood!—the cross of blood! Oh! it cannot be you, Morton, who murdered him! Morton, my own love! Oh, God help me! The cross of blood!"

This was the never-ceasing refrain, and it became horrible to me, as it broke from her lips hour after hour, always associated with her lover's name and murder.

For one long, long day, after more than a week of illness, it seemed as if the secret was to be buried in the grave of the fair girl. With bated breath, the loving father and I watched for the waking from sleep that was to be decided for life or death, and saw the large, soft eyes open rational once more.

"Madame," she whispered, "have I been ill?"

"Yes, darling; and you must be very quiet."

"Who is that crying?"

Mr. Manderson checked the deep sobs of gratitude to come to her side.

"It is I, Elise. Thank heaven, you are spared to me, my child."

"Yes, papa; but—but——" and her eyes wandered.

"Do you want to see Morton?" he asked.

"Morton?" she said, wistfully; and then, in a wild sob, "No, no! I want nobody but you!"

I had told no one of the ravings that so perplexed me. I felt that there was some deep mystery hidden in my darling's pure, young heart, and she alone must solve it.

Yet, as she grew slowly stronger, I saw that the secret had become an ever-present burden of sorrow that was breaking her heart. With returning health came no returning gladness to the pale, wasted face; but she would lie for hours looking sadly into vacancy.

Even after she was able to sit up, she shrank from seeing Morton, though even her father pleaded for his admittance.

"To-morrow, when I am stronger," she would say, to turn to me when we were alone, and sob her deep unspoken agony upon my breast.

She had not seen Morton, when one day her father came in, carrying a letter. After some little talk, he said, gaily, "You must get well now, and look your prettiest, Elise. Claude Steadman has come home."

"He has not come!" she gasped.

"He is in New York, and will call upon us to-day or to-morrow. I have told Mrs. King to prepare a room for him, for I shall not let him return, if I can keep him here."

There was no reply, and the father soon left us. Alone with me, Elise gave way to a burst of despairing anguish that fairly terrified me.

"What shall I do? What can I do?" she sobbed. "There will be bloodshed! They must not meet! I must warn Morton! Oh, my love, my love!"

I tried in vain to calm her, dreading a return of her first terrible illness; and after an hour or more of this suffering, I finally persuaded her to take a quieting medicine, that held her fast in sleep in a short time.

My own brains were whirling. I knew that Claude Steadman was a young American artist whom the Mandersons had met in Italy, and that an exquisite oil-painting of Elise, that hung always in her father's room, was the work of his hands. But, often as I had heard him mentioned, I had never imagined Elise regarded him with especial favor or interest.

She had spoken frequently of his talents, of their pleasant intercourse abroad, and her desire to see him when he returned to New York, but ever in a calm, friendly tone.

She awoke calm and rational. As I bent over her, she drew me down to kiss me fondly.

"I cannot bear my secret alone," she said, her eyes full of unshed tears. "Will you hear it, and will you aid me, even if what I ask seems wrong to you?"

I promised. Surely, there could be no deep wrong done by her little hands?

"You heard my father say Claude Steadman was coming here?" she said, after a moment of silence. "He must not meet Morton Baxter *ungloved!* And yet it is to screen him I am doing foul wrong to a noble, true nature! I will tell you all! You shall advise me."

"When we met Claude Steadman in Italy, my father became much attached to him, and he was a constant visitor at our hotel. You have seen the picture he painted of me, and know that we became very friendly in the many long sittings I gave him. He was a very handsome man, in a boyish, blonde style, with great blue eyes like a baby's, and a sweet sensitive mouth. Young as I was, I felt, as did all who came within his influence, a kind of protecting affection for him. He was full of vivacity and life, but subject to fits of deep mental depression. It was during one of these spells he told me his story.

"He was one of twin sons of a gentleman who was also a twin, and had lost father and mother when a mere child. His father's estate, carefully managed, had given himself and his brother support and education, but nothing more. There had been the usual strong love of twins between the brothers, though he told me they were most unlike in appearance and disposition. When they arrived at manhood, their father's uncle died, and in his will left his nephews two rings, that had been made, by their grandfather's order, for his twin boys. The rings were very peculiar, and Claude gave me his to examine closely. Upon a surface of onyx-stone, pure white, was a cross of deep red rubies, the family coat-of-arms being a cross of blood upon a snow-covered field.

"The brothers were just of age when they decided to seperate for a time in pursuit of fortune, Claude coming to New York from their Western home, and Godfrey, the brother, going to California in search of gold.

"Six months after the separation, the brother in New York saw the account of a mu ous attack upon a mining party who had fo large nugget, in which the entire number wer ed, and the villains escaped with the pl Among the killed was Godfrey Steadman.

"When," said Elise, in a shivering tone, clung to me, "Claude said this, he held u ring—the, twin-ring with the cross of blo crying, 'Some day I shall find the mate to thi the hand that carries it it will be the hand brother's murderer! I am sure of it."

"Madame," the girl whispered, "when E showed me the scar on his hand, I saw upo finger the twin-ring bearing the cross of bloo

There was a deep silence felt upon us. arms the girl lay white and exhausted, yet see relieved that she no longer bore her hideous alone. I tried to think how to advise her.

It seemed to me, as to her, impossible Morton Baxter could be the vile murderer for Yet the possession of the ring, the scar he was received in a fight in the California were fearfully weighty evidence against him.

"Madame," said the low voice, "will you him? Will you send him away before C comes? Guilty or innocent, I love him, and not take his punishment in my hands."

"I will warn him," I said. "Lie quiet, will speak to him at once."

It was not an easy task. Mr. Manderson gone to Linton early in the day, but I was sure Morton was in the library waiting the bu from the sick room.

I found him pacing restlessly up and down.

"Will Elise see me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Elise has sent me to tell you——" I said paused, realizing the full difficulty of my er

"To tell me what?" he asked, impatiently.

"To tell you Claude Steadman will be here short time."

"Claude Steadman!"

He fairly shouted the name, not in the voi terror or fear, but of the most rapturous delig

"Claude—here!" he cried. "Not dead!"

"Dead?" I repeated.

"They told me he was dead when—oh, mad madame, I am the happiest man alive! Clau here!"

Even as he spoke the door opened, and Manderson entered, followed by a stranger. was one awful moment when the two men, as death, faced each other; then, with a cry I imagined could spring from men's lips, a c womanly tenderness, of boyish love, they spra a strong mutual embrace, weeping like childr

When we were quiet again, and seated rational beings, I thought of the anxious, lo heart up-stairs, and said, "You must explain quickly. Elise is dying, broken-hearted, Mo trying to tear her heart from you, believing are Godfrey Steadman's murderer."

"I! I am Godfrey Steadman himself!"

"But you were reported murdered," said fair-haired artist, seeming to just awake to wonder of the scene.

"I was left for dead, Claude, and with me companion and sharer in a miner's toils and h ships, Morton Baxter. But I was not actu killed, though I lay for hours senseless bleeding. When I revived, I found Morton still breathed. For days I tended him, scar alive myself, till we were able to crawl to nearest station, and from there send for Mor father to San Francisco. When he came to u had both removed to his home, and togethe and I nursed his boy until he died of his inju The old man clung to me, looking upon me a companion and friend of his son, and as he more and more feeble, gradually depended me for every care and attention. When he die left me his fortune, upon condition that I took son's name. But as soon as I had my senses use of my hands, Claude, I wrote again and a to you. There was no answer,' and when I able, I came to New York. Mr. Jones, our lawyer, told me you had died in Paris."

"I sailed for Italy soon after you were repo dead, Godfrey, trying to forget my sorrow in art. It was our cousin Claude who died in Pa

I stole away then, leaving them to exchange confidences, and went to Elise. How I told my story I cannot now recall; but when the brothers came to the drawing-room with their host, a pale little white-robed fairy glided to Morton's arms, to sob her thankfulness, and beg forgiveness for her distrust of him.

There was a wedding in the autumn, and Morton Baxter has built a superb mansion near ours for his bride, where Claude paints his new sister's fair face as angels, fairies, and every lovely fantasy of an artist's brain.

I say ours, because Mr. Manderson, when he lost his child, decided to sell Elmdale unless I would still preside there as his wife, promising to remain with me or make me his companion, if he was called on business far from his home. And I, knowing him true and good, gladly gave him my hand, where my heart had been for many long months.

THE END

EDITH:

Or the loss of the Clipper-Ship "Golden Lion"

You may call this a confession, or what you like. I do not regard it as others may, and I choose to call it a narrative. In it I make no admission, no acknowledgment of guilt. Whatever of wrong I may have done was atoned for long ago. My guilt, if guilt it was, brought its own terrible punishment, and my sin has wrought an expiation which I know to be complete. You have asked me for my story, and I have promised to tell it, but I do not ask you to sit in judgment upon my past life. Let me tell you, however, that it is no romance that I have to relate. Every word written upon these pages shall be truth, and nothing else, though every letter traced by my pen burn into my soul, as I write, in characters of living fire.

You must not expect me to be concise or even coherent. What woman, of such a nature as mine, writing the story of her own life, a life such as mine has been, could do it unmoved? The ashes of my past are not so dead but that some coals are left.

Our pretty cottage residence was in a village on the coast, about sixty miles from New York. There I dwelt with my aunt and sister. Ah! let me speak of my sister—my motherless, fatherless sister—my companion, my love, my hope, my very life; for it seemes to me that my life began with her, and with her all its sunshine went out for ever. She was very little, very little indeed for her age. No one, seeing that round baby face, with its wild-rose complexion and wide blue eyes, would have supposed her to be eighteen. I was then twenty-three, and her direct opposite, for I was tall, and almost as dark as an octoroon. Had you noticed the unusual smallness of her figure, you would have taken her for a mere child. She had such little hands and feet, and moved with such supple grace, that she seemed more fairy-like than human. It was not her father's poetic fancy that gained for her the pet name of "Elf." I think the village people were the first to discover its aptness as a term for her peculiar prettiness; and thus, though she had been christened Elfie, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that every one should fall into the way of calling her "Elf," "Elfin," and sometimes "Fairy."

And so, as I have said, she was just eighteen years old when Gilbert Stephens first met her under the willows by the roadside on that sultry August day, and stopped his horse to look at her in wonder. Elf and I had been wandering about the fields after a few late summer flowers for our mantel-vases, and she had reached the road a little in advance, and thrown herself upon the grass in the shade to wait for me.

"Why, bless me, child!" said Gilbert Stephens. "Do you know how pretty you are?"

She had never seen him before in her life, and she now turned her face, crimson with blushes, towards the strange speaker, and bit her lips with vexation.

"I beg your pardon," he said, immediately perceiving his mistake. "I thought it was a child. I love children, and I meant no offence, believe me."

His whole manner was that of a gentleman, and as I emerged from the bushes I saw that he was young, not more than thirty, and handsome too. He was so earnest in his apology, and seemed so provoked by his blunder, that Elfie smiled good-naturedly.

"It is no matter," she said. "I am often the subject of the same mistake."

Those two dimples of Elf's showed to fine advantage at that moment, as she turned, flushed and rosy, to say this. But at that moment I burst in upon the scene, and the stranger's attention was at once turned towards me. If I ever saw admiration in a man's eyes, I saw it then. No woman, aware of her own attractiveness, ever mistakes that look. I was not unhandsome, and I knew it, and I also knew that my beauty had suddenly found no ordinary favor in Gilbert Stephen's eyes. But he raised his hat, and gathered up his reins again.

"I am intruding," he said; "don't let me add to my rudeness!"

And so saying, he touched his horse, and ambled slowly out of sight.

That was the beginning of my acquaintance with Gilbert Stephens. How well, looking back upon it now through the misty years, I remember that hot summer afternoon, the white dust of the road steeping in the sun-light, the drooping trees hanging their leaves listlessly in the quivering air, the peaceful midday stillness brooding over all the fields. That acquaintance, thus begun, was destined to ripen into a close and singular intimacy—singular, because the parties to it were a rich, proud man, and a simple girl whose face was her only wealth.

I think the most skilful of metaphysicians would then have been puzzled to find a reason for Gilbert's whim in making a friend of me. How it came about, I hardly know; but in a week after that first meeting by the roadside he had introduced himself into our family, made a friend of my aunt, and established himself on the familiar footing of a regular visitor. After that, scarcely an evening passed that did not find him at the cottage. I could not fail to see that I was the cause of his sudden interest in us. He asked me to drive out with him on pleasant afternoons; he sent me flowers almost daily; he lent me books, and read them to me while we sat in the sun-set in the little porch under the ivy; he found a hundred delicate ways of conveying to me the knowledge that he loved me.

And I—need I say it?—loved him. All the passionate force of my nature turned into one channel, which led from my heart to him. I loved him, I knew not why; it was not because he was good, for he was not. It was not because I thought him other than he was. I did not stop to question that.

Through all those days he scarcely noticed Elfie. He seemed still to look upon her as a child; and though he appeared pleased with her artless ways, and glad to have her near us, his interest in her seemed that which we feel in pretty children, and nothing more. And so we dreamed away the summer days, and I found my life rippling onward in a placid, unbroken current of perfect happiness.

One evening he called, as was his wont, for a drive upon the sea-shore. It was a favorite drive of mine, and I knew that he went there for my sake alone. The evening was clear and beautiful, and a bright moonlight illumined the way, making the road and beach nearly as light as in the open glare of day.

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed, as the horse's hoofs struck the hard sand, and we came down close to the white fringe of surf.

"Beautiful, indeed!" he said, reining the animal in. "There are not many sights like it!"

We stopped to look over the sea, while the wash of the waves ran seething up the beach between our horse's feet. For several moments neither Gilbert nor I spoke, and the silence was broken only by the constant music of the breakers. I don't know why, but the scene brought to me a dreadful feeling of loneliness. There was an overpowering sense of desolation in that wide, dark waste of tumbling waters, and in those never-ending reaches of barren sand. A shocking sensation came into my throat, and the tears into my eyes. I thought of my love for this man at my side, and if he should pass out of it, how desolate my life would be.

Ah, how much more desolate than ever the rolling sea, or the dead and glistening beach before us! Woman, and fool that I was, a sob burst from me before I could restrain it.

"What!" he exclaimed in a startled tone; "crying, Edith? You are not in any trouble?"

"No, no," I replied hastily. "I don't know what ails me. It is so beautiful here to-night, that I suppose I was crying for that, if anything. How silly I am!"

"You have nothing to be ashamed for," he said, gently. "I feel inclined to cry myself, sometimes, when I come here. The ocean is the most lonely thing in the world, and when I am in a melancholy mood I come here for sympathy. God knows I need it enough sometimes!"

"*You* need sympathy?" I asked, looking up at him, wonderingly.

"Yes. Is it so strange that a man should be out of spirits? We of the sterner sex have our yearnings and our moments of desolation as well as women."

"You should be happy," I said.

"Why?"

"You are rich."

"And does that bring me all that my heart craves? Do you think I wish for nothing more? You, who are a woman, know nothing of a man's yearning for a woman's company. When I can clasp in these arms the living, throbbing form of the woman I love, then I shall be happy!"

"Have you found her?" I asked, the blood rushing to my temples as I spoke.

He turned his dark eyes full upon me, with a bright light glittering in them and answered "Yes."

I could not mistake his tone. My heart bounded fiercely in my bosom, and I bowed my head, that he might not see the burning color of my cheeks.

"You have not asked her to be your wife?" I said, tremulously.

He broke forth almost fiercely.

"I have not," he said, "because I dare not. I am a coward. I dare not trust my fate upon such a slender thread. Should she refuse me, what for me would there be left in life to make it worth the living?"

"But if she should not?" I asked, trembling in every limb.

He turned upon me again, and seized my hands with a vehemence that almost frightened me.

"Edith!" he exclaimed. "You, and you alone, can tell me whether she will or not. Let me know the worst."

I was silent for several moments. My heart throbbed so as to nearly choke me. My whole frame quivered with excitement. At last I stammered forth, "I do not—think—she would—Gilbert."

He drew me near him quickly, and kissed me.

"Oh, Edith," he said, you have made me very happy!"

And that was all. Was it all? Wait and see. Mine was a short-lived happiness. The single span of a night and day saw its glad birth and its bitter death and burial.

Oh, how bright seemed all the world to me next day! I busied myself about my house-hold duties with such unwonted cheerfulness, that Elfie looked at me in wonder. I felt as if wings were added to my feet, and a new strength given to my frame. I found no opportunity for telling Elfie until night came. When we were alone, and in the quiet of the parlor, I thought, then I would tell her. And so, at last, the twilight came, and I sat down by the open window to watch the last fading light in the west, and to wait for the sound of the step I had learned to know so well. Elfie sat by my side, and we both listened for the echo of the hoofs of Gilbert's horse upon the gravel.

"Why, Elf!" I said, suddenly; "you are trembling."

"Am I?" she replied. "Well, I believe I am. Oh, Edith," she continued, dropping her head upon my shoulder, "I am afraid to have him come!"

"Afraid to have Gilbert come?" I asked. "Why, Elfie!"

"I don't know—I don't know what to say to him."

(To be continued.)

LILLY DALE.

Arranged by G. DE ANGUE

Andante simplice.



3 "I go," she said,
"To the land of rest,"
And ere my strength shall fail
I must tell you where,
Near my own loved home,
You must lay, poor Lilly Dale.

4 'Neath the chestnut tree;
Where the wild flowers grow,
And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale,
Where the birds shall warble
Their songs in spring,
There lay poor Lilly Dale.

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CONTENTS.

Annie, we have parted ..... page 715
Burnt out: or Pity the Homeless 714
Bless your little Heart, Love 716
Black eyes and Blue 714
BOSTON BELLES 714
Captain Jack 717
The Chelsea War-Widow 717
Edith: or the loss of the Clipper Ship "Golden Lion"—Story ended 718—719
The Flowery Shannon Side 716
The Fire-Cap and Trumpet: or the Fireman's Bride 715
Give me the Heart 717
The GALLANT HUSSAR 715
How that girl perspired 716
I am glad to see you, Boy 717
It's Music just the same 717
I am thinking of thee 717
I'm off for Baltimore 717
I was once what you'd call a Good Fellow 716
The IRISH REFUGEE—No 2 717
Jeannie with the light brown hair 715
Lingering near the door 715
The Lone grave by the Sea 714
Leaning on a Balcony 714
Mary of Argyle—Music 720
Our Blessing on the Daisies 714
Only tell me that you love me 716
Oh! Erin, my country—No 2 715
PATCHOULA 714
Spooning on the Sands 715
Sweet letters from home 716
Testing her Innocence—a Story 719
When all the world is young 714
What I wish I were 716

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Our Blessing on the Daisies.

Words by Charles Mackay—Music by Franz Abt.

The Music of this piece arranged for the voice and pianoforte is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

My heart is full of joy to-day,
The air hath music in it:
Once more I roam the wild-wood way,
And prize the passing minute.
The balms of heav'n are on my cheek,
My feet in meadow mazes:
Let me alone and I will speak
My blessing on the daisies!
Let me alone, and I will speak
My blessing on the daisies!

I have not seen for half a year,
Sore pent in cares and labors,
These gems of earth, these blossoms dear,
These free and gladsome neighbors:
They smile upon me as of old,
Through mem'ry's shifting phases:
My blessing on your white and gold,
Ye well beloved daisies!
My blessing on your white and gold,
Ye well beloved daisies!

I love ye for yourselves alone,
Ye bright perennial comers:
Ye ease my brow of winters known,
And crown my locks with summers:
Revive me back the thoughts of youth,
Its feeling and its phases:
Its careless joy, its simple truth—
My blessing on the daisies!
Its careless joy, its simple truth—
My blessing on the daisies!

If only once each hundred springs
Ye bloomed the long grass under,
The crowd, with all its priests and kings,
Would throng to see and wonder:
Religion's self would kneel and pray,
And hymn your Maker's praises:
But you, ye blossom ev'ry day—
My blessing on the daisies!
But you, ye blossom ev'ry day—
My blessing on the daisies!

Leaning on a Balcony.

Words by Frank W. Green—Music by Alfred Lee.

'Tis pleasant on a summer's night,
I think you won't deny,
When stars, like wicked laughing eyes,
Are winking in the sky,
With some one by your side, whose eyes
Are bright as any star,
To lean upon a balcony,
Enjoying a cigar.

CHORUS.

Leaning on a balcony, smoking a cigar.
Talking to a pretty girl, heedless of her pa:
Tho' some may like to stroll about, I like better far
Leaning on a balcony, smoking a cigar.

You're glad to leave the crowded room,
And, if the night be fair,
To lean upon a balcony
To get a breath of air:
And, if you've some one by your side,
She won't take it amiss
If in a quiet sort of way
You steal a little kiss.
Leaning on a balcony, &c.

When curtains screen you from the room,
And nobody can see,
To pop the question quietly
What better place can be?
The coldest-hearted must relent,
You very soon will find:
For, girls upon a balcony
Have never proved unkind.
Leaning on a balcony, &c.

Who first invented balconies
It isn't clearly shown
But I am much inclined to think
The thought was Cupid's own:
At any rate he makes them now
His own especial care:
For on a quiet moonlit night,
You'll always find him there.
Leaning on a balcony, &c.

Then, if you like in summer time
To watch the stars so bright
What place is half so pleasant as
A balcony at night?
But batchelors, both young and old,
It's clear from what I've shown,
If you'd keep single you must leave
Those balconies alone—
SPOKEN: And never catch yourself—
Leaning on a balcony, &c.

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business.

Burnt Out: or Pity the Homeless.

By James R. Murray.

Published and for sale by WHITE, SMITH & PERRY, 298 and 300 Washington Street Boston—Price 40 Cents.

Pity the homeless, pity the poor,
By the fierce Fire-fiend forced to your door:
List to their pleading, list to their cry,
Pass them not heedlessly by:
Roused from their slumbers, peaceful and sweet,
Hastening in terror into the street,
Leaving behind them treasures most dear,
Flying in anguish and fear.

CHORUS.

Pity the homeless, pity the poor,
By the fierce Fire-fiend forced to your door:
List to their pleading, list to their cry,
Pass them not heedlessly, heedlessly by.

See how the Fire-king leaps in his joy!
As his dread minions haste to destroy—
See how the homes, once peaceful and fair,
Wrapped in the flames, melt in air—
Haste then, and help them, who from their home
Shelterless, foodless, wearily roam:
Pity their anguish, list to their prayers,
Lighten their labors and cares.
Pity the homeless, &c.

Patchoula.

SONG AND DANCE.

Written and Composed by Geo. Evans.

Arranged by Wm. Gooch.

Published and for sale by WHITE, SMITH & PERRY, 298 & 300 Washington Street, Boston—Price 35 Cents.

Lovely and fair is my darling Patchoula,
With eyes tender blue as the mid summer's sky:
She is my jewel, my heart's fondest treasure,
The bloom on her cheek will the roses out-vie.
She treats coldly my passionate ardor,
Oh! it's then that I love her the harder—
Tho' she says, on her life, she'd ne'er be a wife,
Such a dear little witch is Patchoula!

CHORUS.

Oh! beautiful, bewildering Patchoula!
My dear little riddle Patchoula—
She can fool me at will, but I'll think of her still,
My witching, my darling Patchoula!

When I first saw Patchoula, one
bright summer's morning,
She stood by the side of her own father's gate—
The smile that she gave me, had
the spell of a charmer:
'Twas then that I knew I had met all my fate—
With her manners so bewitching and simple,
Her cheeks are so roguish and dimpled:
What care I of life, if she'd be my wife,
My own little darling Patchoula?
Oh! beautiful, &c.

When all the World is Young.

Words by the Rev. C. Kingsley—Music by Elizabeth Philp.

The Music is published by Boosey & Co., 644 Broadway.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And ev'ry goose a swan, lad,
And ev'ry lass a queen:
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And ride the world away,
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And ev'ry dog his day:
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And ev'ry dog his day—

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down:
Creep home, and take thy place there,
The maimed and spent among—
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young:
God grant you find one face there,
You loved, you loved when all was young.
when all was young.

The Lone Grave by the Sea.

Composed by Will S. Hays.

The Music is published by Louis Tripp, Harmony Hall, Louisville, Ky.

I'm sitting in the cottage door,
Where oft, in days gone by,
We've watched the wild waves kiss the sh
My Mother dear and I:
But now I'm left sad and alone,
All that was dear to me—
My Mother dear! I'm weeping by
The lone grave by the sea;
Alone, at night, I'm kneeling
By the lone grave by the sea.

The pale moon now reflects her light,
While half the world's asleep:
The stars, so beautiful and bright,
Looks down upon the deep:
The murmuring waves come to the shore,
And go, in playful glee,
To sing a dirge upon the deep
Of the lone grave by the sea.
While I am left alone to weep
O'er the lone grave by the sea.

The flowers that Mother planted there,
Are fading fast away:
They ne'er again will bloom so fair,
The cottage will decay:
But let that cottage be my home,
No other give to me—
For, I can watch, by day and night,
The lone grave by the sea:
And when I die, oh! let me lie
Near the lone grave by the sea—

Boston Belles.

Written and Composed by Raymond.

The Music is published by Benj. W. Hitchcock No. 439 Third Avenue, New-York.

I walked down Tremont Street, one day,
One lovely afternoon:
The belles were out in colors gay,
Like butterflies in June.
They floated on in glitt'ring pride,
The Kates and smiling Nells:
Each seemed arrayed as for a bride,
These charming Boston Belles.

CHORUS.

These Boston Belles, these Boston Belles,
These charming Boston Belles!
Each seemed arrayed as for a bride,
These charming Boston Belles.

One smiling blue-eyed damsel came
With such a winning grace:
She kindled in each heart a flame—
Oh! what a lovely face!
That melting eye, that cheek of rose,
That heart where Cupid dwells—
That Grecian bend—that Grecian nose—
The queen of Boston Belles!
These Boston Belles,

I saw them move along the pave,
The blonde and proud brunette:
Their graceful charms such beauty gave,
I never can forget:
They smiled on Dick and sporting Ned,
And Charlie, Prince of Swells:
It seems they are on Nectar fed,
These shining Boston Belles!
These Boston Belles,

Then let us sing a jovial strain
To praise the Boston fair:
Of Boston beauty we are vain,
And Boston graces rare:
Then, love, ring out your merry peals,
And sound your silver shells:
'Tis hard to tell what joy one feels
To sing of Boston Belles!
These Boston Belles,

That woman was a philosopher, who, when lost her husband, said she had one great cons tion, and that was—she knew where he was o' nig

The Fire-Cap and Trumpet: or the Fireman's Bride.

As I walked out, one fine Summer's morning,
All alone, to take the air,
I over-heard a tender mother
Talking to her daughter dear,
Saying: "Dear daughter, I'd have you to marry,
No longer lead a single life."
"O mother dear! I would rather tarry,
I choose to be a fireman's wife."

Chorus.

Give me the lad with the fire-shirt on,
Oh! give to me my heart's delight:
Give me the lad with the fire-cap and trumpet,
That shines to me like diamonds bright—

"Firemen, my child, are fond of roaming,
And to the fires they all will go;
They will leave you broken-hearted,
Which will prove your overthrow."
"Hark! now you hear the fire-bells ringing,
And don't you hear that doleful sound?
Hark! don't you hear? The foreman of the engine
Cries: pull on, brave boys! they're gaining ground!"

Chorus.

It is up the ladder now he's tripping,
Without danger, without fear,
And through the burning window he dashes,
An infant's cries aloud he hears:
Down, down the ladder now he is stepping,
Without danger, without fear:
In his arms he has the mother,
And she does hold her baby dear.

Chorus.

Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair.

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne, like a vapor, on the summer air!
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way:
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er—
Oh! I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air!

I long for Jeanie with the day-dawn smile,
Radiant in gladness, warm with winning guile:
I hear her melodies, like joys gone by,
Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die:
Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain,
Wailing for the lost one that comes not again:
Oh! I long for Jeanie, and my heart bows low,
Never more to find her where the bright waters flow—

I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed
Far from the fond hearts round her native glade:
Her smiles have vanished, and her sweet songs flown,
Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone—
Now the nodding wild flowers may wither on the shore,
While her gentle fingers will cull them no more:
Oh! I sigh for Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air!

The Gallant Hussar.

A damsel possessed of great beauty,
She stood by her own father's gate:
The gallant Hussars were on duty.
To view them this maiden did wait.
Their horses were capering and prancing,
Their accoutrements shone like a star:
From the plains they were nearer advancing,
She espied her young gallant Hussar.

Their pellisses were slung o'er their shoulders,
So careless they seemed for to ride:
So warlike appeared those young soldiers,
With glittering swords by their sides:
To the barracks next morning so early,
This damsel she went in her car,
Because that she loved him sincerely—
Young Edward, the gallant Hussar.

It was there she conversed with her soldier.
These words they were heard for to say—
Said Jane: "I've a heart none more bolder,
For to follow my laddy awa"
"Oh, fie!" said young Edward, "be steady,
And think of the dangers of war,
When the trumpet sounds I must be ready—
So wed not your gallant Hussar."

"For twelve months on bread and cold water,
My parents confined me for you:
Oh! hard-hearted friends to their daughter,
Whose heart it is loyal and true:
Unless they confine me for ever,
Or banish me from you afar,
I will follow my soldier so clever,
To wed with my gallant Hussar."

Said Edward: "your friends you must mind them,
Or else you are for ever undone:
They will leave you no portion behind them,
So pray do my company shun."
She said: "if you will be true hearted,
I have gold of my uncle's in store:
From this time no more we'll be parted,
I will wed with my gallant Hussar."

As he gazed on each beautiful feature,
The tears they did fall from each eye:
"I will wed with this beautiful creature,
To forsake cruel war" he did cry.
So now they're united together.
Friends think of them now they're afar,
Crying: "Heaven bless them now and for ever,
Young Jane and her gallant Hussar."

Annie, we Have Parted.

To Miss S.... G....

By the Popular Writer, Thomas Sloan Jr, Author of "Kitty Wells" and "Nelly Bray."

Air: Willie, we have missed you.

Oh! Annie, we have parted, my happy dream is o'er;
I leave thee, broken-hearted, to meet perchance no more.
The world looks not so bright, love, as once it did to me:
'Tis shrouded now in night, love: for, I am leaving thee;
And yet your voice seems sweeter, your song is still as glad:
Oh! Annie, we have parted and now my heart is sad—

I never can forget thee though years may pass away,
The time when first I met thee, a lovely Summer day:
The vows that once were spoken, upon that Summer's eve,
Shall they remain unbroken, can my poor heart believe?
But you say that we have parted and my every thought is vain:
Oh! Annie, we have parted and ne'er shall meet again.

The hopes that I would cherish, I'll banish from my heart,
I'll let each fond dream perish, since you and I must part:
The hours, once filled with gladness, are fraught with sorrow now:
My heart is sick with sadness, 'tis marked upon my brow;
I leave thee in thy beauty, and yet 'tis sad with pain:
Oh! Annie, we have parted and ne'er shall meet again.

Oh! Annie, we have parted, and I again must find
Another more true-hearted, one gentle and more kind;
And when afar I roam, love, across the trackless sea,
Far from my native home, love, I'll still remember thee,
And each fond thought will linger around my weary heart:
Oh! Annie, I have loved thee, 'tis sadness now to part!—

What I wish I were.

Banjo Solo.

I wish I was a rooster, over every one I'd crow;
I wish I was a ballet girl, what pretty feet I'd show!
I wish I was a congressman and had eight dollars a day;
I wish I was a pretty man for some gal to steal away.

Chorus: If my parents they were wealthy,
Oh! wouldn't I cut a figger!
But I never will be nothing else,
I, golly! but a nigger—

I wish I was a conductor on some of the railroad cars,
The ones that run by steam, just for to take the fares;
I wish I was collector of the internal revenue,
I'd stir up the whiskey frauds and make a million or two.

If my parents they were wealthy, etc.

I wish I was a rich man's son, oh! wouldn't I see the sights!
I wish I was a musquito, oh! how the girls I'd bite;
I wish that I was Brigham Young and had his forty wives,
Oh! wouldn't I have lots of fun, at least so I surmise.

If my parents they were wealthy, etc.

Oh! Erin, My Country—No 2

As sung by Ed. Burton.

Oh! Erin, my country, though strangers may roam
Thy hills and thy mountains I once called my own;
Thy lakes and thy valleys no longer I see,
But warmly as ever my heart beats for thee.

Chorus.

Oh! "Cushla Machree," my heart beats for thee:
Erin! Erin! my heart beats for thee.

Long years have passed o'er us since last time we met:
But lived I a thousand, I could not forget
The warm heart that loved me, the bright eyes that shone
Like stars in the heaven of days that are gone.

Chorus.

Dear home of my youth, I shall ne'er see thee more,
But memory treasures the bright days of yore,
And my heart's latest wish, the last sigh of my breast
Shall be for thee, dear home, the land of the west—

Chorus.

Spooning on the Sands.

Sung by George Brown. The music of this song can be obtained at Harding's, 286 Bowery, N. Y.

Who does not love to wander by the ever restless sea?
To listen to the waves that seem to murmur in their glee
Those pleasant sort of songs that only lovers understand;
Now isn't it delicious to go spooning on the sand?
Chorus: Spooning on the sands, spooning on the sands,
With Katie or Dolly, or dear little Polly,
Go spooning on the sands.
Spooning on the sands, spooning on the sands,
Oh! isn't it jolly, so awfully jolly,
That spooning on the sands?

When free from all noise of the town, now isn't there a charm
To wander with a little hand laid gently on your arm?
Then tender words and loving looks and pressure of the hands,
All seems to come so natural when spooning on the sands.

Chorus.

Old bachelors grow thoughtful as a happy pair goes past,
And ancient maidens fondly hope their turn may come at last:
Then servants wish those children who are playing on the strand,
Were far away and wouldn't they go spooning on the sands?

Chorus.

Papa and ma have had their day, and so they only smile
When bonnie Kate and handsome Jack are absent awhile:
Ofcourse, they say, they only stayed to listen to the bands;
To look at them you'd think that they'd been spooning on the sands.

Chorus.

These sands are often quicksands, and when I their charms recall,
I only wonder we have left unmarried folks at all;
There's magic in those sad sea waves, that no one can withstand;
And if you doubt me, try a little "spooning on the sand."

Chorus.

Lingering Near the Door.

Words and Music by Frank Van Hess: Respectfully dedicated to Miss Katie M. Donohue.

Lingering near the door,
How the moments fly—
Joy o'er happy dreams
Fleeting leaves a sigh.
Twilight hour is past—
Shadows lengthening still,
Heart to heart responds,
Love each breast doth fill.
Chorus: Lingering near, lingering near,
Lingering near the door,
How the moments fly—
Lingering near the door.

Lingering near the door—
Vision ever bright,
Rosy morn appears
With its flushing light.
Sadly now we leave—
Day dreams are before,
Mem'ry 'll fondly dwell
Lingering near the door.

Chorus.

The Flow'ry Shannon Side.

It was on a summer's morning, as early I did stray,
In the pleasant month of June, when the birds sang their sweet lay,
The sun shone clear and brilliant, and fully deck'd with pride,
The primrose and the daisy, along the Shannon side.

I had not rov'd more than a mile, until I then espied,
Two lovers talk as they did walk, down by the Shannon side.
He twined his arms around her neck, and thus to her said;
O, in America I'll prove true to my father's servant maid.

O, when you reach Columbia's shore, some handsome maids you'll find,
You will have sweethearts plenty, more pleasing to your mind,
You'll then forget the promise and the vows to me you made,
While I remain in sorrow here, your father's servant maid.

When I am in America and yankee maids I see,
If they are very handsome, love, they'll remind me well of thee;
When passing by their tow'ring trees, or through their mutual shade,
I will think upon the days I spent, with my father's servant maid.

How many youths have left their homes to stear for freedom's shore,
Who left their friends and sweethearts dear, they thought to see no more,
In crossing the Atlantic, in the sea their graves were made,
So stay at home and do not roam, from your father's servant maid.

O cease to think that you're alone, or that I am untrue,
There's not a part that I shall roam, but I will think of you,
There's not a flower that grows in bower, by fountain, dale or shade,
But will remind me of my love, my father's servant maid.

Then mutual love together drew both to kind embrace,
While tears, like rosy drops of dew, did trickle down her face,
She says: each day while you're away, I'll visit in this shade,
Where you first took away the heart of your father's servant maid.

When seven long years were past and gone, this young man cross'd the main,
He being blessed with riches, to his love returned again:
Now since you've proved so faithful, I will make you my fair bride,
And we will roll in splendor, down by the Shannon side.

In peace and love and harmony, together they did dwell,
Which proved to all around them, the maiden he loved well.
A blooming son and daughter became their mutual pride,
While they dwelt in love together, down by the Shannon side.

In faithfulness and constancy the maid her love did prove,
The young man was a nobleman, yet the servant maid did love,
When the primrose was in bloom, with their children by their side,
Along the Shannon's banks, did he ramble with his bride.

For here he stole the heart of his father's servant maid,
When the primrose and the daisy their beauties rich displayed:
In peace they found their humble graves, the bridegroom and the bride,
With their two blooming children, down by the Shannon side.

Then bear in recollection their constancy and love.
For blest will be your memory if you shall constant prove,
And down the stream of life with true happiness you'll glide,
With primroses round you blooming, your children and your bride.

1. Enigma.

When love would show its fondness,
It always useth me;
When grief or pain come o'er us,
I tell it suddenly.

But let me tell the value
Of bacon or of beef,
You all look grim and sallow,
And take me for a thief.

Answer—Dear, O dear! Dear in price.

Sweet Letters From Home.

By G. B. PENNOCK—Charleston, S. C.

Sweet letters, dear letters from home,
I always receive with delight,
While far, far away I roam—
I'm happy, not lonely to-night:
I hold in my hand a letter so sweet,
From the best friend, a mother so dear—
When far, far away, sweet letters I greet,
Dear letters, a lone heart to cheer.
Chorus: Sweet letters, dear letters from home,
To read them 'tis pleasure to me;
Oh! write me, yes, write me: wherever I roam,
My thoughts always wander to thee.

Sweet letters, dear missives, I greet,
While roaming alone o'er the sea;
I'll always remember—how can I forget
Those dear friends that still write to me?
Sweet letters so fresh, how precious to me,
How happy I feel though alone—
Oh! write me a letter from over the sea—
Sweet letters, dear letters from home.
Sweet letters, dear letters, &c.

I was once what You'd call a Good Fellow.

CHARACTER SONG. By GERALD SILVEY.
(W. H. WATERS, JR.)

I was once what you'd call a good fellow,
A name which I no longer claim,
Which I gained with a heart true and mellow,
And lost with a heart still the same;
Once blessed with the root of all evil,
The debts of my friends I would bear,
Who in return most kindly informed me
The name of good fellow I'd wear.

CHORUS.

Now moneyless, homeless and shiftless,
Aid from my friends I implore;
But they tell me I was once a good fellow,
Thus changing good fellow to poor.

The loved ones at home I neglected
For the sake of my friends new and old,
And friendship for them waxed warmer,
As love for my home-ones grew cold.
I remained, while my inheritance lasted,
To the name of good fellow still true,
But when with my last penny I parted,
Then friends and good fellows left, too.
Now moneyless, homeless, &c.

Bless Your Little Heart, Love.

By ARTHUR W. FRENCH

Bless your little heart, love,
For these words of cheer—
Though we are apart, love,
They are very dear.
Every word you write, love,
Tells how kind thou art;
So I say to-night, love,
Bless your little heart.
Chorus: Bless your little heart, love,
For those words of cheer—
Though we are apart, love,
They are very dear.

Bless your little heart, love,
For those thoughts of me—
Well I know thou art, love,
True as true can be;
So where'er I stray, love,
From you far apart,
I will ever say, love,
Bless your little heart.
Bless your little heart, love, &c.

Misery loves company—so does a marriageable young lady.

To learn the value of money.—Try to borrow it.

Only tell me that you love me.

By S. C. S.

Only tell me, dearest Charley,
You are happy now as then.
Happy as when first you met me
Down beyond the shady glen:
Then my heart would beat so wildly,
My bosom would so quickly swell—
Only tell me that you love me,
In fairy land I'll ever dwell.
Chorus: Only tell me that you love me,
That you are as happy now,
Happy as when first you met me;
'Twill sooth my weary, aching bro

Only tell me what you told me
When I said I'd be your own:
Then I'll ever cease to doubt thee,
And for you will live alone:
Two short years ago you wed me,
Alas! your love has soon grown cold;
Only tell me that you love me,
And my jealous tongue I'll hold.
Only tell me that you love me, &

How That Girl Perspired!

Dedicated to LEON JUTRAS, of Queen's Gift Show,

BY CHARLEY BRICK.

I went out to a picnic held at Kenoza Grove,
It was the hottest picnic I ever saw, by Jove!
We colored people gave it, at fifty cents a head,
And every time I think of it, it nearly kills me dead.

CHORUS.

Oh! I never can forget her: my soul was surely fired
Goodness gracious, pardon me, but how that girl perspire

The forenoon part was very dull, at picnics always 'ti
But after "grub" the band struck up and we went i for "bi
The fiddler scraped, and fled, and sawed, the bugler he did blo
Then what a lovely time we had, all on the "heel an to
Oh! I never can forget her,

I never was so happy, I felt that I could die:
I felt I was in glory way up above the sky:
My girl, too, went in heavy, and was straining every join
She made us a'l forget ourselves in "cutting at the poi
Oh! I never can forget her,

Black Eyes and Blue.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Laughing eyes of cloudless blue,
Shedding light like Summer skies,
Type of all that's fond and true,
Prompting thoughts of Paradise—
Gazing in those azure depths,
Mirrors twain in frames of gold,
I seem to hear Maud's airy steps,
Again my arms her form enfold.
Chorus: Oh! the old, old time, the good old tim
When life was in its noonday prime,
And every breeze, as it passed along,
Whispered of woman and wine and song

Eyes that beam like stars that glow
On the queenly brow of night,
Or rare jewells that bestow
Grace on earthly forms of light,
Flashing now like lightning gleams
Passing from a thunder cloud,
Still I treasure in my dreams
Thoughts of Belle, the marble-browed.
Oh! the old, old time, &

2. Charade.

My *first's* a shelly, sort of fish,
Which, dressed, oft makes a tasty dish;
My *second*, few will dare deny,
Is good in pudding, puff, or pie;
A fruit my *whole* soon brings to view.
The name of which I leave to you.

Answer—Crab-appl

The Irish Refugee—No 2.

By Jake Berry—Air: Shabby Genteel.

I'm just from old Ireland over the sea,
And now I am happy, content:
I left my dear home for the land of the free,
I hope I shall never repent:
My father and mother is still over there,
In a shanty that stands by the sea:
Oh! how they did cry when I came away—
For, I'm an Irish poor refugee!

Chorus.

Oh! I left my home for the land of the free,
God bless the soil of sweet liberty,
And may her brave sons like me never be
An Irish poor refugee!

My outside appearance to you may seem rough,
But it's not that which makes the man:
A working man's suit is for me good enough,
Let's all do the best that we can.
I'll stand by this country as long as I live:
For, I love to be with them that's free—
And I know that the Americans will never go back
On an Irish poor refugee!

Oh! I left &c.

God bless the land that gave Washington birth
And may its Constitution never die:
It was made for lovers of freedom on earth,
And what good thing it is to stand by!
And may its good laws for a thousand years hence
Prosper on land and on sea,
And may Columbia's sons under no pretence
Go back on the poor refugee!

Oh! I left &c.

The Chelsea War-Widow.

Sung by Billy Morris. Air: Our Grand-fathers' days.

To all young men my advice I give free:
Whenever a pretty war-widow you see.
Take warning by one who was caught in a snare,
And of all the war-widows I tell you, beware!
As I went out strolling one fine afternoon
Down Tremont through Court, to Brigham's Saloon,
I turned round the corner and who should I meet—
But a lady just coming up Hanover Street?

She was dressed in deep black costing hundreds or more—
I knew, by her face that I'd seen her before:
And as she came near me in true Boston style,
I took off my hat and just gave her a smile.
Says she: "My dear sir, you're a stranger to me."
Says I: "My dear maiden offended don't be:
Although quite a stranger to you I may seem,
Will you step into Copeland's and have an ice-cream?"

At first she refused: but soon gave consent;
Then straightway to Copeland's together we went.
She said she'd been walking and felt very weak.
And instead of the cream, why she'd take a beef-steak.
We chatted and talked, as we sat there together,
Of all sorts of things and the changeable weather:
She said that her husband had gone to the war
And was formerly Conductor on a Chelsea horse-car.

She said that she lived on his bounty alone,
And, over in Chelsea she had a nice home
Thinks I to myself—you are dressed very gay;
He must be a Captain, and draw extra pay—
She finished her steak, at a two-forty rate:
Then said she must go, as 'twas getting quite late,
I offered my arm: she quick gave her consent;
Then down to the Ferry together we went.

The boat had just gone: so we stood, arm in arm,
Awaiting the next, and thinking no harm—
When up stepped a ruffian he threatened my life,
And asked me what business I had with his wife!
Your wife! my dear sir—that was all that I said,
He drew his revolver and placed it at my head,
Says he: "Now, prepare! for, as sure as I speak,
This story will be continued in the Ledger next week."

When is a house like a memorandum? When it is being entered.

When may a tailor be said to be a reformer? When he is cutting a bad habit.

When does a swallow resemble a dairy-maid? When it is skimming.

Why is the Singers' Journal like a five-pound note? Because it is worth having.

What is that which makes a Sovereign and cannot make a subject? Twenty Shillings.

Why is a hungry dog like a tradesman who sells bad Sherry? Because his Whine (wine) is pitiful.

I'm off for Baltimore.

'Twas on one ebening in de month ob June,
De stars shone bright and de sky was clear:
Dis darkey played up dis good old tune,
To serenade his sweet Sally dear;
I lightly touched de banjo string,
Beneath de window, dat she might hear,
And soon de shutters back did swing,
And dere I saw my Sally dear.

Chorus.

Den come, lub, come, you need not fear:
My boat lies low ober on de oder shore,
And all I want is my Sally dear—
Den I'll be off for Baltimore.

Her hair it floated to de breeze,
And hung around her sable cheek:
I really thought dat I would freeze,
If my dear Sally did not speak;
But soon her silver voice I heard,
It was music to dis darkey's ear:
I listened to catch ebery word
From de lips of my sweet Sally dear. Chorus.

I shan't forget, till de day I die,
How sweet my Sally spoke to me!
She said dat she would come bime-bye,
If I would wait by de ole pine-tree.
It was not long before she came,
Her band-box filled wid all her stores:
She says: "for you I leabe my home,
And go wid you to Baltimore." Chorus.

Give me the Heart.

Anacreontic Ballad.)

Give me the heart that is steadfast and true,
Give me the heart that is tender;
Wealth I'd not ask were such treasure but mine,
And I might but be her defender.
When the boy Cupid would pinion his prize,
An arrow he draws from his quiver,
Launches his shaft from her languishing eyes,
And transfixes his victim forever.
Chorus: Fill to the brim,
And the bubbles that rise
On each full beaker's rim
Shall but mirror her eyes.

Madge with the hair that is raven in hue,
Kate with the form tall and slender,
Sue with the eye that subdues at a glance,
Might well make a hermit surrender.
But give me the lass that looks shy and speaks low,
Golden-haired, gentle-eyed Bessie;
Let her be our toast, and each drink with a sigh
To our silver-voiced favorite lassie!
Fill to the brim, &c.

I am Thinking of Thee.

By Charlie Russell.

I am thinking of thee when the daylight is dying,
And the bright, golden sunshine is fading away:
When the zephyrs among the tall tree-tops are sighing,
And hushed is the song of the wild birds so gay—
I am thinking of thee in the hours of midnight,
In my fancies I see thy light form hovering near,
With a halo around thee as bright as the sunlight,
Like an angel from heaven my pathway to cheer.

Chorus.

I am thinking of thee, my own bright-eyed treasure:
Wherever I wander, I'm thinking of thee:
Your bright, sunny face seems to follow me ever,
To cheer my lone pathway where'er I may be.

I am thinking of thee—sweet thoughts do I cherish
Of the many bright hours together we've passed,
With a love in my bosom that never will perish,
But, like the blue heavens, forever will last:
Yes, I'm thinking of thee—my thoughts of thee ever
As bright as the stars in my memory will dwell,
With the ties of true friendship which time cannot sever
Till called from on high for our last sad farewell.
I am thinking of thee, &c.

I'ts Music Just The Same.

Banjoistic Effusion Dedicated to Charley Weston,

By Charley Brick

I've come right out to sing and shout to this whole congregation,
I'm the happiest nig that lives in this almighty nation:
It tickles me to play for you and make the welkin ring:
For, in the village of my birth, I'm called the "banjo king."

Chorus.

Then it's rump, thump, pump, the cremona seems to talk:
I often think it is inspired, and will get right up and walk.
You envy me, I know you do: but I am not to blame:
For, anywhere I chance to "light," it's music just the same.

When I was a little babe the banjo was my toy;
My mammy bought a little one just to amuse the boy:
We've grown right up together, and know each other well.
As, by the way it minds me now, you can most swear to tell.
Then it's rump thump &c.

I pick all styles of music and every kind of time
My fingers fly like lightning and always make a shine:
And when I get so awful tired I can't "pluck" any more.
The "boys" ask me to take a "smile," and that will fetch me "sure."
Then it's rump, thump, &c.

Captain Jack.

By Jesse Healy—Air: Captain Jinks.

I'm Captain Jack of the Modoc Brigade,
I'm always ready for murder or raid,
Scalpin' and killin' that is my trade:
For, I'm down on the U. S. Army—
When I left camp, my braves did cry,
My braves did cry, my braves did cry:
When I left camp, my braves did cry,
"Bring in some scalps from the Army."

Spoken: Yes, noble warriors, I exclaimed: I'll bring some scalps home, or my name is not

Chorus.

Captain Jack of the Modoc Brigade:
I'm always ready for murder or raid,
Scalpin' and killin'—for, that's my trade:
For, I'm down on the U. S. Army.

When on the war-path I did go,
I met some of Uncle Sam's boys, you know,
I pointed my gun and laid them low—
For, I'm down on the U. S. Army.
I teach the young bucks how to shoot,
How to shoot, how to shoot,
I teach the young bucks how to shoot—
For, I'm down on the U. S. Army.

Spoken: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I'm that distinguished individual so often read about but rarely seen, except by Peace Commissioners when they have a long talk with the notorious Captain Jack, &c.

I Am Glad to See You, Boy.

Sung with great success by Ed. Burton.

There is a kindly greeting we always love to hear:
'Tis when our old friends wish us "Merry Christmas" once a year;
But there is another greeting I hear perhaps every day:
'Tis when some old friend takes my hand, and proudly seems to say:
"I'm glad to see you, boy, I'm glad to see you, boy,"
I feel so gay when people say: "I'm glad to see you, boy."

Perhaps, too, we are courting, and some blue-eyed maiden fair
Has won our heart: how gladly then to see her we repair!
The door is quickly opened, and there stands our little dear,
Who greets us with a winning smile, and whispers in our ear:
I'm glad to see you boy, &c.

The broker and the tax-collector seldom brings us joy,
We do not often greet them with: "I'm glad to see you, boy."
But as they, one and all, are here, surrounding me to-day,
Believe me, that I feel quite proud whenever I hear you say:
I'm glad to see you, boy, &c.

EDITH:
Or the loss of the Clipper-Ship "Golden Lion"
(Continued.)

"What should you say, more than usual, Elf?"

"Oh, dear!" she said, rising hurriedly, and leaning against the mantel. "You don't know, and I have been plucking up courage all day to tell you. He asked me this morning—to be his wife— and he is coming to-night for his answer."

Well for her that the darkness hid her face. Well for her that she did not feel the icy chill that seized my whole frame. Like a statue I sat with my eyes fixed upon her dusky figure, while all my blood seemed freezing.

"He has asked you—to be his wife?" I repeated, mechanically.

"Yes, Edith."

In that brief instant of time my mind flashed forward over my whole future, and took within its grasp all possibilities of my life. In a single second there came to me a realization of the complete misery of the coming years—the bitter desolation of a life without Gilbert. But for one instant only did I remain stunned and bewildered. Soon there came another feeling—a feeling of anger against the man who had led me into the terrible mistake; a feeling of indignation such as only a woman whose dearest pride has been cut to the quick, ever knows and feels; a hot and bitter resentment against him who so cunningly formed his words as to win from me a betrayal of both Elfie's secret and my own. To-morrow is the dividing line between love and hate.

"Do you love him, Elfie?"

She came to me, and, kneeling, buried her face in my lap.

"God knows I do!" she said.

In those words was the answer to her own appeal for advice. Whatever I might suffer in all the coming years, Elfie must not know. Her happiness should never be dimmed by any knowledge of my sorrow. She loved him; and in learning that, I learned my duty both then and ever after.

"Then," I said bending low in the dusk, and kissing her softly on the forehead, "Tell him 'yes,' Elfie. And may heaven bless you both, in all your life together!"

A horse's hoof upon the path, a manly voice outside, the clanging of the garden gate, told us that Gilbert had come; and Elfie, tossing back her hair, ran down to meet him. I thought in bitter anguish of my dream of that sweet greeting to which I had looked forward all the day; my heart seemed bursting. Then, when I was alone, and not till then, did the full sense of my desolation and misery seem to come upon me; and I sank down upon the floor with my fingers twined in my hair, and crouched there in the dark, until three hours after I heard Elfie's footstep on the stair.

I will pass quickly over the time that intervened before Elfie's wedding. The Autumn passed, and winter came with its fleecy snow, robing all the earth in white. The wedding had been fixed for the last day of January, Gilbert being impatient, as he said, for the time to come when his darling could be all his own. We busied ourselves over Elfie's dresses, and I saw as little as possible of Gilbert Stephens, for I was afraid to trust myself long in his presence.

I tried hard to steel my heart against him—to remember his faults, to think of the wrong he had done, to brood over the shame and mortification he had caused me. In this way I hoped in time to forget him, or at least to regard him with calm indifference. Ah! if I could only then have foreseen the end, what mountains would I not have moved to avert the catastrophe that I was blindly helping on!

One morning, two days before that fixed for the wedding I unexpectedly found Elfie in my room. It was the twenty-ninth of January. Heaven forbid that I should forget the date! She was standing near the table, pale as death, and motionless as a marble statue.

"Elfie!" I exclaimed, stepping forward in alarm—"what is the matter?"

She made no reply, but her eyes wandered vacantly to a letter that she held open in her hand. She seemed like one just awakening from the stupor of a baleful drug.

"Elfie!" I again exclaimed, seizing her by the arm in terror. "What has happened? For heaven's sake, speak to me!"

She made no answer, but looked up at me helplessly, her white face rigid, and her lips set with an expression I had never seen her wear before. I snatched the paper from her hand. She made no resistance, and scarcely moved, while I glanced over it with the rapidity of lightning.

In an instant I knew the whole. Gilbert had deserted her. Calm reflection had convinced him, he wrote, that he did not love her as he ought, and his honor forbade him to deceive her, and entail a life-long misery upon both. He had made a mistake, he said, and had passed many sleepless nights before deciding what he ought to do. He could not bring himself to tell her this in person, and he therefore chose this gentler means, and hoped she would find it in her heart to forgive him. He knew he was a villain, he wrote, and he had nothing to offer in extenuation of his conduct. Should she ever need pecuniary assistance, he had left an order with his banker in New York to honor all her drafts. He closed by saying that when she received this, he would be far away, and would never see her more. He trusted that she would forget him, or, at least, remember him at his best, and not at his worst.

In other words, Gilbert Stephens was a cowardly scoundrel, and had broken his victim's heart as deliberately as he would crush a worm beneath his foot. I have said that I was a passionate woman, but at that moment my temper could find no expression. A feeling arose in my heart against that man which time has never since extinguished. I knew then that I hated him with a hatred so intense and bitter, that henceforth it would become the controlling quality of my life. I longed then for the terrible revenge which I knew would be mine at last, though I waited for it many years. I turned to Elfie, and threw my arms about her.

"Oh, Elfie!" was all I could say. "Elfie, Elfie!"

She seemed to awake then, and clutched my arms with a vehemence that alarmed me.

"You don't know all," she cried—"you don't know half! He planned it from the very first. But, Edith, I loved him so!"

She bowed her head upon my shoulder, and her frame shook convulsively; but not a tear dimmed her eye or a sob broke from her.

"You speak in riddles, Elfie," I said. "What is it that I do not know? You won't keep it from Edith, will you, Elfie?"

She raised her head, and looked at me.

"You would hate me," she said, "if you knew."

"Elfie!"

"You will hate me, Edith," she repeated, "when I tell you. I shall some day be—the mother—of his child. But oh, Edith! I loved him—I loved him!"

She would have bowed her head again upon my breast, but I held her from me at arms length. Yes, I, who should have comforted her—I, who should have drawn her to my bosom, and held her there like a bruised and fluttering dove—I, who of all others should have strengthened her, and opened my heart for her—I recoiled from her in horror. She saw the scorn that was mirrored in my face as I pushed her back, and there came into her own a look that I shall never forget to my dying day; a look of helpless agony, of hopeless desolation, of complete despair, such as I pray heaven I may never see again. She uttered a wild and incoherent cry, and fell at my feet like stone.

It was the last sound she ever made on earth. For three days and nights she lay in an almost lifeless stupor. During all that time I never left her bedside, but sat by her, nearly as silent as herself, watching for the first gleam of recognition in those vacant eyes; and through all those long, terrible, sleepless hours, I nursed my hatred for her murderer, Revenge would come, I knew, sooner or later, and I could wait. A volcano was smouldering within my heart, and woe to him when at last it should break forth. Even then I felt that fate would bring him in my way, and give me my revenge before either he or I was dead, even though the time were fifty years in coming.

And so Elfie died. I hardly knew when she passed away, so slight was the difference between her death-like stupor and the final sleep of death itself. Don't ask me to recall the dreadful year that followed, when all on earth seemed one vast blank. I believe during that time I was nearly mad. One purpose only sustained me while I patiently waited, my determination to be revenged.

Time will heal the most rankling sorrows, and mine, though not forgotten, became, as the years went on, lighter and less hard to bear. When I began to find some sunshine yet left in the world, my hand was sought by John Sterling—a young and industrious neighbor, whom I soon learned to respect for his honesty and upright manliness, and in time to love with a devotion which, though differing from the mad intensity with which I had once loved Gilbert Stephens, was no less earnest and entire. Of the murderer of my sister I lost all clue; yet I bided my time in patience, and waited silently for the time which I knew must come at last.

It was six years after our marriage that my husband met with the accident which resulted in his seeking the appointment as lighthouse-keeper, on the Boar's Head. About the same time that John became a cripple, the former keeper of the lighthouse, who had held the solitary and responsible post for many years, was drowned, while attempting to reach the reef in a small boat on a stormy night. John, who did not lack friends, succeeded, after some effort, in obtaining the vacant position; and we were soon installed in our new home, in the hollow beneath the lighthouse.

The Boar's Head was a small rocky island, standing at the end of one of the most dangerous reefs on the coast. The nearest point of the mainland was more than a mile distant, and the island reared its bold front directly from the sea, and bore the brunt of all northerly and easterly gales. From its isolated and circumscribed limits, it was not generally considered a very attractive place of residence; but I soon learned to love it. The sublimity of its winter storms was terrible, and its utter loneliness gave it a charm in my eyes which I would have scarcely found in any other spot.

We had lived there several years—I know not how many, for I was so far from the busy world that it seemed unnecessary to keep note of time—when John went away to Charleston. A relative had died, leaving him a small legacy, to secure which he found the journey necessary. The inspector's visit had just been made, and John could absent himself from his post for a short time without fear of discovery, for I had learned to take care of the lamps and machinery as well as he. On the 14th of January he left me, having first, with his usual thoughtfulness, procured for me a supply of newspapers and periodicals from on shore, to prevent me, as he said, from being lonely during his absence. It was our first parting since our marriage, and it was not until he had gone and I was alone with my babe that I realized how infinitely more dear to me was the new love than the old. What was my mad passion for Gilbert Stephens to the love I bore John Sterling!

As evening came on I ascended the tower, wound up the machinery which controlled the revolutions of the light, and lighted the lamps. This done, I sat down by the fire and opened the bundle of papers which John had brought. Almost the first paragraph which met my eye was the following:—

"Opening of the New Packet Line between Marseilles and Quebec.—By advices from Paris, December 17th, and London 19th, we learn that the new A 1 clipper ship Golden Lion, Smith, master, left Marseilles December 15th, for Quebec direct, with a heavy freight and full passenger list. Among the latter was Gilbert Stephens, Esq., formerly of this place, the founder and principal owner of the line. The Golden Lion was built at Milford Haven, England, and is considered one of the finest clippers afloat. She is the first vessel upon which the experiment of carrying a fourth mast has been tried. Great expectations, as to her speed, are raised by the very unusual spread of canvas thus obtained."

So here was news of Gilbert Stephens at last.

Was the hour at hand? Was he even now unconsciously speeding towards me, in pursuance of a decree of inexorable fate? I believed it. Fully and firmly did I believe that Providence was about to deliver him into my hands.

I dropped the paper in my lap, and fixed my eyes on the glowing coals. The Boar's Head was almost the first light sighted by vessels coming in from the East, bound for points north of Cape Sable, and was in the direct track of vessels sailing between Canadian and Mediterranean or South Atlantic ports. It was now the 14th of January. Conceding that the expectations in regard to the speed of the Golden Lion were realized, and allowing for all adverse winds, the ship would be likely to sight the Boar's Head within the next ten or twelve days. That I should recognise her from her peculiar rig and extraordinary amount of canvas, I was assured.

Of what use these speculations were to me, I did not know. Even if the vessel succeeded in following the usual track, she would not pass within less than a mile of the light. Nevertheless, I felt that by some means, I knew not how, my sister's murderer was to be delivered into my hands.

For days afterwards I scanned the horizon and swept the sea with my husband's glass. So eager did I become in my watch for the expected ship, that I ate my meals in the lantern, and made my bed there, that I might lose no moment of the daylight, and might resume my look-out with the first gray streak of dawn. Even then I was harassed by a constant fear that she would pass by in the darkness without my knowledge; and many times during the long nights I rose and gazed earnestly over the sea, trying in vain to pierce the dense black curtain that shrouded the offing. On the twentieth I received a letter from John, saying that he had arrived safely in Charleston, had transacted his business there, and engaged passage in a small coasting schooner, called the Petrel, which was loading for Halifax, and would thus bring him home more directly than he could come by any inland route. I put the letter in my bosom, and wondered which would come first, John Sterling or Gilbert Stephens.

Two weeks passed away, and still no sign of the Golden Lion. I cannot describe the excitement under which I labored during that time. I scarcely ate or slept, and I remained from morning until night at my post, scanning the horizon with a fascination I was powerless to resist. On the 28th a leaden pall of clouds settled down over the sea. The wind changed to the north and east, and everything betokened the near approach of a severe storm. The wind increased during that night and the next day. The surf upon the reef became very heavy, the clouds dropped lower, and a thick mist obscured the offing.

About four in the afternoon I descried a large sail upon the horizon, beating slowly and laboriously to windward. I watched it with an eagerness sharpened by long waiting. Slowly her spars arose above the level line of distance, and gradually she emerged from the haze. Hour after hour I kept my glass fixed upon her. She carried little canvas, and at last her shapeless mass resolved itself into clear and distinct outlines. She was a large clipper ship, with four masts. It was the Golden Lion.

In the agitation which succeeded this discovery, I mechanically laid down the glass, returned to the house, and sat down before the fire. What was to be done next? I quickly turned the matter over in my mind. The wind was almost directly north-east; the course of the Golden Lion northwest. If the gale continued, her captain would doubtless attempt to run into Halifax for a harbor. Failing in this—and there was every prospect now that he *would* fail—he would find himself on a lee shore, with Boar's Head Light as his sole dependence. It was at this moment that there flashed into my mind the thought that in my very hands I held the means of avenging Elfie's murder. Tell me not that I had planned it all from the beginning. It was not until that night—the fated twenty-ninth of January—that I realized my power over Gilbert Stephens. A slight neglect of duty on my part now, an hour's delay in lighting the lamps, and he might be sent at once before the judgment bar of Heaven to answer for his crimes.

I dared not stop to think or deliberate. I ran up into the lantern once more, and again seized the glass. It was almost dark. The ship was in nearly the same position as when I saw her last, trying to beat slowly to the northward, and laboring greatly in the heavy sea. Beyond her I could dimly descry the outline of another and smaller vessel, evidently endeavoring to follow the same course. It mattered not to me now that the innocent would perish with the guilty. I thought not of the clipper's crowded cabins; I dwelt only upon my revenge. My blood boiled at fever heat; my brain was on fire. I threw down the glass, and with three blows of the axe hanging near at hand, I broke the machinery and lamps beyond all hope of repair, and destroyed two of the storm-panes of the lantern. The violence of the gale, which increased with every moment, would form an easy explanation of this ruin, and excuse the absence of the light, should the circumstances be noticed from the shore. I then returned to the house. As I passed out, the air was thick with snow.

Our dwelling stood at a short distance from the light-house, in a hollow below the hill. It was so situated that a bright light in the east window would, in the absence of the real beacon, easily deceive and mislead a vessel steering by it, especially in thick and stormy weather. Determined to omit nothing to effect my purpose, I raised the curtain, and placed a large lamp upon the window-sill. This done, I sat down to await the result.

Louder and louder shrieked the gale, and the house seemed shaken to its very foundations. I heeded not the time, and hours may have passed while I sat motionless before the glowing coals, listening to the wind and the driving of the storm against the windows. At last the heavy boom of a gun close at hand rose above the howling of the gale. This was followed by another and another, in quick succession. I ran to the door, and threw it open.

A signal rocket shot into the air from the direction of the reef, and immediately afterwards a bright blue light revealed the outlines of a large ship. Intense darkness succeeded. I saw that it was the Golden Lion, and in another second I heard the crash, and knew that she had struck. Almost at the same instant a second rocket blazed up directly in front of the house.

Two vessels, then, had been lured to their destruction; and I doubted not that the second was the smaller one that I had seen before dark working up against the wind in the wake of the clipper.

"Oh, God!" I cried, burying my face in my hand, "must so many pay the penalty for one man's crimes?"

A dizzy film passed across my eyes; the room swam; the air seemed red with blood. I clutched the door-frame for support; but it slipped from my grasp, and I sank down fainting upon the floor.

When I regained my senses the snow had drifted in around me through the open door to the depth of an inch, and the gray light of morning began to render visible the sea and the rocky shore. I arose with difficulty, and, extinguishing the lamp in the window, sallied out in the storm, which had not yet ceased, though the wind had somewhat abated. The reef was nearly hidden by the blinding snow; but the roar of the breakers was terrific, and I could dimly discern through the haze a black mass, which I knew must be the hulk of the clipper. The shore nearer at hand was strown with pieces of the wreck—broken spars, planks, barrels, boxes and bales, piled one upon the other in chaotic ruin and confusion. Among these I began my terrible search for the body of Gilbert Stephens.

I cannot tell the rest coherently. All that morning I passed at my dreadful work. How many murders were on my soul I knew not. I did not stop to count. One purpose only did I have as I looked one by one upon the dead, and passed them by—to assure myself that my search was thorough. Two vessels had been lost. The heavy spars upon the shore told me that one of them had undoubtedly been the Golden Lion. The other had gone completely to pieces, and come on shore a mass of broken driftwood. What she was, I had no means of knowing, nor did I stop to conjecture. All my mind was fixed upon one object—the finding, either dead or alive, of Gilbert Stephens.

At last, towards noon, I came upon a huge piece of timber, a portion of a bulwark, upon which, as I knew by the glitter of the gold beneath the snow, was inscribed the name of the vessel to which it had belonged. Though not doubting that it was a portion of the Golden Lion, I seized one end of the plank, and pulled at it until I had moved it from under the *debris* piled over it, and could brush away the surrounding snow to read the words.

Who can describe the maddening terror that seized me when I saw before me, in six letters of burning gold, the name "Petrel!"

The second vessel was the schooner in which my husband was a passenger from Charleston, and I had murdered him!

I told you in the beginning that you could call this a confession if you liked. If you think that my crime did not bring its own full and terrible penalty, you may condemn me. I know that in my own suffering I have expiated my sin, and I do not ask you to judge my deeds. Perhaps you will have some pity for me when I tell you the end—the last words that I shall write of this terrible story. Gilbert Stephens was not a passenger on the Golden Lion. A higher power punished me for my presumption, and took upon itself to judge hereafter between me and my sister's murderer.

THE END

Testing Her Innocence.

The following touching scene recently occurred in a court of justice in Paris:—

A poor pale seamstress, who had recently become a widow, was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day, and it was alleged that she stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room, with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I was going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless, she was carried to the commissioner of police, and he ordered her to be sent before the police-court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer; and when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she answered:—"The day I went to my employer's I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand, and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for heaven's mercy."

The court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest falsehood for the truth. They besought her for her own sake to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect but to oblige the court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently steeped so deep in poverty.

These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court was at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand, and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

A wise man, being asked how old he was, replied, "I am in health;" and being asked how rich he was, said, "I am not in debt."

MARY OF ARGYLE.

Arranged by A. SCHM

Poco Allegretto e delicatezza.



2 Though thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too;
Though thy step may lack its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue:
Still to me wilt thou be dearer
Than all the world shall own;
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone:
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine for ever,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

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CONTENTS.

Answer to:
Oh! take me to thy heart again page 725
Billy Pastor's Love-Song 723
The Boys of New-York 724
The Black Frigate: a Story ..... 726—727
Bom! Bom! Bom! or
Pretty Polly Pringle 722
Cheer for the Pilots 725
DON'T GIVE IT AWAY 724
The Dashing Belle 725
Funny Song 723
Green hills of Tyrol 722
The Good Ship Cumberland 725
How can I let my darling die? 725
HAPPY LITTLE FLIP FLAPS 724
I cannot sing the old songs 722
The Irishman and the Jew 723
The Irish Shore 724
Jane Monroe 722
Joe Hardy 723
Judy Fagan 724
LOOK AT THE CLOCK 723
Little Boy Stole my Jacket 724
The Monitor and Merrimac 722
My vife she vas vaiting for me 722
Mr. Brown 723
Mountain Maid's Invitation—
Music 728
Paddy's Dream 722
PICADILLIE 725
Scotch Lassie Jean. 724
Spring! Gentle Spring! 723
Two Green-Horns 724
Up and be doing 725
Without Cheek 723
The Winds whistle cold 725

HENRY DE MARSAN'S VALENTINES

Cannot be surpassed in Richness of Material, Elegance of Design, and Extent of the Variety, by those of any other House in the trade.

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SINGERS' JOURNAL.

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I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.

Words and Music by Claribel.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of Frederick Bume, 27 Union Square, New-York.

I cannot sing the old songs
I sung, long years ago ;
For, heart and voice would fail me,
And fo lish tears would flow ;
For, by-gone hours come o'er my heart
With each familiar strain :
I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again ;
I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again ! . .

I cannot sing the old songs,
Their charm is sad and deep :
Their melodies would waken
Old sorrows from their sleep ;
And tho' all unforgotten still,
And sadly sweet they be . .
I cannot sing the old songs,
They are too dear to me ;
I cannot sing the old songs,
They are too dear to me !

I cannot sing the old songs :
For, visions come again
Of golden dreams departed,
And years of weary pain.
Perhaps, when earthly fetters shall
Have set my spirit free,
My voice may know the old songs,
For all eternity ! . .
My voice may know the old songs,
For all eternity ! . .

Green Hills of Tyrol.

Green Hills of Tyrol ! again I see
The home of childhood so dear to me :
Again I press your verdant shade,
Where oft my footsteps have wildly strayed :
Once more I am near him—
My own one ! my fond one !
Again I shall hear him—
Love's accents repeat :
While to his sighs
My heart replies,
And every glance is soft and sweet !
Green Hills of Tyrol ! again I see
The home of childhood so dear to me :
Again I press your verdant shade,
Where oft my footsteps have wildly strayed.

From yonder woodlands, sounding clear,
His merry bugle note I hear :
With eye of hawk, and falchion keen,
He comes ! he comes ! my Tyrolean !
Once more I behold him—
My dear one ! my fond one !
To my bosom I'll fold him !
My own Tyrolean !

Haste ! haste, my love ! why linger now ?
The sun is shedding his parting glow ;
The Chamois seeks his peaceful glade,
And homeward wanders the mountain maid :
Oh ! come thou and cheer me,
My own one ! my fond one !
Again thou shalt hear me
Sing love's tender strain
While every note
My lips repeat,
As soft and sweet, thou'll breathe again.
Then haste, my love ! why linger now ?
The sun is shedding his parting glow,
The Chamois seeks his peaceful glade,
And homeward wanders the mountain maid.

Hark, hark ! I hear his well known cry,
While answering echo makes reply :
Now, now—he waves his scarf of green,
He comes ! he comes ! my Tyrolean !
Once more I behold him—
My dear one ! my fond one !
To my bosom I'll fold him !
My own Tyrolean !

What is that which must play before it can work ? A fire engine.

The Monitor and Merrimac.

By Chas. A. Clark.

I'm going to sing a song, I won't detain you long.
If you listen, I will tell you how so handy, Oh !
The Monitor went smack up to the Merrimac,
And upon her sides played : Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh !

CHORUS.

Hip a Dooden Do, Jeff Davis, how are you ?
Our Monitor beat your Merrimac quite handy, Oh !
Erricson he's around ; in the world there can't be found
A People like the Yankees Doodle Dandy, Oh !

'Twas on the Eighth of March, the Merrimac slipped out
From Norfolk, for to take cruise so handy, Oh !
She did not think she'd meet any thing, in our fleet,
Able to give her : Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh !

She went rushing round, smashing every thing she found,
Till the Monitor came sailing in, so handy, Oh !
And Vonden stopped her fun, soon made her cut and run,
While the shells they whistled :
Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh !

For the Yorktown and the other, they'd be little bother
To smash and break them both up, so handy, Oh !
For our gun-boats they would do to rip
them through and through,
While the sailors they'd sing : Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh !

The Merrimac was Some, till the Monitor she come,
And opened up her little ports so handy, Oh !
Then, the shot did fly, till the Merrimac's men did cry :
Here's the Devil, sure, or Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh !

To Jeff this ought to show : that this Monster is no go,
And that Mechanics in the North are very handy, Oh !
That he must surrender soon, or
we'll blow him to the moon,
With inventions of our Yankees' Doodle Dandy, Oh !

Now, Boys, let us cheer the men that don't know fear,
That worked that little battery, so handy, Oh !
They deserve well of us all, let us pray that none may fall !
May they live long to sing : Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh !

Paddy's Dream.

In London one night, about three in the morning,
In my bed wide awake fast asleep in a doze,
In a loud fit of yawning I fell to a laughing :
For, love and good living disturbed my repose.

Thinks I to myself : I'll just sleep a bit longer,
Alone to enjoy this beautiful scene ;
With eyes wide open I slept until morning,
When I found it all nothing but only a dream

Spoken : Och ! such a vision ! There was I up to my elbows in illegant pastry, up to my eyes in liquor, and over my ears in love, whispering soft nonsense to Molly Ashstore, and singing :

Fal lah lue, ful lah lue, whack fal de riddle,
Sing ful lah lue, fal lah lue, whack ful de ray,
With my sprig of shillalegh I'll sing to your fiddle,
To a small drop of whiskey I'll never say nay.

I dreamed while at home a courting sweet Molly,
I was eating minced pies in a pastry cook's shop ;
And with love and good liquor was getting so jolly,
Had you seen me I'm sure you'd have longed for a drop.

Such dishes I'd swear ne'er grew in Kilkenny,
Or before touched the lips of poor Paudeen M'Phane,
Arrah ! troth, could I dream the same,
night, noon, and morning,
I'd never go back to Kilkenny again.

Spoken : Och ! such a dream ! It's only delusion, says Molly. It was illegant eating and drinking, says I. Only let me dream such delusions always, waking and sleeping, and I'll sing—

Fu ru lu phillaloo, whack fol de riddle,
Sing wrishtrew, hubaboo, whack fal de ray,
With my bit of shillalegh, I'll dance to the fiddle,
To a drop of good whiskey I'd never say nay.

Next night to my bed I went soon in the morning,
In hopes such another sweet dream to obtain,
When, zounds ! you'll believe me, I
dreamed that old Wackem
Was bringing me back to Kilkenny again.

So I laid my stock still, both trembling and shaking,
My hair stiff as pitchforks stuck out of my head ;
Till the daylight appearing, I bade him good morning,
And swore he'd ne'er catch me afore he was dead.

Spoken : The first wink of day brought back my courage, so I bawls giving a flourish of the alpeen : only make yourself invisible to my eyes now, and see how soon I'll measure you for a new wig. Ah ! faith ! I'll lend you such a

Philaloo wrishtrew, whack fal de raddle,
Hubaboo, Claraboo, now fire away !
With my sprig of shillalegh I'll crack your old noddle :
To be waked from such dreaming, the devil, I say !

Why does a clergyman have more wives than any one else ? Because he often marries a couple at a time.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face ? Because it is the scenter.

What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain ? A courtship.

My Vife Sho Vas Vaiting for M

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Air : My Little One's Waiting for Me.

You may vonder vy I vonder so distracte
Put de reason is I've got a vife
Who, vhenever she gets a hold of me,
Vill peat me in an inch of my life.
I'm afraid for to go home dis evening :
For, I know right vell vere she'll be—
Pehind de door mit a pig club stick,
My vife she is vaiting for me.

CHORUS.

Oh ! she looves me, I know, to distract
Und I really ought habby to be :
Put pehind de door now mit a pig club
My Katie vas vaiting for me.

Her eyes, how shall I describe dem ?
Dey're like holes dat vas purnt in a rag
Her nose looks as if it had pusted,
Her mouth looks like a coffee pag ;
She says dat I often apuse her,
Put apused she vill never more be—
So pehind de door now mit a pig club
My Katie vas vaiting for me.

Bom ! Bom ! Bom ! Or Pretty Polly P

Sung by George Leybourne.

I'll sing a tale, and tell a song
About a party who went wrong,
And all through naughty Cupid's dart
Which shot her bang clear through the heart.
She had been courted by a Bobby,
But gave him up for a chap more nobby,
Whose gorgeous appearance struck her dumb,
As he marched, and kept banging of a great big

CHORUS.

For, his bom ! bom ! bom ! and tingle, tingle,
Bom ! bom ! bom ! and jingle, jingle, jingle !
Won the heart of pretty Polly Pringle :
Pretty Polly Pringle liked the bom ! bom ! bo

She saw this drummer in the park,
She often met him after dark !
Her Bobby love, with his carrotty hair,
She gave him turnips, then and there ;
She scorned his bull's-eye and his staff,
Preferred her soldier love by half.
The Bobby looked always blue and glum,
Besides—he hadn't got a bom ! bom ! bom .
'Twas

One day, while walking arm-in-arm,
The Bobby saw them with alarm,
He felt as he never felt before,
And a horrible revenge he swore !
" As she for me cares not a rap,
Said he, I'll settle her bom ! bom ! chap ! "
So he collared the soldier on the march,
And charged him with stealing a railway arch .
For,

The soldier got seven years for life :
So Polly never became his wife,
The Bobby made sure she'd be his bride,
But she preferred " sweet suicide. "
And now that Bobby walks his beat
In sadness—not even cold meat
Delights his gaze, he feels so glum—
And nightly he dreams of the bom ! bom ! bom
It w

Jane Monroe.

It was down in Louisiana,
Not many years ago,
I fell in lub wid a pretty gal,
And her name was Jane Monroe ;
Her eyes was bright as diamonds,
Her teeth was white as snow—
Oh ! de prettiest gal I ever saw,
Was charming Jane Monroe !

CHORUS.

But now she is far, far away,
And we hear from her every day :
And if she was here, we'd have nothing to fear
For, we darkies all lub her so gay.

She was like a model,
From her head down to her toe,
And sprightly as de hopper grass,
Was charming Jane Monroe.
I'd rather be a slave for life,
And hab de corn to hoe,
Dan to be free and lib widout
My charming Jane Monroe.

A darkey trader came one day,
And bought my gal from me,
And left me here alone to mourn
Beneaf de cypress tree ;
It filled my heart wid grief and pain
To think dey'd treat me so.
But I live in hopes to meet again
My charming Jane Monroe.

Spring! Gentle Spring!

Words by J. B. Planche—Music by J. Riviere.
As Sung by the London Madrigal Boys, at Niblo's Garden.
The Music can be obtained for 10 cts at E. H. Harding's Music Publishing office, 288 Bowery, N. Y.

Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!
Youngest Season of the year,
Hither haste and with thee bring
April with her smile and tear:
Hand in hand with jocund May,
Bent on keeping holiday:
With thy daisy dindem,
And thy robe of brightest green,
We will welcome thee and them,
As ye've ever welcomed been.
Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!
Youngest Season of the year,
Life and joy to Nature bring:
Nature's darling haste thee here!

Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!
Gusty March before thee flies,
Gloomy Winter banishing,
Clearing for thy path the skies:
Flocks, and herds, and meads, and bowers
For thy gracious presence long—
Come and fill the fields with flowers,
Come and fill the groves with song:
Make the orchards white with bloom,
Bid the hawthorn breathe perfume—
Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring! &c.

Billy Pastor's Love Song.

Words and Music by G. W. Hunt.
The Music can be obtained for 10 cts at E. H. Harding's Music Publishing office, 286 Bowery, N. Y.

Love, love! Oh! what is love?
Love 'tis that makes a man feel so peculiar:
Oh! Love! who does not love
A Maud, a Matilda, a Jane, or a Julia?
Love it is, and love alone
That makes the world go round and round:
Love is certain to be known
Where a woman's to be found—
When one has the first attack,
It's like Raspberry-Jam running down one's back.

Chorus.
Oh! love! beautiful love!
Love 'tis that makes a man feel so peculiar:
Oh! love! beautiful love!
A man's but a fool, if he falls in love—

Oh! love! when you're in love—
To presents, to parties and pic-nics you treat her:
Oh! love! just squeeze her glove,
And you feel just as though you'd like to eat her:
But the best of loves must part—
Then an end comes to your bliss:
You press the dear one to your heart,
And take from her the parting kiss;
You bid her good-bye at the door,
With an other sly kiss, and two or three more—
Oh! love! beautiful love! &c.

Oh! love! when you're in love—
Every half hour you'd go to court her:
But, oh! love! if she won't love—
You talk about drowning yourself in cold water.
If it's all right, she'll giggle and say:
"Please ask father if I may?"
Then you feel so jolly and gay,
And tease her till she names the day:
You'll serenade her when she's abed,
And her Dad drops flower-pots on your head!
Oh! love! dangerous love! &c.

Oh! love! when you've your love—
Out all the money you have, you may ladle:
Servants, dresses, parties and balls,
Perhaps each year a cherub to lay in the cradle:
When the honeymoon is past,
Then your eyes are not so blind,
Your dream was far too good to last,
And your face grows long to find
Your looked-for happiness begins
With a mother-in-law, and "beautiful twins"—

Chorus.
Oh! love! luxurious love!
Love 'tis that makes a man feel so peculiar:
Oh! love! beautiful love!
The world would be dreary wer't not for love!

When is a segar like a ham?— When it's being smoked.

Courtship is defined, by a man who pretends to know, as "the skirmish before the regular battle begins."

The surest way to get on in life is to grow old.

Without Cheek.

Now, if you'll only listen to my sad tale of woe.
I'll be as brief as possible: for, my story you should know.
It's about a pretty country maid, who a bust my heart in two,
And all the sympathy I got is—Villain, this won't do.

Chorus.
But I love my Sarah dearly, yet the question dare not speak:
For, my friends have always told me "I was innocent and meek."

I saw her home the other night, about two miles or more;
She didn't ask me in the house so I left her at the door,
And as she crossed the threshold, I on my marrow bones did drop,
And grasping tight her tiny hands, the question tried to pop.
For, I love my Sarah, &c.

There's checkers, and backgammon, and chess, and croquet too,
We played these games and many more, when her I went to woo,
And I supposing all along for me she'd set her cap,
But my mistake was clear when she kissed that sailor chap.
How I love my Sarah, &c.

One day, while reading notices of marriages of late,
I spied the name of Sarah Jane—alas! I'd found my fate:
And coupled with her darling name was that of Jack Salt Junk,
And I quickly left these horrid scenes when I had packed my trunk.

Chorus.
I wonder if I'd had my Sarah if I'd dared to speak,
And now I think it is a crime to be born without cheek.

Joe Hardy.

The Music of this song can be obtained at the popular Music establishment of Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New-York.

Yes, I know that you once were my lover,
But that sort of thing has an end:
Though love and its transports are over,
You know you can still be my friend.

Don't kneel at my feet, I implore you;
Don't write on the drawings you bring;
Don't ask me to say: I adore you;
For, indeed, it is now no such thing.

I confess, when at Bangor we parted,
I swore that I worshipped you then,
That I was a maid broken-hearted,
And you the most charming of men:

I confess, when I read your first letter,
I blotted your name with a tear:
I was young then—but now I know better:
Could I tell that I'd meet Hardy here?

Dear me! now you fret, how you worry,
Repeating my vows—to be true,
If I said so, I told you a story;
For, I love Hardy better than you.

Yes, this fond heart is another's;
I sigh so—whenever he's gone;
I will love you, indeed, as a brother,
But my heart is Joe Hardy's alone.

The Irishman and the Jew.

By Jerry Cohan.

Of a hod carrier once I heard a story:
He was climbing a ladder in the height of glory,
But just as Paddy had got to the top,
A German Jew pedler near the ladder did stop,
When some bricks dropped out of the Irishman's hod,
And struck Mr. Jew right straight on the nob.
The pedler had on a new silk hat, and, of course, he was as mad as the devil at Pat:
He looked at the Irishman, and he said: "Vat for you dry to preak mine head?"
Pat looked down from his perch and he said:
"I wish to the Lord I'd broke your head,
Or smashed the big nose on your face, you son of a lying, thieving race:
You dirty, wandering thief of a Jew,
But for your forefathers, the like of you,
The blessed Saviour, so they tell.
Would be alive this day and doing well."

Funny Song.

Banjo Solo. Sung by Dan Kelly.
Air.—"Dry Dock Sall."

I'll sing you a song that's new,
And a funny old song 'tis, too:
It's about the funny sights we see every day,
And when I'm done, you'll be very apt to say:
"What a funny old song he sings!"

The dandies now-a-days
Have funny aristocratic ways:
They wear their trousers tight to their shins,
And their legs look just like two clothes pins.
What a funny style that is!

I courted a red-headed gal,
And they called her long-necked Sal:
Her eyes were squinty, and her nose was red,
She looked like a weasel that was half fed.
What a funny gal she was!

How funny the women do dress!
They look like a shipwrecked brig in distress,
They wear a large ball on their main-top gaff,
And a thing behind like the tail of a calf.
What funny looking things they are!

Mr. Brown.

Banjo Duett, as sung by Dan Kelly and Charles [illegible].

Old Dan Tucker and my Aunt Sally,
Dey both lived down in Shin-bone alley;
Dey went o'er de bridge to get a little gin,
When de bridge broke down and dey both fell in.
Chorus: It never do to give it up so,
It never do to give it up so,
It never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown,
It never do to give it up so,

Old Joe Sweet he came to town,
He swallowed a barrel of molasses down;
De lasses worked and de hoops did bust,
And away went de nigger in a thunder gust.
It never do, &c.

He flew to de moon and dere he stay,
Eating molasses all de day:
Lig num fi ki ligeri bum,
Kay I lack I doodle.
It never do, &c.

Look at the Clock.

Sung by Jennie Engel.

Young ladies, tarry, think e'er you marry,
A lesson pray take from that I sing:
For, though black slaves are of course unknown here,
We wives you'll find are the slaves of the ring.
Our husbands nightly, most unpolitely,
With their companions abroad will roam:
Of no ne'er thinking, they go off drinking,
While we are crying our eyes out at home.

Chorus.
Think, think how slowly the moments pass,
While you're enjoying your pipe and glass:
Think, think how slowly the moments pass—
Now, gentlemen, pray mind what I say,
And look, look at the clock.

Now thus to leave us, and so deceive us,
I'm sure you'll own is a monstrous sin:
For, there's no knowing where you are going,
Or what bad company you may get in:
For, when you tell, deceitful fellows,
That at your club you have passed the night,
At that casino you're often seen, oh!
You must acknowledge now that is not right.
Think, think, &c.

Then when returning, we're soon discerning
What in your manner there's something queer:
You whisper Salmon, but that's all gammon—
It's something stronger than that, I fear:
It must be really—for, when awaking,
A noise you're making for a cup of tea:
You didn't ought to want Soda water,
Through eating Salmon, you must agree.
Think, think, &c.

The Irish Shore.

By Una—From the Western Catholic.

"'Tis vain to hope, 'tis vain to dream,
Your land can never rise;
With hate her children rend her heart,
While low in dust she lies;
Forget her wrongs"—so says the world,
As many did before.
But, oh! how can we e'er forget
Our dear old Irish shore?

Can we forget the glorious host
Who scorned as slaves to live,
Who gave their lives to native land—
What more could moral give?
Or cease to venerate the soil
Made holy by their gore?
Our hearts were clods, could we forget
Our dear old Irish shore—

Can we forget that on our brows
Is slavery's shameful brand—
That we are never truly free
While fetters bind our land—
That Freedom on us seems to frown
And murmur evermore:
"If true to me arise and free
Your own green Irish shore."

When we forget to ope our eyes
To meet the smile of day,
Forget to weep when those most dear
Are shrouded in the clay,
Forget to look with love and trust
To Him we now adore,
We may forget, but not till then,
Our dear old Irish shore.

'Tis vain to dream, but not to toil,
O land we love, for thee;
While hope remains and mem'ry lasts,
Our dearest wish must be
For thee to labor plan and pray,
And sleep when life is o'er
Beneath the sod that wraps thy breast,
Our green old Irish shore.

Scotch Lassie Jean.

Song and Chorus.

As sung by Fred. D Harris. Motto and Character Vocalist.
The Music, arranged by Harry Miller, can be obtained at the extensive and popular Music Store of J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New-York.

In Scotland's fair lands o'er mountains and rills,
That's where I roamed for many a day
In looking at the lads and lassies on the green:
In the fair old land of Scotland far away,
I have waited for her coming, but she has not come as yet:
The truth seems to dawn upon me plain—
They say she is false, but I still believe her true—
She's my darling blue-eyed Scotch Lassie Jean.

Chorus.

Oh! Jean, my bonnie Jean, come to your Laddie once again!
They say you are false, but I still believe you mine,
You are my bonnie blue-eyed Scotch Lassie Jean.

She said she would meet me, but I've waited long in vain—
In lands far away she does roam:
Her promise she will keep—Oh! break it not, my Jean!
We'll be happy in our bonnie little home.
Oh! then let me not long wait, let me meet thee soon, my Jean,
And the Heavens will smile on our love,
And when life is dead, we will leave this earthly scene,
And our hearts will dwell in joy and bliss above—
Oh! Jean, my bonnie Jean, &c.

3. Charade.

When I view the primal dropping
Quiv'ring in the maiden's eye,
Then I wish she'd *next* of sorrow,
And with lover's art I try
To soften the maiden's trouble,
Then her *total* I espy.

Answer—Tearless.

What color was the last squall at sea? Why, the storm rose and the wind blue.

What is the most dangerous kind of an assassin? A man who takes life cheerfully.

Happy Little Flip Flaps.

Words and Music by T. M. Hengler.

In the old plantation, years ago,
'Fore dis cruel war begun,
We hoed de cotton all day long,
Each happy black and tan:
And when de dinner horn did toot,
We made de hoe cake sick,
Old massa laugh and missis shout
At Dinah, Jim and Dick.
Chorus: We are happy little flip flaps,
Joyfully we dance along:
All we want is nice, sweet slap jacks,
Den you'll hear us sing dis song.
(*Dance.*)

'Twas in bright, sunny Florida:
Where sweet persimmons grow,
It's there we love to live and die,
Dancing on our heel and toe:
Now we're free and massa's gone
To de golden streets on high,
We hear him sing and laugh away,
While we sing and dance shoo-fly!
We are happy, &c.

The Boys of New York.

As sung by Billy Cotton.

Say, Jack, I've been bothered some lately
By the poems that come from the West,
About Heathen Chinees playing poker
With Bill Nye and all of the rest,

But why don't they write of our city,
About us and our big diamond pins,
Where we always play keno and faro,
And commit other such innocent sins?

This is the town for big buffers,
Where the elephant can always be seen,
And pocket-book-droppers are waiting
To play tricks upon those who are green.

If those fellows would like to play poker,
Let them come here—we'll rope them in.
And we'll fight them with pops or with bowies:
For, we are the lads for the skin—

Those fellows are great on their lingo,
As their poets have given a proof,
But we are the boys for a skirmish,
And can put on a fine Mansard roof.

Those fellows know nothing 'bout voting—
I'll bet that they cannot repeat:
If we should depend on such duffers,
Our man would always be beat.

This smartness may do on the prairie,
And snoozers may there have a fling,
But if they would visit our city,
We would teach them to work the old thing.

Two Green-Horns.

Written and sung by the Fieldings.

We're what yees call green-horns,
We're only just landed
From the city of Dublin,
Afar over the sea;
Though to be called green,
We will not stand it:
Though foolish we look,
We know all your way.
Chorus: Though our native land 'tis green,
Oh! that's no reason why
That we should be called the same,
Remember that, me boys.

'Twas not want nor starvation
That brought us amongst you,
As from our appearances
That you can see:
For, at home we had plenty,
'Tis the truth that I tells yees,
But we longed for to see
This land of the free— Chorus.

When may a cobbler be said to be in the deepest trouble? When he has lost his all (awl.)

What part of a church is dishonest? The Nave (Knave.)

A house of detention: a pawnbroker's shop.

Judy Fagan.

Kind folks, just listen to my ditty,
I'm from home and that's no pity,
And I want you all to know the same,
That Judy Fagan is my name.

Chorus.

For, I'm Judy Fagan, oh! I'm Judy Fagan,
I'm from old Ireland, you must know, you must kn
I'm Judy Fagan, oh!

When I go wandering in the park,
In the young men's hearts I stick my dart,
And if to the strawberry beds I chance to go
I'm sure to hear the boys say so.
There's Judy Fagan, oh!

There's a wicked lad, called Larry Dowling,
And he calls me his precious jewel:
He says if I consent to be his wife,
He'll be rich and happy all his life—
With Judy Fagan, oh!

Little Boy Stole My Jacket.

End Song as sung by Niel Rogers.

I's been to de east, I's been to de west,
I's been to South Carolina, I's been so for de od
Sid a sun set, little boy stole my Jacket.

Chorus.

Sister Mary quite contrary,
She neader lends nor borrows,
You speck she's goyin to lend a collored man
A hoss for to ride all day to-morrow:
Dew, dew, my huckleberry dew, dew, dew, my darli
Dew, dew, my huckleberry dew, a little boy stole my jack

I wish I had a load of brick,
I'd build my chimney higher,
I'd take a match and strike a light,
And set dem all on fire. Chor

Sister Mary had a dream,
She dreamed she went a hunting,
The dreamed she caught a musharoom
As big as any pumpkin. Chor

Don't Give it Away.

By Aurthur W. French—From the New York Clippe

If a secret for some one you're keeping,
With a promise that nothing you'll say,
Remember while waking or sleeping
That you never should "give it away."
Wherever you happen to go, sir,
No matter who's wanting to know, sir,
Remember there's nothing so low, sir,
As a friend that will "give you away."

Chorus.

Don't set yourself up for a prattler—
It's a business that never will pay:
For, there's nothing so mean as a tattler:
Be careful—"Don't give it away."

If you happen to hear a strange story
About this one and that one, each day,
From people who think it a glory
To give all their knowledge away,
Don't never such stories proclaim, sir,
Perhaps you may hurt a good name, sir,
And get nothing from it but shame, sir:
Be careful—"Don't give it away."
Don't set yourself up, &

4. Enigma.

I'm large, small, black, white,
King, queen, emperor, knight,
Man, woman, husband, wife—
Sometimes, when the latter, the plague of your li

Answer—Rule

Religion is the best armor that any man can hav but the very worst of cloaks.

To remove stains from the character: Get ri

How can I let my Darling Die?

Composed and Sung by Samuel D. Strickler.

Air: We'ed Better Bide a Wee.

How can I let my darling die,
To leave me all alone?
You know how dear you are to me:
For, I am all thy own—
Don't you remember, in childhood's days,
Where we spent such happy hours,
Where you and I together strayed
Among the trees and flowers?

CHORUS.

How can I let my darling die,
To leave me all alone?
You know how dear you are to me:
For, I am all thy own—

Shall I ne'er hear that voice again,
Which sang so sweet to me?
Shall I ne'er see those smiles again,
That form so dear to me?
Though I may go in other lands,
And other suns may shine,
And others' smiles may cheer me—but
There's none so bright as thine.

Chorus.

Up and be Doing.

Written by Harry Clifton, and sung at all his popular Concerts throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

It's useless to mope o'er troubles all day,
And to rail at the lot we inherit:
Bear in mind that success is the crown of hard work,
And we all have far more than we merit.
Tho' the past has been dark, tho' the present is drear,
And a storm o'er the future be brewing,
Bright sunshine will smile ere a very long while,
If you'll only be up and be doing.

CHORUS.

Then get up with the lark and to work like a man,
The dictates of conscience pursuing:
And to overcome strife in the battle of life,
Never yield—but be up and be doing.

Never think it beneath you to dirty your hands,
Should duty require you to do so:
But ready and willing, take things as they come,
And fear nothing—like Robinson Crusoe!
As you steadily plod o'er life's dangerous road,
The chart of the past keep reviewing:
Yet while you look back o'er the desolate track,
Still keep travelling on, and be doing.

Then get up, &c.

The drop that is constant will wear out the stone—
So if Fortune be slow to reward you,
Be cheerful and patient and toil on in life,
And your conscience approving will guard you.
Make hay while the sun of your youth brightly shines,
Or else all your life you'll be rueing
The time you have spent and the chances you've lost:
So don't fret—but be up and be doing.

Then get up, &c.

Answer to:
Oh! take me to Thy Heart again.

Composed by Samuel D. Strickler.

I'll take thee to my heart again,
If thee will not deceive me:
I do forgive those angry words,
Which have so often grieved me.
I remember well in early life,
When long ago in sunny days,
The music of your words did sound
To me like song of praise.

CHORUS.

I'll take thee to my heart again,
If thee will not deceive me:
I do forgive those angry words,
Which have so often grieved me.

I did think these cross words,
Which was so quickly spoken,
Those words of love you said to me,
So quickly should be broken:
You tell me that your life would be
So very lone without me:
I'll take thee to my heart again,
My heart is lone without thee—

Chorus.

A tree that yields no leaves—an axle-tree.

The Good Ship Cumberland:

Which was sunk by the Rebel Steamer Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, March 9 1862 The Little Moniter then Whipped the Merrimac, and the whole School of Rebel steamers.

Air: Raging Canal: or the Dying Californian.

Come all ye merry sailors, and all ye landsmen, too,
Come, listen to a story that I will unfold to you:
It's all about the Cumberland, that ship so true and brave,
And of her bold and loyal crew, who met a watery grave.

It was early in the morning, just at the break of day,
That the good ship Cumberland at anchor safe did lay,
When the man upon the lookout to those below did cry:
"I see something like a housetop—
to the larbord it doth lie!"

The Captain seized his telescope
and gazed far o'er the blue,
Then turning spoke as follows
to his brave and hearty crew:
"That thing that's floating yonder, just like a turtle back,
Is that infernal rebel steamer that they call the Merrimac."

The deck was cleared for action,
every gun was pointed true,
Whilst the Merrimac came steaming
across the watery blue.
On on she still kept coming, till no distance did us part,
Then she sent a ball a humming that
stilled the beat of many a heart.

In vain we poured our broadside into her ribs of steel,
Yet still no breach made in her, or damage did she feel:
Then to our bold Commander the rebel Captain spoke—
"Haul down your flying colors or
I'll sink your Yankee boat!"

Our Captain's eye did glisten, and
his cheek grew white with rage,
And to the Rebel pirate in a voice of thunder said:
"My men are brave and loyal, my flag shall ever stand—
Before I'll strike my colors, you
may sink us and be d——d!"

Then the iron-clad monster left us
some hundred yards or more,
And, with her whistle screaming,
at our wooden sides she bore:
She struck us right amidships and
her ram went crashing through,
And the water came in rushing upon our gallant crew.

Then turning to his gallant crew,
that bold Commander said:
"I will never strike my colors
while the vessel rides the wave:
I'll go down with flag a flying into a watery grave,
But you, my gallant comrades,
may seek your lives to save."

They swore they'd never leave him,
and manned their guns afresh,
And poured broadside after broadside,
till the water reached their breasts:
And as she sank far down, far down, in the briny deep,
The Stars and Stripes were flying
from the maintop's highest peak—

Cheer for the Pilots.

The sturdy Pilots put to sea,
Over the waves went they:
For, a ship's dim form, in the rising storm,
Came on her trackless way;
They saw afar each tap'ring spar
Of a ship, whose trembling sails
Too fragile were for the tempest there,
And rent by the storm's rude gales.
Then cheer for the Pilots, whoever you be,
Who have anxiously watched for a friend on the sea!

The storm raged high, and the rocks were nigh,
But the Pilots' barque was driven
Far, far, aback from the vessel's track,
Which they to reach had striven:
And darkness came—save when the flame
Of the vivid lightning threw
A light that bore, to their friends on shore,
The ship—but no Pilots' crew.
Then cheer for the Pilots, whoever you be,
Who have anxiously watched for a friend on the sea!

The storm was o'er, and a calm, once more,
Was over the sea and sky:
The ships, with the tide, in the harbor glide,
But no Pilots' barque was nigh!
A mariner's form, 'mid the wrecks of the storm,
Was seen on the ebbing wave:
Its pulse was cold, and a tale it told—
That the deep was the Pilots' grave—
Then cheer for the Pilots, whoever you be,
Who brave even death for our friends on the sea!

Why is a thief called a jail-bird? Because he's been a ROBBIN'.

Picadillie.

Some fellas think the Doves the spot
For the creme de la creme.
And crawl into the monkey house
To hear their brothers scream:
While some declare that Belgravia Square's
The Eden of the west.
To meet with swells and dashing belles,
But, by Jove! I know the best.

CHORUS.

Picadillie, Picadillie for the elegant swells
And fairest of belles;
Picadillie, Picadillie,
THAT'S WHERE I RESIDE WHEN IN TOWN.

Sometimes I do a gentle crawl,
By Jove! I've gone that far
That I have nearly knocked against
That horrid Temple Bar:
Once I've hailed a Hansom cab:
"Hackman, here, come here,
Oh! drive me home directly,
Or, by Jove! to Hall is queer."

Picadillie, &c.

Sometime into the Burlington
Our cads a fella dropped,
Because a fella cannot bear
Those common sort of shops:
The dozy Beadle knows me there,
As he walks up and down,
He'll call me Captain, touch his hat,
THAT COSTS A HALF A CROWN.

Picadillie, &c.

But this butter-fly existence now
With me will soon be past:
For, Hymen soon will lead me in
His sorrows fetters fast.
I shall shortly pop the question to
The child of an M. P—
I'm sure to be accepted,
So it's all up with me—

Picadillie, &c.

The Dashing Belle.

Composed and Sung by Fattie Stewart.

My name is Nell, the dashing belle:
Some call me a coquette,
Of lovers I've had many score,
But not the right one yet.
And as I pass along the street,
The Gents all bow and smile:
I hear them cry, as I pass by:
"Oh! how is that for style?"

CHORUS.

For, I am Nell, the Dashing Belle,
The Gents all on me smile:
They heave a sigh, as I pass by,
And say: how is that for style?

I go to Balls and Operas,
Sometimes a Matinee,
And often drive out through the Park,
To pass the time away.
The other evening to the minstrels
I thought I'd go a while,
But when I came out, the boys did shout:
"Oh! how is that for style?"

For, I am Nell, &c.

The Winds Whistle Cold.

The winds whistle cold,
And the stars glimmer red:
The flocks are in folds,
And the cattle in shed.
When the hoar frost was chill
Upon moorland and hill,
And was fringing the forest bough,
Our fathers would troul
The bonny brown bowl,
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now.

Gaffer winter may seize
Upon milk in the pail:
'Twill be long ere he freeze
The bold brandy and ale:
For, our fathers so bold,
They laughed at the cold,
When Boreas was bending his bow:
For, they quaffed mighty ale,
And they told a blythe tale,
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now.

The Black Frigate.

Very many years ago—I need not specify how many, but it was before the Mediterranean had become the thronged highway that it is now—I, having put my house in order and arranged my affairs, decided to return to England, from which I had been absent more than twenty years. At the time of which I write, the East was to most Englishmen an unexplored region; and when I went out, a young merchant, to try my fortune in the Levant, I was as much separated from home and kindred as I should have been on the other side of the globe.

Having ventured my all, I was obliged to cling to my adopted country; and though for a long time fortune so frowned on me that bare existence was a matter of difficulty, still little by little I got on, and towards the end of my twentieth year of absence from England I found myself with an unmarried daughter (I had been some years a widower), and a fortune amounting to upwards of twenty thousand pounds.

I think few girls could have boasted a rarer beauty than my Mary—now close on her seventeenth year—but of course, from the nature of the country in which she had been born and bred, she was deficient in many accomplishments she would have acquired at home, and it was for her sake that I gave up my plodding life of gain to go back to my home circle—dreadfully thinned, alas! since I had left it, a hopeful man of twenty-five.

Our preparations for departure, when once I had made up my mind, did not take long; for, though we had many friends of whom to take leave, still Mary was so childishly delighted with the prospect of going to England that everything was hurried on and we were soon ready to sail. The main difficulty that was in our way was the choice of a vessel.

Owing to the uncertain means that then existed for sending remittances, I was compelled to take home with me a very large sum in specie—nearly two thousand pounds—and for some time past the Mediterranean had been infested by pirates, one vessel in particular having attained a most unenviable notoriety from the bloodthirsty cruelty with which the crew treated the unfortunate passengers of any vessel which they captured.

After some consideration I decided upon embarking for Malta in a native coaster, as being a vessel which would hardly excite the cupidity of a pirate, should we be unfortunate enough to encounter one. The event proved that I was right, for we arrived at Malta quite safely, though after a long and tedious voyage.

When we got to Malta a large convoy of vessels was about to sail for England under the protection of two British men-of-war, and so rare was such an opportunity then, and so eager were people to get their goods and themselves home in safety, that every ship going had even more passengers than they could properly accomodate, and my eager search for two cabins for Mary and myself was fruitless.

I was at last about to give up the attempt in despair, and take my chance of a passage in any single vessel which might be going in the course of a week or so. I thought less of the danger of meeting with a pirate than of Mary's discomfort on the voyage; for, after all, I believed the tales of the atrocities which people said these rovers perpetrated were much overdrawn, and, besides, the worst of them, known as the *Black Frigate*—from the color of her hull—had not been seen in Southern waters for some time past; and it was thought that, finding the pursuit after her too keen, she had left them altogether.

I mentioned what I intended doing, one evening, to Paolo Speranza, a Maltese trader, of whom I had some slight knowledge, and with whom we had taken up our abode; but he shook his head gravely and replied—

"No, sare; one sheep no good—too much pirate, too much bad man. Suppose meet *Black Frigate*, eh? Young miss go too? No; much better sail with sheep of war, even suppose you lib on deck, sare."

I combated his view for a time, but, finding him seriously opposed to my incurring any risk while with my daughter, and in possession of such a large sum of money (he knew what I had with me), I consented to his trying to get me a passage, as his better knowledge of the shipping agents might enable him to be more successful than I had been.

Two days went by, and in two more the convoy would sail at latest, when on the morning of the third a large British vessel, the *Maggie Lauder*, laden with wool, ran in from Alexandria. Speranza knew the captain, and endeavoured to obtain a passage for me, for some time in vain, as every bulk-head was crammed with the cargo—one so valuable that the master intended to go with the convoy without staying at Malta as he had originally proposed. After some demur, however, Speranza succeeded in getting a deck cabin divided into two parts for my daughter and myself; and, thanking my Maltese friend heartily for his kindness, I at once arranged to go on board.

The *Maggie Lauder* was a very handsome vessel, with a gaudily emblazoned figurehead and stern. From the run of her lines, and the jaunty way in which she sat the water, I judged that she was a fast sailer; nor was I wrong in my conjecture. The captain—a Levantine—was most obliging in getting in our luggage, and told off an officer especially to watch in my chests of specie. I had disguised them as much as possible, but from habit—as I supposed—he seemed to recognise their value at once.

The Captain's apologies for the rough way in which he would be compelled to lodge us were profuse, but were really not needed, as, though small, the cabins were comfortably fitted up; and, as for their being on deck, I considered it a decided advantage in that sultry climate. Mary's attendant—a soldier's young widow, whom we had secured at Malta—was to sleep on the floor of her mistress's cabin; and altogether our arrangements were as perfect as could well be expected, and we might fairly look forwa d to a pleasant voyage home.

It was on a calm, clear, but oppressively hot morning in June that the convoy at last set sail, and, aided by a light breeze, we went slowly upon our way through the waste of waters. I was busy enough all day unpacking, and had but little leisure to go on deck all the evening; but, as the sun went down, I stood leaning over the taffrail watching the changing hues of the fleecy clouds as the sun sank lower and lower—now green, now gold, red, violet, blue, finally changing to a slatey gray, as the orb sank beneath the waves.

I think that a feeling of sadness is common to every one during the first night at sea. The hues of night creeping over the waters, through which the ship glides so calmly, the canvas-clad spars looming above like gigantic ghosts, the endless gurgle of the water as it ripples past, broken only by the monotonous cries of the look-out man, or the creaking of the helm—all these make one feel how utterly alone one is exposed to all the dangers of the deep.

I was musing thus, idly watching the gilded crests of the phosphorescent waves, when I felt a cautious touch on the arm, and, turning, saw, to my surprise, an Italian sailor whom I had known in the Levant—and, indeed, once saved from almost certain death—standing near me. The sight of the face of any one I had known was grateful to me at the moment, and I was about to greet him loudly and gladly, when I was stopped by his treading hard on my foot, and whispering—

"Hush!—for your life speak not above a whisper, or we are lost!" Before my amazement would let me reply, he went on—

"*Mon Dieu!* that I had known this sooner, but I was away on shore at Malta. They tell me you have a fair young girl on board with you, too. Do I deceive myself?" he added, rapidly.

"No, surely," I answered. "My daughter accompanies me, and we considered ourselves lucky in obtaining a passage in a vessel guarded by the convoy."

"Lucky, say you?" returned Jacobo. "Yes, truly. See you how every ship with which we left Valletta this morning is sinking low upon the wave?"

I turned, and saw, to my astonishment, that we had slightly changed our course, and that all the convoy were already "hull down" upon the horizon.

"What folly of the Captain to part compa
like this," I exclaimed, "risking his whole ca
falling into the hands of pirates!"

"No fear of that for us," interrupted Jaco
with a sneer.

"True," I replied: "the *Black Frigate*
left these seas; but still——"

"Madman without caution!" hissed Jac
fiercely into my ear, clutching my wrist convu
vely as he spoke; "'tis on the *Black Frigate* y
are sailing—you and your daughter are bene
its flag!"

The water still gurgled past us, and I co
hear the creaking of each rope and block, a
seemed, with extra distinctness; but yet I co
not comprehend, though I had heard the wo
that Jacobo had uttered. How could I be
board the vessel?

"Listen, then," said Jacobo. "How I came
be on board this vessel matters not; it is enou
that I tell you that of late we have been so ho
pursued in these seas that for a time we w
obliged to leave them, and only within the l
ten days have we returned, as you see no
'Twas a bold expedient to go into Malta as we d
but the very boldness of the manœuvre, and t
altered appearance of the vessel, was our safe
Speranza is our paid agent, and it was to
knowledge of the wealth you have with you th
you owe your passage in this fatal ship. *Padron*
your life here hangs on a thread; but I do n
forget what you once did for me, and I will sa
you if I can; but appear as though you were
ease, and mind you know me not. While t
English are within sight, you are safe—ah, ev
now they signal us!"

As he spoke, a slight flash in the distance glan
ed over the darkening waters, followed after t
lapse of a few seconds by a faint distant boo
showing that the convoy were aware of the alt
ation in our course, and were signalling us to
turn.

Jacobo instantly darted from my side, motio
ing to me hastily to go into my cabin, and ju
after I had reached it the Captain and a thick-
young man, with a stern, brutal-looking face.
far as I could judge by the binical light, came
deck.

I lay down in my berth, pretending to sle
but endeavouring through the *jealousies* to he
what conversation might ensue. For a time
heart throbbed painfully and the veins in
head seemed almost bursting; but by degre
I calmed myself down sufficiently to gather so
few words of the whispered conversation th
ensued between Jacobo, the pretended Captain a
his companion, whom I soon discovered, from t
manner of the other two, to be the presiding
thority on board. As they spoke, I someh
fancied that Jacobo drew them towards the ca
where I lay, for the voices grew plainer a
plainer.

"Well, we can end it now, Jack," said the
Captain to the one whom I had first seen: "
mark ye, overboard the women go! The last ti
there was a job of this sort I nearly had a muti
through the men quarrelling among themselv
and I'll not have it again."

"Would it not be better," said Jacobo, "
leave all as it is till to-morrow? The Engl
war-vessel has fired one gun to us already; if th
chase and catch us, and ask for the Englishm
Derwent and his daughter, and we have them no
how then?"

A pause of a second or two ensued—a lifetim
seemed to me as I crouched behind the blind
cold sweat of agony pouring down my forehe
Jacobo in whom lay the only hope of a chanc
had, could he too be a traitor planning our mur
like that? Yet why had he told me? My p
child, too—I ground my teeth in impotent rage
I thought of the trap into which I had b
betrayed.

"Perhaps you are right, Jacobo, and I m
wait, though I grudge keeping the men below
long; however, to-morrow will end this fare
see, another gun!"

A faint report, wafted to us on the bree
showed how rapidly we were being carried fr
our only protectors. Another gun sounded—
it seemed somewhat nearer—and the Capta

turning suddenly, gave a shrill whistle, and cried, "Tumble up there, the watch; shake another reef out of those topsails—up stunsails!"

The noise of cables and the trampling of the sailors' feet on deck now drowned every other sound, but in a very few minutes I could perceive from the heeling of the vessel that we were going through the water at a greater rate, leaving all hope behind—

I need not waste words detailing the horrors of the night that ensued; the wind rose and howled dismally through the rigging, while the heavy plash of waves against the sides of the vessel served only to remind me of the fate that was in store for myself and my only child.

When the morning broke the rain was pouring down heavily, and the waves fell one over another in heavy, lumpy masses, and, as the ship was running before the wind, she rolled so heavily as almost to dip her yards in the water. When I went on deck everything was wet and uncomfortable, and to my horror not a sail of any description was in sight: my last hope was now gone, and I had to undertake the dreadful duty of telling my poor child of the situation in which we were placed.

The insolent carelessness with which we were treated at breakfast to a certain extent prepared her for my revelation; but I shall never forget my poor girl's aspect of dread horror when I told her the extent of the danger which we had to fear. I explained to her that the slightest appearance of fear on our parts would probably be the signal for precipitating the doom we were both so anxious to avoid, and our wisest discretion would be to keep within our cabins as closely as possible, not giving a sign of our having any suspicion as to the real character of the vessel.

The day crept slowly away, and the sun sank into the waters; the last tinge of crimson faded on the waves that now rolled towards the stern windows in dismal billows, where Mary and I sat hand in hand, waiting, every moment seeming an hour, in an agony of suspense. Mary's attendant had left the cabin a few minutes before, when suddenly a scream, the shrill terror of which rings through my head even now, resounded through the vessel, followed by a scuffle, a smothered cry of "Mercy!—Mr. Derwent!—mercy!" a heavy splash, and for a moment all was still, save for the plash of the heaving waters.

After a short pause, the sound of approaching footsteps made me spring to my feet, a loaded pistol in either hand—for I was determined to sell my child's life and my own as dearly as possible.

"Quick, there, Jacobo!" I heard the Captain say, and in an instant the outer door and the door between Mary's cabin and mine were burst open, and Jacobo and another man rushed in, locking the outer door after them, and each bearing a large sack with a slip-knot running round the neck, to which a heavy shot was attached—

Mary flung herself on the floor with a fearful scream, and as I fired at Jacobo he struck the pistol up, and when the smoke rolled away I saw that the carpet was thrown back, and Jacobo had opened a trap-door in the deck.

"In! in!" he exclaimed.

I needed no second invitation, but immediately descended, and, receiving Mary's now senseless form in my arms, had just time to see two bags of meal standing near thrust into the sacks, when the trap was closed and the carpet readjusted, leaving us in darkness, and in such a dense and stifling atmosphere that it was almost impossible to breathe. I heard the bumping of the sacks as they were dragged through the outer cabin, a burst of brutal and discordant laughter as two successive splashes sounded in the sea, and then all seemed to swim round me, and I became insensible.

I know not how long I remained thus, but I was aroused by Mary clinging tightly to me just as the Captain was giving some order relating to the adjustment of the sails.

"There, belay all that!" he suddenly exclaimed. "And half-a-dozen of ye clear out all the trumpery out of the cabin; we'll have a rouser there to-night."

A tramping of feet now sounded as though coming towards us, when I heard Jacobo say—

"Steady, my lads, I have to fetch flour for the pastry; wait there, and I'll return on the moment."

Directly afterwards the trap was raised and Jacobo descended.

"Ah, *padrone*," said he, "you see I am not ungrateful. I would have saved all, but 'twas impossible; as it is, my life is in the hand of the comrade whom I bribed to save you. But there is not a moment to be lost; I have the keeping of the stern-hold. Look you, here be two rows of meal sacks fore and aft. If you, mam'selle, can hide behind the one, and you, *padrone*, behind the the other, you may have in some sort two 'little' chambers to yourselves, after the English fashion, or, if you prefer the same hiding-place, take it, in Heaven's name, but lose not a moment!"

"And what will be the end of this?" I asked, after some hurried expressions of gratitude.

"I cannot say," he replied. "I will from time to time, when I descend to get meal and clean the place, bring you provisions. How long this can last, whither we are going, and whether in the end I can rescue you, time must show. If we should shortly put into some port, I may be able to pass you ashore in one of these sacks, but we may not see land for a month—any way, for your lives keep quiet. I doubt you'll be stifled, yet there's no help for it. Hide, hide! I dare not stay a moment longer."

He rolled down a heap of biscuits, placed a pitcher of water by them, and departed—

Never will our first fearful night in our strange concealment be forgotten. The pirate crew held wild revelry over our heads; their fierce and iniquitous speech, their lawless songs, their awful and demoniac oaths, their wild intoxication, made Mary thrill with a horror that half excited the wish to escape in death from the polluting vicinity of such infernal abominations. The hold was so shallow that we appeared to be close to the revellers. Their voices sounded so near that we seemed almost among them, and our concealment a miracle; while the heat became so stifling and unbearable that we could scarcely gasp, and I began to fear that Mary would become exhausted.

It was a strange reflection that we might, almost without the warning of a moment, be in the hands of our brutal and unconscious gaolers; for our concealment afforded not even the slender defence of an inside lock or bolt, and the carpet, which seemed to present a slight barrier between us and the gang, had been rolled up, as no longer necessary to give our late dwelling-place the peaceful appearance of a cabin fitted up for passengers.

The light streamed here and there through a crevice in the trap-door, and I involuntarily trembled when I saw it fall on Mary's white dress, as if, even in that concealment, it might betray her. We dared scarcely whisper a word of encouragement or consolation to each other—dared scarcely to breathe, or stir even a hand from the comfortless attitude in which we were placed. We could even hear the crew speak occasionally of our murder in a careless and incidental manner.

At length the orgie came to an end, and exhausted from excitement I fell asleep. I was aroused somewhere near morning by a conversation between the Captain and his mate, who went by the name of Jack; apparently they had been speaking for some time.

"I suppose, Captain," said Jack, "we go on our usual plans, eh?—the specie to be distributed among the ship's company, and the jewels and personals to be appropriated in a quiet way by the officers? And for once in a way I hope there'll be no breach of discipline, Captain Dubourg, in asking where might be deposited that secret casket containing you and I, and one or two more, know what? I mean that we took from the Spanish-American brig."

"It is in the stern-hold beneath our feet at this moment," answered the Captain.

"A good one for dividing its contents," said Jack. "I'll fetch a light in the twinkling of an eye."

"No need," replied the Captain—"I'll warrant I can lay my hand on it in the dark."

Without the warning of another moment the fierce commander was in our hold. On the removal of the trap-door a faint light streamed into our prison; but it fell only on the part immediately under the ingress, and left the sides in obscurity.—

I suppose it was about four in the morning. I had laid Mary down on some torn signal flags in that division of the hold which Jacobo had assigned her, and had myself retired behind my own bulwark of meal sacks, in order that my daughter should possess, for her repose, something like the freedom of a small cabin to herself. I had scarcely time to glide round to Mary's side ere the merciless buccaneer descended. We almost crept into the wooden walls of our hiding-place, and literally drew down the sacks upon us.

The Captain felt about with his hand, sometimes pushing it behind the sacks, and sometimes feeling under them. And now he passed his arms through those which aided our concealment. Gracious Heaven! his hand had discovered Mary's dress; he grasped it tight: he began to drag her forward, but at this moment his foot struck against the casket for which he was searching. He stooped to seize it; and, as his hold on Mary slackened, I contrived to pass towards his hands a portion of the old flag-cloth, so as to impress him with the belief that it was the original object of his grasp. He dragged it forward and then let it go.

But he had disturbed the compact adjustment of the sacks, and, as the vessel was now rolling violently in a tempestuous sea, a terrible lurch laid prostrate our treacherous wall of defence, and we stood fully exposed, without a barrier between ourselves and the ruffian commander of the frigate. To us it now seemed that all was lost; and I leaned over Mary, just to offer my own bosom as a slender and last defence.

The Captain had gone to the light to pass his casket through the trap-door. The sun was rising; and the crimson hues of dawn, meeting no other object in the hold save the depraved and hardened countenance of our keeper, threw on his swarthy complexion such a ruddy glow as, contrasted with the surrounding darkness, gave him the appearance of some foul demon emerging from the infernal regions, and bearing on his unhallowed countenance the reflection of the eternal fires he had just quitted.

That glow was, however, our salvation. The Captain turned, with an oath, to replace the fallen sacks. Any one who has suddenly extinguished a candle, even on a bright starry night, knows that the sudden transition from a greater to a lesser degree of light, produces, for a second or two, the effect of absolute darkness; and thus our concealment lay enveloped in utter darkness to the Captain's eyes, dazzled by the morning's first flood of light. But it was difficult for the half-breathless beings so entirely in his power to realise this fact, when they saw him advancing towards them, his eyes fixed on the spot where they stood, though he saw them not; it was difficult to see, and yet retain a conviction that they were not seen.

The Captain replaced the sacks immediately, and we felt half doubtful, as he pushed them with violence against the beams where we stood, whether he had not actually discovered our persons, and taken this method of at once destroying us by bruises and suffocation. His work was, however, accompanied by an imprecatory running comment on Jacobo's careless manner of stowage.

We were now again buried in our concealment, but another danger awaited us. Jacobo descended to the cabin.

An involuntary though half stifled shriek escaped him when he beheld the Captain. He sprang into the hold, and his ghastly smile of inquiry—for he spoke not—demanded if his ruin was sealed.

"I have been looking at all your pretty work here, monsieur," said the gruff captain, pointing to the deranged sacks behind which we were concealed.

I caught a glimpse through them of Jacobo's despairing countenance. It was a fearful moment, for it seemed as if we were about to be involuntarily betrayed by our ally at the very instant we had escaped our enemy.

Jacobo's teeth literally chattered, and he muttered something about gallantry and honor, and there being a lady, and Mr. Derwent an old acquaintance.

"And so, because you disposed of a couple of lubbers, as your duty was, at your Captain's command, *(To be Continued.)*

MOUNTAIN MAID'S INVITATON.

Arranged by J. E. GO



2 Come! come! come!
Not a sigh, not a tear,
E'er is found in sadness here,
Music soft, breathing near,
Charms away each care!
Birds, in joyous hours, among
Hill and dell, with grateful song,
Dearest strains here prolong,
Vocal all the air!
Tra la la la, tra la la,
Tra la la la, tra la la,
Dearest strains here prolong,
Vocal all the air!

3 Come! come! come!
When the day's gently gone,
Evening shadows coming on,
Then, by love, kindly won,
Truest bliss be thine!
Ne'er was found a bliss so pure,
Never joys so long endure;
Who would not love secure?
Who would joys decline?
Tra la la la, tra la la,
Tra la la la, tra la la,
Who would not love secure?
Who would joys decline?

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CONTENTS.

A nice cup of tea ..... page 733
Blue-Eyed Bessie Lyle 730
Billy Grymes, the Rover 730
Bugle Song 730
The BUGABOO 731
Billy Barlow 732
Bully Nigger Amos 733
Blue-Eyed Sally 733
Bold Rooster Boy 733
The Bold Militia Man 732
The Black Frigate—Story ended 734
CAN WE FORGET? 731
Come along, do 733
The Convict's Tale—a Story 735
The Dear little cot o'er the Sea 732
The Englishman 730
Ever thus the Rose-Leaves fade 732
Home I am going to-night 732
I love but one 732
I wish Mamma was here: or the Blue-Eyed Boy 730
It's funny when you feel that way 731
Lassie with the Hazel Eye 731
My Mansion of Brown Stone 730
The Maid of the Dairy 731
NORAH, SWEET NORAH—Music 736
Oh! Nicodemus! 731
Oh! dat Watermelon! 730
Pat 'niver' will cease to love! 732
Poor Old Horse, Let him die! 731
Star of the morning 730
Sing that song again 732
TUBAL CAIN 733
The World is the world that we make it 730

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The Englishman.

There's a land that bears a well known name.
Though 'tis but a little spot:
'Tis the first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall say it is not?
Of the deathless ones who shine and live
In arms, in arts, in song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give
To that little land belong:
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The Island home of an Englishman,
'Tis the star of the earth, &c.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where:
And to treat that flag as aught but the free
Is more than the strongest dare.
For, the lion spirits that thread the deck
Have carried the palm of the brave,
And that flag may sink with a short torn wreck,
But never float o'er a slave.
Its honor is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true-born Englishman.
Its honor is stainless, &c.

The Briton may traverse the pole or zone
And boldly claim his right:
For, he calls such a vast domain his own
That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know
The place of his home and birth;
And a flush will pour from my cheek to brow,
While he tells of his native earth:
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breathed in the words: I'm an Englishman!
'Tis a glorious charter, &c.

Star of the Morning.

Star of the morning, beautiful star,
Rest from thy journey bright world afar:
Wise men of old were guided by thee,
Herald of joy may'st thou ever be—
Chorus: Beautiful star, beautiful star,
Star of the morning, beautiful star!

Lone in thy glory, trembling star,
Tell us thy mission, what joys there are:
Something of life seems moving thee now,
Beings of glory radiant as thou. Chorus.

Goddess of beauty, dazzling star,
Tipping with silver the *sky-gates* afar,
Like a lost diamond gleams through the blue,
Cloudlets where sunlight is glimmering, too.
Chorus.

My Mansion of Brown-Stone.

By Jack Jollihead—Air: "She's sweetest of them all."

Oh! such a splendid mansion,
As fine as it can be!
And the young gent will get it,
Who'll chance to marry me;
He'll get my house and servants,
And for himself alone—
But for his love I'd freely give
My mansion of brown-stone.

Chorus.

Oh, dear! oh, my!
You may speak of wealth, of ease, and pomp,
For gold and jewels moan—
But for a true heart I would give
My mansion of brown-stone.

My horses are the finest,
My carriages the best,
My furniture the richest
That's found in east or west:
Yet, with all I'm not happy—
For, I must dwell alone,
Surrounded but by riches, in
My mansion of brown-stone. Chorus.

Can any one then tell me
Of some nice, good young gent,
Who'll come, not for my money,
But is, though poor, content?
Alas! I will not find him—
For him I long may moan,
And mope about, all lonely, in
My mansion of brown-stone. Chorus.

Blue-Eyed Bessie Lyle.

By Arthur W. French.

Where the mellow sunlight lingers
On the ripples of the stream,
And the water-lilies' fingers
Reach to clasp each golden gleam—
Close beside the murm'ring waters,
Mirrored in the sunbeam's smile,
Watching, waiting, some one loiters—
'Tis my blue-eyed Bessie Lyle.
Chorus: Blue-eyed Bessie, how I love her!
With a heart so free from guile,
Truer than the stars above her,
Is my blue-eyed Bessie Lyle.

Oh! how oft we've strayed together,
In the hush of eventide,
Just across the blooming heather,
Till we reached the streamlet's side!
While the twilight shed its glories,
And the stars of heaven smiled,
There I whispered sweetest stories
To my blue-eyed Bessie Lyle. Chorus.

Billy Grimes, the Rover.

To morrow morn I'm sweet sixteen, and
Billy Grimes, the rover,
Has popped the question to me, mamma,
and wants to be my lover:
To-morrow morn he says, mamma, he's coming
bright and early,
To take a pleasant trip with me, across the fields
of barley!

You must not go, my daughter dear, it is no use a talking,
You cannot go across the field, with Billy Grimes
a walking:
To think of his presumption now, the dirty ugly drover,
I wonder where your pride is gone, to think of such a rover.

Old Grimes is dead, you know, mamma, and Bill is
so lonely:
Besides they say, too, Grimes has said, that Billy
is the only.
So I'll be heir to all he's left, and that they say is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars worth, and about
six hundred yearly.

I did not hear, my daughter dear, your last remark
quite clearly;
But Billy is a clever lad, and no doubt loves you dearly:
Be ready, then, to-morrow-morn, and be up, bright
and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him across the
fields of barley.

And when we're married, dear mamma, we both
shall look so neatly,
I'll wear a thousand dollar shawl—'twill make me
look so sweetly!
This common frock is getting old, and silks will
soon be fashion,
I'll turn his pockets inside out, and meet with
a short I guess him.

Not quite so fast, my pretty miss, don't try to win
the drover,
Who's travelled this whole country thro' in search
of a true lover:
My money ne'er shall buy your shawl, nor build
your castles higher:
Please, madam, take your daughter home. I only
did it to try her.

The World is the World That we Make it.

The world is the world that we make it,
Whether for joy or for sorrow;
There's pleasure for him who seeks to-day,
And sorrow it may be to-morrow.
To-day we join with mirth and glee
In the ranks of the bridal train,
To-morrow the groom untimely
In the cold, cold earth is lain.

Chorus.

Then this world is the world that we make it,
Whether for joy or for sorrow;
There's pleasure for him who seeks to-day,
And sorrow it may be to-morrow.

'Tis better, by far, yes 'tis better
To taste of life's sweets as they're flying,
Than to pass the bright moments in brooding
O'er the hopes that are dying, a-dying;
Then strike up a merry symphony,
And brisk let the burthen be:
'Tis folly to think of the bygone,
For the present alone live we! Chorus.

Oh! dat Watermelon.

Composed and sung by Horace Weston, Champion Banjoist.

My old missus promised me,
Gwine to git a home bye and bye,
When she died she'd set me free.
Gwine to git a home bye and bye.
She did live till she got bald,
Gwine to git a home bye and bye,
And she never died at all,
Gwine to git a home bye and bye.
Chorus: Den, oh! dat watermelon—
Lamb of goodness you must die.
I'm gwine join de contraband children,
Gwine to git a home bye and bye.

A shoo-fly cut a pigun wing:
Gwine to git a home bye and bye:
A rattle-snake rolled in a 'possum's skin,
Gwine to git a home bye and bye:
Cow path crooked gwine frough de wood,
Gwine to git a home bye and bye:
Misses see I shan't I see I should,
Gwine to git a home bye and bye. Chorus.

Sister Sue and old aunt Sal,
Gwine to git a home bye and bye:
Both lived down in 8fifin-bone al,
Gwine to git a home bye and bye:
Name of de house, name on de door,
Gwine to git a home bye and bye:
Big green spot on de grocery store,
Gwine to git a home bye and bye. Chorus.

I Wish Mamma was here! or the Blue-Eyed Boy.

As sung by Jennie Engel.

A tiny little blue-eyed boy
Sat on his father's knee,
And, looking up, he feebly said:
"Dear father, do kiss me."
He gently pressed him to his breast
And smoothed his golden hair,
And Willie whispered with a sigh:
"I wish Mamma was here!"
Chorus: I wish Mamma was here,
I wish Mamma was here:
And Willie whispered with a sigh:
I wish Mamma was here!

A tear rolled down the father's cheek,
He kissed his pining boy:
For, her he loved had gone to rest,
And Willie's end was nigh—
He laid him in his little cot:
"Don't weep, my darling dear."
And Willie murmured in his sleep:
"I wish Mamma was here!" I wish, &c.

With anxious eyes the father watched,
Until the turn of tide:
The angels they were near him there—
At six o'clock, he died.
The father shrieked in wild despair:
"Don't leave me, my darling dear."
And Willie breathed his last fond sigh:
"I know Mamma is near!" I know, &c.

Bugle Song.

With Bugle Accompaniment.

Over the sparkling bright sea-foam
A bugle note sounds clear and shrill,
And a sharp-keeled boat, with a silken sail,
Glides o'er the wave as a phantom still.
I see her shrouds in the moonlight gleam,
I hear the rollicking chorus peal,
And over my senses I feel a spell
Like a dream of a day forgotten steal.
Chorus: Cheerily, cheerily bugle sound,
And answer echoes high and clear,
And while the merry toast goes round,
We'll greet the music with a cheer.

Blow, breezes, blow from the Southern strand,
Fraught with the breath of Summer isles;
We'll live for love while still we quaff,
And banish care while fortune smiles.
Here's a health to those that are far away,
And a sigh for those that are 'neath the sod,
And a kiss for the lass with the beaming eye
That laughs response to the rosy god! Chorus.

The greater part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.

Poor Old Horse, Let Him Die!

My clothing once, alas! my friends was linsey woolsey fine,
My hair was brushed off neatly, and gaily it did shine;
But now I'm a-growing old, and nature doth decay,
My master he doth frown on me, and thus I heard him say:
Chorus: "You're good for nothing now, Old Horse!
And then he passed me by:
I cannot give you Hay and Oats:
Poor Old Horse, let him die!"

My lodging once was on clean straw, and in a stable warm,
To keep my active sturdy limbs from taking cold or harm:
But now I am in open fields, compelled in truth to go
And bear cold frosty winters, the hail, the rain and snow—

My feed once was the best of oats, and likewise well cured hay
As ever grew upon the lawn or in the meadows gay:
But no such comfort now I find, in the stable or clean stall,
I am forced to nab the short grass, that grows around
the wall.

My shoulders were both fat and fine, and clean and
smooth and round,
But, now corrupted, rotten, my wind it is unsound.
And my foundered old cracked hollow hoof, that once
was smooth and hard,
Is deemed to be unworthy to tread my master's yard.

"You eat my Hay that's costly, you also spoil my Straw,
You're not fit to ride, Old Horse, and my cart you
cannot draw;
And you are blind and lame, Old Horse, you're lazy,
dull and slow,
I'll drive you from my premises, to hunt your living go!"

My skin unto the Huntsman, the tale who can believe?
My flesh unto the hungry hounds I shortly, too, must give:
And noble form once nimble, that travelled leagues
and miles
O'er mountains, hedges, ditches, and leaped o'er
gates and stiles—

Oh! Nicodemus!

My lover he's going to sea, Oh! Nicodemus!
He's going away and leaving me,
To watch the little fishes, swimming in the sea;
But he'll soon wish for home, and to be back with me,
The ship will heave to, Nicodemus!
And so wretched you will be, so wretched you will be—
Spoken: So she said—

Chorus.

Oh, Nicodemus! Nicodemus! don't you go away:
I've loved you, Nicodemus, and I've loved you
many a day,
I've loved you in your plain attire, your lovely
fustian coat,
Don't leave me, Nicodemus, for that boiler-
bursting boat.

Spoken: And again she began to sing—

Salt water, you know, is very wet, Oh, Nicodemus!
You know you are my only pet,
And your absence will cause me to fume and fret;
They will feed you on salt junk and nasty soft
boiled peas:
Think of this well, Nicodemus!
Ere you cross those watery seas, those windy
watery seas.
So she said— Chorus.

And she also said—

Of pumpkins boiled you'll get no more, Oh,
Nicodemus!
Convince yourself of this before,
You can't run away, there's no back door:
"Reef the anchor, Nicodemus," the Captain
he will say:
You'll have to hold on by your eyebrows,
Or you'll be blown away, straight down to Botany Bay;
So she said— Chorus.

This is what he said—

"It's no use you talking to me, said Nicodemus:
For, I intend agoing out to sea,
Out to China for Souchong and Lingo Tea.
That's a profitable cargo, in fact you can't get a better
Direct from Hong Kong, Australia,
When you send to me a letter, you send to me a letter.
And she began again yelping—
Oh, Nicodemus! &c.

5. Charade.

My *first* is seen in Company:
My *next* in Chancery:
My *last* is in winter:
My *whole* should never be seen.
Answer: Co, Ward, Ice—Cowardice.

The Maid of the Dairy.

Oh! white as the cream that the dairy yields
Is the snowy breast of the girl I love,
And a thousand Cupids nestle and play
In every dimple that decks my dove.
Her eyes are like stars in a cloudless sky,
Or fresh-plucked berries swimming in milk:
Her mouth, like twin cherries, draws to a pout,
Her hair is fine as the softest silk.
Oh! white as the cream, &c.

When she speaks, 'tis like music from far-off spheres,
And I think of the radiant Summer clime,
Where the pulse beats high with a passionate glow,
And life is fore'er in its noonday prime:
Then drink to the Maid of the Dairy—pledge
My lady's health in rosy wine,
And sing to the charms that enslave us so,
And render the gentle maid divine!
Oh! white as the cream, &c.

The Bugaboo.

Sung by Jerry Barrington. Music published by E. H. Harding, 288 Bowery.

Come, all you tender-hearted boys wherever you may be,
And I'll tell you of the dangers upon the dark blue sea,
Of the dangers and the hardships, my boys, that I went
through,
When I shipped as cook and steward, my boys, on
board of the Bugaboo.
(Repeat the last two lines of each verse.)

The day when first I joined her, she lay in James
street canal;
She was large and stout and beautiful: forget her
shape I never shall—
The captain wore a large straw hat, knee breeches
and a body coat so blue,
Arrah! boys, he'd made a fine figurehead to ornament
the Bugaboo.

We soon weighed anchor and set sail to plow the raging surf:
We were bound for the bog of Allan to get a load of turf.
We sailed until we passed the back of Richmond
barracks so true,
When the gallant 84th fired a royal salute of bricks at
the Captain of the Bugaboo.

We sailed three years when a storm arose, and the
sea ran mountain high:
The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed and lit the
dark blue sky.
So the second mate gave orders to lower the sails and clew,
While the captain down below was smoking in his bed—
he set fire to the Bugaboo.

When the captain found what he had done he loud
for help did shout,
He called up through the chimney top for the
helmsman to come and put it out:
But the helmsman was fast asleep, and to his post untrue
And the fire burned so hard through the middle of the
turf, they couldn't save the Bugaboo.

When fifteen thousand miles from land, in latitude
fifty-four,
The fire it burned so hard, one night, that it couldn't
burn anymore;
So the captain he gave orders to lower the boats
and save the crew,
While a 1,000 rods of turf and 50 000 men were
smothered in the Bugaboo.

Can we Forget?

To Gus Williams—by Arthur W. French.

Can we forget all the beautiful past,
Days that we fondly dreamed ever would last,
Visions of beauty and pleasure untold,
Faces of dear ones in glad days of old—
Smiles that will greet us here never again,
Joys that live only in mem'ry's refrain?
Under their spell our hearts linger yet;
Will we remember them? Can we forget?
Chorus: Roses may blossom and roses may die,
Glad days and sad days go wandering by:
Mem'ry forever will keep a regret
For days of the past—Oh! can we forget?

Can we forget all the sweet days of old,
Cheeks like the roses and tresses of gold,
Kisses of love in the bright starry hours,
Days of sweet sunshine in pathways of flowers?
Backward fond memory wanders to-night
Over the years that have passed from our sight,
Lingering there with the dearest regret—
Shall we remember? How can we forget!
Roses may blossom, &c.

It's Funny When You Feel That Way.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

I shan't forget how queer I felt,
When first I fell in love;
I had a most severe attack
Through squeezing a lady's glove:
But a lovely hand was in it—
As I waltzed with her so gay,
I thought myself in paradise—
It's funny when you feel that way!
Chorus: I felt as though I'd tumbled into honey,
And somebody had left me all their money:
The feeling's so peculiar and funny—
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way!

I took her down to supper,
And I sat down by her side,
I helped her to the "niceys,"
And I filled her glass, with pride:
In fact, paid such attention,
That she viewed me with dismay:
For, I moved my chair so close to hers—
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way!
I felt as though, &c.

When the affair had broken up,
Behind I yet did linger;
Before I tore myself away,
I kissed her little finger:
I threw "phantom kisses" at the house,
As I tripped on home so gay,
I'd have kissed the knocker on her door—
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way!
I felt as though, &c.

We met again one afternoon,
And, as we were alone,
I plucked up nerve to ask if she
Some day would be my own;
She blushed and said: "Go see Papa,
And ask him if I may?"
I danced a can-can round the room—
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way!
I felt as though, &c.

The old boy said: "That we might wed,"
And so he crowned my bliss,
And I shall be a doubled man
In about a month from this:
It seems as though the time, somehow,
Would never pass away;
I long to hear the wedding bells—
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way!

Spoken: Being a Green-born in such matters, I enquired of a happy married friend of mine what a honey-moon was like? He said: "Well, as near as possible, I can only describe it as though"——

You fancied you had tumbled, &c.

Lassie with the Hazel Eye.

Words by W. Dexter Smith. Music by Stephen Glover.

The music of this song is published by G. D. Russel, & Co, 126 Tremont Street, Boston. Price 35 Cents.

There is a lass I dearly love
In all the world all else above:
She is the spirit of my dreams,
And through the day it ever seems
That her sweet presence beautifies
Each scene that meets my longing eyes.
Chorus: Oh! I'm forever haunted by
The lassie, lassie with the hazel eye,
Lassie with the hazel eye,
Lassie with the hazel eye:
Oh! I'm forever haunted by
The lassie, lassie with the hazel eye.

Though I may roam on land or sea
My trusting heart will ever be
With one who is my guiding star,
Whose rays shine on me from afar,
And make life's pathway ever clear,
Which otherwise were dark and drear—
Oh! I'm forever haunted by, &c.

What is the difference between a person transfixed with amazement and a leopard's tail?—The one is rooted to the spot, the other spotted to the root.

Home I am Going To-night.

By S. C. S.

Sitting alone in my room,
Sweet visions of childhood appear:
And I dream of the days of my youth,
When father and mother were near.
Year after year, have I roamed
Far from the old cot, painted white;
But now I am happy and free,
For home I am going to-night.
Chorus: Home I am going to-night,
To my dear, beloved home:
I'm going home to-night,
No more again to roam.

I'm thinking of joys that are past,
And of friends whom I hope now to see:
Who, perhaps, now are resting in death,
And will ne'er have a greeting for me—
I'm coming home, brother and sister,
To meet you with joyous delight:
Tell mother to wait at the fireside—
Yes, home I am going to-night. Chorus.

Pat Niver will Cease to Love!

Written expressly by J. A. H. Air: "If ever I cease to love."

In the bogs, on the road, in a cabin,
At Donnybrook Fair, or a wake:
Whether rolling in rags or in riches,
Paddy love to the shemales 'll make.
He's all there to tip 'em the blarney,
Ahone, love! my own dove!
And vowing on his bended knees,
He niver will cease to love!
Pat niver will cease to love!
Till burning hot Vesuvius freeze,
Pat niver will cease to love!
Till Irish *Bull's* milk makes Dutch cheese,
Pat niver will cease to love!

For whiskey, and fighting, and glory,
Pat's the boy, barring none to the fore:
Though I'm kilt twenty times in the battle,
Shure I'll make love all the more—
May shamrocks turn into bulrushes,
And may pigs—change to figs—
Till highlows grow upon boot-trees,
Pat niver will cease to love!
He niver will cease to love!
Till Licensed Victuallers sell good tea,
Pat niver will cease to love!
Till fried red herrings swim the sea,
Pat niver will cease to love!

Till Brian Boru comes back to life,
Till buthermilk turns to ink:
Till Irish boys all take the pledge
And only cold wather drink!
Till ships sail on the skies below,
And the ocean rolls above:
Till skies rain down red burning snow,
Pat niver will cease to love!
He niver will cease to love!
Till whiskey chokes ould Nick below,
Pat niver will cease to love!
Till you all old as Methuselah grow,
Pat niver will cease to love!

I Love but one.

I love but one, and that one's thee:
Oh! had this line a tongue to prove—
Then say thy hand to mine shall be
United, in sweet bonds of love!

I love but one, and at truth's shrine
My love is plighted ne'er to rove:
Then say thy heart shall be to mine
United, in sweet bonds of love!

6. Enigma.

If you travel the world around, around,
Wherever you go, I am always found;
The fire would go out if I were away,
And without me you could not have pudding to-day.

Answer—Air.

Sing that Song again.

(Original by G. B. S.)

Oh! sing once more that mirthful strain,
The sweetest note of thine:
Oh! lisp that tale of joy again,
Nor heed this sigh of mine:
It tells of happier hours gone by,
Yet, ah! young love was vain—
My pretty page, heed not this sigh,
But sing that song again!

Billy Barlow.

Oh! good evening, gentlemen, how do you do?
A long time has passed since I called to see you;
I want no introduction: for I guess you all know
That I am the unfortunate Billy Barlow.
Oh, dear! I'm ragged, I know,
Oh! isn't it hard on poor Billy Barlow!

Since last I saw you, sirs, to England I've been,
Invited to spend a few weeks with the queen:
I had mighty good quarters, but Albert, you know,
Got confoundedly jealous of Billy Barlow. Oh, dear! &c.

Then I went to the army at Sebastopol,
To see Russians and Turks, the French and John Bull:
And when I got there, they all sung out: "hallo!
Three cheers and a tiger for Billy Barlow!"
Oh, dear! &c.

Then Raglan and Canrobert sent, sirs, to me,
And a council of war was held by us three,
Said they: "we've fought well, but so far 'tis no go;
How shall we proceed now, dear Mr. Barlow?
Oh, dear! you're ragged, we know,
Do give your advice to us, Mr. Barlow."

Says I: "I was with Scott all through Mexico,
And your movements here seem to me precious slow:
If you had but a few Yankee leaders, I know
You'd soon take the Fort," said poor Billy Barlow.
Oh! dear! I'm ragged, I know,
They should have given the command to Billy Barlow.

But I was recalled by a letter so fierce,
An autograph one, sirs, from President Pierce;
It said: "Non intervention, I preach, you must know:
So come back instanter, Mr. Wm. Barlow."
Oh dear! I'm ragged I know,
They can't get along without Billy Barlow.

When I got to the White House, the President came,
And bowing politely, said: "please, sir, your name?"
He seemed quite delighted, shook hands with me so,
And said he was proud to know Mr. Barlow.
Oh, dear! I'm ragged, I know,
I wish he'd give a good office to Billy Barlow.

To New-York Crystal Palace I went t'other day,
And the man at the gate there he asked for pay;
"Pay, sir! what do you mean?" I looked at him so—
"Oh!" said he, I beg your pardon, you're Mr. Barlow.
Oh, dear! I'm ragged, I know,
I never pays nothing, don't Billy Barlow.

There were lots of fine statues a-standing about,
Which beat all I'd e'er seen before, out and out:
There was Power's Greek Slave, sirs, a-standing just so—
Oh, Lord! how I wish she was Mrs. Barlow!
Oh, dear! I'm ragged, I know,
But she had less clothes on than Billy Barlow.

And then there were pictures, and handsome gold frames,
Of lots of the big bugs: I forget now their names:
I don't know who put me there, but this I well know
That the handsomest fellow was Billy Barlow.
Oh, dear! &c.

Ever Thus the Rose-leaves Fade.

Ever thus the rose-leaves fade,
Paling, withering, day by day:
Scarce into existence born
Ere they droop and pass away.
Like a rose-leaf from a bough,
Ere the Autumn gained its prime,
Little Mamie fadeth now—
Farewell joy of Summer-time!
Chorus: So the old, old story runs—
Scarce our lips the leaf have prest,
Ere it fades, and where it lay
Fold we ashes to our breast.

She was kind and she was true,
Mamie of the laughing eyes,
With her locks of golden hue,
Fleece clouds in a sunset sky:
Rose-leaf blown from parent stem
By the first rude blast of Fall,
So our little Mamie fell—
Nature's God has room for all! Chorus.

Men who are generally on Strike—Prize-fighters.

The Bold Militia Man.

Written by Fred. Albert. Sung by Jennie Leslie.

Behold a noble hero,
Behold a man of might:
I never have a fear, no!
For, I never have to fight;
And I hope I never shall have to,
As it would not suit my plan:
Then shout hurrah! shout hurrah
For a bold Militia man!
Then shout hurrah
For a bold Militia man!
So shout hurrah for glorious war!
I'm a bold Militia man!

My uniform, so splendid,
Quite captivates the fair:
Such grace and valor blended
You don't find everywhere:
But, of all, I like the servants:
For, from them I get the scran.

Spoken: Yes, the servants—for your humble servant, they know how to reward my generous devotion to my country, and they do reward me with their masters' victuals, and when I recount to them the deeds of daring I have done, they—— Shout hurrah! &c.

I've been in several battles—
Sham fights, of course, I mean—
And where the powder rattles,
Why, there I'm never seen:
You may find me in the rear,
But never in the van.

Spoken: Ah! I have seen some service—I have been in the battle of Tompkins Square, on Easter Monday, and a night attack at Prospect Park, at the end of a field day—I remember once, in the midst of the fray, we lost sight of the enemy altogether, but presently we found them: 'twas in a Public House: the order was given to charge, and we charged them, and they charged us—in fact, over-charged us, fifteen cents a pot for ten-penny ale: but I beat them all at drinking it—— So shout hurrah! &c.

Of war I've such a notion—
So all the soldiers say—
That I'm sure to get promotion,
If with them long I stay:
I shall become a General,
Or a Corp'ral, if I can—

Spoken: Yes, they say I shall soon become one of three—a Corp'ral, a General, or a Scoundrel—and who knows but what one day it may be the lattter? —— So shout hurrah! &c.

The Dear Little Cot o'er the Sea.

By Charlie Russell.

There's a dear little cot o'er the sea,
By the side of a murmuring rill,
Where the happy birds sing, all the day,
In the grove at the foot of the hill:
For many long years I have strayed
From the spot where, so happy and free,
In my childhood, I sported and played,
By the dear little cot o'er the sea.
Chorus: The dear little cot o'er the sea,
The dear little cot o'er the sea:
Oh! I'm longing to be with the dear ones again
In the dear little cot o'er the sea!

I've crossed over mountains and sands,
And over the wide rolling deep:
When roaming through far distant lands,
Sweet visions would come in my sleep
Of the dear little cot o'er the foam,
And those who are dearest to me:
Oh! I'm longing to see them at home,
In the dear little cot o'er the sea. Chorus.

The loved ones still pray for me there,
Where so often, in days that are fled,
I've whispered my low evening prayer,
With mother's dear hand on my head:
Oh! I soon will go back to my home,
Where the dear ones are waiting for me,
And never again will I roam
From the dear little cot o'er the sea— Chorus.

Bully Nigger Amos.

Sung by S. S. Purdy.

I'd hab you all to know
I'se come from down below,
Where de sugar-cane is raised,
And de cotton-flowers blow :
Amos is my name, and Massa says I'm game :
I'm de bulliest little nig on de Mississippi flow.
Chorus : Oh ! white folks, pay attention,
And listen unto me :
I'm bully nigger Amos,
Dat libs in Tennessee !

Oh ! I know a ting or two
'Bout what de white folks do :
All about de question dat kicked up dis row
But our troubles all would cease,
And we'd very soon have peace,
If dey'd take de 'vice ob Amos dat libs in Tennessee !
Oh ! white folks, &c.

Oh ! dar's no use to fight,
Each oder's wrongs to right :
I tink de whole affair am a very sorry sight—
If dey would only take a stand,
And shake each oder by de hand—
Am de advice ob Amos dat libs in Tennessee !
Oh ! white folks, &c.

A Nice Cup of Tea.

Sung by James Hillier.

I would not condescend to chaff
In ordinary style,
Nor by mere vulgar banter
Would I seek to raise a smile :
Objectionable epithets
Are never used by me,
There's more expression in the words—
"A nice cup of tea."

SPOKEN : It's much more effective to say—you're
A nice cup of tea, a sweet cup of tea :
You are, 'pon my word, it is easy to see :
A nice cup of tea will not do for me :
You funny old man, you're a nice cup of tea.

My landlady is subject to
The spasms, (very bad)
When I'm at home and when she thinks
There's brandy to be had :
She's matrimonial designs,
It's evident to see,
But I'd want lots of sugar with
That nice old cup of tea.

SPOKEN : Ah ! Mrs Brown, plant your widow's weeds in somebody else's garden, and try a nice cup of tea for your spasms, you playful old girl, you—
A nice cup of tea, &c.

A young man introduced himself
As Mr. Flasher Flip
He wished to play at skittles, then
He gave a racing tip :
He had a friend who'd lay me odds
For money down, said he.
Said I : "I've backed a horse they call,
The nice old cup of tea."

SPOKEN : It's not bad, you know, but—
A nice cup of tea, &c.

I walked into a tea garden
With my Selina Ann,
Who thought the waiter looked a good
And fatherly old man :
I think I never met with one
More affable and free
But he forgot to bring the change
For our nice cups of tea.

SPOKEN : Very sorry, Sir, I quite forgot. Oh ! of course—
A nice cup of tea, &c.

When neighbor Smith and I resolved
To Epsom to go down
He told his wife that business
Had called him out of town.
We both went home with bonnets on,
False noses, too, had we
And Smith declared that all we'd drunk
Were two nice cups of tea.

SPOKEN : Two nice cups of tea, indeed, and I suppose you found those bonnets at the bottom of the cups, Mr. Smith—
A nice cup of tea, &c.

My cup is nearly empty,
And my song is nearly o'er :
I've given you so many cups.
You couldn't swallow more.
If you are pleased, let your applause
Express your mirth and glee.
And we will have, some other night,
Another cup of tea.

SPOKEN : And when you go home and you have a difference with a cabman, a row with a policeman, or a run against a lamp-post, don't lose your temper, but say—
A nice cup of tea &c.

Come Along Do.

Sung by Fred. French.

Before I was married, I went where I liked,
And did just whatever I chose :
But now, when I'm out, I look like a lout :
I'll tell you the cause of my woes :
It's the Mi-sus—she's jealous of people and things,
I assure you, 'pon honor, it's true—
I never can stop for a moment alone,
But she'll say : "Oh ! come along do."

CHORUS.

Come along do, come along do :
What are you staring at ? come along do :
Come along do, come along do,
You ought to know better—so come along do.

If a damsel by chance in the street I should meet,
And my eyes hap' to wander that way,
My wife will remark "that's a dozen at least
At whom you've been staring to-day :
Who is she ? you know, I'm certain of that :
Don't say she is nothing to you—
Very well, if she's not, it's suspicious at least,
Don't stare then, but come along do."
Come along do, &c.

To Dr. Kahn's Museum I took her, one day,
To study the classical nude :
She thought that Venus and Jupiter were
Underdressed and decidedly rude :
The beauties of Venus I tried to point out,
When into a temper she flew—
"She's worse than Mazeppa, it's awful, she said,
I'm ashamed Sir : so come along do."
Come along do, &c.

Now whatever I do, and wherever I go,
I've been so annoyed that now I
Have made up my mind the same sort of game
Upon the old lady to try.
So whenever she stops at a shop for a look
At a bonnet or anything new,
I use her own words as I tug at her arm,
And say : "Sarah Ann, come along do."
Come along do, &c.

I hope I amuse you in singing this song :
For, somehow or other, I know
That if my old lady she should come along,
She'd say it's time for me to go.
But there's one consolation—my song's nearly done,
And p'rhaps you are thinking so, too :
But I'll settle the matter and say to myself :
"Old fellow, now come along do."
Come along do, &c.

Blue Eyed Sally.

Written, Composed, and Sung by George Herbert.

You've heard it Sung a hundred times
How fellows fall in love,
But the other night, my heart was won
By a pretty little dove.
Oh ! she keeps an Ice-cream shop,
And she is a charming girl,
And by all her customers she's known
As pretty blue-eyed Sal.

SPOKEN : Yes, and the first time I saw her—
I felt so jolly happy, I feel so jolly gay,
I do not care a jot whatever people say :
My heart is light and merry, I'm singing all the day,
Since pretty blue eyed Sally stole my heart away.

Into the shop I strolled, one night,
It being rather hot,
And kindly said to her—
"What refreshment have you got ?"
She said : "Sir, I have everything
That in this world is nice,
But the stuff that will just suit you
Is a glass of Strawberry Ice—"

SPOKEN : Fancy a charming creature coming up to you and saying : "My dear fellah, what will you take ? I have everything that's nice"—Why, you would say give me your three-penny-worth of the lady's fancy, I will bet it would make you—
Feel so jolly, &c.

The Ice I quickly had and
Called for more and more :
My love was growing rather hot—
For, her I did adore—
I thought of a happy home,
And comforts of a married life :
So I whispered o'er the counter :
"Dearest, will you be my wife ?"

SPOKEN : That word "will you" knocked her clean off her feet, but she like a sensable woman soon came round—I never knew a woman that ever refused, especially when she had a chance of being made to—
Feel so jolly, &c.

SPOKEN : This is the touching part, don't cry—
She blushed and took me there and then
As her lover kind and true.
And when we are married, boys,
I'll tell you what I'll do :
I'll open a fine shop, and sell
Everything that's nice.
And bless the happy day
I took a glass of Strawberry Ice !

SPOKEN : It's all over—been married a fortnemonth, got three kids had the Queen's bounty but two. Bruce's : I shall expect him to drink my health in a bottle of ginger-pop, and then say he'll let the Pubs alone, and—
Feel so jolly, &c.

Tubal Cain.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when Earth was young ;
By the fierce red fire of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung,
And he lifted high his brawny arm
O'er the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out with scarlet rout,
As he fashioned the sword and spear,
And he sang : Hurrah for my handy work !
Hurrah for the spear and sword !
Hurrah for the man that can wield them well—
He shall be King and Lord !

And to Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he sat by his roaring fire :
And each one prayed for a stout steel blade
As the crown of his own desire.
So he made them weapons sharp and strong,
And they shouted loud for glee.
And they gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free :
And they sang : Hurrah for old Tubal Cain
Who had given us strength anew !
Hurrah for the smith, and hurrah for his fire !
And hurrah for the metal true !

But a sudden change came o'er his head,
Ere the sitting of the sun :
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done :
For, he saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
And the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind,
And he said : Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan
The sword and shield for those who wield
To destroy their fellow man.

And, for many a day, Old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe :
And his hands forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low :
But he rose, at last, with a cheerful face
And bright courageous eye,
And he barred his strong right arm for work,
While the red flames sought the sky.
And he sang : Hurrah for my handy work !
Hurrah for the sword and spear !
Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made :
Then he fashioned the first plow-share.

And men, taught wisdom by the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword on the wall, the spear in the Hall,
And plowed the willing lands :
And they sang : Hurrah for Old Tubal Cain !
Our staunch good friend is he.
And for the plow-share and the plow
To him our praise shall be :
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a Tyrant would be Lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword.

Bold Rooster Boy.

Sung by Frank Lum, the Great Sensation Comic Singer.

Oh ! I am a roving bold rooster boy,
I'm fond of the girls, when they don't me annoy :
I runs to the fire and knock a man down,
I love all the gals that hail from up town.

CHORUS.

I'm a rooster ! I'm a rooster ! I'm a bold rooster boy !
Oh ! I'm a rooster ! a bold rooster boy !

The girl that I like, her name is Sall Pat :
She's a roarer ! a rooster ! and "all around my hat,"
She never walks out, she's so nice and so coy,
Without she has the arm of her bold rooster boy.
I'm a rooster ! &c.

Jake Romaine and myself had a fallen out, one day,
His attentions to my girl the coon wanted to pay :
His breast pin he bragged was much bigger than mine,
But he wasn't a rooster so he couldn't shine.
I'm a rooster ! &c.

I am a proud rooster as you easy can see,
And where is the rooster that can crow with me ?
I've a heart like a bullock, a head like an ox,
And as for a row ! d'ye see ? I can box !
I'm a rooster ! &c.

If a man ain't a rooster, he must be a hen.
And the rooster, you'll own, is the most like a man—
Success to California ! and for Oregon I am :
The rooster that crows there must be Old Uncle Sam.
I'm a rooster ! &c.

What is the difference between the manner of the death of a barber, and a sculptor ? One curls up and dies, and the other makes faces and busts.

The Black Frigate.

(Continued.)

"And so, because you disposed of a couple of lubbers, as your duty was, at your Captain's command, you think he must not even see to the righting of his own stern-hold?" said the Captain, with a gruff and abortive effort at pleasantry, for he felt Jacobo's importance in amusing and keeping in good humor the motley crew. Jacobo's answer showed that he was now enlightened. And thus we had a fourth rescue from the very jaws of death.

Day after day passed away, and still we were the miserable, half-starved, half-suffocated, though unknown prisoners of this demon gang, holding our lives, as it were, by a thread, hanging in the most terrible suspense between time and eternity, and counting every prolonged moment of our existence as a miracle. Jacobo at this period rarely dared visit us; he came only when the business of the ship actually sent him. The cabin above was now occupied at nights by the Captain and some of his most depraved associates, so that small alleviation of our fears, small relaxation from our comfortless prison, small occasion of addressing a few consolatory words to each other, was afforded us by either day or night.

At length I began to fear that Mary would sink under the confined air and the constant excitement; her breath became short and difficult; the blood passed through her veins in feverish yet feeble and intermittent pulsation. It was agony to feel her convulsed frame and hear her faintly-drawn and dying breath, and know that I could not carry her into the reviving breezes of heaven, nor afford a single alleviation of her suffering without at once snapping that thread of life which was now wearing away by a slow and lingering death.

At length her respiration began to partake of the loud and irrepressible character which is so often the precursor of dissolution. She deemed her hour drawing nigh, yet feebly essayed, for my sake, to stifle those last faint moans of expiring nature which might betray our concealment. I became sensible that the latter could not much longer remain a secret, and, with a strange calmness, made up my mind for the coming decisive hour. I supported Mary's head, poured a faltering prayer into her dying ear, wiped the death dews from her face, and endeavored to whisper some expressions of affection and consolation. Happily for me, there was such a tempest of wind and sea as drowned the expiring sighs of my child.

At this moment Jacobo descended to the hold. He put his finger significantly on his lips and whispered—

"Courage! rescue! There is a sail in the offing, on our weather bow. Our Captain marks her not; but I have watched her for some time with a glass, and, if she be not a British sloop-of-war, my eyes and the glass are deceivers together."

I grasped Mary's hand; she feebly returned the pressure, and murmured, "Too late."

Ere the lapse of a minute it was evident that our possible deliverer had been discovered by the crew, for we could hear by the bustle of feet and the noise of voices that the ship was being put about, and the harsh voice of the buccaneer chief was heard even above the roar of the waters giving hasty orders to urge on the vessel.

Jacobo promised to bring us more news, and quitted us. The rush of air into the hold seemed to have revived Mary, and my hopes began to rise. It was soon evident, however, that the crew were using every effort to avoid our hoped-for deliverer. After a while the wind abated, the ship became steadier, and certainly made less way. A voice over our heads said distinctly, in French, "The sloop signals us to lay to!" A low murmured conversation now ensued, and then again I heard the same voice exclaim. "The sloop is chasing!"

Of anything like the anxiety of those moments it is impossible for me to convey an idea. I felt that if aid could only arrive all would be well, but to have my child dying before my eyes was more than I could bear, and I was once or twice almost tempted to take her in my arms, rush on deck, and appeal to the mercy—if any was to be found—of the crew. Thank Heaven now I did not yield!

At length Jacobo descended.

"The sloop is gaining upon us fast—we are about to clear for action!"

"Thank Heaven!" I fervently ejaculated.

"We know not yet what the result will be," he replied; "our Captain has, I am told, before this beaten a larger vessel than that which is now chasing us, but we must hope for the best; any way he has hoisted the black flag, and that means 'victory or death.'"

"But have his mixed crew," I inquired anxiously, "ever encountered a British foe of equal strength?"

"I cannot say; I have been but a short time with him, and I propose to myself to get away as soon as it is possible."

We now heard all the noise of the preparations for the approaching combat, cannon being lashed, firearms got ready, concealed ports thrown open, and the men harangued by the Captain in terms calculated to arouse their brute courage and excite their cupidity.

Comparative silence now ensued, and it was evident that a very liberal allowance of grog was being served out. While the men were drinking it the Captain and some of the principals of the crew came into the cabin, and to my horror I heard them register a secret and most horrible oath to scuttle the vessel if they were defeated, and to thus sink both captives and captors in one common grave.

The worst was now come at last; so long as there had been a possibility of escape I had been in an agony of excitement, but, now that death was certain whichever vessel gained the day, the calm of utter despair came upon me, and I turned, intent only on soothing the dying moments of my child.

Not a ray of light now penetrated through the chinks of the trap-door, and from the noise of the falling weights I was inclined to think that shot had been placed over the mouth of our prison, thereby effectually sealing our doom should the pirates keep their dreadful oath of scuttling the vessel. Any way, the noise of preparation had in it something inspiriting to the ear, and, as it effectually drowned every other sound, I drew Mary from behind the sacks into the most roomy part of our wooden dungeon, and endeavored by fanning her with my handkerchief to create a little freshness of air around her, when suddenly I heard a shot fired, evidently from the sloop, and almost directly after a hoarse hail of—"Ship ahoy! heave to, or we'll sink you!"

The answer to this was a sudden broadside from the frigate, and the very wooden walls around us seemed coming asunder, so great was the force of the concussion. After the pause of a minute or two a broadside was fired by the sloop, apparently directed more at our rigging, for the crash of the spars falling on deck seemed almost to deafen me, and from the execrations and curses which followed it was evident that many of the crew had been injured by them. The broadsides continued; our vessel reeled to and fro, and sometimes half rose out of the water with the violence of the shocks she received; and I heard her masts cracking and her timbers flying in every direction, yet still her men continued their yells of triumph, and their guns seemed to be served with as much spirit as ever.

At length on both sides the fire appeared to slacken. One of the vessels was evidently approaching the other for the purpose of boarding, but which? Which had been successful? My heart almost ceased to beat from intense expectation. The heavy grinding of the two ships against each other's side was soon heard, and an instant after the shouts of the sloop's crew rose triumphantly over our heads. Long and desperately raged the combat above us, but the pirates' yell waxed fainter and fainter, while the victorious shouts of the men-of-war's men, mixed with the frequent exclamations of "No quarter, no quarter to the pirates!" became each moment louder.

At length all sounds of conflict seemed to cease; but there was still so much noise that, although I shouted with all the strength that was left to me, I was unable to make myself heard on deck, and the trap-door was immovable.

At this moment the ship, which had hitherto been springing and reeling from the concussion of her guns, suddenly began to settle into an awful and suspicious state of quiescence. I perceived only too clearly that she was about to settle for sinking. After the lapse of a brief interval the conquerors became aware of the treacherous gulf that was preparing to receive them, and a hundred voices exclaimed—

"To the sloop—to the sloop! The vessel is sinking!"

I now screamed out till I thought my head would burst, and battered at the trap-door till my hands were covered with blood. All was in vain. I heard the sailors rushing eagerly to their own vessel, and abandoning that of the pirates to destruction, and I could only clasp my child to me and try to pray; but my lips seemed parched, and the words refused to come.

In the dread silence that now ensued the rush of the water through the holes where the vessel had been scuttled could be plainly heard. She soon began to go down with a rapidity that seemed to my excited fancy to send us every instant many feet deeper beneath the waves, and I knew that in a very few minutes we should be launched into eternity.

I tried to rouse Mary, but she lay quiet and lifeless, and I thought her strength had succumbed at last. Suddenly I heard steps on the deck; weights seemed to be removed from the trap-door; it was opened and a voice exclaimed—

"Good Heavens! the fellow was right! Here they are, sure enough!" An officer, two sailors, and Jacobo, bound, stood there. Mary was instantly lifted out, and then, like one in a dream, dazzled by the light, I crawled up on deck. Perhaps it was as well that Mary was unconscious, as the deck of the sinking vessel was no sight for a woman: for there lay, in every attitude, the mangled bodies of our late dreaded gaolers, their faces distorted by fierce rage.

Never shall I forget the scene of desolation which the ship presented at that moment, lying like a vast plank or raft of dead bodies, almost level with the sea, the waters of which dashed furiously over it, and then receding from their still ineffectual attempt to overwhelm the vessel, returned, all dyed with crimson, to the ocean, while the sun, setting in an angry sky, threw his rays for the last time in fitful lurid gleams on the doomed ship.

A deep long sigh escaped from Mary on our reaching the open air, and I turned to thank our deliverers; but the sea was gaining on us fast, and there was no time for words; I begged, however, to be allowed to sever Jacobo's bonds to enable him to get into the boat with us, and we soon afterwards reached the sloop.

We had not been on board many minutes ere, slowly and awfully, the frigate sank to the same watery grave to which she had so often doomed her victims. We saw the top of the mainmast, which had borne her fatal flag above the waters, tremble like a point on their very surface, and then vanish beneath them. A frightful chasm yawned for a moment, to be closed by the meeting waves which soon rolled peacefully over the spot in which they had engulfed her, and the vessel that had been so long the terror of the seas disappeared for ever.

We were treated with every kindness by all on board the sloop, and soon afterwards reached England and our friends. Mary has long been married, and I am an old white-headed man sitting with her children on my knee, but neither of us has forgotten in all these years the dreaded hours we passed on board the *Black Frigate*.

C. F. F. Woods.

THE END

What is the difference between a well and a ship?—One has the water inside, and the other outside.

What is the difference between a bull and a bulldog?—One has horns, and the other has not.

Why is the letter U like your tongue?—Because it is in the middle of the mouth.

Why is a dancing party like a globe?—Because it forms a ball.

Why is a lady's foot like a locomotive?—Because it goes before a train.

The Convict's Tale.

In the gloomy cell of the condemned were two persons. A muscular and powerfully-made man, heavily ironed, sat on a low bench placed in one corner. At a glance, an observer would have pronounced him a native of Ireland. His head was well formed, and covered with a thick mass of curling hair, of a light brown color. The form of his mouth indicated courage and decision, and in the large blue eyes there was a thrilling expression of suffering and despair, which is never seen among the hardened in crime. It seemed as if the overburdened spirit looked forth from those mirrors of the soul, and, in his extremity, asked sympathy and consolation from those among whom his fearful lot was cast.

His companion was a Catholic priest, the tones of whose voice, as he spoke in soothing accents to the condemned, were soft and clear as those of a woman.

The prisoner spoke, and his voice sounded dull and hollow. Hope was extinguished in his soul; and all the lighter inflections which express the varied emotions stirring up within us, had ceased to vary the monotonous sounds which issued from his lips. A few more hours, and for him Time would have ceased to revolve. What, then, had he to do with human aspirations—with human joys? Nothing. His fate on earth was known—an outlaw's life—a felon's death.

The prisoner folded his manacled hands over his breast, and said, "Why should I seek to prolong my wretched existence by asking a commutation of my sentence? Death is but one pang, whereas solitary confinement for life, to which I should probably be doomed, would be a living torture. To live for ever alone! Think what that must be even to a man innocent of crime, and feel how far worse than the bed of Procrustes it must be to one like me. No, holy father, let me die before the time appointed by nature. Thus let the tender mercies of my race toward me be consummated."

"You are reckless, my son," said the priest, mildly. "Think how far worse it will be to face an offended Judge in your present mood, than to live for repentance."

"Repentance!" repeated the prisoner, in the same passionless manner; "that is ever the jargon of your cloth, father. You condemn a man without adverting to the motives, which, in his view, often sanctify the act."

The priest looked at him rebukingly.

As if the slumbering energies of his impetuous nature were suddenly aroused by that look, the prisoner started from his seat. His pale features glowed, his eyes sparkled with fury, as he exclaimed, "Yes, I would again trample the life out of the wretch who murdered my love by deception and ill-treatment, with as little, ay, with less compunction than if he had planted his dagger in her heart!"

He covered his face with his hands, and large tears fell over them. Passionless as he was, the priest was touched by this overwhelming emotion in one who had hitherto been so passive. He laid his hand on the sufferer's arm, and kindly said, "Tell me, my son, how it was."

Melting beneath the voice of friendly sympathy, the murderer wept like a child. When he became calmer he said, "I will give you the history of my life, and you may judge me."

The story he told was as follows:—

I was born on a wild and rock-bound portion of the coast of Ireland. My father was at the head of a small and wretchedly-built village, whose inhabitants were all, with one exception, wreckers. You have heard of those lawless and hardened men who exist on the spoils of unfortunate mariners, whose destruction is often brought about through means of false lights, placed as beacons of safety. Fit parentage you will say, for the murderer!

My mother died before I can remember her; and the schoolmaster of the parish was the only one who ever spoke to me of higher and nobler pursuits than those followed by my father's adherents. The Dominie was a poor creature, whose necessities compelled him to abide in our neighborhood, though his moral sense was greatly shocked at the crimes which were often perpetrated around him. He fancied that he discovered some superiority in me to the other urchins who were taught to read in his turf-built hovel, and many hours did he employ in endeavoring to impress on my young mind the great evil of spending a life in such a pursuit as that to which I seemed destined. The good man died while I was yet a mere child, and I soon forgot his lectures. The school-room was abandoned for the ocean, and I grew up a promising pupil of my father's wild occupation. Young, buoyant, full of activity, I was ardently attached to the adventurous life I led. My moral perceptions were not active, and there was a keen delight in dashing through the surf, when the billows threatened each moment to engulf my boat, in pursuit of the wealth the greedy waves seemed eager to claim as their prey.

At an early age I considered myself as having no superior in my wild occupation. The strong energies of my nature had no other outlet. For days I would remain alone on the ocean, with the storm careering around my frail boat, and at such times my restless soul would look into the future, and asked of fate if such was ever to be my lot. My thoughts often soared beyond the limited horizon of my home, and I made several excursions among the cities of my native island; but I was glad to return to my wild retreat. Uncouth in manners and appearance, ignorant of the conventional forms of society, I keenly felt my inferiority to the only class among whom I would have delighted to dwell.

I cannot say that my life was passed without excess. In such a home as mine, that would have been impossible. The frequent brawl, the wassail-bowl and drunken revel, were almost of nightly occurrence; and I was fast sinking into the mere robber and inebriate, when an event occured which rescued me for a time from the abyss on the brink of which I was standing.

One evening, in the stormy month of March, a ship was seen from the look-out, drifting at the mercy of the winds and waves. The sky was a mass of leaden clouds, and the sun, as it sank from view, threw a lurid glare over the angry waters, such as one might fancy to arise from the deepest abyss of Hades. My father ordered the false light to be shown, which had already brought swift destruction on many a gallant bark. I knew not why, but my heart was interested in the fate of the vessel, and I opposed his commands.

"Are you mad?" said he, sternly; "do you not see that this is a ship of the largest class, and the spoils must be great?"

"But her decks are crowded with human beings," said I, lowering the glass through which I had been surveying her; "and there are many women among them."

Even as I spoke the baleful light streamed far up into the rapidly darkening air; a private signal had been given to one of his men, and it was now too late to remonstrate. I rushed to my boat, calling on a boy who sometimes accompanied me on such occasions to follow. One glance at the ship assured me that in five minutes she would be on the sunken rock over which the light gleamed, and no human power could prevent her from instantly going to pieces. My boat had weathered many a storm as severe as this threatened to be, and I was fearless as to the result. I resolved to die, or save some of the helpless creatures I had seen on the deck of the doomed ship. A whistle brought a large Newfoundland dog to my side, and in a very short time I was launched on the waves of the heaving ocean. My father nodded approvingly to me, thinking that I had made up my mind to assist as usual in rescuing our game from the waves.

"Right, my boy," said he, through his speaking trumpet; "all you save to-night shall belong to yourself alone."

I was borne beyond the reach of his voice, and as I turned my face towards the ship, there came a violent burst of thunder which seemed to fill the echoing vault of heaven, attended by a continual flashing of lightning. Mingled with its awful roar was a cry more terrible still, that of human agony uttering its wild appeal to heaven for mercy in the last dire extremity. The ship had struck, and hundreds were cast into the ocean. The struggling wretches vainly raised their arms from the foaming waters, and implored help from those who could have saved them had they so willed it. The boats passed on and left them to their fate.

Having only myself and the boy to propel my boat, we did not reach the scene of action so soon as the rest. As I came within speaking distance, my father shouted to me to save a large box which was within reach of my boat-hooks, but I was deaf to his voice. Also near me were two of the unfortunate persons who had been shipwrecked. A man, with a female form clasped to his breast, was feebly struggling with the waves. I saw that his strength was nearly exhausted, and that before I could reach him, both must sink. Then came my noble dog to my assistance. I pointed to the sinking forms: Hector sprang into the water, and swam to the side of the unfortunates; he seized the dress of the lady, made an effort to sustain both against the force of the raging waters, and turned a piteous glance on me as he felt their united weight too much for his strength.

"Courage, old fellow!" I shouted, and made a desperate plunge with my boat to reach them.

The impetus of the rising billow sent me past them. The father, for such I knew him to be, with sublime self-sacrifice relaxed his hold, and turning his death-pale face towards me, uttered some words which were lost amid the howling of the blast, and sank for ever from my sight. Relieved of the double weight, Hector now gallantly struck out for my boat, and in a short space of time I had drawn the senseless girl from the waves. I wrapped her in my sailor's jacket, and used every means in my power to restore her. A few drops of brandy, from a small flask I carried in my pocket, brought a faint shade of color to her cheeks and lips, and presently she unclosed her eyes and gazed wildly around. With a shudder she again closed them, and seemed to relapse into insensibility.

"She must have immediate attention, or she will perish!" I exclaimed, and I bent vigorously to the oar.

Barney steered, and I never for an instant raised my eyes from the sweet pale face before me until my boat grated on the strand.

Never have I seen so purely beautiful a countenance as hers was. It seemed to me to be the mortal vesture chosen by one of the angels of heaven to express to earthly souls all the attributes of the children of light. She was fair as the lily which has just unfolded its stainless leaves to the kisses of the sun, with hair of a bright golden hue clinging in damp curls around her slender form. Her eyes were of the color of the cloudless summer heaven, and the pale lips were so exquisitely cut that a sculptor might have been proud to copy them for his *beau ideal* of human loveliness. I gazed, and worshipped this creature rescued by myself from the jaws of destruction.

Hitherto I had thought little of love. The specimens of the female sex in our rough settlement were, as may be supposed, not of a very attractive description. Coarse, uneducated, toil-worn women, and girls who promised in a few years to emulate their mothers in homeliness, possessed no charms for me. It is true that, in my occasional visits to the more civilized parts of my country, I saw many of the beautiful and gently nurtured, but they were placed so far above me that it would have seemed as rational to become enamored of the fairest star in heaven, and think to make it mine. But this lovely girl had been rescued by me; her life had been my gift, and she seemed of right to belong to me. All, save herself, had perished in the wreck: she was probably alone in the world, and I hugged to my soul the hope that in me, her preserver, she would find father, brother, lover, all united. My thoughts were interrupted by the voice of my father, who had just landed with a boat-load of bales and boxes.

"How is this, Erlon?" he thundered. "Have you again dared to save life, and neglect the object of our expedition? Fool! you will yet be driven forth as a drone from the hive. The girl's dead.

To be Continued.

Norah, Sweet Norah.

Words by L. M. THORNTON. Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

In moderate time.

1. No - rah! sweet No - rah! the bright sun i
2. No - rah! sweet No - rah! what bliss 'twas t

ris - ing, And high in the air sounds the birds' mer - ry strain, The beau - ti - ful flow - ers the
meet thee, When end - ed the toils of the day for a - while, When thou, like a fai - ry, did

fragrance are yield-ing, And fled is the bee all their sweets to ob - tain; Oh! No - rah, thou
trip forth to greet me, And charm'd me at once with thy ra - di - ant smile; Sun of my

rall.

know - est this day I must leave thee, No lon - ger can I by thy side, love, re - main, Com
day and bright star of my e - ven, Shine forth on my path-way wher - e'er I may be,.....

a tempo. *dim e rall.*

forth, and once more with thy sweetest voice cheer me, For long it may be ere I see thee a - gain.
Hope of my heart to this bo - som yield rap - ture, No - rah, sweet No - rah, thou'rt all un - to me.

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CONTENTS.

At the dead of the Night ..... page 740
The Alphabet Song 739
The Batchelor 738
Banks of Allan Water 738
Beautiful Kathleen 740
The Bold Pat O'Regan 741
BARBARA ALLAN 741
Cottage by the Hill 738
The Convict's tale—Story ended ..... 742—743
Do you think I can forget? 738
Ellsworth's Avengers! 738
Far from his Mountains 740
The Girls we love the best 739
The HERO'S FAME 739
The Hungry Man 741
Hold your own 741
I'm going to fight mit Sigel 738
I wonder what's her name? 739
The Irishman's Serenade 741
Keep to the right 741
The Mulcahey Twins 739
My Beautiful Lizzie 739
MY GAL 739
Miss Patty Puff and her two Sweet-Hearts 740
Oh! Erin, my Country!—Music 744
Poor Paddy O'Blarney 740
The Quilting Party 738
Some say that Music hath charms 741
Terrible Times 740
The Unconstant Lovier 738
The Unlucky Fellow 740

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The Batchelor.

The Batchelor sits in his dreary room,
Sadly lamenting the want of a wife:
Despondent and lonely, the picture of gloom,
Smothered affection has blighted his life.

The shadow of grief, plainly marked on his face,
Tells of fretting and anguish beguiled
By days and nights, spent without the embrace
Of a fond loving wife or a child.

His atmosphere filled with clouds of tobacco smoke,
As if to shut out from his vision
The cold dismal world, which seems but a joke
Of suffering and endless derision.

Self reproach, with its sting, reverts to the past,
Mockingly pointing out chances,
Once thrown in his way, that he might have basked
In the warm sunshine of sweet loving glances.

Many companions in youth are now blest
With the comforts of home and a wife,
And rosy cheeked children to romp round the nest,
So cozy and joyous with life.

They no longer visit him as they used to, of old:
And this is a source of much sadness
To him, in his den so cheerless and cold,
With no gentle soul to shed warmth and gladness.

With a shudder, he pictures his death-bed scene,
When no loving wife will be found
To soothe his last moments by her presence serene
Like an Angel hovering around.

Cottage by the Hill.

Air: Ben Bolt.

Do you remember, Nellie dear,
The days of long ago,
When you was young and I was gay,
And romped with Willie O?
My eyes were blue and yours were brown,
And Willie's darker still,
As we played beneath the sunshine
Near the cottage by the hill.

Do you remember, Nellie dear,
What Willie said, one day?
How he would be a gallant knight,
And you a lady gay?
When childhood passed on fleeting wings,
He'd love as truly still,
And would come and wed you, darling,
In the cottage by the hill?

And childhood passed on fleeting wings,
But Willie came no more
To romp with you and I, as he
Had done so oft before—
Far in the distant country
Our darling playmate, Will,
Forgot his little sisters (!)
In the cottage by the hill—

And I remember, Nellie dear,
How, waiting day by day,
Faded the roses from your cheeks,
And stole your peace away—
And how I wondered sadly
To see you grown so still:
For, all was mirth and gladness
In the cottage by the hill—

And how, one bright September day—
'Twas many a moon ago—
There came back, with a ladie fair,
Your darling Willie O!
And how you met them proudly:
And I knew they never will
Guess the secret of the lassie
Of the cottage by the hill.

And Willie and his ladie fair
Oft pass the cottage door,
Where we played together, darling,
In the happy days of yore:
And Willie has forgotten—
But I trou you never will
The promises he made you
Near the cottage by the hill!

The Unconstant Lovier.

By J. H. Collins.

The last two lines of each verse are repeated in Chorus.

Oh! it's meeting's a pleasure, and it's parting's a grief—
And an unconstant lovier is worse nor a thief:
For, the thief he will rob you, and just
steal what you ha-ave,
But an unconstant lovier will follow you to your gi-ave.

Oh! they'll buy you fine trinkets fine garments and flowers,
And they'll call in at tea-time to pay their devours:
They'll swear that they love you by the light of the moon,
And propose (marriage)—no,
sherry cobbulars at Taylor's saloon.

But when you are married, look out—or your hub
His evenings will spend at the odd-fellows' club:
At the office or store he was kept, he'll pretend:
And so he was, too—drinking rum with a friend.

But fortune's a false and fickle young jade,
And it's worse than bad luck for to die an old maid:
And the best of all blessings we can meet in this life,
Is a kind loving husband and a good-tempered wife.

Banks of Allan Water.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the sweet spring time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
The fairest of them all,
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he:
On the banks of Allan Water,
None was so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown autumn spreads its store,
Then I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more:
For, the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier false was he:
On the banks of Allan Water,
None was so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter
Both from cold and care was free:
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corpse lay she.

The Quilting Party.

As Sung by R. H. Racey—Air: Betsy Baker.

It was down at Major Parson's house:
The gals they had a quilting.
Just for to show their handsome looks,
And have a little jilting.
There was Deacon Parson's daughter Sal,
Squire Wheeler's daughter Mary,
And General Carter's youngest gal
That looked just like a Fairy.

There was Lucy White and Martha Brown,
And Jackson's daughter Betty,
Femimo Pinkhorn, Prudence Short,
And Major Downing's Hetty.
But if there was a handsome gal
That would make a feller's heart right,
I guess it was, by all accounts,
Miss Carolina Cartright.

Oh! as they were a whirling plate,
And playing hunt the slipper,
Jerusha Parsons went to git
Some cider in the dipper:
But just as she had left the room,
And got into the entry,
She gave a scream and stood stock-still
Just like a frozen sentry.

We all run out, and there, I swow,
Both huggin' like creation:
Miss Cartright and Sam Jones we saw
A kissing like a tarnation.
Oh! such a laugh as we set up,
You never heard a finer.
Says I: "I reckon kissing's cheap,
Don't you, Miss Carolina?"

You ought to see Miss Cartright blush,
Just as if she'd fainted:
She said she had the toothache,
And in Samuel's arms had fainted.
Now, all young gals, I'll say to you:
When you go to a quilt-make,
Don't let the fellers hug and kiss,
Unless you've got the toothache.

Do You Think I Can Forget?

As the sun is to the morning,
Or the dew-drop to the flower,
As the rose-bud to the night-bird,
Or as fragrance to the bower—
So dear art thou to me, love,
So dear art thou to me,
That my only joy in absence
Is the memory of thee—
I have treasured every word, love,
Of thine since first we met:
Then ask not if I remember—
Do you think I can forget?

Not a breath e'er passes o'er me,
Not a cloud can sail above,
Not a billow bound before me,
But I think of thee, my love—
My heart is turned to heaven
As I look along the main:
And my dearest wish on earth is
That we soon may meet again.
That fate hath torn thee from me
Is my only and regret:
Then ask not if I remember—
Do you think I can forget?

Ellsworth's Avengers!

By A. L. Hudson—Air: Annie Lisle.

Down where the patriot army,
Near Potomac's side,
Guards the glorious cause of freedom,
Gallant Ellsworth died.
Brave was the noble Chieftain,
At his country's call,
Hastened to the field of battle,
And was first to fall!
Chorus: Strike, Freemen, for the Union!
Sheath your swords no more,
While remains in arms a traitor,
On Columbia's shore!

Entering the traitor city,
With his soldiers true,
Leading up the Zouave columns,
Fixed became his view:
See: that rebel flag is floating
O'er yon building tall,
Spoke he, while his dark eye glistened:
Boys, that flag must fall! Ch

Quickly, from its proud position
That base flag was torn,
Trampled 'neath the feet of Freemen,
Circling Ellsworth's form;
See him bear it down the landing,
Past the traitor's door:
Hear him groan: Oh! God, they've shot him,
Ellsworth is no more. Ch

First to fall, thou youthful martyr,
Hapless was thy fate;
Hastened we, as thy avengers,
From thy native State,
Speed we on, from town and city,
Not for wealth or fame,
But because we love the Union,
And our Ellsworth's name. Ch

Traitor's hands shall never sunder
That for which you died;
Hear the oath our lips now utter,
Those our nation's pride:
By our hopes of you, bright heaven!
By the land we love!
By the God who reigns above us!
We'll avenge thy blood. Ch

I'm Going to Fight Mit Sigel.

Written by John F. Pool—Sung by H. W. Egan

Air: The Girl I left behind me.

I've come shust now to tells you how
I goes mit regimentals.
To SCHLAUCH dem foes of Liberty,
Like dem old Continentals.
Vot fights mit England, long ago,
To save de Yankee Eagle;
Und now I gets mine sojer clothes,
I'm going to fight mit Sigel.
Chorus: Yaw! daus is drue, I shpeaks mit
I'm going to fight mit Sigel.

Ven I comes from de Deutsche Countree,
I vorks somedimes at paking;
Den I keeps a lager-bier saloon,
Und den I goes shoe-making;
But now I vas a sojer been
To save the Yankee Eagle:
To SCHLAUCH dem tam Secession folks,
I'm going to fight mit Sigel. Ch

I gets EIN tam pig rifle guns,
Und puts him to mine shoulder,
Den marsh so bold, like a pig jack-horse,
Und may been someding bolder:
I goes off mit de volunteers,
To save de Yankee Eagle:
To give dem Rebel fellers fits,
I'm going to fight mit Sigel. Ch

Dem Deutschen mens, mit Sigel's band,
At fighting have no rival:
Und ven Cheff Davis' mens ve meet,
Ve SCHLAUCH 'em like de tuyvil:
Dere's only von ting vot I fear,
Ven pattling for de Eagle:
I vont get not no lager-bier,
Ven I goes to fight mit Sigel. Ch

For rations dey gives salty pork,
I dinks dat vas a great sell:
I petter likes de SOURKROUT,
De SWITZER KASE und PRETZEL:
If fighting Joe (or Little Mac) will give us d
Ve'll save de Yankee Eagle:
Und I'll put mine FRAU in breechaloons,
To go und fight mit Sigel. Ch

The Alphabet Song.

Now, folks, I'll sing a little song, and I hope
you all to please;
I'll make it from the alphabet, and commence
with A, B, C's.
D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, the X, and Y, and Z.

CHORUS.

Then listen to me well, Oh! hearken unto me,
And I'll sing to you the Alphabet, from A way
down to Z.

A stands for America: land of the brave and free.
B stands for Bully Boys: I expect that's you and me.
C stands for Curiosity: that means an honest man.
D stands for Dishonesty, which with the world began.
Then listen, &c.

E stands for Eve, who first did Adam tempt.
F stands for Frogs, of which ould Ireland is exempt.
G stands for Goose: good Goose is good, I think.
H stands for Hoping that we'll never want a drink.
Then listen, &c.

I stands for Ireland: I hope she'll soon be free.
J stands for Jury, who seldom do agree.
K stands for Kentucky, where they make
Bourbon and Rye.
L stands for Lawyers: Oh, my! but can't they lie!
Then listen, &c.

M stands for Married folks, who're always in a stew.
N stands for Nobody: I suppose that's me and you.
O stands for One, Two, Three, away we go with speed.
P stands for President: a good one's what we need.
Then listen, &c.

Q stands for Queer: and that's our Administration.
R stands for Rotten: that's the head of our
great Nation.
S stands for Swindlers: in Washington they live.
T stands for Treason, which we never can forgive.
Then listen, &c.

U stands for Union, which divorces often sever.
V stands for Victory: may it ours be forever.
W stands for Washington: a kind friend, but
bitter foe.
X stands for X-actly what I lost at Keno.
Then listen, &c.

Y stands for Young: I mean that Rat, old
Brigham Young.
Z stands for Zeal, with which I hope my song
was sung.
And now my song is ended, I'll take my oath above
That I never want to see the back of my neck,
if ever I cease to love.
Then listen, &c.

I Wonder What's her Name?

A new Song and Dance written by T. M. Hengler.

There is a darling gay and sweet,
I meet her every day:
She has a cunning winning smile,
And such a charming way—
Each time I chance to pass her by,
She always smiles the same:
She dresses neat and so complete,
I wonder what's her name?

Chorus: Oh! she is so neat and so complete,
She always smiles the same:
I'd give the world if I knew—
I wonder what's her name?

Last eve, her elbow mine did touch,
While standing in a throng,
But quickly I apologized,
And said: "I mean no wrong."
"No harm, she said: for, accidents
Like that are very tame."
And then she left with a pretty smile,
I wonder what's her name? Oh! she, &c.

Perhaps to-night she's in the crowd,
That has assembled here;
Will all my friends please look around,
And find this pretty dear?
If here, whoever points her out,
I'll not the slightest blame;
Oh! tell me where this darling is?
I wonder what's her name? Oh! she, &c.

My Gal.

Sung by Walters & Morton.

My gal, my gal, I've come for to see,
Cause I've got nothing better for to do:
I've come to see my Chloe dear,
For to drive away de blues—
My Chloe dear is a mighty fine gal,
An' we're gwine for to marry very soon:
Den we'll all be merry and have a dance,
By de light of de silvery moon.
Chorus: We'll sing, [SYMP.] and dance [SYMP.]
An' will shout till de broke ob de morn:
Den we'll all go to work
Down in de cotton field,
By de sound ob de dinner horn.

My coal-black love she's as lively as a cricket,
She can sing, she can dance and shout:
An' you ought to see dat ole mule prance,
When I drive my Chloe out—
I can wash, I can scrub, I can hoe de corn
Pick de cotton—I know am very true:
I can rock de cradle, an' sing a song,
An' bake de hoecake, too. Chorus.

Now, white folks all, take our advice,
An' remember what we say:
Get married all, as we have done:
For, we feel so good to-day—
With Chloe sitting by my side,
I'm as happy as a king, I know:
So we'll tap de banjo and sing de chorus,
And bid you all adieu! Chorus.

The Girls we Love the Best.

SONG AND CHORUS.

The miser drinks to golden hoards
As he counts them o'er and o'er,
And holds that while his stores increase
Life has no pleasure more;
The sailor toasts his bonny bark,
And thinks his lot is blest,
But be it ours to pledge to-night
The girls we love the best!
Chorus: Then let a merry chime ring out
From rim of every glass,
And drink a health with three times three
To each one's chosen lass.

The soldier's pride is in his sword,
He hails it as his bride,
And saves his kisses for his steel—
He knows no joy beside:
The poet drinks the Muses Nine,
And cheers them with a zest,
But let our boast, when e'er we toast,
Be the girls we love the best! Chorus.

The Mulcahey Twins.

Written by NED HARRIGAN. Originally sung by HARRIGAN & HART.

Oh! kape your eyes on us now,
We're twins as ye plainly see:
The way that we suffer now,
We'll expose it all to ye.
Brought up on mush and milk,
From small little babies, oh!
We're the Mulcahey Twins,
The pets of the ladies, oh!

It took two hundred days, ye know,
To cross the big ocean, oh!
The ship she was tossing, oh!
Wid awful commotion, oh!
We had nothing to ate, agrah!
But oatmeal and praties, oh!
Had the Mulcahey Twins,
The pets of the ladies, oh!

Let all of yees, Yankee boys,
Yell out wid an awful noise,
For ourselves that has kim here,
To lave an example, oh!
If yees have any grudge against,
Spit it out bare forninst
The Mulcahey Twins,
The pets of the ladies, oh!

My Beautiful Lizzie.

By John Mahon.

Oh! fair is the form of my own darling Lizzie:
Her smile is as soft as the morn's early light;
And with my poor heart the sweet maid is so busy,
That I to a shadow am dwindling out-right.
Her face is the index to all that is charming,
Her form is as lovely as lovely can be;
And she knocks at my heart with a clamor alarming,
My beautiful Lizzie, a cushla machree!

CHORUS.

My life and my soul is my own little darling:
Oh! she's brighter than star-light or sun-beam to me!
And her voice is far sweeter than blackbird or starling,
My sweet little colleen, my own little colleen,
My beautiful colleen, a cushla machree!

My Lizzie is lovely and blooming and bonny:
Her cheeks shame the blush of the rose of the South,
The dew on her lips is far sweeter than honey,
And graces in clusters hang round her dear mouth:
Her voice has a gush of soft melody in it,
A Heaven of rapture it brings unto me;
Oh! 'tis sweeter than song of the skylark or linnet,
My beautiful Lizzie, a cushla machree!

Chorus.

The light from the eyes of my beautiful Lizzie,
Is brighter to me than the moon's silver beam;
It shines through my heart, till my head turns so dizzy,
I wander bewildered like one in a dream..
Oh! give me but Lizzie, so fair and enchanting!
Her smile is like music of Angels to me..
And, without her, I feel Heaven's sun-light is wanting,
My beautiful Lizzie, a cushla machree!

Chorus.

7. Enigma.

My *first*, though known, is never seen:
My *second* s sometimes on a stream;
Without my *first*, it's very plain,
My *total* ne'er would move again.

8. Puzzle.

Passing along 14th Street, one afternoon, I saw a glass tablet that had evidently been embellished with an advertisement in raised letters; however, through rough usage or wear and tear, some of the letters were obliterated, leaving the following mangled specimen:—

I I G
O O S
O
A I S.

Please endeavor to fill up the words by supplying the missing letters.

The Hero's Fame.

By AEDH.

My light of life is gone for ever,
My hopes were blighted in their bloom:
It broke my youthful heart to sever
From him who slumbers in the tomb.
Alas! he met a felon's doom,
A felon's grave now closes o'er him:
For, to the scaffold high they bore him,
To end his young career in gloom.

He lost his life for Erin's glory,
And he has won a hero's name:
Immortalised shall be his story,
Enshrined in everlasting fame.
Undaunted youth, no blush of shame
Shall mantle o'er my brow for thee:
You nobly died for liberty,
And manhood's right to freedom's claim.

Answer to Enigma 7—Wind-Mill.

Answer to Puzzle 8—DINING ROOMS FOR LADIES.

Terrible Times.

As Sung by W. F. S. Lawlor in Mr. MacEvoy's Original Hibernicon.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No. 286 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

Oh! thin these are the terrible times:
if you're single, why, so you must tarry,
Except a few fools that are mad enough
for to venture to marry.
For, the bacon is ninepence a pound,
and sorra much cheaper the meat is,
And altho' but there's two of them sound,
nine and a' half we pay for potatoes.
Oh! thin these are the terrible times.

If a friendly neighbour drop in,
sure he walks with such funeral paces,
You'd think he could walk on his head,
he puts on such awful long faces—
If a country friend comes up to town,
he's not asked for his wife or his babies,
But before he has time to sit down,
he must tell how he left the potatoes.
Oh! thin these are the terrible times.

The American bacon, they say,
(though the prices now and then vary,)
Every bit of it comes all the way
from that darlin' ould town Tipperary:
If you take a walk up the main street,
sure it's there where the wonderful trade is,
Fine Cumberland cuts there you'll get,
and beautiful floury potatoes—
Notwithstanding the terrible times.

And sure when the boys at home riz,
sure the ructions were terribly awful,
But the peelers soon showed them
that rows were unpleasant as well as unlawful:
But sure what the row was about,
there wasn't one of them able to state to us,
But if "TENANT RIGHT" wasn't the cause!
perhaps 'twas about the potatoes—
Or may be the terrible times.

The Reform Bill is now all the go,
but ould Ireland's left out of the measure:
There's faults sure, we all of us know,
which D'ISRAELI CAN SEE AT HIS LEISURE:
But if John Bright would again cross the sea,
to see what our home borough rate is,
We would treat him to lashons of tea,
and beautiful mealy potatoes—
And tell him the terrible times.

If there was any young lady in here,
who would like for to change her condition,
I'm the boy that could talk in her ear
and whisper my little petition:
I'd tell her I came for to woo, and
move her by all my entreaties—
But what else sure it's nothing to you,
but it wouldn't be about the potatoes—
Nor yet of the terrible times.

And now that the winter is come,
it's worse that the times they are gettin':
But as Solomon said to his son:
"The divil a use there's in frettin'."
I'm told that Holloway's pills
cured a shocking bad leg of Tim Brady's,
And as it cures all sorts of ills,
perhaps it might cure the potatoes—
And get rid of the terrible times.

Poor Paddy O'Blarney.

Sure never a lad loved like Paddy O'Blarney,
Whose heart was pierced through by sweet Sally Delarney:
Och! she was a lass of the first kind of breeding,
And ne'er spake a word all the time she was feeding:
Something odd, too, it is, and perhaps you may think,
She had just the same way when she happened to drink.
Och! the devil may bless the bright eyes of Delarney
For piercing the heart of poor Paddy O'Blarney.

'Twas by daylight one night, as she happened to pass,
As I fast asleep lay awake on the grass:
She looked like an angel, I thought to my sorrow!
So I pulled off my cap to bid her good-morrow,
When she bade me farewell, without saying a word—
Which made both my cheeks look as red as a curd:
"Och! the devil may thank you, said I, Sall Delarney,
You have cut in three halves the poor heart of O'Blarney."

I told her for gruntors I'd got a good sty,
And a field of potatoes, far off, just hard by:
But if to church she won't willingly go,
To answer me yes, she need only say no:
So against both our will, faith! I gained her consent,
And, wrangling from morning till night, live content.
Surely now I must love my sweet Sally Delarney,
Who first broke, then mended, the heart of O'Blarney—

There are people whose very presence seems to lift you into a better, higher atmosphere. Choose such associates. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

Far from His Mountains.

SAVOYARD SONG.

Words by George Linley—Music by Ch. Gounod.

The Music is published by Boosey & Co., No. 32 E. 14th Street, New-York.

Far from his mountains
The poor young Savoyard must roam:
Far tho' doomed to wander,
He's sure to find a home.
Hearts kind and gentle
Are warmed to hear his tender lay:
Friendly purses open
To cheer him on his way—
"Farewell, my own, my dear Savoy!"
The mountain minstrel sang,
As wild and sweet each plaintive note
Among the vallies rang:
"Tho' other lands may tempt a while
My steps to rove from love and thee,
Again to greet a mother's smile
Each prayer and wish will be."

Days long and weary
The poor young Savoyard must bear,
Toiling hard, yet cheerful,
With simple, scanty fare,
Ere bounteous fortune
Increase the wand'rer's slender store,
Ere his feet bend homeward
To seek his native shore.
"Oh! joy, my own, my dear Savoy!"
The mountain minstrel sang,
As wild and sweet each gladsome note
Among the vallies rang:
"Tho' other lands might tempt a while
My steps to rove from love and thee,
Now happy in a mother's smile
My future life will be."

Beautiful Kathleen.

An admired Irish Ballad, sung by Collins, the Irish Comedian, with great applause.

By Henry H. Paul, Esq.

Oh! Kathleen, she lived near the bog,
The beautiful Kathleen!
Her eyes were so saucy and bright,
They looked like two twin stars at night—
Her form, too, was graceful and light,
Her bosom! O Moses!
'Twas stuck full of roses,
And her teeth were so pearly and white—
That Kathleen who lived near the bog!

Oh! Kathleen, she lived near the bog,
The beautiful Kathleen!
Her smile it was roguish and sweet,
It looked good enough just to eat—
I wouldn't dare mention her feet,
Of which they do tell us
Young Cupid was jealous:
He had heard they were tiny and neat—
That Kathleen who lived near the bog!

Oh! Kathleen, she lived near the bog,
The beautiful Kathleen!
Ye talk of the shamrock that's green,
And nosegays whose like ne'er were seen—
With her, they are blackguards I mean—
And her blushes, O murther!
They'll make your mouth water!
Just see her, you'll say so, I ween—
That Kathleen who lived near the bog!

At the Dead of the Night.

At the dead of the night, when by whiskey inspired,
And pretty Katty Flannigan my bosom had fired,
I tapped at her window, when thus she began:
"Oh! what the devil are you at?
begone, you naughty man!"

I gave her a look as sly as a thief,
Or when hungry I'd view a fine sirloin of beef:
"My heart is red hot, I, but cold is my skin,
So pretty Mrs. Flannigan, oh! won't you let me in?"

She opening the door, I sat down by the fire,
And soon was relieved from the wet, cold, and mire:
And I pleased her so mightily that,
long ere it was day,
I stole poor Katty's tender heart,
and so tripped away—

What key is hard to turn? A donkey.

Miss Patty Puff and Her Two Sweet-Hearts

OR THE DUEL A-LA-MODE.

There was a gay man-milliner, his name was Timmy Tw
And at making caps and bonnets he'd a mighty pretty
With his snips and shreds, and fitting heads,
his gauze and gimp, long thread and need
Oh! he loved a pastry-cook, and he
thought her heart to wheed
Whack falare, bow, wow, wo

There was a spruce shoemaker, a dabster at an awl:
They call him Billy Boot, and he kept a pretty stall,
With his last and shoe, and lapstone, too,
his wax-end, grinding-strap and hamm
Oh! he loved this pastry-cook, too,
and told her many a cramm
Whack falare, bow, wow, wo

Miss Patty Puff, thus loved by both,
and loving both, they
Was like the donkey in the tale, between two stacks of h
With her flames and darts, and apple-tarts,
her ices, trifles, cherry bran
Oh! she knew not which to choose:
for, she thought them both the dand
Whack falare, bow, wow, wo

The rivals fought—the seconds charged
their pistols for actio
Timmy Twist's with cotton balls,
and Billy Boot's with cobbler's w
With their jeers and jokes, a funny hoax,
their powder, priming, and their pe
Though they'd courage in their hearts,
they'd dish-clouts in their faces.
Whack falare, bow, wow, wo

The seconds signal gave to fire—
when Timmy swooned aw
And Billy, not observing it, ran off without delay,
With his paste, and pegs and nimble legs,
while both the seconds laugh and hoot hi
Oh! he stuck fast in a hedge, and
roared lest Tim should come and shoot h
Whack falare, bow, wow, wo

Now, all ye modern heroes, who'd your
credit save from fri
Be sure to tell the constables when challenges you writ
With your guns and swords, and great big words
that off weak stomachs come so clev
Oh! they'll bind you to the peace
and you may brag as much as eve
Whack falare, bow, wow, wo

The Unlucky Fellow.

As Sung by Pete Morris for the last 25 years.

Is there any one here what's got a desire
To wed with a grumbling wife?
He had better by far poke his head into the fire
And at once put an end to his life.
When I married my love, I thought her a dove,
But when married, I wished myself dead:
For, in less than a week, she got tired of love,
And she tore all the hair off my head.
Oh! crackey, oh! dear,
My heart is so full that I'm ready to cry:
Oh! what a poor unlucky fellow am I!

The very first mishap filled my eyes full of tears,
She brought me home children two:
Says she: "You must father these two little dears,"
"But, says I, I'll be blowed if I do."
Then she said, with a sneer, how dare I presume
To think of my case being hard?
She knocked me down three pair of stairs with a broom
Then bolted me out in the yard.
Oh! crackey, oh! dear,
A man who's by sorrows thus trundled about,
Is worse than a hog with a ring in his snout.

But much worse than this was the rest, if you'll mark:
I thought I should really go wild—
I trod on our little cat's tail in the dark.
She moulrowed and woke the young child.
Then she up with her fist, she put me in a fright,
She swore she would make me rue it:
She made me go sleep in the cupboard all night,
Though I said I didn't go for to do it.
Oh! crackey, oh! dear,
A man that is married must weep and bewail,
Like a dog with a tea kettle tied to his tail.

It was one Monday morning, I swear it is true:
I met with a shocking bad loss.
She told me to buy some meat for a stew,
Says I: "I will, love, don't be cross."
But what mishaps in this world we oft find!
Before I could get it home to her,
A large Newfoundland dog came up smelling behind,
And he stole all the meat off the skewer.
Oh! crackey, oh! dear,
A man that is married, his pleasures are small,
Just like a poor dog what ain't got no tail at all.

There are men brave enough to storm a breach, who are not always brave enough to tell the truth. There are heroes who can smile when the doctor cuts off their legs, who cannot break a miserable little habit of petulence, profanity, smoking or chewing tobacco.

Barbara Allan.

It was in and about the Mart'mas time,
When the green leaves were a-fallin',
That Sir John Græme, in the west country,
Fell in love wi' Barb'ra Allan.

He sent his man down thro' the town,
To the place where she was dwallin:
Oh! haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barb'ra Allan.

Oh! hooly, hooly, rase she up
To the place where he was layin',
And when she drew the curtain by—
"Young man, I think ye're dyin'."

"It's, oh! I'm sick, I'm very, very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allan:
Oh! the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your heart's blude were a-spillin'."

"Oh! dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
When the red wine ye were fillin',
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slichtit Barbara Allan?"

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealin':
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And, sighin', said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell knellin',
And every jow that the deid-bell gi'ed,
It cried: Woe to Barbara Allan!

O mother, mother, mak' my bed,
And mak' it saft and narrow,
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

The Hungry Man.

I've been famishing hungry e'er since I've been born,
I'm eating and drinking, noon, midnight and morn,
When a babe, my great appetite showed itself soon—
For I once tried to swallow a basin and spoon.
They tell me that each day I grow worse and worse,
They'd to watch me for fear I should swallow the nurse:
I've tried almost ev'rything, all all kinds of stuff,
But somehow I never can get half enough.

CHORUS.

I'm eating and drinking from morning till night,
Still I'm hungry, still I'm hungry, it's serious quite,
I'm getting so thin, I'll be soon out of sight,
And the more I have, why, the more I want,
Thro' my great appetite!

I have been invited to sup or to dine,
But I played such a havoc with joint and with wine,
That they stared with alarm, and asked me no more:
Now—no one's at home when I knock at their door:
No cook stays a month with me: as I'm alive,
They say one's nonsense, that I ought to keep five—
Friends give me COLD SHOULDER whenever we MEET,
And groan if I happen to mention the HEAT.
I'm eating, &c.

First thing, in the morning, I've ham, eggs, and toast:
Then, for breakfast, a couple of fowls—boiled or roast—
After that slight repast, clean away I can pack
A small leg of mutton—by way of a "snack!"
I've managed from then until dinner came round:
Then I'd soups, fish, and joints, about five or six pounds:
Then I've longed for my tea, served with chops, steak or ham,
And for supper made shift with a quarter of lamb.
I'm eating, &c.

My doctor's suggested a CURIOUS diet
To CURE me of hunger, and daily I try it,
Such as cow-heel and cucumber fried up in lard,
Tripe treacle, and turpentine boiled till it's hard:
Sheep's-head and artichokes, herrings and lamb,
Grilled well and served up with mussels and jam:
Pickles and pigeon's milk, stewed glycerine,
Salt fish, and friccaseed sewing machine.
I'm eating, &c.

I've tried German sausage and sprats boiled in ale,
Linseed meal poultice, and puppy dog's tail:
Stewed gutta percha, (which pained my poor throttle,)
Sauerkraut, cesbkerit, and soap brown and mottle:
Even Australian beef, had it cut off the prime,
After that I went in for some chloride of lime,
Beeswax and brimstone, glue, penny royal,
And velocipede frizzled in cod-liver oil.
Still I'm eating, &c.

He who is a tiger in his own family, is generally a sheep in society.

Keep to the Right.

Sung by Frank Melville.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No. 298 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

One day, while walking through the streets
amidst the busy throng,
Studying and musing on a subject for my song,
A board nailed to a corner, it quickly caught my sight,
And painted there I saw a warning: "Keep to the right."

CHORUS.

Love whate'er is right, boys, shun whate'er is wrong,
Then upon life's billows you'll merrily go along:
Be honest in your dealings, morning, noon and night,
And let your watchword always be:
"Boys, keep to the right!"

Keep a smiling countenance, never wear a frown,
Do not try to raise yourself by pulling others down:
Envy not your neighbor, ne'er indulge in spite:
Malice brings unhappiness: so "Keep to the right."
Love whate'er is right, &c.

Be sober and industrious, and ambitious to get on:
For, in life's unequal battle you must
struggle hard and strong—
In gossiping or meddling never take delight,
Always mind your own affairs and "Keep to the right."
Love whate'er is right, &c.

"Keep to the right—" then how happy you will be!
Your heart will be as light as air,
your conscience pure and free—
Behind the darkest cloud the sun is always shining bright,
Prosperity will crown you, if you "keep to the right."
Love whate'er is right, &c.

Hold Your Own.

Written and Sung by Tony Pastor.

If the world it goes against you,
And you're struggling for a bone,
Why, then's the time, my laddie buck,
To grip and hold your own.

If a lassie gets her back up,
Stares at you like a stone,
Why, then's the time, my laddie buck,
To grip and hold your own.

If your wify should grow snappish,
And rise a hateful tone,
Why, then's the time, my laddie buck,
To grip and hold your own.

If, when robbed of a true friendship,
By slander overthrown,
Why, then's the time, my laddie buck,
To grip and hold your own.

If, when you have a glass too much,
Your path has slippery grown,
Why, then's the time, my laddie buck,
To grip and hold your own.

And when you're tossed by wayward luck,
By each ill-wind that's blown,
Why, then's the time, my laddie buck,
To grip and hold your own.

In all your acts strike like a man,
Let faltering ne'er be known,
Have a mind for yourself always,
And grip and hold your own.

And thus through life, where'er you be
By circumstances thrown,
Why, just take hold, my laddie buck,
And bravely hold your own.

The Bold Pat O'Regan.

Composed and Sung by J. H. Ryan.

Sure I am the bold Pat O'Regan,
Though amongst you I'm not yet known:
But many is the heart I have left breaking,
Since I started from famed sweet Athlone,
Where the people they all did admire me,
And the girls all at me would smile:
The truth is they all did desire me,
As a son of the Emerald Isle.

CHORUS.

When at a party I'm called for a song,
The girls all at me do smile:
I do it so quare I make them all stare
At this son of the Emerald Isle.

One day, as I walked down through Broadway,
A young lady to me gave a nod,
And most politely she asked me
If I'd come from the Emerald sod:
As I gazed at this charming young creature,
All the blood in my veins seemed to boil:
For, she seemed to admire every feature
Of the son from the Emerald Isle.
When at a party, &c.

Now, as my heart being light and airy,
I asked her name plump and straight:
She answered: "My name is Kate Carey:
And hoped that again we might meet."
"Well, then, darling, says I, I'm Pat O'Regan."
But then she began for to smile,
And says: "I have a first cousin, O'Fagan,
And sure he came from the Emerald Isle."
When at a party, &c.

Now after a long conversation,
Of course, then I thought it no harm:
So then, without any persuasion,
So gently she leant on my arm—
We walked and we talked at our leisure,
And when parting I knew by her smile
That she felt a mighty great pleasure
In being with this son of the Emerald Isle.
When at a party, &c.

The Irishman's Serenade.

Air: The Young May Moon.

The full new moon is old, my love,
You've got plenty of money, I'm told, my love:
So your knocker I'll ring, and to court you I'll sing,
Though I've got a most shocking bad cold, my love.

Then awake—for, my love is so hot, my dear,
That without you I'll soon go to pot, my dear!
For, my shirt at your clack would
stick close to my back,
But the devil a shirt have I got, my dear!

Like a cat my watch I'm keeping, love:
For, no bed have I got to sleep in, my love:
So, honey, look down and smile me a frown,
From your eye so beautiful peeping, love—

Old time, like the gutter, does run, my dear:
So pray thee much modesty shun, my dear:
Have me, I'll have you, and though still we'll be two,
All Kilkenny will take us for one, my dear.

Some say that Music hath Charms.

Some say that "music hath charms
To soothe the savage breast!"
I've also heard some people say
That "enough is as good as a feast."
Now I once paid court to a maid,
I've stuck to her like gum—
But she went music mad, alas!
Through her violent taste for the drum.

CHORUS.

Some like the Jews'-harp some like the flute,
Others the piano with its strum, strum, strum:
While some prefer the fiddle with its twiddle,
twiddle twiddle.
While Sarah Jane was partial to the drum, drum, drum.

Said Sarah to me, one day:
"For music I've an ear,
I wish dear Charles, YOU'D learn to play!"
Said I: "I WILL, my dear."
So I rushed out and purchased a fiddle,
A double base and a bassoon:
And labored each a trying to play
"Where's Nancy?"—"Up in a Balloon!"
Some like the Jews'-harp, &c.

I blew, and twiddled, and scraped,
I thought I should please her so fine,
I scraped, and I twiddled, and blew
Myself near into a decline:
When one day, as we walked in the Park,
Out the band of Coldstreams did come:
Guess how I stared—when Sarah declared
"No music so sweet as the drum!"
Some like the Jews'-harp, &c.

Of course, I felt staggered at first,
But ran out and bought a drum, too,
And every day I'd bang bang away,
Until stopped by a party in blue!
Yes I'd practice the beats every day,
Even played the tatoo whilst in bed:
Folks fancied me mad but the truth to tell sad,
Poor Sarah went cranky instead.
Some like the Jews'-harp, &c.

Ah! yes she went clean off her nut,
Which translated means acted so rum,
When I went her to see, she began to beat me—
She fancied that I was a drum!
So what may soothe some savage breasts,
Has not turned out SOOTHING to me,
And music, although the "food of love,"
With Sarah Jane did not agree—
Some like the Jews'-harp, &c.

The Convict's Tale.

(Continued.)

Throw her into the sea; she will be a dainty morsel for the sharks."

The girl raised her head as she spoke, and cast a wild look around her.

"Father! oh, where is my father?" said she, in a piercing tone. "Oh, God, let me die!" And she clasped her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the vision of the swarthy, reckless-looking men who pressed forward to gaze upon her.

"Hear her prayer," said the old man, brutally; "In with her at once! We want no witnesses against us of this night's work."

He stepped forward, as if to put his threat into execution. She shivered, and shrank beneath the covering I had placed around her. I arose, and stepping between them, said, "You must first throw me in, for, by the heaven above us, we both go together! I have your own promise for all succeeded in saving, and I claim this waif as my own."

"Be it so," said he sneeringly; "I always knew you to be an idiot. A profitable adventure, truly, this is likely to prove to you!"

"I am satisfied with it, at all events," I replied, and he strode away.

I then turned to the young girl, and said, in as soft a tone as I could command, "Fear nothing, beautiful being. I am rough in appearance, but my heart is in the right place. I will protect you. I will be your friend."

"Am I, then, alone?" she asked in an accent of indescribable anguish. "Oh, why did you not suffer me to perish with the rest? Wretched, wretched Alice, to survive all that loved her!"

"Not all, lady, for *I* am here," I said, naively.

"You! I know you not. All—all have perished! Forgive me," she continued, seeing the blank expression of my countenance; "I know not what I say. The wretched are excusable."

"Ah!" I replied, with fervor, "I am too happy in being made the instrument of serving such a being as you are, to take any offence at words wrung from the overburdened heart. Come with me, fair Alice, and I will place you in safety."

I conducted her to the cottage of an old woman, who had been my nurse. Though rough and frightful, she was kindly in her nature, and I knew would do anything to oblige me.

Heretofore my character had been undeveloped. The master-passion was required to show me my true nature. As the warmth of the sun is needed to give life and beauty to the productions of earth, so the soul of man remains in its germ until love has aroused and expanded his being into the more perfect state of existence. All the better feelings of my nature were brought into action, for I loved a being far superior to myself; one who I felt would long ere this have perished in the atmosphere of evil in which I had been reared. Until I knew this pure girl I had never felt all the degradation, the debasing effects of my mode of life; but now I blushed before her, and resolved to rescue myself from my associates, and become worthy of her.

Alice was many weeks recovering from the shock she had sustained, and the subsequent exposure. During that time a portion of our men, headed by my father, had perished in one of their expeditions. I thus became by hereditary descent the head of the village. In pursuance of my recent determination, I at once delegated my authority to a nephew of my nurse, the same Reardon on whose body I have since perpetrated such fell revenge as he merited. I learned from Alice that the ship was bound for New York, from Liverpool, and five hundred souls were on board when she struck. "And must so many perish to bring thee to my side?" was my thought; for I felt that she was the guardian angel sent to save me from utter destruction.

For many days after the storm, bodies were washed on shore, which were thrown into one common grave. Among them I recognized the father of Alice, and gave him sepulture with my own hands. I selected a small headland which sloped gradually towards the sea; the green sward was shaded by a single thorn-tree, beneath whose shelter I placed the grave of the unfortunate stranger. When Alice had sufficiently recovered to walk to the spot, I led her thither, and pointed out the mound which marked his resting-place. She thanked me with many tears, and from that hour I date the commencement of my interest in her heart.

On that spot I learned the simple history of Alice. Her father was an officer on half-pay in the British army. He had no influential connexions, and never rose beyond the rank of lieutenant. A severe wound, received in the battle of Waterloo, affected his health so seriously that he was compelled to retire from active service; but his pension supported himself and his only child in comfort. As his health, however, visibly declined, he anxiously contemplated the future fate of his daughter; and after mature reflection resolved to visit the United States in search of a brother who had emigrated to that country many years before, and had there accumulated a fortune. Alice said she had no other relatives except the family of this uncle. In the wide world she was alone, without the means of reaching him, even if she could have remembered the place of his abode. Many of her father's effects had been saved, but among them were no letters or papers which gave any information relative to the residence of Mr. Crawford.

During the illness of Alice I had busied myself in preparing for her an abode removed a short distance from the village. About half a mile from the sea stood a lonely and deserted cottage, sheltered by several fine trees. The rank grass had overgrown the walks in the garden, and the few shrubs, which some unknown hand had planted around the house, had spread in wild luxuriance over the minature lawn. I put everything in order myself. The ruined portico was securely propped, and the graceful vine made to trail its foliage over the rustic pillars which supported it. Among the accumulated stores of my deceased father, concealed in vaults constructed for the purpose, I sought the richest carpets for the floor, and the most beautifully-wrought fabrics, with which the mildewed walls were hung. I made a visit to a distant town, and secretly purchased every article of luxury which could be desired in the household of the most delicately-nurtured of Fashion's daughters.

When Vine Cottage, as I named the place, was ready for the reception of its mistress, I secretly induced old Elspeth to remove thither; and after spending an hour of sweet communion at her father's grave, I persuaded Alice to walk with me in the direction of the cottage. As we drew near it, she expressed her admiration of its simply elegant appearance, and seemed surprised to find so neat a residence in such a vicinity.

"A friend of mine lives here, dear Alice," said I; "let us visit her."

Alice acquiesced with an air of interest, and I led her forward. Elspeth met us at the door. I will not attempt to describe her astonishment and delight when she found that this charming place was to be her future abode. She turned her beautiful eyes on me, humid with tears, and said, "You must be the possessor of Aladdin's wonderful lamp to accomplish so much in so short a time. But, no; I wrong you, Erlon; perseverance and affection are the true sources of what you have here accomplished. I can never sufficiently thank you, my friend, my brother."

"No, not a brother," said I, abruptly; "I love you far better than a brother."

Elspeth had left us, and I poured forth my passion with eloquence, inspired by its own intensity. I ended by saying:—"I do not ask you to live for ever in this horrible neighborhood. Since I have known you I have ceased to be a wrecker. Never since that eventful night have I gone forth with the band, and from the hour of my father's death his authority has been given by me into the hands of my namesake, Erlon Reardon."

Alice slightly shuddered at the mention of his name; but, at the moment, I was so absorbed in my own feelings that I did not observe her emotion. She answered my passionate declaration, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words, pronounced with a seriousness which was very impressive:—"I will not deny, Erlon, that your delicate kindness, from one from whom I could least have expected it, has made a deep impression on my feelings: and that impression is, perhaps, heightened by my forlorn and destitute condition. But I cannot conceal from you that I will never consent to marry a man who has, only through his passion for me, torn himself from a pursuit opposed alike by the laws of God and humanity. Your sorrow for the past must come from a higher source. Your soul must be bowed in humility before the throne of Him whose commands you have outraged, and your life must show the effects of your repentance, before I would dare to trust my earthly lot in your keeping."

"What more can I do?" I bitterly asked. "I was born and have been reared in darkness; and if I am willing to accept the light which first shone on my benighted path through your agency, do I not manifest a desire to improve?"

"But I fear that you regard the weak instrument more than Him who threw me in your way," she replied, with a faint smile. "But let us not misunderstand each other, Erlon. I joyfully accept the mission which has been appointed me. I see so much in you that is excellent, so much that is noble, that to me it will be a delightful task to assist you in overcoming the evil which is naturally foreign to your soul. The day will arrive when I can with confidence place my hand in yours as your wife, even as I now give it as your plighted bride."

I rapturously received it; but after a vain attempt to repress my feelings, I entreated her to wed me then, and I would never cease striving after the excellence she wished me to attain. But on that score she was obdurate. Her hand must be the reward of my entire reformation, not the precursor of it.

From that period, I spent the greater portion of my time with Alice. She was passionately fond of reading, and, what few women are, an excellent classic scholar. She accounted for this by informing me that her father had been originally designed for the Church, and was educated with that view: but afterwards rebelled against the parental decree, and entered the army. He was a passionate admirer of the old authors, and imparted to his daughter his own knowledge of, and exceeding love for their beauties.

Among the things cast on shore from the ship was a box of Mr. Crawford's treasured books, and to them I added such modern works as were most congenial to the taste of Alice. I have mentioned that my education had not proceeded much beyond its first elements, and now for the first time did I begin to appreciate the intense enjoyment I found in literary pursuits. I studied deeply and was soon competent to converse with my mistress on the beauties of her favorite authors. We then read together; and I sought while reading aloud the impassioned strains of the poet, to express by the various intonations of my voice the tender and soul-thrilling emotions with which my listener inspired me; for I felt when near her an ineffable satisfaction, as if the soul had found its better part, and the being that was needed to complete my existence was beside me. A holy calm pervaded my whole being—springing not from the dull listlessness which falls over the stupid or inert, but from the fullness of content. The assurance that I was making myself daily more worthy to claim this beloved girl as my own, spread through my soul a delicious all pervading sense of uninterrupted happiness. No man, however rough, could thus associate with a delicate and refined woman without acquiring some of the elegance which distinguished her. I imperceptibly lost the clownish air which had so often bitterly mortified me; and as my perceptions became more acute, I saw in my own manners all that could render me repulsive and hastened to correct it.

Ah! if Alice would then have married me, all the horror, all the wretchedness which has ensued might have been avoided! But I must not anticipate.

Eighteen months passed thus, and again I urged Alice to listen to my prayers for an immediate union. She replied, "The time has now arrived when I can express to you the scruples

which still fill my mind. Your perceptions are now so correct that I believe you will feel with me that it is wrong for you to retain the wealth your father's pursuit enabled him to accumulate."

"I have thought of this," said I; "but how could it possibly be returned to its rightful owners? Besides, much of it is legally the right of those who rescued it from the ocean at the risk of life. All was not purchased at so fearful a price as when you——"

She interrupted me gently, "It matters not how obtained, Erlon; its possession will bring with it a curse. I cannot consent to enjoy property, the loss of which consumated the ruin of its rightful owners. You might think, perhaps, that for nearly two years past I have very quietly submitted to this; but the object I had in view in rescuing a human being, capable of better things, from such a life, was my motive; and to my mind it seemed good. But now we must leave this place. Your duty leads you to a higher sphere, where you must seek the means of a more honorable support. While you do this I will obtain a home among the sisters of charity, in Dublin, and in acts of mercy and kindness pass the time until you are in circumstances to claim me as your wife."

"No, no, dear Alice, you must not expose yourself to such privations as are endured by those excellent women. I will go forth and seek independence, but you must remain with my good Elspeth; she loves me as a mother, and will watch over you for my sake."

"I cannot remain when you leave," said Alice, quietly, but decisively.

I pressed her so earnestly for her reason, and opposed her wish to go so strongly, that she at length said with great reluctance, "If you will not be satisfied without a reason, I must give you the true one, Erlon; but promise me that you will not give way to anger."

I gave the desired promise, and she then said, in a low tone, "I should not feel quite safe here in your absence. The nephew of Elspeth, in spite of his knowledge of our engagement, often intrudes himself in my presence, and speaks of his passion for me in words that sometimes terrify me."

I started up in irrepressible wrath.

"Cowardly rascal! I will instantly punish him!"

"Nay, remember your promise, dearest Erlon," said Alice in her softest tone.

I was instantly calmed, so magical was her influence over me. and I seated myself by her side. Our plans were then talked over and definitely arranged. I proposed to go at once to Dublin, and with a sum of money which had been hoarded by my father, get into some mercantile employment, for which I considered myself well fitted. I promised Alice that so soon as I could possibly spare such a sum, the whole amount I had taken from my father's stores should be replaced in the hands of a competent person to be dispensed in charities, thus clearing myself of all participation in the fruits of his crimes. She was to obtain an asylum with the sisters of charity, as she had proposed; for she steadily refused to be any longer dependent on me until the period had arrived when she should become my wife.

Our intentions were silently but quickly put into execution; and on the third morning after our consultation everything was in readiness for our departure. Until the carriage I had sent for by a trusty person was at the door, even Elspeth remained in ignorance of our intended flitting. I then sought the village, and announced to the people my final departure. They heard me in silence; the majority of them had already looked on me as one expatriated from their band.

In spite of the change in me, some of the old leaven still remained; and I could not refrain from giving a parting blow to Reardon for having dared to raise his eyes to the object of my adoring love. There had been a feud existing from boyhood between him and a young man named Casey, both born and reared to their present mode of life; and when I withdrew from the command which devolved on me at my father's death, there had been a struggle between the two as to which should assume the authority I resigned. Reardon applied to me, and, as the nephew of my nurse. I preferred him as my successor. As my last act among the villagers, I now reversed that decision, and appointed Ira Casey as the representative of my hereditary right.

I turned away amid the acclamations of Casey's partizans, and Reardon approached me. His face was pale with concentrated passion, and in his eyes was an expression that for one moment made even my strong nerves quiver. His voice was scarcely above a whisper, but it was peculiarly distinct.

"Though the same arms had enfolded us in infancy, though the same mother had nursed us, I would still have sworn towards you inextinguishable hatred for this cowardly act. If you had left me in peace, I should have forgotten the blue-eyed daughter of the Briton, and have suffered you to live in happiness. But now, in your hour of brightest hope, remember Reardon, and let his name send a thrill of fear to your soul; for I solemnly swear to you to destroy that happiness, if it should cost me my life!"

I laughed aloud, and turned off, saying, "I defy thee, braggart! The whole village knows how much Erlon Reardon is given to boasting of his future exploits."

"Call it a boast, if you will; but to you it shall yet become a terrible reality."

"Do your worst!" I replied with a sneer; and hastily waving an adieu to the assembled throng, I hurried towards Vine Cottage, and in a few minutes was borne away from the place for ever.

Knowing the catastrophe which has since occured, you will be surprised to hear that I really had no fear of the machinations of Reardon. I knew him to be a great braggart, as I had said; and his threats against those who offended him were a standing jest in the village, for they had never in any instance been fulfilled. My taunts perhaps stung him into the accomplishment of his words to me; or his passion for Alice was so great as to urge him onward in wrecking her happiness, sooner than see her mine.

Reardon possessed a talent which had frequently afforded me much amusement, and I had never thought of the evil influence it might enable him to wield over those who were not on their guard against him. He was an admirable ventriloquist, and an excellent mimic. Often have I been startled by his voice sounding so exactly like an echo of my own that the nicest ear must have been deceived. We were nearly the same size and not unlike in features, and he could mimic my walk and air so accurately that, by a dim light, my best friend would have declared the counterfeit the true man. Alice was not aware of this, and to spare her some uneasiness, I never mentioned the threat of Reardon. From these simple causes sprang all the evil that afterwards ensued.

We went to Dublin, and put our mutual plans in execution. I was successful beyond my hopes, and anticipated our union at the end of my first year in the capital. I entered into partnership with a substantial trader, and after several months I was compelled to go over to England on business. An advantageous opening for a branch of our trade presented itself in one of the seaport towns in that country, and I was reluctantly compelled to take charge of it. It was impossible for Alice to leave Ireland until the year had expired for which she had assumed the garb of a sister of charity; and though we both repined at our separation, we were compelled to submit to the fate which parted us. We wrote frequently, and it was mutually arranged that at the end of her probation we should be united.

As the time of our union drew near, I was so pressed with affairs of the greatest importance to my future prosperity, that I found it was impossible to leave home long enough to visit Ireland and claim my bride. I wrote to Alice, informing her of the circumstances which detained me; and requested her to take the first packet for Liverpool, where I would meet her and have everything in readiness for our immediate marriage. A vessel would be in waiting to convey us to my residence, so soon as the ceremony was performed. I sent this letter by my confidential clerk, who I afterwards found was in the pay of my dire enemy. The answer duly came, promising to be punctual; and words can convey to you no idea of my happiness.

"Another week, and she will be mine!" I repeated a thousand times.

I made every arrangement that could promote her comfort; and having chartered a vessel for the purpose, set out with a light heart. The captain of my craft proved as I then thought, very stupid in the navigation of his vessel; but I afterwards knew that he had been bribed to delay my arrival. I did not reach Liverpool until many hours after I should have been married. I hurried with breathless haste to the hotel, and inquired for Miss Crawford. The answer which I there received almost paralyzed me.

"A lady of that name was married here last evening at eight o'clock, and immediately embarked with her husband in a ship bound for America."

"Married! Who, then, was her husband?" I knew at once; but I need not repeat to you, all my frenzied inquiries, nor the dark certainty that fell on my soul that Reardon was the cause of this terrible catastrophe."

Yes, yes; he came indeed in my hour of brightest hopes! I will now tell you what I subsequently heard from the lips of the dying Alice; for once again we met face to face, and I beheld upon her brow the impress of approaching death, and thanked God that it was so. I could without tears lay her in the silent earth, knowing that her pure spirit was with angels; but it rived my soul with unutterable pangs to know that she was the wife of such a wretch as Reardon.

On the night of my expected arrival in Liverpool, Reardon, who was kept informed of all my plans by my perfidious clerk, personated me with such success that even Alice was deceived. He met her in a room very dimly lighted, and under the pretence that he was very much hurried by the captain, who wished to avail himself of the wind and tide in his favor, he wore his cloak ready for instant departure. His hair was of the same color, and disposed as I always wore mine; he spoke to her in her lover's voice, and Alice, hurried, agitated, half-blinded by her tears, doubted not that I was beside her. The license was handed to the clergyman, who hurried over the ceremony, and within half an hour after Reardon's appearance at the hotel they were on board a ship which was ready to sail immediately. They remained on deck until the vessel was many miles from land; and when Reardon felt himself secure in the avowal of his villany, he resolved to exult in the anguish of his victim.

He entered her state-room, and seating himself before her, said, "Alice Crawford, you acknowledge yourself my lawful wife in the sight of heaven, and you have willingly come on board this ship to accompany me to my home?"

"Assuredly, dear Erlon; why such questions?" said Alice.

"Erlon! Yes; Erlon is the name I bear in common with him who is dear to you, and from him have I stolen you. Behold!"

He dropped the cloak, threw off his hat, and stood before her. Alice uttered an exclamation, and fell fainting from her seat. Oh, had she then died! But no; she revived to know and feel the full bitterness of her lot. Vain were her pathetic entreaties; vain her protestations that she would never consider herself as his wife. In reply to the first, he said, "I love you quite as well as Purcel, and you must make up your mind to fulfil the vows you have this night uttered."

And to her threat to appeal to the captain and passengers, and state the diabolical deception he had practised, he replied, "I have provided for every contingency, madam. The captain believes you to be my insane wife, whom I am taking to New York on a visit to your parents, in the hope that the sight of your native home may benefit your mind. I have already anticipated your story, and represented it as the vagary of a disordered intellect. My arrangements are all made, and you leave this state-room no more until we reach New York. Withdraw your affections as speedily as possible from Purcel, and centre them on your lawful husband, or it may be worse for you."

To be Continued.

Oh! Erin, my Country.

CHARLES JEFFEREYS

Andante.



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CONTENTS.

La "Belle Emilie" Schottische—Music 752
Cusha 748
The Convict's Tale—Story ended 750
Dancing in the Moon-light 748
Going to the Nore 748
The GAY MASQUERADE 749
God Save the Queen 749
Hard to Love 747
'Twas but the accent of a child 748
I Love You 749
Katty Molloy 746
Kitty O'Conner 747
The Land beyond the Sea 747
Love at First Sight 748
The MARBLE ARCH 747
The Marble Arch—Ladies' Version 749
My dear old Isle 746
The Mariner's Grave 746
My Sweet Mountain Rose-bud 748
My Love to the war has gone 749
Number Dree 746
Nelly Dear 747
The OLD HAT 747
Old Klein's Poodle 746
Old Scotland, I love thee 748
The Reformer on the sly 746
Sitting where the flowers bloom 746
She was the Belle of the ball 747
SUNNY SOUTHERN HOME 747
The Summer bloom hath passed 748
Sammy Slap, the Bill-Sticker 749
Two Hundred Pounds Reward—a Story 751
What's a woman like? 746
Why don't I change my name? 746

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The Mariner's Grave.

I remember the night was stormy and wet,
Cold and dismally dashed the dark wave—
While the rain and sleet cold and heavily beat
On the Mariner's new dug grave.

I remember 'twas down in a darksome dale,
And near to a dreary cave,
Where the wild winds wail round the wanderer pale,
In the Mariner's new dug grave.

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,
How sad was the look they gave,
As they rested their load near its last abode,
And gazed on the Mariner's grave.

I remember no sound did the silence break,
As the corpse to the earth they gave,
Save the night bird's shriek and the coffin's creak,
As it sank in the Mariner's grave.

I remember the tears that slowly slid
Down the cheeks of a messmate so brave—
It fell on the lid, and soon was hid :
For, closed was the Mariner's grave.

Now o'er his lone bed the briars creep,
And the wild flowers mournfully wave,
And the willows weep and the moonbeams sleep
On the Mariner's new dug grave.

Old Klein's Poodle.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Dere lives a funny German,
At de oder end of town :
He's got a leetle poodle-dog,
Whose plack hair it vas prown.
Dot poodle always vas a biting
Beobles in de shtreet :
Und venever I pass dot way,
It jumps right at my feet.

CHORUS.

Old Klein's poodle vas a sky-terrier dog,
Old Klein's poodle can see me in a fog,
I vish I vas an elephant, a shiraffe, or a hog,
By Jimininy Christmas ! I vould vollop
Old Klein's dog.

Dere vas a gal lives near to Klein,
Who has got eyes so bright :
Und vhom I dought dot I vould go
Und see de oder night.
Und vile I vas a dalking to
Dis charming nice female,
Dot poodle came und jumped at me
Und chewed off my coat-dail.
For, Old Klein's poodle, &c.

Only vish I vas elected
Mayor of dis town :
I'd go und pass a law, und put
Dot poodle in de pound.
For, vile he lives, I vos afraid
To valk out every day
For fear he'd pite me so : so I vish
You'd elect me right avay.
For, Old Klein's poodle, &c.

Katty Molloy.

Written and Composed by Miss Louisa Pyne.

Now, what are you staring at, Patrick ?
I'm blushing as red as a rose :
You're always so QUARE
When we go to the fair,
And sure my heart pit-a-pat goes :
Just look at the dress I've put on, dear,
And see what an illigant style !
Here's red, and here's blue, and green—to please you,
Sure, just like our own Em'rald Isle.
Then don't be a starin' so, Patrick :
For, on going to the fair I am bent
But whenever you take me
To church, fair or wake,
I'm nervous to such an extent :
Oh ! Patrick, dear Patrick,
Don't tease your poor Katty Molloy—

Just look at my beautiful bonnet,
And see how the long feathers shake :
That Biddy Malone
She'll sure cry : " och hone ! "
When she sees the effect I shall make.
And then there's young Teddy O'Grady,
Ooh ! sure he's a broth of a boy :
For, didn't he fight, just from morning till night,
For love of your Katty Molloy ?
Oh ! then don't look so glum, my dear Patrick :
For, sure when I dance on the green,
It's you will be proud
When they say in the crowd :
" Och ! sure but she looks like a queen ! "
Oh ! Patrick, dear Patrick,
Don't tease your poor Katty Molloy—

Number Dree.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Vile dinking of my younger days,
Vot shtrange dings I recall
Of games und blays I used to know,
Ven I vas very shmall !
Und ven I vent to school dot time,
De fust ding dey learnt me
Vas a simble common exercise,
De single rule of Dree.
Chorus : Yes, many, many funny dings
Has habbened unto me,
Vere I can alvays find dot leetle
Simple number Dree.

Und since I've grown to pe a man,
Dot number I can find
In many different gases,
Dot I can recall to mind.
Now in de game of Poger, too,
Dot number's often dere :
You'll always find dree of a kind
Vas pound to pead two bair.
Yes, many, &c.

Ve know dot Noah had dree sons,
Ven he vent in de Ark :
Ve know in courding, dot dree gals
Vas too many to spark :
Ve know " nine dailors make a man, "
Vich vas shust dree dimes dree :
Und " Kaiser's dog " had but dree legs,
Ven he pelonged to me.
Yes, many, &c.

Sitting where the Flowers Bloom.

ORIGINAL SONG AND DANCE.

Sung by Pankhurst and Collins.

When the birds were sweetly singing,
In the golden month of May,
I met a fairy vision where
The willows gently sway :
She was reading as I passed her,
And I could not help the sigh
That my heart gave, when first I saw
Her glance as I passed by.
Chorus : Sitting where the flowers bloom,
Where birds are singing a merry tune :
She's a fascinating damsel,
And dreams of her arise,
When e'er I think when first I saw
Those beaming bright blue eyes.

I knew that, by her blushes,
She felt somewhat confused :
I wanted to retire, but
To go my heart refused :
I begged that she'd excuse me,
Her smile I'll ne'er forget—
" Don't mention it, she whispered,
I'm happy that we've met. "
Sitting where, &c.

I sat down by her side then,
And we read the novel through :
And, oh ! she smiled so sweetly as
I said I loved her true.
She said she'd ask her mamma :
And how happy I will be,
When side by side, forever,
Through this world she'll go with me !
Sitting where, &c.

My Dear Old Isle.

Music by J. G. Maeder.

The Music is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., No. 547 & 865 Broadway, New-York.

Oh ! a blessing fall upon thee now,
My dear old isle,
Tho' in grief and care thy children bow,
My dear old isle.
While far away beyond the sea,
In pleasant dreams I visit thee,
And best of lands thou art to me,
My dear old isle.

It's a blessing on thy pretty girls,
My dear old isle :
For, of womankind they are the pearls,
My dear old isle.
Their lips are sweet as morning dew,
Their loving hearts are warm and true,
The fairest girls I ever knew,
My dear old isle.

Should a roving heart thy sod forget,
My dear old isle,
May a cloud upon his way be set,
My dear old isle.
The storms that fold thy hills to-day,
Shall melt in tranquil sun away :
So blessings on thee now we pray,
My dear old isle !

What's a Woman Like ?

A woman is like to—but stay—
What a woman is like, who can say ?
There's no living with or without one,
The sting rises like a fly—
Now an ear, now an eye,
Buz, buz, always buzzing about one.

When she's tender and kind,
She's like to my mind,
And Fanny was so, I remember,
She is like to—oh ! dear !
She's as good, very near,
As a ripe melting peach in September.

If she laugh, and she chat,
Play, joke and all that,
And with smiles and good humor she meet me :
She's like a nice dish
Of venison or fish,
That cries from the table : " Come, eat me. "

The Reformer on the Sly.

Revised and Sung by Johnny Roach with great success.

Good people all, take my advice, and listen unto me,
But don't put too much confidence in every man you see :
They say " fine feathers make fine birds, "
but not so every one
For, men will often wear broadcloth
to hide their little game :
But whether they are fish or fowl,
it makes no difference to I,
I know my business, you can bet,
I'm a reformer on the sly.

There are fifty kinds of swindling-mills
in the papers every day,
And lotteries where you draw a farm
(God knows how far away—)
There's politicians, now-a-days, that at public expense
They rob our city government
and leave it not worth a cent—
I wish for once I was a Judge, and had those thieves to try,
They'd get sent up and polished off—
by a reformer on the sly.

There's Madam Morris, from Corsica,
who with her telescope
Your future wife or husband shows,
Good gracious ! that's a joke !
If you give to her but fifty cents,
she'll send you a card by mail :
I think they ought to find her a home,
six months in the county jail.
There's the seventh daughter of the seventh son
to swindle you they'll try
But I know their little euchre game,
I'm a reformer on the sly

In Chatham street, the other day, I took a walk along,
I heard a fellow crying out : " going ! going ! gone !
Who bids for it, this fine gold watch, the finest ever seen ? "
They thought I was a little flat—perhaps a little green—
I says : " excuse me, please, if I wink so with my eye,
I know my business, you can bet,
I'm a reformer on the sly. "

Why Don't I Change My Name ?

I've chances had to change my name,
And so to do I mean :
But, oh ! it seems I never shall,
I've so unlucky been—
My name's a nice one—Fanny Good—
It looks well on a letter :
Now who would change the name of Good
Unless 'twere for the better ?

A Rose by any other name,
They say, would be as sweet :
Alas ! it never was my fate
A Mr. Rose to meet.
A single maiden still I am
In spite of all my trouble :
I would be White—or Black—or Dunn—
Or even Mrs. Double.

What do men most admire ? Women.

The Old Hat.

Written and composed by Ned Harrigan, and sung by him in his original sketch, entitled INNOCENCE AT HOME. The Music can be obtained, for 10 cents, at E. H. Harding's, No 288 Bowery, New-York.

My name is McNamarra,
I'm an American Cit-i-zan;
I'm proud, you know,
Wherever I go;
I'm a true born Irishman.
There's one thing, me boys, I'd have you know,
And I've come to tell ye that
It's the seventeenth of March,
Whin, as stiff as starch,
I parade with my old hat.

Chorus: For, it's down Broadway I march so gay
Wid Cornelius, Barney and Pat—
The people shout whin I turn out,
And parade with my old hat.

That hat was made in Dublin,
In the Year of ninety-eight;
'Twas never called in and ye can't begin
To say it's out of date.
It's traveled the wide world over,
From Ireland to Bombay,
And the only time it can be seen
Is on St. Patrick's day. Chorus.

Thin give three cheers for the hat I wear,
Before it is too late:
And nine more cheers for Patrick's day,
The day we celebrate.
And when you see me on parade,
I'll raise me hat to ye,
I'll invite ye all to come and call,
And join my company. Chorus.

Hard to Love.

As sung by CHARLES BACKUS, of the San Francisco Minstrels.

I loved a girl not long ago:
Her father drove a cart,
But she's gone and left me all alone,
And broken my poor heart.
Chorus: Hard to love, hard to love,
Hard to change my mind:
She's broken the heart of many another nig,
And she's almost broken mine.

I know I'll die, I'm sure I will,
I feel it in my heart,
And if she don't marry me,
I will steal her father's mule and cart.
Hard to love, &c.

Her front name was Susan Jane,
She had a foot like a giraffe,
And every time she went to walk,
She made the darkies laugh.
Hard to love, &c.

If ever I do marry again,
It won't be for love or riches:
I'll marry a gal 'bout ten-foot-ten,
So she can wear my overcoat.
Hard to love, &c.

The Land Beyond the Sea.

The Music of this Song is published by the "International Bureau of Art," 47 University Place. Price 30 cents.
Words by the late CATHERINE A. V. ADAMS.
Music by HENRY TUCKER.

Beautiful land beyond the sea,
Angels call me now to thee;
And I hear great breakers roar
On its long and distant shore.

CHORUS.

Beautiful land, beautiful land,
Beautiful land beyond the sea:
Beautiful land, beautiful land,
Angels call me now to thee.

There the spirit's free from death,
Life's renewed with ev'ry breath;
For, the soul shall bud and flower
To its own most perfect power.
Beautiful land, &c.

She was the Belle of the Ball.

Sung by George Leybourne.

To a ball I, one night, was invited:
And, being so fond of the dance,
At the prospect I felt quite delighted,
And eagerly jumped at the chance.
There were swells looking out for belles,
And belles were "fishing" for beaus:
But a "pal" introduced me to one,
Whom I thought far outrivalled the rose.

Spoken: My friend introduced me to her, saying: Charlie, old boy, you're lucky, for——

Chorus: This is the belle of the ball, dear boy,
This is the belle of the ball, dear boy:
This is the best of them all, dear boy,
She is the belle of the ball.

The envy of all the fair dancers,
She had such a fairy-like grace—
But, just in the midst of the Lancers,
The lady turned black in the face:
She gurgled, she gasped, and she glared,
And seized hold of the tails of my coat:
Alas! the top teeth of my partner
Had slipped down her beautiful throat.

Spoken: Well, there's nothing so awfully detrimental in a false tooth or two, so I still thought that—— She was the belle of the ball, &c.

She retired, and when she'd recovered,
In quadrille I next took her hand,
When a look in her eyes I discovered,
Which somehow I could not understand:
Her eyes were as straight as a Venus,
When I gazed at them fondly before,
But now one eye looks up at the ceiling,
And the other looks down on the floor.

Spoken: Most extraordinary appearance! she'd evidently a glass eye: some of my friends whispered: "I say, Charlie"——
You've got the belle of the ball, &c.

How the ladies they giggled and tittered,
Of course, you may easily guess:
Though my feelings were sadly embittered,
I would not leave a girl in distress:
So we madly rushed into a waltz,
When she stumbled o'er some fellow's leg,
When off came her hair—('twas all false,)
And her head was as bald as an egg.

Spoken: Horror upon horror—she'd no more hair upon her respected cranium than you'd discover upon a billiard ball: I found my coat and hat, called a cab and went home to bed, and whenever I meet any of my "pals," the cruelly enquire——

How is your belle of the ball, dear boy?
How is your belle of the ball, dear boy?
Oh! wasn't she bald at the ball, dear boy—
Oh! how is the belle of the ball?

Nelly Dear.

Sung by GEE. Air: When the corn is waving, Annie dear.

When the moon is shining, Nelly Dear,
And the stars are glittering bright,
I will meet you on the Battery
At eight o'clock to-night:
And we will stroll together,
And our tales of love will tell—
Oh! Come—for, I am waiting
My own, my darling Nell.
Chorus: When the moon is shining, Nelly Dear,
And the stars are glittering bright,
I will meet you on the Battery
At eight o'clock to-night.

Oh! Come, my darling Nelly, come,
I am waiting still for thee:
For, I have something sweet to tell
That concerns both you and me—
Again, through the paths of the Battery,
We will wander, as of old,
Where the Sparrows thrilled with music
The elm's leaves of gold—
When the moon is shining, &c.

Sunny Southern Home.

By JAMES JOHNSON. Performed with immense success by JOHNSON & POWERS, of Arlington's Minstrels.

We are gwine away down South,
I and my dear old wife;
Dat's where we passed our younger days,
Dey were de happiest of our life.
But oft when we recall dat hour,
A pearly tear-drop starts:
We know we were but children then,
But we had children's hearts.
Chorus: So good-bye, white folks,
No more ob dis city we will roam;
We're gwine back where we used to live,
To our happy Southern home.

Oh! tell me, Hannah, are you glad
Dat you am gwine away?
Oh! please shut up your mouth, old man,
You ain't got much time to stay:
For, before another day has passed,
We will be many miles away,
Merrily singing while we're floating down
The good old Tennessee. Chorus.

Now we'll bid you all, alas! good-bye,
With a light and happy heart,
And oft our thoughts will return to you,
Though we are many miles apart:
And if you should ever come dat way,
Look for my old wife and I
On that glorious plantation, where
We hope to live and die. Chorus.

The Marble Arch.

Sung with great success by EDDIE NORWOOD.

As I strayed beneath a marble arch, one evening in July,
A maiden fair, with golden hair, came gently tripping by:
The lustre of her diamond eyes shone on me like a torch,
And in a whisper soft she said: "Is this the marble arch?"

CHORUS.

Then round her lovely form I drew my magic circle,
I pressed her I caressed her, my brain was in a whirl;
Around her lovely form I drew my magic circle,
I kissed her and I called her a very pretty girl.

I took her to a shady spot beneath the spreading trees
I took hold of her lily-white hand and fell down on my knees;
"Beloved!" cried I. "Arise!" said she: and before I had time to speak,
She imprinted a one burning kiss upon my blooming cheek.
Then round her lovely form, &c.

"Good-night," says she, in a voice so sweet, and gently squeezed my hand;
My knees began to knock and shake; for, I could scarcely stand—
"We'll meet again, some other night, and then prepare to march."
"But where?" cried I. She then replied: "beneath that marble arch."
Then round her lovely form, &c.

However, since that fatal night, I have not seen my queen,
But I've heard them say she's run away with a big fat horse marine.
A ring I give her when we meet, but not as you suppose,
I'll never put it on her hand. I'll stick it through her nose.
Then round her lovely form, &c.

Kitty O'Conner.

Written for and sung by Miss Josie Morris, in the "Grand Hibernica." Air: "Pat McCann."

My name is Kit O'Conner, O'Conner, O'Conner,
It is, upon my honor, my honor, my honor:
I love a fine young man, a man called Dan,
I'll marry if I can, I can, I can.
Whin I've a chance, (*Break.*)
I like to dance; (*Break.*)
I fire away both night and day,
And start it in the morning.
(*Dance—Irish Jig.*)

I'm dancing all the while, the while, the while,
I likes to put on shtyle, the girls to rile:
And so I want to show, before I go,
At dancin' I'm not slow, oh, dear! oh, no!
Whin I've a chance, (*Break.*)
I likes to dance, (*Break.*)
So good I feel, I'd dance a reel
From now till day is dawning.
(*Dance—Reel off.*)

Dancing in the Moon-light.

Words and Music by William Delehanty.

One pleasant summer evening,
Some lady friends of mine
Did give a moon-light pic-nic
And I was asked to join:
The time and place was stated,
And finally we met.
How anxiously I waited,
I never shall forget—
The time came round, and there was found
All as bright as sunlight—
The ladies fair, with flowing hair,
Were dancing in the moon-light.

CHORUS.

Alamande corners! then the music played:
Balance to your partners! All promenade!
A sweet one then came to me,
With smile as bright as sun-light,
And soon we both were happy,
While dancing in the moon-light.

But soon we left the dancers
And sought a shady nook,
And while they danced the Lancers,
A private chat we took.
The music from a distance
Came wafted on the breeze:
'Twas food for our love's cadence,
And set our hearts at ease.
We spoke of love, the stars above,
That showered on us their bright light
In dusk and dew I bent me low
And kissed her in the moon-light.
Alamande corners! &c.

The dancing now was over,
And here and there were found
The gentle love and lover
Conversing on the ground:
But where was me and mine own?
Unnoticed by the rest,
In bliss until then unknown,
Lill's head lay on my breast—
'Twas then she sweetly answered: "Yes,"
Which almost killed me outright—
The memory bright of that sweet night
Comes dancing in the moon-light.
Alamande corners! &c.

'Twas but the Accent of a Child.

SONG AND CHORUS.

At eve, when in the fire-place hid
The cricket to the kettle chirps,
And save the song of katydid,
A peace profound day's din usurps,
As half in revery reclined,
My errant thought strange fancy weaves,
A low voice mingles with the wind
That whispers 'round our cottage eaves—
Chorus: 'Twas but the accent of a child,
Yet oft my cares it has beguiled,
As on my sense a sweet face smiled
From 'mid the trellised leaves.

This little tress of golden hair,
That once his forehead bright caressed,
As pure as those of angels are,
Full oft these burning lips have pressed:
And never maid nor lover felt
One half the joy my breast that heaves,
As listening to the tones that melt
Into the breeze that fans these eaves.
'Twas but the accent, &c.

The little chair is vacant now,
The little cradle lacks the form
That pressed its sheets as white as snow,
Yet mem'ry still renews the charm:
And, though thou can'st not with us be,
The fairy spell each sense deceives,
And thou seem'st present still as we
Sit weaving fancies 'neath the eaves.
'Twas but the accent, &c.

No two things differ more than hurry and despatch: hurry is the mark of a weak mind, despatch of a strong one.

The Summer Bloom Hath Passed.

Words by George Linley—Music by Caroline E. Hay.

The Music is published by Boosey & Co., No. 33 E. 14th Street, New-York.

The summer bloom hath passed away,
The flower droops on the lea,
The birds are hushed on ev'ry spray,
And life is dark to me:
Ev'ry falling leaf some sad thought brings
To this heart—now changed and cold—
And each breeze that sweeps o'er my wild harp strings,
Seems to breathe some lay of old:
Thou art lost to me, I weep for thee,
And call on thy name in vain:
That soft sweet voice which made all rejoice,
Will it ne'er greet mine ear again?

From their wintry beds the flowers will peep,
And the birds their songs resume:
But who shall wake thee from thy sleep,
Or the light of those eyes relume?
Yet in all I see, in each sound I hear,
Thou art present with me still:
I can ne'er forget thou wert loved and dear,
Nought my fondness for thee can chill:
There's a hope still bright, glads my dream at night,
And lightens my couch of pain—
'Tis Heav'n's pure ray that points the way
Where ere long we shall meet again.

My Sweet Mountain Rose-bud.

Words by Arthur Matthison—Music by A. W. Diddare.

The Music can be obtained of the Publisher, A. Wunderman, at the Extensive office of the CORRESPONDENCE MUSICALE, 660 Broadway, New-York.

Blooming flowrets, fresh and fair,
Deck the verdant meadow
Red and white celestial blue,
Bright all there, no shadow:
Flowrets blossom in the sun,
Blooms for me one, only one,
Blooms for me but one,
My sweet mountain rose-bud, my sweet rose,
My sweet mountain rose-bud.

Where so'er I turn my steps,
Flowers beneath are springing,
Garlands fair I gather not,
Other thoughts are clinging:
Garlands here and garlands there,
One to me is only fair,
One is only fair,
My sweet mountain rose-bud, my sweet rose,
My sweet mountain rose-bud.

Pretty bird my message take,
Swiftly to her fleeting,
Fly to her I cannot reach,
Bring me back her greeting:
Bear to her this tender kiss,
Bring back hers and bring me bliss,
Bring this tender kiss,
My sweet mountain rose-bud, my sweet rose,
My sweet mountain rose-bud.

Cusha.

Words by Jean Ingelow—Music by Dolores.

The Music is published by Boosey & Co., No. 33 E. 14th Street, New-York.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis' shore:
Cusha, cusha, cusha, calling
Ere the early dews be falling,
I shall never hear her song:
Cusha, cusha, cusha all along,
Cusha, cusha, cusha all along.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
shiver, quiver, shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore:
I shall never hear her song:
Cusha, cusha, cusha all along,
Cusha, cusha, cusha all along.

Going to the Nore.

Oh! the morning was cold when
my Sal and I started
Dressed all so svellish for a trip to the Nore:
As I kissed her fat cheek,
I felt pleased and light-hearted
To see my Sal so stylish a going to the Nore.

Plump vere her cheeks, vhich
reclined on my shoulder
Dark vos the morn, oh! I never felt it colder:
I knew it would rain: so Sally I told her
Vo'd have a precious vet day, a going to the Nore.

The captain's command put the vessel in motion,
How werry, werry pleasant is a trip to the Nore
I packed up my wittals to eat on the ocean,
I always comes it svellish when I goes to the Nore.

The rain came pouring down, oh! ha!
how it did thunder—
Sall fell overboard, and werry soon vent under:
I cried, vhilst my heart vos almost burst asunder,
To see my Sal fall overboard, a going to the Nore.

They tried, but in vain—they
could not save my true love
"Oh! Sal, oh! Sal, I cried,
I shall never see you more
All my heard yearnings I hoarded up for you, love,
And now, Sall, you're drowned
a going to the Nore—

Vith tears in my eyes, my Sarah I sought her,
Mad with my grief, then I jumpt in the vater:
But 'twas Hodges strong gin
to a vatery grave had brought her
Farewell to you Sally! I
shall never see you more—

Old Scotland, I Love Thee!

Words by Andrew Park, Esq.—Music by W. H. Lithcow.

Old Scotland, I love thee! thou'rt dearer to me
Than all lands that are girt by the wide rolling sea:
Tho' asleep not in sunshine like Islands afar,
Yet thou'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war!
Thy cloud-covered hills that look up from the seas,
Wave eternly their wild woods aloft in the breeze:
Where flies the bold Eagle in Freedom on high,
Thro' regions of cloud in its wild native sky!

CHORUS.

For, Old Scotland, I love thee! thou art dearer to me
Than all lands that are girt by the wide rolling sea:
Tho' asleep not in sunshine like Islands afar,
Yet thou'rt gallant in love and triumphant in war!

Oh! name not the land where the Olive tree grows,
Nor the land of the Shamrock not the land of Rose:
But show me the Thistle that waves its proud head
Over heroes whose blood for their Country was shed:
For, Old Scotland, I love thee! thou'rt dearer to me
Than all lands that are girt by the wide rolling sea:
Tho' asleep not in sunshine like Islands afar
Yet thou'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war!
For, Old Scotland, I love thee! &c.

Then tell me of Bards and of Warriors bold,
Who wielded their brands in the battles of old:
Who conquered and died for their loved native land,
With its maidens so fair, and its mountains so grand:
For, Old Scotland, I love thee! thou'rt dearer to me
Than all lands that are girt by the wide rolling sea:
Tho' asleep not in sunshine like Islands afar,
Yet thou'rt gallant in love and triumphant in war!
For, Old Scotland, I love thee! &c.

Love at First Sight.

From the New-York Clipper—By J. H. B.

They met where the music was soft and sweet,
And the perfume of the roses filled the air:
She fell in love with his dark moustache,
And she fell in love with his raven hair.

And the smile that the foreign stranger gave
Made her soft, young heart leap up and rejoice:
She fell in love with his languishing eyes,
And she fell in love with his musical voice.

And he—Oh! the magical power of love!
Though they never had met in the world before—
He was a penniless count, and he fell—
He fell in love with the diamonds she wore.

Whoever lives true life will love true love.

Sammy Slap, the Bill-Sticker.

I'm Sammy Slap, the bill-sticker, and you must
all agree, sirs,
I sticks to business like a trump, and business
sticks to me, sirs;
The low folks call me plasterer, but they deserve
a banging,
Because, genteely speaking, why, my trade is
paper hanging.
Chorus: With my paste, paste, paste,
Oh! all the world is puffing,
So I paste, paste, paste.

All 'round about the city now, when anything's
the go, sirs,
You'll always find me at my post, a sticking
up the posters;
I've hung Ned Forrest twelve feet high, and did
it, sirs, quite easy;
And I've been engaged, too, lately, both by
Mario and Grisi.
Chorus: With my paste, &c.

I'm not like some in our trade, they deserve
their jackets laced, sirs,
They stick up half their bosses bills, and sells
the rest for *waste*, sirs;
Now honesty's best policy, with a good name
to retire with,
So what I doesn't use myself—my old gal lights
the fire with.
Chorus: With my paste, &c.

Sometimes I'm jobbing for the church with
charitable sermons,
And sometimes for the theatres, the English
and the Germans;
To me, of course, no odds it is, so long as
I'm a winner—
Whether I sticks up for a saint or hangs up
for a sinner.
Chorus: With my paste, &c.

There's Jenny Lind, I'm proud to say—sweet
music's great adorner—
I've had the honor of posting her in every
hole and corner;
Alboni, too, so nice and plump, I've stuck
her up, that's certain—
And I've plastered Mrs. Mowatt, right on top
of Billy Burton.
Chorus: With my paste, &c.

Well now before I say good-bye, permit me
to remind ye
That 'round about the city here, you're always
sure to find me;
And if ever you should have a job—to show
how I deserve ye,
About the town, through thick and thin, I'll
brush along to serve ye.
Chorus: With my paste, &c.

The Marble Arch.

LADIES' VERSION—L. M. THORNTON.

I loitered by the Marble Arch,
One lovely eve in May:
The feathered tribe had flown to rest,
And set the orb of day:
When, all at once, a tall young man,
Straight up to me did march,
And said: "A noble structure that,
The famous Marble Arch."
Around his graceful shape
I formed the magic circle:
He praised me, caressed me,
On love his accents ran.
Around his graceful shape
I formed the magic circle:
I liked him—for, I thought him
A very handsome man.

We're married now and this I know:
I am a happy wife,
He dotes on me, and I love him,
Yes, dearer than my life,
He cannot help but smile when I
Straight up to him doth march,
And say: "A noble structure that,
The famous Marble Arch."
While around, &c.

The Gay Masquerade.

Sung by George Leybourne.

Some like garden parties,
Some like flower shows,
For doing some spooning,
Just "under the rose;"
Some are partial to concerts,
Or lectures so staid,
But my weakness, I fear, is
The gay Masquerade.
I'm awfully fond of the gay Masquerade,
The gay Masquerade, the bright Masquerade:
With sweet pretty darlings in costume arrayed,
The gay Masquerade for me.

Some dances are like
Quakers' meetings in style,
So "starchy" and formal,
One scarce sees a smile:
But to do as one likes
Without feeling afraid,
By Jove! the right place
Is the gay Masquerade.
I'm awfully fond of the gay Masquerade,
The gay Masquerade, the dear Masquerade:
With sweet "tootsie wootsies" so sweetly arrayed,
The gay Masquerade for me.

To say most daring things,
'Tis the easiest task,
To some elegant creature,
Whilst wearing a mask:
Oh! the tales I have told,
And the vows I have made—
There's no place for flirting
Like the gay Masquerade.
I'm awfully fond of the gay Masquerade,
The gay Masquerade, the bright Masquerade:
With dear "popsy wopsies" so gaily arrayed,
The gay Masquerade for me.

Each lady that's masked,
For "a beauty" don't take:
If you do, then "that's where
You will make a mistake."
Some darling old spinsters
You'll oft find arrayed,
Who are fishing for flats,
At the gay Masquerade.

Spoken: I generally go as "Romeo" and naturally look out for my Juliet; my last "Juliet" was more fit for the part of "Nurse—" fifty if she was an hour—and when she unmasked, Oh! Nabob's Pickles! an awful take in, but still, if there's anything I adore, by Jove! it is——
The gay Masquerade, &c.

My Love to the War has Gone.

As sung by Miss Annie Adams.

I'm broken-hearted quite,
For me there's no delight;
Oh, dear! oh dear! what shall I do?
My love to the war has gone,
And left me here forlorn—
Oh, dear! oh, dear! my hopes are few.
Chorus: I wish there was no fighting,
I wish there was no wars:
If I the Goddess were of love,
I'd rule it over Mars:
Or if our kings and rulers,
They must bark and bite,
Let those who make the quarrel take
Upon themselves to fight.

I shed tears fast as rain,
And when I sleep would fain,
My screams in dreams alarm the neighborhood:
For, I fancy I can see,
My love so dear to me,
Oh! Fred, there dead on the cold, cold ground.
I wish, &c.

I cannot sleep at night,
And I've lost my appetite;
Behold, untold you all may plainly see,
I'm waisting fast away
By inches every day,
Oh! yes, oh! yes, it's a case with me.
I wish, &c.

I Love You.

Sublime Rhyme and Chime—By Wm. H. DELEHANTY.

As I strolled out, one evening,
When the silver moon was shining,
And the little stars were twinkling,
All in the month of June,
I chanced to meet a beauty,
So sylph-like, neat and pretty,
With pouting lips like ruby—
Peach blossoms in full bloom—
And as she came up nearer,
Her sweet face full in view,
My heart spake like a whisper:
Fair maiden, I love you.
Chorus: Oh! yes, yes, yes, she's all the world to me:
No, no, no, there's none so fair as she:
Her bright blue eyes, bewitching,
Had pierced me thro' and thro':
My heart still breathes a whisper:
Fair maiden, I love you.

Tho' strange it may be seeming,
Her face is ever beaming,
A starlight in my dreaming,
A daisy dipped in dew;
Ah! could my arms perlieu her,
I like a dove would coo her,
And wed as well as woo her,
This maiden fair and true;
And all the world might envy,
And wish me ill to do,
But I would still be happy,
Fair maiden, but with you. Chorus.

Ah! here I have a letter,
What could please me better?
Now, who can be the writer?
That hand I never knew:
It says: "Dear friend, excuse me,
If as a friend I choose thee:
To meet me, don't refuse me,
This course I must pursue;
I can no longer tarry,
Since first my eyes met you;
Now, if you wish to marry,
You'll find me good and true." Chorus.

God Save the Queen.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

O Lord our God, arise!
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On her our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

The choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice:
God save the Queen!

ANSWERS TO

9. Enigma in page 750—Air. Athmosphere.
10. Verbal Puzzle—do—Prosperity.

Which was the most industrious author, Dickens, Bulwer, or Warren?

Dickens wrote "All the Year Round:" Bulwer, "Night and Morning:" Warren, "Now and Then:" still, Warren wrote "Ten Thousand a Year."

When is an egg not oval? When you turn it round.

Why is a whisper forbidden in polite society? Because it isn't aloud.

The Convict's Tale.

(Continued.)

Fancy the torture of such a situation to a high-principled and sensitive girl! Reardon was true to his word, and her story was listened to incredulously by the maid, the only person beside himself who was allowed access to her during the voyage. By the time they reached New York, her spirit was completely broken, and her health in an alarming state of decay. This enraged Reardon, and he brutally reproached her with grieving over my loss. Indeed, I believe he sometimes proceeded beyond reproaches towards his helpless and now uncomplaining victim. She bore it all in silence, for she felt that death would soon release her from the sufferings she endured.

On their arrival in this city, Reardon procured a house, and set his servant as a spy on her during his absence from home. Alice made an attempt to escape from his power, determined to throw herself on the protection of the first person she met who looked as if he might give credence to her story. The servant followed, and brought her back to her prison, and when Reardon returned his anger knew no bounds. Then I knew he struck her, for she fell with violence against the sharp corner of the table; and that blow upon her breast hastened the doom that was already impending over her.

To die with him was horrible, and she next found means, through the agency of an intelligent child, who sometimes played beneath her window, to send to one of the city papers a letter containing an advertisement addressed to her unknown uncle. She knew that Reardon never read anything.

Several weeks rolled away—weeks of sickening doubts and harrowing fears; but at length the hour of her rescue came. One morning, shortly after Reardon had left the house, a carriage stopped before the door, containing an elderly lady and gentleman, who inquired for Alice. It was her uncle and his wife, and after hearing her story he instantly removed her to his hotel, from whence in another hour they started for his residence in the interior of the State, thus eluding all the chances of discovery by Reardon.

It was a mere chance that the advertisement had reached Mr. Crawford. When it did, he lost no time in seeking his brother's daughter, and offering her his protection. Alice felt assured that I would follow her, and she yearned to behold me once more before her eyes closed for ever in this world. Yes, she was dying of a broken heart, while I madly ploughed the ocean in pursuit of her destroyer. The ship was detained by long calms, and I bowed in abject supplication to the God of the storm, to send us wind that might waft me to the land I so ardently desired to behold. At last, haggard from intense suffering, and half-maddened with the fever of my mind, I stood upon the sod of the New World.

I at once sought out the post-office: for I knew, if still living, Alice would there have deposited a clue to her abode. I found a letter from her uncle, directing me to his residence, and the last words sent a cold and sickening thrill through my soul:—

"Come as soon as this reaches you, if you would find Alice alive; her only desire is now to behold you."

The letter bore the date of the previous month. If I could but see her again, I felt that I could resign her; but to behold no more the being who had become so knit to my very existence—to find the grave closed over that form of unequalled beauty, was a thought which made my brain whirl and my blood grow cold. I learned the route to Meltonville, near which place was Mr. Crawford's residence. I took my seat in the first stage-coach which left for that town, and was borne towards my dying Alice. I cannot tell you how the day and night which I spent on the road passed. I know that my mind was not perfectly clear; but one idea filled it: Alice, dead or dying, and I condemned to live for ever alone. In this wide and breathing world, so filled with human aspirations and human hopes, I felt myself doomed to wander without ties and without sympathy. Then came the image of him who had thus desolated my path, and at once a fixed resolve filled my mind.

When we stopped, I mechanically ate, because I feared that without nourishment the unnatural tension of my nerves might incapacitate me from going through with the trying ordeal which awaited me. I at length reached the house. I dismounted at the gate, and walked up the avenue. My feet seemed glued to the ground, and I faltered like a drunken man, as I slowly drew near the portico, afraid to learn that I had arrived too late.

A gentleman met me at the door, and my parched lips syllabled the name of Alice. He read the question I would have asked, in my agonized and distorted countenance.

"She lives," he said, and led me towards her apartment.

The doors were all wide open, for it was summer, and in the darkened room, on a bed whose snowy drapery was scarcely whiter than her face, lay my adored Alice in a calm slumber. I approached and leaned over. Then I could mark the ravages which suffering had made on her sweet features; but I read on her tranquil brow, and on the subdued expression of her small mouth, that the angel of peace had folded his wings over her departing spirit. I felt that her trust in a higher power had subdued the bitterness of approaching death, and I prayed fervently to be enabled even then to say, "My God, not my will but thine be done;" but my rebellious heart would not thus be schooled.

A moment I dared to ask why she, who loved all human things, would turn aside from her path to spare the meanest insect that crawls, should have this unutterable load of suffering laid upon her? My burning tears fell over her: I knew not that I wept, until she unclosed her eyes, and wiped from her cheek a lucid drop which had fallen there.

She gazed upon me with a radiant smile; a bright gleam from the heaven to which she was hastening seemed to shine over her lovely countenance, and she stretched forth her emaciated hands to me; "Ah, I dreamed this. I knew you would come. Heaven is kind to permit another earthly meeting before I go hence. My beloved Erlon, you are just in time!"

She turned to her uncle, and requested him to leave us alone for a brief space. The old gentleman withdrew, and I then listened to the narrative of her sufferings.

The whirlwind, in its greatest might, is the only fitting type of the wild thoughts and bitter purposes which filled my mind. In the darkest recess of my soul I registered a vow to seek Reardon over the world, until I had signally avenged her wrongs, my own blighted manhood, and darkened future.

Alice then spoke of mercy and peace to all men, and conjured me for my own sake to spare her destroyer. I heard without accurately comprehending her. My future course was irrevocably determined, and with that stupefaction which only the extreme of mental suffering can produce, I listened to her dying words.

In two hours after my arrival the family was called in to receive her last farewell. I supported her upon my breast, which no longer heaved with the wild pulsations of anguish that had so long thrilled in every throb of my heart. No; the worst was known, and above my great sorrow arose the intense and burning desire for revenge. Two great emotions cannot exist together; one must succumb to the other.

Alice comprehended something of what was passing in my mind, and almost with her last breath she murmured, "'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.'"

I muttered, "Ay; but he often chooses earthly instruments by which to accomplish it."

She died; and imprinting a last kiss upon her pale lips, I left the house: I could not remain to perform the last rites to her precious remains. I wandered in the woods in communion with the spirit of the dead, until the returning stage-coach arrived, I was then borne to the scene of anticipated retribution. It was midnight when I reached New York. I felt that I could not rest; in such a condition of feverish excitement, motion was the only state I could bear, and I hurried paced the streets, arranging in my mind the mea of discovering my doomed enemy. Day was ju beginning to dawn when I passed the open do of an oyster-celler, from which two men we emerging. A voice spoke which made my blo bubble in my veins. It was Reardon. He sa "I shall leave to-day, or that fool Purcel will on my track. If that girl had not played such a trick, I should long since have been buri in the Far West, where I would have defied hi to find me. I have fooled away too much time trying to seek her out."

He stepped on the pavement. At that mome a line of rosy light shot upward from the risi sun, and streamed full on my pale and determin countenance. Reardon recoiled, and drew his kni from his breast. Not a word was spoken; w rushed on each other, and I sheathed my dagg in his traitorous heart.

The prisoner ceased, and the priest said emph tically "Your life must be saved, my son. I mu now leave you, but you shall hear from me ere long

We will only add that all the facts of the ca being taken into consideration, the sentence Erlon Purcel was finally changed to imprisonmen for ten years. His good conduct caused that ter to be reduced to half the term. Once more fre he went to St. Louis, and there joined a band trappers bound for the Far West. Let us hop that in the eternal forest, far from the haunts civilized men, he has repented of the crime he com mitted, and found that peace and trust in the futur which is life's most precious possession.

THE END

9. Enigma.

Around, around, around,
Above I'm ever found;
Before, behind, across,
I'm never at a loss;
Within, without, above,
I'm constant in my love;
Beside, beyond, between,
I'm felt, but never seen;
Into, out of, under,
I aid the giant thunder;
Sooner, later, ever,
You can kill me never;
Master of life—don't doubt me—
No man exists without me!

G. F. P

10. Verbal Puzzle.

First in planet, but not in star;
Second in mother, but not in ma;
Third in Pole, but not in Dane;
Fourth in sugar, but not in cane;
Fifth in spur, but not in goad;
Sixth in burden, but not in load;
Seventh in story, but not in book;
Eighth in fish, but not in hook;
Ninth in toll, also in gate;
Tenth in play, but not in mate.
And what to mind the whole will call
I heartily wish to one and all.

S. J. Durban

Why is love like a Scotch plaid?—Because it i all stuff, and often crossed.

How can writing-masters ever do wrong?—They always do write, don't they?—

Ah!—Why are stout gentlemen prone to mel ancholy?—Because they are men of sighs (size).

Why is a drunkard ready to sign the pledg like a sceptical Hindoo?—Because he is in doub whether to give up the worship of the *jug-or-not*.

Why do ladies have to replenish their wardrobe so often?—Because their new clothes are sure t be *worn out* as soon as they get them.

A wise man may be pinched by poverty; bu only a fool will let himself be pinched by tigh shoes.

Two Hundred Pounds Reward.

"Have you heard of the accident that has befallen poor old Mr. Goldsworthy?" asked my wife in a hurried, trembling way, the moment I entered the house, one bitterly-cold snowy evening.

"Not I! what accident?" was my somewhat ungracious rejoinder; for I had just come by train from the north, and the cold had given a keen edge to both my temper and appetite.

"He fell or threw himself last night from the folding doors of the loft leading from his bedroom on the third floor of his house, in Newman Passage, Newman Street, Oxford street, into the paved court below, and must have been killed on the spot," replied my wife, partly reading from a newspaper in her hand.

"Bless me, how dreadful!" I exclaimed. "His strange habit of walking in his sleep has, then, as we feared, resulted fatally at last!"

"So the paper doubtfully hints," replied my wife, still with the same odd quivering of lips, eyes, and voice; "but you know it was Charlotte's care that not only the door spoken of, but her father's bedroom window, should be securely fastened after he had retired to bed, either by herself or her husband. Ah! there is his knock again! He has been here twice before!"

"Whose knock?" I hastily demanded.

"Charlotte's husband, Richard Warren, to request your presence at the inquest to be holden to-morrow morning. Ha! Good heavens!"

I was not surprised at this last exclamation of apprehensive astonishment, for the face which peered doubtfully in at the partially-opened door was that of a corpse, in its mortal pallor.

Before I could speak, Richard Warren, perceiving that only my wife and I were present, pushed wide the door, staggering in, and dropped helplessly upon the nearest chair.

"What in the name of heaven, is the matter, Richard?" I said at last.

He strove mightily to answer, I could see, but the overpowering agitation under which he convulsively labored, choked his words. My wife though more alarmed than myself, poured out a tumbler of brandy which Warren eagerly seized, although his shaking hands could hardly carry it to his mouth.

It seemed to steady his nerves somewhat, and presently he said in a low, palpitating voice, "I—I wish you to attend the inquest to-morrow morning."

"On whose behalf—yours? Why what on earth ails the man?"

A slight tap at the door by our little mite of a servant maid, who wished to know, if my dinner was to be brought in, produced such a violent start, that the tumbler fell from his nerveless grasp, and was smashed to bits on the floor, whilst the long-drawn groan-like breath which followed the girl's entrance, testified alike to the greatness of the relief, and the previous terrible dread that he had felt.

"One word, Robert," he, after a few moments of unquiet silence, again murmured—"one word, Charlotte, my wife, has, you know, been ill,—she is mad!"

"Mad! your wife mad!"

"Yes—she must be so. And tell me, is—is a wife's evidence admissible, even supposing she were deemed sane, against—— Merciful heavens! —they are come!—have, as I suspected, dreaded, dogged, tracked me hither!"

A light, single knock at the street-door occasioned this wild off-break, and Warren awaited what might follow in an agony of paralyzing fear. He was not long kept in suspense. A whispered sentence addressed to the girl who opened the door, was succeeded by hasty footsteps on the stairs; and before you could count ten, two police-officers abruptly entered the room. Warren started back, looked wildly round as if in search of some outlet for escape—saw none, and would, I think, have fallen, but for the iron grasp of the officers, in which he was immediately seized. It is useless attempting to depict the distress and confusion attendant upon such an incident as this; suffice it to say that it was not till some time after one of the detectives had gone for a cab, that I comprehended, and then dimly only, from the other officer's curt *sotto voce* answers, that Richard Warren was grievously suspected of having robbed his father-in-law,—and, detected by the old man in the act, of hurling him after a fierce struggle from the loft doors into the court below!

"But for his wife's asseverations, which cannot, however, be made legally available, I doubt that—— But here is the cab," added the officer, in a business-like peremptory tone. "Now, sir, if you please, at once, and without any bother!"

Their prisoner was hurried away without further preface; and I had barely sufficient readiness of mind to say, in answer to his mute, but piteous appeal, that I would not fail to be present at the inquest on the morrow.

My wife and I were so utterly confounded by what had occurred, that it was a long time before we could reason coherently upon the subject, or advise as to what should be done. That Richard Warren of all men in the world, should be accused of such a crime was, we both heartily agreed, marvellous, incredible. He and I were born in the same parish; I had never lost sight of him from his boyhood, and knew that he had ever been a dutiful son, an attached husband, and an honest, industrious citizen,—though not one with whom the world had gone smoothly. His trade was that of a herald-painter; that is, he painted arms and devices upon coach-pannels; and when he came to London had found employment at the Messrs. Houlditch's establishment, in Long Acre. He saved a considerable sum from his earnings, and was thereby emboldened to marry Charlotte Goldsworthy, an amiable, intelligent young woman, and to furnish a house at Hampstead, with a view to increase his income by letting furnished apartments. This latter speculation proved more difficult of successful accomplishment than he had imagined, as I well knew, from having been consulted by him relative to several debt-difficulties, in which, from the furniture having cost much more than was anticipated, he had become temporarily involved. To this hard struggle to save himself from being pushed to the wall by one or two impatient creditors, I attribute the great error he committed in not insuring his property,—every shilling being, as it were, of vital importance in the uphill game he had to play. The neglect, however, occasioned, was a fatal one. He had let his first floor to a disabled veteran, who had served in the Peninsular war. This gentleman, on the anniversary of Waterloo, drank so many bumpers in gratitude of the triumph of Wellington and his army, that on retiring to bed, he contrived—instead of extinguishing the candle as he intended—to set fire to the window-curtains; and so swiftly did the flames gain head, that before efficient assistance arrived, the house was a mass of fire, and poor Warren's furniture, save a few articles, utterly consumed! This was a cruel blow in itself, and greatly aggravated by the falling of a blazing beam upon the unfortunate proprietor's right arm, whilst he was strenuously engaged in endeavoring to rescue some portion of his entire worldly substance from the flames. He became, in consequence, an inmate of Middlesex Hospital for between two and three months; and when discharged "cured," found that his right hand had irretrievably lost the cunning which had enabled him to gain high wages as a herald-painter and that nothing was left to him but a chance of earning an existence in the much-worse-paid calling of an ordinary coach painter. Even in this lower mechanical walk, the accident he had met with prevented him from acquiring quickness or more than a barely average skill, and he was sinking rapidly lower and lower in the world, when his father-in-law, Bartholomew Goldsworthy, came very unexpectedly forward to the rescue, and it seemed probable that Richard Warren might even yet get on in the world.

Bartholomew Goldsworthy was an odd, wayward, eccentric kind of mortal,—exceedingly deaf, half blind, a cripple in his arms, and, moreover, addicted in his latter years to a growing habit of talking aloud to himself, unconscious apparently of the presence of others, and of walking in his dreaming sleep. In fact, his failing mind dwelt continually day and night—and every hour of the day and night—upon one idea,—that of his hoards, and the means whereby they might be added to, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, passions, or desires, except love for his daughter Charlotte, which one saw from time to time gleam through the thick crust of worldliness that enveloped his whole life. This penurious old man possessed considerable house-property in Tottenham Court Road, and contiguous localities, and was himself domiciled in a roomy, tumble-down house of his own in Newman Passage, Newman Street. He now proposed that Warren and his wife should have apartments therein, free of charge, and further suggested that, as he had all the upper part of a large, light workshop in the same court untenanted, his son-in-law might set up business there as a coach-painter to the trade.

This offer was gladly accepted by Warren and his wife, and I was told that matters were beginning to wear a brighter aspect with them,—Charlotte's affectionate ministrations to her father's infirmities, gradually softening the old man's flinty miserliness, though not yet to the extent, much as his daughter pressed him upon the point, of effectually assisting Richard Warren with money in his business. Goldsworthy's propensity to dream walking had increased with years, and but a few months previous to his untimely end, he had been caught deliberately unfastening, in the dead of the night, the very folding doors through which he had now fallen, or been hurled. They were always afterwards carefully secured at night, as well as every other aperture through or out of which he might by possibility fall in his frequent sleep-wanderings. Sometimes his bedroom door was locked on the outside, but to this precaution he himself strongly objected, from a nervous dread of fire.

This brief summary of our acquaintance with and knowledge of Richard Warren will sufficiently account for the concern and consternation with which his arrest on a charge of murder overwhelmed us both. Mrs. Warren had been not long before confined of a still-born child; milk fever had been apprehended, and after much dismal cogitation on the subject, we dimly concluded that some wild expressions uttered by the wife in her frenzy, aggravated, it might likely enough be, by an unguarded communication of her father's dreadful death, had led to the apprehension of her husband.

I did not sleep much that night; and my first business in the morning was to see Mr. M'Intyre, solicitor, of Southampton Buildings, and engage his services in behalf of Richard Warren. I then strode on towards Newman Street, with a double purpose in my mind;—one, to obtain, if possible, an interview with Mrs. Warren,—the other, to get myself, as I knew how, called upon the inquest. I could not obtain speech of Mrs. Warren. I had no difficulty, however, in getting myself placed on the jury, which on the arrival of the coroner, entered forthwith upon its functions.

The body was viewed according to precedent in such cases, and, as far as I could see, exhibited no external marks of injury that might not have been caused by the fall from such a height upon the granite paving of the courtyard. The coroner, however, and one or two of the initiated amongst the jury, looked serenely solemn and mysterious; and as soon as we were settled on our chairs in the room selected for the jury's accommodation, and some trifling evidence had been adduced, the coroner directed Charlotte Warren to be summoned. Mr. M'Intyre objected instantly to such a course being taken.

"If," as he understood the case, "that person's husband was accused of the murder,—if, indeed, which he, Mr. M'Intyre, much doubted, any murder had taken place, his wife could not be permitted to give evidence which might affect him, favorably or otherwise."

The coroner replied that Richard Warren was detained as a measure of precaution only, and that, although if sent to trial on a capital or other charge, whatever his wife might say could not be used against him; yet in that court of unfettered inquiry as to the cause of death of the deceased

(*To be Continued.*)

La Belle Emilie Schottische.

By E. D. CHATTERTO



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CONTENTS.

Always Think before you Speak .... page 757
Belle of Tennessee 754
Bubbles 754
The Banks of the Old Mohawk 755
Cot bless hur, and he came up from Wales 754
The FIVE CRIPPLES 755
The Gymnastic wife 757
The "Good cheer—" Galop—Music 760
How do you like my feet? 757
'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell 754
I COULDN'T STAY AWAY 755
Irish reflections on Matrimony 756
I am a homely Man 757
Katty O'Rann 754
King Arthur 756
Matilda Strawberry 757
The Maid of Glasgow 756
My Bottle and friend 756
The Murrurrundi Nugget—a Story 759
Merit Commands Success 755
NED MIZEN 756
Paddy Abdallah's Legacy 754
Rebecca Jane 755
Stoughton Bitters 757
Skiy-pi-ty, Nip-pi-ty, Slack do lah 756
Sold Everywhere 755
Two Hundred Pounds Reward—Story ended 758
The Twig of the Shannon 756
The VORKHOUSE BOY 756
Waiting for Nelly near Temple Bar 756

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Bubbles.

Air: Old Mr. December.

These days are the times to make a great splash,
If you draw out a plan for mining or dashing:
For, the people it seems have too much cash,
And to get rid of it all are wishing.
We've companies now for linen and coals,
For ocean-baths, steam, bricks and mortar:
Not only they bore the earth full of holes,
But they likewise take 'em under the water.

SPOKEN: Do you want to buy any shares, sir, for the great Bore Company?—The Bore Company, sir, what is that?—Just come out, a most magnificent affair! proposed to bore a tunnel from Brighton to Newfoundland! we've only to cut under the Atlantic, and having got so far, there will be no doubt of its ultimate success: imagined, sir that we shall realize a hundred per cent, by the bare article of cod-fish.—I am very sorry, sir, but I have just embarked in an affair, the Universal Stocking Company, which proposes to make stockings for all this world and the next, too, by the aid of the falls of Niagara, brought to bear upon machinery; I just bought fifty shares. Then there's another. I am in the New Melting Company, that proposes to take a lease of Mount Vesuvius or Etna, it is not settled which yet, for the more speedy manufacture of rail-roads, bombs, anchors, and cannon-balls; the saving in the single article of coals will be five hundred per cent!—Now here's a new company, just brought into the market to-day, the Metropolitan Pigeon-shooting Company: there are to be twenty thousand shares for the breeding of pigeons, will serve a whole town: or if this does not suit your fancy, what do you think of the Humane Man-trap Company? traps for the grounds of country gentlemen, warranted not to amputate higher than the ankle.

Oh! folks beware!
If you dabble in companies, mind what you're after,
You may pay one pound for a share,
And get nothing but scorn and laughter.

We've grandeur at home much more than we know:
Where folks gather daisies, there lie wondrous riches,
And veins of bright ore under buttercups flow,
And with water-cress grows by the ditches.
Old England contains the mines of Peru,
Though before we never yet found them:
They've only, it seems, been discovered anew,
With banks of diamonds growing around them.

SPOKEN: Oh! Mr. Fleece, I want to know what this affair is of yours.—Oh! sir, it is impossible; I could not tell you of my grand affair until his lordship, my friend, comes.—What lordship? I thought no lord had a right in the city, except the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress.—Oh! here is his lordship: good morning, my lord.—Well, Mr. Fleece, what is it you want with me?—Something, my lord, of vast importance, of national wealth.—Well, disclose.—Pardon me, my lord, all alone? are the waiters out of the room? well, then, my lord, my plan is simply..are the waiters out of the room? no one within hearing? well, my lord, my discovery is this.. it is strongly suspected there is a rich vein of silver ore buried under Primrose-hill!—A what!—A silver mine, my lord, which is supposed will be so very prolific, that in a few years all the inhabitants of Pancras will be in possession of a service of plate: nor is it improbable that the very lamp-posts of St. Pancras parish will all be of solid silver: I propose the name to be The New Patent Metropolitan Vicinity Mining Company.—Well, it's very strange! I've often driven my curricle near Primrose-hill, and never saw any thing of the kind: I've seen a great many little boys playing there, too, I wonder they never found it out: but what is your plan for this, Mr. Fleece?—Oh! on the most liberal principles, your lordship: I merely want ten thousand subscribers, at fifty pounds each, one pound to be paid deposit: it is most probable there will never be any more called for: another regulation is, no subscriber is allowed to take above fifty shares.—No certainly not. I perfectly coincide with you.—Nor less.—Umph! I don't think this plan of yours most felicitous, Mr. Fleece.—Sorry for that, my lord: but as I have made your lordship the depository of my secret, I trust, until time shall warrant the disclosure, it will remain safe: in the meanwhile, my lord, I will speak of some other little speculations.

Oh! folks, beware! &c.

We've traps sure enough for our money to catch,
Without any more for our pockets to violate
But companies now in full bodies do catch,
And reason and sense quite annihilate.
There'll be no such thing as a jaunt in Hyde-park,
The Spa we shall have in Pall-mall, sirs;
Inventions will make the light from the dark,
And what we shall make of ourselves who can tell, sirs?

SPOKEN: Now my lord, the next company is an important one: it is the Omnipotent Mouse-trap Company: there will be fifty per cent. saving in the article of cheese, and two hundred in cats: and here's the prospectus my lord, of the Patent Locomotive Boot Company, in which it is proposed that every member shall walk five hundred miles a day, to be effected by steam: the surplus steam to work a patent cooking apparatus to accompany the member, so that he may cook his own meals, and lose no time on the road—

Where's Mr. Fleece? I want to see Mr. Fleece.—Well, sir, what do you want?—Oh! you are there, sir, are you? I want my fifty-pound bill.—What fifty-pound bill?—A fifty-pound bill you bamboozled me out of: you told me I should make a fortune by it.—What scheme was it for, sir?—I don't know: I took your word for it: you told me something of building a grand suspension chain bridge across the New-river.—Oh! I recollect, that bill did not pass through the house.—I don't care, I want my fifty-pound bill.—Ah! that bill was carried through the house.

I have a new plan for a tunnel through the earth to the antipodes, to be lighted with coal gas, and passengers to be conveyed through in patent suspension buckets.—But, Mr. Fleece, will there not be some quibble, as to whether the passengers go with their heads or their heels downwards?—That difficulty, my lord, is most ingeniously avoided, as, by my most excellent plan, the passengers will go with such astonishing rapidity, as to be uncertain whether they travel upon their heads or their heels: this I think must do. Then, my lord, I have another plan for bringing live mackarel to London, and also for catching wild unicorns: of the last idea I must speak particularly: it is imagined that the turners will, by their increased trade in these horns, make the concern profitable even to cent. per cent: let me entreat your lordship to take fifty shares of the Mouse-trap: or here's the Patent Self-regulating Balloon Company, by which you may take a trip to the Continent and back again to dinner.—But, sir, if we should chance to be upset, what should we do for a supper or a bed?—Why, my lord, that depends entirely upon where you fall: if you fall into the sea, and alight upon a bed of oysters, there you have both a supper and a bed.

Oh! folks, beware! &c.

Katty O'Rann.

Was not Patrick O'Lilt, sure, a broth of a lad,
Who bartered what money and baubles he had
For the love of his sweet-heart, Miss Katty O'Rann?
Since he fell deep in love, faith! no longer the spade
He handled, or followed the turf-cutting trade:
But sung day and night to make his heart light,
And swore for his Katty he'd die or he'd fight—
Thus did Patrick O'Lilt for Miss Katty O'Rann.

He sung out his love in a sorrowful strain:
His warbling she heard, but she laughed at his pain:
Which he could not bear from Miss Katty O'Rann.
'Twas enough to have melted the heart of a stone,
To have heard the poor lad sing,
sigh, mutter and moan:
While she turned her nose, which stood always awry,
And plump on another she cast her sheep's eye,
Crying: "Pat, you won't do
for Miss Katty O'Rann."

As he found no impression he made on the maid,
Faith! he shovelled himself out of life with his spade,
Determined to perish for Katty O'Rann:
For, with spade, axe, and mallet about his neck tied,
He plunged in the Liffy, and there for her died!
As he sunk from the shore, he cried:
"Katty, no more
Shall you trouble my spirit, or make my bones sore:
So bad luck to you, beautiful Katty O'Rann!"

Belle ob Tennessee.

White folks, now have pity,
An' listen unto me:
I tell you 'bout a gal I lubed,
Dat libed in Tennessee:
Her hair so black an' curly,
Her teeth so berry white,
Her eyes day was just like de stars,
Dey shine so bright at night.
Chorus: Rosa, dearest Rosa,
My heart still beats for thee:
You're de only yaller gal I love,
De belle ob Tennessee.

When I left dat happy spot,
It griebed my heart full sore
To tink ob leabing her behind,
An' neber see her more.
De tears day started from my eyes,
As Rosa said to me:
"My dearest Joe, don't leabe me so,
Alone in Tennessee."
Rosa, dearest Rosa, &c.

You may talk about Susanna,
An' your pretty Susa Tell,
De belle ob Louisianna,
An' de charming Lucy Neal:
But wid my dearest Rosa
No oder one can shine:
When dey come to talk of beauty,
Why, she leabe dem all behind—
Rosa, dearest Rosa, &c.

If Rosa she war mine again,
How good dis nigger'd feel!
I'd play upon de banjo den,
While Rosa dance de reel:
I'd hunt de coon an' possum—
For, if war my only pride:
Den happy, happy would I be
Wid Rosa by my side.
Rosa, dearest Rosa, &c.

A difficult thing—for a doctor to keep his temper while he is losing his patients.

'Tis Fanny, the Pride of the Dell.

By Mrs. Brooks.

How blest our condition, how jocund our day!
Ye swains, can our pleasures be told?
To range in sweet order the rows of new hay,
To lead the strayed lamb to the fold:

To fetch up the kine for the maidens we love,
And guard her from noon's burning beam:
To guide her dear steps when
she leads through the gr
The heifer which pants for the stream:

To carry her pail when with milk it o'erflows,
To wait while she rests on the stile:
To gather the king-cup, the woodbine, or rose,
To make her a posey the while.

'Tis Fanny, the lovely, who causes my smart,
'Tis she does all maidens excel:
If you ask her dear name who
has conquered my he
'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell:
'Tis Fanny, sweet Fanny,
'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell!

Paddy Abdallah's Legacy.

My father he left me a snug little cot,
Which by one trifling accident I never got:
For, dying without his will having been made,
Not a legacy in it ever was paid.
Foorallalloo, O hone! gramachree whack!

'Twas a nate little cot, built with weather-board st
Which kept everything else but the weather clean o
Had a pig-sty for poultry without any door,
It was two stories high, and both on the ground fl
Foorallalloo, O hone! &c

A beautiful garden with weeds overrun,
And an elegant fish-pond dried up by the sun:
Then the house stood convenient enough, you may
Next door to the whisky-shop over the way.
Foorallalloo, O hone! &c

'Twas a freehold estate, heir at law was myself:
So to law went about, of course, with an elf:
Gained the cause: but to try it so long time requi
The freehold I lost, 'cause the lease had expired!
Foorallalloo, O hone! &c

Cot Pless Hur, and He Came up from Wal

Ere I had well grown to an age
Allowed young maids to marry,
Three youths would fain my hand engage,
And tried their suits to carry:
Young Paddy first put in his claim,
Then Sandy told soft tales,
And Taffy, look you, sung his flame,
And he came up from Wales,
"Cot pless hur,"
And he came up from Wales.

Och! I'm the orature! Paddy sung,
Take me, I tell you, honey:
Hoot, hoot, cried Sawney, hold your tongue
I've, lassie, got the money:
Well I, says Taffy, cot no pelf,
But hur will give, look you,
Hur heart and soul, besides hurself,
And hur will love most true,
Cot pless hur, &c

Now when I'd well the merits scanned,
To stop their further teasing,
I e'en to Taffy gave my hand,
The lad to me most pleasing:
And now he's got me for a wife,
So well we both agree
That few live half so sweet a life
As my dear Taff and me,
Cot pless hur, &c

Profanity never did any man the least good. N
man is the richer, or happier, or wiser for it. I
commends no one to any society. It is disgustin
to the refined: abominable to the good: insultin
to those with whom we associate: degrading t
mind: unprofitable and injurious to society.

Sold Everywhere.

It is very hard, but it's the truth:
Since I was eight years old,
The world has been against me, and
In allways I've been sold.
When boys broke windows in our school,
Or robbed the apple tree,
They got off with the apples, but
The thrashing fell on me.

Spoken: Yes, it was always a case of "sold again, and haven't got the money." In fact I'm—

Sold, sold everywhere, alas! I grieve to tell:
Sold, sold everywhere, now is not that a sell?
Sold right, sold left, it's very hard to bear:
Whichever way I go, I find that I'm sold
everywhere.

When I left school, I fell in love:
Young fellows sometimes do.
I worshipped Betsy Jane, and she
Declared she loved me, too.
She was engaged to some one else,
Oh! how I was betrayed,
When, one sad night, outside her house,
I gave a serenade!

Spoken: And I sang: "Come from thy window, love." She did not come down, but the cold water did; such conduct was very loose, so was the bull-dog: I tore away, so did he—my pursuer left me, so did my coat tail, and I was——

Sold, sold, &c.

I thought to make a fortune once,
So started in a trade,
And my inventive genius
Some beetle poison made.
Said I: "here's fortunne come at last,
I'll have some bills put out,
And soon 'Green Jones's beetle paste'
Is sure to get about."

Spoken: So it would have done, only Smith's had got about first, and was in fact——

Sold, sold, &c.

I loved again: five thousand pounds
They said that she possessed.
I married her, and found with not
One farthing was she blessed.
She wanted bonnets, jewels, dress,
And all that's dear, and rare:
"How can I get em'?" "Lor', said she,
Why, they're sold everywhere!"

Spoken: Yes, I thought, and so am I——

Sold, sold, &c.

Where'er I go, I'm bound to pluck
Misfortune's bitter fruits,
And find myself sold everywhere,
Except about the boots,
Come, Fortune, turn your wheel again,
And be a little fair,
And give a good turn, please, for one
Who's been sold everywhere!

Sold, sold, &c.

Rebecca Jane.

Song and Dance.

Here we darkies come a-singing,
With our merry voices ringing:
For, everything looks bright and gay:
For, 'tis the darkies' gala day.

Chorus.

Oh! glory break! oh! glory break!
Rebecca Jane, wake up, I say!
For, don't you see 'tis break of day,
Hallelujah come dis way,
And join us in de jubilee.

Massa told us to-day
There was no work, so we might play:
So with the bones and tambo, we
Hoop up the dance and jambaree.

Oh! glory, &c.

I love a gal with all my might,
Her name is Malinda White:
I feel so very good to-night,
I could throw myself clean out of sight.

Oh! glory, &c.

I Couldn't Stay Away.

Written and Composed by Wm. H. Delehanty.

Way down in old Kentucky,
Where I was bred and born,
And where dis child was lucky
To live and hoe de corn:
Where in my happy childhood,
With heart as bright and gay
As birds within the wild-wood,
Who sing the live-long day.
Chorus: I couldn't, no, I couldn't
I couldn't stay away from dare:
I couldn't, no, I shouldn't,
I wouldn't stay away.

I once did love a sweet one,
Way down in dixie's land,
And one day popped the question
To give my heart and hand:
And she said her heart had been won,
That I away should stay.
Said: I oh! gentle maiden—
I couldn't stay away. Chorus.

And as I gazed upon her,
A little smile she smole,
I knew that I had won her,
Was sole heir of her soul:
I pressed her to my bosom,
A little wink she wunk,
And wilted like a blossom,
To think that I had thunk. Chorus.

Merit Commands Success.

We often hear of blighted hopes,
And pity moves our hearts:
For, fortune seems to scoff at some,
To others she imparts
Her choicest gifts, and favors, too:
There is but one redress,
Trust not to luck, trust to yourself,
Merit commands success.

Chorus.

Keep your object in view till you gain it,
And let nothing your ardor repress:
Let not doubt rack your thoughts, make your
minds up to win—
For, merit commands success.

We often fail: but try again,
Don't give up in despair,
Let failure give you greater strength,
Of idleness beware.
Keep working on, you must succeed,
But pray let me impress
This well-known motto on your minds:
"Merit commands success." Chorus.

Seize every moment as it flies,
They're steps by which we climb:
Once gone, they cannot be recalled:
So count each one a prize.
Leave fools to sigh at fortune's frown,
Her secret I can guess:
She smiles on those who help themselves,
Merit commands success. Chorus.

King Arthur.

When Arthur first in court began
To wear long-hanging sleeves,
He entertained three serving men,
And all of them were thieves.
The first he was an Irishman,
The second he was a Scot:
The third he was a Welshman,
And all were knaves, I wot.
The first he was, &c.

The Irishman loved usquebaugh,
The Scot loved ale called Blue-cap:
The Welshman he loved toasted cheese,
And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.
Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
The Scot was drowned in ale:
The Welshman had like to be choked with a mouse,
But he pulled her out by the tail.
Usquebaugh burnt, &c.

The Banks of the Old Mohawk.

On the banks of the Old Mohawk,
I have seen, for many an hour,
A lovely child in sunny years,
While plucking the dewy flowers:
Youth sat upon her forehead bright,
Bewitching as a lark;
Like a fairy bright she tripped along,
On the banks of the Old Mohawk.

Ah! methinks I see her now,
With those eyes of fairest blue:
They told a tale of innocence,
With her heart so pure and true:
The witching cadence of her voice
With melody was fraught,
Its music sweet ran through my soul,
On the banks of the Old Mohawk.

But, alas! there came an evil hour,
And our hearts are lonely now—
Her eyes grew dim, and the dews of death
Soon gathered on her brow:
They decked her form with roses fair,
And, robed in spotless white,
She sleeps alone 'neath the flowers she loved,
On the banks of the Old Mohawk.

The Five Cripples.

Air "Cork Leg."

Five cripples, in London, for a spree
A journey went in the country,
Where at some rural Inn they'd sup
To gammon the flats and have a flare up.
Ri, too ral, &c.

There was one of them had lost an eye,
But a glass one did its place supply:
Another had got a row of false teeth,
And a third he had two ugly club-feet. Ri, too, &c.

A fourth he had a neat cork pin,
And a fifth an arm so fitted in
That none, who saw them, would suspect
But what their limbs were all perfect. Ri, too, &c.

They called for meat and drink galore,
Until six pound they'd run or more:
They sung caroused and made a din,
Such as ne'er before was heard at that inn.
Ri, too ral, &c.

The waiter being a country lad,
Thought the party were all mad:
He served them with great fear and dread,
Until the time for going to bed. Ri, too ral, &c.

And when the time for bed had come,
They called the waiter in the room,
Said: Waiter, here take charge of this eye:
And another said: Waiter, put these teeth by.
Ri, too ral, &c.

This put the waiter in a fright,
His hair like bristles stood upright,
He run and jumped down every stair,
And told his master five devils were there.
Ri, too ral, &c.

"Lord! Sir, such strange sights I've seen,
I wish you had but up-stairs been:
They're pulling off legs and arms like fun,
And they're unscrewing heads, one by one."
Ri too ral, &c.

They sent for a parson to come and pray
To try to drive the devils away:
But all would not do, till a soldier came
Saying he did not fear the devil's name.
Ri, too ral, &c.

"Now a sovereign down I'll pay to thee
To rid me of this company:
Go up and tell them if they'll go away,
Their shot is settled, they've nothing to pay."
Ri, too ral, &c.

The soldier smelled through all the spree,
So he went and told the company:
They laughed to think they'd nothing to pay,
So they screwed on their limbs and they limped away.
Ri, too ral, &c.

The Vorkhouse Boy.

The cloth vos laid in the vorkhouse hall,
And the great-coats hung on the white-vashed vall:
The paupers all vere blithe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday:
When the master cried with a roguish leer:
You'll all get fat on your Christmas cheer:
And one by his looks he seemed to say:
I'll have more soup on this Christmas day!
Oh! the poor vorkhouse boy, &c.

At length all of us to bed vos sent,
The boy vos missing in search ve vent:
Ve sought him above ve sought him below,
Ve sought him with faces of grief and voe:
Ve sought him that hour ve sought him that night,
Ve sought him in fear, and ve sought him in fright:
Vhen a young pauper cries: "I know ve shall
Get jolly veil vopt for loosing our pail."
Oh! the poor vorkhouse boy, &c.

Ve sought in each corner each crevice ve knew,
Ve sought down the yard and ve sought up the flue:
Ve sought in each sauce-pan each kettle and pot,
In vatter-butt looked but found him not.
And veeks flew on ve vere all of us told
That somebody said he'd been burk'd and sold:
Vhen our master goes out the parishioners vild,
Cry: "There goes the cove that burk'd the poor child!"
Oh! the poor vorkhouse boy &c.

At length the soup-coppers repairs did need,
The coppersmith came, and there he seed
A dollop of bones lay grizzling there,
In the leg of the breeches the boy did vear.
To gain his fill the boy did stoop
And dreadful to tell, he vos boiled in the soup!
And ve all of us say it, and say it with sneers:
That he vos pushed in by the overseers
Oh! the poor vorkhouse boy, &c.

Irish Reflections on Matrimony.

[O'Brien.]—Air: Dennis Bruigruddery.

A woman with one eye will ne'er see with two,
And, when she is married, that one may see blue:
If the husband is heedless, he may break her heart—
'Twere better a rope had made such a man short.
Derry down, &c.

If a wife wants an arm, she cannot wash clean:
When snug in her coffin, she cannot feel pain:
And then, if her ghost is on vengeance inclined,
She'll strangle the husband that she left behind.
Derry down, &c.

A woman without legs is not fit to roam:
And those who can't tipple abroad will at home.
A woman deprived of her tongue cannot speak,
But, give her this member, my stars! how she'll squeak!
Derry down, &c.

For beef that is roasted you must have a knife,
And when you are married, the woman's your wife:
If she proves a tartar, like the beef, roast her well,
And, if roasting won't do, sir, then baste her to h—.
Derry down, &c.

A man without feet, he will never have toes:
You need not a snuff-box if you have no nose:
Deprived of your toes, sir, you'll never have corns,
And, in lieu of a nose, friend, you may have long horns.
Derry down, &c.

So now I'll leave off, and I'll finish all strife,
Since a man that ain't married can't fight with his wife:
And, although you may think me a comical elf,
If you want any more songs,
you may sing them yourself.
Derry down, &c.

Skip-pi-ty, Nip-pi-ty, Slack Do Lah.

Sung by Ned Turner.

I will sing you a song of a beautiful maid,
Who had a large fortune: for, so it was said,
Her dad's name was Brown, and his first name was William,
With a head just the shape of a big watermellon—
CHORUS.
With my skip-pi-ty, nip-pi-ty, slack do lah,
With my benah go slather and tic dolour-u,
I never see such a sight in all my life
As de time when I tried to make her my wife.

De folks dey all said dat when she went to bed,
Dat curious things went right straight through her head:
She thought she was great with her wonderful pate,
And she said that the country was in a bad state—
With my skip-pi-ty, &c.

Says she: "I will run against Benjamin Butler,
Because loosing so many spoons put us in a flutter."
But, in eating beefsteak, she made a mistake,
It flew to her head, and it busted her pate.
With my skip-pi-ty, &c.

The Twig of the Shannon.

On the beautiful banks of the Shannon,
There grows such an illagant tree,
And the fruit that it bears is shillaleh,
I've a sprig of it here, you may see.
'Tis the remnant of all my large fortune,
It's the friend that ne'er played me a trick,
And I'd rather lose half my supportin'
Than part with this illagant stick.
CHORUS.
'Twas a delicate sprig in the summer,
When I first cut it from the tree,
And I've kept it through all the cold weather:
Faix! the sprig of shillaleh for me.

It's the porter that carried my luggage:
For, I've shouldered it many a mile,
And from thieves it will safely protect me,
In a beautiful delicate style.
It is useful for rows in the summer,
And when winter comes on with a storm,
If you're short of a fire in the cabin,
You can burn it to keep yourself warm.
'Twas a delicate sprig, &c.

It's a friend both so true and so constant,
Its constancy pen cannot paint:
For, it always is there when it's wanted,
And sometimes it's there when it ain't.
It beats all your guns and your rifles:
For, it goes off whene'er you desire,
And it's sure to hit whate'er it's aimed at—
For, shillalehs they never miss fire.
'Twas a delicate sprig, &c.

It's a talisman so upright and honest,
Twenty shillings it pays to the pound:
So if ever it gets you in debt, sir,
You are sure to be paid, I'll be bound.
It never runs up a long score, sir,
In trade it's not given to fail,
There's no danger of its being insolvent:
For, it always pays down on the nail.
'Twas a delicate sprig, &c.

And, faith! at an Irish election,
An argument striking it's there:
For, with brickbats and sprigs of the Shannon,
We see things go all right and square.
It's then there's no bribery at all, sir,
They vote as they like, every soul:
But it's no use opposing shillaleh,
Or it's sure to come down on the poll—
'Twas a delicate sprig, &c.

The Maid of Glasgow.

High on a shaggy sea-worn rock
Proud jutting o'er the roaring flood,
With many a sigh, and wishful look,
The weeping maid of Glasgow stood.
"Blow fair, blow fair, she cried, sweet gale!
Blow fair, and smooth the raging sea:
Be kind to love, fill up each sail,
And bring my Jamie safe to me."

Light sailing o'er the foaming surge,
There came two swans of fair degree:
In plaintive notes they sang the dirge
Of British sailors gone to sea.
"Come, tell, sweet birds, come tell me truth,
By your white breasts and sable feet,
Saw ye my love—the bravest youth
That ever sailed in any fleet?"

"Ah! maiden fair, by love oppress,
Restrain those tears—'tis vain to weep:
Near Portugal your Jamie rest,
In the cold bosom of the deep!
Dark was the night, hid was the rock,
And rapid, rapid ran the stream."
The morning dawned, fair Jenny woke,
And thanked her fate it was a dream.

Loud blew the post his warning horn—
Long had she watched the welcome sound—
Quick did she glance the letter o'er,
As quickly dropped it on the ground!
From her flushed cheek the blood withdrew:
With weak and faltering breath she cried—
"My dream is true—vain life, adieu!"
Then broke her heart—sank down—and died!

My Bottle and Friend.

With my friend and my glass let my time pass aw
Since it answers no end to be dull, I'll be gay:
I care not how others their lifetime may spend,
So I have my Chloe, my bottle, and friend.

Let the miser with rapture his guineas behold,
He may value, yet ne'er know the virtue of gold:
With me it's but dross, which with pleasure I sp
To serve but my neighbor, my mistress, or friend

Let the pedantic preacher advise what he will,
Of wrong or of right—or of good and of ill:
I never can think that my time ill I spend
If I strive to relieve either neighbor or friend.

Then, come, my companions,
let's push round the gl
'Tis "To friendship and love!" so brisk let it p
And care not how others their lifetime may spend
So we can enjoy our bottle and friend.

Ned Misen.

Ned Misen loved a maid called Anna,
Fair as the rose in June was she:
Her gentle air and pleasing manner
Made him forget his toil at sea.
The word was given to sail, one morning,
Fate parted thus the maid and youth:
But not before—deception scorning—
They both had vowed eternal truth.

Ned scarce had left his blooming Anna,
Before a suitor came to woo,
Who, though of rough, ferocious manner,
Had gold in store, if Fame speaks true:
Which made her father fix next morning
For them to wed!—poor Anna sighed—
But, yet, all disobedience scorning,
Gave up her love—then pined and died!

Full soon arrived the fatal story
Of what poor Anna had befel,
To Ned, engaged in his country's glory,
Which shocked him as it were death's knell!
"Adieu, cried he, to bliss for ever,
Since Fate me Anna has denied!
I go, said he, where gold can't sever
True love"—plunged in the wave, and died!

Waiting for Nelly near Temple Bar.

I love a little charmer,
And Nelly that's her name:
She was not born in London,
From Devonshire she came.
One evening, strolling down the strand,
Smoking my cigar,
I met my pretty little Nell,
Close by Temple Bar.
CHORUS.
Waiting for Nell near Temple Bar,
Waiting for Nell near Temple Bar:
Every night, when the gas shines bright,
I'm waiting for Nelly near Temple Bar.

She leaves off her work at eight,
I offer her my arm:
We either take a walk or else
We go to Highbury Barn:
To the Argyle we have been,
To Music Halls as well:
But I prefer to stay at home
Along with little Nell. Chorus

Since I have known my Nelly,
How happy I have been!
My Nelly is the fairest girl
That ever there was seen:
I would not exchange the girl I love—
For, she is all to me—
With my Nelly as my bride,
How happy I shall be! Chorus.

We shortly shall be married,
Then happy shall I be:
I love my little Nelly, and
I know that she loves me.
The wedding day is named,
I'm as happy as a king:
And on the day I'm married,
The bells shall merrily ring— Chorus.

I am a Homely Man.

Written and Sung by Tony Pastor—Air: The Album.

I was not born a handsome man,
The reason I cannot tell,
But that I am a homely "cuss,"
Bedad, sir, I know it well.
My nose it is a bit too long,
My eyes they have a queer tip,
And worst of all, I know I have
An ugly and big hare-lip.

CHORUS.

I can't believe it yet 'tis true:
A gal once fell in love with me,
And made me happy, happy—yes,
Happy as I e'er could be.

SPOKEN: Yes, I tell you I present a sorry picture for a lover, and yet it was my good fortune, the other night, to rescue a fair damsel from the attack of a party of insulting ruffians. I offered her my escort home and was glad to find that we were neighbors I living at 43 and my fair lady at 44 just opposite. Next day, I received a note, which ran as follows:

Sweet sir, that lives at forty-two,
My gratitude is very great,
I know you're beautiful, and that
With heroes you are a mate.
Last night, I spent in happy dreams,
And I saw your handsome face
Smiling sweetly down upon me,
Bright with every manly grace.

SPOKEN: Now, just imagine an ugly cuss like me receiving such a dear epistle from such a lovely creature, as I know this fair correspondent must be. Beautiful! yes, beautiful as a dream—From hence I felt that I should not regret my hideous appearance since my heroic qualities had made me appear sweet and beautiful in the eyes of one of earth's fairest daughters.

I can't believe, &c.

Next night, I also dreamed a dream,
I loved and I was beloved:
In fancy o'er the themes of bliss
In joyfulness I roved—
I woke, and lo! a billet-doux
Lay nestled beneath the door:
My waking joy was lighter now,
And my heart thrilled to the core.

SPOKEN: But, alas! how shaky are the castles which we build! Would you believe it? the lovely creature who had written to me, the day previous gushing all over with gratitude and admiration sent me a cold letter, asking me not to take to heart anything she had written, as she was a wayward, bitter thing and often did very foolish things! She added that she had watched for an opportunity, and had caught a glimpse of me the day following the sending of her first note, and my dignified appearance convinced her that she had done a foolish thing. I tore the letter in pieces, frantically paced the room, cursed the ingratitude of the human race, and concluded by singing:

I can't believe, &c.

I am a gay old bachelor now,
But I'm fat and hale and rich:
I often meet that foolish girl,
A faded, snaring old witch.
She married soon a handsome man,
But he's homelier than me:
He's bloated and ain't got a cent,
A slave to gin and whisky.

I can't believe, &c

Always Think Before You Speak.

Words by Frank W. Green—Music by Alfred Lee.

My advice, if it you seek,
Is but simple in its way:
Ere you ope your mouth to speak,
Think of what you're going to say.
Hurried words will oft cause pain,
Where you would not wound at all,
Then repentance comes in vain—
For, the speech you can't recall.

CHORUS.

Always think before you speak,
Words are strong when judgment's weak:
If you friendship's hand would seek,
Think before you speak, boys.

When a maiden's hand is sought,
And she's asked if she will wed,
Oft without a second thought
Is the answer quickly said.
Be it yea, or be it nay,
Ere a year or two has passed,
Often does she rue the day
That her tongue ran on so fast. Chorus.

From a rash and hasty speech
Quarrels often will arise:
Weigh your words then, I beseech,
If a quiet life you prize.
Then when you those words recall,
And you've put them to the test
You will own that after all
Second thoughts are always best. Chorus.

Thoughtless men will talk until
They forget what they have said:
Do they know "the tongue that's still
Often shows the wisest head?"
Time and words they only waste
With their tongues' unceasing flow
Those who always speak in haste
Very seldom wisdom show. Chorus.

Matilda Strawberry.

Sung by Ned Turner.

INTRODUCTION.

Now, darkies, here we are assembled all
To please the ladies and gentlemen in this hall:
Then flying from grief, we'll sing "let us be gay,"
And send Dan Tucker supperless away,
Not e'en invite him in our minstrel fun,
To wait till Jennie gets her hoe-cake done:
Then shake the Bones, and strike the Tamboo, too,
And show the white folks all what we can do.

You may talk about the big sun-flower,
The gal that winked at me:
But I declare none can compare
With Matilda Strawberry.
This Turtle-dove I dearly love,
To me I know she's true:
She's six feet tall, her feet are small,
She wears a sixteen shoe.

CHORUS.

Salute your partners, down the middle,
Take this darkie's hand:
Sound the banjo, hear the fiddle,
She's the prettiest in the land.

She's pretty and she's learned, too,
She's been to boarding school:
She's handsome as an elephant,
And graceful as a mule:
When we walk out, we're talked about,
We are the belle and beau:
Oh! I look neat, and she looks sweet
In yellow calico.

Salute your partners, &c.

I'm happy as the day is long:
For, she is all my own—
I'm going to cork my charmer up,
And sell her for cologne.
Her eyes are bright, she's my delight,
She's happy, gay and free:
Oh! it is true—what I tell you
Of Matilda Strawberry.

Salute your partners, &c.

The Gymnastic Wife.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

Some folks think women ought to be
Athletic, muscular, strong:
Alas! I used to think so, too
When I courted Lucinda Long.
When a MERE girl, she then could do
Over six good miles an hour,
And in the way of feats of strength
She'd most REMARKABLE power.

SPOKEN: Sometimes I wish Miss Long had remained Miss Long much longer: for—

My wife's so strong and all day long
She frightens me out of my life:
Whatever you do OH! WHATEVER you do,
Don't have a Gymnastic Wife!

I married sweet Lucinda Long,
And blessed the lucky catch:
But soon found out she was so strong,
I was not NEAR her match:
For, at our wedding breakfast, oh!
She gave the guests a TREAT
By seizing me by the hair of my head,
And lifting me off my feet.

For, my wife's so strong, &c.

Instead of walking down the stairs,
She'll clear the flight at a bound,
Catch hold of me by the tail of my coat,
And swing me round and round:
She throws half-hundred weights about,
And twirls the Indian club,
Or balances two chairs and the cat
On top of the washing-tub.

SPOKEN: And frequently winds up her performances by throwing an ASTOUNDING somersault from the water-butt on to the dus -bin.

For, my wife's so strong, &c.

She does the dumb-bells twice a day,
(A horrible weight they are:)
In the garden she's fixed a high trapeze
And a horizontal bar:
And there she sports her lovely form
To the neighbors who come and stare
To see my wife, the pride of my life,
Going round and round in the air.

SPOKEN: On practicing the somewhat difficult feat of hanging by her eyebrows, if I dare remonstrate with her, she threatens to throw me into the next street: says she's certain she could do it once in three times. Horror! I believe she could, too: for—

My wife's so strong, &c.

How do You Like My Feet?

Sung by Ned Turner.

As I was walking out one day,
In this muddy weather,
I saw a girl with pretty feet
Cased in morocco leather.
She smiled at me, I winked at her,
And then I crossed the street,
When turning round she said to me:
"How do you like my feet?"

CHORUS.

Says I: "Bless the rain, and bless the slush
That make this muddy weather,
So I can see your pretty feet
Cased in morocco leather!"

She wore a handsome waterfall,
And a new-fashioned bonnet,
One of the latest fashion sacks
With shoulder-straps upon it:
Her dress she lifted out the mud,
As she tripped o'er the street:
I really thought that I should faint,
She had such pretty feet!

Says I: "Bless, &c.

I walked apart and looked around,
She looked at me and smiled:
I slackened up my pace a bit,
And spoke to her quite mild.
We were just by Taylor's big saloon—
Says she: "Won't you stand treat?"
I could not well refuse her: for,
She had such pretty feet!

Says I: "Bless &c.

We went in there, refreshments had:
I thought that I had won her.
But when we came out, says she: "Good-bye!"
And tripped around the corner.
I went right home and went to roost,
But found I could not sleep:
For, right before my eyes I thought
I saw those charming feet!

Says I: "Bless, &c.

Stoughton Bitters.

Sung by Ned Turner.

If you'll just list a little while,
A little song I'll sing you:
And if it does not make you smile,
Why, then, I dull must call you.
It's of Jane Dove—she fell in love,
And made each heart a weeper:
Her affections she bestowed upon
A heartless young bar-keeper.

CHORUS.

With love for her he crazy was,
His heart was torn in fitters:
His name I've heard was Buzzy Bird,
But they called him Stoughton Bitters.

Stoughton Bitters he was four foot two,
And he dressed up in the fashion:
And many charms his face peeped through,
Jane thought he was quite dashing.
The "knocking down" he done up brown,
He went it steep, or steeper:
He had plenty cash to cut a dash,
This gallus young bar-keeper.

With love for her, &c.

Stoughton Bitters, he was wide-awake,
And talked as sweet as honey:
And to Miss Dove he love did make,
Because she had much money.
Her bank account was a large amount,
And he, than Old Nick deeper,
Says: "Very soon I'll have her pile,"
This deceitful young bar-keeper.

With love for her, &c.

When Stoughton Bitters got the cash,
He for Jersey City started:
With a waiter gal he cut a dash,
And left Miss Dove broken-hearted.
His victim has been put to bed,
And hasn't since been a sleeper,
To think that she'd been done, 'tis said,
By this cruel young bar-keeper.

With love for her, &c.

"Are the pictures which you brought home from Europe all landscapes?" said an artist to Mrs. Shoddy, one day. "Lord bless you, no! replied the indignant lady, they're ile paintin's!"

Two Hundred Pounds Reward.

(*Continued.*)

.....as to the cause of death of the deceased Bartholomew Goldsworthy, they had a right, and were indeed bound, to hear everybody likely to throw light upon the matter. This was legally correct enough; the order to bring forward Mrs. Warren was repeated, and after a delay of about ten minutes, she was supported into the room by a nurse and assistant, and seated in a chair almost in a fainting state, and looking as pale and convulsively agitated as her husband on the previous evening at my house. After a short pause the examination proceeded.

Richard Warren, I should state, was not present, the coroner not deeming his presence essential in the present stage of inquiry. A whispered caution from him a minute or two previous to Mrs. Warren's entrance, informed me moreover, that she was ignorant of her husband being in custody.

The statement, elicited with much difficulty, from Mrs. Warren, was in substance this:—"On the previous evening she had found herself much better, and her husband, about nine o'clock, left her to proceed something more than a mile beyond Hampstead, on particular business. About eleven o'clock the nurse went home, promising not to be gone more than an hour. Mrs. Warren supposed she must have been some time asleep afterwards, when she was awoke by a noise of struggling and half-stifled cries in the adjoining bedroom—her father's. Starting up in bed, she drew a curtain from before a small window in the partition which looked into Mr. Goldsworthy's room, and saw, by the dim, uncertain moonlight, her father, in his night-dress, struggling in the grasp of a man. She was so terrified, so panic-stricken, that although she strove with all her might to call for assistance, she could not do so, and remembered nothing more till restored to consciousness by the nurse a little before one o'clock."

There was a dead silence for a few minutes after Mrs. Warren ceased speaking, broken by the coroner, who, after whispering with a detective, said, in his mildest tones, "You noticed the dress, I believe, Mrs. Warren,—the coat, at least, which the man you saw struggling with your father wore?"

How shall I describe the sudden flashing change that passed over the wife's pale features upon hearing this question? It seemed that an unseen dagger struck her, or that a serpent memory or suspicion had been awakened by it into life. In a moment she had hidden her face in her outspread palms, whilst a convulsive shuddering visibly passed through and shook her frame.

After a brief pause, the coroner proceeded with his inquisition, mildly as before.

"You told the nurse, I hear, Mrs. Warren, during the first agitated moments that followed your restoration to consciousness, that the robber and assassin wore a light brown paletot, with pearl buttons—the same kind of coat, in fact," added the coroner, in a tone subdued involuntarily by the terrible suggestion his words conveyed, "the same kind of coat, in fact, that your husband usually wears?"

The convulsive tremor by which the wretched wife was shaken, as if with a paroxysm of ague, increased in violence, but no words replied to the coroner's question. "Nay," persisted the functionary, "you have been heard, when no doubt fancying no one was within earshot, to directly and vehemently accuse your husband to his face of being the assassin of——"

"It could not be!" screamed the wife distractedly, and springing from the chair to her feet, "It is false; or, if true, I must have been crazed—mad! Oh, heavens!" She had fainted, and was immediately carried out of the room in a state of rigid insensibility.

Dr. Henslop, of Newman Street, remarked that, although there had been at one time apprehension of fever in Mrs. Warren's case, he was quite sure her mind had never been in the slightest degree affected.

The next witness was Martha Riddel, the nurse; she had returned to Newman Passage about a quarter to one, having been detained at home longer than she intended. Just as she reached Mr. Goldsworthy's door, she noticed the shadow of a man, as she thought, in Mr. Warren's workshop, passing quickly about, and now and then stooping down; once she thought there were *two* persons in the loft, but on looking more attentively, concluded that the dim moonlight had deceived her; she wondered rather that Mr. Warren, who she knew had gone to Hampstead, should be in his workshop at that time of night, and thought she would mention it to Mrs. Warren, whom, on entering the house, which she did with a latch-key, and proceeding up-stairs to her bedroom, she found lying across the bed, fainted away. Upon coming to herself, she seemed to be for some minutes in a kind of distracted maze, and told witness, first, that a man in her husband's coat—then that her husband himself—had, she was sure, robbed and murdered her father. Witness then gave the alarm, just upon which Mr. Warren himself came hurrying up-stairs, looking, witness thought, very pale and scared. She was sure he had on the light brown paletot he generally wore. Mrs. Warren fainted away again at the sight of her husband, and the house was soon afterwards filled with people.

In reply to Mr. M'Intyre, who, by the way, had obtained a brief interview with Richard Warren, the nurse said that the upper-coat was always hanging up in the passage when not worn by Mr. Warren; that the street-door opened with a very common sort of latch-key, and that Purfleet and his journeyman, who were packing-case makers, and worked in the lower part of Mr. Warren's workshop, were quite familiar with the house and its ways. She certainly had thought at one time that she saw the shadows of *two* men crossing to and fro, and stooping down, in the upper floor of the workshop, but had come to the conclusion that she must have been mistaken. Mr. Goldsworthy's bureau, she further deposed, as well as a large tin box, kept in his bedroom, had been wrenched open, and all the gold and silver they contained, supposed to be a large sum, carried off. She further added, that the key of the left-door was, she believed, generally carried by Mr. Warren in his coat pocket.

The detective gave the finishing stroke to this evidence. In the tightened grasp of the deceased he had found a small piece of light brown cloth, matching precisely with a rent in Richard Warren's upper-coat, and torn off, as he (the detective) supposed, if what had been stated was true, in the death-struggle. He had also discovered about ten pounds in gold and silver concealed under the floor of Richard Warren's workshop, but the amount carried away, he was bound to add, was known to exceed five hundred pounds.

This was more than sufficient, and the inquest was adjourned to the next day, when Richard Warren would be present, and the evidence be red over and subscribed,—a needless ceremony, like the presence of the accused at these altogether *ex-parte* proceedings.

Richard Warren's statement in explanation did not in the least mend his position. He had gone to a friend living beyond Hampstead to borrow a sum of money for a pressing occasion; but judging, on arriving there, from the closed shutters, and the absence of lights, that his friend had retired with his family to bed, he refrained from disturbing him and returned home empty-handed as he went. He had neglected to take his upper-coat with him; but on re-entering his home, and seeing it hang up as usual in the passage, he had slipped it on, as he knew his wife would be vexed if she knew he had gone out on such a bitter cold night without it. It was easy to see that neither the coroner nor one of the jury—keen, far-scanning, astute gentlemen all of them—believed a word of this simple story, and a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Richard Warren was quickly returned by a majority of seventeen to one, that one being myself, much, I could see, to the disgust, amongst others, of my facile friend the beadle, to whose kindness I was indebted for my place in the jury.

The inquest-verdict, would, I doubted not, be ratified by the Old Bailey jury. The wife's evidence and reported expressions had been printed and enlarged upon in every newspaper in the metropolis; and however gravely the judge might warn the jurors to banish from their minds all they had previously heard—which they could about as easily do as banish their own identity from their minds—would, I was quite certain, insure Richard Warren's conviction, if the evidence that could be legally adduced at the trial were of the faintest, flimsiest kind—which, however, it was not by any means, as will have been seen.

Still, there were many weak as well as favorably suggestive points about the evidence, even to those who, not knowing the accused as I did, could not examine it by the light of his pure and blameless life and character. Where, in the time, could he have effectually concealed the large sum in gold and silver that had been carried off? the ten pounds that had been discovered was obviously a plant, and the *two* figure shadows which the woman Riddel had, I felt convinced, seen—to whom could they point but to Purfleet and his man, who were both familiar with the ways of Goldsworthy's house, intimate with Warren, and had access by a common door to his workshop? Mr. M'Intyre coincided perfectly in my opinion; and Mrs. Warren, who was half distracted with grief, remorse, and dread, being enabled by her father's will, bequeathing all his estate real and personal, to her exclusively, to furnish us with ample funds, a clever detective's services were engaged, and other springs carefully set to ensnare and convict the real murderer or murderers.

No positive result was, however, for a long time obtained, and the Old Bailey Session was already unpleasantly near, when the detective suggested, as a last resource, that a reward of £200 should be advertised for the discovery of the perpetrator of the crime, payable to any accomplice in the deed except the actual murderer, and roundly promising impunity under the prescribed conditions to the informer.

"This may, perhaps," said the detective, "cause that Jenkins, Master Purfleet's journeyman, who has so suddenly vanished, to turn up; and, at all events, it is worth trying."

It was tried, and bore fruit with magical celerity. The bills had not been posted twelve hours when the detective's agents apprized him that Purfleet was selling his trade-stock for anything he could get for it, evidently with the intention to bolt. A closer watch than ever was kept upon the fellow's motions, who, on the evening of the third day from the issue of the menacing advertisement, fetched a cab and packed it with his boxes, which were labelled, "James Dixon, passage, Liverpool.

At that moment the detective made his appearance, exclaiming, "Oh, these are your packages, are they, friend Dixon,—or Nix'em—which is it, eh? Or might not the name of *Thomas Purfleet* suit you as well, or better?"

The villain seemed turned into stone as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, as the officer's words of doom smote upon his ear. Presently the thick perspiration oozed through his clammy forehead; his knees smote each other, and his quick, gasping breath barely enabled him to articulate, in an accent of utter despair, "I see it all now, and that I am a dead man! This is Jenkins's doing!"

"Perhaps so; but this packet of valuables would, I think, do for you without his aid. Come along! it is always at the last pinch, you know, that the devil deserts his mates. Now, then!"

Instead of Richard Warren, Thomas Purfleet and Isaac Jenkins were tried at the ensuing Old Bailey Sessions for the murder of Bartholomew Goldsworthy, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Purfleet underwent the extreme penalty; but the judgement to die passed upon Jenkins was commuted to transportation for life.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren still live in comparative affluence, and have a numerous family. Richard Warren told me, for perhaps the hundreth time, the other day, that after the first hour or so of panic he never for an instant doubted of a true deliverance, a confidence which in all cases, I grieve to say, has not been so happily realized.

THE END.

When is a house like a bird? When it has wings.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

The Murrurrundi Nugget.

It was surely the hotest Christmas Day that Sydney had ever known. The atmosphere was stifling, and the sun poured down his rays as if he meant to scorch up everything beneath him. Not a leaf stirred, not a ripple disturbed the glassy surface of the waters of Port Jackson; flowers hung their beautsous heads, birds sought the shade, and there remained, with open beaks and half unfolded wings, while the constant and monotonous hum-hum of locusts filled the air with a wearisome, aching sound.

But, despite the excessive heat, the streets were filled with pedistrians—with men and women dressed in light fabrics. Their pace was slow, but their umbrellas and sunshades were carried with diligent hands. They did not appear to be considerably distressed by the weather; it was Christmas Day, and everybody wore, or seemed to wear, a holiday look.

Everybody did I say? Alas, no! He whose garments are all threadbare, whose boots are almost soleless, has a face which bears on it the stamp of want and sorrow.

He is tall, and bears himself with a certain air of good breeding. He would be handsome, too, were but his cheeks less colorless and lean. He is walking on the shaded side of the road, with his gloveless hands thrust into his empty trouser-pockets, and his napless hat pulled far over his brow. He looks at no one; he strides on and on, with his gaze seeking the ground. People pass him on this side and on that, jolting his elbow at every turn; yet he raises not his eyes; he still proceeds onward, with a dogged sturdiness of purpose, as if he had some important object in view.

But, on the contrary, quite, he has no earthly purpose before him; he is a penniless, homeless man, and he going—he knows not whither.

He slept in the Government domain last night, and this morning he breakfasted—on air.

Yet this man had once reposed on a bed of down, been fed on choice and delicate viands, and been surrounded by kind and affectionate friends. And, moreover than that, he had known a woman's love—the love of one younger than himself, and fairer far than you can picture her in fancy.

The church bells were ringing, but their sounds reached not his ear, and he continued to walk onwards, as before. But presently, as he was passing the corner of King Street, some one ran against him with such force as to throw him off his balance; and he reeled, and then dropped like a stone on the pavement.

The person who had unintentionally caused this accident stopped at once, for the purpose of assisting the other to rise. But when he stooped over the prostrate form, he found that it was without the power to move.

A little crowd now gathered round the two strangers, and the injured man was raised, and placed in a sitting posture. One of the bystanders then removed his hat, and loosened his necktie; while another fanned his brow with a pocket-handkerchief.

At the moment his hat was taken off, the second stranger gave a sudden start of recognition, and uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise.

After a few moments, the insensible man rallied somewhat, and, with the help of those about him, managed to stand upright once more. But he was unable to walk, and he leaned against the wall with a languid air, and with his eyes partly closed.

"He'll be down again!" one of the bystanders observed, remarking his weak state, and placing a supporting arm around the drooping figure. "He looks as if he hadn't had his breakfast, poor fellow! I wonder who he is, and where he lives? I'll examine his pockets, and see if I can find out."

"Leave him to me, friend," now spoke the second stranger. "As I was the unlucky cause of this mischance, it is but fair that I should take charge of him for a time, and learn whether he has sustained any real bodily injury in consequence of his fall. He looks miserably poor and forlorn. My name is Manson. I am staying at the Royal Hotel. Here is a sovereign for any two strong fellows who will bring him along with me."

As the speaker concluded, the man leaning against the wall slowly lifted his eyes, and tried to speak. But his endeavor proved fruitless, for no sound issued from between his white lips.

Mr. Manson, a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man, then led the way to the Royal Hotel, whither he was followed by two men supporting in their arms the almost insensible man.

Mr. Manson did not send for any doctor; he had his charge laid on a sofa, and having dismissed the men who had brought him, he rang for a waiter, and ordered a good breakfast to be prepared immediately.

When he was alone, he drew forth a flask of spirits, and poured a few drops down the throat of his companion.

"Stephen!" he whispered, in his ear; "Stephen Armitage!"

Whereupon the other at once opened his eyes, and fixed them on the speaker.

"I'm in a dream, surely," he said, confusedly; and raising one of his hands, he passed it over his brow several times, his gaze all the while fastened on the face opposite him. "Are—are you Adam Manson!" he added, stammering, and beginning to tremble all over.

"Adam Manson is my name."

"And I'm wide awake?"

"Wide awake, Stephen Armitage. I'm glad to see you're not hurt."

"How came I here? I would rather have come across the foul fiend than yourself!"

Adam Manson smiled. "What a strange fellow you are! This is a grateful return for the kind act I have just rendered you!" he said with sarcasm.

"Truly, I have much to be grateful to you for! Look at me, Adam Manson—look at the wreck you have made, and then ask yourself whether you ought to expect any thankfulness at my hands!"

"Go on."

"I will, for I think you must have forgotten the many wrongs you have heaped upon me. Six months ago we came to this colony in the same ship, on board of which, during a protracted voyage, we had become what the world calls fast friends. We were both seeking to build up a fortune, to make more of the little we already had. I confided in you thoroughly. I told you even my love, and I showed you my affianced wife's portrait. Well, you were a knave, I a downright fool! When we reached Sydney, you tempted me to the billiard table; you drew me on and on until I lost—lost every shilling I possessed. I then lost sight of *you*——"

"Of course you did," interrupted Manson, with a laugh. On the night on which I won your last stiver, I met with a sharper, who cleared me out entirely. I was obliged then to look about me for the means of obtaining bread. I was far from desponding. I viewed my ill-luck with philosophy, and resolved to make the best of matters. I accepted a situation as bullock-driver, and went up to Murrurrundi Diggings, where obtaining a claim, I set to work like a nigger. I was successful. I found gold enough to make me independent for the rest of my life. Now, said I to myself, I will quit the colony, and return to dear old England. With this resolution, I left the diggings with three other men, and started off for Sydney. We were all well-armed, and, travelling in the company of two fellows as strong as myself, I anticipated no danger. I imagined that we three would be a match for any bushranger we might be so unfortunate as to encounter. We had a large sum of gold; these men having been fully as lucky at finding as myself."

At this instant the room-door was unloosened from without, and a waiter entered, bearing coffee, rolls, eggs, and butter.

"Here's your breakfast, Stephen; sit down and eat," Adam Manson said, pointing to a table on which the meal had been placed.

Stephen Armitage's vitals were hungering for food, and this invitation was not to be resisted. He accordingly rose, seated himself at the table, and commenced eating.

"I'll proceed with my story, if you've no objection," said Manson.

"Do so."

"Well, during the first and second day of our journey, we met with neither obstacle nor adventure. We were traveling in a common cart, at the bottom of which, covered with a thick layer of straw, our gold was concealed. But to be brief with my tale. On the third day, at Mustown, three men rushed suddenly out of the bush and flung themselves upon us. We were unprepared at this moment for the attack of the bushrangers, and they had it all their own way, and finally they made off with our nuggets. Fortunately, they left me my well-filled purse, else I should have been obliged to go back at once to the diggings and to work. As it is, I am enabled to take a spell in Sydney before I resume my labors. And now that you have heard the history of my doings since last we parted company, let me hear yours."

"It wouldn't interest you," Stephen returned, with a deep sigh. "I have worked at anything I could get to do at one time, at another I have begged, and at another I have starved. You see, I had to pledge my clothes; then those I wore grew so shabby people would not employ the wearer of them. I did once think of writing to my father, but, knowing his stern nature, I abandoned the idea, and made up my mind to suffer rather than apply to him for funds. I have not written home since my arrival here, neither have I inquired at the post-office for my letters. I want my friends to believe me dead, and to forget me—Jessie Haloombe amongst the rest."

Adam laughed heartily at this.

"Why, what a faint-hearted chap you are, Stephen!" he exclaimed. "Come, I'll try to make amends for the past, if I can. I'll carry you to Murrurrundi, purchase you a claim at the diggings there, and thus set you on the road to fortune. What do you say to my offer?"

"Dig! I haven't the strength for such labor. A few days more, and all will be over with me."

"Pooh, pooh! Never say die, old fellow! Come with me, and I'll put you on your legs again; I will—I swear I will!"

Stephen Armitage shook his head.

"You don't see me so despairing, yet I have lost all I possessed. I am going back feeling assured that I shall find more gold to reward me for my pains."

"Gold!" repeated the other, with something very like a groan. "I shall never touch another sovereign as long as I live!"

"Come with me, I tell you, and leave off talking in that fashion."

Adam Manson was sincere in his wish to make some amends to Stephen Armitage. The digger was touched at finding the other in such a deplorable condition, and was willing to share the little he had with him.

"What have you done with Jessie's portrait?" Manson asked, after his friend had finished his breakfast.

"It's here," Stephen answered, producing a worn envelope, and showing a colored *carte de visite*. "You don't imagine that I could loose it, do you? I've worn it next my heart ever since it has been mine, and when I die I hope it will be buried with me!"

"Here let me have a look at it;" Manson said, stretching out his hand for it.

"You've seen it often before."

"I have, but I want to see it once again," he replied, taking the portrait, and looking at it attentively.

As Manson contemplated the photograph, a feeling which that photograph had once aroused in his breast, but which had since become weakened, now became re-awakened. He sighed as he gazed upon those matchless lineaments. The face, which was exceedingly lovely, was that of a girl of nineteen or twenty years old. She was a dark beauty, with large lustrus eyes, coral lips, a perfect nose, and a broad, low brow, surmounted with rippling purple-black hair.

Manson had never looked upon any countenance half so bewitching, and he secretly resolved to know the original some day, and, if possible, to make her his wife.

(To be Continued.)

GALOP. "The Good Cheer."

By W. H. MONTGOM



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CONTENTS.

Advice to Young Ladies ..... page 764
A Home without a Wife 765
The Boys of the Bowery Pit 764
Brightest Eyes 765
Beau Belles: or
that's the way the bell goes 762
CLARIBELL 763
Droop not, Darling 762
Don't say one thing and mean another 762
Darwin's origin of man: or
Man and the Monkey 763
The Drunkard's Lament 764
The Face among the crowd 763
Funking the Cobbler 765
The GIN FIEND 762
Hopes of my Childhood 762
Hail! thou merry month of May! 763
Here he goes 765
I'm a Pilgrim and a Stranger 765
I love the dewy Twilight 764
In one ear and out of the other 763
I Slept and, oh! how sweet the dream! ... 763
It hasn't happened yet 762
IT'S VERY AGGRAVATING 764
Little Brown-Eyed Daisy 762
The Murrurrundi Nugget:
Story concluded ..... 766—767
My Wife has joined the Shakers 763
Mary, Wilt thou have me? 765
My Normandy 764
The Origin of Woman 763
Perhaps it's as well as it is 764
This Blooming Rose 765
Unfading Beauty—Music 768
The VOW OF TIPPERARY 763
Would you gain the tender Creature? 765

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Beau Belles:
Or That's the way the Bell Goes.

Written by Harry Hunter.

Dick Whittington came back to town
When Bow Bells seemed to call him,
And tell him of the great renown
That after would befall him:
Everybody has a way
Of fancying the words they say,
And to me they seem to tell,
Swinging to and fro,
Every beau should have a belle,
Every belle a beau.

Beau belles and belle beaux,
That's the way the bell goes:
Ladies never sell beaux
When they're very swell beaux,
When they're out-at-elbows
They know how to tell beaux,
Beau belles and belle beaux,
That's the way the bell goes.

With bachelors I don't agree
Wherever I may find them,
And dearly do I like to see
The pretty maidens bind them:
Matrimony does them good,
Though they little thought it would
And the bells they seem to state,
Swinging to and fro,
He is glad to get a mate,
Very well we know. Beau belles, &c.

An old maid's very sad and prim,
And she'd always be tart,
But she gives up every whim
When she gets a sweetheart:
All at once her eyes are bright,
All at once her heart is light,
And the bells they seem to say,
Swinging to and fro,
She shall always bless the day
First she had a beau. Beau belles, &c.

So now to all the single folk
This good advice I tender:
Don't fight against the marriage yoke,
But cheerfully surrender:
You shall find my words are true,
Every joy shall wait on you,
And the bells shall ring and say,
Swinging to and fro,
Here's another pair, to-day,
Happy down below. Beau belles, &c.

The Gin Fiend.

The Gin Fiend cast his eyes abroad,
And looked o'er all the land,
And numbered his myriad worshippers
With his bird-like long right hand:
He took his place in the teeming streets,
And watched the people go,
Around and about,
With a buzz and a shout,
For ever to and fro:
And it's hip, he said, hip, hip, hurrah
For the multitudes I see,
Who offer themselves in sacrifice,
And die for the love of me!

There passed a man in the crowd way
With eyes bloodshot and dim:
He wore a coat without a sleeve,
And a hat without a rim:
His grimsy hands with palsy shook,
And he fearfully did laugh
Or driveled and swore,
As he clamored for more
Of the burning poison draught—
And it's hip, said the gin fiend, hip, hurrah!
Success to him over his bowl,
A few short months has made him ruin
Brain, body, and soul!

What is the champion conundrum? Life, because everybody has to give it up.

It Hasn't Happened Yet.

When I was born, some years ago, 'twas prophesied of me
That, if I lived to be a man, a wonder I should be:
But now I've come to man's estate, I must say with regret,
I may turn out a wonder, but it hasn't happened yet.
I may turn, &c.

When I was sent to Grammar School where I was taught to fight,
I spent my time in writing rhyme, if not in rhyming right:
'Tis sorrowful to know it, but my plans are all upset:
I may turn out a poet, but it hasn't happened yet.
I may turn, &c.

Last season, when at Leamington, I courted, but in vain,
A fascinating damsel by the name of Kitty Payne:
I asked her if she'd marry, but she said: "My darling pet,
Some day perhaps I'll love you:" but it hasn't happened yet.
Some day, &c.

As with a confidential friend, next morn, I broke my fast:
"By Jove! he said, you're settled, Fred, she's done you brown at last:
Here Kitty Payne has run away with little Captain Brett."
I thought my heart had broken, but it hasn't happened yet.
I thought, &c.

Of course, I saw the value of a sympathising friend,
And parted when he'd asked me if a fiver I would lend.
Says he: "I'll pay to-morrow: for, I hate to be in debt:"
But I find out, to my sorrow, that it hasn't happened yet.
But I find, &c.

A much respected maiden aunt I thought had lately died,
And left me just a thousand pounds, a house and lands beside:
All this I learnt by telegram: but a friend of hers I met,
Consoled my grief by saying that it hadn't happened yet.
Consoled, &c.

One evening, when out for a stroll, I found a clumsy thief
Without my leave was borrowing my pocket handkerchief:
He bellowed when I kicked him with a force he won't forget,
He thought I was the victim, but it hasn't happened yet.
He thought, &c.

And now a fair good-night to all, my song is nearly done,
And may success attend us where there's fortunes to be won:
Let's breast the hill with such a will as knows not how to fret,
And we'll win the goal with honor such as never happened yet.
And we'll, &c.

Hopes of my Childhood.

In the days that are faded,
I deemed not that years
Would change all their brightness
To sadness and tears:
But the leaf that is greenest
Oft fades in the bough,
And hopes of my childhood,
Oh! where are they now?

As the note that is given
To gladness alone,
Oft awakens a sigh
By some memoried tone:
So the hopes of my childhood,
All bright though they be,
As memory recalls them,
Brings sadness to me—

Droop not, Darling

Ballad and Chorus.

Droop not, darling! though above us
Clouds have veiled heaven's tranquil blue,
Still beyond the sun is shining,
Still kind fate may bear us through.
Hope on ever through care and sorrow,
Pause not trouble still to borrow:
Joy may greet us with the morrow,
If we're to our purpose true.
Droop not, darling, &c.

Droop not, darling! dry those tear-drops
That would dim those lustrous eyes:
See above our star is gleaming
Through the cloud-rifts in the skies:
With life's future all before us,
Hope's bright angel, hovering o'er us,
May to happiness restore us,
And surrender all we prize.
Droop not, darling, &c.

Little Brown-Eyed Daisy.

By Geo. B. Pennock, of Bordentown, N. J.

Little brown-eyed Daisy,
Darling of my heart,
I'm happy when I'm with you—
Sad when we're apart:
When the sun goes down, my darling,
I'll hasten to your side
To meet you, little darling:
Brown-eyed Daisy, you're my pride.
Chorus: Little darling, little sweetheart,
Meet me in the wildwood green:
Angels guard you, little darling,
Sweeter eyes, oh! ne'er were seen.

Little sweetheart Daisy,
You're all the world to me—
I can never tell you
How dearly I love thee!
Seas of melted velvet,
Lit up by sunset,
Are the eyes of little Daisy—
Those eyes I'll ne'er forget.
Little Daisy, little sweetheart, &c.

Don't Say one thing and Mean another.

The little lane, the greenwood lane,
Where Mary dwelt, was gay with singing:
For, brook and bird in many a strain,
Down vale and moor, their notes were flinging:
But Mary's heart was deaf to song,
No longer she her tears could smother:
For, she had learnt at last, 'twas wrong
To say one thing and mean another.

'Tis right, 'tis due when hearts are true,
To show that heart without deceiving,
And not to speak in idle freak,
To try if one's the power of grieving:
In Mary's heart and Mary's mind,
She loved one youth, and loved no other,
But Mary's tongue was apt inclined
To say one thing and mean another.

Would all might see how sweet 'twould be
If truth alone their words directed!
How many a day might then be gay,
That passeth now in tears dejected—
Would all might learn, and all discern,
That truth keeps longest Friend or Brother!
Then, maids, be kind, and speak your mind,
Nor say one thing and mean another.

11 Enigma.

We are the principal part of a numerous race,
And from ancient Phœnicia our origin trace;
So volatile are we, so active and free,
Some of us may be met with in earth, air, and sea:
Two or three in a minute with ease you may find,
But all in a body we are seldom combined,
Yet, though we oft vary our number and station,
We all are essential to right education.

My Wife has Joined the Shakers.

I used to lead a happy life,
Devoid of care, devoid of strife:
I thought I had a faithful wife,
We quiet were as Quakers:
But all my bliss has passed away,
My joy has turned to blank dismay:
For, sad to say, she ran away,
And went and joined the Shakers.

Oh! my cruel wife, to me she's been unkind:
Oh! my cruel wife, I never more shall find:
Oh! my naughty wife, on my heart she's left a load,
Since she's been and joined the Shakers in
the Walworth Road.

When first this curious sect,
I had no reason to expect
That all my hopes would soon be wrecked
Thro' their peculiar notion.
But when I tell you what I have seen,
When to the meeting I have been,
You'll understand the cause, I ween,
Of all my sad emotion.
Oh! my cruel wife, &c.

Beneath the railway arch I found
(The ladies they are kissed all round,)
My wife "all there," you may be bound:
With rage I then beheld her:
For, she was kissed by all the lot,
And, shortly after, up they got:
While I stood rooted to the spot,
She was dancing with an Elder!
Oh! my cruel wife, &c.

The sight of this I couldn't stand:
A blow on him I longed to land:
So I pitched into all the band,
My wife I wished to take her.
But I was collared by the p'lice,
Who swore that I had broke the peace:
But when they did poor me release,
She'd bolted with a Shaker.
Oh! my cruel wife, &c.

The Origin of Woman.

They tell us that woman was made from a rib,
Just picked from a corner so snug in the side:
But the Rabbies will swear to you that is a fib:
For, 'twas not so at all that the sex was supplied.

Old Adam was fashioned, the first of his kind,
With a tail like an Ape, a full yard and a span:
And when Nature cut off this appendage behind,
Then Woman was made from the Tail of the Man.

And if we may judge as the fashion prevails,
Most husband's remembering the original plan:
And thinking his wife is no more than his tail,
He leaves her behind him as much as he can!

Then if such be the tie betwix'd woman and man,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful helf:
For, he takes to his tail like an idiot again,
And makes a most confounded Ape of himself.

I Slept and, Oh! How Sweet the Dream!

Words by L. M. Thornton, Esq.

I slept and, oh! how sweet the dream!
Methought I saw once more
Each old familiar spot, where I
Had rambled o'er and o'er:
When with my tiny hands I used
To bunch the flowers wild,
And carol forth my simple strain,
A happy—happy child!

Bright vision, that which brings again
A season fraught with joy:
A summer's scene, ere winter stern
Rides onward to destroy—
Come, sweet dream, come, and with thee bring
Again those flowrets wild,
The tearless eye, the rosy cheek,
And all that spoke a child!

Answer to Enigma 11. in page 762—
The Vowels.

Darwin's origin of Man:

Or Man and the Monkey.

A book has been written renowned
For strangest of things to believe:
The grave Doctor Darwin has found
The parents of Adam and Eve.
Old Adam, it seems, had a father,
And Eve a fond mother had she:
They cracked cocoa-nuts, and they rather
Preferred to live up in a tree.
The pretty dears had pointed ears,
And caudal appendages, too,
And such as they you'll see, each day,
If a visit you pay to the Zoo.

'Tis a cheering thought, an endearing thought,
Tho' hard at first to conceive,
That a long-tailed ape was the primal shape
That led up to Adam and Eve.

In Darwin's old pages I find
The ladies of hair had no lack:
By chignons 'twas never confined,
But gracefully grew down their back,
And right to their heels the fair friskers
Their tresses would neatly dispose:
And grand-papa-monkeys their whiskers
Would cultivate down to their toes.
With movements quick, and full of trick,
In frolic they never could fail,
Nor were they poor in literature:
For, each would contribute a tale (tail.)
'Tis a cheering thought, &c.

But don't think the ape was the first
Grand-father of me and of you:
Says Darwin that monkey was nursed
Perhaps by a fine Kangaroo:
The Kangaroo came of a Beaver,
The Beaver—we can't stop at that:
He came, says each Darwin believer,
From some primitive Thomas Cat.
So on and on—and never shrink
To reach the original stock,
Our first papa, the Periwink
That grew on a submarine rock.

Spoken: It's a dreadful notion to go so far back: for, I shall never be able to eat an oyster without thinking I am possibly outraging my great-great Aunt, or committing violence on my wife's grand-father's forty-second cousin: No! we can't admit shell-fish into relationship: we must draw the line somewhere, and I propose to draw it at Monkeys, and sing— 'Tis a cheering, &c.

Hail! Thou Merry Month of May!

Hail, all hail! thou merry month of May!
We will hasten to the woods away,
And scent the flowers so sweet and gay:
Haste away, to hail the merry May!

Hark, hark, hark! to hail the month of May,
How the songsters warble on each spray!
And we shall be as blythe as they:
Then away, to hail the merry, merry May!

Hail, all hail! the merry month of May!
Thou hast given to every bird its mate:
Grant lovers true as kind a fate:
So shall they bless thee, merry, merry, merry,
Hail, all hail! thou merry month of May!

The Vow of Tipperary.

From Carrick streets to Shannon shore,
From Slievenamon to Ballindeary,
From Longford-pass to Galtymore—
Come, hear the vow of Tepperary:

"Too long we fought for Britain's cause,
And of our blood were never chary:
She paid us back with tyrant's laws,
And thinned the homes of Tipperary.

But never more we'll win such thanks:
We swear, by God, and Virgin Mary,
Never to list in British ranks:
And *that's* the vow of Tipperary."

The Face among the Crowd.

The Music can be obtained for 10 cents at E. H. Harding's, No 288 Bowery, New-York.

I saw that face in youthful glow,
When life for me was fair;
We met, and parted long ago,
Ere fell the blight of care!
I tore her image from my breast,
And years had rolled away,
And other scenes had brought me rest,
That leave my heart to-day!
For, in the bright and busy street,
Where walk the poor and proud,
I saw how strange that we should meet,
Her face among the crowd!

A moment only, and it passed!
Our lips refused to speak:
Oh! time with blighting hand had cast
The roses from that cheek!
That face still haunts me where I go,
It brings the dream of old,
And love and hope around me flow,
In melody untold!
Oh! thus we met in after days,
Two hearts with sorrow bowed:
It seemed an angel's to my gaze
That face among the crowd.

In one Ear and out of the Other.

A queer but good little expression,
And one which we hear every day,
"In one ear and out of the other,"
Oft handily coming in play—
Yes, a good little rule to follow,
That is, in some cases I'll tell,
In order to trouble avoid,
And to keep one's self easy, as well.

Chorus.

"In one ear and out of the other,"
Much we hear had best be received:
Thus may one avoid much bother,
Since much that's said's not to be believed:

How oft we meet folks always ready
Unkind words of others to say,
With backbiting words of the absent,
In a sneaking and cowardly way:
So, when all such spiteful expressions
In our ears are eagerly popped:
"In one ear and out of the other,"
Is the safe, proper rule to adopt. Chorus.

Sharp words by the tongue oft are spoken,
Not sanctioned always by the head,
But said in a moment of passion,
Oft repented the instant they're said.
Now in such a case to get angry
And offended's the act of a fool:
"In one ear and out of the other,"
Is most surely the sensible rule. Chorus.

Claribell.

She sighed and told me to forget:
It chilled me like December,
But when I saw her eyes were wet,
They seemed to say—"Remember:"
She often bid me go away,
But somehow seemed to hold me:
"You never kiss me now," she'd say:
Then, if I did, she'd scold me.

She vowed she loved another one,
My feelings then were cooling:
Then when I rose and would be gone,
She said—"I'm only fooling."
And thus it is with Claribell,
Though she may dearly prize you,
Or when she loves you very well—
She loves to tantalize you!

Why is matrimony like stearling coin? Because it has a genuine ring with it.

Why is a beggar like a lawyer? Because he's a solicitor.

The Drunkard's Lament.

Sung with great success by Hermann Minn.

I saw him laid out in the gutter,
The curb-stone supporting his head:
And he muttered and groaned without ceasing,
And these were the words that he said:
"Yes, yes, he has treated me nobly;
His goodness I can't but commend:
When one's in distress, 'tis a comfort
To have such a kind-hearted friend!

He knows I am homeless and needy,
And haven't a morsel to eat:
So he pitches me out of his bar-room,
And leaves me to starve in the street!
Oh! little I dreamed that the fellow
Would serve me like this in the end—
A man I have known since my childhood—
My bottle-companion and friend!

In happier days, when my pockets
With dollars were plenteously stored,
A welcome was always before me,
And often a seat at his board.
What money I spent at his counter!
What custom I drew to his store!
And now, when I'm useful no longer,
He spurns me away from his door!

Oh! villain! base, black-hearted villain!
And yet, I alone am to blame:
'Twas I who committed the folly,
And mine be the sorrow and shame!
I once was as prosperous as he is—
O Heaven, how great was my fall!
From affluence down to starvation—
And rum was the cause of it all!

The home where I once was so happy,
Can never be mine any more;
My long-suffering wife is in heaven;
My children are friendless and poor.
Oh! fool that I was!—but no matter,
I cannot recall what is past:
There always were fools, and I doubt not
That fools there will be to the last.

My hopes are all gone, and the prospect
Still darker and gloomier grows:
My life is a wreck and a failure—
Oh! would it were brought to a close!"
And there he lay, coiled in the gutter,
And blubbered and groaned through the night,
Till at last a patrolman came on him
And dragged him away out of sight!

My Normandy.

Hope whispers me, when summer comes,
And genial verdure crowns the plain,
That I shall see my native land,
And greet my birthplace once again:
Where first in infancy I drew
The breath of life so pure and free:
In dreams 'tis present to my view—
My Normandy! my Normandy!

I've seen the shores of Italy,
And Venice with its gondoliers,
And Switzerland, the brave and free,
Which boasts such hardy mountaineers:
I've seen all these, yet wander on,
In hope my long-loved home to see:
For, I would ever gaze upon
My Normandy! my Normandy!

It seems to me a dream of life
Since youth's bright smiles have passed away,
And every form I loved on earth
By time's rude hand hath met decay:
Still let me live to dream of all
The sunny smiles I loved to see,
As when in youth I gazed upon
My Normandy! my Normandy!

Why are fowls the most economical stock for farmers to keep? Because for every grain of corn they give a peck.

Answer to 12. Riddle on this page—Nun.

It's very Aggravating.

Sung by Jennie Hughes.

I had a beau some time ago,
Whom I thought just the man
To suit the taste of one he called
His own dear Clara Anne.
Three years, four months, five days, six hours,
He spent in paying court;
If caught, sure I'd be paying him—
For, of me he's made rare sport.

Oh! it's very aggravating when your love's not true:
It's very aggravating when he don't love you;
It's awfully aggravating: but what are you to do,
When he takes another party off to Timbuctoo?

Of course it was "the old, old tale:"
He'd do I don't know what
To prove his love, and should he fail,
He "hoped he might be shot:"
Sent billet-doux by twos and threes,
With "loves" and "doves" and "blisses,
With lots of dots and curious spots,
Which represented kisses.
Oh! it's very, &c.

He called one day—poor fellow!—
He seemed very ill at ease,
And, without the slightest warning,
He went down upon his knees.
He said he'd ne'er get up again,
"Unless I named the day:
I asked: "please to wait a month,
And then, perhaps, I'd say."
Oh! it's very, &c.

That night I dreamt of wedding bells,
And a bride cake such a size!
But morning came to close such
Happy visions from my eyes:
My "ever constant," loving swain,
Was not exactly true:
For, he'd wedded with another,
And was off to Timbuctoo!
Oh! it's very, &c.

To Timbuctoo, too true, they have gone.
Wherever that may be:
I care no more for him than he
Could e'er have cared for me:
But, girls, ne'er dilly, dally:
Should he offer, don't refuse it:
For, should you play with a mouse too long,
The chances are—you'll lose it.
Oh! it's very, &c.

Perhaps it's as well as it is.

Written by James Bruton, Esq.

By my pa' and ma' I'm styled
A wicked little mad cap wild:
They advised me in wedlock to fix,
And to leave off my tom-boy tricks.
Though scarcely of twenty turned,
Yet offers by dozens I've spurned—
And perhaps it's as well as it is.

My first was an ancient youth,
Who offered his gold and his truth:
To accept of the last I was loth,
But I couldn't have one without both:
My hand to the swain would I give,
But then he for years might live—
So perhaps it's as well as it is.

My next was a young man of wealth,
Who to church once conveyed me by stealth,
But ere I'd said "love and obey,"
My mama came and bore me away.
Cried she: "Girl! what would you have?
That man's but a younger son."

But, gents, now what am I to do?
My sad case I must leave to you:
I'll vow I'll be steady and staid,
If you won't let me die an old maid:
There's a dear youth sits there I adore—
I could, but I dare not say more—
But perhaps it's as well as it is.

I Love the Dewy Twilight.

Words by J. W. Lake—Music by S. Glover.

I love the dewy twilight,
When the coming shadows fall,
Thro' the day's departing beauty,
On some ruin's ivyed wall:
When the vesper music, stealing
O'er the valley and the lea,
Wakes the heart to tender feeling—
Oh! the twilight hour for me:

I love the dewy twilight,
When the forest leaf is still,
When no sound disturbs the silence,
Save the gentle murm'ring rill:
When the silver moon is peeping,
Through the misty clouds that flee,
On sweet flowers like infants sleeping:
Oh! the twilight hour for me!

The Boys of the Bowery Pit.

By W. C. Air: The Newsboys

I am sitting in the Bowery Pit, amongst the gallus boys,
Seeing the play go off, and listening to the noise:
The hi-hies and the whistling, an earth-quake nothing to it—
For kicking up a thundering din, they're the boys to do it.

Chorus.

The Newsboys they're a gallus crowd, as I will let you know,
They go to the Bowery Pit for to see the show.

When Cony with his dog comes on, you ought to hear the cry,
And when the dog gets wounded and makes believe to die:
When Taylor comes with sword in hand, he and Cony fight,
The hearts of all the gallus boys are brim full of delight.
The Newsboys they're, &c.

But presently the Actors are seen looking at the wings,
As if they were watching for Somebody or Somethings:
The Gallus Boys are Wide-Awake, they know what's coming now—
For, J. R. Scott is coming, and then there's such a Row!
The Newsboys they're, &c.

Oh! if you want to see some fun, go to the Bowery Pit,
Especially on some night when there is a Benefit,
And I'll be bound that you will think, amid the din and noise,
That they are gallus bloods indeed, and nothing but the Boys.
The Newsboys they're, &c.

Advice to Young Ladies.

Air: John Dean—By G. L. of the F. D. S.

When married you are, you must learn to submit
To the whims of a husband, and if he sees fit
To go alone of an evening to a concert or play,
And, of course, at home by yourself you must stay—
You must n'er be ill-tempered, look sulky or frown,
Or what people commonly call "upside down:"
Be kind and submissive, yet cheerful and gay,
Or you'll break the old promise: *love, honor and obey*
Sing, tu ri la la, &c.

And when he comes home on a cold winter's night,
Have the hearth cleanly swept, and the fire burning bright,
His arm-chair placed ready, his slippers well aired,
The cloth neatly laid, and the supper prepared:
Attend to these rules, and you will surely find
Your husband affectionate, tender and kind:
But let this be your motto: "Should he be the reverse,
He's your husband, you've got him for better or worse."
Sing, tu ri la la, &c.

12. Riddle.

Three letters do compose my name:
Read backwards, forwards, I'm the same:
Within a cell confined for life:
Aunt, sister, friend, but ne'er a wife.

Here he Goes.

Sung by J. H. Stead.

When Tom declared his ardent love
To Miss Amelia Brown,
He asked Papa to give consent,
He only gave a frown:
But Tom and his Amelia said
That they'd elope to town
And married be, although it was
Against the wish of Brown:
The very morning of their flight,
Old Brown at home would stay:
They begged I'd think of something
Just to help them get a-way.

Spoken: And I did. by taking Brown's attention while they got off by train. Now the old boy was a bit of a sporting character: so looking at the pendulum of the clock, I said: "Brown, I'll bet you ten pounds you don't swing your arm with that, and not miss one beat for a quarter of an hour." "Done," says he. "This is the way," said I——

Here he goes, there he goes,
Bibberty bob, bibberty bob:
Here he goes. there he goes,
And this is the way to do it.

And Brown he set to work at once,
And soon began to puff.
Says I: "I thing you'll soon cry out
That you have had enough."
Said Brown: "I never lay a bet
But what I mean to win.
I'll bet another ten, my boy,
That I shall not give in."
Now Brown was fat—the weather warm—
But never once he stops,
Altho' upon his heated face
There stood the shining drops.

Spoken: And while I stood laughing, Brown kept on swinging his arms to the pendulum of the clock, saying—— Here he goes, &c.

Now Mrs. Brown who heard me laugh,
Came in the room to see:
"My goodness gracious! she exclaimed
What can the matter be?
Why, surely, Brown, you're going mad,
Of that there's not a doubt,
To stand in front of that old clock,
And swing your arm about:
I'll go and fetch the doctor, Brown,
If you go on that way:
What do you think you're doing, Brown?"
But all that he would say
Was: here he goes, &c.

The doctor only lived next door:
He soon was in the place,
And when he looked at Brown, said he:
"I see at once the case:
He fancies he's that old dutch clock,
And been wound up to go:
His arm he thinks the pend'lum, and
That's why he swings it so.".
With laughter I felt quite convulsed,
To see the blank dismay
Of doctor Green and Mistress Brown,
While Brown went on to say——
Here he goes, &c.

Brown won the wager, but he lost
His daughter by the game.
She married Tom in town, and then
Back for forgiveness came:
'Twas useless, when the job was done,
For Brown to say them nay:
So he at last took all the joke
In quite a jolly way:
He gave a party to his friends,
And told the joke with glee,
While shouts of laughter echoed from
The merry company.

Spoken: Really, said Brown, I shall never see the pendulum of a clock but it will put me in mind of—— Here he goes, &c.

What's the latest and sweetest thing in bonnets? The ladies' faces, to be sure.

Brightest Eyes.

Thou'st pearls and diamonds, fair one,
Hast all that men adore,
And hast the brightest eyes, love:
My dearest, what wouldst thou have more?

Those beauteous eyes of thine, love,
I've sung them o'er and o'er,
In countless songs immortal:
My dearest, what wouldst thou have more?

With thy bright eyes thou'st pained me:
Man ne'er was so tortured before;
Down to despair thou hast brought me:
My dearest, what wouldst thou have more?

Mary ,wilt Thou have Me?

ACROSTIC.

*M*ary, tho' I'm doomed to languish—
*A*nd fear there's no relief for me,
*R*acked with sorrow, torn with anguish,
*Y*et my soul will cling to thee.

*W*hen these eyes did first behold you,
*I*n your youthful beauties dressed—
*L*ured to love—too soon they told you
*T*hat you triumphed o'er my breast.

*T*his heart is now, oh! sadly torn,
*H*arrassed with a thousand fears—
*O*h! doom it not to pine and moan,
*U*nwept, unpitied, by your tears.

*H*ope of my life! let pity move,
*A*h! let its tender passion reign:
*V*eiled in its garb, let gentle love
*E*ntreat you to assuage my pain.

*M*ary, forever wilt thou be
*E*nriched with all that's dear to me?

This Blooming Rose.

This blooming rose, of early dawn,
Expanding to the view—
I plucked the flower, tho' sharp its thorn,
Because it looked like you:
But gazing on thy beauteous face,
Its likeness fades to view,
Nor on the rose thy blush I trace—
Its charms must yield to you.

A Home Without a Wife.

A home without a mother
A dreary spot must be,
No matter when we lose her,
In age or infancy;
But next to this, no care, I vow,
Can so distaress our life,
As, day by day, to travel to
A home without a wife.

A home without a mother
I never can forget:
Her cherished form, her look of love
Are present with me yet;
And but for this, no earthly care
Can so distress our life,
As, day by day, to travel to
A home without a wife.

A home without a mother!
Her gentle spirit's flown—
And in this dreary world, alas!
I find myself alone;
And but for this, no care, I vow,
Can so distress our life,
And I'll no longer travel to
A home without a wife.

Would you Gain the Tender Creature?

Would you gain the tender creature?
Mildly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suffering is the lover's part.
Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing—
Lifeless charms without the heart.

Funking the Cobbler.

Air: The Sprig of Shillelah.

There was a cobbler by name Toby Brad:
Though he lived in his stall, yet he didn't live bad.
With a fol de rol, &c.

One night, he was mending an old pair of shoes,
And he looked very black, tho' he'd got the blues—
For, it happened to be the next day after Sunday,
And snobs, you all know, don't like working on Monday.

Now the leather was tough and the awl wouldn't pass,
Which made Toby Brad look devilish fierce,
With his tol fol, &c.

He took up his lapstone and hammered it out,
Then he hammered his fingers and that made him shout:
As he threw down his work with passion well stowed,
Crying out: you can go to Old Nick and be blowed!

In this shocking manner he'd no sooner swore
Than a thundering knocking was heard at the door:
With a fol de rol, &c.

He shivered and shook from his head to his feet—
He was all in a tremble and white as a sheet:
For, he very well knew, and that made him feel queer,
If you talk of the Devil, he's sure to appear.

Now Toby had read, in the tales of the ghosts,
How the devils in smoke rise behind your bed posts:
With his fol, &c.

As he was thinking, a cloud then arose
And the smoke it all got up the cobbler's nose,
And he said to himself, though afraid to be joking,
If this is the Devil, I'll swear he's been smoking.

Then he shivered and quivered and fell on his knees,
Crying out: Mr. Nick, go away, if you please:
With his fol, &c.

He took out his bible, which always was by him—
He thought, while he'd that, old Nick dare not
come nigh him:

Then eagerly over his shoulder he stares,
Then bobbed back his head and got saying his prayers.

I never yet harmed child, woman or man,
I havn't got drunk since tee-totalling began:
With my fol, &c.

I ne'er stole a penny from any man's purse,
I ne'er cut a throat—I might have done worse:
I ne'er told a lie in the whole of my life,
Nor I never made love to any other man's wife.

Then the cobbler began to confess all his sins,
Then he made an endeavor to stand on his pins:
With his fol, &c.

And when by degrees he at length stood upright,
He was just like a ghost so fearfully white—
Then he tried hard to look, tho' he did it with pain:
When a voice cries out: hollo! and he went down again.

Now as he lay down on the floor nearly dead,
A thought very suddenly came into his head:
With his fol, &c.

He took up a hammer which was by his side,
Which over his shoulder at Old Nick he shied:
But as no Nick was there, the unfortunate ass
Only sent the great hammer through six squares
of glass.

Now Toby jumped up nearly frightened to death,
And cut out of his stall, never stopping for breath:
With his fol, &c.

He oft looked behind to see if he was followed,
Some charity boys then after him hallood:
He'd heard 'em before, and he knew by their shout,
It was only them rascals been funking him out.

I'm a Pilgrim and a Stranger.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger:
I can tarry but a night:
Do not detain me: for, I'm going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing for the sight:
Within a country unknown and dreary
I have been wandering for orn and weary.

Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer is the light:
There no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.

The Murrurrundi Nugget.

(Continued.)

It was a wild and dishonorable determination to make; but, as you will soon discover, Adam Manson was not possessed of much principle; perhaps you will find that he had none at all.

With sixteen thousand miles of ocean between Jessie Halcombe and himself, and they perfect strangers to each other, it was singular how Manson, merely from seeing her likeness, could conceive such a sentiment as love for her. But that he did so, and that his passion grew to be a most potent and ungovernable one, the future events I have to narrate will fully prove.

The reader must now imagine himself at the diggings at Murrurrundin, amidst many holes, many bark huts, and many shanties.

It is a strange scene—rude, almost weird, at times. There are the deep, deep holes, some of which are seventy or eighty feet deep, and into which the digger is lowered from above by means of a sort of bucket. There are the cradles here and there, worked generally by the diggers' wives, who labor in the search after gold as industriously as their husbands do. All is bustle—all is life—and every face wears a hopeful, hungry expression.

Here we again meet our two friends, Stephen Armitage and Adam Manson, each of whom is working a seperate claim.

They have been here six weeks, but as yet neither of them has found more than a few grains of gold.

Manson is cross, and he exclaims loudly, and curses his ill-luck day and night, night and day.

But Stephen Armitage utters no complaint whatsoever, but hour after hour shovels up the earth and washes it, only to meet with repeated disappointment.

"It's just my luck!" was all that Stephen would say, at the end of each day's almost fruitless labor.

It was now that Adam began to resort to the shanty, and there, amongst reckless and riotous companions, endeavored to drown the remembrance of his failures in draughts of potent brandy.

You may feel certain that he did not improve either his fortune or his health, doing as he did. Nevertheless, he was now to be found nightly in a shanty, while Stephen, tired with his work, had sought his mattress, and was enjoying a thoroughly healthful slumber. In all things these two men were as distinctly different from each other as a black man is from a white. Within one heart lodged honesty and goodness, while, in the other, but little of either of those qualities could be found.

Stephen never studied to be honorable, because, being so by nature, he had no occasion to trouble about the matter. Indeed, it would have given him positive pain to be otherwise than what he really was.

Each man occupied a seperate hut, and as I have stated, each man worked his own claim. Stephen's claim had, in the first place, been bought and paid for by Adam; but recently the former had scraped together a sum sufficient to pay Manson for it. Thus, Stephen became wholly independent, and, consequently, more easy in his mind.

Adam's constant ill-luck was rendering him idle as well as dissipated, and sometimes he would waste whole days together, and would only resume his pickaxe and his spade at the spur of necessity.

By degrees, Stephen's strength returned to him, and with that strength came back to him all his old buoyancy of spirit. He dug cheerfully and anxiously, hoping, ere long, to reap a brilliant reward for his industry and perseverance. Then, should his hopes be realized, he would away back to England, and to his love.

He had already written home to his family, and to Jessie Halcombe informing them and her of his losses, and adding, that he was now at the diggings at Murrurrundi, seeking for a nugget as big as his own head.

He shrugged his shoulders and sighed heavily, as he wrote these lines to his friends, thinking how unlikely it was that he should ever turn up such a treasure.

Nevertheless, he went on hopefully, a voice within him inciting him constantly to action.

Throughout the whole diggings you could not have found a cleaner hut than that belonging to Stephen Armitage. He slept on a kangaroo-skin rug, in one corner of his dwelling, and he cooked in the open air. He eat damper and stewed parrots, and he drank his tea out of a tin can, and washed his own linen when it wanted washing. He was an example to the whole of the other diggers; for his person he never neglected, and he was never to be found in a shanty.

Stephen had a dusky retainer—a fellow to whom he had once given a meal of victuals—and who, in consequence of that act of generosity, had attached himself to the young man ever since.

Now, as a rule, the blacks of New South Wales are a lazy set; but Murrurrundi Tom was an exception to that rule, and contrived to make himself amazingly useful in the service of his benefactor; for he fetched and cut firewood, snared parrots, carried water, and performed a score of other acceptable services.

Tom was only partially attired. In the first place, he wore no shirt, and his old trousers were so short that they barely reached to his knees, to which they descended in fringed ends of various lengths. His hat, which was cocked on one side with quite a rakish feather, was a battered crushed article, minus the top of its crown and a portion of its brim; and his waistcoat, through which his naked arms were thrust, had entirely lost its original shape and color, and gaped widely in all directions.

In his way, Tom was a remarkable character—he was honest. Neither sugar nor rum could temp this fingers to steal; and he owned as grateful a heart as ever throbbed in any human breast.

Nearly all the day long he was to be seen, stretched, like a faithful watchdog, across the threshold of Stephen Armitage's hut, and at night he slept on the same spot, guarding the slumbers of the man he loved.

Touched by the poor fellow's devotion towards him, Stephen fed him daily, and Tom called him "Massa," and regarded him as such.

Now, the black had an instinctive dislike to Adam Manson, and always used to watch him with suspicious eyes.

Having discovered that he had lately injured his dear one's portrait, Stephen now left it at home while he pursued his labors. He had casually told Manson of the fact, at the same time expressing his sorrow at the accident.

Now, near Armitage's bed there stood an old tea-chest, which, being turned on its side, served alike as a cupboard and table. In this same tea-chest the digger had bestowed his only earthly treasure—the likeness of his love.

One day, when Stephen was absent from his hut, Manson entered it, took out the carte, and, seating himself, began to contemplate it.

Tom was stealthily watching him from the doorway.

Adam was pressing kiss after kiss upon the piece of pasteboard, and the black was beginning to think him mad.

Grinning, Tom thrust his head, hat and all, into the hut.

"Want anything, Massa Manson?" he asked, showing nearly all his ivories.

"Go to the devil!" Adam answered coarsely. "You see what I am doing?" he added, fixing his eyes upon the other.

"Yes, sar; me see well. Dat a picture ob Massa Armitage's wife," he replied, pointing to the photograph in Manson's hands.

"His wife! Never!" Adam muttered to himself. Then turning to the black, he continued, "Mind, if you say anything about my coming here, I'll wring your grinning head off your shoulders."

At that, Tom began to rub his bristly chin. Manson was a powerful man, and, to speak the truth, the black was rather afraid of him; but he was too shrewd to show the gentleman what he felt.

"Did you hear, you inky son of Satan?" resumed Adam.

"Me not deaf yit, sar."

"Do you like baccy?"

At that question, Tom's eyes glistened like a pair of black diamonds; but the next moment his features fell.

"No" he answered, forcing his speech,—"no, me not like baccy at all. Massa Armitage say smokin' a cussed bad habit, an' me left it off."

"Oh, you've left it off, have you? And have you also left off drinking rum?"

"No, sar," Tom rejoined, in a low, timid voice, as if ashamed of making such an admission; "rum are quite anoder ting, sar."

"Ah, so I thought," returned Adam, with a laugh. "Well, if I give you a glass of it, you must promise to keep your mouth closed for the future?"

"Keep my mouth shet, sar! How me drink de rum wit my mouth shet?"

"Pshaw! you are a fool!" Manson exclaimed, at the same time starting to his feet, and putting the photograph into one of his pockets. "Come along to the shanty, and I'll make you as drunk as a lord."

"Stop, sar; you put Massa Armitage's prop'ty into your pocket."

"And what the deuce is that to you, I should like to know? Am I not going to shut your eyes with rum, you ebony scoundrel?"

Tom shook his head very gravely.

"Me not shet my eyes on a cussed thief," he said, sturdily.

"Thief!" echoed Manson, his whole face growing ashy pale with sudden rage; "repeat that word again, you infernal black rascal, and I'll pitch you down the deepest hole in the diggings!"

The other recoiled, with trembling limbs. He looked around inquiringly for an instant; in the next, he had snatched up a heavy billet of wood, and was holding it threateningly in the air.

The black's eyes rolled in his head, and his white teeth were set edge to edge, while every muscle in his body seemed prepared for contest.

Manson was perfectly amazed, and somewhat alarmed as well, but he assumed a bold front, and did his best to look as unconcerned as possible.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded he, indicating the dangerous-looking billet. "Do you want to murder me in cold blood?"

"No, sar; me want you to put back dat pictur, 'longin' to Massa Armitage—dat's all."

"Well, but suppose I won't do that, what then?"

"Den I must kill you, sar!" was the resolute and emphatic rejoinder.

Manson bit his lips, and stamped his feet upon the ground in impotent rage. He did not like to be compelled to restore the likeness, and to be compelled to do so by a black fellow, was, he felt, degrading to him in the extreme.

"Come, come; put down that ugly piece of wood," he said, in bland accents.

"The pictur' fust, sar!"

"Curse it! There!" Adam returned, twitching forth the photograph, and then flinging it on the floor.

Tom then lowered the billet, but still retained firm possession of it, while Manson, frustrated in his wishes, marched out of the hut and disappeared.

"Dere goes a big tot o' rum, may be two ô' dem!" the black cried, rather regretfully. And, so saying, he threw aside his weapon, and picked up the ill-used portrait.

When Stephen came home, which was not till some time after dark, Tom took care to relate what had happened during massa's absence. The black made the most of his story, and, for the sake of effect, added to it here and there. But despite the graphic description of the affair, Armitage paid but little attention to it.

"The fellow was a bit screwed, I suppose, Tom?" he remarked, when the other had finished.

"No, massa, he no dat, me sartin. Me took good care ob de pictur," he added. "Me put it back where massa left it."

"Thank you, Tom; you're a regular treasure to me," Stephen said.

The black's eyes sparkled to hear this.

"Me'll keep my eye on dat Massa Manson, sar."

"All right, Tom; I'd keep my two eyes on him,

if I were you," Stephen answered, lightly.

"Some day, massa find him a dam rascal."

"I dare say I shall, old fellow."

"But me'll watch dis place more dan eber," replied Tom. "Oh, gosh!" he suddenly cried, lifting up both his hands, "dat Massa Manson hab made me forget de damper—it will be burnt to a cinda!"

And thrusting his fingers into his hair, the speaker rushed out of the hut, and flew to a log-wood fire, which was burning at a short distance from the door.

With his bare hands he quickly removed the thick bed of ashes, and at length he came upon a round black mass, which he recognized as the damper.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, ready to burst into tears at the sight before him—"gosh! but me'd like to stuff dis down that Massa Manson's troat!"

On the following day, as Stephen was digging, his spade suddenly struck against some hard substance.

All at once, he began to tremble with expectation, and a hot flush suffused his face. He leant on his spade, almost dreading to bring to light that which it was touching, and feeling very faint and sick.

"Heaven! should it be a nugget?" he exclaimed, mentally.

He pushed his spade deeper and deeper, but failed to dislodge the opposing substance. Next, he seized his pickaxe, and used it dexterously, and presently a heavy lump of something was brought within view.

Here the digger dropped upon his knees to examine what he had found, and then, discovering what it was, he gathered his arms about his new-found treasure, and straightway became insensible from the effects of too much joy.

By-and-by he recovered his consciousness, and quitted the hole. He could hardly contain himself, he was in such a whirl of delight and happiness. He seated himself on the ground, and called to some men who were busily employed in washing the earth they had just dug up, and, on their coming to him, showed them his prize, a nugget of solid gold as large as his own head, the largest nugget that had been found in Murrurrundi.

The news of Stephen Armitage's lucky "find" spread with the speed of lightning all over the diggings, and everybody came to look at the great nugget of Murrurrundi. Amongst those assembled was Manson, who looked malignant as a fiend.

Every one present save Adam was loud in congratulating Stephen on his good fortune. Many, 'tis true gave envious glances at the lump of precious metal, but not one regarded it with such covetous eyes as Manson.

"You'll now dig no more, I suppose?" he remarked, as he walked on by Stephen's side in the direction of the latter's hut.

"You are right; I shall dig no more: I shall be off immediately to dear old England and my love," Armitage answered, quite gaily.

"And get married as soon as you can?"

"Yes, I am now in a position to marry; heaven be praised for it!"

"You're a lucky dog."

"Indeed I am, Manson."

"You don't forget that you owe your present piece of good fortune in part to me?"

"To you! What do you mean?"

"Why, didn't I bring you here?"

"Many thanks to you, Manson; you did do so."

"I think, if you did the fair and grateful thing by me, you would let me have an equal share in this find."

"What!" exclaimed Armitage. "Ridiculous! If you had been the finder of this treasure, instead of me, would you have acted as you expect me to act?"

"That's not the question. I was here before you, and all that; and I've been a great friend to you. What would have become of Stephen Armitage had I left him in Sydney?"

"I have returned you every penny you advanced me, and I have over and over again thanked you for your kindness. What, in reason, can you ask for more?"

"I've told you once," was the curt reply.

"Pshaw! You are jesting with me—or else you are out of your senses."

"You shall see."

And, without a word more, Adam Manson turned on his heel, and soon disappeared behind the door of a neighboring shanty, while Armitage reached the entrance of his hut, before which he found his sable friend.

"Gosh, massa! Me hear de news; me hear ob de big nugget you hab just found," Tom cried out, in an ecstacy of delight. "Where are it? me'd like to see it."

"And so you shall, my honest darkey," Stephen answered, as he entered his dwelling. "There!" he added, showing him the lump of gold.

"Massa Manson would like to hab dat," the black observed, with a grin.

* * * * * *

Adam sat down in the shanty, and called for some brandy, which he drank greedily; then he called for some more, and with that by his side, he fell into a train of wicked thoughts.

Jessie Halcombe! Was he, then, never to behold her? If he had only that great nugget, he might return to England, introduce himself to her, and probably marry her. If he could but put Armitage out of the way, he might then possess himself of his gold, and afterwards of his love.

Adam here lifted his glass, with a trembling hand, gulped at the brandy once more.

Ah! if he could but put Armitage out of the way.

And what was there to prevent his doing so?

One well-directed blow, and all would be over!

A sharp blade of steel and his own powerful hand could perform the deed!

And here Manson mechanically drew forth a large pocket-knife, opened it, and lightly passed his finger along its edge.

"This would do the business and it *shall!*" he said. And once again he partook of the fiery draught before him.

Before Manson had quited the shanty, darkness and night had gathered around the scene. He started forth in a half-intoxicated state, rather unsteady in his gait, but knowing well what he was about.

He went in the direction of Stephen Armitage's hut, but paused before he came to the entrance of it.

Now he drew himself up, and presently his finger was re-examining the edge of his knife.

"All right!" he whispered to himself.

And he went on.

Just as he arrived in front of the entrance of Armitage's hut, he made a false step, stumbled, and measured his length upon the earth.

The noise of his fall penetrated the sheets of bark seperating him from the inmates of the hut, and reaching the acute ears of one of the inmates, aroused him from his slumber.

This individual was the faithful black, who now crawled on his hands and knees nearer to the doorway, and putting his ear to the ground, listened.

Manson breathed heavily. And as he picked himself up he muttered some grumbling words.

"Gosh!" cried Tom; "dat's Massa Adam! Oho, sar, me's wide awake! What de debil do he want about here at dis time o'night, me wonder? Me tink me guess. He dam rascal, an' he want Massa Armitage' nugget!"

The black then softly rose to his feet, and awaited the approach of the intruder.

He advanced, step by step, until he stood on the very threshold of the hut, the entrance to which was protected only by a single sheet of bark, which was removed in a moment, and without creating the least perceptible sound.

Stephen was sleeping soundly, and happy dreams were his.

Tom crawled close to his master's side, and there remained.

There were no boards to creek: the steps of the ruffian fell noiselessly.

Manson knew well the position of the bed; but as it was on the ground, it was necessary that he should approach it on his hands and knees, holding his knife between his teeth the while.

This he did; and he groped, when near the bed, for him who slept there, and laid his hands upon the black, whom he took for Stephen Armitage.

Tom trembled from top to toe, but at once sprang up and flung himself upon Manson, without uttering a cry.

"Ah, what! you would struggle for your life, would you?" Manson exclaimed, his weapon in his hand.

Still, not a sound from the lips of the black, who, having felt the touch of the cold steel, was now seeking to possess himself of it.

At this instant, Stephen Armitage awoke, started up in a sitting posture, and felt behind his pillow for his nugget.

It was there safe enough.

He was about to call and inquire what was the matter, when some strange power seemed to check his voice and hold it still.

"Die!" shouted Manson.

But at this moment Tom's fingers clutched the knife, and in the next it was plunged up to the hilt in the breast of his assailant, who, without a groan, dropped to the ground.

"Massa Armitage!" cried the black, breathlessly.

"It is you, Tom?" Stephen asked, in surprise.

"Strike a light, massa," he answewered as before.

Stephen did so, and ignited the wick of a tallow candle, the faint rays of which showed him the native's ebony countenance, and the prostrate form of the villain Manson.

"He come for de great nugget, massa," said the black; "he come wid sharp knife to kill you, an' *me* kill *him!*"

"Is he dead?" demanded Stephen, with a shudder of horror.

Tom made no answer, but seizing a night-rattle, he sprung it with all his might, and within a very short space of time nearly the whole of the diggers had assembled in and around Stephen Armitage's hut, and the tragedy which had just occurred was soon known to all.

Adam Manson, the would-be thief and murderer, had been sent to his last account, and there was not a heart that grieved for him, not an eye that shed for him a tear.

As a matter of course, there was a Coroner's inquest over the body, and an inquiry into the way in which the dead man met his violent death. But Tom gave his evidence with such clearness that he was aquitted at once, and without the slightest blame being attached to his name.

* * * * * *

Another Christmas Day opens upon us—and a cold, frosty day it is, too.

A ship has just arrived from Sydney, and has entered one of the London docks.

Amongst the passengers who so hastily spring ashore, there is one attended by a black, who bears a weighty box in his arms.

The gentleman and his attendant enter a cab together, and are driven westward.

Tom gapes about, amazed at all he sees, and in the course of an hour and a half the vehicle stops before a large house, and Stephen and the black alight.

What a warm welcome Stephen's parents give him, and how pleased Jessie Halcombe is to see her love back again!

And then Stephen presents Tom, and tells them all how bravely the black had preserved his life and the great Murrurrundi nugget.

THE END.

Riddle.

Four people sat down at a table to play;
They played all that night and some part of next day;
This one thing observed, that, when all were seased,
Nobody played with them, and nobody betted:
Yet when they got up each was winner a guinea.
Who tells me this riddle, I'm sure is no ninny.

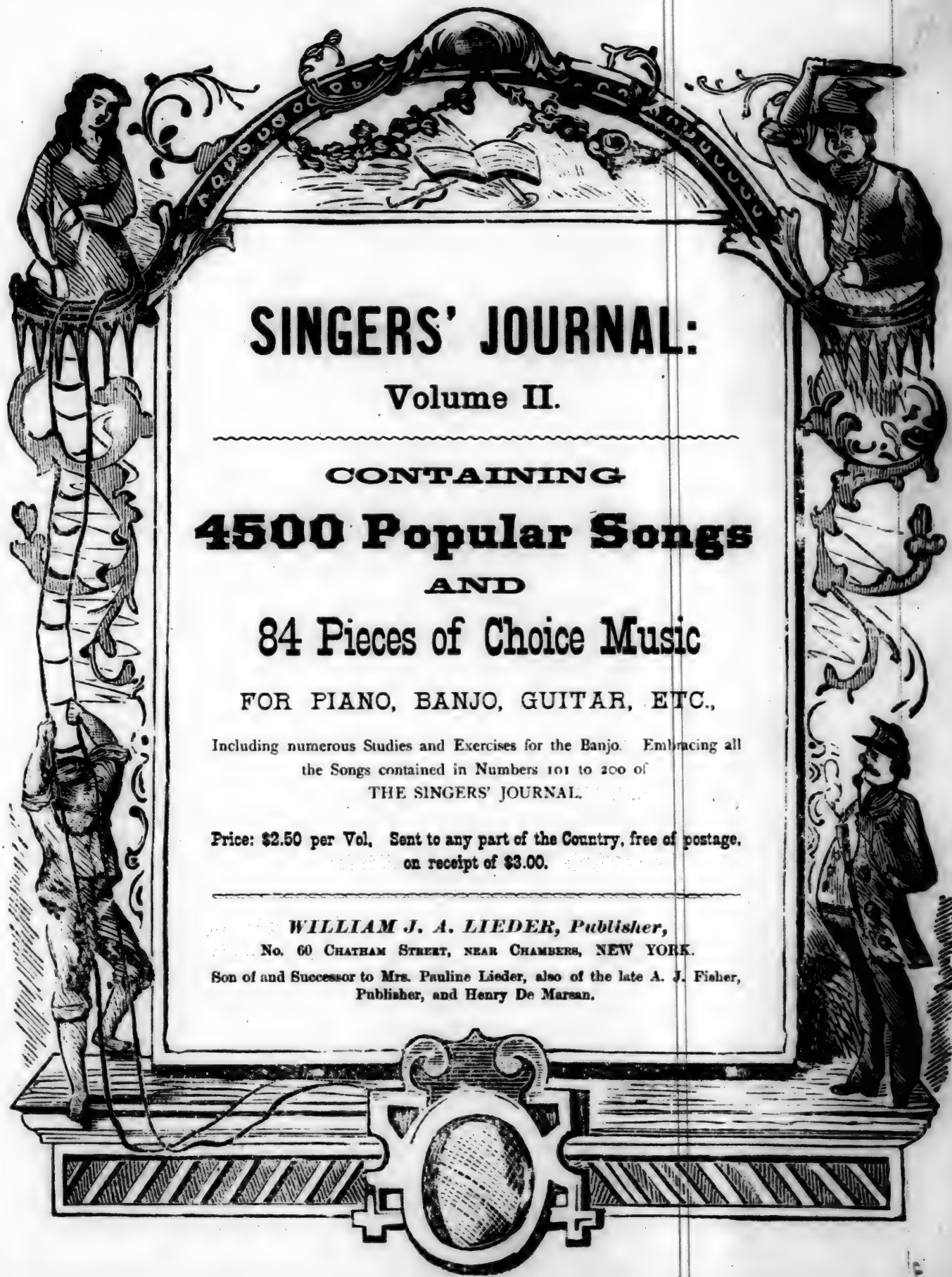
Obs.—This riddle is attributed to Sir Isaac Newton It is stated that Walpole sent it to Lady Ossory, with the following comment: "A very old riddle; but, if you never saw it, you will like it, and revere the riddle-maker, which was one Sir Isaac Newton, a great star-gazer and conjurer."

Answer: Four Musicians.

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Words by THOMAS CAREW, 1640. PART SONG. Music by WILLIAM GODDEN





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	Pl.	Pa.
Why was I looking out?	48	446
Widow Lovers say: Good-Night!	48	446
When the band began to play	49	455
When I Bade: Good-bye! to Phoebe	49	455
Wake us at dawn, Mother	50	367
Warren's Address	50	362
What's your Lover's Name?	50	363
With me: Good-night! once more—Words	50	367
With me: Good-night! once more—Music	50	368
We were Poor together, Mary	51	371
Why not?	51	371
When we went a Gleaning	52	378
Where's my Dolly gone?	52	380
When Jack the Vessel leaves for Shore	52	380
When 'midst the gay I meet	52	381
What does Little Birdie say?	52	381
What are those old Coves saying?	53	389
We Read and Sang together	53	389
Write me a Letter from Home—No. 2	53	390
The Way to get Married	53	391
The Wild Guitar	54	395
Widows are bewitching	54	397
The Worn-out Tar	55	404
Widow McGee	56	412
Where's the rosy smile you gave me?	56	414
William and Susan	57	418
Were I laid on Greenland's Coast	57	419
When I've money, I am merry	57	420
What a beauty I did grow!	57	421
Which is the Man?	58	426
Why should we seek to anticipate sorrow?	58	426
Woman's made for Man	58	426
The Woodman's three Daughters	58	427
We cards in the guards	58	428
When your beauty appears	59	434
When jealous out of Reason	60	443
What joys the happy pair await!	60	443
When the Rosy Morn appearing	61	450
The World's a Great Ocean	61	450
Where jealous misers starve in Wealth	61	450
Why does azure deck the sky?	61	450
The Wounded Hussar	61	451
When William at Eve meets me	61	451
When wearied wretches sink to sleep	62	458
With this reward in view, what manly bosom fears?	62	458
With their poke ups, and their knock ups	62	460
Who to my wounds a balm advises	62	460
Will you come to the Bower?	62	462
The Wishes	62	460
Weel may the keel row	63	466
The Warning	63	467
The Whisper—you guess the rest	63	467
We meet as Strangers now—Words	63	471
We meet as strangers now—Music	63	472
Who's coming out for a spree to-night?	63	470
When Storms disturb old Ocean's Bed	64	474
Will you Marry me, sir?	64	474
While pensive I thought on my love	64	475
With my jug in one hand	64	475
Walk in, Joe	65	483
Waiting for the May	65	483
What a wonderful world it would be!	65	487
Waiting in the Garden	66	490
When the roses blow	66	491
Why then for such loving care?	66	494
Where Flowers Blush and Bloom	66	495
Where the Woodbine Twineth	66	495
Widow Machree	66	495
When the Corn is Waving, Annie—Music	66	496
Winter Night	67	498
Whack for the Honor of Ireland!	67	501
When Strolling in the Burlington-Arcade	67	503
Waiting for the Train	67	503
Why do you Lovely Virgins Mourn?	68	506
We can make Home Happy	70	524
What was I made for?	70	525
Woodland Mary	70	527
Whene'er I think of thee—Words	70	527
Whene'er I think of thee—Music	70	528
The Wild Rose of Erin	71	533
The Winter Nights for me!	71	534
What a stunning pair of legs!	71	534
When Fairies are Lighted	71	539
Why didn't you say so before?	71	540
We are out on the Ocean Sailing	71	543
Who'll buy my Water-Cresses?	71	547
Wine does wonders every day	71	549
While I live, I'll crow	71	551
When the Cock begins to Crow	71	551
Will no Maiden Marry me?	74	554
When the Band begins to Play	74	559
We met beneath the Awning	75	562
When I went out a Sleighing	75	564
Willie, my Brave	75	566
Wrecked and Saved	76	575
Wait till I put on my Bonnet	77	581
Where are you going on Sunday?	77	581
Why did I love?	77	582
What can a poor Maiden do?	77	582
Why did I e'er behold thee?	78	586
Wife, Children, and Friends	78	586
When shall we three meet again?	78	587
The Widow's last Prayer	79	587
Will she let me kiss her?	78	589
Words to Remember	79	590
The Wild Boy	79	595
We Stand here United	79	597
While there's Life, there's Hope	79	598
The Wanderer's Farewell	80	602
Waiting, my Darling, for Thee	80	605
What will Mrs. Grundy say?	81	612
The Wolf	81	610
Wearing out the Green	82	619
When the Boys come home	83	628
Waiting at the well	83	626
Who Stole the Ham?	84	634
Would you be Surprised?	85	642
When I was a Bachelor	85	643
The White Horse Folks—Music	86	656
Who am I?	86	653
When my Ship comes home	86	651
Who will care when I am gone?	87	659
When all this uproar is over	87	658
The Wife's Commandments	87	661
While we live, let us live	87	660
The Woman in white	88	666
What will you take to drink?	88	666
When he who adores thee	88	667
When I met her	88	668
What gives life to love?	88	668
The Worse for being a better	89	675
Washington's grave	89	676
Washington, Star of the West	89	676
Whiskey, you're the Divil!	89	676
Wandering Willie	90	683
Whene'er I kiss the Sparkling Glass	90	683
We met in happy days	91	692
When the sails were unfurled	91	692
When will you meet me again, Norah?	91	692
When those we love return once more	91	693
When the wind blows	92	700
Will you ever tumble?	92	700
When to sad Music silent you listen	93	707
When will you think of me?	93	709
Wine: or around the clock we go	93	708
When all the world is young	94	714
What I wish I were	94	715
Without Cheek	95	723
The Winds whistle cold	95	725
The World is the world that we make it	96	739
What's a woman like?	98	746
Why don't I change my name?	98	746
Waiting for Nelly near Temple Bar	99	756
Would you gain the tender Creature?	100	765
Yes, we'll write you a Letter from Home	1	5
You'll Remember me	1	2
The Yaller Gal that winked at me	1	7
The Young Widow	6	43
The Yellow Rose of Texas	8	64
You never can tell	10	79
Yes or No	10	77
You know	17	101
Young Eph's Lament	17	100
De Yaller Corn	19	116
Yes, we miss thee at Home	20	125
You and I—Music	22	144
You may win him back by Kindness	22	139
You would not leave your Norah	22	139
You have gone from my sight	26	173
The Young Man of the Day	27	179
You naughty, naughty Men	29	198
You naughty, naughty Girls	29	198
You couldn't do without me	29	226
Young Plantation Joe	29	229
The Yorkshire Farmer	34	229
Yes, I'll Write to Thee	36	243
The Young Man of the Period	35	243
Young Man from the Country	36	254
Young Girl from the Country	36	253
The Young Recruit	36	253
You don't know how we miss you!	36	253
Yankee Paddler	36	255
You and I are Friends	37	258
Ye Midnight Stars	37	260
The Young Gal from New Jersey	37	260
Yallow Meal	42	306
The Yacht America	43	309
Young Farmer John	44	321
You'll be a Happy Man	39	286
Young Agnes, Beauteous Flower!	39	276
The Young Carpenter	45	407
You'll find your account in't, so tarry awhile	38	281
Young, Mr. Quabbs	38	282
You know how it is yourself	38	283
Young Jenny	40	298
You ask me to wake the soft strain	41	274
The Young Man on the Railway or the Mail-Train Driver	46	476
You know how it is yourself	46	476
You know how it is yourself—No. 2	64	479
The Yallow Frog and Eagle	45	404
You never miss the water till the well runs dry	47	436
You See that Brightly Beaming Star	47	439
Yes, 'tis a Spell	33	238
Young Ellen Lorraine	33	241
Young Alice	33	246
The Young Girl of the Period	34	257
You Know what I Know	34	257
The Yankee Girls	35	262
Yes, let me like a Soldier fall	37	261
Your Mother won't Know	37	261
You've been a Friend to Me	37	261
You'll soon forget Kathleen	37	261
The Young May Moon	39	287
You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday	39	288
Youth is the Season made for Joys	90	683
Zephyrs Light	37	260
The Zingarina	37	261

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME II. OF THE SINGERS' JOURNAL.

	Journal.	Page.
Adieu, my loved harp	101	3
At the pensive twilight hour	101	4
A marriage proposal	102	13
A handful of turf	104	26
A playing we will go	105	35
Ain't you awful !	105	34
Alas when charming Sylvia's gone	105	35
A night thought	105	37
At first like an infant appearing	107	51
A kiss at the garden gate	106	45
American Star	107	53
Au Revoir !	108	61
A welcome to the new year	108	59
A voice from Castle Garden	108	60
Angels hover o'er her grave	109	69
A diadem among the gold	109	68
A better home	110	76
Amanda see from yonder flowers	111	83
Ah ! teach thy breast soft pity's throb	112	90
A wet sheet and a flowing sea	113	100
Aleen Astore	115	114
At moonlight's hour we'll meet	115	115
Aileen my darling	116	122
Aileen dost thou really love me	116	122
A sleigh ride	116	123
At setting day and rising morn	117	131
Alderman Flynn	118	141
And is the harp forever stilled	118	138
Apples and pears	119	147
A terrible example	119	148
Anna thy charms my bosom fire	119	148
At her grave	120	157
All in the merry of springtime	120	155
A motto for life	121	162
Ah ! why did I gather these delicate flowers	121	163
The Artful Dodgers	122	170
Aunt Chloe	122	171
A dream of the olden time	123	179
Ashantee Recruits	123	179
And he's got the money, too	123	180
A hundred years ago	124	188
Adieu, good night	125	197
Alas, where is my lover gone	126	202
Amy Lee	126	202
A penny for your thoughts	126	203
And thou art young my gentle maid	126	204
Across the raging water	126	205
A Seventh Ward Irishman's troubles	126	205
A little lock of hair	127	210
America for me	128	220
Ah ! touch again that plaintive strain	128	218
All about sugar	128	219
Annie dear, I'm called away	128	220
All that's fair and pure	128	221
All among the daisies	129	227
A voice from the ocean	130	234
A hundred years ago	130	235
Awfully fly	130	235
All things turn out for the best	130	237
A captive thus to thee, my girl	131	242
Almost persuaded—Sacred	133	258
At home in Alabam	134	268
Are you there Moriarity	134	268
Alabama blossoms	135	277
A hundred years to come	135	279
Answer to there's a let er in the candle	136	284
Always too late	137	292
Angels meet me on the cross roads	137	292
A lah d da dee fellah	137	292
A lean banana	138	300
Agony Column; or little D I	139	309
A fireman's address	139	311
Across the lake through bush and brake	139	309
At the rising of the moon	140	317
Alleen Machree	142	331
Alice dearest	142	330
Awfully awful	143	340
Amber tresses tied in blue	144	346
At it again	145	356
A gentle word is never lost	146	364
A lock of my mother's hair	146	364
A green Havana	146	364
All England hails the Czar	147	371
Aunt Susy	147	376
A summer night on the pier	148	379
A Fenian's hope	148	379
Ain't you got a cheek	148	381
Angels guard thy little bed	150	394
A message from the poor	150	395
Azraels star	150	396
A celebrated case	150	399
The American National Guard	151	403
All will come right in the end	151	405
Ain't he a baby	152	414
Alabama Nigs	153	420
The Andersons	145	426
Among the sugar cane	154	432
Angel Gabriel	154	429
The Apology to O'Reilly	155	434
Answer to the fire in the grate	155	438
A happy new year	156	446
Always speak a kind word when you can	156	442
Aaron Glaices	156	442
A happy new year	157	451
The Advertising agent	157	451
A lover's request	157	452
Answer to a lover's request	157	452
Au revoir Fritzy	159	469
A warrior bold	159	470
A quiet little home	160	476
Arm in arm let's wander love	160	478
Alone and forsaken	161	485
Aristocratic Nigs	162	493
A maiden fair to see	164	506
A flower from my angel mother's grave	165	516
A little cot in Erin's isle	165	515
Angel mother watch for me	167	533
A little place within thy heart	168	539
All my troubles am done away	168	538
Almonds dipped in cream	168	540
Answer to take this letter to my mother	169	548
A new year's greeting	170	554
A bit of my mind	170	554
A dream of the dance	171	562
Alas	172	572
A reverie	172	573
A message from mother	173	579
Adam's awake	174	588
A handful of sand	175	599
April showers	176	602
Ask me again and I will not say no	176	604
A lady's no, means yes	176	606
A stitch in time saves nine	177	612
Answer to the little green leaf in our bible	177	613
Assist those in need	178	620
A little more faith in Jesus	178	621
A parody on Scotch Lassie Jean	179	629
As solid as Muldoon	181	642
A violet from mother's grave	181	643
Aunt Sally's fancy ball	181	645
A cool customer	180	637
All a same, or the Chinese laundryman	182	653
As when upon the sea afar	183	660
Acrobatic Mick	183	662
The Arion Ball	184	668
A dacent complacent, respectable man	184	666
All on account of Eliza	185	679
All on account of being married	185	678
A leaf of ivy from my mother's grave	186	683
At last	187	692
A handful of earth	188	702
A dear spot of land	189	707
Away down south in Georgia	189	706
A patch from my angel brother's pants	190	719
A pansy from mother's grave	192	730
As I stood by the door	192	731
A chum of mine	192	731
Ann Eliza Grey	192	732
A row of tenement houses	192	733
An Irishman's Toast	194	747
A workingman's thoughts	194	747
Always keep a smile for mother	194	747
An old battered tin type of mother-in-law	194	749
Ain't been home in a good while	195	757
An Irishman's boast	196	763
Always toe the mark	196	767
A love letter written long ago	198	779
Anything at all	198	780
Ah ! there my size, I'll steal you	198	780
Arthur and Martha	198	781
Always be polite boys	199	789
A sailor's wife I soon shall be	200	775
Armstrong and Blair	200	797
Beautiful girls	101	3
Big and little of it	102	11
Bard of Armagh	103	12
The Broken heart	103	19
Barney Aileen	103	20
Believe me true	103	20
Biddy Doyle's Dragoons	104	26
Boston Fire	104	26
Blue eyed violets	104	29
The Blighted husband, or poor married man	105	36
Bid me discourse	106	42
Between the ebb and flow	106	43
Bacchus come, thy votry own me	106	44
Behind the parlor blind	111	84
Blow your own trumpet	111	85
The Bold sh emaker	113	100
The Belle of the avenue	113	101
Bonnie Katie waits for me	115	116
The Belle of Rockaway	115	117
Beautiful blue Danube	115	117
Biddie Doyle	115	116
The Blue jacket's good-bye	116	123
Bird of love	118	139
Beautiful Arabella	118	140
The Boulevard	119	149
The Broom Brigade	119	149
Be careful when you find a friend	119	148
Be good and jolly	120	154
Bonnie Jennie Gray	121	162
The Big Bonanza	121	162
The Blind Piper of Blarney	122	171
The Briar	122	173
Baby's got a tooth	124	189
Blarney	124	188
The Banks of the Devon	124	189
The Bloat in the ulster coat	125	197
Beautiful Caroline	126	202
Bessie's mistake	126	203
Bright days will come again	127	210
Brave old Temeraire	127	210
Bonny Black Bess	127	214
The Bold Fisherman	127	213
Belle Mahone's Answer	128	218
The Bonnie breast knots	128	220
The Bachelor's Fair	129	226
The Blue and Gray	129	229
Ben Backstay	129	226
Bathing in the surf	130	237
The Brady's	131	242
Big rubber bustle	131	244
Beautiful snow	131	246
Back in the old home with mother	132	251
Big Fat Nance	133	258
Brannigan's Band	133	261
By trade and spade the world is made	134	271
Blow gently winds, blow gently	134	267
Beautiful dreams linger near me	135	274
Blanche May	136	283
Bill they want you for Mayor	136	283
Blue Glass	136	285
Beautiful blue bells	137	291
Blue Violets	138	296
Ehe Baseballer's song	139	306
Billy Quail	139	307
Big Ike and little Joe	140	315
The Bold Hibernian boys	140	314
The Big Aquairum	140	315
Bessies Tryst	141	322
Bet Carey	141	324
Born drunk	142	333
Biddy Lackadays lamentations	142	331
Barney come back to me	143	339
Birdie Darling	143	341
Blue Eyed Nell	145	354
The Bread winner	145	354
Balm of Gilead	145	356
The Boy from County Clare	145	358
Biddy the ballet girl	146	362
The Belle of New Orleans	146	363
Be gentle and kind	146	364
Burial of Sir John Moore	146	364
Boys of Kilkenny	147	370
Bring the roses back to me	147	373
Beautiful snow drops	147	373
The Blind cat many a fly	147	373
The Broken Heart	148	379
Boneparte at St Helena	148	380
Baby on the brain	148	381
Barney's courtship	149	386
Beauty and Wine	149	388

	J	P
Because we were poor	149	389
Bye, bye, Charley	150	395
Beautiful star	150	398
Billy's request	150	399
Britannia reigns supreme	150	399
The Blue and gray are sleeping side by side	152	411
Baby mine	152	412
Ballynamuck Brigade	153	420
Bright vision of my dream	153	423
Beautiful thoughts linger near me	153	423
Behind the plough	154	428
Bold Robin Hood	154	430
The Beauty of Limerick	155	434
The Bummers Hotel	155	436
Bring back the old folks Willie darling	156	443
Barbara Frigerator	157	450
Big pound cake	157	452
Brightly beam thine eyes, love	157	453
Brightest roses fade and die	157	454
Banks of the Potomac	158	458
Bound for Germany	158	462
Baby feet	159	470
Beautiful pink and white roses	160	474
Beautiful blue bells	161	485
Branigan's pup	161	483
Brown eyes close to the window	163	499
Broken ob de day	163	501
Bedalia Jane McCann	163	502
Bummers on our block	164	507
Barney come back to old Erin	164	508
The Blue and gray are united at last	164	510
Baby farming song	164	510
Babies on our block	165	517
Brighter days are coming, dearest	166	526
Barbara Fritchie	166	524
Boys from Mullingar	166	524
Blue-Eyed Joe	166	524
Bright eyes	167	530
Baby died one year ago to-day	167	531
The Broken stringed banjo that hangs on the wall	168	540
The Bottle of wine	170	558
The Boys from where the grass grows green	170	558
Back from the parade	171	562
Be civil and always polite	172	570
Bring the one I love to me	172	571
Brooklyn fire	172	571
Bismarck Guards	173	579
The Bolivar Blues	173	582
Boarding house piano	173	581
Barnum's Caliope	174	587
Black and tan gossoons	174	590
Best little wife in the world	175	594
Bernard Magee	175	595
Beautiful world on high	175	596
Breathing sweet words at the gate	176	603
The Banjo now hangs silent on the door	176	603
Biddy Ann McCarthy	176	603
The Best Billy Gordon	177	610
Big Fat Liz	179	626
Broken hearted slave	179	627
Blue and gray	180	635
Bridget Kehoe	181	643
Boston Harry	181	644
Bonny Green Isle	181	644
Barney McCoy	182	655
The Bright little spot on the ocean	182	655
Bottle's empty, whiskie's gone	184	666
The Bonny bouquet	184	666
Be home early to-night, my dear boy	184	668
Banbury Cross	184	667
The Bright emerald isle of the sea	184	670
Beneath the butchers shed	185	679
Bob up serenely	185	679
Blue Alsatian Mountains	186	682
Beneath the sod they're sleeping	186	684
Birdie mine why do you leave me	187	694
Baby sleeps and home is lonely	187	694
Buttercups	188	699
Bold Irishmen to the front	189	707
The Bonnie Lass	189	707
Buck, buck, buck, or how many fingers do I hold up	189	711
Brave dragoon	190	714
Be careful how you speak or just one little word	191	722
Bruno's change rhyme	191	723
Boys leave drink alone	191	724
Baby's got a tooth	191	725
The Bumble bee	193	739
Bad Whiskey	194	746
Biddy McGee	194	748
Billy Barry's Pinafore	194	748
Baby's got a cramp	195	754
Brother's Dublin	195	754
Biddy from Castlebar	197	771
The Boys that mix the lime	197	773
The Baby's the cause of it all	198	778
Blue Eyed Kate	198	779
Bridget Donohue	199	788
Bound to be an actor	199	790
Beautiful Eden	200	797
Bully Chinaman	200	797
The Child's petition	101	2
Coming home from the ball	101	3
Charming Arabella, with her back hair down	102	13
Clare's Dragoons	104	27
Close the shutters, Willie's dead	106	44
Customs prevailing	107	50
The Cracksman's chant	107	53
Codfish balls	108	58
Canst thou forget	108	59
The Contented maid	111	82
Celebrated Cat duett	111	82
Cherry ripe	111	85
Clothes Pin George	112	90
Charming Nellie Long	113	101
Casey's Whiskey	115	117
The Coon hunt	115	114
California my home in the west	116	123
Clouds are breaking	116	123
Can't keep away	117	130
Chinese song	117	131
Crocodile	120	154
Can you brave comrade e'er forget	120	155
Come away death	120	155
Cigars and Cognac	121	163
The Cot on the hill	121	164
Call me your darling again	121	165
The Centennial	123	179
Charming Little Lou	123	179
Come back to New England	123	180
Charley Ross	124	191
Centennial days	124	187
The Charming summer time is coming	126	203
Come back to Helen	126	203
Come join the band	128	221
Casey's Boarding House	129	227
Call me thine own	130	236
Come along, Lucy, do	132	251
The Centennial ball	132	251
Chloe brisk and gay appears	132	254
Carve dat possum	133	261
Come again sweet love	134	266
Cot on the hill	134	266
Candidate for Alderman	134	267
Could you fancy me	135	274
Could you sing to me again	136	282
Courage, Nerve and Pluck	136	282
Cecelia my darling	136	284
Corena	136	284
Colored gentlemen	138	299
Cold north wind	139	307
Captain Fritz	139	307
Cardinal red, and navy blue	139	308
Coaching to Pelham	140	317
Cotton picking	140	314
The Cannibals	140	314
The Chestnut man	142	332
Charley and Louisa	142	330
Ching Chang Foo	142	330
Canst thou leave me thus my Katy	142	330
The Coal heavers	142	331
The Cold wind has faded the flowers of May	143	339
Custard pies	145	356
Cod liver oil	146	362
Cackamadoodle doo	146	368
Childhood	147	370
College days	147	372
Charley Flynn	148	378
Canada I. O.	148	380
The City of the dead	148	382
Chesapeake Bay	148	381
The Chorister	150	398
The Centre Street Tombs	150	399
Carrying the banner	150	398
Charley don't	151	402
Cincinnati, oh, ho, ho	151	406
Captain Spike of the Musketeers	152	413
Cradle song	152	414
Cruel days before the war	153	421
Cora May	154	429
Cards of the city	154	430
The Casey social club	155	435
Chicago was the queen	155	437
The Captain of the gallant greys	155	440
Cousin Susan	156	443
The Cotton fields in Tennessee	156	447
Colleen Dhas Machree	157	450
Carry me back to old Virginny	157	452
The Clothing man	157	452
Can you love me ever darling	158	462
The Coast of Barbary	159	468
The Careful man	160	475
The Colored Grenadier	161	486
Call me darling once again	161	485
Can you give me back my heart	163	498
Colored Ambesadors	163	500
De Cuglewalder Twins	163	502
The Cats in our back yard	164	506
Crank	167	530
Come and kiss the baby	168	539
The Clang of the wooden shoon	169	550
Call me your darling again	171	564
Conductor with the patent bell punch	171	565
Christening of the child	172	572
Courting in the starlight	172	573
Courting in the dark	173	582
Come and join me	174	587
Close dem windows	174	588
Christening of the child—By P. J. Duff	174	589
Charles Frederick Horace O'Brien	175	598
Come ye disconsolate	176	602
Close the blinds gently, do dear	176	604
Cheese it, Jimmy, cheese it	177	611
Cottage in the dell	177	612
Chiming bells of long ago	177	613
Casey's ball last Night	178	620
The Chinamen must go	178	622
Crazy Niggers	179	627
Cotton Picking	179	627
Cheer up Norah darling	180	635
Cecelia	180	635
Children I'm so glad	180	636
Caroline Cream	181	643
Cornelius McGuffin	181	645
Come along sister Mary	183	661
Climb up the mountain side	183	662
Chicago in slices	184	669
The Convict's appeal for liberty	185	677
Crack, crack, crack	185	678
Chattering Chorus	185	679
Committed to the deep	186	683
Close the blinds, Lottie's dying	186	684
Casey's tin pan wedding	187	695
The Cigarette Brigade	188	698
Can you forgive and forget love	188	703
The Cows are in the corn	189	711
Charley he's a masher	189	707
Cheating girls at twilight	190	716
Come little darling and meet me	191	722
Con Donohoe	195	755
The Chimes of Trinity	197	770
Consider your means	197	773
Charming Sarah Grady	198	778
Cot beside the mill	199	789
Canst thou say farewell	199	786
Chip of the old block	200	797
Charlie's little dog	200	798
Down by the village well	103	12
Down by the village well—Ladies version	103	12
The Dolly Varden	102	13
Darby McGuire	102	13
The Darling of my heart	103	18
Decrease of crime	103	20
Dear object of defeated care	105	36
Down by the old mill stream	107	50
Dear native isle	107	50
The Dead beat—Original	107	53
Dreaming of home and mother	109	64
Dot leger pier zinger	108	60

	J	P
Darling I must go	108	59
Drive dull care away	109	69
Down by the old mill stream— New version	109	68
Down in the long shady lane	110	74
Dancing in the dreamy waltz	111	82
The Duck song	111	82
Did you ever see an oyster walk up stairs	111	84
The Dream of his youth	111	85
The Dollar store cashier	112	90
Don't you tell my father	114	109
Doubt me not, I cannot change	114	107
Darling Nell	114	107
Done to death	114	108
Don't you dare to do it George	115	116
Don't you hear the bulgine?	115	117
Don't forget to dream of me	116	123
Don't you grieve after me	116	124
Don't marry your mother-in-law	117	130
Don't ask me to give up Flo'	117	132
Dis am de way we'd go	118	138
Dear heart we're growing old	119	149
Dashing Octoroon	119	147
Do you know where nowhere is? if you don't so do I	119	149
Dennis dear, are you forgeting?	120	155
Don't give up the ship!	121	162
Down the beautiful river of time	121	164
Darling I am growing bald	122	171
Do the best you can	122	172
The Day we celebrate	122	173
Dreaming eyes of long ago	123	180
Don't you forget it	123	180
Died in the street	124	187
Down where the violets grow	125	194
Drops of blarney	125	195
Deep blue eyes	125	196
Danny takes after his father	126	204
Don't forget ould Ireland	128	219
Dot svaller-head coat	129	226
The Dancing Apollo	129	226
Down where the pansies grew	129	229
Dimple in her chin	130	234
Down on the Battery	130	237
Darling Blue-Eyed Nell	131	242
Deserted by the waning moon	131	244
The Donovans	131	246
The Day when you'll forget me	131	245
Dionysius Snodgrass	132	250
Don't disdain a man because he is poor	132	252
Don't leave it too late in the day	132	252
Draw near the fire	132	252
Disolving views	132	253
Dere's a mug mitout a handle	133	259
Dorkins' night	134	269
Don't stay away	134	268
The D rling yaller gal that had a josey on	135	279
Don't wake the baby	135	277
Dat bean soup	136	284
Don't get it on the brain	137	290
Duffy to the front	137	292
Donegan light guard	137	293
The Drummer's recall	138	301
Don't get weary, children	138	301
Damshame Charlie	139	307
Dat wicked bee	140	314
Do your duty well	140	314
Daniel Donohoe	140	315
Down in a quiet shady lane	140	317
Down among the daisies	141	323
Dancing wavelets	141	324
The Days when this old nig was young	141	325
Did you ever, no I never	142	332
Dermods farewell	143	338
Dark eyed Emily Dee	143	339
Draw it mild	143	340
Don't you do it	144	346
Don't take any notice it's only the boy	144	347
Don't take any notice it's only the girl	144	351
Down, by the sunrise	144	347
David Dove that fell in love	144	349
Dancing in the sunlight	145	357
Dorkins was tight	146	362
The Days when I was young	146	363
Down on the Mississippi Shore	146	364
Don't be angry darling Annie	147	371
The Double breasted mansion	147	372
Den we'll join de band	147	376
The Day we left the ould dart	148	379
Don't be naughty	149	379
The Donnybrook hat	149	388
Dear old friends	149	389
The Directory Man	150	394
Don't put the poor workingman down	150	395
Don't mind me	150	385
The Dying mother	150	396
Don't forget me will you darling	152	410
Dashing U. S. Marines	152	410
Dreaming 'neath the moonlight	152	412
The Day I played base ball	152	416
Dreamy eyes haunt me still	153	421
Dar am honey on dose lips	153	418
Deacon Jones collection	153	418
Duffy's grand opening night	153	419
Don't be so fly	153	421
Down at Manhattan Beach	153	421
Darling listen to my story	153	421
Dear little colleen	153	422
Deck my grave with violets blue	153	423
De Gospel Raft	154	429
Dancing in the barn	154	432
De Gospel Car	154	432
Dar's no place like de old home	155	434
Dance me on your knee	155	436
The Day I walked O'Leary	155	437
De place where I used to dwell	155	438
Down by the mill	155	440
Dar's a meeting here to-night	156	442
Don't let us meet as strangers	156	445
Drunkard's dream	156	446
Don't forget to dream of me	157	450
Dutchman's wife	158	459
Dot makes fourteen	159	466
The Days that are to come	159	467
Darling I will come again	159	468
Don't fly your kite too high	159	470
Dancing on the green	160	476
Do your duty well	160	474
The Day I bought the fish	161	486
Dinglebender's mule	161	484
De Huckleberry picnic	161	484
Daffney do you love me	161	483
Down amongst the blue bells	162	491
Dan and Teddie's parting	162	492
Down where the daisies grow	162	491
Dreamy eyes have gone to sleeep	162	492
The Dancing clogists	162	493
Don't believe them ever darling	162	494
The Devil's in New Jersey	164	509
Don't leave grandma now she's old	164	506
Dancing round with Charlie	165	515
Do you love me Ida darling	165	518
Dancing blue eyes	165	518
Do not leave me darling	166	523
Delia on the trapeze	166	524
Darkies fancy ball	166	523
The Dougherty's	166	525
Don't forget to write me darling	167	531
Don't you be so rude, George	167	531
De golden shore am a mighty far way	168	538
Dem silver slippers	168	539
Dance at the Battery Park	168	540
Do not cast him down	169	548
Dew drops on the rose	169	547
Drifting with the tide	169	549
Douglass reply	170	555
Don't you forget it	170	558
Drinane Dhun	171	566
Delia Clancy	171	566
The Drum Corps	172	571
Diamond dust	172	573
Down where the blue bells grow	172	574
Down by de rainbow	173	578
Donovans Dance	173	580
Dat gay old nigger ball	174	586
Do it again	175	594
Dan McCarthy's Advice	176	603
Down by the watermill	176	604
Darkies on the levee	176	604
Don't blame me for I didn't do it	176	605
Deuced good fellah	176	606
Dat wicked bee	176	606
Drunken growler club	177	612
Dancing on the kitchen floor	178	618
Darby O'Hara	179	638
Dem days am passed forever	180	636
De old man's got to go	180	636
Distress of Ireland	181	642
De daisy marching mokes	182	651
Don't drink from the pitcher of beer	182	654
Darkies from the Mediteranean Sea	182	655
De golden wedding	182	655
Duffy's Mansard Roof	184	667
Dainty little Liz	184	670
Dandy Colored Waiters	185	675
The Day my poor mother died	186	683
Don't judge a poor girl by her feet	186	685
Dan takes after his dad	187	690
De days when I was sold in slavery	187	692
Don't come in de morning	187	692
Driven, driven	187	693
Dora Blaine	188	699
Don't hoist your umbrella 'till the rain comes down	188	701
De darkey swell	188	701
Daisy Dawne	189	710
Dear little Sunshine tell me why	190	715
Don't give it away	190	715
Dance on the moonlit green	190	719
Dem Glory K'Yars	191	726
Dora Blaine	192	731
The Doctor's boy	193	740
Dear papa don't go out to-night	194	747
Dan McCarthy's Party	194	750
De Lord delivered Daniel	195	756
Don't take liberties	195	758
Down by my mother's tomb	196	763
Dear heart whisper that you love me	196	765
Dutch schoolmaster	197	771
Dionysius Hall	197	772
Dancing on the sea shore	197	773
Dominick take the baby	197	774
Drink up old fellow	198	782
The Drunkard's child	199	788
Do to others as you wish to be done by	199	790
Don't make a leap in the dark	200	796
Darling Jennie	200	796

The Elopement	103	18
The Emmet Life Guard	105	34
Encore verse for ballad	105	36
Eileen Alanna	118	138
Every home has lost a darling	121	164
The East side of town	122	173
Emigrants Farewell—No 2	123	180
The Elegant swell	128	220
The Emigrant's return	129	227
The Electric soldier	129	228
Erin shall we see thee no more	130	234
The Empty cot	133	259
Emma Jane Lee	135	275
Eyes of blue	139	306
The Evening bell	139	306
Emancipation day	139	308
Evening now softly closing	142	332
Eyes of sparkling brightness	144	347
Eminenent men we have and have not	145	357
Ever mine	145	354
Erastus Hunky Dory	147	372
Every one on the take in	150	399
Eilleen Mavourneen	151	403
England and her castles on the main	151	406
Elegant Ebony Guards	152	411
Ettie dear	152	411
Emerald flag so green	152	416
Eilleen Mavrone	154	428
Evangeline	158	461
Electric light	161	482
Emmett's cuckoo song	170	555
Emmett's Castle Bellsare ringing	170	557
Echoes from our Boston agent	172	572
Erin's Green Isle	175	594
Exile of Erin—Recitation	176	605
Escape of the Catalpir six	175	595
Eilleen, sweet Eilleen	182	653
Eilly my jewel	183	662
Elnora	190	714
Empty is the dog house, Towzer's pizened	191	725
Erin, dear Erin	196	764
Erin, sweet Erin Go Bragh	197	772
England and America	198	781
Emigrants farewell	200	794

	J	P
Father Paul and the Irishman	102	12
The Fair sex	102	12
The Fight at Canada	103	21
Father says I may	103	19
Fill the bowl again	104	27
Fruitful earth drinks up the rain	104	28
Fanny be kind	105	35
Fairy Queen	105	37
Fie for shame	105	37
Fish ball musketeers	106	44
The Flower girl	107	51
Fair Ellen	107	52
The Faded leaf	107	52
Farewell Lilly dear	108	58
From place to place forlorn I go	108	58
Flirting on the Mall	110	76
Flewy, Flewy	112	93
Farewell to old England	113	98
Full bags and a fresh bottle	113	99
The Finest police in the world	113	101
Flag of the Republic	114	106
From husband to wife	114	106
Freedom is a real treasure	114	106
Fond hearts at home	115	114
Farewell to home	115	115
The Farmer sat in his easy chair	115	115
Farewell, Birdie, love, farewell	116	123
The Flowers will come in May	116	123
Fifty miles under the sea	116	124
Fanny old gal	117	133
Friend and fortune have departed	117	132
Fie on sinful fantasy	118	138
Fellow that peddled ice cream	120	156
False hearted	122	170
Farmers daughter	122	172
Flip flop	123	179
Far o'er the waves	123	180
For the sake of somebody	123	180
Feeding the ducks on the farm	124	186
The Flag we love the best	124	187
The Freaks of nature	124	188
Fortune don't smile upon me	126	204
The Female base ball club	127	213
Fair play	128	218
Followin' the circus	129	228
Fair American Girls	130	235
Fearfully and wonderfully made	132	251
The Forsaken to the false one	135	276
From every stormy wind that blows	137	290
Fast young alderman	138	299
Fellow so terrible fly	138	299
Fire in the grate	143	344
Fighting the battle of life	144	346
Farewell, my love, 'tis fate's decree	144	352
Flow on lovely Clyde	145	357
Fishes in the sea	146	362
Fenian's Escape	147	372
The First foot	147	372
Fair Aurora prythee stay	148	378
Fly at liberty's call	148	379
For the girl that I adore	149	390
Fill the cup all Jolly fellows	150	399
Five cent shave	151	403
The F. M. G's	152	412
The Finegan Brigade, or 1. 2. 3	153	418
Farmer's daughter, or the little chickens in the garden	153	418
Forgive the word in anger spoden	153	419
Farewell	153	422
Farewell lovely Limerick	155	440
The Fire bells are ringing	156	442
Fat Mickey	156	445
From our home the loved ones are going	157	453
From Sligo	159	466
The Flower in the dell	159	466
Faces we never forget	160	476
Four-eleven-fourty-four	160	477
First of May in New York	161	484
Flirting on the Battery	162	490
The Famous Regiment	163	498
Fair moon to thee I sing	163	500
Finger prints upon the pane	163	501
Farewell my own	164	507
Fairy forms in dreams I see	164	508
Father bring home your money to-night	164	510
Faces we love in our album so dear	166	523
Frank's trunk	168	538
Family group round the fire	169	548
Floraline	171	565
Fanny Lucinda	173	581
Five pound pig	174	588
From Ireland	174	588
Farewell to Ireland	175	594
From Middletown to Watertown	175	596
Falling leaves	177	612
Finegan and his flute	177	613
Farewell sweet Jane	177	613
Foolish ditty	179	627
Fifty years ago	179	628
The First step	180	637
Flowers rich and rare	181	645
Finegan's Masquerade	183	662
Finegan Calico Ball	184	666
Finegan Corterie	183	663
The Fair of Clogheen	185	677
Fly Birdie, to where Willie's waiting	187	695
Fisherman and his child	187	695
Five dollar note	187	695
Fizz, Fizz, Fizz glorious fizz	188	699
First lofe	189	709
Father E. J. Cooney	190	717
Flirting on our block	191	722
The Footprints of loved ones are fading	191	723
Farewell	193	738
Four eccentric coons	194	746
Four walking shadows	194	746
Father and mother are homeless to-day	194	746
For wit and good nature	194	749
Fringe on his pants	194	750
Foley's old plug hat	195	757
Flirting	196	765
Fagan's social dance	196	762
Famous Muldoon Boys	199	786
Felix McIntyre	200	796
Good-bye, Fritzy	101	4
Give him another chance	101	5
Good wives	102	10
The Gipsy band	102	13
The Gay side of life	103	19
The Girl across the way	104	27
Glass put in	104	28
Grafted in the army	105	36
Gentle airs, melodious strains	105	36
Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me	107	50
Good night serenade	111	82
Gilded age	111	84
Give every man a square deal	113	99
Give me a home	115	115
The Gallant Sixty-Ninth	116	125
The Green shores of Erin	116	124
Grave of Ben Bolt	118	139
Gone to smash	120	157
Gather roses while they bloom	121	163
Gold, gold, gold	121	164
Get your head above the crowd	124	186
Good-bye Biddy dear	124	187
Go breeze that sweeps th1 orange grave	127	212
Grand old home	128	219
Gay Irish pair	129	226
Girls of the west	129	226
God bless our home	130	234
Gertie, my darling, why did you die	130	236
Goon old times before the war	132	250
Ginger Blues	132	253
Good-bye Maggie darling	134	267
Golden hair	134	268
Gwine to take de tickets at de gate	134	268
Gathering shells by the sea shore	135	275
Grand old Mississippi	135	277
The Green leaves fade in the forest's shade	136	285
Gliding down the stream	136	285
Graduates song	137	293
Going back to those I love	138	298
Gem that decks the sea	138	298
Go hire a hall	138	299
German Fifth	138	303
Girl that danced in Babs	138	303
Go and put your bonnet on Betsy	140	316
Grandfather's clock	141	325
Give me back my heart again	142	336
God bless our colleen	143	339
Good-bye at the train	145	354
Girls look ere you leap	146	364
Golden star	148	378
Gilfillen's goat	148	379
Give me but a friend	148	379
Gas, gas, gas	148	389
Gliding up the stream	149	387
The Gowanus Hilderbrand	150	394
Give me a wag of your tail	150	397
Gentle heart be true	151	404
Give bread to the poor	151	405
Gleniffer braes	151	405
Give our working girls a chance	151	408
Grease with cash	152	412
God help our suffering poor	152	414
Garden where the praties grow	153	418
Great St. Patrick's Day	153	418
Good times come again	153	419
Good old Limerick Town	153	422
Grandmother's clock	154	429
Grandfather's lunch route	154	427
Good-night, happy dreams	154	428
Greenback alderman	154	430
Game of bluff	154	432
Gliding thro' the waltz	155	435
Gone, gone	155	436
Gallant Captain Brown	156	446
Giddy loving dancer	157	450
Get thee gone, girl	157	451
George Constantine McKeon	157	454
Good bye Liz	159	467
Gabriel's horn	160	477
German fun at Union Hill	161	483
God save Ireland	161	485
The Gates ajar	162	490
God bless our native land	162	492
Girleens on our block	163	499
God bless my boy at sea	163	502
Girl I wish to see	164	509
Gallent Irishmen	166	526
The Growler's filled to-night	167	533
Grandmother's chair	168	538
Going to the ball	168	539
Great men that Ireland has seen	168	540
Give an honest Irish lad a chance	169	548
Good-bye, we'll meet again	169	549
Good-bye Sister Hannah	169	546
Good-bye Lovely Lou	170	557
The German Waiters	170	557
Gas house explosion	170	557
General Grant's trip around the world	171	563
Guess what it is	171	564
Good-bye Jakey	173	578
German schutzen band	173	580
Golden wedding	173	580
Going from de cotton fields	173	581
Go blow de horn	174	587
Golden chariot	174	589
Go to sleep my little darling	166	602
Golden hair	176	605
Get away from dat window	176	603
Go to sleep my little darling	178	618
Gas house bells are ringing	178	621
Going to see Pete baptized	179	626
Goin' to camp meeting	180	634
Give a man credit for what he has done	180	636
The Good-bye at the train	183	663
Grandfather's pants	187	690
Grandmother's eyes have grown dim	187	690
Gems from the Emerald Isle	187	691
Girl with the patent roller skates	188	702
Galla Water	189	706
Gentlemen's coons picnic	189	709
Grave of Wolfe Tone	189	711
God save our president from every harm	191	723
Going to Germanee	193	742
George Thatcher's The Villian still pursued her	194	747
Gooseberry blossom	194	748
Going back again	194	749
General O'Reilly	194	750
The Greenhorn	195	754
Give Paddy a-chance	196	762
God help our sister isle	197	772
The Geneva cross	199	787
The Good young man that died	199	787
Girls who wear the bangs	199	787
The Girl from Ireland	199	790

	J	P
Home of young Mary	101	2
Happy children	101	4
How can I leave thee !	101	5
Highland blossom	102	10
Help yourself	103	20
Heenan and Sayers	103	21
Hat me father wore	104	26
Honest Nature answers "no,"	104	27
Hark, 'twas the sea boy	104	28
How hard is the fate of all womankind	105	34
How the gates came ajar	105	36
Have faith in one another	105	37
Hurrah for comic singers of the day	106	42
Happy bird	106	45
How sweetly could I lay my head	107	50
Here lies a philosopher	107	51
He's such a lovely waltzer	108	60
Hannah Jane and me	110	76
Help a struggling friend	111	85
Here's the bower she loved so much	113	98
Here's a health to thee Tom Moore	113	99
How delightful 'twould be	114	107
He said I said	115	116
Had I a glass	115	115
Hunkey Dory Sam	117	131
Here's a bottle and an honest friend	119	146
Had I a cave on some wild distant shore	119	148
Hilderbrant Montrose	120	157
Hold your tongue	120	157
How soon we are forgotten	121	163
He isn't a marrying man	122	171
How sweet is old Ireland	122	172
Handsome lover	122	170
Home Rule	124	189
Hickory Jackson	125	194
Hold the fort	125	196
The Hoolahan Musketeers	125	196
How oft a cloud with envious veil	126	202
Here upon my vessels deck	127	211
The Houston street lad	129	228
Hymn for the centennial	130	234
Hopping the Boston dip	130	237
Hard trials	130	237
Heave the lead	130	238
He isn't as rich as he used to be	131	243
Hypochondriac	132	250
Harry May	133	258
Help one another on the road	133	260
Have I not been kind to thee	134	369
Heaven bless the dear old fireside	135	277
The Hunters of Kentucky	135	279
How solemn are the words	136	287
Hobby horse	136	284
Hoop 'em up, Liza Jane	137	291
Hurrah for the minstrel band	137	293
Her front name is Hannah	138	301
Home delights	139	306
Hunting the fox and hare	140	315
Her jolly old dad was an auctioneer	140	317
Happy hours	141	322
Happiest day of my life	142	330
How canst thou smile at my despair	142	330
Hip, hip, hurrah	143	344
He shall meet with his reward	144	347
He didn't know how to do it	145	356
Hotel de Varselay	147	370
Hair dyeing grease	147	373
The Hungry Man From Harlem	147	371
Hop along Peter	148	382
How merrily we live	149	386
Hit him again he's got no friends	149	387
How they do it	150	394
Has your mother any more like you	152	411
Helen's babies	153	420
Help the sufferers in the south	155	436
The Haley's from Mulingar	157	451
Hours of pleasure	158	462
Hannah Beasley	159	466
Here's a health	160	474
Happy bygone days	160	475
Heaven is on the other side	161	484
Happy little nigs are we	161	485
The Hibernian ballet dancers	162	498
Here she goes and there she goes	162	493
Hebrew politicians	164	509
Hod carriers	164	509
Hanging around the liquor store	165	514
The Hardback family	165	515
The Hallway door	165	516
How is that for high	166	522
Haley's piebald horse	167	532
Hurah rah rah	169	546
Hogan's hop	169	546
Handsome as a hand cart	170	558
Hush my darlings, do not weep	172	563
Here from athlone	172	573
Hash	173	560
Hannah you're too soon	173	561
Hungry Boarding house	174	590
Hab dem ladders ready	174	590
Hebrew marriage fete	174	586
High born liver Daniel	174	588
High water pants	177	610
Hold the fort for James A. Garfield	178	620
The Hop's a success	179	626
He was left alone	179	627
Hard to love	179	627
Happy Irish couple	180	635
Have you seen Hazel Kirke	182	655
H me once more	183	660
Have you seen Sarah	183	662
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny Jonhson	184	671
Hang up your hat behind the door	186	682
The Haunted brooklet	186	685
Happy dreams of you	187	692
Hiding in the corn	188	700
Happy old Irish pair	188	700
Has the comet struck	189	706
Here's freedom to thee dear old Ireland	189	710
Hokey pokey	190	717
Hurrah for old Ireland the gem of the sea	191	723
Hush a bye baby	193	742
The Homestead on the hill	193	738
Hurrah for the days gone by	194	750
Hallelujah	195	757
Hard shell Baptist	195	757
How do you do it, now tell me, do	196	764
The Hand, the head, the heart	196	764
How do you like the city	196	765
Hurrah for old Ireland	197	770
The Hegerty's are out	197	773
How is your sister Mary	197	774
The Heroes of '76	199	786
The Hole in the wall	199	788

I'm saddest at heart when I'm singing	101	3
I'll meet you on Broadway	101	3
I should like to	101	2
The Irish speculator	101	5
I'm sailing at the dawn darling	102	10
In a jug	102	10
'Tis evening brings my heart to thee	102	12
I'm coming my darling to thee	103	18
I rather think I'd like it	103	19
I'm what you call a military man	104	28
I'll remember you love in my prayers	104	28
'Twas past twelve o'clock	105	34
I love thee by heavens	105	35
Indulgent powers if ever	105	35
If she be made of white and red	105	37
'Twas on a Sunday morning	106	42
I sat and dreamt of thee	106	44
In the merry month of May	106	45
I'm off for Nicaurauga	107	53
If in that breast so good and pure	108	58
It was my father's custom	109	67
If you've only got the tin	109	69
I loved thee once, I love no more	109	66
Irish hod carriers	109	67
Irish swells	109	67
I'm on the teetotal	110	76
I'm gwine home	111	82
Ise happy all de day	111	84
I'll be a rambler no more	113	91
It tickled me so	113	92
I've been roaming o'er the praries	113	98
'Twas the Sabbath	113	98
In the morning 'will be all right	113	98
I crown thee love, my queen	114	106
I'll let you	114	107
I know not if she loves me	114	107
I saw what seemed a harmless child	114	107
I'm a homely man	114	108
Idling the time away	114	109
I'm a merry laughing girl	115	114
It would not do	116	122
I'll meet you in the park	116	123
I wish I was	116	125
I shall never see the summer flowers again	117	130
If heaven its blessings to augment	117	131
Ireland Gramachree	117	131
I heard a voice at dead of night	119	146
Irish rifle team	119	148
In vain you tell your parting lover	119	147
I have no sister now	120	154
I love you only, you always	121	162
Isn't it delightful	121	162
I'll speak to thee	121	165
I want to see the good old home again	122	170
I wish I could sell myself to the devil	123	179
I know a bank	123	180
I've only been down to the club	123	181
I wonder when he'll come again	123	181
I'm afraid to knock at the door	124	188
I'm told you carry a pop	124	188
Irish fair	124	189
I met her in the dell	125	194
I came from the land of the mountain	126	203
I cannot sleep to-night	126	204
I've a letter from my darling	127	210
I shall meet her at the ball to-night	127	211
If ever I fall in love	127	211
In the world's crooked path where I've been	127	213
I'm off to Philadelphia	127	213
I'm going home to mamma	128	218
I don't know which to choose	128	219
I do feel so awfully loose	129	226
I'm bound to be elected	129	228
'Tis sad to breath the last adieu	130	234
I'm so jolly	130	234
I'm leaving thee Erin	130	236
'Tis not my Paty's sparkling eye	130	236
I've gone wrong for the sake of Sarah	130	239
I'll keep a sweet kiss for you darling	131	243
I never refuse	131	243
I've tickled her under the chin	131	245
I'll never go courting again	131	245
I've come again to thee	131	253
It's bad but it might have been worse	132	251
I've been flirting	132	254
It's enough to make a man go mad	133	261
The Irish Dragoons	133	263
I soon shall call her mine	135	275
I'm too sweet to live	135	27
I'm a brother to Josephus Orange Blossom	135	275
The Isle of France	135	277
The I never say nothing to nobody	135	279
The Irish wife	135	279
I've wandered in dreams	136	282
It was only in a dream	136	282
I tried to call her mother	136	283
The Irish Regiment	136	283
Irishmen to the front	137	292
I'm not myself at all	137	291
I hope I don't intrude	137	292
I'd feel better if my wife's mother	138	301
Irish soap fat man	138	303
Its very hard to say	139	308
I wish I was back with thee	140	314
I'll drive sorrow from my mind	140	314
'Tis sweet to have a friend	140	314
I could not say I loved her	140	314
It's sure to pay in the end	140	316
It's the custom of the country	140	317
I'll love thee dearly still	141	322
If every star the night adorning	141	322
In the lowlands	141	322
I wish I was back in old Carolina	141	322
I'm a rolling	141	325
Irish policeman	122	331
It's all the same to me	142	333
If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go	142	336
I wonder what they're going to do next	143	338
I know what it is to be there	143	338

	J	P
In this cottage he lived in it he died	143	339
If I was only long enough for a soldier I would go	143	340
'Tis painful though sweet to love	143	340
I don't think I'm very far out	144	348
I breathe once more my native air	144	348
I'm dead nuts on Dolly	144	352
I love my love in de morning	144	352
I will	145	355
Isn't a dollar enough to buy bread and water costs nothing at all	146	364
I'm waiting for a letter love	146	365
I'm a ship without a rudder	146	368
I always do good when I can	146	365
Ise gwine back to Dixie	146	362
If I only knew her nome	148	378
The Injun will cut down the Army, oh !	148	381
I'm all broke up to-day	149	386
I left Ireland and mother because we were poor	149	388
It's nice	149	388
It tickles the ladies	149	387
I'm a bachelor gay	150	395
It don't belong to me	150	397
I am waiting Easie dear	150	398
Isle de Blackwell	150	396
In the grave my Cora's sleeping	151	402
It's just what I might have expected	151	404
I'll go back to my old love again	151	402
I know I'm twenty-one	152	414
If o'er the cruel tyrant	152	414
If she would be my mash	153	421
In his suite bye-and-bye,	153	421
I trust you will excuse	154	430
If you give a girl the chance	155	434
I will wait for you my darling	155	435
The Irish Aldermen	155	440
Is there a heart in Erin's isle	157	451
The Irish invitation	157	453
It's only the way that it's done	158	459
I won't see old Ireland run down	158	459
I've got fifty thousand dollars in my mind	160	477
I love to think of the days when I was young	161	486
I'll be all smiles to-night; or I'll deck my brow with roses	162	490
The Irish Emperors	162	493
I don't like a cur at my heels	162	492
The Irish Volunteers	163	498
If we part forever	163	499
I've a baby in Kalamazoo	163	501
In dancing we excel	164	506
In the Highlands	164	508
I'm going to Alabam to die	164	510
If I catch the man who taught her how to dance	166	526
I'm going abroad with pa	165	515
If I catch the man who taught her how to dance	166	526
In the morning by the bright light	166	523
Isaac Marks	166	524
I am the captain of the Pinafore	167	534
I am the gawk from New Jersey	168	539
I am so glad	168	540
I know what love is	170	554
I couldn't help it ma	170	555
If my glances have betrayed me	170	556
I'm waiting for a letter love	170	556
I'll meet you in the twilight	170	557
I dreamt that old Ireland was free	171	565
In the gloaming	171	562
It is the flavor from a two cent Chinese butt	172	571
I'll bet you a dollar you don't	172	573
Ise Uncle Pompey still	173	578
I have tried the trowsers, oh !	173	578
If my dreams would all come true	173	579
I've just turned sixty three	173	581
Ike Zachariah	173	581
In the sweet summer land	174	587
It's really my uncle	174	587
The Influential man men	174	587
I married Biddy McCarthy	174	588
Italian girl or the Brigand's Daughter	174	589
If they steal the clothing from my store	174	589
It's easy enough when y'u know how	174	588
I'll name the boy Dennis, or no name at all	175	595
I must go	176	602
I've gathered them in or the grave digger	177	612
Irish nightingale	177	612
I have not got the heart	178	618
Is my darling true to me	178	618
I'm back again	179	626
I met my love in spring time	179	628
I guess it's all right Mary Ann	179	629
I'm leaving now the old folks	180	636
I must leave you, my darling	180	636
I can down them all	180	638
I would like to be an infant	180	637
I'm the funniest tarrier out	181	643
If I only could	181	643
I'm getting a big boy now	181	644
I'd like to be a sun-flower	182	650
I've brought thee an ivy leaf	183	663
If I was a millionaire	185	678
I can't make it out can you	185	679
I'll meet you sweet Bessie at twilight	186	683
Ifs and and's	187	690
I've no one here to love	187	691
It is sweet to be remembered	187	691
I'm rather too old for it now	188	701
In the low lands low	188	702
If I was the man in the moon	189	707
Irish baarding house ladies	189	710
I was false but you'll forgive me	189	707
'Tis a blossom from little Willie's breast	189	711
Ireland for the Irish	191	723
I must have been drunk when I said it	191	724
I love him so	192	730
If I could spot the winner	192	731
I'm glad I'm not a bachelor	192	732
In the evening by the moonlight	192	735
I'm a miliionaire	193	740
Irish Huzzars	193	742
It's joking you are	193	740
It tickled me you bet	193	742
I'm the daddy of them all	194	749
I've lost my songster	194	746
I'll never see my poodle dog again	195	756
I'll take you home again Kathleen	196	763
Irish M. P	196	764
If I catch the man who struck my wife	197	771
I'd like to find, out, wouldn't you	197	772
Ireland's rights	197	773
The Isle that's crowned with shamrock	197	773
I long to see the south	198	778
I neber do	198	782
Isn't it awfully hot	199	787
I'm looking at my mamma	199	788
The Irish exile	199	790
I've only been out with the boys	200	794
I have no home	200	794
The Irish bricklayers	200	794
Jennie the flower of Kildare	103	18
Jenny's on the stormy sea	105	37
Jessie on a bank was sleeping	106	44
Just landed	108	61
Jim Holmes	110	75
Jersey blue handkerchief	115	114
Just from Ireland	117	130
Jack, Jack, Jack	119	148
Joe Muggins	124	187
John Mitchell	124	188
Jakey Wolfingstein	126	205
Just as lively as a flea	128	220
Just give us a chance	129	226
The Jolly old man	129	227
John Mohaban's donkey	132	251
Jonah ran away	133	258
Just from Tennessee	134	268
Josiah Brown	139	306
Just a little longer	142	332
Jane Anna Kilfoil	144	347
Just over the hill	145	356
Jolly cats	147	371
Jonnny Morgan	148	378
Jeremiah blow the fire	149	390
Jolly Paddy	152	411
Jannie Boods	152	413
Johnny Real	152	416
Just over	156	443
Jubilee	156	445
Just to please the boys	158	459
Judge and Downing club	163	500
Jonah and the whale	168	539
Jubilee singers	168	541
Johnny Shockney the hatter	171	566
The Johnsons	172	574
Just as I am	176	603
Jerusalem the golden	176	604
Johanna Louisa Maguire	176	605
Jesus lover of my soul	177	611
Jack and Jill	178	618
Just twig my Sunday clothes	183	661
Johnny Golicher	184	558
Jolly good luck to all	185	674
The Jolly good tars of the School Ship "St. Mary's	185	678
Jamacia rum	185	677
Jolly old Dan	186	689
Jar down everybody	188	699
Johnny give it over, or you'll have to leave the house	189	711
Johnny is your father working	190	716
Josie's secret	191	726
Just from Tennessee	191	728
Johnny my boy roll up your sleeves	193	739
Johnnie's got the blues	193	739
Jessie Dunn	197	773
The Kind loving faces at home	112	90
Kiss me and say you'll forgive	112	91
Kitty, tender, gay and blooming	113	99
Kindlingwood man	114	106
Kiss, kiss	114	109
Katy Darling—New Version	118	138
Keep off if you vex a woman	118	138
Kicking a man when he's down	119	149
Kate Donohue	125	194
Kiss me birdie, kiss me, darling	131	242
Keep a stiff upper lip	132	252
Kathleen Machree	135	277
Ka Foozle Um	136	287
Keep a gentle thought of me	139	311
Keno	139	306
Keep a good heart	140	317
Kiss me again	140	317
Kitty Aileen	141	325
Kiss me darling	143	338
Katy of Killarney	143	339
Known to the police	143	341
Keep the ball a rolling	144	352
Kissing in the moonlight	151	405
Keep pretty flowers on my grave	152	413
Kelly's boarding house	153	420
Kitty's reply to little robin tell Kitty I'm coming	153	422
Killarney Fusileers	155	438
Kissing thro' the railing	156	447
Kiss me would you	157	450
Knights of St Patrick	157	452
Kiss me good-night, Mother	157	458
Kitty the sweet flower girl	158	459
Kick me again	158	460
Keep in de middle of de road	158	460
Kiss me mother, ere I leave you	159	470
Keep it dark	161	485
Katy Ann O'Brien	162	490
Killarney by the lakeside	162	493
Klum	163	501
Kiss me while I'm sleeping	164	507
Kadrina Bimble	167	531
Kentucky rose	169	548
Kind loving faces at home	169	550
Kaddy I love you	170	556
Kerrigan's Masquerade	181	646
The Kicking horse fly	179	629
Killarney Musketeers	189	710
Kenmair woods	197	771
Keep up your heart	199	786
Kate and Jane McGuire	199	789
Last night I was dreaming of you	101	4
Look ober dere	101	5
Lord's of creation	101	4
Lawyer McGinn	102	10
Little cupid hear my prayer	105	34
Let me die or live for love	105	36
Long parted have we been	106	42
Leave me not in anger darling	106	44
The Little low room where I courted my wife	107	52
Lovely charmer	107	51

	J	P
L. S. D. or pounds, shillings and pence	107	51
Little pet bird in its cage	108	60
Little mound	109	66
Love me little. love me long	109	69
Little blacksmith	109	67
Lakeside shore	110	74
Let us live with a hope, Mary	110	75
Love is a cheat	110	76
Love's lone cot by the sea	110	76
Love is but frailty of the mind	110	77
Last ray of sunshine	111	84
Let prudence still cry who goes there	112	90
Little Sally's wooden ware	112	92
Let Erin remember the days of old	113	100
Lenore	112	91
Little Jenny Dow	113	98
Lovely nymph	113	99
Limerick Fair	113	99
Lucy Long	114	107
The Ladies man	114	107
Longshoreman's strike	114	108
Life let us cherish	115	114
Let others breath a meeting sigh	11e	115
Little darling	115	116
Linger near me little darling	116	122
Love and glory	116	123
Leaf of rose	117	130
Love is the theme of the minstrel	117	132
Love me darl ng, love me	118	139
Lend a hand to one another	118	139
Little ones prayer	119	146
Let matters of state disquiet the great	119	146
Let us love one another	119	146
The La-de dah's	120	154
Love look on me	129	155
Lassie of merry eighteen	120	155
Little darling do you love me	120	155
Life bears light on the rich and gay	120	156
Lilly Lee	121	162
The Last link is broken	121	164
Little Rosebud	121	164
Lover and the bird	122	170
Loves labor lost	122	170
Little old dudeen	122	173
Little butterfly	122	171
Love is a gentle amorous passion	125	194
Let your motto be pay and be paid	126	204
Lost in the wide world	128	220
Love thou madning power	129	226
Land of the west	129	231
Lilly of the valley	130	234
Land of love and liberty	130	235
Little cantankerous cat	130	236
Laughable lecture	130	238
Love and folly	133	260
Listening all de night long	134	266
Lad and lass from Ireland	134	267
Laddie too stoud for me	135	274
Little dark eyes do you love me	135	274
Lily of Kerry	135	275
The Little log cabin's the home after all	136	283
Little chestnut rooster	136	283
Let my people go	137	291
Looking for labor	137	291
Lassie with the hazel eye	137	292
Little Sunshine	137	294
Little old German home across the sea	137	294
Lincoln lies sleeping	138	298
Lover's telegraph	138	301
Let me dream again	140	315
Little stranger	141	322
Love among the flowers	141	323
Long Branch Pivoters	142	330
Letter Carriers	142	331
Let tempests o'er the dark seas howl	142	333
Love do you remember	144	347
Lackawanna Gang	144	349
Lissie to me ever dear	145	358
Light is looming in the sky	146	362
Lullaby	146	363
Let the poor go down	146	365
The Little old log cabin near the bogs	147	370
The Little plain gold ring	147	371
Little cherry blossom	149	386
Little blue-eyed pet	150	396
Lakes of Cold Finn	150	397
Locked out after nine	151	405
Led astray, or through the dreary streets I wander	152	412
Lullaby—J. K. Emmett's	152	414
The Little tin soldier	153	418
The Little white cot by the mill	154	426
The Lager beer keg	154	427
Long ago	154	427
Lily Dean	154	428
Little cherub come to mamma	155	434
Loving eyes that answer thine	155	436
Liberty Volunteers	156	445
Little baby mine	157	452
Little one kiss me good-night	157	453
Little Nell	158	460
Let the angels in	158	462
The Last whistle	159	469
The Lover's wooing	159	469
The Late Sligo election song	160	478
The Little match girl	160	478
Little sweet lips keep your kisses	161	483
Lay my head beneath a rose	162	493
Little Buttercup	163	501
The Lost Jewel	163	502
Lay me where the lilies grow	165	515
The Little flower you gave me	164	508
Life saving corps	165	516
Let us give three cheers for a sailor's bride	165	518
Little Maggie Ann	167	530
Levi Kassidy	167	530
The Little old house on the Rhine	167	532
Leave not your Kathleen	168	541
The Little wooden stool	169	547
Little brown jug	169	549
Love of the shamrock	170	556
The Laboring man for me	170	558
Little roguish eyes	175	554
Love me, hug me	172	570
Lost and found	172	570
Let my name be kindly spoken	172	571
The Lively men from Mullingar	174	587
Led astray	175	596
Love letters	175	597
Lively old couple	175	597
The Little babe was saved	175	598
Love not	176	602
Luck lays over brain	176	604
Lardedah or the city toff	178	621
Little Nellie O'Brien	178	620
Longing for dem good old days again	180	634
The Lamentation of Gen. James Shields	181	645
The Lady of Knock	181	645
The Leader of a Grenadier Band	183	659
Let ne go to the Sheeney wedding	184	669
Little wife Nelly, the light of my home	184	669
Loved ones at home	186	685
Little Willie	186	686
Low lands low	186	686
Lily white rose	187	694
Last night I was dreaming of you	188	698
The Lost one's lament	188	700
Lovely maid so shy	189	706
Little sunshine come to me	190	714
The Lost Goat	191	725
Little children I do believe	192	730
Let us catch the golden sunbeams	192	730
The Letter carriers—Frank Dumont	192	735
The Lively pair	195	755
The Lancashire Factory Lads	195	756
Lawyer Molloy	195	758
The Little ould clay pipe	196	763
Let us be boys again just for to-night	197	771
The Little swell in white	197	774
Levi O'Brien	198	778
The Landlord's daughter	198	779
Liver lip Liz	198	779

Muldoon the solid man	101	3
My dear old Irish home	102	11
Marseills hymn	103	19
Minnie Grey	103	20
Morrissey and Heenan fight	103	21
Minnie, last night I was dreaming of you	104	26
My heart was charmed but for you	104	27
My Barney	104	28
Madaline	104	29
The Mulligan Guards	105	34
Martha frowns when all is gay	105	35
Maiden wrap thy mantle round thee	106	43
Mortals learn your lives to measure	106	43
Modern times	106	45
Maria, consent to be mine	107	50
Major K. N. Pepper, or where's that Jones	107	50
Mygel Snyder's Barty	108	61
My Katy is the snow-drop fair	108	59
Maggie the pride of the vale	109	66
Marrietta	109	66
My Johnny is a sailor bold	109	66
My mother's customs	109	67
Mrs. Lofty and I	110	74
My mother's bible	110	74
Mulcahey's gone away	110	77
My mother-in-law is dead	110	77
Mrs Murphy's sleighing party	111	83
Madeleine	112	91
My Emma Louise	112	92
Mo love he is a sailor boy only nineteen years old	112	92
Mother I pray to thee	113	98
Muirneen na grouegh baeneah	113	99
Minnie May	113	99
My little bright-eyed Mary	114	106
Morn on the meadow	115	114
My Clara dear	115	114
My ain fireside	115	115
Mary May	115	115
Major Jones of the U. S. A	115	117
My Mamie's kiss	116	122
My dear old mother and I	116	124
My goddess, Lydia, heavenly fair	117	131
Mated	117	133
My bark is on the dreary sea	118	138
Mamma ain't I sweet	118	139
My lily of the valley	118	139
Mulcahey's home again	118	141
Mulcahy's Sister Kate	118	141
Moon struck	118	140
Mother arohne	119	146
The Mill's shut down to-day	120	154
Muldoon's brother Pat	120	154
My wife's mother is gone away	120	154
My Donald is coming	120	155
Malone at the back of the bar	120	154
My love she is a lady fair	121	164
My life	121	162
My Dolly was the fairest flower	121	164
Mother bear me to the window	121	165
Married at last	121	165
My tears alas	121	165
My home, my home is there	122	171
Mason clerks	122	171
My button-hole bouquet	122	172
Motherless and fatherless	122	172
Massa's kitchen floor	123	178
Man of wealth	124	186
My heart's best love	124	186
My charming little bean	124	186
Meet me to-night by the grove	125	194
Man the life boat	125	196
McGilligan's Raffle	125	199
Mother dearest, raise my pillow	126	203
Mr Fogg	126	204
he Merry little ploughboy	127	210
The Moon	127	210
Mickey Free's lament	127	210
Mollie O'Brien	127	211
McNamara dust your neck-tie	127	211
The Man with more money than wit	127	212
Mary Ann McQuirck	128	219
My son Charley	128	220
The Mountain dew	129	228
Mary McGinness	130	234
Mary Ann stopped skipping the tra-la-lou	130	235
Mike and Kate O'Leary	131	242
Meet me, darling, meet me	131	243
The Model of a man	131	243
My beau in the stationery store	131	244
My dream of love is o'er	131	244
Must we then meet as strangers	131	245
Made down the shade	132	250
Mander's menagerie	132	254
My heart's delight	133	258
Mound f roses	133	259
My mother's warning	133	259
The Model young man	133	260
My mother's parting gift	133	260
My mother-in-law—Dutch version	133	261
Milekey, wilekey, wol key	134	267

	J	P
My initiation	135	276
Meet me by moon light Willie	136	283
My trundle bed	136	285
My old Virginny home	136	285
McGowan's wedding	137	291
My lover is shy	137	291
The Moneyless man	137	294
My Nannie, O	137	294
Marriage bells	138	299
My dew drop pearl	138	299
My land	138	300
Man's love	139	306
Malone the president	139	307
The Merry mountain horn	140	315
Many can help one	140	316
The Man in the moon is looking	140	316
My old wife	141	323
Mary Ann—A Burlesque	142	333
Mr, and Mrs. Malone	142	332
McCaffery's old horse	143	338
Muse hang this harp upon yon aged beach	143	339
Mabel Drew	144	346
My forest home	145	354
My brightest days have past	145	354
Mary varies very much	145	358
The Monarch of the wood	146	362
My pretty red rose	146	363
Miss Gruber's boarding house	146	368
Minnie hear the blue bird sing	147	371
Mollie I can't say you are honest	147	373
The Minstrel's dream	148	380
Man and woman's first quarrel	148	380
My wash woman is waiting for me	149	389
My sweet Mary Ann	149	390
Murphy's little back room	151	406
My grandfather's socks	152	410
Man of education	152	411
My rummy red nose	152	416
Moll McCue	153	419
My Mary Ann	153	419
Mother's teeth are pegging out	153	420
The Minstrel	153	423
Maggie darling, now good-bye	154	426
My dear Savannah home	154	426
The Murphy Chowder Club	154	427
My sunny southern home	154	427
My lovely white rose	154	427
My mother's hands	154	429
Major Majolica	154	430
Mary Ann	154	432
McCormack the copper	155	435
Mother is the old home lonely	155	437
Men of education	155	440
Magic circles	156	447
Mary Ann McLaughlin	156	445
Massa's old barn floor	156	446
Matinee Brigade	156	446
Molly dear, come then with me	157	451
McSweegan from Mayo	158	460
Marna May	158	461
Mr. Johnny Dougherty	158	459
My Mary Ann	159	467
The Meyer Brother's	159	467
My dark-eyed southern queen	159	468
The Mystic veil	159	468
McCarthy's boarding house	159	469
Mary Ann Kehoe	159	469
Mac O'McCorkity	160	474
My son Moses	160	475
My easy style	160	476
My bonny laboring boy	160	477
My darling sweet Louise	161	483
Murphy's coffee house	161	486
Murphy's dream	162	490
My good ole southern home	162	491
My dolie's song	162	491
Mollie Avourneen	163	502
My daughter Julia	164	507
My last cigar	164	508
My little song bird	165	515
My Alecia who's sweet sixteen	165	517
My daughter Rachael	165	517
Music	165	517
My sugar plum	166	522
Miss Jennie Johnston	166	524
The McGluggins	166	526
McCarthy's William Goat	166	526
The Micks are out to-day	167	530
My grandpa is a bumer	167	532
The Merry coons	167	532
The Murphy sangerbund	167	533
McGunnigan's Christening	167	534
Mother take me home again	168	539
My mother's wedding ring	169	546
McGinness wind the clock	169	547
My friend from Chicago	169	548
Michael James	169	549
Mickey Duff	169	549
My blue-eyed Dan	169	550
My southern home	170	554
My beautiful Kate	170	555
Many happy returns of the day	171	562
Mulligan's surprise	171	563
My country's flag of stars	171	563
The Mill will never grind again, etc	171	565
The Mule stood on the vessel's deck	171	564
Mrs. Driscoll's Party	171	565
Mr and Mrs. McGrew	172	574
My wife Betty	172	574
Maguire please come off	173	579
My charming Kate	173	579
Mother-in-law's away	173	580
McDonnell's old tin roof	174	591
The Moons are out to-night	175	598
Mighty day	176	603
McGowan the fiddler	176	603
Murphy anchor your feet	176	605
My saffron colored beauty Mary Jane	177	614
Mickey Flahrity	177	614
Messenger bird	177	611
Merry Moke	178	618
McGuinness got a job	178	620
Mary Ann O'Hoolahan Dowd	178	620
My home by the deep rolling sea	178	621
My dear old Georgia home	179	626
My little treasure	179	626
McGowan the solid voter	179	628
My dear old home where roses grew	179	630
Mary Kelly's clothe's	180	634
McGilligan's Gang	181	642
The Meeting	181	644
McClink McGuinness	181	642
My Melinda	181	644
Marie the tramp	181	645
The Mulligan nominee	181	645
Mary Kelly's Dad	182	651
McCarthy's cellar door	182	651
McGunnigan's grand picnic	182	651
The Man with the zebra pants	182	651
My captivating fairy darling Mary	182	651
Mulligan musketeers	182	654
Man you don't meet every day	183	659
My own sweet wife to be	183	660
Mary Ann I'll tell your ma	183	660
Mrs. Brady's daughter	183	660
The Man with the split on his nose	184	666
My last farewell	184	668
Maudy Moore	184	668
Mary's gone with a coon	184	669
Mickey I know you like whiskey	185	677
Mary's little corn	185	679
Militia's out to-day	186	683
Mulligan's silver wedding	186	684
My girl in Kalamazoo	186	686
McGee the widdower	187	690
Mother please forgive your boy	187	691
My old clay pipe	188	698
Maloney's the man	188	699
McCarthy's fancy ball	188	701
The Moon is shining bright Mary	189	707
My love she is a fairy queen	189	709
Mary Ann McGuire	190	716
Mary's heard the news	190	717
Molly Machree	190	717
The Man with the terrible gaul	191	726
McCarthy is the man	192	733
Mister John Malone	192	733
My dear old Georgia home	192	733
McGunnigan's serenade	193	738
The Military	193	738
My dear colleen	193	740
My darling but talkative wife	193	740
Mattie dear	193	743
Mrs. Murphy the widow	194	747
Mushmellon Kate and Watermelon Jake	194	748
Mixed up melodies	195	754
McSwegan's family	195	755
The Man I respect	196	763
The Muse's retrospection	196	763
My little country home	196	764
McSweeney's full dress ball	196	765
Mary Ann McGuffin Susan Jane	196	765
My pretty rustic queen	197	770
My beautiful wife	198	779
My mother's tombstone	198	781
Mick McCann	198	782
My handsome black moustache	200	794
Mother don't weep for your darling	200	795
Maria's ran away	200	795
My baby's gone	200	795
Mr. Fitzpatrick you're the man of me heart	200	795
Mamma kiss me then I'll sleep	200	797
Must you leave me	200	797
Never go back on the boys	101	3
The Nigga girl's dream	101	5
Nellie Bly	104	26
Nun of Kenmair	105	36
Nice young man	106	43
Never give way to despair	106	45
Never be down-hearted boys	107	51
Night	108	58
Nellie wilt thou be my bride	110	75
Nellie Malone	111	88
The Night was on the desert moor	111	84
Neath the oak on the hill	112	90
Now to rest how silent all	112	99
Nellie is no more	112	93
New England	113	98
Norine Maureen	113	99
No home	113	99
The Nobleman's daughter	114	106
Nobody's treasure	118	136
Never lose your temper	120	156
No Irish need apply—New version	123	181
Never forsake the ship	123	184
Norah adair	124	184
Night is coming little sweetheart	124	187
No Irish wanted here	125	196
Nimble mokes	126	206
Nolan round the corner	126	206
Never desert a friend	126	206
Not before pa dear	127	210
Needs there a tongue to tell a meaning	128	218
Not as green now as then	129	227
North of Ireland man	129	228
Naughty young man	130	236
Never encourage the men	141	324
None other need apply	131	244
N rah Mayloy	132	254
Norah be true to your Barney	133	258
Never make mountains of molehills	133	259
New Jersa	134	270
Nervous man	134	271
Nobody's darling but mine	138	301
Nigga on de fence	138	298
Norah be kind to me	142	333
Nena Moore	144	345
No. seven shoe	144	349
Never give in	145	352
Never run in debt	145	353
Never go back on the flag	147	376
New York girls	148	378
The Negro	148	379
Nancy Lee	149	385
Nancy Free	150	395
New York A. B. C	161	482
Norah Darling	153	417
Never too late to mend	154	432
Nelly lost and found	155	438
Neath the oak tree	157	444
Night I learned to swim	163	498
Now give three cheers	163	501
Neath the maple by the mill	164	509
Nearer my God to Thee	164	509
Nightingale's song	164	510
New Year's Day	165	513
No Jews allowed in here	165	514
Neighbors on our block	166	525
Norah Johannah McCarthy	168	560
Now the girls have got a chance	171	564
Number two	172	572
Nick Murphy's Cousin Jerry	173	578
Never turn a poor man from your door	175	596

	J	P
New York to 'Frisco	175	597
Nobody knows the trouble I see Lord	178	619
The Nobby bang	186	686
Neddy with his ulster coat	189	711
No father, no mother, no home	191	726
Nicholas Murphy	192	731
New Year's morning	193	739
No I thank you, sir	194	746
Never give way to sorrow	194	748
Never meet tronble half way	195	758
Oh, Mr. Coon	101	5
On board the Mary Jane	101	2
Only asleep	103	19
Oh, Italy, dear Italy	104	29
Old Hickory's Days	103	21
Off like a rocket	105	34
Oysters and wine at 2 A. M.	105	35
One thing and the other	105	35
Our Nell	106	42
Oh, turn those dear eyes away	106	42
The Old home ain't what it used to be	106	43
Oh, red looked the sun	107	50
The Old log cabin in the lane	107	52
Over the snow	108	58
On the Jury	108	59
One sweet kiss at the door	108	60
The Orphan emigrant	108	61
Old friends	108	58
Out in the green fields	109	66
On the expanse of Maggiore's Ocean	109	66
Old Uncle Edward	110	74
The Old bummer	110	74
Ossian's serenade	111	82
Oh, Lucy Bee	111	82
Old Rosin the beau	111	82
Oh, strike the chord lightly	113	98
Once I had lovers	115	115
Over the left	114	106
On the sea	116	123
Oh, too lovely, too unkind	116	123
Over the hill to the poor house	117	133
Oh, that we had some bright little isle of our own	118	139
Oh, talk not to me of her wealth	118	139
Oh, Annie, come back now	119	146
Out upon the little lake	119	146
O'er the brake's o'er the mountain	120	154
Olden times	120	156
Out of work	122	173
Our little Rosebud has flown	123	178
Oh, why are you weeping	123	179
One hundred years	123	181
Only a tramp	124	188
Our boys—Irish version	125	195
Our boys—American version	125	196
Our girls	125	196
The Old back gate	125	194
O'Rooney douce the glim	125	197
Over the sea dwells my darling	126	203
O'er the waters to Charley	127	210
Out in the starlight	127	211
Oh. I'll never marry	128	218
One more glass before we part	128	218
Oh, Norah my darling	128	219
Old recollections	129	226
Old fashioned tad	129	228
Oh, Came you o'er the barren moor	130	238
Only a letter	131	242
Only the way on the stage	131	244
The Old man's darling	132	250
Old darkie's lament	132	250
O'Hara you're a skin	132	252
Old log cabin in the dell	132	253
Opening soiree	133	258
Old massa's delight	133	259
Old log cabin home	134	269
O'Reilly you're N. G.	135	276
Old times rocks	135	275
Off for New Orleans	135	274
Only a baby small	136	282
Oh, yes	137	291
Old Kentucky Shore	137	292
Opening at Patcick Malone's	137	293
Oh, how glad to get home	138	298
Oh, blue are the eyes of my Kathleen	138	303
The Old friends still	139	309
The Old whiskey jug	139	311
Old Adam was father of all	140	315
Oh, I'm wasting away	141	322
Oh, love, thou powerful pleasing pain	141	324
Once again	141	324
The Old oak tree	141	325
Old rags and bottles	142	330
Oh, give me your plain dealing fellows	142	332
On the strict Q. T.	143	341
Old Black Snow	145	354
Oh, meet me by the brookiet	145	356
Oh, James, whoa, James	145	357
Our brothers in the mines	145	358
The Old ark's a moving	146	363
Old log cabin on the hill	146	363
Oh, open the door	146	363
Our front stoop	147	373
Owen Reilly	148	381
Our back yard	149	389
Oh, why should the girl	149	389
Old friends for the new	150	394
Only an orphan	150	396
Our army and navy of blue	150	398
Oh, could we meet as once we met	150	399
Oh, George, I can't endure you	151	403
Over the left	151	408
One sweet kiss before we part	152	410
Only a word love	152	412
Our happy boyhood days	152	414
O'Brien keep off the grass	162	414
Only a letter from mother	154	427
Our back stoop or my sweet Maria	154	428
Och, Gilhooly you're a lad	154	432
One glance from those merry blue eyes	155	440
The Old log cabin by the stream	156	442
Over the river my darling	156	443
Only a dream	156	444
Oh, Moses	156	444
On a sleigh ride	157	450
Only three werds, I love thee	157	453
Old plantation's lonely	157	453
Once upon a time	157	454
The Outcast	158	462
Oh how delightful	159	466
Oh dar's but little consolation	159	466
Owen Slattery	159	467
Oh, how I love thee	159	469
Old wooden rokcer that stood by the wall	160	474
Old and only in the way	160	475
Oh, I'll meet you dar	160	475
One sweet little smile	160	478
Oh, my Jennie, oh. sweet Jennie	160	478
The Old homested has changed	161	483
Oh, take me to thy heart again	161	484
Only a rose from mother's grave	161	486
Out far out of the penitentiary	162	492
One more drink before I go	163	499
Out in the street	164	507
Oh, swiftly flows the stream	165	514
Oh, Charley	166	523
Oh, joy, oh, rapture	166	524
The Old bench near the mill	167	532
Oh, dem golden slippers	167	532
Oh, what we see on the sands	167	534
On Saratoga Lake	168	538
Old log cabin by the stream	168	540
The Old broomstick that leaned against the wall	170	556
One wide river to cross	170	556
Over there in Ireland	170	557
Old love letters	171	562
Old man ain't what he used to be	171	563
The Oarsmen of our land	171	564
One hundred years to come	171	556
Open up dem doors	172	570
Old Mr. Kunkle and his wife	172	571
Old times. Roxey, or troubles in de kitchen	173	578
Oh, what a beauty	174	586
Only a coin	174	588
Over there where the shamrock grows	175	595
Oh, pipe her off	175	596
Old willow cradle that rocked us to sleep	177	613
The Old willow tree by the spring	179	626
The Old fashioned well	179	627
The Old family bedstead	179	628
Old Uncle Jeff	179	628
Only to see thee darling	180	636
Over her knee	180	637
Only I was too late	180	637
The Old fashioned homestead	181	642
Oh, Fred, tell them to stop	181	642
Over the garden wall	183	660
The Old willow chair where grandmother sat	183	661
Oh, why was I so soon forgotten	183	662
Only to hear her voice	183	663
Out in our old barn	184	667
Oh, Ned, do make it stop	184	668
Old fashioned church on the hill	184	671
The Old fashioned cottage	185	675
Our torchlight parade	185	674
Ould orange Nell	186	685
On the road	186	685
The Old ruined mill	187	690
Old family chair	186	686
Our starry flag our glory	187	690
Oh, isn't it nice, said Eliza	188	698
Only a face at the window	188	698
O'Brien the Alderman	188	700
Only a bull dog	190	717
Oh, Fred, don't be so frivolous	190	719
Our peculiar style	190	719
Oh, Nell what's this you've been doing	192	732
One day I went a courting	192	733
Off for America	193	742
One of my mother's twins	193	743
Oh, I'm so glad	194	749
One kind word	194	749
Our dorg	195	754
Over the beautiful river	195	755
O'Reilly you're getting on well	195	758
On the planks near the old brewery	196	762
Old Irish Land League	196	763
Orphan's love	196	765
The O'Hara's	197	772
One more Waltz	198	779
Old Snowball's hair is turning gray	198	780
Oh, popsy wopsy	198	781
Our little baby boy	199	790
Old General Dingle and wife	200	795
The Old swing	200	796
The Old rustic bridge by the mill	200	798
Out of Work	200	799
Parody on Araby's Daughter	102	10
Public characters	102	11
Pretty Sally Solomons	102	12
The Pearly drop	103	16
Poor wounded heart	103	18
Playing hookey	103	19
Parting at the gate	103	20
Played out	103	21
Poor Uncle Pete	104	27
The Pain and pleasure	104	27
Paddy Murphy's auction	104	27
The Pootiest girl in town	104	28
Pretty Mocking Bird	105	36
Pious Emily goes to prayers	106	42
Paddy O'Neal	106	43
Put my little shoes away	106	44
Pestel, or the prison song	108	60
Pull yourselves together boys	109	66
Patriotism	110	76
Paddy McCarthy	111	83
Patrick's Day Parade	111	85
Pretty Kitty May	111	86
Pride of Killarney	112	91
Poor Billy Vail	112	91
Pat McCarthy	112	91
Phelim Mavourneen	115	114
Pictures on the wall	114	106
Paddy McFadden	114	106
Pretty girl of Roncevert	116	123
Pull down the blind	116	125
Pretty as a picture	117	130
Plain honest Fred	117	130
Pat Maloney's family	117	132
Plough boy	117	132
Press the grape and let it pour	119	147
Pretty little milliner	119	147
Pauline	119	149
Pull down your vest	121	165
Pearl of the sea	123	179
Proud woman I scorn you	125	194
Paddy Burke and Kitty Miles	126	196

	J	P
Patrick Sheehan	125	197
Passing the time away	129	227
Please give me a penny, sir	132	252
Poor Susan	132	255
Pause ere it shall be too late	133	259
The Polish National Hymn	133	259
Pathetic Ballad	134	268
Pretty Peggy	134	266
Pat O'Neil	134	267
Patrick mind the baby	134	269
Poor but a gentleman still	134	269
Pretty little blonde	135	274
Pat Delaney	135	276
Pity the homelese one to-night	136	283
Pull for the shore—Sacred Song	137	293
Poor old uncle Jake	139	309
The Pride of the vale	139	311
Paragon on style	140	314
Paddy get up from the fire	140	315
Paddy will you now	141	323
Pat O'Flaherty	141	325
Put a tombstone o'er poor mother's grave	143	338
Poverty	143	338
Pallet of straw	143	340
Pink do ninces	144	349
Pretty Mabel Clare	144	352
Plunk, plunk	145	354
Parody on sweet bye and bye	145	357
Paddle your boat along	146	368
Putcher spare dat cat	148	380
Pretty little blue-eyed stranger	149	386
Princess Suvaroff	149	389
Patrick Quincy Slavin	149	390
Political situations	151	406
The Pulling Machine	152	413
Pretty little primrose	152	413
Poor Little Joe	153	422
Poor old Jessie's blind	154	427
Tde Poultry dealer	155	437
Pretty little dask-eyed beauty	156	446
Pensylvania tramps	157	453
Parade of the guards	157	454
Pretty little Tommy with a squeak	158	458
Pretty Wilhelmina	158	461
Pity the poor	159	466
Pretty Evelina	159	468
Please God make room for a little boy	159	470
Parody on "See that my grave's kept green"	160	472
The Pretty little daisy	160	477
The Prodigal son	161	485
President McMullen	163	500
Parody on Pinafore	163	501
Pat Rooney's Pinafore	164	506
Penniless and poor	164	507
Put the terrier in a cage	165	507
The Piccadilly Club	164	508
The Poor old tramp	164	508
Parody on Baby Mine	164	509
Poor little Joe	164	509
Pitty the homeless one to-night	164	510
Put by the old man's cane	165	514
The Party for the little widow Brown	166	526
Pinafore	166	526
Parody on Baby Mine	166	525
Pat Rooney's Pinafore	167	533
The Primrose family	167	530
The Picnic Barge	167	531
Put on my long white robe	168	538
Pompey little pig-tailed Chinaman	169	548
Pretty little blue-eyed maiden	169	548
The Pitcher of ale	169	549
Put the right man at the wheel	170	555
Prince Patrick	170	558
Pretty little South Carolina Rose	171	562
Pesock the pawnbroker	171	562
Put away that straw	172	572
Phœbe Walker	174	587
Pettingill's request	174	587
Poor Pat must emigrate	177	610
Praise the Lord	177	611
The Petticoat Brigade	178	621
Patsy Kelly's beau	179	629
Der Patter of der shingle	180	634
The Poor forsaken tramp	180	635
Pat McCoy	181	644
Patrick Gilhooly the lantern-jawed Mick	182	650
Parody on leaving the old folks	182	655
Pat may be foolish and very often wrong	183	659
Picking up gold in the streets	184	671
Pat Rooney	184	669
Potheen, good luck to ye dear	184	669
Pat's gone and left the whiskey	185	676
Pretty little Lou	186	682
Pebbles in the sea	187	691
Pleasant hours	187	694
Pretty Little Dandelion	187	694
Picnic in de sunny south	187	694
Pretty Irish Queen	188	701
Pat and Dennis Carney	190	716
Pretty Kitty Kearney	189	710
Paddy Nyland's hop	190	715
Poor little sightless Jim	191	723
The Pull back dress	192	735
Poor Pilgarlic	192	732
Paddy McKey	192	732
Pat's got them on	193	743
The Pigs head	194	746
Pool	194	748
Papa's little baby boy	194	749
The Pair from Castlebar	194	750
Parody on "Are you going far this evening	195	754
Prussian emigrants	195	755
The Palace on the rocks	195	757
Pat's coming home again	196	763
Paddy Duffy's Mule	196	767
Papa's baby girl	196	767
The Parting hour	197	771
Parting from Erin	197	771
Pat Dolan's bull pup	200	794
Question and answer	102	12
Rear high thy bleak majestic hills	105	34
The Regular Army, oh !	109	68
The Runaway mare	113	101
Rockaway	114	108
The Respectable man	115	114
Roses underneath the snow	117	133
Rale McMullen style	117	133
Regrets	118	140
The Return	118	140
Roger O'Malley	118	141
Rise fair maiden from thy slumber	120	155
Rollicking Irish pair	123	178
Rhionoceros	123	178
Reddy give us a lock of your hair	124	189
Roll gentle wave	124	186
Rum and gum	125	195
The Repentant drunkard	126	202
Rolling on the grass	128	221
Roses in the dell	131	242
Rather too heavy for me	132	253
Rock o' my soul	134	266
Rustic damsel	134	266
Rose of Killarney	134	268
Root hog or die	136	282
Rum, rum, rum, the bummer's hope	138	298
Rose Leonore	139	308
Rinking Rose, or she said she'd be my bride	144	352
Remember you have children of your own	145	357
Round goes the wheel	146	365
The Raymond Street Jail	151	404
Rollicking Dan from Baleymena	151	405
Remember that you yourself may yet be old	151	406
Rose Geranium	151	408
Rally round Dan Bradley boys	155	434
Ring down the cartain	155	437
Remember the poor sufferers in the south	155	438
Remarks on popular songs	161	492
The Raffle for the stove	162	490
Riding on the Elevated Rail-Road	162	491
Roll out heave dat cotton	167	530
The Rank and File	167	531
Roll on Jordan	167	533
Rounders on our block	169	547
The Reason why I was elected	170	556
Rudolph and Ricka Klein	171	562
Rise it Reilly	172	573
Rosey posey	173	579
Rafferty's on parade	173	580
Rosebud in your hair	174	589
Razors in de air	176	597
Romping Irish Lass	177	613
Rye and rock	182	653
The Rose of Ardee	183	659
Rose Patchoula	183	663
Run for the doctor, Charlie dear	184	669
Rose perfumed bouquet	186	683
Rise up in de morning	188	696
The Reason we mortgaged the farm	189	709
Regan's party	193	742
Round to Maloney's dance	193	743
Respect show to old age	194	747
Roll on and rock	195	757
Run away slave	196	762
Rosa Bell	197	770
The Rose and the shamrock	197	773
Row dat boat	197	774
Run along home to Moses	198	780
Some fifty years ago	101	2
She was clerk in a candy store	101	3
Sunshine and shade	101	5
Sweet Belle Mahone	101	5
The Scamp	101	5
Schneider's Muskedeers	102	10
Stokes verdict	103	16
The Streamlet that flowed round her cot	103	18
Sterling wit and sterling gold	103	19
Some day when I'm far away	103	20
Simple Simon	103	20
Sailor's adieu	103	21
Sailor's lullaby	104	28
Silver threads among the gold	104	28
Sweet bird	106	43
Sweet seventeen	106	44
The Sun that lights the roses	107	51
Something in the city	107	51
Shy,,shy, dreadfully shy	107	52
The Song my mother used to sing	107	53
The Storm	108	59
Sweet spell is broken	108	60
Soft as the morning's hue	109	65
Send hom my long strayed eyes to me	109	67
The Soldier's motherless daughter	109	68
Sweet maid yon say I'm untrue	109	68
Swell of the day	109	69
Someone's in the house with Susie	109	69
Sharon Lawn	110	74
Stand by the flag	110	75
Sweet little girl I loved	110	75
Speak to me	110	77
The Shoes my dady wore	110	77
Sweet lilies of the valley	111	83
Speak to me kindly	111	83
Since the soap house moved away	112	88
Swim out you're over your head	112	89
The Soldier	112	90
Stranger think me not too bold	112	92
Style of the day	112	90
Since Terry joined the gang	113	100
Skidmore Guard	114	109
Sentiment and reality	114	108
Shall we ever meet again	115	115
Sweet long ago	116	122
Shivering and shaking in the cold	116	122
The Shaugraun	116	124
Shells of oysters	117	128
Sparkling lager	117	121
Squeeze me Joe	117	122
Silver plated men	117	122
Soldier of Erin	118	128
Solid dishes to the front	118	121
The Sailor's consolation	118	140
The Sad and sweet good-night	118	128
Sadie Ray	118	141
Schneider's Ride	119	141
Sleep my dear one	119	146
She whispered when we parted	119	147
Sweet Dora Dare	119	147
Sailing on the lake	119	148
Since Terry left the gang	119	149
Sweet Marion Gray	120	145
Sugar cane	120	145
Since Terry shook the gang	120	146
Spilt milk	120	145
Sweet other days	121	163
Standing on the corner	122	170

	J	P
The Sweet little creature	122	171
Sue and I	122	172
The Snow storm	122	172
Skidmore FancyBall	122	173
Solid gay young men	123	178
Speak to her gently	123	178
Sweet Rose of Yarrow	124	188
Sunny land	126	202
Salamander Sam	126	202
Sweet gratitude	126	202
Star of my life	1s6	205
Sitting in the twilight	127	211
Sweet Norah Mahone	127	212
Soldier's farewell	128	219
Since James went on the stage	128	219
Slavery days	128	221
Soldier song	129	227
She thought on her woes	129	228
She sleeps in the valley	129	229
She's a famous hand at cookery	129	229
Sweet heart Jenny Johnson	130	236
She deceived her Johnny	130	236
Sweet Adelaide	131	242
Susan the pride of Kildare	131	244
Shakespere's seven ages of man	131	246
Sweet-bye and bye	131	245
Sailing up the Hudson	132	252
Six feet of earth	132	253
The Showman	132	254
Silver stars are softly gleaming	133	260
Sons of Temperance, S O. T	133	261
St. Patrick's Day	134	267
Sowing the seed—Sacred	135	276
Since massa set us free	135	275
South Carline	135	274
See that my grave is kept green	136	285
Specie payment	136	282
Speak only speak	136	284
Sweet Eileen	137	290
She smiled on me so sweet	137	293
Slap-jacks	138	300
Sunlight in my heart	138	298
Shanghai Kate	138	299
Sweet Potheen	138	299
Saturday night	138	300
Sweet power of prayer	138	300
Since the panic first set in	138	303
Somebody's darling	139	307
Stars are cheerfully blinking	139	307
The Spitz dog	139	308
Sailing down the bay	140	316
The Smile that pl ys on woman's cheek	140	315
Someone's darling	141	322
Sixty-two	141	322
Six o'clock at night	141	322
Sweet slumbers	141	323
Someone's watching at the window	141	323
Sweet happy days	141	323
Sweet forget me not	142	333
The Scrubbing woman	142	331
Song of jokes	143	338
Something that ought to be done	143	338
Slim and slippery southern nig	143	339
She winked mit doo ice at me	143	339
Simon Simkin	143	341
Shine on	144	348
Sunday night when the parlor's full	144	348
She suits me down to the ground	144	348
She is the pet of the swells	144	348
Slam your foot	145	354
Successful lover	145	355
Stage of the world	145	355
Sweet vision of childhood	146	364
The Sailor's dirge	147	372
Snow Flake	147	372
Saturday night when the bar-room's full	147	376
The Same old game	147	376
Strawberries and cream	148	379
Sad past and gone	148	381
Shove along, sing a song	148	382
The Spielers	149	386
Sparkling Peiper Heidseck	149	386
Soda Head Phil	149	387
Sweet visions of childhood	149	389
The Sound Democrat	150	394
Standing in the hall	150	398
The Sparkling solitaire	151	402
Sing all is well, oh, trusting soul	151	403
Stay one moment love	151	404
Sights that I see in New York	151	408
See if I'd get mad	152	411
Sergeant Bluff of the N. Y, N. G	153	420
Shades of Erin	153	422
Stingy Bill	153	422
Sweet thoughts of home	154	429
Serg't McGee of the N. Y. M. P	154	430
Stop it Tommy	154	432
The Singers' Journal	154	429
Slavery before the war	155	435
Summer of love	155	436
Sign on the door	155	437
Such an education has my Mary Ann	155	438
Such an eligent spieler is my Mary Ann	156	443
The Skipper and his boy	156	444
Sunshine of my heart	156	445
Stolen kisses are the sweetest	156	446
Shadows on the floor	157	450
Son of a gambolier	157	451
Sweeter than marmalade	157	454
She vas so sweet	158	458
Skating on one in the gutter	158	458
Sweet little Rose of the Lea	158	459
Sheeney glazier	158	460
Sweet echo dell	158	461
Softly o'er the gentle wavelets	158	461
The Sweet long ago	159	469
Somebody's mother	159	467
The Spoilers on our block	159	467
Susannah McManus	159	468
Skinny tight pants	160	474
Shanon Grove	160	478
Solomon Isaac Musketeers	160	475
Sally bless my soul	160	476
Somebody's coming when the dew dr ps fall	160	477
Somebody's coming when t e bill falls due	161	484
Sweet Brookhill	163	498
She stood at the gate welcoming him in	163	499
The Solid sons of rest	162	496
She died on the street	163	500
Still they come	163	500
Sorry her lot	164	510
Silver bells are ringing away up in the sky	164	510
The Silent Banjo	165	515
Sheeney glazier as ball	165	516
The Skidmore fancy ball	165	516
Sweet Amerikay	165	517
Strolling midst the roses	165	517
Stem the tide	165	518
Sheenies in the sand	165	518
The Sweetest of the sweet	166	522
Sally Mackenally	166	522
Sunny land beyond the sea	166	522
Sparking at the door	166	523
Sweet Maggie Gordon	166	523
Sweet peaches and honey plantation	166	525
Sound dat banjo	168	541
Somebody's darling—Recitation	168	541
Since I got on the police	168	542
Save your kisses all far me	169	546
Singing on the roof	169	547
Strolling on the Battery	169	547
She threw me a kiss from the window	169	550
Songs unsung	170	554
So weary and sad to-night	170	555
The Skids are on parade	170	558
Skating on the lake	171	565
Solid gang	172	570
Settle dat bill	173	578
Strew the flowers	174	591
Sons of Erin's Isle	165	594
Sing low sweet children	175	594
Since I saw de cotton grow	175	594
Sleeping where the cotton plant doth grow	176	603
Skedaddle	176	605
Sons of Irish Dukes	177	611
Sweet Maggie Gordon Notice	177	610
Swing low, sweet chariot	178	619
She s so captivating	178	619
The Sheenies are going to fight	179	627
Swim out for glory	179	627
Someone is waiting for me	179	626
Susan Simpson's sister	179	629
Sleeping where the cotton plant does grow	180	636
Sailing	183	661
Sally Horner round the corner	183	662
Slattery family	183	663
Silver bells of memory	183	663
Sweet Jane os Tyrone	184	667
Sweeter than a red ripe peach	185	674
Sweet Mary Flynn is so sly	185	677
Sister Hannah	185	674
Spring bottom pants	185	677
Sights we see each morning	185	677
Set me drunk to have some fun	186	684
Scenes that occur after dark	186	685
Squeeze her gently at the do r	187	694
Sunny days	188	700
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill	188	701
Shamrock shore—Duett	188	699
Silence and fun	189	709
Spoilin for a beau	190	714
Stop as long as you used to	190	716
Sing me a ballad of home	190	717
She's just as sweet as sweet can be	190	715
Ship a hoy, my hearties send a boat etc.	190	718
Sweet persimmons	190	715
Sarah McTearer	190	719
The Snooze	191	724
The Ships go sailing by	191	725
Shake of the hand	192	730
The Soldier boys	192	732
Senator Muldoon	192	732
The Scotch serenader	192	736
She had eyes like an eagle	193	736
Sarah, Sarah, where has she gone to	193	739
Sweet scented handsome yonng man	193	743
Save at the spigot and waste at the bung	195	756
She smiled as we crossed on the Hoboken Ferry	195	756
Shout loud brethren	195	756
Sweet Irene	195	756
Sheeney peddlers	196	762
The Ship that brought me over	197	772
Since Cordelia first wore bangs	197	771
Sing Lee's troubles	197	771
Slippery crocodile	197	774
Sweet's the face that breaks in smiles	197	773
Stop the tide from going out	198	778
Smoke Colored Jane	198	780
Spanish Cavalier	199	787
Sweet Nellie Nolan	199	786
Sullivan's Excursion	199	790
Style we call our own	200	795
Soldier's dream of home	200	796

That's the proper caper	101	4
There goes the drunkard	101	4
Thou lovst no more	102	11
Time never returns	102	11
ell, oh, tell her	102	11
Tom Stitch the tailor	102	11
There's a good time coming boys	102	13
There's a good time coming girls	102	13
Twine the rose and lily together	104	26
Tom Collins	104	26
This world is full of beauto's	104	29
That girl across the way	105	37
To beauty comyared, gold I despise	106	43
To tell you the truth	106	45
To be gaz ng on those charms	106	45
There's danger on the line	107	51
Timid awkward squad	107	52
Twelve kisses	108	58
Tim Flaherty	108	61
Temperance ode	108	59
Teach me Martha	109	67
The Tipperary men	110	76
There's naught so delightful as women	111	83
There's a letter in the candle	112	93
There's millions in it	113	98
Taking a smile	113	100
Tra-la-la, George	113	101
True friendship	114	107
There is no harm in kissing	114	109
The Talk of the town	115	117
Thomas cat	116	122
That's what I like to see	117	131
There's not a look a word of thine	117	132
There's magic in a kiss	118	138

	J	P
True love	118	141
That swell at the matinee	118	140
That song of thine	119	147
Tender hands stroke a nettle	119	147
That's the man for me, boys	120	154
Tommy make room for your uncle	120	157
o Donnybrook Fair	120	157
Though fortune darkly o'er me frowns	121	163
There lives a young lassie in yon glen	121	163
Two hearts, two hands	121	163
Take me aga n to your heart	122	171
Terry Malone	122	171
That lady seems to know you, George	122	175
The Two professors	123	178
The Tra-la-loo	123	181
Tommy make room for your auntie	123	181
This pretty little flower	123	178
Touch the harp gently	123	180
Turn down your collar	124	187
Three little violets plucked from her grave	124	187
Twins from Skibbareen	124	189
There's a bottle on the mantle	125	194
Transporting charmer of my heart	125	195
To rob them of strength	125	195
Take this letter to my mother	125	197
Twilight steals softly over the ground	126	203
Twenty seven cends	126	205
That girl in the skipping rope dance	127	212
To nmy take this to your uncle	127	211
There's another good man gone wrong	127	212
Toil, toil, toil	127	213
Tried but true	127	214
Thou'rt gone awa'	128	219
Two fat girls that weighed a ton	128	220
They all have a mate but me	128	221
That banner 100 years old	128	220
Tom and Jerry the twins	129	227
That's where you're bound to be right	131	242
Turn down the gas	131	243
They say I'm a very tough man	131	244
There's Sunshine in the heart	132	250
Tom Walker	133	258
Taking the pledge	133	258
Terrance Muldoon	133	261
Two roses	138	263
Turkey in the straw	134	266
Terrible gaul	134	266
Two thoroughbreds from Ireland	134	266
Thou hast sworn by thy God	134	269
Two happy boys	135	274
They borrow but never return	137	293
There is a wash-bill in the lamp-light	137	295
Two orphans	138	300
They're gone from the mountain home	139	307
They all do it	139	309
True to the core	139	308
They are all getting married but me	140	316
Turn back Pharoah's Army	140	315
There's somebody waiting for me	141	322
Two devils from below	142	330
Thirteenth of October	142	331
There is one dark and silent hour	143	339
Toss the turk	143	340
To thee my heart turneth ever	144	346
There's nothing new under the sun	144	349
There's a time and place for everything	145	355
That young man across the way	145	356
Time is on the wing	146	363
Three perished in the snow	147	370
To show that I love you yet	147	376
Those laughing eyes of blue	148	378
Take home a fry in a box	148	378
Through the mill	148	381
Tapping at the garden gate	149	387
Things ain't as dey was	149	390
To be continued in our next	149	390
Tramps request	150	396
Turn off the gas at the meter	150	399
Trink of me kindly	151	402
Tea rose	151	402
Take me back to home and mother	151	402
That's when you know who's your friend	151	404
True sons of Erin	152	416
That sweet little cottag near the etc	152	413
That soft sweet waltz	153	419
Two acrobatic men from Dublin town	154	426
Two bad men	154	428
Take my arm the other side	156	444
There's always a seat in the parlor for you	155	440
To bless the old man's heart	155	435
True as steel	156	443
Toddling through the lancers	156	443
Twilight bears my thoughts to thee	157	452
Take it Bob	158	458
Take it easy	158	461
Take me back home once more	158	462
There's no one to welcome me home	158	462
Tiddle a Wink the Barber	160	476
Two in one	160	478
That kid of mine	161	482
Tell me where my Eva's gone	161	484
Tiny hands	161	486
Tibby Dunbar	161	486
Those haunting eyes	162	494
Two lonely widows are we	162	494
This Red head of mine	162	494
Thy voice is near	163	498
This one little boon that I ask	163	499
Tell the folks I'll soon be home	163	500
Tell me, darling, you'll be true	163	501
Twilight Coterie	163	502
The Two McMullen's	163	502
Teddie's Farewell	166	523
Though rich, I'm no better than you	166	525
Things are seldom what they seem	166	525
Those slavery days gone by	166	525
They've faded like the rain	166	526
Take me back to my dear old southern home	168	542
Two eccentrics	168	542
Turkish regulars	169	546
Tell me, love, will you remember	169	550
Till the clouds go by	171	564
Two lads from Lancashire	171	565
The T shovel	171	566
The Tramp	171	566
Tired of single life	171	566
There's silver in your hair Jessie	171	563
That's where I'd like to be	173	580
Two black and tans	173	581
Times of long ago	173	582
Till Ireland's wrongs are righted	174	586
Turnpike gate	175	597
Tom Kerrigan the Irish piper	175	598
Tell me where my Eva's gone	175	597
Take things as they come	176	602
Terry Dugan's neice	177	610
There never was a coward where the shamrock grows	177	611
The Ticking of the clock	177	611
Throwing pebbles in the stream	178	619
The Tarrier bold	179	629
The Tramp—Recitation	179	626
That's where I'd like to be	179	628
The Tar's farewell	180	637
Traveling back to A'abam	183	659
There's another voice after this	183	663
Talk about your Moses	184	667
True Irish gents	184	668
Tam O'Shanter hat	185	675
Twig him he's got 'em on	185	678
Tommy you're a father	185	676
Teddy please scare me again	185	677
Torpedo and the whale	185	678
'Tis ten o'clock please go	186	684
The Time when we were young	186	686
Tramps Brigade	186	686
Ten cents	188	700
Twickenham Ferry	188	702
That's how you get served when you're old	188	702
That'll be all right	189	709
That never empty cradle twins are born	189	709
Teddy Reilly	189	709
Two Irish turks	189	710
To-morrow night I'll wait	191	725
There is no room for me now	192	732
Too late	192	735
There goes Flaherty	193	739
'Tis then sweetheart I'll dream of thee	195	756
Tolida	196	763
Take this bundle to my uncle	196	762
Thou art gone but not forgotten	197	772
Tell me in a loving kiss	197	534
There's a lager on the table	198	779
Take me in your arms love	198	781
Tell me, darling, why you're weeping	200	798
Under the buttercups	123	180
Uncle Sam is brave and free	125	196
Under the rose bush	134	267
Uncle Joe	150	398
Unpunctual man	142	333
Up the spout	147	370
Under the lilacs	149	388
Up at Dudley's Grove	150	395
Uncle Tom's Lament	150	397
Uncle Joe	139	380
Uncle Steve	151	406
Up in Sing Sing	152	416
Up at Jones' Wood	163	499
Up in a mulberry tree	165	518
Under the gaslight	167	532
Under the maples long ago	167	531
Uncle Isaac Green	173	580
Upper ten and lower five	180	635
Uncle Ruff	181	644
Up at Battle Row	182	653
Uncle Joe	199	786
Uncle Tobe	199	786
The Village clock	102	10
Value of time	102	12
The Village maid	106	45
Vive la compagnie	112	92
Vain is every fond endeavor	113	99
Venetian boat song	115	115
Van Dieman's land	121	165
Violets dipped in dew	138	301
Ven de old man young lady wed	142	331
Voice of labor	151	404
Vale of Chamonni	152	414
Ven I vistle den I am sad	158	461
The Villain still pursued her	162	492
Vaiter, vaiter, hot potato	175	595
Virtuous gardener	185	678
Vell how you vas anyhow	198	778
Vere is de deitcher's faderland	198	778
Welcome happy day	101	5
What right has a man to be poor	102	12
Weeping by the spring	102	11
When wearied wretches sink to sleep	103	18
What Mollie said	103	19
Way my daddy went	104	20
Wilt thou say farewell	104	29
Why we love	105	34
When clouds of sorrow round us hover	106	42
Why asks my fair one if I love	106	45
What, put off with one denial	106	45
With an honest old friend	107	50
When away from my beautiful maid	107	52
The Wonderful eater	107	58
When lovely woman stoops to folly	107	52
Widow Malone	108	58
The Watcher	108	58
What are the little birds saying dear mother	108	60
White cat and black cat	109	66
Widow Maloney's ball	109	67
Wait till you get it	109	69
Who is Sylvia	109	68
When the moon is on the waters	109	68
Who is in the house with Susie	109	68
We are all so fond of kissing	110	74
What other name than mine mother	110	74
The Watery Grave	110	75
Welcome mother	110	75
Wake up Mose	110	75
Waiting for angels to come	111	83
Why so sad my precious darling	111	85
Waterford boys	111	84
Westeren star	112	90
What is home without a wife	112	91
When night spreads her shadows around	112	94
When the soup house comes again	112	93
While the silver tints the gold	112	93
When the little birds are singing	113	101

	J	P
When the little birds are singing in the garden	113	101
Wedding is great Juno's crown	113	101
Will friendship buy us bread	114	106
Wandering boy	114	107
When we dwell on the lips	114	107
When twilight's dews are falling	114	107
Wait till the moonlight falls on the water	116	122
When Charlie plays the drum	116	124
Will he come home to-night mother	116	124
Would fate to me Belinda give	116	124
Whisper softly mother's dying	116	125
Will a monkey climb a tree	116	125
Will you love me when I'm old	117	133
When the stars are shining Bessie	117	130
Waiting by the river	117	130
Whar you gwine, whar you 'spect	117	131
When Delia on the plain appears	117	131
Why ain't you fly like me	118	138
William Winks	118	140
Wriella	119	146
When I went out a skating	119	147
When this old ring was new	120	156
Willie my darling	121	162
With plenty of money you'll always have friends	121	163
Where the water lilies grow	121	164
What's the harm in a kiss	121	163
When the moon is beaming Mabel	122	171
We are growing old together	122	172
When the autumn leaves are falling	122	173
When thou shalt wander	122	170
When the dew is on the roses	123	178
Who'll buy my papers	123	179
Wedlock's well, but single life is better	124	186
Waiting for me	124	186
We'll go with thee	124	186
Where have I been all summer	124	187
What should make thee sad my darling	125	197
Won't you never leave off that ould coat	125	194
Where the roses bloom	125	194
Window serenade	125	194
Wipe off your chin	125	195
When the moon with glory brightens	126	203
When the flowing tide comes in	126	205
Waiting for thee	127	210
When first I saw thee graceful move	127	210
When I upon this bosom lean	127	211
The Way to bring grist to the mill	127	212
Walking out on Sunday	128	218
Wake from thy slumber, love	128	218
Will of the wisp	128	221
Watch by the Rhine	128	223
Why I never married	128	223
Why, cruel creature, why so bent	129	227
Will you love me when I'm old	129	229
What are the wild waves saying	129	229
Woman, thoughtless, giddy creature	130	235
Who'll buy my posies	130	238
What I heard an old maid say	131	243
Wait till the gaslight falls on the gutters	132	250
When the heart's feeling burns	132	251
What should make thee eat, my darling	132	253
While the moon beams fall	132	250
We'll do the best we can	133	260
We'll pledge eternal friendship	133	258
Widow with plenty of gold	133	260
What might I not have said	134	268
The Wedding tour	135	274
The Wicklow girls	135	277
Wake from thy happy dreams	136	282
Walk, walk, walk	136	282
What a heel she's got behind her	136	287
Wake Dinah wake	136	287
When the pigs begin to fly	136	284
We'll have to mortgage the farm	137	290
Where moon beams flood the dell	137	294
When flowers begin to fade	137	294
Who would not be a soldier	137	292
Woman's love	139	306
The Way I march	139	307
Willie's farewell	139	308
Walking for dat cake	139	309
The Water mill	140	317
The Way my father raised me	140	318
Workingman	141	324
What is glory, what is fame	141	324
Why did she leave her Jeremiah	141	325
Wherefore sweet maid, sigh you so	141	324
Who will care when I am gone	141	324
What am I doing	142	330
When we met at the ball	142	331
Will you, won't you, do you, don't you	142	332
Wrap the mantle of thy love about me	142	331
What the old cock sparrow said	143	341
Who would have thought of seeing you	143	340
The Woodland maid	143	339
Whoa Emma	144	349
Whisperings of love	144	346
Welcome Christmas	144	347
When I was prince of paradise	145	358
The Water mill—Original	145	356
When the purple lilacs blossom	172	572
Whoa Emma—American version	146	363
Who's gwine to join the band	146	363
We've a thousand General Corcorans	147	371
When I was in the Tombs	147	371
What can a young lassie do wi' an, etc.	147	372
Will his letter bring me sadness	147	373
Whoa dar Nebuchadnezzer	147	373
Way down in Maine	147	376
The Washington Ball	148	380
Wake not my darling	148	382
The Wreath you wove	149	387
Wake up Johnny	149	388
Whoa Billy	149	390
Whar have you been to-night John	150	395
What will to-morrow bring	150	397
We all get jolly as the night wears on	151	403
Waiting by the brooklet	151	402
Will my darling come again	151	404
When Brown comes rolling home	151	406
We'd better be happy than rich	151	408
When 'tis moonlight	152	411
Waif of the city	152	412
Wipe off your chin	152	413
Who'll kiss my little ones good-night	152	416
Where art thou now my beloved	152	412
Winning hand	153	420
Wake out serenade	153	423
Why don't you let Emma alone	153	423
When we are on parade	153	422
When the flowers fall asleep	154	432
Where was Moses when the light went out	155	437
Will mother know me in the sky	155	435
We're jewels of fashion and fun	156	444
When the evening shades are falling	155	440
Why should we live as strangers	157	454
When the Turks are going to drill	158	460
Won't you buy my pretty flowers	158	460
Who is at my bedroom window	159	470
When I left my home in Erin	159	468
Wait for the sunlight	159	469
Where was Solomon Isaacs when the loafers stole the geese	160	475
When my ship comes in	161	482
Water on the brain	161	483
The Wax work show	161	485
Waiting	162	492
Where is my boy to-night	162	494
Will you keep one sweet kiss for me darling	162	494
When the birds began to sing	163	502
When McCormick rules the state	164	506
When I was a lad I served a term	164	506
When the roses come again	165	515
When Moses Donohoe is Mayor	165	516
We'll all have a home bye and bye	165	517
Will you listen to me Annie	165	518
The Wedding day	166	525
Waltz with me	167	533
We sail the ocean blue	167	534
What is it	168	541
Waltzingham McSweeney &c	168	541
Why art thou so strange to me	168	542
Work with a will	168	545
Why the good old folks are here	169	549
When the flowers are dreaming	170	556
Walking thro' the snow	171	564
The Wolf at the door	172	570
What a blessing 'tis to have money	172	571
We have met loved and parted	172	572
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep	172	572
The Way we march	173	579
The Wild Irish rovers	173	579
Watchman tell us of the night	174	586
Where pretty violets grow	174	589
When McGuinness gets a job	174	591
What I love	175	594
Waiting for de setting of de sun	176	602
Water and air, or Tanner's bill of fare	176	607
Wist the policeman	176	609
When the magnolia's bloom	178	618
When H ncock's at the white house	178	618
Wake Bonnie Bessie	178	619
Where are the cops to-night	178	619
Widow Clancy's party	178	621
Why should I love thee	179	628
What they did for Muldoon	180	635
Where the golden lilies cluster	180	634
Wild Irish rovers	180	637
When I catch a political snap	181	643
Watching the stars as they fall	181	643
We're as happy as a clam	182	650
Why do the girls bang their hair	182	653
Where are you going Susy	182	655
Wat, wat wat	183	661
We do like a handful of nuts	184	666
When you were sweet sixteen	186	682
When I smoked my first ciger	186	684
Whisper softly papa's dying	187	691
We are growing old together	187	692
We too	188	701
Where the sweetest flowers grow	188	698
Waiting for the cows to come	188	699
Where pretty lilacs grow	188	700
When the honeymoon is over	189	706
When courting Hulda Brown	190	714
We're not crazy but insane	190	714
Wait till the days are colder	190	715
The Weary heart is still	190	716
Where has she gone	191	722
What the Irish could do	191	722
When nobody was looking	191	724
We can't do without it	191	724
What o'er betide	191	724
When the Brooklyn Bridge is done	191	724
Will I always be your darling	191	725
Will you hearken to my footsteps	192	735
Where pretty roses bloom	193	738
Willie dear come back to me	193	738
Why don't you crack it light	194	749
Write to me often	195	755
Wake up Simon	195	758
We only part to meet again	196	762
We've come to see the baby	196	764
When the roses softly sleep	196	765
We are in de swim boys	198	782
When Muldoon is Mayor	199	786
When nobody is looking	199	787
Wooley heads	200	795
Willie's Ball	200	797

	J	P
Your money's your friend	101	4
Young folks from home	104	29
Young folks at home	104	29
Young I am and yet unskilled	107	50
You I love	109	69
Young veller you're too fresh	110	77
You gave me last week a young linnett	110	74
Your little darling is blind	111	83
Ye winged winds	112	92
The Yellow haired laddie	112	92
You never miss the lager till the keg runs dry	112	93
You am sweet	114	106
Ye little loves that round her wait	115	116
You're the idol of my heart	124	186
You ask me in vain	125	195
Ye streams that round my prison creep	126	202
Yes I'm in love I feel it now	127	212
You'll miss me when I'm gone	129	227
You can do it if you want to	130	235
Your Norah is dreaming of you	130	235
You should see Louisa	131	243
Ye little birds that sit and sing	135	275
Yet awhile, sweet sleep deceive me	141	325
You know the slate is broken	143	339
Your face is enshrined in my heart	144	346
You get more like your dad every day	145	355
You never saw a feather on a Tom cat's tail	146	365
You may look but you mustn't touch	149	390
You'll forget me by and by	160	394

	J	P
You make me laugh	151	405
Your face would stop a clock	151	408
The Yankee Girls	156	443
You never will be grubstruck, till the grub runs out	158	458
Yes, we all will be dar	160	477
You promised to write me a letter	161	484
You're getting it up for me	162	492
You were false, but I'll forgive you	167	583
You may take a Paddy's word	169	546
You don't want a candle for a job like that	183	659
You're old enough to be my dad	184	667
You never said hallos there	185	675
You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours	185	674
Young folks at home	186	684
You may speak if you like to papa	187	692
You're nothing but a butterfly	189	710
You'll miss me when we part	190	714
You may kiss me if you catch me	191	722
Your lassie will be true	191	725
Zephyrs who with spring returns	115	116

Music for the Piano.

O'er the bright and sparkling waters	101	8
Can it be	102	16
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls	103	24
The Midsummer day	104	32
We have been friends together	105	40
Josie waltz	107	56
Ancient Scottish fragment	108	64
Robin Adair	109	72
My Village Home	110	80
And ye shall walk in silk attire	111	88
Young Agnes Beauteous Flower	114	112
Weary heart	115	120
Lucy darling come and kiss me	116	128
The Old elm tree	117	136
True love	118	144
My love she's a lady fair	121	168
Soft whispering tender breezes	123	184
Alone beneath yon drooping tree	128	224
He's a' the world to me	130	240
Jolly Christmas Carol	134	272
Death of John O'Mahony	138	304
Live and let live	139	312

Music for the Banjo & Guitar.

Cinderella, and the glass slipper	106	48
The Female Auctioneer	112	96
Sarah's young man	113	104
You and I	119	152
Prison Song	120	160
Tim McFadden	122	176
Centennial on the brain	124	192
Happy Uncle Joe—Song and Dance	125	200
Dreams of the past	126	208
Moonlight walk	127	216
Meet me at the woodside darling	129	232
Jingle Bells, or the One Horse Open Sleigh	131	248
Old folks at home	132	256
My Old Kentucky home good-night	133	264
Old cabin home	135	280
Dandy Jim from Caroline	136	288
The Animal's fair	137	296
The Pretty blue forget me not	156	448
Love	157	456
Hungry man from Harlem	158	464
Slam your foot	159	472
Plunk plunk	160	480
For I had but fifty cents	161	488
Never bet your money on de shanghai	162	496
Laughing song	163	504
Ring ring de banjo	164	512
Poor thing	165	520
Hot corn	166	528
Uncle Ned	167	536
The Kicking Mule	168	544
Only the way it is played on the stage	169	552
The Patent rubber bustle	170	560
A trip to California	171	568
Oh! Susannah	172	576
Blue Bells of Scotland	173	584
Unfortunate galoote	174	592
She danced like a fairy	175	600
Take me back to, my dear old southern home	176	608
Times of long ago	177	616
Old times Roxy, or troubles in de kitchen	178	624
Ise Uncle Pompey still	179	632
I've jest turned sixty-three	180	640
The Golden chariot	181	648
Down by the rainbow	182	656
Eggs for your breakfast in the morning	183	664
Hab dem ladders ready	184	672
Settle dat bill	185	680
Open up dem doors	186	688
Come along Sister Mary	187	696
Traveling back to Alabam	188	704
The Days when I was sold in slavery	189	712
The Nice young gal	190	720
De song of de augeration	191	728
Prof, Edmund Clark's Studies for the Banjo	192	736
.. ..	193	744
.. ..	194	752
.. ..	195	760
.. ..	196	768
.. ..	197	776
.. ..	198	784
.. ..	199	792
.. ..	200	800

Stories.

The Actors Daughter—From No. 101 to No. 107, inclusive.

On the Brink of a Precipice—From No. 108 to No. 109, inclusive.

The Fatal Will—From No. 110 to No. 111, inclusive.

Tom Rowlock—From No. 112 to No. 116, inclusive.

Phœbe Willis.... 117

Francesca—From No. 118 to No. 119, inclusive.

The New England Farmer 120

Poor Lissette 120

Julian Fenton 121

A Fatal Love 122

The Gipsey's lure 123

The Dying confession 124

Sempronia 125

Ruth's Flirtation 126

Capt Palmers Daughter 126

The Music Teacher's Story 127

A Sister's Revenge—From No. 127 to No. 128, inclusive.

Sydney Marriott 129

Brother Basil 130

Little Miss Ray 131

Theodora 132

The Loaf of bread 133

Robert Balcom 134

Maud the Seamstress 135

The Poor Relations 136

Trixy—Love story 137

Margarett's Fall 138

Maggie Hawick's wedding gift 139

George's old coat 140

The Six Degrees of Crime—From No. 140 to No. 145, inclusive

Geraldine—From No 145 to No. 151, inclusive.

The Lost Inheritance—From No. 152 to No. 182, inclusive.

Recitations.

The Night I got caught on the fence	184	671
McCormick's Mule	184	667
Led Astray	194	748

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Secrets of love and guide to Matrimony
Negro Comicalities
Ready Reckoner

From No. 201 to 208, Inclusive.

	J	P
A true knight	201	2
Across the meadows	202	11
An Irishman's pride is the shamrock etc	202	12
Answer to, I'll take you back again, etc	203	19
A wee drap o' whiskey O	204	26
Another new bonnet for mother	204	28
A Christmas Tale	205	37
Although I'm at the wall	206	43
A knot of blue and gray	206	43
Æsthetic Mick	206	44
A sad fact	206	45
A boy's best friend is his mother	206	46
Annie	207	54
A kiss for a blow	208	58
Actor's have heart's what e'er they say	208	61
A leaf from the history of a tramp,	208	61
Beneath the old pine tree	204	26
The Bible mother gave me	204	27
Before you are married	205	36
The Bowery on Saturday night	206	42
The Blue Ribbon Army	207	50
The Bums	208	59
The Belle of the Boweree	208	62
Cracking nuts beside the fire	201	5
Cleansing fires	201	5
Charming Jennie Lee	202	10
The Celebrated trio in der Frieshutz	202	10
Can I call thee love again	203	21
Charming Dashing Gean	203	21
Come fill up the bowl with ruby wine	203	21
Candidates	204	27
Clarabel Magee	204	28
Charley let's do it over again	206	42
'Cindy Jane	206	45
Come back to your Irish home	206	43
Charming little Joe	206	46
Childrens happy voices	206	46
The Convict's Fate	208	60
Down in the valley where the violets, etc	201	2
Dear Hattie	201	5
The Dying soldier	201	6
Don't forget to pray for me	201	6
Dere vos clubbing, dere vos kicking	202	11
The Dying soldiers prayer	202	11
The Doctor's Boy	203	18
Deserted	204	26
Down where the roses grow	204	28
Doing all the good we can	205	34
Don't leave your Norah, Barney darling	205	37
Dance without exertion	208	60
Empty is the stable, Davy's gone	204	30
Every man's a brother	205	38
The E. G. A's	206	42
For old Ireland's sake	201	5
Friend of my soul	202	11
Forget-me-not—Waltz Song	205	35
Fine Big woman	205	36
Frosty November and Sunshiny May	205	37
From Middletown to Watertown	206	46
Facts no one can deny	206	44
The Flower of Killarney	207	50
Friskey Little Mollie	207	51
Foley's Hotel	208	60
Flirtation O'Toole	208	62
Good Knights and Fair Ladies	201	2
The Grass will grow again	202	10
God bless mother's old home to-night	203	18
Gwine up to glory	203	19
The Girl from Ireland	205	35
Give Paddy the honor you all know, etc	207	50
The Heart and the hand	201	2
Help him along	201	2
The Husband's Lament	201	6
He'll come back	202	10
Her name is May	202	14
Haul taut, my lads	203	18
How ridiculous	203	20
He's out for a holiday	204	26
Hold up your hand for Jesus	205	36
Hand in Hand	205	37
Hunt the town for Doctor Brown	206	42
Happy companions are we	207	54
I cannot say farewell	201	6
Is the pawn shop closed	202	10
I leave you to guess the rest	202	11
I'se gwine back to Georgia far away	202	12
I shan't let you have any more	202	12
In the Park	202	12
I can't stand that barmaid	202	13
I trust you'll pardon me	202	14
I should smile	203	20
I love my lager beer	203	22
I am leaving thee in sorrow, Annie	205	34
I am thinking to-night darling of you	205	37
Irish Potheen	205	38
I often think of days gone by	208	58
The Irish Milionaire	208	58
I cannot leave the old folks	208	61
I can give you a pointer on that	208	59
Jumbo on the brain	203	21
Just like the snow	208	60
Kerry Dance	201	4
Keep up your heart	203	18
The Lost chord	201	4
Lights far out at sea	201	5
Lots of cash	202	10
The Little sweep	203	21
Let me once more see my mother	204	29
The Lover's promise	205	35
Little darling sleep again	205	37
The Land League Band	206	44
Live humble	206	45
Life's but a holiday	208	58
Massa's calling Uncle Joe	201	4
Meet me to-night at the gate	201	6
My bonnie blue-eyed Irish lass	202	12
My love he is a sailor	202	14
The Merry Owl Chowder Club	203	19
Music	203	20
Mona Darling	203	21
My heart can ne'er forget	203	22
Mulcahey's Cousin Dan	204	28
My Eldest Daughter Clara	204	29
McGowan the fiddler	204	30
Milking the cows in the afternoon	205	34
May the present moments, &c	205	36
My dainty Isabel	205	36
The Masher	205	38
My heart clings to thee	206	44
Mr. Levy's Dotor	206	45
Mary Jane change your name	206	45
My little fair haired queen	207	50
Mary Malone	207	50
Moonlight at Killarney	207	51
Mrs. Reilly's Troubles	207	52
My Matille	207	53
Mrs. Reilley's Party	207	54
My daughter and I	208	59
The Mashing Blonde	208	60
McGrogan the cop	208	61
McTurk was a handseme man	208	62
Mulhooley's bon ton	208	62
Never will our boy come back again	203	19
Nancy Green	204	30
New Year's Day	205	35
No more rum for me	207	51
Nixy Tom	207	52
Norah Malone	207	53
Nearer the sweet isle of rest	208	61
Oh! joy to-night	201	2
Oh! hasten, darling hasten to your Will	201	3
Our Jack's come home to-day	201	4
Oscar's Ghost	201	5
The Orphan's Prayer	202	10
The Older they grow the nicer they are	203	18
The Old fashioned school on the hill	203	20
Oh! you little silly	204	27
Our little pot of jam	204	27
The Old red school house in the lane	204	27
Only to see dear George, papa	205	35
The Old hen cackles	205	34
Over the mountain	205	37
O'Malley's row of brick	206	42
Our's Yacht Club	206	43
Oh! you little darling I love you	206	43
Our love of love's, etc	206	44
Only as far as the stoop	206	46
Only to see thee darling	207	51
Ould Ireland is still dear to me	208	58
Oh! you beauty, oh! you dear	208	60
Pretty Sadie Green	202	14
Pat and Judy Donavan	203	20
Peek-a-boo	204	30
Patsy's Monday off	207	51
The Poor Irish Minstrel	207	51
The Raffle for the pigs	201	3
Rachel watch the clyder	206	45
Rock dat ship in de morning	207	54
Strolling o'er Harlem Bridge	201	2
The Soldier's bride in death	201	3
The South Street Colored Swells	201	3
Shall our parting be forever	201	3
Success to the harp and the shamrock green	202	11
Sweet Bedelia	202	12
She won't leave me alone	202	13
Sweet blue eyes	203	19
The Sweet little voice that welcomes us in	203	20
The Shamrock, the rose, and the thistle, my boys	204	28
The Shepherd boys wooing	204	27
The Salvation sisters	204	29
Squeeze me love, and you'll please me love	205	34
Soon from you love I'll be going	205	38
Starlight greeting	207	50
Softly whisper, you'll forgive	207	51
Sweet Elenora	207	53
Sweet Rosie O'Brien	207	53
Somebody's Father	208	59
She never chins as we pass by	208	61
Time of apple blossom	201	4
Thy gates are opening	202	13
There are others worse off than you	202	13
Three sailor boys	202	13
They've left me because I am poor	204	29
Tinkle, tinkle, tum	205	35
Timotheous Malone	206	42
Ticklish Fanny	206	43
Tommy's birthday	207	52
'Tis years since I parted dear mother with thee	207	53
The Tramp's ruse	208	59
'Tis silent when we meet	208	59
They say she looks like her papa	208	62
Under a southern sun	202	12
Under the walnut tree	202	13
Where the ivy grows so green	201	5
When beneath the grass I sleep	201	4
When	201	5
Waiting in the moonlight	202	11
What need have I to tell the truth	202	13
Welcome home	203	18
Welcome old pal	203	18
Why art thou sad when I am near	203	19
Wait till the keg runs dry	203	19
When your mother is dead	203	22
When the roses wake again	203	22
What the daily papers say	204	26
When shall I send you the cradle	204	26
Will your love be all my own	204	27
When Parnell sets Ireland free	204	28
We shall miss thee, Ella Darling	204	29
When the morning breezes blow	205	34
Welcome Christmas	205	34
We never speak as we pass	206	43
What Solomon he did say	206	45
When the clock strikes nine I'll meet her	207	52
With pleasant smiles	207	53
When the moon thro' the clouds doth peep	207	53
When all above is gay and bright	208	60
Ye coquette	206	45
Young Dermot and Bridget Molloy	207	52

NUMBER 101. VOLUME. II.

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CONTENTS.

Adieu, my loved Harp! ..... page 3
At the pensive twilight hour 4
The Actor's Daughter—a Story ..... 6—7
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS 2
The Child's Petition 2
Coming home from the ball 3
Good-Pye, Fritzy! 4
Give him another chance 5
The Home of young Mary 2
Happy children 4
How can I leave thee? 5
I'm Saddest at heart, when I'm Singing 3
I'll meet you on Broadway 3
I SHOULD LIKE TO 2
The Irish Speculator 5
Last night I was dreaming of you 4
Look ober dare 5
The Lords of Creation shall women obey 4
Muldoon, the solid man 3
Never go back on the boys 3
De Nigga girl's dream 5
OH! Mr. COON 5
On board the Mary Jane 2
O'er the Bright and Sparkling Waters: Music .. 8
Some Fifty years ago 2
She was clerk in a candy store 3
Sunshine and Shade 5
Sweet Belle Mahone 5
The SCAMP 5
That's the proper caper 4
There goes the Drunkard 4
Welcome, happy day! 5
Your money is your friend 4

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I Should Like to.

As sung with great applause by Gus Williams.

All kinds of fun and frolic too,
I meet with night and day,
And yet from all of it
I have to tear myself away;
The girls again I always meet,
Are something sweet, I vow:
Oh! couldn't I enjoy myself
If I were single now!

Spoken: Yes, now I'm married and settled, I come across no end of chances for real enjoyment. When I was single, things were as dull as ditch water. It's cruel to be tantalized in this manner now, a fellow's running in double harness, and when I see my old single members going out for a regular break down, that's the time when I feel as though—

Chorus: I should like to, I should like to,
And sorry I am to say shan't,
But the fact is, yes, the fact is,
I'm married, alas! and I can't.

Some friends of mine they called on me,
'Tis just a week ago,
And with them on a trip at once,
They said that I must go;
Of course, they all seemed greatly vexed,
And savage quite to find
That I could not their frolic share,
But had to stay behind.

Spoken: They said, "This won't do, old fellow, you must come, for, we're going to have a genuine flare-up and no mistake." "I'm very sorry, my dear boys," was my gloomy reply, "but it really can't be managed—she's in the next room—but, of course, I should wish you thoroughly to understand, that"— I should like to, &c.

One night, last week, I overtook
A lady tall and fair:
Oh! hazel were her beaming eyes,
And golden was her hair:
This fair one I a little while
In doubt and silence eyed,
But soon we both together got,
And walked on side by side.

Spoken: Yes, this dear little creature and I soon got on very good terms, and at last she said—"Won't you take me to the theatre?" "Eh? Ah!" said I—"I'm grieved to observe that you're asking an impossibility, I am utterly powerless to manage it, though I really can assure you that"— I should like to, &c.

But now I must conclude my song
And toddle off with speed,
Or otherwise I feel convinced
There'll be a row indeed:
For, Mary Jane, my vixen wife,
Is waiting close at hand,
And rows with her, I do declare,
Are more than I can stand.

Spoken: Yes, ladies, I must now bid you adieu; I trust you will not ask me to sing again, as my wife is so awfully jealous—although, as far as I'm personally concerned, you know—

Chorus: I should like to, I should like to,
And sorry I am to say shan't,
But the fact, oh! the fact is,
I hear my wife coming and can't.

The Child's Petition.

"Dear father, drink no more, I pray,
It makes you look so sad;
Come home, and taste no more, I say,
'Twill make dear mother glad.

Dear father, think of mother's tears,
How oft and sad they flow;
Oh! drink no more, then will her fears
No longer rack her so."

Thus spake in tenderness the child—
The father's heart was moved;
He drank no more, he wept, he smiled,
And kissed the boy he loved.

Beautiful Girls.

As sung by Gus Williams

They talk about their foreign girls,
How beautiful they are,
And how they dress, and all that thing,
But for that I don't care;
The girls I love are Yankee girls;
I see them every day;
They're plain, I own, but then they have
A nice and winning way.

Spoken: Yes, indeed. I needn't go out of the United States to find—

Chorus: Beautiful girls, beautiful girls,
Saucy, teasing, pleasing girls;
I love one and all, both great and small,
Beautiful, beautiful girls.

It's nice, when it is winter time,
To go upon the road
In a nice sleigh, a pretty girl
'Long side of you is stowed;
And how the people they will look,
And wonder who she is!
But you drive on, and never mind,
Because it's not their "biz."

Spoken: It's the nicest thing in winter to have a pretty girl out sleighing. You stop at a hotel, and ask her what she will have to drink. She says (very meekly), "Wine." "What kind—port or sherry?" She says, "Champagne." Now imagine treating to champagne and only a dollar in your pocket—and that always happens when you take out riding— Beautiful girls, &c.

And when the summer comes around,
To pic-nics you do go,
And to enjoy yourself, while there,
You ask along your beau.
The day is fine, the music, too,
And birds sing from each tree,
And with a charming, nice young girl,
How happy one must be!

Spoken: At a pic-nic a man can always enjoy himself, if he has a pretty girl with him. How nice it is to eat lunch with her that she has prepared with her delicate hands! How nice it is to get into a swing with her, and then to wander off in the woods alone! You get on your knees, and tell her you will love her as long as life lasts, and ask her to be your wife. She consents. You then get up, and find a lot of mud and oyster-shells all over your knees; and all that comes from making love to— Beautiful girls, &c.

The Home of Young Mary.

Air: "Home, Sweet Home."

Oh! sweet was the home of young Mary the fair,
For love and contentment were found ever there;
When evening spreads over the earth her dark wing,
Then William and Mary together would sing—
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

But dark was the cloud that o'ershaded that home,
When William had learned to the ale-house to roam;
When came the long evening, no joy did it bring,
For the wife and the children no longer could sing—
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

But joy came again—the gaunt demon had fled—
The husband and father the promise had made
To touch not, to taste not, the poisonous thing,
And now every evening with transport they sing—
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

Charade.

In my *whole* you'll find my *first*;
Of my *first* my *whole* is made.
If oft you do not read my *whole*,
You'll be thrown quite in the shade.

On Board the Mary Jane.

Duett written expressly for the Freeman Sisters,
By Geo. Ware

HE. I'm going away to leave you, dear,
I'm going off to sea.
SHE. Now don't say so, my Johnny dear,
What will become of me?
HE. You know I love your darling face,
But I must tell you plain,
I'm off to sea as the captain bold
On board the Mary Jane.

Chorus: BOTH. On board the Mary Jane,
On board the Mary Jane,
I've fixed it right, I sleep to-night
On board the Mary Jane.

HE. Here's a lock of hair, you can have it made
Into a fine gold chain.
SHE. Oh! Jack, don't court another girl
When you are on the main.
HE. Now here's some chewing gum for you,
And to chew it find the knack, oh!
SHE. But, Jack, when you come home from sea,
Mind bring back some tobacco.
BOTH.—On board the Mary Jane, &c.

SHE. Here's a needle, Jack, to mend your pants,
Here's a thimble with a hole:
Jack, what's the cargo on board your ship?
HE. Oh! a great big lump of coal,
Two harpanites and a few chestnuts.
SHE. It's a large ship, that's quite plain.
HE. Yes, I'm the captain, mate and chief bone polisher
On board the Mary Jane.
BOTH.—On board the Mary Jane, &c.

Well, I must leave you, darling dear,
And leave my native shore.
SHE. Will the voyage take long?
He. An hour, love; or, perhaps, a quarter more:
Do you think you can keep true all that while?
SHE. So help me, Bob, I'll try,
HE. That's a put up job.
SHE. What?
HE. Why, so help me, Bob,
And I'll just show you why.

(Speaks.) I don't want any Bob to be helping you while I'm on my dangerous voyage to Brooklyn. I want you to be *ter-rue* to your Jack, your everlasting Jack.

SHE. And so I will be, Jack, only don't be away more than an hour or so; you can't tell what may happen while you're
BOTH.—On board the Mary Jane, &c.

HE. I don't want any Bob to be helping you while I'm on the raging sea, going to Brooklyn, and other wild parts. No, I want you to be true to your Jack in blue, your seafaring Jack, your navigating Jack, your tarpauling Jack, your everlasting Jack. Oh, see! she starts.

SHE. Oh, Jack, I'll be true for an hour or two: only I'm told you sailors bold, when you go on shore, you find a drug store and quickly at once you get brisky, with drink you get insane, can't tell Mary from Jane, you dress up quite spruce, go the whole hog, little boys flog, and then into their eyes squirt tobacco juice, and then swear it's all through the bad whiskey. Now, Jack, don't do that, now look sharp, Jack: come, I say, and bring home lots of pay, and I'll be waiting for you.
BOTH.—On board the Mary Jane, &c.

Some Fifty Years Ago.

Composed and sung by John F. Hahn.

Oh! I'm a poor old nigger,
As plainly you can see:
I'm just as poor a nigger as can be,
But now I'm getting old,
And I'm not quite so bold
As I used to be some fifty years ago.

Now good-night to one and all,
And may your lives be long:
Dis poor old nigger now will have to go—
For, my time is very short,
And I'se not such a sport
As I used to be some fifty years ago.

Muldoon, the Solid Man.

Written and sung by Ed. Harrigan in his original sketch of "Who owns the clothes line?"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by E H Harding, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington—D. C.

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I am a man of great influence,
And educated to a high degree;
I come here when small from Donegal,
In the Daniel Webster, across the sea.
In the Fourteenth Ward I situated,
In a tenement house with my brother Dan:
By perseverance I elevated
And went to the front like a solid man.

Chorus.

Go with me and I'll trate you decent;
I'll set you drunk, and I'll fill the can.
As I walk the street, each friend I meet
Says: "There goes Muldoon. He's a solid man!"

At any party or any raffle,
I always go as an invited guest;
As conspicuous as General Grant, boys,
I wear a rosebud upon my breast.
I'm called upon to address the meeting,
Without regard to clique or clan;
I show the Constitution, with elocution,
Because you know, I'm a solid man.
Go with me and I'll trate you decent, &c.

I control the Tombs, I control the Island:
My constituents, they all go there
To enjoy the summer's recreation,
And the refreshing East River air.
I'm known in Harlem, I'm known in Jarsey:
I'm welcomed hearty on every hand:
With my Ke-ga-lay, on Patrick's day,
I march away like a solid man.

Chorus.

For oppositions or politicians,
Take my word, I don't give a damn;
As I walk the street, each friend I meet
Says: "There goes Muldoon. He's a solid man!"

She was Clerk in a Candy Store.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1874, by E H. Harding, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington—D. C.

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The other day, up by the square, I saw a pretty face,
A pair of dancing sloe-black eyes,
And actions full of grace;
In silks and velvets by the yard,
In the fashion of the day—
Made up this charming little Belle,
Who stole my heart away.

Spoken: I was struck very bad, I bowed; she bowed: we both bowed: and 'twas not long before I found out—

Chorus: She was clerk in a candy store,
She was clerk in a candy store:
Sweeter by far than the sweetest of sweets
Was this clerk of a candy store.

And now we were the best of friends:
We chatted, laughed, and talked:
Her theme was candy, mine was love,
As down the street we walked.
The best of friends must often part,
I left my heart's delight,
But promised we should meet again
'Neath the dusky shade of night.

Spoken: Yes, at nine o'clock that evening, I was to escort home—

Chorus: She clerk in a candy store, &c.

The twinkling stars shining bright,
They seemed so full of light,
Winked and nodded—life,
If she would be—as I asked
And, as she—e my wife—
One v—gently murmured "yes,"
Then—ay from this sweet night,
Danced and sparkled as if to say:
"We'll keep your pathway bright!"
Chorus: She was clerk in a candy store, &c.

Coming Home From the Ball.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, By E. H. Harding in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington—D. C

Permission to use this song granted to the Singers' Journal by E H Harding publisher of the Music, No 288 Bowery, New-York—Price 10 cts.

There is no place so gay as the ball-room,
When we're dancing in dreamy delight,
When the cares of the day never greet us,
In the flush of the beautiful night—
But the dawn puts an end to our glory,
And the pleasure we dearly adore:
We must part from the scene so enchanting,
And go home looking sleepy and sore—

Spoken: Yes, we all know there is nothing more delightful than to go to a ball, and dance, all night, with a pretty girl, and eat expensive suppers, and flirt a little in a quiet corner, and all that you know—But when reflecting on it, the next day, one can't help but think—

Chorus.

Oh! it's all very well to be waltzing,
And the pleasure we love to recall—
But you know how we feel in the morning,
Coming home, coming home from the ball!

There the ladies are rivals of Venus,
And their smiles all around us bestow:
Every face wears a mantle of gladness,
There is welcome wherever we go:
But when morning comes round, we are weary,
And we growl at the pain in our heads—
And we think we were foolish for dancing,
When we should have been home in our beds.

Spoken: That is just how it is: It's all very fine while it lasts, but we have to pay for it in the end. One will say: "Oh, my! I'm so sleepy!"—Somebody else will yawn out very loud: "Dear me! I wish I was home!"—Another will complain of being chilly, and so on—and when we contemplate all this, we naturally say to ourselves—

Oh! it's all very well to be waltzing, &c.

All around us the Music is floating,
Light and gay as the birds' happy song:
And we sigh when the last note is over,
Though we know we've been dancing too long.
We are lost in the gladness around us,
And we heed not the hours as they fly,
Till the light, peeping in through the window,
Makes us all bid each other good-bye.

Spoken: Yes, we must all say good-bye, at last, while we sympathyze with each other in our misery, and go home shivering in the morning air. On the way, we all join together and give vent to our feelings thus—

Oh! it's all very well to be waltzing, &c.

I'm Saddest at Heart when I'm Singing.

The Music sold, for 10 cents, by E. H. Harding, owner of the copy-right, No 288 Bowery, New-York.

I'm saddest at heart when I'm singing:
Fond mem'ry doth still hold its sway,
And to me it is constantly bringing
Sad thoughts, while all others seem gay
I cannot forget happy moments:
Bright days that will ne'er come again—
Though other kind friends may surround me,
I remember the lost ones with pain.

Chorus.

I'm saddest at heart when I'm singing:
Fond mem'ry doth still hold its sway,
And to me it is constantly bringing
Sad thoughts, while all others are gay.

I'm saddest at heart when I'm singing,
Bright eyes come again to my view,
Sweet smiles that to me seem like heaven—
Amidst other faces so new—
They are gone, but I cannot forget them:
No more those sweet forms shall I see—
For, in heaven, above, they are dwelling,
And from this world's cares they are free—
I'm saddest at heart, &c.

Of what color is the *Singers' Journal*?—It is supposed to be red (read) by everybody.

I'll Meet you on Broadway.

Serio-comic song.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by E H Harding, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington—D. C.

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The dearest thing to me in life,
'Midst all my pleasures gay,
Is when my darling girl I meet
And to me she does say:
I can't stay now, my dearest George,
I've been too long away,
But at half-past four this afternoon,
I'll meet you on Broadway.
Chorus: Yes, I'll meet you on Broadway, my dear,
I'll meet you on Broadway:
At half-past four o'clock P. M.
I'll meet you on Broadway.

I dress myself with usual care,
Cravat and gloves to match:
And at the pretty girls I stare,
They think me "quite a catch."
There's nothing troubles me at all,
My heart is light and gay,
And at half-past four o'clock P. M.
You'll see me on Broadway— Chorus.

And now it's time to say good-bye,
I can no longer stay:
The best of friends must part, I'm told,
At least, that's what they say:
But if you wish to see me more,
Let me appoint the day;
To-morrow afternoon at four,
I'll meet you on Broadway— Chorus.

Never go Back on the Boys.

Written by N. Jacobson for John Hahn, and sung by him with great success.

Now my wanderings are over,
I hope I am greeted by all;
Then try and assist a poor brother,
Let his offerings be ever so small;
Though some people and fortune may sever,
And have not a dollar for toys,
But then if I do live forever,
I'll never go back on the boys.

Chorus.

So here's we may never know sorrow,
Together we'll share all our joys,
I'll meet you again on the morrow,
And I'll never go back on the boys.

When a man has acquired wealth plenty
To buy all this world in its joys,
You'll find nineteen out of twenty
Will turn their back on the boys;
They forget that they once was lonely,
And think of their troubles no more:
They're down on a friend because only—
This friend he chances to be poor. Chorus.

I've traveled this wide world over,
The south, the east and the west,
And at the end I discovered
That here in the north was the best;
The people up here can live quietly,
And have all the world in its joys,
That is if they only act rightly
And never go back on the boys. Chorus.

Adieu, my Loved Harp!

Adieu, my loved harp! for, no more shall the vale
Re-echo thy notes, as they float on the gale:
No more melting pity shall sigh o'er thy string,
Or love to thy tremblings so tenderly sing.

When battle's fell strife launched its thunders afar,
And valor's dark brow wore the honor's of war,
'Twas thou breathed the fame of the hero around,
And young emulation was waked by the sound.

Ye daughters of Erin, soon comes the sad day,
When over the turf where I sleep ye shall say—
"Oh! still is the song we repaid with a tear,
And silent the string that delighted the ear!"

That's the Proper Caper.

SERIO-COMIC SONG.

Written and composed by Joseph P. Skelly—Arranged by R Steirly.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by E. H Harding, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington—D. C.

Permission to use this song granted to the SINGERS' JOURNAL by E H Harding, publisher of the Music. No 288 Bowery, New-York—Price 10 cents.

I am a man of easy mind,
I know no care or woe:
I make myself agreeable
Wherever I may go.
My friends I count them by the score,
And the reason I will tell:
I always do things properly,
And consequently well.

Spoken: To do things properly, my friends, is a great accomplishment: and whenever I meet with a person who, properly speaking, can be called a proper person, I am always ready to properly appreciate his qualities, and give expression to my admiration. In fact, such a person always induces me to say—

Chorus: That's the proper caper,
That's the proper caper:
When things are done in proper style,
I always like to say:
That's the proper caper,
That's the proper caper:
Be fair and true in all you do:
For, that's the proper way.

The other day, I met a friend,
A very nice young man:
I asked him could he dine with me?
"Of course, said he, I can."
We dined and wined in sumptuous style,
And smoked our Henry Clays.
And, when we parted, he remarked:
"My friend, I like your way."

Spoken: "Oh! that's all right, my dear fellow, said I: when shall I see you again?" He told me he would be delighted to see me at any time under the same circumstances. He also told me I was a charming fellow. "Thank you," said I, and I went off singing—

That's the proper caper, &c.

My sweet-heart is a pretty girl,
So lovely and so fair—
Some day she's going to marry me,
My future life to share.
A rich young man was after her,
But his love she could not see:
She told him he was not the thing,
She rather fancied me.

Spoken: A very commendable idea on her part, don't you think so? Perharps the rich young man was not of the same opinion, but no matter about that—at any rate, I thought it a very proper occasion to remark—

That's the proper caper, &c.

There Goes the Drunkard.

Air: "Life let us cherish."

There goes the drunkard,
Staggering, reeling to and fro;
Do you wish to be like him?
No, no, no!
He was once as young as we,
Happy, thoughtless gay, and free,
Care nor pain, nor ache had he,
Happy morn and night:
Now he is a drunkard, staggering, &c.

See! how he stops and stares,
Like an owl when in the light:
Hark! how he raves and swears,
What a sad sight!
What was't made him first begin
To commit this wicked sin?
Drinking porter, ale, and gin,
Morning, noon, and night
Now he is a drunkard, staggering, &c.

The Lords of Creation Shall Women Obey.

The lords of creation men we call,
And they think they rule the whole:
But they're much mistaken after all—
For, they're under woman's control.
As ever since the world began,
It has always been the way:
For, did not Adam, the very first man,
The very first woman obey, obey, obey?
The very first woman obey?

Ye lords, who at present hear my song,
I know you will quickly say:
"Our size's more large, our nerves more strong,
Shall the stronger the weaker obey?"
But think not, tho' these words we hear,
We shall e'er mind the thing you say;
For, as long as a woman's possessed of a tear,
Your power will vanish away.

But should there be so strange a wight
As not to be moved by a tear,
Though much astonished at the sight,
We shall still have no cause for fear.
Then let them please themselves a while,
Upon their fancied sway—
For, as long as a woman's possessed of a smile,
She will certainly have her own way.

Now, ladies, since I've made it plain
That the thing is really so,
We'll even let them hold the rein,
But we'll show them the way to go.
As ever since the world began,
It has always been the way,
And we'll manage it so that the very last man
Shall the very last woman obey.

Happy Children.

Air: "See the conquering hero comes."

Happy children meet to-day,
Leave their books, and leave their play,
Bright with joy beams every face
In the Temperance meeting-place.
Oh, how happy shall we be,
When we gain the victory!

Temperance! let us shout it round,
'Tis a happy, joyful sound;
Let the drunkard hear it roll—
Let it sound from pole to pole.
Oh, how happy, &c.

Children, let our watchword be—
Onward! until all are free,
Untill all the world shall say
Temperance has won the day.
Oh, how happy, &c.

Good-Pye, Fritzy!

Ven I vas hime in deitscher land,
I lofed Lou-i-sa Schmidt:
She told me I vould proke her heart,
If could my goundry gwit;
Put I vas poor und so vas she,
So I sait—I must go vay,
Und on A-mer-i-gan I got rich, den
I come pack some day.

Chorus: Good-pye, Fritzy! ven you vas a-vay,
Write me a led-der lofe,
Don't you for-get it, lofe,
Good-pye, Fritzy! ven you vas a-vay,
Don't forget your poor Lou-i-sa.

My Louisa she vas peautiful,
I don't forget her face:
I tink apoud her efery time
I'm eading Switzer Kase;
I make me blendy money now,
By bakin dwisted pread:
I tink dot soon I vill go pack,
Und den I vill pe ved.

Spoken: Put shtill all de time I shtay in dis gountry, I dont' forget dose peautiful vords she sait ven I come avay: Chorus.

Answer to Charade in page 2—News-paper.

Last Night I was Dreaming of You.

By S. C SULLIVAN.

Oh! I dreamt of a beautiful maiden,
Of a face that was lovely and fair,
Of a damsel who smiled like an angel,
And playfully tossed her fair hair.
Perhaps you may think I'm joking,
But nevertheless it is true—
And now I am certain, quite certain,
Last night I was dreaming of you.

Chorus.

Last night I was dreaming so sweetly,
And I hope that my dream may come true:
For, now I am certain, quite certain,
Last night I was dreaming of you.

I dreamt that her eyes were like dew-drops
When the sun first appears in the morn:
And her voice seemed as soft as the zephyrs
That rustle so gently the corn.
She said "Yes" to a question I asked her:
How I hope that my dream may come true—
For, now I am certain, quite certain,
Last night I was dreaming of you. Chorus.

At the Pensive Twilight Hour.

SONG AND REFRAIN.

When, at the pensive twilight hour,
A silence falls on hall and bower,
I bow to love's resistless power,
And dream of days forever flown,
When life was in the noon of youth,
And hearts were fresh, and tongues spoke truth,
And not a thought of ill or ruth
Its shadow on the path had thrown.

Refrain: Return, O guileless days of youth!
Come back in all your love and truth,
And once more let those arms entwine
That erst were fondly linked in mine.

Although no other form is near,
In fancy still her voice I hear;
And yet those features reappear
In dreams as bright as once they gleamed;
And entervening years roll by,
And in the glass of memory
Beams on me still that loving eye,
As once in ardent love it beamed.
Refrain: Return, O guileless days, &c.

Your Money is Your Friend.

By Oscar Willis. Sung by Ada Wray.

You may talk your best of friends, but the only one to me
Is the money in your pocket-book, as you can plainly see.
For, when a man is flush of cash, and money he can lend,
He's courted by a score of men who claims to be his friend.

Chorus: So never let yourself run short,
And all your money spend:
For, when it's known that you are broke,
You haven't got a friend.

If sickness lays a hold of you, and your purse it has run low,
If you ask some one to wait on you, they do it very slow:
But don't they go it with a rush when you've plenty cash to spend!
What is it I can do for you? you know I am your friend.
So never let yourself run short, &c.

So now pray all take my advice and never do get rash,
But always try and manage to hold on to all your cash:
For, what I say you know is true: as through this world you wend,
They all can say just what they may, but your money is your friend.
So never let yourself run short, &c.

Why is Hymen represented with a torch?—To throw a light upon those little imperfections love is blind to.

Look Ober Dare.

An original song composed by S. Bendi.

What fierce looking niggers come ober to see us,
And take along wid us a cup ob green tea,
Den list to de notes ob de banjo I play,
Wid de sound ob de tambo at de broke ob de day?

(*Solo*) O, nigger, nigger, nigger, look, look whare,
(*Full Chorus.*) O, nigger, nigger, look, look dare.

To de managerie I went wid dem niggers,
And dar when de sport and fun did begin,
De giraffe did kick her upon de shin,
And den he did magnatise dat ole ting.
O, nigger, nigger, &c

The Scamp.

Written by Henry Pettitt. Composed by Lance Major.

I flatter myself I'm a rogue—
And candidly own I'm a cad—
A sharp, a leg a vagabond,
And every thing else that is bad.
I proved to my parents a bane,
A perfect young fiend to my nurse:
And every year I continue to live,
I'm getting from bad to worse.

Chorus.

Oh! if there was ever a scamp,
I flatter myself I am he—
From William the Norman to Brigham the Mormon,
They can't hold a candle to me.

I was leader in mischief at school,
Though always so humble and meek:
And when I discovered a chance of reward,
I was always informer and sneak.
By the evil example I set,
Other boys into mischief were led:
But I always managed to pocket the spoil,
And get other boys wolloped instead. Cho.

When a man, I went into the world,
I plundered the helpless and poor:
Yet always got off with a snug little sum,
When it came to a question of law.
I started benevolent funds,
And spouted at Exeter Hall,
I started loan offices, hospitals, clubs,
And finally swindled them all. Chorus.

In the City my name I keep up,
And swindling comp'nies promote:
Yet always creep out with the bulk of the funds,
Before it's found out it won't float.
I'm an alderman, and as M. C.
To stand I've received an invite:
And if I get in, why, my party I'll sell,
And Grant be will make me a knight. Cho.

Oh! Mr. Coon.

Chorus and full band accompaniments—
As sung by the Virginia Minstrels.

'Tis a berry lubly night, and de moon shines bright,
De clouds in de norf are gwoin out ob sight,
De whipperwill sings, and de crickets all dance,
De frogs dey want to come it, but dey can't get chance.
Oh! Mr. Coon, you come too soon,
De gals won't be ready 'fore to-morrow arternoon:
Oh! Mr. Coon, you come too soon,
De gals won't be ready 'fore to-morrow arternoon.

The Irish Speculator.

Since you call for a song, why, I'll sing you that same,
And if I should fail, your indulgence I claim;
And that you may know me, I'll tell you my name:
I'm Phelim O'Patrick, an Irish boy.

I once speculated the whole of my cash,
To rise in the world or tumble down smash;
I must have been cracked when my money I spent:
For, like a cracked thing all to pieces I went.

Hubbery, hubbery, bother and strife—
I wish I were dead to get rid of my life:
For, in this world I find no joy,
I'm Phelim O'Patrick, an Irish boy.

Sunshine and Shade.

The brightest day that ever shone
May be a while o'ercast;
Should passing clouds obscure the sun,
'Tis brighter when they're past!
This life of ours is even so.
With joy and gloom inlaid—
Who breathes its air must learn to share
The sunshine and the shade.

The tear may rise to dim the smile,
A smile to gild the tear;
So after lovers' angry words
The kind ones seem more dear;
Yes, ever so! old sorrows die,
New pleasures flower and fade:
Then calmly learn to bear in turn
The sunshine and the shade.

De Nigga Gal's Dream:

OR I LOVED COON STILL DE SAME.

Air: "I dreamt I dwelt in marble Halls."

I *dreamed* dat I libed in hotel halls,
Wid silbery pans at my side,
An' ob all de buck niggas dat serv'd in dem walls
Dat I was de pet an' de pride.

I'd wittals ob all kinds, boiled an' roast,
An' dishes too many to name,
An' I also *dreamed*, what charmed me most,
Dat I lobed *Coon* still de same.

I *dreamed* dat buck-niggas did sought my hand,
Each night I set on dar knee,
An' wid busses dat no poor wench could stand,
Dey *Spouted* dar hearts to me.

I *dreamed* dat one nigga hug me more close,
Brought sassage and oder roast game,
But I also *dreamed*, what charmed me most,
Dat I lobed *Coon* still de same.
But I also dreamed, &c.

Give Him Another Chance.

As sung by JENNIE HUGHES.

This world's a cold and selfish one,
As many thousands know;
Who once were blessed with hope and joy,
But now are fallen low:
Whose hearts were ever kind and warm,
Nor turned from grief aside,
But always leant a listening ear,
When pain and sorrow sighed.
Then let us aid their sad distress;
For, we, like them perchance,
May crave the favor of the world,
To give us another chance.

We cannot search their breaking hearts,
To know the anguish there,
But kindly acts may heal their smart,
And soothe their sad despair:
For, many whom you meet to-day
In sorrow broken down,
Possesses hearts as kind and true,
And noble as thine own.
Then do not turn away from them
With cold and haughty glance,
But lift your fallen brother up,
And give him another chance.

The riches of the world were made
Not for a selfish end:
But that we generously might spare
Some, for a suffering friend.
No matter what the faults may be
Concealed within his heart,
To save the wretched erring one,
Is a true and manly part;
Then when you see a fallen man,
With sorrow in his glance,
Don't crush him further in the dust,
But give him another chance.

When is the best time to read the book of nature?—When autumn *turns* the leaves.

How can I leave Thee?

The Music of this song can be obtained at the old and popular Music-store of S. T. Gordon, 706 Broadway, N. Y.

How can I leave thee?
How can I say farewell?
How can I break the spell
So dear to me?
Thou art a pleasing dream,
Thou art a life divine,
Guiding this heart of mine
O'er life's dark sea.

There is a blooming flower,
In life's enchanted vale,
Sighing in every gale;
"Forget me not!"
Here only Spring appears,
Chasing the laughing Hours,
Scattering her richest flowers;
Love's hallowed spot.

Oh! would I were a bird!
To cheer Affection's bower,
With thee to pass each hour,
Swiftly I'd fly.
Though sorrow o'er my heart
Swept like some demon-wing,
Still to thee could I cling—
'Twere joy to die!

Welcome, Happy Day!

Lo! day is breaking.
See the gloomy shadows fly—
Bright rays are streaking
A calm and tranquil sky.
Old night has had a lengthened reign,
The world has long in darkness lain,
But day is coming on amain:
Welcome, happy day!

Drunkards are dying,
Reeling to a fearful doom;
Zephyrs are sighing
O'er many an early tomb—
But drunkenness shall die away,
And Temperance shall possess the sway—
Then let us all unite and say;
Welcome, happy day!

Sweet Belle Mahone.

The Music of this song is published by H. A. Manning, 42 State St., Rochester, N. Y. Price 40 cents.
Words and Music by J. H. McNaughton.

Soon beyond the harbor bar
Shall my bark be sailing far;
O'er the world I wander lone,
Sweet Belle Mahone!
O'er thy grave I weep good-bye,
Hear! oh! hear my lonely cry—
Oh! without thee what am I,
Sweet Belle Mahone?
Chorus: Sweet Belle Mahone!
Sweet Belle Mahone!
Wait for me at heaven's gate,
Sweet Belle Mahone!

Lonely like a withered tree,
What is all the world to me?
Life and light were all in thee,
Sweet Belle Mahone.
Dairies pale are growing o'er
All my heart can e'er adore:
Shall I meet thee never more,
Sweet Belle Mahone?
Sweet Belle Mahone, &c.

Calmly, sweetly thumber on,
Only one I call my own;
While in tears I wander lone,
Sweet Belle Mahone!
Faded now seems every thing,
But, when comes eternal spring,
With thee I'll be wandering,
Sweet Belle Mahone!
Sweet Belle Mahone, &c.

The Actor's Daughter.

Chapter I.

The hour is a late one.

All life seems to have fled from the large town of Hartlestone, whose dimly-lighted streets are still and deserted. The only thing left behind is the heavy, misty atmosphere. The night air has not been able to do anything in the way of removing the dust and the unpleasant odors in the narrow thoroughfares; but the noise of carriages and carts has ceased, and one can walk abroad without much fear of being interrupted in any way. You can hear the splashing fountains playing upon the cold stones; an agreeable, soothing sound, which appears to have made the tall gray old houses close their eyes in slumber. But *all* the houses have *not* closed their eyes yet. Here and there the reflection of a lighted window falls across our path; then we raise our heads, and gaze into the bright space.

It has large, plate-glass panes; white curtains and blinds conceal from us the interior of the apartment, till a door suddenly opens, and our interest is fully awakened for the solitary person we see entering the apartment, and for every seperate individual we manage to catch sight of by such means—no matter what they are doing, or who they are.

Around the next corner, on our way home, we suddenly meet a young couple, slowly walking arm-in-arm. They are speaking quickly, but very low, to one another, as if they feared that the old houses and walls had ears to hear them, and stood in league against them to report them to the old people, who were so determined to ruin their happiness. He is a well-grown, curly-headed fellow. This we can easily see; for, although it is late in the evening, it is not very dark. The gas is not lighted, owing to the economical principles of the authorities, who know there is a new moon; and, true enough, there, beyond the roofs of the houses yonder, it is just beginning to rise, and contribute its weak light towards the scene. By its mild rays we can distinguish that the young lady on the youth's arm is possessed of a pretty, slim waist, and a light, elastic step; that she hangs confidingly upon her protector's arm. Further than this we are unable to see, for her face is enveloped in a thick veil, which flies gracefully over her shoulders, wafted by the gentle breeze. But, although we did not see a particle of her face as she passed us—although she turns away her head with the evident intention of not being seen, and shows an ungrounded distrust in the movement of that same head, which prevents us even catching a glimpse of her features—there is not one amongst us who would not have felt a decided interest in this young couple. We ask ourselves what their history can be—what romantic entanglement has caused them to seek a rendezvous under heaven's clear sky? We ask ourselves which hieroglyphic and unintelligible advertisement in the last column of the *Telegraph* was theirs? And, truly, if we could do anything to help them in their love-making, we would do so, in utter disregard of all consequences.

They have disappeared; but another couple have entered upon the scene, and are now beginning to awake our attention. The pair that are walking just in front of us, consists, this time, of two men. We can only see their backs; but we do not doubt for a moment that the left-hand, middle-sized, powerfully-built frame has youth on his side: whilst the other tall and somewhat spare man must be considerably past middle age. His whole bearing gives evidence of this, as he walks uncertainly along.

He speaks very rapidly and a good deal, and, unlike the first couple, very loud, as if he would not at all mind the whole world listening to him.

We do not soften our steps, the echo of which rings distinctly through the empty streets, in order to listen to the conversation. No, indeed; the old gentleman will not be warned by the footsteps of a third person, for he declaims and gesticulates even more than before.

"Yes, yes, my young friend!" cries he, with a not altogether pleasant voice, that shows traces of considerable past exertion; "that is life—that is the world! You now know the principles of my actions—the experiences of my long pilgrimage. Only no frivolity, say I; no unsteadiness. For, as Schiller *ought* to have said, 'Short is the joy, but eternal the remorse!'"

"I completely understand you, my dear Mr. Hammond. You have had the goodness to explain your excellent principles so fully to me, that I should consider myself decidedly wanting in penetration if I had not completely understood you."

There was so much of pain in the younger man's tone as he said this, that it looked as if he would have done anything sooner than put implicit confidence in the other's principles.

"And, now," continued the man with the hoarse voice, "we will part. I see the moon-lit garret which hides my fate, under which a hardly-proven life is spent—a life, the discernment and pattern of which could hardly be entitled to a higher abode; for yon garret is, as you see, close to the stars, and, consequently, nearer the gods in——"

"If you wish me to listen further to this splendid outburst, my old friend," interrupts the young man, at this juncture, "I will with pleasure accompany you up to your abode among the stars, and light my cigar there, and wait until your splendid ideas end happily with a full stop. Should, however, your humanely-disposed heart see otherwise, and permit us to rest at a comma, I will at once say a short good night."

"Yes; good night!" cried the other, laughing; "good night, my worthy young friend!—good night, my phœnix of a youth, who troubles himself to find that sadly misapprehended and profitless profession, and bows to it, instead of seeking excitement in the frivolous distraction of worldly minds, that leave behind them nothing but emptiness and distaste!"

While he was saying this the old man shook the other's hand warmly, and seemed inclined to add something more to his speech, in order to make a little effective and affecting scene out of it; but the other, in spite of the praises bestowed upon him, was possessed of too much youthful superficiality to value this according to its full worth. He withdraws his hand with a certain amount of inconsideration from the talkative old gentleman.

Nor was the latter at all hurt by his behavior.

Whilst the young man was turning, he called after him, "Don't forget that you promised to lend to my garret a new light by coming yourself to see me!"

"Yes, yes," replied the other; "I will come to-morrow. You may depend upon my coming without fail."

The young man waved a farewell; and commences slowly to retrace his steps in the direction he had come. But the elder gentleman suddenly seemed to remember something that he would on no account omit, and cried after the other's retreating form, "Hallo! hallo! listen—wait!"

The young man stopped at once.

The elder man walked with slow, dignified, and grave steps towards his friend. Then he raised his hand, and laid it, with solemn emotion, upon the other's shoulder, saying, "Now, good night, friend Romeo! I must to bed!"

The first words he declaimed with affecting pathos. The end he whispered in a gloomy tone, as if the subject he was talking of was one of the most terrible importance and weight.

"I can only approve of your determination, Mr. Hammond, though it seems to be of the most terrible import to yourself," answered the young man, laughing, and a second time turning to go, this time with greater success.

The old gentleman then walked in a long, diagonal line, across the street towards a high, old house, with a broad gable, in which two dimly-lighted windows were visible. Although nobody was present now, the old man did not seem to have lost all pleasure in talking, for, as he walked along, he gesticulated with his arms, and recited aloud scraps of different plays.

When at length he reached the house, he warmly welcomed a man of middle age, and of powerful frame, who just then had stepped in front of the door, and was now seeking the hole for his latch-key.

"Oh, good evening—good evening, old gentleman!" said the man with the key, trying to quell the other's exuberance. "Who was that who just left you, Mr. Hammer? Had you found some one else ready to listen to your drollery?"

"Drollery? Did you really please to say 'drollery,' Mr. Peachfold, really? I was acquainting an intelligent youth with some of my past experience; I found him ever ready to gain knowledge, therefore disburdened myself of some of the rich stores of my most eventful life."

"I can quite believe that," interrupted the other, who just then succeeded in opening the lock. "I can also imagine the reason the intelligent youth listened so patiently to your past experiences; but more of that another time. Come in now; I see there is still a light burning in your room, I expect your daughter has come to pay you a visit, and is waiting for you."

Both men now disappeared into the house, and the door fell into its lock behind them.

It is a pity the old gentleman has vanished so soon from our sight. His character might have interested us even more than the young couple we saw before, if we had only had the opportunity of following it up. Let us now continue our Haroun al Raschid-like walk; perhaps we shall again meet persons who instinctively attract and interest us, and give us an insight into the night life of a large city.

Let us turn to the left into a broad street, containing new and modern houses, which forms the commencement of the more aristocratic portion of the town.

In the middle of this street is a large fountain, placed there for the benefit of the thirsty wayfarer; it is a sort of monument, with a figure in stone on the top, which represents some noted personage in the good old times. As we approach this useful structure, we again hear the sound of voices.

The sound proceeds from two men who are coming along the pavement from the opposite direction. As we are stationed on the other side of the fountain, they naturally fail to see us, and their conversation is so loud that we can hear it for a long time, and again become accidental eavesdroppers.

"You now see for yourself, Befferton, that nobody comes," said the one, in youthful, pleasant tones. "We have been pacing up and down here for an hour or more, and I, for my part, have found the time pass exceedingly slow."

"Only patience a little while longer," replied the other, who possessed a thinner and sharper voice. "You will soon see with your own eyes, Holding. When she crept past me last night it was after nine o'clock. My man, who first drew my attention towards the adventure, remarked the phenomenon between nine and ten, so we had better wait here till the clock chimes the half hour."

"Very well; it is all the same to me," answered the man whose name seemed to be Holding. "I am willing enough to stay, for we owe this much to the poor, slandered girl, that we wait to see the affair explained before we believe in such nonsense."

"That's all I require, too. I want the affair to be fully explained to you," replied Befferton, in his shrill voice.

They had reached the fountain in the meantime, and turned round again. Now they were entirely out of earshot. But, shortly afterwards, they turned at the end of the street once more, and advanced in our direction again; so, if we were perfectly still, we should be able to catch some more broken fragments of their conversation.

"But you keep on forgetting that it is impossible to mistake her," were the first words—they were spoken by Befferton—we heard as the two men approached. "If a mistake were possible, I should believe anything myself rather than that cold, prudish Mary Middlehurst, who only arrived from her boarding-school a few days ago, goes about the streets at night, dressed like a servant-maid. The story is so absurd so improbable, so utterly ridiculous."

"It is simply impossible!" interrupted the other, with angry determination.

"If I had not seen it with my own eyes," continued Befferton, "yesterday evening, whilst on the watch, and followed the innocent little angel from a distance, at the end of this street, she took a cab, which I was easily able to keep up with, as the horse was dead tired. Thus I saw her arrive at, and cautiously enter, her mother's (Mrs. Middlehurst's) house. So you see, a mistake is utterly out of the question, and that is why I sought you out, to bring you here. Enthusiastic creature! The little form has already bewitched you with

her dreamy blue eyes; and I could see your intention of forsaking your gay bachelor existence by the expression of your face."

"I wonder what you don't see through those blue glasses of yours!" Replied Holding, laughing disdainfully. "No, my friend; you are older than I, and therefore I have looked up to you as a kind of mentor. So I will allow you to go on before, and show me a good example—of course, if Mrs. Middlehurst herself should make you faithless to your principles, which, by-the-bye, I think not at all unlikely."

With these words, they again turn, and their voices are almost unintelligible, till at length they are drowned by the splashing of the water. But the subject of their conversation certainly deserves our waiting to see whether their patience will be rewarded. For this much we have learnt through our eavesdropping propensities—namely, that these two gentlemen are waiting to see whether it is indeed true that the girl, who has won one of their hearts, walks out alone in the evening, dressed like a servant-maid.

The affair seems very improbable altogether; but heaven alone knows what happens in a large town like this, under the veil of night. The word "impossible," civilization has scratched out of its dictionary. Thus we wait another quarter of an hour in our hiding-place. We may, perhaps, bear witness to some interesting scene, that will contain some instructive disclosures for an observer of manners and customs.

And there they come again—those two. Their walk seems to grow shorter and shorter. And yonder, from the same direction in which we ourselves have come, do we not hear light, quick steps? Is that not a female form approaching from yonder, and keeping strangely close to the houses?

"When my servant saw her for the first time," continued Befferton, on the other side of the monument, "a tall, powerfully-built young man was following her, and keeping his eye upon her. Wheather he was doing so with her knowledge or not. I do not know. Yes, yes; still waters are often the deepest."

"Yes; I acknowledge all that. But, still, this step is beyond the bounds of probability!" exclaimed Holding.

"Beyond all bounds of probability? What is beyond the bounds of probability in a woman's mind, when she has begun a thing she is bent upon? But hush!—look yonder!"

Both men paused, and, hidden by the monument, stretched forth their necks, in order to see without being seen. Their attention was fixed upon the girl we have already remarked, and who now was approaching towards us, keeping well under the shadow of the houses all the while.

Neither of the men speak another word. Both try their eyes to the utmost—one through his spectacles, the other only with his naked eye—to catch every feature of the face hurrying on towards them, if they possibly could.

"She is about her size and figure," whispers Holding, at length, with some little agitation.

"Only a moment's patience, and then we'll follow her up," replies the other, quite as softly. "There, now she has passed us; you must go straight to one point, about ten steps in advance of me, and I'll keep just the same distance behind her, then she'll not be able to escape us either way."

Both men execute their plan. The moment the young girl sees the two figures step forth from their hiding place, she stops, as if rooted to the spot; she then utters a short, sharp cry, and tries to fly back in the direction in which she had come, for she recognises at once that the men have been lying in wait for her. But as soon as she has ran five steps, five tottering, hesitating steps, she notices the start her pursuer, with the spectacles, has gained over her; she pauses once more, and places upon her poor fluttering heart her hand, which is hidden by the great gray shawl that envelopes her form.

She does not dare to approach her enemy calmly. No; it is very stupid of her, very impolitic, but, in her fright, she knew not what to do; so instead of going boldly forward, and continuing her way calmly, she turns again, and hurries in the direction whence she has just come, and, consequently, comes face to face with Holding. She tries to get off the pavement into the road, but has not the power to do so now.

"Lovely maiden," said he in his sarcastic tones, "Will you not permit us to conduct you home? Such a lonely walk is out of place for one so young and fair as yourself. My friend and I would never forgive ourselves if we allowed you to go home without offering you our protection."

"Leave me alone!" cried the girl, almost out of breath; "I am not in want of your protection."

"Great heavens! what voice is that I hear?" exclaimed the young man, with well-acted astonishment; "is it not——"

"Miss Middlehurst," interrupts Befferton, who had now advanced towards the scene of action. *His* voice, too, betrays the utmost astonishment and disbelief.

"Miss Middlehurst," cried Holding, drawing a deep breath, as if startled beyond all control, "forgive us for having frightened you so; but who could, for a moment, have suspected——"

"No: we *could* not have imagined such a thing!" declared Befferton, still affecting the utmost astonishment.

"But, Miss Middlehurst," continued Holding, in a tone of voice that shows he had fallen straight from the clouds—"but, Miss—Miss Middlehurst, can't you understand——"

"I beg that you will let me go, now," cried the young girl, summoning to her aid all the resolution she possessed, at the same time trying to dash past the two men.

"Never; unless you permit us to escort you safely home——"

Holding could not finish his sentence, for it was suddenly interrupted by a third person, who had silently approached the group without being noticed and had evidently overheard Mary's last words.

"Let the girl go," said he, in a very determined manner, at the same time approaching the party.

Both the others turned towards him.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Holding.

"What do you want?" returned Befferton.

The stranger had planted himself at the girl's side.

"Confide yourself to my care," said he. The voice was one we have heard before that evening, for it belonged—yes, it belonged to the same young man who had accompanied the gesticulating old gentleman on his way home; and who, instead of proceeding to his own lodging, had preferred to stroll quietly a little longer through the streets, perhaps with the same desire for adventure that had actuated us in coming here this evening.

The young girl must have decidedly lost her head in her alarm, for she stepped forward, as if about to place herself under an utter stranger's protection.

"Go your own way, I pray you." Don Quixote Befferton had just been crying out to him.

"Ah—for you, gentlemen, I shall be prepared to answer you to-morrow!" exclaimed the new-comer, calmly planting his powerful frame so decidedly against them, that all desire to escort the young lady home vanished at once from their minds.

As soon as he had assumed this antagonistic position, he put his fingers into his waistcoat-pocket and drew forth a card, which he handed to Befferton. In the next moment, he was again by the side of the girl, who had taken the first opportunity to hurry away; and both—he about a foot's length behind her—disappeared quickly out of earshot.

"By the Lord Harry, Talleyrand is right! One only wants to live to see wonders!" cried Holding, gnashing his teeth with anger. "Oh, Ernest, what gloomy, dark shadows this little episode will throw upon my whole life!"

"Not as dark, as it is to be hoped, as the shadow of night that lies at present upon this card, making it a thing of impossibility to read it," answered Befferton vainly endeavoring through his glasses to decipher the characters upon the scrap of pasteboard which he was still holding in his hand as a lasting remembrance of the adventure.

"Egotist! heartless wretch! have you no idea of what is passing in me at present?"

"I really don't think," replied Befferton, "that you've any occasion to reproach me; for if there is a respectable name upon this card, I shall have the doubtful pleasure of getting into a confounded scrape through you; and if, in pure unselfish friendship, I am horse-whipped to death for your sake, shall have the satisfaction of knowing, you will write on my tombstone, 'Here lies an egotist.'"

"Oh, you hav'n't the faintest idea of my feelings!" cried Holding, violently. "I have loved this girl more——"

"—'Than you can say.' I know all that. But come on. Our personal presence is hardly necessary here now."

"If that creature has lost her purity," continues Holding without taking any heed of his friend's interrupiton, and fixing his eyes upon the pavement, as if the fire of his burning glance could melt the hard granite, "the whole of this worthless planet deserves to be sunk into eternal darkness!"

"So it may, for what I care; but I hope it will choose its time well. Now come," ended Befferton.

"Whither?"

"You are surely not going to allow this adventure to drop here? Come with me at once to Mrs. Middlehurst. She is at home, I know, for this is one of her weekly reception nights. We shall then be able to witness how Mary enters her mother's presence, and her astonishment at seeing us there."

"You are right, as Mephistopholes always is!" answered Holding, at the same time placing his arm through that of his friend.

After that, both men walked quickly down the street, and were soon lost to sight.

Chapter II.

Shall we allow this adventure to drop here; or does the reader wish to follow the young men and see how it ends, feeling, as we do, a decided interest in the poor frightened girl, who has been so grossly attacked whilst on her way home?

If this is the case, kind reader, you will have to accompany us a goodly stretch, as we are obliged to traverse several of the principal and broadest streets which form the aristocratic portion of the town before we can possibly reach our destination.

We shall have no difficulty in finding the road. Our two valiant knights are walking on in front of us. At the very next corner we find a cab-stand, at which, owing to the fair weather, there are many more vehicles in waiting than usual.

Our two friends throw themselves into one of these. There is no sort of reason why we should not follow their example, if it is only for the sake of still having the advantage of them as our conductors; and so we are soon rolling along in their wake, till their cab halts in front of a high, modern house in one of the broadest streets that certainly belongs to the youngest in the town, for there are still several mansions in the course of being built. In other places low garden walls form the boundary of the street; over which pretty shrubs and trees are peeping.

In the first story of the house before which the cab containing the two young gentlemen has stopped, three windows are lighted. The reflection of them falls upon the plants in an opposite garden, that are very gently fanned by the night breeze, causing the leaves to whisper in such a way that a lively imagination would almost swear that the slender branches had stretched themselves forward in such a manner in order to see well into Mrs. Middlehurst's windows. They then shake their heads over something going on in that worthy lady's apartment, and whisper energetically about something they see there. But they are very stupid for their pains, for, to be honest, there is nothing at all extraordinary going on in the widow's rooms—nothing that could possibly cause the strictest person to shake his head. On the contrary, the drawing-room, as well as the roomy ante-chamber, which is separated from the larger apartment by a heavy silken *portiere*, is most beautifully and comfortably furnished. The walls are decorated by several splendid oil-paintings in massive frames. A large bronze lamp hangs from the ceiling, and flooded the modern furniture and curtain with its warm light. Candles in silver candlesticks add to the general brightness. They are standing on a little whist-table, around which three persons are seated.

(To be Continued.)

O'er the Bright and Sparkling Waters.

BARCAROLLE FROM THE OPERA OF "HAYDEE."

English Version by J. W. BERNHARDT. AUBER.

Allegretto.

1. O'er thy bright and sparkling wa - ters, As I steer my bark a - long, To the soft sea breeze I'm sing - ing, And the
2. When to far - off climes I wan - der, And am stran-ger scenes a - mong, As a mis - tress of her lov - er, So the

bur-den of my song Is Ve - nice, love - ly Ve - nice, The Queen of Ad-ria's sea,.... And the home of my de -
bur-den of my song

p stac.

- vo - tion, And the on - ly home for me!.... Early home of my de - vo - tion, And the on - ly home for me!

Repeat Sym. from 𝄋

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CONTENTS.

A Marriage Proposal ..... page 13
The Actor's Daughter—Story continued .... 14—15
Big and the little of it 11
The Bard of Armagh 12
Charming Arabella with her back hair down 13
Can it be?—Music 16
Down by the village well 12
Down by the village well—Ladies' Version 12
The Dolly Varden 13
Darby Maguire 13
Father Paul and the Irishman 12
The Fair Sex 12
Good wives 10
The Gipsy Band 13
Highland Blossom 10
I'm sailing at the dawn, darling 10
'Tis evening brings my heart to thee! 12
In a Jug 10
Lawyer MacGin 10
My dear old Irish home 11
Parody on: Araby's Daughter 10
Public characters 11
Pretty Sally Solomons 12
Question and Answer 12
Schneider's Muskedeers 10
Time never returns 11
Tell her, oh! tell her 11
Tom Stitch, the Tailor 11
There's a good time coming, Boys 13
There's a good time coming, Girls 13
Thou lov'st no more 11
The Village Clock 10
The Value of Time 12
What right has a man to be poor? 12
Weeping by the Spring 11

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Highland Blossom.

Written by G. Linley. Music by W. V. Wallace.

Fair as the morning sun,
Her cheek with beauty glows;
Oh! sweet as the song-bird's lay,
Her voice with music flows;
That voice, whose softest whisper
Might wake the coldest heart;
That cheek, whose faintest blushing
Love's pureness doth impart;
Oh! not in the loveliest bowers
A flower more rare can be—
There dwells not in ocean caves
A gem more bright than she.

Ne'er o'er her gladsome path
May fate a shadow throw:
Oh! ne'er may a stain of grief
Rest on her gentle brow—
If o'er it rude winds sweeping
That tender blossom chill,
Affection, like the ivy,
Would cling around it still—
Oh! rivers may cease to run,
And seasons fade and flee.
Yet, true as the stars that shine,
My love for her will be.

I'm Sailing at the Dawn, Darling.

I'm sailing at the dawn, darling,
Away from all I love:
It may be on old Erin's sod
My feet no more shall rove;
But as I leave my home, darling,
The tears will sadly fall,
To think of you, so kind and true—
I love you best of all. (*Repeat.*)

Your smile is brave and good, darling,
It cheers me to the last:
But, oh! the weary clouds of care,
That o'er my way are cast—
I'll think upon you all, darling,
My babes so bright and fair,
My little home, and you, my own,
That made sweet sunshine there. (*Repeat.*)

For, you were ever kind, darling,
In poverty and pain:
Oh! press the gentle lips to mine,
I ne'er may press again—
In lands beyond the sea, darling,
I'll toil for you, my own:
Trust Heav'n we'll meet again, sweet,
When days are brighter grown. (*Repeat.*)

I'm sailing at the dawn, darling,
But hope is in my breast:
Farewell! dear angel of my heart,
And land I love the best;
I know you'll think of me, darling,
Each weary night and day:
May Heav'n's blessings on you fall,
When I am far away. (*Repeat.*)

The Village Clock.

The village clock is striking eight
As the misty twilight closes,
And some one stands in the cottage porch
Under the clustering roses:
And ever she gazes down the road,
Her young heart anxiously beating:
"Why stays he so late?" thinks she,
Her lips each stroke of the clock repeating:
"Why stays he so late?" thinks she,
Her lips each stroke of the clock repeating.

The village clock is striking ten
While two 'neath the roses linger,
And something bright in the fair moonlight
Shines on the maiden's finger:
And whispers the youth "to-morrow morn,"
As he bids good-bye in the door-way.
Oh! hasten thy coming, happy dawn,
There shall some one be waking before ye:
Oh! hasten thy coming, happy dawn,
There shall some one be waking before ye.

Schneider's Muskedeers.

Written, Composed and Sung by Eddie Norwood.

Air: "Mulligan Guards."

If you don't got some jesuhtions, I vant to sing to you
Of a Deitch gompany from Shermany, und I vos captain too;
Ve vos gomposed of fat Dutchmen, und durn oud efery year,
Und der name of dot darget gompany vos Schneiders Muskedeer's,

Chorus.

For, we look so gay as ve march drough de shtreet,
Der poys shout hurra, und der drums dey do peat:
Dot Mulligan Guards dey never could gompete
Mit Schneiders Muskedeer's.

As ve march drough de city I dold you ve look grand—
Und feel so proud ven de pand does blay dunes of our vaterland;
Der prizes dot ve got vos cigars und kegs of beer,
Mit sweitzer-cheese und sourkraut vich vos to Dutch so dear.
For, ve look so gay, &c.

Der people vos excited ven ve march home at night,
Dree cheers dey cry as ve pass py, dot fills us mit delight:
I vos a pully captain too: der girls you ought to see,
Dey heave a sigh as I pass py in front of my gompany.
For, ve look so gay, &c.

In a Jug.

ANSWER TO LITTLE BROWN JUG.

My wife and I lived all alone,
In a brown stone house we called our own;
She had money and I had none,
And that is why we were joined in one.
Chorus: Ha! ha! ha! just bear and grin,
When you have found you're taken in,
Ha! ha! ha! just bear and grin,
When you have found you're taken in.

I thought I made a point so fine,
That mine was hers and hers was mine,
With golden hooks we fished for fate,
And both caught gudgeons with our bait. Cho.

For, she supposed that I was rich,
While I was on the self-same "hitch."
The cruel vixen had me pinned
To one lame leg, and a bag of—wind. Chorus.

So if you find that you are bit,
Just trace it to a woman's wit;
They'll make you find a little later,
You've too much "o' the precious crature."
Chorus.

To drown your misery and your plight,
"Little Brown Jug" may make you tight,
But I'll be bound, though you may tug,
They'll get you "tighter" in a jug. Chorus.

Now, all young men, just look ahead,
Be very careful who you wed,
The women laugh to think you're "sold,"
While "all that glitters is not gold." Chorus.

Parody on Araby's Daughter.

Composed and sung by G. Reed, the celebrated Banjo player.

Farewell, farewell to Virginny's black daughter!
(Thus warbled a nigger by de light ob de moon:)
No calm eber lay on de bay black water
More sweeter than you are to me.

For, I will hunt for de lubliest possum,
Dat eber was cotched in de holler gum tree,
Only if you will steal from your chamber,
And meet me by de old gum tree.

Nor shall I, beloved by my Dinah, forget her—
No masse should beat me and make my back smart,
But to her side would I stick: for, I lub her—
For, she is de pride ob my heart.
For, I will hunt for, &c.

Lawyer MacGin.

Written and sung by Felim O'Dowd.

Air: Moll Roe in the Morning.

Come all you who chance to have any
Litigious thransactions in han',
If ye want one to manage yer business,
Be jaminy! I'm jist yer man!
Ye have heard of me doubtless already:
For, many's the scrape I've been in:
I came here from the land of St Paddy,
An' folks call me Lawyer MacGin.
Chorus: For, a lawyer I am in full glory,
An', ooh! it's myself makes the dir:
You may talk about Marshall an' Story,
But what are they all to MacGin?

Me skill in addhressin' a jury
Has seldom, indeed, been displayed;
For, although I can rant like a fury,
I rarely have cases to plade.
At blackguardin', mouthin', an' rantin'
It's me that is certain to win;
An' at balderdash, blusther an' vauntin'
"here's none can compate with MacGin.
For, a lawyer I am, &c.

At thransfers, indentures an' lases,
You always will find me a brick:
For, I'm posted in this kind of cases,
An' know every quibble an' thrick.
If you're one who has no hesitation
To thry any dodge that will win,
Ooh! there isn't a shark in crayation
Can manage the job like MacGin!
For, a lawyer I am, &c.

Some seay my proboscis with wondher,
Because it is curved like a beak:
'Twould be sthrange were it straight: for, by thundher!
It's it that got many's a tweak!
Had Nature not graciously granted
To me such a thickness of skin,
By my conscience! I never could stand it,
Although I am Lawyer MacGin.
Yes, a lawyer I am, &c.

At boxin' or fencin' or millin'
I can't say I ever was great;
But, begorra! I'm never unwillin'
To sthrike whin I know I can bate.
A blackguard once called me a shysther,
I gave him a tip on the chin,
An' I laid him as flat as an oysther,
As sure as my name is MacGin.
For, a lawyer I am, &c.

So you that may chance to have any
Litigious thransactions in han',
If ye want one to push through yer business,
Be jaminy! I'm jist the man.
A lawyer should deem it his duty
By fair or by foul means to win:
He should swear, cheat an' lie like ould clooty,
An' none can do this like MacGin.
For, a lawyer I am in full glory,
Whose aim is the makin' of tin:
You may talk about Marshall an' Story,
But what are they all to MacGin?

Good Wives.

OR—LIKE AND NOT LIKE.

Good wives to SNAILS should be a-kin,
Always their houses keep within;
But not to carry (fashion a hacks!)
All they have upon their backs.

Good wives like ECHOES still should do,
Speak only when they're spoken to;
But not like echoes (most absurd!)
To have for ever the last word.

Good wives like CITY-CLOCKS should rhyme,
Be regular, and keep in time;
But not like city-clock (aloud,)
Be heard by all the vulgar crowd.

Why is an interesting book like a toper's nose?
Because it is red to the very end.

Weeping by the Spring.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by E. H. Harding, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington—D. C.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 286 Bowery, New-York—Price 10 cents.

Harding's ten cent music is printed from engraved plates, full music size equal in every respect to the best music published for 35 cents per copy.

Remember, dear Allie, the spring where we played,
The farm near the murmuring grove,
Where maids and their lovers at evening oft strayed,
To hear gentle whispers of love:
Remember how oft, with your hand clasped in mine,
We have rambled the path to the spring,
Where grow the sweet daisy and wild ivy vine,
And nightingales sweetly did sing—
CHORUS.
'Tis here that I'm kneeling and weeping to-night:
'Tis here that I'm weeping at day,
While dreams of my darling, so cheerful and bright,
Are chasing my sad tears away.

Remember, dear Allie, when, years passed away
And we plighted lovers became,
We rambled the path to the spring, day by day,
As others had oft done the same.
Remember the promise I won from you then,
While I held you in joy to my heart—
Come back to the spring, and be happy again,
And promise no more to depart. Chorus.

Remember, dear Allie, our love of the past:
With me 'tis as bright as of old:
Come back to the spring, and we'll ramble and sing,
While tales of affection are told.
Remember the days when the light of thy gaze
Was the sweetest of sunshine to me—
Now, lonely and weeping, I'm here by the spring,
My heart slowly breaking for thee— Chorus.

Time Never Returns.

Mark how it snows! how fast the valley fills,
And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear:
Yet the warm sun-beams, bounding from the hills,
Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear.
But, when old age has on your temples shed
Her silver frost, there's no returning sun:
Swift flies our summer, swift our autumn's fled,
When youth, and love, and spring, and
golden joys are gone—

My Dear Old Irish Home.

BALLAD.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by E. H. Harding, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington—D. C.— Price 10 cts.

In dreams, sweet dreams, I see again
A spot so dear to me:
Where those I parted from, in pain,
Still linger lovingly:
Where oft, in childhoods's sunny hours,
I fondly loved to roam:
A sweet green spot on Erin's Shore,
My dear old Irish home!
A sweet green spot on Erin's Shore,
My dear old Irish home!

There is no place like our native land,
I care not where we stray,
O'er mountain steep or valley deep,
On Ocean's pathless way:
My heart yet turns with fondness back,
Across the raging foam,
To that fair spot on Erin's Shore,
My dear old Irish home!
To that fair spot on Erin's Shore,
My dear old Irish home!

One hope still lingers in my heart,
Gives zest to all my joys,
Once more to see again the home
Where we were girls and boys:
A mother's form, in age bowed down,
Still on the earth doth roam,
In that green spot on Erin's Shore,
My dear old Irish home!
In that green spot on Erin's Shore,
My dear old Irish home.

Tell her, oh! tell her.

Tell her, oh! tell her, the lute she left lying
Beneath the green arbor, is still lying there;
And breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,
But not a soft whisper replies to their prayer.

Tell her, oh! tell her, the tree that, in going
Beside the green arbor, she playfully set,
As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
And not a bright leaflet has fallen from it yet.

So, while away from that arbor forsaken,
The maiden is wandering, still let her be
As true as the lute, that no sighing can waken,
And blooming for ever, unchanged as the tree!

Tom Stitch, the Tailor.

Air: "Derry down."

You must know I'm a tailor, Tom Stitch is my name,
And at working a button-hole great is my fame:
But somehow no comfort I gets o' my life,
I've got such a terrible shrew of a wife.
Derry down, &c.

Last Whitsuntide twel'month, I went out for the day,
Got tipsy, and at night I must go to the play:
In the one shilling gallery got a front place,
And there 'twas I first saw my wife's charming face.
Derry down, &c.

Her eye, like a needle, my heart went quite through,
I was all of a twist somehow—what could I do?
She cabbaged my heart, and so I, in return,
Thought I would try if I could cabbage *hern*.
Derry down, &c.

The play was soon over, I home with her went,
And that we should keep company got her consent:
I vowed if she'd have me, my love should ne'er fail her:
"For, says I, I'm a man—although I'm a tailor."
Derry down, &c.

Her looks and her manners were quite superfine;
So I had the banns published, and soon called her mine;
But the very day after she made a great stir,
And swore that no tailor should put upon her.
Derry down, &c.

We lodged at a barber's, 'tis true, I declare,
And him she would have up to frizzle her hair:
She soon in him took such a deal of delight,
He always was with her from morning till night.
Derry down, &c.

There's one little boy she calls mine, it is true,
But it's no more like me than red cloth is like blue;
And the neighbors all say they're sure mine it can't be:
For, it's got Faizzle's eyes, nose, and mouth to a T.
Derry down, &c.

So jealousy, somehow, got into my mind,
And, one night, I caught them, when they thought me blind:
I flew upon Frizzle, and spite of his airs,
Laid hold of his pig-tail, and throwed him down stairs.
Derry down, &c.

I've entered an action 'gainst Bill for Con. Crim.
And if I should have the good luck to cast him,
I'll the damages pocket—let him have my wife—
And live single myself all the rest of my life.
Derry down, &c.

Thou Lov'st no More.

Too plain, alas! my doom is spoken,
Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er;
Thy heart is changed, thy vow is broken,
Thou lov'st no more—thou lov'st no more.

Tho' kindly still those eyes behold me,
The smile is gone, which once they wore;
Tho' fondly still those arms enfold me,
'Tis not the same—thou lov'st no more.

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
I've thought thee all thou wert before:
But now—alas! there's no deceiving—
'Tis all too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh! thou as soon the dead could'st waken
As lost affection's life restore—
Give peace to her that is forsaken,
Or bring back him who loves no more.

Public Characters;

OR THE VISION OF FANCY.

The world has delt by me both easy and hard,
And, therefore, I must not complain:
Some creatures claim pity, and some my regard,
And so I've had pleasure with pain.

I have seen modest merit half-famished and shunned,
Honest bosoms behind prison-bars,
Ruined tradesmen by impudence laughed at and dunned,
And scoundrels blazoned with stars.

I have seen blushing Innocence crawling in rags,
And starving at Luxury's door;
I have seen dying Avarice worshipping bags,
And strumpets in coaches and four.

I have seen bully parasites pimping for place,
And barter their children for gold;
I have seen noble spirits too oft in disgrace,
And Beauty to Lechery sold.

I have seen doating Folly, at three-score and ten
With green-budding seventeen wed;
I have seen titled villains and *honorable* men
With the wives of their best friends in bed.

I have seen wounded Honor give Slander the lie,
And cowards resort to the law;
I have seen splendid talent in misery die,
And virgins of fame in the straw.

I have seen in life's vision, and up-and-down chase,
(And what does not fortune exibit?)
Some creatures parading in power and place,
That should have been hung on a gibbet.

Big and the Little of it.

By Harrigan and Hart.

FIRST LOVER.

I've just arrived in town to-day,
To see the girl I love;
She lives in yonder little cot,
She is my turtle dove.
I know I've got a rival,
That comes here on the sly;
I'm bound to have the girl, you bet,
At least I'm going to try.
Chorus: Oh, my! the girl she must be mine,
With her Grecian bend stuck out behind:
I'm bound to have the girl, you know,
The fairest in the land;
And I never will be satisfied,
Until I take her hand.

SECOND LOVER.

I wonder who that feller was,
He thinks he outs a shine!
He comes around the girl I love,
And very soon I'll find.
He'd better quickly take a walk,
On him I'll put a head;
And send him home with his Ma,
She'll put him right in bed. Chorus.

BOTH.

Oh! what's the matter? excuse me, sir,
What was you doing here?

SECOND LOVER.

I came to court the girl I love,
Now don't you interfere.

FIRST LOVER.

I'd interfere, just if I like.
For you was now on time.

SECOND LOVER.

I reckon not if I know myself,
She promised to be mine. Chorus.

Enigma.

A word of one syllable, easy and short,
Reads backwards and forwards the same;
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
And to beauty lays principal claim.

Answer—An eye.

Down by the Village Well.

Composed and written by Miss Jennie Engel. Music published by Russel & Co., Boston.

'Twas in Spring, not long ago,
When down in Lincolnshire,
'Twas there I saw a maiden fair
With eyes so blue and clear:
She was a farmer's daughter,
And her name was Nellie Bell:
She stole my heart and I won hers,
While courting by the well.
Chorus: Down by the village well,
Down by the village well:
'Twas there I courted Nellie Bell,
Down by the village well.

First time I saw my Nellie Bell,
Quite deep in love I fell:
I asked her whither she was bound,
When these words answered Nell:
"I'm going to fetch some water, sir,
For mother dear in the dell:"
And she gaily chattered by my side,
Whilst walking to the well. Chorus.

Day by day and night by night,
I met my Nellie dear,
And helped her fetch the water from
The spring so pure and clear:
I asked her if she'd marry me
And come with me to dwell,
And Nellie she consented, as
We stood beside the well. Chorus.

I'm very happy now to-day,
I lead a jolly life;
I smoke my pipe, enjoy my glass,
And share it with my wife:
And, as the years roll gaily on,
I hope I'll live to tell,
And even bless the day I met
My Nellie by the well. Chorus.

Father Paul and the Irishman.

As Father Paul to Paddy went,
Who sick in bed did lie,
This pious consolation gave:
"That all men once must die."
"Arrah!" cried Pat, "that is the thing
Which grieveth me full sore:
If I could die a dozen times,
My grief would then be o'er."

Down by the Village Well.

(LADIES' VERSION.)

'Twas in Spring, not long ago,
I lived in Lincolnshire,
And often to the well did go
For water sweet and clear.
One morning, I the handle turned,
To let the bucket down,
When such a fine young man I saw,
Dressed in a suit of brown.
Chorus: Down by the village well,
Down by the village well:
'Twas there that Harry charmed me quite,
Down by the village well.

A twelvemonth from that very time,
He came a courting me,
And no one more affectionate,
I'm sure, than him could be,
With joy I leaned upon his arm,
As far we used to stray,
And sighed when at the hour of ten,
Adieu I had to say. Chorus.

The ring is bought, the bells have rung,
A little cot I share,
And whoe'er steps within will find
That happiness is there.
It was a lucky day for me,
(I'm proud the truth to tell,)
When handsome Harry I beheld
Down by the village well. Chorus.

The Bard of Armagh.

As sung by Ned Harrigan.

Oh! list to the lay of a poor Irish harper,
And scorn not the strains of his old withered hands,
But remember those fingers, they once could move sharper
In raising the merry strains of his dear native land.
It was long before the shamrock, dear isle, lovely emblem,
Was crushed in its beauty by the Saxon's lion paw:
And all the pretty colleens around me would gather,
Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

How I love to muse on the days of my boyhood,
Though four score and three years have flew by them!
It's king's sweet reflection that every young joy,
For the merry-hearted boys make the best of old men,
At a fair, or a wake I could twist my shillelah,
And trip through a dance wid my brogues tied wid straw:
There all the pretty maidens around me would gather,
Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

In truth I have wandered this wide world all over,
Yet Ireland's my home and a dwelling for me,
And oh, let the turf that my old bones shall cover,
Be cut from the land that is trod by the free;
And when serjeant death in his cold arms doth embrace,
And lull me to sleep with old Erin-go-bragh,
By the side of my Kathleen, my dear pride, oh, place me,
Then forget Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

Pretty Sally Solomons.

Drough every blace I rove,
A pedler by my trade,
Und soon I fell in love
With a very pretty maid.
Von day I met her all so smart,
Some coots of me she puy,
She paid me for dem, but shtole my heart,
Vhich made me sorely sigh.

Spoken: I vas all over so comical as a man dat is drunk; I didn't know vat I vas apout; I ate all my lollipops, und blayed at ducks und drakes mid my shlieve buttons, lit my pipe mid a shtick of sealing-vax, und proke my vatch py vinding it up packvards: und von day, instead of calling my shoestrings, I cried, "Sally Solomons, all a penny a pair:" so de beoples laughed, und I looked like a fool—

Chorus: Und 'tvas all for Sally Solomons;
Pretty Sally Solomons,
Oh! lieden, love, to me;
Vould you be Mistress Abr'ams?
Vould you be Mistress Abr'ams?
How happy should I be!

Her eyes vere bright as paste,
Her lips like vax vere red;
Like pencils shtraight her vaist,
Her tongue vas smooth as lead:
No girl in Baxter Shtreet could gompare
Mid her to puy und sell:
She made such pargains you vould shtare,
And so in love I fell.

Spoken: Plese my heart, it vould have done you coot to see her puy a lot, she talked de beoplish over so shweetly, dat she got de tings more as twenty per cent. cheaper dan her old father Shadrack, vho kept a clo-hs shop und two counters in it; und so she turned up her nose at me, all so as if I vas an old slipper, because vat I carried a box und it proke my heart. Heigho! I had a coot mind to drown myself, put I thought I should get nothing py it, so I set out on my travels determined to die an old bachelor; und live so long as I might. Und 'tvas all for Sally Solomons, &c.

Question and Answer.

"Can you, by any means, the cause divine
That U and I together ne'er can dine?"
"Oh!" yes, the reason all must plainly see:
You know that *U* can't come till after *T*."

What Right has a Man to be Poor?

Written by J. F. Poole. Sung by Billy West

I'm going to sing a new ditty;
You will say there is truth in my rhyme—
Where ever you go through the city—
That poverty's counted a crime.
A man may be worthy and honest,
Yet his conduct we cannot endure:
For, while Riches alone People worship,
What right has a man to be poor?

One day, as I went out a-walking,
"Stop thief!" I heard somebody cry—
Amongst the crowd that began to assemble
Was a fop with a glass to his eye:
At a poor workingman there he pointed,
Saying: "that ruffian you'd better secure,
That he is the thief, I assure you
He must be, because he's so poor."

T'other day, on a steamboat excursion,
A young lady fell over-board:
A poor man jumped after to save her,
While her parents in agony roared.
When safe in his arms he brought her,
Says her father; "I thank you, I'm sure;
But you'll please to leave go of my daughter,
To embrace her, young man, you're too poor."

When war cast a cloud o'er our nation,
And liberty's call did resound:
How many kid-gloved-wearing gentry
In the ranks of our soldiers were found?
The first to march off was the toiler,
Our Union and rights to secure:
When our Banner was saved from the spoiler,
The fighting men came from the poor.

The Fair Sex.

When Eve brought *woe* to all mankind,
Old Adam called her *wo-man*;
But when she *wooed* with love so kind,
He then pronounced it *woo-man*.
But now, with folly and with pride,
Their husband's pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of *whim*,
That people call them *whim-men*.

'Tis Evening Brings my Heart to Thee!

Words by Miss Fanny Crosby. Music by Henry Tucker.

The Music of this Song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 and 865 Broadway, New York. Price 25 cents.

'Tis evening brings my heart to thee,
When all is lovely, calm and still:
That welcome hour so dear to me,
When purest thoughts my bosom fill!
The bird flies homeward to its nest,
The zephyr woos the wandering bee,
The dewdrop seeks the lily's breast:
So evening brings my heart to thee!
Chorus: To thee! to thee!
'Tis evening brings my heart to thee!

A truant beam returns again
To mingle with the orb of day:
A streamlet, winding through the glen,
Will lose itself in ocean spray:
And when the sky with beauty glows,
And starry eyes look on the sea,
When weary nature seeks repose,
Then evening brings my heart to thee! Chorus.

Oh! I could linger at thy side,
And dream away my every care:
Or fancy life a silver tide,
With not a wave to ripple there:
Though fortune frown and coldly spurn,
And mine a chequered path must be,
Till mem'ry's lamp shall cease to burn,
Will evening bring my heart to thee! Cho.

The Value of Time.

Youth is not rich in time: it may be poor;
Part with it as with money—sparing: pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth:
And what its worth?—ask death-beds, they can tell.

There's a Good Time Coming, Boys.

Words by Charles MacKay—Music by Henry Russell.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger :
We'll win our battle by its aid,
Wait a little while longer.

CHORUS.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger,
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake :
Wait a little longer.
There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming :
Smallest help, if rightly given,
Makes the impulse stronger :
It will be strong enough one day,
Wait a little longer.
There's a good time, &c.

There's a Good Time Coming, Girls.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming :
When ladies need not sing their beaux
The song " Why don't the men propose ? "
In the good time coming.
When " eligible men " won't fail,
The middle-aged and younger :
And leap-year be of no avail,
But wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming :
When Cupid's power shall be obeyed,
Nor men to marry be afraid,
In the good time coming :
When girls, like girls not women, dress,
And make their charms the stronger,
And ne'er say " no " when they mean " yes, "
But—wait a little longer.

The Gipsy Band.

List to the lay of the Gipsy band,
Merrily roaming from land to land :
Free as the skylark's wing above,
Fearing no hate, nor courting love :
We borrow from all, yet none we owe,
Laughing at law where'er we go :
The fattest deer, in park or wood,
Of knight and peer, supply us food :
Our drink's the best of contraband—
Then shout for the merry Gipsy band !

The wealthy may boast of stately halls,
Streaming lights from pictured walls :
Of molded ceilings, gilded domes,
Flowered carpets o'er their rooms :
But we're rich as they, below—aloof—
The grass our floor, the sky our roof :
The bonny rays of yonder moon
Can match the blaze of their saloon :
We've healthier cheeks, although they're tanned :
Then shout for the merry Gipsy band !

Who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

Charming Arabella With Her Back-Hair Down.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

I once went down to Margate, just for a change of air :
Was never so amused in all my life while I was there.
There were cockneys dressed like sailors.
who strolled upon the sand,
Some snobs a jolly lot of snobs who liked to do the grand :
There were swarms of pretty girls
and amongst them there was one
Who seemed a perfect Venus
whose eyes shone like the sun :
She made the people stare, she electrified the town,
When she walked along the street
with all her back-hair down.

CHORUS.

She was a charming belle, in love with her I fell,
And I really couldn't help it—for, I felt done brown :
Enough to kill a fellah was charming Arabella,
As she walked along the jetty with her back-hair down.

Each morning in the water see her bathing I'd be sure :
Of all the pretty bathers none like her could do the cure :
After that, she might be seen without her crinoline,
A-strolling on the jetty quite as proud as any queen—
You may guess there would be lots
after such a girl as this.
But I made her acquaintance, which
I thought the height of bliss !
As we'd promenade together, many
jealous looks were thrown
At me, and at my charmer with the back-hair down.
She was a charming belle, &c.

One day, we walked the jetty, the wind was rather high,
Arabella scarce could keep her legs, by Jove !
no more could I :
But still we thought we'd stand it,
altho' 'twas hard to stand,
The show of pretty buckles upon that day was grand—
Of a sudden I felt stupefied with both my eyes did stare.
To see her hat, back-hair and all go flying through the air :
When I from my fright recovered,
my charmer she had flown,
She hurried from the spot without her back-hair down.
She was a charming belle, &c.

I tried my best to find her as laughter met my ears,
Instead of her I found her hair 'midst most derisive jeers :
It was her hair that charmed me, oh ! false, deceitful miss !
'Twas fastened to her hat, a fact—for, here it is !
(PRODUCES HAIR.)
I felt somewhat disgusted, and then tried her to find,
But she'd started off for town.
and left her lovely hair behind.
I've never seen her since, tho' I've been in many a town,
But I've had enough of charmers with back-hair down.
She was a charming belle, &c.

The Dolly Varden.

Of all the flowers of woodland bowers,
Of meadows sweet, or garden,
None can compare with maiden fair
Dressed in a Dolly Varden :
The laughing face, the blithesome grace,
The lovely braided tresses,
The boots that peep beneath the sweep
Of these quaint, pretty dresses.

The roguish eyes that feign surprise
At looks of admiration,
The rose-bud lip that gives a skip
To each male heart's pulsation :
The way she holds the pretty folds,
When out perambulating,
And lifts the skirt from dust and dirt
Is very fascinating.

But, ne'ertheless, the witching dress
Must have the maid, that's certain :
Or else it seems like morning dreams
Of hideous chamber curtain.
And should a lass who scarce could pass
For aught that's sweet or winning,
The Dolly wear—against the fair
And lovely she'd be sinning.

But let the flowers of Beauty's bowers
Monopolize the fashion,
And e'en the tints of figured chintz
Will fire a man's love passion.
And when he sighs to pluck a prize
To plant in his own garden,
He'll take a rose that sweetest blows
When in a Dolly Varden.

Parents often see their faults reflected in their children, and want to break the glass. The difficulty is not with the mirror, but with the object before it.

Darby Maguire.

As Sung by Harry Clifton.

Some say 'twas in England I first saw the light,
And others in Scotland would have my first night :
But as writers on heroes are often astray,
I think for myself I'll have something to say.
Oh ! the night I was born, sure I very well know,
When the Clergyman tumbled in, covered with snow :
He laid hold of myself and sat down by the fire,
And made a good boy of young Darby Maguire.
Then, hurrah for Ould Ireland, the land of my birth !
'Tis there you'll get plenty of pleasure and mirth,
Where the beautiful girls are sure to admire
Such rollicksome fellows as Darby Maguire !

From christ'nings to weddings what heavenly bliss—
As I stand by the bride and obtain the first kiss.
While the creature looks s'y as if nothing occurred.
And the husband looks daggers, but daren't say a word.
Och ! then, for the carving of praties and pigs !—
The piper begins for to " rattle the jigs : "
The girls they jump up, and begin to perspire
At the pleasure of dancing with Darby Maguire !
Then, hurrah for Ould Ireland, &c.

For twenty miles round, at a market or fair,
I'm sure to be found, if I don't be elsewhere :
I'm just on the spot when a row is begun,
And, I'm smashing away, for the sake of the fun :
'Tis then that you'll see the big blackthorns all fly :
Milia murther ! you'd think 'twas a shower from the sky !
And who wins the battle ? I never inquire :
They're all " blood relations " to Darby Maguire.
Then, hurrah for Ould Ireland, &c.

But, speaking of rows I don't wish to offend :
For I'm always the boy to assist a poor friend :
Though first in the " field " and not last in the " row, "
I can mind number one and look after the plough.
Some paint Ragged Pat with a villanous face
But I hope none of that in my own you can trace :
To see every man is all I desire.
Contented and jovial, like Darby Maguire.
Then hurrah for Ould Ireland, &c.

A Marriage Proposal.

Arrah ! Felix my honey, I have value and money—
A snug and compact little farm :
Three acres of ground, with ditches all round,
To keep our potatoes from harm :
A headland of flax free of duty and tax,
A sow that in eight weeks will litter :
An iron-hooped pail, a chest to hold meal,
And a beautiful crock of salt butter :

Four hens that will lay an egg every day,
Two geese and a thrashing fine gander :
A brown turkey cock, the flower of the flock,
That struts like a marching Highlander :
Take courage, my boy, what makes you so shy ?
The dickens ! what are you afraid of ?
Great Jason to Greece never brought such a fleece
As my new quilt and blanket are made of.

My grandfather Tim (peace be unto him,)
When dying he did not forget me :
When making his will, he wrote with his quill
A great many things that he left me—
A hackle and reel, and a new spinning-wheel,
As his heiress, I honestly got them :
A sack full of corn, a cow with one horn,
And a bed with stout ropes in the bottom :

Five bags of white-eyes, and nine bundles of frieze,
Two forks, and a knife that will open :
A large stock of oats with four new guinea notes,
Five tens and three-five penny tokens :
Twelve pounds of flock wool and a ticken chuck full
Of superfine chaff from the barn :
A bellows, a griddle two sieves and a riddle,
For cleaning and sifting our corn.

Three pewter platters, and other weighty matters,
A frying pan, tongs and a poker :
Four trenchers a plate, and a big tub of meat,
And they're all at our service, my joker !
John Wright the school-master, that works by the Vesies,
Made out by his own calculation
Cash debtor to stock, and it's down in his book,
That I'm heiress to twenty pound fortune.

Besides it's well known I can dance bobbing Joan,
A congo, a reel and a minuet :
My prayer-book, indeed I can very well read,
By skipping hard words that are in it.
Then Felix my jewel, why are you so cruel
To slight me that's counted a charmer ?
And if you don't take me, my uncle will make me
A wife to old Keely the farmer.

Peg Leary my mother and Darby, her brother,
Were squeezed out of sweet apple pratees :
My father, you know, before Brien wrote O,
And he well knew what cabbage and meat is.
I'm none of your Looneys, nor gut-slushing Cooneys :
My fathers were all Irish kings sir !
Then with such a wife you'll be happy for life,
That will bring you so many good things, sir.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

If you do your duty, God will not fail of his.

The Actor's Daughter.

(Continued.)

All three, a gentleman and two ladies, are beyond middle age. The lady of the house—we recognise her by her more simple attire—is, however, very well preserved, and it is a question whether she would not be indignant at our assertion respecting her age if we repeated it in her presence.

This much is certain—she has kept herself wonderfully well; her movements are still youthful, and her conversation is full of animation. Her unwedded life does not seem to rest very heavily upon her.

She has an uncommonly nice little income. The lady's two guests are relatives of hers, who consider themselves in duty bound to appear at their kinswoman's weekly "at homes." The latter is all the more grateful, as these visitors are the only ones she has seen at her *reunions* for some weeks past. For, in the first place, Mrs. Middlehurst was in rather an out-of-the-way part of the town; and, in the second—well, the reader will probably have an opportunity of studying the lady's character from different sides, and then he will be able to judge for himself without our aid.

It is a quarter to ten; therefore the hostess is all the more agreeably surprised when she suddenly hears masculine steps advancing towards her drawing-room.

The first person that enters is a young and rather stoutly-built man, with a fresh complexion and straw-colored hair, which is carefully brushed over the temples, to hide a certain weakness and emptiness in that quarter.

The other, who accompanies him, and is first seen looking over his shoulder in the doorway, is exactly the opposite of him in every respect. He is lean, dark, and of the sallowest complexion, and wears upon his nose a pair of blue spectacles.

"Ah, Mr. Holding! and you, too, my dear Befferton!" cries the widow, with her most fascinating smile; "I'm so glad to see you! Pray make yourselves at home at once; and please, Mr. Befferton, pull that bell, so that the servant may bring up more hot water! You see the little spirit-lamp has been out some time. Have you been very busy, that you are come so late? How have you been spending the day, my dear Mr. Befferton?"

"Oh, in the most substantial way, my dear madam!" cries Holding, for his friend, as both gentlemen take their seats in a couple of easy chairs; "yes, in the most substantial way! You know that Befferton is a collector of antiques and other varieties. To-day he has succeeded in finding the first piece of a new collection which he is about to commence."

"And may one ask what they are to consist of?" inquired a lively little lady, sitting opposite to Mrs. Middlehurst.

"Certainly; but I don't know whether Befferton's got the courage to confess such a thing to you, Mrs. Middlehurst. The collection is to consist of the prettiest noses faithless womankind make behind our poor backs."

"That is certainly very ungallant!" cries the same little lady.

The hostess then exclaims, in laughing tones, "Then *I* should, for my part, rather collect men's false oaths!"

"Oh! *they* are not *varieties*, by any means!" laughed Befferton.

"You look quite melancholy, Mr. Holding," remarked Mrs. Middlehurst. "That is because you are a bachelor. You must give up that uncomfortable life!"

"Really, I never felt less disposed for matrimony—never less tempted!" sighs Holding, from the bottom of his heart.

"Fancy saying such a thing in the presence of ladies!" cries Mrs. Middlehurst. "Tell us, Mr. Befferton, the reason why your friend is so depressed and melancholy this evening."

"I brought my depression away from the theatre with me," replied Holding, quickly. "They are playing a piece in which the heroine, who seemed to be the pattern of virtue and modesty, was running after an adventure unknown to her parents."

Holding's words which were spoken with unmistakable point, seemed to have a strange effect upon the mistress of the house. She changed color rapidly, and gave a sharp side glance into Mr. Holding's face.

"The theatre! As far as I know, the performance isn't even over yet; I have not heard the carriages pass."

"No; the play isn't over yet. Indeed, I am hoping that the end will not be as serious as I imagine," replied Holding.

"You don't suppose you will find out the end by staying here, do you?" returned the other, in surprise.

"If you please, madam," interrupts the old gentleman who was playing dummy, and who had hitherto been sitting as quietly as his partner,—"if you please, the trick is mine. I just put down the queen."

"Oh, I beg pardon! I was thinking of something else!"

Holding seemed on the point of answering his hostess's last question, when the door opposite him opened to admit a parlor-maid with a tray; whilst behind her appeared a young lady, who glided silently into the drawing-room, as if she had been waiting for this opportunity, in order that her entrance might create as little commotion as possible. This young lady was of great beauty; her lovely form was attired in a simple gray silk dress, relieved only at the throat by a piece of white lace. Her hair was simply brushed back from her temples; her oval face would have been perfect if it had been possessed of a little more color.

But who knows whether her complexion was not more brilliant when her lovely blue eyes were turned upon some pleasanter objects than those that meet them, in the shape of these two young men, immediately on her entrance?

There was a peculiar, hard-to-be-interpreted meaning in the glances exchanged between these three persons.

Confusion and shame might be said to be pictured in the young girl's eyes, which were quickly raised and then dropped again; but there was something beyond this, too. There was an expression of defiance in them, as well. But the girl's innate shyness prevented it from asserting itself.

Whatever these exchanged glances might mean, so much is certain, that they were not remarked by any one of the three at the whist-table—least of all by the hostess herself.

Mrs. Middlehurst was looking, with an expression of annoyance, at her cards, when her daughter entered; and when the latter approached her to kiss her hand, she prevented her from doing so, and said with dry coldness, "You, Mary? I never heard you come! Did you take no cab this evening?"

"Pray, forgive me, mamma! My singing mistress accompanied me to the door. The evening is so beautiful, that I thought you would have no objection——"

"Then you thought very wrong, as I desired you, once for all, to take a cab when your lesson ended so late in the evening!"

The lady uttered these words so sharply and reproachfully, that she astonished herself; and, in order to soften her former remarks, added, with melting fondness, "And, now, my dearest child, give the gentlemen some coffee."

Mary did as she was bid; but her hands trembled so violently, that the silver spoons rattled as she placed them in their saucers. When she had poured coffee into both cups, she took good care not to carry them with her own hands to the young men; but, simply placing the sugar-basin and cream-jug by their side, walked slowly in the direction of the ante-chamber. As she passed Holding, she gave him a peculiar glance, which he was not slow to understand.

He drank half of the steaming liquid before him, and then went slowly towards the ante-room also.

The eyes of the mistress of the house followed him to the door, and then glanced contentedly back at her cards. A *tete-a-tete* between Holding and her daughter was one of the things she desired most of all in the world. Befferton was discreet enough not to follow them with either his eyes or his own long lanky form.

He seemed deeply interested in Mrs. Middlehurst's cards, which she, with the greatest civility, held in such a manner that he could look at them comfortably.

The ante-room was only dimly lighted by a lamp hung from the ceiling. Its shade was of frosted glass. A round table, covered with albums and handsomely-bound volumes, stood in the centre of the apartment; next to it was a luxurious sofa and an easy-chair. Mary had already seated herself upon the former, when Holding entered, and could not be seen by the party in the drawing-room.

A book lay open before her, but she was looking over it towards the young man. When he stood opposite to her, she motioned him to take a seat beside her.

"I am longing for the moment when I can talk to you, Mr. Holding," said she.

"I can easily understand that, Miss Middlehurst," easily replied Holding; and though his eyes looked with grave earnestness into the girl's beautiful face, she could distinctly see that the situation was not altogether without some inward satisfaction to him.

Mary, it seemed, remarked this expression of moral indignation, and the little addition of triumph, as well, perhaps; and this was the reason, may be, that she managed to meet the young man's eyes with more courage than before.

"You have interfered most unwarrantably in a secret, Mr. Holding. Moreover, you have just heard me telling my mother a falsehood."

"Oh, I am very sorry, indeed! It was certainly not my intention to mix myself up in your secrets," replied Holding, in bitter tones.

"You have done so, however, and I do not wish to waste time reproaching you for your conduct."

"Perhaps reproaches from your lips would be—on this particular evening, to say the least of it—rather strange, anomalous, Miss Middlehurst."

"Therefore," replied she, coldly, "let us return to our subject. There are two ways in which you might judge of my conduct to-night. Perhaps you will allow that a young girl can be so circumstanced that she is obliged to fulfil obligations behind her mother's back, and, for this purpose, forced to alter her regular attire, in order that she should act more secretly a part she could not entrust any one else with?"

"Such circumstances *might* be, I've no doubt," replied Holding. "Indeed, I do not deny their possibility. But you must be just, Miss Middlehurst, and not be offended that I—well, that I shake my head, when I hear that a young and lovely girl goes out, evening after evening, quite alone, and——"

"Oh, I was certainly quite alone *to-night!*" interrupted Mary. "But this was a mere accident; and I was going to take a cab at the end of the street, to take me home."

"Then I am to conclude that you are *not* alone on other evenings?"

"I won't be examined any longer, Mr. Holding!" interrupted she, in a decided tone.

He made a gesture with his head and hand, as much as to say such a thing had never entered his mind.

"Then," continued she, "you prefer judging my conduct in the other way, and simply believe in what you saw? I am sorry to say that you will have to abide by your own judgement, for I am not at liberty to offer you any explanation. I can do nothing more than tell you that I am much pained by it. But what else can I do? The society in which you live, Mr. Holding," continued the young girl, with a sigh, "which reckons, amongst its many privileges, the fact that it may judge without examining first into the matter, authorizes you in your mistrust. I know that I have to submit myself to it. But will you—will your friend—keep this mistrust locked up in your breast as I shall wish you to do?"

"Miss Middlehurst," said Holding, with a suddenly altered voice and unusual warmth, "if I could tell you how inexpressibly grieved I am at this mistrust of you which I am bound to feel, by heavens you would take a heavy load off my heart if you could do so!" he added, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"You have not answered my question, Mr Holding," said Mary, in the same calm tones as

before. "May I rely upon you?"

"Mary," replied Holding, "you can understand that the friendship which your mother honors me with, the confidence with which for some years past she has opened her doors to me, lays me under a certain obligation to her."

"And yet I could not have believed that you would have refused my request," said the young girl.

"It depends entirely upon yourself," cried Holding, quickly; "for you can demand even more from me by placing implicit confidence in me, and thus making me feel indebted to *you*."

"And do you know why I could not have believed it of you?" continued Mary, without taking heed of Holding's last words.

"No; why not, Mary?"

"Because you yourself are in the same position," answered she, "and must, therefore, know how disagreeable it is when a third person mixes himself up in an affair of a strictly private nature, which you think is unknown to all the world besides, and then goes to publish it abroad like a town crier."

"And what makes you suppose I can have a fellow feeling with you in this matter?" asked the young man, whose color had been rapidly changing.

"I do not suppose it at all, Mr. Holding," answered the girl, almost snappishly; "for I have never played the eavesdropper in any matter that was no concern of mine. But my friend Julia Peachfold led me to believe as much!"

At the mention of this name, Holding started as if he had been unpleasantly near an electric battery that had suddenly been set in motion.

The young girl's eyes were bent reproachfully upon him.

"Julia Peachfold!" said he, with a peculiar twitching of his features. "I did not know that you—that amongst your circle of *friends*"—he laid a particular stress upon this word—"ladies could be found that——"

"Say nothing more, I beg, Mr. Holding," said Mary, rising. "I did not mention that name for the sake of opening a debate respecting the character of that good and honest girl."

"But you will surely allow me to give you the necessary explanation, for the sake of my own justification. This much you owe me, Miss Middlehurst, after mentioning that name in such—well, don't be offended—such a very malicious tone!"

"Malicious!" said the young girl, shaking her head. "Oh, no, I am not *that*. But the world forces a harmless girl, who is at peace with all her fellow-creatures, to occasionally remember the 'eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth.' But I must go now, and give your friend another cup of coffee."

She inclined her head slowly, and then walked into the adjoining apartment.

"You may rely upon my discretion, and I can promise the same from Befferton" cried Holding, in an anxious whisper.

When she had disappeared through the *portiere* he stamped the floor angrily.

"Confounded little witch that she is! She has left me here completely baffled! How in the world has she managed to come across Julia? That romantic creature will have given her a nice account of our little love-affair. I can quite imagine what she has said. What a fatal turning for me this business is taking! But it is only what I deserve, fool that I am! How could I have doubted that divine little Mary! Her eye is the mirror of the pure soul within. She is charming, positively *charming*. I declare I am more in love than I ever was before!"

He went slowly and noiselessly back into the drawing-room. Mary had taken up a piece of work, and sat alone at the little table upon which the tray had been standing before. Befferton was still deeply interested in the game of whist. Holding made a sign to him, and in a few minutes Befferton lounged slowly, as if accidentally, up to the former, after which both men stepped into the ante-room.

"Befferton," said Holding, hastily, as soon as they were out of earshot,—"Befferton, not a word about our little adventure, I beg. She has explained all to me. She goes out in the evening to attend upon her old governess, who is ill, and entirely dependent upon her—do you see? Her mother has had a quarrel with this person, and that is why Mary goes there in secret, and by night."

"And the fellow who generally accompanies her home?"

"Is the nurse's son."

"The governess's, you mean!"

"Yes, to be sure, governess. He was absent by accident to-night; and as she——"

"The governess?"

"No, no; Mary. And as she was sure of getting a cab at the end of the street, she ventured home alone, for once in a way."

"Well, I believe you, of course, and admire the talent you show for becoming a model husband."

"Why?"

"Because you are so easily satisfied."

"Oh, Befferton! she's a downright angel!"

"Bravo! Only you and your angels are somewhat like the astronomers and their planets; that is to say, you are always finding a new one! But beware of these stars crossing each other, which they are sure to do some day. But come back now. The whist party has broken up, and the ladies are looking forward to the pleasure of your conversation."

Both young men return arm-in-arm, back again into the drawing-room.

Chapter III.

When one has ascended the steps, up which we saw the form of talkative Mr. Hammond disappear into the old-fashioned house on the previous evening, and one is not too lazy to climb the remaining four flights, one would ultimately reach a glass door leading into a long and completely empty passage. Low, double doors down each side made it at first difficult to determine in which direction to turn, till suddenly a little white card, fastened to one of the nearest doors by four tin-tacks, and bearing the laconic word "Hammond," met one's gaze On looking round, however, one would distinguish upon the opposite door a much more important notice in the shape of a huge brass plate, bearing the inscription of "Joseph Peachfold, livery-stable keeper." The person entering would be confronted by two windows; they looked out upon a perfect labyrinth of roofs, gables, and high stacks of chimneys, not to forget the picturesque water-spouts. And here it was where Mr. Hammond spent a goodly portion of his time, when he had nothing else to do, and when he was tired of watching the busy multitude passing to and fro in the street below. And we now meet our old acquaintance in one of these leisure hours. He had thrown the windows wide open in order to admit the fresh morning air. After this, our worthy friend passed up and down the passage, blowing large puffs of smoke in the air from his pipe.

His appearance was respectable in the highest degree. A large dressing-gown of flowered chintz, held together by a cord round his waist, enveloped his long, lean form; a black velvet smoking-cap, decorated with some golden braid and a large tassel, covered his head, leaving bare the high, bald forehead, upon which the old gentleman prides himself so much, thinking it is a mark of cleverness every time he looks at himself in the glass. Heavy eyebrows; a nose which is thin enough at its root, but developes into considerable thickness towards the end; great gray eyes, and a mouth with rather flabby, broad lips—these are the features we have to chronicle, before finishing the worthy old gentleman's portrait.

Mr. Hammond paced the passage to and fro. Being of much larger proportion than his own small room, Mr. Hammond always preferred taking such walks there. Whilst slowly parading up and down, he talked gravely to himself; but the loudly-intoned words showed that it was nothing of a private nature he was discoursing upon, and that we might listen with the greatest pleasure to him, if we had a mind so to do.

"Oh, Minona!" cried Mr. Hammond, with a sigh; "lovely creature! Your image appears before me with renewed freshness every morning! I am longing for you, Minona! I wouldn't mind betting that you are taking a delicious cup of coffee, full of rich, fresh cream, at this very moment! And you are probably lying amidst your easy cushions, sipping the fragrant and refreshing drink. Oh, dear! what does King Lear say?

> 'You are a noble woman!
> You see me here ye gods, a poor old man!
> As full of grief as age—wretched in both!

But, vanquish it, Adhemar! submit to your doom! Mistaken in one's nature is a fate which one shares with the heroes of all ages. Indeed, I may say, that these are the sole contents of what one calls the history of the world!"

When Hammond reached this point of his soliloquy, he was suddenly disturbed. The door opposite him opened, and a young, strongly-built man, with a good-tempered, open countenance, dressed as a citizen of the middle classes, but in shirt-sleeves, appeared in the passage. The man was holding a large leathern trunk upon his shoulder, which he now placed against the wall by the side of his door.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Hammond!" said he, at the same moment, however, vanishing again, without waiting for the other's greeting. Soon afterwards, he once more appeared this time carrying a large carpet-bag, which he also placed against the wall, by the side of the box.

"Well, Mr. Hammond," cried he, turning to and advancing a few steps nearer the old gentleman, "how are we to-day? Pretty good night, eh? Slept off the little fit of intoxication of last night?"

"What, Mr. Peachfold? You made use of a very strange expression, Mr. Peachfold! I do not understand you! Did you really say 'intoxication?'"

Peachfold, the proprietor of a livery-stable, laughed.

"Yes, truly; I made so bold as to use it! You and your young friend were so busy *talking* together, to say the least of it, that you were not able to conduct your daughter home again!"

"Ah, bah! that wasn't the reason! She would not permit me to escort her. 'No, papa; you came home so tired,' said the sweet, tender-hearted creature. 'You have got the four flights of stairs leading to your Olympus'—yes, Peachfold, that is what she calls my lodging—'well behind you, so you shan't go down again.' Yes, this is what the affectionate child said, Peachfold. But that is the way of the world. Yes, yes! What does Shakspere say?

> "'Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
> Thou shalt not escape calumny!'"

"But you should not allow it, Mr. Hammond; you shouldn't let her go home alone," declared the other. "If you had only told me so last night, I would have walked home with her before, and am only too glad to do it. She has certainly only one street to go down—for at the end of it there are always plenty of cabs; but there is a certain amount of risk; for one can't tell the disagreeables a young girl of that sort might be exposed to."

"Certainly—certainly; you are right there, Peachfold."

"And what's more, Mr. Hammond, I feel obliged to tell you this—I am sure your daughter is rather thoughtless!"

"Thoughtless? How so, Mr. Peachfold?" asked the old gentleman, in alarm.

"Because she dresses herself beyond her station, and knows a lot of young gentlemen who will bring her to no good. I met her last Sunday in town, and she was decked out in silks and velvets, like a regular lady. A stoutish young gentleman, with straw-colored hair, was walking by her side, and paying her the greatest attention."

"Really, really!" answered Papa Hammond, whilst his features brightened with a knowing expression.

"Well, we know that youth is a trifle foolish, so we must be lenient, and not see everything we are not intended to see; and as far as my girl Maria is concerned, she's got plenty of sound sense, and her head in the right place; she'll not allow herself to be made a fool of, I'll wager."

"Well; the affair is yours alone; if you are satisfied, of course I cannot help being so, too; but I only hope you'll not live to regret your inattention. As far as I'm concerned, Mr. Hammond, I have no great opinion of young girls' sense, when

(To be Continued)

CAN IT BE?

English Version by J. W. BERNHARDT. *Music by* MENDELSSOHN.



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CONTENTS.

The Actor's Daughter—
Story Continued.....page 22—23
The Broken-heart..... 19
Barney Aleen..... 20
Believe me True..... 20
The Darling of my Heart..... 18
Decrease of Crime..... 20
The Elopement..... 18
Fight at Canada..... 21
Father says I may..... 19
The Gay Side of Life..... 19
Help yourself..... 20
Heenan and Sayers..... 21
The Harp that once through Tara's Hall—
Music... 24
I'm coming, my darling, to thee..... 18
I rather think he'd like it..... 19
Jennie, the Flower of Kildare..... 18
The Marseilles Hymn..... 19
Minnie Gray..... 20
Morrissey and Heenan Fght..... 21
Only asleep..... 19
Old Hickory's Days..... 21
The Pearly Drop..... 18
Poor Wounded Heart..... 18
Playing Hookey..... 19
Parting at the Gate..... 20
Played out..... 21
Stokes' Verdict..... 18
The Streamlet that flowed round her cot..... 18
Sterling wit is Sterling gold..... 19
Some day when I am far away..... 20
Simple Simon..... 20
The Sailor's adieu..... 21
When wearied wretches sink to sleep..... 18
What Mollie said..... 19

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Stokes' Verdict:

Written and Sung by William S. Scanlon,
The Rising Young Comic and "Motto" Vocalist.
Air: "Never go back on the poor."

If you'll listen awhile, I'll sing you a song
About this "glorious land of the free,"
And the "difference" I'll show 'twixt the rich and the poor.
In a "trial by jury," you see—
If you've plenty of "stamps," you can hold up your head,
And walk out from your own prison door:
But they'll hang you up high, if you've no friends or gold—
Let the "rich" go, but hang up the poor!

CHORUS.

In the trials for murder we've had now-a-days,
The rich ones get off swift and sure,
While they've thousands to pay to the jury and Judge:
You can bet they'll go back on the poor!

Let me speak of a man who's now dead in his grave—
A good man as ever was born—
Jim Fisk he was called, and his money he gave
To the outcast, the poor and forlorn:
We all know he loved both women and wine,
But his heart it was right, I am sure:
Though he lived like a "Prince" in a palace so fine,
Yet he never went back on the poor!

CHORUS.

If a man was in trouble, Fisk helped him along
To drive the "grim wolf" from the door:
He strove to do right, though he may have done wrong,
But he never went back on the poor!

Jim Fisk was a man who wore his "heart on his sleeve,"
No matter what people would say:
And he done all his deeds (both the good and the bad)
In the broad open light of the day.
With his grand "six-in-hand," on the beach at Long Branch,
He cut a "big dash," to be sure,
But "Chicago's great fire" showed the world that Jim Fisk,
With his "wealth," still remembered the poor!

CHORUS.

When the telegram came that the homeless, that night,
Were starving to death, slow but sure,
His "Lightning Express," manned by noble Jim Fisk,
Flew to feed all her hungry and poor!

Now, what do you think of this "trial" of Stokes,
Who murdered this friend of the poor?
When such men get free, is there any one safe
If they step from outside their own door?
Is there one law for the poor, and one for the rich?
It seems so—at least so I say—
If they hang up the poor, why—damn it—the rich
Ought to swing up the very same way!

CHORUS.

Don't show any favor to friend or to foe,
The begger or prince at his door:
The big millionaire you must hang up also,
But never go back on the poor.

Oh! shame on this "land of the free and the brave,"
When such sights as this meet our eye!
The poor in their prisons are treated like slaves,
While the rich in their cells they live high.
A poor devil, "crazy with drink," they will hang
For a murder he didn't intend:
But a wealthy assassin, with "political friends,"
Gets off: for, he's money to spend!

CHORUS.

But if things go on this way, we'll stand it no more:
The people will rise up in bands:
A (Vigilance Committee) we'll raise on our shore,
And take the law in our own hands!

Why is a selfish friend like the letter p?—Because though he is first in pity, he is the last in help.

When was Earth the mother of Wisdom?—When she brought forth a sage bush.

Jennie, the Flower of Kildare.

I'm thinking of Erin to-night,
And the little white cot by the sea,
Where Jennie, my darling, now dwells,
The fairest and dearest to me:
I know that she waits for me, day after day,
My heart ever longs to be there,
To meet her, my darling, my own,
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.
Chorus: I know that she's waiting for me,
My heart ever longs to be there:
To meet her, my darling, my own,
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.

I'm waiting her sweet face to see,
While we're parted I linger in pain:
But soon will my heart beat with joy,
O'er the sea I'll be sailing again:
Again her sweet kisses of love to receive,
For her the sea's storms I will dare,
To meet her, my darling, my own,
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare. Chorus.

The Pearly Drop.

By T. Jones.

I saw my Julia's sparkling eye
Like glist'ning dews at morn appear:
But, ah! her bosom heaved a sigh,
And dimmed the glist'ner with a tear

The pearly drop that lingered there,
Was surely armed with Cupid's dart,
And, falling on that breast so fair,
First taught me how to feel its smart.

The Darling of my Heart.

Written and composed by Wm. H. Delehanty.

There's a lovely girl in town,
The sweetest one I've seen,
And with her roguish winning ways—
Her age is just sixteen:
And in her dark blue eyes
Lurks Cupid with his dart—
He took good aim and sent a flame
Of love into my heart.
Chorus: My brain was all a whirl—
For this sweet charming girl:
Oh! how I love this girl
No language can impart:
She's all the while sweet as her smile,
The darling of my heart.

I dream of her by night,
And think of her by day:
Her lovely face and fawn-like grace—
Haunts me where ere I stray:
She's like a picture, fair—
A master piece of art,
She's dear to me as life can be,
The darling of my heart. Chorus.

The Elopement.

Ballad by E. D. Gooding. Sung by Ada Wray.

They looked me in an upper room,
And took away the key,
Because I would not wed a man
That never suited me:
They did not know the female heart,
Or they would've clearly seen
That locks and bars could never keep
A girl of seventeen.
Chorus: Resolved, therefore, I would not stay
To be imposed upon:
So while they thought I was secure,
I was going—going—gone!

The night was dark, the window raised,
How could I answer no?
And he my virtues highly praised,
Yes, Charlie teased me so—
A railroad station being near,
A carriage waiting by,
What other course could I pursue,
What could I do but fly? Chorus.

Poor Wounded Heart.

Poor wounded heart, farewell!
Thy hour of rest is come;
Thou soon wilt reach thy home—
Poor wounded heart, farewell!
The pain thou'lt feel in breaking
Less bitter far will be
Than that long deadly aching
This life has been to me.

There—broken heart, farewell!
The pang is o'er—
The parting pang is o'er!
Thou now wilt bleed no more!
Poor broken heart, farewell!
No rest for thee but dying:
Like waves whose strife is past,
On death's cold shore thus lying,
Thou sleep'st in peace at last:
Poor broken heart, farewell!

I'm Coming, my Darling, to Thee.

Yes, I'm coming, my darling, to meet thee,
I haste to the vine-trellised bower,
And all the more fondly you'll greet me,
For keeping you waiting an hour.
For, a heart that is true ne'er grows weary,
But sings of the charms of its mate,
While contriving new joys for its dearie:
But, love, I am sorry I'm late.
Oh! the lilies and cowslips and roses,
They may bloom ne'er so fair for a day,
But the sweet flower a fond love discloses,
It blossoms for ever and aye.
Chorus: I'm coming, yes, coming,
I'm coming, my darling, to thee:
I'm coming, yes, coming,
I'm coming, my darling, to thee.

The sweet pledge that a year you've been seeking,
While saying my absence you grieve,
It was modesty kept me from speaking,
And fear that you wooed to deceive:
But now, through the mists of the twilight,
I'm coming my promise to bring:
For, your smile warms my heart like the sunlight,
My darling, my pride, and my king!
Oh! the lilies and cowslips and roses,
They may bloom ne'er so fair for a day,
But the flower a fond love discloses,
It blossoms for ever and aye. Chorus.

The Streamlet that Flowed round her Cot.

By Sir H. B. Dudley.

The streamlet that flowed round her cot,
All the charms of my Emily knew:
How oft has its course been forgot,
While it paused her dear image to woo!

Believe me, the fond silver tide
Knew from whence it derived the fair prize:
For, silently swelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the skies—

When Wearied Wretches Sink to Sleep.

By T. Moore.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie—
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die—

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flowrets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest.

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given:
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of heaven.

How many feet has a horse?—Six: *fore*-feet in front and two behind.

Father Says I May.

Written and composed by G. W. Hunt.

When I was courting Nellie Clair,
I often used to say:
"Whatever you think of doing, love,
Ask father if you may."
Whatever she might wish for, I,
Of course, could ne'er refuse;
So the darling did just as she pleased:
For, this was her excuse:

CHORUS.

"Father says I may, Georgie—father says I may:
Of course, you can't say 'no,' Georgie, if father says I may.
Father says I may, Georgie—father says I may:
So don't say 'no:' for, it is no go, since father says I may."

It was always "father says I may,"
When she fancied something new:
But when a fellow's in love, dear boys,
What *wouldn't* a fellow do?
It was "Georgie, dear, do go inside
And buy me that beautiful boquet:
And then you'll take me to the opera to-night:
For, father says I may." Chorus.

She said that with her Georgie
She could lead a happy life:
And I'd longed for the day to come
When I might call her wife.
One day, I went in great suspense
To hear what the "old boy'd" say:
When she threw her arms around my neck,
And said: "Father says I may."

CHORUS.

Father says I may, Georgie—father says I may:
Of course, I can't say 'no,' Georgie, when father says I may:
Father says I may, Georgie—father says I may:
So take me when you please, Georgie, since father says I may."

She's often teased and trifled through
Our very happy times:
But her "father says I may's" enough
To pardon all her crimes.
There's a numerous family springing up,
Which I view with much dismay:
But she drives my frowns off with a smile,
And says: "father says I may." Chorus.

Only Asleep.

Chas. M. Connolly's beautiful ballad.

The Music can be obtained of O. Ditson & Co., Music Publishers 277 Washington Street Boston: and of C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, New York.

Lies she with closed eyes,
Calmly at rest:
Hands meekly folded
On her still breast:
Peaceful the smile
On her quiet face,
Calm, gentle vision
Of pure, holy grace.
Friends gather round her,
But not to weep,
Knowing their darling
Is only asleep.

Gone are her troubles,
All now are o'er:
Naught of this life's struggles
Knoweth she more—
Soothed is our grief
While this thought we keep:
Not gone forever,
No! only asleep!
Friends gather round her, &c.

Sterling Wit is Sterling Gold.

AGLEE—By E. Mulso.

If the prize you mean to get,
Season music well with wit,
Sense and harmony combined,
Make a banquet for the mind:
The prize obtained, with me you'll hold,
Sterling wit is sterling gold.

I Rather Think He'd Like it.

Ned Straight's Comic Song.

The Music can be obtained of John Church & Co., Music Publishers. 66 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I wish I was a little flea,
How awful teasing I would be—
Around my lover I would skip,
And then I'd kiss him on the lip.
Chorus: I wonder if he'd like it,
I wonder if he'd like it?
I rather think he'd like it—
Oh! yes, indeed I do.

I wish I was a diamond pin,
My Johnnie I'd be sure to win:
I think he'd grant me one request—
To place the pin upon his breast. Chorus.

But here I am a maid forlorn,
I sigh and pine from night till morn,
And, oh! 'twould be such happiness
If I had Johnnie here to kiss! Chorus.

What Mollie Said.

ANSWER TO MOLLIE DARLING.

The Music can be obtained of O. Ditson & Co., Music Publishers 277 Washington Street, Boston: and of C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, New York.

Yes, I love you, dearest darling,
Love no other one but you!
Long for you my heart was pining,
I will evermore be true!
Oh! hear me while I fondly tell you,
While you clasp this hand of mine,
Mollie still will be your darling,
While the stars above us shine!
Chorus: Darling, kindest, fondest, truest!
Your sweet eyes to me are bliss,
Yes, I love you, dearest darling,
Take my answer with a kiss!

Smile upon your Mollie darling,
Like the stars above to-night;
Make the heart within my bosom
Throb again with wild delight!
Oh! well the roses know our meeting,
Oft they've seen us here before;
They will fade, but Mollie darling
She will love you evermore! Chorus.

Must you leave your Mollie darling?
In her eyes are burning tears;
But when stars to-morrow twinkle,
Come again to calm her fears!
Oh! good by, darling, don't forget me:
Though our paths are severed wide,
In her dreams your Mollie darling
Still will keep you by her side! Chorus.

The gay Side of Life.

Chas. M. Connolly's Character song.

The Music can be obtained of O. Ditson & Co., Music Publishers. 277 Washington Street. Boston: and of C. H Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, New York.

What's life without its pleasures
To help pass time away?
What is the use of grieving
And fretting, day by day?
Too short indeed is life—
So, while here we do abide,
Let's always try to look upon
The pleasant, bright, gay side.
Chorus: The gay side, the bright side,
Let's always look on the gay side:
For, life is short—so, while we're here,
Let's look on the gay side of life.

Why borrow care and trouble?
Why think of them at all?
Look always on the bright side,
Let not the spirits fall:
For, life may be made pleasant
If this rule be your guide:
To always try to look upon
Its pleasant, bright, gay side. Chorus.

The Broken Heart.

By C. W.

Farewell! in despair
I escape from thy wiles:
Thy frowns I can bear,
And even thy smiles:
Take back that dear token
That blessed me before:
The heart you have broken
Can prize it no more—

Now vain were thy favor,
Thy pity more vain:
I am lost, and for ever,
To pleasure, to pain—
Words sweetly spoken
Deceived me before,
But the heart you have broken
Can trust it no more—

The Marseilles Hymn.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries—
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath:
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And, lo! our fields and cities blaze—
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,)
To mete and vend the light and air:
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore:
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

O Liberty! can men resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing—
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

Playing Hookey.

Sung by Sheridan and Mack.

We're as happy, just as happy as can be,
We're full of fun, my little Sue and me:
We ran away from school to-day,
And, oh! we had such fun!
Playing hookey from the school,
I know is against the rule,
But we don't care! when we got there,
The school it was begun.
Chorus: I don't care, I don't care—
Do you, my little Sue?
You know I don't, you know I don't,
I'm happy when with you.

First we went and got some cherries in the wood,
And I'll bet you they tasted good:
And then we went down to the pond,
And with the ducks did play.
Then Jimmy climbed an apple tree,
And threw all the cherries down to me,
But a great big dog he chased us,
Oh! didn't he frighten me! Chorus.

Barney Aleen.

Barney Aleen, I'm down by the gate,
Don't you know I am waiting for you?
You told me you'd come around about eight,
And I know you'll be faithful and true.
I'm longing to hear your fond voice once again,
As you whispered to me sweet and low:
Your footsteps I'm longing to hear in the lane:
For, the clock has struck eight long ago.

CHORUS.

Barney Aleen, say, what do you mean?
I know you are faithful and true:
It's long after eight, and I'm down by the gate,
I'm waiting, dear Barney, for you.

You told me last night you had something to say,
When you kissed me good-bye at the door;
You said you were coming to meet me again,
And see me the same as before.
I know you will ask me to be your fond wife,
And the answer, of course, you can guess;
For, Barney, I love you far better than life,
And I'll certainly say to you "yes." Chorus.

Barney Aleen, say, what do you mean?
Do you ever intend coming at all?
I hope you've not wandered with some other maid,
And gone to a party or ball.
It's lonely I'm waiting still down by the gate,
And my heart groweth sad with its fear:
I am thinking, dear Barney, why you are so late,
And your footsteps I'm longing to hear. Chorus.

Some day when I am far away.

Words by C. O. Clayton. Music by J. J. Freeman.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery, New-York—Price 10 cents. Harding's ten cent music is printed from engraved plates, full music size, equal in every respect to the best music published for 35 cents per copy.

Some day when I am far away
From this my cherished home and thee,
Draw near this harp, and sing each lay
Which oft, of yore, you've sung to me:
Then as your hand glides o'er the strings,
And as you breathe each tender tone,
Fond thoughts may rise on golden wings,
And you will not feel all alone.

Some day when I am far away,
Take down this book and o'er it pore:
And as you read life's pleasant lay,
Our early life again live o'er—
Yes, as your hand glides o'er the strings,
And as you breathe each tender tone,
Fond thoughts may rise on golden wings,
And you will not feel all alone.

Some day when I am far away,
Take up this little modest flower,
And, though its beauty may decay,
Its scent will yield a magic power:
For, as your hand glides o'er the strings,
And as you breathe each tender tone,
Fond thoughts will rise on golden wings,
And you cannot feel all alone.

Parting at the Gate.

Composed by J. S. Cox for Sheridan & Mack.

I was walking out, one evening,
'Twas in the month of May:
A pretty maid was by my side,
Who stole my heart away;
She looked so sweet and loving—
I vowed that, soon or late,
I'd steal a kiss from that young miss,
When parting at the gate.
Chorus: 'Twas on one pleasant summer's night,
(But never mind how late:)
I vowed to kiss this charming miss,
When parting at the gate.

We met quite often, after that,
'Till, on one summer-night,
I told my love—she did the same:
I trembled with delight—
She vowed that she'd be faithful,
I blessed my lucky fate:
Of course, I kissed this charming miss,
When parting at the gate. Chorus.

Believe Me True.

By Upton.

Oh! yes, believe, believe me true—
Though falsehood's tongue our loves would sever,
The world must change ere I from you,
And every pulse be cold for ever.

Oh! yes, believe, believe me true—
Though friends to part us may endeavor,
The breast, fond breast, that throbs for you,
Can leave thee, dearest, leave thee never!

Oh! then, believe, believe me true—
Let come what may, I'll love thee ever:
While life is mine, I live for you,
And nought but death our hearts can sever—

Minnie Gray.

Written by Will L. Thompson.

The Music can be obtained of S. Brainard's Sons, Music Publishers, 203 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

In a pretty little cottage by the sea-shore,
Where the ivy and the honeysuckle twine,
Lives the sweetest, the dearest little darling
That ever deigned to charm this heart of mine.
She's as fair and as pure as the lily,
And as charming as the tiny flowers of May:
Oh! I never shall forget my charming Minnie,
I shall never cease to love sweet Minnie Gray.
Chorus: Minnie Gray, Minnie Gray,
In the cozy little cottage by the sea:
She's the sweetest, the dearest little darling,
Oh! Minnie, thou art all the world to me,

Together we have wandered in the Maytime,
When the robin sung his merry warbling lay:
Together we have spent the happy moments,
In the twilight of the fast departing day:
Oh! Minnie, shall I ever call thee mine, love?
I am waiting for that happy, happy day;
There never was a maiden half so lovely
As my pretty little darling, Minnie Gray. Cho.

Decrease of Crime.

Written for George Harris, and sung by him with great success. Air: Crime.

I oft take a walk through the city,
Where throngs that are strange may be seen:
And I'll tell what I saw, in this ditty,
In a few of the places I've been.
I go when the theaters are closing,
And, thoughtful, I stroll through the street:
'Tis the time when the rich are carousing,
And the homeless in misery you meet.

Let the working men all pull together
In the fight between labor and cash:
And each dark day will change to fair weather,
And Right over Might hold the lash.

Let a swell in his wine be insulting,
The police will in fear pass him by:
There's no danger from his acts resulting,
If he gives them a bribe on the sly—
But let poverty sit on the door step,
As an emblem of hunger and woe,
They will drag them like sheep to the slaughter,
To the crime-haunted cell they must go.
Let the working men, &c.

Search the gilded saloons of the wealthy,
And mark well their pomp and their pride:
If they think you're in want of a dollar,
Your poverty they'll but deride—
Tho' their cash it was gained, through their fathers,
By the sweat from the brow of the poor,
They will laugh if from hunger you're dying,
And hurl you with scorn from their door.
Let the working men, &c.

Not a week but a bank now is closing,
And the earnings of labor is stole,
While the victims at home are loud cursing,
The fiends who their savings control.
If a million is grasped from the people,
'Tis accounted no sin in this town:
Only steal, when you're hungry, a dollar,
And then they will trample you down—
Let the working men, &c.

Simple Simon.

As sung by Eddie Brady, the successful comique.

Oh! I'm a curious comical cove, and everybody knows it, oh!
Hay rickity barlow, cocky-doodle-do.
I was born one day, my mother was out, and my father wasn't at home, oh
Hay rickity barlow, cocky-doodle-do.
Chorus: Heigh-ho, heigh-oh, cocky-doodle-do,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, cocky-doodle-do.
Where ever I go, the people know
That I'm a simple Simon, oh!
Heigh, rickity barlow, cocky-doodle-do.

Once I saw a poker a-sticking in the fire, oh!
Heigh rickity barlow, cocky-doodle-do:
To pull it out and play with it, of course, was my desire, oh!
Heigh rickity barlow, cocky-doodle-do.
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, &c.

Now I pulled it out and turned round the wrong end I got hold,
Heigh rickity barlow, cocky-doodle-do:
I very quickly dropped it down without waiting to be told,
Heigh rickity barlow, cocky-doodle-do.
Heigh ho, heigh ho, &c.

So now, my friends, I must be off, I've told you all I know,
Heigh rickity barlow, cocky-doodle-do:
I'll be very glad to sing a song, whenever you like to call,
Heigh rickity barlow, cocky-doodle-do.
Heigh ho, heigh ho, &c.

Help Yourself.

MOTTO SONG.

Words by J. B. Murphy. Music by E. D. Gooding.

Help yourself,
Never depend on the aid of another,
If friend or acquaintance, or uncle or brother:
Help yourself,
Tough though the journey up hill—rough though it be by the way,
Step by step, climb with a will—gain something every day.

CHORUS.

Then never depend on another for aid,
Work till a name and a station you've made:
Struggle and strive and save your pelf,
And stick to the motto of help yourself.

Help yourself:
Though a friend in need is a friend indeed,
Yet friends seldom help other friends to succeed.
Help yourself,
Blot the word *fail* from your book—make it the rule to succeed,
Do it by hook or by crook, if honor but sanction the deed.
Then never, &c.

Help yourself:
Thousands who do it, succeed every day:
Thousands who won't do it, fall by the way—
Help yourself,
Strike the air line of success: keep it as long as you can,
Use the word *will* for *I guess*, and be every inch of a man.

LAST CHORUS.

Then never depend on another for aid.
If granted, it's got to be sometime repaid:
Struggle and strive and you'll gain the pelf,
With no one to thank that you helped yourself.

TRANSPOSITION.

Nma, hoghrut lal sneg fo vvlngrioe emit,
Ggnnnhucai anm, ni rveye gnryvia melic,
Smede shi nwo dlna eht dain fo rveye rdiep,
Edbvole yb eanvhe reo' lla hte drlow dseieb;
Sih ehmo, eht tpeo fo trhae elympruse thbe,
A arrdee, retwese pots ffhta lal het srte.

SOLUTION.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land the land of every pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

Heenan and Sayers.

By John Mackenzie—Air: Donnelly and Cooper.

...en on the sixteenth day of April that
they agreed to fight,
...money it was all put up and everything was right,
Heenan was arrested and brought to the county jail,
...ore he was held to keep the peace under
three hundred bail.

...friends they went quickly there and they
did bail him out,
...was forced to change his training ground
and take another route.
...y thought for to discourage him so
as to prevent the mill,
...having a brave heart in him swore
that Sayer's blood he'd spill.

...see those heroes in the ring it would
make your heart feel gay.
...h bore a smile upon his face in honor of the day.
...spectators they were eager those champions for to see,
..., they both said that they'd either die
or gain the victory.

...e was called, they both stood up, the
excitement it was great
...see those Champions seeking for to seal
each other's fate.
...ers he made a left hand punch at Heenan's pretty face,
...o quickly dodged and with a blow
laid Tommy near a case.

... when the second round came on, the
Briton was up to time,
...nan gave him another blow which
nearly broke his spine.
...friends they then began to cheer,
which made Sayers feel sad,
..., he thought that he'd easily win, which
would make the Yankees mad.

...ers was up to time again and his face it bore a smile,
...nan made a pass at him, which slightly
bruised his dial:
...made a terrific right hand punch which
got home on Heenan's jowl,
...quickly a sledge-hammer-blow caused
Sayers for to howl.

...ook of melancholy was upon each Briton's face:
...y thought that Sayers would get whiped
and to England be a disgrace.
... then he got a handsome blow upon
brave Heenan's nob;
...ir faces bore a smile again and the betting
on Sayers was odd.

...e was called, they both were up to toe
the scratch once more:
...ers got home on Heenan's mug, which
made the Britons roar:
...nan followed quickly up and as Sayers turned around,
...met him with a right hand blow which
sprawled him on the ground.

...d Sayers was up to time again and he looked very bad:
...nan looked as fresh again, which
made the Britons mad;
...y had a little false sparring, then
at each other did gaze,
...n Heenan sprawled him out again
which did the bulls amaze.

...n the cheers and bawls of Heenan's friends
would make your heart feel gay:
..., they were sure, they had no doubt but
he would gain the day.
... friends of Sayers began to think
that he would soon give in,
...d to think their champion would get beat,
it caused them to grin.

... fight was drawing to a close, the
excitement growing worse,
... friends of Heenan they did cheer and
of Sayers they did curse.
... bulls were sure that Heenan would win,
which caused them all to fret,
..., every cent that they were worth on Sayers it was bet.

... then the thirty-seventh round came on, to be the last:
... Briton's friends they plainly saw
their man was failing fast;
...n Heenan gave him another blow which
made them feel forlorn,
... Briton's friends jumped in the ring
and said the fight was drawn.

... Heenan called on Sayers again to come and fight it out,
... he was so badly punished, he could
scarcely open his mouth.
...nan said: the fight is mine and stood upon his ground,
...ing: I am the champion of the world
in the thirty-seventh round.

...There is no grief like the grief that does not ...ak.

...He who gives you fair words only feeds you with ...empty spoon.

...Some persons will listen to no convictions but ...at they derive from fatal experience.

Old Hickory's Days.

By Eng. T. Johnston—Air: Our Grand-Fathers' days.

A song I'll now sing of the happy days gone by,
When peace and prosperity reigned in the land:
Then, the North and the South were together united,
And ere dastard Traitors had kindled the brand;
When o'd Andrew Jackson was head of our nation,
A Soldier and Statesman who made no delay,
But quickly put down the bold Nullification.
And saved our dear land, in old Hickory's days.

In old Hickory's days, we'd no shoddy contractors,
That swindled the nation they pretended to love:
Our merchants were honest, and their manufactures
Were free from all shoddy, as history will prove.
In old Hickory's days, boys were no false mustachios,
And girls of fourteen didn't have their own way:
The people were honest, and no Bounty-jumpers
Were ever heard of, in old Hickory's days.

In old Hickory's days, we had no Provost-Marshals,
Drawing a large salary, and nothing to do..
Our good Loyal Men forged no proclamations:
Oh no! we'd a man that would put them through.
In old Hickory's days, mighty scarce were Pawn-brokers:
For, people lived within their means and their ways:
And our bar-rooms were not so infested with Soakers:
For, they, too, were scarce, in old Hickory's days.

In old Hickory's days, Flunkeys and Counter-jumpers
Didn't wear broadcloth, and cut a big dash:
Oh, no! they were saving and laid by their money,
Well knowing their best friend in need was their cash.
Our ladies spent part of their time in the kitchen.
Could cook their own dinners and make their own stays,
Knit stockings, make shirts and other such fixins:
And such were the gals, in old Hickory's days!

The Sailor's Adieu.

Farewell to New-England! thy white cliffs adieu!
Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you?
Though oceans divide us as wide as the pole,
No distance can change the true love of my soul:
As well might my messmates determine to bale
All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail,
As direct my firm mind from its fond thought of you—
Farewell to New-England! dear Mary, adieu!

Dear Mary, adieu! can that ship go to wreck,
Where every plank bears your sweet name on the deck?
Nay, many love-knots on the tops I have made,
While guileless, my shipmates at chequers have played.
Their sports are not pastime but sorrow to me:
My mind is more happy in sighing to thee!
More happy by far when thinking of you—
For, the hope of return takes the sting from adieu!

Yes! the hope of return's all the joy of a tar,
'Tis his compass, his helm—'tis his guide and his star:
'Tis impressed on his bosom the moment he sails,
It shortens long nights and it quickens light gales:
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day:
With rapture it makes his affections to burn,
And changes adieu into welcome return!

Morrissey and Heenan Fight.

By J. J. W.

Oh! was not that a glorious sight
To see those two heroes in a fight,
And on each other try their skill,
To prove the victor of the mill—
To gain a trifle more of wealth,
With the privilege of the belt?

This manly tug was ended fair,
Everything being on the square:
And though Morrissey won the fight,
Heenan pressed him pretty tight,
And many thought that at the call
Morrissey would not win at all.

To the end it was GIVE AND TAKE,
The blows making both men quake,
And stagger as if on a drunk—
'Twas hard to tell who would be hunk,
Until, in less than one half hour,
Morrissey showed the right bower.

Both men could not possibly win,
And neither of them would give in:
So let us fill our glasses high,
And hope they both may never die,
That they may live to see the day
To participate in another fray.

Why is a fast young lady like a steamboat? Because she never goes ahead without a Swell after her.

Played Out.

Sung by Tony Pastor—Air: King and Countryman.

New ay words come up every year,
Which all round, up and down, we hear;
There's one which all around folks shout,
And all of you know—it is: PLAYED OUT!
Chorus: With ri too ral loo, loopo raloo.

If you happen to owe a man a bill,
And dodge it with new excuses still,
And tell him you'll pay next week, no doubt,
He'll quickly reply: Come, that's played out!
With ri too, &c.

When, on some evening, out you roam,
And rather late come creeping home:
"Where have you been staying?" your wife bawls out,
"I was kept at the lodge."—She cries: that's played out!
With ri too, &c.

You go home to dine, quite ripe for feeding:
The cook or wife's been gadding or reading:
They say: Butcher came late, and the fire went out,
You bang at the plate, crying: that's played out!
With ri too, &c.

You go to a club for wine and wit,
And, in nice expectation, sit:
You hear a stale joke, and angry shout:
"Oh! dry up, old hoss, that's played out!
With ri too, &c.

The politician will mount the stump,
And swear his man and measure a trump:
You've heard it before, and are apt to shout,
With your thumb on your nose: that's played out!
With ri too, &c.

Your gay wife sees rich jewels and dresses,
And tickles you round with fond caresses,
With her eyes on your pocket or thereabout,
Till you give her a cooler with: that's played out!
With ri too, &c.

A coughing old buck of sixty-five—
He sees a young beauty—feels all alive:
With his purse in his hand, he comes bowing about,
Says she: "Old dad, you're all played out!"
With ri too, &c.

Although our States may have some jars,
Should a foreign power insult our Stars,
The country united will set up a shout,
And we'll show 'em Columbians are never played out.
With ri too, &c.

Fight at Canada.

BETWEEN MORRISSEY AND HEENAN.

Composed by J. Brady—Air: Donnelly and Cooper

You sporting sons of New-York, I hope you will draw near,
I will tell you an true a story as ever you did hear:
It concerns a fight which took place the other day,
And our hero he did conquer, on the plains of Canada.

When Morrissey got the challenge, he
received it with great might,
He ran unto his backers, and told them he had to fight.
Go on, go on, my noble boy, go on and you will see,
All we are worth that day we'll bet upon you, Morrissey.

Morrissey, true game, he pointed out the day,
On the 20th of October to have this grand display:
On the 20th of October the sports did all agree,
And that's the way the Benicia Boy did fight with Morrissey.

It was a pleasant Wednesday morning when
the sun was shining bright,
There a large assemblage gathered to see the fight.
And then two bully champions stripped off for the display,
They boldly stepped into the ring, at the plains of Canada.

For the first 4 rounds of the battle Morrissey took it very cool,
But coming on the 5th round he said he would be no fool,
He turned to his seconds, and thus to them did say:
Oh! now I am going to have him low, at the plains of Canada.

There was a hundred now to twenty bet on Morrissey,
But no one to accept it as you will plainly see,
They said that they would bet no more,
and neither would they stay,
For, they saw their man was whipped upon
the plains of Canada.

Coming on the 11th round, they had a little chat,
He hit him in the jugular, and knocked his man quite flat:
It's there he lay a full half hour before he'd anything to say,
And our hero was crowned victor on the plains of Canada.

You bullies of Benicia Boy your boasting now give o'er,
Since Morrissey has conquered ye, and
left ye in your gore:
For I am sure myself they both curse and rue the day,
When first they challenged Morrissey to fight at Canada.

Long life to brave John Morrissey and
all his noble friends,
Long life to all his backers on them we may depend.
Likewise his jolly trainers that did show him the way,
To lash the Benicia Bully, on the plains of Canada.

A pedant remarked to a farmer: "I cannot bear a fool." "Your mother could," was the reply.

The Actor's Daughter.

(Continued.)

when elegant young men are always at their heels, filling their heads full of rubbish. I've had my bitter experience with Julia; she has sense, and plenty of cleverness—almost too much, I'm afraid. She has read every book, and can recite hundreds of lovely poems; and as far as her work is concerned, she does embroidery better than any of the girls about here. And, now, look how she's changed since that young swell came dangling after her—promising to marry her, and then ending in jilting her; her life is poisoned; she is a poor, pitiful creature now. Her head is filled with nothing but the one thought of this man, and his desertion of her. I may come home in the evening at whatever time I like, she is always sitting at her work with swollen eyes, looking paler and thinner every day. I do believe she'll di of a broken heart, poor little sister, and—— But," interrupted Peachfold, stopping in his energetic speech, "what is the matter with you, Mr. Hammond? You are looking quite sad. I do believe I see tears in your eyes."

"Ah!" replied Hammond, putting his handkerchief to his eyes. "There is no wonder, either, for your well-drawn picture touches a chord in my own strangely-eventful life."

"Your life?"

"Yes, Joseph Peachfold, it is so!" said Hammond, still sobbing. "The sorrowing individual who has the honor of standing here before you, is also the miserable victim of aristocratic thoughtlessness. Oh, the folly—the thoughtlessness of youth! Mr. Peachfold, do you happen to have a fuzee-match by you?"

Mr. Hammond here tried to light his pipe, which had gone out in the meantime

Peachfold looked at him, and shook his head thoughtfully.

"Mr. Hammond, take care of yourself, said he, tapping his forehead gravely; then drawing a match-box from his pocket, he stepped up to the wall and set it alight. After handing it to his friend, he continued. "But I was going to say I am heartily sick of the affair, and am going to put an end to it. The girl is to leave this. I am sending her away, a long distance from here, to a relative who lives in the country, and I hope the change will put other ideas into her head."

"Oh, I see; and hence the preparation for a journey?" asked Hammond, pointing to the trunk and carpet-bag.

"Yes; the coach starts in an hour."

At this juncture the glass door leading into the passage was opened, and a young man stepped towards Hammond.

He was of pleasing exterior, healthy-looking, and his regular features were bronzed by wind and sun. His hair was curly, his figure of middle height, but actively and strongly made, forming altogether a whole which would create satisfaction in everyone's mind. The blue eyes looked boldly into the world; but there was something even more than mere youthful merriment in his expression, for one could almost fancy he was adicted to harmless cunning. He was dressed in a shooting-costume, and bore the general stamp of being a country gentleman, accustomed to country pursuits. His neoktie was carelessly knotted under a faultlessly clean collar.

"Ha! ha! there you are my good young friend—true to your promise!" cried Hammond, rushing forward to meet him. "I'm so glad you've come; I must say I hardly expected your visit so soon."

"How goes it with you to-day, sir?" asks the young man pressing the other's hand.

"Ah! how should it go with me? To answer with the Greek sage, I should say like a soap bubble always decreasing. But come in," continued Hammond, opening the door of his own apartment. "Step into this modest room, which I may say hides an interesting individual's fate between its walls. You are philosopher enough not to take heed of outward appearances, as they are probably rather dusty at present, for my attendant spirit my Ariel, has not yet descended from his regions of light to tidy up this solitary hermitage in which "

"Oh, that doesn't signify in the least," interrupted the young man, laughing at the other's long speech, and following him into his apartment, around which he gazed with twinkling eyes. For the old man's lodging had the effect of setting one into a laughing humor. The room was small, and boasted of an exceedingly faded carpet; it was the true type of a bachelor's untidy domesticity, Clothes, books, linen, papers, shoes, and articles of every sort littered the table and chairs; a large inkstand stood upon a shaky chair, with a broken leg, and thus was in continual danger of emptying its contents upon the floor at some unwary movement from its master; the tray bearing his breakfast was propped upon a number of different sized volumes upon the table, and formed a crooked plain that would set a person not accustomed to acrobatic feats of crockeryware into a perfect flutter, for fear that every moment would see the plates and dishes lodged upon the carpet.

The old tin coffee-pot, which was leaning as far forward as the Tower of Pisa, seemed quite content with its position. The experiences of a long and eventful life may certainly have taught it to regard a probable fall in a very different manner than the young, untried china pot could possibly have done; at least, it showed signs that it had come out of several accidents of this sort with great presence of mind, and no more serious loss than its handle, cover, or part of the spout.

Several prints of celebrated actors, which were fastened up by small tin-tacks, decorated the walls. Mr. Hammond seized the back of one of the chairs, gave it a friendly shove, and freed it from all its burden, which fell with a terrific bang, to the ground. After this, he drew it to the table, and presented it, with a formal bow, to the stranger. Then reaching down a new, handsomely embroidered slipper from the corner cupboard, he went forward, as if about to present it to his young friend, but suddenly drew back, with a hasty movement, whilst the chinking of some pieces of money was distinctly audible.

"It seems that you place all your spare cash in slippers," laughed the stranger. "Probably to prevent it walking away?"

"Ah! if he only could manage to keep it at home, how good that would be," replied Hammond, with a comic sigh; "but I was about to present its twin brother to you."

With this, he placed the fellow slipper before his guest, who at once saw that this one served its master as a cigar case.

"Help yourself, my dear Mr. Godfrey," said Hammond, looking among the articles that littered the table, for his matchbox, and setting the old coffee-pot in great jeopardy.

The young man had taken the slipper from Hammond's hand, and after selecting a cigar for himself, looked long and attentively at the pretty worsted work.

"Are they not lovely, my young friend? They were given to me by my daughter, who kindly worked them for me," remarked Hammond, smiling pleasantly.

"By your daughter? I fancied so!" cried the young man, lost in thought, as he regarded the work.

"They are really too pretty to wear," exclaimed the old gentleman, "therefore I have promoted them to a higher sphere."

"Your daughter works very beautifully and tastefully!" remarked young Godfrey.

"She is an excellent girl!" answered Hammond, evidently delighted at the turn the conversation was taking. "A perfect woman. Yes, indeed. I may say she is perfect in every respect, although she is both in mind and person the very counterpart of her father.

The young man did not seem to hear this piece of news with the same satisfaction as it was said. He looked into the old man's features with rather a disappointed and startled expression.

"So she is like you, Mr. Hammond, is she? Is your daughter married?" asked he, after a pause.

"Unmarried—unbound by Hymen's fetters!"

By Jove, that isn't right of her!" answered the young man; "she shouldn't have remained unmarried so long, but rather have attended to some fortunate youth's domestic comforts."

"And what is it that causes you to sigh so deeply whilst talking of her, Mr. Godfrey?"

"My dear sir, I should have to tell you a long story before you could possibly understand my sighs."

"Tell it me, for all that—tell me directly," exclaimed Hammond, hastily. "I am quite as good a listener as talker, I assure you."

"You were formerly an actor, Mr. Hammond?"

"Yes, I was an actor—a much admired one—and, as I've frequently been told, an unrivalled delineator of despotic fathers, kings, heroes, and tyrants. According to my conscientiously-kept diary, I have been called before the curtain seven hundred and seventy-six times; hissed only about thirty times; and with other signs of public dissatisfaction far more seldom, and these only from personal motives. But let the curtain drop upon this subject now, for those pleasant days of London are, alas! over now."

"But your pleasantest days were not those of London, I believe, but those of Cheltenham?"

"Young man," exclaimed the old gentleman, greatly surprised by the other's words, "what do *you* know about Cheltenham?"

"When you and a very respectable company played in the Cheltenham Theatre, you represented *Romeo's* love affairs splendidly."

"Good heaven above us! are the ghosts of bygone days rising up again before me? Cheltenham! How the sound of this name trembles in my mind! Oh, youth, youth!" added the excited old man, seizing his guest's hand in his emotion. "Speak to me of Cheltenham again!"

"Yes, my dear sir," answered the latter, sighing deeply. "I have come here for no other reason than to talk over these past days of yours."

"You have come here for this? You are a masculine Sphinx. Do not torture me longer, for heaven's sake!"

"You are right, dear sir. I must out with it, I suppose. I have been in this town a fortnight, and have been putting and putting the day off till I can do so no longer. This morning I got a letter with such strict injunctions from my uncle Grottland——"

"Grottland! Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! Is *he* your uncle?"

"My own uncle—my mother's brother."

"Tender scene of recognition between two noble and kindred hearts!" screamed the old gentleman, beside himself with joy at this piece of news, and pressing the young man stormily to his breast.

The latter had great trouble to compose him again

"But you must calm yourself now, Mr. Hammond, and listen attentively to me. Very serious motives have induced me to seek you out, and our meeting in the coffee-house, where I first addressed you, was not owing entirely to chance, as you seemed to think."

"Oh, I am listening—am all ears, nothing *but* ears!" cried Hammond, rubbing his hands gleefully, and taking up his station on the table before the young man.

"Well," began the latter, who was called Philip Godfrey, "when you played the lover in Cheltenham, a pretty young lady in the neighborhood fell desperately in love with your talent and your tastefully-curled hair; and this love was not altogether unreciprocated on your part."

"Noble youth, in few words you have explained things that it has taken years to enact."

"Well, this attachment was not of a very long duration," interrupted Philip, with a smile; "for when you and the young lady saw that fate was against you, you both determined to go off together."

"Yes, so it was; she eloped with me. Alas! it was but short-lived happiness!" exclaimed Hammond.

"The young lady was the only daughter of my uncle, Mr Grottland. Now, I don't know if you have had the opportunity to find out that he will stand no joke. Enough. When the unheard-of fact was made clear to him that his only daughter had eloped with—pray pardon my saying so!—an actor, his anger knew no bounds. He cursed his daughter, and eradicated her name from his will, telling all around him never to mention her again in his presence. He then pronounced me, his sister's son, to be his heir, and adopted me from that day forth."

yes; I remember. He had no soul for art—
d, hard man!" cried Hammond, wiping
with his handkerchief.
is now some years ago," continued Philip,
uncle has become very aged and infirm
n. He is kept to his room by rheumatism;
, no doubt, accounts for the idea he has
into his head. He has in a measure re-
his conduct, and wants to repair the injury
done. He heard that his daughter was
I from you, but that there was a grand-
newhere; and thus he has come upon the
I can repair the damage he did years ago.
s me to find this grand-daughter of his,
marry her, in order that both she and I
efit by his money."
the brave, the good old soul!" cried
d. "Yes, indeed—indeed! innocent as a
heaven!"
of course, are overjoyed, my dear cousin!"
lip, with a sigh. "But what about *me*?"
oung man rose with these words, and
e room several times to and fro.
—*you*—the fortunate man who is destined
s such a girl as mine?"
m she will be forced upon. Yes, I know."
may thank your stars that she will be so!"
old gentleman, excitedly.
as I said before," continued the young
y uncle, to whom I wrote and told that I
d you out, forces me to take immediate
the matter, and this it is that has brought
to-day. In the first place, I must beg
ay nothing about this matter to your
until I have seen her; and in order that
ring this meeting about, I must request
ll me where she is living at present."
her mother, of course. Where else should
te planet be nurtured except in the light
n's eyes?"
ays thought her mother's name was
and so it is; but my loving heart has
d her Minona—darling Minona!" ex-
the old man, in excited rapture.
were legally separated from one another,
?"
and she has assumed the name of
rst. Oh, how ill-advised you were at
e, my charmer! But I raise my pure
innocence!" cried Hammond, emphat-
lehurst!" repeated Philip. "I know
e already. I have a letter from my uncle
usin."
have a letter for her?" And you are
t quietly in your pocket, without hurrying
it to her? Oh, flint-hearted youth! cruel
ou have the heart to keep back this proof
ened love from Minona—you are putting
moment of joy when——"
-yes; you are right. It was unpar-
of me," said Philip, evidently rather
of himself. "I must not put it off any
I will go to her."
rose.
! stop!—not so fast, young friend!"
mmond, sliding from the table. "Several
ust be considered before you take this
ona will speak to you. The conversation
npon me—oh, surely it will! I am con-
at she will talk of me, and then——"
, and then?"
then much lies in your power, my young
member this! Speak about me without
Tell her what impression this man"—
mmond here struck his breast vigorously
ressively—"this man made upon you.
his appearance; allow her to guess his
owards her. Speak of his high principles;
ray you, upon the tragic contrast between
e and his social—yes, his social position.
eg you to make use of this expression?
a man more sinned against than sinning.'
appropriately added to your speach, I
, at any rate, would cause it to flow on
eenbly. But, on no account, omit to call
undying words to her memory—'And
ishable because I was human?"
pleasure," answered Philip, smiling.

"And if," continued Hammond—"if she asks, like Hamlet, 'How he looks?' answer with Horatio—

'A countenance more in sorrow than in anger, and very pale'

Otherwise, however, excellently preserved. Truly, I am trusting a good part of my fate to you, my cousin and my friend."

The old gentleman here pressed his hands pathetically upon the young man's shoulders, and gazed with an indescribable expression into his eyes. A moment afterwards, however, he rubbed his hands together, and ran excitedly up and down the room, whilst he joyfully murmured, "All—all is won! This message from her ogre of a father will soften Minona's heart. Her softened feelings will no longer be able to withstand my depth of affection. Yes—yes; she will meet me half-way, I am sure. Must not my fatherly consent be asked to this union? Oh, what a fine thing it is to be a father! And my paternal blessing shall not be missing either, that I'll warrant. A doubly holy blessing upon us all—for the young ones' certain happiness—for me, the bridge of reconciliation with my precious Minona! And my sweet little daughter! How glad she will be to secure so charming a husband!"

"But in any case, my dear cousin," interrupted Philip, at length—"in any case, you must promise not to disclose anything I have told you to your daughter till I have had the pleasure of seeing her; for I don't know what she is even like, at present."

"Oh, do not trouble yourself on that score. I shall say nothing."

"Your hand upon it, then."

"Here it is!" replied Hammond, at the same time stretching it solemnly towards his new-found relative.

Chapter IV.

Whilst this conversation had been taking place in Hammond's lodgings, a second scene, hardly less important, as coming events will show, was being enacted in the ante-chamber or passage, in which we first met our old friend, the actor.

Mr. Peachfold the livery-stable keeper, had after Hammond and his young guest had disappeared in the former's room, stepped back into his own, in order to change his dress for going out. He had first to go to his mews, to look after his horses and groome, and then to drive about a young and newly married couple, who had that afternoon ordered one of his broughams to take them upon a round of visits; being, however, good customers, he had chosen to drive them on this occasion himself.

Being thus engaged, it was impossible for him to take his sister to the coach himself, who, as he knew, was leaving the town that afternoon on a visit to the country. He had to take leave of her at home; and when he had done so, and left the room, the girl accompanied him, her eyes red with tears, into the passage, where her boxes were still standing.

"I will send a porter up," said he, as both stepped from the apartment together. "Heaven bless you, my child; and mind you take care of yourself—do you hear? Give my love to the old lady; amuse yourself, yonder, as much as you can, and get all this silly nonsense out of your head. In the autumn, I'll come and look you up, and see how the cure has been working. So now good-bye, dear sister Julia."

"Good-bye—good-bye, Joseph!" cried the girl, shaking her brother's hand again, when she reached the glass door that opened upon the staircase. After that she returned, her lovely features bearing traces of the deepest emotion.

Julia Peachfold was, indeed, a remarkably beautiful girl. Her figure was perfect as a Grecian statue; tall, slender, and imposing, so that she might have been a fitting model for some Juno.

She stepped up to the window, leant against the side, and gazed, with a heavy heart, towards the piece of blue sky which could be distinguished above the roofs of the houses. Presently she turned suddenly round, for she had heard the glass door open once more. The person who now entered upon the scene was the young lady we had the pleasure of meeting last night—the very same girl, Miss Middlehurst.

Julia stepped forward to meet her with outstretched hands.

"You, miss!" cried she; oh, how kind this is of you; if I am not too bold in thinking that you've come here to see me."

"No, Julia; I come solely on your account. I wanted to see you again before you left; for you are going to stay away so long, that——"

"Yes, indeed, miss; I am going to remain away a long, a very long time; and who can tell," added Julia, with rather exaggerated pathos—"who can tell whether we shall ever see one another again? Oh, Miss Middlehurst, I feel that my heart is broken! I feel this will be the death of me!"

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense! Don't take the matter so sadly to heart, dear Julia."

Julia made a gesture with her arm, that seemed to say that of course nobody could understand her or her affairs.

"If you should hear," said she, as she grasped Mary's hand and pressed it convulsively—"if you should hear that any accident has happened to your poor Julia—that her body has been found at the bottom of a crystal-clear lake, with her long hair entangled in the weeds——"

"Stop, stop! where are you going to, Julia?" interrupted Mary. "How terribly unstrung your nerves must be! No, no; your journey, the change in your daily life, the beautiful country, and the fresh mountain breezes, will soon distract your mind and heal your wound. It will not be long before you are happier than we poor creatures, imprisoned in town here."

"And *you* call yourself a poor prisoner? Oh, Miss Middlehurst!" declared Julia, with energy, "if you knew how I envied you, living in town as you do, enjoying it as a fashionable lady can always, dressed in silks and satins, and in lovely jewels, driving in handsome carriages, playing with and making fools of hosts of admirers—oh, if I could enjoy all these, then all would be different! *He* would then be at my feet; *he* would carry me upon his hands, and nothing would stand between our happiness, except what I chose to place there myself, in order to feel my power. Oh, heavens! this would be a life worth living for! All—all would be well then! My heart would not have been broken then, nor should I have been deserted. Yes, if for a short period I could change myself into a lady, and throw my present life from me—if I could pretend to be of gentle birth, instead of the unprotected girl, earning her livelihood by embroidery, I am sure I should be happy. If I could change my life for a month, a week, and play the grand lady, he would then return to my side, and become my slave; for he loves me, Miss Middlehurst—loves me in spite of my lowly position; my heart whispers this to me; he is only obeying the voice of prudence by keeping away from me, for his heart, I know, is bleeding. He is fully aware that nothing can come of his love for poor Julia Peachfold but——"

"Oh, Julia," interrupted her friend, after listening to the other's impassioned outburst, "how willingly I would exchange situations with you! How happy I should then be; but, instead of this, I too am wretched—miserable! Oh, why cannot one exchange one's fate? You wish you were in my place, and I should be delighted were I in yours; so, you see, both might be helped without doing an injury to either. I should then not be placed in the unhappy position I occupy with regard to my parents."

Mary paused, and Julia seemed to be brooding over her young companion's words. The position Mary had just alluded to was certainly a sorrowful one enough for a daughter possessed of an affectionate disposition. And Julia knew what this position was; for whilst Mary was absent at the boarding school, from which she had only just come, Julia had taken pity on the solitary old gentleman who seemed to have no one to take an interest in him, and managed his household matters for him. She had helped him every way in her power, and nursed him through a tedious illness. Hence, when Mary came to see her father, after leaving school, and found the sacrifice the other girl had made for him, her heart was filled with gratitude.

(To be Continued.)

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

From MOORE'S "IRISH MELODIES."

Andante con expressione.

p Legato.

1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells, The

p

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled; So
chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus

sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So Glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now
Free-dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To

espress.

feel that pulse no more!
show that still she lives!

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CONTENTS.

A handful of Turf.....page 26
Actor's Daughter—Story continued.....30—31
Boston Fire..... 26
Biddy Doyle's Dragoons..... 26
Blue Eyed Violets..... 29
Clare's Dragoons..... 27
Fill the Bowl again..... 27
Fruitful Earth drinks up the rain..... 28
Girl across the way..... 27
Glass put in..... 28
Hat me father wore..... 26
Honest Nature answers: no!..... 27
Hark! 'Twas the Sea-Boy!..... 28
I'm what you call a Military Man..... 28
I'll remember you, Love, in my prayers.... 28
Minnie, last night I was dreaming of you..... 26
My Heart was formed but for you..... 27
My Barney..... 28
Madoline..... 29
The Mid Summer-day Polka—Music..... 32
Nelly Bly..... 26
O Italy! Dear Italy!..... 29
Poor Uncle Pete..... 27
The Pain and the Pleasure..... 27
Paddy Murphy's Auction..... 27
The Peautifullest Gal in Town..... 28
Sailor's Lullaby..... 28
Silver threads among the Gold..... 28
Twine the Rose and the Lily together..... 26
Tom Collins: or I've been led astray..... 26
This world is full of Beauties..... 29
The Way my daddy went..... 29
Wilt thou say farewell, love?..... 29
Young folks from home..... 29
Young folks at home..... 29

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Boston Fire.

As sung with success by Miss Annie Ratelle.
Air: "Pat won't go home till morning."

It was only on the tenth of last November,
That we heard the news we ever shall remember—
That the fire-king had cast its burning embers
O'er another fated city in our land.
As the woeful tidings flashed along the wire,
Of this other sad catastrophy so dire,
That Boston, beauteous city, was on fire,
And sinking 'neath the fiend's relentless hand.

Chorus.

Fire! fire! was heard the cry,
In every breeze that passed us by,
And all this world did heave a sigh of pity;
Strong men in anguish prayed
Fervent prayers to Heaven to aid,
Before the fire in ruins laid
Fair Boston, beauteous city.

And all through the terrible commotion,
The wind blew a gale from off the ocean:
The brave firemen worked with all devotion,
To laugh at their efforts yet it seemed,
And soared with fiery prayer still higher
O'er chimney top, steeple and church spire,
Till all was one vast flame of fire,
As the light around the horizon gleamed.
Fire! fire! was heard, &c.

But who saved the city from a panic,
From the rule of a fire-king so tyrannic,
But the brave hearted firemen and mechanic,
The best and the noblest in the land?
Far brighter than the soldier's record of glory,
Are the names of those who live in song or story,
Who rebuild the city to its former glory,
And build her up, if possible, more grand.

Chorus.

And soon will no trace remain
Of this vast sea of flame;
Boston will rise again: remember—
Brave men will be found,
Who will build a fairer town,
Like Chicago, from the ground,
Before the next November.

Twine the Rose and the Lily Together.

I culled for the maid of my bosom a rose:
'Twas an emblem of beauty and love;
For, its bloom all her blushes seemed to disclose,
And the dew-drops were shed from above.
And the dew-drops, &c.

But soon the sad floweret drooped in decay,
A victim to rude winds and weather:
While love cheers the heart in youth's happy day,
Twine the rose and the lily together.
Twine the rose, &c.

A Handful of Turf.

As sung by Ed. Burton.

It's sailing I am, at the dawn of the day,
To my brother that's over the sea,
And it's little I care for my life anywhere—
For, 'tis breaking my poor heart will be:
But a treasure I take for old Ireland's sake,
And I'll pledge all belonging above,
'Tis a handful of turf from the land of me birth,
From the heart of the country I love.
(*Repeat last two lines.*)

Then won't that poor lad in his exile be glad,
When he sees the bright present I bring?
And won't then the flowers in their elegant bowers
Breathe forth the perfume of Spring?
Oh! Erin, Machree, though it's parted we'll be,
'Tis a blessing I leave on your shore,
Though your mountains and streams I will
see in my dreams,
cross old Ireland once more—
(*Repeat as before.*)

Why do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Because they are murmurs of the *tied*.

Tom Collins: or I've been Led Astray.

Dedicated to Tony Pastor. As sung by Bryant's Minstrels.
Music and words to be had of J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New-York. Price 30 cents.

"Tom Collins" is the man I want, I've
searched for him each day;
In every place I ask for him, he's sure to be away:
I'm quite distracted in my mind, I'll shoot
the man on sight;
He haunts me in my very dreams, I've lost
my appetite.
They tells me he's in such a place, and when
I go to see,
They're sure to tell me that the man has
gone to look for me.

Chorus.

Oh! where can I Tom Collins find?
I hunt for him each day:
I'm quite distracted in my mind,
While up and down I stray.

"Tom Collins" has insulted me, and must
apologize:
They say he talks about me in a manner I despise.
The other day I met a friend and heard the
worst of news:
He told me, if I didn't mind, my lovely wife
I'd lose!
"Tom Collins" said that she had gone up
on the morning train,
Along with quite a handsome chap, to see
me ne'er again.
Oh! where can I, &c.

I wander up, I wander down, from place
to place I stray,
I ask in each, if they have seen "Tom Collins"
there to-day.
In one place, for the twentieth time, I called,
and was kicked out.
No satisfaction can I get: I'll catch him soon,
no doubt.
I've worn out twenty pairs of shoes, such
is the chase I've led;
Oh! wouldn't I be tickled now, to hear that
he was dead—
Oh! where can I, &c.

Nelly Bly.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de broom along:
We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear,
and hab a little song;
Poke de wood, my lady lub, and make de fire burn,
And, while I take de banjo down, just gib de
mush a turn.

Chorus.

Heigh! Nelly, ho! Nelly, listen, lub, to me:
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like de turtle-dove,
I hears it in de meadow and I hears it in de grove;
Nelly Bly hab a heart warm as a cup of tea,
And bigger dan de sweet potato down in Tennessee.
Heigh! Nelly, ho! &c.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
When she wakens up again her eye-balls 'gin to peep:
De way she walks, she lifts her foot, and
den she brings it down,
And when it lights, dere's music dar in dat
part ob de town.
Heigh! Nelly, ho! &c.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! nebber, nebber sigh,
Nebber bring de tear-drop to de corner ob your eye;
For, de pie is made ob punkins, and de
mush is made ob corn,
And dere's corn and punkins plenty, lub,
a lyin' in de barn.
Heigh! Nelly, ho! &c.

Charade.

My *first* is what you daily do,
And with my *second* it is true;
To do my *first* you'll do my *third*,
And at my *whole*. Please name the word.

Answer—Wash-hand-stand.

Diddy Doyle's Dragoons.

Written and sung by the Fieldings.

I'm jolly Pat, the gunner,
I'm Biddy Doyle, the drummer:
On the ninth of last October,
I enlisted like a man,
And of him I made a private,
In this, my female band.
Chorus: If you wish to join,
Just fall in line,
And march away while we bate the time,
And don't we all
Then cut a shine
In Biddy Doyle's dragoons!

In my regiment there's just nine,
And seven of them are blind:
Our enemy it is whiskey,
We fight it every day,
And it generally gets the best of you,
That's just what I was going to say.
If you wish, &c.

Minnie, Last night I was dreaming of you.

By John T. Rutledge.

Minnie, last night I was dreaming of you,
I sat by your side as of old:
And you twined your sweet arms 'bout my
neck, Minnie dear,
While I my fond love for you told.
Oh! would that my life were a dream, Minnie dear,
A dream fond and gentle as this!
For, you told me you loved me, my own Minnie dear,
And I pressed on your sweet lips a kiss.

Chorus.

Minnie, last night I was dreaming of you;
But now they have laid you to rest—
Oh! could I but see thee again, Minnie dear,
And press you once more to my breast!

Minnie, last night I was dreaming of you—
The mocking-bird sang a sweet lay
As it did in the days when we strayed 'neath the elm,
And prattled the hours away:
Oh! could those sweet days but return, Minnie dear!
For, Minnie, I loved you so true—
And I felt so happy last night, Minnie dear,
Dear Minnie, while dreaming of you.
Minnie, last night, &c.

The Hat Me Father Wore.

Composed by Daniel McCarty. Sung by Johnny Roach.
Air—"Irish Molly, O!"

I'm Paddy Miles, an Irish boy, just come across the sea;
For singing or for dancing, boys, I think
that I'll please ye;
I can sing and dance with any man, as
I did in days of yore,
And on Patrick's day I love to wear the
hat me father wore.

Chorus.

It's old, but it's beautiful—the best you ever seen;
'Twas worn for more than ninety years in
that little Isle so green.
From my father's great ancestors it descended
with galore—
It's a relic of old dacency, is the hat me father wore.

I bid you all good evening—good luck to you, I say,
And when I cross the ocean I hope for me you'll pray;
I'm going to my happy land, in a place called
Ballymore,
To be welcomed back to Paddy's land with
the hat me father wore.
It's old, &c.

And when I do return again the boys and girls to see,
I hope that with old Erin's style you'll kindly
welcome me,
With the songs of dear old Ireland to cheer
me more and more,
And make me Irish heart feel glad with the
hat me father wore.
It's old, &c.

Poor Uncle Pete.

ords by Ed. Harrigan Sung by Harrigan & Hart
Music can be had of White, Smith & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.—Price 35 cents.

h! many years ago, away down in dixey—
Dat's when I was a poor old slave—
told you dat I had a heap ob pleasure,
Now everything am silent as de grave.
ll de boys dat belong to good old massa
Am scatter 'round de country in a heap:
m lost, I'm bewildered, I'm dumfounded—
Oh! what will become ob Uncle Pete?
m lost, I'm bewildered, I'm dumfounded—
Oh! what will become ob Uncle Pete?
Chorus: Poor Uncle Pete come along,
Poor Uncle Pete come along,
Children now am calling:
Poor Uncle Pete come along,
Poor Uncle Pete come along,
Yes, I am coming—
Yes, he is coming.

o more will I see my good old missy
Dey laid her slowly in de clay,
he sickened and she withered like a flower,
Yes, from dis weary world she's passed away.
o I roam round here 'mong you strangers,
And try hard to shuffle wid my feet:
m crippled, I'm aged, I'm rhumatic,
What will become ob Uncle Pete?
m crippled, I'm aged, I'm rhumatic,
What will become ob Uncle Pete? Chorus.

cuse me, white folks, for dis feeling,
Dat flows spontaneous from de heart:
spect I'll soon cross o'er de river Jordan,
Whar we'll meet again no more, no more to part:
ut, while I stay down here among you,
I'll try and please you, white folks, all a heap:
ll collapse, I'll go under, I'll expire,
Dat's what'll become ob Uncle Pete—
ll collapse, I'll go under, I'll expire,
Dat's what'll become ob Uncle Pete. Chorus.

The Pain and the Pleasure.

A Duet—By Upton.

! tell me what is it that spurns rule or measure,
d yet is composed of the pain and the pleasure;
cold, and yet burning! so sweet, yet distressing!
! tell me, what is it—an ill or a blessing?

s love! it is love! so untamed and capricious!
tender, yet cruel! so strange, yet propitious!
at feeds on the heart, yet the heart's fondest treasure,
s love that imbibes both the pain and the pleasure!

The Girl Across the Way.

Air: "Ten Thousand Miles Away."

I suppose yes all heard this tune,
It's ten thousand miles away:
But's not the one I'm going to sing—
For, that has had its day.
But I'm going to tell of an Irish girl,
Who loves me: so they say, ay, ay;
She's plump and fat as butter, boys,
And she lives across the way.
horus: My Peg she has blue eyes,
Her trade is making pies,
Her cheeks is red,
And so is her head,
And she hails from Dublin Bay, ay, ay;
She is as thick as she is tall,
And she wears a waterfall,
She's gone on me, that's plain to see,
My girl across the way.

Her father is a Connaught man,
Her mother is a Tip,
And she was born in Kerry,
So yes see she's not a Mick;
I've told yes all I can, me boys;
For, I must not delay, ha, ha—
For, this very night I'm to be spliced
To this girl across the way. Chorus.

Why is the word "Yes" like a mountain? Because it is an assent.

Paddy Murphy's Auction.

Air: Whack row de dow! Sung by Tony Pastor

Now, Gintlemin, we'll soon begin: there's
seats for those that walk in,
And goods, well worth your notice, here at
Paddy Murphy's auction.
If you have antiquarian taste, you'll just step in
and see 'em—
Don't miss this opportunity of filling your Museum.
Chorus.
With a whack row de dow!
Now, just step up and see the auction:
Whack row de dow!
It's going—going—gone!

But if I cannot coax you in, I'll call the
catalogue, sirs:
The article marked No. 1 is the head of the
mammoth hog, sirs,
And No 2 is on the wall, stuck in one of the niches—
It's the flap and ivory-button of Paddy
Haggerty's leather breeches.

No. 3 it is the Comet's tail, that all the Folks
did gaze at:
No. 4 is the piece of chalk that Micky
Shakespeare wrote his plays wid:
No. 5 's a lawyer's conscience—Come bid on
that now, freely:
And No. 6 an old white hat: belonged to
Horace Greely!

We've a lot of books that printed were before
the world began, sirs,
And written in a language that was never
spoke by man, sirs;
No. 7 's a lot I'll sell you cheap: it's suited for
a preacher:
They're Political Sermons that were used by
Henry Beecher.

And No. 8 's the gandher that belonged to
King O'Toole, sirs;
No. 9 is the schoolmaster's desk that used the
golden rule, sirs.
No. 10 's some of the pieces that were found when
day-light broke, sirs;
Next comes a little lot of Abram Lincoln's
patent jokes, sirs.

Here's a cloak and Scotch-cap Andrew Jackson
never used, sirs;
And here's two lots I'll sell you next: they
ought to fetch good prices:
The life of Wendell Phillips, and the last of
Helper's Crisis.

Now, as my time is getting short, I'll put them
up the faster:
Here's the only comic song that ne'er was
sung by Tony Pastor;
Here's a cod-fish-ball weighs twenty pounds:
they're made for Barnum's Giant;
Here's a hat for Handy Andy, that was worn
by Dan Bryant.

Another lot I'll offer now, you'd better bid upon:
Here's the brick that Bull-Run-Russell threw
at Billy Patterson;
Here's the Carte-de-visite of a Moke, fresh from
the Southern Nation,
The only one that e'er saw use in: That
'ere Proclamation!

Here's one of Fremont's contracts, but I'm sure
I don't know which:
Here's the spade that Jeffy Davis bought for
digging that Last ditch:
But if I'm too prolific now, I fear that it might
tease you;
So, I'll sell the rest to-morrow-night, if this
night's sale should please you.

Honest Nature Answers: No!

What is love? an idle passion,
Sage advisers call it so;
Can I treat it in their fashion?
Honest Nature answers: no!

Wise ones, cease in vain your preaching,
Age has turned your hearts to snow;
Can I profit by your teaching?
Honest Nature answers: no!

Fill the Bowl Again.

By T. W. Kelly.

Fill, boy, oh! fill the bowl again,
And soothe my bosom's maddening pain
Lull my soul's cares, that I may know
There even is a bliss in woe!

Fill, fill the bowl, that I may drown,
Within its tides, my Fanny's frown;
But no—take back the wine again;
For, see! she smiles—now where's my pain

Clare's Dragoon's.

When, on Ramillies' bloody field,
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The victor Saxon backward reeled
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.
The Flags we conquered in that fray,
Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say:
We'll win them company, to-day,
Or bravely die, like Clare's Dragoons.
Chorus: Viva la for Ireland's wrong!
Viva la for Ireland's right!
Viva la in battle throng,
For a Spanish steed, and sabre bright!

Another Clare is here to lead
The worthy son of such a breed:
The French expect some famous deed,
When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.
Our Colonel comes from Brian's race;
His wounds are in his breast and face;
The Bearna baetail is still his place:
The foremost of his bold Dragoons!
Chorus: Viva la the New Brigade!
Viva la the Old One, too!
Viva la the Rose shall fade,
And the Shamrock shine for ever new!

There's not a man, in squadron, here,
Was ever known to flinch or fear,
Though first in charge and last in rear,
Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoon's!
But, see! we'll soon have work to do,
To shame our boasts, or prove them true;
For, hither comes the English Crew,
To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons!
Chorus: Viva la for Ireland's wrong!
Viva la for Ireland's right!
Viva la in battle throng,
For a Spanish steed, and sabre bright!

Oh! Comrades, think how Ireland pines:
Her exiled Lords, her rifled shrines,
Her dearest hope, the ordered lines—
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons!
Then, fling your Green Flag to the sky!
Be: Limerick! your battle-cry,
And charge!—till blood floats, fetlock high,
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons!
Chorus: Viva la the New Brigade!
Viva la the Old One, too!
Viva la the Rose shall fade,
And the Shamrock shine for ever new!

My Heart was Formed but for You.

By W. H. Ireland.

Do not my eyes, when I gaze on each feature,
Express all the transport that reigns in my soul?
Yes, they avow that I sigh for a creature
Created by heaven each thought to control.

Does not my breast throb with rapturous pleasure,
Whene'er her soft eyes beam the language of bliss?
Shall I not own myself charmed beyond measure
As, gazing, I know she will grant me a kiss?

Yes, I confess that no mortal was ever
Blessed with affection so ardent, so true:
No fate, my dear creature, our union shall sever,
My heart, lovely Rosa, was formed but for you.

There is a word in our language of five letters; and if two of the letters are removed, only one will remain, and that word is stone.

Why is electricity like the police when they are wanted? Because it is an invisible force.

De Peautifullest Gal in Town.

Dutch Song and Dance.

Ven day last fall, I valk apout
To de Castle Garden down,
Ven I meets a Deitch gal shust come out,
De peautifullest gal in town.
I say: "my dear, you dont live here?"
She say: "my dear, don't fret."
She look dat vay, I don't know vhat to say,
She vas a pooty gal, you bet.
Her nose vas plue, und turned up, too:
Her hair so red hung down,
Her foot vas big as a last year's pig,
She's de peautifullest gal in town.

I ask her if she valk mit me,
Und have some lager bier.
She told me she vould happy be,
Und said I vas a dear.
I vent mit her in a lager-bier saloon,
Und as quick as ve got in,
She bawled right out on de top of her voice:
"Vaiter, pring me some gin!"
I don't like dat—I told her flat,
Und quick she knock me down,
Und since dat day I keeps away
From de peautifullest gal in town.

Sailor's Lullaby.

By Cobb.

Peaceful slumbering on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh,
The winds and waves, in gentle motion,
Soothe them with their lullaby—
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Soothes them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they descry;
The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby—
Lullaby, &c.

I'm What You Call a Military Man!

ntered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by E. H. Harding, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington—D. C.
he music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery, New-York—Price 10 cents.

Written and Composed by Geo. H. Hart.

'm what you call a military man,
f you doubt me, I will prove it—for, I can.
stand just six foot two, "sans" a stocking or a shoe,
nd a finer soldier you will never scan.

CHORUS.

'o a "right shoulder shift," my musket I will lift,
nd all the pretty faces I will scan, oh!
When the band does sweetly play, we will
march, march away:
'or, I'm what you call a military man.

Whenever I go out upon parade,
awaken in the breast of every maid
feeling they admire: for, I set their heart on fire,
nd of military men they're not afraid. Chorus.

When they see me marching proudly down Broadway,
They look at one another, and they say:
"Oh! what a splendid man, just look at him,
Mary Ann,
can't resist his military way." Chorus.

Where'er I go, I greatly am admired,
nd with such martial feeling I'm inspired
That the ladies all assert that with me
they'd rather flirt:
'or, of military men they're never tired. Chorus.

Fruitful Earth Drinks up the Rain.

A Glee—By Cowley.

Fruitful earth drinks up the rain,
Trees from earth drink that again;
The sea, too, drinks the air,
The sun drinks the sea,
And him the moon—
Is it a reason, then, do you think,
That I should thirst when all else drink?

My Barney.

Written for and sung by Miss Josie Morris in the "Grand Hibernica"

Air—"Teddy McGlynn."

My name, 'pon me honor, is Kitty O'Connor,
And I live near the city of Dublin so grand:
My lover's name's Barney, he's tipped wid the blarney,
And his car any day you can see on the stand:
As he drives through the street, sure you niver
can meet
Another wid such a sweet blarneying smile.
Himself is a picture so trim and so neat, sir,
And he is the boy that my heart does beguile:
My Barney the guide, 'tis he is my pride,
And he is the boy that'll make me his bride.

In ructions and fighting he takes a delight in,
A jolly good shindy it fills him wid glee,
And sometimes a drop of "the cratur" he'll sup,
He drinks nothing stronger than whiskey, d'ye see.
A long time we've tarried and soon we'll get married:
And won't I be proud when I sit by his side,
All dressed in my best, wid silks and the rest,
As I leap on his car and to church we will ride,
Me and Barney the guide, my joy and my pride!
'Tis he is the boy that'll make me his bride.

I'll Remember you, Love, in my Prayers.

Beautiful Song & Chorus by Will. S. Hays.

The Music can be obtained for 35 cents at the Publisher's Music Store, J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New-York.

When the curtains of night are pinned back
by the stars,
And the beautiful moon leaps the skies,
And the dew-drops of heaven are kissing the rose,
It is then that my memory flies,
As if on the wings of some beautiful dove,
In haste with the message it bears,
To bring you a kiss of affection and say:
"I remember you, Love, in my prayers."

CHORUS.

Go where you will, on land or at sea,
I'll share all your sorrows and cares,
And, at night, when I kneel by my bed-side
and pray,
I'll remember you, Love, in my prayers.

I have loved you too fondly to ever forget
The love you have spoken for me,
And the kiss of affection still warm on my lips,
When you told me how true you would be—
I know not if fortune be fickle or friend,
Or if time on your memory wears:
I know that I love you wherever you roam,
And remember you, Love, in my prayers.
Chorus.

When heavenly angels are guarding the good,
As God has ordained them to do,
In answer to prayers I have offered to Him,
I know there is one watching you:
And may its bright spirit be with you through life,
To guide you up heaven's bright stairs,
And meet with the one who has loved you so true,
And remember you, Love, in her prayers.
Chorus.

Hark! 'Twas the Sea-Boy.

By Ryan.

Hark! 'twas the sea-boy from on high,
Slow rocking o'er the foaming wave;
Hark! 'twas the sea-boy's tremulous cry,
Sure warning of a watery grave—
Farewell! farewell! ill-fated crew,
Who fearless spread your snow-white sails;
Reckless where'er your vessel flew,
If blessed with heaven's propitious gales.

"All's o'er, all's lost! the master cries,
The darkling waves swift o'er us roll:
The lightning's flash!"—he, stricken, dies—
Now heaven receive his fearless soul:
The lightning's glare the sea illumes,
Wave upon wave swift o'er them sweep:
They sink, 'midst thunder, to their tombs,
Their tombs, alas! the green sea deep!

Silver Threads Among the Gold.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Eben E. Rexford — Music by H. P. Danks.

The Music can be obtained for 35 cts. at the Publisher's Music Store, Charles W. Harris, No. 13 East 14th St. New-York.

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Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day:
Life is fading fast away,
But, my darling, you will be, will be—
Always young and fair to me—
Yes, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me—
Chorus: Darling, I am growing, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day:
Life is fading fast away—

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips and say:
"Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone
You have never older grown—
Yes, my darling, mine alone—
You have never older grown!" Chorus.

Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold;
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know
Never, never winter's frost and chill:
Summer warmth is in them still—
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still. Chorus.

Love is always young and fair—
What to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,
To the heart that beats below?
Since I kissed you mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown—
Since I kissed you mine alone,
You have never older grown. Chorus.

Glass Put In.

Oh! my song is of a nice young man,
Whose name was Johnny Glass:
He was a glazier by trade, and the stamps he made
As through back streets he'd pass.
He started in life, with putty and knife,
And a big pane of glass to begin,
He was fat as a hub and fond of his grub,
And he hallooed out "glass put in!"

He'd rise with the lark and, from daylight till dark,
He'd trudge through wind and the rain;
By the light of the lamps, he'd count his stamps,
Next morning he'd be off again.
'Twas joy to his soul when he spied a hole,
Or a window patched with tin,
With his eyes rolled up he'd yelp like a pup:
"Do you want any glass put in?"

At length he fell deep in love,
But the fault was not all his own;
He got shot through the heart, with Cupid's dart,
By a little Dutch girl half grown.
With a huge large paw she broke his jaw,
When his keg was half full of gin,
As he rolled in the dirt, she cries, "where is you hurt?"
And his answer was "glass put in."

Oh! he made her his frou, but I can't tell you how
They passed a honeymoon:
The pork was all hot boiling in the pot,
As he toddled home that noon.
Years rolled by, three children did cry—
Two boys and a girl—what a sin!
Oh! they christened the last Miss Put-in-Glass,
And the boys they called: Glass-Put-In.

A Madrigal—by J Wilbye, 1598

Away, away, thou shalt not love me;
So shall my love seem greater,
And I shall love thee better—
Shall it be so? what say you?
Nay, then, I know you love me,
That so you may disprove me.

Young Folks at Home.

'Twas in a southern grove I dwelt,
No sorrow then I knew :
It seemed dat eb'ry hour was bright,
Dat gaily o'er me flew.
De little ones dat clung around
Ere I from dem did roam,
Made eb'ry hour still happier seem—
Oh ! dear " Young Folks at Home ! "
Chorus : I'm bery sad—no joy for me—
Why did I eber roam ?
Oh ! shall I neber, neber, neber see
De dear " Young Folks at Home ? "

We played de banjo, tambourine,
And danced beneath de shade :
And all around us lubbed to hear
De music dat we made.
De mocking bird sung sweetly then,
De wild birds dey would come.
And make de grove wid music ring—
Oh ! dear " Young Folks at Home ! "
I'm bery sad, &c.

But now I broken-hearted go,
Poor Tom day all despise :
I grieve o er all de happy past,
Wid bitter tears and sighs—
I'm scorned by all de careless crowd,
No matter where I roam :
Oh ! shall I neber see again
De dear " Young Folks at Home ? "
I'm bery sad, &c.

Ah ! no, I now am far away,
Where no such pleasures shine :
I neber dreamed dat sorrow'd come
To dis poor heart of mine—
Den take me to dat dear old spot
Where oft I lubbed to roam,
And lie me in de cold, cold grave,
Near de dear " Young Folks at Home ! "
I'm bery sad, &c.

Young Folks from Home.

Young folks from home,
How gaily speed de hours
When roving wid our lubly Belles !
We heed not sun or showers.
We stroll among de cotton plants,
Some times 'mid fields of hay :
And tell dese maids our tales of lub,
To which dey don't say nay
Chorus : Young folks from home,
Happy pass dis day,
Let's cast aside de cares ob life
And make it one ob play.

Young folks from home,
How happy dey all seem,
Wid all dey lub on earf around,
Looks bright as am a dream :
Dere's Phœbe Lee and Pompey Brown,
Wid Cicily and her brudder :
Dere's Nelly May and Gabriel Clay—
Dere's Chloe and anudder. Chorus.

Young folks from home,
De pic-nic's nearly started ;
De " old folks at home, " I fear,
Will feel near broken hearted.
Dere's Cuffy and his beauful Jule,
De beaus all try to please her :
De charming maids look sad and glum
Till dey spy out brudder Ceasar. Chorus.

Young folks from home,
When dis day's sport am ober,
We'll work again at hoeing corn :
At night, we'll sleep in clober.
I spec's we'll soon see most ob us
To church g'long in pairs
An' from dat time lib free from muss,
An' gib up single cares. Chorus.

Wilt thou Say Farewell, Love ?

thou say farewell, love, and from Rosa part ?
s tears will tell love the anguish of her heart.
ill be thine and thou'lt be mine,
ve thee, though we sever :
ay : can I e'er cease to sigh, or cease to love ? no, never !

thou think of me, love, when thou'rt far away ?
ll think of thee, love, never, never stray :
ill be thine, and thou'lt be mine,
ve thee, though we sever :
ay : can I e'er cease to sigh, or cease to love ? no, never !

o other's wile, love the ardent heart betray,
mber Rosa's smile, love Rosa far away :
ill be thine and thou'lt be mine,
ve thee, though we sever :
ay : can I e'er cease to sigh, or cease to love ? no, never !

he hatred of those who are the most nearly
ected, is the most inveterate.—TACITUS.

thou art a master, be sometimes blind : if a
nt, sometimes deaf.—FULLER.

Madoline.

Written by J. Gill—Composed by J. W. Cherry.

Sung by James D. Hudson.

The Music of this piece arranged for the voice and pianoforte is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No 286 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

I dream of thee, sweet Madoline,
So beautiful and bright—
My mem'ry weaves each look of thine
With ev'ry thought of light.
Thou art the music of my heart,
That whispers thro' each day—
That speaks thy name in ev'ry breeze,
When far from thee away.
Chorus : I dream of thee, sweet Madoline,
So beautiful and bright—
My mem'ry weaves each look of thine
With ev'ry thought of light.
Madoline ! Madoline ! sweet Madoline !

I dream of thee, dear Madoline,
Thro' life's sad waste of years—
Like spring's sweet breath to flowers that droop
Thy beaming smile appears.
When e'er the world may cast its care,
When sorrow near I see—
I fear no shade—for, in my grief,
I turn again to thee !
Chorus : I dream of thee, sweet Madoline, &c.

This World is Full of Beauty.

There lives a voice within me, the angel of my heart,
And its sweet lispings win me, till tears
will sometimes start
Up evermore it springeth like hidden melody,
And evermore it singeth this song of songs to me.
CHORUS.
This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above :
And if we did our duty it might be full of love, full of love
It might be full of love.

If men were more forgiving and kind words often spoken
Instead of scorn so grieving, there
might be few hearts broken
Were truth our uttered language, angels might talk with men
And the God-illumined earth might see
the golden age again
This world is full of beauty, &c.

While plenty round us smileth why
wakes this cry for bread !
Why are crushed millions toiling
gaunt, clothed in rags unfed !
The sunny hills and valleys blush ripe with fruit and grain
But the lordling in his palace still robs his fellow-men.
This world is full of beauty, &c

'Tis strange what hosts are trampled
amid this thirst for gold—
What noble souls are sapped of love,
what spirits lose life's hold—
And yet upon this blessed earth there's room for every one
Millions of acres wait the seed, and food rots in the sun.
This world is full of beauty, &c.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, the flower-lips of the sod,
The birds that hymn their rapture into the ear of God :
The hidden wind that bringeth sweet music from the sea
Have each a voice that singeth this song of songs to me.
This world is full of beauty, &c.

The Way My Daddy Went.

Eccentric song and dance, composed for Johnny Queen, Sung by him at the San Francisco's Minstrels.

Words by A. P. Chase—Music by Rollin Howard.

The Music is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., No. 547 & 865 Broadway, New-York.

White folks, I come to tell you
Of the days that's past and gone,
How my daddy used to do,
When he was young and strong :
How, when the work was over,
For the banjo I was sent :
Upon the old cabin floor,
This way my daddy went—

And when the dance was over,
And the nigs got settled down,
Sall the good things would bring out,
And make me pass them round :
And dad brought out the corn juice—
On a good time they were bent—
And when he once got warmed up,
This way my daddy went—

Those days have passed away :
Dad's no longer young and strong—
When he hears the banjo play,
Thinks of the days that's gone.
He tells the nigs to listen to
The happy hours he's spent :
And, when he sees me dancing, says :
This way my daddy went—

Blue Eyed Violets.

Composed T. J. Jackson.

The Music of this piece arranged for the voice and pianoforte, is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No. 286 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

Blue eyed violets are nodding where our darling is at rest,
And the little birds are singing sweetest
carols o'er her breast :
No more sorrow may betide her : for
she sleeps in quiet time—
Where the violets are nodding in the
gentle spring-time air—
Blue eyed violets are nodding where our darling is at rest,
And the little birds are singing sweetest
carols o'er her breast.
CHORUS.
Blue eyed violets are nodding where our darling is at rest,
And the little birds are singing sweetest
carols o'er her breast.

Blue eyed violets are nodding on the mild and balmy breeze,
While the rippling brook is singing
all its sweetest melodies :
She was fairer than the flowers blooming
on the greenhill side,
Where the violets are nodding o'er
the darling one that died—
Blue eyed violets are nodding where our darling is at rest,
And the little birds are singing sweetest
carols o'er her breast
Blue eyed violets are nodding, &c.

Oh ! her voice was like sweet music
gushing forth in songs so light
That our hearts were filled with sorrow
when we saw death's chilling blight :
But we hope to meet our darling
far beyond death's changeful shore,
Where no angel's flowers are blooming,
save to bloom for evermore—
Blue eyed violets are nodding where our darling is at rest,
And the little birds are singing sweetest
carols o'er her breast
Blue eyed violets are nodding, &c.

O Italy ! Dear Italy !

Written by H. Freeman Esq.—Composed by C. W. Glover.

The Music of this piece, arranged for the voice and pianoforte is published by E. H. Harding in his elegant and large double-sheet form—The same as the Thirty Cent Sheet Music—For sale by E. H. Harding, No. 286 Bowery—Price Ten Cents.

O Italy, dear Italy,
My loved, my happy home !
My dearest thoughts still dwell with thee,
Tho' far away I roam.
I think upon thy cloudless sky,
Thy vineyards spreading far :
I think on Rosa's laughing eye,
I hear her light Guitar :
I think on scenes of infancy,
Of innocence and love,
When Life from ev'ry care was free,
And bright as all above.
Chorus : O Italy, dear Italy,
My loved, my happy home !
My dearest thoughts still dwell with thee
Tho' far away I roam :
My dearest thoughts still dwell with thee,
Tho' far, tho' far away I roam—

O Italy ! dear Italy !
The land that gave me birth !
Between us roars the foaming sea,
No more I hear thy mirth :
No more I hear the mountain song—
I tread a stranger shore—
Nor meet with one among the throng,
To tell my sorrows o'er :
No more the beam of Rosa's eye
Shall wake my soul to glee,
And mem'ry only brings a sigh,
Loved Italy, to thee— Chorus.

The Actor's Daughter.

(Continued.)

Thus a strong friendship sprung up between these two girls, whose positions in life were so utterly different. Mary had at once made a confidant of Julia, to whom she explained her strange position; thus she knew that, after a short period of wedded misery, Mary's mother was separated from her father, and that Mary herself, then an infant of tender years, had been placed under her father's care, and had shared his precarious livelihood till the age of six. The disciple of art, who settled himself like a butter-fly, first at one theatre, then at another, felt that the girl could not remain longer with him, if her future was to be of any good. So when she had reached her sixth year, he sent her to his wife, with a few laconic lines to the following effect;—

"I am sending our child to you; educate her till I come to claim her myself."

Mary's mother had in all probability given up the child with a bleeding heart when she first had to part with it; but when it was returned to her in this unexpected manner, it probably arrived at a very inopportune moment. At any rate she only took it in to send it away again immediately, for the child was placed at a boarding-school at once. For the present, Mrs. Middlehurst, who had lived since her separation with a relative in some distant country town, was just then on the point of endeavoring to obtain a divorce from her husband. She was still wonderfully handsome, of good family and repute, and had a considerable fortune inherited from her mother. After a little time, Mrs Middlehurst came to live in town, where, at the time we are writing, she had been about three years. The lady, however, had not troubled herself about her daughter till about a couple of weeks ago, when she had written to inform her that she was now at liberty to receive her. As nobody in town knew of her separation from her husband, she merely introduced Mary as her daughter, without saying anything further about her.

For several months, however, Mary's father had also been living in town. Two days after her arrival at her mother's house, the girl received a note asking her to come and see her father at his lodging in the fourth story of a house in Leonard Street. She hurried to his side in the greatest excitement, preserving the utmost secrecy, and found him in a very distressing position. He had grown old, and failed in finding an engagement at any theatre, as his powers had almost deserted him now. His intention now was to seek a reconciliation with his wife. Mary was to act as an intercessor. He was innocent enough to see no difficulties to this plan. How little he knew of the world, or of the nature of the woman who had deserted him!

Yes, I say, how little did the old actor know of the world, and of the nature of the woman who once had loved him. Mary had the utmost difficulty to prevent him from accompanying her into her mother's presence, and spoiling all. At length the girl succeeded in persuading him to rest quietly where he was till a moment should come when she could do something for him with her mother.

Chapter V.

Meanwhile, Mary did her best to make her father comfortable. She had got plenty of money - for though her mother had been cold, she was not mean towards her child—and often visited her father in the evenings, taking care to bring him some necessary comforts each time. Her singing lessons gave her frequent opportunities for visiting her old father, for she generally took them in the evenings. She made a confident of her music mistress who generally accompanied her as far as Leonard Street. In order that she should be less remarkable, Mary took care always to dress herself as simple and quietly as she could whilst bent upon these excursions. And this was the unfortunate position in which the girl was placed, and which had the effect of distressing her so much—this it was that she had confided to her friend, Julia Peachfold; but there was much more that filled her breast besides this, and Julia knew it as well as herself, for poor Mary had no one else to open her heart to, and Julia seemed to her the most reliable person to confide in. The sorest torture she felt was the position she occupied in her mother's heart.

"You will have to put up with that, miss," said Julia, as Mary broached this subject again to-day, "for it is unfortunately often the case that a mother feels no affection for a daughter who has just entered womanhood, whilst she——"

"Oh, not that—not that!" interrupted Mary. "You are judging my mother too harshly. The reason we are such strangers to each other is owing to the peculiar circumstances that exist between us, as well as my own fault. Not only that I remind my mother of the time she tries to forget, but that I really am not suited to her; our tastes are not alike. I am shy, simple, quiet. I do not understand the art of pleasing. When mamma looks at me, my heart begins to beat; when all around her laugh at her witty conversation, I feel more inclined to cry heartily. It is really no fault of my mother's that I cannot get over this nervousness—that my nature is so serious——"

"Oh, but it *is* her fault!" interrupted Julia. "She should not have given you into strange hands; she ought to have done her best to win your love, and understand you!"

"Be that as it may, we are certainly not suited to one another now," exclaimed Mary. "Our natures are quite different, and mamma knows this as well as I do, so doesn't care to give herself trouble about a thing she cannot alter. If I were different—if I were like you, Julia—then—yes, then, all would be well. She would enjoy having a daughter like you. It would flatter her to see her own youth reflected in a handsome, lively, determined girl like yourself. You would fill her drawing-rooms and know how to entertain her guests, instead of trembling nervously when people address me, as I do. Yes, if only you were in my place! You spoke a minute ago about changing one's life; certainly, it is painful to think that our sorrow is often *ours* alone, and that another would be perfectly contented in the same situation as we should be in that other person's, although that other is made almost desperate by it. Yes, if one could but change one's life!"

Julia looked moodily on the ground, as she leant, with folded arms, against the window sash.

"Should you really be happy in my position?" asked she. "Doomed to spend a large portion of your days in the country, amongst a lot of farmers, with the daily pleasure in store for you of reading some uninteresting book to a deaf and disagreeable old aunt?"

"I can quite fancy, Julia," cried Mary, in a bantering tone, "that the fact of there being no library at hand will not be one of your least troubles, for where *will* you get fresh stores of novels from? But, seriously," continued she, "I would be happy to be in your place, provided I was not sent into the country, but could remain here as you have hitherto done, so that I could watch, and take care of poor dear papa. Yes, then I *should* be happy."

Both young girls paused a moment in their conversation. Mary, at length, broke the silence.

"Julia, I had something else to say to you—something I have not been able to mention yet."

Julia looked questioningly at her companion.

"*He*—you know whom I mean?" continued Mary

Julia nodded her head, but, at the same time, turned it away.

"He has proposed to me!"

"What! *He* proposed to *you!*" exclaimed Julia, excitedly.

"Yes, he has been paying me the greatest attention for some days past. Yesterday evening I had a longer conversation with him, and certainly thought I gave him no sort of encouragement; and yet (though I cannot understand how myself) *he* must have seen something of the kind in my words, for he spoke privately to mamma afterwards, begging her to do all she could to induce me to favor his suit."

"Oh, great heaven!" sighed Julia from the depth of her heart.

"And my mother," continued Mary, "seems hardly to have thought me worth consulting in the matter at all. She told me of this conversation whilst we were at breakfast this morning, and gave me to understand that she had consented to the match, and that I was to marry Mr. Holding. Oh, dear!—oh, dear!" sighed Mary, in conclusion, whilst she buried her face in her hands; "how is it all to end?"

"How is it to end? It shall never begin, I say!" cried Julia indignantly, her breast heaving with excitement.

"You do not know my mother, Julia," replied Mary. "You do not know her hard nature; she will gain her purpose, as she has already done over and over again. She will marry me to Mr. Holding with the same determined spirit she followed my father, in opposition to grandpapa's wishes; in the same manner, she got separated from him afterwards. Holding is a suitable party; he has her word, and I know she will be glad to get rid of me into the bargain."

"But she shall not marry you to him; and yet—oh, my heart!" cried Julia, wringing her hands, and bursting into tears—more of indignation and wounded pride than pain.

"My only hope is with Mr. Holding himself," continued Mary. "If I tell him plainly that I won't marry him, and that I do not like him—that I even despise him for his conduct towards you, Julia; then—then——"

"Oh, then," interrupted Julia, with a bitter smile, he'll be all the more determined to carry out his plans. Men are so indescribably conceited! If you go against him, he'll raise heaven and earth to make you fall in love with him; and that he will eventually succeed, even if he should have to wait till after matrimony, he will no more doubt than any of them. No, no; that is not the way to manage it. No; something else must be thought of; and it shall be done, if I raise the powers of evil to assist me."

When Julia had said this, Hammond's door opened, and Philip Godfrey stepped into the ante-room. He had just been listening to all he was to say to the old man's "Minona," when he should see her, and was now on the point of going to pay his respects to that lady, although his heart failed him at the idea of seeking out and marrying a girl totally unknown to him, both in person and character, in obedience to his uncle's wishes. He was horrified at a union without love, or even attachment; without any harmony of the mind; without an exchange of thought, sentiment, or feeling, such as daily intercourse must infallibly bring. How his open, honest heart was to bring itself to pay false compliments and hypocritical addresses to the unfortunate girl, who would naturally expect them, he was at a loss to understand? Poor fellow! his heart had never before been so heavy. But what was to be done? How could he go against his uncle? He was a poor young fellow, quite dependent upon his rich old kinsman. If the latter disinherited him, he had nothing whatever to fall back upon. We must confess, to his shame, that he had learnt but little; and that that little was of the least possible use to him. The only thing he knew anything about was farming; and what good would that be to him if he had nothing to farm? No; he was bound to go on, for his gouty old uncle would brook no delay in the matter.

As Philip walked through the ante-room, he noticed the two young girls, who were standing in the window. Mary, on hearing her father's door opening, had turned her head, and blushed crimson, on seeing the young man who had come to her rescue on the previous night after which he had conducted her to her mother's house. Both young people must have taken a certain interest in each other as they walked on together. Philip, at any rate, who at once recognised Mary, and noticed her blushing face, came forward to meet her, with a beaming expression upon his features.

"Oh, what a fortunate meeting!" exclaimed he "Do I really find you here, my dearest young lady? But pardon me: the house I took you to last night, I thought you said belonged to Mrs. Middlehurst; and to-day I find you in my friend Hammond's lodging. You surely are not his——"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say," replied Mary, hastily, and in terror lest a perfect

should find out her mother's secret and . "No, no; I am only in Mrs. Middle- service, as I told you yesterday."
y in her service!" repeated Philip. "I added he to himself, "it were as I first d. I shouldn't so much mind marrying ely girl."
ing thus, he gazed admiringly at the girl's form. But as Mary was most simply and had been caught talking to a girl me position in life as she pretended to be, f course, had not the slightest doubt of city, and consequently believed implicitly tory she had told him last evening.
she were in Mrs. Middlehurst's service, she the best person to question respecting 's daughter?
commenced at once. "What was she like? e pretty—well-educated? Had she nice and a gentle disposition? What kind of r had she?"
you ask so many questions at a time!" d Mary, smiling. "You surely must at my position binds me to be—be—"
reet! that isn't bad!" said Philip; and himself. "This pretty, good-natured , no doubt, says the best she can of every nks it desirable to be *discreet* about her istress. That looks bad—very bad!"
cannot you tell me *one* good point in her r?" continued Philip, presently.
yes; *one*, I dare say," replied Mary,
!" repeated Philip, ironically.
is a simple, unpresuming girl enough."
use she cannot help being so?"
; that is certainly true enough," answered a very modest voice.
rubbed his forehead, and then said, in a tone, "Well, in any case, she'll be glad o get married. Don't you think so?"
what makes you so sure of that?" asked some surprise.
won't require much pressing when an offer presents itself; even if the gentleman ot be all that is charming and desirable— eated, town bred, and all the rest of it."
, I really don't know why you should s of her!" cried Mary, pursing up her lips lly.
then, there is some hope of a refusal!" ip to himself. "If she won't have me— hows the faintest resistance—I shall be step back, and shall have done my duty iously, and uncle will be able to find no h my conduct——"
have you asked me all this?" asked length, interrupting his soliloquy.
, you see, there is something of the kind at present." answered Philip; "but— r young mistress—the fellow whom they to marry won't suit her at all. I know —he is a regular scamp, a ne'er-do-weel— ont say anything more about him now. speak plainly amongst ourselves, warn ng lady against this man, who certainly deserve her; you'll be doing a real act y by telling her how bad he is!"
fter he had whispered these words con- into Mary's ears, Philip took his leave, fied with the diplomatic turn the conver- d taken.
looked after him with surprise and fear. t?" said she to herself; "this man, a stranger, knows all about it already! ve been making the affair public, as if I word to put in the matter, and was bound Mr. Holding, whether I would or no! oo much—too much!"
had hardly finished before her father's in opened, and Mr. Hammond appeared e scene. The old actor was looking re- odd. His face was not alone beaming ; but his whole figure which he had ut to its fullest, showed the radiance of s.
s as spruce as a new pin—at least, as far d-fashioned wardrobe would permit him to linen was incapable of improvement, for d that under her charge; and though the green dress coat, with its long pointed tails and narrow collar, only had an historical, or rather memorable worth, as showing the taste of bygone ages, Mr. Hammond felt thoroughly well-dressed, and a perfect cavalier, in it. When he saw his daughter, he raised both his hands, and walked up to her with touching solemnity in every gesture.

"Mary! You here?" exclaimed he. "Oh, let me place the full blessing of that holy emotion fatherly love has instilled upon me, upon your precious head!"

Mary was not in the humor to allow her father's hands to rest long upon her fair curls.

"Papa, what is the matter? What are you going to do? I know you intend to do something, you are so excited!"

"Yes, sweetest child!" interrupted Hammond; "how well she knows—how intelligent! Fate was not unkind to me in sending me a girl instead of boy to inherit my fortune and name. I misjudged it sadly! Here, upon this virgin head, I place the wreath of orange blossoms!"

"Orange blossoms! What can you mean, papa?" interrupted Mary, completely taken by surprise.

"What do they mean—orange blossoms? Oh! maiden!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "surely there is a key to this in your own thoughts! More I must not say—I must not!

'With solemn oaths I have promised.
But wait—wait!"

With this, Hammond stepped quickly back again into his chamber, to appear once more in a few moments, carrying a pocket-book between his fingers, which he pressed excitedly into Mary's hand.

"Here, take this—take this!" said he; "but allow me to depart unquestioned, to meet the solemn moment that awaits me."

"What am I to do with this, papa?" asked she.

"What are *you* to do with it? You will require it soon—very soon. May the hour you will want it fly with quick pinions towards you. And take good care of it—the paper that shows the family you belong to, which is gifted with both quality and talent." Mr. Hammond here struck his breast pompously, as he raised his eyes mildly to the ceiling. "But detain me no longer; my lips are still sealed against you; but now farewell, young beauty; farewell, oh, beauty, beauty, beauty!"

He spoke the last words as he reached the glass door; and then, once more turning, waved his hand, in token of farewell, and disappeared down the staircase.

When Philip had approached Mary a little while ago, Julia had turned aside. She was not in a mood to listen to or join in a conversation with a stranger; so, when the young man showed that he was going to speak, she went at once into her lodging, and half closed the door behind her. When she heard Hammond's well-known voice declaiming in the passage, she came out again, and stood upon the threshold of the door, regarding both.

"Julia!" cried Mary, turning to her friend; I am now quite at a loss what to do."

Julia stepped hurriedly up to her, and grasped her hand.

"Miss Middlehurst, I have found out a way to help you," said she in a whisper, but with a peculiar expression of determination. Her whole manner was changed; her cheeks were burning. "I have sworn to play a trick upon them all, and I will keep my oath, too—that is to say, if you, Miss Middlehurst, have the courage to help me."

"I?"

"Yes; you! Listen! Mr. Holding has asked your mother for her daughter's hand. He shall have it—this hand!"

"Oh, never!" cried Mary. "I could not—could not give him my hand!"

"But he shall have it. Instead of having yours, he shall have mine—that is all the difference!"

"How would that be possible, Julia?" asked Mary, with some hesitation.

"Oh, it is so easy! You were saying before that it was so terrible that two persons, who could be happy under other circumstances, were not able to change their own destinies, and so suit both."

"Well?"

"Let us exchange our positions. What is to prevent us doing so? Your father sent you to your mother at the age of six. Has your mother any proof that you are really her child? Her feelings and actions do not seem to show it! Well, then, let us say that your father deceived her; that a brother actor of his, on his death-bed, left his child in Mr. Hammond's charge, and that, in order to save it from starvation, the latter sent it to your mother, telling her it was her own, in order to insure its safety. Now, *you* are to pretend to be this strange child, grown up; whilst *I*, the right one, have been for some years in the family of a respectable tradesman, who has done everything to ensure me a good education. But now, however, that Mr. Hammond has heard from you that they are about to marry you, he can keep up the deception no longer, and has, therefore, disclosed all to you, who must henceforth disappear from Mrs. Middlehurst's side, so that I can take the vacant place."

"But this is all so improbable, it will never be credited!" cried Mary.

"Listen to me, miss!" answered Julia, grasping her friend's arm, and holding it firmly. "We are at liberty to do anything we please—play them any trick we like—for do they not do the same to us? *He* breaks his most faithful promises, and *your* mother disposes of you as if you were her slave! Have we not, then, a perfect right to free ourselves from this treatment—to save ourselves? For," continued the girl, with great firmness, "we need not hide this from one another—our lives will otherwise be completely sacrificed, for I must acknowledge that the thought that Mr Holding is married to you, whilst I am left to pine away in the country as an old maid, would drive me distracted; and I will not die—will not be driven mad! I will not waste my life, the bloom of my youth, thus! Need we stand this, need I ask? Why are we poor women so oppressed in this world? Simply because we submit patiently, and without a murmur, to our destinies, whilst the men struggle with theirs? So courage, Miss Middlehurst. But *we* have a means of escape this time, and a very easy one, too. For a short time I will play the part of Mrs. Middlehurst's daughter. I will act it true to nature. I promise you. Meanwhile, you can stay here with your father. We will regularly change our parts. You shall live here like a girl of the people, and be happy, as you said you would be, tending and nursing your old father, and watching over his comforts. You know what I mean, for have you not often enough wept bitter tears that you could not always be with him, and keep him from his weakness, which solitude alone has driven him to? Meanwhile, Mr. Holding—oh! he has demanded Mrs. Middlehurst's daughter's hand, and that hand has been promised him—what a tender meeting there will be between us, to be sure! No, I will not be too bitter against him, the monster!—the wretch! but I will make him thoroughly ashamed of himself first.

Julia paused to draw fresh breath.

"But Mr Holding knows you—he knows that," interrupted Mary.

"He knows *nothing*. He knows that my name is Julia, and that I live in Leonard Street, and—am nobody of very great importance. More than this he cannot know, for he has only met me at one or two public balls which he condescended to honor with his presence, or a couple of times out walking, and he has never accompanied me farther than the door of this house. If your mother is willing to acknowledge me as her daughter, oh, I know *he* will only be too glad to do the same; for this faithless creature, I feel convinced, still loves me, and has only given me up for you because he fears the world and its judgement."

Whether Mary believed this, in the face of everything Holding had told her, we cannot tell, for she made no answer to it, and only said, "But how to convince my mother?"

"A few lines from your father will be sufficient for that."

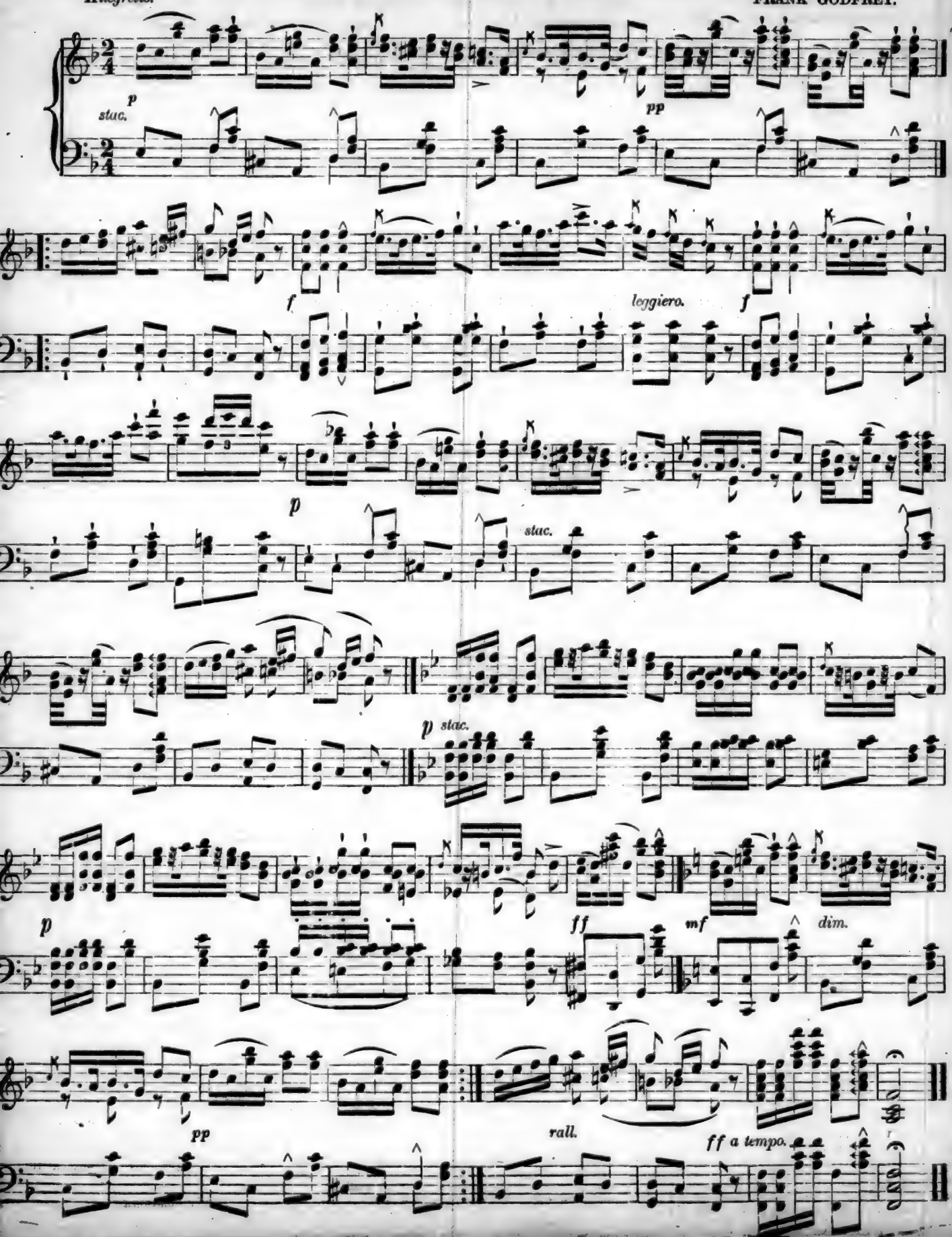
"But she does not think that he is here!" cried Mary. "I dare not frighten her by telling her so, either."

(To be Continued.)

"THE MIDSUMMER-DAY."—Polka.

Allegretto.

FRANK GODFREY.



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CONTENTS.

laying we will go.....page 35
ight Thought..... 37
r's Daughter—Story continued.....38—39
t you awful!..... 34
! when charming Sylvia's gone..... 35
hted husband: or Poor married man!.. 36
r object of defeated care..... 36
net Life-Guard..... 34
ore verse for Ballad..... 36
ny, be kind..... 35
y Queen..... 37
—For Shame!..... 37
fled into the Army..... 36
tle airs, Melodious Strains..... 36
y hard is the fate of all women-kind!.... 34
y the gates came ajar..... 36
e Faith in one another..... 37
s past twelve o'clock..... 34
I love thee, by Heavens!..... 35
Indulgent Powers, if ever!..... 35
If She be made of White and Red..... 37
Jamie's on the Stormy Sea..... 37
Little Cupid, hear my prayer..... 34
Let me die, or live for love..... 36
The Mulligan Guards..... 34
Martha frowns..... 35
The Nun of Kenmare..... 36
Off like a Rocket..... 34
Oysters and Wine at 2 A. M..... 35
One thing and the other..... 35
Pretty Mocking Bird..... 35
Rear high thy bleak majestic hills..... 34
That girl across the way..... 37
Why we Love..... 34
We have been friends together—
Music..... 40

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Ain't you Awful!

tered according to Act of Congress in the year 1874, by E. H. Harding, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.—D. C.
e music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery, New-York—Price 10 cents.

Written and composed by Joseph P. Skelly.

took my love one evening,
hen the Summer moon was beaming,
hro' silent arbors gleaming,
here Cupid has control;
wanted to tell her
ow dearly I adored her,
t, oh! she would not listen,
ho' I tenderly implored her;
h! love, oh! love, why don't you heed me?
ow can you treat me so?
vain, in vain, in vain,
e heeded not my pain:
e turned away her head,
d this was all she said—

Chorus: Oh! ain't you awful!
It's wrong, you know, to love me so:
Yes, you are awful;
Your like I ne'er did see;
Oh! ain't you awful!
It's wrong, you know, to love me so:
Dear me! you're horrid—
Why don't you let me be?

o make my feelings clearer,
dvanced a little nearer,
d said I'd like to hear her
y yes, and ease my mind;
e fumbled and mumbled,
d laughed at my attention;
e said mamma would scold her,
such things she dared to mention;
Come, love," I cried, "we'll run away
d leave your mamma behind."
Oh! no, oh! no," she said,
Don't ask me now to wed;
hat would the people say
we should run away?" Chorus.

e talked on useless matters,
ll my patience was in tatters,
st as a woman chatters,
hen silenr she should be;
egged her to listen,
d drew her close beside me,
t she began to fidget,
d her roguish eyes defied me,
d soon she told me with a smile
at she did not care for me
y love was all in vain,
e heeded not my pain,
e turned away her head,
d this was all she said— Chorus.

Off Like a Rocket.

An unfortunate fellow am I—
One who never successful can be:
Good luck always passes me by,
Disappointment alone visits me;
For, whatever I do,
Be as cheerful or bright as I may,
There's a time that soon comes,
When all my good plans fly away.

Chorus: Off like a rocket as it flies away,
Amid the clouds on high, sir:
Up in the air with a flash so gay,
It flies up in the sky, sir.

Now, in Wall street, I thought I'd invest,
And, of course, become wealthy at once
So the whole of my cash I laid out,
Oh! alas! I was such a dunce!
For, you see, one fine day,
A beautiful crash came around—
And the whole of my fine cash
Went floating away, as I found. Chorus.

A charming young creature I loved,
And I fondly hoped that she loved me,
But when the sweet question I popped,
I found that we did not agree:
For, she said, when I asked her
If my dear better half she would be,
That she wished, and must have,
A much handsomer fellow than me. Chorus.

Rear High Thy Bleak Majestic Hills.

(On the death of Burns, the Poet.)

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy sheltered vallies proudly spread,
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red.

But, ah! what poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard is dead,
That ever breathed the soothing strain?

Little Cupid, Hear my Prayer.

Little Cupid, hear my prayer,
Hear thy votary call to thee;
If lovers ever were thy prayer,
Little Cupid, pity me.
Pity, pity, &c.

Little Cupid, with thy dart
Thou this panting breast didst pierce;
I feel, alas! the festering smart,
It burns with flame so fierce.
Pity, pity, &c.

The Mulligan Guards.

Composed and sung by HARRIGAN and HART with immense success, at the Theatre Comique, New-York.

We crave your condescension,
And we'll tell you what we know
Of marching in the Mulligan Guards
From the seventh ward below;
And our Captain's name was Hussey—
A Tipperary man—
He carried his sword like the Russian Duke,
Whenever he took command.

CHORUS.

We shouldered guns,
And marched, and marched away
From Jackson Street
Way up to Avenue A.
Drums and fifes did sweetly, sweetly play,
As we marched, marched, marched in the
Mulligan Guards.

When the band played Garryowen or the
Connemarro pet,
With the rub, dub, dub, we marched in the mud,
To the military step—
With the Green above the red, boys,
To show where we came from;
Our guns we'd lift,
With the right shoulder shift,
As we marched to the beat of the drum.
We shouldered, &c.

When we'd get home at night, boys,
The divil a wink we'd sleep,
We'd all sit up and drink a sup
Of whiskey, strong and neat.
Then we'd all march home together
As slippery as lard;
The solid men would all fall in,
And march in the Mulligan Guards.
We shouldered, &c.

Why we Love.

Why we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know:
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
'Tis madness sure in me to grieve:
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live?

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Misella's cries,
Ask not me the reason why,
Seek the riddle in the skies.

What throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with?—A sour throat.

'Twas Past Twelve O'clock.

By Cibber.

'Twas past twelve o'clock, in a fine summer morning,
When all the village slept pleasantly,
Cynthia's bright beams, all nature adorning,
Shall guide my swift steps to my lovely she:
And then my fair Flora, fraught with kind wishes,
I'll fold in my arms with amorous kisses,
Which serve as preludes to more solid blisses,
Soon as the vicar has made us one.

The Emmet Life-Guard.

Up, up with the sunburst, our standard so true!
So long in obscurity, 'twill shine forth anew:
Tho' tyranny kept it so long in the shade,
We'll raise it for Erin, and won't be dismayed—
'Tis the flag of old Ireland, by no stain is marred,
And will be unfurled by the Emmet Life-Guard.

CHORUS.

The Emmet Life-Guard, the Emmet Life-Guard,
Our motto is old Ireland and the Emmet
Life-Guard.

For, centuries of oppression and wrong we did bear
From a foreign government that must not rule there:
The fault won't be ours, if old Erin's not free,
We'll use our best efforts for her liberty.
So prepare, our countrymen, the task's not so hard,
If they follow the example of the Emmet Life-Guard.

O Erin, dear Erin! we love thee, 'tis true,
Land of our sires, oh! how we love you!
To right the wrongs of centuries is our only aim.
To give you back your government, your
commerce and fame:
To gain this hallowed object, we trust to the Lord,
And those champions of freedom the Emmet
Life-Guard.

Our forefathers conquered on Europe's battle field,
In France, Spain, and Italy, they bled but
would not yield.
"Mount-Cashel" and brave "Sarsfield, Dillon
and Lord Clare:"
These countries were well guarded by those
heroes so rare:
To imitate those Patriots we'll work very hard,
And make soldiers for Ireland like the
Emmet Life-Guard.

Now we'll draw the sword of vengeance on
ancient Tara's hill,
Against our common enemy—for, rebels we are still:
And off the soil we'll cut them, like hay
before the scythe,
And free the land from misery: for that our
Emmet died,
Then with her statesman and warriors, her
sages and her bards,
The pride of the nations with her Emmet
Life Guard.

We'll wed ourselves together for Frin's holy cause,
And resist British tyranny and her oppressive laws:
With the North and South united, the East and
West will be
A nation proud and lofty, most glorious and free!
Then the freedom which for centuries she has
been debarred,
Will be proudly proclaimed by the Emmet
Life-Guard.

How Hard is the Fate of all Women-Kind.

How hard is the fate of all women-kind,
For ever subjected, for ever confined:
Our parents control us until we are wives,
Our husbands enslave us the rest of our lives.
Tho' fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal;
In secret we languish, compelled to conceal.
Denied every freedom of life to enjoy,
We're scorned if we're kind, and we're blamed if
we're coy.

What man must have his glass before he can do his day's work?—A glazier.

Fanny, be Kind.

Fanny, be kind, no more perplex me,
Slight not my love at such a rate:
Should I your scorn return, 'twould vex ye:
Love much abused, will turn to hate.

How can you, lovely, charming creature,
Put on the look of cold disdain?
Women were first designed by nature
To give a pleasure, not a pain.

Kindness creates a flame that's lasting,
When other charms are fled away:
Think on the time we now are wasting;
Throw off those frowns, and love obey.

I Love Thee, by Heavens!

By Concanen,

love thee, by heavens! I cannot say more:
Then set not my passion a cooling.
thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er—
For, I am but a novice at fooling.

hat my love wants in words, it shall make
up in deeds.
Then why should we waste time in stuff, child?
performance,' you wot well, a promise exceeds:
A word to the wise is enough, child.

know how to love, and to make that love known:
But I hate all protesting and arguing;
nd a goddess my heart, she should e'en lie alone,
If she made many words to a bargain.

n a quaker in love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying:
rithee, be thou so, too: seek for no better term,
But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

annot bear love like a chancery suit,
The age of a patriarch depending:
nen pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it one way or other an ending.

ng courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
Like the grace of fanatical sinners:
here the stomachs are lost and the victuals
grow cool,
Before men sit down to their dinners.

Alas! When Charming Sylvia's Gone.

Alas! when charming Sylvia's gone,
I sigh and think myself undone:
But when the lovely nymph is here,
I'm pleased, yet grieve—and hope, yet fear:
Thoughtless of all but her, I rove—
Ah! tell me, is not this called love?

Ah, me! what power can move me so?
I die with grief when she must go,
But I revive at her return:
I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
Transports so strong, so sweet, so new,
Say, can they be to friendship due?

Ah, no! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain;
I feel, I feel the pleasing pain;
For, who e'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,
But wished and longed he was her prize?
Gods! if the truest must be blessed,
Oh! let her be by me possessed—

Martha Frowns.

Martha frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet she's vexed if I give over:
Much she fears I should undo her,
But much more to lose her lover—
Thus in doubting she refuses,
And not winning thus she loses.

Prithee, Martha, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you:
Then, too late, desire will find you,
When the power must forsake you:
Think upon the sad condition
To be past, yet wish fruition—

Indulgent Powers, if Ever!

Indulgent powers, if ever
You marked a tender vow:
Oh! bend in kind compassion,
And hear a lover now.

For titles, wealth, and honors,
While others crowd your shrine,
I ask this only blessing—
Let her I love be mine.

A Playing we will Go.

Billy Shakspeare told us, long ago:
From infancy to age,
That all mankind were players,
And that all the world's a stage.
And a playing we will go, &c.

A scolding wife plays hell on earth,
And storms, and rants, and teases:
But a sweet-tempered wife will play
Which part her husband pleases.
And a playing we will go, &c.

Some people will in earnest play,
Whilst others play in jest:
Some few will play a double part,
But fair play's always best.
And a playing, &c.

The heedless man, who goes to law,
Oft plays with an edged tool:
For, while the lawyer plays the knave,
His client plays the fool.
And a playing, &c.

Young soldiers play the hero's part,
And talk of d——d hard duty;
Old statesmen boast economy,
But all the while play booty.
And a playing, &c.

The wife will sometimes play the truant,
The husband play the scrub:
The scrub will play the gentleman,
And the gentleman the scrub.
And a playing, &c.

Good Lord! how folks mistake their parts
By taking that for this!
For, little miss will play mamma,
And fat mamma play miss.
And a playing, &c.

The prude will play the hypocrite,
The wanton the coquette:
Old maids will play the solo part,
Brisk widows a duet.
And a playing, &c.

The fribble plays the monkey's part:
While, full of roar and revel,
The bucks, the bloods, and jolly dogs
Will play the very devil.
And a playing, &c.

The borrower often plays to lose,
The lender plays too light:
The creditor would fain play sure
The debtor least in sight.
And a playing, &c.

But, when these trifling scenes are past,
And life's last act is o'er,,
Then Death will let the curtain drop,
And we shall play no more.
No more a playing, &c.

Then, who played cobbler, who played king?
Will not be then the jest—
The only question that will be—
Who played his part the best?
No more a playing, &c.

Pretty Mocking Bird.

Living echo, bird of eve,
Hush thy wailing, cease to grieve;
Feathered warbler wake the grove
To songs of joy, to notes of love:
Pretty mocking bird, thy form I see
Swinging with the breeze on the mangrove tree.

One Thing and the Other.

Last year, I was one and twenty:
And having entered life,
My mother said it was time
I had myself a wife.
But how to go I didn't know
About any such a bother:
For, just then I'd no idea
About one thing or the other. Chorus.

There was a lady lived close by,
I thought she would suit me best;
So to her house I went—
Quite spicy I was dressed:
I whistled three times three,
When down comes her mother—
Says she: "what do you want?"
Says I- "one thing or the other." Chorus.

I walked into the parlor,
Sat down by the lady's side:
Says I: "you are my darling,
And you shall be my bride."
First she'd whimper, then she'd simper,
Her feelings trying to smother:
And there we sat and looked
At one thing and the other. Chorus.

We were married in three weeks,
And every thing went right;
But we felt kind of funny,
When left alone at night.
She'd cock her eye and look so sly,
Her feelings trying to smother:
And we'd a mighty queer time,
About one thing and the other. Chorus.

But troubles have no end,
And time flies swiftly on:
One day, a friend says to me:
"Arrah, Mike! you've got a son!"
"It ain't," says I. "It is," says he.
"It's a daughter," says another.
"Well, darn the difference," says I, "as long
As it's one thing or the other." Chorus.

Some folks are never satisfied,
But grumble at their state;
But should she bring me ten times ten,
I can not help my fate.
Increase, says I, and multiply,
And help one another;
And now I hope you're satisfied
With one thing and the other. Chorus.

Oysters and Wine at 2 A. M

I'm a maiden who never refuses
The pleasures that come in my way:
For, now is the time to be merry,
To be bashful is but to delay;
When the stars far above us are shining,
With a party of friends, but a few,
Quick the night passes by and we finish
With oysters and wine at 2.

Chorus.

Oysters and wine at 2 A. M., 2 A. M., 2 A. M.,
Oysters and wine at 2 A. M., oysters and wine at 2.

Now a journey to Long Branch is pleasant,
Oh! yes, 'tis delightful to me:
We stroll on the beach in the moonlight,
When the wild waves are roaring with glee;
Oh! but give me a partner for dancing,
And sweet music to liven us, too,
While we whisper "good-night," and then flash
With oysters and wine at 2. Chorus.

Thro' this wide world where we now are roaming,
Life calls for excitement and fun:
So why should we sigh or feel gloomy?
For, too soon will life's pleasures be done;
So then let us be merry while living:
For, it never will do to look blue,
But still cling to the pleasures delightful,
And oysters and wine at 2. Chorus.

What is that which, by losing an eye, has only a nose left? A noise.

What is that which you cannot hold ten minutes although it is "as light as a feather?" Your breath.

Grafted into the Army.

Our Jimmy has gone to live in a tent,
They have grafted him into the army;
He finally puckered up courage and went,
When they grafted him into the army.
I told them the child was too young: alas!
At the Captain's fore-quarters, they say, he would pass,
They'd train him up well in the infantry class—
So they grafted him into the army.

CHORUS.

O Jimmy, farewell! your brothers fell
Way down in Alabarmy;
I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir,
But they grafted him into the army.

Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap!
They have grafted him into the army;
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap;
But they grafted him into the army:
And these are the trousers he used to wear—
Them very same buttons—the patch and the tear—
But Uncle Sam gave him a bran new pair,
When they grafted him into the army. Chorus

Now, in my provisions I see him revealed—
They have grafted him into the army;
A picket beside the contented field,
They have grafted him into the army.
He looks kinder sickish—begins to cry—
A big volunteer standing right in his eye:
Oh! what, if the ducky should up and die,
Now they've grafted him into the army. Cho.

How the Gates came Ajar.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Helen L. Boston—Music by Eastburn.

The Music, published by S. Brainard & Sons, Cleveland, Ohio, can be obtained, for 40 cents at any Music Store in the United States.

'Twas whispered, one morning, in heaven,
How the little white angel May
Sat ever beside the portal,
Sorrowing all the day:
How she said to the stately warden,
He of the golden bar—
"O angel, sweet angel, I pray thee,
Let the beautiful gates ajar:
Only a little, I pray you,
Let the heavenly gates ajar—"
Chorus: O angel, sweet angel, I pray you,
Let the beautiful gates ajar:
Only a little, I pray you,
Let the beautiful gates ajar—

"I hear my dear mother there weeping,
She is lonely, she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
Where the gates closed after me:
One gleam of the golden splendor,
O warden, would shine so far—"
But the angel he whispered: "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar:"
Spoke low as he answered "I dare not
Let the heavenly gates ajar— Chorus.

Then up arose Mary, the Blessed,
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ:
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed—
Then turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar,
And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar—
And lo! in the child's angel fingers
Stood the heavenly gates ajar! Chorus.

"And this key for no further using
To my blessed Son shall be given,"
Said Mary, the mother of Jesus,
Tenderest heart in heaven.
Now never a sad-eyed Mother
But may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the keys of the gates ajar:
Safe hid in the dear Christ's bosom,
And the gates for ever ajar! Chorus.

The Nun of Kenmare.

God bless the royal Kerry hills, away by Erin's shore,
And sweet Loch Lene's enchanted tide, God bless it o'er and o'er!
Methinks I see the moonbeams dance, once more upon its breast,
And heather bells wave proudly o'er Mangerton's bold crest.

Oh! land of bright enchantment—Killarney of the Lakes,
Of swelling hills and flashing floods, and sweet arbutus brakes;
I greet you with a yearning heart, romantic land of love,
Where eagles scream and torrents roar, from towering peaks above.

In days of yore McCarthy Moore, by Lene's enchanted strand,
An Abbey tall and stately built, with nave and chancel grand:
And right richly he endowed it, with gold and meadows green,
And when he died they laid his bones 'neath his Abbey of Loch Lene.

And in this cloister by the way, the Monks with locks of hoar
Toiled day by day with loving hearts, upon old Erin's lore,
And well they rescued from the gloom the annals of the Gael:
May God's bright glory crown their souls, brave Monks of Innisfa.

And to this Abbey holy came fair youths across the foam,
From Gaul and Greece and Saxon-land, and some from distant Rome,
To kindle at its glorious shrine the torch of knowledge bright,
And backward to their far-off homes to bear the beacon light.

But darkness came upon our isle—black Cromwell trod the land,
And ruin's fire blazed luridly, from church and Abbey grand,
And that grey shrine of Itrelagh in crumbling ruins lay,
And all its Monks were dead and gone, dead and passed away.

Centuries have passed away, but, *Iaus Deo*! once again
A holy cloister rears its head, by the shore of sweet Loch Lene,
And there, within her lonely cell, kneels MARY FRANCES CLARE,
The modern *Ollamh* of our isle, the Nun of sweet Kenmare.

The mantle of bright learning, which Eugene O'Curry wore,
And John O'Donovan's great wealth, of ancient Gaelic lore,
Have found her in her cloistered cell, by Roughty's emerald vale,
And inspired her pen when writing of the ancient *Ollanna Gael.*

And like the olden Masters who dwelt in Muckross Fane,
That holy Nun toils ceaselessly, with teeming pen and brain,
To snatch old Ireland's Annals from cold neglect and gloom,
Where long they've sadly mouldered, like a corpse within a tomb.

May St. Bridget's benediction be with you, sister Clare,
And crown you like a glory in your Convent of Kenmare!
May the wild careering breezes, that cross Atlantic's foam,
Bear blessings of the scattered Celts around your Convent home!

Gentle Airs, Melodious Strains.

Gentle airs, melodious strains,
Call for raptures out of woe,
Lull the regal mourner's pains,
Sweetly soothe her as you flow!

Dear Object of Defeated Care!

Dear object of defeated care!
Tho' now of love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair,
Thine image and thy tears are left.

'Tis said with sorrow time can cope:
But that I feel can ne'er be true:
For, by the death-blow of my hope
My memory immortal grew.

The Blighted Husband:

OR POOR MARRIED MAN.

Written, Composed and Sung by the Great Vance.

Kind friends, I'm a martyr, a thing of the past,
A poor faded flower that's drying up fast,
Tho' once I was jolly, handsome and free:
But my wife has quite settled me.
I thought when I got married to Miss Angelina Gawks,
That I should be at liberty to spree and walk my chalks,
But how to tell this awful sell, my blighted features scan:
Then let me be a warning to each unmarried man.

Spoken—Yes, my happy single friends, look at me—a married man. You can see I'm married, although a few months back was considered a sweet and interesting youth, but now they call me the "Caution."—

I once was so handsome, rosy and plump,
But now I am settled and gone off my chump:
In fact I was rakeish and called "Giddy Dan,"
Behold me a poor married man!

No youth could be fairer than I used to be:
The pride and hope of the whole family,
The image of my mother, the pet of my dad,
A sweet tempered, round shouldered lad;
My youthful hopes all vanished when my heart went to pot:
I thought Miss Gawks had money, but, oh, dear! I found she'd not;
She was ugly, lame and squinted, and was 'game' about the feet,
Tho' of tongue she wasn't stinted, and thought herself a treat.

Spoken—Yet she never treated me to a jam tart, or a penny valentine; all she thinks about is reading all the high class novels, such as "Jack Sheppard:" "The Road to Ruin:" "The Newgate Calendar:" "Sketches" by Boosey and Calcraft, and other eminent authors; whilst I—poor Bounce! she calls me "Boggy"—has to do the washing and run errands for the lodgers! but, mind you, a day will come, 'twill be a will-come day— Chorus.

Let me Die, or Live to Love.

By these tears my anguish speaking,
Oh! your past affection prove;
By this heart so torn and breaking,
Let me die, or live to love.

Think the fatal vow once given,
Think can aught my pangs remove?
Oh! assist me, pitying Heaven!
Let me die, or live to love.

Encore Verse for Ballad.

By James M. Ward. Sung by Harry Stanwood.
Air—"Cheese."

If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wollop him? oh, dear! no:
I'd give him some oats and I say "gee whoa,
Get up, you little rascal, don-ki-oh."
For, a pea and a pod spells neb-a-cod nod,
And a knife, and a razor, spells neb-a-cod-razur;
One pair o' stockings and two pair o' shoes,
Spells neb-a-cod-nazur, the king of the Jews.
Settle [illegible] yourselves, &c.

Who was the first whistler? The wind. What tune did he whistle? "Over the hills and far away."

Have Faith in one Another.

Celebrated Song. Sung by W. Harrison, Esq.

e faith in one another,
hen ye meet in friendship's name;
your true friend is a brother,
nd your hearts should throb the same.
ugh your paths in life may differ
nce the hour when first ye met,
have faith in one another,
e may need that friendship yet.
Though your paths in life may differ
Since the hour when first ye met,
Yet have faith in one another,
Ye may need that friendship yet.

e faith in one another,
hen ye whisper love's fond vow;
ay not always summer be,
r all as bright as now:
n winter time comes o'er ye,
d one kindred heart ye share,
have faith in one another,
shall never know despair.
When winter time comes o'er ye,
And one kindred heart ye share,
Then have faith in one another,
Ye shall never know despair.

e faith in one another,
d let honor be your guide:
he truth be always spoken
hatever may betide.
false may reign a season,
d doubt not but it will,
ave faith in one another,
d the truth will triumph still.
The false may reign a season,
And doubt not but it will,
Yet have faith in one another,
And the truth will triumph still.

The Fairy Queen.

eard folks sing of "Home, sweet home,"
d the "Cottage by the sea,"
I knows an establishment
hat's dearer far to me:
knocks four times, then walks up stairs
ll you can't get any higher,
in the splendid four-pair-back,
ere dwelleth my Maria:
Oh! my Maria's a Fairy Queen,
Such a Fairy ne'er was seen,
Round she goes on her darling toes,
Round on her tootsie wootsies—
You should hear me cry "encore!"
That's the girl what I adore:
My love she's honest, tho' she's poor,
And all the world to me.

ght, she dances on the stage,
white, and golden spangle:
in the day-time, helps her "Mar"
turn the ancient mangle!
ght, swells, with their opera glass,
r fair form do admire:
cries: "Bravvo!" but little know
at she is *my* Maria.
Oh! my Maria's, &c.

ts a "Tanner" twice a week,
else I gets an order,
when my love comes tripping on,
y eyes! don't I applaud her!
rs chaps talk about her,
t I'd sit one on the fire—
r he tried "for to come and to go,"
d "walk round" my Maria.
Oh! my Maria's, &c.

l the Pantomimes I'll bet
ere's not such a Fairy Queen!
ooks so sweet, sitting on a cloud,
the transformation scene.
etimes I fear she'll tumble down,
! how I do perspire!
ree can keep my seat the while
ey wind up my Maria.
Oh! my Maria's, &c.

That Girl Across the Way.

Copyright 1874 by E. H. Harding.
The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I saw her peeping thro' the blind,
With a laughing roguish eye,
And every time I looked at her,
She smiled a sweet reply;
I fell so much in love with her,
She led me quite astray:
But soon I found she was a flirt,
That girl across the way.
Chorus: For, she was a naughty flirt,
She fooled me every day:
Oh! boy's, beware, and never stare
At girls across the way.

My duties all were left undone,
Like a fool I did behave:
I could not tear my eyes away,
In truth I was a slave;
From morn till night it was the same,
The same from day to day:
In fact, I was enchanted by
That girl across the way. Chorus.

She flirted with her handkerchief,
She flirted with her fan:
You know how girls can use such things
To captivate a man;
Distraction filled my heart and brain,
While she her tricks did play,
And still I could but gaze upon
That girl across the way. Chorus.

I threw her kisses with my hands
And she returned the same:
And soon I felt within my breast
A strange consuming flame.
At last, I begged her to come down,
And hear what I should say:
She came, and with her came a man
Who lived across the way. Chorus.

"How dare you, said this man to me,
Make faces at my wife?
Be careful, sir, or you may find
Yourself without a life."
I ventured to apologize,
But such was my dismay,
They only laughed and said: "beware
Of girls across the way!" Chorus.

Jamie's on the Stormy Sea.

Ere the twilight bat was fleeting
In the sunset, at her knetting
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
Underneath her threshold tree:
And ere daylight died before us,
And the vesper star shone o'er us
Fitfull rose her tender chorus:
Jamie's on the stormy sea.

Warmly shone the sunset glowing,
Sweetly breathed the young flowers blowing,
Earth, with beauty overflowing,
Seemed the home of love to be,
As those angel's tones, ascending
With the song and season blending,
Ever had the same low ending:
Jamie's on the stormy sea.

Blow ye, west winds, blandly hover,
O'er the bark that bears my lover,
Gently blow and bear him over
To his own dear home and me;
For, when night winds bent the willow,
Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,
Thinking of the foaming billow—
Jamie's on the stormy sea.

How could I but list, but linger
To the song, and hear the singer
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
Jamie from the stormy sea?
And while yet her lips did name me,
Forth I sprang, my heart o'ercame me:
Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jamie,
Home returned to love and thee.

A Night Thought.

How oft a cloud with envious veil
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

'Tis thus the world's obstrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

Fie—for Shame!

OR WHAT WOULD MAMMA SAY?

Now some girls are bashful,
And others are bold:
Now I knew a charmer
Of nineteen years old:
About her—like some others—
There was much pretence:
For, at the least thing,
She'd be sure to commence with:
Oh, my! fie for shame!
What would mamma say?
What would papa say?
Oh, my! fie for shame!
Get along, Joseph, *do!*

I'd take her about
To wherever she'd please:
When we were alone,
She'd appear ill at ease;
Now a kiss once a week
Every fellow'd expect,
But when I tried for one,
She'd be sure to object, with her—
Oh, my! fie, &c.

Her papa and her ma
Out of town chanced to be:
So I called on my charmer,
And with her took tea;
The time like a slow
Quakers' meeting did pass,
Till she somehow—by accident—
Turned out the gas.

Spoken: There we were, all in the dark: I was afraid to move for fear of breaking something, and she couldn't or *wouldn't* find the matches: when she found I didn't move, she said—
Oh, my! fie, &c.

She seemed, oh! so awfully
Coy and demure,
That I thought her complaint
Only marriage would cure:
So I asked "if she wed,
Did she think she would die?"
She pretended to faint,
And her only reply was—
Oh, my! fie &c.

Now I found out this bashful
And timid young lamb
Was simply a con-
Glom-er-a-tion of sham;
To *two* other parties
Her kisses were free,
Perhaps she had one of them,
Fut she didn't "have me!" with
Oh, my! fie, &c.

If She be Made of White and Red.

If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For, blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For, still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

What nation produces most marriages?—Fascination.

Why is a passing remark blasphemous?—Because it is a *curs*-ory remark.

The Actor's Daughter.

(Continued.)

"Oh, considerate maiden!" mocked Julia, shrugging her shoulders. "But," added she, "what have you there? What is in that pocket-book?"

Mary opened it now for the first time. It contained folded papers, with large seals. When the girls examined them, they found a certificate of Mary's birth and of her parents' marriage, as well as a few letters that were connected with the girl—a letter from Mrs. Middlehurst to her daughter, written when the latter was a little child and living with her father—and two or three other notes.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Julia, "this is indeed strange that these papers should fall into our hands at this propitious moment. Why, these will speak more in my favor than anything else. How is it that your father has placed them in your hands just now? Oh! I guess! Probably because they will be required before your marriage can come off with that prince of honesty, Mr. Holding," added she.

"Yes," agreed Mary; "for my father seems bent upon this marriage also."

"Well, thank goodness, it doesn't matter much what *he* takes into his head!" cried Julia, shrugging her shoulders. "But once more, Miss Middlehurst," continued she, "will you agree to all this? Will you give me the papers? Yes, the rest I will manage. For a short period I will be Mary Middlehurst, or, more properly, Hammond, and shall preserve my character till Mr. Holding is punished, has confessed his fault, and is at my feet. Then we are at liberty to tear the veil aside at any moment; for of course I have no intention of playing your part for any length of time or of robbing you of your fortune. When you return to your mother, you will be able to say, 'You see, mamma, what steps you forced me to adopt by your harsh measures, and because you showed me no love.'"

Mary was silent. She was greatly moved and her breast heaved stormily.

"Decide quickly!" cried Julia. "I hear a heavy step upon the stairs. It is probably the porter who is going to carry my luggage to the station. If you accede to the proposal, I will send the boxes to Duke Street, and shall follow them. Or do you prefer to return there yourself—to your mother and your bride-groom?" asked Julia, with cutting sarcasm.

"No—no," replied Mary, with deep emotion. "Do what you please. Remain there as long as you like and can. I shall stay here with my poor old father. Send my things over as soon as you can."

"My brother, of course, is to suppose that I've gone to the country," said Julia.

"And papa? What am I to say to papa?"

"That you've had a quarrel with your mother—that she has given you to understand that you might go to your father's—probably because she has found out that you have been visiting him secretly; but you must arrange all this part yourself, Mary, for you must take some little trouble in the matter. I'm sure my part is difficult enough already."

The glass door opened at this. A porter entered.

"Take this luggage to Mrs. Middlehurst's house in Duke Street," said Julia, turning to him. "I'll follow directly."

Chapter VI.

Two hours may have passed since the conversation we have just recorded took place between the two young girls.

Mrs. Middlehurst was pacing her drawing-room to and fro in such a state of agitation, that her green silk dress rustled incessantly. The lady was not of a nervous or excitable temperament: if anything, quite the contrary; but, to-day, she was agitated to no small degree, and during her passage up and down the room, she kept pressing her fine pocket-handkerchief to her face. Upon a table, close at hand, lay the pocket-book Hammond had given into his daughter's charge; for whilst the lady held her father's letter of recommendation between her fingers, she was talking energetically to her companion, who was none other than Mr. Philip Godfrey, her cousin, who at length had screwed up his courage sufficiently to present himself before his kinswoman. It was about two hours since he had left Hammond's room; but he had spent all this time in considering whether he should put the evil moment off a little longer or not. He now sat modestly and silently on a corner sofa, with his legs crossed, and his hands folded upon his knees. His eyes were bent upon the carpet beneath his feet.

"So, my dear cousin," she was just saying, "you need have no scruples. My daughter's heart is free, and there is nothing to be done but to obey my father's wishes."

"No: there is nothing to be done," echoed Philip, dejectedly.

"After the character my father has given you, I can place my child in your care with the greatest confidence, my dear cousin," continued Mrs. Middlehurst.

"My uncle is very kind," said Philip.

"He says you are a most amiable and kind-hearted young man."

"I believe I must be," replied Philip, with a slight tinge of irony.

"Very well, then," continued the other speaker, suddenly pausing in front of the young man; "then I am sure you will not refuse my request, so much depends upon it—so very much!"

"What do you wish me to do, madam?"

"To get yourself ready for a journey at once, and take me and your bride to my father this very evening; but preserve the strictest secrecy; nobody must know of this—even the servants must not hear that we are leaving—you shall know my reasons later. Come back here at eight o'clock—it will be dark then; meet us in the pavilion at the end of the garden. I will order the travelling-carriage, and everything else that will be necessary."

"But why, dear madam—why this rash haste?" continued Philip, in alarm.

"That is *my* secret—do not inquire into it;—at least, not to-day; to-morrow, whilst we are on our journey, I will explain it all. I can assure you, however, that it is nothing that can cause a false light to be cast upon my child."

"But," interrupted Philip, "I have not seen the young lady yet. She hasn't seen me either, and surely she ought to have some voice in the matter herself?"

"Oh! I will arrange all that. And as far as your seeing her is concerned, cousin——" the lady paused. "It is quite impossible to present him to her in her present get up," thought she, during this pause; "he would stare finely if he saw her in her worn-out merino dress, with her hair dressed like a charity-girl. He would think I had taken no care of her. No, that wouldn't do at all. She will make such a bad impression upon him in those clothes, that he would never forget her in them. I am sure he would never consent to marry her if he saw her now. If only she was not so much taller than Mary, some of *her* clothes might fit; but of course they would be much too tight. Well, we must see what can be done quickly for her this afternoon."

"My daughter is not at home, cousin," resumed she, at length: if you come again towards the end of the afternoon you shall see her; and now good-bye, my dear boy. I must go and prepare for our journey—every minute is of value. So *au revoir*, my dear cousin, and future son-in-law, may heaven bless your union—you will be very happy, I know, although your marriage will be brought about so hastily. Your future bride is a lovely creature—she is brilliant and talented—has a figure like a queen. Ah! you'll be envied by every one: but now you really must leave me."

Philip took his hat, and kissed his newly-found cousin's hand.

"Good-bye, then, till to-night; eight o'clock, remember, in the pavilion," said she and rustled away.

"Till to-night!" exclaimed Philip, to himself. "Why, she has just told me I was to come in the afternoon, to have a look at this sweetheart of mine. She doesn't seem to care much for a meeting between us. She evidently thanks her stars that I need not see the 'lovely creature, so brilliant and talented,' as she describes her, till we three are sitting together in the carriage, and when it will be too late to retreat. I don't believe a fellow was ever caught in such a trap as this before—'pon my word, I don't! Enviable situation—if only uncle wasn't so obstinate! And I wonder what they mean by running away in this sudden and unexpected manner?"

With these words, Philip left his cousin's reception-rooms, and went slowly down stairs, taking care to look to the right and left as he went, in the hopes of meeting some one, who, however, never made her appearance. Then lost in thought, he strolled moodily towards his lodging. He tried to make out something of his future wife's character by Mary's words, but failed to do so, as the latter was so very 'discreet' where her 'mistress' was concerned. Never did a bridegroom elect wend his way so dejectedly through the crowd as Philip did on this memorable day in his life. Mrs. Middlehurst had hurried at once into an adjoining apartment when the young man had departed, and here she found Julia sitting on a couch, thanking heaven that the ordeal of the first introduction to Mrs. Middlehurst was so well over, that all the questions had been asked and answered, that all the outburst of astonishment and indignation that such a trick had been played upon herself, were over. Julia tried to collect herself, in order to get well through the rest of her examination. Up to the present, all had passed off well enough. The elder lady did not seem to entertain the slightest doubt as to Julia's veracity, for was she not in possession of all the papers that proved who she was? And, strange to say, Mrs. Middlehurst took the parting from the girl she had hitherto looked upon as her daughter in a very calm, matter-of-fact manner.

"I wrote to the young girl who has hitherto filled my place here, begging her to meet me at my former lodgings, in order that we should talk the matter over," said Julia. "She came to me, and we now thoroughly understand one another. I have seen that she is well taken care of, and, with your permission shall at once send her possessions over to her, for I am sure you will spare the poor creature the mortification of meeting you, and taking her leave."

"Oh, I quite understand that," rejoined the other. She was on the point of questioning Julia about her mode of life up to the present, but this intention was, however, frustrated by the sudden and unexpected visit Philip had paid her. She at first refused to see him, as the excitement of the last hour had rendered her totally unfit to meet any stranger; but the servant-maid returned with the unexpected news that the gentleman *must* see Mrs. Middlehurst, as he was the bearer of a message from her father. Surprised at the announcement, she ordered Philip to be shown into the drawing-room, whither she soon hurried herself to receive a communication of an equally, if not more, unexpected nature than Julia had just made to her.

Meanwhile the latter breathed a sigh of relief when Mrs. Middlehurst left her alone. When the lady entered the room again, after dismissing her young cousin, the girl who was guilty of such a gross deception towards her, could not help heaving a deep sigh; for, in spite of all the benefits she would derive through this change in her circumstances, she could not help feeling some slight compunction and pricks of conscience at the trick she was playing. She was, therefore, rejoiced to find that the old lady made no signs of returning to the former subject again, but, on the contrary, was evidently full of something else.

"Oh, dear, dear child!" exclaimed she, in her excitement; "what a day this has been—what a day! Only fancy, this morning, which has seen you brought back again into my arms, my long lost child, has also brought with it a reconciliation with my father after years of discord. Dear me—dear me! I am so excited, so surprised with all the events of the day, that I really begin to wonder whether my wits will stand it all. My dear old father! How shall I find him when I see him again, and how pleased he will be to see *you*, my child! You will be his pride. But first of all we must manage to change those [illegible] clothes; they are positively vulgar. Oh, when I think of the trouble and education I have wasted on an

utter stranger, whilst you have been so cruelly neglected ——"

Julia looked up.

"Cruelly neglected! cried she, in piqued tones. "Oh, I hope you do not find me totally uneducated! I have improved my mind by reading as much as I possibly could."

"Well, we shall see. Perhaps there is time to improve yet. You say you have earned your living by embroidering. That horrid vulgarian—*that man*, whom I need not mention—he *permitted* you to do this? But let us not speak of him, else there would be no end to my complaints. The time is flying fast, and we require it bitterly. Listen to me, Mary. You must see that I cannot possibly allow this affair—this deception that has been practised upon me to be published abroad. I cannot introduce you to my friends as 'my daughter Mary, hitherto an embroideress for one of the principal shops,' and upon their questions respecting the missing girl, explain that she was not my daughter at all, and that a little misunderstanding had taken place; for of course you can see that I mustn't get the fact abroad that I didn't know my own daughter, and that I permitted a certain unfortunate individual whom I unhappily met in the exuberance of my youth to send me first one of his children and then another. Nobody here at present even knows of the existence of such a man; therefore the affair must be kept a secret. Not a soul—not even the servants must know that you, my child, are not the same Mary who has been here for the last three weeks. This reconciliation with my father comes most providentially. I shall go to him at once—this very day. Till then, nobody must see you. We must pass this evening, thickly veiled, to the pavilion at the end of the garden, near which we shall find a private gate leading into a deserted lane. There we shall find a carriage awaiting us, which will proceed at once with us to the north—to my father's house."

"We are to go away from here? To-day?" asked Julia, with anything but pleasurable emotion.

Nothing, indeed, could have frightened her so much as this sudden piece of intelligence. Her whole plans were threatened to vanish like smoke.

"Have you anything to say against leaving?"

"Oh, heavens! what will become of me!" sighed Julia to herself, knowing of no plea sufficient to advance.

"You must see that there is nothing else left to be done."

"No, there is no way of avoiding it, I suppose," replied Julia, whose heart seemed to cease to beat in its utter hopelessness.

"But one thing more," continued the elder lady—"a thing that is more closely connected with yourself."

"And what is this thing?" asked Julia, hopelessly, turning her pale face away from Mrs. Middlehurst in order to escape notice.

She had great trouble to keep her thoughts from wandering away, and in answering her dupe in a rational manner. Her whole soul longed to be free from the trammels she had so thoughtlessly entangled herself. The news that Mrs. Middlehurst had become reconciled to her father so suddenly had, in itself, alarmed her, for she saw at once that this would complicate her plans materially; and now the bare idea of playing the part she had undertaken for nothing, knowing she would have to quit the town that evening without ever having had the chance of speaking to Holding, nearly drove her distracted. This was all more than she could bear, and she asked herself breathlessly how in the world she was to tear herself out of the meshes she had wound around her.

"You must know, Mary," began Mrs. Middlehurst, once more finding it a difficult matter to grow accustomed to the name of Julia—"you must know that a young man has demanded your hand in marriage."

"*My* hand? You mean the hand of that other girl who has been occupying my place here," said Julia, who, of course, supposed Mrs. Middlehurst to be speaking of Mary's first lover, Holding, for she had naturally never heard of Philip.

"For *my daughter's* hand, child!" replied the other, with a sharp stress upon the words. "No, not for that other girl, but for *you*. Oh, heavens!" added she, solemnly, "what a terrible piece of business there would have been if Providence had not sent you to me just at the very moment you were most needed!"

"But there is such a difference between us, perhaps he——"

"Oh, do not trouble yourself about that!" interrupted the matron; "the whole business is arranged. Your bridegroom elect has my promise. He asked for my daughter's hand, and I consented to the match. So this is what I was about to tell you. I was going to prepare you for the arrival of a young man who is to travel with us to your grandfather's home. Him you must look upon as your intended husband. I hope you will make no objection to the match, and put no difficulties in the way, as it is a settled thing. He is a young and handsome man; perhaps you will see him in a couple of hours, for he said he would call again this afternoon, although I must confess that I shouldn't like him to see you yet. "You cannot possibly get yourself ready in so short time, especially when so much is at stake as meeting a bridegroom for the first time. The dressmaker I sent for is——"

"Oh, you are right, quite right!" interrupted Julia, her spirits rising at these words of joy. "It is much better that he should not see me before we are in the carriage."

"Then you have no sort of objection to the match?" said the other, quite delighted, yet at the same time a little surprised at her newly-found child's obedience.

"Oh, how could I? What *you* think best is, of course, best?"

"Well, I must say such obedience as this pleases me more than I can describe. Now, with that other girl, I should have had a nice business, I know."

Chapter VII.

Julia became reanimated. So he, the man who had asked for Mary's hand, was to travel with them. Her plans would not, then, be frustrated, after all. Things could not have turned out better, for would it not be doubly mortifying for Mr. Holding to discover her instead of Mary when she chose to throw back her veil and disclose her features? What a scene there would be between them!

—"I cannot help telling you," began Mrs. Middlehurst once more, "that your obedience has moved me deeply. I hope and trust it will find its due reward, for——"

Mrs. Middlehurst could say no more, for approaching steps became audible in the hall. She placed herself in front of Julia so that she should not be recognised by any one passing in case the door opened. It was only the lady's-maid, however, who came to announce the dressmaker.

"I am quite ready for her. Go and fetch her at once," replied the mistress of the house.

And whilst the girl went to find the seamstress, Julia passed quickly through a side door into Mary's room.

The rest of the day she spent here alone with her own thoughts. The servants were told that she was very unwell, and were forbidden to enter her apartment, for fear of disturbing her.

The elder lady had her hands quite full in arranging a decent wardrobe for Julia and her own preparations for the journey. If she went into her daughter's room now and then, she never stayed long enough to renew her conversation again.

Thus Julia was at liberty to meditate upon the events of the day, and wonder at the heartlessness of this woman, whom she had taken as her mother, and who now was offering her to Mr. Holding in place of the girl he had chosen, as if nothing had to be considered but her fortune, and that all else was of no consequence whatever.

"Well, *he will* be astonished!" was the conclusion of all her meditations—of all her ideas.

As for the rest she thought the bold step she had taken would be a success in every way, for Mr. Holding could hardly refuse to wed her when he had gone so far with her.

"But I *am* curious to know," thought Julia, "how the good old lady will explain the change that has occurred."

She now saw how fortunate it was that Mrs. Middlehurst was just then reconciled again to her parent, as to this, no doubt, she owed the fact that the lady was in such a state of excitement, and gave herself so little trouble to inquire into the matter of this sudden change in her children.

Chapter VIII.

Philip Godfrey went back to his lodgings, to prepare for his sudden flight from town, too; but of course he was not quite so excited about it as his eldery cousin. He was in a state of mind difficult to describe. His whole soul revolted against this union which he was being forced into, and yet he saw no way of escaping his fate. He was naturally disinclined to marry a person he had never known or even seen. During the fortnight he had spent mostly by Hammond's side, he had made no mention of his daughters to that gentleman; but now he felt even more reluctant to put up with his fate, for the pretty girl whom he had met and assisted in the street the previous night, and who declared she was in Mrs. Middlehurst's service, had made a deep impression upon the young man's mind. When he was at the lady's house that morning, he had looked anxiously about him in the hope of catching a glimpse of her. She was only a servant girl; but Philip had been brought up in the country, and consequently was as much pleased with a person in her rank of life as he would have been with that person if she had been a princess. And Mary's conduct had seemed perfect to him, with not the faintest sign of vulgarity about it. She had made a complete conquest over him. He could think of nobody but her.

His trunks were packed at length. Scarcely had he finished his task when the waiter came to tell him that a gentleman was waiting upstairs to see him.

Philip sprang to the upper story, and really found a young man parading the passage to and fro.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "for guarding your door in this seemingly impertinent manner; but I hear you are going to leave town to-day, so I was determined not to miss you again, for I have been here once before already."

Philip now recognised the voice and stout figure of the young gentleman. He was surely one of the two he had had a *rencontre* with on the previous evening. With a silent bow, he now opened the door of his room, and begged the gentleman to enter.

"You can guess what has brought me here, Mr. Godfrey," exclaimed Holding after he had made himself thoroughly comfortable upon Philip's sofa. "My friend, Mr. Befferton, secretary to the embassy, feels insulted at your conduct last night, and therefore has commissioned me to——"

"Oh, I understand," interrupted Philip Godfrey, "and I should only be too happy to afford him every apology in my power; but I must confess I don't know how it can possibly be managed, for I have no further time at your disposal than between now and eight o'clock this evening; therefore if you cannot arrange our little matters immediately, I hardly know how the affair can be settled."

"You know yourself, sir," cried Holding, "that a matter of this nature cannot be arranged in a minute, therefore you will have to put off your journey."

"That is altogether out of the question."

"I should have thought that where *honor* is concerned——"

"Yes, you are right," interrupted Philip, who suddenly thought this would be a very good excuse for getting out of the journey, this evening, at any rate, and sending the matron and her daughter alone to his old uncle. Of course it depended much upon whether the violent old lady would consent to it; he feared he would have some little trouble with her—but perhaps it would be as well not to mention this quarrel to her, either, as women generally showed a great want of respect for such matters, and he was not sure whether the old lady would not have straight-way reported him to the police.

(*To be Continued.*)

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CONTENTS.

A Kiss at the Garden Gate..... page 45
The Actor's Daughter—Story continued.....46—47
Bid me Discourse.....42
Between the Ebb and Flow.....43
Bacchus, come, thy vot'ry own me.....44
Cinderilla, the Glass Slipper—Music.....48
Close the Shutters, Willie's dead.....44
The Fish-Ball Musketeer.....44
Hurrah for Comic Singers!.....42
Happy Bird.....45
'Twas on a Sunday Morning.....42
I sit and dream of thee.....44
In the Merry Month of May.....45
Jessy on a bank was Sleeping.....44
Long parted have we been.....42
Leave me not in anger, Darling.....44
Maiden, wrap thy mantle round thee.....43
Mortals, learn your lives to measure.....43
Modern Times.....45
The Nice Young Man.....43
Never give way to despair.....45
Our Nell: or Singing like a Bird.....42
Oh! Turn those dear, dear eyes away.....42
The Old Home ain't what it used to be.....43
Pious Emily goes to Prayers.....42
Paddy O'Neil.....43
Put my little shoes away.....44
Sweet Bird.....42
Sweet Seventeen.....44
To Beauty compared pale gold I despise.....43
To tell you the truth.....45
To be gazing on those charms.....45
The Village Maid.....45
When clouds of sorrow round him lower.....42
Why asks my fair one if I love?.....45
What! Put off with one denial?.....45

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Hurrah for Comic Singers!

Written by Jem Towbridge.

I'm one of those who love to hear a jolly comic song:
There's nothing seems to push the time on
merrily along:
So, with your kind attention, I'll attempt a little lay
In praise of dashing comic songs and singers
of the day.

Hurrah for the merry comic singers of the day!
For jollity all others they excel by far:
Yes, they are the boys to drive care away:
Then join me in the chorus with a shout, "hurrah!"

I don't dislike the opera, a theatre or a ball,
But a Music Hall for wit and fun, by jove!
excel them all;
So when I'm dull and want to spend an extra
jolly night,
I go and hear a song or two, and they
fill me with delight—

Spoken: Talk about theatres: why! they're not a patch on the music halls for comfort—Just let me draw a picture of each, and note the difference—Money, of course, will procure comfort in either place: therefore, my picture will not be of the "well-to-do," but the working man. Just stretch your imagination to one of our east-end theatres: seated in the pit is a comfortably dressed man and his wife: he, having done a hard day's work, and a deal of pushing and squeezing to get inside the theatre, wishes to lean back in his seat, but finds, to his annoyance, it has no back to it—seated next to him and his wife, are some of those lads that are very fond of luxuries: one of them has got some trotters, and is amusing himself by putting the bones in the man's pocket—another, after having a "blow out" of fried fish, wipes his fingers on the woman's dress—Just behind them is a lad with a small german sausage and a handful of peas-pudding: being rather flush of money, he bought an extra halfpenny worth: consequently instead of licking his fingers, which is the usual custom, he cooly wipes them on the tails of the man's coat.—In front of them is a talkative old dame, with a very fat "sit-me-down-comfortable," part of which is on the man's knees: she, of course, knows all the play, and keeps chatting and bobbing her head to the person next to her so that those behind her see and hear very little of the play. The man then, thinking he'll have a little comfort, begins to smoke, but has scarcely had a puff before theires a cry of "put out that pipe!" Rising with disgust, he withdraws with his wife and is determined not to go to a theatre again until he can go in the boxes or best part of the house—That being too expensive for a working man, they are next seen at a music hall—Just fancy you can see them—they walk in without any pushing, get a very comfortable seat with a table in front of them, and then call a waiter who is generally very obliging, and will bring them whatever they require to drink. The entertainment is varied, but as comic singing is the principal feature, they exercise their lungs by joining heartily in the choruses—the man can smoke his pipe and they can have a little chat together during the interval between each artiste—the evening passes off so jolly that they go home delighted and determined to patronize music halls much more in future: therefore, the music halls are a great success——as for me, I say— Hurrah! &c.

The critics of the day upon them lately seem to frown,
And theatrical proprietors oft try to put them down:
But where would be our burlesques and
pantomimes so gay,
If 'twas not for dashing comic singers of the day?
Hurrah! &c.

Then may our comic vocalists and music
halls increase;
To give them your kind patronage I hope
you'll never cease:
For, in spite of moralizing folks and whatever
critics say,
There's nothing like a comic song to drive
dull care away.
Hurrah! &c.

Bid Me Discourse.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
Or like a nymph with bright and flowing hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.

Our Nell!

OR SINGING LIKE A BIRD.

I'm very proud and happy,
I am, upon my word—
For, I've a wife who all through life's
Been singing like a bird:
That is since I have known her
For twenty years or more:
Of course, I don't pretend to know
How she might sing before.
Unthinking, foolish people may laugh and
have their way,
But the singing of my dear old wife keeps
sorrow far away.

Oh! bless her, when she's warbling,
She makes the whole house ring:
Our neighbors cry: "Laws! Henry,
How your dear wife does sing!"
I've known her at the washing tub
For hours and never stirred,
And there she's toiled and all the while
Kept singing like a bird.
Unthinking, foolish, &c.

I recollect ('tis years ago),
When I was very bad.
She used to sit up, night and day,
To wait on her poor lad!
The doctors said that I should die,
But there they greatly erred:
For, I got well, and soon our Nell
Was singing like a bird.
Unthinking, foolish, &c.

Of course, 'tis not for me to say
When I shall end this life:
For, then (God knows) I'll have to part
With my old darling wife.
Yet will I pray that after death
(Oh! may that prayer be heard!)
In heaven above to hear her voice
Still singing like a bird.
Unthinking, foolish, &c.

'Twas on a Sunday Morning.

'Twas on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did peal:
A note came thro' my window
With Cupid on its seal:
And soon I heard a whisper,
As soft as Seraphs sing!
'Twas on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did ring.

The dawn had been but cloudy,
My heart had caught its gloom:
But now a sudden sunlight
Filled all my little room:
I kissed the note—'twas guarded
With ribbon, flower, and string—
'Twas on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did ring.

Oh! good was he and handsome,
As any in the land:
That vowed to me his true heart,
His heart, and faithful hand—
I hurried through the garden,
And back the gate did swing:
'Twas on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did ring.

My foot just turned the field-path,
And on its turf did rest,
When in his arms he caught me,
And strained me to his breast:
A tear was on his fond cheek,
Sweet tears that love can bring—
'Twas on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did ring.

Oh! Turn Those Dear, Dear Eyes Away.

Oh! turn those dear, dear eyes away,
My cheek with love is blushing;
And though a smile may o'er it play,
My eyes with tears are gushing.

Oh! look not in my eyes, love,
They tell a tale too true;
See not my blushes rise, love,
Nor listen to my sighs, love;
For, blushes, sighs, and eyes, love,
All speak, all speak for you.

Long Parted Have We Been.

Long parted have we been,
Many troubles have we seen,
Since the weary day we left them on our
good old Irish shore,
And we took a last farewell to return to them no more—
But they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers,
They are coming with the summer
To this new land of ours:
And we'll all forget our sadness,
And shake their hands with gladness,
And bid them joyous welcome
To this new land of ours.

How often have we prayed
They were here—
The friends, the dear relations, and the lovers,
fond and true—
To share our better fortune, and all the joys we knew!
And they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers,
They are coming with the summer
To this new land of ours:
And we'll give them cordial greeting,
And have a merry meeting,
And a day of true rejoicing,
In this new land of ours.

In all our happiness,
There seemed a joy the less,
When we looked around and missed them
by the fire-side's cheerful glow—
The old familiar comrades that we loved so long ago—
But they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers,
They are coming with the summer
To this new land of ours.
It needs but their embraces,
And all their smiling faces,
To make us quite contented,
In this new land of ours.

When Clouds of Sorrow Round Him Lower.

When clouds of sorrow round him lower,
The captive hails his dying hour,
That frees him from tyrannic power,
From tears and deep despair!

Thus eager for the azure skies,
The joyous lark delights to rise,
And towering o'er the morn-dew, flies,
To carol in the air!

Pious Emily goes to Prayers.

Pious Emily goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favor:
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Would she could make of me saint,
Or I of her a sinner—

Sweet Bird.

Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song.

The Nice Young Man.

There was a nice young man, his name was Brown,
He wore a short frock coat;
The hair on his temples was plastered down,
And his collar on the side of his throat.
Oh! his hands they were white, his pants they were tight,
And his hair was the color of tan;
The ladies all said, whether widow, wife or maid,
That he was such a nice young man!
Ri tol, &c.

This young man Brown spoke soft and low,
And was civil to every body;
The temperance pledge with him was all the go:
For, he never drank a glass of toddy.
At the name of a play, he would run right away:
For, the play-house was the devil's frying-pan;
He read nothing but tracts, and he stuck to them like wax:
For, he was such a nice young man!
Ri tol, &c.

Three times on a Sunday, and once a Sunday night,
He went to church quite regular;
He was so polite that he didn't fall asleep quite,
But sang hyms with a fat dowager.
Oh! he turned up his eyes like a duck when he dies,
Blowed his nose when the sermon began;
When the parson had done, to shake hands with him he'd run,
And the parson said he was a nice young man!
Ri tol, &c.

To a christening party Brown invited himself,
And offered for to stand god-pappy:
There was none so frisk as he, when he handed round the tea,
He made them all so jovial and so happyW
Oh! talked to the pappy, and he kissed the little baby;
Oh! the mother admired his plan.
How beautiful he talks! But where's all my silver forks?
They were in the pocket of the nice young man!
Ri tol, &c.

They took him off to the police office,
And the first thing his worship said,
Was "We've been looking for you, for a year or two,
And I'm glad you have been discovered!"
In spite of his good looks, he was upon their bad books,
They sent him off in the police black van,
They didn't stretch his wizen, but for two years in prison,
And they locked up the nice young man!
Ri tol, &c.

Brown served out his time and came out prime,
And looked much nicer than ever:
He just changed his name to play the same game,
And alter the scene of his endeavor.
Oh! he twaddled out of town before he settled down,
And followed the self-same plan;
He looked wise and demure, as stiff as any skewer,
And they all said he was a nice young man!
Ri tol, &c.

He found a gold watch in his landlord's room,
And he took it right away
For fear some one to steal it should presume,
The landlord would be in bad way.
The landlord discharged his maid and his clerk,
Thinking them in the stealing plan;
If he had suspected Brown, he would have knocked him down,
For suspecting such a nice young man!
Ri tol, &c.

In the course of his sinning, he grew very short of linen,
He managed to drop into a dry-good dealer's skirts,
In preaching of Parson Sacks, over a bundle of tracts;
He made *shift* to steal a dozen *shirts!*
In spite of his looks, the shopman noticed his *hooks*,
And straight for the police officer ran.
First of all they knocked down, when they took up Mr. Brown,
And transported this nice young man!
Ri tol, &c.

Now, ladies all, both little and tall,
Pray listen to what I've been describing;
This history so true that I dedicates to you,
And a warning I hope you'll embibe in:
When a husband you select, of course, we expect
That you'll pick out the best you can,
But nothing can be worse, than that hollow-hearted curse,
A smooth-faced sneaking, nice young man!

To Beauty Compared Pale Gold I Despise

To beauty compared pale gold I despise:
No diamonds can sparkle like Celia's bright eyes
Let misers with pleasure survey their bright mass,
With far greater rapture I view my fine lass:
Gold locked in my coffers for me has no charms;
But its value I own,
And I prize it alone,
When it tempts blooming beauty to fly to my arms—

The old home ain't what it used to be.

Oh! the old home ain't what it used to be:
The banjo and the fiddle has gone,
And no more you hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar cane and corn.
Great changes has come to the poor colored man,
But this change makes him sad and forlorn;
For, no more we hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar cane and corn.

Chorus.

No, the old home ain't what it used to be,
The change makes me sad and forlorn:
For, no more we hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar cane and corn.

In the field I've worked when I thought 'twas hard,
But night brought its pleasure and rest,
In the old house, down by the river side,
The place of all the world the best.
Oh! where are the children that once used to play
In the lane by the old cabin door?
They are scattered now, and o'er the world they roam,
The old man ne'er will see them more. Chorus.

Now the old man would rather lived and died
In the home where his children were born,
But when freedom came to the colored man,
He left his cotton-field and corn.
This old man has lived out his three-score and ten,
And he'll soon have to lie down and die—
Yet he hopes to get into a better land,
So now, old cabin home, good-bye! Chorus.

Maiden, wrap thy mantle round thee.

Maiden, wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast:
Why should horror's voice astound thee?
Death can bid the wretched rest:
All under the tree
Thy bed may be,
And thou mayest slumber peacefully:

Maiden, once gay pleasure knew thee,
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep—
Love has been a felon to thee,
Yet, poor maiden, do not weep:
There's rest for thee
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

Mortals, Learn Your Lives to Measure.

Mortals, learn your lives to measure
Not by length of time, but pleasure:
Now the hours invite, comply:
While you idly pause, they fly:
Blest a nimble pace they keep,
But in torment, then they creep.

Mortals, learn your lives to measure
Not by length of time, but pleasure:
Soon your spring must have a fall:
Losing youth, is losing all:
Then you'll ask, but none will give,
And may linger, but not live.

Paddy O'Neil.

Ye sons of Hibernia, who sung on dry land,
Round a sparkling turf fire with whiskey in hand,
Ne'er think of the dangers attending the boys
Who are fighting your battles through nonsense and noise.

To Dublin I went up, that damnable place,
A spalpeen came up and he swore to my face,
He called for the pressgang, they came without fail,
And they neck and heels tied me, poor Paddy O'Neil.

Away to the tender they made me repair,
Of tenderness devil a morsel was there:
I roared and I cursed, but it did not avail,
In the cellar they crammed poor Paddy O'Neil.
They called up all hands, hands and feet soon obeyed.
I wished myself home, cutting turf with my spade;
The first thing I saw made my courage to fail—
'Twas a large floating castle for Paddy O'Neil.

I let go with my hands to hould fast with my toes;
The ship took a rowl, and away my head goes,
I fell in the water, and splashed like a whale,
And with boat hooks they fished up poor Paddy O'Neil.
For a bed they'd a sack hung as high as my chin,
They called it a hammock, and bid me get in;
I laid hold, took a leap, but my footing frail
I swung clean over, poor Paddy O'Neil.

Up hammocks, down chests! the boatswain did bawl,
There's a French ship in sight! tunder an' ouns, is that all?
To a gun I was stationed, they uncovered her tail,
And the leading strings gave to poor Paddy O'Neil.
The captain cries: "England and Ireland, my boys!"
Oh! when he mentioned ould Ireland, my heart made a noise,
I clapped fire to her back, whilst I held by her tail,
The damned divil flew out and threw Paddy O'Neil.

So we lathered away, by my soul! hob or nob,
'Till the Frenchman gave up what he thought a bad job:
To tie him behind—a strong cord we did bring,
And we led him along like a pig in a string.
Peace now is returned, but should war come again,
By the piper of Leinster, I'd venture a-main;
Returning I'd tell you, fine folks, such a tale,
That you'd laugh till you'd cry at poor Paddy O'Neil.

Between the Ebb and Flow.

The evening breeze is ebbing low
A lullaby to-day;
I have a question I would ask
Before it dies away.
The pebbles on the beach are dry,
The tide has sunken low,
A little form is standing near,
Between the ebb and flow.

Chorus.

She's just a roguish little dear,
And it was not very late,
As she whispered "yes!" and shed a tear,
As we parted at the gate.

A little heart that longing waits
To know what next 'twill hear;
A little face that shyly looks
To see if still I'm near.
Ah! little heart that whispered "Yes,"
Though pouting lips said "No,"
You thought that you'd be asked again,
Between the ebb and flow. Chorus.

A little face half frightened when
I turn to go away:
Two little hands that shyly reach
As if to bid me stay:
A little voice that softly says:
"I did not mean that "No:"
A little pride that well was lost
Between the ebb and flow. Chorus.

What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water.

What is that which is full of holes, and yet holds water?—A sponge.

The Fish-Ball Musketeer.

Air: The Cork Leg.

A Musketeer went, up and down,
To seek a dinner through the town;
He'd nothing touched for one long day—
No one to treat, on all Broadway—
A fish-ball musketeer.

He opens his purse to count his pence,
And finds he has but just three cents;
This won't do much, but still I'll try
To see what my three cents will buy,
Says my fish-ball musketeer.

At last, he finds a right good place,
And enters it with modest grace—
The waiter stared as he came in,
And thought he looked quite short of tin,
This fish-ball musketeer.

The bill of fare he glances through,
To see what his three cents would do—
The cheapest viands of them all
Was just six cents for two fish-balls,
My fish-ball buccaneer.

Six cents!— I've not but only three,
And for two balls I can't agree—
So, the waiter to him he did call,
And gently whispered: ONE fish-ball,
This oyster-pie Zouave—

The waiter brought him his fish-ball:
My Zouave whispered, that's not all;
A piece of bread, sir, if you please,
Will appetite and conscience ease,
Says my little plum-broth ensign.

The guests all stared at our poor friend;
The waiter looked from end to end,
And then he roared it through the hall:
We don't give bread with one fish-ball,
My coffee and cake cadet.

MORAL.

Which I hope the Captain of the: FREE LUNCH CADETS: will communicate to his Company.

If your cash is down to just three cents,
O'Neil has left but one request;
Take my advice now, one and all,
Don't ask for bread with one fish-ball,
Like my fish-ball musketeer.

Jessy on a Bank was Sleeping.

Jessy on a bank was sleeping,
A flower beneath her bosom lay:
Love, upon her slumber creeping,
Stole the flower, and flew away!

Pity, then, poor Jessy's ruin,
Who, becalmed by slumber's wing,
Never felt what Love was doing—
Never dreamed of such a thing.

Leave Me not in Anger, Darling.

By Fred Irvington—of Boston—

Leave me not in anger, darling,
Drive me not, love, to despair—
As, besides your soft embraces,
For naught else on earth I care.
What would life be, love, without you?
What would fame and wealth avail,
If you could not share them with me,
And with me down life's stream sail?
Chorus: Leave me not in anger, darling,
Say not that we two must part:
For, 'twould be a cruel death-blow
To a fond and loving heart.

Leave me not in anger, darling:
For, the words were rashly said:
And if you should now forsake me,
I would wish that I were dead.
For, 'twas jealous anger drove me
To the words that gave you pain:
If you will but grant me pardon,
It shall happen ne'er again. Chorus.

Sweet Seventeen.

When the hay was mown, Lizzie,
Many years ago,
And while the western sky was rich
With sunset's rosy glow—
Then, hand in hand, close-linked we passed
The dewy rick between,
And I was one-and-twenty, Liz,
And you were seventeen—
Chorus: 'Twas long, long ago, dear Liz,
Yet still in memory green,
We cherish all those happy scenes,
When you were seventeen.

Your voice was low and sweet, Lizzie,
Your wavy hair was brown:
Your cheek was like the wild red rose
That showered its petals down:
Your eyes were like the blue speedwell,
With dewy moisture sheen,
When I was one-and-twenty, Liz,
And you were seventeen— Chorus.

The spring was in our hearts, Lizzie,
And all its hopes were ours:
And we were children in the fields,
Among the op'ning flowers:
Ah! life was like a summer day,
Amid the woodland green:
For, I was one-and-twenty, Liz,
And you were seventeen— Chorus.

The years have come and gone, Lizzie,
With sunshine and with shade,
And silvered is the silken hair,
That o'er your shoulders strayed
In many a soft and wayward tress,
The fairest ever seen—
When I was one-and-twenty, Liz,
And you were seventeen— Chorus.

Tho' gentle changing time, Lizzie,
Has touched you in his flight,
Your voice has still the old sweet tone,
Your eye the old love-light,
And years can never, never change
The heart you gave, I ween,
When I was one-and-twenty, Liz,
And you were seventeen— Chorus.

I sit and dream of thee.

Darling, I am lonely now—
Tears unbidden flow for thee.
Sad thoughts fill my aching brow—
Oh! I'm lonely now, and sad as I can be
For, you've left me broken-hearted now,
Filled my life with bitter pain,
And in loneliness my head I bow—
For, never more I'll see thee here again.
Darling, I am lonely now,
Oh! I'm lonely now, and sad as I can be!

CHORUS.

Darling, I am lonely now,
Yes, I'm lonely since thou'rt gone from me:
Sad thoughts fill my aching brow—
Oh! I'm lonely now, and sad as I can be!

Darling, I am lonely now—
In the twilight, still and gray,
Oft I think of thy sweet vow,
And the happy hours of love we passed away:
Sweetest memories round me hover, love,
As I sit and dream of thee,
While the stars so sweetly shine above,
In heaven, where I long to be with thee—
Darling, I am lonely now,
Oh! I'm lonely now, and sad as I can be!
Darling, I am, &c.

Darling, I am lonely now—
Always thinking, love, of thee—
Sadly o'er thy grave I bow,
Ever wishing that I were in heaven with thee:
In my dreams I often see thy form,
And thy gentle voice I hear,
But those fleeting dreams are but a charm,
And only cause me one more silent tear.
Darling, I am lonely now,
Oh! I'm lonely now, and sad as I can be!
Darling, I am, &c.

Close the Shutters, Willie's Dead.

Words and Music by James E. Stwart—

The Music can be obtained for 30 cents at the Music Store of the Publisher, J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New-York.

Close the shutters, Willie's dead,
Whom we loved so dear—
Like a dream his spirit fled
From our home, now sad and drear:
When the spring-time flowers were blooming,
And the happy birds sung sweet—
Angels called him to their home,
Up in heaven, where we shall meet—
Chorus: Close the shutters, Willie's dead:
Hope with him has fled
From our home, now sad and lone—
Close the shutters, Willie's dead!

Close the shutters, Willie's dead,
Gone in childhood's bloom—
Pillowed now his little head
In the cold and silent tomb—
O'er his grave the daisies blossom,
Where his little form is laid—
And the murm'ring streamlet plays
'Neath the willows' quiet shade— Chorus.

Close the shutters, Willie's dead,
Death has claimed him now:
Never more his smile will shed
Sunshine on poor mother's brow—
She is almost broken-hearted,
And our home is sad to-day:
Life has lost its hope and joy,
Since our Willie's gone away— Chorus.

Bacchus, come, thy vot'ry own me.

Bacchus, come, thy vot'ry own me:
'Tis said that thou all cares canst end;
A perjured fair has basely flown me,
Fled with a false, perfidious friend.

Let's drink!—'tis true—my sorrows pass—
New joys exhilarate my soul:
I find a friend in every glass,
And a kind mistress in the bowl.

Put My Little Shoes Away.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell—Music by Charles E. Pratt.

The Music can be obtained for 30 cents at the Music Store of the Publishers, O. H. Ditson & Co. 711 Broadway, New-York

Mother dear, come bathe my forehead:
For, I'm growing very weak—
Mother, let one drop of water
Fall upon my burning cheek:
Tell my loving little schoolmates
That I never more will play—
Give them all my toys, but, mother,
Put my little shoes away.

CHORUS.

I am going to leave you, mother:
So remember what I say:
Oh! do it, won't you? please, mother,
Put my little shoes away.

Santa Claus he gave them to me,
With a lot of other things,
And I think he brought an angel
With a pair of golden wings:
Mother, I will be an angel,
By perhaps another day:
So you will then, dearest mother,
Put my little shoes away— Chorus.

Soon the baby will be larger,
Then they'll fit his little feet:
Oh! he'll look so nice and cunning,
When he walks along the street—
Now I'm getting tired, mother,
Soon I'll say to all good-day!
Please remember what I tell you
Put my little shoes away— Chorus.

Which is the most warlike nation?—Vaccination. Why?—Because it is always in arms.

Why Asks My Fair One if I Love?

Why asks my fair one if I love?
Those eyes, so piercing bright,
Can every doubt of that remove,
And need no other light.

Those eyes full well do know my heart,
And all its workings see;
E'er since they played the conqueror's part,
And I no more was free.

Modern Times.

When people talk, or people sing,
About the days of yore,
I always think that sort of thing
A most prodigious bore.
'Twixt you and me, I can't agree
In what they sing or say:
Whatever olden times may be,
Give me the present day.

Chorus.

Good gracious! what an age it is for putting
on the steam,
When great events go galloping as quickly as
a dream—
If time could send us back again to fifty years ago,
Our life would be a burden, we should feel
so very slow.

Old sires of yore, old records say,
Did nought but drink and fight:
Their fighting lasted all the day,
Their drinking half the night.
Perhaps we drink a little yet,
But still we keep the peace,
And if in any row we get,
We merely shout "Police!" Chorus.

They carved their meat with gloves of steel,
Instead of knives and forks:
And Hume and Smollett don't reveal
The way they drew their corks.
Those ancient banquets must have been
A mockery, no doubt,
When table-cloths were never seen,
And napkins wern't found out. Chorus.

Our sires, were slow and steady swells,
Who never dared to dream
About balloons or diving bells,
Or telegraphs or steam.
They had no daily papers then
The latest news to tell:
They wern't exactly reading men,
Because they couldn't spell. Chorus.

I think if any one surveys
The present and the past,
He won't regret those good old days,
Which proved too good to last:
I may be wrong, I may be right,
But I expect we'll find
Our days are ev'ry bit as bright
As those we've left behind. Chorus.

To tell You the Truth.

To tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,
As mirth and nature bid,
I liked a glass,
And I loved a lass,
And I did as younkers did.

But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I must those freaks forbear;
At sixty-three,
'Twixt you and me,
A man grows worse for wear.

When does the sea remind of widowhood?—When you see weeds upon it.

Why does water run down hill?—Because it can't walk.

Happy Bird.

Happy bird, oh! how swift is your flight to the west,
To the shores that I dream of in vain!
You are wafted on wings, that will never know rest,
Till they reach the dear home once again.
If one tear-drop of memory starts from the source,
I could pray, happy bird, as it flows,
That this eye which is dimmed while it follows
your course,
Might but follow that course to its close.

Chorus.

Happy bird, Oh! how swift is your flight to the west,
To the shores that I dream of in vain!
You are wafted on wings, that will never know rest,
Till they reach the dear home once again.

Happy bird, how I wish, when you traverse the seas,
You could bear with you, over the foam,
The regrets and the sighs that I give to the breeze,
For the sake of the loved ones at home—
Yet I would not embitter their thoughts by a word,
Which may sadden the hearts that are dear:
Never speak of my sorrow to them, happy bird,
Since the message might cost them a tear.
Happy bird, &c.

What! Put off with one denial?

What! put off with one denial,
And not make a second trial?
You might see my eyes consenting,
All about me was relenting:
Women, obliged to dwell in forms,
Forgive the youth that boldly storms.

Lovers, when you sigh and languish,
When you tell us of your anguish,
To the nymph you'll be more pleasing
When those sorrows you are easing;
We love to try how far men dare,
And never wish the foe should spare.

In the Merry Month of May.

She is sweeter than the blossoms
In the merry month of May!
She is brighter than the dew-drop
At the dawning of the day!
But the blossoms fade and wither,
And the dew-drops disappear,
Yet her loving smile I cherish
Thro' the happy, happy year. Ah!
Chorus: She's the idol of my bosom,
And I love her, oh! so well!
She's the sweetest littel darling,
And the queen of all the dell!

Tho' I prize her for her beauty,
Not for that I love alone—
For, her gentle-hearted goodness
Makes my darling all my own:
Oh! the bright and loving glances,
That she gives me when we meet,
Makes the world around me fairer,
And my happiness complete! Ah! Chorus.

She has given me her promise,
And her heart is mine, I know:
And the wedding-bells shall echo
In the spring time's early glow:
Oh! this world has naught of beauty
That can lure my heart away;
For, she brings to me the freshness,
And the gladness of the May! Ah! Chorus.

To be Gazing on Those Charms.

To be gazing on those charms,
To be folded in those arms,
To unite my lips to those,
Whence eternal sweetness flows:
To be loved by one so fair,
Is to be blessed beyond compare!

On that bosom to recline,
While that hand is locked in mine:
In those eyes myself to view,
Gazing still, and still on you;
To be loved by one so fair,
Is to be blessed beyond compare!

A Kiss at the Garden Gate.

The silver stars were peeping in the twilight:
The jewelled moon was rising in her queenly state:
When, in my joy, I clasped you gently, and,
in loving rapture,
Stole a kiss beside the garden gate.
Years fade away, but still thou'rt dear to me:
Oh! still I live again the hours
When there, beneath the stars, we lingered
And told our love among the dreaming flowers.

We're growing old, my darling one, together,
Our summer days are dying and the years grow late:
But in my heart I still remember what it was
you whispered,
Down beside the rustic garden gate:
Close in my own I hold thy hands again,
And press the lips, where love reposes,
As dear and sweet as when I won thee,
That summer eve, among the dreaming flowers—

Never give way to Despair.

What a troublesome world this is, to be sure!
Some people are wealthy, and others are poor:
Some have good things in plenty, and still they
want more,
And even will harbor dull care—
'Tis silly of folks to take trouble to heart:
For, of troubles, of course, we must all have our part,
And if we would like it to quickly depart,
We must face it and never despair.

Chorus.

Then let trouble come, 'twill soon go away,
Let the weather be cloudy or fair, as it may,
We always should make it our maxim to say:
"Never give way to despair."

I know it is easy to get into debt,
And we shall not get clear while we sit down and fret:
We must strive to pull through and forget
That of woe we must all have our share,
Though creditors press, there is always a way
To get clear of the worst, and then hope for a day,
When bright things may happen, and cause us to say:
"Never give way to despair."
Then let trouble come, &c.

Some people say trouble is easy got through,
But that is all moonshine, betwixt me and you:
Trouble is dreadful at times, it is true,
But still 'tis a thing we must fear.
'Tis useless to pine because things are down:
For, fortune is fickle, and often will frown
At a time when she ought with a smile to look down
And say: "never give way to despair."
Then let trouble come, &c.

Trouble will come to us wherever we go:
It's like a bad shilling, it follows us so—
Look at the poor people in Chicago,
They've had trouble enough over there:
A most awful fire did range all around,
And the beautiful city was burnt to the ground,
But our people soon raised many a thousand pounds,
And kept the poor souls from despair.
Then let trouble come, &c.

The Village Maid.

Silent I tread this lonely wood,
Silent I shed the piteous tear—
No hope to cheer my drooping soul,
Bereft of him I hold most dear.

Still do I seek these dreary shades,
A lovelorn maid, the village scorn,
Since Henry won my plighted faith,
Then left me here to sigh forlorn.

Yon mossy bank oft time recalls
The image of the blooming youth:
'Twas there he stole my easy heart,
With vows of constancy and truth.

Faint from her lips her accents fell,
And faintly beamed her eyes so bright—
She sunk upon the mossy bank,
She sunk to everlasting night!

The Actor's Daughter.

(Continued.)

Whilst he thought over this, he saw that Holding was regarding him with growing distrust, so he said, "I see that you are astonished at this journey of mine, which cannot be put off; but judge for yourself—I will be perfectly candid with you—why should I not be so? You see, this journey is a sort of wedding trip—at least, it is to result in matrimony; my bride expects me at eight o'clock this evening; you must, therefore, acknowledge that punctuality is necessary."

"Of course," answered Holding, shrugging his shoulders. "Then the only thing you can do is to return in a few days, in order to give my friend the desired satisfaction in the shape of a verbal apology."

"Certainly; but, you see, there are still difficulties in the way of that, too. I am about three days' journey from my home, therefore should prefere the matter settled before I left this."

The expression of distrust upon Holding's features increased visibly; he was certain that Philip intended to shirk the business altogether.

"I must beg for a more decided explanation," said he; "for you must know yourself that what you have told me is hardly of a satisfactory nature. I have no idea of placing any disbelief in your words, although I am rather surprised that you, who, as far as I can ascertain, have not been seen in society since your arrival in town, should have formed an engagement."

"Sir!" interrupted Philip, angrily, "I should hope that you did not place any doubt in my words, indeed; for since this morning I have been engaged to Mrs. Middlehurst's daughter."

"What? Whom do you say you are engaged to?" screamed Holding.

"Well, why does this name electrify you so?" asked Philip, in surprise.

"And you are going away with Miss Mary today?"

"This evening, at eight o'clock."

"Ah, I can guess," cried Holding, ironically. "You no doubt became acquainted with her at school, and as Mrs. Middlehurst of course refuses her consent to this romantic attachment, you are thinking of eloping with the young lady; but," continued Holding, with the greatest indignation, "nothing, will come of it—nothing, I assure you—nothing, *nothing!*"

"I do not understand what can justify such language," exclaimed Philip, quite pale with anger.

"What can justify such language, indeed? I am quite sensible of what I have been saying. I have myself, if you persist in knowing it, sir, a decided claim to that lady's hand. I have asked and received her mother's consent. Therefore you will acknowledge that I ought to require satisfaction in my own behalf, as well as my friend."

Philip stared at the excited young man who had planted himself immediately in front of him, in the greatest surprise.

"This is all news to me," said the other, with the utmost indifference; "but it is very surprising, nevertheless; and if your state will permit it, I should much like to talk the matter over more calmly with you. Please sit down again. I assure you it will not be my fault if we do not part on the most amicable terms."

Holding refused Philip's invitation to be seated, with a stiff bow.

The latter was not one whit disconcerted at this, and continued, quietly:—"In the first place, my engagement with Mary Middlehurst has not been entered upon without her mother's sanction, for it is her, my cousin's mother, who has insisted upon this hurried journey into the country."

"Her mother your cousin? And *she* insists upon this?" exclaimed Holding, in utter astonishment.

"I," added Philip, "know my intended bride but slightly—*very* slightly! We are going to marry each other, because circumstances have arisen that make the match a very suitable one; but this sudden journey was not of *my* wishing—on the contrary. I am only obeying, to speak candidly, the somewhat commanding arrangements my cousin, Mrs. Middlehurst, has made for us all."

Philip said this with such good humor that any one but the man who was then with him would have believed in him thoroughly.

But Holding only looked angrily at him, his eyes flaming, and his brow knitted.

"This story is too improbable" cried he. "I never heard such a two-sided version in my life. The lady has given me promise after promise, and I could have believed in this woman as in—as in a saint, and now——"

"Really, I begin to think, by what you say, or, at any rate, infer, that the reason Mrs. Middlehurst is trying to leave town in this abrupt manner," cried Philip, "is simply because she has promised you her daughter, and therefore, is now afraid of meeting you."

"Yes, indeed, there is certainly some escapade going on behind my back."

"Still, if there is, it no fault of mine," interrupted Philip, who began to regard the affair in a ridiculous light, and who could not help laughing at the mixture of indignation and alarm in his companion's countenance.

Holding threw an enraged glance upon him.

Philip then tried to compose himself, in order not to wound the slighted lover's bleeding heart more than necessary.

"Well, I think we shall be able to come to terms yet," said Philip. "I am not the man to force a girl into a marriage against her will; therefore, if there is a longer-standing engagement between the young lady and yourself—an engagement of so tender a nature, that it would be cruel for me to destroy it—I shall be only too happy to yield to your prior claims. I cannot, I think, do more than this!"

"That is true, certainly; I must be grateful for the way in which you look upon the affair," exclaimed Holding, but not with the pleasurable surprise Philip had expected from him. Holding knew well that he would have little chance were Mary against a rival, if a sudden decision were demanded from her. His vanity assured him that with *time* her scruples could be overcome; but *time* he must have—his vanity even allowed this much—and this day was, of all others, less calculated to advance his suit, as on the previous evening Mary had been anything but prepossessed in his favor, and had spoken to him in a rather summary manner of the way in which he had broken off his engagement with Julia Peachfold. He, therefore, required time to wipe away the impression this had made upon Mary, and make everything straight again with her.

"In order to carry out this plan," began he, therefore, after a pause, "we must allow the lady breathing time, and see——"

"Oh, that won't do at all," interrupted Philip. "My cousin insists upon going into the country at once, and I fancy she is about the last person in the world to change her plans when once she has formed them."

"Well, be it so, then; but I won't give up Mary like this," cried Holding. "You are to leave the house at eight, I believe?"

"Yes, at eight o'clock; the carriage is ordered to drive up to the garden door in a back lane."

"I'm glad I know that, at any rate. This abduction shall not take place behind my back, I swear!"

Holding seized his hat and, with a slight inclination of his head, left the room.

"But what about the other affair—your friend Befferton?" cried Philip after him.

Holding never heard him. With long, heavy strides, he hurried angrily along the passage, and down the staircase.

"This is a most providential meeting at the eleventh hour!" cried Philip, chuckling inwardly, as he shut the door, after vainly calling after Holding. "*Most* providential! He'll hurry as fast as his legs will carry him to my amiable cousin, I know, and claim her promise. Well, thank goodness, the affair is at last taking a more pleasant turning—pleasanter than I could have supposed it possible but one short quarter of an hour ago. Uncle will be able to say nothing to me now. I came too late: found the little lady engaged already; nothing left for me to do but go back home again as quietly as I came. Heigh ho!"

Philip rubbed his hands gleefully, and felt on amicable terms with all mankind.

"It is about the time," said he, "that I was to go and pay my respects to my intended, whom I've not even seen yet. But I think I'll leave it alone for the present. This Mr. Holding will probably go direct to my respected cousin, and have a scene with her. I won't disturb them. Let the good people settle their little matter *en famille*. That will be much better. I'll go and look up my jolly old cousin Hammond instead. I have broken my word in the most barefaced manner to him, for I promised to bring him news of his divine Milona immediately. He'll famish for it like a thirsty hart for water. Poor old fellow! What *didn't* he tell me to say to her! And I—I never said one word about it all! But there was no time! But I can find all sorts of comforting reasons for his benefit!"

Chapter IX.

Let us hurry on in advance of Philip to old Hammond's lodgings. A strange change had been worked therein since our last visit. All was so tidy and so clean, that the place was scarcely to be recognised again. The furniture stood in its right place, and was well dusted; the papers and books arranged neatly together, and the wearing apparel, which was generally littering the room in every quarter, was now stowed away in different cupboards and chests of drawers. The bed-chamber was also perfectly neat, as well as the small recess Mary had chosen to sleep in herself. For this reason she asked Joseph Peachfold to lend her Julia's bed, and the young man, who naturally concluded his sister was miles away from the town, readily assented to her request. As Peachfold was not acquainted with the girl's circumstances, and thought she had been a servant residing beneath Mrs. Middlehurst's roof, but out of place at present, he, of course, supposed her father's lodgings the correct place for her to stop at whilst seeking another situation. Peachfold had also done his best in helping to arrange her father's rooms, and succeeded in divirting the girl's attention so far with his merry gossip, that Mary almost lost all the fear she had formerly felt at the reckless step she had taken. In the afternoon he went back again to his duties. Hammond had not come home all day. He was in the habit of dining at a very third-rate eating-house, and afterwards playing a game of cribbage there, finishing up later in the afternoon with a long walk. Mary had, therefore, had nothing to eat to-day. How she was to manage for the future, she would ask her father on his return; but to-day she was in too much excitement to feel hunger. Towards evening, however, she began to experience the want of food, and therefore determined to go out and buy something.

When she returned, with a little basket upon her arm, she was much surprised to find a stranger pacing up and down the passage, outside her father's door; this stranger was Philip, who had been vainly knocking at Hammond's portal for admittance. He was just on the point of going away again, when the glass door opened, and Mary entered. In the deepening twilight, the young man really thought her superbly beautiful.

"Oh!" cried he; "have I, indeed, the pleasure of meeting you once more, miss? But I really do not know what your name is yet; you never favored me with it, you know."

"My name?" replied she. "Oh, it isn't at all a pretty one—not even a good one! It is Mary."

"And you think that isn't a good name?"

"I mean," replied she, earnestly, even sorrowfully, "there is something prophetic in the name. Mary sounds unfortunate; it is like the title of a drama, full of misery."

"What a strange notion! Do you think Philip an unfortunate name, also? *Mine* is Philip."

"Philip?" answered the girl. "Well, the name of Philip generally belonged to persons gifted with no particularly good qualities,—such as Philip of Macedon, Philip the Second, Philip Augustus. But," added she, with a smile, as if to reassure him a little after what she had said, "there was also a Philip the *Good*, you know, Duke of Burgundy."

"Ah! I'm glad of that, at any rate," cried Philip, merrily. "You see, I was christened after *him!* But tell me—it is an impertinent question, I know, but I hope you will forgive it—tell me how it is that you know history in this astounding way? I cannot understand it at all."

"Oh, a well-educated lady's-maid always knows such things," cried Mary, mirthfully. "Your doubtful compliments may, however, be pardoned, as you told me, yesterday, you had come straight from the country."

"Yes; really straight from the country; and I dare say that you would have known that by my appearance—would not you? Oh, it is a miserable thing always to have lived in the country! People become so awkward and shy, after a time, that they hardly like to open their lips, or speak out plainly, as they should do."

"Indeed!" cried Mary, in laughing tones; "this is something quite new to me—quite new. I always thought and heard, for I never lived in the country myself, always in towns——"

"And you have heard, what?"

"That people in the country pride themselves upon being so very outspoken, and telling you their minds."

"Their minds? Well, yes; that may be. But there is something beyond speaking one's mind in a man. For instance, one's feelings, one's heart; and there it is where we fail so signally; especially," continued Philip, "when one meets with a well-educated young girl, who might come to our assistance in a dilemma, and use some of her wit in guessing our feelings."

Mary felt that Philip would not have chosen this mode of expressing himself if he had not taken her for some one else than she really was. But, in spite of this, she was in no way hurt, and said, smiling, "Well, this much is certain—countrymen are very naïve!"

"And why, pray?"

"I should think that is far easier to guess than that other thing you expected me to guess. And now that we have both got our little riddle, I think we had better seek solitude in order to guess the difficult problem. So, good-bye!"

"Good-bye, miss! May I not hope——"

But Mary had meanwhile disappeared into Julia's room, in order to replace the latter's basket, which she had taken out with her, and thus cut Philip's hope short.

Philip now went down stairs, determined to try and find Hammond later in the evening.

Chapter X.

It was quite dark by this time. The different clocks of the town were chiming a quarter to eight o'clock. Mr. Hammond returned home in rather an ill humor. He had told Philip to meet him that afternoon, to tell him how Minona had borne the great joy of hearing that her beloved Hammond was once more close to her side. But no; Philip was not to be seen anywhere. The young man, as we know, had had no opportunity of speaking to her about her husband, and afterwards he had been far too much engaged with his own affairs to voluntarily seek an interview with the excitable old man, who was a very jolly companion in a general way, but much too talkative when one felt in a serious mood.

Thus Philip was guilty of a breach of promise, and old Hammond fumed impatiently at the eating-house all the afternoon at the non-arrival of his comrade. This, however, Philip had no notion of, and consequently bent his steps to the old actor's lodgings instead.

Hammond had returned home in a very bad temper. He swore and raved to himself in the language of both dead and living poets and melo-dramatic authors. When he was just on the point of entering his rooms, Peachfold, dressed ready for going out, suddenly emerged from his. He was just drawing on a pair of brown dog's-skin gloves.

It was still light enough for Peachfold to distinguish the splendid "get up" his old friend was in—for the honest livery-stable keeper had never before seen the ex-actor so fine; for, if you remember, he was dressed in his Sunday best, ready to appear before his faithless spouse at a moment's notice, expecting every minute to be summoned to her side by the truant Philip.

"But," exclaimed he, stopping suddenly; "what are you dressed like this for, Mr. Hammond? I never saw such a swell in my life! What's up, eh?"

"'What's up?' did you please to remark, Peachfold?" asked Hammond, with cold reserve. "I really do not know what you mean by such a question. If I were to tell you the reasons that induced me to——"

"Oh, I know! Some long story, I'll be bound, Mr. Hammond!" interrupted the other. "I'm, unfortunately, in a desperate hurry just now, and must be off; but really, if I had not met you coming quietly home, I should have thought there was something of the greatest importance in the wind. How well you look, to be sure! I'll be bound you've often worn that coat before the public!"

"Certainly, my friend—certainly. In 'The Rivals,' in 'The Jealous Wife,' in 'The Dangerous——'"

"Ah! I thought so. I thought you'd been dangerous in it once; but farewell, dear sir. I'm in a hurry, as I said before, and, I dare say, she'n't be back again for a couple of days or so. I oughtn't to go myself, I dare say, but I'm so dull now Julia's gone, that I've determined to take old David's place on the box, and make the little journey myself. Besides which, the order is of rather an odd nature, and I'm curious to know the end of it. But you'll not be dull whilst I'm gone. Go into your room, and you'll find your daughter there."

"Mary here?" exclaimed Hammond. "But where are you off to, Peachfold?"

"Well, you see, that's just the strange part of the business. I don't know myself. I am ordered to take a large traveling-carriage, with a pair of horses, to Mrs. Middlehurst's garden-pavilion at eight o'clock."

"Mrs. Middlehurst who?" screamed the old ex-actor.

"Well, Mrs. Middlehurst, of Leonard Street, to be sure!" replied Peachfold. "Where she's off to at eight o'clock at night, and with a pair of horses, the deuce knows! And she has not told me how long she is going to keep the carriage, either."

"Joseph, Joseph! what news of terror is this?" exclaimed Hammond, who had been standing as still as a statue. "Mrs. Middlehurst going away—going away in the evening, by stealth, and with a pair of horses! Oh, ye gods! this can-*not*, *can*-not be! And is this the result of my message to her! Has the knowledge that I am here caused her to adopt such measures? Oh! then, all, *all* will be lost! Poor, poor Hammond! But no; all is not lost yet—in fact, *nothing* as *yet!*"

This was all said with the greatest pathos; all except the last sentence. After which, he turned, and, with two long steps, bounded along the passage, and down stairs.

The old gentleman's loud and passionate voice had reached Mary's ears, and she now hurried out into the passage also. She only understood his last words and saw him disappear.

Her cry, "Papa, papa! what is the matter? Papa! do listen to me!" met with no response; so the girl now anxiously turned towards Peachfold, who was standing there, utterly dumfounded at the effect his words had produced.

"What does this mean?—what is the matter with papa, Mr. Peachfold?"

"Heaven knows, for I'm sure *I* don't! I only told him your former mistress, Mrs. Middlehurst, had ordered a traveling-carriage and pair, and that I was just on the point of driving her into the country, and this is the extraordinary result. He is as mad as if he were a young lover, whose sweetheart was going to elope from him!"

With these words, Peachfold went away down stairs. Mary's heart nearly ceased its beating at this news. Her knees began to shake, and she was obliged to prop herself against the door for support.

Oh, heavens!" exclaimed she; "this is a pretty piece of business! Mamma going away! I'll be bound Julia has told her that papa's in town. She could hardly help telling her so, as this alone could account for her having the papers; and now he has gone there; and what will he say when he sees Julia instead of me? Oh, dear! And Joseph—when he sees his sister! And I?—I dare not leave papa to fight the battle alone. What would Julia say, too, if I didn't go to the rescue?"

With these words, Mary hurried back into her father's apartment, and fetching her hat and cloak, rushed excitedly down stairs and out of the house.

Chapter XI.

When Mary reached the street, she hurriedly bent her steps in the direction of her former home. After she had walked about fifty yards, she reached a broad street, in the middle of which the drinking fountain, we have already mentioned, stood. The place seemed to have something about it fatal to Mary: for when she reached the well where Holding and Bafferton had so frightened her a few days ago, she suddenly encountered Philip, who was on his way to her father's lodgings, thinking that now, at any rate, he must be home again.

Mary recognised him at once.

She hurried towards him, and stretched forth her hands as if rejoiced at this unlooked-for meeting, and cried "Oh, how glad I am to see you! You must do me a service now."

"A thousand, if you will; I am quite at your disposal."

"Then do please run to that cab-stand yonder, and fetch me one of those vehicles. I am in the greatest hurry, and my knees refuse to carry me further."

"What is the matter with you, miss?—you seem to be very much agitated."

"Oh, ask no questions!—fetch the carriage quickly."

"I'm off at once."

Philip was as good as his word, and darted off with lightning speed to summon one of the cabs. Mary followed more slowly. In two minutes Philip was at her side again, one of the cabs trotting quickly after him. Mary prepared to get in.

"To Mrs. Middlehurst's, Leonard Street," cried she to the coachman.

Philip opened the door, and gave her his hand.

"You must have met my father. Did you not meet him on your way hither?" asked she hurriedly, as she entered the vehicle. Philip closing the door after her.

"Your father? I have never even seen him, miss!"

"Why, you were with him this morning! You came out of his room," replied Mary; adding, however, a moment afterwards, "Dear me!—in my fright I totally forgot that——"

The carriage rolled away, and her last words were entirely drowned by the noise of the wheels. Philip gazed after the retreating cab, utterly unable to connect his ideas.

"What!" exclaimed he; "did she not say *her father?* and that *I* was with him this morning? Whom else can she mean but Hammond? By Jove! she's been making a regular fool of me!—and she's his daughter, after all! Didn't I fancy so, the first moment I saw her? But why make me the victim of such a hoax?"

These were Philip's first thoughts at the discovery; but thoughts that filled him with far greater alarm and annoyance forced themselves upon him presently.

"Then, in this case, *she* is my bride—the girl I am to marry; and—oh, this is terrible! this is enough to drive a fellow mad! *I*, I myself, have arranged that another man is to meet her, and carry her away from me! I myself set Holding after her; and now,—and now—why, I've even fetched her a cab, in order that she may arrive punctually at eight o'clock at her mother's residence—for they are evidently to start upon their journey at eight o'clock, as at first intended; else why should she have been so agitated, and in such an awful hurry? And idiot, *fool* that I am! why am I wasting valuable time here? Well, I never was in such a fix before in all my life! By Jove! I never was!"

With these words Philip rushed in hot haste after the carriage, which he soon, however, lost sight of round a corner. If he had hastened before in quest of a cab for Mary, it now really seemed as if he was in possession of the seven-leagued boots, as he darted with huge strides, breathlessly after Mary; exclaiming all the time, as he ran, "Fool that I was! consummate ass!"

(To be Continued.)

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VOICE.

GUITAR

1. A fair lit - tle maid - en was work - ing one day, Em - broid'ring a slip - per was she; And at eve - ry stitch she'd mer - ri - ly sing, I know this will not fit me.
2. The first man that came to try on this shoe, A man of great rich - es was he; Yet pull as he may still all he can do, Still leaves this fair maid - en free.
3. At length there came in so sau - cy and sly, Young Wil - lie the brave and the true; At once on his feet, though scarce did he try, He fit - ted this far - famed shoe.

So when it is done I'll lay it a - side, And no more em - broid - er nor knit;
Then came they in scores, and long did they try, And screw their feet this way and that;
This fair lit - tle maid was won in this way, And the gos - sips they had the small wit

But here make a vow that I'll be the bride, Of him that the shoe will fit:
But all to no end for some were too high, Too low, and too thin, and too fat,
To say that she'd known for ma - ny a day, The one that the shoe would fit.

So all that have feet both nar - row, and wide, Who fear not re - ceiv - ing the
So all the gay swains who mer - ri - ly hied, To win the fair maid got the
And now all the rest, a - way quick - ly hie And pock - et in qui - et the

Oh, has - ti - ly ride for she'll be the bride, Of him whom the shoe will fit.
And some pro - phe - sied she'd ne'er be a bride, For none would the shoe e'er fit.
For this lit - tle maid is now the loved bride, Of him whom the shoe would fit.

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CONTENTS.

The American Star.....page 53
The Actor's Daughter—Story ended.....54—55
At first like an infant appearing..... 51
Custom Prevailing..... 50
The Cracksman's Chant..... 53
Down by the old Mill Stream..... 50
Dear Native Isle..... 50
The Dead Beat—(Original)..... 53
The Flower Girl..... 51
Fair Ellen..... 52
The Faded Leaf..... 52
Gentle Maid, ah! why suspect me?..... 50
How sweetly could I lay my hand..... 50
Here lies a Philosopher..... 51
Josie Waltz—Music..... 56
I'm off for Nicaragua!..... 53
The Little low room where I courted my wife... 52
Lovely Charmer..... 51
L. S. D: or
Pounds, Shillings, and Pence..... 51
Maria consents to be mine..... 50
Major K. N. Pepper: or where's that Jones? 50
Never be down-hearted, boys..... 51
Oh! red looked the Sun!..... 50
The Old log cabin in the lane..... 52
The Sun that lights the roses..... 51
Something in the City..... 51
Shy, Shy, dreadfully Shy..... 52
The Song my mother used to sing..... 53
There's danger on the line..... 51
The Timid, Awkward Squad..... 52
With an honest old friend..... 50
When away from my beautiful Maid..... 52
When lovely woman stoops to folly..... 52
The Wonderful Eater..... 53
Young I am, and yet unskilled..... 50

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Down by the old Mill Stream.

You must know that my uncle is a farmer,
Keeps a large farm in the West:
While staying there, I met a little charmer,
And many's a time I caressed
That girl so fair, with nut-brown hair—
Her equal ne'er was seen:
And where I met this little charmer
Was down by the old mill stream.

Chorus.

Down by the old mill stream,
There many happy hours I have seen:
Strolling day by day, we passed the time away,
Down by the old mill stream.

Her father was the owner of a dairy,
Her brother worked the plough,
And while I used to roam with little Mary,
Her mother would milk the cow.
But her father said: "We should not wed,"
Which I thought rather mean;
Asshe could not be my wife, she said: "She'd
end her life,"
By drowning in the old mill stream. Chorus.

How the old man laughed at his daughter,
Saying: "I don't believe a word that you say,"
But when he saw her struggling in the water,
He exclaimed: "Do save her, pray!"
But it was too late, she had met her fate:
Oh! what a terrible scene!
The old man cried as the neighbors tried
To pull her out of the stream. Chorus.

At last, they got her out of the water,
And some of the neighbors said:
"Oh! Brown, you've been the ruin of your
daughter;
For, the girl is really dead!"
He tore his hair, gave way to despair,
Ran away, never more was seen:
And now I'm told the dairy is sold,
That stood by the old mill stream. Chorus.

Maria Consents to be Mine.

By the girl of my heart I'm accepted at last,
And the happiest creature alive,
To obtain my reward for the cares of the past,
In the joys of the future I'll strive.
From this day not a cloud shall appear in the sky,
And the sun shall do nothing but shine:
The most favored of lovers and mortals am I—
For, Maria consents to be mine, yes, mine.

Chorus.

By the girl of my heart I'm accepted at last,
And the happiest creature alive,
To obtain my reward for the cares of the past,
In the joys of the future I'll strive.

When her parents had left us alone for a while,
On my knees in a frenzy I dropt:
"You must ask my Mamma" she replied with a smile,
When I softly but eagerly popt.
To her Mother, at once, in a gallop I flew:
She obligingly asked me to dine,
And my suit seemed to please the old gentleman, too:
So Maria consents to be mine, yes, mine.
Chorus.

In a month from to-morrow the knot will be tied,
Tho' at present I cannot say where;
But I rather imagine my love will decide
On the church near Madison Square:
We shall form a procession at least half a mile,
With our carriages all in a line:
For, of course, I shall manage the matter in style,
Now Maria consents to be mine, yes, mine.
Chorus.

For our honeymoon trip to Niagara we repair,
As a highly romantic resort:
And I'm sure, when it's over, we both shall declare
That the month was dreadfully short.
Let our life in the future be gloomy or gay,
As good fortune or ill may design,
I am perfectly happy, at least for to-day:
For, Maria consents to be mine, yes, mine.
Chorus.

Dear Native Isle.

Written by W. K. Bellamy. Adapted by W. Kavestaff.

Dear native Isle, the summer's sun is glowing
O'er thy wide vales in calm tranquility:
From thy blue hills the cool fresh breeze is blowing,
Speaking to the soul of health and liberty—
Dear native isle,
Dear to me
Thou'lt ever be,
My own native isle!

Dear native isle, the days of childhood glided
In thy calm bosom peacefully away:
There, when the storms of life have all subsided,
In safety moored, my little bark shall stay—
Dear native isle,
Dear to me
Thou'lt ever be,
My own native isle!

Major K. N. Pepper! or where's that Jones?

If I seem somewhat excited,
Well, I trust I'll be excused, sir:
My faith and hospitality's
Been shamefully abused, sir,
My Angeline—my only child,
On whom I fondly hoped—
Has driven her father frantic, wild—
The baggage—she's eloped!

Spoken: Eloped, sir, that's the word, bolted! Thunder and lightning! *my* child fled with a poltroon named Jones! you may have heard the villain's name before; but by the blood of all the Peppers, I will pulverise Jones, if I but catch him, sir!

Chorus.

Oh! where's that Jones? If I catch that Jones,
I'm sure there will be slaughter!
Take *all* I've got, I'd not care a jot—
But don't take an old man's daughter.

Fool that I was! I let my child
The coxcomb introduce, sir,
And, from that very moment,
He has played the very deuce, sirs:
He'd what those chits of girls would call
A fascinating manner:
He'd sing mamby-pamby love songs,
While my child played the *Pianer!*

Spoken: The designing ruffian! my girl would boast that he could go up to A with his voice. I wish he'd gone down to the D— with his anatomy before I'd seen him. I, like an old fool, could see no harm in it, but now—guns and trumpets—
Oh! where's that, &c.

My girl got so affected, and
So sad and queer her tones, sir,
If but a day elapsed without
Her seeing her dear Jones, sir:
He'd come to dinner, stay to tea,
Play chess till late at night;
That she should leave her Dad for Jones,
You'll own was hardly right.

Spoken: To think he should defeat *me!* I, who have led my men up to the cannon's mouth. I, Major K. N. Pepper, deceived, diddled by an insignificant nincompoop— Oh! where's that, &c.

Yesterday morn, I waited
To receive her morning kiss, sir:
She did not come as usual,
Something I feared amiss, sir;
Before me laid a little note,
Which froze my poor old bones:
She hoped I would forgive her—
For, she'd run away with Jones!

Spoken: Forgive her! Guns and trumpets! never, sir! If she prefers Jones to her poor old father—she may starve. Ah! how I loved her! when she was a golden-haired little cherub, how she'd play at horses with the tail of my coat, whip my old legs with the toasting fork, and tell me to "Gee up, Dada." And then she grew towards beautiful womanhood, and how tenderly she nursed me when the gout set in—but that's all gone now. She's torn from me by that idiotic cuff-shooter, Jones— Oh! where's that, &c.

With an Honest old Friend.

With an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,
And laugh at the malice of those who repine
That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate:
But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away:
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise—
For, the more we are envied, the higher we rise.

How Sweetly Could I lay my Head.

How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast,
Where sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest—

For, ah! my heart, how very soon
The glittering dreams of youth are past
And long before it reaches noon,
The sun of life is overcast—

Young I am, and yet Unskilled.

Young I am, and yet unskilled
How to make a lover yield:
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true:
Ere I can my soul disguise,
Heave my breast, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way
How to lie, and to betray:
He that has me first is blest;
For, I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love, and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a jaunty mein—
I should long to be fifteen.

Gentle Maid, ah! why Suspect Me?

Gentle Maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee—then reject me:
Canst thou trust, and I deceive thee?
Art thou sad, and shall I grieve thee?
Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee—then reject Me.

Oh! Red Looked the Sun!

(In the Opera of "The Egyptian Festival.")

Oh! red looked the sun on that sad fatal day,
When poor me from my country white-man
tore away:
While, wringing his hands, Bambra sighed on
the shore:
"My Nigra, alas! is no more—is no more!"

The sea, too, was troubled, and loud roared the wind
But my heart was more troubled for him left behind;
'Tis my Bambra's hard fate that alone I deplore:
For, he now, alas! is no more—is no more!

As the breeze swelled the sails, so with grief
swelled his heart:
For, he vowed he could ne'er live from Nigra apart;
Then he plunged in the sea, and far from the shore
He sunk, and, alas! is no more—is no more!

Custom Prevailing.

Custom prevailing so long 'mongst the great,
Makes oaths easy potions to sleep on,
Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
Without e'er designing to keep one.
For, an oath's seldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,
A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name
A lawyer to truth, or a statesman from blame,
Or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

L. S. D.
or Pounds, Shillings and Pence.

A man without money
Is thought but a fool,
In these days of wealth—
Now, when I went to school,
I was told to be fond
Of my A. B. C.,
But now I'm much fonder
Of L. S. D.
L. S. D., L. S. D.,
That is the stuff for you and me:
All the world over, well we know,
'Tis money that makes the mare to go.

A man may find friends,
Be he e'er such a snob,
As long as he's got
L. S. D. in his fob,
While the true gentleman,
But a poor chance stands he,
If he's found to be minus
Of L. S. D. L. S. D. &c.

Those letters are balm
To the Miser's soul,
And for them men travel
From Pole to Pole,
And we even find nations
Will oft disagree,
And the "bone of contention"
Is L. S. D. L. S. D. &c.

A lover will kneel
At his lady-love's feet,
And eternal fidelity
Vow to "his sweet,"
But he'll look for his hat,
And he quickly will flee,
If he finds out she's short
Of the L. S. D. L. S. D. &c.

A damsel may chance
Have a lover—perhaps two:
If one breaks his promise,
He's likely to rue:
For, she'll go into court,
And the lawyers she'll fee,
And her broken heart's mended
With L. S. D. L. S. D. &c.

It is called "filthy lucre."
"Dross," "Satan's sweet-stuff,"
But I ne'er knew a man
To confess he'd enough!
'Tis the root of all evil,
Some poets agree:
If you wish to get rid of it,
Give it to me. L. S. D. &c.

At First Like an Infant Appearing.

At first like an infant appearing,
With neither his bow nor his dart,
To his wiles we attend without fearing,
'Till he creeps by degrees to our heart.

When soon for our folly requited,
This guest the sole master we find:
For, scarce to the bosom invited,
He lords it at will o'er the mind.

The Sun That Lights the Roses.

Tho' dimpled cheeks may give delight,
Where rival beauties blossom:
Tho' balmy lips to love invite,
To ecstasy thy bosom:
Yet softer than yon summer's sky
Each blushing tint discloses,
Give me the lustre beaming eye,
The sun that lights the roses.

The voice of love is soft and clear,
Exciting fond emotion:
How sweet it sounds upon the ear,
Like music on the ocean!"
Yet dearer far to lover's sight
The eye that truth discloses,
Surpassing with its splendor bright
The sun that lights the roses.

The Flower Girl.

Forbid it, kind heaven, that my parent should sigh,
While I can sell flowers in the street—
My poor little sister, too, surely would die,
Did I cease to procure them some meat.
Then buy my sweet flowers, and shield us from sorrow,
What I earn to-day we must live on to-morrow.

Ah! had not my father been killed in the war,
And left us both friendless and poor,
I should not thus wander with flowers so far,
And cry them at every door.
Then buy my sweet flowers, &c.

My mother, alas! since my father is dead,
Is almost deprived of her sight,
And I, for my sister and her to get bread,
Cull flowers as soon as 'tis light.
Then buy my sweet flowers, &c.

There's Danger on the Line.

If we'd but only look ahead,
In journeying through life,
What accidents by flood and field
'Twould save us in the strife!
The railway has its signal light,
And so in life have we:
They only want attention, and
No danger there would be.
For, the white light—all right—
Go-ahead in safety—
The green light, seen right,
Will caution us in time:
But the red light—shown bright—
Brings us up right hasty:
For, when they show the red, we know
There's danger on the line.

For instance, look at courtship now—
A road you'd think well known—
The warnings placed along this line
Are pretty plainly shown:
But folks rush past the junction
With blindness to their fate,
Ne'er stopping till they're past the points,
And then, of course, too late.
For, the white light, &c.

For matrimonial signals then
We haven't far to gaze,
The warnings are in plenty shown,
And strike us with amaze:
The safety light, along this branch,
I'm sorry, seldom shows:
Then look well to your coupling, boys,
Ere each the journey goes.
For, the white light, &c.

Then push along thro' life, my boys,
But heed well what I say:
Don't pass or snub the cautions that
You meet with by the way:
And if you'd safely reach the end,
Just keep yourself awake,
And when you find there's something wrong,
Then quickly ply the brake.
For, the white light, &c.

Lovely Charmer.

Lovely charmer, dearest creature,
Kind invader of my heart:
Graced with every gift of nature,
Graced with every help of art:
Oh! could I but make thee love me,
As thy charms my heart have moved—
None could e'er be blessed above me,
None could e'er be more beloved.

Here Lies a Philosopher.

Here lies a Philosopher, knowing and brave,
From whom madam nature ne'er hid the least wonder,
Who, looking to heaven, tumbled into his grave,
And disdained that same earth that he, rotting, lies under.

Something in the City.

I've furnished rooms at Camberwell,
Of a morning out I crawl,
Perhaps take a city omnibus,
Perhaps don't go out at all:
My movements are uncertain quite
And curious folks I pity:
The conclusion they all come to, is
I'm something in the city.
I'm something in the city,
I'm something in the city:
They don't know quite, they think they're right,
I'm something in the city.

Some fancy I'm a banker's clerk,
Or else on the exchange:
Landladies think I'm a cashier,
Because I so often *change*.
Some think I'm in the wine trade,
Or a lawyer, "more's the pity!"
At any rate, they're all agreed
I'm something in the city. Chorus.

Perhaps I meet with Smith, we have a glass
And talk about the weather:
When in comes Brown (you all know Brown),
We "hob and nob" together;
When I am gone, Brown says 'who *is* that chap?'
"That's Johnson, rather witty."
"What is he?" "Blest if I can tell—
He's a—a something in the city."

Spoken: Of course, a fella couldn't walk up to another fella and ask the fella how he got his living, could he? it would puzzle some fellas to tell, wouldn't it? so I find it highly respectable to be—
Something in the city, &c.

On peoples' curiosity
I'd never put a stopper:
So let them think me what they choose,
As long as it's something *proper*.
But if I tell you—you'll keep it dark
Or else 'twould be a pity—
Well now, *when* I'm in the city, I am
Something in the city.
I'm something in the city,
Yaas, something in the city:
You'll find it highly proper to be
Something in the city.

Never be Down-Hearted, Boys.

This world to some seems like a field,
Where naught but weeds will grow,
While many, less deserving,
Often reap what others sow.
Some are always up and doing,
Others pine and mope,
And forget the good old saying—
"While there's life, there's hope."
Should fortune frown upon you,
Or dark thoughts interlope,
Banish them at once, my boys;
For, while there's life, there's hope.

Let's watch your noble vessel,
With her happy crew on deck:
Ere long upon the wave she's dashed,
A dull and dismal wreck,
Her boats are lost, her mainmast gone,
But, clinging to the rope,
You hear her seamen whisper still:
"While there's life, there's hope."
Should fortune frown, &c.

The miner underneath the ground
Toils on from day to day:
In darkness and oblivion
His life is passed away.
With sad mishap or deadly damp
He often has to cope,
His comfort still, while waiting, is—
"While there's life, there's hope."
Should fortune frown, &c.

Why are lawyers like shears? Because they don't cut each other, but only what comes between them.

Shy, Shy, Dreadfully Shy.

Had I been a monk or a Hermit that dwelt
In a cave where the world could not see,
I then might be quiet, collected and cool,
But fate has not willed it to be:
I'm thrown on the world with its troubles and trials,
To avoid them I every day try;
I'm nervous, fidgety, very reserved,
In fact, I'm most awfully shy,
I can't look a girl in the face but I blush—
For, I feel most awfully shy.
Chorus: Shy, shy, shy, shy!
Oh! I'm so shy—dreadfully shy:
Shy, shy, shy, shy!
I can't pass a stay shop, because I'm so shy.

Some people go to the theatre, each night,
To see actresses dressed *comme il faut*,
But I never will cast my eyes on the stage
Unless the footlights they put low;
There's the ballet girls, too, so graceful to view-
To see them is stretched every eye;
To some this is good, but 'tis not so to me:
For, I fell most awfully shy,
Ballet girls' movements are all very well,
But I feel so dreadfully shy—
Chorus: Shy, shy, shy, shy!
Oh! I'm so shy—dreadfully shy:
Shy, shy, shy, shy!
I would if I could, but I can't: I'm so shy!

For all I'm so shy, I once fell in love:
To my sweetheart no question could pop,
For hours I would sit by my loved one and say—
Nothing! and then I would stop;
She put the question, I, blushing, said "*yes*,"
Got married—I felt I should die
To think of the future, tears came to my eyes—
For, I felt so uncommonly shy—
Yes, to think of the future, tears came to my eyes—
For, I felt so uncommonly shy.
Chorus: Shy, shy, shy, shy!
Oh! I'm so shy—dreadfully shy:
Shy, shy, shy, shy!
When I put on the ring, I was awfully shy!

The Little Low Room Where I Courted my Wife.

My brow is seamed o'er with the iron of years,
And the snow-threads are gleaming the furrows among:
My eyes have grown dim in the shadow of tears,
Where the flowers of my soul have died as they sprung:
But memory bears to me, on its broad wings,
Bright images true of my earliest life:
And, there, 'mid the fairest of all that is seen,
Is the little low room where I courted my wife,
Is the little low room where I courted my wife.

That low, humble room seemed a palace of light,
As love held his torch, and illumined the scene
With glory of state and profusion bedight,
Where I was a monarch, my darling a queen;
Ourselves were our subjects, pledged loyal were each,
And which should love best was our heartiest strife;
What tales could it tell, if possessing a speech,
That little low room where I courted my wife,
That little low room where I courted my wife!

Warm vows has it heard, the warment e'er spoke,
Where lips have met lips in holy embrace,
Where feelings that never to utterance woke,
It saw oft revealed in a duplicate face;
The sweet hours hastened, how quickly they flew,
With fervent devotion and ecstasy rife!
Our hearts throbbed the hours, but how I ne'er knew,
In the little low room where I courted my wife,
In the little low room where I courted my wife.

The romance of youth lent its rapturous zest,
And fairydom knew no delight like our own;
Our words were but few, but they were the best,
A dialect sweet for ourselves all alone.
So anxious to hear what the other might say,
We neither could utter a word for our life;
Thus the hours in silence passed quickly away,
In the little low room where I courted my wife,
In the little low room where I courted my wife.

The Old Log Cabin in the Lane.

As sung by Billy and Maggie Ray.

I am getting old and feeble now, I cannot work no more,
I have laid the rusty-bladed hoe to rest:
Old Massa and old Missus they're sleeping side by side,
And their spirits are now roaming with the blest;
Things are changed about the place, the darkies all am gone,
And I cannot hear them singing in the cane,
And the only friend that's left me in that little boy of mine,
In my little old log cabin in the lane.

There was a happy time to me, not many years ago,
When the darkies used to gather round the door:
They used to sing and dance at night, and play the old banjo:
But, alas! they cannot do it any more;
The hinges are all rusty now, the door is tumbling down
And the roof lets in the sunshine and the rain:
Oh! the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine,
In my little old log cabin in the lane.

BOY.

Oh! daddy, don't you be so sad and melancholy now,
For you there's many happy days in store:
Although you're old and feeble, your boy is young and strong,
And will love and cherish you for evermore:
I'll try and do the best I can to make you happy now,
I'll comfort and protect you from all pain.

BOTH.

And the angels they will bless us in our happy little home,
In our little old log cabin in the lane.

OLD MAN.

Oh! child, I am contented, but the day must quickly come,
When I'll have to leave this earth for evermore:
The angels they will take me from my humble little cot,
And waft me to that bright celestial shore.

BOY.

Oh! don't despair, but come what may, you will be happy yet,
If from sorrow and bad feeling you refrain.

BOTH.

For, the angels they will bless us in our happy little nome,
In our little old log cabin in the lane.

Fair Ellen.

Fair Ellen like a lily grew,
Was Beauty's fav'rite flower,
Till falsehood changed her lovely hue,
She withered in an hour.

Antonio in her virgin breast
First raised her generous sigh:
His wish obtained, the lover blest
Then left the maid to die—

The Faded Leaf.

In their robes of gold and crimson
Tree and shrub in turn are drest,
Only withered shreds are gathering
In the flying swallow's nest:
Down thd grove I sadly wander,
Pressing, oh! how fervently!
To my lips this faded leaflet
That my Sadie gave to me.
Chorus: Autumn's passing, Winter's coming,
Soon shall snow clothe leaf and tree,
But, through every changing season,
Treasured shall this token be!

In the golden west is sinking
To his rest the wearied sun,
But the clouds that veil his splendor
Soon must vanish, one by one:
And some friendly sprite is whispering—
"Treasured still that token be:
Softer airs bring livelier measures,
She will come again to thee!" Chorus.

When Away From My Beautiful Maid.

When absent from her, my soul holds most dear:
What a medley of passions invade!
In this bosom what anguish, what hope, and what fear
I endure for my beautiful maid!

In vain I seek pleasure to lighten my grief,
Or seek the gay throng in the shade;
Nor retirement, nor solitude yields me relief,
When away from my beautiful maid.

The Timid, Awkward Squad!

Copyright 1874 by E. H. Harding.
The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

Ye may talk about your "Mulligan Guards,"
and "Regular Army, oh!"
I never shall forget the day I started for to go
And be a bold Milishee boy, so happy, gay and free:
In the gallant "Sixty Ninth" I jined the ranks of Company G,
They put me in the "Awkward Squad" wid 'bout a dozen more:
Wid a musket on me shoulder, sure, they made me walk the floor,
We marched unto the right and left, until me feet were sore,
When we were in the Timid, Awkward Squad.

Chorus.

Lift! lift! the Sargint used to say:
Now ye's have it! can't ye keep it?
Turn yer head this way! Right about!
Shoulder arms! an hour every day,
Whin we were in the Timid, Awkward Squad.

I found it very diffikilt to kape the step at all
Along wid all the others, whin paradin in the Hall:
At aich mistake I used to make, the Sargint he would say:
"Yer as awkward as the Divil—doant ye hould yer goon that way!"
Whin e'er he'd spake an ordher, but, egad! 'twas wid a vim:
I often wished, upon me soul! to put a head on him—
But he, at least, weighed twenty stone, while I was very shlim
From marchin in the Timid, Awkward Squad.

Chorus.

Whin we're considered compitint into the Company,
They'll put us in the ranks at wanst, and there they'll let us be—
And under Sargints' orders thin no longer we will plod,
Shouldher arms and counter marchin in the Timid, Awkward Squad:
Whin out into the strate we go to have a foine parade,
We'll be looked upon wid pride, me boys, by every servant maid,
And wid the sargint on our right, no more we'll be afraid
Of marchin in the Timid, Awkward Squad—

Chorus.

If ever I'm promoted, and a Gineral I be,
I'll make 'em feel me vingeance, all the Sargints under me!
I'll have 'em marchin every day, or carryin the hod,
For being so uncivil to the Timid, Awkward Squad;
And if they should retallyate or give me any talk,
I'll rejuce thim to the ranks at wanst, and there I'll make 'em walk,
If that aint punishmint enough, "like any other gawk"—
Gad! I'll put thim in the Timid, Awkward Squad.

Chorus.

When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only way her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom is—to die.

The Original Dead Beat.

Air: Pretty Maid milking her cow.

There was a young man, in the city,
And no one could tell where he lived:
And, if you'll just list to my ditty,
His history to you I will give.
He dressed in the height of the fashion,
And all the fair damsels he'd meet,
Would whisper: O my! ain't he dashing?
But they knew not he was a Dead Beat.

CHORUS.

It's of a wealthy cod-fish merchant's daughter,
He courted her out on the sly:
A large thing on ice he now thought her,
And to get at her Stamps he did try.

He'd take her to Maillard's and Taylor's,
And call for refreshments so fine:
Ice-cream, Charlotte Russe, or game-suppers,
Washed down with a bottle of wine:
And, when the refreshments were ended,
He'd murmur in accents so sweet..
Just, lend me your pocket-book, darling..
And she'd sling it out to this Dead Beat.
It's of a wealthy cod-fish, &c.

One day, an elopement was suggested:
She very soon gave her consent:
His stamps in a carriage invested,
And to a North-River Steam-boat they went:
A detective he met on the pier,
And these are the words did him greet:
I want you, my shiner of queer:
For, I think you're a wealthy Dead Beat!
It's of a wealthy cod-fish, &c.

This fair damsel was taken home, in a passion:
What horrors her bosom now filled!
Charles Augustus was tried, the next Sessions,
For passing off Counterfeit-Bills.
They gave him twelve months on the Island,
And there, any day you will meet:
Breaking stones, in the quarry,
Is this wealthy, but played out Dead Beat!
It's of a wealthy cod-fish, &c.

The Song My Mother Used to Sing.

Written and Composed by Ralph Loomis.

Oh! Lady, sing that song again,
The one my mother used to sing:
It cheers my heart, and I would fain
Listen to the strains that ring
So sweetly in my mem'ry still,
As when she taught my childish voice
To lisp the song—I loved it then:
Oh! how it made my heart rejoice:
"Lullaby, Lullaby,
Rest thee, my baby boy:
Lullaby, Lullaby—"
The song my mother used to sing.

Methinks I hear her lovely voice,
As first it fell upon my ear,
The melody, it is my choice,
Sung by her, my mother dear;
So sweetly doth its cadence fall
Upon my ravished soul, what bliss!
I cannot think her dead and gone,
If I hear a strain like this:
"Lullaby, Lullaby,
Rest thee, my baby boy:
Lullaby, Lullaby—"
The song my mother used to sing.

That strain, alas! it doth recall
Her lovely voice and image, too,
And pains me much: for, she hath gone
To dwell in heav'n beyond my view—
Yet sweetly doth its accents fall
Upon my ear, but not in vain:
The cold, cold grave and fun'ral pall
Will take me to her arms again.
"Lullaby, Lullaby,
Rest thee, my mother dear:
Lullaby, Lullaby—"
The song my mother used to sing.

Minds which are too much elated, deserve to be pulled down.

I'm Off For Nicaragua.

Sung by Frank Lum, the Great Sensation Comic Singer.

One day while walking down Broadway,
What should I meet,
Coming up the street,
But a soldier gay,
In a grand array,
Who had been to Nicaragua!
He took me a-arm by the hand,
And says: "Old fellow, you're my man.
How would you like
A soldier's life,
On the plains of Nicaragua?
Then come with me down to the ship,
I'll quickly send you on your trip.
Don't stop to think: for, there's meat and drink
On the plains of Nicaragua."

I scarcely knew what to do or say:
No money I had,
My boots were bad,
Hat was gone,
My pants were torn,
So I was off for Nicaragua.
He took me in and did me treat,
Gave me a cigar and grub to eat;
And on his scroll did my name enroll,
A soldier for Nicaragua.
He took me down unto the ship,
Quickly sent me on my trip;
But, O Lord! wasn't I sea-sick,
Going to Nicaragua!

But after ten days of sailing away,
We saw the land of San Juan:
My heart beat light:
For, I thought it all right,
When I got to Nicaragua.
But when they got me on the shore,
They put me with about twenty more,
To fight away
Or be hanged they say,
For going to Nicaragua.
Now wasn't I in a pretty fix?
If I could only have cut my sticks,
You'd never caught me playing such tricks,
As going to Nicaragua.

Next morning, then in grand array,
All fagged and jaded,
We were paraded.
At close of day,
We were marched away
To the army in Nicaragua.
Not a bit of breakfast did I see,
And dinner was the same to me.
Two fried cats
And three stewed rats
Were supper in Nicaragua.
Marching all day with sore feet,
Plenty of fighting and nothing to eat,
How I sighed for pickled pigs' feet,
Way down in Nicaragua!

The Costa Ricans tackled us one day:
In the first alarm,
I lost my arm:
But we made them yield,
On Rivas' field.
Way down in Nicaragua.
The Yankee boys fought long and well,
They gave those Costa Ricans—fits:
But wasn't I dry
And hungry,
Way down in Nicaragua!
Marching all day, and fighting away,
Nothing to eat quite as much pay,
Do it all for glory, they say,
Way down in Nicaragua.

But when I was on duty, one day,
Give 'em the slip—
Jumped on the ship,
And bid good-bye,
Forever and aye,
To the plains of Nicaragua.
And, when I got to old New-York,
I filled myself with beans and pork:
My friends I cheer and in lager-beer
Drown times in Nicaragua.
And now I tread Columbia's land,
Take my friends all by the hand:
And if ever I leave 'em, may I be—blessed,
To go to Nicaragua.

The American Star.

Come strike the bold anthem, the war-dogs are howling,
Already they eagerly snuff up their prey;
The red clouds of war o'er our dwellings are scowling,
But Peace spreads her wings and flies, weeping, away:
Our infants affrighted, cling close to their mothers,
Our youth grasp their swords and for combat prepare,
While Beauty is weeping for husbands and brothers,
Who march to defend the American Star!

Come, blow the shrill bugle, the wild drum awaken,
The dread rifle seize and let cannons loud roar;
No heart with pale fear or faint doubtings be shaken,
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore!
Shall mothers, wives daughters and sisters, left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragg'd to despair?
Oh, no! from her Hills the proud Eagle comes sweeping,
And waves to the breeze the American Star!

The spirits of Washington Warren, Montgomery
Look down from the clouds with bright aspects serene!
Come, Soldiers! a tear and a toast to their memory!
Rejoicing they'll see us as once they have been!
To us the high boon by the Gods has been granted,
To spread the glad tidings of Liberty far;
Let millions invade us, we'll meet them, undaunted,
And vanquish them by the American Star!

Your hands then, dear comrades, round Liberty's altar:
United we'll swear by the souls of the Brave!
Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
We'll live independent or sink to the grave:
Then Freemen, all up! lo! our striped Banner's flying,
The proud bird of Liberty soars through the air!
Beneath her bright pinions Oppression is dying!
Success to the beaming American Star!

The Cracksman's Chant.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 & 869 Broadway, New-York.

I see'd three p'liecmen in the strand,
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy, heigho!
I see'd three p'liecmen in the strand,
And I knowed as they'd got a chase on hand,
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy, heigho!
Chorus: Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy, heigho!

And I see'd as they axed each passer-by,
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy, heigho!
And I see'd as they axed each passer-by,
And I knew, as the cove, what they wanted was I,
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy, heigho!

First, they axed a Frenchman they chanced to meet;
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy, heigho!
First, they axed a Frenchman they chanced to meet;
Il est la: vous le trouverez tout-de-suite!
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy, heigho!

Then, they axed a Dutchman: Ya mynheer:
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy, heigho!
I see yist sesh man bass py here,
Ville I sits at mein toor und I trinks mein peer:
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy, heigho!

Now, why did this throw them off the track?
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy, heigho!
Now, why did this throw them off the track?
Cos Frenchman and Dutchman
were both coll the crack,
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy, heigho!

The Wonderful Eater.

Words by L. M. Thornton—Air: The Cork Leg.

I'll tell a story I hear it's true:
I'm certain it will astonish you:
It's about a man who stood ten feet,
And everything he saw he'd eat.
Ri too ral, &c.

He Ostrich eggs for breakfast eat,
With a stewed Hyena for a treat:
And a Conger eel he used to broil,
And slices of porpoise fry in oil.
Ri-too-ral, &c.

For lunch, he roasted a rattle snake,
He thought it a rare tit-bit did make:
He eat up a Jackal very soon,
And cracked the bones of a fine Baboon.
Ri-too-ral, &c.

At dinner time, he dispatched a Shark,
Likewise a Camel—Oh! what a lark!
He used to dote on a roasted horse
When served up with Alligator sauce.
Ri-too-ral, &c.

At tea time, oh! what a feast made he—
He eat a bear and a chimpanzee,
A Lion, Leopard, and Tiger, too,
And licked his gums o'er a Kangaroo.
Ri-too-ral, &c.

He had for his supper something light,
A pickled Dolphin want out of sight:
He said for large joints he did not care,
As they were apt to produce night-mare.
Ri-too-ral, &c.

At ninty-eight he his last breath drew:
They burried him at a place called Kew.
I'd rather have kept him one week than two,
My jolly companions, what say you?
Ri-too-ral, &c.

The Actor's Daughter.

(Continued.)

When he reached the end of the street, he, too, threw himself into a cab, and told the man to drive as fast as his steed would go to Mrs. Middlehurst's house.

Let us hurry on in advance of all these agitated personages, and see what is going on in the garden pavilion, where the worthy matron had ordered the coach to be in readiness for her intended departure. This day has been very bitter to her. One has all sorts of ties in a place where one has resided any length of time; ties that are hard to tear asunder when the time comes, especially when one leaves it at a few days notice only. A whole host of acquaintances would feel offended if one left the place without first calling to say good-bye. But Mrs. Middlehurst paid none of these visits; she packed and prepared for the journey as fast as she could, sending her servants about on errands, till they, too, poor souls, were dead tired! They had to take cards, with a few hasty words written upon them in pencil, the last moment, to her best friends; then parcels had to be fetched from different places, bills settled, &c., &c.

Thus the servants were far too busy to trouble themselves as to what had brought about this sudden journey, and why Miss Mary had locked herself up in her room, without once ringing for one of them to assist her in any way.

When visitors came, they were not admitted either; only one was allowed to enter the house, and this was Befferton. Mrs. Middlehurst had sent a note asking him to come; and then a long conversation had taken place between them, after which the gentleman had taken a tender farewell. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Middlehurst spoke to her servants, and told them that Mr. Befferton had kindly undertaken to visit the house occasionally, and see that all was right during her absence.

Holding had been no less than twice to No. 14; but on both occasions was sent away without seeing any member of the family. The second time he received a message from the matron, to the effect that he was to please to excuse her seeing him, as a sudden journey she was obliged to undertake kept her so much employed that she had no time for any one. She added that she would, however, write in a couple of days to Mr. Holding. Thus the moment for departure had come at last. The lady gave a sigh of relief at the thought that all had gone off so well; that nobody had guessed of the mistake that had been made with regard to her daughter, for she had not even mentioned the circumstance to Befferton.

She was now quite at liberty to proceed at once, with Julia, to the little pavilion in the garden, which was close to the private gate leading into the isolated lane at the back of the house.

She had chosen this mode of quitting her house, in order to prevent the servants from following them to the carriage, which must have inevitably ensued had the vehicle awaited them in the street. She was afraid of them seeing or taking leave of Julia, as, unfortunately, the latter's figure resembled Mary's not in the least.

It was close upon eight o'clock. Julia had thrown a large cloak around her, and hid her face by a thick veil. The matron, too, was quite ready for starting. Both ladies emerged from their chambers into the lighted hall.

"Now," whispered Mrs. Middlehurst, "you must hurry as fast as you can to the pavilion, Mary. I will go into the servants' hall, and give some orders, whilst you slip across there. By this means, I shall detain them, and prevent them from seeing you. I'll follow presently myself."

Julia did as she was bid. She reached the garden pavilion unobserved. Here she found several boxes and carpet-bags, which had already been sent there by Mrs Middlehurst. Her next action was to throw herself into a chair which stood in the [illegible] lighted little room.

"Heavens!" cried she, with a deep sigh; "my heart threatens to burst, it is beating so! What will Mr Holding say when he comes? What will he say?"

At this moment, Mrs. Middlehurst entered.

"Heaven be praised that we've got as far as this without mishap!" exclaimed she. "The carriage not here *yet*? Well, it will be here in the next minute, I suppose."

It is now eight o'clock.

Julia does not answer.

"My precious child," said the other, after she had gazed, for a short time, at her daughter in silence; "do you know that I really admire you very much?"

"And why, pray, if I may be permitted the question?" replied Julia, in low tones.

She was so much agitated, that it was really a painful exertion to speak at all.

"I admire your composure, your apathy, so greatly."

"Yes; that certainly is my strong point," replied Julia smiling ironically.

"During the whole of this afternoon, you have not once found sufficient time to question me respecting your bridegroom elect; never even asked to see him, though this was rather fortunate, considering he has had no time at your disposal."

"You were so occupied yourself," answered Julia, slightly embarrassed; "so interested in packing up your things; and the moments you spent with me were so hurried, that we hardly had time to say a few words to one another. In truth, I had no opportunity of questioning you on the subject of my future husband; but I am naturally all the more curious to see him, now that the time is drawing so near."

"Oh," interrupted the other, "you'll like him fast enough when you see him. You will find him a trifle awkward and shy, I admit; but with the inferior education which you have received through *his* neglect——But I will not dwell further upon this subject, or else I shall become quite ill. Well, what I mean is that you will feel the want of *his* education less in consequence; and this is the only piece of luck in the whole affair. He has always lived in the country."

"Lived in the country?—who?—my bridegroom?" asked Julia, with a start.

"Well, yes; certainly!" cried the matron. "I should think my worthy cousin has not been to town six months in the whole course of his life."

"*Your cousin?*"

"My cousin," answered Mrs. Middlehurst. "But hark! the carriage is coming. I hear it approaching!"

"But tell me, for heaven's sake, whom you are speaking of?"

"Why, of your cousin, and future husband, of course, child. I do not know whether you are aware that your grandfather had a younger sister, who married a Mr. Godfrey? Philip was her second son."

"Oh, merciful powers!" shrieked Julia, in such a terror-stricken tone, that the matron would have thought that some accident had befallen her, if the approaching vehicle had not drowned her voice.

"So," continued Mrs. Middlehurst, when the carriage had stopped, and the noise had ceased—"so, you see, he is your cousin. I hope," added she jokingly, "that the close relationship will not cause you to make any scruples."

"Oh!" sighed Julia to herself, "what shall I do—what shall I do? An utter stranger—a man whom I know nothing of—whom I've not even seen! What a terrible situation!"

"These two little bags," continued the elder lady, seizing one of them as she spoke "can easily go into the carriage with us. You take the other, Mary."

Julia never heard her; she felt more dead than alive. She had got herself into a terrible dilemma, from which she saw no outlet. All that Mary told her left her no doubt that Holding was the gentleman who had proposed for her hand, and that it was he who was to accompany them on the journey. And now this discovery—now, just at the moment it was too late to do anything! Oh! it was too terrible—too terrible! Julia could have done herself some injury in her despair, as she thought over the bold game she had intended to play, and the miserable position into which she had thrown herself.

"I'll run away before ever this cousin arrives!" these were her next thoughts; "for if I am once shut up in the carriage with that country bumpkin, I shall be lost—irrevocably lost! Oh, dear! oh, dear! what else can I do?"

Julia seized the second bag, and whilst Mrs. Middlehurst used that moment in putting on her gloves, darted frantically towards the parlor door.

But she had not reached it before it was suddenly opened.

A man with a large coat and oilskin hat stepped into the room: it was the coachman, who now came to make his presence known to the ladies, whilst his man held the horses outside. Coming suddenly into the darkened chamber, he was naturally unable at first to distinguish the occupants of the apartment; but they, accustomed already to the twilight, saw him easily enough.

Thus, to Julia's added alarm, she suddenly saw herself confronted by her own brother Joseph.

"Oh, now—now, all *must* be lost!" cried she to herself; "there is no means of getting out of this scrape now!"

She had turned aside quickly, and thrown her veil over her face.

"Make haste with the boxes, coachman," cried the matron; "we are quite ready, and are only waiting for a gentleman who is sure to be here in a minute."

"Where can my cousin be?" added she presently, to herself. "I hope he won't keep us waiting!"

"Perhaps," said Julia with great presence of mind,—"perhaps he may be coming through the house and garden." At the same time stepping towards the door, as if on the point of looking out for some one.

But Julia was particularly unfortunate in her attempt to escape. She had not reached the door before it opened to admit a man, and Julia recognised him at once; for it was Holding.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed she; "then it was he, after all!" and a terrible weight seemed to lift itself off her breast. She was now enabled to breathe more freely. All that was to follow, and which she had so much dreaded before, seemed as nothing compared to the scrape she had expected to find herself in.

Julia gave up all idea of running away now.

The elder lady in the meantime attacked Holding.

"You, Mr. Holding?" cried she, at length, as if scarcely believing the evidence of her own eyes.

"Yes, it is I, madam!" replied he; adding in a tone of bitter irony, "You refused me admittance *twice* to-day; but you will not now prevent me from expressing the emotion—the really painful emotion this sudden journey of yours has filled me with."

"Oh, how tiresome!—how can I get rid of this presuming creature?" said the lady, angrily to herself; then stepping up to Julia she cried, "Get into the carriage quickly, Mary. Do you hear?"

Julia did not move, however.

"Under whose protection, after all, are you ladies going to travel?" continued Holding, with the same bantering tone as before, although he could now scarcely control his feelings.

"Mr. Holding," exclaimed the matron, who was about the last person in the world to allow an impertinence to escape unnoticed, "I am on the point of taking my daughter to my father's house. I have had news from him which makes my presence necessary; and, moreover, am so much occupied that I have really no time at your disposal. You will, therefore, oblige me very much by——"

"By going! I dare say! I can quite fancy that; but do not be offended when I declare that I will not go till I have heard from your daughter whether she, too, bids me to depart. I owe this much to her. You are on the point of sacrificing the poor girl to this cousin whom she has not even seen, and——"

"Foolish creature!" screamed the other; "this has nothing whatever to——But why should I stop to explain matters to him?" added the lady to herself. "What a piece of business this is, to be sure! What shall I do with this madman?"

"Allow Mary to speak freely to me," continued Holding, with passionate eagerness, at the same time approaching Julia, and passing his arm round her waist.

"Mr. Holding," exclaimed the matron, in calm

tones, "listen to me, I pray. Grant me this one request—namely, that you go away now, without further parley, and patiently await the written explanation I promise to send you. Do not force yourself into an affair of a totally private nature, which I have no time nor wish to explain at present."

"Nor is that at all necessary, madam," replied Holding, bitterly, "as I am able to see through the whole business at a glance. A more eligible and wealthy suitor has presented himself, and consequently the promise you made stands for nothing!"

"Do you think so much of a mere promise, Mr. Holding?" said Julia, but in such low and agitated tones that the gentleman never noticed the difference of voice.

"Indeed, I do; it ought to be considered more holy than anything else in this world," returned Holding with passionate eagerness.

Julia was about to advance towards the window and to lift her veil, so that the young man should recognise her, when she suddenly heard a strange voice behind her exclaim, "Thank heaven—thank heaven, you are still here!" And with this, a man dashed into the room, and seizing Holding's arm, said, "Best and worthy young sir, a fearful misunderstanding has come between us—but please do not trouble yourself any longer. I am going off with my bride myself."

"What do you want, sir?" cried Holding, turning briskly round, "Ah! I believe it is *you*, Mr. Godfrey?"

"It is; and I am fortunately in time to thank you for your kindness in offering to go off with my bride," replied Philip, who had arrived at the house, without, however, knowing it, even sooner than Mary herself.

"I will relieve you of the trouble," added he, seeing that the other had no intention of moving; "there was some misunderstanding, as I said before."

"Sir, you have surely lost your wits!" cried Holding.

"Indeed, something of the kind must have happened this morning; but now——"

At this moment Philip felt his right hand seized by Julia, whilst her left sought Holding's arm, and leading them both thus, they approached the window slowly. The twilight was just enough to allow them to recognise each other's features. Julia had thrown back her veil now. When they were at the window, she glanced first at Holding and afterwards at Philip.

"I think," said she, in low tones, "that if you gentlemen guard against further misunderstanding, you will have no reason to bandy words with one another."

"Julia Peachfold!" exclaimed Holding, in astonishment.

"Good heavens! What does *this* mean?" cried poor Philip, now thoroughly alarmed.

"Julia! You?" repeated Holding.

"I have been entrapped, after all!" stammered Philip, in horror.

Mrs. Middlehurst had meanwhile stepped towards the strangely agitated group.

"For heaven's sake, tell me what all this means?" cried she.

"It is the renewal of an old friendship," answered Julia, her voice suffocated with embarrassment and emotion. "Mr. Holding has just been saying there's nothing so holy upon earth as a given promise, and I have taken the liberty of humiliating his virtuous pride."

"Indeed, Julia," whispered Mr. Holding "you are right. I am standing humbled before you. But is this a dream, or reality? Is *this* your daughter, Mrs. Middlehurst, whom you are intending to take away with you?"

"I have already told you, Mr. Holding, that you would oblige me by not detaining me longer," cried the lady, now in the greatest indignation.

"If I were this lady's daughter," said Julia, in low tones, to Holding—"if I were, then you would, no doubt——"

"Oh, I understand it all now!" interrupted he. "This is a trick that little Mary has been playing upon me. And Julia—and *you*—*you*, Julia—leant yourself to this!"

"If I saw no other means of speaking to you, or of making you repeat your promises?"

"You are too bad, Julia——"

Holding had not finished his sentence before a burst of wonder was heard from the honest livery-stable keeper and present coachman, Joseph Peachfold, who had been standing unnoticed for some time, listening, with surprise, to the strange conversation.

Suddenly stepping up to the trio at the window, whose backs were turned towards him, he placed his hand on his sister's shoulder, and cried, "By all that's good, Julia! how came you here?"

"Joseph, I beg and entreat——"

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the matron, for the third time completely losing her patience. "Mr. Peachfold, I must, indeed, beg you to modulate your voice when addressing *my* daughter!"

"*Your daughter*!" ejaculated Peachfold—"*your* daughter?"

"*My* daughter! Yes!" cried the lady, now quite beside herself with rage.

But rarely has a violent storm subsided so quickly as on this occasion. In a moment, all the irate lady's anger vanished, as she listened to a dreaded voice in the background.

"Minona, what do you require of your daughter?" asked this voice, solemnly, from the darkness behind her—a voice that made the worthy lady quake in her shoes, and grasp at the back of the nearest chair for support, as she said in a low voice, "Oh, my goodness! He! he!"

"Papa, what are you doing?" said a gentle voice beside him. It belonged to Mary, who had overtaken Hammond in the doorway, and now hurried quickly to her mother's side, seeing that she was really on the point of fainting.

"Who is this?" asked Holding in greater surprise than ever.

"Who I am?" replied Hammond—"who I am, young sir? 'The blind in Genoa know my step!'"

"Mamma, can you forgive me?" stammered Mary.

The matron made no reply; but turning to Hammond, she cried, "For heaven's sake where—where is my daughter?"

"Minona!" exclaimed Hammond, retreating a few steps from the irate lady; "your — our daughter! Where else should she be but here, at your, at my side—the sweet angel of peace between us?"

And stepping up he seized Mary's hands.

"Are you all determined to make a fool of me, or what?" screamed the elderly lady, in her indignation.

"Nothing of that sort, dearest mamma," answered Mary, softly and kindly; "but we are still very much to blame for the imposition we were about to practise upon you."

It would be impossible to describe the doings of the next few moments. The matron was beside herself with anger at the trick that had been played her; and, therefore, nothing was left to be done by Mary and Julia except to explain and confess everything, in spite of the three men's presence.

Holding played the most peculiar part in the whole affair; and, therefore, thanked his stars that the darkness had, in the meantime, regularly set in: for the terror of a union with him had driven Mary to the ill-advised step she had taken. Nothing could have been more humiliating for him to listen to than the confession, and it served as an excellent lesson for his slumbering conscience. No wonder, then, that he silently determined to alter his conduct for the future; though, to his shame be it said, this might all have passed without benefiting him in the least, had it not been for the love he suddenly felt once more to the handsome girl who stood now before him in all her imposing beauty, attired to perfection in a faultlessly fitting dress Mrs. Middlehurst had quickly made for her. The widow was at a loss to know which she had better do—whether she should fall into a fainting-fit, or give herself up to her rage, or listen to all with silent resignation. At length, she decided for the latter, thinking that under the circumstances, this would have the greater effect.

She saw that she had done Hammond a deep injustice by supposing he could have been guilty of changing the children, and this fact alone warmed her feelings towards him. Then she remembered that as Mary was her daughter, after all, there was no occasion to hurry away by night and darkness. The connection existing between Holding and Julia was sufficient in itself to ensure the young man's silence. Thinking over all this, and determined to make an end to the painful scene, she rose and said, "Cousin Philip, send the carriage away again. I shall not leave town to-night, perhaps not till to-morrow, or even the day after that. Let's go back to the house. Follow me—all of you!"

She rustled on in advance, the rest in her wake. Hammond was the last, as he stepped pompously along, with head more erect than ever. Peachfold alone had no idea of mixing in the unaccountable scene.

Soon afterwards the whole party were seated in the widow's drawing-room.

Situated as they all were, no doubt a full explanation, full candor, was the only way of restoring good humor amongst the party, and Philip, therefore, was the proper person to take this upon himself.

He succeeded wonderfully quickly in restoring equanimity amongst them.

As far as Hammond was concerned, Mrs. Middlehurst wished those present, especially Holding and Julia, to regard her in the best light.

Very well off already, and certain now that her father's money would revert to her also, she at length offered Hammond her lovely house and a regular income, if he, on his part, would promise to let her go in peace, and make no further claims upon her.

Hammond did not require her to make the offer twice.

"Oh, Minona, then depart with my blessing!" exclaimed he. "Follow where'er your affectionate heart dictates. Am I the man to step between a father and his daughter? But my child——"

"The naughty child who wished to run away from its mother?" cried the matron, with lightened heart. "I hope and trust it will not try to escape from *him*," laying Mary's hand in that of Philip.

"Unless, indeed," whispered Mary, blushing crimson up to the roots of the hair, "he hinders me from coming here occasionally, and seeing what papa is doing in his new home."

"Oh, he'll not prevent your coming, Mary," interrupted Philip, laughing. "Isn't his name Philip the *Good*, you know?"

Holding and Julia meanwhile whispered together in a corner.

The former now spoke. "I hope, Mrs. Middlehurst, you will pardon me for persisting in annoying you with my presence. If I had not come when I did, you would have gone away, and taken Julia, my promised wife, with you."

"Your promised wife! Well, really, all is turning out most happily," replied the widow. "And so, I suppose, I must forgive you and this wicked—wicked girl for playing me such a trick. But I must warn you to look well after this enterprising young lady."

"Oh," exclaimed Julia, rather ashamed of herself, "she spent so many bitter moments of alarm during the whole time she played that trick, that she has been amply punished, and therefore deserves your pardon, madam. She will never again attempt to interfere with the destiny God has marked out for us."

"No, I should think not," cried the matron, "when one is as satisfied with one's destiny as you seem to be at present."

"And what about our duel, Mr. Holding?" asked Philip. "We must not forget Mr. Befferton, who felt insulted at my conduct, and demanded satisfaction."

"Befferton—an insult?" asked Mrs. Middlehurst, listening attentively. "With *you*, cousin? Ah! nothing shall come of *that*!"

"Of course not. These are not the days of duelling. Yet we'll honor the double wedding," cried Philip, laughing.

"No, no; I won't have it," cried Mrs. Middlehurst, eagerly. "Mr. Befferton will be pacified without that, I assure you; for *I* will promise to undertake that part of the responsibility. Allow *me* to settle everything with *him*."

THE END.

The Wife's secret.—Her opinion of her husband.

JOSIE WALTZ.

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CONTENTS.

An Revoir! ..... page 61
A welcome to the New Year 59
A voice from Castle Garden 60
An ancient Scottish Fragment extracted from a MSS in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh—Music 64
Codfish Balls 58
Canst thou forget? 59
Darling, I must go 59
Dot Lager-Pier Zlinger 60
Dreaming of Home and Mother 61
Farewell, Lilly dear! 58
From place to place forlorn I go 58
He's such a lovely Waltzer! 60
If in that breast so good, so pure 58
Just Landed 61
The Little pet bird in its cage 60
Mygel Snyder's Barty 61
My Katy is the snow-drop fair 59
Night 58
Old Friends 58
Over the Snow 58
On the Jury 59
One little sweet kiss at the door 60
The Orphan Emigrant 61
On the brink of a precipice—a Story ..... 62—63
Pestal: or the Prison Song 60
The Storm 59
The Sweet Spell is Broken 60
Twelve Kisses 58
Tim Flaherty 61
Temperance Ode 59
The Watcher 58
What are the little birds saying, Dear Mother? 60
Widow Malone 58

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The Watcher.

The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept howling by,
A watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye:
How wistfully she gazeth—
No gleam of morn was there,
Her eyes to Heaven she raiseth,
In agony of prayer.
How wistfully she gazeth, &c.

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain:
And death alone can free him,
She feels that this must be,
But, oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!
And death alone can free him, &c.

A hundred lights are shining
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are prancing—
They heed not morning there;
Oh! young and joyous creatures,
One lamp, from out your store,
Would lend that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more—
Oh! young and joyous creatures, &c.

The summer sun is shining,
She heedeth not its ray:
Beside her dead reclining,
The pale dead mother lay—
A smile her lips was wreathing
A smile of hope and love,
As though she were still breathing:
"There's light for us above."
A smile her lips was wreathing, &c.

Old Friends.

The time is sweet when roses meet,
With spring's soft breath around them;
And sweet the cost when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them;
And sweet the mind that still can find
A star in darkest weather:
But naught can be so sweet to see
As old friends met together.

Over the Snow.

Peggy dear, the sleigh is waiting,
Get your bonnet, don't be shy;
Don't pretend your mother's angry,
No, my dear, she's only sly.
Fetch your muff, and gloves, and tippet,
Soon you'll have a ruby glow:
For, the air to-night is bracing,
Crack the whips! away we go! away we go!

Chorus.

Sliding, gliding, riding, striding over the snow,
Rapidly all sorrow our mirth dispels:
Ringle, jingle, tinkle, tankle, off we go,
To the merry music of our winter bells!

Softest light the moon is beaming,
See the stars in clusters bright:
For the gay pell-mell of winter,
This is quite the sleigher's night.
And the snow is crisp, unyielding,
Ice gems deck the trees along:
Nature's robed in sparkling jewels,
Give this night to mirth and song! away we go!
Chorus.

Listen to our happy voices,
Hear our merry jokes go round,
And with joy-inspiring laughter,
How we make the air resound—
Let us distance every rival,
Lash the horses, pass the cup;
Not 'till sober dawn is breathing,
Will we break our revel up! away we go!
Chorus.

Farewell, Lilly Dear.

Lilly dear, it grieves me
The tale I have to tell:
Old massa sends me roaming,
So, Lilly, fare you well!
Oh! fare you well, my true love,
Fare well, old Tennessee!
Then let me weep for you, love,
But do not weep for me!

Chorus.

Fare well forever to old Tennessee:
Fare well forever to old Tennessee—
Fare well, my Lilly dear, don't weep for me:
Fare well, my Lilly dear, don't weep for me.

I'a guine to roam the wide world
In lands I've never hoed,
With nothing but my banjo
To cheer me on the road:
For, when I'm sad and weary,
I'll make the banjo play,
To mind me of my true love
When I am far away. Chorus.

I wake up in the morning,
And walk out on the farm;
Oh! Lilly am a darling—
She take me by the arm,
We wander through the clover
Down by the river side,
I tell her that I love her
And she must be my bride. Chorus.

Oh! Lilly dear, 'tis mournful
To leave you here alone—
You'll smile before I leave you,
And weep when I am gone:
The sun can never shine, love,
So bright for you and me,
As when I worked, beside you,
In good old Tennessee— Chorus.

Widow Malone.

Did you hear tell of the widow Malone, ohone
Who lived in the town of Athlone, ohone?
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely, the widow Malone, ohone!
So lovely, the widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score, or more,
And fortunes they all had galore, in store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the widow Malone, ohone!
All were courting the widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone, 'twas known
That no one could see her alone, ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the widow Malone, ohone!
So bashful the widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare-how-quare!
It's little for blushing they care down there,
Put his arm round her waist—
Gave ten kisses at laste—
"Oh!" says he, "you're my Molly Malone, my own!
"Oh!" says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy, my eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh, for why?
But "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone, ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

If in That Breast so Good, so Pure

If in that breast so good, so pure,
Compashion ever deigned to dwell
Pitty the sorrows I endure,
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

That grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

Codfish Balls.

Air: Sally of the Sewing-Machine.

There was a young man, as I have heard said,
And he was a gay young coon;
He was head-overseer of the Codfish Balls,
In a coffee and cake saloon.
With his apron white, by day and by night,
He'd tend to the customers' calls,
And his voice so sweet for to hear, it was a treat,
As he'd holler out: Codfish-Balls!

A strawberry-girl with him fell in love:
His passion he used for to tell her,
And to see him, at night, when her work was done,
She'd hang around the cellar:
She'd peep through the window, and whistle on the stoop,
Till her lover he heard her calls,
And then, through the grating, he'd pop up his head,
And he'd holler out: Codfish-Balls!

One day, in the policy he made a big hit,
Which made him feel all alive;
So, he hired a horse and a big clam-cart,
To take his girl out for a drive;
The horse ran away, and the wagon broke down,
Then out on the road he falls;
The girl, in affright, cried: Where are you hurt?
But his answer was: Codfish-Balls!

One night, he tackled the coffee-can,
And before he could be stopped,
He drank so much that he got blind drunk:
To his girl then the question he popped.
They married were that after-noon,
And their friends for to see them calls:
And the very next day, for dinner they had
A couple of Codfish-Balls.

From Place to Place Forlorn I go.

From place to place forlorn I go,
With downcast eyes, a silent shade:
Forbidden to declare my woe,
To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

Me to the youth who caused my grief,
My too consenting looks betray;
He loves, but gives me no relief—
Why speaks he not who may?

Night.

Night clouds the deeds of darkest dye,
Night hides the robber passing by,
Night wraps the world in mystery!

Night is a void in bleakness born,
Night conceals what most men scorn,
Night is a refuge for the 'lorn!

Night knows not kings nor royal dames,
Night knows not rich from poorer names,
Night blights the brightest, purest flames!

All except the flame of love!
That lives, if born from above,
Pure as the breath of woodland dove.

That hallowed flame, the Scripture saith,
Will ne'er be quenched by mortal breath,
'Twill live throughout the night of death!

Twelve Kisses.

There's a formal kiss of fashion,
And a burning kiss of passion;
And a father's kiss,
A mother's kiss,
And a sister's kiss to nerve.
There's a traitor's kiss for gold,
Like a serpent's clammy fold;
A first kiss,
A stolen kiss,
And the thrilling kiss of love.
A meeking kiss,
A maiden kiss,
A kiss when fond hearts sever;
But the saddest kiss
On earth is this,
A kiss to part forever.

A Welcome to the New Year.

The old year has gone, the new one has come,
And merry bells tell us it's here:
Both young and old, let your voices resound,
To welcome the happy new year.
Some hearts are sad, while others are glad,
Of troubles we all get a share,
But keep a stout heart and look straight ahead,
You will then have a happy now year.
Yes, it is the village bells,
Falling on mine ear,
Sounding forth their merry notes,
A welcome to the glad new year.

The joy of man's life is a good loving wife,
Our sorrows they comfort and cheer;
If both hearts be true, there's but one thing to do,
That's to look for a happy new year;
To friends that are distant in lands far away,
Their mem'ry's still ever dear,
May they soon return with good health and wealth,
To gladden the happy new year. Yes, it is, &c.

We should all be content, whatever our lot:
For, wealth is not all we desire:
There's more true love in the poor man's cot,
Than the home of the stately squire;
Our spirits unite at this joyous time,
As we all gather round the good cheer,
The wish, one and all, from the great to the small,
Is a glorious happy new year! Yes, it is, &c.

On the Jury.

I've wished I never had been born,
Since the last Old Bailey trials,
Thro' one who went away from me
With a man called brother Miles;
She was the darling of my heart,
But now I seem to hate her,
Thro' going away with a christian friend,
I mean a Walworth Shaker.
But where shall I go, what shall I do!
For, my heart is in a fury,
Thro' my wife, who really went away,
While I was on the jury.

I used to keep an eel-pie shop
In a street down Drury Lane,
And lots of nice girls would come in
To patronise the same.
But one, oh, dear! made me so queer,
Who'd give me such a greeting—
She'd dance and say, "I've been to day
To another Walworth meeting."
But where shall, &c.

One night she had been eating
About three-and-twenty pies:
Said I to her, "Do you love me?"
And tears came in her eyes.
I put my arms around her waist,
And said, "I'd not forsake her,
If she would only marry me,
And not be a Walworth Shaker."
But where shall, &c.

We'd been married about three weeks,
When a Jury summons was sent
For me to attend the Criminal Court,
With my neighbor Mr. Kent.
My wife, I'm sure, she danced and cried,
Because I could not take her;
'Twas then, you see, she jilted me
For a nasty Walworth Shaker.
But where shall, &c.

When I retured from the Criminal Court,
My house and shop was let,
A man was in my very place,
One of the Walworth set.
I thought that I was going mad,
And everywhere did search,
To find them who had gone away,
And left me in the lurch.
But where shall, &c.

Why is an industrious woman like a clock? Because her hands are incessantly at work.

Temperance Ode.

By George M. Roberts, Air: Jolly Red Nose.

Good morning, old fellow, why, how do you do?
What a jolly red nose—sure it cannot be you!
You look so much altered, I cannot define
What has made that red nose, unless it's red wine.

Chorus.

Oh! what a red nose! oh! what a red nose!
It's wine that gave you that jolly red nose.

That nose is expensive, I venture to say.
You must have a pension, and paid by the day:
For, the worms you have on it like stars they do shine,
Be careful, don't kill them with over much wine.
Brandy will give, &c.

Pray what do they charge you for dying your skin?
For, the skin of your nose is remarkably thin;
Its color is deep as the grape on the vine,
It must have been dipt many times in the wine.
Rum will give, &c.

If you for your country have any respect,
Keep away from the navy, or surely it's wrecked:
For, the magazine's well stocked with powder I bet:
If your nose comes in contact—why, all is upset—
With your jolly red nose gin, &c.

Your nose, Mount Vesuvius, no one admire,
'Tis a sign for a rumhole that deals in hell fire:
If the weather be cold and the snow on it pop,
It is not there long before it does drop—
From your jolly red nose whiskey, &c.

The cure costs nothing to take it away,
Come up, sign the pledge—there is nothing to pay
Cold water's a cure that soon moves the stain,
That leaves no remorse, no headache or pain:
You then can go round with your mind free from fear:
For, strangers won't know that e'er whiskey reigned there.

My Katy is the Snow-Drop Fair.

My Katy is the snow-drop fair,
Curling endive is her hair:
The fragrant jess'mine is her breath,
White kidney-beans her even teeth:
Two daisies are her shining eyes,
Her breast's like swelling mushrooms rise;
Her waist the tall and upright fir—
But, ah! her heart is cucumber.

Darling, I Must go.

By Edward J. McMahon.

Night-winds sweetly sighing, love,
Where the flowers blow,
Seem to tell the stars above
That I love thee so:
But, oh! I sigh to part from thee—
My heart is filled with woe—
I'll cherish e'er thy memory,
Yet, darling, I must go;
I'll cherish e'er thy memory,
Yet, darling, I must go.

Though I wander sadly, love,
Where the cypress grow,
Still this heart will constant prove,
For, I love thee so;
And when I'm far away from thee,
This bliss I ever know—
There's one heart that beats for me,
But, darling, I must go;
There's one heart that beats for me,
But, darling, I must go.

Enigma.

Here is indeed a wondrous thing:
Examine and you'll find
That, though you take the whole away,
You leave a part behind:

And, if you feel yourself inclined
To make a partial theft,
And only take a part of it,
The whole of it is left.

Answer: Whole-some.

The Storm.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer:
List, ye landsmen, all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.
From bounding billows first in motion,
Where the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail-sheets and halyards stand:
Down top-gallants quick be hauling—
Down top-sails—hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces—
Now the topsail-sheets let go—
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces—
Up your topsails nimble clew.

Now, all you at home in safety,
Sheltered from the howling storm,
Tasting joys by heaven vouchsafe yo,
Of our state faint notions form.
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our minds enthrals:
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls!

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course—
Let the fore-sheet go—don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, set all clear—
Hands up—each preventer-brace set—
Man the fore-yard—cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
Peal on peal, contending, clash!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash:
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky:
Different deaths at once surround us—
Hark!—what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue, out
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest tree's sprung out—
Call all hands to clear the wreck!
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces—
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well—the leak increases—
Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives and children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choked below;
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For, only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys—
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown—
To the pump come, every hand, boys—
See, our mizenmast is gone.
The leak we've found—it cannot pour fast,
We've lightened her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury-foremast—
She rights! she rights! boys, wear off shore.

Canst Thou Forget?

Canst thou forget the silent tears
Which I have shed for thee?
And all the pangs, and doubts, and fears
Which scattered o'er my bloom of years
The blights of misery?

I never close my languid eye,
Unless to dream of thee:
My very breath is but the sigh,
My every sound the broken cry
Of lasting misery.

Oh! when in boyhood's happier scene
I pledged my love to thee,
How very little did I ween
My recompence should now have been
So much of misery—

He's Such a Lovely Waltzer!

Copyright 1874 by E. H. Harding.

Written and composed by Joseph P. Skelly. The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery. New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

He takes me gently round the waist,
He holds his arm just so—
I place my willing hand in his,
And gaily off we go!
He's never weary of the dance,
And I'm about the same:
And when the music sounds no more,
I cry "Oh! what a shame!"

Spoken: "Yes indeed, I'm quite sorry when the dance is over; it seems like waking from a sweet little sleep. Of course, my Charlie is the whole cause of it—everybody is aware of that—because you know—"

Chorus: He's such a lovely waltzer—
So graceful he can go—
Oh! he's such a lovely waltzer—
My darling, dancing beau!

Around the floor, with many more,
We go in wild delight,
We think of nothing but the dance,
While, in the many flights,
We seem to float upon the air,
Like angels from above:
And every where we take our share
Of music, dance and love—

Spoken: "Under some circumstances, it might not seem so delightful, but with him it's—well, you can guess how nice it is when I say,"— Chorus.

I can't endure those old quadrilles,
And reels—oh! gracious!—don't,
Don't speak of them—if you insist,
I plainly say "I won't!"
I'm far above those worn out things,
They're much too full of halts:
No dance to me can ever bring
Such pleasure as the waltz—

Spoken: "And he's such a glorious fellow! Sometimes when the dance is over, he says, 'Come, love, and have some Soda Water! You like Soda Water, I suppose?' I tell him I do like it very well. Then he says, 'Soda I!' And if there happens to be a bright moon looking down from the sky, he often tells me that he wonders which looks the most glorious, the moon or my eyes! I say, 'hush! don't talk nonsense!' But then, I don't care what he says, my admiration is all based upon the fact that—" Chorus.

With mellow strains from jolly Strauss,
And gleaming lights around,
Our forms entwined, our joy combined,
We hear the gladsome sound;
We think no more of worldly woe,
While quickly flies the time:
The music comes so soft and low—
I think it quite sublime—

Spoken: "Sublime, did I say? Yes, that's just the word. I may seem a little enthusiastic, but I can't help it! It's all because—" Chorus.

One Little Sweet Kiss at the Door.

In a little brown cot in the valley,
By the side of a calm, flowing stream,
'Twas there that I wooed darling Allie,
Whose love seemed a beautiful dream;
And I'll ever remember, while straying
In the days that will never come more,
How I stood by the threshold, delaying
For one little kiss at the door.

Chorus: One little sweet kiss at the door,
A dear, precious token of love,
In the happy wooing of yore,
Born only to live up above.

For those kisses are memory's mirror,
Reflecting the days long ago,
And will always, aye, always, seem dearer
Than any I ever shall know;
For, I weep by a mound in the valley,
At the edge of the little stream's shore,
And ere long I shall meet darling Allie,
Who'll kiss me at God's golden door. Chorus.

Dot Lager-Pier Zinger.

By Jno. J. McAuliffe.

Shust lixten avile und I'll sing you
Abound der teer greature I knew,
Who vos dall—she vos young, und vos hansum,
Und ve met d'vos in Afenue Due.
Oh! she lift mit her farder in his leetle zaloon
Vere oft I, ad efening, did shtray:
She blayed der biano, und sung dum shweet songs,
Und my heardt id vos dooken avay.

Chorus.

She vos young, she vas gay, und vos hansum,
Und tu me she vos vonce very teer,
Ven she blayed der biano, und sung dum shweet songs
Und deelt oud dot goot lager-pier.

Shust vell I rememper der nide dot I agxed
Dot shweet von tu pe my teer vife—
She plushed, und she vispered "I lofe none put you."
Und ve vill shtig py each oder vor life—
I velt so much hubby dot I chucked ub mine had
Und dreated von dimes or dree more:
Put ven I vos leafing dot leetle zaloon,
She gissed me so shweet py der toor— Cho.

Von nide as I vent py dot leetle zaloon,
Now vot du you dink dot I zaw?
Put a naxdy pig dutchman a hugking mine lofe
Und gissing her ride py der toor;
I dumbled und zwore dot myself I vould gick
Und no more tu dot zaloon I'd shteer:
Und so I got married in less dan a veek,
Viie dis valse von shtill zings oud der pier.

Chorus.

The Sweet Spell is Broken.

Copyright, 1874 by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

The sweet spell is broken
That long thrilled my heart:
The last words are spoken,
And now we must part—
For, Fate has bereft me
Of all I adore—
My loved one has left me,
He loves me no more!
The sweet spell is broken
That long thrilled my heart:
The last words are spoken,
And now we must part—

The moments were fleeting,
So joyful and bright—
And with every meeting
There came more delight—
But now I awaken
From love's happy spell
To find me forsaken,
And sighing farewell!
The sweet spell is broken, &c.

A Voice From Castle Garden.

Dedicated to Sam Rickey. By J. J. McDermott.

Me friends, now, I've jist landed, an' me name
'tis Rory Hays,
From the county Tipperary—I come across the says
To find a bether livin', an' perhaps see bether days
In this shwate land iv liberty, me boys, ho!

Three weeks ago I parted wid me charmin' Peggy dear—
She whimpered an' she pouted, shure I niver
dhropt a tear—
For, it is me expectation to bring her over here
To this shwate land iv liberty, me boys, ho!

But they tell me that the times is hard, and
that the work is shlack
In every occupation, wid all, both fhite an' black,
But Rory'll not be danted, nor niver will shtan' back
In this shwate land iv liberty, me boys, ho!

As honesty's me policy, I'll shtrive to get along—
Thrate yez one an' all alike, an' give a right for wrong;
I'll dhrink plinty iv good fhiskey, or anything
that's shtrong,
In this shwate land iv liberty, me boys, ho!

What are the Little Birds Saying, Dear Mother?

By Prof Edmund Clark, the renowned guitar teacher, and for sale at his rooms, 285 Bowery. Price: for the piano 35 cents: for the guitar 25 cents. Terms for guitar lessons: $12 for 24 lessons at his rooms, $15 at the pupils' residence.

Come, mother, draw near to my bedside,
And open the window for me,
I want to look out at the birdies,
That build in the old cherry tree;
How sweetly they're singing, dear mother!
And look at that pretty red-breast—
How careful she watches the young ones,
Asleep in the little brown nest!

Chorus.

Oh! what are the little birds saying, dear mother,
While chirping and singing the while?
Please tell me, I'm anxious to know, mother,
So tell me, your little sick child.

Dear mother, just list to the blue jay,
How fondly it calls to its mate—
And, yonder, the proud looking sparrow
Is perched on the bar of the gate:
Far up in the air, the swift swallow
Goes dodging about like a kite,
And still farther up is the blackbird—
Why, mother, 'tis near out of sight. Chorus.

Now, mother, please close down the window,
And tell if birds that fly high
Will reach the bright gold gates of heaven
Far, far away up in the sky—
Soon, mother, your darling will be there—
An angel with cunning sweet wings—
And, mother, I want a companion,
The birdie that merrily sings. Chorus.

The Little pet Bird in its Cage.

A little pet bird, in its cage,
By my darling was given to me,
Of her heart's true affection the gage,
And it sings in my cabin at sea;
When the noise of the storm-king is heard,
And the billows are lashed into foam,
The joy of my little pet bird
Takes me back to my Nellie at home,
Sing, sweet bird, to me.
Then sing, oh! sing, sweet bird, to me,
The sea is calm and still,
Yes, sing, sweet bird, again to me,
Sing soft and merrily trill.

A little pet bird in its cage,
In the porch of an ivy-grown cot,
Sing sweet: for, my Nellie's love gage
Is redeemed, and content is my lot;
No more o'er the seas will I roam,
No more o'er the billows I'll ride,
The Ivy grown cot is my home,
And my own darling Nellie my bride.
Sing, sweet pretty bird, to me.
Then sing, &c.

Pestal: or the Prison Song.

Yes! the die is cast,
The turbid dream of life is waning;
The gulf will soon be past,
The soul immortal joy attaining.
Thus, then, I fall, my native land to save;
Shall I live a slave? No! the free and brave
Shall scorn to yield; my country's flag shall wave
Around the patriot's grave!

Hark! the fatal bell,
Each passing hour the dungeon waking,
Chimes a sad farewell,
In solemn tones the silence breaking:
Fell usurper, know, thy savage tyranny
Soon will set me free; thwarted shalt thou be—
For, I shall rise above thee in eternity;
Immortal life thou givest me.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people?—Because you can't make them here.

Au Revoir!

Copyright 1874, by E H Harding.

The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 238 Bowery. New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

We lingered at the gate a while
To say our last good-night:
The little stars shone bright above,
The moon beamed with delight:
I pressed her ruby lips to mine—
The girl whom I adore—
"I will not say good-bye, she said,
But simply "au revoir!"
Au revoir, au revoir!
Little word full of future glee.
Au revoir, au revoir!
Oh! it sounded like music to me.

And, though I leave my darling girl
For many a weary day,
I'll ne'er forget those last sweet words
Which made my heart so gay:
And, though I roam in foreign lands,
And sail from shore to shore,
Those little words seem ever near—
My darling, "au revoir!" Au revoir, &c.

The Orphan Emigrant.

By Prof Edmund Clark, the renowned guitar teacher, and for sale at his rooms, 255 Bowery. Price: for the piano 35 cents: for the guitar 25 cents. Terms for guitar lessons: $12 for 24 lessons at his rooms, $15 at the pupils' residence.

I am a lonely stranger: I don't know where to go:
In all this crowded city no friendly face I know,
No friendly voice to tell me what course I shall pursue—
I'm faint, bewildered, lonely, I don't know what to do,
I humbly crave assistance from each one passing by—
But no one stops to aid me—for, no one heeds my cry—
I am so faint with hunger, I scarce can lift a hand:
Oh! I'm a lonely wanderer in a strangers' land—

Chorus.

I don't know what to do, I don't know where to go,
I'm faint, bewildered, lonely, my brain is whirling so—
I'm weary, oh! so weary, but no one heeds my cry,
No friendly voice to cheer me, I'm left alone to die!

The lamps are burning dimly, the watchman on his beat
Is silently patroling the dark, deserted street,
And, in the chilly night-winds, the stillness dark and deep,
I'm wandering so lonely, I have no place to sleep:
My clothes are worn and ragged, my shoes are nearly through,
My feet are cold and paining, my head is aching too—
For, poverty has stricken me with his iron hand,
And left me lonely wandering in a strangers' land!
I don't know what to do, &c.

Tim Flaherty.

Celebrated original Irish song sung by Baker & Farron. The Music published by the well known Music Publishers, John Church & Co. of 66 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, can be obtained at all the Music Stores in the United States—Price 30 cents.

I'm a light-hearted Paddy, a rale Irish laddy:
I came to this country strange wonders to say:
I sailed from dear Cork for the port of New-York,
I was eighteen long days a-crossing the say.
When I arrived in the land, I was tuck by the hand
By a blaggard who said "Paddy come go with me,
I will show you the city, the sights are so pretty!"
Hooraya "what's your name?" says I "Tim Flaherty."

Chorus.

I'm Tim Flaherty, arrah! gaze upon me,
A light-hearted Paddy is Tim Flaherty—

He showed me around, the sights were soon found:
I viewed them with wonder, and astonishment.
When he bade me good-bye, tears came in my eye,
I found he'd been through me and took ivry cint—
What to do? didn't know: where was I to go?
So I went to the Court, and explained to the Judge.
He called me a pauper, a vagrant and loafer,
And give me six months in the Island above.
I'm Tim Flaherty, &c.

Just Landed.

Sung by Diamond and Ryan.

We came from Connemarra
A few short months ago,
With spirits light and airy,
Two emigrants, you know:
Pray let us ask your pardon,
Smile on us if you chose,
We come to Castle Garden,
We're the two Irish cuckoos.
Chorus: For, we've just landed, just landed,
We landed over there, you know:
We've landed, just landed,
We're the two Irish cuckoos.

Cutting turf was our occupation,
In the bogs of Allen then,
But they say that in this nation
We'll at least be Aldermen,
We will run for big positions,
In offices of note:
We'll join the politicians,
And, of course, for us you'll vote. Chorus.

When we go back to Ireland,
Sure then it will be said
We'll raise up in our sire-land
The green above the red:
Then all this world will glory,
When e'er they hear the news
Of Ireland, and the story of
The two Irish Cuckoos. Chorus.

Dreaming of Home and Mother.

Words and Music by J. P. Ordway, M. D. The Music Published by the popular Music-Publishers G. D. Russell & Co. of 136 Tremont Street, Boston. can be obtained at all the Music Stores in the United States—Price 40 cents.

Dreaming of home, dear old home!
Home of my childhood, and mother—
Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find
I've been dreaming of home and mother:
Home, dear home, childhood's happy home!
When I played with sister and with brother—
'Twas the sweetest joy when we did roam,
Over hill and through dale, with mother!

Chorus.

Dreaming of home, dear old home!
Home of my childhood, and mother—
Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find
I've been dreaming of home and mother!

Sleep, balmy sleep, close mine eyes,
Keep me still thinking of mother:
Hark! 'tis her voice I seem to hear,
Yes, I'm dreaming of home and mother—
Angels come soothing me to rest,
I can feel their presence as none other:
For, they sweetly say I shall be blest
With bright visions of home and mother—
Dreaming of home, &c.

Childhood has come, come again:
Sleeping, I see my dear mother,
See her loved form beside me kneel,
While I'm dreaming of home and mother—
Mother dear, whisper to me now,
Tell me of my sister and my brother:
Now I feel thy hand upon my brow—
Yes, I'm dreaming of home and mother!
Dreaming of home, &c.

Mygel Snyder's Barty.

Written and Sung by the Celebrated Gus Williams.

Mygel Snyder gave a barty,
Last veek at his house:
Of gourse, I vas invided
By a lady named Miss Krouse.
Ven I arrived at Mygel's,
Many beobles I znw dere:
Und if you'll only lisden,
I vill tole you who dey vere.

Spoken: Dere vas Miss Krouse, Mr. Bimple, Mrs. Lantenslarger, Misder Kansmeyer, Mrs. Dinglebender, und oders too numerous to mendion. Miss Krouse had her hair done ub in scrambelled eggs, und den she vore a blain corded bed-dick dress: young Bumblestein had on a new segond hand svollow head coad, und den he had a vatch chain made oud of de tail of de cow vot kicged de lamb over in Shicago dot dime; den de subber dable vas loaded down mit all de indelicacies of de season oud; dere vas beannds, red herrings, bod-dles of green seal soda-vater, und dings like dot; den dere vas nice dances, dey vas Valtzes, Pokers, Les Lunches, Squadriles, Succatoshes, und oder dances: den ve blayed some games, called Bus in Shoes, Bost Office oud, Crokenhagen, Blind Man's Snuff, und oder games; den a man got ub to make a sbeech, und he said—"I am here"—in aboud dree minutes he vasn't dere, he got drunk und de commiddee chucked him oud, of de segond sdory vindow, but you vould got tired of I dold you every ding now: so I'll simbly say—

Chorus.

Oh! vot lods of fun,
Oh! vot lods of fun!
Dancing, singing, ail de dime,
Drinking Lager-bier und Vein:
Oh! vot lods of fun,
Oh! vot lods of fun,
At dot barty down ot Mygel Snyder's!

Ven subber it vas ready,
Und I sot me down to ead;
Dere vas Dripe, und Cakes, und Onions,
Und Bodatoes, und Bigs Feed:
Ve all ead very hardy,
But Miss Krouse got very sick;
Ve called de Doeter und he sait
She had de Coleric.

Spoken: Yes, und de Doctor said dot she got id from drying to ead a mince pie, mit a gouble of dooth prushes in id; vell, afder ve sent her home, den dere vas singing; vone young man sung a song vich vent like dis—"He flies drough de air mit his mout full of cheese, he vos a young man vot chewed ub a drapeze"—und den dey axged me to sing, und ven I got ub to sing, de beoble kept so sdill dot you could hear a house fall down: I sung dot song aboud—Mary had a leetle ram, ids vool all over vite—und ven I had sung vone verse, some fellar hollered oud—"Oh! give us a rest"—I dold him dot I didn't know de rest of id, und of I did, I vould give id to him: den he dold me to "drop of myself," und sait "vount you ever dumble?" but I don't understood Ladin: so I couldn't dell vot he vas dalking aboud: but ven I vent home und got dinking aboud de barty, I had to say to mineself—
Oh! vot lods of fun, &c.

Miss Krouse who vas so sick dot nide,
I vent too see nexd day;
I bobbed de qvestion: for, I found
I loven her rite avay.
I married her soon afder dat,
I'm as habby as can be:
Und we've got a leetle baby now
Vich I dance on my knee.

Spoken: I've got the nicest leetle baby vot you ever seen, a nice leetle ding, aboud de size of *big* sdove-bibe, ids got a nose like a vort, und ids head looks like a pilliard ball, (I mean de vite ball:) de baby's yust old enough now to grawl arounn on de garpet, und feed on dacks und hair-pins. I ex-bect ven I gome home for my vife to dell me dat de baby fall in de slob-bail und vas choging mit a bod-a-do—agie; ids a nice ding being a farder, expecially gedding ub off a cold winters nide, und bouring oud baregoric in a dea sboon by moonlide: ids nice to dink dot de baby vas going to grow ub und have mumbs, measles, colera infandum, Jim-Jams, und dings like dot, to take avay a man's money, vot he has laid avay for a new suid of glothes, und all dot gomes of meeting Miss Krouse at dot barty—vell, I can't plame her; for, venever I dink of dot barty, I alvays say—
Oh! vot lods of fun, &c.

Puzzle.

A word there is five syllables contains—
Take one away, no syllable remains.
Answer: Monosyllable.

On the Brink of a Precipice.

"I tell you what, Delia, you will live to repent it, if you do not take care what you are about."

"I don't understand what you mean, aunt," retorted Delia, shaking her sunny curls, with a saucily defiant air. "I do take care what I am about."

"Not you! I wouldn't have allowed that Abel Dale to hang about me so when I was a girl, I can tell you, much more walk out with him. I ought to know what's proper, and what isn't; and I say it isn't proper to urge the fellows on, when you have no meaning in your kindness."

"But I have a meaning. Abel used to get worried out of what little sense he had until I took him under my protection, and now who dares say an uncivil word to him?"

"No; they say uncivil words of you instead," replied Mrs. Fray, grimly. "Why, it was only last night a neighbor told me coming home from church that she understood you were sweet-hearting with Abel!"

Delia laughed loud and long.

"That was Mother Long," she cried, "I am sure, and we all know what her word's worth. She'd talk scandal on her death-bed, and abuse some of us with her last breath. I don't believe there is a wickeder old woman in the country!"

And Delia gave her curls another toss to emphasise her assertion. She was quite a beauty, and she knew it. She had been the belle of the village ever since she was a mere child, and had been flattered enough to turn her pretty head, certainly; but she had a warm, womanly heart for all that, and if she did patronise Able Dale, she had never expected to be so misunderstood.

She had been engaged for three years now to a cousin, a gallant young soldier, who had been serving with honor in the Crimea, and had been severely wounded. He was shortly expected home—a sergeant now, with the Victoria Cross for his promised reward, besides the proud, happy smiles of the girl he loved.

No wonder Delia felt as if she could hardly show kindness and sympathy enough to those about her. She had had a long spell of suspense; and then her fearful anxiety lest he should die in the hospital, and she should never see her hero more; and now he was actually on his way home.

It was so wonderful, Delia could hardly believe it was true. She was an orphan and had always lived with her aunt as long as she could remember; and although Mrs. Fray was well-meaning and conscientious, she was not the kind of woman Delia could confide in, or turn to for advice in any difficulty. She was so thoroughly conscious of this, that all through the terrible months gone by, when she was suffering such a fever misery, she never once thought to seek comfort from Mrs. Fray or tell her of her fears.

But all this was past and gone now, and Delia would have a happy home before the summer was out. Meanwhile, where could be the harm of befriending the poor lad, Abel Dale, whose dogged, persistent devotion to herself gratified her vanity, while her really good heart was moved at his forlorn state.

Abel was not really an idiot, as the villagers called him, but he was "soft." He would talk sensibly enough at times, but had fantastic ways with him, which excited ridicule. The young men played him cruel tricks, and occasionally made him tipsy; but since the beautiful Delia had elected herself his champion, Abel did very well, and could afford to defy them all.

"I don't want to be clever," Abel would often say; "she wouldn't be so kind to me if I was. You think yourselves clever, and she never goes out for walks with you; so I'd best stop as I am."

"She couldn't fool us so easy as she fools you," some one retorted.

"I was a fool before, and so that won't much trouble," Abel always replied, with a sly air of knowing and thinking more than any one suspected—which was, no doubt, the fact; for he sometimes startled Delia by an acute suggestion, which she chose to consider a proof of his eccentricity rather than a sign of his sense.

Mrs. Fray's was not the only warning she received, as far as Abel was concerned, but she heeded none. That an imbecile like Abel should misunderstand her favor for a second seemed an impossibility to pretty Delia, and she laughed the notion to scorn.

"I shall go on being kind to him until Will comes home," she told her aunt, "and then I shall get him to announce in the village he will knock any one down who interferes with Abel, and the poor fellow will be safe from persecution. It seems so horrible he should be ill-used just because he is a fool."

"That's the way of the world," remarked Mrs. Fray.

"Then it is a wicked way," exclaimed Delia, impatiently, "and I am sure Will would not like me to give into it."

"Does Abel know about your engagement?"

"I haven't the least idea. What can it signify whether he does or not?"

"I think I should tell him, though, if I were you—and that at once."

"How absurd!" And Delia showed all her pearly teeth in a ringing laugh. "Why, he wouldn't know what being engaged meant!"

"I thought you said one day he understood more than people fancied."

Delia's laugh stopped suddenly short, and for a minute she looked troubled and confused.

"So I did; but not that sort of thing. I wish, aunt, you would not get into the way of discussing him as if he were like any one else. Abel is just a child in mind, and has the feelings of a child."

"Umph!" said Mrs. Fray. "The way he looked at you when he was sitting at your feet in the garden last night wasn't a child's look. I've got eyes, if you haven't, and I keep mine for use."

"And I keep mine for ornament," returned Delia, lifting them audaciously to her aunt's face. "I don't expect you thought about use either when you were my age."

"I never was a flirt, anyhow."

Probably Mrs. Fray had had no temptation; for you could see with a glance that she had never been either handsome or attractive. But, of course, she did not take these things into account, and Delia could not well remind her that circumstances alter cases considerably.

So she pouted, like the spoilt child she was, and, catching up her hat, hurried off to the woods. Mrs. Fray was always complaining of the idle life she led, and no doubt the reproach was deserved to a certain degree. For, although Delia would bustle about very willingly in the house of a morning, she expected to have the afternoon entirely to herself, and wander about at her own free will.

To Mrs. Fray, who never walked for pleasure, except sometimes of a Sunday, this seemed a fearful waste of time. She stood and watched the girl as she went down the garden-path, with rather a sour visage; and Delia, catching a glimpse of it as she turned back to shut the gate, laughed irreverently, and made her curls shine like gold, shaking them in the sun.

She made such a pretty picture as she went along, with her head uncovered, swinging her hat in her hand, that Abel, who lay behind the hedge, watching for her to come out, according to his wont, thrilled with ecstacy as he put the honeysuckle on one side, and peeped up straight into her beautiful unconscious face.

She passed on, radiant and smiling, singing a low, soft song to herself, and Abel watched her always. He made it a rule to follow her in her walks, and join her as if by chance, when they were out of sight of the village, and it never occurred to him that Delia would see through this little device.

But the girl was evidently preoccupied to-day. Instead of going briskly off, as usual, she stopped short at the style that led into the wood, and, seating herself upon it, took a letter from her pocket, and began to read.

The loveliest dimples came and went round the pretty, sensitive mouth as she perused brave Will's love-lines, and then kissed every word, with a passion of delight that turned Abel sick with jealousy.

He had heard of this soldier-cousin of Delia's, assuredly; but the poor, foolish lad believed that Delia loved him (Abel), and that this cousin, if a rival at all, would be an unsuccessful one, from whom he had nothing to fear.

Delia would have been surprised and indignant beyond measure if she could have seen into Abel heart; for he had not only wit enough to lo desperately, but he had also cunning enough plot, and power to compass the destruction of an one who stood in his way.

Delia, smiling there and kissing her love-lette was on the very brink of a precipice, if she ha but known; for Will would be coming to-morro and Abel, behind the hedge, had just registered solemn vow that nought should stand between hi and his cherished hopes.

Presently Delia folded her love-letter up, and re placed it in her pocket. Then she bounded ov the stile, with the lightness of a fawn, and plunge into one of the dark, winding paths that led int the heart of the wood.

Abel rose slowly to his feet, and followed he He had not been able to ascertain which path sh had taken, but this seemed of little consequence for no sooner had he crossed the style in his turn than he laid his ear to the ground, and listened in tently.

He looked like a gnome or goblin just risen out of the bowels of the earth; for his head was s much disproportioned to the rest of his body, tha it gave him at all times a strange aspect.

But it seemed as if the deprivation of som senses had quickened others; for Abel's hearin was almost supernaturally acute, and there was saying in the village that he could see in the dar like a cat, which, by his sleek velvet steps, h imitated closely.

For a few seconds, he listened intently, then picking himself up, tapped his forehead signifi cantly, smiled a cunning little smile, and went con fidently along the path Delia had taken.

Was it possible that he could have heard he light footfall on the turf, or was she singing to her self according to her wont? However this may be Abel was soon at her heels; and finding she wa unconscious of his near neighborhood, he tappe her rosy cheek gently with the twig he held in hi hand.

Delia started nervously, and uttered a faint cry.

"It's only me," whispered Abel. "You ain frightened, are you?"

"Of course I was frightened," answered Delia pouting. "Iv'e told you fifty times, at least, n to steal after me in this fashion."

Abel looked up at her, with dull surprise.

"I don't want all the folks to know just wha I am about."

Delia with the inspiration gained from her aun began to understand him better, and flashed roun upon him haughtily.

"How can it matter what folks know, as long a one does nothing to be ashamed of? You ha better stop at home, if you are so particular."

Abel's eyes had an expression in them you ma see in those of an animal when the hand it ha liked is suddenly upraised to strike, as he asked doggedly, "What he had done to offend her?"

"Oh! nothing!" she replied, with assumed care lessness. "Only it is hard one can never be alone.

"You never told me that before, Delia."

"I dare say not; but I tell you now, at any rate, she retorted, sharply.

Abel looked down and pondered. Finaly, he said with more penetration than one could have ex pected of him, "It's that letter I saw you kissin a while back has set you against me."

"Well, and what if it had?"

Only it's queer, ain't it?"

"Not at all, sir." And Delia began to stam her foot and looked very angry indeed. "I te you it isn't pleasant to feel that you are followe wherever you go; and as you won't be able to do after to-morrow, you had better leave it off to-day.

"But I like following you," returned Abe gravely. "It's the only pleasure I have."

"You won't have it long, then."

"What's to hinder?"

Delia tapped her pocket, and laughed rath scornfully.

"Why, he's coming home, that's all; and he very much altered if he allows any one about m but himself."

"Who's he?"

"The man I'm going to marry. Don't be silly as to pretend you don't know who it is mean," replied Delia, who fairly lost her temper

his persistence. "It hasn't been much of a secret for these three years, I fancy."

"I thought you were going to marry me," said Abel, thereby demonstrating clearly what an idiot he was. Delia burst into a fit of laughter.

"I do declare I never heard anything to equal that!" she cried. "It's the very best joke in the world. What! marry you?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"What did you mean us to live on?" she asked, going off into a fresh convulsion of merriment.

"I can work," returned Abel, sullenly.

"Then why don't you pray?"

"I was waiting——"

"For me to show you how?"

"I don't want no showing."

"Then you are a lazy fellow, that's all I have got to say for you," she retorted so mortified by his pretensions, and the fulfilment of her aunt's prophecy, that she felt actually cruel. "You had no business to let your father keep you all this while if you could support yourself. I always knew you weren't such a fool as you pretended to be; but I wouldn't have taken your part as I have done if I had guessed the real truth."

Abel's face worked convulsively, as he stretched out both his hands in front of her, saying, with a vengeful smile, "They're strong, ain't they? All the better. I've got a tough bit of work for them to do."

Delia shrugged her shoulders haughtily.

"What's that to me?"

"You'll see. Don't be afraid," he added, as he saw her shrink involuntarily. "I sha'n't do you no harm. It's the man you are going to marry I want to get at."

"You'd better mind what you are about. Will's as strong as two such puny fellows as you."

"Ah, but I am cunning, too! And I can creep, creep, creep after people, and spring on them when they don't even know I am near; and then isn't it rare to see how they twist, and writhe, and call out? I like them to think I am an idiot; but I ain't, for I know those I love from those I hate, and I never forget anything. You mind little Parley? He hit me with a stone on the cheek once, and then jeered me. It's two years ago, and I never got my turn till last week; but I paid him out then finely. Oh, it was rare!" repeated Abel with a fiendish chuckle that seemed to chill all the warm blood in Delia's veins. "I saw him coming down the lane quite alone, and I hid myself, and when he got close, running with all his might, I put out my foot, and down he went. He, he, he!"

"It was you then who really made little Parley break his leg?" Delia asked, feeling very sick and cold.

"That was the best fun of it, nobody guessing. I am so sly, you know—so awfully sly."

"And you are awfully wicked, too, it seems," she retorted, with great courage. "If I had had the very least idea of your real character, I would have taken good care not to trouble myself about you in any way.

"But you didn't know, you see, and the mischief is all done now."

And he examined his hands, cracking all the finger-joints, in a weird sort of way, that made Delia shiver again, although she was careful to disguise from him the effect he created, and would have had him believe that she was as dauntless as she looked.

If she had but heeded her aunt! Mrs. Fray had always declared that Abel was vicious, naturally, and was only kept in check by a wholesome fear of the police; and she had arrogantly assumed to understand him better than the rest of the neighbors, and would have it that he was a poor, harmless fellow, much ill-treated and maligned.

But she began to understand him now, and tremble. She had been so happily dreaming of Will's return a few minutes back, and now she dreaded it above all things, much as she longed to feel herself once more pressed to that brave, true heart.

"Something dreadful will happen," she thought, mournfully, as she glanced at Abel's sullen, lowering face, and recalled his vague threats. "I wonder if it would be any use asking him to promise not to interfere with Will? If it came to a fight, I know who would get the best of it in a minute; but his cunning frightens me."

She turned towards Abel again.

"Abel," she said, with forced composure, "I have been a friend to you, have I not?"

"No!" he answered, fiercely. "You took me up to please yourself, and now you've let me drop to please yourself. I don't call that being a friend."

She was astonished at the shrewdness of this reply, and the penetration it evinced; for she could not feel that this accusation was altogether undeserved. If Will had not been coming home, she would certainly have amused herself with Abel's devotion a little longer, and taken great credit to herself for a meritorious action.

"I took pity on you because I saw you were being ill-used," she answered; but Delia's conscience told her that this was not all the truth.

"I had always taken my own part before you interfered; and although the boys teased, they were afraid of me, too."

"Why didn't you say so, then?" she inquired, sharply.

"Because I liked it."

"Liked being teased? Nonsense!"

"No; it was you being so kind I liked."

"If so, it would be very foolish of you to forfeit my kindness," she said, in an insinuating tone, and beginning to recognise that from henceforth she must treat Abel more like an equal, intellectually, and reason with him in a different way to what she had hitherto done. "I should be kind to you always, if you would let me."

"Just as you are kind to a dog," he replied. "I don't want that."

"Then what do you want, Abel?" And though she kept her temper now, Delia was red with scorn.

"I want you."

"A pretty thing, indeed! Why, you must be mad!"

"Fools don't go mad; they've told me so over and over again."

Once more Delia was confounded, and kept an embarrassed silence. Abel drew a little nearer to the disdainful beauty.

"I hate soldiers," he muttered close at her ear.

"And I," retorted Delia, hurrying away from him,—"I hate fools!"

She did not stop to note the effect of her rash speech; but, springing past him, fled swiftly back along the path, took the stile with a bound, and never paused, or once looked back, until she reached her aunt's garden-gate.

Then she stopped, breathless, and glanced towards the wood. There was no sign of Abel, and after waiting a while to regain her composure, she walked slowly indoors, and sat down.

Mrs. Fray was mending some stockings, and being accustomed to her niece's erratic movements, did not so much as look up.

"I am sure I don't know how you will get on when you are a married woman," she observed, presently in a querulous tone. "It strikes me Will must put most of his work out if he wants it done."

"That's his affair, at any rate, aunt," was Delia's reply.

Mrs. Fray wagged her head and sighed.

"He'll only wed you for your pretty face; and when that has grown old and faded, you will find you haven't much to be thankful for."

"Then I shall be thankful for having been pretty when I was young, and that's more than all can say," returned Delia, pertly; for she had received a shock and was not in the humor to bear Mrs. Fray's lugubrious prophecies patiently. "It's better to have a good thing for a while, and then lose it, than never to have it at all."

"But I never heard that beauty was a good thing."

"You don't put yourself in the way of hearing pleasant things," retorted Delia. "I believe you would rather I'd got a hump."

"It would save you a deal of trouble, if you had."

"But I prefer the trouble."

And not finding the athmosphere here by any means congenial, Delia retired to her little chamber, to take up the thread of her broken dreams. But it was odd and disagreeable how Abel's words followed her even here, and how his sullen, vicious face seemed to obstruct her vision, when she wanted to recall Will's bright, handsome countenance.

"It's so *foolish* of me to mind about a creature like that," she kept telling herself; but she did mind, for all that. If any harm should come to her lover, Delia would break her tender heart.

"And him so looking forward to coming home," she thought; "and our banns going to be put up next Sunday! It would be too hard!"

"But, at last, Delia reasoned herself into despising Abel's threats, and went down to tea, subdued, but hopeful. Her sleep was rather disturbed, but, then, in any case, it would have been necessary to make sure that it was really true Will was coming home, for she had dreamt it so often before, and her dreams had been such a sweet deception until this night.

She was up with the birds, and singing as gaily as they amongst the flowers, when Mrs. Fray got down stairs.

"Well, this is wonderful!" her aunt cried, as she caught sight of Delia. "We must make the most of it, for it's sure not to last."

But Delia would not be offended this morning. She went cheerily to work, singing still; and though Mrs. Fray was not gracious enough to praise her, she inwardly confessed that the girl could do wonderfully well if she liked. The cows were milked, the butter churned, and the place swept up, before the usual breakfast hour, for Delia had a mind not only to take, but to earn, her holiday in the afternoon.

But it was a terrible long day. The clock wouldn't strike half fast enough, and Delia felt inclined some times to give it a shake. Will could not possibly get to the station before six, but Delia, who was to meet him on the road, started long before five, although she had only two miles to walk.

The consequence was that she had to linger about the lanes for an unconscionable time, getting more and more impatient every five minutes, until, at last, she heard the whistle sound, and the precious train that brought her hero back to her puffed slowly into the station.

Neither cared to meet before strangers, and so it had been settled between them that Delia should wait at a certain spot untill Will came to join her.

How her heart beat, and her fair cheeks flamed! One second she was sure he had not come, the next she fancied she saw him, and would feel a strange, unusual shyness creeping over her. She was getting quite faint, when standing, like a blot in the sunshine, she perceived Will's tall, upright figure, and he came briskly towards her, with a firm, even step.

"Oh, I hope I am not altered," Delia thought, anxiously. "I looked so pale this morning, and he used to admire my color. If he were to leave off loving me——"

She had no time to think on the consequences, for Will's strong arm was about her now, his bronzed cheek touching hers.

"Why, you are bonnier than ever, sweetheart," he murmured, his voice shaking with emotion, as he kissed her with fond pride. "It's many a time, lying half frozen in the trenches, I've pictured your face, and made it keep me company; but I never made you half beautiful enough, I swear. I think I must have forgot the smile."

And he held her back, that he might see the better into those modest, downcast eyes; then he rapturously pressed her to his heart once more, and when they walked on presently it was hand in hand, like happy folks who had forgotten everything but their love, and everybody but themselves.

Delia had no more thought of Abel than if he had never existed, as she pressed close to Will's side. The girl was transformed, radiant, charming, beyond words.

She was so proud even of the scar Will had brought home from the wars, and above all of the cross he wore on his breast, which she kept touching reverently, first with her fingers, and then with her lips.

She would have had the whole village turn out to witness her triumph; but this was supper time, and the good people of Deepwell were sitting amongst their little ones contentedly munching their frugal fare, so they met no one until they came to a clump of trees close to the church, so thick, that already it looked quite dark in their shadow.

(*To be Continued.*)

An Ancient Scottish Fragment.

Extracted from a Manuscript in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh

Andantino.

PIANO.

f

tr

And folk sing wea - ri - ly! Young folk sing chee - ri - ly!

tr

Puir folk sing drea - ri - ly! But mo - nied folk sing mer - - - - ri - ly!

sf

pp

Till grim death wi' voice o' doom, Frae the tomb noo fast noo slaw, — *His Song*

pp rall a piacere.

Sings! — An' the grave gulps down them a'!

a tempo.

tr

colla voce.

f

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CONTENTS.

A Diadem among the Gold ..... page 68
Angels hover o'er her grave 69
Drive dull care away 69
Down by the old Mill Stream—New Version 68
It was my father's custom 67
If you've only got the tin 69
I loved thee once, I'll love no more 68
Irish hod-carriers 67
Irish Swells 67
The Little Mound 66
Love me little, love me long 69
The Little Blacksmith 67
Maggie, the pride of the vale 66
Mariette 66
My Johnny is a Sailor bold 66
My Mother's Customs 67
Out in the green fields 66
On the brink of a precipice—Story ended 70–71
On the expanse of Maggiore's ocean 66
Pull yourselves together, boys 66
Robin Adair—Music 72
The Regular Army O! 68
Soft as the morning's hue 66
Send home my long-strayed eyes to me 67
The Soldier's motherless daughter 69
Sweet maid, you say I am untrue 68
The Swell of the day 69
Somebody's in the house with Susie 68
Teach me, Martha 67
Whit cat and black cat 66
Widow Mulroony's Ball 67
Wait till you get it 69
Who is Sylvia? 68
When the moon is on the waters 68
Who's in the house with Susie? 68
You I Love 69

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Pull Yourselves Together, Boys!

We're all of us bothered, some time in our lives,
By something that's sure to go wrong
With us, or our children, our sweet-hearts and wives,
As life's road we journey along.
That troubles are hard—I confess—at the time,
Though afterwards they appear small,
And I will endeavor to show in my ryhme
A way to get over them all.

Spoken: And that is to—

Chorus: Pull yourselves together, boys,
Pull yourselves together:
Never mind the knock-down blows,
But pull yourselves together.

'Tis nice, when your cupboard is scanty and bare,
To have hungry visitors call,
And say they've popped in, your small dinner to share,
But hope you won't mind them at all:
The last bob has vanished for victuals and drink,
And so has your credit as well:
You treat them as friends, but in *frenzy* you think
That it is a terrible sell—

Spoken: Still nevertheless, you must—
Pull yourselves, &c.

'Tis nice, when you borrow and pay interest large,
To be just a little behind,
And go home and find brokers' men are in charge,
And taking your goods—never mind—
Your furniture, worth more than treble your debt,
Is seized by these scoundrels, but they
Will find to their cost there are Magistrates yet
Who'll make the rogues heavily pay.
Pull yourselves, &c.

It's rapture, when out until three or till four,
Unknown to your wife on the spree,
To find that the chain is put up on the door,
And you have forgotten the key.
It's nice, when you serve on a jury, to find
Your tailor sits next door but one,
And he is a *Claimant*, but law, never mind,
All trials will some day be done.

Spoken: And until life's little trials are over, you must—
Pull yourselves, &c.

On the Expanse of Maggiore's Ocean.

On the crystal expanse of Maggiore's blue ocean,
How fondly the mind loves in sorrow to dwell,
To gaze on its bosom, whose latent emotion
Oft seems with the sob of true feeling to swell—

Here Nature, all lovely, forgotten and lone,
Enjoying the stillness of midnight's repose,
Seems to echo the sighs of the stranger unknown,
And listen attentive to the cause of his woes.

White Cat and Black Cat.

White cat, black cat, any cat at all,
When you catch de pussy cat, don't you let her squall.

Chorus.

When you catch de white cat, sabe him, oh! sabe him,
When you catch de black cat, shabe him to de tail.

Tom cat's a gemmen, an' he ramble in de dark,
Bull-dog-de-bow-wow skeer 'im wid his bark.
When you catch de white cat, &c.

Ole cat an' kittens was a playing on de hay,
Big cat git out ob de little cat's way.
When you catch de white cat, &c.

Tom cat he bellow at de bristles on his back,
Kase hesee de pussy cat a peepin' through de crack.
When you catch de white cat, &c.

Tom cat grin, and de pussy cat she laugh:
Stan' back, Tommy cat, you haven't see de half.
When you catch de white cat, &c.

Green peach puddin', an' a punkin pie,
De black cat kicked out de white cat's eye.
When you catch de white cat, &c.

Big cat, little cat, any sort o' cat,
Skit at te at te skat. te it, at te skat!
When you catch de white cat, &c.

Out in the Green Fields.

A country lad am I,
A rustic bred and born,
The birds do sing and so do I,
And rise at early morn;
To reap and mow, to till and sow
The land with plough and team,
There's nought can beat a country life,
Out in the fields so green.

Spoken: Ah! I be a happy lad, morning, noon, and night: rain or shine, blow or snow, it's all the same to I, while—

Out in the green fields, so happy and gay,
Out in the green fields, a raking of the hay,
Out in the green fields, I pass my time away,
And like a lark I whistle in the morning.

When sun be hot and land be dry,
I gets the same, 'tis clear:
'Tis then I stop to take a drop
Of stunning home-brewed beer;
With a tidy snack of luncheon, aye,
At plough tail all serene,
Cold beans and bacon, that's the tack,
Out in the fields so green.

Spoken: Ah! bacon and cold greens them's the sort for me, and wash 'em down with a drop of good home-brewed beer, it makes I whistle and sing all day long— Out in the, &c.

My dolly she's the finest lass,
For twenty miles around:
The country girls have rosy cheeks,
Their equal can't be found;
When harvest home comes round, my boys,
Each lass looks like a queen,
Then Doll and I, oh! don't we dance
Out in the fields so green—
Out in the, &c.

Some say the jolly joys of town
Are just the proper sort:
Give I the chase, and hurdle race,
And other country sport:
(Breaking their rest with sprees at night,)
Fast men are never seen:
We like the open sunlight best,
Out in the fields so green.
Out in the, &c.

Soft as the Morning's Hue.

Soft as the morning's blushing hue
Arose my lovely Kate:
And, glittering as the vernal dew,
Auspicious beamed her fate.

But mornings' dews soon pass away,
So vanished Kate's delight:
The hope that flattered early day,
For ever closed at night.

Maggie, the Pride of the Vale.

I once loved a damsel whose raven black hair
And bright yellow skin was my heart's sad despair;
'Twas mid-summer's morn, in the bright sunny dale,
When first I met Maggie, the Pride of the Vale.
Her lip like the coral, her teeth ivory white,
'Twas the rose and the lilly, the shade and the light:
The bright Naiad Queen, from the ocean's deep wail,
Could never compare with the Pride of the Vale.

Chorus.

But Maggie, dear Maggie, thou hast faded away,
Like the flower that blooms in the bright sunny May:
Thy dark eye hath faded, thy cheek hath grown pale,
Poor Maggie, the Pride of the Vale—

Now May-day may come drear and mid-summer bloom,
No joy now remains—all is sadness and gloom,
As lonely I wander o'er hill and thro' dale,
And list for the voice of the Pride of the Vale.
And around the old oak, that I've watered with tears,
And sheltered the grave of my Maggie for years,
Will some kind hearted friend but place a lone rail,
And scratch on the old tree "The Pride of the Vale?"
Chorus.

Mariette.

Oh! how I love my pretty bird!
Sing to me a pretty song—
Let your song, so often sung, now be heard:
Oh! let your strains be sweet and long!
Sing my Mariette a song:
Let your strains be sweet and long!
Often, would I hear thy voice!
For, singing always makes my heart in love rejoice!

The quiet Summer eve, when stars are in the sky,
The brook that murmurs soft in forests large and high,
The breeze that gently blows to make the earth rejoice,
Have not such charms for me as thy soft gentle voice:
Have not such charms for me as thy soft gentle voice.
Ah, ah, ah! Oh! how I love, &c.

The organ's solemn peal, tho' sounded loud and long,
The trumpet's shriller tone, whose strains are
bold and strong:
The flute that sounds so soft, employed in songs
of praise,
Have not such charms for me as thy sweet tender lays:
Have not such charms for me as thy sweet tender lays.
Ah, ah, ah! Oh! how I love, &c.

The early flowers of Spring, which lovely hues display,
The bright and golden beams of Summer's setting day,
The sweetest things, which here to Nature do belong,
Have not such charms for me as that sweet lovely song,
Have not such charms for me as that sweet lovely song.
Ah, ah, ah! Oh! how I love, &c.

The Litte Mound.

SONG AND CHORUS.

A little mound lies under the hill,
In a nook half hidden by the daisies and thyme,
All by itself so sadly still,
That the bees that drone in the Summer-time
Pause in their song as they idly hover,
As though there was something in the air,
Scented by wild flowers and fragrant clover,
Which told that a child lay sleeping there.

Chorus: Coralie, sylph with the eyes so tender,
Coralie, nymph with the curls of gold,
Heaven no greater boon could tender
Than taking thy spirit back to its fold!

Over the spot twin willows, drooping,
Sing gently a sad, sweet lullaby,
But, low as the sound may be, its echo
Blends with the notes of the choir on high:
And, on calm eves, when the shadows gather
And nature's hushed in a sleep profound,
Airy figures are seen to cluster
In the soft moonlight that bathes the mound.
Coralie, sylph, &c.

My Johnny is a Sailor Bold.

Air: My love is a Sailor Boy.

My Johnny is a sailor bold,
As ever sailed the sea:
He dearly loves his own dear Kate,
He thinks the world of me.
And now I'm pining for my love—
For, he has gone afar:
Oh! my Johnny is a sailor bold
On board a man o' war.
(Repeat for chorus the last four lines.)
And now I'm pining, &c.

Oh! my Johnny is a loving boy,
His heart is true and kind;
I know that he is sighing now
For the girl he left behind:
I know he dearly loves me,
Although he is afar:
For, there's not a truer heart than his
On board a man o' war.
Chorus.

And when my Johnny does return,
He'll go to sea no more:
But we'll live a happy life
Upon the glorious shore.
He'll never go to sea again,
To soil his hands with tar;
Oh! my Johnny is a sailor bold
On board a man o' war.
Chorus.

My Mother's Customs.

Air: The days when we went a-gipsying.

Come, Mary, bring the scrubbing brush, and
chuck away the slops,
And you, Selina, comb your hair, and wash
your dirty chops;
Go, mend your father's small clothes, don't
sit and pick your nose,
But go up stairs and make the beds, and double
up the clothes,
While I go out and take a walk, it is so very fine—
These were my mother's customs, and so
they shall be mine.

Make haste, and pawn your father's boots, we'll
have a drop of gin;
And if the tally-man should come, say I am not within;
Tell him your father's very ill, and likely soon to die;
But mind you hold the door ajar, and seem to
pipe your eye—
Say that I m sure to be at home, each evening
after nine:
These were my mother's customs, and so they
shall be mine.

Now clear away the dinner things, throw out
them nasty sprats,
Don't put them in the yard: for, that encourages
the cats;
You, Tommy, may go out to play, but don't
get in the dirt,
And, Sarah, you must go down stairs and wash
your father's shirt:
Don't rub too hard, but wring it well, then
hang it on the line:
These were my mother's customs, and so they
shall be mine.

Remember this is Saturday, get out your father's chair,
Then reckon up my weekly score, make no
mistakes, beware;
Don't tease your father, let him be, you see he's
got the blues,
He's very tired, and then he knows we all
must have new shoes:
"You look quite ill, tell me, have you made
much over-time?"
These were my mother's customs, ann so they
shall be mine.

Send Home My Long-Strayed Eyes to Me.

Send home my long-strayed eyes to me,
Which, ah! too long have dwelt on thee:
But if from thee they've learned such ill—
To sweetly smile,
And then begnile—
Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain:
But if it has been taught by thine
To forfeit both
Its word and oath—
Keep it: for, then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me home my heart and eyes,
That I may see and know thy lies,
And laugh one day, perhaps when thou
Shalt grieve for one
Thy love will scorn,
And prove as false as thou art now.

Teach Me, Martha.

Teach me, Martha, how to prove
My boasted flame sincere;
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care—
Sleep in vain displays her charms
To bribe my soul to rest:
In vain she spreads her silken arms,
And courts me to her breast.

Where can Robert find repose,
If Martha is not there?
For, ah! no peace his bosom knows,
When absent from the fair.
What though Phœbus, from on high,
Witholds his cheerful ray?
Thine eyes can well his light supply,
And give me more than day.

It was my Father's Custom.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS SONG.

Come hither, bring the holly bush to decorate the hall,
With lofty bows of mistletoe to hang around the wall—
Spread wide the snowy table-cloth upon the
shiny board—
And bring the best of every thing the larder can afford:
Then place a seat for every guest, let here the
glasses shine:
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Now bring the massive yule log—the fire pile well up:
For, we must draw around it to drain the wassail cup.
The harmless joke shall pass around in spirits
gay and light—
Our laughter shall ring out loud, and echo with
delight—
The old their gossip shall enjoy—the youth
with mirth combine:
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Now clear away the table-cloth and let the wine remain,
Bring oranges from Portugal, and grapes from
sunny Spain:
Place here the cakes, and there the nuts, and
there the rich preserves:
Good housewives, bring your dainties, keep
nothing in reserve:
Then bring the bowl, the jolly bowl, and fill it up
with wine:
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Now, clear away the table, and take away each chair,
And let the merry music rejoicing dance prepare:
We'll play the games, the Christmas games,
blind man and hunt the shoe—
And kiss the lasses round and round, under
the mistletoe—
For, Christmas comes but once a year, its joys
let none decline:
These were my father's customs, and so they
shall be mine.

Widow Mulroony's Ball.

Air: Bryan O'Lynn.

Listen a while, and I'll sing you a ditty
About a grand party, in this famous city,
At a fine institution called Hibernian hall,
Which surely knocked spots out of Lannigan's ball.

There was Tim Mulkeaghy and Bridget O'Nale,
Maguffin McSweeny and Paudeen McPhail:
And the Galleghers, and Murphys from sweet Donegal,
Came to shake their flat feet at Mulroony's ball.

There was lame Judy Burke, and McManus the big,
Who was transported from Ireland for stealing a pig:
With one eyed McSweeny, and fat Micky Gerall,
Dancing their brains out at Mulroony's ball.

Next came Pat O'Flanigan with his big red nose,
Dressed up to kill in a new suit of clothes;
He no sooner came in, than on the floor he did fall,
Raising the first laugh at Mulroony's grand ball.

Pat Maguffin got up, and he swore by the rope
No man should dance till he first paid the soap;
As 'twas to bring to this country the widdy so small,
They got up the grand shin-dig at Hibernian Hall.

The table was laid, he collected the tin,
The fiddle struck up, and the dancing begin;
For a breakdown, of course, Mulkeaghy did call:
Sure there was nothing but breakdowns at
Mulroony's ball.

After dancing a few jigs and a three handed reel,
Casey called for a song from Timothy Freel,
Who sung: Paddy's Wedding to the delight of all;
For, they were all merry at Mulroony's ball.

The dance was kept up till the middle of the night,
When Cork got glorious, and Kerry got tight;
Tim Mulkeaghy struck out at poor Micky Gerali:
He began the blue murder at Mulroony's ball.

Eyes were knocked out, and noses battered in,
The table was upset, and down came the tin,
All in postage stamps (stickers,) both large and small,
Which stuck to the floor of the Hibernian Hall.

But the sport was soon stopped by a squad of police
Who arrested the rioters for breaking the peace,
And broke up the "you and your partner" ball
Of the Widdy Mulroony, at Hibernian Hall.

Irish Hod-Carriers.

Sung only by Diamond and Ryan.

We are two Irish boys so frisky:
None better, sure, you could find
To twirl the twig and drink strong whiskey,
Or box a big fist, d'ye mind:
If the four-leaved shamrock we could get now,
All bare footed-cripples should be shod,
No poor needle women should starving sit down,
But be gay like the boys that carry the hod.
Chorus: So drink success to Irish laborers,
Just new over from the sod:
All we want is laborer's wages,
We're the boys can carry the hod.

Sure we're for freedom of opinion,
None should toil but three hours a day:
We should have no tax in this dominion,
But men get just three times the pay:
All should have roast beef and less salt cod,
Pigs bigger than cows in styes should squeak now,
For to fatten the boys that carry the hod.
So drink success, &c.

Good clothes and money should gladden the nation,
And honesty rewarded be;
Starvation should have no relation,
But slaves black and white should all be free
Then laugh and sing with voices charming,
In spite of every laughing squad,
Just shoulder these and you'll find no harm
In these Irish boys that carry the hod.
So drink success, &c.

The Little Blacksmith.

We heard his hammer all day long
On the anvil ring, and ring,
But he always came, when the sun went down,
To sit on the gate and sing:
His little hands, so hard and brown,
Crossed idly on his knee,
And straw-hat lopping over cheeks
As red as they could be.

Chorus.

The hammer stroke on the anvil filled
His heart with a happy ring,
And that was why, when the sun went down,
He came to the gate to sing.

His blue and faded jacket, trimmed
With signs of work—his feet
All bare and fair upon the grass,
He made a picture sweet:
For, still his shoes, with iron shod,
On the smithy wall he hung,
As forth he came, when the sun went down,
And sat on the gate and sung. Chorus.

The whistling rustic, tending cows,
Would keep in pastures near,
And half the busy villagers
Lean from their doors to hear:
And from the time the robin came
And made the hedges bright
Until the stubble yellow grew,
He never missed a night. Chorus.

Irish Swells

Sung only by Diamond and Ryan.

Kind friends, we're glad to see you well, *Sym.*
How do you like us Irish swells? *Sym.*
We're rather jolly, as you'll observe: *Sym.*
For, we are the boys that have the nerve. *Sym.*
Chorus: We dance and sing all day,
We're merry, gay and free,
And care, it never can subdue
Such jolly boys as we.

Sure, Ireland is a purty place, *Sym.*
The girls are full of ease, of grace, *Sym.*
And the boys, too, they are all so frisky, *Sym.*
And don't they like a drop of whiskey— *Sym.*
Kind friends, we like to see you well, &c.

Who killed the most poultry? Hamlet's uncle: for, he did "murder most foul."

Down by the old Mill Stream.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, By E. H. Harding in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington—D. C.

American Version—By Joseph P. Skelly.
The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 288 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

I'll come, when the little stars are shining,
Where the twilight soft and still
Into night deeper shadows is declining
All around the plain and hill:
I'll seek thee among the willows,
Where I first felt love's young dream,
And renew our delight while the moon shines bright,
Down by the old mill stream.
Chorus: Down by the old mill stream,
There in the moon's gentle gleam,
To-night I'll wait for thee,
And happy we will be—
Down by the old mill stream!

I'll come when the pretty flowers are sleeping,
When the song-birds are at rest:
And I'll bring all the kisses I've been keeping
For the darling I love best.
I long for thy voice to cheer me,
And the hours so sweet will seem
When we sit side by side, while the rippling tide
Plays by the old mill stream. Chorus.

We'll hear but the echo of our voices,
And the streamlet's bubling flow,
As it rolls on before us and rejoices,
Seeming glad in the pale moon's glow.
While night is advancing we will linger
And our vows of old redeem,
And the angels above will smile on our love—
Down by the old mill stream. Chorus.

Sweet Maid, you say I am Untrue.

Sweet maid, you say I am untrue,
Because from fair to fair I range:
But tho' my fancy seems to change,
The more of other nymphs I view,
The more my heart is fixed on you.

The bee collects his honied store
From every various flower that blows;
But when she tastes the fragrant rose,
Forgetting sweets that pleased before,
She fixes, then, to rove no more.

When the Moon is on the Waters.

When the Moon is on the waters,
I will hasten, love, to thee;
For, of all earth's fairest daughters,
Thou the dearest art to me.
Tho' rude winds may ruffle ocean,
Still my bark shall tempt the sea,
And, in strains of pure devotion,
I will sing love-songs to thee.
When my Star of Hope was waning,
There was one, but one heart true—
And which shared, without complaining,
All the ills my bosom knew:
It was thine, my gentle Mary:
Thou wert all the world to me—
And, however fortune vary,
I will still be true to thee!

Thou wert dear to me, in childhood,
When the rosebud, on its tree,
As it blossomed in the wild wood,
Was an emblem, Love, of thee;
In thy youth, thou wert still dearer:
With the dawn of reason, came
Thoughts that brought thee to me nearer,
Tho' they bore not yet love's name:
But thy womanhood, unfolding,
Won the secret from my heart,
And my life was in thy holding—
For, 'twas death from thee to part!
I have loved thee, gentle Mary,
I have loved thee, through the past:
And, however fortune vary,
I will love thee, to the last!

Who is Sylvia?

SHAKSPEARE.

Who is Sylvia? what is she
That all the swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she:
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might adored be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For, beauty lives with kindness:
Love does to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing:
That Sylvia is excelling—
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring!

The Regular Army O.

Written by Ed. Harrigan. Music by David Braham.
Music to be had of Wm. A. Pond & Co. 547 & 865 Broadway, N. Y. Price. 40 cents.

Three years ago, this very day, we went to
Governor's Isle,
For to sand forninst the cannon, in true military style.
Seventeen American dollars, each month we surely get,
For to carry a gun and baganetts with a
regimental step.
We had our choice of going to the army or to jail;
Or it's up the Hudson river with a "copper"
take a sail!
Oh! we puckered up our courage, wid bravery
we did go,
Oh! we cursed the day we went away wid the
Regular Army O!

Chorus.

There was Sergeant John McCaffery,
And Captain Donahue,
Oh! they make us march and toe the mark,
In gallant company "Q."
Oh! the drums would roll upon my soul,
This is the style we'd go,
Forty miles a day, on beans and hay,
In the Regular Army O.

We wint to Arizony for to fight the Injins there;
We came near being made bald-headed, but
they never got our hair:
We lay among the ditches in the yellow dirty mud,
And we never saw an onion, a turnip or a spud.
Oh! we were taken prisoners, conveyed forninst
the Chafe,
Oh! he said we'll make an Irish stew, the dirty
Indian thafe.
On the telegraphic wire we walked to Mexico,
We bless the day we skipped away from the
Regular Army O!
There was Sergeant, &c.

We've been dry as army herrings, and as
hungry as a Turk;
Oh! the boys along the street cry out, "Soger,
would you work?"
We'd ship into the Navy, for to plough the raging sea,
But cold water sure we couldn't endure,
'twould never agree wid me.
We'll join the politicians, then we know we'll be well fed
Oh! we'll sleep no more upon the ground,
but in feather bed,
And if a war it should break out, they call on us to go,
We'll get Italian substitutes, for the Regular Army O!
There was Sergeant, &c.

We've corns upon our heels, my boys, and
bunions on our toes,
From lugging a gun in the red hot sun, puts
freckles on our nose.
England has its Grenadiers, France has its Zoozoos,
The U. S. A. never changes, they say: but
continually wear the blues.
When we are out upon parade, we must have
our muskets bright,
Or they'll slap us in the guard house, to pass
away the night,
And whin we want a furlough, to the Colonel we do go;
He says—go to bed, and wait till you're dead, in
the Regular Army O!
There was Sergeant, &c.

A Diadem among the Gold.

Dedicated to W. D. By M. E. J.
Air: "Silver threads among the gold."

Dearest, thy thoughts are without deface,
Pure, good and true: so tells thy face;
Thy heart can never, never grow old,
Tho' silver locks are among the gold:
December month, tho' cold and drear,
Brings on the twenty-fifth good cheer,
At Savior's coming, to all unfold
A diadem among the gold.
Chorus: Dearest, thou must not grow old,
Tho' silver locks are among the gold:
And tho' you say "I must grow gray,"
Yet, dearest, thou must not grow old.

So, dearest, thou must not grow old,
If silver locks are among the gold:
Our Savior's coming brings good cheer,
And to me thou art younger every year;
And whenever I hold in mine thy hand,
No matter what earthworn cares unfold,
I feel God will place thee on his right hand,
At last a diadem among the gold. Chorus.

Somebody's in the House with Susie.

Banjo Solo. Sung by John Bogan.

Now, white folks, listen to me,
I'll sing you a little song,
I'll do my best to please you,
I won't detain you long.
Chorus: I had a little poodle,
I lost him in the street,
The Dutchman round the corner
Stole him for sausage-meet.

The ladies in the city,
To fascinate the men,
On their head they wear a waterfall,
On their back a Grecian bend. Chorus.

Now, election it is over,
New-York came out all square;
Tilden is the governor,
And Wickham is the mayor. Chorus.

I Loved thee once, I'll Love no More.

(From Playford's select Ayres. 1669.)

I loved thee once, I'll love no more:
Thine be the grief as is the blame—
Thou art not what thou wert before,
What reason I should be the same?

God send me love my debts to pay,
But not on you to throw away:
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain.

Who's in the House wid Susie?

Banjo Solo. By Dan Kelly.
Air: "Somebody in wid Dinah."

I've brought along the banjo, (*Symphony.*)
To sing a little song: (*Symphony.*)
I'll try my best to please you,
And I won't detain you long.
Chorus: Who's in the house wid Susie?
Dere's some one there I know,
Because I hear 'em playing
Upon the old banjo.

Now if I was a soger, (*Symphony.*)
Oh! wouldn't I get and run, (*Symphony.*
And hide behind the trees
When the enemy would come— Chorus.

Oh! if I was a poodle, (*Symphony.*)
And had long curly hair, (*Symphony.*)
How the ladies they would love me,
And take me everywhere— Chorus.

I wish that I was President, (*Symphony.*)
Oh! wouldn't I turn the tide— (*Symphony.*)
I'd set the Island of Cuba free,
And let the niggers slide, Chorus.

The family jar is freqnently a jug.

Drive Dull Care Away.

There are some people in this world
Who like to sit and mope,
And never struggle to get on,
But cast aside all hope.
That's not my way, I'll tell you plain:
I've tried it, yes, too long:
So now I trust in Providence,
And find I'm not much wrong.
Chorus: Then give a cheer and let's be gay,
As we journey on through life,
Put your shoulder to the wheel
And laugh at care and strife.
It's said we have not long to live,
At least so people say,
Then let us be contented, boys,
And drive dull care away.

Let your motto be "Industry,"
Like the bee that's in the hive:
You must act upon that principle,
If in this world you'd thrive.
If you are rich, your neighbor poor,
Assist him if you can:
For, such an act I'm sure becomes
A Christian and a man. Chorus.

Some people say they can't get on,
They've tried, yes, tried in vain,
They won't resolve to stick to it
Or try, yes, try again.
You must have resolution if you
Would a fortune win,
You are bound to be successful, boys,
When once you do begin. Chorus.

Then if you'd be advised by me,
Just list to what I say:
Don't satisfy your selfish thoughts
Or throw a chance away,
Make those around you happy,
Give advice whene'er you can,
Don't be like some whose promises
Are nothing else but sham. Chorus.

If You've Only got the Tin.

By John T. Rutledge.

I've traveled 'round this world a bit,
Of troubles seen a few—
I think I've seen the "elephant,"
And somehow caught the "Q."
I've never failed to find it yet,
In every place I've been,
That you always have your steady friend
If you've only got the tin.
Chorus: It's the money makes the mare go,
In weather thick or thin:
You're always put up as a man,
If you've only got the tin.

I know a rich young fellow
Who has a mint of wealth:
He has a thousand friends or more
Who always drink his health.
They go into a barroom
And drink champagne or gin,
And chalk it down to their dear friend,
Who's always got the tin. Chorus.

Once I had money plenty,
And cared not what was done—
I spent it on my dearest friends,
'Till soon I found I'd none.
I met one on the street, one day,
Says I, "How have you been?"
He smiled: says he, "I don't know you—
You haven't got the tin!" Chorus.

Now, just a word of warning,
And then my song shall end:
Where'er you go, whate'er you do,
Don't ever *buy* a friend:
For, if you do, you soon will find
A blockhead you have been;
They'll leave you in the cold, my friend,
Unless you've got the tin. Chorus.

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl? Because she's too young to show much reflection.

Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

Say not life is dark and dreary,
While around us flowerets bloom:
All is bright where love abideth,
His fond smile can all illume.
Is there not a spell in beauty?
Bow we not before her shrine?
Is the coldest heart not wakened
By the power of song divine?
Chorus.
Then no more be sad and weary,
When amid the world's cold throng,
If thou hear'st one soft voice whisper:
"Love me little, love me long—
"Love me little, love me long."

Yes! 'tis love can soothe and cheer us,
Down the thorny vale of life;
Better far a peaceful cottage
Than a palace full of strife.
I am happy while fate leaves me
One kind heart to warmly prize,
While the light of pure affection
Beams within those gentle eyes. Chorus.

Wait till you get it.

We're always a wishing, it matters not what:
For, seldom you'll find one content with his lot;
Perhaps you wish that a fortune might fall in your way,
Say—ten thousand a year—well, all I can say—
Is wait till you get it, wait till you get it,
And if you don't get it, then wait till you do.

If you're hard up, on this you may depend:
You'll find it a job to discover a friend:
Just ask one to lend you—well, only a pound,
He'll make some excuse, and sure I'll be bound—
You may wait, &c.

Perhaps you've been out of town, and just got back by train,
You feel doosed thirsty, and wish for a drain,
But it's past twelve o'clock and a man dressed in blue
Says 'Now then move on, sir!' you know not what to do—
You must wait, &c.

My income taz paper comes in, when I learn
That my income is more than three times what I earn!
To lay it on thick they've a beautiful knack:
Of course, I return it and write on the back—
Wait till you, &c.

Sometimes you go courting the one you adore,
And you try for a kiss just behind the street door;
She says, 'Go along, sir! you do if you dare!
If you kiss me, I'll scream, I will, I declare.'
You must wait, &c.

The Soldier's Motherless Daughter.

Let me kiss you, father, kiss you,
I am very tired of play:
I shall have no one to love me,
When my father goes away:
For, my little prayer, at even,
At your knee is always said,
And I dream of you, till morning,
On my little trundle bed.
Chorus: I shall have no arms to rest in,
I shall have no place to pray,
I shall have no one to love me,
When my father goes away—

Must I be a soldier's daughter?
Does that mean I must not cry,
When I know that you are going,
When I kiss you this good-bye?
When you ride into the battle
With the foremost of your men,
Will you think of little Minnie?
Will you want to see me then? Chorus.

Oh! my mother is in heaven,
Where the gates have pearly bars,
And I, sometimes, think I see her
In the fairest of the stars:
For, I know she is an Angel—
And, dear father, don't you cry,
If I go with her to heaven
When I kiss you this good-bye— Chorus.

Angels Hover o'er her Grve.

Dedicated to Nellie Gorman, By O. Romulus Beers.

In the cold grave she is lying,
With white roses on her breast,
And the cold winds o'er her sighing,
While she sleeps in perfect rest;
Little blue eyes closed in slumber,
Little hands all quiet lay,
Little keepsakes without number,
All in silence laid away.
Chorus: Open wide the gates of heaven,
Our sweet darling's soul to save:
For, her sins are all forgiven—
Angels hover o'er her grave.

Place a wreath of snowy whiteness
On our darling's wavy hair,
That in heaven's golden brightness
She may bloom in beauty there;
For, she knew the sacred story,
That her Savior lives above,
In His home of golden glory,
Of eternal life and love. Chorus.

The Swell of the Day.

SERIO-COMIC SONG.

Copyright 1874 by E. H. Harding.
Written and composed by Joseph P. Skelly.
The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding No 288 Bowery, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I am a swell of the day, as you see:
All other swells are but models of me,
You must have heard of the name which I bear,
Surely you must—for, I'm known everywhere.
Girls are enchanted when I am in view,
Gents are bewildered and gaze at me, too:
Some criticise me and stare while they say:
"Oh! aint he nobby, that Swell of the day!"
Chorus: I am the swell of the day—
That's what the people all say—
Go where I will, they say to me still—
He's a genuine Swell of the day!"

Now, I confess I'm a little low down:
How can I help it when, all through the town,
People are praying for times to improve?
Still I'm contented and keep on the move:
Why should I grumble when care I have none?
All my delight is in fashion and fun,
Friends crowd around me, and wine makes us gay—
Then they all flatter the Swell of the day—
I am the Swell of the day, &c.

I am accomplished and very refined,
Once I was rich, but my purse has declined:
Love is a stranger as yet to my heart,
But from the ladies I ne'er can depart:
They are the cause of my joy and despair—
None can resist them so charming and fair—
Some spoony fellows they drive to dismay,
But they all cling to the Swell of the day—
I am the Swell of the day, &c.

You I Love.

You I love, by all that's true,
More than all things here below,
With a passion far more great
Than e'er creature loved yet;
And yet still you cry, "forbear,
Love no more, or love not here."

Bid the miser leave his ore:
Bid the wretched sigh no more:
Bid the old be young again:
Bid the nun not think on man:
Emma, when you this can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a thing of choice, but fate:
What makes me love, makes you to hate:
Emma, then do what you will:
Ease or cure, torment or kill—
Be kind or cruel, false or true,
Love I must, and none but you.

Why is a naughty boy like the letter "d"? Because he makes "ma" "mad."

On the Brink of a Precipice.

(Continued.)

Delia, who was getting more accustomed to Will's presence, had cast off some of her shyness, and was chatting gaily, when suddenly a light twig touched her flushed cheek, and stung it. She started, and clung instinctively to Will, who was only too glad of an excuse to put his arm once more about her slender waist.

"What is the matter, darling?"

"Something touched my cheek."

"It must have been a bee mistook it for a rose," answered her lover, gallantly.

"Oh! it wasn't like that: and besides——"

She stopped short, trembling, for there, gleaming out of the dark background of the trees was Abel's white, menacing face. Will caught sight of him at the same moment; but he neither saw nor understood as Delia did, for he said, reassuringly, "Why, it's the fool, Abel Dale, I declare! What an odd chap he is to prowl about in dark places, when light ones are so much pleasanter. Good evening to you, Sir Abel."

And out of the lightness of his heart, Will touched his cap, with a burst of pleasant laughter. He meant to cheer the lad, and not to mock him; but Abel clenched his fist, and glared so fiercely at both, that even Will understood now.

"Why, he's as surly as a bear!" he said, with some surprise. "I suppose the moon is in the wrong quarter. But what makes you look so frightened, Delia? Am I not big enough to take care of two such timid little darlings as you?"

"Yes; only——"

"Only you are nervous to-night, Delia, that's it. It was a habit of mine to laugh at that sort of thing once upon a time; but I know better now. I used to tell the doctor it was worse to bear really than the pain of my wound, and put me back more. But here I am all right now, so I musn't grumble, must I? And as for Abel, it will soon come to a reckoning between him and me, if he frightens you again. Though he is daft, he must be taught some kind of manners, you see."

"Oh, pray don't have anything to do with him," Delia cried, apprehensively. And then she lowered her voice to add, "He is not half so foolish, and a great deal more spiteful than people have any idea. We shan't be in his way long, Will, and I know it won't do to enrage him."

"Come, Delia, you wouldn't like to see me afraid of a fellow like that?" said the soldier, straightening himself a little.

"No: only nothing must happen to spoil our happiness now," she answered, wistfully. "I should break my heart if it did. It has been such a long, lonely time whilst you were away. And now everything looks so bright."

"And it will keep bright, too."

They had passed the clump of trees, and were out of Abel's range of vision, so that Will ventured to press a kiss on Delia's rosy lips, as he added, "To-morrow morning, first thing, I shall be off to the parson's to get the banns put up, and if you would fix this day month for our wedding-day, you will make me the happiest fellow alive. I want it particularly to be this day month, because then we shall always mark Tuesday as a lucky day in our almanack, Delia."

Delia blushed coyly, and looked shy at first, but how could she deny her hero? She had never supposed he would consent to wait over the month, and had already begun her simple preparations. But it was rather agitating to be brought so close to the reality, and she could not help shedding a few tears on Will's red coat. But she fondled the cross on his breast at the same time, and was glad to remember that brave men are generally true. "Even Aunt Fray has nothing to say against Will, except that he is foolish to be taken in by my pretty face, and that's a fault I wouldn't have him without," pondered Delia: and then she looked up at her lover, and smiled at him through her tears. "It shall be just as you like, dear, dear Will," she murmured, softly; "and oh, I will try to make you a good wife!"

"I've no fear about that," answered her lover, confidently. "And look here, Delia; I've saved two hundred pounds odd, and one of the officers has put it out to interest for me, and it brings in actually five shillings a week; that, with my pay, will see us pretty comfortable. I've got the Colonel's permission to marry, of course, and he sent you a message, Delia, upon my word!"

"Me?" said Delia blushing.

"Well," continued Will, "it was so flattering, I feel modest about giving it tongue. If strict on parade—and all the better for us—he's a pleasant-spoken gentleman when duty doesn't come in the way, and says he, as he shook me by the hand, like a friend, 'You've been a good soldier, sergeant; and tell your wife from me she's about as lucky a girl as I know.' It sounds like self-praise," added Will, who blushed with Delia, "but those was his very words; and, of course, if any one gives you a message, you've got to deliver it true."

"Of course." And Delia looked as proud as a queen. "I always said, when I was quite a little girl, I would marry a soldier who had been in the wars."

"And what about this scar?" inquired Will, pointing smilingly to the gash on his cheek that a Russian bayonet had made.

"Oh, I like it!"

And, standing on tip-toe, Delia touched it shyly with her lips.

"She's a good little soul, and she loves me," the young soldier said to himself, with a glow of natural pride. "I wish I may be shot if she ever sheds a tear of my causing!"

The news of Will's return soon spread, and the cottage was besieged, for the young fellow was a general favorite, and had, besides, a good deal to tell them about the wars he had witnessed, the storming of the Malakoff, and of the circumstances under which he was wounded at Sebastopol.

An eager little group gathered round the gate, whilst Will, standing bareheaded, under the moonlight, told them many a pitiful story, or roused their enthusiasm to such a pitch that if a recruiting-sergeant had only been by, half of the men would have enlisted on the spot.

Then being forced, but sorely against his will, he spoke of his own achievements, and told them the way he had won his cross, and a far bigger scar than the light one on his cheek that Delia had kissed.

Delia herself stood behind him, proud and glad, and her little hand rested in his.

"Oh! don't tell us any more, Will," she would cry out, often, and then listen, fascinated with the rest, holding him fast, however, as if she feared to lose him again.

It was quite late when the two went in together, and Mrs. Fray being in her very best temper, because Will had brought her home a handsome new gown, there was nothing to mar this delightful evening.

"I declare, my tongue aches!" said Will laughing, as he went off to his attic in the roof. "I've done two much talking by half to-day!"

But he had not done too much kissing, it seemed, for I should be ashamed to say how many he stole from Delia when he caught her alone in the passage, and as she had a dish in her hand, she could not resist.

I am not very sure that she wanted to resist, however.

Putting up the banns was a solemn sort of ceremony—almost as solemn as being married; and Delia felt very sober when Will came back from the vicarage, saying that he had seen the parson, and set things going.

He didn't repeat what the parson had said on the occasion, because it was not a message, and Will was a modest young fellow, and could not believe that he done more than his duty, although folks did make such a fuss.

But he held another levee that night, and had to repeat over again all he had seen and suffered, whilst Abel stood on the outer edge of the group, and watched the happy couple with his evil eyes. If a look could have killed, Will would have been very silent from that night forth.

Delia was very busy the next few days. She and Will walked to the neighboring town to choose the wedding dress, and it was pretty to see the bronzed, bearded visage of the sergeant, and Delia's fair, soft flushing face, bending together over the draper's wares.

"I like white best," said Will; "It looks so innocent;" and straightaway Delia fixed on a simple white fabric. Then she bought her bonnet, and Will had to stay down stairs whilst it was being tried on, and was getting quite impatient, man-like, when Delia came tripping towards him, her face radiant with delight.

"Oh, Will," she said, ecstatically, "it is delicious!"

"What is delicious?" he inquired, thinking, naturally, that she was alluding to something eatable.

"You silly fellow!—the bonnet, of course. All white, and the very finest bunch of orange flowers just along the brim."

"Real orange flowers, Delia?"

"It's no use talking to men about such things!" and Delia pouted prettily. "They never do understand anything about them! Fancy! real orange flowers!"

And she laughed her merry, light-hearted laugh, that Will thought the pleasantest music he had ever heard.

"Come?" she added, taking his arm proudly, before everyone. "I have done now, and we may as well go home."

Delia was very merry on the way. She had forgotten all about Abel and his threats, and had no idea that he had dogged her steps persistently ever since Will's return, and was cunningly biding his time.

Delia would not go to church on the Sunday morning, because people would stare at her so, when her banns were published, she said: but in the afternoon she accompanied Will, and everybody declared they would make a very handsome couple.

Abel had hidden behind the hedge, and saw them go by, and clenched his fist and muttered fiercely to himself. The boys never worried him now—they were afraid; and so he had time to brood and to plot. He did not mean to harm Delia—that had never been in his thoughts—but he would creep, creep, creep after Will; and when he caught him in some unguarded moment, let him beware of the consequences!

The rocks round Deepwell were steep and high, and the sea flowed beneath. The waves would bear Delia's lover away, and no one would be the wiser. Of course she would cry a good deal at first—women were like that; but soon she would think him faithless, and allow herself to be consoled; and then his turn would come.

Meanwhile the villagers were surprised to find that Abel had gone to work. At first, none of the farmers would have him on their land; but he gave such proof of his strength and good-will as soon convinced the most sceptical, and at last took the wages he had well earned.

"The lad's waking up," people said. "I expect he was more lazy than incapable of working, after all."

"He was waking up; but it was a terrible sort of awakening. He had just roused himself from the mental stupor of years, because love and hatred were so strong within him they gave him no rest. The riot in his pulses, the wild throbbing of his heart, spoke of a fever that must needs consume him, and destroy others if it had its bitter way.

But no one cared whether Abel was sick or well, and he went his way unobserved after the first wonder his sudden industry had excited passed off. Delia never walked alone now, and when he saw the pair advancing, Abel would always run and hide himself from their sight.

But he took care never to lose a look or a smile of Delia's, although each and all were given to his rival.

It wanted only three days now of Delia's wedding. Her preparations were complete, and she had time to think. She had nothing to regret in the life she was leaving behind, and yet she could not help feeling a certain dread of the impending change.

She loved Will dearly—better than ever; but her affection made her timid. What if he should find her a bad wife, and be sorry one of these days that he had ever married her. Delia was a coquette by nature, almost unconsciously, and had certainly flirted a little during Will's absence; but through all, her heart had been true to the love of her youth, and would never swerve from its path, come woe, come weal.

Will did not look or talk as if he were afraid of

anything. The two things he was most proud of on this earth were Delia and the cross his valor had won, and which the Queen had bestowed with her own hand.

The afternoon of that third day Will went off to bid good-bye to a comrade in a neighboring village. The walk was too long for Delia, and so she stayed at home, moped foolishly, and tried to close her ears to her aunt's alarming prophecies.

Mrs Fray did not mean to be unkind, but she always looked on the dark side of things herself, which gave every subject she discussed much the same depressing aspect. As her husband had run away from her, she was not likely to believe in the constancy of men.

"It's all very well just at first," she said, with a mournful sigh; "but you'll see the difference as time goes on, my dear. I am very fond of Will——"

"So it seems!" retorted her niece drily.

Mrs. Fray looked offended.

"I am very fond of Will," she repeated, more emphatically. "As men go, I think you are a lucky girl; but, lor'! they all change. It's 'dear' and 'duck' the first six months, and after that they take to swearing if their dinner isn't ready the very moment they come in."

"I'll take care Will sha'n't have that to complain of, aunt; and as to swearing, you know he never does."

"Not now, my dear. Oh, of course not! That's a pleasure to come."

"Aunt Fray, how can you be so cruel as to tell me such things?" cried Delia, with passionate indignation. "Why won't you let me be happy?"

"I want you to be happy. I hope you will be, with all my heart," was the obtuse reply. "But it's no use affecting to be blind to things. A lover is quite different from a husband, and so you'll find."

Delia, whose nerves were a little unstrung, began to cry. Mrs. Fray contemplated her with cool surprise.

"How silly you are!" she said. "I am sure I have said nothing to call for this folly. If you can't bear speaking to, you had better be put under a glass shade like a china ornament, and stood on the mantelpiece just to be stared at. You didn't expect things were going to be just as they are now always, did you?"

"Yes, I did. Why should Will love me less when we are married? He ought to love me more."

"If people were just what they ought to be, heaven would soon be overstocked," was the calm reply. "It doesn't do to go by that."

At this moment, Delia heard her lover's step on the gravel path, and, springing from her seat, ran out to meet him.

"What! tears?" said Will fondly as he kissed her. "What's the meaning of this?"

Delia repeated Mrs. Fray's words, and Will frowned.

"You know what she is, Delia—always hunting up troubles. I wonder you mind what she says. Go and get your hat, and let's have a last walk together on the rocks——"

"Oh, but are you not tired, Will?" she asked.

"Not a bit of it! I'd do three times the distance I have done to-day, and make nothing of it."

She ran indoors for her hat directly then, and they went off together. Abel, lying in the shelter of the hedge, in his favorite hiding-place, saw them come forth, hand in hand, smiling at each other, and shook like an aspin leaf with rage and menace.

The nearest and pleasantest way to where they were going was through the wood; and no sooner had they disappeared, than Abel picked himself up slowly, with that deadly look in his blanched face Delia had seen once, and had prayed never to see again, and followed.

They were too much absobed in each other to turn, and his step was so stealthy and panther-like, it made no sound.

When they paused, he paused, and felt for the knife he carried, with a smile of terrible meaning, which showed the jagged line of his teeth, and made them gleam horribly, as if he was snarling.

The blade was keen—he had sharpened it that very day—and could be trusted to do its work, if better means failed. Abel had meant to take a different revenge to this—swifter, surer, sl'enter; but he had never been able to find Will alone where he wanted him to be, and the time was getting short.

If he waited any longer, his prey would escape him altogether; and that is why he felt the blade of his huge knife caressingly, and his heart leaped almost into his throat, as he thought that his enemy would soon be delivered into his hand.

But fortune seemed to favor him. Will and Delia, leaving the wood behind, made straight for the rocks. Abel quickened his pace, but was cautious still. If they turned, he was undone, for the country was open here; but, as it happened, they marched steadily forward, and did not look back.

On the edge of the rock they stood still, and Abel thrilled with horrible longing. One push, and there would be an end of it, if only he could get quite close without being observed. He was too far off to make a sudden attack, or that might have done; for Will might have been whirling down the precipice before he had time to realize his position; much more think of defence.

Abel's sight was growing dim with the intensity of his gaze, when the lovers, of a sudden, sat down, still close to the brink, and looked silently seaward.

Their backs were turned to him, and he stole closer, watching them eagerly. Their hands were divided, he jealously noted; but they would soon join again, unless——

The strain was almost more than his week mind could bear, and he could have shricked aloud. The gray wings of the sea-birds glanced through the still air, and whirred over his head. He could hear the plash of the hungry tides beating against the rocks.

And closer and closer came the stealthy step.

"Only three days now!" Will had just said, when a hand clutched his throat, and he felt himself pushed violently forward. His head hung over the precipice, and he saw the waves leap up playfully. A mist came over his sight, the preciousness of life became as nothing to the physical pang of the moment, when Delia's loving arms drew him back, and roused to the possibility of escape, he closed with his foe in deadly fight.

The struggle was short, sharp and fierce. Abel was nearest to the edge of the precipice now, and though he fought with the strength of despair, Will was getting the better of him fast. But suddenly the miserable man writhed himself free, and springing forward, with a wild shriek Delia would never cease to remember, darkened the air for a second, and then went whirling down to his grave in the deep waters below.

It was many a long day before Delia recovered from this terrible shock; and Will had to wait three months, instead of three days, for his wife. But he was true and tender, and she became happy at last, only how could either of them ever forget the idiot's grave?

Charade.

Through field and meadow we have strayed—
My own true love and I;
We've lingered in the forest glade,
And watched the fair sun die.

We've plucked flowers wet with morning dew,
And praised their fragrance rare;
And while our *lasts* were good and true,
We knew no earthly care.

The skylark oft has filled our souls
With its sweet blithe refrain;
When we were happy thoughtless *wholes*,
How could we dream of pain?

But nothing now seems half so *first*
As it had seemed of old;
Our joyous dreams are all dispersed,
Our *lasts* have grown so cold.

Why is grass like a penknife? Because the spring brings out the blades.

When does water resemble a gymnast? When it makes a spring.

—oo—

Answer to Numerical Charade—Robin Hood.

Answer to Charade—Sweet-Hearts.

A PRAYER.

The following Prayer was found in the Tomb of our LORD, JESUS CHRIST, in the year 803, and sent from the Pope to the Emperor Charles, as he was going to battle, for safety. They who shall repeat it every day, or hear it repeated, or keep it about them, shall never die a sudden death, nor be drowned in water, nor shall poison have any effect upon them. And it being read over any woman in labor, she will be delivered safely and be a glad mother; and when the child is born, lay this on his or her right side, and he or she shall not be troubled with any misfortunes; and if you see any one in fits, lay it on his or her right side, and he or she shall stand up and thank GOD; and they who shall repeat it in any house, shall be blessed by the LORD; and he that will laugh at it will suffer. Believe this, for certain; it is as true as if the Holy Evangelists had written it. They who keep it about them shall not fear lightning, nor thunder, and they who shall repeat it every day, shall have three days warning before their death.

—oo—

THE PRAYER.

O! adorable LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, dying on the Cross for our lives: O! Holy Cross; O! CHRIST, see me in thought; O! Holy Cross of CHRIST, ward off from me all weapons of danger; O! Holy Cross of CHRIST, ward off from me all things that are evil; O! Holy Cross of CHRIST, protect me from my enemies; O! Holy Cross of CHRIST, protect me in the way of happiness; O! Holy Cross of CHRIST, ward off from me all dangerous deaths, and give me life always; O! crucified JESUS of Nazareth, have mercy on me now and for ever; Amen.

In honor of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, and, in honor of his sacred Passion, and in honor of his Holy Resurrection, and God-like ascension, to which he liked to bring me to the right way to Heaven; true as JESUS CHRIST was born on Christmas Day, in a stable; true as JESUS CHRIST was crucified on Good Friday; true as the three wise Kings brought their offerings there to JESUS on the 13th day; true as he ascended into Heaven, so the honor of JESUS will keep me from my enemies, visible and invisible, now and for ever; Amen.

O! Lord JESUS CHRIST, have mercy on me; Mary and Joseph, pray for me, through Nicodemus and Joseph who took our LORD down from the Cross and buried him; O! Lord JESUS CHRIST, through thy suffering on the Cross, for truly your soul was parting out of this sinful world; give me grace that I may carry my Cross patiently, with dread and fear, when I suffer, and that without complaining, and that throught thy sufferings, I may escape all dangers, now and for ever: Amen.

Numerical Charade.

A name composed of 9 letters. My 4, 1, 8, 5, is most useful to hundresses and blacksmiths; my 5, 2, 7, 1, is a means for keeping out draughts; my 5, 4, 3, forms the principal part of a pen; my 3, 4, 5 is wanted by every miller; ..... my 6, 8, 2, 9, is a covering for the head; my 1, 7, 3, 4, 5, a winter songstress; my 9, 7, 5, a great personage; my 5, 2, 9, a sign of weariness; my 7, 6, an exclamation; my 9, 7, 6, a sound in music; my 1, 7, 3, is to break the eighth Commandment; my 1, 8, 9, is for a naughty child; my 8, 5, 4, 2, 5, brings the tears in your eyes, and is also good to eat; my 6, 4, 5, 9, is a very active animal. My *whole* is a name that was borne by a man in the reign of Richard I., whose fame is more owing to the ballads that have been made on him than to any of his own good or bad deeds. He died in 1247.

Why are our naval training ships like pine trees? Because they furnish stuff that the tar is made of.

Why is the song "Home, Sweet Home," like a serenade on a calm summer night? Because their is music in the air.

ROBIN ADAIR.

Andante. (*SCOTCH BALLAD.*)



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CONTENTS.

A better home.....page 76
Down in the long shady lane..... 74
Fatal will—a story.....78—79
Flirting on the Mall..... 76
Hannah Jane and me 76
I'm on the Teetotal 76
Jim Holmes..... 75
The Lake-side Shore..... 74
Let us live with a hope, Mary..... 75
Love's a cheat..... 76
The Lone cot by the Sea..... 76
Love's but the frailty of the mind..... 77
Mrs. Lofty and I..... 74
My Mother's Bible..... 74
Mulcahy's gone away!..... 77
My Mother-in-law is dead!..... 77
My Village Home—
Music..... 80
Nellie, wilt thou be my bride?..... 75
Old Uncle Edward..... 74
The Old Bummer..... 74
Patriotism..... 76
Sharon Lawn..... 75
Stand by the Flag!..... 75
The Sweet little girl that I loved..... 75
Speak to me..... 77
The Shoes my Daddy wore..... 77
The Tipperary Men..... 76
We are all so fond of Kissing..... 74
What other name than thine, Mother?..... 74
The Watery Grave..... 75
Welcome, Mother!..... 75
Wake up, Moss!..... 75
Young Fellah, you're too fresh 77
You gave me, last week,
a young Almost..... 74

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Mrs. Lofty and I.

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage, so do I:
She has dapple grays to draw it, none have I:
She's no prouder with her coachman than am I
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby trundling by:
I hide his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers, mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace—mine, a cot:
Hers comes home beneath the starlight—ne'er cares she:
Mine comes in the purple twilight, kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold His loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels, so have I:
She wears hers upon her bosom—inside I:
She will leave hers at death's portal, By-and-by;
I shall bear my treasures with me when I die:
For, I have love, and she has gold—
She counts her wealth—mine can't be told.

She has those who love her—station—none have I:
But I've one true heart beside—glad am I:
I'd not change it for a kingdom, no, not I:
God will weigh it in His balance, by-and-by
And the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

My Mother's Bible.

This book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start,
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press thee to my heart;
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those,
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear:
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear;
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging mem'ries come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide;
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

Down in the Long Shady Lane.

Words and Music by Geo. B. Pennock.

Sweet little birdie, oh! meet me
Down in the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
I'll wait for thee, birdie, my sweetheart,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows:
We'll gather the pretty wild-flowers,
And the buds of the sweetest red-rose.

Chorus.

Down in the long shady lane, love,
Oh! meet me, oh! meet me again,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.

Sweet little dirdie, come meet me,
When the cares of the day have passed o'er—
I'll wait in the long shady lane, love,
The spot where we oft met before:
When twilight is gathering around us,
And night-birds are singing to rest,
In the long shady lane, meet me, darling,
My sweetheart, my birdie, the best. Chorus.

The Lake-Side Shore.

Summer's breath is lightly falling
On the silent waters blue,
And the moonbeams bright are sporting
With the drops of glittering dew;
Hark! away upon the waters
There's a sound of dipping oar,
And a boat-song loudly chanted
Echoes down the lake-side shore.

Now the night-bird's song comes floating
Sweetly down the midnight air,
Waking all the depths, to listen
To the birds that thus should dare
To break the weird and solemn stillness,
That had reigned so long before
In the wood, and mead, and valley,
On the silent lake-side shore.

Now the song comes swelling bolder,
And the boatman's chant is heard
Louder o'er the distant waters,
As it would outvie the bird:
But each song at last is finished,
And the bird, to rest once more,
Leaves no sound to break the quiet
Of the happy lake-side shore.

Who can say there is no pleasure
Thus to walk the night alone,
Listening to the night-bird's music,
Or the boatman's solemn tune?
Where is there a spot more lovely,
Where the vail of night hangs o'er,
Where another peace more holy
Than this silent lake-side shore?

Old Uncle Edward.

There formerly might have been seen
An aged colored individual,
Whose cognomen was uncle Edward:
He departed this life some time since, some time since,
And he had no capillary substance
On the summit of his cranium,
On the place designed by nature
For the capillary to vegetate.

Chorus.

Then lay down the agricultural impliments,
Allow the violin and the bow to be
Pendant on the wall—
For, there is no more physical energy
To be displayed by indigent aged Edward:
For, he has departed to the abode designated
By a kind Providence for all pious,
Humane and benevolent individuals.

Uncle Edward had digits equal in longitude to the Bamboo formation which springs so spontaneously on the banks of the Southern Mississippi,
And he had no oculars with which to observe
The beauties of nature,
And he had no dental formations with which to
Masticate the Indian meal cake:
Consequently he was forced to permit the
Indian meal cake to pass by with impunity.
Then lay down, &c.

When uncle Ned relinquished his hold on vitality,
His master was exceedingly grieved,
And the lachrymal poured down his cheeks
Similar to the rain from heaven:
For, he knew that the old man was laid
Beneath terra firma, terra firma,
He would never have the pleasure of beholding
The physiognomy of the aged Edward any more.
Then lay down, &c.

You Gave Me Last Week a Young Linnet.

You gave me last week a young linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage:
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it—
Oh! how he did flutter and rage—

Then he moped and he pined
That his wings were confined,
Till I opened the door of his den:
Then so merry was he,
And, because he was free,
He came to his cage back again.

The Old Bummer.

Air: Red Robin.

Come into my lodging, old Bummer,
And shelter I'll there give to thee;
I'll make thee a bed in the corner,
Where you shall sleep snug as a flea!
I will give thee a nip from my bottle,
And there you shall sleep until day;
I'll not turn against thee, old Bummer,
Let the Police use me as they may!

Oh! where are your good clothes, old Bummer,
I saw on your back 'tother day?
I suppose they're SHOVED UP to your UNCLE's:
For, money you're fined for to pay:
And, by your black eye, poor old Bummer,
You've been in a row, I dare say;
But I'll not turn against thee, old Bummer,
Let the Police use me as they may!

I remember the time, poor old Bummer,
When your hair it did curl to your head:
But now nothing's left of your beauty
But your nose—that is fiery red!
I suppose that's all owing to whiskey,
Which you have swilled, day after day;
But I'll never desert thee, old Bummer,
Let the Police use me as they may!

What Other Name Than Thine, Mother?

What other name than thine, mother,
What other name than thine
Can bring to hearts bowed down, mother,
A balm so like divine?
Chorus: 'Tis like a beam of light, mother,
Our darksome way to cheer,
Dispelling gloom of night, mother,
And bringing gladness here.

What other voice than thine, mother,
What other voice than thine
Can waft a magic spell, mother,
O'er sorrow's tearful shrine? 1st. Chorus.

Thou'rt with us yet, but, oh! mother,
How long ere setting sun
Shall shroud in gloom and night, mother,
A day so bright at noon?
Chorus: At morning when we kneel, mother,
Ascends an earnest plea:
At evening's holy calm, mother,
A prayer ascends for thee.

Dost think that we neglect, mother,
To prize thy dearest name?
Thou knowest not how warm, mother,
Is fire without a flame— 2nd. Chorus.

We are all so Fond of Kissing.

Oh! kiss me quick, and let me go,
Don't keep me here a-waiting:
For, if by chance we should be caught,
It would set the gals a-talking.
I vow, I quite in passion get
To see you act so silly,
I think I'll have to kiss you first:
For, I'm getting very chilly.
Chorus: Oh! kiss me quick, and let me go,
Don't keep me here a-waiting:
For, if by chance we should be caught,
It would set the gals a-talking.

She's fond of kissing, that I know:
So often as I meet her,
She says: "kiss me quick, and let me go,
You'll love me all the better."
At evening, when the room was dark,
And time was getting later,
I thought I'd steal a kiss from her,
And I kissed the Servant Waiter. Chorus.

Oh! now I'll give you my advice:
When you go a-sparking,
Don't do your kissing in the dark,
For fear your lips of marking.
But choose the day, and fear no shame,
If it's not distressing,
I'm sure it's nothing very new—
For, we're all so fond of kissing. Chorus.

Let us Live with a Hope, Mary.

Let us live with a hope for a better day, Mary,
A better day yet may be known,
And if toil hath reward for the willing hand ever,
Thoul't welcome the fruits of mine own.
I will toil with a pride,
Till I share by thy side
The comforts and pleasures of home;
Oh! then live with a care,
And forget thy despair,
In visions of moments to come.

CHORUS.

Let us live with a hope for the better time coming,
Tho' dark be our dreams for awhile:
For, there's joy in the thoughts of a better day dawning.
Then welcome thy fate with a smile.

I know that the fears of a darker day, Mary,
In silence thy heart will endure,
And I sigh, when I gaze on thy patient face often,
In pity for all who are poor:
With the nerve of a man,
I will strive, while I can,
To better thy portion in life:
Oh! then lend me a hand,
And thy heart shall command
The blessings of Mother and Wife!

Let us live with a hope, when the winter winds whistle,
A hope for the Spring's merry hours:
Till the mild tempered morn in the sunny time coming,
Shall gladden our pathway with flowers.
Let us hope for the best,
Till the storms are at rest,
And the winter winds hasten away,
When the birds on the wing,
With the charms of the Spring,
Shall welcome the beautiful May.

The Watery Grave.

The sun had set in its crimson bed,
The moon along its pathway sped,
A few clouds were floating in the air,
The breeze moved gently here and there
On that lovely night: beneath an oak
Two lovers stood, but they had not spoke.
He around her neck his arm did place,
She now upward turns her pretty face.

I heard these words borne by the air—
"But one lock of thy beautiful hair,
One kiss from those rosy lips of you,
Then fare thee well, my love: adieu!"
She gently raised her light blue eyes,
While within she now sobs and cries:
"Would you go and leave me here,
Would you, my own, my Willie dear?"

"No, Clara, you shall go along with me
To sail across the deep blue sea;
To-morrow morn we will set sail,
And then we'll fly before the gale."
That ship was on the ocean tossed,
And every one on board was lost;
It was then those lovers fell asleep,
Now they lay beneath the ocean deep—

Nellie, wilt Thou be My Bride?

Nellie, wilt thou be my bride,
And leave a home of gladness,
To dwell with me—what e'er betide—
And cheer my heart's lone sadness?
There are no gifts that I may own,
But nature's sweet bestowing,
Yet, cheered by thee, where weeds have grown,
Sweet flowers may be growing.
Chorus: Oh! Nellie, wilt thou be my bride,
And leave a home of gladness,
To dwell with me—what e'er betide—
And cheer my heart's lone sadness?

Nellie, wilt thou be my bride,
And all my fears dispelling,
Turn from the home of gilded pride,
To bless a lowly dwelling?
Love shall be ours, what e'er our lot,
'Till at the grave we sever—
To meet again where death is not,
And love shall last for ever. Chorus.

Jim Holmes.

A Parody on Ben Bolt by one of the b'hoys.

Oh! don't you remember the b'hoys, Jim Holmes,
The b'hoys with noses so red?
Who drank with delight wherever they met,
And always went drunk to bed?
In the old grave yard, in the edge of the town,
In corners obscure and alone,
They have gone to rest—for, the gay young sprigs
Have dropped off one by one.

Oh! don't you remember the jug, Jim Holmes,
And the spring at the foot of the hill,
Where oft we have lain, thro' the hot summer hour,
And drank to our utmost fill?
The spring is filled with mud, Jim Holmes,
And the wild hogs root all around,
And the good old jug, with its whiskey so sweet,
Lies broken and spilled on the ground.

Oh! don't you remember the tavern, Jim Holmes,
And the bar-keeper, kind and true,
And the little nook at the end of the bar,
Where we drank the wine that he drew?
The tavern is burned to the ground, Jim Holmes,
The bottles are cracked and dry,
Of all the b'hoys who spreed it then,
There remains, Jim, but you and I—

There's a change in the things I love, Jim Holmes,
Of some 'tis right sorrowful to think—
For, we feel that the wrongs are grievous to bear,
When they change to a shilling a drink.
Many the months that have passed, Jim Holmes,
There is change from the old to the new—
But friends will be false and friendship will change,
Ere I refuse, Jim, to drink with you.

Welcome, Mother!

Welcome, mother! now I greet thee—
Can I all my feelings tell?
How this heart has longed to meet thee,
Since my lips breathed out, "Farewell!"
Welcome, mother! while I press thee
Fondly to my youthful heart,
Every word I speak will bless thee,
While I know how dear thou art.

Welcome, mother! I have often
Traced thine image in my dreams:
Memory's touch the spell would soften,
Dressing life in golden beams.
Lone, forsaken—'midst the smiling,
Longing for some absent one,
I have stood—one thought beguiling—
'Twas the thought of thee, alone.

Welcome, mother! life's before me
Days of sunshine and of tears:
Yet, with thy fond guidance o'er me,
Joy may smile in after years;
I have cherished—dearly cherished
All the lessons given me;
Every prayer my bosom nourished,
Has been fraught with love to thee.

The Sweet Little Girl That I Loved.

My friends all declare that my time is misspent,
While in rural retirement I rove:
I ask no more wealth than dame Fortune had sent
But the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

The rose on her cheek's my delight,
She's soft as the down on the dove:
No lily was ever so white
As the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

Though humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene:
For, my fair one delights in my grove;
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green
With the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
No fame but her praise wish to prove:
My happiness centres in Mary alone,
She's the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

Wake up, Mose!

Oh! white folks, now I sing a song,
Although it's not so witty:
I'll tell you 'bout a colored chap
Dat's from de Empire City.
He used to run de railroad—
He was de bulgine tender;
Oh, golly! he's de debil,
When he gets on a bender.
Chorus: Wake up, Mose! wake up, Mose!
Wake up, Mose! de fire am burning:
Round de corner de smoke am curling,
Take de rope and keep a-running!

Mose he went to college—
He said he was a poet,
And whilst he's young he's bound to blaze,
And says he means to go it.
He goes it wid a rush, my boys,
No matter what befalls him—
He's de fust man to de engine-house
Wheneber duty calls him. Chorus.

Mose he went to Mexico,
And dar he saw Santa Anna;
He sent a message to de camp,
Tellin' Zack not to surrender.
Says Santa Anna: "Who are you?
You seem to be so witty?"
Says Mose: "Go 'long—I'm one ob de boys—
I'm from de Empire City—" Chorus.

Sharon Lawn.

'Twas on a bright and sunny morn,
When spring-time bloomed with flowers,
Beneath the birds' sweet warbling songs,
I roamed through woodland bowers.
There first I saw my fairy queen,
At daylight's early dawn,
A gathering flowers amidst the bowers,
My own sweet Sharon Lawn.
Chorus: Sharon dear is sleeping low,
Beside the silvery lake:
And I am weeping o'er her grave
As though my heart would break.

Sweet Sharon now is sleeping low,
Beneath those aged trees,
While summer breezes o'er them sweep
With dirge-like harmony:
And when again the spring-time comes,
I'll go, at early dawn,
To plant sweet flowers upon the grave
Of my dear Sharon Lawn. Chorus.

Then farewell, Sharon! rest in peace,
No more we'll cull the flowers,
Where oft we've roamed in happiness
And spent those pleasant hours:
The flowers sweet will soon decay—
For, thou too soon hast gone,
And left them in their loneliness,
My dear, dear Sharon Lawn. Chorus.

Stand by the Flag.

Stand by the Flag, its folds have streamed in glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,
And spread, in rythmic lines, the sacred story
Of Freedom's triumphs over all the globe—
Stand by the Flag, on land, and ocean billow:
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;
Living, defended: dying, from their pillow
With their last blessing, passed it on to you—

Stand by the Flag, though death-shots round it rattle:
And underneath its waving folds have met,
In all the dread array of sanguine battle,
The quivering lance and glittering bayonet.
Stand by the Flag, all doubt and treason scorning,
Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime,
That it will float until the eternal morning
Pales, in its glories, all the lights of time—

What is better than a promising young man?—A paying one.

Why is the letter S fatal to royalty?—Because it makes those who reign resign.

I'm on the Teetotal.

My fellow sinners, lend, I pray, attention most intense :
In me you see a shining light of total abstinence—
I've passed a very sinful life, got queer for nights
and days,
But, praised be thanks, I now perceive the error
of my ways,
And now I'm on the teetotal, total, total-tum-total :
Yes, I'm on the teetotal, total, tee-total-tum-tay.

In earliest childhood I commenced, and with my A B C
Drank S. and B. and prime L. L., took gin with
my Bohea.
I nursed the foe that stole my brains and that
is why, I think,
I've grown a brainless enemy to every kind of drink.

Spoken : But when I signed the great teetotal pledge, suddenly, ah ! the delicious trembles came back ten hundred times worse, and I shook like a dish of jelly with the palsy, "Ease it off gently," says the Docter ; "don't be too rash. Take your noggin of gin at breakfast, and your Irish hot at lunch, and your bottle of port at dinner, and your boiled brandy and cayenne at bedtime. Only, be moderate !" Of course, medical science must be respected : so here goes (*Drinks from pocket bottle labelled brandy.*) For, now I'm on the teetotal, &c.

Your worst rogue makes your holiest saint, and
that's the reason clear
I'm down upon the moderate man, whom I catch
sipping beer :
I call him sundry awful names, and urge him to repel
The deadly poison ; if he won't, he'll sign his
own death knell.

Spoken : Well, well, the flesh is willing, but the spirit is—(*drinks out of bottle labelled rum*)—weak, decidedly weak—I must speak to Spiers and Pond about this. Call this the Pro Rata principle indeed— Still, I'm on the teetotal, &c.

My fellow duffers, let me beg the bottle you'll abjure :
For all your ills cold water is the only certain cure.
'Tis wine that causes chilblains, corns, lumbago,
dropsy gout :
And spirits bring on income tax, and measles,
too, bring out.

Spoken : But if you want luxurious whiskers or hair, if you desire a perfect fit guaranteed and no charge for booking, if you are troubled with rhumatism, sciatica, pains everywhere, and are generally out of sorts, why, fly to the pump ! (*shows bottle labelled gin*)— Here alone is the genuine article, and all others are spurious. Here no vent peg is required, and in short—(*drinks*)—lor bless my soul ! some enemy to temperance must have substituted a bottle of Geneva for the ginger-pop I always carry about with me : But shall that enemy triumph ? Never ! I will be revenged on him by drinking it to the very dregs. (*drinks.*)
Though I'm on the teetotal, &c.

The men who drink, yet don't get screwed, my
feelings really hurt :
Give me the drunkards out-and-out, for them
I can convert ;
But as for men who don't exceed, they're lost,
as I maintain—
I think the water's mountin' up and shettling
on my brain.

Spoken : It's very curiousing'la—I never was taken so before. I think the at—(*Ahc*)—I mean the attack—must proceed from the force of my convictions. I know what'll put me right—a gentle dose of Robur, the tea spirit—the teeto-tal tea spirit (*drinks from bottle labelled Robur.*)

For, he's a jolly good fellow—total, total good fellow :
I'm on the teetotal—and so say all of us.

Patriotism.

The Patriot, all unused to arms,
Bewails the clang of war's alarms,
And mourns the angry field :
But when his Country calls, he flies,
He arms, he strikes, he dares, he dies—
And will not, cannot yield !

Flirting on the Mall.

Copyright, 1874, by E. H. Harding.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

You've been to the Central Park, of course,
And know the place so well
I need not now describe it,
But there's one thing I can tell :
It's just the place to go
To catch a darling beau,
And have a sweet flirtation—
Just for fun, you know :
Just for fun, ha, ha, ha !
Just for fun, ha, ha !

Chorus.

Flirting on the Mall, flirting on the Mall,
To a nice young Miss I throw a kiss,
Flirting on the Mall :
She returns a smile, I advance the while,
And I take her arm without alarm,
Flirting on the Mall !

Some go to Long Branch for a lark,
And some to Rockaway,
But here beside the Central Park
I would prefer to stay :
Because I think it nice,
And rognish eyes entice
Young men like me to fall in love—
They are so nice,
Oh ! so nice, ha, ha, ha !
Oh ! so nice, ha, ha ! Chorus.

I'm always there on music days,
And keep my eyes alive
To feed upon the passing smiles
That grace the walk and drive.
No place there is like this,
So full of of walking bliss ;
And sometimes, when I have the chance,
I steal a kiss,
Steal a kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, (*imitate kissing.*)
Steal a kiss, ha, ha ! Chorus.

Love's a Cheat.

Love's a cheat : we over-rate it,
A flattering, false, deceitful joy :
A very nothing can create it,
A very nothing can destroy.

The lightning's flash which wondering leaves us
Obscured and darker than before :
The glow-worm's tinsel, which deceives us,
A painted light, and nothing more—

A Better Home.

By Lieut. E. H Kellogg.

How often, when the twilight shades
Are gathering thick and fast,
While gazing on the evening stars
I dream of visions past—
Chorus : Of that old home, that dear old home,
Where birth and death have striven—
The spot whence from that earthly toil
Our parents fled to Heaven.

I see the bed where mother prayed
While kneeling by my side,
The bed on which we all were born,
And where dear father died.
Chorus : That dear old bed, that dear old bed,
Where birth and death were given :
And may our parents' oft-told prayers
Unite us all in Heaven—

My brothers fond, and sisters dear,
Though separately we roam,
I pray that in a better world
We still may find a home—
Chorus : A brighter home, a happier home,
Where parting ne'er is given :
A home where those we love await
To meet us all in Heaven.

Matches that go off quick—The runaways.

The Lone Cot by the Sea.

Words by J. J. McDermott—Music by Jos. Schwenseck.

'Mid the dark towering cliffs on the wave-beaten shore,
Where the cold and bleak wintry winds moan,
Stands a desolate cot that in days long ago
Was my happy and bright little home,
Where oft we have sat by the old fireside,
And mingled together in glee—
'Twas there that the hours full of pleasure did glide,
In that lone little cot by the sea.
'Twas there that the hours, &c.

When night spread its mantle of darkness about,
And the sky with black clouds was o'ercast,
Whilst the storm in its fury raged wildly without,
Its shelter we'd seek from the blast :
Beneath its dear roof were my golden days passed,
And though far from it I may be,
Within me sweet mem'ries forever shall last—
For, I love that lone cot by the sea !
Within me sweet mem'ries, &c,

Hannah Jane and Me.

A double song and dance, by Edwin Dudley.

Oh ! here we are, two flowers fair—
We grew in old Car'line :
We've just dropped 'round to see de town,
And hab a little time.
We'll sing for you, we'll dance for you,
And then you will agree
Dat none can beat de nimble feet
Of Hannah Jane and me.

Chorus.

He. O Hannah Jane ! (*Break.*)
She. Oh ! dat's my name ! (*Break.*)
Both. We're gwine to raise a muss, as
plainly you can see :
For, we are de last sensation
Dat's crept into dis nation :
And we'll bust de whole creation—
Will Hannah Jane and me. (*Dance.*)

He. When I'm elected President,
She. Each day I'll hab my beer ;
Both We'll sport fine "rags," drive fancy nags,
On fifty thous' a year :
We'll give a ball, invite you all
To *our* cottage by the sea :
And now we hope you'll cast your vote
For Hannah Jane and me.
O Hannah Jane ! &c.

The Tipperary Men.

Sung by Diamond and Ryan.

Kind friends, we've just come over
From old Ireland right away :
For, the times they were so very bad,
No longer we could stay :
For, meat and drink we could not get,
The landlords kept us poor,
Till at last we had to bid adjeu
To Erin's lonely shore.
Chorus : Although we're far away, my boys,
We love Ireland just the same :
At a fight or fair, you'll find us there,
We're both Tipperary men.

They say no Irish need apply,
Sure, that I don't understand :
For, where do they get such brave big boys
As those from Paddy's land ?
If Britain was to go to war, boys,
What would she do then,
Unless the ranks were well filled up
With Tipperary men ? Chorus.

If you happen to go to Ireland,
Hospitality you'll find there :
If a poor man has only a drink of milk,
By my soul ! you'll get your share :
No matter, friends, how poor you be,
It's there you'll find a friend :
Yes, warm-hearted you will find
The Tipperary men. Chorus.

Young Fellah, You're too Fresh.

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Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.
The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

Because I am a countryman,
And a stranger in the city,
All sorts of tricks they play on me,
And think their actions witty;
When I go out I turn about,
And peculiar smiles I see,
"Oh! ain't he fresh!" I hear them shout,
When they take a look at me.

Spoken: I can't understand it all. No matter where I go I hear some personal remarks. I don't like personal remarks. They strike deep into my sensitive breast and make me swear. I say, dem it, what does it mean? and echo answers dem it, what does it mean? The very day I arrived in this city I asked a man, at the Grand Central Depot, if he knew where I could engage a nice furnished room. "Oh," says he, "you're after furnished rooms, eh? Well, sir, you're in the wrong neighborhood. You don't belong here. Well, sir, I suppose you'll keep correct by following your nose." I told him he was very impertinent, but as I walked away in silence and dismay, I heard the fellow say, in a very peculiar way.

Chorus: Young fellah, you're too fresh,
Young fellah, you're too fresh:
It strikes me very forcibly,
Young fellah, you're too fresh.

One day last week, I took a car,
And a stranger sat beside me,
Who stole my watch and pocket-book,
Tho' to prove it he defied me;
I went and saw a man of law,
And I begged his best advice:
"My friend, said he, you're very fresh,
Why, you've just come off the ice!"

Spoken: I thought that a very strange expression for a man of law. I told him he must be mistaken, for I had never been on the ice in my life. "Oh! yes, you have," says he, "metaphorically speaking you have, sir, you have been on the ice of innocence, you have lived in an atmosphere of artic virtue free from the burning influence of metropolitan wickedness." He wanted to convince me that I was an ICE, man I suppose, but as he could give me no satisfaction for the loss I sustained, I left him, and as I came down stairs I heard him say. Young fellah, you're too fresh, &c.

I took my girl to Central Park,
And, while there, I grew quite spooney,
I asked her if she'd marry me—
"Why, says she, you must be looney."
I told her no, it was not so,
And I assure you I'm quite sane,
You know I love you very much,
Oh! don't let me love in vain.

Spoken: She didn't seem to understand my feelings correctly, although I poured out my love in strains worthy of a troubadour. All she would say was, "oh! don't, please don't, I want to go home, please don't."

"Nay, home thou shalt not go,
'Till reasons good I know
Why thou wilt not bestow
Thy love on me,
And fill with glee
This breast now shadowed o'er by woe:
By jingo! yes, the cause I'll know,
Speak out, oh! fairest creature, speak!
Tell me what secret hate thou hast!
The tale I hear may make me weak,
And all my hopes and fancies blast,
But I must know, yes, I must know
Wherefore thou slightest me."

Spoken: I began to get excited, so she thought she had better explain herself. You may judge of my astonishment when she remarked—
Young fellah, you're to fresh, &c.

Mulcahy's Gone Away!

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Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.
The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

The hero of my humble song
Was once a mighty man,
A shining light in his neighborhood,
And Chief of all his Clan:
But when he found, in course of time,
The tricks his friends did play—
Sure he left them all, and now they cry—
"Mulcahy's gone away!"

CHORUS.

He was great and grand, and took command
Of the boys on Patrick's day:
But now the cry is everywhere—
Mulcahy's gone away!

He won our pride, and won our praise,
And he deserved it too:
Sure many a time, for nights and days,
We stuck to him like glue—
He held an office of the State,
And, faith! he made it pay—
But for such a place he was too great—
An now he's gone away! Chorus.

The politicians worshipped him,
And swore he'd yet be Mayor:
And tho' the chance looked rather dim,
He thought it bright and fair;
But ere he came to rule the town,
His mind was led astray,
And now the cry is everywhere—
Mulcahy's gone away! Chorus.

He was as sound a democrat
As ever filled a chair:
But he lost his great position,
And it drove him to despair.
We know not where to seek for him,
He must have crossed the "say,"
Oh! it grieves us just to think of it—
Mulcahy's gone away! Chorus.

He treated us like gintlemen,
Whenever we did meet:
The sight of him would do you good
From his head down to his feet.
He wore a collar stiff and high,
Which made a great display:
He was a most distinguished man—
But now he's gone away! Chorus.

The girls went crazy when he winked,
And many an artful plan
They put in operation for
To catch this darlin' man:
But now they're left alone, poor things!
They weep, and wail, and say—
Oh! what'll we do at all, at all?
Mulcahy's gone away! Chorus.

The Shoes my Daddy Wore.

Copyright 1874 by E. H. Harding.

Song and dance—Words and Music by Nelson.

Just 'fore my daddy died,
He called me to his bed:
I knelt down by his side,
And dis to me he said:
"Come take dese good old shoes,
I cannot give you more—
I've had dem more dan fifteen years
On dis old Virginia shore."
For, dese am de shoes my daddy wore!
Chorus: Den watch what I does,
Wid dese old plantation shoes:
For, dese am de shoes my daddy wore.

On every Holiday
Dese same old shoes I wear,
And when I dance in dem,
I make de white folks stare:
When I have grown quite old,
I'll hang dem on de wall,
And think of happy days dat's gone,
And those happy scenes recall. Chorus.

Speak to Me.

Words by H. B. Farnie Music by Fabio Campana.
The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 288 Bowery New-York. Price 10 cents.

Why turn away when I draw near?
Why cold to-day? once, I was dear!
Then thy heart stirred, and flushed thy brow:
Never a word welcomes me now.
Now thy hand lies listless in mine—
Once its replies spake love divine!
Cold as if we never had met,
Can it then be hearts can forget?
Ah! speak to me, speak, be my heart heard,
Or will it break for one poor word!
No vow to bind, no pledge I seek,
Only be kind, speak to me, speak!

One idle day, thou didst deplore
Some cast-away on desert shore:
'Twas but a tale by poet feigned,
Yet thou didst pale, silent and pained,
And thou didst moan—sad, sad to be
Utterly alone by the bleak sea!
My life is drear, I cast-away—
Give me the tear thou shedd'st that day!
Ah! speak to me, speak, be my heart heard,
Or will it break for one poor word!
No vow to bind, no pledge I seek,
Only be kind, speak to me, speak!

My Mother-in-Law is Dead!

Copyright 1874 by E. H. Harding.

Sobbing Song—Dedicated to Sol Smith Russell.
Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

I had a noble mother-in-law,
Oh! she was dear to me:
Her voice was music to my ears,
Her smile was sweet to see.
But she is gone, last week she died,
And the doctor gave no cause:
Some say she talked herself to death
And broke her poor old jaws.

I cry, I sigh, she is dead! she is dead!
And I can't help but sob—ob—ob.
Oh! poor old dame!
Now she has gone and left—and left—and left—
Weep, weep, moan, groan—
Now we are all bereft—bereft—bereft!

You must excuse these tears of grief
Now trickling down my nose;
I can't forget the dear old soul,
No matter where I goes.
We loved her so, I could not show
How we felt when she was dead:
I thought I'd take a fit, but no—
I took a drink instead.
I cry, I sigh, &c.

She never scolded me at all,
Though she was sometimes cross:
And now that she is here no more,
We sadly mourn her loss:
Oh! boys, it's tough, indeed it's rough,
But, alas! there's something rougher:
The undertaker's bill—oh, lor'!
It's me that has to suffer!
I cry, I sigh, &c.

Love's but the Frailty of the Mind.

(CONGREVE.)

Love's but the frailty of the mind
When 'tis not with ambition joined:
A sickly flame which, if not fed, expires,
And, feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
Or amorous youth, that gives the joy:
But 'tis the glory to have pierced a swain
For whom inferior beauties sighed in vain.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
When I insult a rival's eyes:
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
The heart, which others bleed for, bleed for me.

Fatal Will.

Here is a tale showing—as it may ever be shown—that it is always the innocent who most suffer by or through the willfulness of the guilty.

And when the latter word is used, it does not follow that crime is intended. If a man is determined upon a certain course of action, and does not yield, though it can afford him no benefit or satisfaction in any way to carry out his project, while it will injure, or, perhaps, only pain some other person, then he is guilty of causing distress where not any need necessarily be suffered.

This is a story, in the first place, of the inflexible determination of one man to bear hatred towards the innocent son of another, whom, rightly enough, he abominated; in the second place, of a woman of inflexible will, who determined that a certain person should be her husband, though she knew he looked upon her with dread.

Out of the harsh will of this man and woman came the despair of two innocent people, who had done no harm, who loved each other dearly, and whose deaths crushed their moral, if not physical, destroyers out of all hope of further happiness in this world.

* * * * * * * * *

The drawing-room opened upon the Thames between Windsor and Maidenhead, and the interior appeared as peaceful as the exterior, the exquisite valley of the Thames, which, in parts, is equal to any of the English lake scenery, and of which so few Londoners know anything.

The occupants of that room (it was a very quiet summer evening) were four. One, a woman of about thirty, and still very beautiful, but with a set determination of such a character as shocked the keen observer. The second occupant was a man of about seventy—a soldier-like looking man—evidently of iron will. One felt that if he and the first person here discribed were at war, neither would give way. The third person was a young girl, who looked supremely pure and beautiful; nevertheless, a certain determination in the face associated her with one of the two, but more especially with him of military appearance. The fourth occupant was a boy of about six, in whom the sternness of decision, evident in the faces of the family of which he was the youngest member, had so far not become developed.

This household consisted of Colonel Sorte, his second wife, his daughter Amalie—only child and daughter of his first marriage—and Henry, only child and son of the Colonel and his *second* wife.

"What a lovely evening!" exclaimed Mrs. Sorte.

"Yes," added the Colonel, looking up from his book; "it reminds me almost of India!"

As he spoke, his face clouded, and his daughter turned slightly—very slightly pale; and after glancing at her father for a moment, she again bent over the silken work, about which her fingers were very busy.

"It was just such a sky as that," he said, "when the news came in at Jallapore that Nampton had turned traitor. You were about three years old then, Amalie; and as your ayah held you near me, trembling, I put my hand upon your little head, and swore to hunt him down—to hate him and to hate his. He had a son!"

"But, papa, dear," said the young lady, "the son was not a traitor."

"The sins of the fathers fall upon the children."

"Then, papa, if it is a sin to be revengeful, your sin against your old friend's son should fall upon me, or little Harry here."

"Just heaven forbid!" said Mrs. Sorte, shuddering.

"Old friend!" said the Colonel, looking so stern that all the handsome appearance passed out of his face. "There is the heart-breaking fact. That a man I had (I am not afraid to say it) loved for thirty-four years should have betrayed his country and himself! Ah! it is too terrible!"

"But, papa——"

"Oh! I know what you are going to say. It is what your poor mother always urged in the little time she was left me after the mutiny—she believed that he might have become mad. Granted, my child; but, if so, then all his life he had been a hypocrite, because it is when madness attacks a man that his natural tendencies are shown."

"I don't want to pain you, papa; but I cannot help taking advantage of your once more referring to India to urge upon you—not that I have any special object in doing so—that supposing you are quite right with regard to Major Nampton, you cannot be certain with regard to his son."

"If he is alive," said the old Colonel. "He was born about ten years before you, Amie, and, therefore, he would be now twenty-nine. But I have never heard of him, nor am I at all likely to learn news of him. Doubtless, following his father's footsteps, he has sunk into an Anglo-Indian—unless both were very properly poisoned, as traitors generally are in India, by those whom their treason has served. Pray do not let us say any more upon the subject."

It will be observed that during this conversation between the father and daughter, the mother-in-law had said no word. But she was watching—watching like a merciless lynx.

"Papa, papa!" here shouted the boy; "here comes Mr. Quain."

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But it is quite necessary that the reader should be made acquainted with the particulars of the lives of the people to whom he has been now introduced.

Some years after the battle of Waterloo, a couple of subalterns met for the first time at the mess of one of the regiments of the then, and long after, East India Company.

From that hour, until the year 1857, they were the fastest possible friends; and equally honorable, earnest, and temperate, they rose together in the Indian army. One became a colonel, however (Colonel Sorte); while the other remained but a major (Major Nampton).

In 1843, Mr. Nampton married, and by his wife, who died in 1844, he had one son, who, when about four, was sent to England to be Educated. Mr. Nampton never married again.

Mr. Sorte (ultimately a colonel) married in 1853, and Amalie, his daughter, was born in the same year. She was, therefore, about four, and the son of her father's friend was fourteen, when the Sepoy mutiny broke out.

At that time, Major Nampton and Colonel Sorte were both stationed at Jallapore, one of the stations at which the mutiny first showed itself.

Three days before the mutiny broke out, Major Nampton was missing. Four days after it had declared itself, Colonel Sorte, reconnoitring the approaching enemy, saw his old friend, still in his English uniform, amongst them.

It has never been known to this day whether or not Major Nampton was false to his country, or whether he was taken in an ambush, and pretended to go over to the Sepoys, and so sacrificed himself by leading the enemy into such a position that they were utterly annihilated by the English.

Amongst the vanquished the body of Nampton was not found; and it was, therefore, inferred either that he had escaped, or had fallen into the river, and was drowned in the retreat across the river which the enemy endeavored to effect.

Such was the history, and the end of the friendship between these two soldiers. What were Nampton's motives, if he had any, has never been ascertained; but this is certain—that if a man has been loyal for fifty-seven years, it is highly improbable that he will become a traitor in his fifty-eighth; and it is to the credit of his brother officers that they firmly believed either that he was seized, and, pretending to lead the mutineers, had brought them into such a position as resulted in their destruction, or that he had gone mad, and was not really accountable for his actions.

What had become of his son? The boy had been sent for, and was certainly in India at the time the mutiny broke out. That was all that his father's companions in arms ever learnt about him.

Mrs. Colonel Sorte died in 1859, her death being attributed to the shock of the circumstances which she, in common with many other sufferers by that calamity, both men and women, never recovered.

More of the English died from the horror produced by the mutiny, within three or four years after that terrible event, than were killed by the enemy during the progress of the detestable war.

In 1860, Colonel Sorte, weary of soldiering, capitalised, and came to England, where, with the amount obtained by the sale of his commission added to his private fortune, he had commenced a very successful business as a shawl manufacturer in a small way, and upon a model the intricacies of which he had learnt in Hindostan.

It was several years afterwards—in 1865—that, feeling his daughter, then thirteen years of age, should have other companions than mere servants, he determined to marry again, and his choice fell upon a lady who was governess in the home of one of his English friends.

She was described to him as a woman of absolute honesty, and self-respect, cheerful, clever, and gentle.

He married her, he being sixty-five and she twenty-four, he never hoping to welcome any family. He found her, in behavior, far exceed all the good that had been said of her; and she enhanced his happiness completely by the birth of a son, whom he called Henry, after his old Indian commander, Sir Henry Havelock.

That son was the Harry who, being six, did, upon that especial summer evening, call out, "Papa, here is Mr. Quain!"

Thus, then, we again get back to the year 1872. But before we proceed to the events which brought the end, there must be given the remnant of a conversation held in the early part of 1865, the speakers being she who became the second Mrs. Sorte, and a very good-looking youth two or three years her junior.

She was then in the full blaze of loveliness, and, perhaps, flattered, as most women of her age, by the evident admiration of the young man, who—not an uncommon thing at this time of life—was passionately devoted to this lady, though she was his senior.

This was the end of the conversation in question.

"We are too poor to marry, my Philip."

"But we want so little, and we can be so patient!"

"No, no; I have seen poverty, my Philip, and I know that it kills love. We will wait—but for riches. This man who offers to marry me is sixty-five. He must die soon, and some of his wealth will surely be mine if I make him a good wife—as I will—as I will!"

"But he may not die."

"We must hope that he will. I shall not say good-bye, and I promise you that we shall be near each other. No, we will not say good-bye."

Such were the material points of that conversation between an eager youth and a passionate, but prudent woman.

She married Colonel Sorte. Six weeks after her marriage, hearing he wanted a clever foreman, she recommended one Philip Middleton, and thus she kept her word. They were not parted.

Years went on, and with them their necessary and natural changes.

At twenty-two a young man may love a woman who is his elder—it is no uncommon thing; but when he becomes twenty-nine himself, it is the natural law that he shall love one far younger than he is.

But he knew Mrs. Sorte kept him to their bargain. Her love for him became the greater by its suppression. As the slow years went on, and she saw him improving, while time began tearing away her beauty with that rapidity from which every beautiful woman suffers after she has numbered twenty years, she raged in her gilded imprisonment. To all outward appearances, and as far as honesty of behavior went, she was a truthful wife: while, marvellous to relate, she loved her son and respected her husband.

Yet, nevertheless, she yearned terribly for the hour to come when the old Colonel should die, and leave her free to marry her first love.

It was this dark and hypocritical life which wore her splendid beauty away more rapidly than it would otherwise have vanished; and this she knew, only to rage the more.

Never once did she suspect Amalie as a rival, even until that very evening when the reader first sees this family apparently so happy and peaceful, in reality so utterly at variance.

For Amalie and Philip Middleton loved each other. When he first came to the manufactory, she was thirteen, he nearly twenty-three. Naturally,

he looked upon her as a child, and as such she was quite familiar with him.

She never knew when she first really loved him; while, as for him, he dreaded to ask himself when he grew to fear his Megæra, the Colonel's shrewd and waiting wife.

He owed all to her; his comfortable position in the factory, the power to see and love Amalie, the happiness of being loved by her; and yet, in being grateful to her, in being faithful to a passion he knew then to have been equally horrible and infamous, he would have wrecked his life and also Amalie's.

Ay; for he had another secret. His real name was one he dared not use, for he was not Philip Middleton, but Philip Nampton, the son of that infamous, or most hapless, Major Nampton, who, whether sane or mad, had certainly deserted his land and companions, and gone over—whether intentionally or not could never be learned—to the Sepoy mutineers.

Pitied by an English gentleman, after two years' residence in secret amongst the Brahmins, he had been brought to England, and there after a time, by the death of his benefactor, he had gained his living as a tutor. It was then that he met the lady who became Mrs. Sorte,

The reader knows the rest.

We will, therefore, introduce Mr. Quain, who, as a justice of the peace, has been left really too long upon the threshold.

He had evidently a naturally cheerful face, but he was now very grave as he saluted his neighbors.

"I have some disagreeable news for you," he said, seating himself, "for Mrs. Sorte is mixed up in some way with a death in the village. A fellow, one Robin Clow, has been in the habit for years of beating his wife. The poor woman has just been found dead, and he has been accused by the villagers of poisoning her, the accusation being based upon the fact that this man has actually bought poison at the chemist's within a week. As a justice of the peace, I have questioned the man, and he says, candidly, that he did buy this poison, and for you, Mrs. Sorte. He says that he took a letter from you to the chemist."

"Quite right," said Mrs. Sorte; "it was a packet of acetate of lead I required, for reducing swellings. It is in my escritoire, exactly as I received it."

She went to the desk in question, opened it, and brought a little square packet to the magistrate, sealed, the seal being covered by a gummed label marked "Poison," and bearing the chemist's name.

"That is enough," said the magistrate. "I will see that no more is said about the matter. I will explain all, and I have ordered a post-mortem examination. Heigho!—I wish my home was as happy as yours, Colonel! Mine is but a desolate place!"

"I am very fortunate," said the Colonel, smiling, as he looked at his wife; "and I feel as young as ever I did."

"It is *I* who am growing old!" said Mrs. Sorte, in a strange voice.

Her daughter-in-law looked at her with keen, searching glances. She was eleven years the other's junior, but she was not afraid of the war she knew would come.

"And *I* have just grown up," said Amalie, in a quiet tone.

It was Mrs. Sorte's turn to look searchingly. Was there any hidden meaning, she asked herself, in those words?

Suddenly the boy shouts. "Here comes Phil!—here comes my friend Phil!"

They all looked up to welcome Mr. "Middleton" with a smile, and Mr. Quain rose to take his leave. The two women knew that he was Philip Nampton—the man whom the Colonel theoretically hated, but of whose actual existence in this world he knew nothing.

Happy in your manufactory manager, even!" said Mr. Quain. "Good night!"

"Oh!" replied the Colonel, "he is the friend of the family. My wife knew him when he was little more than a boy, and long before our marriage. Good night!"

"I still look upon him as a mere child," said Mrs. Sorte, when Mr. Quain had left the room.

"Yet he is twenty-nine!" said Amalie.

"How do you know that?" asked Mrs. Sorte, calmly.

"Because he told me," said the girl.

"You are very familiar, it seems, with your fathers's servant."

"It is because he is my father's servant that I am familiar—if mine be familiarity—with him. If he were a relative, or a visitor, or an intruder here, I should not be."

"Amalie," said her father, "I am afraid you dislike Mr. Middleton."

"I neither dislike nor like!" said the young girl. "It is a matter of absolute indifference to me. But he is here!"

At this moment Philip approached the open windows, having come up from the river terrace, and carrying the boy who had run out to welcome him.

Mrs. Sorte began watching, but she saw no sign of common understanding between Middleton and Amalie.

"I have called in," said Philip, addressing the Colonel, "to tell you that I have managed the difference amongst the men in this way——"

"No particulars, I beg!" said the Colonel. "I am sure I should be satisfied after hearing them, so I will not trouble you to go into detail, Philip. By the way, is there to be some fishing to-morrow?"

"I have made the arrangements," said Philip.

"Thank you, Mr. Middleton," said Mrs. Sorte.

"By the way, Colonel, Mr. Goddard comes this evening to stay a day or two. I forgot to tell you. It appears that he has something very important to say to you."

"Goddard—and important!" asked the Colonel. "Then, indeed, it must be about himself; for he looks upon that personage as the one important object on the surface of this earth."

"You say nothing," said Mrs. Sorte, to Amalie.

"Because I have really nothing to say," she replied, laughing lightly.

"He, I believe, is another gentleman you do not like," said Mrs. Sorte.

"I neither like nor dislike him—the good man."

By this time, the Colonel had seated himself on one side of a chess-table, Philip at the other, and their ordinary evening game was commenced.

How to pass it came that Mrs. Sorte suspected Amalie and Philip of loving each other? By what profound analysis had she arrived at the conclusion that they were deceiving her?

The two men were immediately absorbed in the game, leaving Mrs Sorte free to watch her victims, for victims they were. Like a cat drawing close to a mouse-run, she moved, and sat down upon the sofa partly occupied by the young girl; and, under pretence of helping her daughter-in-law at her embroidery, she began her attack.

She had determined that the girl should be moved from the house by way of marriage. She had decided that this danger should be moved from her path.

And in this way she began her attack.

"My child, Mr. Goddard has proposed for you."

In a moment the girl was on her guard.

"A bad sign," thought the mother-in-law.

"That is very impertinent on the part of Mr. Goddard."

"On the contrary, I consider he does you honor. He is young, rich, well-born, and well-bred. What more can you want?"

"A man who will propose *to* me before he proposes *for* me."

"But your papa and I are better judges of these matters than you are!"

"Which only proves that I prefer a worse judge, dear Mrs. Sorte, when it is a question of my marriage. You see, it is an affair for life. He is older than I am, but he might not die so soon as I could wish."

Mrs. Sorte looked keenly at her daughter-in-law, and after a pause, she said "Perhaps you like somebody else?"

"A very probable supposition," said Amalie; "but it happens not to be the case."

"Pardon my random shot," said Mrs. Sorte. "You young girls are so impressionable. You fall in love, as you call it, with the first man you see. For instance, I could quite comprehend your becoming enamored of Philip Middleton here."

"Could you? Then I suppose if you had met Philip many years ago, when you were much younger, you might have—what do you call it—fallen in love with him?"

"I think it is possible."

"It is not possible with me," said Amalie. "He is my father's servant."

"But also his friend. What if your father were to suggest such a marriage to you?"

"I cannot believe it possible; but if my father so far forgot himself, I should have to recall him to a sense of self-respect."

Mrs. Sorte smiled.

"You are severe," she said: then added, suddenly, "Don't move! There is a garden-beetle on your shoulder."

The next moment, as her hand touched the thin muslin dress Amalie was wearing, she frowned savagely, and she uttered a low, threatning sound, almost like that of an angering tigress.

There had been no beetle on the white muslin dress the young lady was wearing. Why, then, the statement? As an excuse to touch the neck between the shoulders. A man or woman, and especially the latter, trying to suppress emotion, or playing a difficult game of words, will begin to perspire profusely between the shoulders.

Mrs. Sorte, doubting whether the young girl was not enacting a part, made the excuse, and laid her testing hand upon Amalie's neck. It was unusually warm, and in a moment the watchful woman convinced herself that the girl was but assuming a character.

"Ah!" she said "we must marry you to Mr. Goddard."

"If you can," said the girl; and then followed a long silence, only broken by the rustle of the embroidery, the click of the moved chess-pieces, and the cringing of the garden gravel beneath the little boy's feet.

Half an hour passed, and then there was noise enough in the place, for Mr. Goddard had arrived, together with one Doctor Plaine, an old regimental friend of the Colonel's.

At the end of twenty minutes, Mr. Goddard, who, in his way, was keen enough, came to the conclusion, that as Miss Sorte had received him so coldly, she must be already engaged, and his sharp, if small, wits fixed upon Philip as his rival.

He was a very practical man, and never procrastinated. At the end of a half-minute's thoughtful silence he went to the boy, and whispered something which made him laugh. The little fellow then ran towards the river terrace, whither Philip had now gone to speak to a passing boatman concerning the next day's fishing, and then in a few moments, he came running back, calling out, "Oh! oh! help! Philip has fallen in the river!"

This was Mr. Goddard's gentlemanly mode of testing whether Amalie loved the factory-manager.

She knew he could swim, and did not move a hair's breadth, or utter the least cry.

As for Mrs. Sorte, she screamed affrightedly, and dropped the cup and saucer she was holding.

"He! he! he!" cried the little boy. "It was a trick between me and Mr. Goddard. Philip is all right!"

As for amiable Mr. Goddard, he gave an involutary long, low whistle. He had made a discovery in one direction, if he had not in another.

"It would have done him good," said the doctor. "A dip always does a strong man good."

The next moment, Philip returned to the room; but no one said a word to him concerning what had occurred.

As for the Colonel, he had been so absorbed studying the moves of the interrupted game, that he had neither heard nor seen anything of this odd scene.

That same night, when the moon was peacefully glistening on the silver Thames, murmuring past the old Colonel's house, Mrs. Sorte said to her husband, "We must really get Amalie a husband; she is so impressionable, I have sometimes feared that she might form an attachment for the manager, Philip Middleton. Pardon me speaking so harshly of him. She has seen too much of him, and he is fairly good-looking, keen-sighted enough, and no doubt, quite alive to his own interests. We must marry her off: and to whom more satisfactorily than to Mr. Goddard?" *(To be Continued.)*

MY VILLAGE HOME.

Words by Lady Agnes Ferguson.

Music by M. L. DICKS.

Cantabile.

1. Dear spot, where childhood's
2. I wealth, and power, and

Andantino Smorzando.

hap - py years, And youth's bright morn was pass'd; With ma - ny hopes and ma - ny fears, I re - turn to thee at last! I
rank have gain'd, And won a war - rior's fame; But have I still my *pearl* retained, Which won, I come to claim? Ah,

Espressivo un poco più vivo.

left thee poor, in search of gold, Thro' dis - tant lands to roam; But I left a *pearl* of price un - told, For thee, my vil - lage
yes, she nev-er false could be, She ne'er from me could roam, And soon her smiles will wel-come me To my dear vil - lage

colla voce.

a piacere.

home, I left a *pearl* of price un - told, In thee, my vil - lage home.
home, And soon her smiles will wel - come me, To my dear vil - lage home.

a tempo.

rall.

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CONTENTS.

Amanda, see from yonder flowers.....page 83
And ye shall walk in silk attire :
Music..... 88
Behind the parlor blind 84
Blow your own Trumpet..... 85
The Contented Maid..... 82
The Celebrated Cat Duet..... 82
Cherry Ripe..... 85
Dancing in the dreamy waltz..... 82
The Duck Song 82
Did you ever see an oyster walk up stairs?.. 84
The Dream of his youth..... 85
Edith Ashton—a Story..... 87
Fatal Will—Story ended..... 86—87
Good-night Serenade 82
The Gilded Age 84
Help a Struggling Friend..... 85
I'm gwine Home..... 82
I'se happy all de day..... 84
The Last ray of Sunshine..... 84
Mrs. Murphy's Sleighing Party..... 83
Nellie Malone..... 83
The Night was on the Desert Moor..... 84
Ossian's Serenade..... 82
Oh ! Lucy Bee !..... 82
Old Rosin, the Beau 82
Paddy McCarthy, the Irish Tinker..... 83
Patrick's day Parade..... 85
Pretty Kitty May..... 85
Sweet Lilies of the Valley 83
Speak to me Kindly..... 85
There's naught so delightful as woman..... 83
Waiting for angels to come..... 83
Why so sad, my precious darling?..... 85
Waterford Boys..... 84
Your little darling's blind..... 83

HENRY DE MARSAN'S VALENTINES

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Oh! Lucy Bee.

By old James' river I was born,
In de big Varginny State:
I learn to hoe de yaller corn,
De coon to captivate.
Old massa Seddon fotch me up,
A cleber man was he,
And dar it was, one winter morn,
I see Miss Lucy Bee.
Chorus: Oh! Lucy Bee, oh! Lucy Bee,
Black eyed Lucy Bee:
Dar's not a gal, on old James' river,
One half so sweet as she.

Her eyes dey shine like little stars,
Upon a frosty night:
Her lips was red as beet-root juice,
Her teeth were snowy white:
De motions of her graceful form
Was like de waving tree,
And mocking birds dey couldn't sing
So sweet as Lucy Bee. Chorus.

One morn in spring, de day had broke,
And berry fine de morn,
We'd just gone out, bofe young and old,
To plant de yaller corn:
Old Massa Seddon he rode up,
And berry sad was he—
For, death had come de night before,
And took sweet Lucy Bee. Chorus.

Dancing in the Dreamy Waltz

Dancing in the dreamy waltz,
Beautiful, sweet and dreamy waltz,
As round and round
To sweet, languid strains we whirl:
Dancing in the dreamy waltz,
Beautiful, sweet and dreamy waltz:
Oh! the joys of dancing
In the dreamy waltz:
Hearts all responsive
To the music sweet:
Bright eyes so joyous,
Lightly tripping feet.
Chorus: Dancing in the dreamy waltz,
Beautiful, sweet and dreamy,
As round and round
To sweet, languid strains we whirl:
Dancing in the dreamy waltz,
Beautiful, sweet and dreamy waltz:
Oh! the joys of dancing
In the dreamy waltz.

Gliding in the dreamy waltz,
Languid, sweet, delicious waltz,
Clinging so fondly
Close to some partner dear;
Oh! the sweet and dreamy waltz,
Best of all to me the waltz,
Sweet the joys of dancing,
In the dreamy waltz.
Pleasure surrounds us,
All around is bright,
No gloomy shadow
Dims our spirits light. Chorus.

The Contented Maid.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted by pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
While sweet meditation and cheerful content
Shall make me both healthfull and wise.

How vainly, thro' infinite trouble and strife,
Do many their labors employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, can enjoy.

Ossian's Serenade.

Oh! come with me in my little canoe,
Where the sea is calm and the sky is blue:
Oh! come with me—for, I long to go
To these Isles where the mango-apples grow;
Oh! come with me and be my love,
For thee the jungle depth I'll rove,
I'll gather the honey-comb bright as gold,
And chase the elk to its secret hold.
Chorus: I'll chase the antelope o'er the plain,
And the tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain!
And the wild gazelle, with its silvery feet,
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.

I'll climb the palm for the bird's nest,
Red peas I'll gather to deck thy breast:
I'll pierce the cocoa for its wine,
And haste to thee, if thou'lt be mine—
Then come with me in my light canoe,
While the sea is calm and the sky is blue:
For, should we linger another day,
Storms may arise and love decay.

Old Rosin, the Beau.

I have traveled this wide world over,
And now to another I'll go,
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin, the Beau.
Chorus: To welcome old Rosin, the Beau,
To welcome old Rosin, the Beau:
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin, the Beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
A voice you will hear from below,
Singing out "whiskey and water,
To drink to old Rosin, the Beau!"
To drink, &c.

And when I am dead, I reckon
The ladies will all want to, I know,
Just lift off the lid of the coffin,
And look at old Rosin, the Beau.
And look, &c.

You must get some dozen good fellows,
And stand them all round in a row,
And drink out of half-gallon bottles,
To the name of old Rosin, the Beau.
To the name, &c,

Get four or five jovial young fellows,
And let them all staggering go,
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
And in it toss Rosin, the Beau.
And in it, &c.

Then get you a couple of tombstones,
Place one at my head and my toes,
And do not fail to scratch on it
The name of old Rosin, the Beau.
The name, &c.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,
That cruel, implacable foe,
Who spares neither age nor condition,
Nor even old Rosin, the Beau.
Nor even, &c.

The Celebrased Cat Duet.

Sung by Rollin Howard and James Maas with Maas & Hoglen Moral Enterprise.

TOM. Meau, meau, me-me-au,
TABBY. Meau;
TOM. Maria,
TABBY. Meau;
TOM. Come out,
TABBY. Oh! dear;
TOM. Maria, can I come over in your yard?
TABBY. Yes.
TOM. Who put these bottles on this fence,
meau, meau;
TABBY. Now Tom, tread softly here,
TOM. I love you, meau, Tab, my dear;
TABBY. Go 'way, get out of here,
TOM. I see love's no use here;
TABBY. (*Growling.*) No! meau,
TOM. There's going to be a row, I fear:
TABBY. Away! get out! (spits).
BOTH. Good night, my dear.

The Duck Song.

Sung with great applause, by Rollin Howard. Published by J. W. Gattison & Co., N. Y.

When the ducks go two by two,
Without caring what they do,
People know not what they say,
But they quack, quack, quack all day,
They understand well what they say.

CHORUS.

Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack,
Quack, quack, quack, quack;
When these ducks are Tyrolese—
Tra-o-la-a-la-a, &c.

Well we know what sport it makes
To see them waddling toward the lakes.
Ducks, why go you one by one,
Bobbing, quacking, having such fun?
They say: "'cause most of us are drakes,"
Quack, quack, quack, &c. Chorus.

When the sun sinks in the West,
We, drakes and ducks, go to our rest.
We drakes quack, quack, still do sing
Which the ducks think just the thing.
Before our heads go 'neath our wing,
We quack, quack, quack, &c. Chorus.

I'm Gwine Home.

The sun of my life am surely sinking,
And I hear de happy angels ober dar;
From life's happy joys I've been drinking,
'Till de yars hab whiten' ebery lock o' har,
And my steps among de clober am unsartin,
And dat's de sign I sure will go away,
But no tears in my eyelids is a startin'—
For, I'm gwine where de happy angels stay.

CHORUS.

Then, good-bye, I'm gwine away to lebe you,
And soon I'll hab a double liberty:
For, de Bible says dat in de Golden City
De colored man from trouble will be free.

I'm done wid de plantin' ob de cotton:
Trav'lin' 'round among de sugar-cane is o'er,
And de ringing ob de banjo is forgotten:
For, dar's sweeter music on de oder shore;
And de angels am waitin' in de clober
For de 'mancipated niggars of de land,
And when de niggars' workin'-days am ober,
De angels come to lead us by de hand.
Then, good-bye, &c.

Good-Night Serenade.

TRIO.

Composed by Chas. MacEvoy, and sung by Marie D. MacEvoy, Dan. Morris and Miss Hairine. Music published by Whittemore & Co., Detroit.

BARNEY. Oh! Norah dear, I'm waiting here,
Just open the window, Norah,
And let me see your purty face,
'Tis all I ask, astora.
The rain again will soon begin
To fall and wet me to the skin,
And if you'll only let me in,
I'll wait until 'tis over.

NORAH. Oh! Barney dear, my mother will hear
You if you dont speak lower,
You'd better go, she's listening now—

OLD WOMAN. Who is that talking, Norah?

BARNEY. Oh! say 'tis nobody, Norah dear,
The ould woman has the sharpest ear.

OLD WOMAN. That blackguard Barney's there, I fear,
Get me the broom, astora.

NORAH. Now, Barney, you'd better be going,
My mother has just got the broom,
The storm soon again will be blowing,
And will soon overtake you, aroon.

TOGETHER.

BARNEY. Good-night, good-night, Norah
dear, good-night!

NORAH. Good night, good-night, Barney
dear, good-night!

Mrs. Murphy's Sleighing Party.

Air: Dame Durden—As sung by Tony Pastor.

Mrs. Murphy kept a grocery store upon the boulevard,
And, one night, for myself and friends a great
feast she prepared;
I never shall forget that time, it was a wintry night,
When we engaged that four-horse sleigh, and
started with delight.

Spoken: Yes: we all arranged to have a jolly time. Mrs. Murphy supplied the hash, and we found the whiskey. So I went among my acquaintances to make up the party, And a finer lot of boys and girls never started on a trip together: such hugging and loving as there was in that sleigh, I can scarcely describe. These are the names of the crowd—

Chorus.

There was Sam and Mick, and Pat and Dick,
and Bill with the carroty hair:
There was Sue and Sal, and Bridget and Nell
and Lucy, so pretty and fair.
First Sam kissed Sal, then Dick kissed Nell,
And Bill, with the carroty hair, kissed Lucy so
pretty and fair;
But I with Kitty, the charming girl, of hugging
I took my share.

We started in the greatest glee, a merry laughing party,
We kissed and joked, and joked and kissed,
and sung with voices loud,
Till, just beyond the Central Park, we over board
did go;
Our drunken driver, for a lark, he pitched us
in the snow.

Spoken: And of all the screaching that ever you heard, our gals beat it by chalks. It seemed as if by mutual consent all the men folks went into the snow-drift, and the gals after them. Sally Cassidy made a tenstrike with her bustle on Sam Jones' nose, while Sue Snyder stuck fast in the bank, wrong side up, doing the manual exercise with her garters. Mickey Kelly and Lucy Jones got tied together in a sailor's slip knot: it took us ten minutes to unravel them. As for me, I struck Sally Smith so hard with my corporsosity, I drove her down into the drift like a spile, and we thought for some time, she'd have to lay there till spring and get thawed out. But at last we got fixed all right again for another start, and off we went, both— Chorus.

To Mrs. Murphy's house we got, and straight-
way all went in:
We eat her hash and fish-balls up, we drank
her beer and gin;
In fact a jollier crowd was never seen before
Then we, when starting to go home, from
Mrs. Murphy's door.

Spoken: Yes, you can bet your stamps there wasn't a gal or fellow, belonging to that party, but was fifty above proof. We got spilled out of the sleigh two-by-two. Sam fell into Florence's water trough, while Sue spent the night in a frog pond, singing Home, Sweet Home. Dick was found in the middle of Harlem Lane, trying to strangle himself with Bridget Delany's pompadour. Nick got entangled in Lucy's hoop-skirts, and as for myself and Kitty, we shall never forget the time when we went sleighing— Chorus.

Amanda, see From Yonder Flowers.

Amanda, see, from yonder flowers
The bee flies loaded to its cell:
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impaired in show or smell?

So, though I robbed you of a kiss—
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew—
Why are you angry at my bliss?
Has it at all impoverished you?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In spite of your unkind reserve,
To keep my famished love alive,
Which you inhumanly would starve.

Paddy McCarthy, the Irish Tinker.

As sung by Dan Morris, Harney the Guide with Mr. Chas. MacEvoy, Original "Hibernicon."

In Ballinahack, there resides an ould man
That can handle a chanter, a spade or a pan:
For his tinkering he's a beautiful plan,
And his name is ould Paddy McCarthy.
He rises at seven his work to begin,
And he wollops away with his solder and tin:
The girls wid their tay-pots and kittles come in
To be mended by Paddy McCarthy.

On Fridays he goes to the market at Clare,
Wid fresh lard on his brogues and the same on his hair,
He gets drunk and throws the same in the air:
"Who wants to fight?" says ould Paddy McCarthy.
One Shaun O'Meany, a piper by trade,
Who can chanter a stick or a spade,
Swore the divil a tinker ever was made
Could wrastle ould Paddy McCarthy.

One Dennis Gilloughly, a comicle card,
Wid a noddle as bald as a bladder of lard,
Got jealous of Paddy from the way that he sparred,
So he chalenged ould Paddy McCarthy.
They fought for two hours, but he murdered
poor Mac
Wid a left-handed scelp on the broad of his back,
Paddy lay on the floor like a coal-porter's sack—
God be good to ould Paddy McCarthy!

Poor Paddy is dead, the solderin' rogue,
Thro' that left-handed scelp from Gilloughly's
kithouge;
Every boy in the village will lay a burgrogue
Wid sorrow for Paddy McCarthy.
His silent remains was stuck under the clay,
Wid his budget and solder in glory he lay;
I hope for the corpse every Christian will pray
When they read of ould Paddy McCarthy.

There's Naught so Delightful as Woman.

There's naught so delightful as woman,
Delectable source of all joy;
When lovely and kind
And possessed of a mind,
She's, by heavens, no trifling toy!

Of a truth ('tis disputed by no man,)
Kind woman of life is the soul;
With dalicate ease
She fails not to please.
When she sways man with gentlest control.

O woman, bewitching sweet woman,
Thou idol whom all must adore—
Let virtue inspire
Eeah hallowed desire,
Then rule thou the world ever more.

Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

O'er barren hills and flowery dales,
O'er seas and distant shores,
With merry song and jocund tales,
I've passed some pleasant hours.
Though wandering thus, I ne'er could find
A girl like blithesome Sally,
Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud:
"Sweet lilies of the valley!"

From whistling o'er the hollow turf,
From nesting of each tree,
I chose a sailor's life to wed,
So social, gay, and free;
Yet, though the lasses love as well,
And often try to rally,
None pleases me like her who cries:
"Sweet lilies of the valley!"

I'm now returned, of late discharged,
To use my native toil:
From fighting in my country's cause,
To plough my country's soil:
I care not which, with either pleased,
So I possess my Sally,
That little merry nymph that cries:
"Sweet lilies of the valley!"

Your Little Darling's Blind.

Words by J. J. Wallace. Music by B. T. Cardella.

Mother, what is the sunshine?
What, mother, is the air?
What are the hands now toying
With the treasures of my hair?
Are they not the angel's fingers,
So gentle and so kind?
What are they? Oh! Mother, tell me:
For, your little darling's blind.
Chorus: I am blind, I am blind,
Your little darling's blind:
What are they? Oh! Mother, tell
For, your little darling's blind,

Mother, what is the perfume
That comes upon the breeze,
That greets me, in the evening,
Among the shady trees?
What are the fields and flowers?
Oh! show them to my mind:
What are they? Oh! Mother, tell me:
For, your little darling's blind. Chorus.

Oh! Mother, what is heaven?
Oh! tell me, is it far?
And tell me what a rainbow is,
And what the little star:
And what the moon that's shinning
So gentle, soft and kind:
You know I cannot see them—
For, your little darling's blind. Chorus.

Waiting for Angels to Come.

From her cheeks, once so rosy, the crimson had fled:
Her blue eyes no longer were bright:
And we spoke in low whispers as though she were dead,
As we leaned on her pillow at night.
Her pale lips were parted to bid us good-bye,
While the moonlight stole into the room:
And she said, as she gazed on the beautiful sky—
"I'm waiting for angels to come."

Chorus.

Waiting for angels to come,
Down from their beautiful home:
All the night long we heard her sweet song:
I'm waiting for angels to come,
Waiting for angels to come:
All the night long we heard her sweet song:
I am waiting for angels to come.

When the night had fled away, and its shadows
were past,
And morning shone brightly and clear,
And we heard their light wings flutter round her at last,
And we knew that bright spirits were near:
A sweet smile was wreathed on her glory-lit brow,
As she felt she was close to her home:
And she whispered "dear friends, I must part
from you now,
The angels, I've longed for, have come."
Waiting for angels, &c.

Nellie Malone.

The stars in the skies ne'er shone brighter,
Nor moon shed more beautiful ray,
Yet darkness and sadness surround me,
Because my sweet Nellie's away.
The birds have no songs to delight me,
The scent of the roses has flown;
I'm thinking on Nellie, my darling,
My beautiful Nellie Malone.
Chorus: Come back to me quickly, mavourneen,
Dispelling the dim shadows grown:
My heart is so cheerless without you,
Come back, my own Nellie Malone.

Come back to me, Nellie acushla,
Bring gladness to me once again:
Bring gladness and joy to my pathway,
Where all is now sorrow and pain.
I'm happier far by your side, love,
Than ever was king on his throne:
To thee shall my true heart turn ever,
Come back, my sweet Nellie Malone.
Come back to me, &c.

Waterford Boys.

Sung by Wm. Carleton. Air: The Flaming O'Flannigans.

Well, boys, for divarsion, we've all met together:
I'll tell you how from Waterford hither I came:
I left that dear city in dark, gloomy weather,
My heart it was light, and my pockets the same.
I lifted a song as I tripped it along:
By the road-side a tavern I happened to spy,
And, as I was meltin', my pockets I felt in
For the price of a drink: I was mortally dry.

Chorus.

But we are the boys for fun, wit, and element,
Drinking, and dancing, and all other joys,
Ructions, destruction, divarsion, and divilment:
Who can compare with the Waterford Boys?

In the tavern I strolled, out the landlord he rolled:
Good mornin', says he. Says I: If you please,
Could you shake me a bed, but first bring some bread,
With a bottle of porter and small lump of cheese?
For, times they are queer, and provisions are dear:
If you cannot get meat, with cheese becontent.
Says the landlord: You're right, as he brought me the bite:
So, I rolled up my sleeves and at it I went.
But we are the boys, &c.

My bread and cheese ended, I then condescended
To seek my repose: so, I bade 'em good-night.
Soon under the clothes I was trying to doze,
But first popped in my toes, and then popped out the light.
Not long was I sleeping, I heard something creeping,
And meandering, and scratching about the bed-post.
My breath I suspended, but the noise never ended:
Thinks I: ye have mighty long claws for a ghost!
But we are the boys, &c.

The row it commences: near out of my senses,
I ventured to peep from beneath the bed-clothes.
Milla murther! what's that? 'Twas a big black jack-rat,
With a leap from the floor, came a top o' my nose.
Divil swape ye! says I, for a scheming ould vagabone:
Take that, and that—I jumped on the floor:
Oh! Moses! blue fire! Biddy! Sophia!
The rats they are eating me up by the score!
But we are the boys, &c.

The landlord affrightened, he then brought a light in,
Says I: I'm near dead, it's time I'm away!
Says he: Before going, I'd have ye be knowing
For supper and bed you've five shillings to pay.
Five shillings! for what? Now, don't be disgracing
Yourself as a rogue, says I, if you please;
When I can't sleep for rats, you've the divil's own face on ye
To charge me five shillings for plain bread and cheese!
But we are the boys, &c.

Says he: Och! those rats, I wish they would leave me,
They ruin my trade—I'm not worth a rap.
Says I: The five shillings now would you forgive me,
If I tell you the way to keep out every rat?
I will—Says I: Then to supper invite them,
And plain bread and cheese set before them, be sure,
Don't mind if they're willing, but charge them five shillings:
Bad luck to the rat that ye'll never see more!
But we are the boys, &c.

The Night was on the Desert Moor.

The night was on the desert moor,
And on the silent wood,
When Susan at her cottage door
In list'ning terror stood:
And oft with faltering voice she cried
The name she loved so well;
No answer save the sound that died
In echoes in the dell.

A taper in her hand she bore,
To guide him o'er the hill:
But, ah! her lover comes no more:
For, all is hushed and still—
At length, by robbers slain, his cries
She heard—and knew too well!
She answered—but the accent dies
In echoes in the dell.

The Gilded Age.

By Edwin Dudley.

This is a very funny world,
And there's funny people in it:
They'd like to rush things right along
At a thousand miles a minute.
But we're going fast enough, just now
Sensation's all the rage;
And 'tis "money makes the mare go"
In this "The Gilded Age."

Chorus.

Then sing, boys, sing, and drive dull care away:
Sing merrily, sing, and let us all be gay:
Whether we are fool, or whether we are sage,
Our money's what will tell the tale in this "The Gilded Age."

A man may be a stupid dunce,
Or perhaps a scheming villain:
But, if he has a pile of stamps,
Society is quite willing
To take him in—'tis as Shakespeare said:
"This world is all a stage."
For, glitter surely takes the eye
In this "The Gilded Age." Chorus.

The ladies, bless their little hearts,
We know they all endeavor
To beautify their face and form
To make them look more clever.
They've done so since the world commenced,
We're told by history's page,
And so they still continue it
In this "The Gilded Age." Chorus.

We often judge men by their looks,
'Tis then we make mistake—
We think that some are *pure* and *good*,
Who often prove the *rake:*
And still *they* war 'gainst honest men,
'Cause they play upon the stage:
But that seems to be the *style* of some
In this "The Gilded Age." Chorus.

Behind the Parlor Blind.

I cannot think what sister Jane
Can spend her time about:
She seems so absent now-a-days,
It really puts me out.
She used to sing so pleasantly,
And be so very kind,
But now she mopes, the livelong day,
Behind the parlor blind.

I know she had a little tiff
With George the other day,
And he has been so surly since
That he has kept away:
But over that I would not fret,
I'd let him know my mind,
And never mope about the lout,
Behind the parlor blind.

He often comes along the street,
But since that evil day,
He bounces by like some young lord,
And looks another way:
He cannot know that sister Jane
Has him upon her mind,
And that she often sees him pass,
Behind the parlor blind.

If I were Jane, I'd be as proud
As ever he can be,
And flirt with every nice young man
Who sought my company;
He is so jealous and headstrong,
So scornful and unkind,
I never could look after him,
Behind the parlor blind.

It quite upset our family
To see poor Jane in gloom,
Who used to laugh so merrily
As sunlight in our home:
If jealous George should come again,
I hope he'll be inclined
To pop the question unto Jane,
Behind the parlor blind.

The Last Ray of Sunshine.

By O. Romulus Beers.

The last ray of bright, golden sunshine,
That peeps o'er the green grassy hill,
Is surely and swiftly departing,
While echoes the shrill whippowil;
The flowers are waiting the dewdrops.
The song-birds have sought their repose,
The stars in the ether are peeping—
God bringeth the day to a close.
Chorus: The last ray of bright, golden sunshine
Is fading in splendor away;
While the stars are twinkling in heaven,
The past throws its pall o'er to-day.

The dark, dewy evening is coming
To sadden the merriest heart,
The bright, golden sunbeams have vanished—
Then all of our day-dreams depart;
By the hearth will some of us gather,
And little ones kneeling to pray—
God watch us to-night and protect us,
The angels will guard us by day.
Chorus: The last ray of bright, golden sunshine
Has faded in splendor away,
And the stars are twinkling in heaven,
The past throws its pall o'er to-day.

Did you ever see an oyster walk up-stairs?

Sung with immence success by Miss Jennie Engel.

I have a beau so handsome, with glossy curly hair,
He wants me for to marry him, and daily does declare,
Upon his knees he asks me, too: but in a knowing way,
I slyly shake my saucy head, and then to him do say:

Chorus.

Did you ever see an oyster walk up-stairs?
Walk up-stairs—walk up-stairs?
Well, when you do, I'll marry you and share your cares,
But not before you see an oyster walk up-stairs.

He's got a nicely furnished house, a few pounds in the bank:
His friends assure me that he's good-tempered, gay and frank.
All this he tells me hourly, but my love he cannot gain,
I shut my eyes and then reply, in this annoying strain:
Did you ever see, &c.

To all the oyster shops in town he sadly wends his way,
To Catherine Market he does go, as well as Oyster Bay,
In hope to find an oyster that will undertake the task,
But everybody laughs at him, when dolefully he asks:

Chorus.

Have you got a Saddle Rock that can walk up-stairs?
Walk up-stairs—walk up-stairs?
For, if you have, she'll marry me and share my cares,
But not before I see an oyster walk up-stairs.

I'se Happy all de Day.

Song and Dance—By Ben Dodge.

Good-ebening, folks: I'se awful glad
To meet you here to-night,
And for to please you, ebery one,
I'll try wid all my might.
I'se gwine to tell you ob myself,
And what de folks all say,
Dat, let de world wag as it will,
"I'se happy all de day."
Chorus: Oh! I'se happy, careless Uncle Ned,
Who always feels so gay—
Nuffin eber bodders me:
"I'se happy all de day."

I'se got at home a good old wife,
Who's always happy, too:
She neber scolds me or finds fault
Wid anything I do:
Our quiet little cabin home
Wid love is always bright—
We live togedder like two doves
From morning until night. Chorus.

What is the difference between an overcoat and a baby? One is what you were, and the other is what you was.

Patrick's Day Parade.

Music to be had of Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, N. Y. Price, 40 cents.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman,
Sure his name we celebrate,
And on the seventeenth of March
The Irish concentrate:
A bran-new hat on each man's head,
And a green necktie that's newly made;
The left foot first, then lightly tread
In the Patrick's day parade;
Then two by two away we go,
Up Broadway, through rain or snow:
We'd face the divil, friend or foe,
In the Patrick's day parade.

CHORUS.

We shout hurrah for Erin-go-bragh,
And all the Yankee nation,
Stars and strips, and shamrock bright arrayed;
The Irish shout, the girls turn out
To see the celebration:
We march stiff as starch,
In the Patrick's day parade.

You should see the marshall on his horse,
Like Napoleon Bonyparte,
And as he rides along the line,
He'd break each lady's heart,
And if the rain should fall down then,
We hoist our umbrellas high:
For, history states that Irishmen
Are always warm and dry;
Then two by two away we go,
Up Broadway, through rain or snow;
We'd face the divil, friend or foe,
In the Patrick's day parade. Chorus.

Then here's success to Patrick's day,
Though it comes but once a year,
And though I'm not a drinking man,
On that day Id drink my beer;
I'll wear the shamrock in my hat,
The green, my boys, 'twill never fade,
And march along with Dan and Pat,
In the Patrick's day parade;
Then two by two away we go,
Up Broadway, through rain or snow:
We'd face the divil, friend or foe,
In the Patrick's day parade. Chorus.

Why so Sad, my Precious Darling?

SONG AND CHORUS.

Copyright, 1871, by C. W. Harris.

Words by George Cooper—Music by H. P. Danks. The Music can be obtained at the Publisher's Music Store, Charles W. Harris, No 13 East 14th Street, New-York. Price 35 cents.

Why so sad, my precious darling?
Smile upon me once again:
From your face in loving sweetness
"Drive away that look of pain!"
Lay your hand in mine so fondly,
Tell me why that gloomy sigh?
Shadows come, but never linger
While our days are gliding by!
Chorus; Why so sad, my precious darling?
Let no frown your beauty mar—
Smile again, and bring the sunlight:
Be the joy you always are!

Skies that wore their clouds for ever,
Soon would kill the roses fair—
Loving hearts will early perish,
Hiding 'neath the clouds of care!
Whisper every thought of anguish,
Lest your little heart should break:
Tell me all your secret sorrows,
I would share them for your sake. Chorus.

Don't forget the darkest moment
Comes before the brightest hour—
Under all the snow of winter
Lives the germ of every flower!
Give me once again, my precious—
Give me once again your smile:
Make my life one dream of beauty,
Make it sunshine all the while! Chorus.

Pretty Kitty May.

SONG AND DANCE.

Copyright 1874, by E. H. Harding.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly. The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery. New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I know a little girl, the best in all the world:
Her equal is not living in the land—
I see her every day, my pretty Kitty May,
And when we meet, I squeeze her little hand!

CHORUS.

Oh! how she makes me sigh! she's just as sweet as pie—
O pretty Kitty May! so charming and so gay—
Her equal is not living in the land:
She says she will be mine, oh! happiness divine!
For me she wears a ring upon her hand— Dance.

She's worth her weight in gold, and lovely to behold:
Her smile of love, so gentle and serene,
Shines o'er me like the sun, and will when we are One—
Oh! won't she be a perfect little queen!
Chorus and Dance.

No voice can sing as sweet, no form can look so neat:
I know no gladness when we are apart:
I wish the weary day to fly with wings away,
That I may press her fondly to my heart!
Chorus and Dance.

The Dream of his Youth.

Oh! sweet were the beautiful dreams of his youth,
When young Hope was deemed the fair daughter of Truth!
The bright star of glory had led him astray,
And shed its first glimmer of light on his way.

But life's sun is sunk—from the scene it has past,
And the bright tints of morn are but shadows at last:
The victim of sickness, dread scourge of the land,
He sleeps the last sleep on a far foreign strand.

Help a Struggling Friend.

By Geo. B. Harcourt.

As we travel on through life,
How many men we find
Full of troubles, care and strife,
By fortune left behind!
Then we must help with willing hand,
Assistance freely lend,
And each and all should do their parts
To help a struggling friend.
Chorus: Freely help a fellow-man,
And friendship's hand extend:
Try and do the best you can
To help a struggling friend.

Many in this world we find
In business make a start
With cheerful face, a happy mind,
And hopeful, willing heart;
But fortune seems against them still,
Though bravely they may strive
And, try and turn which way they will,
They find they cannot thrive. Chor

When we prosper and succeed,
And fortune quickly gain,
Upon our struggling friends in need
We look with proud disdain:
Instead of pitying their distress,
We calmly pass them by—
Not knowing much, and caring less,
If others live or die. Chorus.

Now, in the future, let us try
To help our poorer friends—
The times may alter by-and-by,
And fortune make amends;
A good deed brings its own reward,
It shines with glorious light,
And we, my friends, I feel assured,
Will not refuse our mite. Chorus.

No man can truly feel for the poor without feeling in his pocket.

Speak to Me Kindly.

Speak to me kindly, cheer with your voice,
Whisper sweet tidings of love unto me,
Breathe fond affection, words of your choice,
Dearly I'll linger, yes, linger by thee;
Smile on me sweetly, call me thine own,
Never treat falsely the heart that is true:
Gone is the Summer, songsters have flown,
Dearest, oh! dearest, there's none here but you.

CHORUS.

Speak to me kindly, whisper to me,
Breathe fond affection, I'll linger by thee;
Ah! smile on me sweetly, your heart is so free:
I'll linger, my darling, I'll linger by thee.

Speak to me kindly, speak soft and low,
Nearer and dearer your motto must shine:
And, too, remember, where'er we go,
Closely, my darling, your love's bound to mine;
Think of me truly, day after day,
Always fight bravely this life's troubled sea,
And when you wander far, far away,
Dearest, thy image shall linger by me.
Speak to me kindly, &c.

Blow Your own Trumpet!

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 288 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Blow your own trumpet when you have the chance,
It's a maxim I'll practice and preach,
And sound your own praises if you would advance,
Is what I'll endeavor to teach.
Modesty's charming, no doubt, in its place,
But I'm sorry to say it don't pay:
For, the modest man finds that he's soon left behind
By the man who had plenty to say.

CHORUS.

Blow your own trumpet where ever you go:
For, nobody else will, if you don't, you know.
Make men respect you, or they will neglect you,
Blow your own trumpet yourself, you know.

There have been men of genious who have died of despair,
Unrewarded by fortune and fame:
In vain they have struggled for many long years,
They could not establish a name.
Perhaps you will ask me the reason: it is
Their modesty caused their defeat,
They've been passed in the road for position and place
By some numskull with heaps of conceit.
Blow your own trumpet, &c.

So if you have talent, don't hide it, my friend,
That is if to rise you aspire:
The higher you raise it, the more men will praise it,
If you tell them just what to admire;
For, the public will follow the leader, my boys,
Like sheep that are led to a fold:
So if you just tell them how clever you are,
Ten to one, they'll believe what they're told.
Blow your own trumpet, &c.

Blow your own trumpet and blazen your name,
Wherever you happen to be:
Don't wait for a herald to trumpet your name,
If distinguished you're anxious to be.
Don't go to the rear, but push on, never fear,
And do not forget my advice,
But blow your own trumpet as onward you go,
And you'll get to the front in a trice.
Blow your own trumpet, &c.

Cherry Ripe.

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, I cry;
Full and fair ones; come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow—I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land of cherry-isle.
Cherry ripe, &c.

Their plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow;
Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, I cry;
Full and fair ones; come and buy!
Cherry ripe, &c.

Fatal Will.

(Continued.)

"But suppose she does not like him!"

"Girls never know their own minds, Colonel."

"I would not have my daughter forced into marriage against her inclination, even to prolong my life; and I would suffer almost any sacrifice to achieve that, for I believe you like me, Agatha, and would be sorry to see me dead."

"Indeed; yes!"

"But really the idea of her marrying Middleton is by no means a bad one. Why not, if they like each other? He has admitted that he is of fair birth, the son of an officer in the English army; and if he is associated with our family, I shall feel that when my time comes there is one who will look after you and our little Harry. Do you know, I almost wish it may come about. But why are you so silent?"

"I am listening," she said, ominously.

On the other side of the house another conversation was progressing—the speakers being Amalie and Philip, she leaning from her window, and he half-hidden in a low tree that grew very near the house.

It would have been impossible to hear what they were saying, even two yards from the spot.

"I have thought of it from every point of view, and I am sure that it will be best for me to go away. Every hour adds to your danger, my darling, for Mrs. Sorte is not a woman to be trifled with. We shall but love the more dearly when we are far apart."

"Do as you will, my Philip. I shall always love you, and we have enough time for waiting. I love with my whole life!"

"She suspects—I am sure she suspects."

"More," said the young girl, solemnly; "her instinct has not misled her—she *knows!*"

"I have already made preparations for going. Indeed, I am determined to get away to-morrow. You are not angry?"

"Not even grieved!" she said; "for to be grieved would pain *you*, my Philip. We can wait. We must embrace lips before we part, my darling, for she would find your kisses on my lips. She will know why you are going away, and she will revenge herself upon me."

For a moment he hesitated, and then he replied: "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. I am ashamed to do what I am about to do. Here is a little packet of letters she wrote to me. If she renders your life unbearable, tell her you have them; threaten to expose her to the Colonel, and you will vanquish her."

"Ha!" the young girl said, with a sigh of relief. "I think I can now keep her at arm's length. We are somewhat equal now, my mother-in-law!"

He did not attempt to climb the window, that he might kiss her. They parted in whispers, and even without their hands meeting.

Next morning, to all appearances, the breakfast-table was as cheerful as could be. Only Dr. Plaine saw that there was something wrong.

"Mr. Middleton," said Mrs. Sorte, "I will take your arm down to the boats, to see that they are properly provided."

By this means she obtained what she wanted—a few words in private.

"My Philip," she said, "I shall not allow you to leave this place!"

"Leave this place?"

"Yes; you are going to take flight. Oh, do not deny it! Shall I tell you why?"

"Yes; I am going away. Why?"

"Because you love Amalie Sorte; because you know, being the son af the traitor Nampton, you can never hope to marry her while the Colonel lives; because you purpose going away to wait until the old man dies! Oh, I understand it well, my Philip! You feared you would betray yourselves to me, and so awake my jealousy. Why, my instinct told me you loved each other! I knew it by no other means."

"Ha! you have surprised our secret?"

"As you will; it matters little. I knew you were going away by a very simple fact. I opened a letter which came here for you; it was a bill from a trunk-maker's for a large portmanteau. Send it back!"

"I am going away."

"You are going to remain here! What! have I shut up my life all these years that you may have your freedom *now?* I know to-day how near love is to hate; but of this I am certain, that you shall not leave this place!"

"What if I do?"

"I will tell the Colonel all our infamous bargain; of his daughter loving the son of the man whose memory he abhors; I will show him how he has been baffled, cheated, turned to account!"

"You will kill him!"

"He would have time to curse his daughter—perhaps to kill her!"

"Torture!" cried the miserable man.

"Torture! Think you I am at ease in seeing this pale-faced girl take possession of the man I love—the man for whom I have played a shameful part, and acted an untruth all my life? Do you think I am so dead to shame, that I am not sometimes in agony when I see the old man's honest looks frankly fixed upon me, when I know he is thinking how pure and good he believes me to be? Do you suppose I do not sometimes shudder when I kiss my son, whose very love is my shame? Ha, I suffer more than you—more than you two puny creatures!"

"Would you marry me, knowing I loved another?"

"Yes. I desire—I claim my right! When this man dies, I will become your wife; and this miserable girl shall be married before her father is in the grave!"

"You are merciless!"

"I am just," she said; and she really believed that she was so. Do you go or not?" she said, after a pause.

"I will remain!" he replied, in a broken voice.

And then, the old Colonel approaching, these unfortunate persons began talking lightly of indifferent matters, as though neither knew aught of tragedy.

Half an hour afterwards, Mrs. Sorte, drifting down the river in the same boat as Amalie, (she pulling and her daughter-in-law steering), said, "I have news for you."

"Indeed!"

"Philip is not so clever as you are. I surprised his and your secret. He is more honest than you, and confessed!"

"That we loved each other? Yes? I knew that you would do so. Do *you* know that I am not ignorant of the bargain you made with him before you married my father? Ha, you see I have news for *you!*"

There were the two women in summer dresses, floating down a summer stream, sun shining, river babbling, and birds singing, and war to the death between them.

"Then now we play an open game?" said the elder woman.

"Yes. We know this—that he no longer loves you, if ever he did more than think that he loved you; that he loves me, and that I love him. Well?"

"Well?"

"Try and conquer us," said the girl.

"I have. I order him to remain here—not to leave. If he dare, I will tell your father all. And should you refuse Mr. Goddard, I shall take the same course."

"Oh, I see; you strike at us through my father."

"I will not yield; I hold Philip Nampton to his bargain."

"Bargain is the word," said the young lady. "You would be very happy with him."

"It is not of my happiness I am thinking; but——"

"Of destroying ours?"

"You shall destroy it yourself. Your father is going to propose to you to marry Philip. What shall you do?"

"Refuse him."

"Why?"

"You know he would never hear of my marrying the son of his old enemy; and it would be useless to attempt to keep up the fraud of his false name, because——"

"I should let the Colonel know his real one," said Mrs. Sorte. "Oh, be at ease. I will not sit by and suffer while you people are happy. My life has been hard, and I will have my bond."

"Have our lives, if you like."

"Philip—dead!" she whispered.

"His love for you is dead already; and what is life without love?"

"Death!" said the miserable woman.

It was at the little pic-nic on an island in the river, which came off after the angling, that the iron-willed yet warm-hearted Colonel quietly proposed to his daughter that she should marry Philip. She did not even change color as she said, "He has been, and is, your servant."

"My dear Amie," expostulated the Colonel, "he is no servant."

"I consider him to be one," said the young lady. "Pray, papa, say no more about the matter."

"Perhaps she would prefer Mr. Goddard," said Mrs. Sorte, smoothly.

She looked steadily at her executioner, and said, "I should prefer Mr. Goddard."

"Accept him," Mrs. Sorte added, in a low voice.

"Wait a few days, papa," urged the young lady.

"You have made my heart very heavy," said the Colonel. "I was hoping that you liked Philip a little."

"No," she replied, calmly.

Mrs. Sorte gave a sigh of relief, as she felt she had conquered her daughter-in-law.

It was at this moment that Doctor Plaine approached.

"Ha! here comes the doctor," she said; "always ready for a knife and fork at the Colonel's table."

The doctor colored as he said, "Yes; it's a habit—parasitical, if you like, Mrs. Sorte. But you know Amalie is my god-daughter, and that, upon my death, my little fortune will be hers."

"Ha! a sort of promise-to-pay for your dinner."

"How I hate this woman!" thought the doctor; "and how she hates me! I know she is a murderess in her heart, and she knows well what I think of her. She is marked—'Danger.'"

But as the boats were pulled towards home, a something in Amalie's face led the mother-in-law to doubt whether her victory was so certain as at first she took it to be.

That same evening, after dinner, and when tea was taken to the drawing-room, the two women met again in the conservatory leading from the great room.

"You are still at war?" Mrs. Sorte said.

"Yes. I have a good weapon. Listen. Let me and Philip flee in peace. We will trouble you never again."

"What if I say no?"

"I will show my father the letters you wrote Philip before he came here.

"Ha! he would kill me!"

"Oh! no," said the girl; "he would only turn you out of his house."

Suddenly the woman's manner changed.

"Where are the letters?"

"Where you will never find them."

"Amalie—Amalie, be merciful!"—and she took her daughter-in-law in her arms. "Give me the letters?"

"Give me my lover!"

"She has them in the bosom of her dress," thought the implacable woman, who had embraced Amalie that she might hear the crackle of paper if the letters were about her.

"Silence!" she said—"the men are here!"

The doctor, the Colonel, Goddard and Philip now entered the drawing-room; and, with a smiling face, the lady of the house began to make tea.

The doctor his natural antipathy always on the alert, distrusted her face more than ever that evening.

"Why has she gone to the escritoire?" he thought. "It is odd."

He continued watching her, but his attention was once or twice drawn away.

Ten minutes afterwards, Amalie, who had taken part of a cup of tea, set down the cup and saucer, leant back in her low seat, uttered a faint moan, and fell into a heavy sleep.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mrs. Sorte; "she is accustomed to these attacks. Mr. Philip and Mr. Goddard, lift her and follow me to her room. I will look after her myself."

Within five minutes the woman had obtained possession of the letters from the still sleeping girl,

and had burnt them.

Meanwhile, the doctor, left alone in the drawing-room with the footman—who had been a sergeant in the old regimental times, and in the regiment in which both the Colonel and doctor had served—the doctor took up the cup, and said to the other, "Jackson, put the contents of this cup into a bottle, and bring it to me."

He had previously tasted it, and said to himself, "Opium, but not much. She has tried for sleep—not death."

The woman's keys were still hanging in the escritoire, whence on the previous evening she had produced the packet of acetate of lead.

"Something wrong," said the doctor, "and I must stop it."

An hour or two afterwards a terrible scream was heard, and a white-faced girl came into the room saying her young mistress was dying.

She was Amalie's maid.

The doctor leapt up—he had been watching Mrs. Sorte for two hours as the family sat on the lawn outside of the drawing-room, Amalie alone being absent, but reported quite well again, and asleep—and ran to the poor girl's room.

As he looked upon her, the others following him, he shouted, "Poisoned!"

And then it was that Philip, unable longer to deceive, uttered a terrible cry, and screaming, "We love each other!" he flung himself by her side.

She was quite insensible, and showed no signs of life.

It would be vain to endeavor to describe the awful agitation into which the house was thrown.

The doctor, who never travelled without his regimental medicine chest and apparatus, was at once at work, but he gave the distracted father no hope of recovery.

Philip, however, staggering to his feet, was by the side of the doctor, as the latter taking a phial from his chest, said, "She is poisoned with lead, Colonel, and here is the antidote—as deadly a poison as the other. There is one last hope—that they might neutralise each other. But I dare not administer it until another medical man arrives. Will he be long?"

"A few minutes only!" said the mother-in-law.

Suddenly she felt the doctor's eyes upon her.

He took her apart, and said, "You have done this! You gave her opium first, and the deadlier poison afterwards! Except for pity of my old Colonel here, I would denounce you! Yet, understand, you will have to leave this house!"

"*I*—poison—my husband's child!"

"Yes, the poor girl is dying of lead-poisoning! Yesterday you bought some acetate of lead; and your motive, my good woman, is jealousy—for you love this man Philip Middleton, and you know that he and Amalie love each other."

With awful suddenness of movement she ran to her escritoire, opened it, and found part of the packet of poison torn away and gone.

"We have found the missing part of that label and the torn paper by the poor child's beadstead! For the Colonel's sake, I will endeavor to prove that the girl destroyed herself, but you will have to leave this house."

"Ha!" cried the woman "this is her vengeance. She has poisoned herself, that she may make me appear an assassin!"

"Oh—a mere subterfuge!" Then, changing his tone, "silence—your husband!"

The unhappy Colonel had gone out to hurry the second doctor, who now accompanied him.

They all went towards the room of death, the iniquitous mother-in-law farthest from her victim, and trembling horribly.

They started as they opened the door; for Philip and Amalie were in each other's arms, and she was sensible.

Neither of the victims was afraid.

"Ha!" suddenly cried the old docter. "Where is the phial I left here?"

"I heard you, and I follow her to the grave!" said Philip.

"Woman," said the dying girl, fixing her waning sight upon the cowering mother-in-law, "his kiss, his voice, have brought me from death, that we may go down, down into the grave together. You would not let me claim him living, and we are wed in the death we have given to ourselves!"

The miserable Colonel, but faintly comprehending what was happening, said, "I wished you man and wife.

"No," said Philip; "for I am the son of Philip Nampton — your friend, whom you thought a traitor!"

Even in that moment, with his dying daughter before him, the old Colonel raised his weak, clenched hand against his enemy's son.

"You war with death!" cried Philip; "for we two seek in the tomb that peace your blind hate and this woman's savage will denied us in life. For Amalie, and for me, in our youth the grave is rest. My father tried to save India to England. He was not a traitor—he was a martyr!"

Still with his fist raised, the miserable man ran at the man who had in a false name lived under his roof year after year, and then—then he saw his daughter lying in his enemy's arms, and already dead.

'My bride, my bride!" cries Philip Nampton, rocking to and fro; and then with a wild leap in the air, still clinging to her, they fall towards that ever placid, ever faithful mother, the earth, far past all human vengeance, and the nearer the mercy seat.

Self-killed, in sheer desperation, the victims on the one hand of unbridled hate, on the other of unbridled passion, examples of this daily tragedy that the guilty and the merciless make victims of the innocent.

This is the great statute of society, and no mere sentiment can erase it. Every evil or injustice committed involves the innocent in suffering. For this is the law.

Edith Ashton.

Edith Ashton sat by the cottage-door, engaged upon the sweetest, and yet the saddest, work a woman's hands do. Snowy muslin and fleecy laces were being wrought into wondrous cunning garments by the deft white fingers. Content and happiness lighted up the soft brown eyes, and gave to the pale oval face a look of ineffable sweetness.

Ah! would that cruel fate could spare thee, gentle Edith! for, thou art all too good to sin thyself; and why, oh! why should another's sin break in upon thy happiness? But, alas! such is life. The innocent must suffer for the guilty. Broken, blighted hearts are in our midst and upon every side. Veiled, perhaps, when others are near, by light words and smiling faces; but when alone, ah! who but the all-seeing eye of Heaven knoweth the wretchedness which exists here in this beautiful world.

A manly step sounded upon the gravelled walk; and, with blushing cheeks, Edith started to lay aside the dainty robe. But she was arrested by a deep, musical voice, saying, "It is only I, Edie darling; bring back your work, and I will read to you. See, I have brought you Tennyson's 'Maud.' all in blue and gold."

Philip Ashton was tall and dark, with a world of power in the midnight eyes, and a world of jetty curls clustering around the broad, beautiful forehead.

His voice and manner were very tender when addressing his wife, the little brown-eyed Edith, who looked up to him with her pure heart full of love and trust.

The honeysuckle and eglantine clambered over the door; and out upon the lawn were beautiful flowers and shrubs, while over all there towered a row of apple-trees in full bloom. It was a sweet little cottage-home, a pure and lovely spot. Can it be that sorrow was lurking near, that aught but death could separate those two who love each other so fondly?

The little wicket-gate was thrown open, and a woman, closely veiled, walked quickly up the path, and paused at the open door where Philip Ashton sat reading to his wife. She threw back her veil, and looked upon them with a cruel gleam in the cold, blue eyes, and a bitter smile upon the thin, pale lips.

Philip rose, and their eyes met in one long, searching look. The book fell from his hands and he clasped his fingers together so tightly that the nails sank into the flesh, until drops of blood oozed out from the wounds,

Turning to Edith, she said, "So you are the woman whom my husband has chosen for his mistress!"

Then, taking the little robes from Edith's lap, she examined them, saying with a sneer. "And you are expecting a child? Much joy may it give you, woman; for it will be illegitimate, as you are not a wife."

"Oh! Philip!" cried poor, frightened Edith; "what can she mean?"

And then a pitying light came into her eyes, and she said, "Poor woman, she is deranged; we must be kind to her. But, Philip, my husband, what is the matter—why don't you speak to me?"

"Your husband, indeed!" said the stranger. "He is mine, not yours."

"Oh! Philip, Philip!" moaned Edith; "speak to me—tell me that she is mad!"

With a mighty effort, he turned his eyes away from the stranger; and kneeling by the side of Edith, he rested his head upon her shoulder, and wept as only strong men can weep.

"My darling one," he said, "forgive the wrong I did you. I hoped she was dead. I know it was a sinful wish; but I wished it from the depth of my heart."

"Philip Ashton, am I to understand that she is your wife—that I have no right to call you husband?"

The little hands were clinched now, and the brown eyes fearless and flashing with indignation.

"Edith," he replied, "I married her years ago; but an angel could not have lived with her in peace. I bore with her until I found that both my mind and health were giving out; then I left her. I have not seen her from that day until this. The law will say that I am her husband; but before heaven, Edith, you, and you alone, are my wife."

"No, I am not your wife; but, merciful Heaven! what am I then?"

"His mistress," sneered the cruel woman.

Philip sprang to his feet, and confronted her with flashing eyes.

"Repeat those words, Madge Grafton," he hissed, "and woman though you are, I will strike you to the ground. Before Heaven she is my wife, and as pure as an angel."

"Please remember, my dear husband," she replied, mockingly, "that I threw aside the name of Grafton years ago when I became your wife. Please address me as Mrs. Ashton, in future, Philip," and her manner changed: "I know that I am and ever have been a wicked, sinful woman; that I used you badly in those years when you tried to be a kind husband to me. I do not intend to trouble you long. I learned that you were married again, and my wicked nature prompted me to seek you out and reveal to that dainty creature that she was not your lawful wife. My mission is accomplished, and I am weary of this miserable life. But here is an antidote that will give me rest—oblivion."

And she held up to their view a small phial labelled "poison;" and before Philip could prevent her, she had swallowed the contents.

He caught the fainting Edith in his arms and bore her to her room, and left her in the care of a faithful nurse, while he sent a messenger for a physician, doing, in the meantime, all that he could for the suffering woman, whom the servants had laid upon the sofa, and who was now writhing in fearful convulsions.

The doctor came, but his skill could not save her, and she died a miserable death just as the shadows of night were gathering around that once peaceful cottage-home. Alas! what sad changes had been wrought in a few short hours!

When morning dawned again upon that grief-stricken house-hold, the gentle spirit of the wronged Edith had passed away for ever; and upon her bosom rested her baby girl, cold and still in death.

Enigma.

I float on the sea; I grow on a tree:
In medicine my uses are found;
Of thieves I'm the dread, and sportsmen, 'tis said,
In me find a musical sound.

Answer: Bark.

Why is hope like the sun? Because it brightens our prospects.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

(SCOTCH AIR.)

ACCOMPANIMENT BY J. W. BERNHARDT.



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CONTENTS.

Ah! teach thy breast soft pity's throb.. page 90
Clothes-Pin George..... 90
The Dollar-Store Cashier..... 90
Flewy, Flewy..... 93
The Female Auctioneer—Music for guitar..... 96
I'll be a rambler no more..... 91
It tickled me so, I liked to die..... 92
The Kind, loving faces at home..... 90
Kiss me, and say you'll forgive..... 91
Let Prudence still cry: Who goes there?... 90
Lenore..... 91
Little Sally's wooden ware..... 92
Madeleine..... 91
My Emma Louise..... 92
My Love he is a zou-zu, only 19 years old.. 92
'Neath the oak on the Hill..... 90
Now to rest—How silent all!..... 92
Nettie is no more..... 92
The Pride of Killarney..... 91
Poor Billy Vail..... 91
Pat McCarthy..... 91
Since the soup house moved away..... 93
The Style of the day..... 90
Swim out, you're over your head..... 93
The Soldier—Duet..... 90
Stranger, think me not too bold..... 92
There's a letter in the candle..... 93
Tom Rowlock—a Story..... 94—95
Vive la Compagnie..... 92
The Western Star..... 90
What is home without a wife?..... 91
When the soup house comes again..... 93
When night spreads her shadows around.... 91
While the silver tints the gold..... 93
Ye winged winds..... 92
The Yellow-haired laddie..... 93
You never miss the lager 'till the keg runs dry..... 93

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The Kind; Loving Faces at Home.

I'm thinking to-day of the home of my youth,
Near the brooklet that runs through the glade:
The green, grassy lawn and the orchard so dear,
Where oft in my childhood I've strayed.
'Tis many a year since those scenes I have left,
Through far-distant countries to roam,
But, where'er I've wandered, I've still longed to see
The kind, loving faces at home.

CHORUS.

And though we are parted, yet ever to me
Sweet thoughts of my loved ones will come:
And, where'er I wander, I still long to see,
The kind, loving faces at home.

How oft in my dreams have my thoughts wandered back
To my mother, so kind and so true,
Who whispered "Good-bye, and God bless you, my boy!"
When I bade her and father "Adieu."
E'en now, in my fancy, I once more can feel
Her warm, loving kiss on my brow,
And sigh when I think that 'tis naught but a dream—
For, I'm wandering far from her now.
And though we are parted, &c.

My sweet loving sister, with whom I have played
So oft in our childhood at home,
Has sent to me many a message of love
To cheer me wherever I roam:
My father is waiting to greet me again,
When my long, weary journey is o'er,
And soon we will meet round the old fireside,
To part on this earth never more.
And though we are parted, &c.

The Western Star.

AIR: Dog and Gun.

I have wandered from Arkansas, a jewel bright to find,
An Indian maid from Oregon, most beautiful and kind;
I have left my natal bower and dear relatives afar,
In search of the dear maiden, they call the western star.

When first my eyes beheld her, it gave me great delight,
I saw her in a wigwam upon the mountain's height.
Her father was a Chieftain brave, with his tribe he'd gone to war,
And left at home his daughter they call the western star.

On a hunting expedition from my father's bot I strayed,
When, lo! upon the Mountain top I met this Indian maid:
I rapped upon her cabin door, which she quickly did unbar,
The brilliant orb I then beheld, they call the Western Star.

Multnoomah is the maiden's name, sweet as the mountain air:
Her cheeks were like the primrose, and raven black her hair.
My hunting garb she now surveyed, then drew from a neat jar
A cooling drink which I received from this lovely Western Star.

Heart-broken and disconsolate, the world I'll wander o'er—
For, the sweet blooming Indian maid on earth I'll see no more.
Her noble chieftain father she followed to the war,
A prisoner they made her, they call the Western Star.

I left her on the mountain, though it filled my heart with pain,
My charming sweet Multnoomah I thought to see again:
I've lost my Indian Mountain Maid by the fate of cruel war—
Farewell then, Indian lassie, they call the western star!

Let Prudence still cry—Who goes there?

Ah, maids! if you would not with happiness part,
Of Love, the false traitor, beware;
Let reason a sentinel stand at the heart,
And the challenge be still—Who goes there?

For, whether he mine it or take it by storm,
His sway brings us anguish and care:
Then be not ensnared by his beautiful form,
But let Prudence still cry—Who goes there?

'Neath the Oak on the Hill.

'Neath the oak on the hill I have wandered to-night,
To think of the days long gone by,
And the memories dear of that sweet long ago—
From my heart they wring many a sigh—
'Twas there, Birdie dear, that we plighted our troth,
It was there that I kissed you good-night:
It was there that we loitered while seeing you home,
It was there that I kissed you good-night.

CHORUS.

Dear Birdie, dear Birdie,
It was there that I kissed you good-night:
'Neath the oak on the hill, I'm sitting there still,
Near the place where I kissed you good-night.

I bid you farewell 'neath the oak on the hill,
When I left you to cross the wide sea,
To find for my Birdie a soft, downy nest,
A home for both Birdie and me:
Your face was before me wherever I went,
And when all nature seemed hushed and still,
It was then, Birdie dear, that my thoughts would fly back
To those times 'neath the oak on the hill.
Dear Birdie, dear Birdie, &c.

My mission fulfilled, I returned for the prize—
For, I longed the old story to tell—
But they said you were dead, and they laid you at rest
On the spot that we both loved so well:
But now you are gone, I feel weary and sad,
And no joy can I again find, until
They have laid me away in my last resting place,
By your side, 'neath the oak on the hill.
Dear Birdie, dear Birdie, &c.

Ah! Teach Thy Breast Soft Pity's Throb.

Ah! teach thy breast soft pity's throb,
And harmonize thy rugged mind:
Ah! teach thy lid soft pity's tear,
That gem of sentiment refined.

Couldst thou once know the tender bliss
The sympathising bosom knows,
When at meek sorrow's sacred touch,
Responsive sadness round it flows!

No more thy brow would wear that frown,
Thy glance no more so sternly dart,
But joys would glitter in thy eye,
And peace cling gladly to thy heart.

The Dollar-Store Cashier.

By Oney Parlo.

He's a cashier in a dollar-store,
This gay young man I know—
He sports the cash, a nice moustache,
And promenades just so—
He figures on the corners oft
To see the style pass by,
And smiles at me, in roguish glee,
While flirting on the sly.

CHORUS.

Up against a lamp-post, the fellow I revere,
Leans my gay admirer, the dollar-store cashier:
Up against a lamp-post, as I'm passing by,
Thus he waves his handkerchief—flirting on the sly.

I had occasion once to buy—
As I have had before—
And quickly sped the way that led
Down to the dollar-store;
Some time elapsed ere I could find
What I had sought for here,
When, lo! I spied, right at my side,
The dollar-store cashier.
Up against a lamp-post, &c.

One evening at a party, too,
I met with this young man—
My time was spent in merriment
While flirting with a fan:
You need not look at me so hard
To win a smile sincere—
For, yonder man's my husband Dan,
The dollar-store cashier.
Up against a lamp-post, &c.

The Style of the Day.

By John F. Rutledge.

I'm a jolly young leader of fashions,
My dresses and jewels are fine;
Expenses, for them I care nothing—
My father he owns a gold mine;
If I want a V, X, or C,
I've only to ask, and he'll say:
"Of course, my love, you can have it
To bring out the style of the day."
Chorus: It's the fashion that makes us feel bigger
Than our neighbors just over the way;
And then it's so nice to be leader,
And bring out the style of the day.

At Long Branch I sport in the Summer—
At Newport I stop for a while
To run all the young fellows crazy,
And show them the beauty of style.
Saratoga, though still fond of dressing,
Loves a boat race, a horse race, they say:
But I think I'll go up there next Summer
And bring out the style of the day.
It's the fashion, &c.

At music, I'm quite a good singer:
At croquet, I'm one of the best:
I play an eight-octave piano:
At dancing, I beat all the rest.
Young gents, why, I just set them crazy:
But there's one, though I don't like to say,
Whom I'm going to take as a partner
To bring out the style of the day.
It's the fashion, &c.

Clothes-Pin George.

BANJO SOLO.

I'm clothes-pin George, who plays de bones,
And makes the banjo ring;
The girls say I'm too sweet to live,
When I begin to sing.
I'm going to tell of a pretty girl,
A meerschaum-colored belle;
She's hy-per-coon in the fish-ball room,
At Leland's big hotel.

I met her first at a fancy hop,
In South Fifth Avenue:
When I got there, my charmer fair
Was worrying an oyster stew.
I sought an introduction and
I soon was by her side,
Which made me feel as happy
As a soft clam at high tide.

I asked her for to fly with me
To some secluded spot;
She said it wasn't fly time,
And thought she'd better not.
We agreed to wait till summer,
Till the beans and peas were ripe;
But she choked that night with a Russian towel
She ate for a piece of tripe.

The Soldier.

A Duet—Air: "White Cockade."

SHE. O! Johnny, what kept you so long?
HE. Oh, list, I'll tell you in a song—
I'm going to be a warrior bold,
To fight for glory and for gold.
SHE. How long do you think you'll stay away?
HE. Perhaps a month, perhaps a day.
SHE. Before you go the foe to kill,
Let me put you through a course of drill.

CHORUS.

BOTH. To Bunker's Hill we'll march away,
'Tis there we'll give the foe fair play;
Come along, you butchers out of Spain,
We've whipped you once and we'll do so again.

SHE. Now mind, Johnny, and make the enemy run,
You look so nice when you shoulder your gun.
HE. If I only get behind their backs,
You bet I'll see them make tracks.
SHE. But you must fight them face to face,
If they fight me thby'll have to race:
For, he who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day. Chorus.

Madeleine.

SONG AND CHORUS.

In the Summer twilight's gloaming
Spirit forms I seem to see,
Hovering in the silvery moonlight,
Peering from each bush and tree;
Eyes that once beamed for me only,
Gleam as they were wont to gleam,
And remembered voices mingle
With the murmur of the stream.
Chorus: Madeleine, O Madeleine!
Might I press thy lips again,
Once more clasp thee to my heart—
Ne'er again from thee I'd depart,
Peerless Madeleine!

Some prefer the eyes that glow
With the firefly's brilliant spark:
Some the orbs that brightest gleam,
Like lone meteors, through the dark:
Some affect the eyes of blue,
Soft with heaven's reflected light,
But the hazel's nut-brown hue's
Always fairest in my sight. Chorus.

Round me everywhere I see
Sad reminders of the time
When in Summer groves we wandered,
And our lives were in their prime:
And though shadows gather round me,
Still from out the fitful gloom
Beam once more thine eyes upon me,
And thy dear voice fills the room. Chorus.

The Pride of Killarney.

By Ed. J. McMahon.

My heart is in sorrow for leaving my Nora,
The pride of Killarney, the joy of our home:
When sobbing farewell, and praying to Heaven
May He protect you wherever you roam—
When wandering over the green fields of clover
With Nora, my jewel, my cushla astore,
She whispered "my darling, when sad tears were falling,
You are going to leave me, I'll ne'er see you more!"

CHORUS.
Darling astore, darling astore,
You are going to leave me, I'll ne'er see you more!

Ah! sad was the warning! when daylight was dawning,
I saw by the parting the hour had come:
Farewell to the flowers and sweet, sunny bowers!
With Nora, my darling, no more I will roam—
Though sadly I'll wander, and often I'll ponder
Of Nora, my jewel, my cushla astore—
When the flowers are blooming, my darling, I'm coming
To make your heart lighter and leave you no more.

CHORUS.
Darling astore, darling astore,
To make your heart lighter and leave you no more.

I'll be a Rambler no More.

Copyright 1874 by E. H. Harding.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Stelly.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

Long, long ago, when wild and gay,
I rambled from friends and home,
Strayed from the scenes of boyhood's play,
'Mid strangers to live and roam:
Only in dreams and fancies bright
Can I see my loved ones of yore;
But now I'll go back to my old delight,
And I'll be a rambler no more,
No more, no more, no more—
I'll be a rambler no more.

Years I have lived in distant lands,
And thought of the gladsome past;
Oft I have sighed to press the hand
That lingered in mine the last;
Sad I have been, at night and day,
Far away from those I adore;
But homeward again I will go, so gay,
And I'll be a rambler no more,
No more, no more, no more—
I'll be a rambler no more.

What is Home Without a Wife!

Copyright, 1874, by E. H. Harding.

Words by A Smith. Music by J. J. Freeman.

The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 288 Bowery, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

What is home without a wife?
'Tis her smiles that make home dear;
All is lost when her sweet life
Departs, with many a bitter tear!
My early love is in the grave,
My home once bright is so no more;
Above her now the willows wave,
And naught can e'er my joy restore!
What is home without a wife?
'Tis her smiles that make home dear:
All is lost when her sweet life
Departs, with many a bitter tear!

She was like a sunny beam,
All the world she was to me!
Life it was a blissful dream:
'Tis now a weary and troubled sea!
I long to clasp her to my heart
In yonder radiant home above;
There every sorrow shall depart,
And be forgot in joy or love.
What is home without a wife?
'Tis her smiles that make home dear;
All is lost when her sweet life
Departs, with many a bitter tear!

Kiss Me, and say You'll Forgive.

Come to me closer, my darling, look once upon me again;
Speak to me fondly and truly tell me the cause of your pain;
Did I speak thoughtless or chiding? did I your heart ever grieve?
Don't keep the truth from me hiding—kiss me, and say you'll forgive, oh! forgive.

No one but what have their failings, try to forgive and forget;
And if you'll love me as ever, life will have charms for me yet;
Say then again that you love me, never shall change while we live:
Just once again tell me, darling—kiss me, and say you'll forgive, oh! forgive.

Ah! tell-tale smile, I'm forgiven; now are my troubles all o'er,
Like Cupid's arrow it's driven thro' to my heart's very core;
Smiles breaking from you, my darling, thus ever smile while we live;
Remember to err is but human: so kiss me, and say you'll forgive, oh! forgive.

Leonore.

Oh! hie thee swiftly where, lightly falling,
The streamlet passes your cottage door,
And there entreat thee on Herman calling
The shepherd hither to Leonore.
To yonder fountain first gently lead me,
Thy weary burden will soon be o'er:
Then, gentle maiden, oh! kindly speed thee,
The hours are numbered of Leonore.

Oh! Herman, tell me dost thou remember
This form so faded, this altered brow,
And say, ere leaves me life's fading ember,
Thy son, thy Adolph, where is he now?
Ah! gentle maiden, when thou wert given
To wed another of wealth and store,
His heart and service, resigned to Heaven,
Were lost forever to Leonore.

From death to raise thee where crowns the guerdon
And Adolph's only the hand to save,
He could not hear thee speak thy pardon,
Yon convent holds him a living grave.
Oh! Herman, cease this fatal sorrow
That rends my bosom, it can bear no more,
Night closes round me, and never morrow
Again shall awaken poor Leonore.

Poor Billy Vail.

A PARODY ON "LILLY DALE."

'Twas a cold raw night,
And the moon gave no light,
And it rained both snow and hail,
When a pair of Police,
With most impudent ease,
Took away my Billy Vail.
Chorus: Ah! Billy, poor Billy, sweet Billy Vail!
May the bloom ne'er depart
From the little pug-nose
Of sweet Billy Vail!

"I must go, says he,
With those chaps, you see,
My pleading is all in vain:
But shed not a tear:
For, in three months, my dear,
You will see your sweet Billy again." Chorus.

Then he fetched a deep sigh,
And he turned up each eye,
And his jolly red nose turned pale:
Oh! he looked so forlorn,
As he took his last horn—
Then away went Billy Vail. Chorus.

In the Prison so low,
My poor Billy must go,
Where his nose must soon grow pale:
And at home I must stay,
Since poor Billy's away,
'Way down in Centre Street Jail. Chorus.

When night spreads her shadows around.

When night spreads her shadows around,
My kisses shall soothe thee to rest;
I will soften thy bed on the ground,
And thy cheek shall repose on my breast.

Love, heed not the storm and the rain,
On me let their fury descend;
This bosom will scorn to complain,
While it shelters the life of a friend.

Yet should'st thou, ah! cruelly fly—
Thy name shall for ever be dear,
The winds shall convey thee a sigh,
And the billow shall carry a tear.

Pat McCarty.

Och, my name is Pat McCarty,
From Ireland sure I came;
I left me own country
For want of a better name.
I heard that America
Was the land of the free:
Said I: Norah dear, I will go there:
For, that's the place for me.

CHORUS.
Wid me rub a dub dub, row dow dow dow:
It is the land of the free;
Och, Norah dear, I will go there,
For, that's the place for me.

So wid me pack upon my back,
I walked to Dublin town,
To sail, across the balmy sea,
To that country of renown:
And when first I did come here,
They thought I'd take their slack:
But wid a touch o' me black thorn stick,
They sung out paddy whack. Chorus.

Oh! I'm down upon the nagur,
And I want ye's to know that
I'm an independent freeman,
And a good sound Democrat.
Wid me rub a dub dub, row dow dow dow:
It is the land of the free;
Och, Norah dear, I will stay here,
This is the place for me. Chorus.

What is there which, supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains a solid foot? A shoe.

It Tickled me so, I Liked to Die.

Words by Sol Smith Russell. Music by G. T. Dondore. The Music of this song is published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio. Price 40 cents.

It tickled me so, I liked to die,
One Sunday afternoon—
All dressed to kill from head to heal,
Such a handsome little coon—
When I seed de gals, my hat I raised,
And how de white folks stared:
"Dar's little Bob, de nobby soul,
Out on a promenade!"

Spoken: Yes, I was slamenading around promiscualy, when my 'tention was 'tracted away by one of de lubliest animiles I eber had de opportunity of gazing upon. It was a female of de sassafras complexion, with de most becomenest dress, and de sweetestest waterfalls, and innocent mouth, and more of it dan any gal I ever seed before.

Chorus.

All dressed to kill I see her still,
Leaning on de winder sill;
She winked her eye as I passed by,
Haugh! it tickled me so, I liked to die!

I passed her on a block or so,
But could not stay away;
She shook her handkerchief after me,
Which signified O. K.
She smiled so sweet when we did meet,
I thought dat I should fly;
It tickled me so when she asked me in,
Oh! golly! I liked to die—

Spoken: But I declare to goodness I musn't say much more about it, or I get to laughing so, I can't tell you de story. Chorus.

It's just about a year ago,
Since what I told transpired;
I asked her, "please, won't you be mine?"
Says she: "if you desire."
We're going to be married soon,
You must be sure to be there;
And I'll introduce you, all around,
To the fairest of the fair. Chorus.

Now to Rest—How Silent all!

A CHORUS—BY HOLMAN.

Now to rest—how silent all!
Solemn is the forest's gloom:
Beams that on yon ruin fall
Seem like rays that light a tomb—
Earth our bed, our roof the sky,
Slumbers sweet our eyes will close,
While, in vain, the guilty try
On beds of down to find repose.

Vive la Compagnie.

Let Bacchus to Venus libations pour forth,
Vive la compagnie!
And let us make use of our time while it lasts,
Vive la compagnie!
Chorus: Oh! vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,
Vive la compagnie!

Let every old bachelor fill up his glass,
Vive la compagnie!
And drink to the health of his favorite lass,
Vive la compagnie! Chorus.

Let every married man drink to his wife,
Vive la compagnie!
The friend of his bosom and comfort of life,
Vive la compagnie! Chorus.

Come, fill up your glasses—I'll give you a toast,
Vive la compagnie!
Here's a health to our friend—our kind worthy host,
Vive la compagnie! Chorus.

Since all, with good humor, I've toasted so free,
Vive la compagnie!
I hope it will please you to drink now with me,
Vive la compagnie! Chorus.

Ye Winged Winds.

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more,
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where free from care and pain the weary soul may rest?

Chorus.

No rest, no rest for mortals here below,
Sorrow, sin and death fill the pathway as you go.
(*Repeat.*)

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play
Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
No rest, no rest, &c.

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such holy face,
Dost look upon the earth asleep in night's embrace:
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not found some spot
Where we poor wretched men may find a happier lot?
No rest, no rest, &c.

Tell me, my secret soul, oh! tell me, hope and faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?

Chorus.

Yes, they rest—yes, they rest beyond the bright blue skies,
Where sorrow never comes, and friendship never dies.
(*Repeat.*)

Nettie is no More.

Air: Nettie Moore.

In a little lonely cottage by the shady mountain side,
Where the river wanders slowly by the door,
I have oft' times met a welcome, where my weary day was passed,
From the hand of my Darling Nettie Moore.

Chorus.

But I never meet the smile of that fair and happy face,
As I sit as I oft' times sat before:
I listen to the music of the cheerful mocking-bird—
For, my Nettie, Darling Nettie is no more!

Oh! I loved my Nettie well: for, she was all the world to me!
But I can never love as I have loved before;
Let me wander as I will, I can never, never find a friend
Like my Darling, Little Nettie Moore—
But I never meet the smile, &c.

For, there is sorrow in my heart, that I cannot drive away,
And my happiness, my happiness is o'er—
Yet I strive to be content as I toil from day to day,
But I never can forget my Darling Nettie Moore—
But I never meet the smile, &c.

My Emma Louise.

Words by Chas. Carroll Sawyer. Music by Henry Tucker.

You may talk of your beauties with eyes so bewitching,
Of forms that are faultless, and cheeks like the rose:
You may speak of sly glances that keep one's heart twiching:
It is all very well, just as far as it goes:
You may tell me of voices that sound like the ringing
Of SILVERY BELLS, just as much as you please;
But yet I am sure none could be half so winning
As my little darling, my Emma Louise.

Chorus.

My Emma Louise, my own little darling—
There is none to compare with my Emma Louise.

Though others may boast of their beautiful faces,
Such delicate hands, and small fairy-like feet:
Just compare them to any or all of the Graces,
But none with my darling can ever compete;
Though Venus, they say, was in all things perfection,
It all may be true: yet I ne'er will believe
That even the Angels, upon close inspection,
Could be half so sweet as my Emma Louise.
My Emma Louise.

Make IX less by adding to it——S-I-X.

The Yellow-Haired Laddie.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The yellow-haired laddie would oftentimes go
To wild and deep glens, where the hawthorn-trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves, evening and morn;
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unseen danced around.

The shepherd thus sung: "though young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dashed with a scornful proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfumed in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good humored and free,
And as fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour—"
Then, sighing, he wished would parents agree
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

My Love he is a Zou-Zu, Only 19 Years old.

My love is a Zou-Zu, so gallant and bold:
He's rough, and he's handsome, scarce 19 years old.
To show off in Washington, he has left his own dear,
And my heart is a-breaking because he's not here.

Chorus.

For, his spirit was brave: it was fierce to behold
In a young man bred a Zou-Zo, only 19 years old

His parents taught him to be a Cavalier,
But the life of a Zou-Zu he much did prefer;
For, his heart's with his Country in right, or in wrong,
And in Richmond with Farnham he'll be afore long.
For, his spirit, &c.

My fond heart is beating for him constantly,
But I fear his affections may waver from me;
For, a sweet-heart can be found in each State, I am told,
By a young man, a Zou-Zu only 19 years old.
For, his spirit, &c.

And now for my Zou-Zu I grieve and repine,
For fear that his brave heart may never be mine;
All the wealth of Jeff Davis in cotton, or gold,
I would give for my Zou-Zu only 19 years old—
For, his spirit, &c.

Stranger, Think me not too Bold.

Stranger, think me not too bold,
Judge with candor of my youth:
Ere this curtain I unfold,
Listen to a simple truth.

The heart alone is worth a thought,
Features boast no real worth;
Beauty may be sold or bought:
True merit in the mind has birth.

Yet think not, stranger, I would say
Mine are features formed to please,
I haste to chase the thought away,
By simply showing such as these.

Little Sally's Wooden Ware.

Come, buy poor Sally's wooden ware,
Who all for money barters:
My pins, my toys, my shoe-knots rare,
My bodkins, lace, and garters:
Full cheap my various goods I sell,
Through village, street, and alley:
In London, where I'm known full well,
They call me little Sally. In London, &c.

Now thus from town to town I stray,
Light-hearted, free from sorrow;
And, when I eat my meal to-day,
I care not for to-morrow—
So ne'er again I'll London see,
But range each hill and valley;
Come, spend a trifle, sir, with me,
And think on little Sally. Come spend, &c.

Flewy, Flewy.

Written and Sung, with great success, by Wm. Courtright.

Elephant walked a rope,
Flewy, Flewy, Flewy, Flewy:
Elephant walked a rope,
Flewy an' a John;
Elephant walked a rope,
'Twas all full of grease and soap:
Wasn't that a fine walk
Flewy an' a John?
Chorus: Oh! Flewy, Flewy, Flewy, Flewy,
An' Flewy an' a John;
Oh! Flewy, an' Flewy,
Wasn't that a fine walk
Flewy an' a John?

Snail drew a rail,
Flewy, Flewy, Flewy, Flewy;
Snail drew a rail,
Flewy an' a John;
Snail drew a rail,
He drew it with his tail:
Wasn't that a fine draw
Flewy an' a John? Chorus.

Camel climbed a tree.
Flewy, Flewy, Flewy, Flewy;
Camel climbed a tree,
Flewy an' a John;
Camel climbed a tree
For to catch the bumble-bee:
Wasn't that a fine climb
Flewy an' a John? Chorus.

Rhinoceros danced a reel,
Flewy, Flewy, Flewy, Flewy:
Rhinoceros danced a reel,
Flewy an' a John;
Rhinoceros danced a reel,
Then waltzed off on his heel:
Wasn't that a fine waltz
Flewy an a John? Chorus.

Since the Soup House moved away.

Written and sung by Ed. Harrigan, in his sketch of the "Terrible Example."

Cold winter passed away,
And the summer time has come:
The snoozer and the bummer,
They most all take a rest.
Young men will go out,
And they'll sport themselves about,
While I have to seek my living,
In the mighty far off West!
There's old Buffalo,
The swate town of Chicago,
On the Er-i-e canal;
Shure I'll have to go to say—
Chorus: Oh! I'll be bewailing,
My strength 'twill be a failing:
Wid hunger I'll be ailing,
Since the soup house moved away.

Success attind you, Bimett,
May your Herald never die;
You kept me from hard work and toil
Upon the Boulavard.
To work I'd never stoop,
While I ate your meat and soup:
Oh! to break stones in a quarry,
I think it's awful hard.
There's many an honest man,
You've oft filled his dinner-can;
You put sunshine in his family,
At mealtimes every day. Chorus.

I remember well the station-house,
Where I always slept;
On the daffy down feathers,
That were in the iron bed.
The wharf down at the river,
Where I'd crawl under out'v the wet,
'Neath longshoremen, fishermen
And canallers gentle tread.
I'm called a snoozer
By every cold brother;
I'm as hungry as a mule,
I could ate a bale of hay. Chorus.

When the Soup House comes again.

Written and Sung by Ned Harrigan.
Music to be had of Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, N. Y.

The summer time is gone, cold winter's coming on,
'Twill bring dreary destitution unto poverty's door:
The rich will all be snug while they their fires hug—
Kind people, remember the suffering of the poor:
Coal it is rising, and flour getting dear,
And ye'll want a bran new overcoat for Christmas or New Year.
So let ye's bear in mind, don't spind your money blind,
Or ye surely will be hungry when the soup house comes again.

There's many a noble man, with spirit bold and grand,
Was drove to desperation and accepted charity:
Last winter was so hard: from alleyway and yard,
Mr. Bennett got a blessing from many a family.
When the snow begins to fall, your landlord he will call,
You must have your money ready when for rent he calls your name:
So let ye's bear in mind, don't spind your pinnies blind,
Or you surely will be hungry when the soup house comes again.

Now all min, young and old, unto who these words I've told,
I wish ye's all enough to ate, I do sincerely,
With cabbage and corn meat, praties and pig's feet,
With plenty may you smother wherever you may be;
But let ye's take advice, look out for wintry ice:
Arrah! keep your children cosy and snug out of the rain.
So let ye's bear in mind, don't spind your pinnies blind,
Or ye surely will be hungry when the soup house comes again.

There's a Letter in the Candle.

Words by James Clark. Music by Geo. T. Evans.
The Music of this song is published by M. Gray, 623 and 625 Clay st., San Francisco, Cal., and 101 First st., Portland, O. Price 30 cents.

There's a letter in the candle,
And it points direct to me;
How the little spark is shining!
From whoever can it be?
It gets brighter still and brighter,
Like a little sunny ray,
And I dare to guess the writer—
For, it drives suspense away.
Chorus: Bright spark of hope,
Shed your beams on me,
And send a loving message
From far across the sea.

Hope and fear alike perplex me:
Oh! superstitious dread,
How many idle fancies
You conjure in my head;
When those we love are absent,
How wantonly you play—
Every shadow seems a substance
And drives suspense away. Chorus.

How gladly I remember—
'Tis two short months—no more—
Since a letter in the candle
Shone out as bright before!
Then the darling messenger
Came prompt and safe to me;
If this is only from the same,
How welcome it shall be! Chorus.

You Never miss de Lager till de Keg Runs Dry.

Sung with great success, by Charlie Konollman.

Not very long ago I took to mineself a liddle vife,
Und I did swear to lov her all de read of mine life,
Und now ve got a beer saloon but at first it did not pay,
Until mine vife one day did to me dese goot vords say.

Chorus.

Trust not, Jacob, und git pait vor all your drinks,
Of you want to do some peesness und make some shink,
Don't never let dem vellars vat git drinks past you by,
Vor you never miss de lager till de keg runs dry.

While valking out de odder day down dot Bowery street,
Some of my old friends den I happen vor to meet,
Ve vent into some blaces vor us to git some drinks,
Dere I seen doo frauts valk oud vat don't pay vor some drinks.

Spoken: Und as dem vellars vas valking oud of dot blace, I told my friends dese vords vat my vife first sait to me. Chorus.

Und I made me up mine mind never more vor to trust;
Vor if I do such peesness, I surely den vill bust,
Dem vords vat mine vife dold me is vat I now stick by;
Now always I got de money ven dot keg runs dry.
Trust not, Jacob, &c.

Swim out, You're Over Your Head.

At the Battery I landed one morning in May, boys,
A stranger unknown in this land,
The same as Christopher Columbus, the hero,
Who no one would take by the hand:
I've worked, I've struggled, I've labored
By the sweat of my brow to get bread,
Now I'm tould by the young generation
To swim out, I'm over my head.
Chorus: They say shoot the hat upon Sunday,
Take a walk round the block, go to bed,
Part your hair in the middle, McNally,
Swim out, for you're over your head.

I belong to an organization of nine, boys,
Who'd shurly refuse you a drop,
Unless you were taken wid terrible cramps
Whin you drink 'till ould death makes you stop.
But since I have become a mimber,
I'm always confined to my bed:
Now I'm tould by the grand committee
To swim out, I'm over my head. Chorus.

They say I have plinty of chin for to give you,
I never mind wasting my breath,
I'm acquainted wid all of the bould undertakers,
Who'd plant you whin I talk you to death:
By heavens, I never will tumble,
I'll drop to the bottom like lead:
They say take a moon or a jumble,
Swim out, for you're over your head. Chorus.

When the Silver Tints the Gold.

Companion to "Silver Threads Among the Gold."
The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway. Price 40 cents.

While the silver tints the gold,
And together we grow old,
I will linger ever near,
Speaking words of hope and cheer:
For, to me you seem as young
As when first my praise you sung,
And I love you just the same
As the day I took your name.
Chorus: While the silver tints the gold,
And together we grow old,
I will love you just the same
As the day I took your name.

Yes, our locks may lose their gold,
And our faces, too, grow old,
But our hearts will be the same,
Naught can dim love's holy flame.
We have journeyed on in life,
Side by side, through storm and strife:
Still together, hand in hand,
Seek we now another land. Chorus.

Let us down life's sunny slope
Wander with the blissful hope
That when shadows round us creep,
And we lay us down to sleep,
Sleep to know no pain or care,
We shall meet just over there,
By the shining gates of gold,
Where our faces ne'er grow old. Chorus.

Rebus.

Complete I am a word of five letters, and cannot move without assistance: behead me, and I am part of the foot: again behead me, and I am a fish; again behead me, and I am a particle of Spanish grammar.

Answer: WHEEL; HEEL; EEL; E.

Tom Rowlock.

Chapter I.

The last rays of the setting sun were slowly falling on a Cornish village in the neighborhood of St. Michael's Mount, as a rough-looking countryman, of surly aspect, crossed the stile, and looked towards a comfortable cottage that stood near the village green—it was the residence of Gregory Freeman, the schoolmaster of the place; but school was over, the impatient scholars had been dismissed for the day, and the cottage seemed wholly untenanted.

"I wonder whether the schoolmaster's at home or abroad," said the man on the stile to himself; "not that it's him I want to see, but his pretty niece, Winny—pretty in two ways—a pretty face, and a pretty little fortune." The light of avarice shone in the man's eyes, and it was plain to perceive that his was a greedy nature, that was very much inclined to regard self interest as the first thing to be consulted. He knew he had a rival in the person of Tom Rowlock, Winny's favored lover—a sailor, who had now been at sea three years without having been heard of. This gave Nick Howlett—the personage who opens our story—strong hopes of supplanting the young seaman.

Nick appeared to have made up his mind as to the course he meant to pursue. He approached the cottage, muttering as he went, "If Winny won't have me, she shall have no peace with any one else; so I'll put a bold face on the matter, and see how the land lies." He knocked at the cottage door, and Winny, the schoolmaster's niece, responding to the summons, saw the man who had come to woo, standing in the porch.

"Nicolas Howlett!" she exclaimed, in a tone of unpleasant surprise.

"Yes, that's me," he answered; "and if you've no objection, I'll step inside and have a word with you."

"My uncle is not in," said Winny; "you know you are no favorite of his, and he would not like my asking you in; anything you have to say you can mention here."

"I'll be bound, now," leered Nick, as he leaned lazily against the porch, "you can guess what I'm going to say!"

"Oh, yes!" replied Winny, with an arch expression in her bright black eyes; "and I'll be bound you can guess what kind of answer you'll get!"

"Come, come, Winny," said Nick with a hypocritical sigh; "don't be so disdainful. Why can't you listen to me?"

"Because you know as well as I that I've listened to some one before you," she answered.

"I know who you mean, Winny—Tom Rowlock; but nobody has heard anything of him these three years, and from what *I've* heard, I reckon he's dead!"

"You *hope* he is," said Winny, with a searching look.

"Why, not exactly that," stammered Nick; "but—but——"

"But very much like it," answered Winny, finishing the sentence for him.

"You know what sailors are, Winny;—suppose he's got married to somebody else." And he approached her as he spoke, and took her hand; she threw his hand from her, and answered indignantly, "And if he is, I can console myself by hoping he has found a worthy partner; but he has not forgotten me," continued the confiding girl. "My uncle tells me he may have written me a dozen letters, and the cause of my not receiving one, is the war we are engaged in, and not Tom's falseness!"

Winny was right as to the slender means there were at the time of which we are writing—1814—of sailors on board a man-of-war being enabled to communicate with their friends. England was at war with France—both at sea and on land. Privateers, pirates, and suspicious crafts scoured the seas, and communication with the main land was extremely difficult.

"I pity Tom's taste," sneered Nick, "going wandering about the seas, and thrusting himself into danger, when he might have stayed in safety at home, the fool!"

"Tom isn't a fool!" cried Winny, spiritedly. "If all thought like you, and kept as selfishly out of danger, England, may be, wouldn't be the land of freedom it is for her people, nor a refuge in time danger for the unfortunate and oppressed. Good day, sir!" and she moved towards the door.

He caught her by the wrist.

"One word more with you before you go!" he exclaimed.

"No, not one!" said Winny, throwing off his grasp. "And let me tell you, once for all, that the absent sailor is dearer to me all the world over than his envious rival! You've got your answer, once for all!"

She quickly passed into the cottage, and the door was closed in Nick's face.

He lounged out of the porch, with a muttered oath on his lips, and mischief in his eye.

"Still fixed to the same point, I see," he growled to himself. "Oh, for some way to bend her proud heart, till I had brought it beneath my feet!" He crossed the stile in the same direction in which he had first appeared, hissing out from between his clenched teeth, "I'll still work on, like the blind mole in the dark, 'till I've hit upon a plan to sap the foundation of her happiness for ever!"

Winny watching from the window, saw him depart with great satisfaction. She was alone in the house, and felt more at her ease when he had passed out of sight. She took up her work, and as she thought upon the past—of Tom's absence, and the base suspicions that Nick had tried to instil within her mind—the tears rose in her eyes in spite of her efforts to suppress them. Was Tom really false to her, or was he dead at the bottom of the sea, a victim to the chances of war, in which so many were daily falling?

She was roused from her reverie by the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps, and looking from the window saw her uncle with his cane upraised, pursuing a mischievous-looking urchin in the direction of the cottage.

"Oh, master, I won't do it any more—that I won't!" snivelled the boy, rubbing his ragged pinafore with the corner of his eyes.

The schoolmaster took him by the ear, and brought him into the house.

"Here's young Hopeful, Winny," said the village pedagogue, giving his charge a slight tap with the cane.

"I won't do it any more, I won't!" repeated the boy.

"No, uncle, I'm sure he won't!" pleaded Winny. She well knew the lad's offence; he had been playing truant that afternoon; a practice that Jack, for such was the boy's name, was very apt to indulge in. He was a parish orphan, and Gregory Freeman had adopted him out of pity; taken him into his house to make him his servant, and assistant to Winny in the household work—run on errands, weed the garden, and do other little odd jobs about the house. But Jack was of a roving nature; the pursuit of birds' nests, roaming the woods in search of nuts, blackberries, or squirrels, was much more to Jack's taste than reading and writing.

"He won't do it any more, do you say, Winny?" replied Gregory, in answer to her intercession. "He does nothing, and that suits him best, I think."

"Well, see what hard lessons and sums you give me!" blubbered Jack. "How can you expect a boy like me to find out when William the Conqueror was married to Queen Anne, or if a sack of 'taters come to ten shillings, how much they'll fetch at three pound twopence?"

The schoolmaster and his niece with difficulty preserved their gravity, and Gregory Freeman, in as harsh a voice as he could assume, asked Jack what he really would like to learn?

"I should like to go to sea," answered Jack, "like Tom Rowlock did, and learn how to *slice* the anchor, port your mainsail, take a reef in your rudder, and all that sort of thing!"

"Ah, Jack," said Gregory, "you'd soon find out your mistake then! There's no back door to run out at on board ship. But, Winny," continued the schoolmaster, "just talk to this boy, will you?—for if he don't mind what's said to him, I shall be compelled to send him back to where he came from—the parish!"

Casting a warning look at Jack, Gregory wended his way back towards the town.

"You hear that?" said Winny kindly to Jack. "What a foolish boy you are, wishing to be a sailor! Now I detest the sea."

"Then how is it you are so fond of a nautical tar and why do you want to be spliced to him?" asked Jack.

"Don't be rude, Jack! You know what a time it is since I heard from poor Tom. For anything I know, I may never see him again."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Jack, in a comforting tone; for he really liked Winny. "If you don't, I'll turn powder monkey, and sail the salt seas till I find him."

She bade him hold his tongue, and follow her into the cottage. Jack obeyed, gave himself a good wash, and sat down by Winny's side to learn his neglected lessons. They were interrupted by the sudden opening of the door, and the appearance of Gregory, breathless and excited.

"Winny, Winny, my girl!" he exclaimed, panting for breath. "News! such news!—news of Tom, my girl!—news of Tom!"

"Of Tom?" cried Winny and Jack both, leaping up from their seats together.

"Yes, of Tom," answered Gregory. "I met a traveller from Plymouth, who told me that Tom's ship was paid off there last night, and Tom had started for here first thing this morning; so we may expect him every moment."

"Oh, uncle!" cried Winny turning scarlet with sudden joy and confusion; "I never expected Tom to come back so suddenly. I feel as if I should like to cry and then to laugh. I can scarcely contain myself."

"Try and be calm, Winny, or this will be too much for you."

Even while they were speaking, Mr. Bodkin, the tailor of the place, was heard calling for Mr. Freeman. They hurried to the door, and encountered the knight of the shears, fresh from the shop-board, and in working trim, evidently as excited as themselves.

"Tom Rowlock, I hear, has just got off the coach at the 'Flying Dolphin,'" he cried; "and running here fast enough to give him a stitch in the side!"

Even as he spoke, the cheers of the neighbors in the distance told them that Tom had arrived in the village. Tom was a favorite with all, save Nick Howlett, and his re-appearance created as much excitement among them as if a royal personage had paid them a visit. Winny heard Tom hailing her in the distance, and the lovers were soon in each other's arms.

"Oh, grape shot and canister!" cried Tom, in all the figurative language that sailors are apt to indulge in; "do I really anchor alongside the dear lass I love once more? And you, Master Freeman," he added, grasping the schoolmaster's hand. "I never thought to meet you again, for Davy Jones's Locker has often stared me in the face; and yet, you see, without scuttling me, after all! And here's Master Bodkin and half the village turned out to meet me! What, Jack!" shouted Tom, seizing the lad's hand, and wringing it vigorously. "How are you, my little powder monkey?"

"There, now!" exclaimed Jack, proudly, to Winny; "didn't I say he'd come back? Oh! Tom, if you could only have seen her cry about you on stormy nights, when the thunder used to growl and the lightning flash, the rain patter against the windows, and——"

"Silence, Jack—silence!" said Winny, turning scarlet with confusion. "I'm ashamed of you!"

"Ashamed of him, my lass?" cried Tom. "Now, don't say that; for what can bring such comfort and courage to the poor sailor in storm and battle, as the knowledge that he's loved and prayed for at home by the faithful lass that he left behind?"

Tom soon became the chief object of interest—the great lion of the village. With Winny on his arm, Gregory and the rest by his side, they made a call upon all old friends of former days. Tom's proposal was that they should all make for the "Cornwall Arms," and finish up the evening over a can of grog.

"Be careful, Tom—pray, do!" advised Winny, seeing Tom's excited state.

"To be sure I will, my lass; but when a sailor's been away three years from home and friends, it must be a poor heart that never rejoices. But don't fear, Winny; you shall be at the helm, my lass; and if you find I'm steering out of the sea of

prudence, just bring me up with a round turn, will you?"

Winny promised him she would, and Tom, telling his friends to give three cheers for old sweethearts, old friends, and old rum, bore off with them for the "Cornwall Arms."

There was one evil heart in concealment close by, hiding, like a snake in the grass, waiting to plant his sting when an opportunity offered. Need we say that this was Nick Howlett? He marked the direction in which Tom and his party had gone, and quickly made off after them. What his motive was will presently be seen. One of his companions had been pressed a few years back, and, by cunning servility and brutality, had become the captain of a press-gang. This man was called Will Crouch, and he made a profitable living by entrapping men into the King's service. The navy wanted fresh hands badly, for we were at that time at war with France, and the dread of an invasion had almost reached a panic. Nick had fallen in with the press-gang the preceeding night, and the return of Tom Rowlock possessed Howlett with a thought worthy of his malignant nature: he was resolved Tom should not long enjoy his liberty. Making his way along the beach, he reached the base of a rock, where he gave a low whistle; this was quickly responded to from above, and brought Will Crouch, the captain of the press-gang, to his side.

A plan was soon formed to entrap the unsuspecting Tom, and slip him off again to sea.

Will reascended the rock to fetch his men. Nick Howlett chuckled over the sweets of his anticipated revenge.

"My enemies shall now *fear* as well as hate me," said Nick, as he paced the beach. "What! did the scornful lass, Winny, think I'd sit calmly down, and let Tom Rowlock walk off with the prize I have so long madly coveted? No, no! if Winny is not *my* wife, she shall never be *his!*"

Evening was now drawing in, and the press-gang, led by Nick Howlett, were ready to pounce on Tom the moment an opportunity offered.

It was agreed that Nick should watch for Tom when he was on his way back to Gregory Freeman's cottage, where Nick had heard Tom was to pass the night. Will and his men wished, if possible, to avoid a collision with the inhabitants, who detested the press-gang. They therefore remained in ambush near the "Cornwall Arms," where Tom and his friends were still carousing.

Nick Howlett being on the look-out, saw old Gregory Freeman come from the inn, and seat himself on a bench by the door. He had a purse in his hand, and some bank-notes, having persuaded Tom to trust him with his prize-money. Freeman knew a sailor's habits when he came ashore after a long cruise, so was determined Tom should husband his resources for a time of need. The old man's intention was to place it in the bank on the following morning. In the meantime he would proceed to his cottage, lock up the money, and then return to the "Cornwall Arms" for his daughter Winny and her lover. Old Freeman had taken more liquor than he was usually accustomed to, and his hand was none of the steadiest as he placed the notes and gold in a small leathern bag, and made for home.

Nick Howlett who had noted all this, was stealthily following him. Arrived at home, Gregory unlocked his door, and left it ajar while he went into a room at the back of the cottage, which served for a kitchen, to strike a light. Nick watched his opportunity, and slipped into the passage. He had set his avaricious heart on having the money at any hazard. He felt along the wall for the parlor door. Noiselessly turning the handle, he crept into the room, hid himself under the table, and listened. In a few moments he heard the old man ascend the stairs, and the noise of his footsteps overhead indicated the room where he had no doubt gone to place the money. Nick looked upon his point as being nearly gained, for when Gregory had left the house to return to the inn where he had left Tom and his niece, he had but to help himself, without encountering the slightest obstacle. Gregory did not seem in a hurry to come down stairs, and an uneasy thought flashed across Nick's mind that perhaps the old man had retired to bed for the night, not intending to revisit the "Cornwall Arms." If so, he had taken all this trouble for nothing, and by the delay Tom would slip through the fingers of the press-gang, after all. He began to get uncomfortable, and wish himself out of the house. He rose to his feet with the intention of leaving the cottage, when the footsteps of Gregory descending the stairs caused him to return to his hiding-place.

Gregory passed along the passage, opened the street door, and left the house.

"Now for it!" cried Nick, groping his way from the room, when the old man's retreating footsteps had told him it was safe to set about his villanous work.

He found his way up-stairs, felt for the window, unbarred the shutters, and let the moonlight stream into the room.

Nick looked around him. An old fashioned chest of drawers stood in one corner of the room; a bureau occupied the other. In one of these articles of furniture the money was no doubt placed. Which should he begin with?

He determined on trying the bureau first. The lock, not an over strong one, soon yielded to the application of Nick's clasp knife. Feeling within the recesses of the bureau, his hand encountered a small desk. He took it to the window. Nick's knife went to work on this also, and on raising the lid a couple of small canvas bags, and the pocket-book that he had seen in Gregory's hands, revealed themselves to view. It was the work of a moment to transfer them into his pockets, replace the desk, close the window-shutters again, and prepare for leaving the house. He descended the stairs, and made for the street door; but here was a difficulty in his way. The door was locked. He put his knife again to work to force back the lock, succeeded, threw the door open, and met Gregory Feeman face to face upon the threshold.

"Nicolas Howlett!" exclaimed the old man, starting back with affright. "How did you get into my house?"

Then an idea of the nature of the man's visit appeared to flash across Gregory's mind, for he seized Nick by the collar, as he charged him with being there for no good purpose.

"Let me go—let me go!" said Nick, as he proceeded to shake off the grasp of the old man.

"Nay—nay! not till I know what took you into my house!" An idea of the truth seemed to flash across his mind as he suddenly exclaimed, "Howlett, you have been robbing me!"

"Will you let me go?" was all the answer Nick chose to give as he tried to wrench himself from Gregory's grasp; but the schoolmaster, old as he was, could not be so easily shaken off; he clung with determination to the burly ruffian, and began to shout lustily for help.

This maddened Nick; if he were arrested with the money in his possession, he well guessed what his doom would be. Tom, too, would slip through the hands of the press-gang; and the only man likely to cross the seas would be himself.

With a cry of rage, he threw the old man from him, and attempted to fly from the house, but Gregory clung to him from behind and stayed him. With a clasped knife in his grasp, Nick swung round his hand with an oath—the weapon was buried in the old man's heart, and he fell dead at his murderer's feet.

Amazed for the moment at what he had done, Nick stood petrified with fear. If he left the old man's body where it had fallen, discovery would quickly follow, the robbery of the house become known, and should he be arrested on suspicion, the money in his possession would seal his doom. He determined to conceal the body, raised it in his arms, and carried it into the garden at the rear of the premises. An arbor, some distance down the grounds, seemed to offer a temporary place of concealment for his ghastly burden. Casting the body of the poor schoolmaster within the arbor, Nick fled from the cottage, closing the door carefully after him.

Loud laughter and sounds of many voices struck upon his ear. The neighbors were returning to their homes. Tom and Winny were, no doubt, of the party. Nick turned in another direction to seek Will Crouch and the press-gang; he was resolved to clench the treacherous and wicked work he had so fatally began.

In spite of all Winny's watchfulness and care, Tom had got more grog aboard than was good for him.

"Steady, Tom—steady!" said Winny, seeing the effect that the open air was taking on him.

"Oh, I'm steady enough, my lass," hiccuped Tom. "It's the ground that's heaving and pitching about. After all, there's nothing so steady as the deck of a man-of-war; you can swing in your hammock, and——But I say, Winny, where am I to swing my hammock to-night?"

"Uncle said he'd get you a bed at neighbor Woodford's," replied Winny. "He's been there, no doubt, and maybe is waiting for us at home; he won't come back to the 'Cornwall Arms' now, depend upon it. Let's hurry on, Tom; I shall be glad to know when you're safely housed for the night. Wish your friends good night, and let us go."

Tom parted from his friends, and with uncertain footsteps, supporting himself on Winny's arm, made for Gregory Freeman's cottage, little dreaming of what had happened there.

As they neared the cottage, Winny perceived that the street-door was open. This did not particularly surprise her, as country folks are not so careful in this respect as the dwellers in towns or cities. She called within to ascertain if her uncle was really there, but no one answered her. She, therefore, concluded the old man had not returned from neighbor Woodford's. She felt rather surprised at this, as the hour was now growing late, and resolved upon seeking him. He might, perhaps, be induced, she thought, to take a glass or two more liquor, and feared the ill-effects that the old man might feel from it the next day, when his scholistic duties would have to commence.

She retrimmed the lamp, and placed it on the parlor table. She had left Tom in this room, and he had fallen asleep in the pedagogue's easy chair. Winny determined not to wake him until she had returned with her uncle. It struck ten by the parish church as she passed out of the porch—a late hour to be astir in that sequestered village.

The scapegrace young Jack had been enjoying himself rarely during Tom's return. With a couple of half-crowns from Tom's liberal hand, he had, in company with some of his playmates, walked to the next village, where a company of strolling players had taken up their quarters. Jack had often heard of a play, but never witnessed one. Some of his companions shared the same ignorance, and were in the seventh heaven of delight at what they had seen and heard. The lads wished each other good-night, and Jack went into his master's house.

"Is that you, Winny?" asked Tom, suddenly waking at the boy's entering the room.

"Oh! it's you, is it, Jack?" said the sailor.

"Yes, Mr. Rowlock. But, I say—haven't you had a drop too much to-night?"

"Maybe I have; and I'm still as dry as a bit of old oakum! Jack, my lad, just run back to the 'Cornwall Arms,' and fetch us a drop of rum, to make a can of three-water grog with. It shall be no stronger, I give you my davy!"

"But what would master and Miss Winny say?"

"They'll not know anything about it. They're out, and I'll put the liquor under hatches before they're back. Come, now, sheer off, and I'll give you a shilling for yourself."

This was a temptation too powerful for Jack to resist, and he departed on his errand.

Tom dropped off again to sleep, unconscious of the danger that hung over him.

As Jack left the house in one direction, Nick, leading on Will Crouch and the press-gang, approached it by another.

Arrived within a short distance of the schoolmaster's house, Nick had seen Winny leave the cottage; also Jack. He knew, therefore, Tom was within, alone. Will Crouch and his men were placed so that, at Nick's signal, they could be on the spot in a few seconds, and secure Tom the moment he placed his foot across the threshold, but how to get Tom out of the house was the question. It was against the law for a press-gang to enter a house, unless in search of a deserter; and, villain as Nick was, he felt a shudder run through his veins as he remembered that the body of his murdered victim was close at hand; but this was no time for hesitation. He felt he could not be in safety until Tom was once more at sea, and he was far from the village.

(To be Continued.

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2 Though some may deem me pert or so,
They deal in idle strife,
For where's the girl, I'd like to know,
Who'd not become a wife.
Indeed, I really think I should,
In spite of all alarms,
So bachelors, pray be so good,
As to take me to your arms.—Cho.

3 Ye bachelors, my ways towards you
Should not your thoughts mislead,
I've never yet been called a flirt
Or coquette, no indeed!
My heart and hand I offer you,
If you will buy the lot,
Now all cuddling I will spare,
If Hymen ties the knot.—Cho.

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CONTENTS.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea!.....page 100
The Bold Shoemaker..... 100
The Belle of the Avenue..... 101
Charming Nellie Long..... 101
Farewell to old England!..... 98
Full bags, a fresh bottle..... 99
The Finest Police in the world!..... 101
Give every man a square deal..... 99
Here's the bower she loved so much..... 98
Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore..... 99
I've been roaming o'er the prairies..... 98
'Twas the Sabbath..... 98
In the morn 'twill be all right..... 98
Kitty tender, gay, and blooming..... 99
Little Jenny Dow..... 98
Lovely Nymph..... 99
The Limerick Pair..... 99
Let Erin Remember the days of old..... 100
Mother, I pray to thee!..... 98
Muirneen na grouegh Baanch..... 99
Minnie May..... 99
New England..... 98
Norine Maureen..... 99
No Home..... 99
Oh! strike the chords lightly..... 98
The Runaway Mare..... 101
Since Terry first joined the gang..... 100
Sarah's young man—Music for Guitar..... 104
There's millions in it..... 98
Tom Rowlock—Story continued.....102—103
Taking a smile..... 100
Tra-la-la, George!..... 101
Vain is every fond endeavor..... 99
Wedding is great Juno's crown..... 101
When the little birds are singing in the garden 101
You never miss de lager till de keg runs dry.. 101

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I've Been Roaming o'er the Prairies.

I've been roaming, roaming o'er the prairies wild,
Plucking dewy blossoms, happy as a child,
Casting care and sadness very far away :
For, the earth rejoices on this pleasant day.
I've been roaming, roaming where the lilies sleep,
On the tiny lakelet sparkling, cool and deep,
Where the brooklet singeth o'er the pebbles white,
Making gladsome music glancing in the light.
(Repeat the two last lines.)

I've been roaming, roaming through the wild wood deep,
Searching for the flowerets, when the prairies sleep,
In the tiny blossoms swaying to and fro,
Whispering to each other very soft and low :
I've been roaming, roaming o'er the dewy grass
Gemmed with fairy blossoms waving as I pass :
For, the breeze was flitting o'er the grassy lea,
Whispering many a story to the flowers and me.
(Repeat the two last lines.)

Farewell to Old England!

Air: Farewell to the Mountain!

Farewell to old England,
The land of my birth,
The scenes of my childhood,
My dear native earth!

Ne'er again shall I roam
O'er thy moss-covered dell :
Then farewell for ever,
Farewell, oh! farewell!

The friends that I cherished
Ne'er again shall I see :
The hearts, once united,
Now severed must be—

No more can such love
My fond bosom swell :
Then farewell for ever,
Farewell, oh! farewell!

Mother, I Pray to Thee!

In Meyerbeer's Opera: L'ETOILE DU NORD.

Mother, I pray to thee :
Look down from Heaven, and guide them still!
'Tis happiness to me
To have fulfilled thy dying wish!
Whilst passing to realms above,
Thou hast told me, Mother dear,
To protect and cherish, here,
Thy Son, thy fondest love,
Thy fondest love!
Ah! Mother, I pray to thee,
Bless and smile upon me!

Gay bark, on light billows riding,
When, 'neath thy shelter abiding,
Let joyous echoes repeat, from the strand,
My parting songs to friends on land!
Ah! joyous echoes, repeat still my songs!
Gay bark, on light billows riding,
When, 'neath thy shelter abiding,
Let joy reecho my songs,
Repeat my parting songs,
Repeat my parting songs!
Joyous echoes, repeat still my songs, my songs!

Here's the Bower she Loved so Much.

Here's the bower she loved so much,
And here's the tree she planted ;
Here's the harp she used to touch,
Oh! how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh,
Where's the hand to wreathe them?
Songs around neglected lie,
Where's the lip to breathe them?

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness ;
Time, that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days when here she strayed,
Days were moments near her :
Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,
Nor pity wept a dearer—

New England.

New England, I love thee, thou land of the free!
Our sires from oppression found refuge in thee ;
Thy laws are commended beyond the wide seas,
New England, my country, I love thee for these.

New England, I love thee, thou land of the brave,
Our fathers fought nobly thy freedom to save ;
Thy rights, ever sacred, all nations must please,
New England, my country, I love thee for these.

New England, I love thee, thy code of good rules,
Thy clergy, thy churches, thy teachers and schools,
Thy statesmen and poets, thy minstrels and glees,
New England, my country, I love thee for these.

New England, I love thee, thy rocks and thy rills,
Thy dells and thy fountains, thy vales and thy hills,
Thy rivers and meadows, thy mountains and trees,
New England, my country, I love thee for these.

New England, I love thee, repose of the blest,
The oppressed of all nations in thee find their rest ;
Thy banners of freedom float high in the breeze,
New England, my country, I love thee for these.

'Twas the Sabbath.

'Twas the Sabbath morn. On his way to church,
A rich man rode in his glittering coach :
On the silken cushions sat, at his side,
His wife, 'mid the trappings of wealth and pride.

The ground was frozen—the day was cold—
Oh! piercingly so—and a woman, old
And feeble, sat by the damp bare wall,
Shivering beside her poor apple stall.

There slept in her arms a babe—not her own :
'Twas the orphan child of her only son,
Who had died, like the Hebrew of olden time,
"Making bricks," 'neath the sun, in a foreign clime.

A poor man, passing, had stopped by the stand
To buy of the widow—in her thin cold hand
Put his hard earned penny—then went his way,
With the lowly to worship—that Sabbath day.

From his glittering coach, the Pharisee saw
The poor folks transgressing the Sunday law,
He groaned : oh! for saints, 'twas a model groan—
So orthodox, proud and frigid its tone.

"This nuisance, he cries, must from henceforth cease,
And the Sabbath shall be a day of ease,
And of stillness profound. No vulgar noise
Of poor fruit women or hungry newsboys

Shall disturb the repose of the favored few,
Who, on damask couch or in cushioned pew,
Enjoy soft slumber, and dream away
The long, lazy hours of the Sabbath day."

Little Jenny Dow.

Little Jenny Dow lives beyond the mill,
Her merry voice is heard all 'round,
Her happy smiles are seen on the green-clad hill,
Where'er the budding flowers are found :
She greets the blushing morn like a dew-drop bright,
And carols through the livelong day :
She gladdens up my heart like a beam of light,
And drives my bitter care away.

CHORUS.

Merrily, merrily her winning little voice is ringing,
And the woodland-birds are singing to little Jenny Dow.

Many are the hearts that have sighed for her,
And many that have sighed in pain :
Many, that I know, would have died for her,
And, alas! they would have died in vain—
Little Jenny Dow never clouds her brow
In sorrow o'er a love-lorn swain ;
With spirits full of glee, none so gay as she,
As she rambles o'er the hill and plain. Chorus.

By the gushing streamlets her fond footsteps glide,
Leaving little prints in the sand :
You'll meet her in the dale or the woodland wide,
Giving life and joy to the land :
Ever may she roam with the same light heart,
Ever may she sing with glee,
While the Summer-days can their beams impart,
And Summer-birds their melody! Chorus.

In the Morn 'twill be all Right.

By Ben Dodge, with Sanford's Minstrels.

When you're feeling sad and lonely,
And with trouble you're bowed down :
When the rude world looks upon you
With a cold and angry frown :
When your whole life seems o'ershadowed
With dark, threatening clouds of night,
Wait with patience for the daybreak—
"In the morn 'twill be all right."

If from loved ones you are parted,
Roaming from them far away,
Wandering lonely, weary-hearted,
Farther every busy day :
No sweet message from the dear ones
Comes to cheer you with delight :
Do not then become despondent—
"In the morn 'twill be all right."

Don't give up to idle murm'rings,
Grieving sadly o'er your fate,
But be cheerful, gay and happy,
For a brighter future wait ;
Soon the dawning of the morning
Will drive away the long, dark night—
So do not think your lot's a hard one—
"In the morn 'twill be all right."

Oh! Strike the Chords Lightly!

By Harry Burton.

Oh! strike the chords lightly, my bonnie Marie!
And raise your voice sweetly, my love ;
It will carry me back in memory sweet
To when we first met in the grove!
You raised your sweet voice, the woods echoed the song,
The birds caught the strain in each tree—
Entranced there I stood, and I fancied, 'tis true,
That Cupid was whispering to me.
Oh! strike the chords lightly, &c.

Oh! strike the chords lightly, my bonnie Marie!
And sing the old song that I love,
That wakened a chord in this cold heart of mine
As I gazed on the star-dome above ;
"Come rest in this bosom," the words that you sang,
Drew me nearer your sylvan retreat :
'Till led on by Cupid, before you I stood,
Then threw myself down at your feet.
Oh! strike the chords lightly, &c.

There's Millions in it.

By Arthur W. French.

The other day, upon the street,
I met a curbstone broker,
Who handed me his card so neat—
Upon it "William Croaker."
He soon explained a little scheme—
A thousand would begin it—
And said that it would prove a "cream,"
Because, "there's millions in it."
Chorus: Don't grab or bite upon first sight ;
Just stop and think a minute :
There's many a "fresh" got in a mesh,
Because "there's millions in it."

My friend Fitz Jones once bought some land,
Somewhere around Hoboken—
"A speculation safe and grand!"
This what was often spoken.
The land was high—in fact, so high
You couldn't climb or shin it—
But some land-sharp had made him buy,
Because "there's millions in it."
Don't grab or bite, &c.

How many men, from day to day,
We see who wear long faces,
Who foolishly have thrown away
Their many hard-earned "cases."
Stocks, bonds, and lots they eager bought
On the impulse of the minute,
And all because they merely thought
That "there was millions in it."
Don't grab or bite, &c.

Why is a dog biting his tail like an economist?
Because he makes both ends meet.

Muirneen na Grouegh Baaneh.

Down by the river side, there dwells a comely bride,
No beauty can excel this damsel;
The beams that spring from her eyes would
dazzle your sight,
Like Phebus on a Summer's morning;
Her snowy-milk white breast arising from her chest,
Her ruby lips they are most charming:
The black bird and the thrush sing concert on each bush
As she roves through the groves and the gardens.

I think the day so long that I cannot march on
And pay a visit to my darling,
To take her by the hand and have her at command
And join her by the holy orders:
She is fairer than the swan, she is milder than the lamb,
She is beautiful, discreet and charming;
If she went to Rotterdom I would follow her by land—
She is my Muirneen na Grouegh Baaneh.

Woe to you, Martin Rowe, I never thaught you so
Stubborn and ill-natured,
That would not join with me in sweet unity,
As I was your lovely creature—
Young men, I find, are different in their mind
And oftentimes prove deceitful:
All for the sake of you which left me in despair,
No other man shall ever tease me.

It's in the morning fair this virgin does appear
Like Phebus when she first gave warning,
Thousands of young swains she has left in pain
No Doctor can recall them.
Her eyes as black as sloes, her cheeks are like the rose,
She is altogether both divine and charming;
Through the nation round her praises I will sound:
She is my Muirneen na Grouegh Baaneh.

In Balla na Hench she lives, this maid of high degree,
The sun seems dark around her,
If I got my right, I would have her as my bride
To comfort me both night and morning;
The honey drops like dew on the mountain
as she goes through,
All in the month of June and August:
No persuasions now shall part me from you,
My Muirneen na Grouegh Baaneh.

Minnie May.

'Neath the shady woodland tree
Where its branches sway,
There I loved, beneath its boughs,
Minnie, Minnie May.
Chorus: My sweet, pretty Minnie May,
My own Minnie May:
I loved 'neath the woodland tree,
Minnie, Minnie May.

Flowing curls of sunny hue
O'er her brow did play;
Light blue eyes, with winning smile,
Had sweet Minnie May— Chorus.

Now she still in death doth sleep,
'Neath the cold, cold clay,
Leaving me alone to weep
For sweet Minnie May— Chorus.

When in death I shall repose,
From this world away:
Then I'll meet my own loved one,
My sweet Minnie May— Chorus.

Kitty Tender, Gay, and Blooming.

Kitty tender, gay and blooming,
Lover! wouldst thou hope to gain?
Warmly court, grow more presuming;
Maids despise the bashful swain.
When she's coldest, press her boldest,
Fondly seize her, clasp her, squeeze her,
Kiss her lips, her neck, her breast,
And you'll soon, you'll soon be blest.

But if after every trial,
Every proof of tender art,
She, with coldness and denial,
Still proves coy, and mocks your smart—
Cease dull whining, moping, pining,
Vex her, grieve her, slight her, leave her,
Stamp, frown, swear and bid adieu,
Cease to court—and she'll court you.

Norine Maureen.

By Billy Devere.

Norine Maureen,, I am out in the gloaming,
Down where the nightingale's singing its lay,
Under the willows I'm waiting thy coming,
Amid the gray twilight just closing the day.
The sun kissed the occident long ere we parted,
And sank into rest 'neath the amethyst sea.
You remember the promise you made when we parted,
Norine Maureen, I am waiting for thee.

Chorus.

Norine Maureen, the bright sun in its splendor
Shall fail to efface heaven's tear-drops, the dew,
And the mother shall cease her first born to remember,
Ere I, darling Norine, prove faithless to you.

Don't forget, darling, the promise you made me
Down in the orchard, last evening so late,
While over our heads panzied pippins were hanging,
And the katydids chirruping down by the gate:
You promised to meet me to-night in the gloaming,
Way down where the daisies bespangle the lea;
Norine, my darling, Oh! hasten thy coming—
Here in the twilight, I'm waiting for thee,
Norine Maureen, &c.

No Home.

By Charley Russell.

Out in the cold, dreary streets,
Alone I am wandering to-night:
I've no home to shelter me now,
For the dear ones have gone from my sight:
There's no one to kiss me good-bye,
Nor greet me whenever I come—
Alone in this cold, dreary world,
I am left with no friends and no home.
Chorus: There's no one to kiss me good-bye,
Nor greet me whenever I come
Alone in this cold, dreary world.
I am left without friends and a home.

The bitter winds mournfully sigh
Through the bare, leafless boughs o'er my head,
And the beautiful flowers I loved
Are numbered with those that are dead;
My heart knows no happiness now,
For never, where'er I may roam,
Will I hear those sweet voices again,
And their glad songs of greeting at home.
There's no one to kiss me, &c.

Full Bags, a Fresh Bottle.

Full bags, a fresh bottle, and a beautiful face,
Are the three greatest blessings poor mortals embrace:
But, alas! we grow muckworms, if bags do but fill,
And a bonny gay dame often ends in a pill:
Then heigh for brisk claret, whose pleasures ne'er waste;
By a bumper we're rich, and by two we are chaste.

Here's a Health to Thee, Tom Moore!

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh for those that love,
And a smile for those who hate:
And, whatever sky's above,
Here's a heart for every fate—

Though the ocean roars around me,
Yet, it still shall bear me on:
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were the last drop in the well,
As I gasp upon the brink,
Ere my sinking spirits fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink!

In this water, as this wine,
The libations I would pour,
Should be—peace to thee and thine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

Give Every Man a Square Deal.

By Arthur W. French.

This life is a game we are playing,
For happiness, wealth and for fame;
"Faint heart never wins," is the saying—
Then let us go in for the game.
Yet ever be true to each other,
No tricks from another to steal;
Be it enemy, friend or a brother,
"Give every man a square deal."
Chorus: Then let us be true to each other,
No laurels to borrow or steal;
And help while we can one another
By giving each one a square deal.

You cannot get wealthy by cheating,
Nor happiness gain through a sin:
These words they will bear a repeating—
Then keep them your conscience within.
Be honest in every endeavor—
"Do right," and no one will "squeal;"
And remember this motto forever—
"Give every man a square deal."
Then let us be true, &c.

Lovely Nymph.

(O'Hara.)

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish,
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad who courts you—
He not long needs sue in vain;
Prince of song, of sports of dance—you
Scarce will meet his like again.

The Limerick Pair.

Double Irish Song-and-dance.
Dedicated by Thomas and Honor to their friends Annie and Andy Hughes.

We are a happy Irish pair,
From the auld green sod we kem;
In Limbrick we were bred and born,
And Hughes it is our name.
For singing and for dancing
Our likes could not be found;
We can bate thim all, both big and small,
This grate big counthry round.

Chorus.

Oh! watch the movement of our feet, (*Break.*)
In execution we're so neat. (*Break.*)
We'll thry to plase yees one and all—
The collywobbles we can cure—
Kape your eyes upon us now,
And watch us welt the flure. (*Dance.*)

We are going to settle down for life
On Columbia's glorious shore,
That land of pace and happiness
That three Irish hearts adore
But we must lave yees now, kind friends,
We've tried yees to amuse—
So don't forget the Limbrick pair—
Annie and Andy Hughes.
Chorus and dance, as at end of first verse.

Vain is Every Fond Endeavor.

Vain is every fond endeavor
To resist the tender dart:
For, examples move us never,
We must feel to know the smart.

When the shepherd swears he's dying,
And our beauties sets to view,
Vanity, her aid supplying,
Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
Is the mild deceitful strain:
Frowning truth our sex displeases,
Flattery never sues in vain.

Soon, too soon, the happy lover
Does our tenderest hopes deceive:
Man was formed to be a rover,
Foolish woman to believe.

Since Terry First Joined the Gang.

Copyright 1875, by E H Harding.

Words by Wm. Scanlon. Music by Wm. Cronin.
The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 329 Bowery opposite Prince Street, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

My name it is Mike Slattery,
And from Ireland I came:
And I've a son who's a big blackguard,
And Terrance is his name.
He wears a gold watch and chain,
And he calls it a "super," and a "slang:"
Oh! my heart is broke, God knows it is,
Since Terry first joined the "gang."

CHORUS.

He'll come rolling home in the morning,
And he'll give the door the devil's own bang:
Oh! my heart is broke, God knows it is,
Since Terry first joined the "gang."

When he came home last Thursday night,
Sure, I talked to him very nice:
When he said, "old man, you're getting too fresh,
And we'll soon have to put you on the ice!"
He told the old woman for to take a drop,
And to shut up giving him her slang;
Oh! her heart is broke, God knows it is,
Since Terry first joined the "gang.",
He'll come rolling home, &c.

Sure, he stands upon the corner
From morning until night,
And if the Policeman says, "move on,"
He'll spit at him with spite:
He went to the market only yesterday,
And there he stole a "wipe" and a "slang;"
Now he's got three months in the Penitentiary,
Along with the rest of the "gang!"
He'll come rolling home, &c.

You Never miss de Lager till de Keg Runs Dry.

Written and sung with great applause by Gus Williams, the American Star Comique.

I vonce did keep a beer zaloon, und it vos near a school,
Und, oh! de vay I drusted den, showed dot I vos a fool,
Und often I remember ven mit cards I used to blay,
My friends would round de table sit, und dis vos vot dey'd say:

CHORUS.

Drust not, Jacob, or you never vill get paid,
Make dem seddle for de beer ven id's before dem laid,
Don't you let dem say, "all rite," und gwickly pass yon by,
For you never miss de lager till de keg runs dry.

Dere's dwo or dhree young fellars, vot come in my zaloon
Mosd ev'ry nide, und dey get tight, und sleep dere undil noon;
Dey owe for ev'ry ding dey've got for de lasd dwo, dree year,
But next time dot dey do come in, I'll visper in dere ear:

CHORUS.

I von't trust you, for I never vill get paid,
You must seddle for de beer vhen id's before you laid,
I von't let you say "all rite," or else you'll pass me by,
Und I never miss de lager till de keg runs dry.

A feller came in dere von day, und ordered drinks for eight,
I asged him for to pay me firsd, for fear I'd be too late;
He said he vos insulded, und hit me in de snoot,
Und as I laid upon de floor, on me he used his boot.

Spoken: He kicked me all arounds de room, un' ven I vould get up, he vould knock me down again: he actually swept de floor mit me. Oh! dere vos lots of fun—for him. De lasd kick he gave sent my head rite drough a spiddoon; den he asged me if I vanted any more. I dold him I vos no hog, und dot I got enough. I vas daken to de hospidel, und de doctor asged me: "Vot vas de fite about?" I dold him from drusding my friends, dot ven I got in a fite, my friends vould hold my hands, vile some von else vould kick my head off, und dot de reason I vos laid up now vos from daking a friend's advice of—
Drust not, Jacob, &c.

Taking a Smile.

A Temperance Song—By Lewis Katen.

As I walked out one moonlight night,
I met a clever fellow;
He asked me just "to take a smile:"
We smiled, and we got "mellow."
Chorus: Beware, young men, pray don't indulge
In smiles that end in sorrow:
If they don't bring you woe to-day,
They likely will to-morrow.

On going home, I met a lass,
She proved my fair intended.
I glanced at her, and tried to pass,
I saw she was offended. Chorus.

Oh! I was caught in a sad plight,
My "smile" was turned to sorrow;
I knew that I had not done right—
It proved so on the morrow. Chorus.

Next morn, a doleful note she sent,
Because I got so jolly;
She told me that the time I spent
Was spent in mirth and folly. Chorus.

I went to see her that same night,
She met me rither coldly;
I thought 'twas best, I'd been so tight,
To sum up matters boldly. Chorus.

So I confessed at once my sin,
And vowed to make atonement;
I pledged to drink no rum or gin,
And have not from that moment. Chorus.

She pledged to be my loving wife,
That we might smile together;
And now we lead a smiling life,
With cares light as a feather. Chorus.

Now if you'd lead a happy life,
You would no more get mellow,
But to your fond and loving wife
Act like a clever fellow. Chorus.

A Wet Sheet, and a Flowing Sea!

A wet sheet, and a flowing sea!
And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast,
And bends the gallant mast, my boys!
While, like an eagle free,
Away our good ship flies, and leaves
Columbia on our lee.
Chorus: Oh! give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast!

For a soft and gentle wind,
I heard a fair one cry:
But give to me the roaring breeze,
And white waves heaving high,
And white waves heaving high, my boys!
The good ship tight and free:
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we! Chorus.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud—
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud,
The wind is piping loud, my boys!
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea! Chorus.

Charade.

My *first* makes everything extinct,
Until my *second's* to it linked;
My *second* has no other use
Alone, but all things to reduce;
My *whole* ne'er quiet, onward wending—
'Tis working ever, never ending.

Answer: Deathless.

Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea.

The Bold Shoemaker.

I am a bold republican, James Irving is my name,
And to my sad misfortune I listed in the train;
My usage being so severe, with me did not agree,
That was the time, my brave boys, I thought on liberty.

I being drunk when I enlisted, not knowing of the same,
Until my youthful senses returned to me again,
To see those colors flying, the tears did fall from me;
That was the second time, my boys, I thought on liberty.

Then we marched to Tipperary, with courage stout and bold,
Where my unworthy officers unkindly me controlled:
To exercise on Sunday with me did not agree:
That was the third time, brave boys, I thought on liberty.

I had a loving sweetheart, Jane Wilson was her name,
And it grieved her to the very heart to see me in the train:
She told me if I would desert, to quickly let her know,
And she'd dress me in her clothes, that were I pleased might go.

Then I marched to Colemin, and being weary on the way,
I stept into a small barn, and laid down on some hay;
Oh! I had not very long laid there till I arose again,
And looking all around me, I spied five of the train.

Oh! we had a bloody combat, 'tis true I beat them all,
I made those cowardly rascals for mercy loudly call,
Saying: spare our lives, bold Irvin, and we will pray for thee,
And we will swear, by all that's fair, you fought for liberty.

Go home, you cowardly dogs, said I, since nothing else you crave,
Go home, and tell your officers that with them I won't stay,
Go home, and tell your soldiers, likewise your sergeants three,
That my name is James Irving, and I'll have my liberty.

Then I marched to sweet Colerain, and weary it me made:
Oh! there I worked a full half year, at my shoemaking trade;
But a Carrick fair being so near, I longed my friends to see:
It's ten to one, my brave boys, but I'll lose my liberty.

There were John Brown, of Carrick town, a man both poor and mean,
For the sake of forty shillings he had me false taken;
They put me in a guard house my sorrows to deplore,
There were four at every window, and as many at the door.

'Twas early the next morning, I walked my guard room round,
And jumped out of a window, and knocked four of them down!
Both light-horse and trainsmen, they all did follow me,
But my friends did receive me and I kept my liberty.

Now I am a bold republican, James Irving is my name,
I can whip as many Orangemen as will stand up in a train:
I can whip as many Orangemen as will stand in a row,
And will make them fly before me like an arrow from a bow.

Let Erin Remember the Days of Old.

Let Erin remember the days of old
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader:
When her Kings, with standard of green unfurled,
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger,
Ere the Em'rald gem of the Western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall Mem'ry often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus sighing, look through the waves of Time
For the long faded glories they cover.

The Runaway Mare.

Copyright 1875 by E. H. Harding.

IRISH COMIC SONG—Words and Music by Jos. P. Skelly.
The music of this song can be obtained of E H Harding.
No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—
Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

We started for the fair,
With spirits light and hearty,
Behind McCarthy's mare:
Oh! it was a lively party!
You never saw the likes of it,
Believe me what I say—
Sure we had a roaring racket,
But the mare she ran away!
Refrain: Off she wint! off she wint!
Be gob! I wasn't worth a cint!
The sate was jist as hard as flint,
Behind McCarthy's mare!
Chorus: "Hould her in!" McCarthy cried.
"Stop her!" says McCue.
I thought I'd shake to pieces
As along the road we flew—
Me head was swimming like a top,
Me heart was in dispair—
The divil himself was in the wheels,
Behind McCarthy's mare!

McCarthy held the reins,
And Murphy held McCarthy,
But whiskey filled their brains,
And made them wild and hearty:
Maloney tumbled out behind,
And there we let him lay—
Sure I offered to assist him,
But the mare she ran away!
Refrain: Off she wint, &c.
Chorus: Hould her in, &c.

Me dacent coat was tore,
Me hat was left behind me:
I rattled and I swore,
And I thought the dust would blind me—
In holes and ditches went the wheels,
Oh! murther! such a day!
Sure meself was kilt intirely
With the mare that run away!
Refrain: Off she wint, &c.
Chorus: Hould her in, &c.

The Finest Police in the World!

Copyright 1875 by E. H Harding.

Comic Song—Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

We're the finest police in the world!
In a gay dress of blue they enfold us—
We arrest all offenders of law,
And the people are proud to behold us—
We walk the streets all the long dark night,
And we take good care to be far from a fight:
Our clubs are hard, and our shields are bright,
We're the finest police in the world!
Chorus: We're the finest, we're the bravest,
We're the grandest police in the world!
We're the finest, we're the bravest,
We're the grandest police in the world!

We're the finest police in the world!
And our praises are sung in the papers:
When we find a disorderly man,
Very soon he is cured of his capers:
We are the pride of the nation wide,
And around our footsteps no law is defied:
The rogues all fear us on every side,
We're the finest police in the world!
We're the finest, &c.

Charade.

How cheerfully blazes my *first* in the grate,
As fast-falling snow compels all friends to wait!
So we pile up the logs and the coal,
Each beaming countenance smiling with mirth;
Each take their *second*, for true friendship's worth,
A seat cozy and snug by my *whole*.

Answer: Fire-place.

Why is a cat's tail like a swan's bosom? Because it grows down.

Charming Nellie Long.

DOUBLE SONG AND DANCE—Sung by the Fuller Brothers.
Words and Music by David Ringle, Jr.

I've come away from town to-night
To sing to you a song
About a charming yaller gal,
Whose name is Nellie Long.
One day when I was strolling,
She took my heart away,
And since then I haven't seen her,
Until but yesterday.
Oh! ain't she sweet! (*Dance.*)
Like a cooked up beet. (*Dance.*)
Chorus: She's the finest looking colored gal
That ever you did see.
But since my heart she stole away,
It's take care then for me.

'Twas at an evening party,
Down in Billy Wilson's house,
I met this charming yaller gal,
With a dandy nigger spouse.
And Billy took that yaller gal,
Who was introduced to me,
And out of fun, he sat this gal
Right on that nigger's knee.
Oh! wasn't I mad! (*Dance.*)
Like a North River Shad. (*Dance.*)
Chorus: If I ever catch this feller
Fooling round my Nellie Long,
I'll teach him how to let her be,
Or else I'm in the wrong.

We've both agreed, this very night,
To call upon Miss Long,
And ask her then to tell which one
She loves the best of all—
And then the one she chooses
Of these niggers that you see,
Will be the happy one, you bet,
And I bet it will be me!
Oh! we'll be friends (*Dance.*)
Like two cackle hens. (*Dance.*)
Chorus: So we're going down, this very night,
To serenade Miss Long:
To show her how we both can sing,
And delight her with our song.

When the Little Birds are Singing in the Garden!

Copyright 1875 by E. H. Harding.

SONG AND DANCE.
Words and Music by Geo. G. Hart.

When the little birds are singing in the garden,
I'll come, my love, to thee,
And together then, my darling, we will wander
With hearts both light and free—
I'll tell you of my love, my little turtle dove;
For you're all the world to me—
And I'll whisper in reply, while there's no one standing by,
That I love no one but thee—
CHORUS.
When the little birds are singing in the garden,
I'll come, my love, to thee,
And together then, my darling, we will wander
With hearts both light and free— (*Dance.*)

When the little birds are singing in the garden,
I'll wait, my love, for thee;
Those happy little songsters, in the spring-time,
Are full of joyous glee:
And their merry little throats are full of happy notes
As they sing their pretty song.
My life with thee is gay, a joyous roundelay,
I'm happy all day long! (*Chorus and Dance.*)

Wedding is Great Juno's Crown.

Wedding is great Juno's crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples ev'ry town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour, and renown
To Hymen, god of every town!

SHAKESPEARE.

Tra-la-la, George!

Copyright 1875 by E H Harding.

Words and Music by Joseph P Skelly
The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding.
No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New York—
Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

My love is young, and fair, and sweet,
My fancy she can please,
But, oh! she is inclined to flirt
With every one she sees:
Whenever she goes out alone,
She's sure to catch a beau,
But then she says it's all for fun,
And that's no harm, you know—
I want her to be mine,
And oft I tell her so,
But though she don't decline,
She won't say yes or no.
Chorus: Tra-la-la, George, Tra-la-la, George,
You must go and ask Papa, George:
Tra-la-la, George, Tra-la-la, George,
You must go and ask Papa—ha, ha, pa!

One day she'll smile, the next she'll frown,
She is a creature strange,
But there is no one in this town
For whom I would exchange:
She's like the rest of woman-kind,
A riddle hard to read—
I'd like to know just what she means,
'Twould please me much indeed!
I want her to be mine,
To me she is most dear,
But though she don't decline,
Her answer pains my ear— Chorus,

Her father is a gruff old man,
With lots of worldly pelf—
He says his charming daughter is
A fortune in herself:
In that, of course, we both agree,
But when I speak about
Her hand and heart—we have to part
For, he coolly kicks me out!
I see my love each day,
She says it is a shame:
What will we do?—I say—
Her answer is the same— Chorus.

The Belle of the Avenue.

Copyright 1875. by E. H. Harding.

Waltz Song—Words and Music by Jos. P. Skelly.

My love is the Belle of the Avenue!
She walks up and down every day,
And charms every one as she passes by,
So beautiful, graceful and gay—
The swells, when they see her, go crazy,
And silently wish they were free
To walk by her side—but they are denied—
For, she will have no one but me—oh!
Chorus: She is the Belle of the Avenue!
Graceful and bright, full of fairy light,
Sweet and enchanting with eyes of blue,
Beaming with love and glee—
She is the star of society,
Pride of the hall with her fairy form—
Joy and delight of her home so bright,
And dearer than life to me!

Sometimes when it's fine in the afternoon,
Her ma sends her out for a walk:
"Now, darling," she'll say, "don't be long away,
Don't stand with the young men to talk."
"Oh! ma," she replies, "do not fear me,
You know such a thing cannot be—"
Then smiling she goes, in all her nice clothes,
And waits on the corner for me—ha! ha!
She is the belle, &c.

We walk and we talk of the latest balls,
And view all the styles of the day:
And when she must leave, oh! you can't conceive
How much I would wish her to stay—
But she will return on the morrow,
That is if mama will agree—
And while we're apart, I know in my heart
She's all the time wishing for me—ah!
She is the belle, &c.

Tom Rowlock.

Continued.

He rallied himself, and strove to collect his firmness. Advancing along the passage, he saw Tom fast asleep in the chair. No time was to be lost. He would put on the appearance of having come to pay a friendly visit. Tom and he had not met since the former's return from sea, and Nick resolved to pretend that he had sought Tom to offer him the hand of friendship.

With an affection of jollity and good will, he slapped the sailor on the shoulder, as he exclaimed, "Tom Rowlock, ahoy!"

"Who's that hailing me?" asked Tom, starting to his feet.

"Why, don't you remember Nick Howlett, Tom?"

"Oh, yes, I remember your ugly figure-head!" replied the sailor, as he gazed on the man who was about to entrap him. "But you never meant me much good, Master Nick."

"Well," said Nick in a tone of conciliation, "I know there was a little bit of a disagreement between us about Winny; but I've got over that long ago, and want to be friends with you."

"What, all fair and square and above board?" asked the unsuspecting seaman.

"Ay, that I do; and I'm only sorry that we should ever have fallen out."

"Well, Nick, as to the matter of that, so am I; so give us your fin, and let us sink past squalls in the sea of forgetfulness."

Tom took his false friend's hand, and shook it warmly.

"I've seen Winny and her father, and they're waiting for you at a neighbor's close by."

"Ah, of course; at Woodford's, where I'm to sleep to-night."

"Yes, that's the place," said Nick, catching eagerly at the idea. "Come along."

When they were fairly outside the house, Nick gave a shrill whistle.

Will Crouch and his men sprang suddenly forward, and Tom found himself in the grasp of four stout fellows; while Will Crouch presented a pistol at Tom's head, swearing he would blow his brains out if he didn't yield quietly.

"Hollo! what does this mean?" asked Tom, taken by surprise at the position in which he found himself.

"What does it mean?" echoed Will Crouch, with a loud, brutal laugh. "Why, the King wants men, and I press you into his service!"

"Pressed!" shouted Tom. "What, when I've just served three years at sea?"

"You're all the better for that, and just the sort of man we want."

"There has been treachery here—some one has betrayed me;" and he glanced instinctively towards Nick as he spoke.

"You're right," said the captain of the gang. "There's the man who pointed you out to us."

"Oh, the villain! the traitor! the hypocrite!" cried Tom, struggling to reach Nick. "I can now see through the devilish scheme he laid to entrap me. It's a plan worthy of a fiend. He knew I'd been to sea in storm, peril and battle for years, and no sooner did he find I was about to anchor in the haven of happiness than he gets you to lay your grappling irons on me! Oh, you iron-hearted swab!" exclaimed Tom, still struggling to reach Nick. "We may yet meet when I am a free man; then tremble, you lubber, at the vengeance of Tom Rowlock!"

"Bah!" answered Nick, with a sneer of hate. "I know how you and Winny hate me, and I now pay back with goodly interest the grudge I have owed you so long. Did you think I was such a poor spiritless cur as to be scorned and rejected without showing my teeth? No. Since you robbed me of Winny, the only girl who can make life dear to me, I became your foe, and, by the hate that burns within me, I'll remain so while I live."

"There, lads—you hear him!" cried Tom, to his captors; "and yet you hold me like a felon, while he exults in his foul scheme of treachery and revenge!"

Will Crouch smiled grimly to himself, and looked upon Nick with a sinister expression, that evidently boded the traitor and informer no good.

"Only let me go for two minuts—only two!" implored Tom of those who held him; "and I'll pour such a broadside into that cowardly lubber, that he'll never forget!"

"Hold him taut!" commanded Will Crouch; "and bring him along."

The love of liberty, however, was not so easily extinguished in Tom's breast—he shouted for help, he struggled like a lion with those who held him.

Will Crouch knew well, from experience, what to do in such cases. He stepped behind Tom, and with his cudgel brought him senseless to the earth.

"Aboard with him as quick as possible, lads," cried Will Crouch. The men raised Tom in their arms, and bore him onwards.

Chapter II.

How Nick Howlett exulted at the revenge he had taken upon his rival, and his luck in stealing the money from the schoolmaster's house! He felt secure in his villany; no one had seen him deal the old man his death-blow, and before the body was discovered, he reckoned upon being far away.

Tom, still insensible, was carried by his captors to a small creek, where a boat was moored, placed in it, and rowed off on board the ship at anchor in the bay.

Nick could not restrain his joy at Tom being so easily trapped. The thought that the young sailor and Winny were again parted, filled his malignant heart with delight. What a speedy revenge he had taken on his rival, by not only robbing him of his sweetheart, but his money also! He could not help boasting to Will Crouch of the cleverness of his plans, and how speedily he had carried them out.

"Ay; all's well so far," remarked Will. "You've fixed him safe enough, there's no denying that."

Nick was now for taking his leave; but Will vowed they must drink together, in memory of old times; besides, he had not thanked him for putting so valuable a hand in his way as Tom Rowlock, who was worth a dozen landsmen. From a secret cleft in the rock, Will produced several bottles of spirits, and all drank freely as the best of friends. The moon had risen high in the sky when the men who had taken Tom on board returned to the beach. In spite of the potent liquor that Nick had been imbibing, he was anxious to leave the neighborhood before the discovery of the robbery and murder took place. If he was arrested on suspicion, the money found upon him would seal his doom. He hoped to put many miles between him and the village before morning, proceed to Plymouth on foot, and from thence take the coach to London.

"I'm off, lads," he said rising to his feet, and shaking Will by the hand.

"Not yet!" cried Will, in a sharp tone, and placing his hand on Nick's shoulder.

"Can't stop a moment longer," replied Nick. "I've business on hand."

"So have I, so have we all, and you must help us do it."

"I think I've helped you pretty well. What more do you want?"

"Why, we want *you!*" exclaimed Will, laying his brawny hand on Nick's shoulder.

"Want me?" echoed Nick, beginning to feel uneasy. "For what?'

"To serve the King," answered Will Crouch. "You've let your friend into the hole, and I don't see why you shouldn't follow him."

"Why, Will, my old friend," stammered the traitor, in abject fear, "you wouldn't take *me?*"

"The King wants men, and that's my answer to all, whether they are friends or foes."

"Why, haven't I placed a man in your power?" pleaded the decoy duck, who now began to tremble for his own safety.

"Yes, and yourself too; so come along;" and as he spoke, Will tightened his hold upon Nick's collar.

Nick perceived that to expostulate would be all in vain. The only chance of escape he had was by offering Will a tempting bribe out of his ill-gotten gains.

"Hold on a moment, Will, and hear me. If you'll let me go, I'll give you a ten pound note."

"A ten pound note!" sneered Will. "Why where should you become possessor of so much? Have you turned forger as well as informer? I want none of your notes; I prefer you instead; so bear a hand with him, mates, if he won't go quietly."

"I'll give you the amount in gold, then. You can't be deceived in that," urged the trembling villain.

"Let's see it," said Will, releasing his hold of Nick for a moment.

With a trembling hand, Nick drew from his pocket the produce of his crime. The eyes of the press-gang twinkled as they saw the gold and notes. They winked at their captain, and nudged him with a meaning. Will well understood them.

"Why, Nick, my old friend, what can you want with all this money? and where did you get it? Not honestly, I'll swear;" and in spite of Nick's attempt at resistance, Will snatched the ill-gotten money from Nick's hands into his own, and began to count it over.

The villain groaned in spirit as he saw the produce of his murderous deed slip through his fingers, and begged in vain for its restoration.

"Lightly come, lightly go, my friend," answered Will. "Think yourself lucky that we don't hand you over to the law, who, if they once laid their grappling irons on you, wouldn't part with you till you'd squared the yards with them as to how you got so many shots in your locker."

Nick well knew how true this was, and now cursed the duplicity that had led him to betray Tom Rowlock, and place himself in the power of the man he had thought his friend.

"There is but one way of escape," he said to himself. "I must forfeit the money, and secure my liberty."

He ground his teeth with fury as he thought of having to part with the fruits of his crime so easily.

"You're mortal hard with me, Will Crouch," said he; "but as liberty is sweet, we'll go halves in the money, and with my share I'll be off at once."

"We'll neither go halves nor let you go off, Master Nick. You're booked for the sea, and on board our craft you must go; and when you get there, if you dare to say a word about this money, you may find yourself in irons, with the prospect of being sent ashore to be tried for—you know what, it strikes me."

The murderer, robber, and false friend well knew how true this was. "I must grin and bear it," he growled to himself, as he scowled askance at Will with all the malignity of a fiend. He saw the gang divide the money amongst them, Will remarking the while, "Share and share alike, then every man will be as deep in the mud as I am in the mire."

While the men were thus engaged, a sudden thought struck Nick: he'd make a start for liberty, let what might come of it. He seized the moment when all eyes were averted from him to rush off at full speed along the rocks. In all the energy of despair, and feeling that liberty was sweeter to him now than it ever had been before, he put forth all his strength to distance his captors. With a loud shout they marked his flight, and bore after him with shouts and imprecations, vowing they would shoot him down if he refused to bring to.

Nick heeded them not, but ran on at a rapid pace, regardless of all but his own safety.

On, on he sped, putting a greater distance between them at every stride. He turned his head to see how far he had distanced them, struck his foot against a projecting piece of rock, stumbled, and fell over a projecting cliff that had escaped his notice; his pursuers heard the cry of despair that had escaped from his lips as he disappeared from view, and reached the spot, to find him lying insensible in the opening below. One of the gang gave it as his opinion that Nick had broken his neck. "Don't alarm yourself, lad," said Will. "His fate don't lie that way. Place him on his back, and pour some of this brandy down his throat; he's only stunned, I reckon!"

Will was right, for after a portion of the potent spirit had been imbibed by Nick, he began to show signs of animation. When the gang saw that he was sufficiently recovered, they raised him to his feet, and began to urge him onward.

Nick had gained sufficient sense to see how hopeless further resistance would be. He maintained a gloomy silence, and suffered himself to be led away their prisoner. They seated him in the boat between two men armed with naked cutlasses. Will sat opposite, with a loaded pistol, vowing, with a

dreadful oath, if he attempted to stir, he'd pour a broadside into his upper rigging. The men rowed for their vessel, and the pangs of a guilty conscience smote Nick with double force when he reflected he should soon be on board the same ship that contained his betrayed rival, Tom Rowlock.

Chapter III.

The Surprise man-of-war, on which Tom Rowlock now found himself, was one of the good old-fashioned ships of past days, when England had to rely on her wooden walls. Steam power was in its infancy, and seamen would have called any man an ignorant lubber had he prophecied the substitution of iron for British oak. These were the times when one Englishman—either sailor or soldier—was supposed to be equal to half a dozen Frenchmen, whether ashore or afloat. This national vanity, no doubt, inspired the men with invincible courage, and, led by lion-hearted commanders, enabled Albion to sweep the seas, and render her island "the birthplace of liberty—the home of the slave!"

But, if the truth must be told, a man-of-war in those days was a floating pandemonium. Her crew, recruited from all sources to replace the number of men lost in every engagement, contained some atrocious characters. Pickpockets and highwaymen, who found London too hot to hold them, runaway apprentices, faithless husbands, swindlers, deserters, fraudulent bankrupts, forgers, and offenders of the deepest die, all sought refuge under the union Jack. Between the decks was one scene of fighting, drunkenness, and ribaldry—it was every man for himself, and selfishness reigned supreme.

It was amidst such a Babel of confusion as we have described, that Tom Rowlock returned to consciousness. He at once realized his situation, and his heart grew sick within him at this bitter change in his luck.

"Dashed down from the pinacle of happiness," he groaned, "into the cockpit of misfortune!"

But the sailor well knew that piping his eye would only provoke contempt in those around him, instead of obtaining sympathy; so he wiped the tears from his eyes, and bowed to the cruel destiny that had sent him once more tossing on the main.

"All hands on deck!" piped the boatswain: and Tom, in company with all the new-comers, obeyed the summons.

The first lieutenant and his subordinates, in company with the ship's crew, were all assembled to receive the new captain, who was every moment expected to succeed to the command which had become vacant by the death of the late commander, slain in the last engagement. The word being given that a boat was alongside, the first lieutenant crossed the deck to receive the recently-appointed captain, who appeared to be a man who had seen much service, although not past that period described as the prime of life.

Tom Rowlock, as he looked upon him, was struck with the idea that the skipper had none of that smartness of bearing about him, or frankness of expression, which is to be found among naval officers in general.

Captain Paget—for such was his name—had a heavy, sombre countenance, and small, restless, shifting eyes, which seemed to avoid meeting those of others. As a matter of course, he was received with three cheers, and, in return, made the usual speech to the officers and men, counting on their devotion to their country, their ship, and the Union Jack.

Some of the pressed men muttered curses, instead of joining in the cheers that broke forth from the ship's crew at the end of the captain's oration; but Tom cheered, from the force of habit, forgetting at the moment that he was a pressed man, torn from all that was dear to him.

The captain went to his cabin, the men mustered for duty, and the Surprise stood out to sea. The wind, which had been rising all the morning, now freshened into a gale.

"Reef topsails!" was the word given; and Tom Rowlock was one of those ordered to go aloft. He felt it a relief to have some occupation, for he had been brooding on the home and friends he had left behind, until, as seamen say, he was hove down in the port of melancholy. One man by Tom's side seemed unused to the task that had been given him, and Tom was about to lend a hand in the way of help, but at that moment their eyes met, and Tom recognised his bitterest foe, Nick Howlett. The sailor could scarcely credit his senses. His enemy on board the same vessel as himself, and serving as a common seaman? What did this mean? In another moment the truth flashed across his mind; the traitor had been pressed, like himself.

"So, you swab!" cried Tom, addressing the craven wretch, whose cheeks had turned the color of the canvas he was attempting to reef; "you've got tarred with the same brush as myself, have you? I'll come athwart your hawse some of these days for this!"

Nick finished his task as well as he could, and slunk below. Tom followed, rejoicing in the thought that the man who had been the means of sending him once more to sea was now no better off than himself. It was as well that he knew no more than he did; had he been aware of the robbery at Gregory Freeman's house, and the fearful fate that had befallen the old man, his lot would, indeed, have been hard to bear. Ignorance, in this case, was, indeed, bliss—at least, for the time being.

Days passed on, and Tom soon became a favorite on board. His messmates heard his story, and while they condoled with him, and prophecied brighter days in store, they scouted Nick Howlett for the spy and the traitor that he had proved himself. Nick—servile, cowardly, and mean—had been, ever since his arrival on board, seeking to curry favor with the first lieutenant: by worming himself into that officer's favor, he hoped, in time, to create a prejudice in his mind against the young sailor—to cause his disgrace by some means, no matter what, was the idea that now haunted him. His conscience, too, plagued him sorely. He started in his sleep; he struggled as though seeking to escape from some deadly enemy; he was again in his native village; he saw, as plainly as though he lived, the old man that he had laid prostrate on the threshold. How anxious he felt, too, as he thought of the place where the body had been placed! Of course it had been discovered long since! Who was suspected? Had his own absence been construed into an appearance of guilt—or was any other person suspected? How he longed to see a newspaper!—but there was no chance of his curiosity being gratified. All on board were debarred from hearing any news relating to home affairs; each day bore them far from the land that many were destined never to see again.

As Lieutenant Spencer passed Nick Howlett on deck one day; the latter, touching his hat, asked if he could speak to him.

"Yes," replied the lieutenant. "What is it you have to say?"

"I don't like the way Tom Rowlock is going on, your honor; he's always growling and scowling at me as though he meant mischief, and the worst word in his mouth is too good for me."

"You can hardly wonder at that, I should think; for I hear you had him pressed, and parted from his sweetheart."

"I don't care so much about myself, but he speaks against your honor worse than he does me."

"Indeed! Why should he do that?"

"That's more than I can tell, your honor. I believe it's the natural badness of his heart. He used to serve all his friends the same way in his native place; he was a regular mischief-maker, sir."

"And I suppose," said the lieutenant, fixing his eye steadily on Nick, "you had the welfare of all the people in his native place so much at heart, that you thought you'd get him out of the way?"

"Well, I guessed, sir, it would be all for his good."

"I've heard all about your motives from the boatswain, Will Crouch, who was captain of the gang that pressed him, I believe."

"He was your honor; and he acted very unfairly, for he pressed me too."

"Ah," remarked the lieutenant, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "I suppose he thought it would be for *your* good, just as *you* thought it would be for Tom Rowlock's?"

All the evil passions in the man's nature broke out uncontrolled, as he exclaimed, "Curse them both, I say! I should like to——"

"Avast, Howlett, avast!" interrupted the lieutenant. "No threats on board this vessel! In spite of your always trying to set me against Tom Rowlock, I like the fellow still, notwithstanding what you've said as to him always speaking against me behind my back. Why, here he comes, and I'll tax him with it."

Tom was coming on deck as the lieutenant spoke.

"No, no, your honor!" implored Nick, not thinking Tom was so near at hand; "don't say anything just now, or at least don't mention my name in the matter."

"Oh, oh, my man!" returned the lieutenant; "you're one of that sort, are you?—ready enough to run down a man behind his back, but when before his face you haven't the courage to say a single word!"

Nick found he had gone too far, that the lieutenant was no friend of his, and all his words spoken with a view to prejudice Tom had better have remained unsaid.

"Tom Rowlock," said the lieutenant, beckoning our hero towards him, "be careful what you say on board this vessel, for every word you let drop is carried to me, and that's the man who brings it."

He pointed towards Nick Howlett as he spoke, and went into the cabin.

"Oh, oh! you're on the tack, are you?" said Tom, eying his enemy from head to foot with the most supreme contempt.

"Don't believe all you hear," whined Nick, in a hypocritical tone. "Everybody on board seems against me, and I'm sure I don't know why."

"Don't you? Then I'll tell you. It's because they see you in your true colors. They know you got me pressed the very first day I set my foot in my native village, after three years absence, hoping to anchor in happiness for life with the girl of my heart. You pretended to be my friend, and then betrayed me; but your treachery carried its punishment along with it, and you who were so anxious to send me to sea again, so that I might again encounter all the perils of storm and battle, will now have a chance of seeing how you like 'em yourself."

Nick could well imagine the triumph it was to Tom to see him there, but it did not answer the traitor's purpose to quarrel with his rival. He thought he could gain his ends better without it, so pretending to dash away a penitent tear from his eye, he said he was very sorry.

"Ay," said Tom; "tell that to the Marines. "You're sorry that *you're* here; but glad to know that *I'm* once more afloat. Tell me what good you think you've done by your treachery? Why, you swab, did you think if you had succeeded in sending me off to sea again, and you had contrived to stay behind, that Winny would have sailed under your flag on the ocean of life?—*she* that's my star of hope—the compass that I steer by in every danger—my sheet anchor, that I have so much faith in, because I think that the great Commander aloft will let us meet again, in spite of all that our enemies may plan to wreck our happiness!"

Nick now perceived that Tom viewed him in his true colors, and that further deception would be useless, and vowed within himself that they should be foes to the last.

The call to duty seperated them, and each went his way. Although Tom knew Nick Howlett had wrecked his happiness for a time, still the hardy sailor found comfort in the thought that Winny would ever remain true to him, and looked forward to their meeting again with as firm a hope as the tar looks up to the Union Jack that is to lead him on to victory.

How Tom longed for a letter from Winny, or the means to send one to her! He had one written all ready, and resolved to try and post it at the first port they anchored in.

But he received news from his native village in a way that he never could have dreamed of.

It was the morning after the new captain's arrival, and Tom was leaning over the ship's side, thinking of the past and shaping plans for the future, when a well-known voice shouted in his ear. "What cheer, Tom Rowlock?" He turned, and there standing on the deck, dressed in full nautical rig, was Jack White.

(To be Continued.

SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.

Arranged for the Guitar by Prof. EDMUND CLARK, the renowned Guitar Teacher, No. 285 Bowery, New York.

Moderato con Espressione.



3 Unexpected, one night, I called, when a sight
Met my view, that I scarce could believe my own eyes—
But alas! 'twas too true: there, a big soldier in blue
Sat quite cozy with Sarah, who stared with surprise;
And when I demanded a true explanation
Of such heartless conduct, Miss Sarah began
To laugh and grow bolder, while her great, clumsy soldier
Seized hold of the collar of Sarah's young man.

4 Said he, coolly, to me: "You're not wanted, you see!
If you'll quietly take my advice, you'll walk out."
Said I, "If I do, by Jove! you'll go too!"
When the monster began for to kick me about.
While struggling, we both hear the voice of the master—
The soldier, with fright, up the area-steps ran,
While I, soon as able, crawled under the table:
A nice situation for Sarah's young man!

The balance of the words of this song can be found in the Singer's Journal, No. 8, Volume I.

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CONTENTS.

Don't you tell my father!.....page 109
Doubt me not, I cannot change..... 107
Darling Nell..... 107
Done to Death..... 108
The Flag of the Republic..... 106
From a Husband to his Wife..... 106
Freedom is a real Treasure..... 106
How delightful 'twould be if you'd let me! 107
I crown thee, Love, my Queen..... 106
I'll let you..... 107
I know not if she loves me..... 107
I saw what seemed a harmless child..... 107
I am a homely man..... 108
Idling the time away..... 109
Kindling-wood Man..... 106
Kiss, Kiss!..... 109
Lucy Long..... 107
The Ladies' Man..... 107
Longshoremen's Strike..... 108
My little Bright-Eyed Mary..... 106
The Nobleman's Daughter..... 108
Over the Left..... 106
Pictures on the wall..... 106
Paddy McFadden..... 106
Rockaway..... 108
Skidmore Guard..... 109
Sentiment and Reality..... 108
True Friendship..... 107
There is no harm in Kissing..... 109
Tom Rowlock—Story continued.....110—111
Will Friendship buy us Bread?..... 106
The Wandering Boy..... 107
When we dwell on the lips..... 107
When Twilight dews are falling..... 107
Young Agnes, Beauteous Flower—Music... 112
You am Sweet..... 108

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My Little Bright-Eyed Mary.

Oh! such happy thoughts
In my brain will ever play,
When I think of little Mary,
My Mary far away.
For, her eyes they brightly beam
When her blooming face I see,
My bright-eyed little Mary
Is so fond and dear to me.
Chorus: My Mary, little Mary,
Your mem'ry's dear to me,
May roses strew your pathway,
May you ever happy be!

Oh! sing soft to me a lay,
That my heart may, night and day,
Think fondly of my Mary:
Tho' she from me doth stray,
Yet my songs shall ever be
Of her I love so fond and free:
Oh! my little bright-eyed Mary,
This heart beats but for thee. Chorus.

Oh! soon again we'll meet,
When her voice again I'll hear,
In numbers soft and sweet,
Linger gently on mine ear:
Around her still will twine
My heart from day to day,
Until I meet sweet Mary mine,
My Mary far away. Chorus.

I Crown Thee, Love, My Queen.

I crown thee, love, my Queen,
This Isle shall be thy land,
Rest on this throne of green,
And wave thy willow wand:
Thy subject I will be,
To wait thy dear commands,
And low before thee bend the knee,
To kiss the Sovereign's hand,
To kiss the Sovereign's hand.

I crown thee, love, my Queen,
Whatever thy mandates are,
To roam the snowy clouds between,
And steal from Heaven a star,
Or sink beneath the sea,
Where suns ne'er cast a ray,
To bring its rarest pearls to thee,
Thy mandates I obey.

I crown thee, love, my Queen,
All Queen of Earth above;
Before thee shall convene
The joyous court of love.
Oh! happiness to me!
Let Earth and Heaven sing,
For, I, oh, joy! at once will be
Though subject yet thy King!
Though subject yet thy King!

The Flag of the Republic.

Air: I'm Afloat.

Long wave our proud Stars and Stripes of Liberty
O'er this mighty Republic, the land of the Free—
The Nation sacred that Washington blest,
The asylum and home for all the distressed!
Where the foreigner's free from Oppression's chain,
True as the sea-bird that flies o'er the main:
Where wealth has no power, honor no throne;
Columbia! Liberty claims thee its own!

Columbia! though Treason now reigns in thy land,
Thou shalt escape unscarred from the dastard band
Of Traitors who've trampled thy Flag in the dust—
For, triumphant shall be the cause of the just,
And thy good Ship of State shall sail again free,
The terror of despots, the mistress of the sea,
And thy Banner of Stars once more proudly flow
From the pine-tree coast to the broad Mexico!

Why do people talk about feeling doubts in their own mind? Where else could they be expected to feel them?

Pictures on the Wall.

Oh! sweet the dreams that haunt me at
Of days so long ago,
I wandered by each vale and hill,
Each flower and brook I know;
Once more a child I seem to be,
When twilight shadows fall,
Within my childhood's home I see
Sweet pictures, sweet pictures on the wall.
Chorus: Oh! days that ever more are past,
How sad your echoes fall,
Oh! happy scenes that would not last,
Fair pictures, fair pictures on the wall.

That little group at home, so dear,
They beam in tranquil light,
Their loving voices still I hear,
Around the fire so bright;
My mother's pure and angel face
How fondly I recall—
No Gems of art can now replace
These pictures, these pictures on the wall.
Oh! days that ever, &c.

Loved pictures that our childhood knew,
You ne'er can fade away,
'Till mem'ry's walls, so fair and true,
Shall crumble to decay;
Oh! when life's dream of joy or pain
No more to us shall fall,
Kind heaven, restore to us again
Those pictures, those pictures on the wall.
Oh! days that ever, &c.

Will Friendship buy us Bread?

By Wm. Shires—Suggested on learning a family was in a state of starvation: The Little girl applied for aid to a wealthy lady, and received the following encouragement.

Mother! she spoke of friendship—what did the lady mean?
Of brighter days for us in store, although by us unseen:
She said we'd yet be happy, then turned away her head;
Now, mother, quickly tell me—will friendship buy us bread?

Will friendship buy us bread, mother? if so, when will it come?
For, days have past since it was seen within our wretched home:
I care not for myself, mother, but you are pale and weak,
And there my little brother lies: he scarce can move or speak.

She bade us trust in Providence, and said it would provide:
So, mother, cheer thy spirits up, whatever may betide:
Yet see—my little brother droops and death-pale grows his cheek,
He lifts his little hands to heaven, and tries in vain to speak.

He sinks and he is motionless—he falls a lifeless clod:
His blessing rests upon us both—his spirit's gone to God!
This, mother, is the promised aid the lady said would come:
It takes us from this wretched world, to a bright and happy home—

Over the Left.

I am thine in thy gladness,
I am thine in thy tears,
My love, it can change not
In absence or years.

Were a dungeon thy dwelling,
My home it should be,
Its gloom would be sunshine,
Were I but with thee.

For, life has no beauty
Of thee, love, bereft,
I am thine, and thine only,
Thine—*over the left*—

From a Husband to his Wife.

She who sleeps upon my heart,
Was the first to win it;
She who dreams upon my breast,
Ever reigns within it;
She who kisses off my sighs,
Wakes their warmest blessing:
She who rests within my arms,
Feels their closest pressing.

Other days than these shall come,
Days that may be dreary:
Other hours shall greet us yet,
Hours that may be weary:
Still this heart shall be thy throne,
Still this breast shall be thy pillow,
Still these lips shall meet thine oft,
As billow meeteth billow.

Sleep then on my happy heart,
Since thy love hath won it:
Dream then on my loyal breast,
None but thou hast done it.
And when age our bloom change
With its wintry weather,
May we in the self-same grave
Sleep and dream together—

Paddy McFadden.

Paddy McFadden was lazy and fat,
And the hair of his head grew out of his hat.
He had but one son and he christened him Pat,
Musha whack Fadden, Fadden ni ah.

Chorus.

With me rap scallan, pigs liver and fagan galore,
One fat poney Moore weighed just forty-four;
If he had weighed forty-five,
He'd weighed a stone more;
Musha whack Fadden, Fadden ni ah.

He'd a big jug of whiskey that stood on the shelf,
Along with the plates, platters and elf;
And when he did drink, he drank to himself;
Musha whack Fadden, Fadden ni ah.
With me rap scallan, pigs liver, &c.

Paddy McFadden when he went to bed,
The neighbors all round thought he was dead;
But in the morning he got up and fled;
Musha whack Fadden, Fadden ni ah.
With me rap scallan, pigs liver, &c.

Kindling-Wood Man.

In New-York city, there used to live a gen'rous man who made
An honest living, like others, in the kindling-wood trade.
He sold it by the bundle, also by the box;
And supplied the Canal boats, at the East-River docks.

'Twas there, he fell in love, about the month of May,
To a lovely girl of Erin, both handsome and gay.
When he first beheld her, he kneeled down at her feet:
And in an angel's whisper, bade her to take a seat.

Spoken: That is on the kindling-wood wagon; and there she whispered: Matrimony.

They rode to the minister, where she became his wife;
He swore that, from that moment, he would lead a happy life;
But sickness came upon her, and this young girl died,
When he seized a piece of kindling-wood, and committed Su-i-cide.

Freedom is a Real Treasure.

Freedom is a real treasure,
Love a dream all false and vain:
Short, uncertain is the pleasure,
Sure and lasting is the pain.

A sincere and tender passion
Some ill planet over-rules;
Ah! how blind is inclination!
Fate and women doat on fools.

WOLSELEY.

How Delightful 'Twould be if You'd let Me!

I ne'er on that lip for a moment have gazed,
But a thousand temptations beset me:
And I've thought, as the dear little rubies you raised,
How delightful 'twould be—if you'd let me—

Then be not so angry for what I have done,
Nor say that you're sworn to forget me!
They were buds of temptation too pouting to shun,
And I thought you could not but—let me.

When your lip with a whisper come close to my cheek,
Oh! think how bewitching it met me—
And plain as the eye of a Venus could speak,
Your eyes seemed to say you would—let me.

Then forgive the transgression, and bid me remain—
For, in truth, if you go, you'll regret me;
Then, oh! let me try the transgression again,
And I'll do all you wish—if you let me.

I'll Let You.

If a kiss be delightful, so tempting my lips,
That a thousand soft wishes beset you,
I vow by the nectar that Jupiter sips,
On certain conditions—I'll let you.

If you swear by my charms that you'll ever be true,
And that no other damsel shall get you—
By the stars that roll around that summit of blue
Perhaps, sir—perhaps, sir—I'll let you.

If not urged by a passion as fleeting as wild
That makes all the virtues forget you,
But affection unsullied, soft, fervent and mild—
You ask for a kiss—then indeed, love—I'll let you.

Lucy Long.

Oh! I jist come out before you, to sing a little song,
I play it on de banjo, an' I call it Lucy Long.
Chorus: So take your time, Miss Lucy,
Take your time, Miss Lucy Long
Take your time, Miss Lucy,
Oh! Lucy, Lucy Long!

Oh! if I had a scolding wife, I'd whip her, sure you're born,
I'd take her down to New Orleans and trade her off for corn.
So take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

I took Miss Lucy walking, I did not mind expense,
I bought her dat ere parasol, it cost me eighteen pence.
So take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

Miss Lucy, when she trabbels, she always leaves de mark
Ob her footsteps in de gravel, you can see dem in de dark.
So take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

De world was made in six days, an' 'twas built up very strong,
But I guess it took de sebenth, to finish Lucy Long.
So take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

Lucy cuts the widgeon ping, and dances fancy reels,
Fust time I ebber seen her, I cotched her skinnin' eels.
So take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

I Know Not if She Loves Me.

I know not if she loves me:
Her arms are never wound,
In hours of deepest tenderness,
My bending form around:
Her eyes are veiled and hidden,
Her lips are turned aside:
I know not if she loves me now,
With all her woman's pride.

And yet, I will not doubt her!
I have no other link
To bind my soul to hopes of good,
When heart and spirit sink:
The very dream of falsehood
With pain and death is fraught:
So, let me trust her murmured words,
And perish in my thoughts!

Doubt Me Not, I Cannot Change.

Doubt me not—I cannot change—
Treasure of my heart, believe me:
By the moonbeam's silvery light,
By the the star-lit sky so bright,
I swear I'll ne'er deceive thee!

Dearest, listen to my vows,
For the future have no fear:
I'll strew thy path with harmless flowers,
I'll find for thee joy's sunniest bowers,
My darling ever dear—

I'll shield thee from all trials,
With affection pure and true:
Then doubt not my unchanging love—
Life for thee, my bright-eyed Dove,
Shall wear its fairest hue.

And time with rosy wings shall pass,
Like a summer's cloudless sky:
And we'll tread the shadowy vale of life,
Free from all sorrow, free from strife,
You and I, love, you and I.

Darling Nell.

Air: Poor Old Slave.

Come, darkies, listen unto me,
Whilst I a story tell
About a girl that I once loved—
They called her Darling Nell.
Chorus: But her form no more I'll see,
Death took my Love away;
And little Nell in Heaven does dwell,
With the Saints of God to stay!

Oh! she was like an Angel bright!
We loved each other well:
I sang my sweetest songs of love,
When wandering with my Nell. Chorus.

The darkies all loved little Nell:
They liked her loving way;
Among the girls she was the belle,
When in the fields at play. Chorus.

But death, one morn, took Nell away—
In Heaven she doth dwell:
She left me here, alone to stay—
So, farewell, little Nell! Chorus.

The Wandering Boy.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door,
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
Oh! how hard is the fate of the wandering boy—

The winter is cold, I have no place to rest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my face;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I—
For, I am a parentless wandering boy.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother who granted each infant desire:
Our cottage it stood in a wood-embowered vale,
Where the Ring-Dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summoned away,
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
I fled from their rigor with many a sigh,
And now I'm a poor little wandering boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale;
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor wandering boy.

When we Dwell on the Lips.

When we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore,
Not a pleasure, in nature, is missing;
May his soul rest in Heaven, (he deserves it, I'm sure)
Who was first the inventor of Kissing!

Master Adam, I verily think, was the man,
Whose discovery will ne'er be surpassed;
Then, since this sweet game with creation began,
To the end of the world may it last!

When Twilight Dews are Falling.

When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star whose beam so soft
Has lighted thee to me, love.
And thou, too, on that orb so dear
Dost often gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.

There's not a garden-walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy that's gone with thee, love.
And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've met through here,
May turn to smiles in heaven.

True Friendship.

Oh! what happiness, what brightness
In life's changing scenes appear—
When we meet kind words and actions,
And we feel they are sincere!
When the smiles of friendship greet us,
And we know that they are true,
What greater charms hath this fair world
To offer me or you?

With the beaming sky above us,
And the lovely earth beneath:
With the music of the ocean,
And the flower-enamelled heath:
With these beauteous scenes of Nature,
What more cheering would you ask
Than the glance that speaks affection
From the heart without a mask?

For, pure truth is such a jewel,
Oh! so precious and so rare,
That it seems a spark from heaven,
Seldom lent to mortal care—
When we meet it in earth's friendship,
Let us prize its holy might:
For, it comes unto our spirits
Like an angel winged in light.

The Ladies' Man.

I'm quite a ladies' man, in fact the belles they all declare
They never had a beau before who walked so millitaire:
My whiskers and mustachios—resist their charms who can—
It is their facinations makes me quite a ladies' man.
I'm partial to a moonlight walk, I like a morning ride
With Lady Mary Cavendish, in all her youth and pride;
I love to visit the Bazaar, the trifles there to scan,
I never go to Crockford's now, I'm quite a ladies' man.

'Tis pleasant, when the heart is free, to watch the maiden's smile,
To mark her eyes' bewitching glance the youthful heart beguile:
But I can gaze on beauty bright, and I'd much rather than
Peru's rich mines were mine to boast, be quite a ladies' man.
Once I could live on balmy sighs—'twas foolish—I was young,
I spoke the language of the eyes, but now I've a better plan:
I flatter, swear, write sonnets and—I'm quite a ladies' man.

I Saw What Seemed a Harmless Child.

I saw what seemed a harmless child,
With wings and bow, and aspect mild,
Who sobbed and sighed, and pined,
And begged I would some boon bestow
On a poor little boy stone-blind.

Not aware of the danger, I instant complied,
When he drew from his quiver a dart, cried:
'My power you shall know:'
Then he levelled his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

DIBDIN.

I am a Homely Man.

Written and sung by Tony Pastor—Air: The Album.

I was not born a handsome man,
The reason I cannot tell,
But that I am a homely "cuss,"
Bedad, sir, I know it well.
My nose it is a bit too long,
My eyes they have a queer tip,
And worst of all, I know I have
An ugly and big hair-lip.
Chorus: I can't believe it, yet 'tis true:
A gal once fell in love with me,
And made me happy, happy—yes,
Happy as I e'er could be.

Spoken: Yes, I tell you I present a sorry picture for a lover, and yet it was my good fortune, the other night, to rescue a fair damsel from the attack of a party of insulting ruffians. I offered her my escort home, and was glad to find that we were neighbors—I living at 42, and my fair lady at 44, just opposite. Next day I received a note, which ran as follows.

Sweet sir, that live at forty-two,
My gratitude is very great:
I know you're beautiful, and that
With heroes you are a mate.
Last night I spent in happy dreams,
And I saw your handsome face
Smiling sweetly down upon me,
Bright with every manly grace.

Spoken: Now, just imagine an ugly cuss like me receiving such a dear epistle from such a lovely creature, as I know this fair correspondent must be. Beautiful!— yes, beautiful as a dream. From hence I felt that I should not regret my hideous appearance, since my heroic qualities had made me appear sweet and beautiful in the eyes of one of earth's fairest daughters. I can't believe, &c.

Next night, I also dreamed a dream:
I loved and I was beloved;
In fancy, o'er the themes of bliss
In joyfulness I roved—
I woke, and lo! a billet-doux
Lay nestled beneath the door:
My waking joy was lighter now,
And my heart thrilled to the core.

Spoken: But, alas! how shaky are the castles which we build! Would you believe it? the lovely creature who had written to me, the day previous, gushing all over with gratitude and admiration, sent me a cold letter, asking me not to take to heart anything she had written, as she was a wayward, little thing, and often did very foolish things—she added that she had watched for an opportunity, and had caught a glimpse of me the day following the sending of her first note, and my dignified appearance convinced her that she had done a foolish thing. I tore the letter in pieces, frantically paced the room, cursed the ingratiude of the human race, and concluded by singing. I can't believe, &c.

I am a gay old bachelor now,
But I'm fat and hale and rich:
I often meet that foolish girl,
A faded, snarling old witch.
She married soon a handsome man,
But he's homelier than me:
He's bloated and ain't got a cent,
A slave to gin and whiskey. Chorus.

You am Sweet.

Written and Sung by Mr. Wm. Courtright.

Oh! my lady, fare you well;
Oh! my lady, fare you well;
Oh! my lady, fare you well;
How I love you, hard to tell.
Chorus: You am sweet, sweet, sweet,
You am sweet, sweet, sweet,
You am sweet, sweet, sweet.
Yes, I told you, I'm gone. (*Dance.*)

Gwine to heaven, how you git dar?
Gwine to heaven, how you git dar?
Gwine to heaven, how you git dar?
Jacob's ladder, dat don't reach dar.
(*Chorus and Dance.*)

Rockaway.

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I've whiled away,
In list'ning to the breakers' roar,
That wash the beach of Rockaway.
Transfixed I've stood while nature's lyre
In one harmonious concert broke,
And catching its promethean fire,
My inmost soul to rapture woke,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I've whiled away,
In list'ning to the breakers' roar,
That wash the beach of Rockaway.

Oh! how delightful 'tis to stroll
Where murm'ring wind and waters meet,
Marking the billows as they roll
And break resistless at your feet—
To watch young Iris, as she dips
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,
And chased by sol, away she trips
O'er the ho-ri-zon's quiv'ring blue—
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I've whiled away,
In list'ning to the breakers' roar,
That wash the beach of Rockaway.

To hear the sfartling night-winds sigh,
As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep,
While the pale moon reflects from high
Her image in the mighty deep:
Majestic scene where nature dwells,
Profound in ever lasting love,
While her unmeasured music swells
The vaulted firmament above.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I've whiled away,
In list'ning to the breakers' roar,
That wash the beach of Rockaway.

Longshoremen's Strike: or, the Poor Man's Family.

Written by Ed. Harrigan. Music by David Braham.
Sung by Ed. Harrigan in his side-splitting sketch, "Raffle for a Clock."

Oh! I am a simple laboring man,
I work along the shore,
To keep the hungry wolves away
From the poor longshoreman's door;
I toil all day in the broiling sun
On the ships that come from sea,
From broad daylight till late at night,
For a poor man's family.
Chorus; Give us fair pay for every day
Is what we ask of ye;
Our cause is right,
We are out on a strike
For a poor man's family.

Oh! the rich one's gilded carriages
And horses swift and strong:
Whin a poor man asks for a bite to eat,
They tell him he is wrong;
"Go take your shovel in your hand,
Go out and work for me—"
Die or live, they have nothing to give
To a poor man's family. Chorus.

They bring over their Italians
And Chinamen from the South,
Thinking they can do our work,
Take the bread from out our mouths;
The white man's children they must starve—
Shure we will not agree
To be put down like a worm in the ground,
And starve our family. Chorus.

Done to Death.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero, that here lies:
Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that dy'd with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Nobleman's Daughter.

'Tis of a Nobleman's daughter,
Most beautiful, comely, and fair;
Her father possessed of great fortune,
Of thirty-five thousand a year.
He had but one only daughter,
Caroline was her name, I've been told.
One day, from her drawing-room window,
She admired a young sailor bold.

His cheeks were like two roses,
His hair was black as jet.
Young Caroline watched his departure,
Walked round, and young William she met.
She says: "I'm a Nobleman's daughter,
Possessed of ten thousand in gold;
I'll forake both my father and mother,
And wed with you, young sailor bold."

Says William: "Young lady, remember,
Your parents you're bound for to mind;
For in sailors there is no dependence,
When their true love is left far behind.
Be advised, and stay home with your parents,
And do by them as you are told,
And never let no one persuade you
To wed with a young sailor bold."

She says: "There's no one shall persuade me
One moment to alter my mind;
I'll ship, and proceed with my true love—
He never shall leave me behind."
She dressed like a gallant young sailor,
Forsook both her parents and gold;
Two years and a half on the ocean,
She ploughed with her young sailor bold.

Three times with her love she was shipwrecked,
And always proved constant and true.
Her duty she did like a sailor,
Went aloft in her jacket so blue.
Her father long weeped and lamented,
From his eyes tears in torrents long rolled,
'Till at length they arrived safe in England,
Caroline and her young sailor bold.

Caroline went straightway to her father,
In her trousers and jacket so blue.
Her father he instantly fainted,
When first she appeared to his view.
She cries: "Dearest father, forgive me,
And forever deprive me of gold;
Grant me one request, I'm contented
To wed with my young sailor bold."

Her father admired young William,
And vowed that in sweet unity,
If life did them spare till the morning,
Together they married should be.
They were married; and Caroline's portion
Was ten hundred thousand in gold.
So now they live happy and cheerful,
Caroline and her young sailor bold.

Sentiment and Reality.

A Serio-Comic Ditty—By Lieut. E. H. Kellogg.

When first we met, no word betrayed
The burning impulse of my heart;
I held my breath, almost afraid
Its beating would my wish impart;
For "Oh!" thought I, "were I to claim
A boon that might not granted be,
A bitter blast must quench the flame
And ruin my tranquillity."
Chorus: Much better bear a life unblest,
And all my inner wishes smother,
Than hear her answer my request,
In icy-tones: "I love another!"

But then I was a silly boy,
And little knew of maidens' freaks:
But as she looked with glances coy,
The blushes sprang into my cheeks;
And then I must have blurted out
Some words—I cannot tell their bent—
But this I know her arms about
My neck inclosed with plain intent.
Chorus: All thoughts had fled of life unblest,
The girl clung closer than a brother,
And quickly set my heart at rest
As she replied: "Just ask my mother."

Skidmore Guard.

Written by Ned Harrigan. As Sung by Harrigan and Hart, assisted by the Theatre Comique Troupe. The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway. Price 40 cents.

We represent de privates
In de nobie colored troops,
Who march about the streets of York
In French Imperial suits;
Black pantaloons and yellow hats,
Helmets trimmed with blue:
De wenches shout when we turn out
On South Fifth avenue.
Chorus: Nobby, airy, light as a fairy,
Music playing, sweet and gay,
Hats a waving, we're parading,
Marching down Broadway.

(Umph) talk about your Mulligan Band,
Dese nigs dey can't be beat:
We march to time, we cut a shine,
Oh! watch dese darkies feet—
De left foot first, de right foot follow,
De heel down mighty hard:
Ten platoons of dandy coons
March in de Skidmore Guard. Chorus.

Dars Mister Brown, de waiter man
In de Astor House hotel:
He's sargeant in de second brigade
Division, Company L:
He's six feet high, he carried de flag
So noble, proud and gay,
He took de prize for marching out
On 'Mancipation day. Chorus.

We neber hire a German band,
Italians carry a can
Of lemonade dat's fresh and sweet
For every colored man;
Dey follow up de regiment
Maccaroni in de rear,
And when dey get obstropolous,
We bounce 'em on dar ear. Chorus.

Dars adjutant general Tom Primrose,
And parson Simpson's sons,
De envy of de yaller gals
Wid boquets on dar guns;
Dey look just like a circus horse
When de band's a playing loud—
For elegant style and sweet hair ile
Dem darkies lead de crowd. Chorus.

Kiss, Kiss.

As sung, with the greatest success, by Jennie Morgan. Music to be had of G D Russell & Co. Boston, Mass. Price 50cts.

Who hath not felt, when sad and lone,
The magnetic pressure of a hand?
The music of a friendly tone,
We all the charm well understand!
But there's a rapture deeper, dearer,
Love's symbol and its seal of bliss,
When hearts and lips come nearer, nearer,
And language melts into a kiss!

Chorus.

Ah! Leaves on the tree— * *
Flower and the bee! * *
To the waters glowing winds are kisses blowing!
Matron and maid— * *
None are afraid— * *
Sign of all our earthly bliss is this—a kiss!

Tho' many a false kiss hath been given—
Tho' many a lip hath feigned its love!
A kiss came none the less from heaven—
It must be right, 'tis done above!
Affection hath no image purer—
Then if a maid be over coy,
Let this reflection reassure her—
That angels quite approve the joy!
Ah! Leaves, &c.

The *Auburn Bulletin* fashion editor sums up the present female costume in the brief word "tuckupbehinddollywrigglednarnphoolitiveness."

There is no Harm in Kissing.

As sung by Jennie Morgan.
Words by Geo. Cooper Music by W. H. Brockway.
Music to be had of Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

Upon a rustic bridge we met,
One afternoon in Spring:
His loving words I can't forget,
Within my ears they ring!
The swans were sailing on the Lake,
And all the Park was gay;
My hand in his he chanced to take
In such a charming way!
The flowers were bright—but, oh! his eyes
They shone like stars of night!
His smile was like the glowing skies,
And filled me with delight—
I seemed in love's delicious dream,
My heart with rapture beat:
And while his eyes did on me beam,
I heard his lips repeat:
Chorus: There is no harm in kissing,
Pray tell me, is there, dear?
Those rosy lips invite me now,
And no one lingers near!
Then loving ones are meeting,
No prying eyes to mark:
There is no harm in kissing— (a kiss)
At twilight in the Park!

We strolled along where roses grew,
And all was bright and fair:
He promised ever to be true:
And begged my love to share.
The little birds were flying home,
They heard my lips reply:
And stars were bright in yonder dome
Before we say good-bye—
But, oh! he seemed so sad to leave—
My heart grew sad as well:
For, love within each heart did weave
Its dear bewitching spell!
We lingered, though the hour was late,
How quick the time had sped!
But when our lips met at the gate,
He softly to me said: Chorus.

Idling the Time Away.

Sung by John Fielding.

If you have health, if you have wealth,
If you intend to enjoy yourself:
If you want pleasure, if you want sport,
Just take a trip to New York;
Walk through the City,
There you'll find pictures, I think, of every kind:
If you feel weary, not up to the mark,
Then take a gentle walk through the Park.
Chorus: There you can lie beneath the trees,
Enjoying yourself with the greatest of ease,
Wink at the girls just as you please,
Idling the time away.

You feel so jolly, lighthearted and gay—
Perhaps to a girl these words you say:
I mean to enjoy myself to-day,
Whate'er the expenses may be;
You treat her to one or two bottles of beer,
Then you get spooney—call her your dear—
Say that you love her, to her you'll be true—
In fact, anything in this world say you'll do.
There you can lie, &c.

You stay there perhaps some hours,
Watching the bees, the birds, and the flowers,
Exercising all your power
To get her to name the day—
First she'll say yes, then she'll say no,
Then she'll say—"Fred, don't bother me so—
But if it will please you, it will give me delight
To give you an answer going home to-night."
There you can lie, &c.

Beneath the trees no longer you stay,
But for whom you hasten away:
Back to the City you return again,
And see the girl home to her door:
You kiss her, caress her, squeeze her hand tight,
And after some talk, bid her good night—
Tell her you have an income for life,
And then she'll consent to become your wife.
And all through lying, &c.

Don't you tell my Father!

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with darling Flo:
I'd have you all to know,
Wherever you may go,
That love, yes, sweet love
Around us sheds its glow—
Don't you wish you were me?
She is a little dove,
The only one I love,
A pretty, coaxing, wheedling little thing:
If to kiss her I try—
"Oh! don't!" she's sure to cry,
But afterwards you're sure to hear her sing:

Chorus.

You may kiss me, and caress me, and I won't say no,
I won't say no, I won't say no—
You may squeeze me, if it please you, and I won't say no
But don't you tell my father!

We oftentimes go courting in a quiet country lane:
To offend her I'd disdain—
Her love I hope to gain:
For, I love her, yes, I love her,
And I'll never cause her pain,
If she'll be true to me.
She's the apple of my eye,
I love her like pie:
I've courted her for many a weary day;
I asked her to be mine,
No longer could I pine—
She looked, and laughed, and then to me did say:
You may kiss me, &c.

Her father, that's the old man, is very fond of me:
We're soon to married be,
And then there'll be a spree!
If fortune should but favor her
With children for her knee,
How nice to be a Pa!
Thus happy night and day,
The time will pass away—
With the little ones I'll play while round they cling,
And thus so blithe and gay,
We'll bask in love's sweet ray,
When, seated round the fire, she can sing:
You may kiss me, &c.

Counting a billion—What is a billion? The reply is very simple—a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute: but let us even suppose that you go as far as 200, then an hour would produce 12,000; a day, 288,000; and a year, or 365 days, 105,120,000. Let us suppose, now, that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion he would require 9,512 years, 342 days, 5 hours and 20 minutes, according to the above rule. Suppose we were to allow the poor counter 12 hours daily for rest, eating, and sleeping, he would need 19,025 years, 319 days, 10 hours, and 45 minutes!

Charade.

My *first* is past, it cannot last,
For now we find it over:
My *next* is made of various shades,
And does the body cover.

The two combined, I think you'll find,
And for it I've good reason,
Do oft adorn the outer form
All through the Winter season.

To poor or rich, no matter which,
To all I give my arms,
And, when in me, they smile with glee,
And praise my many charms.

Now you that read and give good head,
My name you will discover:
My greatest charm is to keep you warm,
But many defects I cover.

Answer: Over-coat.

Tom Rowlock.

Continued.

Tom rubbed his daylights, started back a step or two, turned his quid over in his mouth, and cried, "No; it can't be!"

"But it is!"

"What, Jack White?"

"His own self, and nobody else!" cried the boy, shaking Tom violently by the hand, as though to prove he was real flesh and blood.

"I was never so taken aback in all my born days!" said the astonished Tom. "How did it all come about? How is it you're here? How's Winny? How's the old man? How's——

Avast! avast! as we sailors say," interrupted Jack; "and you shall know all in it's proper turn.

"Quick, then; pay out your lingo, Jack, for I'm running all adrift into the haven of suspense. In the first place——"

"In the first place," said Jack, "you want to know, I suppose, about Winny?"

"That's it—that's it!" shouted Tom, excitedly. "Don't say you're going to tell me any bad news about her."

"Port your bowsprit," replied Jack, thinking he was answering Tom in the best nautical phraseology. "Do you think Winny would ever be false to you? No; she's as firm as oak—and as true as pins and needles to the pole."

"Oh, Jack!" cried Tom; "you've taken a weight off my mind as heavy as a cargo of iron."

"Avast a little," said Jack. "I must hoist one black flag, or I can't make sail, nohow. Winny's uncle's dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed Tom.

"He's not only dead, but somebody's been and killed him," said Jack, gravely; and proceeded to tell Tom how the old man's body was found in the garden, the house discovered to be robbed, and the news of Tom's impressment having been brought to them by a fisherman, who, while tending his nets in the bay, had witnessed, unseen, the whole transaction. "I heard the name of the ship on which you'd been taken; and as I'd always a mind for the sea," continued Jack, "I told Winny I wouldn't come back till I'd found you, so I started off the next morning to get a ship at Plymouth. I met the new captain of this vessel there, and got a berth as his servant; and here I am, Tom, ready to stick to you like a barnacle to a ship's copper."

"But the poor old man's murderer—has no one been arrested—no one traced?" asked Tom, taken aback by what he had heard.

"No one was seen near the cottage who looked suspicious like, without it was Nick Howlett; but the people who killed the old man must have robbed him at the same time. Now I see Nat Howlett is one of the sailors on board this ship; and if he'd committed the murder, and got the money, would he have been fool enough to come here?"

"He didn't come here of his own accord—he was pressed," exclaimed Tom; "and hadn't a shot in his locker on that night—so the men tell me who brought him here."

"That don't look as if he'd done it—does it, Tom? If the money, or any part of it, had been found on the scamp it would have looked black against him; but as it is, I don't see what advantage Mr. Freeman's death could have been to him."

"Well, no, neither do I," said Tom, after a few moments' reflection. "But the fact is, Jack, when I think of Winny being left alone, and how cruelly we're parted, I seem hove down in the gulf of despair, and sinking in a sea of trouble."

"I say, Tom, if you talk about sinking so easily, I shan't think you a true blue at all, but only a fresh water swab, not worth a quid of stale 'baccy!"

And Jack, suiting the action to the word, opened a tin box with which he had provided himself, and took a plug of the weed, as though he had been a regular old "salt," telling Tom to bowse up, and he'd take care of him.

"I've a thousand questions to put to you, Jack. Come to my berth and pay out all you know, for I'm on the tenter-hooks of suspense till I know all the bearings of the business."

Tom led the way below, and Jack followed him.

Lieutenant Spencer, going to the captain's cabin to pay his morning visit, found the skipper entering from it for a turn on the deck.

It was a fine summer's morning, with a steady breeze, and the ship was calmly gliding along on a taut bowline.

"I hope you find everything taut and trim on board, sir?" asked the lieutenant of the newly-arrived commander.

"Everything seems tolerably ship-shape, thank you, Lieutenant Spencer."

"We expected you some time back, sir."

"Some important business detained me," replied the captain. And then, as if wishing to change the subject, he remarked that the majority of the crew appeared to be a fine set of fellows.

"They are, your honor, and you'll find them brave ones, too; as ready to run into action as a middy is to get into mischief!"

Nick Howlett, who had been assisting in holy-stoning the deck, looked up, and gazed searchingly after the captain.

"Where have I seen that man before?" muttered Nick, as he went on with his work. "I'll have a look at his face, to see if I can refresh my memory, when he passes me again." The captain came by again, leaning on the arm of the lieutenant, and Nick eyed him narrowly. When they had proceeded to the larboard of the vessel, Nick rose to his feet, with a look of triumph in his countenance as he exultingly remarked to himself, "*He* the captain of this ship!—ha, ha, ha! that's a good joke!" Purposely placing himself in the captain's way when he saw he was left alone, the former could not avoid noticing him, and as he did so, the color forsook his cheeks for a moment, and he passed on with a quicker step. But Nick was not to be denied. He followed, and, touching his hat, with an air of mock humility, inquired if his honor was not surprised at meeting him on board.

"Who are you, fellow?" demanded the captain, in a voice of severity. "Get to your duty! I know you not."

"Not know me!" said Nick. "Why, when we last met, you were——" Nick was proceeding to explain, when the captain giving him a look of meaning, told him to follow him into his cabin.

The captain carefully closed the door, and threw himself, with an air of vexation, into a seat.

"I heard you had entered the navy," said Nick, seeing the captain was in no hurry to open the conversation; "but I never dreamed that your promotion would be so rapid as this. You've changed your name, too, and——"

"And am, as you see, Captain Paget!" said the captain, interrupting him with a warning forefinger held up, which plainly indicated that Nick was not to be too familiar. Nick understood the warning, and fell to thinking what an advantage he could have for the future over Tom Rowlock.

The captain had gauged his man. He knew self-interest was the mainspring in most men's natures, and broke the silence by saying, "The second mate's place is vacant. I suppose, if I bestow it on you, it will be the means of sealing your lips as regards certain matters?"

Nick's heart leaped with joy. Second mate! Here was a chance of serving out Tom Rowlock! "I thank your honor," he answered. "I'll lick the crew into shape, I warrant you! There's one among them who is always hatching mischief of some sort."

"Indeed! who is he?" asked the captain.

"One of the pressed men, like myself—Tom Rowlock by name. He's backed up by Lieutenant Spencer, who takes his part in all things."

"Well, if you see anything wrong with the crew, act as you think best with all offenders. I'll stand between you and harm."

"I thank your honor."

The captain pointed to the door, saying, "You'd better go and attend to your duty; it won't do for you and I to appear familiar."

"Not by no means, your honor;" and Nick went on deck, conscious of having the power to crush Tom Rowlock whenever an opportunity afforded of inventing some false charge against him, and so getting him punished and disgraced in such a manner that would prevent his rival ever showing his face in his native village. In this mood he was pacing the deck, when he came across Jack White for the first time.

"You here?" exclaimed Nick, in wonder at the boy's appearance.

"Yes, here I am," replied the pert youngster, "Did you think you were going to have all the ship to yourself?"

"What brought you here?" growled Nick.

"The captain's gig, to be sure," answered Jack. "I'm a friend of the skipper's," added the boy, conceitedly. "Ar'n't you glad to see me, you sulky horse-mackerel?"

"No insolence, you whelp," replied Nick. "I shall soon be placed over you; then look out if you're saucy."

"Shall you indeed?" said Jack. "Well, every dog has his day."

"Take care, my lad, that you don't get the cat on your shoulders: and that pretty smartly, too, if I have the laying of it on."

"Take care you don't get a knot under the left ear," retorted Jack, speaking without a thought.

Nick staggered back as though some one had dealt him a blow.

"Who—who says I had a hand in it?" he stammered.

"A hand in what?" asked Jack, oblivious of Nick's meaning.

"Nothing—nothing!" replied the murderer; and, to cover his confusion, he walked away, with one idea fast obtaining a rapid hold upon his mind, and that was, a conviction if he did not get Tom and the boy silenced while they were on board the vessel, when the ship touched English ground he should find himself given in charge for the murder of Gregory Freeman; or, perhaps, they might accuse him on board the vessel.

Nick Howlett began to feel extremely ill at ease.

Chapter IV.

Jack was a constant thorn in Nick Howlett's side. He feared the lad would tell all he knew the moment the ship put into an English port. He began to think how he could silence him for ever.

"What I have done once I can do again," ruminated the villain.

One dark night, in a heavy sea, when Jack was on deck, he found himself in the iron grasp of Nick Howlett, who, raising the lad in his arms, was about to throw him overboard, when Tom, who had been aloft to reef topsails, descended to the deck at the moment Jack was struggling in the hands of his foe.

"Avast there?" cried Tom, as he interposed, and rescued Jack from the hands of their mutual enemy.

"How dare you obstruct me in my duty?" roared Nick. "Do you know I'm bo'sen?"

"If you call it your duty to send this lad to Davy Jones, why then I say hang me if you shall!" retorted Tom.

"Oh, you resist my authority, do you?" Nick blew his whistle and some of the crew came up. "Seize them, men, ordered Nick.

But Tom and Jack were such favorites on board that the men hesitated.

"Do you refuse to obey my orders, men?" demanded Nick.

"Listen to me, messmates," said Tom, pointing to Nick as he spoke. "He was the cause of my being pressed just as I'd set foot ashore after a long cruise. I was taken from the girl of my heart just as I thought of being spliced and living happily ashore. By some underhand work the lubber has become bo'sen of this ship, and bears down on this lad and me as hard as he can, because we know something which, if proved, would bring him to the yard-arm. This lad knows him to be a robber, and when he and I reach old England again we'll charge him with being a murderer."

"Don't believe him, men; he'll say anything to make his own story good. I'll get the captain to order each of 'em a round dozen. What! do you refuse to obey orders?" exclaimed the petty tyrant, seeing that the men still held back. "Then look out, for here comes the captain."

"What are all these words about?" demanded the captain as he came from his cabin.

"Tom Rowlock has been hatching mischief as usual," answered Nick. "He's always at it."

"Oh, that's it, eh?" said the captain.

"No, asking your honor's pardon, that isn't it," interposed Tom. "That swab, Nick Howlett, isn't worthy to tread the same planks with honest men. He's a thief and a murderer, and this lad and I can prove it."

The Captain was bound to stand by Nick, for motives which will be seen hereafter, so, with an air of severity, he exclaimed, "The boatswain must not be insulted in his duty. You must be taught submission to your superiors. As to your stories of robbery and murder, I look upon them as so many words of malice. Lash them to the gratings, men; and, boatswain, you give them two dozen."

"Under favor, captain," said Lieutenant Spencer, who now came up, "I beg to say your honor's in the wrong if you allow such a punishment to be carried out."

"Know your place, sir," replied the captain.

"I know I'm bound to obey," said the lieutenant; "but justice and fair play should reign on board of every ship; and speaking from what I've seen, I'd sooner take the bare word of Tom Rowlock than the sworn oath of Nick Howlett."

"Silence, Lieutenant Spencer!" ordered the captain. "Do you want to create a mutiny on board?"

"No, sir; not a mutiny, but the right of seeing that one man is treated as fairly and as well as another."

The captain reflected for a moment, and then it occurred to him it would be better to appear to yield for awhile, so that he might carry out his plans all the better hereafter.

"Return to your duty, men!" he ordered. "I'll consider of what has passed. Howlett, you stay here with me; I've some orders for you."

The captain and the boatswain were left together.

"A word with you, Howlett," said the captain. "I'm a reader of faces; I can see guilt in yours! Tom Rowlock spoke the truth. There's blood upon your soul!"

"I—I—swear I'm innocent!" stammered Nick.

"Oh, very well," coolly replied the captain. "Then you won't mind being given up, and standing your trial."

Nick winced at this.

"No, no; don't give me up!" he implored. "Protect me from the law, and I'll be your veriest slave!"

"That's well! I want a reckless man at my elbow, like you, to aid me in a plan I've formed; and if you fail me, I'll yield you up to the law!"

"I knew there was some secret about you," said Nick.

"There is; but never mind that; rest content with the knowledge that I hold yours. Not a word to a soul, mind, that we ever met before!"

"I should like it to be secret for secret," thought Nick, as he promised compliance.

They were interrupted by the cry of "A man overboard!" All ran to the side, and, clinging to the fragment of a ship's mast, they beheld a man waving his hand on high for help. A boat was lowered, and the man, more dead than alive, was brought on board. Restoratives were applied, he sufficiently recovered to give an account of himself. His name was Joseph Graham, an English sailor on board the English sloop Hermione, belonging to the British navy. The sloop being attacked by two French vessels, had been taken as a prize, and towed into the harbor of Puerto Capella, a Spanish fortress wrested by the French from their enemies, the Spaniards. The English captain had been killed in the engagement, and the Hermione lay a prize in the enemy's harbor, only a few leagues to windward of the Surprise. Joseph Graham bitterly felt the loss of his ship, and the ultimely fate of his captain.

"I propose, with your sanction, Captain Paget," said Lieutenant Spencer, "that we make for the fortress, and try to rescue a noble English vessel from the hands of the enemy, and restore her to the British navy."

This was spoken before the crew, and elicited three hearty cheers.

"Have you calculated on the risk, lieutenant?" asked the captain.

"Why, as to the risk," replied the gallant officer, "if English sailors had ever stopped to calculate risks before they grappled with their foes, Britannia would never have ruled the waves!"

"I don't approve of this expedition," said the captain.

A murmur of disapprobation broke from the crew.

"Silence, men!" ordered the captain. "This looks very like mutiny on your part!"

"And cowardice on yours," murmured Tom to himself.

Seeing that his refusal was likely to cause insubordination on board, the captain, yielding to Lieutenant Spencer's arguments, at length consented to allow the attempt being made, and ordered the ship to make for the port, and anchor off it, out of range from the guns of the fort.

The Surprise made all sail, and soon came within sight of the enemy's walls. Here they lay to, waiting for the first favorable night that might offer. It was long in coming; but, one night, dirty weather came on, as sailor's call it. There was no moon. A mist arose; dark clouds lowered; a mizzling rain fell; and Tom Rowlock declared it to be a night made for the purpose.

Lieutenant Spencer asked for twenty volunteers. They were soon found. Jack begged to make one of the party, so also did Joseph Graham, whose heart was with his old ship. The number being complete, they put off with muffled oars, and in the darkness of the night made for the harbor. Slowly, cautiously, but surely they went on.

"The foolhardy idiots!" sneered the captain, as he watched the boat's departure; "may they never return!"

"Amen to that!" said Nick, who was by the captain's side, and overheard the remark; for should the wish be fullfilled, he would be well rid of two dangerous enemies.

"Howlett," said the captain, in a low voice, "when we stand out to sea once more this shall be my plan."

And he whispered certain words in Nick's ear which even caused that worthy to start.

"What! cast the ship and cargo away!" he cried, aghast at what he had heard.

"Don't fear," said this ornament to the navy; "we'll take care of ourselves, never fear. Come into the cabin with me; you've not heard all my plans yet. Obey me in carrying them out, or your life is not worth a rope's end."

"You shall command me as you please, sir," said the grovelling ruffian, following as he was bid; muttering beneath his breath, "until I can please myself."

With beating hearts and anxious hopes the boat went on its silent way, with its brave and determined crew. Each man held his breath with excitement, and grasped his cutlass, as nearer and nearer they drew to their perilous object. They were now so near that they could see the vessel in harbor they were determined to take. Closer and closer they drew, directed by a light in the hull of the captive ship.

In a few moments, favored by the darkness, they were close alongside. Half the party in the boat were left to sever the ropes, with their sharp axes that held the Hermione to her moorings, while the boarding-party, led by Lieutenant Spencer, which included Tom Rowlock, Jack, and Joseph Graham, swarmed up the ship's side, cutlass in teeth, resolved to do or die.

The fog had so increased, that they actually touched the ship's deck before their presence was discovered.

The increased motion of the ship, on being released from the ropes that had bound her, first gave alarm to the two French sentinels, who were patrolling the fore part of the deck.

"*Qui est la?*" shouted the advanced sentinel, giving the challenge.

The lieutenant and his party crouched down by the bulwarks as mute as mice as the soldiers advanced. When they were within distance, the sailors sprang on them; and the sentinels, overpowered by numbers, were speedily secured, one of their muskets going off in the struggle.

Lieutenant Spencer disdained to take the poor fellows' lives, and had them gagged and tied to the mast. During this, the other party in the boat below, having secured it by a ring-bolt in the ship's side, now came on deck.

At this moment, a rocket shot up from the fort, and a roll of drums at the same time, told the English sailors that the enemy was alarmed.

Lieutenant Spencer and Tom flew to the wheel to put the vessel off. Aided by the rising tide, they were successful, and she shot out of the harbor as though conscious of going forth to liberty.

The guns from the fort were now opened on them, the balls making ducks and drakes in the water, but none of them striking the vessel.

On and on went the Hermione with her gallant rescuers, until they could laugh at fear, and call the rescued vessel England's own again.

Chapter V.

The captain of the Surprise was mad with envy at the success of Lieutenant Spencer's expedition. No glory would accrue to him from it.

When the Surprise entered Plymouth Harbor, towing the rescued Hermione in triumph, the news reached there of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo. Tom's heart leaped within him as he heard the news. He foresaw that peace would be proclaimed, his ship paid off, and with his prize-money he could return to his native village, and this time, at least, make Winny his wife. He had never had one letter from her since his departure, but that was not strange in time of war. The means of transmission were difficult, and few letters reached their destination across the seas. It may be guessed, then, with what an eager heart Tom saw the white cliffs of Albion once again.

Jack was equally elated. He now fancied himself a hero—a veteran tar, licensed to spin yarns; and, next to Tom, would be the greatest man in the village.

Tom wrote to Winny, announcing his arrival at Portsmouth, and telling her that he would be obliged to remain in the town till his ship was paid off; then, with the rhino in his pocket, he should make for his native place again, and they would never, never part more.

The chain of events which connect our story now leads us into one of the wildest parts in rugged, rocky Cornwall. Near a bay stood a rude hut, which, although looking somewhat delapidated, was still supplied with strong doors and windows. It was the resort of wreckers and smugglers, some of whom will have to play an important part in the remaining portion of this narrative. Within the hut, a wretched ragged man emerged from a trap-door in the rough flooring, looking cautiously around as he crept slowly out.

"Thank Heaven," he exclaimed, "that at last gives me strength to escape from my prison, and reach here while the wreckers are absent."

Then the thought crossed his mind, how long would they be so? Six months had he been a prisoner in their lawless hands, and daily threatened with death if he attempted to escape. Some of these men thought no more of taking human life than the veriest savage on Afric's shore, and the stranger now hoped to escape, to reach the town, and denounce the villains who had too long eluded justice. He tried the door; it was securely locked. He went to the window, and found it barred, but perceived the bars could be removed by any man with ordinary strength, but he was as weak as a child. He, nevertheless, shook them with all the force that despair lends a captive who is struggling for liberty. His efforts were answered by a mocking laugh from without. The hut door opened, and a tall, gaunt woman, who, although long past the prime of life, seemed endowed with prodigious strength, stood before him.

"Ah!" she cried; "so you found the nest empty, and thought to fly, not thinking that the old eagle was watching without. You'll never escape from here. You must be as one dead to the world, lost to all that is dear to thee, as thy brother made me forfeit peace and purity of mind."

"My brother!" exclaimed the stranger. "Was he ever acquainted with you?"

"He was," replied the woman. "Did you never hear him speak of Mable Blake?"

"Mable Blake!" echoed the stranger, in surprise. "Surely you are not that wronged woman?"

"I am," answered Mabel; "and you—you are the brother who persuaded my deceiver to abandon me—he who swore to be my husband!"

(To be Continued.

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AUBER.



2. The silent hour invites thee,
No star sheds its ray;
No danger, love, affrights thee—
Wherefore, then, dost thou stay?
When sunbeams illume the sky,
Guardians then may appal;
But now, closed in every eye,
Let thy steps gently fall!
The silent hour invites thee
Dost thou not hear love's call?

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CONTENTS.

Aileen Astore..... page 114
At Moonlight's hour we'll meet..... 115
Biddie Doyle..... 116
Bonnie Katie waits for me..... 116
The Belle of Rockaway..... 117
The Beautiful blue Danube..... 117
Casey's whiskey..... 117
The Coon Hunt..... 114
Don't you dare to do it, George!..... 116
Don't you hear the Bulgine?..... 117
Fond hearts at home..... 114
Farewell to home!..... 115
The Farmer sat in his easy chair..... 115
Give me a home..... 115
Had I a glass..... 116
He said I said..... 116
I'm a merry, laughing girl..... 114
Jenny-blue Handkerchief..... 114
Life let us cherish!..... 114
Let others breathe the melting sigh!..... 115
Little Darling..... 116
Morn on the meadow..... 114
My Clara dear..... 114
My ain Fireside..... 115
Mary May..... 115
Major Jones of the U. S. A..... 117
Once I had lovers..... 115
Phelim Mavourneen..... 114
The Respectable Man..... 114
Shall we ever meet again?..... 115
Tom Rowlock—(to conclude in No. 116)... 118
The Talk of the Town!..... 117
Venetian Boat-Song..... 115
Weary Heart—Music..... 120
Ye belle lowse that round her wait..... 116
Zephyr, who with flowing..... 114

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I'm a Merry, Laughing Girl.

I'm a merry, merry laughing girl, and o'er the hills I rove,
Singing, as I trip along, the native lays I love;
With heart so gay I take my way, no care pervades my breast,
No pensive sigh, nor tearful eye, betrays the unwelcome guest.

Chorus.

I'm a merry, merry laughing girl and gaily I trip along,
Singing, o'er my native hills, our own wild mountain song, la! la! la!

I am told the tyrant love will bind me in his chains,
And that sorrow then will cloud the breast where joy now reigns:
But my light heart will bid depart each deep and anxious sigh,
Then let me still with heart and will the despot love defy.
I'm a merry, merry, &c.

Aileen Astore.

Oh! blessings for ever on Aileen Astore!
She is as good as she is lovely, and twenty times more:
Her sparkling blue eyes and magical smile—
'Tis the hardest of hearts my love doth beguile.

Sure, I ne'er can forget the Lanagh of Kildare:
All the prettiest girls in the County were there;
But there was not one, were there twenty times more,
That at all could compare with my Aileen Astore.

We met at the dance, and how great was my pride,
When I moved, like a Lord, with that girl by my side!
And when to some others we gave up the floor,
Sure my heart was clean gone to my Aileen Astore.

Oh! my love it was honest, 'twas constant and true,
And, what's better than all, it was faithful love, too;
And the day will soon come when the priest to the door,
When for life she'll be mine, my own Aileen Astore.

Jersey-Blue Handkerchief.

Come all you vifes and maidens, and attention give to me,
While the cruelties of loveship I'll relate them unto thee:
'Tis of the Maid of Cooper's Creek, Isabella by name,
She was driven to distraction, and she wasn't to blame.
Broken-hearted she wanders for the loss of her lover,
Vith a Jersey-blue handkerchief tied under her chin,
Vith a Jersey-blue handkerchief,
Vith a Jersey-blue handkerchief,
Vith a Jersey-blue handkerchief tied under her chin,

In the sandy soil of Jersey Isabella did reside:
She was courted by a Jerseyman she longed to be his bride—
But the face of another, far prettier than mine,
Has taken my Jerseyman, I'm left here to repine.
Broken-hearted she wanders, &c.

A maiden so fair, with her glossy black hair,
Alone at Billy Cooper's, I vish I was there;
Way up in his garret alone I do cry:
For, a maiden I am, and a maiden I'll die—
Broken-hearted she wanders, &c.

Morn on the Meadow.

Morn on the meadow, and blossom and spray,
Glitter, like gems, in the dewlight of day:
Grasses of emerald tinted with gold,
Lilies, like love, when too bashful and cold:
Wings of the wild bee disturbing the nest
Of the lark that still broods o'er the song in its breast:
Floweret and butterfly wake as new born:
'Tis morn on the meadow, the dew lighted morn.

Night on the fields, and the mower hath been,
And the gems of the meadow no longer are seen:
The bright and beautiful, faded and dead,
Lie cold as the tears which the moonlight hath shed.
The years of our being are lost like a breath—
For, the mower hath been—and that mower is death!
But a morn shall yet rise—and the dead be reborn
And a beauty eternal shall circle that morn.

Life let us Cherish!

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh floweret pluck ere it close:
Why are we fond of toil and care?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedless by the lily stray,
Which blossoms in our way?
Life let us cherish! &c.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air,
The sun resumes his silver crest,
And smiles adorn the west.
Life let us cherish! &c.

The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us, ere we quit the shore,
Contentment seek—it is life's zest,
The sunshine of the breast.
Life let us cherish! &c.

Away with every toil and care!
And cease the rankling thorn to wear
With manful hearts life's conflict meet,
'Till death sounds the retreat—
Life let us cherish! &c.

The Coon Hunt.

One of Charley White's great songs.

As I was gwine down to Sandy Point,
As I was gwine down to Sandy Point,
As I was gwine down to Sandy Point,
The other afternoon,
Oh! then I met a great big dog,
A running arter the co-co-coon.
Chorus: Bow, bow, bow, says the big dog,
Bow, bow, bow, says the big dog:
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
We all run arter the coon.

I saddled up the old grey horse,
I saddled up the old grey horse,
I saddled up the old grey horse:
At the end of the lane I came across
A big racoon that bit the horse,
And made him jump up to the sky. Chorus.

The horse he run, he run, he pitched,
The horse he run, he run, he pitched,
The horse he run, he run, he pitched,
He throwed old Massy in the ditch:
I scarce had time, by the light of the moon,
To grab by the tail of dat big racoon. Chorus.

I arrived in town wid a broken head,
I arrived in town wid a broken head,
I arrived in town wid a broken head:
De doctor said dat I was dead,
And den dey laid me on the bed,
And shaved the wool all off my head— Chorus.

My Clara Dear.

The Southern Sun was sinking low,
And bathing all in beauties' glow:
The little Vale lay calm and still
And silence reigned upon the hill:
And, as I gazed with loving eyes,
I heard these tender strains arise—
Chorus: Never more, my Clara dear,
Never more, my Clara dear,
Never more, my Clara dear,
Shall my song at evening
Greet your ear.

The Sun now sank far from my sight,
The hill and vale lay wrapt in night,
But soon the Moon, in loveliness,
Came forth again the scene to bless:
Still, as I gazed with loving eyes,
I heard the tender strains arise— Chorus.

'Tis thus the darkies fondly rave,
Whose love extends beyond the grave.
And where the lost ones calmly sleep,
The faithful lovers come to weep,
And nightly there, midst streaming eyes,
Such mournful strains as these arise— Chorus.

Phelim Mavourneen.

Oh! Phelim, dear Phelim! tho' lonely you wait
At our own trysting place, near the old garden gate,
Tho' night's gathering shades bring the cold falling dew,
Yet, Phelim Mavourneen, I can't come to you;
For, the doors are all locked, I may sigh, sulk, or pout:
Yet, it's no use, my darling, they won't let me out.

Oh! Phelim, dear Phelim! the time has sped by,
When I promised to meet you, yet cannot come to-night:
I fear me with dew you'll get wet to the skin,
Still they won't let me out, and I darn't let you in—
For, the boys are on watch, and at you soon they'd shout:
So, it's useless, ma Cushla, they won't let me out.

You are wandering about, all alone, I'm afraid,
And keep wondering why from your dear-self I have staid:
Seated high on a bank, you're admiring a star,
Or whistling a tune, till most frozen you are;
Sure, I'm coaking Tim Rooney, this half hour—(the lout!)
Yet, it's no use, my darling, he won't let me out.

Oh! Phelim, dear Phelim! I hope you won't think
That from meeting according to promise I'd shrink:
So, now, don't mind at all what the old people say—
That where there's a will, there's always a way—
Sure, I've cried till I scarcely know what I'm about:
But to-morrow, dear Phelim, I'll surely get out.

Fond Hearts at Home.

When I left the dear home of my fathers,
And saw its blue hills melt away,
Young hope chased the tears from mine eyelids,
Like the night-dew in morning's bright ray.
"Stay, stay," said the loved ones, at parting,
"Oh! tempt not the wild ocean foam:
It may be thou leav'st us for ever,
Oh! stay with the fond hearts at home!"

But dreams of the future allured me,
Such dreams as young hearts only know,
When the skies are all sunshine and glory,
And this earth seems a heaven below:
And swiftly my bark bore me onward,
As she gallantly dashed through the foam,
Far, far from the arms of my kindred,
The true hearts, the fond hearts at home.

Like the beautiful tints of the evening,
My fancy's bright dream soon was o'er:
I returned to the home of my fathers,
To the home of my kindred once more.
"Stay, stay," said the loved ones, at meeting,
"Oh! say thou wilt never more roam—"
"If there's bliss," I replied, "in this wide world,
'Tis found with the fond hearts at home."

The Respectable Man

Written and sung by the Fieldings

I keep a small store at the end of the street;
Please give us a call, we sell everything cheap;
You can't miss the house, sure: for, the door stands ajar,
And our sign reads the "Mullahy's Bazar."
Chorus: We sell pins and pails,
Needles and oat meals:
Corn starch and nails,
Cream tarts and fine ales,
Potatoes and Bay rum.

Our business was poor 'till we put out a sign:
"Reduction in prices"—now business is fine:
What we drop on prices, sure you lose in weight,
Others do it, so must we, or lose our trade.
We sell pins, &c.

When we first started, 'twas on a gallon of gin;
They called me a murderer, a thief, and a fiend—
But now I have money, also houses and lands,
And now I'm known as a Respectable Man!
We sell pins, &c.

Why is a lover like a dog? Because he bows and he wows.

Farewell to Home!

SWISS MELODY.

Rise, Comrades, and join me to sing a farewell
To the land of my birth and the spot where I dwell!
Adieu then, dear cottage, dear mountain and plain,
Adieu, oh! Adieu! till I see you again.

The sun never lingers, nor pauses to rest,
But moves ever on, from the East to the West;
The wave never lingers to rest on the shore,
The wind rushes onward with tumult and roar:

The birds tarry not for the winter, but come
And sing in the distance the songs of my home;
Well pleased shall I see them, well pleased shall I hear,
And think of these mountains and all who are dear.

The flowers that spring up in the path where I stray,
Mid flowers that I loved, ere I wandered away,
Perchance there may bloom that small flower so blue
I culled for the bosom I name not to you.

My ain Fireside.

Oh! I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang Lords and mang Ladies, a' cover'd wi' braws,
At feasts made for Princes wi' Princes I've been,
Whar the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een.

CHORUS.

But a sight sae delightful, I trow, I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie blithe blink o' my ain fireside,
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
Oh! sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside,

Ance mair, Heaven be praised, round my ain
hearthstone ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae force now upon me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
My ain fireside, &c.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer;
O' a' the roads to pleasure that ever were tried,
There's nane half so sure as ain's ain fireside,
My ain fireside, &c.

At Moonlight's Hour we'll Meet.

The stars are shining brightly,
At moonlight's hour we'll meet,
The breeze upon the rose, love,
Shall kiss thy flushing cheek.
I hear the distant music,
Sound welcome to our ear,
It echoes true sweet chords of love,
The merry days are near.

Then if that merry tale I hear,
And all within be true,
As sunrise hail the flowrets wild
Or part the early dew,
The bells shall peal, the village folks,
All clad in garments gay,
Shall grace the peaceful sons of muse
Upon our wedding day.

Had I a Glass.

Air: Had I a Heart.

Had I a glass of largest size
Filled full of mountain dew,
I'd quaff it off before their eyes
To prove that I am true.

Then dread not, I'll e'er forget
Thy nose so red and long:
For, while that I remain in debt,
I'll drink thy liquor strong.

And when I hear that you are dead,
I'll drink thy dirge in wine,
And when the fumes are in my head
I'll call thee friend of mine.

Then dread not, sir, I'll e'er forget
Thy nose so red and long:
For, e'en when you have taken the debt,
I'll drink thy liquor strong.

Venetian Boat Song.

The daybeam is over the sea,
Oh! haste, every bark, to the shore;
No joy in the morning can be,
With moonlight our pleasure is o'er:
Perhaps it is sweet on the hills
To watch how the daylight appears,
To see it all bright in the rills,
And shining through night's dewy tears.

But, oh! in the wild hour of night,
When loud winds are hushed to a breeze
With music and moon-beams so bright,
'Tis heaven to glide o'er the seas.
How sweet 'tis to watch the bright glow,
And taste the wild freshness of heaven!
How sweet 'tis to gaze on below
The likeness the blue wave has given!

To breathe the soft night air, perfumed
With the sighs of the groves on the shore,
To see how the moon has illumed
The droppings that fall from the oar:
Such pleasures the morn never gave,
Then haste, every Gondolet, on:
Oh! who would remain on the wave,
When moonlight and music are gone?

Once I had Lovers.

Once I had lovers in plenty,
When a colleen I lived in the glen;
Killed fifty before I was twenty,
Oh! how happy the moments flew then!
The winter I ne'er could discover:
For, love brightened time's dusky wing—
Oh! when every new month brought a lover,
The year then seemed always like spring.

But Cupid's more delicate pinion
Could never keep up with old Time:
So the grey beard assumes his dominion,
When the mid-day of life rings its chime
Then gather, when morning is shining,
Some flower while the bright moment lasts,
Which, closely around the heart twining,
Will live when the summer is past.

Mary May.

They have chosen the proud stranger,
Because a lord was he,
Who could boast of wealth and riches,
And a line of high degree:
They have left me here to languish,
To fade and pine away,
They have made the world a desert,
Bereft of Mary May.

When I met her in the valley,
And wandered by her side,
She told me that she loved me,
And vowed to be my bride:
They have torn the tie asunder,
She now is far away,
They have left me broken-hearted,
Bereft of Mary May.

Let Others Breathe the Melting Sigh.

Let others breathe the melting sigh,
And swear they love to madness:
To them I leave the tearful eye,
And all love's sober sadness.
No tender vows and prayers are mine,
But this I swear sincerely—
While truth and honest love are thine,
I'll love thee ever dearly.

Then, lady, though I scorn the wiles
Which love too oft discovers,
Ne'er spurn the heart that wooes in smiles:
For, smiles were made for lovers—
And though his tender vows are mine,
Yet this I swear sincerely—
While truth and honest love are thine,
I'll love thee ever dearly. (ARNOLD.)

The Farmer sat in his Easy Chair.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place;
As the tear stole down his half-shut eye—
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal:
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass-clock on the mantle-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay—
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day.

Shall we Ever Meet Again?

Shall we ever meet again?
Whispers through the land,
Like the ocean's gentle murmur
Rippling on the sand—
Friends and kindred, long since parted,
Seem to hope in vain
That the sunshine may unclouded
Beam on them again.
Chorus: Hark! the winds are softly breathing,
Hope is not in vain:
Brightly beaming sunshine tells us
We shall meet again.

Oh! ye watchers, cease repining,
Ye shall meet again,
If not here, in regions brighter,
Free from mortal pain:
Each new bud in fragrance sweeter
Leaves its mother earth,
But the soul, in winging upward,
Fadeless joys give birth. Chorus.

Give Me a Home.

Give me a home, that I can call
My own dear peaceful home:
Where I can be happy and free,
And kindly pleasures come.

Give me a home, some simple place,
Where peace is sure to come:
Where, freed from care, I may find there
A kind and happy home.

Give me a home where sunny smiles
The hours of sadness break:
Where all day long the joyous song
Its notes of glee may wake.

Give me a home, though it be some
Lone, humble spot on earth:
Grief ne'er shall come in that sweet home,
Where hearts are filled with mirth.

Give me a home, where I can be
By my own bright fireside,
And be lord o'er that, if aye no more,
And fearlessly preside.

Give me a home, that none can say:
"Your quarter's rent is due:
Without delay you must it pay,
Or for it I will sue."

Give me a home, where no vile threat
Or fear shall us distress:
But where each heart will do its part
To make all happiness.

Biddie Doyle.

Sung by James. O'Neil.

Oh! I have come over here, Biddie Doyle,
For to tell you pretty clear, Biddie Doyle,
For to gain your heart and hand,
As you will understand,
And to be at your command, Biddie Doyle:
So I will always prove true,
No matter what you do,
And I will stick to you like glue, Biddie Doyle.

Oh! the summer is past and gone, Biddie Doyle,
And the winter is coming on, Biddie Doyle:
And the stormy winds will blow,
It will hail, rain and snow,
And what will become of you, Biddie Doyle,
What will you do at all,
When the snow begins to fall,
With your back against the wall, Biddie Doyle?

You know how it is yourself, Biddie Doyle,
You will soon be on the shelf, Biddie Doyle;
You know you are old enough,
And your face is getting rough:
Another year will make you tough, Biddid Dolye.
So leave off your lamentation,
And increase the population,
Or you are not worthy of your nation, Biddy Doyle.

Oh! when I go on a spree, Biddie Doyle,
I will raise lots of fun, you'll see, Biddie Doyle:
If I should come home tight,
Don't try to raise a fight,
Or I'll give you a box that will make you quiet,
Biddie Doyle:
Don't call the neighbors around me,
Or if you do, I'll surely pound you,
And I will spit on you and drown you, Biddie Doyle.

He Said I Said.

Written and sung by Gus. Williams, the American Star Comique.

I do not know de reason I'm in an awful muss:
Dere is a fellar in dis town vot vants to raise a fuss,
He blames it all upon me, und says I've told a lie,
Ven he knows dot I've told de druth, yes, just as vell as I.

Spoken: Yes, dot same fellar dot I'm dalking aboud, I mean Jake Weigel! dot's de roosder! He knows I vouldn't dell a lie aboud anybody, but den he never did "like me for a cent," und dot's de reason dot—

Chorus: He said I said you said I said
He vos an awful fraud,
And said you said I also said
He couldn't pay his board;
And den he said you said I said
His grand-farder vas dead;
So tell him he is wrong in vot
He said you said I said.

I've told him he's mistaken, dot I never said a vord
About him or his business; but den he said he heard
Dot I spoke of his farder, und had called him a fool,
Und dot he vos an awful dunce, und never vent to school

Now de idea of me dalking aboud him dot vay, vy, I vouldn't dalk aboud anybody, und even if I did know any ding bad aboud his family, I shoud keeb id to myself, und not tell anybody; in fact, ids none of my business, dot's id, none of my business. Vot business is id of mine if his grandfarder vos hung in Germany? *Den he says I dalk aboud his family;* und dot his moder used to do vashing for my uncle's aunt's sister. *Den he says I dalk aboud his family;* vot business of mine is id dot his sister vent und married a shoemaker, und dot he died, leaving her two old lasts of different sizes? none of my business—dot's just vot I say. *Den he says I dalk aboud his family;* vot business is id of mine if his broder vos sent to skade brison on account dot he sdole a gouple of second hand mince pies from a bakery in *Vest* Sdreet? *Den he says I dalk aboud his family;* vot business is id of mine dot he himself never vent to school, vinks mit his ear, chews a piece of leather for tobacco, drinks viskey, vorks in a shooding gallery, picking ub bullets und sleeps down on de dock at night? Vy, ids none of my business. *Und den he says I dalk about him und his family;* vy, you know as vell as I, dot I vouldn't do such a ding, und yet for all dot— He said I said, &c.

Bonnie Katie Waits For me.

Sung by Jennie Engel.

Where the lilac buds and blossoms
By the towering poplar tree,
Eyes of loving blue are watching,
Bonnie Katie waits for me—
Merry birds among the branches
Chirp together all the while,
And the May flowers look refreshing
As my Katie's winning smile.
Chorus: Where the lilac buds and blossoms
By the towering poplar tree,
Eyes of loving blue are watching,
Bonnie Katie waits for me—

'Neath the purple buds and blossoms,
Where the scented breezes blow,
There my pretty Katie is waiting,
Bonnie Katie, pure as snow;
Merry birds among the hedges
Answer one another's call,
And the squirrels nimbly caper
On the rugged, winding wall. Chorus.

Where the lilac buds and blossoms
Soon I'll meet thee, Katie dear:
For, your gentle voice is falling,
Sweetly falling on my ear—
Happy birds a-down the meadow
Call me with their merry voice:
So I'm coming, darling, coming,
Bonnie Katie, you're my choice. Chorus.

Zephyr, who with Spring Returning.

Zephyr, who with spring returning,
Wafted soft o'er opening flowers:
Breathing in the face of morning,
Wakes Aurora from her bowers;
While with love's fierce flame I languish
In these dry and desert plains,
Gently breathe and soothe my anguish,
Fan my breast, and ease my pains.

Little Darling.

By Samuel N. Mitchell.

Would you kiss me again, little darling,
And lay your sweet head on my breast,
The same as you did when the robins
Were singing their young ones to rest?
Would you touch your soft lips to my cheek, love,
Or whisper as gentle and low
As when we were courting that evening
In summer, so long, long ago?
Chorus: Would you kiss me again, little darling,
Or whisper as gentle and low
As when we were courting that evening
In summer, so long, long ago?

Would you kiss me again, little darling,
And rest your pink cheek 'gainst my own,
The same as you did, 'neath the cyprus,
That evening we sat their alone?
Would you twine your white arms 'bout my neck, love,
Or steal now and then a caress,
And could I successfully capture
A ringlet from one little tress? Chorus.

Would you kiss me again, little darling,
And tell me that legend of old,
The same as you did when the crickets
Were chirruping about us so bold?
Would you tell me again that you love me,
Or sing me that sweet little song?
Oh! could I again, little darling,
Be with you the bright summer long! Chorus.

Ye Little Loves That Round Her Wait.

Ye little loves that round her wait
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As Celia on her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whisper—Strephon dies.

If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair disdains to love,
Smile and say 'tis all a lie,
And haughty Strephon scorns to die.

Don't you Dare to do it, George.

As sung by Tony Pastor.

I courted once a lovely girl,
A beauty young and fair:
She'd cherry-red lips, and teeth like pearl,
And golden was her hair:
Her eyes were like the evening stars,
That shine in heaven above,
And with this lovely beauty
I was overhead in love.

Spoken: I shall never forget the first time I met that girl—never—no never—and when the time came to bid her good-bye, you know that time always comes, although it comes rather late with some, and rather early with others. We were early birds that time—early in the morning, you know. So, I'd gone through all the preliminary ceremonies, such as good-bye, darling, and pleasant dreams, and I'd just slided my arm around her waist and was going to give her one good kiss right square on the mouth, when she boxed my ears and said:

Chorus.

"Don't you dare to do it, George,
Don't you dare to do it, George,
If 'twas found out, what would my mother say?"
Don't you dare to do it, George,
Don't you dare to do it, George
Ain't you a very, very naughty man?"

I took her for a walk one night,
'Twas in a flowery dell,
And while there, to my fair one
I tales of love did tell.
She sat down in a shaded spot,
I sat down by her side,
And with my arm around her waist
I said, "darling, be my bride."

Spoken: "Yes," I says to her, says I—"Susan," says I—says I—"Susan," says I—Darned if I know what I did say now: but I know I said it, yes I did, and when I showed her the ring, and asked her for her answer, she said: "get away, George, you're always saying something." That means yes, yes it does, so I says to her, says I, I'll go and have our names put in the morning papers, and then I'll go to the minister and have our names called in church next Sunday, George so-and-so, and Miss Susan so-and-so, to be joined together in holy wedlock, and any one having any objections will please state them or forever after hold their peace, and my Susan actually swooned over in my arms, yes she did; and when she came to herself the very first words she uttered were:

Don't you dare to do it, George, &c.

Well, I need not tell you more about
Those happy nights we met:
For, soon we put off courting, boys,
And married we did get
And now I feel so happy,
Oh! my heart is filled with joy;
For, yesterday my Susan dear
Brought forth a little boy.

Spoken: Yes, it's the prettiest little baby you ever saw. Oh! girls, do come and see it! all the girls in the neighborhood have been to see it, and they say it's the handsomest child they ever saw—the very picture of its father. I'm its father; yes, I am. By the by, boys, before I go, I'll let you into a little secret, on the quiet, you know. When you take your sweetheart out for an evening's promenade and you want to kiss her good-bye at the door, and she says, "don't you dare to do it," that's the time you must. They only pretend to be a little shy—why, bless your souls! after they're married their shyness and bashfulness all vanish just as quickly as a glass of lager in the hands of a thirsty Dutchman. Why, since I've been married, I don't remember, not even once, My Susan ever saying:

Don't you dare to do it, George, &c.

Why is the letter H Like a cure for deafness? Because it makes the ear hear.

Why is anything reconsidered accounted "profitable?" Because it is considered *a-gain.*

Major Jones of the U. S. A.

By Will H. Cox.

I'm N. Adolphus Jones, you know,
A fellah full of sport;
I'm all the rage among the ton,
And flirting is my forte.
I'm a "bonanza" in my line,
So all the ladies say:
And I'm the pet of all that's fine
Among the U. S. A.

Spoken: Yaas! Pon me honaw, you know I'm a deuced fine fellah of the first watah, and whenever I pass along the promenade with military step, the ladies all say: "Ah! there goes that precious—

Chorus: Majah Jones of the U. S. A.
Handsome Adolphus, sweet and gay:
Step like a duke and march away,
Majah Jones of the U. S. A.

All fine receptions I attend,
And dance with all the belles:
I'm pet of all the ladies there,
And chief among the swells;
And they all know, where'er I go,
I'll always have my way:
For, I'm the choice of all the style
Among the U. S. A.

Spoken: Yaas! I'm a we-al American Count, you know; my mothah was the daughtah c. Noah Count, and she was Norah Count by descent, you know; but Count or no Count, I'm content to remain—
Majah Jones of the U. S. A. &c.

While out on dress parade, one day,
I cut a dashing sweil,
And fell in love with a charming girl
Whose name I dare not tell;
She's sweeter than the wed, wed wose—
And seems so light and gay—
I'll ask her soon, upon me word,
To join the U. S. A.

Spoken: Upon me honah, as a soljah, I shall positively call upon her pa, and ask if she may not join the awmy, and be Mrs.—
Majah Jones of the U. S. A. &c.

The Talk of the Town!

Copyright 1875 by E H Harding.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery opposite Prince Street, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I wander through life like a gentleman's son:
For, fortune has favored me well—
I'm blest with good temper and love to make fun,
No matter with whom I may dwell.
I've made many friends in my rambles about,
And gained a good share of renown,
'Till now I'm so famous within and without—
I seems I'm the talk of the town!

Chorus.

I am the talk of the town, they say:
Friends grow around me, from day to day,
Because I possess such a charming way—
I'm really the talk of the town!

Wherever I go, it is always the same:
I'm known just as soon as I'm seen—
They point with their fingers, and mention my name,
While taking survey of my mien—
I smile recognition, and say nothing more,
Though sometimes they force me to frown:
But I find it's no use to give praise or abuse,
When I am the talk of the town! Chorus.

I'm known to the girls, and I'm known to the boys,
And legions of all human kind
O'er-shadow my footsteps in sorrows or joys,
And give me a piece of their mind—
Some love me, some hate me, some say I'm a fraud,
And many would fain crush me down—
But such is the fate of the good and the great:
It's because I'm the talk of the town! Chorus.

The Belle of Rockaway.

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

Words and Music by Jos. P. Skelly.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

About the end of June, each year,
I pack my trunks and go
To rest in some secluded place,
Away from care and woe:
I've been to all the gay resorts
Where the wild waves dash and play,
But I can only feel at home
On the shores of Rockaway.
Chorus: I'm the Belle of Rockaway;
Here I reign, at night and day—
Every where the people say—
I'm the Belle of Rockaway!

We stroll along the sandy beach
Beneath the morning sun,
And through the day we flirt, and play
In gladness and in fun;
When night comes on, we dance and sing,
While the hours pass on so gay—
And every one agrees with me
In my praise of Rockaway. Chorus.

We ramble through the shady groves
And hear the birds of song;
And, if we chance to be in love,
Sometimes we stay too long;
But that's no harm: for, we are free
To wander where we may—
I love the sea, and long to be
On the beach at Rockaway! Chorus.

The Beautiful Blue Danube.

WALTZ SONG.

Words by S. E. Walcott. Music by Johann Strauss.

The Music can be obtained of White, Smith & Co., 296 & 300 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

Over the river now we glide,
On beautiful Danube's sparkling tide,
Merrily o'er each tiny wave—
Now dances our Bark o'er coral caves,
And, fleet as a bird, now we will glide,
Now swift over Danube's rippling tide,
The lovely blue Danube, oh! beautiful
Danube, River wide—

Nursed by little brooks from the mountains' side,
Danube River, Danube River,
Kissed by lily-buds, where the moonbeams fall,
On the Danube, beautiful River wide—ah!
Over the river now we glide,
On beautiful Danube's sparkling tide,
Merrily o'er each tiny wave—
Now dances our Bark o'er coral caves,
And, fleet as a bird, now we will glide,
Yes, swift over Danube's rippling tide,
The lovely blue Danube, oh! beautiful
Danube, River wide—

With merry music ringing,
While joyous birds are singing,
We watch the rippling tide
Of beautiful Danube, River wide,
And when the moon is beaming,
When earth is hushed and dreaming,
Oh! then, our Bark shall glide
Upon the blue Danube's rippling tide—ah!
Over the river now we glide,
On beautiful Danube's sparkling tide,
Merrily o'er each tiny wave—
Now dances our Bark o'er coral caves,
And, fleet as a bird, now we will glide,
Yes, swift over Danube's rippling tide,
The lovely blue Danube, oh! beautiful
Danube River,
Beautiful River,
Beautiful River,
Blue Danube River,
River so blue—

EPITAPH.—"Here lies W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you,
trouble you."

Casey's Whiskey.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Meself and Barney Casey wint to have a little spree,
He had a bottle for himself, and another one for me:
We traveled around the city, till our heads and feet were sore,
And every dhrink it was so nice—it made us wish for more.

Chorus.

Bad luck to Casey's whiskey! it made us both so friskey.
We dhrank our bottles empty, and at last we couldn't stand;
Along the streets we rambled, we staggered and we scrambled,
And sang a song, the whole night long, of gay ould Paddy's land.

We met a big policeman, and he looked at us, says he:
"What brings you out so late as this?" Says I, "the country's free."
"Shut up! says Casey: come along!" "Oh! divil a bit, says I,
I'll strike him, if he says a word, the dirty mane ould spy!"

Spoken: And if I ever did strike him, he might well say: Bad luck to Casey's whiskey! &c.

He turned around and left us—sure the man was not to blame,
I called him back and axed him if he'd plase to tell his name.
"Of coorse, says he, it's Flanigan: I'm from the county Clare."
"Hurroo! says I, shake hands, me b'y, our whiskey you must share."
Bad luck to Casey's whiskey! &c.

Out kem the empty bottle, and I put it in his paw:
"Look out! says he: whin on me post, a dhrink's against the law."
He put the bottle to his mouth, but divil a dhrop was there,
And while we both laughed at Flanigan, sure he began to swear.
Bad luck to Casey's whiskey, &c.

He raised his club above his head and vowed he'd take us in
For dhrinkin' on the highway. "Oh!" says Casey, that's too thin."
He dhragged poor Casey off to jail, and thried to take me, too,
But to keep a hoult on Casey was as much as he could do.

Spoken; I pitied poor Casey, and I suppose he pitied me; but it was all his own doings—The two bottles fixed him.

Bad luck to Casey's whiskey! &c.

Don't you hear the Bulgine?

As sung by Bryant's Minstrels.

Oh! I arrived in town de oder day,
I went to de depot, and I hear de people say
Dat de cars was a-coming an' de people want to go;
For, de stages and de steamboats trable very slow.

Chorus.

Ding, dong, bell! way goes de bell,
Don't you hear de bulgine?
Don't you hear de bulgine?
Clear de track—for, she am coming.

We all took our seats, but neber said a word,
And we flew through de country, just like a bird:
He came to get his money, which I believe was a dollar,
But I didn't have a cent, an' he caught me by de collar.
Ding, dong, bell! &c.

Now I'm done wid de railroad: so take my advice—
If you ever do as I did, why, don't do it twice:
For, if dat you do, he'll cotch you by de collar,
He'll toss you all about, an' den he'll make you holler.
Ding, dong, bell! &c.

Tom Rowlock.

Continued.

"No; not to abandon you—at least not without making you some restitution."

"Restitution!" laughed Mabel, bitterly. "Yes, such as money would make—thinking, I suppose, that it would replace the peerless jewel, honor. But I spurned the bribe; I preferred to cherish my revenge instead of bartering it for the price you offered."

"My brother is dead, as you have no doubt heard," said the stranger.

"I know it," replied the vindictive woman. "But you live, and the oath of vengeance I took shall be carried out on you and all your hated race! For that purpose I sent my spies to track you—to secure you. You know the rest."

"But sooner or later," said the prisoner, "your treachery and cruelty to me will become known, and then the law will severely punish you for this."

"It may," she cried; "but you will not live to see it!"

Opening the hut door, she called towards the men, who were close at hand. They entered, and the woman, giving them a bunch of keys, ordered them to take their prisoner to the secret cave in the rock below, where the light of day never penetrated. The wretched prisoner fell on his knees begging for mercy.

"Mercy!" replied Mabel, with a mocking laugh. "*I* asked for that at your brother's hands, but as *he* said, so do *I* now say, 'Begone! I know you not; and if I ever did, that time is past!' To his dungeon with him, quick!" ordered the remorseless woman.

The wreckers laid hands upon the wretched man to drag him below.

"Wretch! fiend! hag!" exclaimed the half-maddened captive as they forced him below. Mabel followed, to assure herself that her orders were obeyed.

Two travellers were approaching the wreckers' hut by the rocky path which led to it. They proved to be two old acquaintances—the man who has been known to us as Captain Paget, and his guilty accomplice, Nick Howlett, who, by the furtive looks he cast around, seemed by no means at his ease.

"I can't stay in these parts—you know I can't!" pleaded Nick. "I tremble at every footstep I hear behind me! My native place is near this; I want to give it a wide berth. You said you'd give me the means to reach foreign parts the moment we reached this coast."

"And so I will," replied his companion, "if you'll be patient; and, maybe, I'll go with you."

"What, your honor! leave the navy?" said Nick.

"The war is over, and my ends are gained!" answered the false captain. "I've enriched myself from the ship's lockers to my heart's content. The money I found on board the Hermione I've secured for my own private use, instead of paying it over to the Government."

"What! robbed the ship?" exclaimed Nick.

"Ay; just as you robbed old Gregory Freeman, the schoolmaster, of his life!" retorted the captain.

Nick understood the meaning of those words; they reminded him that if he were not silent as to what he knew, a prison would hold him.

On they went, towards the wreckers' hut. When it was reached, the captain gave three significant raps at it. After a short pause, it was opened by Mabel.

"What, Reuben!" she exclaimed, grasping the captain's hand with joy.

"Hush!" whispered the captain, pointing over his shoulder to Nick; "a stranger's with me."

"Don't fear, boy, I'll be careful," said Mabel.

"Is your prisoner safe?" whispered the captain, whom we shall henceforth call Reuben.

"He is," replied his mother, for such she really was. "I've just seen him secured in the dungeon in the rock, which he'll be clever to leave alive."

"Then I'm safe!" exulted Reuben. "Come with me, mother, into the inner room; I've something I wish you to take care of for me."

"One moment," said Nick, as they were leaving the room. "Are you sure I'm quite safe here?"

"Quite; why do you ask?"

"Because," answered the craven wretch, "I dread danger in every sound—in the whistling of the wind, and the rustling of the leaves!"

"Bah!" said Reuben. "Quiet your guilty conscience; you're safe enough here." And he left the room with his mother.

"Can I trust him?" thought Nick, when he was alone. The captain was holding back his pay; it at seemed suspicious to him. He also feared meeting with Tom Rowlock and Jack. He knew they would at once denounce him, and his neck would be in danger; he resolved, therefore, to venture out as little as possible, for fear of being recognised.

A storm at this moment broke forth. Nick naturally looked towards the window, and, to his surprise, saw Winny, with Bodkin, the tailor, hurrying towards the hut; being caught in the storm, they were making towards the house for shelter.

From the moment that Winny had received Tom's letter, she could not restrain her eagerness to see him. One—two—three—four days passed, and still Tom did not arrive. Impatient at delay, Winny resolved to go to Plymouth after Tom. She knew what sailors were when they got ashore; he might get into bad company, and be robbed again, as he had been before. Nothing would do, but she must go after him. Telling her resolve to Bodkin, he offered to go with her. She agreed.

There were no coaches on that cross country road, so they set off to walk. The distance was thirty miles, which Winny heeded not. She was a stout country girl, and felt quite equal to the journey. Being overtaken by the storm, they made for the first shelter they saw; and it offered in the hut of Mabel Blake.

Nick, knocking at the door of the room in which Reuben and his mother were closeted, expressed his desire to speak with them. Mabel half-opened the door, and told his news. At this moment there was a knocking at the door.

"We want no intruders here," grumbled Mabel.

"Shelter them for a short time;" whispered Reuben to her. "I've my motives in wishing you to do so."

Nick stoutly opposed this; he dreaded to meet the daughter of the man he had killed; the news would get abroad that he had returned, a hue-and-cry would be raised, and justice run him down. Reuben thrust him into the next room for a coward, and bade him keep quiet until Winny and her companion had again set forth.

"Does that man know your secret?" asked Mabel of Reuben.

"He knows nothing—suspects nothing," he answered. "I know *his* secret, but he little guesses mine."

"That's well; for if you're discovered, you know your fate?"

"But our prisoner?" eagerly asked Reuben.

"He's safe in the rock dungeon below," answered his mother; "and there let him bide till death silences him."

A loud knocking at the door interrupted them.

The storm had increased, and Bodkin was importunate for admission. Mabel opened the door. Bodkin craved shelter on Winny's account. Mabel granted it, and placed seats for them by the fire. Bodkin explained their motives for the journey, how anxious Winny was to meet with her sweetheart, Tom Rowlock; how he had been treacherously kidnapped after his return from his first voyage; and now that the war was over, he was coming back to settle down in his native village, with Winny for his wife.

Nick had been listening to this; it was wormwood to him. Tom and Winny would be happy, after all. Reuben's evil eye had fallen upon Winny; her youth and beauty aroused all the evil passions within him, and he secretly resolved at any hazard to possess her.

At this moment, Nick—as Winny and Bodkin sat with their backs towards him—beckoned Reuben within the room in which he was concealed.

"Skipper," said he, after carefully closing the door, "for that girl, Winny, I imperrilled life, soul, and happiness. She scorned me for a hated rival, and I'd make her mine at any cost."

"*You!*" thought Reuben, astonished at the fellow's presumption. Controlling his surprise, he resolved to humor him, and render him his cat's-paw, his jackal; so that Winny should fall into his own hands. So he replied, "The girl shall be yours, Nick. I should like to be revenged on that Tom Rowlock; his bravery is in every one's mouth, while I am censured for not leading the attack in which the Hermione was recaptured."

"Then now's the time, your honor. Your yacht's in the bay; why not let me take her on board, and carry her up to London? Can we revenge ourselves better than robbing him of his sweetheart? He calls her his life, his sheet-anchor, his only joy on earth. Why, he was mad about her at sea! Let me, then, crush his hopes, and pay back with interest the hate I owe him!"

"Here's a rascal!" thought Reuben. He, however appeared to fall in with his views as he said, "I think you'd better not be seen in the business until the girl has left here. I'll tell her that Tom is on board my yacht. You have a boat in the creek, ready to put off to the yacht. If I were you, I'd set about it at once. You can leave here unperceived by the back door."

Nick was delighted at the suggestion, and departed to carry out the scheme which he imagined would place Winny in his hands.

Reuben now made himself known to his intended victim.

"Welcome—welcome, my lass!" he said, in a cheery voice. "This is rough weather for you to be out in; but how true it is that it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, for it has been the means of bringing you here to meet your sweetheart's captain. I am he."

"You Captain Paget, of the Surprise?" said Winny and Bodkin, in the same breath.

"Ay, my lass," replied Reuben. "And as much your friend as Tom Rowlock is."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed the grateful girl. "You cannot imagine what I have suffered since Tom has been away! My poor father was murdered!"

"No, that you can't, sir," said Bodkin. "She'd have grown as thin as my sleeveboard if I hadn't fine-drawn the thread of hope within her with the thread of patience!"

"There's no need of your journeying to Plymouth to meet Tom now, for he's on board my yacht, which is now anchored in the bay."

The good news was too much for Winny. It overpowered her, and she would have fallen fainting to the ground, had not Bodkin received her in his arms.

"She wants a stimulant," said Reuben, winking at Mabel. "You know what will do her good."

The vile woman understood him well, and leaving the room, returned with a bottle of drugged brandy. Of this Winny was persuaded to partake. Bodkin was also proffered a glassful, which he eagerly swallowed. The drugged liquor soon told upon him; his head swam, his eyes grew dim, and the hocussed tailor fell insensible on the ground.

Seeing Winny was also about becoming insensible, Reuben took her in his arms, and bore her down to the beach, where he found Nick awaiting him with a boat.

Nick's exultation was boundless as he saw Winny in Reuben's power. The insensible girl was placed at the bottom of the boat, and the two villains rowed off with her to the yacht.

Shakspere observes, "How poor are they who have not patience." This applies to Winny, for had she waited at home a few hours longer, she would have received a letter from Tom, acquainting her that he had set out from Plymouth, and would, in company with Jack, be with her that very day. When the letter arrived, Winny had departed.

After Hal and Ralph, the two wreckers, had safely imprisoned the stranger in the cave beneath the hut, in accordance with Mabel's orders, they strolled down to the beach to have what they termed a quiet pipe, and talk over the arrival of Mabel's son, and the strange turn that affairs had taken in making him a captain. Overtaken by the storm, they took shelter under a projecting rock. Scarcely had they done so, when the sound of voices on the other side of the cliff caused them to look round the angle of the rock, and they perceived two sailors in conversation; one was an able-bodied seaman; the other a stripling, considerably his junior. The words they let fall caused the wreckers to listen. They overheard Captain Paget's name mentioned, the "Surprise," and what had taken place on board. The younger sailor also began to congratulate the other, whom he called Tom, upon

soon meeting with his sweetheart Winny. The wreckers looked at each other as they understood that the elder of the two sailors must be Tom Rowlock, of whom they had heard Winny speak while in Mable's hut.

"I fancy we can make something out of this meeting if we work it properly," whispered Hal to Ralph.

His companion thought so too. They knew the two sailors had just been paid off with pockets well lined, and knaves' fingers itched to be in them.

"If we could only get them to the hut!" said Hal.

It was agreed that they should entice them there if possible. The wreckers went round the rock, and encountered Tom and Jack as if by accident.

"What cheer, mates?" cried Ralph to them.

"Not much cheer in such dirty weather as this," replied Tom, "or we shouldn't have anchored here: but any port in a storm, as the saying goes."

"You and your mate have wet jackets," said Hal. "That's not over pleasant."

"No, it ain't. I dont care how I'm soused in salt water, but it's the soft tackle from aloft that I don't like."

"I reckon, mate, you wouldn't say no to a drop of grog if it could be had," said Hal.

"It would come to me like mother's milk," replied Tom; "but there's small chance of getting it in these outlandish parts, I reckon."

"Not if you'll come with me and my mate," said Hal. "We've a keg or two of moonshine stowed away, that the eye of an exciseman never said good morning to.

"Oh, smugglers, eh?" and as Tom spoke, he nudged the wrecker with meaning, as he said, "I warrant you've run many a cargo in your time."

"I have," replied Hal "and never thought it a sin; and I suppose you can shut your eyes as to how a drop of the right sort is come by?"

"Ay, and open my mouth to it as well," laughed Tom.

"Then come along with us," said the wrecker. "It's all on your road. The storm's giving over, and I sha'n't have to pilot you far."

"I call this a jolly lucky meeting," said Jack, as he and Tom followed the wreckers.

Upon reaching the hut, Hal gave the usual signal at the door, which was opened by Mabel.

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Jack, starting back at the woman's weird appearance; "did you ever see such a Gorgon?"

Tom nudged him to be silent, and they entered the hut.

"I've brought you some travellers who were caught in the storm, mother. They want to rest here for a spell, and dry their jackets. I know you'll say they're welcome."

"Sailors who have been serving their king and country should be welcome everywhere," answered the hag, scenting booty. Tom and Jack divested themselves of their jackets, and by the woman's invitation took their seats by the fire.

"Come, bear a hand with the grog," said Tom. "We can pay for it."

And he rashly displayed his well-filled purse.

The wreckers and the woman exchanged a look of meaning with each other, and a bottle of rum was placed upon the table by the crafty Mabel. The liquor was genuine in this instance, for the hag knew sailors were used to the taste of good liquor. The time for hocussing him should come when Tom had taken his full share of the bottle before him and become elevated, as sailors were apt to be when the grog was to their taste.

"This is only a poor fishing-hut," apologized the woman. "But you're welcome, if you've a mind to take things rough and ready."

"That's just the way sailors do take things," said Tom. "Eh, Jack?"

"Yes," conceitedly replied the lad. "We old tars know how to mix the ups with the downs."

When the laugh caused by this remark had subsided, and the conversation grew general, Mabel learnt to her surprise, that Tom Rowlock had sailed with her son; that he was the lover of the girl that Reuben had not long before carried off. It then struck her that Hal and Ralph had a double motive in bringing the sailors to the hut; it was that they might be robbed first and detained afterwards. The fowler woman and her associates were soon going to bid adieu to the coast of Cornwall, and in Reuben's yacht would go on a roving cruise until some safe spot abroad afforded them a shelter where they could live unknown and unsuspected.

Tom grew loquacious under the influence of the grog, and launched forth in praises of his Winny. "Treachery once parted me from her," he continued; "but now the war is over, I can make full sail into the harbor of happiness, without being hauled away from it again."

"Well, maybe you can," muttered Mabel.

"Why do you say 'maybe?'" demanded Tom. "What's to prevent it?"

"Oh, Nothing—nothing; only I've seen much of life, and I know the uncertainty of things."

"Belay, you croaking old raven!" said Jack. "Do you mean to hint that his sweetheart ain't true to him?"

"Not I—not I!" she answered, with an inward chuckle, as she reflected on what had passed; "Don't heed me—don't heed me."

"I don't mean," said Tom. "For if I didn't feel shure that Winny's heart was anchored to mine with the chain cable of constancy, all the perils of the deep and the dangers of battle will have been passed in vain. She's my heart's sheet-anchor, and if she fails me, what am I but a wreck, drifting to leeward without rudder or compass?" And the hardy sailor dashed away a tear from his eye as he spoke.

"Belay, belay, Tom," said Jack; "And you, you old weatherbeaten, dried haddock," he continued, addressing Mabel, "if you pay out any more of your croaking lingo, blow me if I don't launch out a guinea to have you ducked, for the old witch that you are!"

"Tush, tush, boy!" she answered. "I mean you and your friend well, but forewarned is forearmed."

"Forewarned!—against what?" asked Tom.

"Oh, nothing in particular," the hag answered. "Life is full of losses and crosses, and it's best to be prepared."

"That's not my tack," said the frank-hearted tar. "I never meet trouble half-way.

"The weather's clearing up, Tom, said Jack, going to the window. "Don't you think we'd better think about weighing anchor?"

"Not till you've tasted another bottle," said Hal. "Go down below to the cellar, and get it, mother. In the meantime I'll go with Ralph, and see if I can't get neighbor Treewoof to give these lads a lift on the road in his cart; it's a long stretch yet to Plymouth.

Tom thanked him heartily for having so much forethought; and Hal, with Ralph, left the hut, not in search of any conveyance, but to find some of their comrades, to assist them in carrying out their vile intentions against the sailors. Tom and Jack were two stiff-built fellows. Mabel might not succeed in drugging them sufficiently, and if their intended victims escaped, the hue-and-cry would be raised, and captivity might be their lot. Just as their plan of escape was about to be put in force, Mabel raised the trap, and went below for the drugged liquor. Scarcely had she disappeared, when a voice from the next room was heard at the keyhole, calling, "Tom!—Jack!" They started at the mention of their names. "Tom!—Jack!" repeated the voice.

"Who are you that hails us?" asked Tom, going to the door.

"I'm Billy Bodkin," answered the voice, "and a prisoner. Oh, lend a hand to release me!"—pray do!"

Tom tried the door; it was locked. But, placing his brawny shoulders against it, the lock gave way, and Tom and Jack started back with amazement as they saw Bodkin, bound hand and foot. With their pocket-knives the sailors soon severed the cords that bound the unfortunate tailor, and raised him to his feet. Before Bodkin replied a word to their inquiries, he quickly closed the trap-door, drew a chest over it that stood in the corner of the hut, then placed the table upon it, the chairs, and all the other articles of furniture he could find.

To the amazement of Tom and Jack, he told them how he had been drugged and made prisoner, and how, though half unconscious, he had heard the plan arranged between Captain Paget and Nick Howlett to carry Winny on board the yacht now at anchor in the bay.

The news almost bewildered Tom; it seemed incredible. She whom he so adored, and thought to meet with so happily, in the power of his enemies! There was madness and distraction in the thought.

"Oh, if I could only lay my grappling-irons on the villain!" exclaimed Tom.

"And if I could only lay my tailor's iron on 'em, red hot!" wished Bodkin.

Tom was resolved to get on board the yacht by some means. Jack vowed to stick to him; but Bodkin was for going to the nearest magistrate, and setting the officers to work.

"And, in the meantime, the yacht, with my Winny, would sheer off!" said Tom.

Jack and he held counsel together, and went in search of a boat. They at length succeeded in hiring one from a fisherman, also in procuring a couple of pea-jackets and sou'-westers, in which they disguised themselves, telling Bodkin he might go to the nearest magistrate's, if he thought any assistance could be rendered.

Bodkin was not long in making off. Tom and Jack got into the boat, and rowed towards the yacht.

When Winny came to her senses, she found herself lying in the cabin of the vessel, with Reuben standing by her side. With a start of alarm, Winny inquired where she was.

"On board my vessel," replied the traitor.

"But Tom? You told me I should see him."

"Did I? Don't place any dependence on what I said, for I don't always speak the truth."

A sudden sense of danger flashed across Winny's mind. She saw she had been entrapped, and rose to make for the door, but her enemy stood before it.

"Detain me at your peril!" cried the agitated girl. "You are a false villain, to lure a poor, friendless girl here!"

"Be poor and friendless no longer," said the tempter. "Sail in convoy with me, and you shall have all that your heart can desire!"

As he was about to take her hand, she avoided him, and called loudly for help.

"Call till you are hoarse!" laughed her cowardly persecutor. "No help can reach you here."

"Then I will die rather than remain in your power!"

"Die, then!" he exclaimed, levelling a pistol at her.

The terrified girl sank down on her knees in terror, hiding her face in her hands, and strove to pray, thinking her hour was really come. At this moment, Nick entered the cabin.

"Well done, your honor!" exulted the fellow, pointing to Winny. "You've secured the girl, I see."

"Yes; here she is," replied his companion.

"She's mine, then, after all!" said Nick, about to advance and raise her.

"Hold on! What do you mean?" asked the other, placing himself before Nick.

"Why, I mean what I say! Wasn't it agreed that you should assist me to secure her?"

"I've changed my mind, and secured her for myself."

"Never!" exclaimed the enraged Nick, seeing that the man in whom he had trusted had played him false.

"Silence, *murderer!*" hissed the reprobate in his ear.

The guilty wretch shuddered, and drew back.

"Ah! that touches you home, does it?" he continued. "Away on deck with you; and if ever you dare interfere with me again, by Heaven, I swear to yield you up to the law!"

"But, captain," whined the fellow, "I——"

"Go, I say!" commanded the other, pointing to the door.

"I will—but not without revenge!" exclaimed the vendictive ruffian, springing upon him with a drawn knife.

But his opponent was prepared for him, and with the but-end of his pistol dealt his adversary a blow on the temple, that sent him rolling insensible at his feet. He turned to raise Winny; but, to his rage and astonishment, Tom and Jack rushed into the cabin, and confronted him. With a cry of joy, Winny threw herself into Tom's arms, and implored him to save her.

(To be Continued.

WEARY HEART.

Words partly from LONGFELLOW. BERTINI.



NUMBER 116. VOLUME. II.

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CONTENTS.

Aileen, my darling.....page 122
Aileen, dost thou really love me?..... 122
A Sleigh-Ride 123
The Blue Jacket's good-bye 123
California, my home in the West..... 123
Clouds are breaking 123
Don't forget to dream of me..... 123
Don't you grieve after me..... 124
Farewell, Birdie: love, farewell. 123
The Flowers will come in May..... 123
Fifty miles under the sea 124
The Gallant 69th 125
The Green Shores of Erin..... 124
It would not do..... 122
I'll meet you in the Park..... 123
I wish I was..... 125
Linger near me, little darling..... 122
Love and Glory..... 123
Lucy darling, come and kiss me—Music... 128
My Mamie's Kiss 122
My dear old Mother and I 124
On the Sea: or his name was Bill..... 123
Oh! too lovely, too unkind..... 123
The Pretty Girl of Roncevert 122
Pull down the blind..... 125
Sweet long ago!..... 122
Shivering and shaking out in the cold 122
The Shaughraun..... 124
Thomas Cat..... 122
Tom Rowlock—Story concluded..... 126—127
Wait till the moonlight falls on the water.. 122
When Charlie plays the drum..... 124
Will he come home to-night, Mother?..... 124
Would Fate to me Belinda give!..... 124
Whisper softly, Mother's dying..... 125
Will a monkey climb a tree?..... 125

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Linger Near Me, Little Darling.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by "Violetta."

Linger near me, little darling,
Make my life a pleasant dream;
Charm away the hours of sadness,
Let your smiles upon me beam:
Lay your hand of snowy whiteness
In my own, and sweetly say
That you love me, little darling,
Love me better day by day!
That you love me, little darling,
Love me better day by day!

Linger near me, when the sunlight
Of my life is gleaming fair:
All the joys the day may bring me
I would have you fondly share.
In the calm and lovely evening
I would have you by my side;
You are still my only blessing
In this weary world so wide!
You are still my only blessing
In this weary world so wide!

Linger near me, when in sorrow
I am bowed, and joy is flown:
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Tell me you are still my own!
In my gloom and in my gladness,
Win me with your gentle smile:
As the dewdrop loves the lily,
So I love you all the while!

Wait till the Moonlight Falls on the Water.

Cease your repining, bright eyes are shining,
Fond hearts are melting with fervent love;
Red cheeks are paling, sweethearts bewailing,
Tarry not one moment from the girl you love.
She's sure to cheer you when she comes near you,
She's ever waiting for the fond sweet kiss:
If you're inclined for a midnight ramble,
Tell me what you think of a scene like this?"

Chorus.

Wait till the moonlight falls on the water,
Then take your sweetheart out for a walk:
Mind what you say, boys, that's how to court her,
Tell her that you'll wed when the days grow short.

See when the moonlight falls on the streamlet,
Silvering each ripple with its brilliant rays,
Out in the midnight, making the heart bright,
Waking up the little birds before the break of day;
Tickling and teazing, kissing and squeezing,
Telling lots of little fibs, and swearing they are true:
Some say it's naughty, others very pleasing,
Just wait one moment and I'll tell you what to do.
Wait till the moonlight, &c.

Aileen, my Darling.

Sung by Bertha Foy.

Oh! Aileen, my darling, when I'm far away,
Waiting to hear from you, day after day,
Send me a letter, and happy I'll be
To hear from my darling far over the sea.
For, in that strange land I'll have no one to cheer,
Yet in my thoughts you shall ever be near:
So do not forget me and ever prove true,
And, Aileen Mavourneen, I'll come back to you.

Chorus.

Oh! Aileen Mavourneen, when I'm far away,
Waiting to hear from you day after day,
Aileen, do write to me, happy I'll be
To hear from my darling far over the sea.

Oh! Aileen Mavourneen, when I'm far away,
Look for a bright and happier day.
When we shall banish all sorrow and pain.
And we shall be meeting in gladness again:
Yes, back to Erin, I'll return, love, to thee,
No more between us shall roll the blue sea:
So write me a letter and never forget,
And, Aileen Mavourneen, we'll be happy yet.
Oh! Aileen Mavourneen, &c.

Sweet Long Ago!

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by Joseph P Skelly.
The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 329 Bowery opposite Prince Street, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

Now there's no one left to love me,
Friends of old have passed away:
Some are glad in lands above me,
Where my fancy loves to stray:
Some in distant homes are dwelling,
Born a joyous life to know,
While I live so sad and lonely,
With my dreams of long ago—
Chorus: Sweet long ago—sweet long ago!
Life now no pleasure can bestow:
Pure and bright, in lands above me,
Live my friends of long ago.

Oft a friendly smile may greet me,
But its pleasure soon is fled:
Angel smiles in slumber meet me,
When I'm dreaming of the dead.
Days are dark with clouds of sorrow,
Hope is dead within my breast:
Joy to-day, and pain to-morrow,
Till there comes eternal rest. Chorus.

The Pretty Girl of Roncevert.

Words by Thos. C. Thackston. Music by Chas. E. Pratt

She lingered there, her beau beside her,
They waited for the coming train:
From a "Pullman" window I espied her,
We stopped to soon move on again;
But, oh! how loving were her glances,
Her face so pretty and so pert—
She woke my heart to sweetest fancies,
This pretty girl of Roncevert.
Chorus: A bright oasis ever beaming,
This coquettish charming flirt;
As sparkling as the fountains gleaming,
This pretty girl of Roncevert.

She caught my eye—enough the glory!
I looked at her, entranced and dazed—
I blushed, she blushed—make short the story,
My heart was pierced while there I gazed.
The "card" I sent she took with laughter,
And then I tip't the hat polite:
We moved—she waved her white hand after,
Until our train was out of sight. Chorus.

Shivering and Shaking out in the Cold.

By Sam Bagnal.

Gazing on noblemen's mansions of splendor,
Filled with perfume and shining with gold,
A thought often strikes me, do great ones remember
Those that are shivering out in the cold?

Chorus.

Hungry, dejected, feet unprotected,
Houseless, homeless—sad to behold,
Eyes red with crying, care-worn and sighing,
Shivering and shaking out in the cold.

No one to soothe the sad heart of sorrow,
None to pity—plenty to scold;
None will ask if he lives to-morrow,
Shivering and shaking out in the cold. Chorus.

What has he done to be so neglected?
Why do you thrust him away from the door?
Perhaps he was once most highly respected,
The answer is simply—because he is poor. Cho.

What is that dark-looking object before us?
A funeral, carried from the workhouse, I'm told:
They're taking a poor wretch home to his friends,
They found him last night out in the cold. Cho.

Friends of the churchyard, none there will scorn him,
E'en from the best down to the worst;
He'll soon be forgotten, no one will mourn him,
Where he commingles his dust with the dust. Cho.

Sad scenes of sorrow, each comming morrow,
Brings in its dull stealthy pace day by day:
Heaping fresh troubles on man to his horror,
Till death seals his doom, and he passes away. Cho.

Thomas Cat.

Banjo solo Sung by Dan Kelly. Air: "Up with the Flag."

Have you seen the animal they call the Thomas Cat?
He am a gay deceiver and he live on kidney fat:
He's the pet of the old maids, to please him they do try,
And they like to be alone with him when
no one else is by.

The cat he is a gentleman, his head is full of sense,
And every night he sees his love out on the garden fence:
He says to her: my lady love, now what have
you been at—
Have you been making love to any other Thomps Cat?

The cats they have a concert at the beginning
of the year
The music it commences at the biting of an ear,
And when the lady cats begin to holor and to cry,
That's when the fun commences and the fur begins
to fly

Aileen, Dost Thou Really Love Me?

By G. B. Harcourt.

Aileen, dost thou really love me?
And am I dearest to thine heart?
Is it some sweet shrine devoted
Kept for me entire apart?
Then my zeal shall mighty make me,
And thy promise keep me true:
Naught shall daunt that may o'etake me,
Oh! how I will live for you!
Chorus: Aileen, dost thou really love me?
Am I dearest to thine heart?
Is it some sweet shrine devoted
Kept for me entire apart?

Aileen, dost thou really love me?
If thou dost, ah! hear me swear,
By the calm blue sky above me,
And the land of beauty there,
That my heart to thee forever
Loving, faithful, true shall be:
And whate'er may tempt shall never
Lure me to inconstancy. Chorus.

My Mamie's Kiss.

By Lieut E. H. Kellogg.

There's music floating in the air,
O papa, don't you hear them sing?
They're angels bright with shining hair,
And wings like rainbows glittering.
Chorus: Come, Mamie, come, these angels say,
Our Father bade us come for you:
Dear papa, here I cannot stay,
And shortly you will come there, too.

Dear mother's there among the band—
She's stooping down my face to kiss—
She softly takes my icy hand,
And bids me give dear papa this.
Chorus: My Mamie kissed my tear-wet cheeks,
Dear father, I must quit you, too:
She died, and yet methinks she speaks,
And shortly you will come there, too.

It Would Not Do.

I've tried to fool myself into
The fond conviction that we be
The happiest race, most blest, most free
Upon the globe—but 'twould not do.

Dispassionately, cooly, too,
I've combated with common sense:
The Saxon's scourge and insolence
I glossed o'er, but it would not do.

I sat and reasoned with the view
To prove the Saxon's innocence—
To prove the Celts' improvidence
And worthlessness, but 'twouldnot do.

What is that which, by losing an eye, has only a nose left? A noise.

The origin of Easter eggs.—A hen.

On the Sea: or his Name was Bill.

As sung by John Thompson in his original sketch, entitled, "The Apple Woman's Revenge."

My young man was a fine young man
And a fine piano tuner;
But now he's gone away from me,
On board of a merchant schooner;
Oh! wouldn't I like to find him—
For, the truth I then would tell him:
For, he left me with my apple-stand,
Still standing on the corner.
Chorus: For, his name was Bill, a jolly chap
Oh! wouldn't I like to find him—
He's o'er the seas away from me:
I'm the lass he left behind him.

He stood six foot three in his stocking feet,
And he was a clever fellow,
And a policeman he would make,
I bet my bottom dollar:
And wouldn't I like to find him—
For, the truth I now would tell him:
For, he left me with my apple-stand,
Still standing on the corner. Chorus.

I'll Meet you in the Park.

SERIO COMIC SONG.

Words and Music by Jos P. Skelly.
The music of this song can be obtained of E H Harding, No 229 Bowery opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I've a note from dear Augustus,
'Tis replete with love for me,
He invites me out next Sunday,
Oh! what pleasure it will be!
To Central Park he intends to go,
To ramble 'round and observe the show:
That day I'm sure many joys will bring,
Just listen and his words I'll sing.
Chorus: I'll meet you in the Park next Sunday,
Oh! don't forget, my pretty little pet,
To meet me in the Park next Sunday,
And we'll ramble all around.

I must go to my Augustus—
When he calls I must obey,
No one ever could refuse him—
Let mama say what she may:
She tells me I am a wilful child,
And wonders why I should be so wild,
But girls in love only hear one voice,
Whose language is their only choice. Chorus.

At the lake-side and casino,
We will mingle with the crowd,
And the grass will feel our footsteps,
If such freedom be allowed:
And gaining pleasure where'er we go,
Sweet words of love will whisper low:
Augustus, dear, I will meet you there,
Oh! won't we be a happy pair? Chorus.

Farewell, Birdie, Love, Farewell!

By H. A Darley.

The silvery moon on high is gleaming,
And, Birdie, you and I must part:
But while thine eyes are on me beaming,
Oh! let me clasp thee to my heart!
It may be years ere we again
Can love's sweet tale ever tell,
Though with the words my heart knows pain, love,
Farewell, Birdie, farewell, farewell!
Farewell, Birdie, farewell, farewell!
Though with the words my heart knows pain—
Farewell, Birdie—farewell!

Ah! let thine arms about me twine, love,
And thy sweet lips on mine impress:
Thy luminous eyes upon me shine, love,
That all my future thou may'st bless—
For, when I'm far from here and thee,
My heart its anguish then shall tell:
Far from thee my life must be, love—
Farewell, Birdie, farewell—farewell!
Farewell, Birdie, farewell, farewell!
For from thee my life must be—
Farewell, Birdie, farewell—farewell!

The Flowers will Come in May.

By Arthur W. French.

O sweetheart! don't be sighing,
The Winter won't be long:
Soon merry birdlings crying
Will glad the earth with song.
For, though it be December,
And dark and drear the day,
Be cheerful and remember
The flowers will come in May,
Chorus: The flowers will come in May,
Sweet flowers bloom in May,
And hearts now sad shall then be glad,
When the flowers come in May.

O sweetheart! so with sorrow—
The Winter of the heart—
Some golden, fair to-morrow
Will see it all depart:
And love's own birds be singing
Their carols sweet and gay,
With wedding-bells a-ringing
When flowers come in May. Chorus.

California, My Home in the West.

By Gus Mast Clarke.

Sadly and lonely by the "Father of Waters,"
Dear California, I'm dreaming of thee—
Of thy glorious clime, of thy sons and daughters,
So handsome and happy, so true-hearted and free.
No happiness here—there's nothing that pleases:
Through this land I have wandered without any rest:
There is only one thing that my heart's pain eases—
Thoughts of thee, California, my home in the West.

They may boast of rivers and prairies so boundless,
Of mighty cities, majestic and grand:
Since parting from thee my heart it has found less
Of true love and kindness—not one helping hand.
How oft do I find privation and sickness—
Far, far in the West these things are unknown—
I pray time would fly (how slow is its quickness!)
So once more I may rest in my beautiful home.

Don't Forget to Dream of Me.

By Arthur W. French.

Little darling, when you're dreaming
Fast asleep within your bed,
And the golden stars are gleaming
Far above your weary head,
'Mid the visions sweet of slumber
Floating round you, bright and free,
Keep me ever in their number—
Don't forget to dream of me.
'Mid the visions sweet of slumber, &c.

Little darling, may we never
From each other drift apart.
May there nothing come to sever
All our happiness of heart—
Night and day, where'er you wander,
Even though we parted be,
On these sweet words ever ponder—
Don't forget to dream of me.
'Mid the visions sweet of slumber, &c.

A Sleigh-Ride.

By Geo Nauerth.

Over the snow away we go,
Dashing, clashing,
Over the bright crystals so white.

Voices singing, sleigh-bells ringing,
Mingling, jingling,
O'er the snow so merrily, oh!

Sunlight dancing, horses prancing,
Gliding, sliding:
Faces bright—hearts so light—

Merry beams glancing, bright eyes dancing,
Sporting, courting:
Oh! the joys with the boys

Laughing we, full of glee,
Teazing, squeezing:
Oh! what bliss, a ride like this!

Love and Glory.

By Robert McKay.

Kiss me, darling, ere I leave thee—
And, e'en though it grieve me sore,
I cannot, will not, love, deceive thee,
We may meet on earth no more.
Oh! how sweet would be the pleasure
At thy side to ever stay—
But, my love, my only treasure,
Duty calls, I must away.
Chorus: Look up, loved one, cease repining,
Parting is love's strongest test:
Fate's decrees defy divining—
Man is but a mark at best.

Kiss me, darling, let me linger
Long in this, perchance, last kiss—
See, my impatient steed waits yonder:
All too brief will be my bliss—
Now I seem to scent the battle—
Bear me, good steed, hence afar,
Where rockets whirr and bullets rattle—
Farewell, love: for welcome, war.
Chorus: What is love to warrior's glory?
Songs of death to woman's sighs?
Oh! to be inscribed in story
'Tis indeed a mighty prize—

Clouds are Breaking.

Song and Chorus. By C. E. Meade.

Cheer up, darling, clouds are breaking,
Soon our troubles will be o'er,
And the joyous hours, departed,
Will return to us once more.
See the sunbeams stealing softly
Through the dull and leaden sky—
Let no longer teardrops, darling,
Dim the lustre of your eye.
Chorus: Yes, my darling, clouds are breaking,
Golden glory tints the sky,
And the yellow sunbeams glisten
Where the pearly raindrops lie.

Though our lives have long been clouded,
And our hearts oft filled with pain,
Let us hail with joyous greeting
God's bright sunshine come again.
Let us ever more be joyful,
Let us banish all our fears,
Thanking God for righteous wisdom,
Trusting him through coming years.
Yes, my darling, &c.

The Blue Jacket's Good-bye.

By Robert McKay.

Our good ship lies out on the bay,
Her sails are all bent taut and trim—
As some feathered bird, plumaged gay,
Does she on the blue waters swim:
She waits but her captain, and I
Linger still at the ebb of the tide
To whisper one last fond good-bye
To Mary, my sweet promised bride—
Chorus: Good-bye, then, darling, good-bye
Keep a good heart till I come
With treasure brought from the blue deep,
No more o'er the ocean to roam.

I'm sure, though I go far away,
Your image will ever remain
In my heart, by night and by day,
Until I come back again.
Then look up, my darling, and give
A kiss to your lover so true,
And let me now say I but live
That constant I may prove to you—
Good-bye, then, darling, &c.

Oh! too Lovely, too Unkind

Oh! too lovely, too unkind,
If my lips no credit find,
Pierce my breast, my heart shall prove
Strong in virtue, strong in love:
Guiltless, wretched, left forlorn,
And worse than murdered by thy scorn.

The Green Shores of Erin.

Written and arranged by C. H. Du Val.

The green shores of Erin I've left far behind me,
Across the broad ocean for fortune I stray:
I try to forget her, but mem'ries remind me
Of the dear ones from whom I'm now parted away;
Oh! darling, I love thee too dearly to sever,
And leave without sighing thy fond trusting heart,
Like the tendrils of ivy my love for thee ever
Clings greener and fresher wherever thou art.
(Repeat.)

The towers of my country, those dials of ages,
When the beautiful sunset sheds forth its bright glow,
Throw shadows whose darkness envelops the pages
Of the histories lost of long ages ago.
Oh! could they but speak and one minute reveal
The stories now past of our beautiful isle,
How proud might her sons of poor Innisfail feel,
And pray that her fortunes again on her smile!
(Repeat.)

Oh! often when wandering on bright summer morning,
Where Shanon's broad river sweeps on to the sea,
The brilliant sunbeam, without moment of warning,
By clouds overcast disappearing I see—
And so the bright hopes that I cherished are fleeting,
Clouded and dark as I murmur "Farewell!"
But mem'ry, "my darling," while this true heart is beating,
Alone shall my truth and my constancy tell.
(Repeat.)

Fifty Miles Under the Sea.

As sung by Tony Pastor.

The other night I went to bed,
In fact, I often do:
And in my sleep, went down to the deep,
Where a strange world met my view:
This world was called Concordia,
Its people gay and free,
I wished that I were one of them,
Fifty miles under the sea.

Chorus.

This is what I saw when dreaming,
As plain as plain could be:
They were, oh! so content, they never paid rent,
Fifty miles under the sea.

Their food and drink was pure, and not
Adulterated stuff:
They'd no Good Templars—for, they knew
When they'd just had enough.
They'd no "blues," partial to running in,
No Divorce Court had they got,
And they never read "The Englishman,"
Oh! they were a happy lot.

Chorus.

This is what I saw when dreaming,
As plain as plain could be:
They'd ne'er had an 'Odger,' no claimant Sir Roger,
Fifty miles under the sea.

They'd never had a national debt,
They never were troubled with wars.
They never had a man for the rates
Come knock, knock, knock at their doors;
The toothache, income tax, and corns
They knew not—happy souls!
Of railway smashes they'd ne'er heard.
Nor the price of a ton of coals.

Chorus.

This is what I saw when dreaming,
As plain as plain could be:
You may doubt my tale, they'd no workhouse nor jail,
Fifty miles under the sea.

Never a one had been known to dread
The approach of quarter day:
The mothers-in-law all lived by themselves
Ten thousand miles away:
No pater was troubled with milliners' bills,
Their children ne'er numbered a score:
You may think it strange, it was wisely arranged
That each should have two and no more.

Chorus.

This is what I saw when dreaming,
As plain as plain could be:
I then heard a knock, and it's past ten o'clock,
I came up then from under the sea.

When Charlie Plays the Drum.

Words and Melody by Joe A. Guelick. As sung by Jennie Morgan.
The Music can be had of J. L. Peters, N. Y. Price, 35cts.

I'm in love with such a charming little man,
A musician in the military band:
And I love him better than gold or wealth,
When I see him in his uniform so grand—
The first time that I met him,
With love I was struck dumb,
And my heart was in a flutter,
When charlie played the drum.

Chorus.

And it's one, two, three, with his sticks on the drum,
Rap-a-toodle-tumtum, my sugar plum,
Oh! my! but I tell you it's fun,
When Charlie plays the drum.

Oh! he often comes to take me for a walk,
And we stray along together side by side,
And so sweetly and so lovingly he'll talk
And once he asked me if I'd be his bride.
And every Thursday evening,
As soon as work is done,
I hasten to the park to hear
My Charlie play the drum. Chorus.

Would Fate to me Belinda Give.

Would fate to me Belinda give,
With her alone I'd choose to live:
Variety I'd ne'er require,
Nor a greater bliss desire.

My charming nymph, if you can find
Amongst the race of human-kind
A man that loves you more than I,
I'll resign you, though I die—

Let my Belinda fill my arms,
With all her beauty, all her charms,
With scorn and pity I'd look down
On the glories of a crown.

The Shaughraun.

Words by C. L. Kenney. Music by J. L. Molloy.

Homeless, ragged and tanned,
Under the changeful sky,
Who so free in the land—
Who so contented as I?
Ne'er need I quake,
Let fortune prove unkind:
Ne'er my heart break
That vows have ceased to bind.
Not e'en a dog
Would I call by friendship's name,
Lonely I jog,
E'en thither whence I came.
Chorus: Homeless, ragged and tanned,
Under the changeful sky,
Who so free in the land—
Who so contented as I?

Nursed by hunger and want,
Taught out of nature's page,
Banned by a saintliest cant,
Scorning hypocrisy's wage;
Singing I plod,
By wayward fancy led,
Trusting in God,
Who the sparrows still hath fed:
No! let me die,
Ere be the world's base thrall!
Fate I defy!
To-morrow ne'er recall! Chorus.

Once, tender love
Watched at my side:
Now, from above,
An angel's my guide:
When heaven above
Asks my last breath,
Angel love,
Smile on the Shaughraun's death—
When heaven above
Asks my last breath,
Angel love,
Smile on the Shaughraun's death— Cho.

My Dear old Mother and I.

Composed by Harry Robinson, and sung by him throughout the country.

My dear old mother and I have come
To see all the sights above us:
We are bound to see them, every one,
If our folks can do without us:
It is seldom we go away from home,
For, mother, I know, ain't willing—
But when we do, we'll have our fun
If it cost us every shilling.

Chorus.

Oh! yes! oh! yes! to please we are a-going to try,
Oh! yes! oh! yes! my dear old mother and I.
(*Repeat.*)

My dear old mother and I jog on,
Of troubles we know none or care,
And of all the good things in this life
We are bound to have our share.
I am lame and cannot walk,
So on mother's back I ride,
And we love each other all the time
More than all the world beside. Chorus.

My dear old mother and I delight
To see on each face a smile,
And though she is old, she loves each night
To make you laugh a while.
I hope that all this merry crowd,
Each night as you pass by,
Will favor us with an early call,
My dear old mother and I. Chorus.

Will he come Home to-night, Mother?

Will Tom come home to-night, mother,
Or will he stay away?
There is a something tells me
He's drinking hard to-day:
He left the shop this morning,
And started o'er the hill,
While just a pace behind him
Was drunken, lazy Bill.
Chorus: Will Tom come home to-night, mother,
Or will he stay away?
There is a something tells me
He's drinking hard to-day.

Why does he drink so much, mother,
And why his work neglect?
He'll be a picture, surely,
Of liquor's bad effect;
His face is cut and swollen,
And in his watery eyes
We miss the look of gladness,
The blue of Autumn skies. Chorus.

I know 'twill break your heart, mother,
And send you to the grave:
For, it has proved so fruitless
His character to save;
But stop your weeping, mother,
And keep your spirits bright,
We'll ask our heavenly Father
That Tom may come home to-night. Chorus.

Don't You Grieve After Me.

End song as sung by Harry Kernell.

I once knew a girl, her name was Susy Horner,
She is of light complexion and she lives around the corner:
I told her that I loved her, she said she was a goner,
I told her not to grieve after me.

Chorus.

When I am gone I told her not to grieve,
When I am gone: (SYMPHONY.)
When I am gone I told her not to grieve,
Oh! I told her not to grieve after me.

Oh! Susan says to me, "I want your hand in marriage:"
She put her hand in her pocket to pay for the carriage;
Den I says—"Susy, I'll pay for the ferriage;
But don't you grieve after me." Chorus.

I kissed her three, she then began to cry,
She had a blubber on her cheek, and a tear in her eye:
I says—"Susy dear, I'll be back bye and bye,
Oh! don't you grieve after me." Chorus.

Pull down the Blind.

As sung by Tony Pastor.

Did you ever make love? If not, have a try:
I courted a girl once, so bashful and shy,
A fair little creature who'd fly the by,
At coaxing and wheedling till such a nice way—
Every night to her house I went,
In harmless delight our evenings were spent:
She had a queer saying whatever it meant—
For, whenever I came and sed her house, she would say:

Chorus.

Pull down the blind, pull down the blind,
Pull down the blind, love, come, don't be unkind:
Though we're alone, bear this in mind,
Somebody's looking, love, pull down the blind.

How loving we were, how cosy we'd chat
'Bout one thing and t'other, and this thing and that:
With my arm round her waist, how cosy we sat,
Like two little turtle-doves perched on a tree:
Such squeezing and teezing and pleasing we had—
Such wooing and cooing to make our hearts glad—
With laughing and chaffing I near drove her mad;
But still she was awfully spooney on me.

Spoken: And if that soldier would only have left us alone, she would never have exclaimed:
Pull down the blind, &c.

One night, for a change, we went to the play,
And, when we got home, she was awfully gay;
She saw them make love, and so learned the way.
The piece was "Claude Melnotte," and suited her fine;
She called me her rose-bud, her duck, and her dear,
She threw her arms round me, while fast fell each tear;
She cried: oh! don't leave me—for, sadly I fear
You don't love me truly—say, will you be mine?

Spoken: Just at that moment a policeman passed, and she said: Poll down the blind, &c.

Our courting days o'er, at last we were wed,
I oft bless the hour when to church her I led:
I now call her Mary, she calls me Ned,
We're happy and loving, and never know strife;
We've a fine handsome lass, and two noble boys,
Trouble or sorrow never us annoys;
Of life we've the sweets, and while tasting its joys,
I'm thankful I'm blessed with a good little wife.

Spoken: And should an angry word rise to my lips, with a meek smile on her face she'll exclaim:
Pull down the blind, &c.

The Gallant "69."

Music to be had of Wm. A. Pond & Co. 547 Broadway, N. Y.

We are privates in the Sixty-Ninth,
We follow up the fife and drum:
We can't forget our old comrades,
And their glory at Bull Run.
It was there with bayonets bristling,
In the thickest of the fray,
Where the shot and shell were whistling,
Our boys helped gain the day.
Chorus: We march behind the band,
True sons of Paddy's land,
The Irish boys for style are excellent
The green above the red,
With martial step we tread,
In the gallant Sixty-Ninth Regiment,
We meant.

They admit we are the ladies' pride,
When we're out for a grand review,
They shout huzza! from near and far,
At our Irish boys so true,
With columns solid as a wall,
Bright uniforms neat and clean,
We are, one and all, sons of Erin,
From the land of the Shamrock green. Chorus.

Should America call on her soldier boys,
To the front we'd surely go,
For a righteous cause, our nation's laws,
Give battle to the foe—
We'll ne'er forget old Ireland,
But keep our powder dry:
"Faugh a ballagh," our cry, clear the way
To conquer or to die! Chorus.

Will a Monkey Climb a Tree?

By John Reed.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

Whilst walking out the other night,
A girl I chanced to meet,
A very simple looking lass,
As I thought, in the street:
She had a lovely head of hair,
A dark and rolling eye:
I asked her if she'd walk with me,
And this was her reply—
Chorus: Will a monkey climb a tree?
Will a fish swim in the sea?
Will a lawyer take his fee,
A jew his money lose?
Will a cabman take his fare?
Will a barber cut your hair?
If they say no, then, dear sir,
You I will refuse.

I thought her very witty,
So I to her did say—
"Will you go to a music-hall
To pass an hour away?
Now, Miss, what do you say to this?
Your answer—yes, or no!
Just tell me what you really think,
And if you'd like to go?"

Spoken: "Will I accompany you?" she said, "why— Will a monkey climb a tree, &c.

I hired a cab, drove to the hall,
And paid the man his fare,
And when we got inside the hall,
Saw the chairman in his chair;
I shook him by the hand and said
"What will you have with me,
Whisky hot or brandy cold,
Or a glass of soda and B?"

Spoken: "Will I take a glass of brandy and water, did you say? Oh!"—— Will a monkey climb a tree, &c.

A waiter then he brought the drinks,
Which came to one-and-four,
The same time saying: "Sir,
Will you require any more?"
I gave him a two shilling piece,
He looked at me so strange—
I then said to the waiter:
"Will you accept the change?"

Spoken: He first looked at the two shilling piece, and then at me—and quickly putting the coin in his pocket, exclaimed—— Will a monkey climb a tree, &c.

I Wish I Was.

Sung by John Fielding.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents

I'm not satisfied at all
With what I am, but could
I only be what I am not,
Depend on it, I would:
For, madly I'm in love,
As deep as deep can be:
But, sure enough, I find to my cost,
The girl don't care for me.

I wish I was a bee,
From her lips to gather honey,
Or like the great Baron Rotchschild,
With heaps of ready money:
I wish I was a train,
Or her Bath-chair I would be:
I wish I was a Hansom cab,
That she could ride in me

I wish she was the Octopus,
And she might go to bathe:
If she should drown, I'd stick to her
My loved one's life to save.
By her hair, or the soles of her feet
I'd drag my prize on shore;
I'd live, and love, and die in peace,
And never go to sea any more.

I wish that she was Tichborne,
And I was the rightful heir,
I wouldn't go to law to know who's who,
My money she should share:
I'd wed her with three wedding rings,
To make her safe and sure,
And dress her in the finest things
That a fellow could procure.

I wish I was a little belt
That clasps her tiny waist,
Or else the jewel in her hair
Which, by-the-by, is paste
I wish I was a little puppy dog
Put in a show for sale,
And if she would only purchase me
Forever I'd wag my tail.

I wish I was a Tom-cat,
And she was a tiny mouse,
And we should be the occupants
Of a four-roomed empty house:
If she should run from her hole,
And try to escape from me,
If she'd refuse to be my wife,
Then gobbled up she'd be—

I wish I was the Shah,
With his twenty thousand wives—
Oh! wouldn't I then go to Harum Scarum
And frighten them out of their lives!
Or I wish I was England's Prince,
To marry the Russian Maria,
I'd sail about the sea in ships,
And set the Thames on fire—

Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying.

Words by Frank Dumont—Music by James E Stewart. The Music can be obtained of J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York. Price 30 cents.

Whisper softly, mother's dying,
Soon she'll close her loving eyes—
Angels wait to bear her gently
To the home beyond the skies—
Kiss her lips; for, soon she'll leave us:
Mother, clasp me to your breast,
As you did in days of childhood,
When you sang your child to rest.
Chorus: Whisper softly, mother's dying,
Soon she'll close her loving eyes—
Angels wait to bear her gently
To the home beyond the skies—

Whisper softly, mother's dying,
Soon we'll miss the truest love—
And we'll miss the voice so loving,
When her spirit's flown above—
Mother, ask the shining angels,
Ask them if you cannot stay!
Who will care for us in sorrow,
When they've taken you away? Chorus.

Whisper softly, mother's dying,
And she tells us not to weep—
She will watch o'er and protect us
Through the night, when we're asleep—
Darling mother, guide our footsteps,
Be with us from day to day:
Hark! the angels now are calling—
Mother dear has passed away! Chorus.

Enigma.

I am known in each war, yet I help to make peace,
And no landlord without me could e'er get a lease.
Though no great part of his fields, yet you'll all understand
I am found in each acre of pasture and land.
I am part of his cattle, and yet I must vow
I have nothing to do with horse, sheep, pig or cow.
I am known to each lawyer, though not in his brief;
I'm connected with stealing, and yet I'm no thief.
No officer owns me, and yet I must tell
I belong to the army and navy as well.
Though not in the service, 'twill quickly be seen
I'm part of each captain, Jack Tar, and marine.
I'm found in the company of grave and of gay;
I shall not tell you more, so what am I? please say.

Answer: The letter A.

Tom Rowlock.

Continued.

"Lord love you, my lass! that's what I'm here for," said Tom.

"Leave this vessel!" commanded Reuben. "It's private property. Ashore with you both, or overboard you go!"

"Oh, we're off!" said Tom. "Come along, Winny!"

"Not so; the girl stays with me." And as Reuben spoke, he attempted to lay hands on Winny; but Tom, drawing a cutlass, with which he had provided himself, ordered him to stand back, nor dare to oppose his departure.

"What! would you dare draw a sword against your superior officer?"

"You are neither an officer or a gentleman to seek the destruction of an innocent girl," retorted Tom. Then, addressing Jack, he told him to sheer off with Winny, and he'd scuttle the captain's nob if he dared to follow. Winny was loth to leave Tom; but Jack urged her from the cabin, and Tom, with his drawn cutlass, kept the libertine at bay, who levelled the pistol he held in his hand, and fired.

The ball struck Tom's hat from his head, and left him uninjured. Tom staggered back for the moment. His intended assassin, taking advantage of this, drew his sword, to cut him down; but Tom had his cutlass out with the rapidity of lightning. Parrying the blow that was meant to lay him low, Tom returned it with another; which, striking his opponent on the forehead, sent him insensible to the ground. Rushing on deck, he found Jack, with Winny, anxiously awaiting him.

The crew of the yacht had not yet arrived on board, so Tom, Jack, and the grateful Winny entered the boat which lay alongside, and made for shore.

Chapter VI.

When Mabel, Hal, and Ralph arrived on board the yacht, according to arrangement, they were surprised to find it apparently deserted; but upon descending into the cabin they became acquainted with all. Reuben, half insensible, related what had occurred, vowing he would see Tom run up to the yard-arm for the injuries he had received at his hands. A sailor's doom for striking his superior officer was death. Nick Howlett, who was crouching in a corner of the cabin, half unconscious of the blow he had received, was asked to be a witness; but he vowed he dared not make himself known, fearing to be arrested for the murder of old Gregory Freeman. He begged for the money that was due to him, so that he might reach London, go to the docks, and get a ship that was leaving England. Mabel, Reuben, and the wreckers conferred together, and came to the conclusion that, after all, Nick would be as well out of the way—perhaps it was politic to be rid of all old associates—so Reuben threw Nick a five pound note, as he would have thrown a dog a bone.

Nick secured it eagerly, and was rowed ashore by Hal and Ralph, who afterwards returned on board to make arrangements for their cruise; but previous to that Reuben resolved to take his revenge on Tom. He learnt from Nick the name of Tom's native village, which, of course, would be the sailor's destination, and resolved to communicate with the authorities there. This was done the next day by letter. The Admiralty was also informed of Tom's offence, and at once proceeded to take steps in the matter.

Admiral Gascoyne lay off Plymouth, on board the flag-ship Redoubtable, and received orders from the Admiralty to arrest Tom and place him on his trial.

Tom's arrest took place after his arrival in his native village. He feared such an event taking place; as a seaman, he could not shut his eyes to the fact of the law regarding his offence in a serious light; but he hoped by the evidence of Winny and Jack to show the captain in his true colors, and so claim consideration from the Admiralty. He was known to be a gallant sailor, while his enemy was somewhat suspected of not being a whit braver than he should be. Still the serious fact remained that he had been struck by one of his crew, and discipline must be maintained in the navy on every point. Tom was therefore not greatly surprised one morning to find himself in the hands of a party of Marines, who conducted him on board the Redoubtable, to take his trial. The grief and distress of Winny and Tom's friends may easily be imagined. The brave sailor had reached home after all his perils only to be taken from it again, and tried perhaps for his life. Such, indeed, proved to be the case. His enemy prevailed, in spite of the evidence given by Winny and Jack. The Articles of War expressly declared that he who should draw, or offer to draw, his sword against his superior officer must suffer death.

Lieutenant Spencer, upon hearing of Tom's position, immediately set off to the Admiralty. He pleaded for Tom on account of his bravery, the vile conduct of his captain, and the provocation the poor seaman had received; but he only received a cold reply that the Articles of War must be abided by.

The day appointed for Tom's trial came round. Winny, Jack, Bodkin, the tailor, and nearly all the village, journeyed to Plymouth, so that they might have speedy news of the issue.

It came in due course. The verdict was "Guilty;" the sentence "Death."

"I die because I tried to save the lass I love from the grappling-irons of a pirate," said Tom, addressing the court; "and the sailor who would not do the same for his heart's sheet-anchor is neither true Briton nor true blue."

He was sentenced to die one week from that day, and heard his doom without flinching.

His friends were not idle. A petition, numerously signed, was presented to the Admiralty.

Lieutenant Spencer was unrelaxing in his efforts to obtain a commutation of the sentence, and vowed he would not leave London while a ray of hope remained.

But time wore on. It was the night before the execution, and no orders had been received to stay it. On the same evening, Admiral Gascoyne visited the condemned man. "Rowlock," said he, "I have come to ask whether you have any commands to leave which a friend may perform for you, for I am sorry to say you must die to-morrow?"

"I have prepared myself, your honor, by endeavoring to seek from the great Commander aloft that mercy and consideration which my fellow-men deny me here. I die for defending her I love against a villain. Let the world henceforth judge between him and me."

The admiral left him with such words of consolation that he could give utterance to. The truth was, the gallant old sailor felt that Tom's sentence was excessive, considering the provocation he had received, and he had appended that opinion to the petition which had been sent in Tom's behalf.

Upon reaching his cabin, he found Lieutenant Spencer, who had just arrived from London, awaiting him.

"Have you received any favorable news from the Admiralty?" asked the lieutenant.

"None, I am sorry to say," answered the admiral. "The law must take its course; there is no hope."

"By heaven!" exclaimed the excited lieutenant, "there's not a finer fellow in the fleet than Tom Rowlock; and I say it's infamous to see a brave man severed from life under such circumstances."

"I have said all I can for him," sighed the admiral. "I should like to see some mercy extended, for, from what I hear, the sun will never rise upon a braver man."

"I can vouch for that," said the lieutenant; "and I swear I would sooner hear an enemy's broadside rattling in my ears than the words you spoke, saying there was no hope."

The next morning, which the law had declared was Tom's last day on earth, he was surprised at an early visit from the admiral. He carried some papers in his hand.

"Rowlock," said he, "these documents have just been received by me from the Admiralty. It appears they would have been sent to me before, but they have been reflecting on your case, and considering whether, when you attacked the captain, he was still your superior officer. They have considered that he was so, in consequence of your not having received your discharge; but still they have agreed in a remission of your sentence."

"What! pardoned me?" cried Tom, scarcely comprehending the admiral's words.

"No; not pardoned, I regret to say," said the admiral, and pausing, as if he scarcely knew how to give utterance to what he was about to say.

"Then what are they going to do with me, your honor?" eagerly asked Tom.

"I regret to say, Rowlock, that, although your life has been spared, you are to be flogged through the fleet, when it anchor's in the bay.

"Flogged through the fleet! No, no, your honor! Death—death, a thousand times, first!"

Lieutenant Spencer, who had followed the admiral, in the hope of hearing some good news, was as indignant as Tom when he heard the result.

"How can those who have condemned him have one peaceful hour of rest after ordering such severity! For had Tom killed the villain, instead of wounding him, it would have been the scoundrel's just doom," declared the lieutenant.

"Lieutenant Spencer," said the admiral, "my sympathy with Rowlock is equal to your own; but I am but a servant of the Government, and in this instance bitter indeed do I find the fulfilment of my duty."

Keenly as Tom felt his degradation, the sympathy and good wishes of these two brave men was a great consolation to him. He nerved himself to see Winny, who was permitted an interview with him. How painful that meeting was may be well imagined.

"Poor lass! poor lass!" wept Tom, as he pressed her to his heart. "I would have spared you the agony of this meeting, had my wishes been consulted."

"But we are not to be parted now, dear Tom; we shall meet again in happiness—for is not your life to be spared?"

"Ay, it is," replied Tom, bitterly; "but how can a man hold up his head in the world, when he has been scourged like a dog? Do you know the disgrace, the bitter punishment, of being flogged through the fleet—of being rowed from ship to ship, while the torturing lash falls like rods of iron on the agonizing frame, driving its victim into madness?"

"Oh, horrible! horrible!" shuddered Winny.

"To know that I shall carry with me to the grave the degrading marks that will be inflicted on my body, is more than my tortured mind can bear! All that I have done to serve my country will avail me as little as though I had hoisted the Black Flag, instead of maintaining, as I have ever done, the honor of the Union Jack!"

Winny tried all she could to soothe and comfort him, and had partly succeeded, when the word was given that they must part.

Three weeks elapsed before the fleet anchored in Plymouth Sound. Winny had been allowed to visit Tom every day, and was present when the admiral entered the gun-room where Tom had been allowed to remain a prisoner, and reluctantly announced to him that at noon on the following day the sentence would be carried into effect.

Tom had been nerving himself for many previous days to meet his doom. It was for Winny's sake he resolved to try and bear it. Had it remained with himself, he had as lief they have thrown him overboard to drown like a dog.

He was marched on deck by a guard of Marines. There stood the officers and many of his old shipmates drawn up to witness his punishment and disgrace. The grating was there to which he was to be lashed, with the boatswain standing by, cat-o'-nine-tails in hand. Alongside lay the boat which was to convey him from ship to ship until the full terms of the sentence had been carried out.

"I am ready," said Tom, when he was ordered to strip; "but hear me, all, messmates and brother sailors. From to-day I shall be no longer a sailor, but a branded felon, and my country will lose the services of one who would have died to maintain her name and glory. I won't brag of what I've done; but if every sailor does the like, England won't have much to blush for. I pray Heaven that I may weather this day of punishment. I give my love to my sweetheart, the sheet anchor of my soul, my gratitude to my friends, and my forgiveness to my cowardly enemy. Now, then, I am ready."

He was lashed to the gratings; the boatswain raised the degrading lash; but before it could fall,

Jack rushed up the ship's side from a boat that had brought him there, and exclaimed, "Hold on! Hold on, for mercy's sake, and that of justice!"

He was followed on board by the stranger whom it may be remembered was left a prisoner in the wreckers' hut.

"What does all this mean?" asked the admiral; "and who are you, sir?" he continued, addressing the stranger; "and by what right do you intrude on board this ship?"

"To denounce a wolf in sheep's clothing," answered the new comer, "I am the true Captain Paget. The villain who has been assuming my name is an impostor."

All eyes were fixed upon him as he spoke, and the wonderful resemblance between the real captain and the false one was apparent to all. Amidst breathless attention, Captain Paget proceeded to explain the mystery. He began by explaining what the reader already knows, as to the revenge the woman Mabel Blake bore him on his brother's account. His detention in the wreckers' hut was caused by Reuben's enticing him there under a pretext of wishing to join his ship. Struck by Reuben's resemblance to himself, Captain Paget made much of his newly-made acquaintance. They drank together, and when the captain was off his guard he was seized, stripped of his clothes and papers, and made prisoner.

Possessed of his papers, Mabel's son personated the captain. His likeness to Paget emboldened him in the audacious attempt, which had succeeded to the extent we have already seen.

The captain proceeded to explain. The sea had broken into his subterranean dungeon, and he found himself struggling in the waters of the bay, a weak and exhausted man. His senses left him, and when he regained them, he found he had been cast upon the beach. He contrived, by the aid of some fishermen, to whom he had told his story, to reach Plymouth.

Proceeding to the magistrate there, he denounced the villain, and the gang who had robbed and made him captive. The story soon got abroad. Jack was one of the first to hear of it. The captain heard of Tom's danger, and, with Jack, put off immediately to avert Tom's unjust doom; and he only arrived just in time, as we have seen. Tom was released from the gratings until the truth of this strange revelation could be tested. The course of Reuben's yacht was traced and followed. A fast-sailing frigate, commanded by Lieutenant Spencer, came up with the yacht off the Lizard. To board her, and place the villains, heavily ironed in the hold of the frigate, Mabel Blake also, was a work of short time, and the frigate, amidst the cheers of all assembled, was towed into Plymouth Sound.

Confronted with Captain Paget, the false knave, Reuben, broke down in his assumed character. His associates, hoping to obtain money, offered to give evidence against him. Who can paint the joy of Tom, Winny, and their friends?" Tom was at once released, and the next day returned to his native village, amidst a perfect ovation. He was the lion of the place, and overwhelmed with congratulations. Reuben Blake and his associates were committed for trial at the assizes. The old woman, his mother, died in prison before the trial came on, at which Reuben Blake and the rest of the gang were transported for life. Nick Howlett also came to grief. He succeeded in getting shipped on board a small vessel bound for America, which went down with all hands, thereby robbing the gibbet of one well-deserved victim. After the perils Tom had passed through, he believed in the old saying, which declares that "A sailor's life is the best one in the world—next to staying at home."

As may be imagined, it was not long before Tom and Winny became man and wife. With his prize-money and the assistance that was offered him by sympathising friends, he became the owner of a small farm, and Jack his right hand man; and Bodkin's adventures brought him so much into notice, that he became the most prosperous tailor for miles round.

As time rolled on, and blest Tom with a happy and numerous family, they were never tired of hearing their father relate the history of a Sailor's Perils by Sea and Land.

THE END.

The Hair.

Thousands and thousands of people are anxious to know what will prevent the hair from turning gray, and what will prevent it from falling out. This is not the only evidence of the general high value which is placed upon a full head of hair, of the natural color. Further proof is found in the very extensive and profitable sale of every article which is advertised sufficiently as a hair restorer, or hair preserver. Many of these specifics are not merely useless; they are worse—they are injurious, and some of them are dangerous. Paralysis, and, it is said, neuralgia, and insanity, have been caused by the lead contained in some of these preparations.

At the same time, much may be done to keep the hair of a natural color, and to keep it from falling out. In some families, the hereditary tendency to become bald at an early age is strong, that it is not likely any care or treatment would overcome it, certainly not in a single generation. But with the ordinary run of people bathing the head in cold water—all the better if the water be salted; brushing the hair often and thoroughly with a brush, the bristles of which are long, so that they will clean the scalp without scratching it; frequent clipping off the ends of the hair—a practice which should never be omitted with children if you wish them to be healthy; sleeping on soft hair pillows, instead of feathers; a generous diet without intemperance—all these and many other observances contribute towards preserving a good head of hair. The effect—or whether there be any—of particular articles of food on the hair we have never studied in the human race; but nothing is more certain than that carrots, oil meal, or regular small doses of sulphur, given to a horse, produce an influence on the coat rendering it glossy almost immediately. The common "condition powders," as they are called, which are composed mainly of black antimony, nitre, and sulphur, have a like effect.

A writer on the subject says, "The most marked benefit upon the human hair, both in thickning it, and in changing the gray and white back to the natural color without the use of anything deleterious, that has ever fallen under our observation, was derived from the external application of spring water, and drinking the same water. One of the ingredients of the spring water was iron; but whether it was that which worked the change, or whether the same spring water would have the same influence in other cases, we do not know, nor do we even entertain an opinion. While of course the natural hair forms a convenient and comely covering for the head, we must say, for our own part, we cannot see any good reason why so much aversion should be felt to have it turn gray or white. To a professional man, it is decidedly advantageous to have gray hair. It increases the practice of a lawyer or doctor; and we think it enhances the reverence felt for a clergyman. It is no injury to the man of business. And we do not think it mars the beauty of woman. We have seen a girl of eighteen with hair as black as the raven's wing. She was beautiful. At forty she was the mother of grown-up girls, and of boys who considered themselves men. Her hair was as white as the falling snow. Yet she was beautiful—if not more beautiful than in her teens; yet more so, we think, than she would have been with her hair changed back to its original black. We like gray hairs. They are emblems of wisdom. They remind us of hearts that have been steadfast amid all external changes, and of friendships which time and circumstances have not changed or weakened.

Witchcraft.

Near the close of the seventeenth centuary, that renowned judge, Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England, esteemed by his contemporaries, as well as by men of after ages, as an embodiment both of the law and of justice, was presiding at the assizes held in and for his native county of Oxford. A decripit old woman was put on trial, charged with the crime of witchcraft. The history of the case, the offence of which the prisoner was alleged to be guilty, were laid before the jury by the Attorney-General prosecuting for the Crown. The Chief Justice listened to the opening of the case with unusual earnestness, for there was recalled to his memory a curious incident connected with his own early life. When a student at the University of Oxford his habits were wild and irregular, and he gave no promise of his great future eminence. In company with several other young students, he had been for several days on a carouse through some of the country places in the vicinity of Oxford. Young Holt had separated himself from his companions; and riding up to a wayside inn, without any money in his pocket, he yet directed his horse to be fed and an ample dinner prepared for himself. Strolling into the kitchen, he noticed the daughter of the hostess was ill, and was told by her mother that she was a great sufferer from fever and ague, and that the doctors had been unable to cure her. The young collegian at once declared his ability to effect a cure. Taking a piece of parchment he wrote upon it a cabalistic word in the Greek characters, bound it tightly upon the wrist of the girl, and then assured her that while she retained it she would have no further return of her chills and fever. He remained at the inn for several days, and the girl had no return of her illness. When demanding his bill, the grateful mother said she had no charge against him, and only regretted that her limited means would not permit her to make him more ample payment for the healing of her daughter. He rode away in triumph. And now, as he sat on the bench as the Lord Chief Justice of England, he knew that the decrepit old woman on trial for her life before him was the daughter of the woman who kept the wayside inn, and upon whose wrist he had bound the parchment charm forty years before.

She had followed in his own footsteps, and had been using the charm for the benefit of her neighbors and friends. The Chief Justice called her up; and, as she unfolded some old greasy rags, she presented to him the well-worn parchment with the cabalistic word in his own handwriting written upon it. It is needless to add that the woman was at once discharged. If the great Chief Justice had previously entertained any doubts on the subject of witchcraft, they were now removed.

Gossips and Gossipping.

We all know how difficult it is to narrate the simplest fact as it actually occurred, or to repeat the plainest story as it was told to us. For the most part, we round off our picture with fancy touches thrown in for light and color and a more harmonious rendering—not to do mischief, but to satisfy the artistic instinct; and the consequence is that we create an inaccurate impression on the mind of the hearer. He, this hearer, repeating, adds fancy touches on his side; and the process is repeated till the actual event gets lost in a fog of false rendering, wherein nothing is true but the instinct of fluid talk by which it has been propagated. But the fact of this certain inaccuracy of repetition has no curbing power on the gossip who retails the story; and, when he is brought to book on the charge of spreading abroad false reports and bearing his part in shying stones at his neighbors' houses, answers demurely, "I did not mean to do any harm; I only told so and so to Mrs. This and That, and she had no business to repeat it!" This only telling so and so is just the whole burden of the mischief. Mrs. This and That is as great a gossip as himself—as much of a sieve; and when two sieves are put together to hold water, how much will be left for a thirsty soul to drink by the end of a summer's day? And again, Mrs. This and That's promise to secrecy is no valid plea for condonation. The thing we cannot keep for ourselves we have no right to expect others will keep for us, and we only play monkey tricks with our conscience when we pretend to believe that every one else is more trustworthy than ourselves. Grim experience tells us that gossip is never kept, how sacred soever the promise, and that no methods have been as yet invented which can padlock the wagging tongue and check that fluid speech which is worse than the letting out of many waters. We know that we have simply ensured translation and passing it on with additions, when we gossip to our friends under promise of silence, and that we have been sowing seeds of evil whereof no man can foretell the ultimate deadly growth.

Lucy Darling, Come and Kiss Me.

Written and sung with immense success by PETER G. GRUBER.

Composed by JAS. BEYERSDORFER.



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CONTENTS.

At setting day and ris' g morn.....page 131
Can't keep away..... 130
Chinese Song..... 131
Don't Marry your Mother-in-law..... 130
Don't ask me to give up Flo'..... 132
Funny old Cul..... 133
Friend and fortune have departed 132
Honkey Dorey Sam..... 131
I shall never see the Summer flowers again 130
If Heaven, its blessings to augment..... 131
Ireland, Gramachree..... 131
Just from Ireland..... 130
Leaf of Rose 130
Love is the theme of the Minstrel..... 132
My Goddess Lydia, Heavenly Fair..... 131
Mated..... 133
Over the hill to the Poor-House..... 133
The Old Elm Tree—Music..... 136
Pretty as a picture..... 130
Plain, Honest Fred 130
The Plough-Boy..... 132
Pat Malony's Family..... 133
Phebe Willis—a Story..... 134—135
Roses underneath the snow..... 133
Rale McMullin Style..... 133
Shells of Oysters..... 131
Sparkling Lager..... 131
Squeeze me, Joe..... 132
Silver-Plated Men..... 132
That's what I like to see..... 131
There's not a look, a word of thine..... 132
Will you love me when I'm old?..... 133
When the Stars are Shining, Bessie..... 130
Waiting by the River..... 130
When Delia on the plain appears..... 131
Whar you gwine? whar you 'spect?..... 131

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Pretty as a Picture.

As sung by Mackin & Wilson.

Oh! my heart is gone, and I'm forlorn,
A darling face has won me—
Such a lovely girl, with teeth of pearl,
I met down by the brook:
She is the prettiest, and the wittiest,
Her smile has quite undone me,
I'm her only beau, she told me so,
When first my arm she took:
She's as pretty as a picture,
And her voice is just the cage, where the
little birds are singing,
She's the sweetest, and the neatest,
She's as pretty as a picture all the while.
Chorus: Oh! my heart is gone, and I'm forlorn,
Her darling face has won me,
Such a lovely girl, with teeth of pearl,
An angel without wings—

When 'twas time to go, we talked so slow,
The roses scarce could hear us:
Then my heart in sport, 'twas cupid's caught,
Like fishes near the shore,
When I loved her so, as I turned to go,
She fondly lingered near me,
And she dropped her head, and sweetly said:
"I wish you au-revoir!"
She's as pretty as a picture,
And my heart is a golden frame, where ever
you may find her—
She is a fairy blithe and airy,
She's as pretty as a picture all the while.
Oh! my heart, &c

I Shall Never see the Summer Flowers Again.

By Robert McKay.

See how fast from heaven, mother,
Fall the feathery flakes of snow,
Weaving, white and pure, a mantle
For the fruitful earth below:
Ere they melt, I'll leave you, mother,
Leave for e'er this world of pain:
Something tells me I shall never
See the Summer flowers again—
Chorus: Do not weep, dear, loving mother:
Sad am I to cause you pain:
But something tells me I shall never
See the Summer flowers again.

How I loved alone to wander,
In the happy days long flown,
O'er field and meadow fair to gather
Bright-hued blossoms freshly blown—
Soon beside the rippling river,
Winding onward o'er the plain,
The buds will burst, but I shall never
Gather them for you again. Chorus.

Don't Marry Your Mother-in-Law.

By A. W. French.

Of all the troublesome creatures
That cling to a married man's life,
There's none with such terrible features
As the ma of your dear little wife:
Her head it is filled with suggestions
For the good of connubial bliss:
She'll kill you outright with her questions—
So take my advice just in this:

Chorus.

Don't marry your mother-in-law,
Keep out of the reach of her paw:
You had better be dead, with a slab at your head,
Than to marry your mother-in-law.

She'll keep you all day in hot water,
And worry you almost to death,
Till you wish in your heart that her daughter
And herself had never drawn breath:
She will make your much-hoped for elysian
A desert of unending strife:
So keep these few words in your vision,
When you take to yourself a young wife:
Don't marry your mother-in-law, &c.

When the Stars are Shining, Bessie.

SONG AND CHORUS. By Charley Russell.

When the stars are shining, Bessie,
And the birds have gone to rest:
When the pearly dew-drops tremble
On the lilies' snowy breast,
And the zephyrs, softly sighing,
Waft sweet perfumes o'er the lea,
I'll be waiting 'neath the willow,
Waiting there to welcome thee.
Chorus: I'll be waiting, Bessie, waiting,
Down beneath the willow-tree:
When the stars are shining, Bessie,
I'll be waiting there for thee.

Oh! the days are dreary, Bessie,
And the hours pass slowly by,
While I'm waiting, longing, sighing
For the happy by-and-bye—
When I'll hear your voice, my Bessie,
While the stars above us shine,
Telling me in sweetest whispers
Thou art constant, I am thine— Chorus.

Can't Keep Away.

Irish song and dance, written and performed only by James Welch. Air: I couldn't keep away.

My name it is McCarty,
I've come from Erin's Isle,
The place that is so hearty,
Where you'd get a friendly smile:
But I was forced to leave her,
And the cot where I was born,
To wander in America,
And known as the green horn.
Chorus: But I can't and I shan't
Keep away from Erin's Isle;
For, I wouldn't and I couldn't,
I'm going home again.
(*Repeat—Dance.*)

Old Ireland you're my darling,
Acushla machree,
And I hope some day so charming,
Like America you'll be free,
And have the green flag flying
As it did in days that's gone,
And some one for to rule us,
Like the immortal Washington.
But I can't, &c. (*Dance off.*)

Plain, Honest Fred.

By G. B. Harcourt.

I'm a man that can live in a plain, homely way,
I'm happy as happy can be;
I dress as I like, irrespective of style:
For, the fashion is nothing to me.
Though my clothes may be homely, and not
of broadcloth,
My bills when they're due I can pay:
So I jog along gaily, and smile on the world,
Never heeding what others may say.
Chorus: Plain, honest Fred: yes, that is my name:
I always am just as you see;
I never was proud, oh! no, not I—
For, I like to be open and free.

There's many a man with a fine suit of clothes—
Who's not got a coin in his purse—
Who, when reckoned up, may be nothing at all
But a trickster, a gambler, or worse—
Though I don't wear a watchguard, or trinkets, or rings,
I've a heart that is joyous and gay;
So I jog along just in my own quiet style,
Never heeding what others may say. Chorus.

Don't think I'm tight-fisted, or selfish, or mean,
Because I so plain like to live:
In a case where the pangs of grim poverty's felt,
I always am willing to give:
For, I think those who're up should assist
those who're down,
And wish others would think the same way,
And a little bit less of themselves and their gold,
And of what the world of them may say. Chorus.

Waiting by the River.

By Charley Russell.

I am waiting to-night by the river,
Where the murmuring waves kiss the shore;
I am waiting, my darling, to greet you,
Where we met in the sweet days of yore.
Many long weary years we've been parted—
Oh! how happy our meeting will be!
Won't you hasten, my loved one? I'm waiting—
Sweetly smile once again upon me.
Chorus: I am waiting to-night by the river—
Now the little stars twinkle so bright—
Won't you hasten, my darling, to meet me?
By the river I'm waiting to-night.

I am waiting to-night by the river,
And I think of the days long ago,
When so often we wandered together
Through the vale where the wild-flowers grow;
We would wander afar down the valley,
And our sweet tales of love we would tell,
As we sat 'neath the shade of the willow,
By the stream that we both love so well.
I am waiting to-night, &c.

I have roamed far away o'er the ocean,
Far away from the ones that I love:
But wherever I've wandered, my darling,
I've been true as the bright stars above—
Won't you hasten to welcome me, darling?
By thy side I am longing to be:
Where so often we've met in the twilight,
All alone I am waiting for thee.
I am waiting to-night, &c.

Leaf of Rose.

A Persian Love Song—By Lieut E. H. Kellogg.

Come, darling, to my house this night:
Stay, my love, all day to-morrow:
For, thou art my soul's delight,
Thou canst solace all my sorrow.
Like a peacock is thy neatness,
Beauties all thy features cover:
With the Arab-courser's fleetness,
Come unto thy longing lover.
Chorus: Then, wait not, darling, till to-morrow—
Come, my own love, come to-night:
Dearest, drive away my sorrow:
For, thou art my heart's delight.

Thou art comely, beauteous ever,
Thy black looks are moist with dews—
Naught from thee my love can sever—
Can't thou, then, thy love refuse?
Almost frantic from those glances
Sparkling from thine eyes of blue,
"Leaf of Rose," thy breath entrances—
I am mad with love for you!
Then, wait not, darling, &c.

Just From Ireland.

Written by John Fielding.

Arrah! why do yees look at us so?
I s'pose it's because we look green:
We have but just landed, you know,
So yees ought not to trate us so mane;
We left ould Ireland last month,
On the steamer the City of Cork,
And we came here all in a jump,
To see the United States of New York.
Chorus: Just from Ireland,
Just from Ireland,
Yes we are, yes we are:
We landed here an hour or two ago,
All the way from the ould Irish sod.
(*Repeat Chorus.*)

She—Our fathers and mothers came, too;
He—And so did me big brother Jim,
She—Me aunt and me grandmother, too,
He—And me thirty-third cousin, Tom Finn.
She—There was Dan Kelly, Tim Welch and Pat Doyle
He—Mike O'Brien, Biddy Doe, and Peter Tip,
She—And about forty more, the names I forgot;
He—All relations, came on the same ship.
Just from Ireland, &c.

Shells of Oysters.

PARODY ON SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.

One summer's eve, 'twas in Broadway,
I pensive stood, and scratched my head:
I wished that I a friend could meet—
For, I had not a single red.
The fancy belles tripped out so sly,
Tipped me the wink as they passed by:
I wished that I a friend could meet—
For, I was very, very dry. (*Repeat.*)

In Oyster bay I took my stand,
Where oysters fresh around me lay:
The landlord opened them in his hand,
The shells threw one by one away;
I ate two plates, but could not pay—
Which set the landlord nearly wild:
For the police he sent straightway,
They marched me off just like a child.
(*Repeat.*)

If Heaven its Blessings to Augment.

If heaven, its blessings to augment,
Call Fanny to the skies—
Hence from the earth flies all content,
The moment that she dies:
For, in this earth there is no fair
Can give such joy to me!
How great must then be my despair,
My Fanny, if thou die?

But now pale sickness leaves her face,
And now my charmer smiles;
New beauty heightens every grace,
And all my fear beguiles:
The bounteous powers have heard the prayers
I daily made for thee;
Like them be kind, and ease my cares,
Else I myself must die—

Chinese Song.

Sung by John Thompson.

From flot-gow-fowx me come makee walkee,
Big piecee ship, piecee bamboo,
Melican a-man me likee makee talkee,
Wellee good a sing song fiddle play, too.
Hi-ya-ha-chin-chin-chin,
Chow-chow wellee good me likee him,
Make plenty sing song sabee bye-and-bye,
Chinaman no wellee goodee laugh hi-yi.

All a same a you'll face once wipee,
Long pigatalee hangee down back,
Melican a-man makee much a fightee
Pullee tail hard and a make a face black.
Hi-ya-ha-chin-chin-chin,
Chow-chow wellee goodee me likee him,
Make plenty sing song sabee bye-and-bye,
Chinaman no wellee goodee laugh hi-yi.

When Delia on the Plain Appears.

When Delia on the plain appears—
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravished ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleased before,
The clearest spring or shady grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When armed with insolent disdain,
She seemed to triumph in my pain:
I strove to hate but vainly strove—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

LYTTLETON.

That's What I Like to See.

By Will H. Cox.

I like to meet with an honest man—
That you don't see every day—
One of the kind that you seldom find,
No matter where you stray.
Though rich or poor, he is just the same,
As true as a man can be;
A man who will help a friend that's down—
Yes, that's what I like to see.

CHORUS.

A man who will help a friend that's down,
Is one of the kind for me:
Who takes his stand and shows his hand—
Oh! that's what I like to see!

When you can find me a man like that,
In all this world of scamps,
I'll take his hand, and tell you true
He's worth his weight in stamps—
One who will go to the poor man's door,
With a heart that's glad and free,
And give him a share from his own small store—
Ah! that's what I like to see. Chorus.

But with all its gilded spires and domes,
This world is but a ball,
That rolls along in a selfish way,
To crush the ones that fall.
Yet now and then you'll find a man
Who is just the style for me;
One who will always lend a hand,
And that's what I like to see. Chorus.

Sparkling Lager.

I love the sparkling, sparkling lager,
It frees the heart from pain,
As trials come upon us daily,
It makes our sorrows vain;
As friends we pass, we take our glass,
Whate'er our troubles be:
At foes I'll laugh, it's foam I'll quaff,
Oh! sparkling lager yet for me.
Chorus: I love the sparkling, sparkling lager,
It frees the heart from pain,
As trials come upon us daily,
It makes our sorrows vain.

I love the sparkling, sparkling lager,
When love is in its dearth,
When woman proves to us her frailty,
Or when she proves her worth.
At night or morn, at early dawn,
When trammeled or when free,
To me it's health, to me it's wealth:
Oh! sparkling lager still for me— Chorus.

My Goddess Lydia, Heavenly Fair.

My goddess Lydia, heavenly fair,
As lilies sweet, as soft as air,
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
And to my love give fresh alarms.

Oh! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
Though sacred lightning from them flies;
Show me that soft, that modest grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face—

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
That I may rival Jove in bliss:
That I may mix my soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine.

Oh! hide thy bosom's killing white,
(The milky-way is not so bright,)
Lest you my ravished soul oppress
With beauty's pomp and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood?
Thou art all over endless charms,
Oh! take me dying to thy arms.

ROCHESTER.

Why is "naming the day" like a naval battle?
Because it's a marrytime engagement.

Honkey Dorey Sam.

Composed and Sung by John Feeny.
Air: Some 60 years ago.

Good evening to you, white folks,
My name is Sassey Sam;
I'm a honkey dorey niger,
I came from Alabam'
I took my leave some years ago,
And away from home I ran,
And they never yet did get a holt
Of Honkey Dorey Sam.

When I came to Pennsylvania,
Oh! the girls all at me ran;
You'd sware tha'd never anuff of
Hunkey Dorey Sam.
But now I'm married and settled down,
As happy as a clam:
The girls no more gets crasey
After Hunkey Dorey Sam.

Whar you Gwine? Whar you 'Spect?

Original Quartette by Ned Harrigan.

Mr. Horsehoff did you say
Dat you was gwine away?
Gwine away to have a time in Halleluyah.
First Voice: Breddern, whar you gwine?
Second Voice: Whar who gwine?
Third Voice: Whar you gwine?
Fourth Voice: Whar you 'spect?
All: 'Spect you're gwine to have a time in Halleluyah.
[BREAK.]

Mr. Diddeinus did you say
Dat you was gwine away?
Gwine away to tarry dar in Halleluyah.
First Voice: Breddern, whar you gwine?
Second Voice: Whar who gwine?
Third Voice: Whar you gwine?
Fourth Voice: Whar you 'spect?
All: 'Spect you're gwine to have a time in Halleluyah.
[BREAK.]

Ireland, Gramachree.

Air: Gramachree Macruskeen Lawn.

There's an Isle beyant the Sea,
Where Irishmen should be,
To guard both night and day tenderly—
But absent from their home,
To other lands they roam,
From Ireland Gramachree, Gramachree,

Ah! poor unhappy land,
Thy best sons bear the brand
Of Prison Exile—and, alas! for thee—
Still round our hearts entwined,
And in its core enshrined,
Is Ireland Gramachree, Gramachree.

Our Island is the fairest,
Our Island is the dearest—
Unhappy are thy children o'er the Sea—
But a day will come—I pray,
When all who are away—
Shall see Ireland Gramachree, Gramachree.

At Setting Day and Rising Morn.

At setting day and rising morn—
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee:
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told'st me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood-shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeigned and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart that cannot wander.

Don't ask Me to Give up Flo'.

Written and Composed by Arthur Lloyd.

I love a darling girl called Flora—
Such a charming girl is Flo' :
I have asked her hand in marriage,
But her pa and ma say : " No !
You can never wed our daughter,
Give her up "—but I say : " No !
Ask anything in this wide world,
But don't ask me to give up Flo'. "

CHORUS.

Ask the little sparrows not to chirrup :
Ask the tide to cease to ebb and flow :
Ask the little lambs and sheepies not to bleaty-peaty—
But don't ask me to give up Flo'.

Ask the two-headed girl to separate,
Or the Christys to make a novel joke :
Ask the Seventh Avenue Comp'ny,
On their line to let you smoke :
Ask police to come when wanted,
Or, when caught, to let you go :
Ask the Lawyers to finish the Tichborne case—
But don't ask me to give up Flo'.

CHORUS.

Ask little chickens not to cackle :
Ask little cockies not to crow :
Ask little piggy-wiggies not to grunty-punty—
But don't ask me to give up Flo'.

Ask milkmen not to deal with " Simpson, "
Or cabmen to charge the proper fare :
Ask government to leave us Epping Forest,
And to rob us of it if they dare :
Ask me if I'll live in Shoreditch,
Or up in a balloon will go :
Ask me to jump off London Bridge—
But don't ask me to give up Flo'.

CHORUS.

Ask little fishes not to swim, please :
Ask trees and flowers not to grow :
Ask little birdie-wirdies not to single-pingle
But don't ask me to give up Flo'.

Ask Bismark and the pious Billy
To give up Alsace and Lorraine :
Give a naughty child a thrashing,
And ask it not to cry with pain :
Your income tax if you grudge paying,
Ask it back from Mr. Lowe :
Ask me what I'll have to drink—
But don't ask me to give up Flo'.

CHORUS.

Ask oysters not to bloom in winter :
Ask oranges on apple trees to grow :
Ask little doggie-woggies not to barkle-warkle—
But don't ask me to give up Flo'.

Ask Bee Wright to your house on Sunday,
Give him water-cress to tea :
Ask Mr. ——, on any evening,
To admit you all in free :
Ask the great Sir Roger Tichborne
Not so very stout to grow :
Ask me if I'll sing again—
But don't ask me to give up Flo'.

CHORUS.

Ask water not to freeze in winter,
Ask roses if they'll bloom in snow :
Ask anything you like, no matter how impossible—
But don't ask me to give up Flo'.

Silver Plated Men.

Written by Bobby Newcomb—Sung by Gus Williams.

The Music can be obtained at the Music-Store of Wm. Hall & Son, 751 Broadway, New-York—Price 35 Cents.

In life we find some funny folks,
Whose ways are very strange :
But as you journey through the world,
Of course, we like a change :
People of true metal are
A scarcity, but then
We know their value when we deal
With Silver plated men.

CHORUS.

Then always be straight-forward, boys,
Let your motto read—
Remember when you want a friend,
A friend's a friend indeed :
Act on the square to every one,
They'll all speak of you then
As not belonging to the class
Called Silver plated men. [AD LIB]

When driv'n by adversity,
And fortune leaves your side,
'Tis then you need a helping hand
The troubled sea to ride.
You soon find out the sunshine friends—
For, what's your cares to them ?—
They promise much and nothing do :
They're Silver plated men.

Then always be, &c.

A man's like gold or silver, and
The way to try him best
Is judge not by appearances,
But put him to the test—
You'll soon find out what he is worth,
You'll know him surely then :
If he's true metal, he is worth
A hundred plated men.

Then always be, &c.

There's not a look, a word of thine.

There's not a look, a word of thine
My soul hath o'er forgot :
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor giv'n thy locks one graceful twine,
Which I remember not.

There never yet a murmur fell
From that beguiling tongue,
Which did not with a lingering spell
Upon my charmed senses dwell,
Like something heaven had sung.

Ah ! that I could at once forget
All, all that haunts me so—
And yet, thou 'witching girl, and yet
To die were sweeter than to let
The loved remembrance go.

No, if this slighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh ! let it die remembering thee,
And like the burnt Aroma be
Consumed in sweets away—

Squeeze Me, Joe.

Written and Composed by John Read.

In Lincolnshire, there once did dwell
a charming little widow,
Whom I used to meet and sometimes
treat to a walk across the meadow ;
I knew that she was fond of me, tho' she never told me so—
But when I pressed her to my breast,
she said : " Oh ! squeeze me, Joe. "

CHORUS.

" Oh ! squeeze me, Joe, Oh ! squeeze me, Joe :
It makes me feel so jolly, you know :
Oh ! squeeze me, Joe, Oh ! squeeze me, Joe,
And if you love me, tell me so. "

She kept a pretty little farm, and horses she had three :
So I said : " My dear, there'll be no harm
to take a ride with me. "
She did and slipped from off the horse,
but I caught her, you must know,
Then placed my arm around her waist,
when she cried : " Don't squeeze me, Joe. "

Chorus.

I popped the question there and then, I did upon my life,
And asked this charming widow,
would she really be my wife ?
She gave a sigh, then said : " Oh, my !
I really can't say, no !
I'll be your wife and joy through life,
if you'll only squeeze me, Joe. "

Chorus.

I married then the widow and am happy as can be ;
For, the little farm, and all its charms,
of course, belongs to me :
And when I say I'm going away to town for a day or so,
I can't do less than give her a kiss,
then she'll say : " Oh ! squeeze me, Joe. "

Chorus.

Friend and Fortune have Departed

By Charlie Melville.

Friend and fortune have departed,
Years of toil are spent in vain :
Sad and almost broken-hearted,
Who can bring me joy again ?
Riches, like the dew of morning,
Brightly in my pathway lay :
But when brightest hopes were dawning,
Swiftly fled those joys away—

Toiling hard, and wan and weary,
In the heat and in the cold,
Far from home, and lone and dreary,
For the dear ones of the fold,
That when life and strength are waning,
And when fortune smiles no more,
We a happy home maintaining,
May have plenty in our store.

It is hard in life's declining
Thus to be of all bereft,
While in poverty are pining
All the cherished objects left ;
And what anguish to be thinking
How my darling ones may fare
From the cold world, sadly shunning,
When I cease to have their care—

Of evil grain no good seed can come.

The Plough-Boy.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

I wonder what he's thinking
In the ploughing field all day :
He watches the heads of his oxen,
And never looks this way.

And the furrows grow longer and longer
Around the base of the hill,
And the valley is bright with the sunset,
Yet he ploughs and whistles still.

I am tired of counting the ridges,
Where the oxen come and go,
And of thinking of all the blossoms
That are trampled here below.

I wonder if he ever guesses,
Under that ragged brim,
That I'm parting back from the casement
The roses to look at him ?

The spire of the church and the windows
Are all aflame in the sun :
He has left the plough in the furrow,
His summer-day's work is done.

The buttercups in the pasture
Twinkle and gleam like stars—
He has gathered a fragrant handful,
A-leaning o'er the bars.

He has lifted his ragged hat brim,
And is looking up this way—
Oh ! where is my sun-bonnet, mother ?
He was thinking of me, all day.

And I'm going down to the meadow :
For, I know he is waiting there,
To wreathe the sunshiny blossoms
In the curls of my yellow hair.

And I hear him humming softly
A sweet and simple lay,
That we often have sung together,
While he turns the oxen away.

Love is the Theme of the Minstrel.

Love is the theme,
Love is the theme of the minstrel, all over the earth,
Love is the theme.
Love is the theme of the minstrel all over the earth :
List to the light-hearted Chanson of France,
Trace the burthen of German romance.
Hear the Guitar in the sweet orange grove,
of what sings the Spaniard ?
Oh ! is it not love ? yes, yes.

CHORUS.

Love is the theme,
Love is the theme of the minstrel, all over the earth,
Love is the theme.
Love is the theme of the minstrel, all over the earth.

Love is the theme,
Love is the theme of the minstrel, all over the earth :
Love is the theme.
List to the song in the camp of the Brave,
Hear the Sailor the sport of the wave,
In court or in cottage, where ever you rove,
of what sings the minstrel ?
Oh ! is it not love ? yes, yes.

Chorus.

Dashing Young Gent.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

As I, through the Park, on a bright summer's day,
Was leisurely walking to hear the band play,
My thoughts for awhile were turned from the scene,
As I passed the ramble near by the green :
And on looking around, why who should I see
But a dashing young gent, who was winking at me ?

Oh ! he looked so sweet, and he dressed so gay,
With his pretty black moustache curled this way,
And his jet black eyes—oh ! they looked so bright—
And his features too were a most lovely sight :
So I had to look around once more to see,
When that dashing young gent gave a sweet smile at me.

And if I was an old maid, I do declare,
The sight of that young gent would have made me stare :
But the fun of it is, I am not—much less
And what is more, I love it, I must confess :
Oh, dear ! he smiles, I will faint : oh ! no not me—
For that dashing young gent is in real love with me.

How will posterity rank General Grant beside his predecessors ?—As the most GIFTED of them all.

Will you love me when I'm old?

By Edwin Dudley.

Will you love me when I'm old?
When each golden tress is gray?
Will your arms around me fold
Just the same, dear, as to-day?
Will you smooth my wrinkled brow?
Shall I be as young to you?
Will you love me then as now?
Tell me, darling, tell me true.
Chorus: Will you love me when I'm old?
When each golden tress is gray?
When life's story's nearly told—
Will you love me as to-day?

Will you love me when I'm old?
When my cheeks have lost their bloom?
Will the love of years grow cold?
Will my hopes thus fade so soon?
Will you say: "I love thee yet,
Dearer, deeper, than before?"
Or will the heart that's loved forget,
And these sweet days be no more?
Will you love me when I'm old? &c.

Will you love me when I'm old?
When my eyes are growing dim?
When the bells above are tolled,
Bidding me to come to Him?
Oh! take me nearer to your heart,
Clasp me tighter in thy hold!
Naught on earth our lives can part—
Yes, you'll love me when I'm old.
Chorus: Yes, you'll love me when I'm old:
Naught on earth our lives can part:
Love like thine can ne'er grow cold,
But nestle deeper in your heart.

Over the Hill to the Poor-House.

Words by Geo. L. Catlin. Music by David Braham.
Music to be had of Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, N. Y. Price 40 cents.

What? no! it can't be that they've driven
Their father, so helpless and old,
(O God! may their crime be forgiven!)
To perish out here in the cold—
O Heavens! I am saddened and weary—
See the tears how they course down my cheeks!
Oh! this world it is lonely and dreary,
And my heart for relief vainly seeks.

Chorus.

For, I'm old, and I'm helpless and feeble,
The days of my youth have gone by—
Then over the hill to the poor-house
I wander alone, there to die—

Ah me! on that old door-step yonder
I've sat with my babes on my knee:
No father was happier or fonder
Than I of my little ones three—
The boys, both so rosy and chubby,
And Lily with prattle so sweet!
God knows how their father has loved them—
But they've driven him out in the street. Chorus.

It's long years since my Mary was taken,
My faithful, affectionate wife:
Since then I'm forlorn and forsaken,
And the light has died out of my life—
The boys grew to manhood: I gave them
A deed for the farm! aye, and more,
I gave them this house they were born in!
And now I'm turned out from its door— Chorus.

Oh! children! loved children! yet hear me,
I have journeyed along, on life's stage,
With the hope that you all would be near me,
To comfort and cheer my old age:
My life-blood I'd gladly have given
To shield and protect you!—but hark!
Though my heart breaks, I'll say it's you've driven
Me out here to die in the dark. Chorus.

But, perhaps, they'll live happier without me:
Farewell, dear old home, ah! farewell!
Each pathway and tree, here about me,
Some memory precious can tell:
Well! the flowers will bloom bright as ever,
And the birds sing as sweet to the morn:
Then over the hill, from the poor-house,
Next Spring the old man shall be borne— Chorus.

Roses underneath the Snow.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by H. P. Banks.
Music to be had of Louis Bergh 18 E. 14th street.
Price 35 cents.

Summer groves may lose their gladness,
Wint'ry winds may wander by:
Cares may come and weary sadness—
Must we then forever sigh?
Brave the storm with firm endeavor,
Let your vain repinings go!
Hopeful hearts will find forever—
Roses underneath the snow!
Chorus: Brave the storm with firm endeavor,
Let your vain repinings go!
Hopeful hearts will find forever—
Roses underneath the snow.

One by one the links that bind us
May be severed here on earth:
But the Sun will surely find us
Thro' the Winter's gloomy dearth!
Cheerful hearts around us beating,
Wearing ever Summer's glow,
Ah! we know you're always meeting—
Roses underneath the snow! Chorus.

Never joy that earth can send us
Can forever leave us here!
Every flower that Spring can lend us
Blooms again another year!
Cares may come, but never mind them,
Joys may come and joys may go!
Look around and you will find them—
Roses underneath the snow! Chorus.

Rale McMullin Style.

Written by Ed. Harrigan. Music by John Braham.

Oh! I am a rale descindent of McMullin from Glendall:
For beauty and education the McMullin's bate them all,
The name is handed down from the days of Adam's time,
Wid the greatest admiration, I claim the name as mine.

Chorus.

For, I walk wid stately tread, I keep up my noble head,
I'm a credit to my country, Erin's Isle:
McMullin is my name, without any fear or shame,
I'd stand out here forninst you in the rale
McMullin style.

My father often tould me to never tell a lie,
I always help a beggar if I saw him passing by:
Be free and independent as a bird that flies the air,
Let my heart be like a dove and my spirit like a bear.
For, I walk wid stately tread, &c.

Mr. Shakespere's brain said there's nothing in a name,
But he was a total stranger to McMullin all the while:
For, if he'd lived to-day, one thing he'd surely say—
There's nothing can compare, my boys, to
rale McMullin style.
For, I walk wid stately tread, &c.

My father's blood is in my veins, and McMullin
is my name,
It's known from Iseland unto the river Nile,
And when you have bad luck, don't cry out like a duck,
But put your shoulder to it in the rale McMullin style,
For, I walk wid stately tread, &c.

Funny Old Gal.

I'm a funny old gal and I take things cool:
The people all say that I'm an old fool,
But they may all laugh and chaff at my pate,
I'm a funny old gal from old Ca'lina state.

Chorus.

Then all of you sing for this funny old gal,
All of you sing for this funny old gal:
All of you sing, and don't you be too late,
For this funny old gal from South Ca'lina state.

T'other day, while walking in the street,
Some naughty little boy say—"how's your poor feet?"
I hit him with my cane, and then we had a tussle,
And I found all the sawdust coming out of my bustle.
Then all of you sing, &c.

Oh! I've been married many a time,
Of husbands I have had just nine:
I always done my best for my husband's, don't you see,
But none of them ever done much for me—
Then all of you sing, &c.

Pat Malony's Family.

Written and sung by Ed. Harrigan, in his sketch entitled "Who owns the Clothes Line?"

Me name is Mike Malony,
I'm a carpenter by trade;
I married Molly Higgins,
Who all my trouble made.
She'd as many of relations
As fishes in the sea;
They ate me out of house and home,
And destroyed me family.
Chorus: There's her father,
And her mother,
And her sister,
And her brother,
1700 babies laying on their knees,
Her uncles and her cousins,
And her aunties by the dozen
Lived upon the earnings of Patrick Malony.

My pants would fit her uncle,
Her dress would fit her niece;
I have to sleep upon the roof,
Or I never have no peace.
They made me buy them dainties,
Root beer by the pail;
I'd have to wait till they were full
Before I'd git me male.
Chorus: There was pudding,
There was mutton
That would make you burst a button,
And a fiery-head Corkonian
By the name of Pat Clooey,
To superintend the table,
To put me in the stable
While they ate up all the labor of
Patrick Malony.

Her uncle wore my stockings,
My hat would fit his head;
Whin tired out wid labor,
They'd kick me out of bed.
I put up every pinny
For to keep them from Bellevue,
I wish the coroner would sit
On my wife and all her crew.
Chorus: There's her nephews
And her nieces
That come from several places,
1700 grandmothers
And mothers-in-law, you see;
A wagon load of Dalys,
McSweegan and the Halys
Lived on the earnings of Patrick Malony.

There's her second cousin's brother,
And his toothless old step-mother,
And 1800 emigrants from Ireland, you see,
Wid their boxes and their bedding,
On my Ingrain carpet treading,
They lived upon the earnings of Patrick Malony.
Chorus: There's the Bradys,
And the Gradys—
Decent perfect ladies,
Always axing charity,
From my family you see.
One husband was a loafer,
The other was a toper,
Depending on the friendship of
Patrick Malony.

Mated

Dedicated to Barney Ferguson by John A. Thompson.

Hands are joined and hearts united,
O'er life's troubled waves to glide:
Thou hast each thy journey plighted—
Mark, then, well the running tide.
Shape thy course with steady reck'ning,
Pass the threatening billows by;
Life is full of evil beck'ning—
Be thou steadfast, true and shy.

Let no trivial storm dishearten,
Though reverses you may feel;
From the straight path be not partin'—
Jointly labor at the wheel.
Safe in port thou then wilt enter,
And a tenfold blessing gain,
If thy thoughts and acts but centre
In the sacred oaths thou'st ta'en.

Phebe Willis;

(OR A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.)

It was on a clear morning in the spring of 18—, that a young and remarkably handsome peasant girl about sixteen or seventeen years of age, stood by the style of a greenly-clad meadow, rich in all the budding beauties of the young year, and which placed the traveller on the broad highway, winding sinuously over hill and dale, through fair valleys, and by many a thriving town and village, until it terminated in that vast centre whither all the great path of England lead—the metropolis—in the midst of which is absorbed all those multitudinous units, who, leaving the country for ever behind them, are lost in the great human tide swaying and thronging its busy streets.

Holding her small bundle in her hand, she looked a while wistfully toward the old village of Selwood, where her infancy and her childhood had been passed, and which, with tears in her bright brown eyes, and with a rising in her throat, she felt she should never see again. Phebe Willis—her name—rested, to await the arrival of the carrier's cart, which was to bear her on her way to London, whither she was bound. Shortly the sharp crack of the whip proclaimed the approach of the vehicle, and presently the merry barking of a foxy dog, the merrier carol of a round-faced, burly carrier, seated in front of it, came nearer and nearer; and, finally, as by pre-arrangement, the cart drew up in the road opposite the stile where Phebe waited, in order to receive her.

"Well, Phebe, lass!" began John Brown, carrier to and from Maltborough, as the writing on his well-covered cart testified; "so thou'rt here, eh? Not changed thee mind, eh?"

"No, John—no," was her timid answer, as he helped her into his vehicle, seating her comfortably within chatting distance—for our carrier liked to gossip. "No," she said, "it won't do for me to change my mind. And so I must go and leave Selwood for ever!"

"And never coming back, eh, Phebe?" he continued, gravely. "Ain't that a long time, Phebe?"

"Yes," she gently replied; "but there will be an end to that, if it's ever so long."

He seemed struck with the philosophy of this; and, after a little silence—for he had a woman's infirmity for talking—again proceeded anew. "And thy aunt—she's bid thee come up to Lunnon, eh? Has she sent thee a little money to help thee on?"

"Yes, I had a letter from her. It wasn't much, but enough."

"A letter! Ah! thee cans't read and write, I know—that's one good thing o' the parson's school down in Selwood there. I can make a cross, now—a mark fair enough; but as for writing—goo-hup!" And, with this comment, he made the lazy, fat horse take his trot afresh; and so on, by fields and country farms, and villages and gentlemen's seats, they proceeded, until, late in the evening, John Brown arrived at Maltborough, where he got Phebe decent lodgings at a friend's house for the night, in order that she might rest, and proceed by wagon the remainder of the journey to London on the morrow.

Phebe Willis was an orphan. Her parents were the victims of fever, engendered by want, caused by the miserable wages of agriculture. She was left literally alone.

Charitable neighbors helped her till she was fifteen; and after a time Phebe wrote to an aunt in London—a mother's sister—told her a sad story, received a sympathetic letter enclosing a little money, and the desolate girl, naturally desirous of quitting the scene of what had been to her surcharged with sorrow, accepted the invitation to go up to London gratefully, replying, after having made the necessary inquiries, announcing the day, the hour, and the country wagon by which she would reach the metropolis.

* * * * * * * * *

The next morning the honest carrier saw Phebe safely placed, with her bundle, in the wagon: bade her good-bye, and turning his way to his comfortable home at Selwood, left her to pursue her journey to London, where she arrived in due time, and was received at the inn-yard, where the wagon stopped, by a plump, buxom-looking, well-dressed woman, whom she did recognise as her mother's sister.

This person kept a lodging-house of questionable repute, and thither Phebe was taken. After a few days she had found her place in the large, warm kitchen of the house, with a truckle-bed to sleep on. The heartless woman shocked the virgin purity of the girl by making base proposals to her, from which her sense of delicacy and virtue rebelled: and that night Phebe escaped from the house, pacing the streets till the gray morning: then she found herself in the Park—sat upon a bench, and slept.

She was startled out of this sleep, shuddering with the chill air of the morning, and dazzled by the pouring sunshine—startled and awakened by a slight shake, and a deep voice saying, "Hollo! young woman! Come, wake up! This don't do, you know!"

The somewhat harsh voice, the official livery (Phebe had never seen a policeman), which, by intuition, she knew indicated authority—the horrible moral shock she had received—the knowledge that her last human hope was little better than a trap to catch her soul and body—hungry, cold, and despairing, Phebe had nothing to do but to burst into tears, and wringing her hands, said, "Oh, sir! I have done no harm! I'm a poor friendless country girl, and ran away from my aunt's!"

"Ran away from your aunt's, eh?" he repeated. "You had better go back, or you will come to no good," observed the policeman, sententiously. "You had better go back, and be a good girl?"

"Never!" she exclaimed, firmly. "A good girl, indeed! There are none good long there, I am afraid. And I was glad to escape her clutches!"

An eldery man, in the dress of a mechanic, with his basket on his shoulder, had been standing by, during the dialogue, and now interposed.

"By thy speech, lass, thou should'st come from Buckinghamshire."

"Yes, I do!" she answered. "From Selwood!"

"Selwood! I know the place years ago. What's thy name?"

"Phebe Willis!" she replied.

"Phebe Willis! What, daughter of Jonas Willis, the ploughman?"

"Oh, yes—yes! But"—checking herself—"he is dead! And mother's dead! And I'm alone in the world!"

And she wept afresh.

"Oh!" remarked the policeman; "she's not wrong, then, eh?"

"I should think not. But she says she ran from her aunt! Who's thy aunt, lass?" pursued the workman.

"She's a dreadful woman, who wanted to make me wicked! I don't know where she lives!"

And, in a few, artless words, she told her simple, sorrowful story.

"Poor lass!—poor lass!" remarked the workman. "What's to be done?"

"Why, she's had a narrow escape," said the policeman; and may thank her stars she's fallen into better hands. I ain't quite sure what can be done with her. Perhaps his worship will——"

"If she'll come home with me to my place," continued the worker, "I'll give her breakfast; and my missis, maybe, can help to get her a place. You know me?" addressing the policeman, who nodded assent.

"Well, tell her she can trust Jack Lockwood! We'll do her no harm, I'll promise her! I knew her father well!"

"It's all right, my girl! And you may thank your stars that you've fallen into good hands. Go with him! Don't sleep in the parks! Don't you get into bad company, and you'll do yet! That's what my advice is!"

And he strode on.

And so honest John Lockwood led the timid, trembling girl to his modest dwelling, near his workshops, at Pimlico, where her story won Mrs. Lockwood's active sympathy, and from whose hospitable roof she went forth, in another week, to service at a Belgravian residence; and for about a twelvemonth Phebe Willis found a hard-working, comfortable home, and was happy, grateful, and contented.

It was her custom now, every other Sunday afternoon, to go to the humble home of the artisan for a cup of tea and a gossip, and, in the evening, she went to the neighboring church, leaning, not a little proudly, upon the arm of young Joe. Lockwood.

Joe Lockwood, just twenty-one, was a bluff, strong-handed, good-tempered, industrious young carpenter. He was made familiar with Phebe's history, and felt the same interest in her welfare as his parents did. He had been greatly struck by her beauty; and the usual shy, sheepish, half-boyish, half-manly and unspoken tenderness was awakened in his honest breast—just that feeling that an uncontaminated youth, not too manly, nor too precocious, cherishes towards a young and pretty girl of whom he dreams by night, and who mingles in his waking thoughts by day.

The Lockwoods admitted she had every quality likely to render a man happy; and thus their wooing sped on, and time went by like lightning, and happily, withal, when poor Phebe's fate began again to darken over her.

She lived at the house of a fashionable pair, where a great deal of company was received.

Among the visitors was one old *roue* of sixty—a man of wealth, title, position. He had paid marked attention to Phebe, and more than once insinuated a desire to provide her with a home suitable to her beauty and worth, but with small favor from the girl, who repulsed his offers.

One day he called, and finding Phebe busy, dusting the drawing-room; ere she could escape, he unblushingly recommenced his scheme.

"You are determined to persecute me—to ruin me," at last said Phebe.

"I am resolved to conquer your prudery, my dear. And, by gad! how pretty the rogue looks, too! Don't give yourself any airs, child, for all that!"

"I am determined you shall not," answered Phebe, firmly, as she quitted the room.

But she little knew the creature she thought she had thus escaped. The evening came on, and she was finishing her work with a blither heart, when she heard a knock at the door, and presently a lady wished to speak with her in the outer hall.

Wondering who it could be, Phebe hurried to the hall—to a side chamber, reserved for casual visitors—where a lady sat. She rose as Phebe entered, and, shutting the door, lifted her veil, and disclosed the crafty features of her aunt!

The girl gave a startled look, and would have gone, but the other authoritatively said, "Stop, stop, and listen to me, if you would not quite be your own ruin!"

She came on behalf of the man who was becoming Phebe's other evil genius; and between these two, who was to save her? Coaxing and wheedling—showing gold and offering jewels—threatning and menacing, until the girl's continued and dogged heedlessness once more aroused the fury's wrath but to no purpose.

With a bitter vow, the woman left the house, and Phebe, in her despair, went up into her own chamber, and there formed the resolution to leave the house. She sought the housekeeper, explained the position and danger, readily receiving her assent to the step. The good woman paid her her wages, and the same night, Phebe was once more under the roof of the Lockwoods.

The following evening Phebe had business at her late employer's house; when, at a street corner, she suddenly came full upon her old enemy and her depraved aunt, holding colloquy together.

"Oho!" said the old debauchee: "so our pretty bird would fly—eh?

"Ha, ha!" snarled the woman. "We shall clip her wings for her!"

"By the bye, the chance is not to be thrown away. I have my groom at hand, and my cab is close by. Do you hold her by the arms, and gag her!" and both seized the startled girl, who began to shriek for aid.

They were hurrying her towards a retired street, where a cab was waiting. As her assailant, strong in his bad passion, was beckoning to his man, a hand of iron gripped him by the collar from behind: and flinging the woman aside till she reeled and fell, the former was saluted with a blow upon the face which crushed the jaw, and the wretch fell howling to the earth.

"Now," said a stern, male voice, "do either of you two—I guess who you both are—do either of

you try another trick with this young woman, and I'll see if the law can't help my hand in putting a stop to your game for many a day to come!" And Lockwood, for it was he, caught Phebe in his strong arms as she was sinking to the ground.

"Cheer up, Phebe, my dear! Don't faint—don't be cowed and trembling before this contemptible pair! Here, I say!"—calling to the groom—"bring up your cab this way, will you? Pick up your master, and take him home; and if he wants to know who made his jaw ache so confoundedly—I warrent he'll feel it a few days—tell him it was Joe Lockwood, and that he can be found at Trollope's workshops whenever he's wanted." And drawing Phebe's arm under his own, he led her away, and home.

Again happiness dawned upon the orphan, and every evening, when Joe came home from his work, she was there to welcome him with a smile, to take a walk with him when fine, to listen to his reading when rainy. His mother sat in her big chair, in a condition of happy, smiling stateliness; while Phebe like a fairy (a little overgrown perhaps), went rapidly and noiselessly about the work of the house. Father Lockwood smoked his pipe of peace, and was, in turn, as stately as an alderman; and all the while in Joe Lockwood's heart and brain was surging a vast, an audacious idea—the idea—good gracious!—of being married!

And so they were united. Joe proved to be a steady, good husband, industrious and frugal. Phebe, besides making his little home a pattern of neatness and comfort, by lace-making, added a few shillings a week to her husband's income. They throve, as patient, saving, industrious labor always does, despite of every exaction, and began to put their superfluous money into the savings-bank. By the time their first and only child was born, they had jointly saved thirty pounds.

A dozen years passed away—twelve years of patience, diligence, and, on the whole, of unalloyed domestic happiness. A better man, a kinder, more affectionate husband than Joe Lockwood, could not be met with in a day's walk; a wife more full of appreciation and of pride than Phebe—now, of course, Phebe Lockwood—could not be found. They had none other children than their first-born, Fred, and on him they lavished their love; and, in truth, the boy promised to repay them at some future day for all the care so ungrudingly bestowed upon him. The little business continued to thrive; their anual savings to increase. A vision of splendor and of prosperity for their son was cherished by both.

Fred had received a good plain education, and book-keeping, and such auxiliary branches as were thought necessary, were soon mastered by the quick, intelligent boy.

Three or four years went by, and Fred was a fine young fellow of sixteen, engaged in a merchant's office, and was beginning to give himself airs, to grow supercilious, to adopt "fast habits," and to sink into the ineffable creature, the "gent;" and the worse, because, in adopting the habits of those he strives to imitate, by some perverted instinct, he imbibes the worst and the most vulgar of those mannerisms which give him so unmistakable a stamp. Fred learned to smoke cigars—to frequent the billiard-rooms, and, fatalest of delusions, to imagine himself a good player—to visit sporting-houses, and engage deeply in betting transactions, which led eventually to his using moneys entrusted to him by his employers, for the liquidation of his debts.

It was a dreadful blow to his father, when, one day, Fred told him he had used twenty pounds of his employers' money, which he must at once make up. The money was paid. There was more sorrow felt in the old home that night than had ever been felt before, but it was softened in some degree by the fact that he, their only child, had been saved. The lesson was, doubtless, a severe one. It might be lasting—it might, in fact be the very best thing that could have happened.

Alas! it was not so. The youth's unsteady habits became more and more fixed and ingrained. Late hours, the tavern, and the billiard-room, began toexercisean irresistible fascination over him. The convivial associations of the town were as numerous as tempting; and the lad, merely yet in his teens, began to reel home at midnight, and the evil of drunkenness was beginning to beset him. From that hour entered the twin spirits of care and grief into the once contented home of the Lockwoods, and never, never more quitted.

One day, a hurried message came to say that Fred, their boy, their promise, their stay—alas! the trust in a broken reed—was a prisoner in a police cell, on a charge of embezzlement. This merged into one of forgery, and the result was a commutation of a severe sentence to two years' imprisonment.

The shame and the disgrace that had fallen upon an honest name was not so easily to be borne by two people so constituted as John and Phebe Lockwood. Misfortune followed on misfortune: the bailiff came into possession, and the once prosperous home was broken up. The sole wish of the man now was to get away from the place, and to go somewhere where neither he nor his story could be known; and he went to live at Rudland.

They had not been in this town very long when the artisan died, sorrowing for his lost son to the last.

A strange, awfull bewilderment fell upon the miserable mother—the lone widow; and she, alas!—like too many more—sought refuge from her heavy sorrows in the oblivion of drink. Her mind at times seemed to have received a jar—to be unhinged; and her temper, once so sweet, became irritable, easily provoked, and capricious. All this time she was waiting with a feverish anxiety for the term of Fred's imprisoement to be up, having written to him to tell him where she was to be found, and ready yet to give him a mother's welcome, to make him still a home—none other under heaven being open for him.

He was released; he came to her, and found humble lodgings at hand—she contributing to his support—he himself having settled down into the life of a young-old tavern-hunting sot, out of whom there never was one atom of good to be expected more. She murmured not; she accepted the fate in store for her without a sigh. Her sorrows were too deep for words; and long or short as the dreary remnant of her life might be, she devoted it to him—to her still beloved son.

About this time Mrs. Lockwood obtained the situation of barwoman to a Mr. Butts, and then Fred's persecutions redoubled themselves. From the property of her employer she supplied the wants of her spendthrift son, even at the risk of detection. It was for him, all for him, the mother for her boy—abandoned and lost though he was—she risked, bore, endured all the misery of her daily life.

Then came the discovery, her dismissal, and with it recklessness and despair; and mother and son took the sucidal road of the dram-shop together. It did not seem now that either strove to avert the coming evil; and strange enough, even to the latest hour, none thought of the nature of the real tie between them—so that, in thought even, poor Phebe was vilified.

One fatal night, mother and son had a quarrel. He wanted money; she either had none to give, or would not give him any. Then ensued a struggle—a fall; the measureless anguish of which overthrew her reason, made her frantic—and the poor, mad mother ended her life by suicide.

Within the week, Fredrick Lockwood followed her. Excessive drinking, a broken constitution, debility, delirium, and death rounded in the whole of his miserable life; and, finally, mother, son, and father slept within the confines of the same narrow bed.

THE END.

Enigma.

Beware of me; such is my mood—
Morose and bitter, often rude:
With much of evil I'm imbued,
And never lead to any good.

With anger burning I'm on fire,
While you may see me in the mire;
A flight of fancy mounts me higher,
For I'm then on a church's spire.

Answer: Ire.

The Science of Legerdemain.

What are critics in the sleight of hand art to think of the marvelous deeds which an author relates a magician performed at the Court of King Sigismund, of Poland, many years ago?

One day the King gave a sumptuous banquet, at which the principal lords and ladies of the empire were invited to participate; and Zito, the magician, who always treated the King's guests with some of his marvellous tricks, also received a welcome at the festive board. It is proper to state that Zito, according to all accounts, was hideously deformed, and that his mouth stretched nearly from ear to ear. Scarcely had the first course been served, when there arose a great din and sound of music in the street in front of the King's palace, in which the drum, trumpet, and cymbals played a prominent part. The guests immediately rushed from the table, and thrust their heads out of the windows to behold the passing pageant. Their surprise was very great when they saw the street was entirely deserted, and there was not a human being in sight. When they desired to draw their heads in the window, they found they could not do so; for Zito, who had caused the noise and sounds of music, thrust on every head an enormous pair of antlers, which spread broader than the frame of the window. He finally relieved them from their unpleasant dilemma, and (the quaint chronicler adds) the company were very merry over the affair.

On another occasion, a travelling juggler visited the city, and as he was reported a thorough adept in the art of magic, the citizens gave him a very fine house, Zito also being among the audience. All that he undertook was performed very cleverly by the man, to the great edification of a large number of the audience; but Zito, who fathomed every trick at a glance, was perfectly disgusted, and finally told the man that he was nothing but a complete bungler. This, as a matter of course, led to an angry discussion, which Zito settled by jumping on the stage and swallowing the juggler, all but his boots, which he spat out on account of being dirty! He then left the stage, but returned in a moment or two, leading by the hand his late antagonist, who publicly acknowledged before the audience that Zito was his master and deserved the name of the King of the Necromancers.

The chronicler also states that Zito sold to a butcher in the town a dozen fat pigs, but gave him strict injunctions not to drive them to a running stream to drink. The butcher, disregarding Zito's admonition, drove the pigs to water; but they no sooner drank than they were changed into grains of corn. The butcher seeking out Zito and demanding reparation, caught him rather roughly by the arm, when it came out by the roots. They began to wrangle, and "Give me my pigs," and "Give me back my arm," was the argument which soon collected a vast crowd of lookers-on, who appeared to enjoy the sport. Zito finally pretended to get angry, and said, "This butcher is a scandalous fellow, and no better than a cannibal. He pretends to sell beef, pork, and mutton, but if you visit his shop you will find it filled with the carcasses of men, women, and children."

The mob rushed for the shop of the unfortunate butcher, and found the case precisely as Zito had stated. They were about to sacrifice the butcher to their vengeance, when Zito disenchanted their eyes, and the butcher was proved an honest man and good citizen, instead of a cannibal.

Charade.

My *first* a well-known pronoun is,
Though neither you nor me:
My *next* is where, in battle's din,
Brave men desire to be;

My *third's* a useful implement,
By farmers greatly used;
My *whole's* a world-renowned romance
You've surely all perused.

Answer: I-van-hoe.

What is everybody doing at the same time?—Growing old

THE OLD ELM TREE.

Words by T. H. REYNOLDSON.

Music by SCHUBERT.



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CONTENTS.

Alderman Flynn.....page 141
And is the harp for ever stilled?.....138
Bird of Love.....139
Beautiful Arabella.....140
Dis am de way we'd go.....138
Eilleen Allanna.....138
Fie on Sinful Phantasy!.....138
Francesca—a Story.....142—143
Grave of Ben Bolt.....139
Katy Darling—New Version.....138
Keep off, if you vex a woman.....138
Love me, darling, love me.....139
Lend a hand to one another.....139
My bark is on the dreary sea.....138
Mama, ain't I sweet?.....139
My Lily of the Valley.....139
Mulcahy's home again!.....141
Mulcahy's Sister Kate.....141
Moon-Struck.....140
Nobody's Treasure.....139
Oh! had we some bright little Isle of our own 139
Oh! talk not to me of her wealth.....139
Regrets.....140
The Return.....140
Roger O'Malley.....141
The Soldier of Erin.....138
Solid dishes to the front.....141
Sadie Ray.....141
The Sailor's Consolation.....140
The Sad and sweet good-night.....138
There's Magic in a Kiss.....138
True Love—Words.....141
True love—Music.....144
That Swell at the Matinee.....140
Why ain't you fly, like me?.....138
William Winks.....140

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Why ain't you Fly, Like Me?

A NEW COMIC SONG—T. M. Hengler.

Oh! here I am, a confidence gent—
One of defrauding stamp—
I flatter myself I am a rogue,
A perfect swindling scamp—
I always start benevolent funds,
And shout at every ball—"Oh!"
I run loan offices, hospitals, clubs,
And finally swindle them all.
Chorus: A good job, too—serves them right—
It ain't my fault, they ought to know better:
A good job, too—serves them right—
Why aint you fly, like me?
Repeat Chorus.

All enterprises I work up,
And companies I promote:
I get away with all the funds,
And then they go afloat—
I run for office every year,
And surely make it tell—"Oh!"
If I get in, for money then
My party I will sell. Chorus.

I borrow money every day—
With it I speculate,
And make my friends imagine that
I own a large estate:
If I invest, and then I lose,
They all commence to bawl—"Oh!"
The bankrupt oath I quickly take,
And then they lose it all. Chorus.

Eilleen Allanna.

Eilleen Allanna, Eilleen Asthore,
Light of my soul and its Queen evermore—
It seems years have lingered since last we did part,
Eilleen Allanna, the pride of my heart.
Oh! darling loved one, your dear smile I miss,
My lips seem to cling to that sweet parting kiss—
Mavourneen, thy dear face I see at the door,
Eilleen Allanna, Augus Asthore,
Eilleen Allanna, Augus Asthore.

CHORUS.

Faithful I'll be to the colleen I adore,
Eilleen Allanna, Augus Asthore.

Eilleen Allanna, Eilleen Asthore,
The ocean's blue waters wash by the shore
Of that dear land of shamrock, where thou dost abide,
Waiting the day when I'll call thee my bride—
God bless you, darling, I know you are true,
True to the boy who would die now for you—
My heart is now bleeding to its innermost core,
Eilleen Allannah, Augus Asthore.

CHORUS.

Soon I'll be back to the colleen I adore,
Eilleen Allanna, Augus Asthore.

There's Magic in a Kiss.

As sung by Harper & Stansill with great success throughout the United States—Music by Geo. Catlin.

In life there's nothing sweeter
Than to have or be a beau;
It's nice to court a pretty girl,
But that you, fellows, all know.
Now I have got a sweetheart,
A charming little miss,
And that is how I come to know
There's magic in a kiss.
Chorus: My charming little fairy, (*Break.*)
So blithesome and airy: (*Break.*)
Oh! my heart is captivated
By a charming little miss—
And that is how I come to know
There's magic in a kiss.

Now when two lovers quarrel,
They'll sit and pout awhile,
The one or the other will very soon
Provoke a friendly smile:
Then making up's delightful,
The way it's done is this—
He clasps her in his arms, and, well—
There's magic in a kiss, Chorus

Katy Darling.

IRISH VERSION.

Written and sung by J. G. Ryan, associated with Kitty Vincent, at Tony Pastor's Opera House.

RORY.

Sure, Katy darling, if you're honest,
Take from out my breast this pain;
Sure the divil a harm more I meant you,
Nor the changing of your name.
If to that same you but consented,
I'm as true a boy as e'er was born,
The divil a day you'd e'er repent it—
For, I'd bring you comfort night and morn.

KATHLEEN. [HEARD SINGING WITHIN.]

Now, Rory, be off with your blarney,
And don't come here plabbering me:
Sure you know how you have served Kate Karney,
And also the widow McGee:
You're botheration night and morning,
Your winning ways does me deceive,
With all your blarney you I'm scorning,
Your lying tongue I can't believe.

And is the Harp for ever Stilled?

By Bryan Maguire.

And is the harp for ever stilled,
That once was heard in Erin's Isle?
And has the air, its strains once filled,
Forever shaken off freedom's smile?

If so, oh! let me fly away
To some new world where I may see
Scenes that, like these, will not decay,
But, unlike these, will all be free—

And there, oh! there—such heaven I'll find,
As in *this* world was never seen;
And picture often to my mind
What my dear Island once had been!

The Soldier of Erin.

Air: Exile of Erin

The shadows of darkness around him were falling,
And eve's lonely star lit the wanderer's way,
When the harp of the minstrel, his footsteps recalling,
The brave soldier paused at the heart-moving lay.
Oh! dear to my soul in the spring-time of feeling,
Ere the blight of the cold world had swept
o'er its flowers;
Was that strain of my childhood from tender lips
stealing,
In fair Connamara's now desolate bowers.

Sweet song of my boyhood, still deeper and deeper,
It sinks on my heart as I list to the strain;
Like a dream of the dead that steals o'er the sleeper,
And brings back the lost and the loved ones again.
Dear voice of the past, like the lone harp of Tara,
It wakes and the ruins of all I deplore;
Farewell to thy green hills, my fair Connamara,
First home of my heart, I shall see thee no more.

My Bark is on the Dreary Sea.

FAVORITE BALLAD.

My bark is on the dreary sea,
Adieu, to-night we sever:
Friend of my soul! I will think on thee,
I will on thee for ever—
And as my bark goes swiftly o'er
Yonder moon-lit sea,
The parting tear I will think upon,
I will ever think on thee—
I will ever, &c.

When sailing through life's dreary tide,
Should I forget thee? never!
I'll think of thee while oceans roar,
I will think of thee for ever—
And as the night wind blows me on
Yonder moon-lit sea,
Thy parting tear I will think upon,
I will ever think on thee—
I will ever, &c.

The Sad and Sweet Good Night!

The quiet wind is flying
Over the purple sea;
And the amber daylight dying
On roadway, hill and tree;
The cattle bells are ringing
Among the slanting downs,
And children's voices flinging
Glad echoes through the towns:
Oh! summer day so soon away—
The happy hearted sigh and say—
Sweet is the light, and sad thy flight,
And sad the words Good night! Good night!
And sad the words Good night! Good night!

The wan white clouds are trailing
Low o'er the level plain:
And the wind brings with its wailings
The chill of coming rains:
Fringed by the faded heather,
Wide pools of water lie;
And birds and leaves together,
Whirl through the evening sky.
"Haste thee away, O winter day!"
The weary hearted sigh and say—
Sad is thy light and slow thy flight:
Sweet were the words Good night! Good night!
Sweet were the words Good night! Good night!

Fie on Sinful Phantasy!

Fie on sinful phantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher, and higher:
Pinch him, fairies mutually;
Pinch him for his villany:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

SHAKSPEARE.

Dis am de Way we'd Go.

Words by Harry Bennett. Written expressly for Johnson and Bruno, the great acrobatic song and dance artists. Air: The Dodger.

We lived down South at de broke of de war,
As happy as nigs could be;
But white men come and took us from our homes,
And dey told us dat we were free.
We 'listed den wid de Federal troops,
And we went for to fight de foe,
And when de boys had sorrow in der hearts
Why, dis am de way we'd go.

CHORUS.

Things am changed on de ole plantation now—
We've hung up de shovel and de hoe,
But we often think of those happy days,
And de way dat we used to go.

When work was done, we'd gather in de barn
For to rattle de heel and toe:
And dance dat good ole Mississippi fling,
To de tune of de ole banjo.
We'll never see dem good ole times again:
For, Death has laid our mases low:
And de tears run down our cheeks like de rain
When we think of de way we'd go. Chorus.

Keep off, if You Vex a Woman.

Keep off, if you vex a woman,
'Till she gives her passion vent;
In her fury she spares no man,
But her tongue goes click and clack,
Click, clack, clack; and ticka, ticka, tack,
'Till her rage in noise is spent.

Women, when the fidgets seize 'em,
Ride on like a foundered nag:
They are gentle, 'till you teaze 'em;
Then their tongue goes click and clack:
Click, click, clack; and ticka, ticka, tack,
'Till it can no longer wag.

Nobody's Treasure.

Sung by Jennie Engel.

The snow has been falling and lies white in the street,
And thro' it are wandering those little bare feet,
With an old torn dress that tries to enfold
Her shivering form from the merciless cold;
She holds out her hand now chilled with the blast,
Hoping to find a kind word at last;
But all pass her by—for, they all have a home,
Leaving Nobody's treasure to wander alone.

Chorus.

Nobody's treasure, nobody's treasure,
No one will miss her, or speak words of love;
Nobody's treasure, no one will miss her, or speak
words of love:
Nobody's treasure, Angels bear nobody's treasure above,
Angels bear nobody's treasure above—

The storm has been fierce and deserted the street,
The snow-flakes still fall and are mingled with sleet:
She sits on a doorstep and bitterly cries,
But the warmth is within and no one replies;
She whispers a prayer she learned on the knee
Of one who's dead and from sorrow free,
She's no one to miss her, and no words of love:
So the Angels bear nobody's treasure above—
Nobody's treasure, &c.

Friend and Fortune Have Departed.

Friend and fortune have departed,
Years of toil are spent in vain;
Sad and almost broken hearted,
Who can bring me joy again?
Riches, like the dew of morning,
Brightly in my pathway lay,
But when brightest hopes were dawning,
Swiftly fled those joys away—

Toiling hard, and wan and weary,
In the heat and in the cold,
Far from home, and lone and dreary,
For the dear ones of the fold,
That when life and strength are waning,
And when fortune smiles no more,
We, a happy home maintaining,
May have plenty in our store.

It is hard in life's declining
Thus to be of all bereft,
While in poverty are pining
All the cherished objects left;
And what anguish to be thinking
How my darling ones may fare
From the cold world, sadly shunning,
When I cease to have their care—

Bird of Love.

There was a bird came to my breast
When I was very young:
I only knew that sweet bird's nest,
To me she only sung.
Ah! one summer's day, love,
I saw that bird depart;
The truant flew thy way, love,
And nestled in thy heart.
Chorus: Bird of love, bird of love, bird of love;
The truant flew thy way, love,
And nestled in thy heart.

There was a rose that blushing grew
Within my life's young bower,
The angels sprinkled holy dew
Upon the blessed flower:
I glory to resign it, love,
Though it was dear to me;
Amid the laurels twine it, love,
It only blooms for thee. Chorus.

There was a rich and radiant gem
I long kept hid from sight,
Lost from some seraph's diadem,
It shone with Heaven's own light:
The world could never tear, love,
That gem of gems from me,
Yet on thy fond breast wear it, love,
It only shines for thee. Chorus.

Oh! had we Some Bright Little Isle of our own!

Oh! had we some bright little Isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone:
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers:
When the sun loves to pause with so fond a delay
That the night only draws a thin veil o'er the day:
When simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give—

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love as they loved in the first golden time:
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts and make all summer there.
With affection, as free from decline as the bowers,
And with hope, like the bee, living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy, and calm as the night—

Mama, ain't I Sweet?

Song and Chorus written on Dan Bryant, Jr., by Rollin Howard. Sung by H. Norman at Bryant's New Opera House, N. Y.

With golden hair so lovely,
And eyes of softest blue,
That say, in looks so heavenly—
Mama, I so love you!
Our lovely little darling,
With footsteps light and fleet,
With pleading looks comes asking—
Dear mama, ain't I sweet?
Chorus: Rosy little cherub,
With hair of golden hue,
Ah! you know not, my darling,
How well mama loves you!

The first thing in the morning,
That voice, so soft and sweet,
Comes its little song a singing,
Its mama dear to greet:
And, at the hour of evening,
Its evening prayer 'll repeat:
But, ever before its sleeping,
Says: mama, ain't I sweet? Chorus.

My Lily of the Valley.

By I. E. Lent.

Of all the happy days I've known,
It was the best of any,
That placed this lily on my breast,
My chosen out of many:
At sight of her, or thought of her,
My drooping spirits rally:
For, she's the darling of my heart,
My lily of the valley:
Of all the happy days I've known,
It was the best of any,
That placed this lily on my breast,
My chosen out of many.

Her form and face have every grace,
By beauty's magic given;
From her bright eyes, as from the skies,
Looks forth the light of heaven,
And in her mind the holiest thought
Where sweetest fancies dally:
So pure the darling of my heart,
My lily of the valley—
Of all the happy days I've known,
It was the best of any,
That placed this lily on my breast,
The chosen out of many.

Oh! Talk not to me of her Wealth.

Oh! talk not to me of the wealth she possesses,
My hopes and my views to herself I confine;
The splendor of riches but slightly impresses
A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.

By love, only love, should our souls be cemented,
No int'rest, no motive but that could I own;
With her in a cottage be blest and contented,
And wretched without her, tho' placed on a throne.

Bickerstaff.

Love Me, Darling, Love Me.

Love me, darling, love me:
For, my wild and wayward heart,
Like Noah's dove in search of rest,
Will hover where thou art, will hover where thou art,
Will linger near thee like a spell
Till by thy hands caressed:
It folds its weary, care-worn wings
To nestle on thy breast.

Love me, darling, love me;
When my soul was sick with strife,
Thy soothing words have been
The sun that warmed it into life:
Thy breath called forth the passion flowers
That slumbered 'neath the ice
Of self-distrust—and now their balm
Makes earth a paradise.

So love me, darling, love me:
For, I have no world but thee,
And darksome clouds are in my sky,
'Tis woman's destiny—
But let them frown, I heed them not,
No fear can they impart,
If thou art near with smiles to bend
Hope's rainbow round my heart.

Lend a Hand to one Another.

Lend a hand to one another:
In the daily toil of life,
Should we meet a weaker brother,
Let us help him in the strife.
There are none so rich but may
In their turn be forced to borrow,
And the poor man's lot to-day
May become our own to-morrow.
Chorus: Lend a hand, lend a hand,
Lend a hand to one another:
In the daily toil of life,
Should we meet a weaker brother,
Let us help him in the strife.

Lend a hand to one another:
Where malicious tongue hath thrown
Dark suspicions on your brother,
Be not first to cast the stone.
There are none so rich but may
Come adrift on shame or sorrow,
And the best man here to-day
May become the worst to-morrow. Chorus.

Lend a hand to one another:
In the race for honor's crown,
Should it fall upon your brother,
Be not first to tear it down.
Lend a hand to all, I say,
In their sunshine or their sorrow:
Then the prize we've lost to-day,
May become our own to-morrow. Chorus.

Grave of Ben Bolt.

By the side of sweet Alice they've laid Ben Bolt,
Where often he longed to repose;
For, there he would kneel with the early spring flowers
And plant o'er his darling the rose.
His heart was as true as the star to his gaze,
When tossed on the billows alone:
But now it is cold and forever at rest—
For, he calmly lies under the stone.

How often his eyes were seen brimming with tears
To mingle with others in grief!
But joy would rekindle the light of his smile,
When pouring the balm of relief.
At last he has gone to the bright spirit land,
And, free from all sorrow and pain,
He tastes the full raptures of angels above:
For, he meets with sweet Alice again.

We'll gather the flowers from the green shady nook,
And moss from the silent old mill,
To strew o'er the graves where obscurely repose
The hearts that death only could chill:
And oft, when the soul hath grown weary and sad,
We'll come by the twilight alone,
To muse o'er the spot where together Ben Bolt
And sweet Alice lie under the stone.

Beautiful Arabella.

Miss Arabella Wink'stop
Was daughter to a Plumber,
As bright and fair as birds that hop
Upon the trees in Summer—
The hearts of lovers couldn't she rend,
And didn't she look the cheese?
Oh! couldn't she do the "Grecian bend,"
And didn't she try to please?
Beautiful Arabella,
Beautiful Arabella,
She stole my heart, and made me smart,
Did beautiful Arabella.

I took her to all sorts of FETES,
Cremorne and Crystal Palace:
We also crossed the Dover straits,
To Dieppe, Boulogne and Calais.
Wherever we went, she fixed the gaze
Of fellows in Music halls:
Their hearts she moved and always proved
The magnet in the stalls.

SPOKEN: Oh! she was a beauty! and so graceful! I nearly broke my heart trying to walk in her affections, and I nearly broke my back trying to do the "Roman Fall," walking in her company—

Beautiful Arabella, &c.

My heart with love was glowing hot
As forty Blacksmiths' forges,
And soon I hoped to tie the knot
Connubial at St. George's:
But ah! that "slip—'twixt cup and lip—"
With which so many meet,
It fell to me—and here you see
The victim of deceit—

Beautiful Arabella, &c.

To the Easter Volunteer Review
Of "Period" crack Rifles
Miss A. she went, escorted, too,
By Captain Blazer Rifles—
Her Dad—the Plumber—thought it grand
A titled sweil should win,
Instead of ME, his daughter's hand,
As I had little tin.

SPOKEN: Ah! it often happens, if a fellow's got a HANDLE to his name tho' he's a PUMP himself, he can throw cold WATER on a rival: such was the case with ME. But still, I shall never forget—

Beautiful Arabella, &c.

She's his, but p'rhaps might have been mine—
This daughter of the Plumber—
Had I been in the soldering LINE,
If only a boy-drummer.
The uniform it did the trick,
And won her fickle heart:
Now what girl in my heart will stick
Another Cupid's dart?

SPOKEN: Tho', if I can't change my GOLD, I mean to change my NOTE, and say "undutiful!" instead of—

Beautiful Arabella, &c.

The Sailors' Consolation.

One night, came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill,
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?
Lord, help them! how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now—

Fool-hardy chaps who live in town,
What dangers they are all in!
And now are quaking in their beds
For fear the roof should fall in:
Poor creatures, how they envies us!
And wish (as I've a notion)
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

But as for them who're out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home
To cheer their babes and spouses—
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

And often have we, seamen, heard
How men are killed, and undone
By overturns of carriages,
And thieves and fires in London:
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors:
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed.

Moon-struck.

SONG AND DANCE.

Sung by Charley Sturges at the San Francisco Minstrels.

The Music is published by Fairchild and Dwyer, No. 377 Sixth Avenue, New-York.

There's a sweet one that I've often seen—
A form and face divine—
Her style is dashing, just the thing:
I think her most sublime.
Her charms so fascinated me
That I in love did fall:
And since that time she's been to me
The dearest one of all.
CHORUS.
Oh! I cannot live without her,
And I always dream about her:
I have had no peace of mind,
Since I in love did fall:
And ever since she's been to me
The dearest one of all.

She's dearer far than life to me,
This dearest, darling one:
And when her smiling face I see,
With joy I'm overcome.
How lone is single life to me,
Since I in love did fall!
For, my heart has flown to her I think
The dearest one of all. Chorus.

I'll ask this dear one to be mine,
To cling to me through life:
And if she will consent to be
My darling little wife,
I'll prove to her my love so true,
And in her mind install,
And she through life shall ever be
The dearest one of all. Chorus.

William Winks.

A sad young dog was William Winks:
He had a way of slyly winking,
Whene'er a pretty girl he met:
Now this was very wrong, I'm thinking.
As years rolled on, this habit grew,
Until at length great fears possessed him:
As o'er his winks he'd lost control,
His future prospects much oppressed him.
Wink, wink, wink!
William Winks could not help winking,
Whether talking, whether thinking,
Whether eating, whether drinking,
William Winks could not help winking;
When away from danger shrinking,
Heart within him almost sinking,
Oft he had to run like winking,
Poor William Winks!

He gave his heart to Patty Prim,
And as they walked along, one Sunday,
He pressed her so to "name the day"—
She blushed and whispered: "Say next Monday."
When Monday came, they went to Church,
And all went well—until the bride said,
When asked if she would "take this man?"
"No, no! he's winking at my bridesmaid."
Wink, wink, wink!
William Winks, &c.

One Summer's eve, whilst strolling out,
A sad misfortune overtook him:
There rushed across the road a man
Who seized him by the throat and shook him.
Poor Winks gasped out, tho' almost choked:
"Oh! do you wish to take my life sir?"
"You bare-faced scamp the man replied,
How dare you wink thus at my wife, sir?"
Wink, wink, wink!
William Winks, &c.

Poor Winks then gave the man in charge:
Before the Court next day appearing,
He stepped into the witness box
For his sad tale to get a hearing.
The Mayor roared out: "What? wink at me!
To act like this I can't permit you:
This man's discharged but for contempt
Of court to-day I shall commit you."
Wink, wink, wink!
William Winks, &c.

I think I've said enough to show
How much poor William Winks has suffered:
And I've no doubt that you begin
To think that you have quite enough heard.
Young men, take warning by his fate.
Don't wink too much, you may repent it:
For you, like Winks, in course of time,
May not be able to prevent it—
Wink, wink, wink!
William Winks, &c.

That Swell at the Matinee.

Sung by Rollin Howard—Composed by D. E. Hicks.

The Music is published by W. B. Smith, Philadelphia.

A broken-hearted girl am I,
All through a swell so fair—
I swing the latest fashion, too,
And wear such flowing blonde hair—
I met him at the matinee,
With his opera-glass he admired me:
He winked his eyes all out of shape
At this sweet little bee.
I burnt two big holes in his heart
With my roguish eyes of blue:
And he said the world was nought to him—
For, he loved me—wouldn't you?
CHORUS.
I burnt a big hole in his heart
With my roguish eyes of blue.
He felt the world was nought to him—
For, he loved me—wouldn't you?

He waited till the play was o'er,
And quick stepped to the door,
And waited to see his little belle,
As I passed on before.
As he followed me up the street,
A fellow, with a reddish snoot,
Says: "Why are you staring at my wife,
You ugly, big galoot?
I burnt two big holes, &c.
Chorus.

He saw he was mistaken and in a fix,
His temper did raise high:
He said we met by accident,
And hubby banged him in the eye.
We walked off and left him there,
With his eyes he scarce could see:
He swore he'd never flirt again
With girls at the matinee.
I burnt two big holes, &c.
Chorus

Regrets.

Justine is alone, and sighing,
And I follow where she goes,
To her secret chamber flying—
Scene of all her bitter woes;
For a while her stifled grief
Is very still, then finds relief
In a fit of passionate sobbing;
And her tears, too long repress,
Fall in torrents on her breast,
Heaving, beating, panting, throbbing,
Like the stormy waves of ocean,
Lovely in its wild emotion;
Still with Valsin's kisses burning,
For his presence madly yearning;
Kneeling with her wearied head
Hiding in the snow white bed,
From the garish sun above,
Sighing, sobbing, "Is this love?"

The Return.

Faithless tho' her lover were,
He was constant all the time:
Justine, sweet as she is fair,
Has pardoned him the moment's crime.
Breathing many an ardent vow,
In his arms he holds her now:
To his kisses she replies
By her silence and her sighs,
Smiling at that passion still
Less that passion have its will.
Yet the joy is his alone,
And love's pleasure all his own:
For, her love, once thrilling madness
Now is Sorrow's crown of sadness:
Tho' the words are never spoken,
You may hear it in her sighs,
You may read it in her eyes,
That the charm—the charm is broken.

Drink nothing without seeing it: sign nothing without reading it, and make sure that it means no more than it says.

Roger O'Malley

Copyright 1875 by E H Harding.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery opposite Prince Street, New-York— Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

My name is Roger O'Malley, understand,
And don't begin for to doubt me;
I own my own house, and a bit o' land,
There's no common stock about me.
I went to college when a boy,
And left with heaps of lore—
And came out here to this free land,
Just previous to the war.
Chorus: Roger O'Malley, that's my name,
Quite famous I have grown:
I'm far superior to Muldoon,
Mulcahy or Malone.

I'm quite independent in my way,
High-toned and well educated;
All my taxes I'm ready for to pay,
And I'm not in the least dissipated.
I can take a drink, and smoke a cigar,
With comfort and delight;
But you'll never see me loafin' round
The whiskey bars at night. Chorus.

I'm as decent a man as you can find—
Like all my seven generations—
With a good deal of larnin' in my mind,
Which I use on important occasions;
I'm far above yer common scraps,
That fling their names all round,
And they'll not catch me in any traps:
For, I'm sensible and sound. Chorus.

I'm a marshal whenever we parade,
I ride a horse from Araby:
With a big stick of honor in my hand,
Sure, in martial affairs I'm no baby.
I ate my fill, and wear good clothes,
Made up in the style you see;
My walk is grand, and plainly shows
That there's no such man as me! Chorus.

Alderman Flynn.

An Irish character song.

I guess you've heard of fighting,
That's what I take delight in,
When I go down the street, boys,
With my sword drawn in my hand:
We march to the tune of the Mulligan guards
Whenever I take command.
Chorus: There's Alderman Flynn,
What do you think of him?
He's a little bit crippled
In his left chin:
Oh! the girls all say as we march away—
"Horroo for Alderman Flynn!"

I'm the pet of all the ladies,
I'm fond of all the babies,
My appearance is engaging—
It is, upon my word,
I expect to be Boss Alderman
Some day in the ould fourth ward. Chorus.

True Love.

Words by T. H. Reynoldson. Music by Bellini.

If love be but an idle dream,
Merely a phantom of the brain—
Bereft of that, to this cold world
Never let me wake again—
But ah! blur not the brightest page
In nature's holy plan:
'Tis blasphemy to slander thus
Heaven's choicest gift to man—

No! love, when pure and based on truth,
Can all life's bitterest ills assuage:
It calms the wild desires of youth,
It soothes the cares of age—
Then, ah! blur not the brightest page
In nature's holy plan:
'Tis blasphemy to slander thus
Heaven's choicest gift to man.

Mulcahy's Home Again.

Sequel to "Mulcahy's Gone Away."

Copyright 1875 by E. H. Harding.

Words and Music by Jos. P Skelly.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery opposite Prince Street New-York— Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I come with news to-night, me boys,
Just heed me for awhile;
My song will give delight, me boys:
For, it makes me grin and smile.
You've heard about that famous man
Who left us all in pain;
Sure, he's back at last all safe and sound—
Mulcahy's home again!

Chorus.

Then shout, and cheer, and drink yer bear,
No more in grief remain;
For, now the cry is everywhere—
Mulcahy's home again!

I met him down in Chambers street,
A week ago to-day;
And when I shook his friendly hand,
Sure, I thought I'd faint away!
He's big and stout, and walks about
In dress both nate and clane;
Says I with glee—"oh! can this be
Mulcahy home again?" Chorus.

I axed him why he strayed away,
And left us all behind;
But divil a word would he reply
To satisfy me mind;
He may have lived in foreign lands—
In Jarsey, or in Spain—
But none will care from whence he came,
When he's home with us again. Chorus.

He talks no more of politics—
He says he's had enough;
To stand their capers and their tricks
One must be bold and tough!
He thinks he'll start a corner store,
And paint a sign so plain,
To greet us when we reach the door—
"Mulcahy's home again!" Chorus.

Mulcahy's Sister Kate.

Air: "Mulcahy's gone away."

You have heard them sing of a hero bold,
Mulcahy was his name:
And, faith! he had a sister, too,
Was noted for her fame:
She was chief-cook in a boarding house,
And at making hash was great;
She came from the County Dynegole,
And her maiden name was Kate.
Chorus: She is tall and thin,
With her crooked shin:
Her cheeks were red, and so was the head
Of Mulcahy's sister Kate.

She treats me like a lady
When her I go to see;
She takes me into the kitchen,
And treats me to cake and tea:
And ofttimes I used to sit until
It was very late,
And whispering my love story to
Mulcahy's sister Kate. Chorus.

I thought she was an angel
When I kept her company;
But in the course of time I found
That she was fooling me;
I went to her house, one night,
And standing by the gate,
I saw a greasy soapfat-man
A-hugging my darling Kate. Chorus.

Miss Tomkins says that every unmarried lady of forty has passed the cape of Good Hope.

There is no other creatures in nature that can charm like women and snakes.

A great man is most calm in storms, a little one most stormy in calms.

Solid Dishes to the Front

As sung by Billy Birch of the San Francisco Minstrels.
Air: "Spring Gentle Spring."

Beans, beans, Boston bo'iled beans,
Served up red-hot on a Sunday morn;
Beans, beans, Boston baked beans,
Is a dish that is fit for a queen, sure's you're born!
Whenever you go to Boston town,
Get some one to show you round;
Smoking red-hot on the plates,
Oh! how I love those Yankee dates!
You may talk about your good clam chowder,
Talk about your whiskey sour—

Chorus.

Give me beans, beans, Boston baked beans,
Served up red-hot on a Sunday morn,
With coffee, sugar, bread, and cream,
Is a dish that is fit for a queen, sure's you're born.

Hash, hash, mysterious hash!
In a second-class hotel you never miss hash;
Hash, hash, beautiful hash!
It's a hard crowd to tackle, but easy to catch.
I've travelled this country thro' and thro',
This famous conundrum is always new;
Talk of scrambled eggs, crumbs and crust,
But mysterious hash is more robust;
Reed-birds, quail, champagne and ice,
Canary birds stuffed is all very nice—

Chorus.

Hash, hash, mysterious hash!
In a second-class hotel you never miss hash;
Hash, hash, beautiful hash!
It's a hard crowd to tackle, but easy to catch.

Cheese, cheese, Limburger cheese!
Floating so gaily and sweet in the breeze;
Cheese, cheese, Limburger cheese,
Bring me a dish of sweet Limburger cheese:
At Miller's saloon I take my ease,
And revel on lager and Limburger cheese;
That's the luscious stuff to eat
For, it makes your breath so sweet.
Talk of love in Cupid's bowers,
Talk of the balm of a thousand flowers—

Chorus.

Cheese, cheese, Limburger cheese!
Floating so gaily and sweet in the breeze;
Cheese, cheese, Limburger cheese,
Bring me a dish of sweet Limburger cheese.

Sadie Ray.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchel Music by J. Tannenbaum.

As sung by Gus Williams.

The Music of this piece is published by White Smith & Perry 298 & 300 Washington Street, Boston. Price 35 cents

Near a cool and shady woodland,
Where the rippling streamlets flow,
Dwelt a maiden, kind and lovely,
But 'twas in the long ago—
Oft I kissed her and caressed her,
As we danced the hours away,
Oft I told her that I loved her,
But she's dead, my Sadie Ray!
Chorus: Oft I kissed her and caressed her,
As we danced the hours away,
Oft I told her that I loved her,
But she's dead, my Sadie Ray!

When at eve the golden sunset
Ushered in the moon and stars,
Arm-in-arm we walked together
To the gate of chestnut bars.
Here we talked of future pleasures,
Here I named our wedding day,
But, alas! 'tis long in coming—
For, she's dead, my Sadie Ray Chorus.

In my dreams I see her smiling
Far above the clear blue sky,
She is kneeling to the angles,
Who in groups are standing by:
Then again, I hear her calling:
"Come, my darling, come, I say,
There is room here for another,
Come and kiss your Sadie." Chorus.

Francesca.

It was sad news to me, when I learnt that my father had taken to himself another wife, who was to occupy my dear mother's place. I was only twelve years of age when I lost her, but I was quite old enough to fully appreciate her value, her gentleness, her tenderness. My father was dotingly fond of her, and her death was a blow to him, so great that he could not remain in England. He accepted the post of Consul at a certain Italian port, leaving me at school, where I remained until I was eighteen. It was then I received the astounding intelligence that he had married again, and was about to bring his wife home.

"You must endeavor to love her," he wrote; "and I do not think you will find that a difficult task. She has already learned to love you, from my description, and from my continually talking of you. She is much younger than I am, and very beautiful—I will send you her photograph in my next. She will take the place rather of an elder sister than a parent. Above all things, be sure to write her a pretty letter, and to receive her affectionately, for she is painfully sensitive to the slightest coldness."

Here followed numerous directions for getting the house in order, and the welcome announcement that I was to leave school for good.

I obeyed his injunctions in all particulars, and wrote a letter to my mother-in-law, which I endeavored to render as affectionate as I was able—but I am afraid the attempt was a failure, and that my dissatisfaction could only be too plainly discerned beneath my carefully considered sentences.

Our mansion was a large, ancient building, flanked by two wings; the centere had been rebuilt at the commencement of the present century, but the wings were in their primitive condition, and had been unoccupied for several generations. Since my mother's death the place had been given over to the care of an old housekeeper and her daughter, and had somewhat fallen into decay, from neglect and disuse; but the masons, carpenters, and painters were now set to work, and upholsterers were busy re-furnishing the best suite of rooms.

It was situated in a wild, lonely part of the country, sourounded by thick plantations of fir, pine, and cypress, and dark evergreen shrubs, which imparted to it a particularly gloomy appearance.

At length the preparations were complete, and the day of the arrival fixed. I need not say how anxiously I looked forward to my meeting with one upon whom my future so greatly depended. I had not received the promised carte-de-visite, but she had written an answer to my letter, full of affectionate phrases; and yet it did not please me; like my own, it did not seem to come from the heart.

It was on a gray October day they arrived. The sky was leaden, and a damp mist hung over the ground, while a high, chilly wind stripped the yellow and brown leaves from the trees, and scattered them everywhere around.

In the letter I had received on the previous day, my father requested me to send the carriage to the railway station, which was several miles away, to meet the 12.30 train from London, and intimated that I was not to be there myself, as he prefarred I should meet them at the hall door. Long before they could possibly arrive, I stood anxiously at the latticed window of the library, listening for the rumble of the wheels.

At length my patience was rewarded—they were coming. I flew to the door and stood out upon the gravelled path, eagerly watching for the horses to turn the sharp curve which at present hid them from my view.

Another moment, they drew up in front of me; the door of the carriage opened, a gentleman leaped out, and I was clasped to my father's heart. In the happiness of this re-union—we had not met for six years—I was for an instant oblivious of all beside. He was the first to recover; gently unclasping my arms from about his neck, he took my hand, and said, "This is your mother, Ellen—embrace her."

I looked round, and saw a tall lady, habited from head to foot in black velvet and sables, which brought out in startling contrast the perfect colorlessness of her complexion. The countenance was marble in its line, its repose, and its exquisite beauty of feature; but the large, lustrous eyes, full of passion, were purely black, as were also the rich masses of her hair.

She put her arms round me, and kissed me.

"My darling, you must learn to love me as though I were, indeed, your mother," she said.

Was it the chill air, or was it those beautiful but icy lips that made me shiver? I know not what reply I made, for, on turning my head, I saw a third person close to the carriage.

"My brother Astolfo!" she said, introducing us.

He was the very counterpart of his sister.

But how was it I had not been warned of this other arrival? My father seemed to read me thoroughly, for he said, hastily, "It was quitean afterthought, the Marquis accompanying us; but one more in so large a house as ours cannot incommode us."

I murmured a polite deprecation, but a little confusedly, as I could feel the stranger's gaze was fixed upon me.

I have omitted to mention that my father had not communicated to me the slightest information respecting the lady of his choice, and it was only now, from her accent and appearance, I discovered she was an Italian.

We entered the house, and passed into the large dining-room, my father holding a hand of each.

"How like you are to your poor mother!" he commenced, gazing wistfully and tearfully at me.

He was too absorbed in the reminiscence of the past to perceive the expression of his wife's face at those words; but I caught it as it passed away—it was full of hate and jealousy.

From that moment I distrusted her.

"How cold and dark it is here?" she said, shivering, and walking away to the fire to hide her chagrin at her glance having been detected.

She spoke English excellently, with only the slightest foreign accent.

"Ah, yes, it is indeed a change from the shores of the Mediterranean!" answered my father. "Even I, a native of the gloomy north, find it so; what must it be, then, to you, my darling? We must be careful that it does not blight my choice southern flower."

"You shall be my sun; I will bask in the beams of your love, in the light of your smiles; they are always warm and cheerful. What more should I desire?

She spoke in Italian this time, which she did not think I understood, and my knowledge of which I was resolved to keep secret. As she laid her hand upon his shoulder, and looked up at him, I could well understand her powers of fascination, and how thoroughly she could enthral a man's soul.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to remark that my father was not an old man; he was scarcely more than forty years of age, appeared even younger, and was remarkably handsome, so that there did not seem to be any disparity in that respect in the marriage.

Shortly afterwards there was another arrival—Mrs Craven's maid (our name was Craven)—with the luggage. A small, pale woman, with red hair, sharp features, and small, white, pointed teeth. She was English, but if I was not favorably impressed with the mistress, I was still less so with the maid.

In a day or two we had settled down into an ordinary routine of life. Almost every hour afforded me new proofs of the slavish adoration of my parent for this woman—of the power she exercised over him; and I often caught her glance of triumph cast upon me, as much as to say, "You see I am all supreme! You must not attempt to dispute my empire!"

I confess she did all she could to render herself agreeable to me, to secure my friendship, if not my affection. Whether she really desired to win me to her side, or whether this was merely a temporary mask worn in the presense of her husband, I cannot say, but looking back upon my behavior at the time, I can perceive that my responses to her were cold, and, as I see now, imprudent; for I had witnessed quite sufficient to prove that, if she chose to openly declare herself my enemy, she could speedily estrange my father's heart from me. But I was only a girl jealous of my mother's memory, and of a father's love, with an instinctive feeling beyond that made me shrink from my stepmother.

Francesca—that was my mother-in-law's name—seemed to take great pleasure in peering into every nook and corner of our quaint old home. On the day after her arrival she explored the two disused wings.

"It only wants a broad river and high hills to make one think this some old Rhine castle," she said.

"Oh! yes; we have all the materials for romance here," replied my father, "even to a haunted chamber."

"Indeed!—pray show it to me," she cried, eagerly.

He hesitated.

"Come, *caro mio*, I am quite impatient to see this awful chamber," she went on, playfully clasping his arm. "Why do you hesitate?"

"You will laugh if I tell you," he answered.

"I laugh?—no, no; but you have aroused my curiosity."

"Well, there is an old tradition in our family that if the secret of this chamber should be revealed to more than two persons at a time some great calamity will fall upon the Cravens. I am now the only one living that knows it; if I reveal it, you will be the second—but Ellen is with us."

"Oh! I will leave you," I answered, preparing to depart.

"No, no; it is mere idle nonsense," he answered. "The fact is, it is simply a secret room, and was probably used in disturbed times as a place of refuge, or of deposite for valuables. It was, therefore, highly necessary that its existence should be known only to the heads of the family; hence the injunction; but we have no need of such mysteries in these days, and——"

"But you must not break it," she interposed, quickly. "I am very superstitious: and were you to do so, I should be for ever haunted with the dread of some terrible calamity. You will not, will you?"

Her manner was so earnest that he could not refuse.

"Well, Ellen," he said, laughing, "you must forego your curiosity, it seems."

And away they went towards the right wing.

They were some time away.

"It is a fearful place, and what a dreadful story!" I heard her say, as she approached the room wherein I sat; "and you say he was starved to death?"

A "Hush!" from my father interrupted the sentence as they entered the apartment.

Francesca was very thoughtful for the rest of that day.

"What you have seen has depressed you, dearest," observed my father; "it was very wrong of me to show it you."

"Oh! no," she interposed, quickly. "I am glad you did; it would render me wretched to think you kept any secrets from me, however terrible."

These broken snatches of conversation greatly awakened my inquisitiveness; and a day or two afterwards being alone with the housekeeper, who had been in our family from girlhood, I asked, in a careless, indifferent tone, whether she had ever heard there was a secret chamber in The Grange to which some story was attached.

"Well, Miss Ellen," she replied, "old Jenkins, who was butler to your grandfather, and who knew everything about the Cravens, used sometimes to throw out obscure hints about such a place, and tell a story respecting some enemy of the family, whom one of your ancestors, a cruel man, had fastened up in the room, and let starve to death, and that his skeleton was there to this day."

I remembered the words of Francesca, which I had overheard.

"And he used to say," she continued, "the walls were so thick that no sound could penetrate them. But I believe it was all romance, for I have gone over both the wings, time out of mind, and been into every room, and I could never find any vestige of such a place."

Never were Blue Beard's wives possessed of a more eager curiosity to penetrate the secrets of his mysterious closet than I was to discover this hidden room.

One day when my father and Francesca were out visiting, and I was quite alone, I made an ex-

ploration of the right wing. It was a gloomy, dilapidated place; the ground floor had once been servants' offices, the upper part bed-rooms, store-rooms, lumber-rooms; but all was crumbling and mouldering, and the dust rose in clouds beneath my every footstep. Every room door was unlocked; nowhere could I find one barred or secured, or any portion of space that could not be accounted for. The construction of the building, however, was very curious. A narrow stone staircase wound from basement to roof, passing right through the centre of an apartment upon each story. The chambers were not separated by any passages, but opened one into another, and the suite at each stage formed a half circle; thus the side of each that formed the outward wall was broad, and the opposite, which adjoined the main building, narrow; the other two walls sloping inwards.

After half an hour's fruitless search I was obliged to give up my object in disgust.

But it is time to revert to other important points of my story.

My father's affection for his wife did not appear to have extended to her brother; although he treated him with every outward appearance of friendship, and made him handsome presents, I could soon perceive that Astolfo was the one shadow upon his felicity, a shadow that fell upon his brow, and never quitted it while he was present.

One day I chanced to overhear a brief conversation between Francesca and her husband upon the subject. I was sitting in the deep embrasure of a window, half concealed by the heavy curtains, and they had, probably, forgotten my presence. She was reclining at his feet; her head resting upon his knee—a favorite position—and gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

Suddenly she looked up at him, and asked, in that plaintive, silvery tone which was peculiar to her, "My dear, why do you dislike poor Astolfo?"

"I—dislike him?" answered my father, confusedly, evidently startled by the suddenness of the question.

"You cannot deceive me," she replied, her voice growing yet softer. "I can read your every thought, as if your mind were a book. You wish him away. Why is this? He loves you as a brother. It pains him, oh, so much, poor Astolfo!"

"Perhaps I am jealous that there is another being on earth who shares your affections with me," he answered, evasively.

"My love for Astolfo cannot rob you, my darling," she answered; "it is so different. Have I not more reason to be jealous of Ellen?" Is she not a link that binds you to the memory of one who once held my place in your heart?"

Here a movement of mine betrayed my presence, and put an end to the conversation.

Astolfo, like Francesca, was wonderfully gentle and fascinating; but whether it was the result of my father's coolness, or proceeded from some other cause, I was not in a position to determine; but he certainly seemed ill at ease at The Grange, and seldom mingled with us, save when at meals; and in rainy weather he usually kept to his own room. At other times he wandered about the grounds, and there I frequently met him. He spoke English very well; but he soon discovered that I could converse with him in his native tongue. He frequently sought my society, and I found his manners had all that ineffable grace and gallantry which distinguish men of southern climes. His attention was devoted, his compliments flattering without grossness. To say that he fascinated a girl fresh from school, who had never before received a man's homage, is to say but little. Eighteen is not an age of heroic resolution and strong will; and I am afraid I did not struggle very bravely against the spell that was enthralling me. When others were present, however, his behavior towards me was distantly polite.

One crisp, frosty December day, I met him in the fir plantation, and he poured forth, in his genial, silvery voice, the very accents of which were the sweetest music I ever heard, a passionate declaration of love; he held out his hands when he had finished, and I sank into them like a bird into the fowler's net.

He pressed me rapturously to his heart, and held me there until I struggled from his embrace.

"But we must be secret," he whispered, earnestly. "Francesca must not know—no, no, not for worlds—not at present; by-and-by, perhaps, but not now!"

I felt little inclination to take my mother-in-law into my confidence, but I pleaded to be allowed to open my heart to my father.

"To tell him would be to tell her," he replied. "You know that he does not, and he cannot, conceal from her his lightest thought."

This was so certain, that I could find no reply. We continued to meet secretly as often as we could do so in safety, and each time he repeated the same injunction. He seemed to be in great terror of his sister. But what possible objection could she have to his loving me, when such a marriage would bind her by yet another link to her husband? One day, however, it suddenly struck me what a strange union it would be? Was he not my uncle by law? This idea put me into a terrible state; and the next time we met I told him my doubts. But he only laughed at them.

"Your mother-in-law's brother cannot be any relation," he answered; "and I am even a degree removed from that, for she is only my half-sister."

That was news to me.

"But why are you so fearful that she should hear of our love?" I inquired.

My question evidently embarrassed him.

"She is a strange temper, and may fancy we acted clandestinely," he replied.

"Then is it not better to confess at once? The longer we delay doing so, the more she will be offended," I urged.

He hung his head, and made no reply for a few moments.

"My darling," he said, presently throwing his arm round me, speaking in his tenderest accents, and gazing upon me with his most alluring smile, "there is only one course open to us."

He hesitated as though fearful to name it.

"And what is that?" I asked, faintly.

He brought his lips close to my ear, and whispered. "Fly with me to Italy! Do not start!" he continued, holding me close to his breast! "Do not fear to trust yourself with me! I swear to treat you with all honor!"

"No, no; I could not do that!" I interrupted, turning away my head, and struggling vainly to free myself. "I could not betray my father's confidence—act with such vile deceit!"

"Then are you lost to me for ever!" he replied; and releasing his hold on me he leaned dejectedly against a tree.

"If my father could be convinced that my happiness is at stake, he loves me too well to withhold his consent," I pleaded, timidly.

"Your father," he answered, with a touch of contempt in his tone, "has no will but his wife's. Were she bent upon casting you into the street, he would not long oppose her."

"You go to far," I replied, with some mortification. "However devoted he may be to her, he loves me dearly for my poor mother's sake, and will always guard my happiness."

"You have read of love-spells, of enchantments?" he cried, suddenly grasping my wrist, and looking at me with a gaze of startling earnestness. "I tell you that *she* has enchanted your father; that his very soul is so fettered by her spells, that he is the helpless victim of her will; conscience, honor, affection, all may struggle within his heart, but all must succumb to the potency of her arts!"

I trembled at those words; they were spoken with such terrible force, that they carried conviction with them. Again he pleaded pasionately that I should trust myself to his honor, and beneath his fervor I could feel all resolution melting away.

But suddenly we were startled by what seemed to be the sound of footsteps a little distance from us, crunching the dry fir cones that strewed the ground. I could feel Astolfo's hand tremble, and a look almost of fear came upon him.

"What was that?" he whispered.

"Some one among those trees," I answered.

We listened breathlessly. The sound did not occur again.

"We will not go back to the house together," he said, presently. "I shall go into the fields. You return by the shrubbery. When dinner is over, contrive to see me in the garden, if it be but for a moment."

And without waiting my reply, he vanished among the trees.

In much agitation, I took my way towards the house. I walked but slowly as it was necessary to compose myself a little before encountering inquisitive eyes.

The plantation adjoined the shrubbery which immediately surrounded The Grange. As I entered the latter, I caught sight of Francesca slowly pacing down one of the walks. I wished to avoid her, but her quick ear caught the sound of my footstep upon the gravel, and she turned round. Never shall I forget the expression of her face; all its beauty was blotted out—it was that of a fiend. I gazed at her for a moment, and then fled in dismay.

When I entered the house, I ran to one of the windows commanding a view of the spot where I had left her, and peeped cautiously to see if she were still there. She was gone—to seek for Astolfo, no doubt; for it was evident to me she had overheard our conversation. But why this rage, and what was the nature of the mysterious power she held over him, which could compel him to fly from me in the very moment of victory?

I had not stood at my place of observation many moments when I heard my father's voice calling me. I forget now what he required, and I remember that he kept me some time, and that when I left him the wintry dusk was fast darkening. Francesca had not returned, or she would have sought him out. This protracted absence boded no good to Astolfo, I felt assured. I was restless and uneasy. I could not exclude her horrible look from my mind. It wanted an hour to the dinner, so throwing a woollen shawl over my head and shoulders, I went out into the garden hoping I might meet him returning.

I had not proceeded many paces, when I heard some one hurrying towards me. The winding of the path among the trees hid the person from the sight. Fancying it might be Francesca, I glided behind a bushy shrub that entirely concealed me. It was she. Dusk as it was, I could see her countenance quite plainly. The same terrible look was upon it. She swept past, and hurried into the house.

I observed that she had come from the direction of the right wing.

I lingered about some little time longer, until I was compelled to go in and dress for dinner.

When we met at table, no trace of passion was visible upon her countenance. It had so completely resumed its usual expression, and her manner towards me its customary, almost demonstrative affection, that I could scarcely believe but that what I had seen in the shrubbery was a vision of my disordered fancy. But no; it was too deeply engraven on my memory for that.

Astolfo did not appear.

"Where is your brother?" asked my father.

"He has gone away," she answered, fixing her gaze upon me until my cheeks grew crimson.

"Gone away?" he echoed, amazedly.

"Yes; he received a telegram from Italy about half-an-hour ago," she said, "which obliged him to depart on the instant. He bade me make his adieus to you, and thank you for your hospitality.

All this time she continued to look fixedly at me. I could not touch a morsel of food after this.

And yet I almost rejoiced that he had gone. It seemed as though some oppressive burden had been lifted off me, and I breathed more freely. In short, the spell was broken.

His absence was undoubtedly a relief to my father. His name was not again mentioned—at least, in my presence. After this, Francesca appeared to be more desirous than ever of winning my affection; but I could never forget that look. Whenever she caressed me, as she was so fond of doing, it rose before me, and I could not help shrinking from her touch. She did not pretend to remark it; but, young and inexperienced as I was, such a transparent mask did not deceive me, for I knew full well there was not a movement—scarcely a thought—that escaped her keen intelligence.

I soon remarked that my father's manner towards me was becoming cold and almost severe, and I thought of Astolfo's words: "Were she bent upon casting you into the streets, he could not long oppose her."

(To be Continued.

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CONTENTS.

Apples and Pears.....page 147
A terrible example..... 148
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire!..... 148
The Boulevard..... 149
Be careful when you find a friend!..... 148
The Broom Brigade..... 149
Dear Heart, we're growing old..... 149
Dashing Octoroon..... 147
Do you know where Nowhere is?
If you don't, so do I..... 149
Francesca—Story ended.....150—151
Here's a bottle and an honest friend..... 146
Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore.. 148
I heard a voice at dead of night..... 146
The Irish Rifle Team..... 148
In vain you tell your parting lover..... 147
Jack! Jack! Jack!..... 148
Kicking a man when he's down..... 149
The Little one's prayer..... 146
Let matters of State disquiet the great..... 146
Let us love one another..... 146
Mother Arohne..... 146
Oh! Annie, come back now..... 146
Out upon the little lake..... 146
Press the grape and let it pour..... 147
Pretty little milliner..... 147
Pauline..... 149
Schneider's ride..... 151
Sleep, my dear one, softly sleep!..... 146
She whispered when we parted..... 147
Sweet Dora Dare..... 147
Sailing on the lake..... 148
Since Terry has left the gang..... 149
That song of thine..... 147
Tender handed stroke a nettle..... 147
Wriella..... 146
When I went out a-skating..... 147
You and I—Music for guitar..... 152

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OLD WOMAN.

Arrah! Mollyeen Mavourneen, don't be crying so hard,
Och hone, Mollyeen arohne:
Sure you know he is but a deceiving blackguard,
Och hone, Mollyeen arohne.

MOLLIE.

Ah! but, mother, they say he will soon leave our shore,
And never come back to old Ireland no more:
With sad thoughts in my head, my heart is full sore—
Och hone, mother arohne.

OLD WOMAN.

If he's going, I hope he won't make much delay,
Och hone, Mollyeen arohne:
Far better he goes now than at too late a day,
Och hone, Mollyeen arohne.

MOLLIE.

Ah! but, mother to me he's been constant and true,
And has never said one hard or cross word of you,
And I love him for that, and what am I to do?
Och hone, Mollyeen arohne—

Wriella.

Close beside a rippling river,
Where the sweetest zephyrs stray,
I could kneel and weep forever
By a little mound of clay.
'Neath it lies my idol cherished,
Rosebud of my boyhood's dream,
Whose loved image, lost and perished,
Shone like bright stars o'er a stream.
Chorus: There is a grave beside the river,
Where the weeping willows rise:
There I could weep forever,
There my Wriella lies. [Repeat.]

Where the forest path was wildest,
There she loved the most to roam:
Where the soft winds blew the mildest
Wriella made her home,
Singing like the charming linnet,
Laughing bright and full of glee:
Each fond look had something in it
That endeared her form to me. Chorus.

But her soul is now above me,
'Mid the realms of peace and rest,
And the form God gave to love me,
Dwells forever with the blest.
Still about this grave I wander,
While the Autumn leaves grow sere:
And on mournful thoughts I ponder—
For, my heart lies buried here. Chorus.

Sleep, my Dear one, Softly Sleep!

Sleep, my dear one, softly sleep,
Angels vigils o'er thee keep:
There's a Heaven of bliss above,
And a fond heart here to love.
Dream, my dearest, sweetly dream,
Floating down life's happy stream:
May its ripples, soft and sweet,
Murmur music at thy feet—
Chorus: Sleep, my dear one, softly sleep,
Angels vigils o'er thee keep:
And whate'er thy dreams may be,
Dream, oh! sweetly dream of me—

Rest, my loved one, softly rest,
Thou in innocence art blest:
Seraphs guide thy couch above,
With their wakeful eyes of love.
Roam, my fair one, light and gay,
Far in dreamland's flowery way;
And may sweeter lays than mine
'Round thy gentle spirit twine— Chorus.

If within thy tender breast
There is sorrow or unrest
That may waken with the light,
I would have it always night—
Would that thy dear life might prove
One long blissful dream of love,
With no shade of sin or care
Resting on thy forehead fair— Chorus.

Out upon the Little Lake.

Out upon the little lake
Floated Lillie love and I,
When the silver waters make
Mirrors for the starry sky:
No one heard the tale of love
That we told each other there,
Save the angels just above,
That were watching in the air.
Chorus: Rowing, rowing, rowing along,
Singing, singing, singing the song
Over the sea, over the sea,
Lillie is happily floating with me.

Out upon the lakelet fair,
Where the zephrys come and go,
In the balmy summer air,
We our tiny boat did row:
And we sang our wooing lays,
As we lightly dipped the oar,
And we thought of happy days,
As we floated from the shore. Chorus.

Many years have flown since then,
Out upon life's boundless sea,
When my Lillie love has been
Sailing happily with me—
If the storm winds, or the showers
In our course a ripple make,
Then we call to mind the hour,
When we floated on the lake. Chorus.

Oh! Annie, Come Back Now.

Oh! Annie, come back now: for, lonely's my heart,
And to-day there's a cloud in life's sky,
And darkness seems brooding o'er all of the earth:
But know 'twould be bright were you but nigh—
Whenever you are there is sunlight enough,
No matter how gloomy the sky;
Oh! why did you go, then?—you knew that to me
All the earth would be black when away.

Chorus.

There's a long road ahead, and dreary the way,
As it winds up the hill to the sky:
Oh! Annie, come back now, and go up with me,
And there'll none be so happy as I.

Still the birds in the trees are singing their song,
And are love-making all of the day;
Their song fails to please, and a discord I hear
Since the moment when you went away:
Oh! Annie, come back, and again sing to me
The songs that I once loved so well:
Your warblings are sweeter than bird-songs to me,
Or the chime of the sweet evening bell.
There's a long road, &c.

There's something to-day, in the air and the sky,
Like a storm brooding over the land:
'Tis crushing my spirit and sweeping my heart
Like the waves sweeping in o'er the strand.
I cannot tell why now my heart is so sad,
It was joyous enough in the past,
Tho' the hours and days were less pleasant and fair,
And the sky with dark clouds was o'ercast.
There's a long road, &c.

Oh! Annie, come back now: for, lonely's my heart,
And I have a strange story to tell,
And 'tis fit for no ear but your own to hear,
And there's no one can listen so well:
There's a long road ahead and weary the way,
As it winds up the hill to the sky,
Oh! Annie, come back now, and go up with me,
And there'll none be so happy as I—
There's a long road, &c.

Here's a Bottle and an Honest Friend.

Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man?
Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man:
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought, man.

BURNS.

I Heard a Voice at Dead of Night.

I heard a voice at dead of night
Rise softly on the swelling blast:
It filled my soul with sad delight,
The echo of the past.

It seemed to say—"oh! ne'er forget
The days of fond affection flown,
If William be remembered yet,
Believe his heart thy own.

Believe the glories of the East,
The dangers of the frozen sea,
Nor time, nor distance have effaced
The love he felt for thee."

MRS. HUNTER.

The Little One's Prayer.

Composed and sung by Chas. L. Konollman. Air: I wish mamma was here.

I heard a little girl, one night,
Repeat her evening prayer,
I heard her ask for One above
To keep her in His care:
She knelt beside her little bed,
With her face turned up to heaven:
I wonder if that darling one
Had sins to be forgiven?
Chorus: She knelt beside her little bed,
With her face turned up to heaven:
I wonder if that darling one
Had sins to be forgiven?

The tears ran streaming from her eyes,
While her smooth and shining curls
Hung proud and graceful from her head,
As she knelt down to her prayer:
Her little hands together clasped,
Her heart so free from guile—
"Forgive my sins, she sweetly lisped,
And make me, O Lord, thy child!"
Chorus: Her little hands together clasped,
Her heart so free from guile—
"Forgive my sins, she sweetly lisped,
And make me, O Lord, thy child!"

Let Matters of State Disquiet the Great.

Let matters of state disquiet the great,
The cobbler has nought to perplex him:
Has nought but his wife to ruffle his life,
And her he can strap, if she vex him.

He's out of the power of Fortune, that whore,
Since low, as can be, she has thrust him:
From duns he's secure—for, being so poor,
There's none to be found that will trust him.

C. COFFE.

Let us Love one Another.

Let us love one another, not long may we stay—
In this bleak world of mourning some droop while 'tis day:
Others fade in their noon, and few linger 'till eve—
Oh! there breaks not a heart, but leaves some one to grieve!
And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget;
Then, oh! tho' the hopes that we nourished, decay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay!

There are hearts, like the ivy, tho' all be decayed,
Who seem to twine fondly, in sun-light and shade;
No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily they spread,
Undimmed 'midst the blighted, the lonely, and dead!
But the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it, the root, in its heart,
Exists but to twine it, imbibes the same dew,
Or to fall with its loved oak, and perish there, too!

Then let's love one another 'midst sorrow the worst,
Unaltered and fond as we loved at the first;
Tho' the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth into particles break,
There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, tho' all else pass away—
Then let's love one another as long as we stay!

That Song of Thine.

Words by Eliza J. Moriarty. Music by J. R. Thomas.

Oh! sing again: that song of thine
Hath wakened mem'ries old and dear,
And bringeth joy unto my heart,
Though from mine eye there falls a tear—
Each word and tone recalls the time,
When I, in childhood's ignorance,
Dreamed life was bliss—alas! its cares
Soon rudely broke that glowing trance—
Oh! sing again: that song of thine
Hath wakened mem'ries old and dear,
And bringeth joy unto my heart,
Though from mine eye there falls a tear—

Oh! sing again: that gentle strain
Has charmed my weary heart from woe:
The present fades, the past is mine,
With all the joys of long ago.
The tones of friends delight my ear,
And loving arms are round me pressed,
With musical accord again
Sweet hopes and joy thrill o'er my breast—
Oh! sing again: that song of thine
Hath wakened memories old and dear,
And bringeth joy unto my heart,
Though from mine eye there falls a tear—

Oh! sing again: and let me hear
The strains I loved in days of yore,
The voice seems like an echo sweet
Of tones I'll hear on earth no more—
Oh! sing, and should I weep the while,
My tears will not from sorrow flow:
For, oh! thy strains with memories teem
Of friends and joys of long ago.
Oh! sing again: that song of thine
Hath wakened mem'ries old and dear,
And bringeth joy unto my heart,
Though from mine eye there falls a tear—

In Vain You tell Your Parting Lover.

In vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over—
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted vows, and cold disdain?

Be gentle—and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose,
That, thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my ship-wrecked heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain. PRIOR.

She Whispered when we Parted.

BALLAD.

Words by John D. Coughlin. Composed for Rollin Howard by E. G. B. Holder.

She whispered when we parted:
"You'll forget me by and by:
For, you're not so broken-hearted,
At this parting, John, as I."
I'm not sorry—is it, dearest,
Thus you talk to one like me?
One who trembles when thou fearest,
Lest a frown should trouble thee!

She whispered when we parted—
"You will see another one,
Who will dim the love that started,
When our friendship first begun."
I shall see another stranger,
Who will draw my love from thee!
Oh, no! dearest, there's no danger
Such a day can ever be.

She whispered when we parted—
"Time will always make a change,
And this passion which upstarted,
Will some day be dull and strange!"
No, I swear 'twill never leave me,
'Till of life I'm all bereft:
And I swear I'll not deceive thee,
While there's aught of reason left!

Press the Grape and let it Pour.

Press the grape and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower;
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think in woe the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine,
Heaven grant no tears but tears of wine:
Weep on, and as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe! T. MOORE.

When I went out a Skating.

One day, I took it in my head, to go and have a spree;
So, off to Central Park I starts, to see what I could see;
I took my skates into my hand, and muffled up so nice!
So I resolved to try my skill at skating on the ice.
CHORUS.
So, I started off to have a little spree,
But I'll tell you all, white folks, what happened to me.

So I, just like a gallus sport, strapped on
my skates so neat;
Then, to be smart, of course, I thought I'd
stand upon my feet:
My heels went up, my head went down, just
like a dancing Jack;
I soon found out I was smart enough to lay
upon my back.
So, I started off, &c.

I scrambled up the best I could, and thought
I'd try again
To be a brick and strike out bold, but my luck
was all the same;
For, soon I slipped, sad to relate, the ice was very thin;
It quickly broke, and in I pocked, right chock
up to my chin
So, I started off, &c.

I scrambled out the best I could, with cold
I soon was shaking;
So, I resolved no more to try the manly art of skating;
Now, if you don't know how to skate, to learn
you surely oughter;
Take my advice, before it's late, and don't go
near the water.
So, I started off, &c.

Sweet Dora Dare.

Music to be had of Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, N. Y.

Tripping down the valley, skipping o'er the lea,
Goes a little maiden just as fair as maid can be;
Like a plume of raven is the bright sheen of her hair,
Happy as a little queen is my darling Dora Dare,
Mocking all the song-birds, as they sweetly sing,
Hear the voice of winsome Dora through the valley ring;
Waking sweetest echoes thro' the wildwood far and near
Waking love-born echoes in the hearts of all who hear.
CHORUS.
Sweet Dora Dare, my darling Dora Dare,
Dora with the lilies of the valley in her hair:
Darling little Dora, she's the fairest of the fair,
My heart it will go pit-a-pat at sight of Dora Dare.

All the lads are sighing at fair Dora's feet,
Happy for a week at one bright smile of hers so sweet—
If they think she loves them just because she drops
a smile,
They'll soon know that Dora Dare was fooling
them the while.
What has passed between us, Dora Dare and I,
Must be strictly confidential between you and I;
When the summer comes again, my Dora Dare will wear
Orange flowers with lilies of the valley in her hair—
Sweet Dora Dare, &c.

Tender Handed Stroke a Nettle.

Tender handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with grovelling natures:
Use them kindly, they rebel:
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

Apples and Pears.

Sung with great success by Wild & Bradley, of Theatre Comique, 514 Broadway, N. Y.

I'm a widow with a large family,
My husband was killed in the war;
He enlisted one day for a soldger,
Faith! they murdered my darling agra—
From the Government I receive a small pension,
Which all my family does share:
Faith! it ain't enough to maintain us:
For, I have to sell apples and pears!

If I was a man I could labor,
Sure, what can a poor woman do?
I can't stand all day at the wash tub,
The reason I'll tell now to you;
I'm troubled bad with the Rheumaticks,
And to be up with, many's the cares:
And that's the reason you see me
Out here, selling apples and pears.

There's a great many men I could marry—
There's Dennis McCarthy, so fat!
There's Patsy Marley, a sound boy!
Faith! he is a good Democrat!
But they all do object to the children;
To marry me not one of them cares—
So I'll let them all go to the divil,
And stick to my apples and pears!

Dashing Octoroon.

SONG AND DANCE.

Oh! the time it passes merrily,
While at a masquerade:
The boys and girls all dancing round the room,
And when each dance is finished,
We take a promenade with
My dashing, captivating octoroon.

CHORUS.
Oh! she's a charmer, and soon she'll be mine, (*Dance.*)
She is, on my honor, so handsome and fine,
This dashing octoroon—(*Dance.*)

Oh! now she wears the wedding ring,
Next Sunday is the time,
The preacher man and friends will all be there:
So a general invitation is extended to
Every one to see us pronounced the happy pair.
Oh! she's a charmer, &c.

Pretty Little Milliner.

SONG AND DANCE.

Up Bleecker street the other day,
By chance I did perceive
The prettiest face I ever saw,
My eyes I scarce believed:
She was smiling at the window,
And I stopped just by the door:
For, I felt I loved her at first sight,
The girl in the millinery store.
Chorus: She's the dearest one to me,
Her smiling face you ought to see—
She's the sweetest little milliner,
And the idol of my heart:
Some happy day I'll make her mine,
So we never more can part.

I entered then into the store,
To win her I would try:
I told her that I'd called to see
Some neck-ties that I'd buy;
She picked me out a pretty one,
I thanked her o'er and o'er,
I promised her I'd call again,
When I passed the millinery store. Chorus.

At a masquerade we met next,
I sat down by her side:
In the mazy dance I asked her
Some day to be my bride;
Of course, as I expected,
As many have done before,
She answered—"yes," so sweetly,
And we keep a millinery store. Chorus.

Jack! Jack! Jack!

Words and Music by Geo. Ward.

I've got a beau and he loves me,
In his head he's got a notion,
The place to make money is to go to sea.
Across the stormy ocean,
He said he knew a place where there was lumps of gold,
Somewhere upon an Island—
So he's left poor me to go to sea,
And lament his loss on dry land.

Chorus.

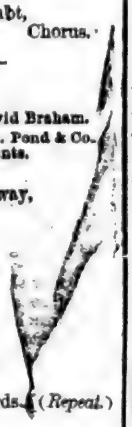
Oh! Jack, Jack, Jack!
Come back, back, back!
And hear the little ducks go quack, quack, quack!
Come home from sea,
And marry me,
And never mind the money.

I've good roosters, and six fat hens,
And a calf that's quite contrary,
A pig and a cow: so I think, any how,
That we might start a dairy;
With plenty of water to make good milk,
And all the hens a laying,
I shall yet be a lady and wear rich silk
Oh! Jack! you're soft for straying. Chorus.

Suppose your ship, stuck in the mud,
Somewhere upon an Island:
Or suppose you meet another flood,
You'd wish you were on dry land.
I was seven long years finding you out:
On his face I used to revel:
He's a good looking boy, there is no doubt,
But his head it can't be level. Chorus.

Sailing on the Lake.

Words by Gordian K. Hyde. Music by David Braham.
The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co. 547 Broadway, N. Y. Price 40 cents.



One day, while walking down Broadway,
I met my cousin Joe:
He asked me then if I with him
To Central Park would go;
With my consent, we then did start.
And reached the lake at three,
We took a sail, and words of love
Were passed by Joe and me.
Chorus: Sailing on the lake,
To the music of the birds,
The rippling of the waters,
And the sound of loving words. (*Repeat.*)

On our return, we took a stroll,
And soon did reach the mall,
When from the distance music sweet
Upon our ears did fall;
We sat and listened to the band,
Beneath a hawthorn tree,
While gentle breezes carried words
Of love from Joe to me. Chorus.

Now Joe has asked me to be his,
Of course, I won't refuse;
And pa has given his consent—
This chance I must not lose:
And when, some day, at Central Park
The lake you go to see,
I know you'll whisper words of love,
Like my dear Joe and me. Chorus.

Had I a Cave on Some Wild, Distant Shore.

Air, "Robin Adair."

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond, plighted vows, fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there.

A Terrible Example.

Copyright 1875 by E. H. Harding. The Music can be had of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery. Price 10 cts.

McGee was a jolly old cobbler,
He came from the divil knows where;
Of whiskey he was a great gobbler,
And delighted to go on a "tare."
He was often persuaded to alter
His habits, and live like a man,
But whenever he tried, he would falter,
And go back to his bottle and can.

Chorus.

McGee was a terrible man,
He was always so flighty and frisky;
He tried to reform, but he couldn't keep warm,
Sure, he'd die if he hadn't his whiskey.

His wife was a dacent ould woman,
And scolded from mornin' till night;
She told him he must be inhuman
To be keeping them in such a plight.
He would listen in scorn and derision,
And drink just as much as before;
Till at length she gave out her decision
To begin on a temperance war. Chorus.

She went to a temperance preacher
And stated the case of McGee;
He promised to help the poor creature—
"I'll go over next mornin'," says he—
When he came, the old cobbler was roaring
A song, with his glass in his hand;
'Twas the glass he was fond of adoring,
And he seemed hardly able to stand! Chorus.

"Dear Misther McGee, said his reverence,
I hope you will alter your ways;
I've come now to give you deliverance
From the evil that's blighting your days!"
"Pon me sowl! says McGee, I am ready,
I'll stop with the greatest of cheer;
But I fear I can never be steady
While a dhrop of good whiskey is near." Cho.

"Fear not, said the man of cold water,
You'll show us how good you can be;
The demon of drink we will slaughter,
And we'll honor the name of McGee."
Then he promised to keep at a distance
All drinks of whatever degree;
"Noble man, you shall have our assistance—
In a week the result we will see." Chorus.

Spoken: The reverened gentleman, after some further persuasions, took his departure, and Mr. McGee at once became a strict disciple of temperance. The sudden change of life had a severe effect upon him; he lost all his exuberant spirits, being entirely under the control of his wife and the temperance advocates, who filled his mind every day with solemn lectures, and worked him into such a queer state—half comfort, half despair—that he would often say to himself, "Begob, I'm not meself at all!" At last they induced him to state in a public meeting the various benefits he had derived from his adherence to the pledge—the comfort, the happiness, the great joy and peace of mind he had experienced during his short season of sobriety. He attended the meeting, and with a very grave countenance, related his experience as follows:

RECITATION.

Good people, I stand here before you to-night,
Me mouth very dhry, and me head very light;
It's three weeks to-day since I joined in the ranks
Of the Wather Brigade, I left off me ould pranks!
And ever since then, sure, my life has been blessed
With a great many comforts, and nights of good rest.
I paid all me debts, and I bought a new gown
For the wife of me bosom—a beautiful brown—
I took from the pawn-shop me foin Sunday coat,
Which cost me last winter a ten dollar note,
And put a new sole on the ould woman's shoes—
A moighty big job, for she wears "twenty two's!"
And fixed up the garden with bushes and twigs;
I wint to a lawyer and made out my will,
My duty to all I was bound to fulfill.
And yesterday mornin' (don't think that I'm scoffin'),
I bought for me body an illigant coffin!
For, I know, if my whiskey is taken from me,
You'll very soon make a dead man of McGee.
McGee was, &c,

The Irish Rifle Team.

Sung by Conroy, Daly, Mella, and Sullivan.

We started away from Ireland,
To cross the raging sea,
To try our skill with the Yankee Team,
To shoot in America:
They brought us over to Creedmoor,
And Fulton was the best,
But Rigby of the Irish Team
Was better than the rest.
Chorus: Fire away, both night and day,
We are the jolliest ever seen:
Although we got beat,
We will not retreat—
The Irish Rifle Team,
Bang! bang! bang! bang!
We came from the Isle so green,
Bang! bang! bang! bang!
We are the jolliest ever was seen:
Although we got beat,
We will not retreat—
The Irish Rifle Team!

When we left our home in Ireland,
'Twas with a very light heart:
We got received with three good cheers,
When we were about to depart:
They gave us a grand reception—
For, they knew that we were game,
Hoping that we would succeed,
And beat the Yankee Team. Chorus.

We were true-bred Irishmen,
The same we will not deny:
The Yankee boys they treated us well,
And the divil a word a lie—
Now we must start aboard the ship,
For, she leaves very soon,
And we'll do our best to beat them
On the twenty ninth of June. Chorus.

Be Careful When You Find a Friend!

Song and Chorus.

Words by J. C. Manning. Music by Cha's D'Ace.
The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Oh! if in life you'd friends obtain,
Be careful how you choose them;
For, real friends are hard to gain,
And trifling things may lose them;
Hold out your hand to every palm
That reaches forth to greet you,
But keep your heart for those alone
Who with pure friendship meet you.
Chorus: Then if in life a friend you'd find,
Be careful how you choose one;
True friends are scarce amongst man-kind,
A trifling thing may lose them.

A friend your heart may now relieve,
And one day want relieving:
So if from others you'd receive,
Ne'er shrink from wisely giving.
Be grateful when you find a friend,
The heart that's thankless, spurn it
Let conscience guide you to the end,
Take friendship, and, return it. Chorus.

When days grow cold, the swallow flies,
Till sunshine bright returneth;
When life grows dark, false friendship dies,
True friendship brighter burneth!
An angel fair, twin-born of love,
It lights life's pathway for us,
And, like the stars that shine above,
At night beams brighter o'er us. Chorus.

Anna, thy Charms my Bosom Fire.

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But, ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiven;
For, sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of Heaven.

The Boulevard.

A POPULAR IRISH SONG.

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Good evening to you, one and all:
You're looking well, I see;
I took a trip in a great big ship
Across the raging sea;
I've been out of work a month or more,
And you know it's very hard:
But now I've got a job to do
Beyant on the Boulevard.
Chorus: Whist I ad-i-dy! Whist I ad-i-dy!
Times are very hard,
But now I've got a job to do
Beyant on the Boulevard.

So here I am, an Irishman,
And to work I'm not afraid,
While my son does carry the Pick, my boys,
And I do handle the spade;
My Uncle Dan is an Alderman,
And he holds a grip in the ward;
'Tis him that gives the tickets out
To work on the Boulevard. Chorus.

So now farewell! I'm going away,
I can no longer stay;
For, if I sing any more for you,
I'll lose a half a day;
I'm going down to the City-Hall,
To try and get a card
To put my father's Uncle to work
Beyant on the Boulevard. Chorus.

Kicking a Man When he's Down.

Copyright 1875, by E. H. Harding.

Words and Music by Jos. P. Skelly.

Dedicated to James M. Kinavan.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

When the sun of prosperity's shining,
And man's growing richer each day,
When in ease and in comfort reclining,
And golden success crowns his way,
How friends then will gather around him!
But if fortune should happen to frown,
He finds that his former "good fellows"
Will kick him as soon as he's down.

Chorus.

When, poor and astray, a man's in the way,
He meets all around him a frown;
Then reckless and sad, he "goes to the bad,"
Because he is kicked when he's down.

How kindly the world smiles upon him,
When life with successes abounds;
How blandly each neighbor will greet him,
As in pleasure he's riding around;
But then let reverse overtake him,
And his friends, both in country and town,
Have not a kind sentence to cheer him,
But will kick him as soon as he's down.
When poor and astray, &c.

Let a man get position and riches—
No matter by right or by fraud—
The world nods approvingly on him,
And loudly his creatures applaud;
But just let him lose all his treasures,
Tho' before he was full of renown,
The people find out he has fallen,
And then let him die when he's down.
When poor and astray, &c.

Oh! why is all mankind so selfish?
We know it should never be thus;
Then why can't we do to our neighbors
As we would have them do to us?
And if in "adversity's ocean"
We are sinking and ready to drown,
Twice blest is the friend whose devotion
Will help a man up when he's down.
When poor and astray, &c.

Dear Heart, we're Growing Old.

SONG AND CHORUS—Words and Music by H. M. Eastbrooke. Sold at all Music Stores—Price 35 cents, or sent postpaid by Geo. W. Richardson & Co., 256 Washington Street, Boston.

Dear heart, I find we're growing old,
The years, so quickly passed away
Since first we met, have left their trace
Upon us both, in threads of gray;
The rose has faded from your cheek,
But never has your heart grown cold,
Nor do we love each other less,
Dear heart, because we're growing old.
Dear heart, because, &c.

To me you're fairer than you were
The day I won you for my bride,
And held you fondly in my arms,
Unconscious of all else beside.
The faded cheek and whitened hair
Have yet for me a charm untold,
That only strengthens with each year,
Dear heart, now we are growing old.
Dear heart, because, &c.

Full forty years have passed since then—
Years filled with only purest joy;
No cloud has ever crossed our path,
Our bliss has been without alloy:
And when we reach the shining shore,
And pearly gates for us unfold,
God grant that both may enter in,
Dear heart, and never more grow old.
Dear heart, and never more grow old.

Since Terry has Left the Gang.

Composed by Hackett & Rowe.

My name it is Pat Murphy,
And from Ireland I came:
I have a cousin, who was a blackguard,
And Terence was his name;
Now he's turned over a new leaf,
And dropped off using his slang:
My heart is overflowing with joy,
Since Terry has left the gang.
Chorus: He comes home in the evening at 8 o'clock,
He's dropped off using his slang,
And my heart is overflowing with joy,
Since Terry has left the gang.

He's six months down from the island,
You know, for stealing that ham:
Not long ago he was a blackguard,
And a member of that gang:
But he's joined the T. A. B's now,
Which made him a different man,
And my heart is overflowing with joy,
Since Terry has left the gang. Chorus.

His father and mother they are well off,
And live on Fifth Avenue,
And of all the boys that they do like,
They think him the most true;
Years have gone and years have come,
And while in a foreign land,
Health and wealth have crowned his name,
Since Terry has left the gang. Chorus.

Pauline.

By Willie.

May angels guide thy path through life
And make thy way seem clear,
And may you conquer every strife
When troubles do appear—
Such is the wish and earnest prayer
Of one that's ever true,
Who would all creation dare
If he could but serve you—
Could you ask for more than this,
My peerless little queen?
Does it not seem Heavenly bliss
To know I love Pauline?

If your wife is good, kiss her for reward. If she isn't, kiss her for punishment.

The Broom Brigade.

Sung with great success by Skiddy & Doblin.

You've heard of the "Regular Army, oh!"
And the "Fogarty Musketeers,"
But when you see our grand turn-out,
You'll surely give three cheers.
Our uniform is stylish,
In Baxter Street was made—
We will show that there are Irishmen
In the New York Broom Brigade!

Chorus.

We belong to the Broom Brigade, boys,
We're never in the shade:
To earn our grub we dig in the mud,
Of work we're not afraid.
While working at our trade, boys,
There's plenty of money made,
Then give three cheers, as we stand here,
For the New York Broom Brigade!

We have no Italian substitutes,
No one to drive us around;
We take a broom in our strong hands,
And away we skim the ground;
And if the Italians should trouble us,
On them we'd make a raid,
We'll show them that there's Irishmen
In the New York Broom Brigade. Chorus.

Oh! when we're out on Broadway,
That's the time we must clean:
For, nobby sports and dashing men,
The likes we've never seen;
But when they've hired laborers,
Like Green, they're never paid—
We'll tell you what that's not our style
In the New York Broom Bsigade. Chorus.

Do You Know Where Nowhere Is?
If you don't, so do I.

Words by Harry Hunter. Music by Vincent Davies.

The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

As sung by John Pendy.

'Twas when the snow was on the ground,
The twenty-two'th of June,
The clock had just struck forty-three,
Towards the afternoon;
When in a green and shady lane,
Not far from Temple Bar,
I saw a lady walking on
An Irish jaunting car.
Chorus: If you don't believe it, so do I!
I'm going to "Nowhere," by and by,
And then I'll bring my witnesses;
Say, do you know where Nowhere is?

Her father is a driver of
A four wheel Hansom cab!
Her lovely eyes are black and blue,
Her lovely hair is drab;
She has an only brother, and
Another one as well;
She says she loves her mother, but
She'll kiss and never tell. Chorus.

She used to have a sister once,
Who's always with her now;
They never disagree, because
They do so like a row;
'Twas when we rode out for a walk
I found she loved me so,
For every time I squeezed her hand,
She kissed my brother Joe. Chorus.

I asked her if she'd marry me,
She smiled and answered "No!"
So we were wed last Friday week,
Some fifteen years ago;
The children gather round the fire
Each lovely summer's day,
And when the winter-time comes round,
We all go making hay. Chorus.

What similarity is there between a nose and a violin?—They each have a bridge.

Francesca.

(Continued.)

One day we happened to be alone together—a most unusual circumstance— for she scarcely ever left her husband's side. Suddenly the thought came upon me that I would bring about an explanation. I rose from my chair, and cast myself at his feet.

"Father," I cried, "why have you ceased to love me?"

My movement was so abrupt, my words so unexpected, that he was at loss for a reply.

"Ceased to love you?" he stammered. "What do you mean? I do not understand you!"

"Do not evade my question, dear father!" I urged. "What have I done, that you should treat me so coldly? But it is not you!" I added, bitterly. "Your mind is poisoned against me by one——"

"Silence!" he interrupted, sternly, and snatching his hand away from my clasp. "I will permit no such words in my presence. If my manner is changed towards you, look into your own heart for the answer!"

"My heart can give no accusing response!" I replied, boldly.

"Then it is black, and vile, and wicked!" he rejoined, passionately. "It is full of petty jealousy —of contemptible malice! It envies me my happiness! But I tell you, Ellen, I will not endure it! You are cold-hearted and ungrateful! You turn away from proffered love——"

"Because it is only feigned love," I broke in, "and is only masked hatred. Oh, father, let me conjure you not to yield up yourself so utterly to this infatuation! You are under the influence of an enchantress. Cast it off, ere it is too late!"

Had I not been wrought up almost to a pitch of frenzy, I would not have dared to speak such words; but excitement carried me away.

I saw I had struck the chord of some half-acknowledged fear. But, ere he could make any reply, the door opened, and Francesca entered the room. I rose in great confusion, and walked away to the window to hide my tears.

"I am afraid I have interrupted an interesting conversation," I heard her say, coldly.

"I am glad you have come, darling," said my father. "Ellen has been complaining that my love for her has grown cold; and I have told her it is she who casts away love."

"She rejects mine," she said, in that soft, plaintive tone which was so fascinating, "although I have done all in my power to win her by tender affection—nay, even by concealing things which I ought to have made known."

I imagined what was coming, and I knew how completely this woman was about to triumph over me.

"What do you mean—what have you concealed?" asked my father, anxiously.

"It is a painful subject," she answered gently. "I do not think I should ever have mentioned it, had not your daughter almost forced me to do so in self-defence; but when I find her on her knees before you, conjuring you to cast off my spells, as she chooses to designate my love, I think it is a duty I owe to myself to speak."

There was not a shadow of malice in her tone, which was tender and sorrowful throughout.

"You could not suppose that such words would have any effect upon me?" my father replied. And I heard him kiss her; for I was still staring blankly through the window, rigid as a statue. "But tell me, what is this mystery?"

"She cannot feel at this moment more pained in listening than I do in revealing it," she resumed. "Four days ago, it came to my knowledge that Ellen and my brother were meeting clandestinely. One day I watched them; I overheard him endeavor to persuade her to consent to an elopement. As soon as they parted, I met Astolfo, and insisted upon his leaving the place on the instant. Now you know the real cause of his sudden disappearance."

"Ellen, what have you to say to this?" my father sternly demanded.

I was so overwhelmed by the sudden manner in which he turned upon me, that I could only bow my head, without offering one word of defence.

"You could not have given me a greater pang than to have proved so deceitful," he said, with sorrowful severity. "You have endeavored ineffectually to disparage this angel, and your effort has justly ended in your own discomfiture. Go to your own room! When you have repented and learned your duty, come to me again."

With a heart almost bursting, I silently obeyed. As I reached the door, Francesca hurried to me with outstretched arms, as though offering to embrace me. I pretended not to see this; for I could not have allowed her to touch me at that moment, had my life depended upon it. She had doubtless calculated on this evasion, and had only made the movement to embitter my father's mind still further against me. She succeeded too well; for, as I closed the door, I heard him say, "I could not have believed such malice and obduracy existed in her nature!"

Had Astolfo been at my ear that day he would have found little difficulty in persuading me to fly with him. Fortunately he was not; but I felt that I could not remain beneath my father's roof after what had passed.

During two days I never quitted my room; on the third I received a letter from my father.

"Ellen," it said, "your mother has never ceased pleading for you; express your sorrow to me for what has passed, and promise to give her in the future that love she so well merits at your hands, and the past shall be buried in oblivion."

"DEAREST FATHER,—

"I cannot play the hypocrite!" I wrote back. "As your wife, I will treat Mrs. Craven with every respect and duty, but I cannot love her; at least I will not add duplicity to the faults I possess, in your opinion.

Your ever affectionate child.

"ELLEN."

That same evening there came a tap at my door, which was immediately opened, and Francesca entered the room.

"Ellen," she said, seating herself opposite me, "what is the meaning of this wilfulness? What can you gain by such hostility towards me? I wish to be your friend; I have been so in saving you from a villain who would have destroyed you. What ground have I given for this dislike?"

There lay the difficulty of my position. I could not cite the shadow of a cause, and yet, oh, how much more powerful is instinct than reason!

I was silent; but she continued to urge an answer.

"I will never fail in my duty; but I cannot love you," I said, at length.

"Be it so," she answered, calmly. "Remember, I have offered you friendship; you prefer enmity. The choice is not mine, but yours."

So saying, she left me. I felt that I was acting foolishly in thus defying her; but I had fallen into a state of sullen apathy, and cared not what became of me.

Never shall I forget what I suffered during that dreadful period. My father would not allow me to enter his presence; and, but for the kindness and sympathy of Mrs. Smith, the good old housekeeper, I should have fled my home, or—I shudder at the thought—destroyed myself.

"My dear young lady," she would say, "I was always brought up to reverence my superiors, and to believe that my position in life did not warrant me to criticise their conduct; but Mrs. Craven—— Well, well, I need not speak. But, for all that, I must take the liberty of saying you are wrong in holding out against your mother-in-law: it is your duty to submit; and, even if it was not, it would be your policy."

There was no gainsaying the justness of this advice, and, at length, my proud spirit gave way. I humbled myself. Francesca would scarcely allow me to complete my humiliation, and lavished upon me tears and caresses in abundance. But I could feel that my father's heart was gone from me.

I avoided the society of both as much as possible, and from morning until night wandered listlessly about the house and grounds, or shut myself up in my chamber with my books. I frequently thought how strange it was Astolfo had found no means of communicating with me, and I often pondered upon the sudden and mysterious manner in which he had disappeared. I had made many indirect inquiries among the servants and the people about The Grange; but no one appeared to have seen him. From the moment he left me, it was as though he had vanished into air.

One day in my wanderings about the house, I peeped into the room he had occupied during his stay; his clothes lay scattered about, his books and papers were upon the table; he had taken nothing with him, nor had anything been forwarded to him. It was frequently on my lips to ask Francesca if she had received any tidings of him, but I dared not speak the words after what had passed.

At times an awful suspicion would dart through my mind, but I would not allow it to remain there long enough to assume any tangible form.

While in this listless mood, the desire again came upon me to discover the secret chamber; and I used frequently to loiter about the apartments of the ruined and deserted wing, hoping to light accidentally upon some clue to the mystery.

One evening in early spring I lingered about the dusty rooms of the first story. When twilight set in, I stood at one of the windows, watching a glorious moon rise as the daylight faded away. I was just turning towards the stone steps to descend to the basement, when, to my surprise, I heard stealthy steps ascending. I retreated into an adjoining room, crouched down behind the door, and looked through the crevice.

A ray of moonlight streaming across the top of the stairs revealed the person of Francesca ascending through the aperture. She carried a light in one hand and a box of some kind of metal in the other; the latter seemed heavy, and she bore it with difficulty. She glided into the very room where I lay concealed, but the door, which was right back against the wall, effectually screened me, and I was also attired in a dark, slate-color dress, the very hue of my surroundings.

On the inner side of the room there was an open hearth; she got beneath the gaping chimney, put down the box, and held the light forward, as though looking for some particular spot. Then she drew something that looked like a key, from the folds of her dress, and pressed it against the stones; I heard a sound as of the click of a clock being wound up, and then I saw the back of the fire-place slide away, and disclose a black hollow.

She entered; I heard a grating sound, like the movement of iron, after which she hurried back into the room, pressing her handkerchief to her nostrils; at the same moment the air became noisome.

After pausing for a moment, however, she took up the box, and, still bearing the light, plunged into the aperture.

She was there scarcely a moment. When she came forth she moved back the false wall to its original position, and gasping, staggered to the window, which I had left open, as though overcome by the oppressive atmosphere.

I think my senses must have deserted me for a short time, as I did not see her go; and when I next remember, I was alone. I could scarcely believe that what I had witnessed was not a vision. But my olfactory nerves convinced me of the reality. I had discovered, then, the secret of the haunted chamber, and I feared, a yet more terrible one!

My father had gone to London on the previous day, but was to be home that evening; and I resolved to go on the road to meet him. A hat was the only out-of-door gear that I had on to protect me against the cold March wind; but had it snowed, I should not have heeded, should not have felt it, in my then excited state.

I left the grounds by a side entrance, and wandered into the high road. I walked on for about half a mile; then I sat down under a hedge, and waited and listened. Not a soul passed. In about twenty minutes I heard the rumble of wheels, and soon afterwards I saw a chaise driving rapidly towards me. I stood right in its path, and shouted as loudly as I could to the driver to stop. A head was thrust out of the carriage window; it was my father's. I ran up to him.

"Open the door, take me in, and tell the coachman to drive very slowly!" I cried.

When I was seated beside him, he asked me what all this meant.

As rapid and coherently as I was able, I told him what I had seen. As I might have expected, he

treated it all as an hallucination, until my terrible earnestness shook even his scepticism.

Have I described the position and the means of opening the secret chamber rightly?" I demanded.

"You have," he replied.

"All I ask of you, then, is to come with me to the place, and examine into the mystery yourself. Disbelieve all I say, but come!"

He was silent for a few seconds; then he called out to the coachman to stop, alighted, dismissed him, and we walked together down the road towards The Grange. His usual cumplexion was florid; but in the bright moonlight its color had vanished.

"The whole story is so preposterous," he said, presently, like a man struggling against conviction. "What would you infer from it, even if it were true?"

"Nothing," I answered. "I only wish you to discover its meaning."

He stopped suddenly, and regarding me with a look of intense severity, said, "Ellen, if this be any trick to create suspicions against your mother——"

"Oh, father," I ejaculated, "what do you think I am?" The reproachful bitterness of my tone seemed to convince him, and he pressed my hand, and said no more.

We entered the garden by the door I had left open, and proceeded straight to the right wing. The entrances to this part of the building were never secured. In one of the apartments upon the basement, my father groped his way towards a large open fireplace, similar to the one above stairs, and from some concealed crevice in the chimney drew forth a rusty, strangely-fashioned key. Then, for the first time, I remembered that Francesca had used a similar instrument.

In breathless silence we proceeded upstairs to the room where I had witnessed her strange doings.

The moon was shining brightly through the open window, rendering every object as clear as though it were daylight. A white powder was scattered over the hearth, which we discovered to be lime. I could see that he shuddered as he ascertained its nature. Coupled with my narrative, this discovery was highly suggestive.

"You had better remain without," he said, in an unsteady voice.

"No; let me see all, I beseech you," I answered. My morbid curiosity was irrepressible. He offered no further opposition. By means of the key, he worked away the back of the chimney, and we entered a hollow space. Then for the first time, we remembered we had no light.

"Stay," he whispered. "I have a box of wax matches; you take it, and light one; they will, I think, answer the purpose."

I did as he bade me, and by the feeble glimmer perceived that we were in a narrow, circular passage, in front of what appeared to be a large iron cylinder. I now saw the reason of the peculiar construction of the apartment. The secret chamber was in the centre of the suite; that is to say, the two formed an inner and an outer circle, and even the existence of the former could only have been ascertained by the minutest measurement of the whole building. On each story, except this, it was of solid masonry. The secret was almost impossible of detection without the clue.

My father touched a spring and caused a black knob to dart forth, and a narrow slit appeared from the top to the bottom of the cylinder. By means of the knob he increased this until he had made an aperture about three feet wide.

"You must remain here," he said, imperatively. He went into the cavity.

He was absent about a minute, but it seemed to me an interminable space of time. When he returned, he had a pocket-book in his hand. Some writing in pencil was scrawled over the leaves. It was in Italian. I looked over his shoulder, and with great difficulty we deciphered the following words:—

"To those who find my body.—I am Astolfo Pulci. Francesca is my wife. When she married the rich Englishman, Craven, I was a convict at Toulon. I escaped. When I threatened to claim her, she retorted by saying she would denounce me as an escaped felon. I loved Ellen Craven; Francesca discovered it, and prompted by jealousy, lured me to this ruinous tower, and, by means of chloroform, deprived me of sense. When I recovered, I found myself in this place. I feel I am doomed to death by starvation."

This was found beside the body, which was half-covered by quick-lime. She had evidently not seen it. It had been written in intense darkness, hence the almost illegibility of the characters.

Neither spoke after the perusal of these awful words; my father stood like one deprived of sense. I touched him upon the shoulder. He started as though awakened from a sound sleep, thrust the book into his pocket, re-secured the entrances to the fatal chamber, and left the building. He seemed unconscious of my presence until I again caught his arm.

"Father," I whispered, "speak to me; your silence and your looks terrify me!"

He pressed his cold lips upon my forehead, and said, in a gentle voice, "Go away to your own room, darling, and promise me you will not, on any consideration, quit it again this night."

I promised, and we parted.

What I endured that night may be better imagined than described.

It was about eight o'clock next morning when I came down stairs. I could hear a great bustle and confusion below; I asked one of the servants what it meant.

She told me her mistress had received a telegram, informing her that her brother was dying, and was hurrying to catch the train for London.

I understood it all. Then he intended to spare her. It was the best way.

I watched her depart, but could catch no glimpse of her face.

An hour afterward, my father sent for me to his room. He looked ten years older than he had two days before.

"We leave here this evening for the Continent, where we shall be supposed to join her. We must act out the play!" he said, bitterly.

We travelled about France and Germany, carefully avoiding Italy, for two years. Some ten months after our departure my father wrote home to announce that Mrs. Craven was dead, and he had her death announced in the newspapers.

Her name was never mentioned between us, but in those two years he sank from a hale tc an almost aged man.

One evening, while passing through a side street of a not particularly reputable quarter of Marseilles, we were startled by a loud cry, and the next moment a woman, her dress much disordered, rushed out of one of the houses, and fell expiring at our feet. She was followed by a man dressed in the costume of a Greek sailor, who fled up the street, and was in a moment lost to sight.

In the convulsed features of the woman, who was dying from the injuries caused by the violence to which she had been subjected, we recognised the once beautiful Francesca.

My father did not long survive this shock. In spite of her crimes and wickedness, I am certain he loved her to the last.

A twelvemonth afterwards I married an Austrian gentleman, and settled at Vienna.

The Grange is again delivered over to desolation, and will remain so until, at least, our children are grown up.

The haunted chamber still holds its dreadful secret, or, rather, two secrets, which will never be divulged to husband or children.

I often think of the strange phrophesy—when the secret of the chamber should be known to more than two persons, some dreadful calamity would fall upon the Cravens. It has been strangely and terribly fulfilled.

Charade.

The virgin *first*, when winter reigns around,
And poor red robin hops from door to door,
In showers, fall upon the frosted ground:
At morn, if woods and meadow we explore,
The lark from grassy haunt begins to soar,
And off her wing the dewy *last* she shakes:
The *total* is a flower that's seen before
The gentle spring to buds and verdure wakes,
And 'fore are gone the days of ice and frozen flakes.

Answer: Snow-Drop.

Schneider's Ride.

A recitation written by Ooffy Gooft and delivered by Gus Williams with great applause.

From gross der rifer, ad broke of day,
Bringin' by Brooklyn fresh dismay,
Der news vas send, by a Dudchman drue,
Dot der officers of der refenue
Vould be ofer in less as a hour or dwo,
To confiscate all der viskey dey got
In Schneider's biace, or near der shbot.

Und vilder yed dem rumors dey flew,
Dill Schneider didn'd know vat to do;
So he glosed der doors und barred dem dight,
Saying, "Dey kin hammer avay mit all der might;
Of dey gid dem oben before id's night,
Den I don'd know—but ve shall see
Who *is* der schmardest, dem or me!"
For a hour or dree no resd he got,
Shdill Schneider shdaid righd on der shbot.

Bud dere is a shdreed in Brooklyn down
Dot isn'd bafed, dot leads righd down
'To Goney Island, und vat is more
(Dot's a vonder id nefer vas used before,)
Id vas righd in frond of der back of der shdore,
Und dere on dot road vas nine druckn und a cart,
Loading mit visky all ready to shdart;
Dey're mosd all loaded, und Schneider is gay,
In den momends he'll be boud a mile avay.

Day're off, and noding is lef to show
Vat vay dey made ub deir minds to go,
Und oferyding's mofed, yed nod a sound
Kin be heered bud der veels agoin around,
As dey mofe so shwifdly ofer der ground;
Und Schneider looks back und says, "Goot day,"
For now he's more as fife miles avay.

Shdill jumbs dem horses, shdill on dey go,
Und der vay dey mofe dot isn'd shlow,
Dey're goin down hill, und fasder und fasder,
Dey're drifen ahead by Schneider, der masder,
Who shducks to dem now like a boor man's blaster,
For vell he knows dot if now he's dooked,
He kin make ub his mind dot his goose vas cooked,
So efery mussels dey pring in blay,
Cause dey aind any more as den miles avay,

Under dheir flying hoofs der road,
Like a grade big mutgudder dot flowed,
Und der flies dot had come all der vay from town,
Now got dired und had to lay down
To took a shmall resd ubon der ground;
For "Shneid" und der vagons, dem vent so fasd
Dot efen der flies gifed oud at lasd;
Der dusd vas dick und der horses gray,
Und Schneider vas fifdeen miles avay!

Der wery firsd ding dot Schneider saw
Vas der sand, und he heered der ocean roar.
He shmelled der salt in der good olt preeze
Dot vafed ofer vere dere vasn'd some drees,
Und he feld firsd rade mit his mind at ease.
Und dem wery horses dem seemed to say—
"Ve pringed you, Schneider, all der vay
From Brooklyn town und safed der visky,
But 'bon our vords 'dwas radder risky!"

Hurrah! hurrah! for Schneider drue!
Hurrah! hurrah! for der horses, doo!
Und ven deir shdadurs vas high und dry,
Led some bully boy mit a grockery eye
Gid ub on der dop of a barrel und gry—
"Dese is der horses dot safed der day
By carting der visky und Schneider gay
From Brooklyn—dwendy miles avay!"

Enigmas.

As a favorite dance you may ever know *me*,
By my quick graceful step ever bounding and free;
And at grand balls at Christmas, or on *fete* days in June,
Couples whirl as the band gaily strike up my tune.

Answer: Waltz.

The initials and finals if you take,
A desirable personage it will make
For which a woman is sure to fret
If, by chance, it she cannot get.

Answer: Sweet-heart.

YOU AND I.

Arranged for the Guitar by Prof. EDMUND CLARK, - the renowned Guitar Teacher, No. 285 Bowery.



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CONTENTS.

At her grave.....page 157
All in the Merry Spring Time..... 155
Be good and jolly..... 154
Crocodile..... 154
Can you, brave comrade, e'er forget?..... 155
Come away, Death..... 155
Dennis dear, are you forgetting?..... 155
The Feller that peddled ice-cream..... 156
Gone to Smash..... 157
Hildebrandt Montrose..... 157
Hold your tongue..... 157
I have no sister now..... 154
The La. De. Das..... 154
Love, look on me!..... 155
The Lassie o' merry eighteen..... 155
Little Darling, do you love me?..... 156
Life bears light on the Rich and the Gay 156
The Mill's shut down..... 154
Muldoon's Brother Pat..... 154
My Wife's Mother's gone away..... 154
My Donald is coming..... 155
Malone at the back of the bar..... 156
Never lose your temper..... 155
The New England Farmer—a Story..... 158
O'er the Brake, or o'er the Mountain..... 154
Olden Times..... 156
Poor Lisette—a Story..... 159
Prison Song—Music for guitar..... 160
Rise, Fair Maiden, from thy Slumber!..... 155
Sweet Marian Gray..... 155
Sugar Cane..... 155
Since Terry Shook the Gang..... 156
Spilt Milk..... 156
Tommy, make room for your Uncle!..... 157
To Donnybrook Fair..... 157
That's the man for me, boys..... 154
When this old ring was new..... 156

HARDING'S MUSIC.

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AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
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18 Beekman Street.

I Have no Sister now.

By Thomas Robbins.
Air: I have no mother now, I'm weeping.

Hark! the soft wind's sighing
Thruogh every bush and tree,
Where now sweet sister's lying,
Away from love and me.
From eyes the tears are starting,
And sorrow shades my brow:
Oh! weary was our parting—
I have no sister now.

I see the stars are shining,
On sister's white tombstone:
The rose-bush, around it twining,
Is here, like me, alone:
And just, like me, are weeping
Those dew-drops from the bough:
Long time has she been sleeping—
I have no sister now.

My heart is ever lonely,
My life is dreary ann sad:
'Twas her sweet presence only
That made my spirit glad;
From morning until even,
Care rests upon my brow,
She's gone from me to heaven—
I have no sister now.

Crocodile.

Sung by James Bradley & John Wild at the Theatre Comique, 514 Broadway, N. Y.

Sitting on the banks of the Mississippi,
Down where the waters flow along,
Happy as a worm in a barrel of mud,
Levee niggers do nothing wrong—
Steamboat whistle heard along the shore—
Paddle wheel make the water bile:
Putty soon the darkey heard an awful noise,
Coming from the slippery Crocodile!
Coming from the slippery Crocodile!

You ought to see the tongue of that animile,
When he opens his mouth and rolls up his eyes!
He's very fond of niggers that's young and fat!
And little yaller speckled flies:
Marster Jonah, he lived inside the Whale:
You can bet your money that he'd spile,
If he sleep one blessed moment, sure,
Inside the slippery Crocodile!
Inside the slippery Crocodile!

Muldoon's Brother Pat.

Written and sung by Ed. Harrigan, in his sketch entitled "In the Clothes Line."

Don't think me alligoragle,
If I pmise myself to ye;
I royally descended
From a Royal Family!
Born and reared in Donegal,
In merry, merry month of May,
I took a trip on a packet ship
For sweet America!
Chorus: Around New York
In style I walked!
I dare any man to shoot my hat.
Ye'll understand,
I'm a solid man,
I'm Michael Muldoon's brother Pat!

I'm a leading man in politics,
I'm known throughout the State!
In every bar, both near and far,
My name is found upon the Slate!
I could put you on the Boulevard,
With a pick, shovel or a broom!
On Union Square, I'm a stature there,
Every sunny afternoon. Chorus.

In the Police Courts I'm a Counsellor!
At every dance I take the Cup!
I'm acknowledged in Society,
Influentially—I'm bang up!
I write for all the papers;
All the leading men I interview!
And like the great George Washington,
Every word I spake is surely true— Chorus.

The Mill's Shut Down.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell—Music by H. P. Danks.
The Music can be obtained of J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York. Price 30 cents.

The mill's shut down to-day, dear wife,
There's nothing here to eat,
And look, the boots I've worn a year
Are dropping off my feet;
My clothes are hardly decent, wife,
While you are ragged, too,
And famine stares us in the face,
Oh! what are we to do?
Chorus: Oh! what are we to do, dear wife?
I cannot get my pay;
The grocer's bill is over due,
The mill's shut down to-day.

The mill's shut down to-day, dear wife,
The coal is nearly gone,
And see there's scarcely wood enough
To kindle in the morn;
The landlord will be coming soon
To get the rent from you,
And I have not a cent to pay
The bills becoming due. Chorus.

The mill's shut down to-day, dear wife,
The snow is on the ground:
And hark! the piercing winds without
How mournfully they sound—
The children have no shoes to wear,
They cry for milk and bread:
But, wife, the mills have stopped to-day,
How shall we all be fed? Chorus.

My Wife's Mother's Gone Away.

Written and composed by Oswald Allan,
As sung by Tony Pastor.

She said she'd only come to see how her poor daughter felt,
She said I knew a mother's heart with fear was fit to melt.
I did not then know mother's hearts, wife's mother's hearts, I mean,
I only know that, since she came, I have most wretched been.

Spoken: She said she could not stop a moment, would not even take her things off; but she's never been out of the house for twelve months till this morning; but now she's gone, so—

Chorus: Oh, my! hip hurrah!
My wife's mother's gone away—
Stopped for a year—came for a day—
Now she's gone, so hip hooray!

The first thing that we fought about, was smashing all my pipes,
And locking up the gin and rum, with nought to drink but swipes;
Our grand encounter though remained, a dreadful thing to see—
It was the evening when she made my wife dock my latch key.

Spoken: Ah! I could stand anything, but the latch-key being docked: I even slept in the back kitchen, because mother-in-law's cough was so bad; I put up with hot-tempers all the week, and cold dinners on Sundays, but now—now she's gone—
Oh, my! hip hurrah! &c.

O'er the Brake or o'er the Mountain.

O'er the brake or o'er the mountain,
Near the rill or near the fountain,
All my hopes are fixed on thee—
At the wake or at the fair,
If Henry do not meet me there,
What care I for aught I see?

What care I for heaps of treasure?
What on earth affords the pleasure
That one moment gives with thee?
In my love all pleasure's found,
And in his smile all joys abound,
He is all the world to me—

The La. De. Das.

Written by James Bradley.

Right and left all around,
The Leader, he did say—
Balance to your partners, boys—
And around the other way.
Chorus; Strike the fiddle with the bow!
We took the cars down near Park Row,
And up to Turn Hall we all did go,
To dance with the La. De. Das!

Red neckties, hair parted in the middle,
We danced Quadrilles to the time of the fiddle:
Their nose is the color of a red-hot griddle!—
As they dance to their La. De. Das! Chorus.

The music stopped, the gas went out,
Reception Committee all did shout!
Three, as pivoters, got the gout—
Looking at the La. De. Das! Chorus.

That's the Man for me, Boys.

As sung by Tony Pastor.

In these days of fraud and corruption,
An honest man's rare to be seen:
In fact they are rather considered
As not being sharp or keen:
Yet give me the man that can never
Forget that upright he must be,
And who sticks to his principles ever—
Yes, that is the man for me.
Chorus: That's the man for me, boys,
That's the man for me:
Honest and square, and always fair,
Yes, that's the man for me. (*Repeat.*)

The gay politician quite seldom,
If ever, thinks office is more
Than means of acquiring a living,
That don't need much hard work for.
Yet sometimes there's one who remembers
That profits not all there may be,
And believes in respect and honor—
And that's the man for me. Chorus.

And then the girls, sweet charming creatures,
Don't always act just as they might,
But snarl and snap, sometimes quite spiteful—
Indeed then they're not a sweet sight—
But some of them, bless their sweet faces!
Wear always a smile sweet to see,
And then, indeed, may I exclaim,
Oh! that is the girl for me—
That's the girl for me, boys,
That's the girl for me:
Eyes so bright, a picture quite,
Oh! that's the girl for me—

Be Good and Jolly.

As sung by Tony Pastor. Air: Merry and Wise.

I love to be merry, I don't like to be sad,
Through life I've been jolly when fun could be had:
No use of my crying 'tis all but a dream,
I for one want to float—sail on with the stream—
Chorus: Be good and jolly, jolly and good,
Fal lal la, fal lal la,
Be good and jolly, jolly and good,
Fal lal lal, la la. (*Repeat.*)

I love the young girls, they are dear unto me,
To be timid and bashful I never can be:
I was born to be jolly, the pet of thegirls,
I know I am merry, would like to be wise. Chorus.

I love the hard worker who lives by his toil,
I hate and despise those their hands will not soil:
I love the poor boot-black I meet on the street,
When I think 'neath his rags a true heart may beat—
Chorus.

I love the fire laddies who, when danger is nigh,
Gives his life to the flame and bravely does die—
I love the bold soldier who scorns for to yield
The flag that he fights for on the tented field. Chorus.

I love the poor sailor, when alone on the main,
Perhaps never to see his dear country again:
I laugh at all trouble, I frown at all care,
I'm good and I'm jolly, and never despair— Chorus.

Rise, Fair Maiden, From thy Slumber!

Rise, fair maiden, from thy slumber!
Make the morning beams more bright
For, hapless moments must I number
'Till I'm blessed with thy dear sight.
Crimson tinges now are streaming
Faintly o'er the blushing skies,
Love, awake from thy sweet dreaming,
Beauteous blooming maid, arise!

Leave thy soft and downy pillow
For the meadow's rilly side,
Where the verdant branching willow
Stoops to kiss the passing tide:
Come, thou lovely charming creature,
Soothe the sorrow of my breast,
Hear the voice of truth and nature,
Bless thy lover, and be blest!

Dennis Dear, are you Forgetting?

As sung by Miss Josie Morris, in the "Grand Hibernica." The Music is published by Whittemore, Detroit.

Dennis dear, are you forgetting
That your Kathleen's waiting here?
For, you promised that in spring time
That you surely would be near;
Long the flowers have been blushing,
And daisies blooming on the lea!
Come back, Dennis, I'm so lonely—
Darling, soon return to me, return to me.
Chorus: Dennis dear, are you forgetting
Your own Kathleen o'er the sea?
Come back, Dennis, I'm so lonely,
Darling, soon return to me.

Dennis dear, are you forgetting
All the tales of love you told?
When you said "good by" at parting,
Round me then your arms did fold;
Write a letter to me, Dennis,
Oh! tell me that you'll soon be near,
And I'll wait just by the sea shore,
For the good ship to appear to me, to me.
Dennis dear, &c.

Sweet Marian Gray.

By Arthur W. French.

When the sunlight is dying
On meadow and lea,
And the wavelets are sighing
By the shores of the sea,
Through the pathway of daisies
Then I hasten away
To whisper sweet praises
Of Marian Gray.
Chorus: Pretty Marian Gray,
Little Marian Gray,
Ever so lowly, yet pure and holy,
Darling Marian Gray.

With the sweetest caresses
Her red lips I press,
And her sun-tinted tresses
Lie over my breast—
The same old, old story
Softly over I say,
In the hush of the twilight,
To Marian Gray. Chorus.

The Lassie o' Merry Eighteen.

My father wad hae me to marry the miller,
My mither wad hae me to marry the laird,
But brawly I ken it's the love o' the siller,
That brightens their fancy to ony regard.
The miller is crooked, the miller is crabbed,
The laird, though he's wealthy, he's lyart and lean;
He's auld, and he's cauld, and he's blin', and he's bald:
And he's no for a lassie o' merry eighteen.

But, oh! there's a laddie wha tells me he loes me,
And him I loe dearly, aye—dearly as life,
Though father and mither should scold and abuse me,
Na either shall ever get me for a wife.
Although he can boast na o' land, nor yet siller,
He's worthy to match wi' a duchess or queen;
For his heart is sae warm, and sae stately his form—
And then, like mysel', he's just merry eighteen.

Sugar Cane.

Sung by James Bradley & John Wild at the Theatre Comique, 514 Broadway, N. Y.

Way down in old Carolina,
In good old Dixie's land—
All among the cane,
With a happy darkie band,
There we'd join together;
Old Massa he would bring
Kind Missi and the little ones
To hear us niggers sing.
Chorus: I never shall forget old Aunty Dinah,
And the fun we had in old Carolina—
You may talk about your Jubilees—
I wish they'd come again—
I'd roll around upon the ground,
Among the Sugar Cane!

When the sun was boiling hot,
Like gravey in the pan,
I could tote the Sugar Cane
With any other man:
And when the day was over,
To my Julia I would skip,
Throw my arms around her neck,
And kiss her on the lip— Chorus.

Never Lose Your Temper.

Sung with great applause by Charles Meade.

I have found a subject great to meet your approbation:
If you'll just one moment wait, I'll make an observation.
If you have no clothes to wear, why, never fret about them,
Your pantaloons you'll never tear, if you always go without them.
Chorus: Be like me so full of glee,
As thro' the world you scamper:
In a fit don't you get,
And never lose your temper.

If you're married, love your wife, be mild as milk and water,
Never say a word of strife before a son or daughter:
If your sweetheart runs away, as some do in a passion,
Keep your spirits up, I pray, there's more fish in the ocean.
Be like me so full of glee, &c.

If you're on a spree, at night, take a simple warning,
You pay for getting jolly tight with a headache in the morning:
No doubt you've heard my subject great, and my expectation
To reward me, friends, as you may with your kind approbation.
Be like me so full of glee, &c.

All in the Merry Spring Time.

Serio Comic Song—by Phil. H. Mowrey.

All in the merry spring time,
We've wandered o'er the hill,
And plucked the little daisies
Along each rippling rill:
I whispered "if thou wert my bride,
I'd be forever blest—"
When in her soft and silvery voice
She said: "Oh! give us a rest."

And on one summer's morning,
As along the brook we strayed,
The birds sang out their joyous lay,
Deep in the wild-wood shade:
I promised that, through weal or woe,
I ever would prove true—
When, in accents low and sweet,
She whispered—"Cheese it, do!"

I promised that to foreign shores
We'd go if she'd be mine:
We'd dwell in Italy's fair land,
Or in the flowing Rhine:
Or if she'd wish it, we might dwell
Upon some mountain high—
When, with a winning smile, she cried:
"Oh! go lay down and die."

My Donald is Coming.

Sung by Annie Adams.

There is no mistake about it, boys,
I have a handsome beau—
Just the kind of sort of chap
I like to love, you know:
And Donald Canning is his name,
A Scotchman he's by birth,
Perhaps the nicest sort of chap
That ever dwelt on earth.
Chorus: I fancy I'm hearing him now,
With his row de dow dow dow:
My Donald is coming,
And keeps up a drumming
Row de dow dow de dow.

He looks delightful, that he does—
So handsome, and not rough:
Just like the figures in the shops
That sell segars and snuff:
And when I see those figures,
I oft wish the time had come
That I could claim my Donald
His money and his drum—
I fancy I'm hearing, &c.

Love, Look on Me!

Written by R. H. Patterson—Composed by Walter Maynard.

Love, look on me, while thine eye still is bright,
And love in thy heart is still lying like light:
While beauty and youth sparkle gaily in thee,
Love, look on me! Love, look on me!
I'll twine thee, I'll twine thee a wreath;
I'll crown thee, I'll crown thee with song;
I'll paint thee in hues that to poets belong;
I'll lavish the might of my soul, of my soul all on thee—
Love, look on me! Love, look on me!

Love, look on me, while thine eye still is bright,
And love in thy heart is still lying like light—
While beauty and youth sparkle gaily in thee,
Love, look on me! Love, look on me!
And so when thy youth and its glory are gone,
And the charms of thy soul live unrobed and alone,
An idol of beauty to ages thou'lt be,
Ah! Love, Love, Love, look on me! look on me!
Ah! Love, look on me!

Can you, Brave Comrade, e'er Forget?

Can you, brave comrade, e'er forget
The awful hour when last we met?
O'er our watch-fire mute we gazed,
And heard no sound
The welkin round,
Save when this fervent prayer we raised—
"Cheer and inspire our patriot band—
We fight for home, and native land!"

'Twas in the hollow dell below,
The night before we fought the foe:
But ere the morning's dawn we praised,
Loud clanged the air
With clashing war—
Yet still this fervent prayer we raised—
"Cheer inspire our patriot band—
We fight for home, and native land!"

Come Away, Death.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid:
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid—
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh! prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strewn;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, oh! where
Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there. SHAKESPEARE.

Spilt Milk.

By Sisil Sorrow. To S. D. B.

When I was a little child I heard my mother say;
Never mourn for what is past, my boy, it will not pay;
Gather up the blossoms now, while time is on the wing,
For crying after spilt milk is a very foolish thing.

When I grew to man's estate, the maxim still I kept,
And it drove away with smiles the tears I might have wept.
Let the world go up or down, I'll ever gaily sing
That crying after spilt milk is a very silly thing!

What if all your schemes have failed and fortune flown away!
Look ahead! the sun will shine, though all be clouds to-day;
Weary Winter cannot last, for soon will dawn the Spring,
And crying after spilt milk is a very useless thing!

Never man was perfect yet, and all will go astray:
Brood no more in sorrow o'er the faults of yesterday:
Just look forward to the joys that future days will bring,
For crying over spilt milk is a very childish thing!

Keep this motto still in view, and let the past go by;
Fortune comes, and better days, to those who hope and try;
If you have done a silly act, to sorrow never cling—
For crying over spilt milk is a very senseless thing!

Since Terry Shook the Gang.

A new and original song, written and sung by William Scanlan in the great Irish sketch entitled "Since Terry Shook the Gang" as performed by Scanlan and Cronin.

I've just come here before you all,
To tell ye who I am,
And about a darling son of mine
Who once did lead a gang.
He was the terror of the neighborhood
And the corners where he'd hang,
But he's taken his father's and mother's advice,
And entirely shook the gang.

Chorus.

He's working now and he steals no more,
He's given up all the slang;
God only knows how proud I feel,
Since Terry shook the gang.

When he came from the Island,
I was as happy as a duke:
He sat down there beside the stove,
And began to read his book.
He says "dear father, I'll never go away,
Nor I'll never more steal a ham;
Oh! I've given up all card-playing,
And entirely shook the gang." Chorus.

He goes to church every Sunday now,
And works then all the week:
He stays home in the evening,
He no longer roams the street;
He never goes to hops or balls.
Or strikes the door the ould bang;
Oh! our hearts are filled with joy, my friends,
Since Terry shook the gang— Chorus.

Olden Times.

By Lady Gay Spanker.

Let us talk of old times, and forget
For a while the gloom of the present;
There is pleasure in store for us yet,
While discoursing of days that were pleasant.
Let no thoughts of the future intrude,
And when Memory her portals incloses,
Then our path for a time will be strewed
With sweet leaves of long withered roses.

Let us talk of old times, and rejoice
While we seem to view far-distant faces,
While we list to some long-silent voice,
And look 'round on youth's favorite places;
Every gleam of the present exclude,
While the sense of its anguish reposes—
Then our path for a time will be strewed
With sweet leaves of long-withered roses.

Malone at the back of the Bar.

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

Written and sung by Ned Harrigan.

The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I keep a saloon on the corner, my boys,
And, faith! I've a flourishing trade;
I've brought out my cousin, Nathaniel Doyle,
The money on whiskey I made.
I could sell to you now a nice "Pusse Caffay,"
Or a "Rhino Victoria" cigar;
No slate, chalk, or pencil, is kept in the house
When Malone's at the back of the bar.
Chorus: Tra la la, tra la la!
When Malone's at the back of the bar.

I never was stood up for brandy or beer,
My rule is to never give "tick:"
When a bum's at the store on a cold winter's morn,
It's meself that is making a "kick."
I set out a lunch on the table so neat,
Fat herrings, presarved in a jar;
I'd cut off the hand of a snoozer, or vag,
That grabs when I'm back of the bar
Tra la la, &c.

The till I keep here in my pocket so safe,
I light up my kerosene lamps;
At daylight I put up my shutters so tight,
Then go in to count up my stamps.
I'm open all day on a Sunday so gay,
To the young girls I "tra la la la!"
They say, as they pass by my window, so sweet—
Malone's at the back of the bar.
Tra la la, &c.

The Feller That Peddled Ice-Cream.

By Billy Mortland.

Have pity on me, I'm in great agony—
Your sympathy I do implore:
My feelings are bruised, I've been awfully used—
I was ne'er treated so badly before:
A girl I did love, and I thought her above
Such a trick, and I little did dream
That from me she would go, and worry me so,
For a feller that peddled ice-cream.

Chorus.

Strawberry, vanilla, lemon ice-cream—
As he'd go through the streets, he loudly would scream:
And as he hove in sight, it enraptured her quite
To hear the ice-cream vender's cry.

At night or by day, when he'd pass that way,
To see him she'd run to the door;
Her face he would scan, as he rattled his can,
And his cart he would push on before;
And after a while, he on her did smile,
Then her eyes on him sweetly would beam;
And late, on one night, they together took flight
In the cart that contained the ice-cream.
Strawberry, vanilla, &c.

Little Darling, do you Love me?

By Ben Dodge of New Castle, Pa.,

Little darling, do you love me?
Will you ever care for me
While far from you I'm wandering
O'er life's dark and stormy sea?
For I cherish you so fondly,
And my heart will e'er be true,
And in time I'll gladly hasten
Back again to home and you.
Little darling, &c.

Little darling, will you miss me
As away from you I roam?
Will you greet me with a welcome
When we meet again at home?
Shall I feel your hand's warm pressure,
See your bright and happy smile;
And, far better, hear you whisper:
"I have loved you all the while?"
Little darling, &c.

The only suits that last too long are law suits.

When this Old Ring was New.

By James H. Gillespie.

Your wedding ring wears thin, dear wife; ah!
Summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed
o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen, what
cares and pleasures, too,
Since you became my own dear wife, when
this old ring was new.

Oh! blessings on that happy day, the happiest
of my life,
When first your low, sweet loving "Yes"
made you my own dear wife.
Your heart will say the same, I know; the
day's as dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when
this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young,
sweet face that day—
How fair you were, how dear you were, my
tongue could hardly say—
Nor how I doted on you; ah! how proud I was of you!
But did I love you more than now, when this
old ring was new?

Oh! partner of my gladness, wife, what care,
what grief is there
For me you would not bravely face, with me
you would not share?
Oh! what a weary want was that, If I were
wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when
this old ring was new.

The past is dear—its sweetness still our
memories treasure yet—
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we
could not now forget;
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto
heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since
this old ring was new.

And, oh! when Death shall come at last to bid
me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes and resting
on that breast;
Oh! may my parting gaze be blessed with the
dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when
this old ring was new.

Life Bears Light on the Rich and the Gay.

Life bears light on the rich and the gay,
Though heavy it bears on the poor:
Earth is pleasant to those who can play,
From morning till evening, secure—
Secure of the same on the morrow.

Life's a blessing to those who have wealth,
To those without trouble or care:
Troubles they've none, if blessed with good health;
I know it, I'm sure, I declare—
Declare that they never need borrow.

Trouble, money, or friends—for the last
Will flock to their side like the crows
Flock to corn-fields in June for repast,
As sweet unto them as the rose—
The rose which is called "Rose of Sharon."

Wealthy, healthy and gay I would be
While living in this vale of tears;
Then I never should wish to be free
From earth and its joys; but for years—
For years would I live, cheating "Charon."

But death I should dread were I wealthy,
As death to the wealthy must come;
While poor I'll remain (I am healthy),
And die when Old Death beats his drum—
The mustering drum for recruits.

When does not a son take after his father?
When the father leaves nothing for him to take.

To Donnybrook Fair.

Written and sung by J. H. Ryan. Air: Limerick Fair.

Now it was a Monday morning,
In the pleasant month of May,
As myself I took a jolly ride
With charming Molly Gray,
Whose eyes shone like the stars,
And her cheeks were like the rose;
I'll tell you all about it,
Just as my story goes.
Chorus: But as I drive my jaunting car,
I drive away dull care,
And never can forget the day
We went to Donnybrook Fair.
And never can forget the day
We went to Donnybrook Fair.

Arrah! Molly had on her Sunday gown,
And I my Sunday coat;
It was in my breeches pocket
I had a one pound note,
With an odd few shillings or so,
And the whip was in my hand;
She jumped upon my Irish car,
And away we drove so grand. Chorus.

But Molly and me both agreed
To become man and wife:
So the best we try in every way
To be happy all our life,
Or should the times be good or bad,
We drive away dull care;
We never shall forget the day
We went to Donnybrook Fair. Chorus.

So fill your glasses full, my friends,
And give one toast with me;
Here's success to dear old Ireland,
The bright gem of the sea!
Let us hope the day is drawing nigh,
And may we live to see
That poor, down-trodden Emerald Isle
A land of liberty! Chorus.

Hildebrandt Montrose.

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

Words and Music by Ed. Harrigan.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

His name is Hildebrandt Montrose,
Some folks they call him Charley;
In his button-hole he wears a rose,
He can "francais vooley parley!"
His hair in auburn ringlets,
His eyes an azure dark;
The girls they call him Birdie,
Like the swallows in the Park.
Chorus.
Ta, ta, ta, ta, my baby dear,
I'll meet you in the Park if the weather it is clear,
I'll strike you with a feather! every daisy knows
The darling of the ladies is Hildebrandt Montrose.

His necktie is of golden hue,
This most exquisite fellah:
He looks just like a Christmas toy,
Underneath his silk umbrella;
His boots are patent leather,
His bills he never pays,
He always drinks plain soda,
And this is what he says.
Chorus.
"Au revoir, bye, bye," you should hear him say,
"I'll buy some ginger drops for Camille across the way!"
The ladies all together are sighing for a beau;
Of course, the individual is Hildebrandt Montrose.

He parts his hair with wondrous care,
And chalks his paper collars;
His pa is very wealthy—yes,
He's worth a million dollars
In "Big Bonanza" mining stock!
His voice is quite soprano,
You should hear him sing "Love's Chidings,"
To a Fogarty piano.
Chorus.
"Oh! bye, bye, I must go away,
Before Aurora bright gilds the summer clouds so gay!"
The ladies (Heaven bless them) positively know
Their choicest little treasure is Hildebrandt Montrose.

Hold Your Tongue.

Words by J. C. Manning. Music by Cha's D'Ace.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

I've often thought, as through the world
I've travelled to and fro,
How many folks about me,
Above me and below,
Might make this life more happy,
If old as well as young
Would bear in mind the maxim
Which bids them hold their tongue.
Chorus: Hold your tongue, hold your tongue,
You'll ne'er be thought a dunce:
Hold your tongue, and think twice
Before you loose it once!
Hold your tongue: for, quiet folks
Are oft reputed wise:
Yes, hold your tongue, but open wide
Your ears and your eyes.

How oft we find that words unkind
Unhappy lives may make:
That loving hearts, through idle words,
Will bleed, and sometimes break!
What mischief have we scattered
All our bosom friends among,
Which might have been avoided
Had we only held our tongue. Chorus.

The kindly deeds men do in life,
Their own reward will bring:
But where they come with trumpet words,
Their sweetness bears a sting;
The silent giver's most beloved
Right thinking folks among:
So when you do a kindly thing,
Be sure you hold your tongue. Chorus.

Yes, hold your tongue, except in life
When days of sorrow come:
Then speak to raise a drooping heart,
Or cheer a darksome home;
If none of these, let silence be
The burden of your song;
He holds his own, nor hurts his friends,
Who learns to hold his tongue. Chorus.

Gone to Smash.

You'll excuse my appearing so seedy and sad,
But the fact is my garments have gone to the bad:
They once were the fashion, the smartest e'er worn,
Now fit for a scarecrow, all tattered and torn;
A short time ago, I came into some cash,
Like others, alas! I went in for the dash!
I lived like a lord, my chink soon did spend,
A short tho' a merry time, *this* is the *end!*
Chorus: Once I had cash, then I was rash,
Cut such a dash, soon went to smash!
Now you may see, I'm "All up a tree,"
Ah! fools and their money's soon parted.

I then used to toddle to ball room and rout,
If I now showed my nose they would usher me out:
And those I've befriended in sunnier day,
Now give me cold shoulder, pass over the way.
This hat I have doffed to many a fair maid,
Now the brim wouldn't stand it, of the roof I'm afraid:
These gloves, once beautiful fit for a Don,
Are so torn and tender they scarce will keep on.

I'd a gold-headed cane which I'd twirl in my hand,
In its place I've a small card, you p'raps understand?
An eye-glass an air of importance would lend,
Long ago I for safety left that with a "friend:"
In a hansom I then gaily rode down the street,
Now I tramp it, not handsome about my poor feet:
These boots, once superb in both style and best leather,
They scarce now can body and sole keep together.

This sleeve still posseses for me a sweet charm
When I think of the ladies I've had on my arm:
This old coat could tell a good tale, I believe,
But one *tail* I find's given notice to leave.
The wind thro' my 'Sydenhams' so gently does steal,
And nothing but holes in their pockets I feel:
They've clung to me well, so I still hold them dear,
Tho' patches—alas! may be found in the rear.

And as for the garment I wear next my skin,
To be 'shirty' with that after years would be sin:
I could once 'shoot my linen' so spotlessly white,
But now I am thinking 'twere best out of sight:
So, friends, should some cash ever come in your way,
Stick to it in case of a rainy day:
Take care of yourself, and mind don't be too free,
Or some day you'll find yourself right up a tree.

Tommy, make room for your Uncle!

Fred Jones, hatter, of Madison Square,
Presents himself to you,
And you may guess, when he is dressed,
Of girls he knows a few.
A widow fell in love with him,
While riding in a train,
She had a blessed boy with her,
Who caused us both much pain.

Spoken: Yes, the confounded young urchin caused me a great deal of pain and sorrow; and the widow, his mother, introduced me to him as his uncle! Fred Jones was never an uncle before, and will never again—not if he knows it—and the whole of the journey the mother said to the boy—

Tommy, make room for your uncle,
There's a little dear;
Tommy, make room for your uncle,
I want him to sit here;
You know mamma has got a bun,
And that she'll give to you;
So don't annoy—there's a good boy—
Make room for your uncle, do!

When first I met the firm of Green,
'Twas on the journey down
To spend a day at Tottenville,
"Just like a swell from town."
The widow loved romantic scenes,
And a squeeze on the sly,
But when my arm went round her waist,
The boy began to cry.

Spoken: He declared I was hurting his Mamma, and would insist upon sitting between us—only fancy making love to a girl with a boy in the way—but she said to him in a voice so sweet—
Tommy, make room, &c.

The mother told her loving son
To watch the passing train,
But "No," he said "my uncle Fred
Will kiss your hand again."
The widow blushed a maiden blush,
And I was not myself:
For, who could make love on a seat,
In front of that young elf?

Spoken: No, it would never do to make love before the boy, and the widow said—"Not before the boy, Fred!—not before the boy." Just then we went under a tunnel, and she said—
Tommy, make room, &c.

In a snug retreat at Tottenville,
I went down on my knees,
And asked if she would fly with me
Across the bright blue seas.
She sighed and said "You wicked man,
But how about the child?"
And clasped him fondly to her breast,
While I the agony piled.

Spoken: I said, "My lovely of all lovely beings, let us fly to some foreign clime, where I will protect you and your boy." She answered and said, "How about my little tripe-shop in Baxter Street?" "Oh! Broomsbury! do you keep a tripe shop?"
Tommy, make room, &c.

At Her Grave.

By Bertie A. Winkler.

Rest beneath those blooming roses,
Which your friend has planted here,
And now each dewy leaf encloses
A farewell kiss—a burning tear,

Rest in peace and tranquill slumber,
Rest beneath the turf and clay,
Until thou, with the great number,
Shalt awake on judgement day.

Rest from all your woes and sorrow,
In the dark and silent tomb,
Till on some bright sunny morrow
God will take you to His home.

The New England Farmer.

John Mallory was returning from his days work, with his spade over his shoulder, when he saw a woman sitting close to the wall, weeping bitterly. John had a kind heart, and was easily moved at the sight of distress; so he stopped and addressed the woman.

"You seem to be in trouble,"—that was what he said.

The mourner looked at him, and he saw that she was a very young woman, scarcely more than a girl, in fact. But this did not lessen his pity at all; possibly it increased it, for his heart was human as well as kind.

"Trouble? Ah, yes; I have come such a long, long way, and am so fatigue—so much weary! I went to the people's doors, but no one said anything, only 'Go 'way! We have no room for strangers. Go to the hotel, why do you not?'—So I went to the hotel, but the landlord was worst than all the rest. Oh, how he frighten me, he was so fierce, so loud! He call me a tramp—a thief—because he found I had no money. No money—yes—that was it; and he bade me go about my business; but I have no business, and so I came out into the woods to die alone."

"Cheer up, then, if that is all," said John, "and come with me. My mother won't drive you from her door, you may be sure."

And John spoke truly, for his mother's heart was like his own. She only needed to know that the girl was a stranger and in distress, to give her a cordial welcome.

"Take off your things, my dear," said she, removing the girl's shawl with her own hands, "and sit here by the fire. How you shiver, poor child! You're chilled to the bone."

"You are so kind—so very kind!" said the visitor taking the arm chair offered her; and then John saw that she was not only young, but singularly beautiful, though much worn, as if by recent illness.

"You're out of health. You're not fit to be abroad," said Mrs. Mallory. "How your mother would feel to see you looking so!"

"Alas, I have no mother!" said the girl; and her tears began to flow afresh. "I will tell you my story."

"There, there, I'm sorry I said it—I'm such a blunderer! Never mind the story now, but after supper, when you are warm and comfortable, you shall tell us about yourself—that is, all that you wish to tell.'

So, when the three had eaten their evening meal, and Mrs. Mallory had cleared away the table and taken out her knitting-work, the young girl told her story.

She said that her name was Estelle Le Roy; that her father was a French Refugee; but that she herself was born in Canada, some years after he had left his native country, he having married a Canadian. After the death of her mother, he had moved to Boston, hoping to be able to support himself and her by teaching his own language; but just as he had found a situation which promised to be permanent, he became very ill; in fact, the climate of this country had never agreed with him, and he was always mourning for "*la belle France.*" He was ill a long time, and when he died he left her penniless.

Of her relatives in France, she knew nothing; and although, since her father's death, she had written more than once to her mother's friends in Canada, no letters had ever been received in return. She believed she could find them, however, if she could get there; and that was now her aim. What she had suffered since she left Boston, she said she could "never, never tell."

"It's all over now, my dear," said Mrs. Mallory: "so try to forget it, and just make yourself contented with us till you are better able to travel than you are now."

For a whole week Estelle stayed with the Mallorys, gaining in health and beauty every day, and developing a careless lightness of spirit, greatly in contrast to her first depression.

That John was not insensible to her attractions may well be imagined, and what the consequences might have been I cannot tell, if his heart had not been already preoccupied. That being the case, there was no room there for the fair stranger, save in the way of friendship; and he showed his friendship by bringing Mary his betrothed to see her.

Curious it was to see the two together—Mary, the staid New England girl, with her rosy cheeks, her calm and beautiful face, her plain dress, and steady Northern tongue: and Estelle with her olive skin and dark complexion, her fanciful, idiomatic speech, and her airy figure, which gave grace even to the worn garments which clothed it. It was the brown thrush and the canary bird sitting side by side on an apple-tree bough.

Still they got on well together—these two—and kissed each other when they parted. But when Estelle parted from Mrs. Mallory, she hung on her neck as if it had been her own dear mother she was leaving.

John saw her safely on her journey, and when he took her hand to say farewell, he left in it a small purse containing a sum sufficient for her expenses.

"I shall not forget you, ever—ever—no, not till my dying day does come," said Estelle, with tears in her eyes. "Bless you for your kindness to the poor stranger—you, and the dear mother, and the pretty Marie."

In a few weeks the Mallorys received a letter from Estelle, saying that she had reached her journey's end in safety, and was among friends. It was the only letter they ever received from her.

In course of time John and Mary were married, and settled down on the Mallory farm, and there, for the present, we will leave them.

* * * * * * * * *

One day, a handsome travelling carriage drew up before the door of a hotel in a quiet New England village.

It was an event in the history of that hotel, for never had such an establishment been seen there before. Out came the two ostlers, out came the stable-boys, out came the bar-keeper, and lastly, out came the landlord himself.

A gentleman alighted from the carriage, and was followed by a beautiful and richly-dressed lady.

Bobbing his bare head, and waving aside his subordinates, the obsequious landlord led the way to the parlor, took the orders of his distinguished guests, and communicated them to his servants.

Then there was an opening and shutting of doors, a ringing of bells, a rushing to and fro,—in short, a tumult as if the Queen of England had come.

When the travellers were left to themselves, the lady broke into a merry laugh.

"Oh, it is too droll, Sir Edward; it is the same landlord who, fifteen years ago, bade me begone for a thief and a tramp!"

"The rascal! I should like to lay my cane over his back," said Sir Edward.

"It isn't worth while,—such an insignificant back," said the lady; "only don't take on airs, thinking all this attention is for us. It is only for our carriage, and horses, and our clothes."

By-an-by, the landlord having made some further errand to the parlor, the lady, who was sitting by the window remarked, "You have a pleasant little village here."

"As pleasant and thriving a village as any in the county," answered the delighted landlord.

"Do you know if there is a family by the name of Mallory living here?" asked she.

"There's a farmer by that name, my lady. Mr. John Mallory—if it's him you mean."

"The same, no doubt. He's living then,—and his mother?"

"She died six years ago, my lady; and it's well, perhaps, considering the misfortune that's come to the family."

"Misfortune?"

"Then you don't know," said the landlord, delighted to have some intelligence to communicate, but marvelling much that this great lady could feel any interest in the Mallory family. "Well, it's a great misfortune; and the worst of it is, it was all his own fault. If people will be so foolish, they must take the consequences. There wasn't a more prosperous man near here than John Mallory, and his property being mostly in real estate, there was no reason why he shouldn't keep it always, and his children after him, for real estate doesn't take to itself wings and fly away, like other riches. But what does John do but sign a note for a friend, and now he's lost everything."

"Everything?"

"Everything,—just turned himself and family out of house and home. That is to say, they'll have to go: there's no help for it."

"He's at the old place now, is he?"

"He is, my lady; but he won't be long; the sale takes place to-day."

"Thanks," said the lady; and then, as if to herself, "Poor John! so like him."

"You know him?" queried the landlord.

"He showed me great kindness once, fifteen years ago. I was here also at that time. You do not remember it?"

"It is very strange, but really, my lady, it has escaped my recollection."

"Quite likely. It was before my marriage." And with this the landlord was forced to be satisfied.

The sale was over; and John Mallory was wandering from room to room, taking a mute farewell of the house which he could no longer call his own, when his little daughter came to say that a lady was in the parlor who had asked for him.

"Very well," said he, supposing it to be some neighbor who wished to see him on a trifling matter of business; but when he opened the door a stranger stood before him.

She greeted him courteously, and then said, without any circumlocution, "I am the purchaser of your farm, and I have brought the deed, that you may see if it is all right."

He took it listlessly enough, but as he glanced over it his countenance changed.

"I don't understand," said he; and no wonder, for the deed was made out in his own name.

"So you too have forgotten me, as well as the landlord up there! But maybe you will remember *that?*"—and she held out a queer little purse of netted silk.

John Mallory fixed his startled gaze upon her, and something in the smiling mouth touched a long-silent chord of memory. She saw it, and, answering his look, said, "Yes, I am Estelle Le Roy; and the same Providence which sent you to me in my despair has sent me to you in your time of sorrow. No thanks, John Mallory! I do no more than requite your kindness to me, and hardly that; so keep the deed, I pray you! But the little purse—with that I will never part."

She then told him that within two or three years after returning to Canada, she had married an English baronet of great wealth, and had been in Europe most of the time since; but that, being now on a tour through "the States," they had come out of their way to visit those who had befriended her in her need.

"The dear mother is gone, I hear; but the pretty Marie—she is well?"

"My wife is well, and will come herself and thank you for your great goodness."

"Not to-night—not to-night; but to-morrow Sir Edward will come with me, and we will talk it all over—the past and the present. He knows it all, and he will say the thanks are due from ourselves—not you."

And in this she proved a true prophet.

The Present Life.

The present life is sleeping and waking; it is "good night" on going to bed, and "good morning" on getting up; it is to walk in the garden, and see the flowers open, and hear the birds sing; it is to have the postman bring letters; it is to have news from East, West, North, and South; it is to read old books and new books; it is to see pictures and hear music; it is to have Sundays; it is to pray with a family, morning and evening; it is to be well, and sometimes to be ill; it is to have business to do, and to do it; it is to have breakfast, and dinner, and tea; it is to belong to a town, and to have neighbors, and to be in one circle of acquaintance; it is to have friends to love one; it is to have sight of dear old faces; and with some men it is to be kissed daily by the same loving lips for fifty years; and it is to know themselves thought of many times a-day, in many places, by children and grand-children, and many friends.

Poor Lisette.

All strangers visiting the great French metropolis are sure to pass one or two evenings at the very pleasant establishment known as the Varietes Theatre, and those who have done so at any time within the last six years will remember upon the bills the name of Mademoiselle Lisette, the favorite *danseuse* of the company.

Apart from her remarkable beauty of features, her exquisite form, and her graceful expression in every department of her profession, there was a certain pensiveness and a native refinement about Lisette which challanged admiration. Perhaps it was in part the contrast which she presented in this respect to her associates as a class that rendered her so noticeable.

It is a sad fact, and one that cannot be overlooked, that the calling of a *figurante* in Paris is synonymous with disrepute; and the association is one nearly certain to entail the loss of character in any girl who adopts this perilous profession.

In the instance of Lisette, however, no one had ever breathed a suspicion as regarded her conduct. She was a prominent exception to the rule we have just referred to. She made no pretence to any credit above her companions; she was devoted to her art, and though her private life differed so much from theirs, still she was universally popular.

Lisette was a blonde. There was nothing artificial in the profuse, soft, sunny locks that adorned her head. Her large and pensive eyes were simply perfect—shaded by dark and long lashes which afforded an affect of exquisite delicacy and loveliness.

The principal dancer of the Varietes was the idol of scores of frequenters of that popular establishment. Their liberal offers of presents she always declined, except such as were given before the public in the always acceptable form of floral offerings. She was courteous to all, intimate with none.

There was a mystery hanging over her life, but all who knew her in the least, felt that there was nothing in the past or the present which could in any way reflect upon her personal purity.

> "An angel might have stooped to see,
> And bless her for her purity."

For over six years Lisette had appeared almost nightly upon those boards, commencing as a tiny fairy, being at first especially chosen for her singular beauty, and afterwards continued because she exhibited such remarkable aptitude for the stage, particularly as a dancer.

The ballet-master took pride and pleasure in teaching so apt a pupil, and his endeavors were rewarded by complete success. Lisette became a star, which would have reflected credit upon any establishment in the French metropolis. The manager realized this, and voluntarily so increased her salary as to enable her to procure every needed necessary in her stage costumes.

No one ever insulted Lisette. Her self-respect insured for her the respect of others; but it must not be inferred that she had no followers, or gentlemen who sought her interest with honorable intentions. There was several of these, but to none had the young girl ever given encouragement.

Lisette lived in the same quiet quarters where she had found a home for many years, in the Rue Saint Honore. Here she had two small rooms, a bed and a sitting-room. Everything was a pattern of neatness and refined taste. The young girl had the good sense to improve herself intellectually, and there was a number of good books to be seen upon her table.

A few choice pictures hung upon the walls. The furniture was of an antique pattern, and very simple. There was not an unnecessary thing to be found in those two little rooms in the Rue St. Honore.

Sometimes people asked what Lisette's other name was. No one knew. No one could answer this question—not even Lisette herself.

A young American, named Hunter, who came to Paris in the Autumn of 1874, from Rome, where he had been studying the art which he had embraced as a profession, saw her dance at the Varietes one evening.

Hunter was greatly impressed by the beauty of Lisette, and more especially by her unmistakable modesty and refinement.

It was not until he had witnessed her appearance in public several times that the young American sought an introduction to her.

This he found to be no easy task, but it was accomplished at last; and those who observed her on the occasion saw that the art student made an unusual impression upon Lisette at once.

Hunter was a Southerner, a Georgian by birth. He was a poor man's son, but friends had seen the genious that was in the lad, and had made up a purse to send him to study art in Italy. He had improved his opportunities, and though but twenty-five could support himself handsomely now by his art.

The acquaintance between these two young people ripened into a tender intimacy.

One evening, after her return from the theatre, Hunter called, as usual, and shared with her the cup of tea which it was her custom to take after the exertions of the performance.

"Lisette," he said, "I have got letters calling me home to America at once."

Lisette started, and her tremulous frame told the young artist more truly than words could have done that he was beloved by this beautiful girl. Neither had spoken of love up to that hour.

"Lisette!" he said tenderly.

"Well, Louis?" she answered, calling him by his Christian name for the first time.

"I love you very dearly!" he continued, taking the hand that hung by her side.

She looked into his handsome and manly face, and seemed as though she would read his very soul.

"Louis, I think you are very truthful. If I did not believe you, I should be very unhappy!"

"You love me, then, Lisette?"

"With all my heart!"

In the next moment she was in his arms, and pressed close to his heart. She had yielded at last. Lisette was in love.

And then these two pledged their hearts to each other.

Lisette told all her story to Louis Hunter; that is, all which she herself knew. It was a meagre one, and left nearly the same mystery hanging over her which had screened all knowledge of her birth from the public for years past. However, to his loving heart that mattered little. She was pure, innocent, beautiful. He asked no more. And, best of all, she loved him.

"Must you go to America?"

"Yes, Lisette; that is imperative."

"Alas!" she sighed.

"But I shall return almost immediately."

"You *will* return?"

"Yes; and never again to be separated from you, my dearest one."

Arrangements were made for the young artist's departure. He was to come back to the fair young girl, and make her his wife within six weeks.

Happy Lisette!

Notwithstanding the tears shed at parting, still so bright seemed the near future to the beautiful dancer, that on the evening of her separation from the young artist she performed her arduous part in the ballet with such vigor, grace, and charming effect, as to elicit more than usual applause.

"How brilliant Lisette is to-night!"

"She excels herself!"

"How bright and lovely she is!"

Such was the spontaneous expressions which ran from mouth to mouth among the crowded spectators that evening at the Varietes.

Lisette kept on the even tenor of her way, and patiently awaited the time for the return of him to whom she had pledged her heart and hand.

More than one letter came, renewing the tender promises which had been exchanged between them that eventful evening.

Happy Lisette!

There was now but a few days of time to intervene before her lover was expected to join her. Less than a week.

She rose bright and happy on the morning of the eighth of May last. She took up the morning paper which the housekeeper laid always upon the table with her cup of coffee and breakfast roll.

In startling sentences she read of the loss of the steamship Schiller off the Scilly Isles, and concerning the wholesale loss of life; and then all at once it dawned upon her that her beloved was a passenger on board the lost ship!

The blood rushed back to her heart from every channel in her body.

The list of saved was published on the following day. She felt intuitively that he was lost from the first moment that she read of the ship's catastrophe.

And it was so!

For two nights Lisette had not filled her accustomed position at the Varietes. The manager came round in his carriage to the Rue Saint Honore. He was shown to her apartments by the good old woman who acted as housekeeper.

There lay upon the spotless couch the dead body of Lisette. The brasier of charcoal, by which means she had taken her own life, stood near the head of the bed.

She had waited only to assure herself of her lover's loss, and then had lighted that fatal fire!

She lay peacefully with her hands across her bosom, clasping his miniature.

Poor Lisette!

She had cut out the account of the steamer's loss. The truth was at once surmised.

She left a few pencilled directions, giving five hundred francs for the expenses of her burial, five hundred francs to her kind old landlady, and the rest to be equally divided among her former companions at the Varietes.

When the authorities called, the old woman who kept the house told the following story.

"About seven years since an elderly lady, dressed in widow's weeds, came and took the rooms which have since been occupied by Mademoiselle. She kept her own secret. She was poor, for this child, then but thirteen years old, went nightly to the theatre, and came home at midnight, after filling her juvenile part.

"One night she came down and asked me for a lighted candle. They were too poor to burn candles. I gave her the candle, and followed her upstairs. I found the woman dead, and the child occupied in burning a quantity of letters which she took from an old trunk. She said, 'My mother has died, and charged me to burn these letters without reading them. I have done so.' And then she went and wept on the pillow of the dead woman.

"She knew not the name of either father or mother, and she was entirely alone in the world, having no resource save her profession as a dancer. She was always good, true, and pious, and she was to have married the American Artist who was lost in the late steamship disaster off the English coast!"

Such is the story current in Paris.

Poor Lisette!

A Great Mistake.

Boys and men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are for ever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundations will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every phase of double-dealing and dishonesty, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

Health and Wealth.

There is this difference betwnen those two temporal blessings—health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied. And this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest among us would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

PRISON SONG.

From "IL TROVATORE." Composed by VERDI.

Arranged for the Guitar by Prof. EDMUND CLARK,—the renowned Guitar Teacher, No. 285 Bowery, N. Y.



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CONTENTS.

A Motto for Life.....page 162
Ah! why did I gather this delicate flower? 163
Bonnie Jennie Gray..... 162
The Big Bonanza..... 162
Cigars and Cognac..... 163
The Cot upon the Hill..... 164
Call me your darling again..... 165
Don't give up the Ship!..... 162
Down the Beautiful River of Time..... 164
Every home has lost a darling..... 164
Gather roses while they bloom..... 163
Gold, Gold, Gold!..... 164
How soon we are forgotten!..... 163
I'll love you, only you, alway..... 162
Isn't it delightful?..... 162
I'll speak to thee..... 165
Julian Fenton—a Story.....166—167
Lilly Lee..... 163
The Last Link is broken 164
Little Rosebud..... 164
My Love she is a Lady fair..... 168
My Life..... 162
My Dolly was the Fairest Thing..... 164
Mother, bear me to the window..... 165
Married at last!..... 165
My tears—alas!..... 165
Pull down your vest!..... 165
Sweet other days..... 163
Though Fortune darkly o'er me frowns.... 163
There lives a young lassie in yon glen..... 163
Two Hearts, two Hands..... 163
Van Dieman's Land..... 165
Willie, my darling..... 162
With plenty of money you'll always have friends..... 163
What's the harm in a kiss?..... 163
Where the water-lilies grow..... 164

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Don't give up the Ship.

Copyright 1875, by E. H. Harding.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by Fred. *ter* Linden.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 239 Bowery, opposite Prince Street, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

Beside the porch the sailor sat,
The sunlight kissed his silvery hair;
The house-dog lay upon the mat,
And near him played a child so fair.
"Come here, my lad," the sailor cried,
While o'er his wrinkled face there came
A look of scorn he could not hide,
And in his eye a sudden flame!
"I hear," he said, "those words again!
I heard them long, long years ago!
'Twas, 'Don't give up the ship, my men,
Strike not your colors to the foe!'"

My boy, 'twas on the Chesapeake
That years ago we sailed away
The haughty foreign foe to seek.
I never shall forget the day
Our deck was cleared and piped all hands,
And down we swept before the gale:
The bravest there, 'tis Lawrence stands,
He gives the order "Crowd all sail!"
We fought. Our captain now I see!—
They bore him bleeding, fast below,
And "Don't give up the ship," cried he,
Strike not your colors to the foe!"

The tear-drops dimmed the sailor's cheek.
"Oh! love your country well, he said,
"My little child so fair and meek,
Since men like these have fought and bled.
They lived for her, for her they died,
My pretty one, so sweet and fair,
And always look with joy and pride,
Upon the starry banner there!
And should war come, so dark and sad,
When I to yonder port shall go,
Ah! don't give up the ship, my lad,
Strike not your colors to the foe!"

Willie, my Darling.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Down by the seasands I wander,
Where the wild winds whistle free;
Years have gone by since my darling
On this spot parted from me.
Curlew and albatross, circling,
Sound a lament o'er my head,
And, as I hearken, faint voices
Come to me as from the dead.
Chorus: Willie, O! Willie, my darling,
True-hearted son of the sea!
Sick is my spirit with waiting,
Wilt thou never come back to me?

Seems but a day since thy kisses
Stung my lips into a glow,
And I listened with measureless transport
To the songs that enraptured me so—
And I hear the keel grate as thy shallop
Glides over the shell-strewn shore,
And I feel in my heart that my darling
Will never come back to me more—
Willie, O! Willie, &c.

Bonnie Jeani Gra .

Words by W. Paul. Music by P. Webster.

Oh! whaur was ye sae late yestreen,
My bonnie Jeanie Gray?
Your mither miss'd you late at e'en,
And eke at break o' day.
Your mither look'd sae sour and sad,
Your father dull and wae,
Oh! whaur was ye sae late yestreen,
My bonnie Jeanie Gray?

Dear sister, sit ye down by me,
And let naebody ken,
For I hae promis'd late yestreen
To wed young Jamie Glen.
The melting tear stood in his e'e,
What heart could say him nay?
As aft he vow'd, thro' life I'm thine,
My bonnie Jeanie Gray.

A Motto for Life.

By Lieut. E. H. Kellogg.

Nary a red in the wide world of sorrow,
Maybe I'll die ere sunrise to-morrow;
But, while I live, I am bound to be merry,
And buck against trouble with heart bright and cheery,
Though those who know me may turn the cold shoulder,
Say I grow seedy and every day older,
Still I will smile, unheeding their sneering,
While I have health, and am onward careering.

CHORUS.

What are life's chances to those who won't take them,
As the creator has seen fit to make them?
Blocks over which blind schemers stumble,
Then hasten on with a curse and a grumble.

Let selfish mortals worry and flurry,
Like fleecy, flying scuds, uselessly skurry
Over life's zenith, then, windily waning,
Die like their prototypes, nothing attaining.
I know a trick worth double their broiling—
Which will repay a fellow for toiling—
'Tis do with a vim all the good that you can
To win the affection of your fellow-man.
What are life's chances, &c.

I'll Love You, Only You, Alway.

SONG AND CHORUS. | By Robert McKay.

What if life's crimson tide grows cold,
And locks are gray that once were gold—
What if Time's hand has scanned your brow,
And, bent with years, you totter now?
To me your face is not less fair
Than 'twas when, blithe as birds of air,
We wandered by the wildwood stream,
And thought how sweet was love's young dream.
Chorus: Believe me, dear, where'er I stray,
Your love's the star that lights my way;
Until from earth I pass away
I'll love you, only you, alway.

Together we've endured the storms
Of life, and in each other's arms
A joy we've found for every woe
That falls to mortals here below;
Then let us still together tread,
Till death's cold hand is on us laid,
The narrow way to yon bright shore
Where pain and parting are no more.
Believe me, dear, where'er I stray, &c.

My Life.

A BALLAD.

My life is like the Summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die.
But on that roses humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if it wept such waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the Autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail—its date is brief—
Restless, and soon to pass away:
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall or fade,
The parent-tree shall mourn its shade—
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand,
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand.
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud mourns the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

Tell not your secrets to your servant, for he will then be your master.

When is coffee like the earth? When it is ground.

What part of a house does a certain sea resemble? A dry attic (Adriatic).

Lilly Lee.

By Robert McKay.

The distant west, in splendor dress,
Proclaims the close of day,
And sombre-hued o'er dale and wood
Descends the twilight gray;
Then come, my love, and with me rove
Beneath the greenwood tree;
Here at the gate I anxious wait
To greet thee, Lilly Lee.
Then come, my love, &c.

We'll wander where Dame Nature fair,
By man's arts undefiled,
Her sceptre wields o'er waving fields
And woodland winding wild;
Nor creeping thing, nor bird on wing,
Is there abroad to see,
Or hear me say, now and alway,
I love thee, Lilly Lee.
Then come, my love, &c.

Isn't it Delightful?

By Saul Bertrow.

Isn't it delightful when the breezes blow,
And the waves are tossing white as pearly snow?
All aboard the steamboat, gliding like a bird,
Everybody dancing—couldn't hear a word!
Forward to your partner, balance up and down,
That's the way we do it going out of town!

Isn't it delightful when we steal a kiss
From our little charmer—one she'll never miss?
Then we whisper softly in her pretty ear;
Oh! it makes a fellow feel so mighty queer;
How the corks are flying when we go to dine!
Sandwiches and kisses—don't we cut a shine?

Isn't it delightful—should there come a storm,
Round a waist so taper just to put your arm?
Like a jolly sailor we can stand it all.
When the boat is rocking, and we meet a squall.
What's a little water while we gaily rove,
When a fellow's over head and ears in love?

Isn't it delightful when the day is done,
And our nose is blistered with the broiling sun?
While we're sailing homeward, turtle doves are we;
Happy as the sea-gull sailing o'er the sea!
Merry goes the music, gayly goes the boat:
Tell you it is jolly when we're all afloat!

The Big Bonanza

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

I started in the race of life
With hopes and fancies mountain high;
I won the fight in every strife,
And left my hopes no chance to die;
Great fortunes I have made and lost,
And o'er the world I've rambled far,
While everywhere it was my boast
To own a bright and "lucky star."
Chorus: The "Big Bonanza" I behold;
I've labored long and travelled far;
But now I see my dream of gold,
And bless my bright and "lucky star."

I'll buy a mansion big and grand,
And spend my fortune gay and free;
And gladly fill the beggar's hand—
There's plenty in the world for me;
I'll speculate without a fear
Of "Bulls" or "Bears" opposing war,
And while I win their gold so dear,
I'll bless my bright and "lucky star."
The "Big Bonanza," &c.

I'll search around my social sphere,
And fall in love with some sweet maid;
For, love alone can cheer my home—
The "Big Bonanza" gives me aid;
And when I'm wed and settled down,
And voices round me cry "Papa!"
I'll bless the day so far away
When first I saw my "lucky star."
The "Big Bonanza," &c.

How Soon we are Forgotten!

By Samuel N. Mitchell.

Oh! how soon we are forgotten
In this busy world of ours,
Though we often strew the pathway
Of our friends with choicest flowers!
Every loving deed and action
Is remembered but a while,
And the thanks are oft as heartless
As a flirting maiden's smile.
Chorus: Though we often strew the pathway
Of our friends with choicest flowers,
We are very soon forgotten
In this thankless world of ours.

Oh! how soon we are forgotten
In the paths of daily life,
Though we aid our lame companions
Who are plunged in deepest strife!
Every tender word that's spoken
To a friend in sad despair,
Has a meaning seldom relished
In this bustling world of care— Chorus.

Oh! hown soon we are forgotten
When the form is cold and still,
Though we've helped the poor and needy
To ascend life's rugged hill!
Some, perhaps, will have a sorrow
When the Reaper calls us in;
But, alas! 'tis soon forgotten
In this thankless world of sin— Chorus.

With Plenty of Money You'll Always Have Friends.

A Motto Song and Chorus. By Samuel N. Mitchell.

I've seen it once quoted, and you have, no doubt,
"A man is a man, though his pocket's played out;"
But that is all nonsense, you know it yourself—
A man's not a man without lot's of the "pelf."
For instance, a person that hasn't a cent
Is passed by the wealthy with utter contempt,
While he of the dollars, the "blow-outs" and "bends,"
With plenty of money has plenty of friends.
Chorus.
Yes, oh! yes: you will find it so, (*waltz time*).
It matters not where you chance to go;
For, just as true as the rainbow blends,
With plenty of money you'll always have friends.

Just look at the beggar who calls at your door—
With some he's no man, but a regular "bore:"
They'll treat him with coolness, and look with a scorn,
And 'cause he is hungry, they make him pass on;
And then the poor cripple, who hobbles about,
Is looked on by some with a sneer and a pout:
While seldom such conduct the creature offends
With plenty of money—you'd all be his friends,
Yes, oh! yes: you will find it so, &c.

That "all men are brothers" 'tis useless to say,
But then, like the dog, we must all have our day;
And he who is friendless may sometime arise
To be just as rich as these saints in disguise;
Though he may be honest and true as he can,
There's one thing that's needed to make him a man:
And when he obtains it, his misery ends:
For, plenty of money makes plenty of friends.
Yes, oh! yes: you will find it so, &c.

Though Fortune Darkly o'er me Frowns.

Ballad from Balfe's opera, "The Rose of Castille."

Though fortune darkly o'er me frowns,
And each day brings new care,
Ambition's dream bright hope still crowns,
And bids me not dispair;
Though morning's bloom be passed away,
Its beauty spent and gone;
Though foes assail and friends betray,
My hope shall lead me on.

New dangers may my path beset,
New storms life's sky o'ercast,
My darling I shall ne'er regret,
But dare on to the last.
The fleeting prize, if held in view,
May yet be nobly won:
Though life's first dream may not prove true,
Still hope shall lead me on.

Swee. O.ner Days.

By Arthur W. French.

Fond mem'ry weaves a blissful dream
Of love and long ago,
That hovers near me like the gleam
Of golden sunset's glow:
A dimpled hand is laid in mine,
Blue eyes upon me gaze,
And stars of heaven softly shine
As in sweet other days.
Chorus: Sweet other days, sweet other days,
In mem'ry's golden haze
You ever cling, while still I sing
Of thee, sweet other days.

I hear a gentle voice repeat
Affection's story still:
So fall the hours, or sad or sweet,
My heart with rapture thrills;
By leafy glade and flowery dell
My heart in gladness strays,
And recollection weaves a spell
Of love and other days. Chorus.

Gather Roses While They Bloom.

By Arthur W. French.

Gather roses while they bloom,
In their beauty, rich and rare;
Pluck them ere their sweet perfume
Fades upon the Summer air;
Soon their petals will decay,
And each leaflet pass away—
So then quickly, while you may,
Gather roses while they bloom.
Chorus: Gather roses, sweetest roses,
In their beauty, rich and rare;
Pluck them ere their sweet perfume
Fades upon the Summer air.

Love is like the sweetest flowers
That around our pathway climb,
Making all life's passing hours
Seem eternal Summer-time;
So if we would win and wear
What to us is young and fair,
We must in their beauty rare
Gather roses while they bloom. Chorus.

Ah! why did I Gather this Delicate Flow r?

Ah! why did I gather this delicate flower?
Why pluck the young bud from the tree?
'Twould there have bloomed lovely for many an hour,
And how soon will it perish with me?
Already its beautiful texture decays,
Already it fades on my sight;
'Tis thus that chill rancor too often o'erpowers
The moments of transient delight.

When eagerly pressing enjoyment too near,
Its blossoms we gather in haste;
How oft thus we mourn with penitent tear
O'er the joys which we lavished in waste:
This elegant flower, had I left it at rest,
Might still have delighted my eyes;
But plucked prematurely, and placed in my breast,
It languishes, withers, and dies.

What's the Harm in a K ss?

What's in a kiss? do not moralists say
'Tis the pure pledge of friendship to man?
The breeze kisses the flower every hour of the day,
And night follows as day has begun:
So there can be no harm—no, no.

What's in a kiss? the clouds oft kiss the earth,
While all calm on its surface they lie:
And the waves kiss the land in the hour of their birth,
And the winds kiss the clouds as they fly.
So there can be no harm —no, no.

What's in a kiss? the wine kisses the lip,
Ere the o'erflowing goblet is drained:
The bees kiss the rose, ere its fragrance they sip—
Yet the roses have never complained:
So there can be no harm—no, no.

Cigars and Cogniac.

He who wears a regimental suit
Is oft as poor as any raw recruit,
But what of that?
Girls will follow when they hear the drum,
To view the tassel and the waving plume
That decks his hat.
Oh! he will sing when he is not on duty,
Smoke his cigar, and flirt with some gay beauty—
Chorus.
Oh! vive l'amour—cigars and cogniac—
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, with these
we'll bivouac.
Oh! vive l'amour—cigars and cogniac—
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, with these
we'll bivouac.

When we march into country towns,
Prudes may fly from us and dames may frown—
But that's absurd!
When we march away, we leave behind
Prudes and dames that have been vastly kind—
Pray take my word.
Off, off we go and tell them we're on duty,
Smoke a cigar and seek for some new beauty.
Oh! vive l'amour, &c.

When at night with victory crowned,
Among the fires on the battle ground—
We bivouac.
Relieved from fighting, then we sink to rest,
The ground our bed, tho' hard, it is the best
That we can get,
We laugh, we sing, but ready are for duty,
Smoke our cigars, then dream of home and beauty.
Oh! vive l'amour, &c.

There Lives a Y ung Lassie in yon Glen.

There lives a young lassie far down in yon glen,
And I lo'e that lassie as nae ane may ken;
O! a saint's faith may vary, but faithfu' I'll be,
For weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.

Red, red as the rowan, her smiling wee mou';
And white as the gowan, her breast and her brow
Wi' the foot of a fairy she trips o'er the lea;
O! weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.
There lives a young lassie, &c.

She sings sweet as ony wee bird o' the air,
And she's blythe as she's bonnie, she's gude as she's fair;
Like a lammie, as airy and artless is she;
O! weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.
There lives a young lassie, &c.

Two Hearts, Two Hands.

By Samuel N. Mitchell.

Blue was the sky far overhead,
And bright the little twinkling stars,
But lovelier was the moon that shed
Its light upon the meadow-bars.
We stood together, he and I,
Amid fair Luna's mellow rays,
And talked of future bye-and-bye,
And what had passed in other days.
Chorus: Two hearts, two hands, were bound together,
We vowed to brave all kinds of weather,
And fight the many storms of life—
He as husband, and I as wife.

Bright was the dew upon the grass,
Green were the mosses on the wall,
And not a bird was seen to pass—
The whippoorwill had ceased his call,
It was to us an Eden fair,
A place we never shall forget—
The rose I nestled in his hair
I seem to think is blooming yet. Chorus.

Though years have passed away since then,
And time, no doubt, has changed our lives,
He's been the very best of men,
And I to him the best of wives.
We oft look back on days of yore,
And wish that we were young again,
That we might live the life once more
That never knew the slightest pain. Chorus.

The way of the World.

Copyright 1875, by E H Harding.

Words by Jolly Nash. Music by T. E. Hilory.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

I've seen a great deal of the world in my time,
I've mixed with the grave and the gay,
And I've noted the ways of the poor, and the proud,
As I've journeyed thro' life's rugged way;
I've seen a good man, at a turn of the wheel,
By dame fortune to poverty hurled,
And I have seen those he fed in his prosperous days,
Pass him by—that's the way of the world.

CHORUS.

Oh yes! it's the way of the world, my boys,
It's the way of the world, you see:
Oh yes! it's the way of the world, my boys,
But it is not the way with me.

It's the way of the world to lavish its wealth
On those who don't need it, we find:
To smile at the follies of those that are rich,
And to their misdoings be blind;
Should poverty err, it is quite the reverse:
The smiles are all changed into frowns;
Your conduct will always be judged by your purse,
You will find, in the world's ups and downs.
Oh yes! it's the way, &c.

It's the way of the world to envy the man
Who by his exertions may rise,
And cant about luck, if he who have pluck,
Succeed in the things that he tries;
Some people make mischief the rule of their lives—
Keep the banner of discord unfurled—
Make tools of the weak to gain their own ends,
As they wriggle their way through the world.
Oh yes! it's the way, &c.

It's the way of a few in the world, I observe,
To frown upon all who are gay,
And pull a long face when innocent mirth
Would chase the dull moment away;
I have learnt some good lessons by what I have seen—
It is better to laugh than to cry—
That much good is mixed with the bad in the world,
And each on himself should rely.

CHORUS.

I've shown you the ways of the world, my boys,
The ways of the world, you see;
Take the good with the bad, together, my boys,
That is the way with me.

Where the Water Lilies Grow.

Music by Arthur Percy.

The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co. 547 Broadway, N. Y.

'Twas in the pleasant summer time,
I met him all by chance,
The robins sang their sweetest rhyme,
And loving was his glance;
We wandered mid the blooming flowers,
He called me sweet and fair,
The queen of all the sunny bowers,
The brightest rose-bud there.

Spoken: Oh! he was charming—such a delightful little fellow! I never can forget—

Chorus: When we met there by the river,
In the sunlight's merry glow;
For, my heart he won for ever,
Where the pretty little water lilies grow.

I dream of him where'er I go,
I never can forget
Those eyes that shone with sparkling glow,
The day when first we met;
The lilies all will fade and die,
The birds will fly away,
We can't forget, nor he nor I,
The love we told that day.

Spoken: No! For, he begged me just to whisper the little "Yes." When we met, &c.

Why is a railway train in motion a safe place in a thunder storm?—Because it is furnished with a conductor.

The Cot upon the Hill.

Composed by Frank Lavarnie. Published by Kunkel Bros., St Louis.

'Tis years since I left my home,
The one I loved so dear,
Where in my youth kind parents lived
My weary heart to cheer:
Now all those days are passed and gone,
And I am from them still,
But while I live I'll not forget
The cot upon the hill.
Chorus: The cot upon the hill.
Where friends are living still;
That pleasant little love-birth place,
The cot upon the hill,
That pleasant little love-birth place,
The cot upon the hill.

'Twas in that cosey little cot
I passed my younger days,
With friends and others always by,
To cheer my childish ways;
But now that I am far away,
I often wonder still
If those kind friends would welcome me
To the cot upon the hill. Chorus.

Every Home has Lost a Darling.

Words by George. Cooper Music by Ernest Leslie

One by one, they wander from us,
And we linger, 'mid our tears;
But their sweet and loving mem'ries
Blossom thro' the lonely years.
Oh! the yearning hearts around us,
Oh! the footsteps heard no more!
Every home has lost a darling—
Some dear loved one gone before.
Chorus: They are waiting o'er the river,
Where the strife and pain are o'er:
Every home has lost a darling,
Some dear loved one gone before.

Day by day, we miss their faces,
And we wander on alone;
But we know each fleeting moment
Brings us nearer to our own.
Oh! the bliss to meet our loved ones,
Once again, on yonder shore!
Every home shall find its darling—
Sweet, sweet darling gone before. Chorus.

Down the Beautiful River of Time.

Down the beautiful river of time, love,
We are gliding along with the tide,
While the wavelets in musical rhyme, love,
Softly murmur as onward we glide.
We are seeking that far-away shore,
Where all the good and the best
Are watching for us evermore,
By the shores in the sweet isle of rest.
Chorus: Down the beautiful river of time, love,
We are gliding along with the tide,
While the wavelets in musical rhyme, love,
Softly murmur as onward we glide.

Down the beautiful river of time, love,
There are splendors our thoughts to allure;
But we seek for a happier clime, love,
Where pleasure will ever endure.
Let us do what we can, then, to teach
Each other the things that are best,
And strive, as we journey, to reach
That home in the sweet isle of rest. Chorus.

My Dolly was the Fairest Thing.

My Dolly was the fairest thing:
Her breath disclosed the sweets of spring;
And if for summer you would seek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek.
Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitful Autumn was the type;
But when the tender tale I told.
I found her heart was winter cold.

The Last Link is Broken.

The last link is broken that bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken has rendered me free—
That bright glance misleading on others may shine:
Those eyes smiled unheeding when tears
streamed from mine.

CHORUS.

I have not loved lightly, I'll think on thee yet,
I'll pray for thee nightly till life's sun has set.

If my love was deemed boldness, the sorrow is o'er:
I've witnessed thy coldness, I prize thee no more;
The heart thou hast broken once doted on thee—
And the words I have spoken proved sorrow to me.
I have not loved lightly, &c.

Oh! hadst thou then treasured my words spoken free,
Thou could'st not have measured my own love to thee:
But, oh! thou hast sorrowed the heart that was thine,
I'll return to thee, borrowed, the one I thought mine.
I have not loved lightly, &c.

Gold, Gold, Gold!

Composed by G. W. Hunt—Sung by Tony Pastor.

The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

We often read of the power
Of princes and of kings,
Who, stripped of all their grandeur,
Are but poor mortal things;
But there's a power stronger,
Which lasts for time untold,
To which all men must bow, and that's
The bright, bright Gold.
Chorus: Gold, Gold, Gold! I love to hear it jingle.
Gold, Gold, Gold! its power is untold:
We men strive hard to store it,
And woman she'll adore it;
The best friend that a man can have is
Gold, Gold, Gold!

The man that's minus money,
The world will call a flat!
And pass him by, but if he's rich,
Will gaily raise its hat;
It sneers at the unlucky,
But smiles on he who wins,
And gold will gloss and cover
Quite a multitude of sins. Chorus.

The maid, both plain and ancient,
Appears a perfect "sweet,"
If rich: her gold magnetic draws
"Fond" lovers to her feet;
Some say this Gold's a curse, and that
It causes strife and pride,
But we know it is a blessing,
When it's properly applied. Chorus.

Love and content in a cottage,
I've heard of, so have you,
But I fear that kind of bliss
Is only experienced by few:
When trouble comes unto the door,
Love flies, or else grows cold,
And the only thing to warm it up is
Gold, Gold, Gold! Chorus.

Little Rosebud.

Words by Dexter Smith. Music by W. H Brockway

For sale by Wm A. Pond & Co. 547 Broadway.

Little rosebud, are you lonely,
Now I am so far away?
For, of you I'm thinking only,
As I ever sadly stray;
Since from you I sweetly parted,
Earth has no delights for me,
And I wander heavy hearted
O'er the land, and o'er the sea. Chorus.

Little rosebud, I am coming
Home to see you once again;
For, I'm weary now of roaming,
Drifting o'er the stormy main;
Will you welcome home the ranger
To the sunshine of your smile?
Then will sadness be a stranger,
And life's sweetest joys beguile. Chorus.

Van Dieman's Land.

Sung by Wm. Major.

Come all you lads of learning and rambling
boys, beware,
Whenever you go a hunting, bring your
dogs, gun and snare :
For those lofty hills and valleys we have
at our command,
Not thinking of the last farewell going to
Van Dieman's Land.

There were three men from Galway town,
Martin, Luke, and James,
They were three loyal comrades their
countrymen they formed,
And it's there they were transported by
the keepers of the strand,
And for seven long years transported, going
to Van Dieman's Land.

We had a true-love on board the ship,
Jane Murphy was her name ;
And there she was transported for carrying
on the game.
The captain fell in love with her, and
married her out of hand ;
Oh ! she gave us the best of treatment,
going to Van Dieman's Land.

This land in port we went to, was on a foreign shore,
The negroes they surrounded us, about five
hundred score ;
They yoked us like horses, and sold us out of hand,
They yoked us to a trace, bravely, to plough
on Van Dieman's Land.

The houses they built for us, were made
of mud and clay,
The beds we had to lie upon, was made of rotten hay,
Oh ! rotten hay for beds, my boys, and
slumber if you can ;
Sure, they gave us the worst of treatment,
all in Van Dieman's Land.

One night, as I lay down to sleep, I had a
pleasant dream,
I dreamed that I was in old Ireland, down
by a purling stream ;
I dreamed I was in old Ireland, my true-love
at my command :
But when I awoke my heart was broke,
all in Van Dieman's Land.

Mother, Bear me to the Window.

Mother, bear me to the window,
Now the birds begin to sing :
Let me once more hear their music
And inhale the breath of Spring ;
For, I know the time is coming—
Feel that it will not be long
When the joyous little minstrels
Cannot wake me with their song.
Chorus : Hark ! 'tis the Angels' whispering
Waits to waft her spirit home—
Never more among the flowers
Will our darling Nelly roam.

Mother, bear me to the window,
Now the rose begins to bloom :
For, I love to see them thriving,
And to breathe their sweet perfume :
And I long to see the lilies
Once more growing round my home,
Although never more among them
Will your darling Nelly roam. Chorus.

Mother, dear, I'm growing weary,
Lay me down upon the bed :
Farewell, song-birds ! farewell, flowers !
Sing and bloom when I am dead—
Dearest Mother, you are weeping—
Do not weep, it gives me pain :
For, a something sweetly whispers—
We but part to meet again. Chorus.

When is a thief like a seamstress?—When he cuts and runs.

Married at Last.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

When I was alone, and aged sixty-three,
I thought that I would marry :
So I fell in love with a pretty little girl,
Her christian name was Clarry.
I wished to be wed, if we could agree,
So I asked her if she'd have me,
When she answered me with accents free—
That seventeen is young to marry.

Spoken : Now I consider *her* lost. Letting youth hinder her joining wealth and beauty.

Chorus.

With a blush and a smile I'd try to beguile
The eyes that at me were glancing :
'Tis hard to be refused when a poor lover sues
And the girls they are so entrancing.

I waited a month, then made up my mind
That single I'd no longer tarry :
The question then to a lady fair I popped,
But me she declined to marry.
Marriage, you see, was not yet my bliss,
These pretty little doves wouldn't have me :
I could not live in the world like that,
The thought of it I'm sure would kill me.

Spoken : It was really provoking, a smart, dashing fellow like your humble servant, not able to captivate the affections of a youthful charmer : I'm sure that— With a blush, &c.

I next made an offer to dear Mrs. Brown,
The widow of a gent I knew,
But she turned up her nose, as the saying goes,
And like a cat at me she flew.
So I tried hard, you see, and I tried in vain,
Not one could I get to have me :
They all refused, which to me was so unkind,
Oh, my ! how my heart did ache for Clarry !

Spoken : Yes, my thoughts were always with little Clarry—Ah, dear ! the impression of first love on the heart is like a bad character—lasting.
With a blush, &c.

A year after that I thought I'd try again,
No longer I'd stay to bandy :
An offer I made then to my great fat cook,
And proud was she to have me.
A month had elapsed when I made her my wife,
With love I could no longer parry ;
"A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush,"
So I found some one at last to marry.

Spoken : Yes, married at last, and for certain *cooked*—If I'm not blessed with *quality*, I am with *quantity*—that's a consolation ; it would be a difficult task for a poet to describe her figure, no taper waist, no jet black eyes, no pearly teeth, oh, dear, no !—well— With a blush, &c.

Call Me Your Darling Again.

Ah ! call me your darling again,
In tones that are tender and true,
And say that you're loving me still,
And tell me I'm dearest to you :
I care not for days full of sorrow,
If ever you're true, love, to me—
And hope for a brighter to-morrow,
When I shall be dearest to thee.
Chorus : Call me your darling, call me your darling,
And don't be angry any more :
Oh ! call me your darling again,
And say that I'm dearest to you—
Call me your darling again.

Oh ! call me your darling again,
And now let us banish the past,
I've prayed for our meeting again,
And now I am happy at last—
Oh ! tell me you'll never forget me,
While pressing me close to your heart—
Oh ! kiss me and call me your darling,
And say never more shall we part !
Call me your darling, &c.

Pull Down Your Vest.

By Billy Mortland.

Did you ever hang out in a liquor-saloon?
I own that I did—I'm a foolish goosoon—
Though I knew it not then, I found it out soon,
For a party I met there by night and by day.
Whenever into that saloon I would go,
I would meet with that crowd, that did lead me on so,
They'd stand and they'd drink till the daylight
would glow,
And whenever I entered the place they would say :

Chorus.

"Pull down your vest : say, pull down your vest—
Sling up your hat, now, the same as the rest ;
We always have thought you as good as the best,
So don't you go shy now, but pull down your vest."

This "Pull down your vest," I did soon understand,
Was a modest request to treat all on hand,
Which I foolishly did, and thought it so grand,
That I joined in, and soon became one of the crowd,
And then with the rest at the bar I would drink,
And smoke bad cigars till I scarcely could think,
And if any one entered at each other we'd wink,
Then we all would yell at him noisy and loud :
Pull down your vest, &c.

I could see that my money was leaving me fast :
I found that my strength at that rate couldn't last ;
And I thought of the health I enjoyed in the past—
So concluded carousing to stop I would try ;
And when my stamps with them no more
I'd spend free,
I found that the "gang" one by one did "shy" me ;
I wasn't the "Solid Man" I used to be,
For to this invitation I wouldn't reply :
Pull down your vest, &c.

But all these sad ways I wisely gave o'er,
And I hope that to them I shall go back no more ;
For I've been taught a lesson I ne'er knew before,
But experience's teaching, they say, is the best.
Be advised—in those places now don't you hang out—
Take a drink with yourself or a friend, and walk out,
Or you will be braced by those who're about,
For they'll "strike" you, though they may
be filled to the chest—
So pull down your vest, &c.

I'll Speak to Thee.

Words by Frank Ashleigh. Music by S. H. Speck.
The Music can be obtained of E. T. Peacock. 208 Grand Street, New York. Price 25 cents.

Do not repine, darling, I pray,
Thy love divine, once cold, to-day
Is as of yore thine own to be :
My heart is sore—I'll speak to thee—
Now do I kneel down at thy feet,
Couldst thou but feel my poor heart beat
Oh ! then thou wouldst be ever as yet,
And one could see hearts can forget.

Chorus.

I'll speak to thee, thy heart is heard,
It shall not break for that poor word :
My soul imparts its love to be
Sacred to heart—I'll speak to thee.

One form to be ever in sight,
Dear, dear to me, both day and night,
I was content ever to dwell,
My soul was lent in mystic spell :
But I grew cold as years rolled on,
A tale was told, I was forlorn :
Oh ! unknown to thee I was held fast—
And once more free, I'm thine at last.
I'll speak to thee, &c.

My Tears, Alas!

My tears—alas ! I cannot speak !—
Must thank this goddess, sure divine
For had I words—words are too weak,
Too poor to vent such thoughts as mine.

The sun, in its meridian height,
Will gratitude like this inspire :
Whose kindly heat and piercing light
We wonder at, and we admire.

Julian Fenton.

A bright winter's day was shining over New York. The air was cold, sparkling, and exhilarating. The sky was of that intense blue seen only in America and Italy.

The great steamship St. Laurent, eastward bound, and to sail in a few hours for Europe, lay at her wharf, with the steam already whizzing from her waste-pipes, and her screw now and then revolving with a single, sullen throb, that sent the waters whirling and churning into snowy foam far astern.

A well-favored gentleman, of near the middle age, perhaps thirty-eight, and decidedly handsome, stood on her deck, with hands plunged into the pockets of his overcoat, and a cigar between his lips, surveying the busy scene.

Business of importance, connected with the firm of which he was a member, called Julian Fenton abroad; but he yielded to the necessity of a winter voyage with anything but a good grace.

Meanwhile the bustle on the wharf and at the gangway increased. Porters were hurrying on board with trunks and parcels, and the friends of the departing travellers were saying good-bye, and hastening on shore; the newspaper and magazine vendors were making a last effort to dispose of their wares; and orange-women were offering, in a frenzied way, unlimited fruit for nominal sums.

In the midst of all this, an elegant private carriage, with the inevitable steamer-chair and roll of rugs that mark a practised voyager, drove hurriedly up to the foot of the gangway ladder.

Only two persons descended from the carriage—one, a tall and stylish-looking man, and the other a lady.

The features of the latter could not be seen, as a heavy veil of thickly-worked black lace was drawn closely over her features. But her slender, elastic figure, in its close-fitting, fur-bordered polonaise, was a model of grace and symmetry; and the foot and ankle which she displayed in mounting the gangway ladder were so perfect that Fenton uttered an ejaculation of surprise and admiration.

Mr. Fenton lost no time in following this dainty vision to the cabin, where he found her surrounded by friends, who were uttering their last messages and adieux in a chorus of confused and eager voices.

She had meanwhile thrown back her veil, and revealed a very lovely face, with large, soft, gray eyes, though the latter were now somewhat disfigured and swollen with weeping. She was refined, high-bred, intellectual-looking, with delicately-cut and mobile features, which at first impressed Julian Fenton with the idea that he had seen the face somewhere or other before, but which, on more prolonged examination, he decided to be wholly unknown to him.

At this moment, the gentleman who had accompanied the fair traveller on board, looked round, caught sight of Mr. Fenton, and, after a whispered colloquy of some moments with his companion, disengaged himself from the group, and came towards Julian, who was leaning against the doorway.

"Mr. Fenton, I believe?" he said, rising his hat as he spoke,

"That is my name, sir."

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Mr. James Castlemaine, of the firm of Castlemaine and Co., bankers."

"Ah! yes, I know," said Julian Fenton, blandly, offering his hand.

"This lady, the widow of my late brother, is about to proceed to Paris," continued the other, bowing again, "and she is without an escort. May I trouble you to look after her a little on the voyage? She has no friends on board; but her aunt is to meet her at Brest; so that your charge will not be a very long nor a very onerous one."

"The latter it could not be," thought Julian Fenton, as he was taken up to be presented to Mrs. Castlemaine.

There was something in her style of beauty, at once matured, refined, and intellectual, that suited his fastidious tastes, and he began to think that his voyage would not be such a bad thing, after all. The lady gave him a speaking glance, from her dark-fringed, lustrous orbs, and laid in his palm an exquisitely-gloved hand, that in delicacy and symmetry matched the perfect foot he had before noticed.

Just at that moment the last bell sounded: the last farewells and embraces were hurriedly given and returned; those shoreward-bound retired; while the steam passengers rushed on deck to take a last look at their friends, and the sunny shores of their native land.

It is always a solemn moment, no matter for how brief a time the outward-bound traveller is going, when the great cables that hold the steamship to the wharf are cast off, and thus the last visible link that unites the traveler with home is severed.

Then the mighty vessel trembles from stem to stern with the strong throb of the engines, the screw dashes the water into foam, the ship glides onward, the shore recedes, and the voyage is fairly begun.

Mrs. Castlemain did not come to dinner that day; the emotion of parting, and possibly the first heavy swell of the ocean, having induced her to remain quietly in her state-room.

But, as the next day was mild and pleasant, she made her appearance at breakfast in a dark gray travelling-dress, trimmed with fur, with a coquettish little hood to match, both of which were exceedingly becoming, the long, tight polonaise of the former showing off to advantage her lithe, elegant, and graceful form.

"I am glad to see you able to come to the table, Mrs. Castlemaine," said Julian Fenton, assisting her to place herself comfortably on the long, narrow sofa. "Now what shall I order for your breakfast?"

While her meal was being prepared, Mrs. Castlemaine chatted with Julian, or talked to the captain in the purest of French, and with the most perfect Parisian accent.

How lovely she looked under the influence of conversation or excitement!

That bright, animated countenance was still a perplexity to Mr. Fenton, so confident did he feel at times that he had seen it somewhere else; and yet he was fully persuaded that he had never before met with so charming a woman, and one so entirely to his tastes.

Above all things he adored style and piquancy in a woman; and Mrs. Castlemaine, to use a much-abused word, was "stylish," from the dark braids crowning her shapely head, down to the tips of her dainty French kid *bottines*.

Then, too, every line about her breathed of grace and elegance. The tall, shapely form: the slender, white hands; the long, tapering foot; the dainty head, so gracefully poised on the graceful throat and sloping shoulders.

The breakfast was succeeded by a promenade on the deck, where the skies, and the waves, and the sea-gulls were all discussed; and that all-absorbing question at sea, the probabilities of fair winds and favorable weather, or the reverse, was duly debated; and at the close of it the two promenaders had reached a degree of intimacy which a month's acquaintanceship on land, under ordinary circumstances, could scarcely have occasioned.

Then Mrs. Castlemaine's sea-chair was brought up, and the lady was ensconced in it, so "wrapped, and lapped, and cozily happed" in furs, and shawls and carriage-rugs, that she looked a very poetical version of an Esquimaux belle.

Mr. Fenton placed himself on a bench beside her, and a merry conversation about New York and Paris, and society in these two cities, ensued, in the course of which they discovered that they possessed so many friends in common, and found so many topics of mutual interest to talk over, that the lunch-hour came and passed unheeded, and it was not till the gathering shadows, as well as their sea-sharpened appetites, told of the approach of dinner-time, that they separated, only to meet again at the table, and to be more pleased with each other than even in the morning.

The first day proved to be but a sample of the rest. The weather was as mild as midsummer. Mrs. Castlemaine appeared daily at dinner and on deck in the most bewitching of travelling costumes. But Mr. Fenton was not permitted to monopolize her society, accredited escort though he was.

A Spanish gentleman, Senor Travera, succumbed at once to her charms; and there was a Frenchman on board, the Baron de Kerrasec, the head of an old Breton and Legitimist family, who lost no time in trying to get up what his countrymen call *une flirtation Americaine* (an American flirtation).

Mrs. Castlemaine, as she told Mr. Fenton, had passed nearly all her married life abroad, with her husband, who was a confirmed invalid; and she spoke both French and Spanish with equal fluency, so that she was enabled to reply with ease to the compliments and conversation of her two foreign admirers.

It was a marvel to see how perfectly she managed to retain these admirers in a good humor with each other, as well as with her bewitching self. She was as adroit in her way as is the juggler, who contrives to keep a half-dozen balls in motion in the air at one time, without ever letting them strike against each other, or permitting one of them to fall to the ground.

But if any amongst them could lay claim to a shadow of preference, that shade was certainly accorded to Julian Fenton. It was on his arm she leant while ascending or descending the slippery staircase that led from the bulwarks to the upper deck; he was her next-door neighbor at meals; and if her delicate hand lingered a thought longer in the clasp of anyone, it was in his; it was always to Julian Fenton that special marks of preference were accorded.

The good ship St. Laurent had not half accomplished her voyage before Mr. Fenton caught himself in the act of seriously weighing all the *pros* and *cons* of matrimony. Notwithstanding his state of sworn celibacy, he was still comparatively a young man, and his knowledge of the state of the late John Castlemain's fortune enabled him to consider the matter from a purely prudential point of view.

One beautiful moonlight evening, a party was grouped together on the deck consisting of Mrs. Castlemaine, Senor Travera, M. de Kerrasec, and, of course, Mr. Fenton. The latter, by this time, had grown careless of appearances, and suffered his adoration to become visible to the most casual of lookers on.

The conversation had turned on Christian names. M. de Kerrasec had modestly confessed to the possession of some six or eight, beginning with Louis, and ending with Amedee. Mr. Fenton had been joked a little about Julian the Apostate, and Senor Travera had proclaimed himself the owner of the very pretty cognomen of Francis.

"It is strange," remarked Senor Travera, "how much fashion has to do with names. Look at the Nancys, the Bettys, and the Pollys of the last century!"

"Lady Betty Modish, for example," remarked Mrs. Castlemaine, "though she is only the heroine of a wicked comedy."

"After all," said Mr. Fenton, "those homely names were better, in their way, than the affected and sentimental ones now in vogue—Ada, Eva, Maud, Ellie, Rosie."

"Take care, Mr. Fenton," exclaimed Mrs. Castlemaine, holding up her finger, with a playful gesture; "you are growing personal."

"In what way?"

"My name is Rosa, at your service."

"I beg ten thousand pardons; Rosa *is* a charming name. I take back my speech."

"It is not a common name," remarked Senor Travera.

"No," said Julian; "I do not think I ever met with it before."

"Think a moment, Mr. Fenton. Did you never know a lady name Rosa before?"

Mrs. Castlemaine spoke laughingly, and yet there was a shade of earnestness in her tone.

"Never," answered Julian, after a momentary pause for reflection. "I am quite certain of that."

"Indeed! Then I am fortunate in being the first and only Rosa of your acquaintance."

The conversation here took another turn, and the little discussion was soon seemingly forgotten by all present.

The day before the Steamer arrived at Brest, Julian Fenton resolved to put his fate to the test. Not that he had much fear as to the result; he had self-conceit enough to keep him from dreading a refusal. Yet it was with an unwonted emotion that he hazarded his avowal.

He was on deck alone with Mrs. Castlemaine.

The influence of the hour, and of the first true, pure passion that had ever filled his breast, lent his

words a new and thrilling eloquence.

Nor was this eloquence seemingly unfelt by his hearer. The fair face looked pale in the cold moonlight, and the shining eyes were softened and shadowed, as if by some new, yet strong emotion.

"You love me, Mr. Fenton? Can I trust you—can I believe your words?"

"You may—you can. I love you as I never loved human being on earth before. Will you not answer me? Mrs. Castlemaine! Rosa, may I hope?"

She drew her slender hand from the clasp that would fain have held it prisoner.

Not yet. I cannot answer yet. You must be patient—you must wait."

"Wait! And for how long? Can you not comprehend the misery of such suspense?"

She gave a forced laugh.

"Is it the accomplished flirt, Julian Fenton, who speaks? I cannot believe the fact. Patience yet for a week or two. I will write to you when I reach Paris. You must give me time to meditate over my answer; for remember that I am no impulsive girl to reply nay or ye in a breath."

"But——"

"Nay; it must be as I say," she interrupted, holding up her hand to stop his expostulations. "And not another word of love must you speak, while we are on board this ship. I do not want the busy tongues of our fellow-passengers to be set wagging about our affairs any more than can be helped."

"These are hard conditions, Mrs. Castlemaine."

"Shall I say no, at once, then?" she asked, playfully, rising, as she spoke, and looking bewitchingly lovely in the soft moonlight. "Choose, Mr. Fenton, and I will abide by your choice, whichever it may be."

"Then my motto shall be, 'Wait and hope!' But you are a stern tyrant!"

"Like most female soverings, I believe," she answered, smilingly. "Good night, then, and pleasant dreams!"

"They will be pleasant, for I shall dream of you."

Another smile, a wave of the hand, and she was gone.

Julian Fenton felt confident of success in this, the first matrimonial venture he had ever decided upon taking.

He had for years acted the part of a butterfly among the fairest flowers of his native land, hovering over the sweet and the beautiful but disdaining to settle anywhere. And now the rover was caught at last—the butterfly was netted—his freedom was gone.

The next day the steamer arrived at Brest, and Mrs. Castlemaine disembarked there, being met on the wharf by an aged lady, who seemed overjoyed at seeing her niece.

Mr. Fenton would fain have quitted the ship there also, and journeyed with his lady-love to Paris; but this she positively forbade; so he was forced to content himself with escorting her on shore. Their parting was a very hurried one; but as they shook hands, Mrs. Castlemaine again whispered "I will write."

Two days after Mr. Fenton's arrival at Meurice's, a letter was handed to him—the letter which he had so ardently expected.

The delicate flowing hand, which, though unseen before, bore too distinctly the characteristics of its writer to be mistaken, and the dainty monogram of "R. D. C." on the envelope, were tokens that he welcomed with delight. With an eager hand he tore it open.

"Once upon a time——"

How oddly it began! Could he have been mistaken? He turned to the signature, and read there, "Rosa D. Castlemaine," so he re-commenced the perusal of the oddly-worded missive.

"Once upon a time—for that is I believe, the way to begin a story about forgotten persons and ancient places—there came to Newport (United States) an old lady from Nashville, with a very young niece in her charge. The time was eight years ago, not so very long after the conclusion of the war, and the Ocean House, where these ladies were staying, was anything but gay. The niece, Rosa, was a small, shy, timid little person, without any knowledge of the world or of society. This trip to Newport was her first entrance into either—and she found things very dull, and not at all what she had imagined.

"Her aunt's acquaintances were but few in number, and were quite staid, old people, like herself; so that poor Rosa's opportunities for dissipation were mostly confined to an afternoon drive, or a seat beside her aunt in the long corridor, which, on Saturday evenings, was filled with a gay and animated crowd, but which, at other times, was stupid enough. It seemed so dull and lonely, too, for her, on those gay Saturdays, when everybody else walked, and talked, and chatted with their acquaintances, and discussed the last party, or the one to come, and made plans to go hither and thither on pleasant excursions—while she, poor pale, dark-eyed child, sat silent in the shadow beside her aunt, and felt dreary and lonely, and very much inclined to cry for very weariness, and longing for a little of the pleasure that seemed to be sown broadcast all about her, but which never seemed to spring up and bear a bright blossom or fragrant fruit for her.

"One unusually crowded evening, Rosa overheard a voice near her say, 'A pretty little thing, that dark-eyed little girl in the corner. Who is she?' The speaker was a tall, fine-lookinfi man, the very beau-ideal of a young girl's imagination—handsome, graceful, and elegant-looking. The lady whom he addressed turned, looked, and shook her head. But a few minutes after, the young gentleman was brought up by one of Rosa's elderly acquaintances, and was introduced as Mr. Julian Fenton-

"From that day thenceforward, Rosa lived in a perfumed atmosphere of impossible delights. Julian Fenton was her devoted cavalier. He took her out to drive behind his matchless pair of fast grays; he danced with her; he introduced her to the Newport leaders of fashion; he got invitations for her to all the balls, and fetes, and receptions of the season; and, in fine, opened up to her an enchanted world of pleasure and enjoyment, of which she had scarcely even dreamed before. And, withal, he was so kind and so devoted. He interested himself so deeply in all her little affairs, and gave her good advice about her dress and deportment, and taught her all the new steps, and the new figures in the German, and something else besides—he taught her to love him.

"Not that he ever made positive love to her. I will acquit him of that. But love is shown in look, and tone, and gesture, and is told in half-breathed words and half-uttered phrases, as well as when spoken with all the fervor and poetry of *Romeo* or *Claude Melnotte*. What was he dreaming of, this practised man of the world, when he took the soft wax of a childish heart, and stamped his image thereupon, only to fling the poor plaything away at last, heedless if it were broken in the process or not? Was he indeed innocent of all thought or intent of ill-doing when he so disported himself?

"Six weeks and more had passed for Rosa in this bright bewildering whirl of enjoyment and intoxication. The season was near its close, and a brilliant ball, given by one of the leaders of Newport gaiety, was to form the final to the festivities of the season. Rosa prepared for this ball with trembling hands and a throbbing heart. Something of inward premonition told her that on that evening her fate would be decided. Mr. Fenton had been more than usually devoted. Her dress of pale pink silk had been ordered at his suggestion, her hair was dressed in the style he preferred, and her boquet was an offering from him. So she went out to the ball, bright, joyous, and happy, never, so help me Heaven! to dream a foolish love-dream any more.

"For this was the conversation that she heard, as she sat trifling with some ice behind the shelter of a tall stand of plants, too happy to eat or drink, or to think of anything but the coming German, for which she was engaged to Mr. Fenton. The voices were both known to her—one was that of Julian Fenton, the other that of James Wyllis, his particular friend. 'Well, Fenton, and when is the wedding to be? Am I to congratulate you at once, or is the engagement still a secret?'—'What engagement, and whose wedding?'—'Don't pretend ignorance! Yours, to the little Denham girl; the Southern rosebud, as Clayton calls her.'—'Nonsense!' cried the other. 'What! I engaged to Rosa Denham? It is absolute folly!'—'Well, everybody is talking about it, and you have flirted tremendously with her without a doubt'—'A flirtation is all very well; matrimony is quite a different thing. No, no; my freedom is my own still, and I mean to keep it. She is a nice, fresh, shy little thing, and I have taken quite an interest in her, and have brought her forward this season, and made her a very positive success.'—'And for what reason, if you really did not care for her?'—'Oh, she is a bright, pleasant girl, and I like her very much; she does well enough to amuse oneself with for a few weeks, though she is rather too young and inexperienced for my taste. But the fact is I wanted to serve out Carrie Forrester, for more than one ill-turn she has done me lately. Carrie was having things all her own way at Newport, 'till I brought forward this pretty young creature, and then Carrie's paint and her thirty years had a hard time of it. Nothing like putting a rosebud beside an old artificial flower, to show the effects of the latter effectually. No, no; to-morrow I shall say good-bye to Miss Denham. We are to lead the German together to-night, and that will probably be the last I shall ever see of her. Oblige me by contradicting the report that we are engaged, whenever you get a chance.'

"Rosa Denham neither screamed nor fainted, nor did anything desperate; she merely put aside her plate of ice-cream, and asked her escort to bring her a glass of wine, And then she went out and danced, and led the German to admiration, and went back to the hotel, and laid down on her bed with a feeling that her heart was broken. But she did not get brain-fever, nor did her broken heart kill her. In point of fact, she was married two years afterwards, and did extremely well, in a worldly point of view. And for that marriage she had to thank Julian Fenton, for it was only the aching, hollow feeling, that was left when love and hope were litterally crushed out of her existence, that ever led Rosa Denham to give ear to John Castlemaine.

"For you know me now; you must have recognised me long ago, totally as you had forgotten me. It was not to be wondered at. I was but one of the myriad of unnoted girls with whom you have whiled away some of your superfluous hours that often hang so heavy on your hands.

"And now you come to me to sue for the heart that once might have been yours for the asking; nay, that once *was* yours, wholly and entirely, for a few brief weeks, long years ago. But to-day I make answer, that I cannot love you, for I know you too well. That I did love you once, I have confessed, without hesitation; but when you dealt my heart the blow that crushed it, the stroke also shattered the worthless idol it contained. You may call me false, cold-hearted coquette, if you will; but my conscience is clear; I used no effort, put forth no wiles to attract you.

"Moreover, I am but what you yourself have made me. The timid, loving, inexperienced, trusting girl, exists no longer. You are not the first Frankenstein that has beheld the creature of his own fashioning turn against him. If you have indeed loved me, with a true and sincere passion, (which, pardon me if I doubt,) then we are quits at last. I was the amusement of your season at Newport; you have served to divert the tedium of my late voyage. Again, I repeat, we are quits.

"ROSA DENHAM CASTLEMAINE."

* * * * * * * * *

"Who is that charming woman that we passed just now?" asked a French count of Julian Fenton, as they were driving through the Bois de Boulogne, some six months later.

"That lady," answered Julian, with a slight flush, "is a countrywoman of my own—Mrs. Castlemaine."

"I beg your pardon, *mon cher*," interposed the Baron de Kerrasec, who formed a third in the party; "she is your countrywoman, it is true, but she is Mrs. Castlemaine no longer. She was married, three weeks ago, to the Russian Prince Orlanoff, and they start for St. Petersburgh to-morrow."

THE END.

Why is a beautiful and fascinating young girl like a butcher? Because she is a "killing creature."

What is the difference between firmness and obstinacy? A strong will and a strong won't.

MY LOVE SHE IS A LADY FAIR.

Words by T. H. REYNOLDSON. SCHUBERT.



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CONTENTS.

The Artful Dodgers.....page 170
Aunt Chloe..... 171
A Fatal Love—a Story .....174—175
The Blind Piper of Blarney..... 171
The Briar..... 173
Darling, I am growing bald..... 171
Do the best you can..... 172
The Day we celebrate 173
The East Side of Town..... 173
False Hearted..... 170
The Farmer's Daughter..... 172
He isn't a marrying man..... 171
How Sweet is old Ireland !..... 172
The Handsome Lover..... 170
I want to see the good old home again..... 170
The Lover and the Bird 170
Love's labor lost..... 170
The Little old Duddeen 173
Little Butterfly..... 171
My home, my home is there..... 171
Mason Clerks..... 171
My button-hole boquet..... 172
Motherless and Fatherless 172
Out of Work 173
Standing on the corner..... 170
The Sweet little creature..... 171
Sue and I..... 172
The Snow-Storm..... 172
Skidmore's Fancy Ball..... 173
Take me again to your heart..... 171
Terry Malone..... 171
Tim McFadden—Music for guitar..... 176
That lady seems to know you, George..... 175
When the moon is beaming, Mabel..... 171
We are growing old together 172
When the Autumn leaves are falling 173
When thou shalt wander..... 170

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Take Me Again to Your Heart.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

Words by Arthur W. French. Music by H. Maylath.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

Take me again to your heart,
Say you forgive and forget
All that has torn us apart,
All that has brought us regret:
Let your bright tresses of gold
Lovingly lie on my breast—
With thee again in my hold,
Earth is a heaven of rest!
Chorus: Take me again to your heart,
Never to wander apart,
Never to cause thee a pain—
Take me again to your heart!

Take me again to your heart,
Whisper these sweet words once more,
Tenderly telling thou art
Dearer than ever before:
Smile on me sweetly again,
Promise to never recall
Words that have given thee pain—
Why did my lips let them fall? Chorus.

Take me again to your heart,
Life will be brighter with thee—
Never again will we part,
Wandering over life's sea:
Time will go by like a dream,
Days be a heaven of bliss,
All our lost joys we'll redeem
In the sweet spell of a kiss! Chorus.

The Lover and the Bird.

Words by J. Oxenford. Music by P. D. Guglielmo.

As sung by Jennie Morgan.

The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co. 547 Broadway. N. Y. Price 40 cents.

Oh! sing, sing on sweetly to cheer me,
Bird, thy music solace will bring:
Thou wilt not fly—why shouldst thou fear me?
Sing of love, of love only sing.
These honied notes of thine
Thro' me are thrilling,
This heart long desponding with pleasure filling:
Oh! sing on, sweetly to cheer me,
Sing of love, of love only sing.
Chorus: Sing! Sing! Ah! Ah!
Ah! Songster, pity me:
Why can I never
Sing a song of rapture like thee

Oh! sing, sing on, e'en to deceive me,
Bird, with visions glitt'ring and vain;
Rain flatt'ring hopes, oh! do not leave me—
Sing of love, of love only sing.
Soon from my dreams shall I waken to sorrow,
To-day give me rapture, I'll weep to-morrow;
Oh! sing, sing on, e'en to deceive me,
Sing of love, of love only sing. Chorus.

Love's Labor Lost.

I loved her with a perfect love,
That flung all sense away!
And near my heart I wore her glove,
And kissed it every day!
I kept the flowers from her hair—
I have some rose-leaves still;
And thought how very dear they were—
When came the florist's bill!

I lived a life of stupid bliss,
Yet never dared to speak!
And, if I got her hand to kiss,
Was happy for a week!
But when at last my fate I tried.
She said in icy tones—
"Next week, sir, I shall be the bride
Of John Augustus Jones." Chorus.

The Artful Dodgers.

Song and Dance. Sung by Parkhurst and Collins.

Now, gals and boys, I hope you're well,
And thank you, Jim, I'm the same:
Of course, you don't know me, not at all,
But the Dodgers is our name;
You've read our adventures writ by "Boz,"
(I say, who the dickens is he?)
About a parish 'prentice lad,
Who was all of a twist like we.

CHORUS.

Then fare you well, Philadelphia boys,
And farewell all our friends!
We're going away for the good of our health,
But not at our own expense.

Then farewell, boys, a long farewell!
But when we're gone, you must not grieve;
We'll soon be once more back again,
'Cause we'll soon work the ticket o' leave;
But there's one thought, where'er we go,
That will these bosoms cheer,
Which is that when we comes again,
You'll welcome the Dodgers here. Chorus.

Standing on the Corner.

Song and Dance. Sung by Parkhurst and Collins.

It was the other day, oh! the emotion lingers yet,
My timid little heart refuses to forget:
I was walking down the street when I by chance did spy
A gay and dashing fellow, who smiled and
winked his eye.

CHORUS.

Standing on the corner, waiting for the car,
Didn't he look charming, smoking a cigar—
I knew he'd my affections, and never would we part:
For, with a glance he'd stolen my fluttering little heart.

He bowed, and such a smile he gave as I passed by!
I cast a timid glance and such a dreadful sigh—
I'd never been in love, tho' thirty is my age,
But I look young and blooming too, my style
is all the rage.
Standing on the corner, &c.

Miss, you have won my heart, I heard him softly say:
He took me by surprise, I fainted right away—
When I came to again, my watch and rings were gone,
This darling fellow took them all, and left
me here forlorn.
Standing on the corner, &c.

I Want to see the Good Old Home Again.

As sung with great success, by Ed. Burton.

I wandered very far away
From the clime where I was born,
And my poor heart has been so sad,
Dejected and forlorn;
No master kind to treat me well—
To cheer me when in pain—
I long to see the good old home,
And the cotton fields again.
Chorus: Those good old days are past and gone,
I sigh for them again;
I long to see the cotton fields,
And the good old home again.

When I was free, I left that land,
Where all was bright and fair;
Where Missis used to speak so kind,
When I was bowed with care;
I left that place, no friends to find;
My heart was filled with pain—
Oh! take me to that good old home,
To see it once again! Chorus.

I'm left all sad and lonely now,
When my days are growing few;
My wife and children, both are gone:
I know not what to do;
Old master, too, he may be dead,
His hair was turning gray—
I long to see the good old home,
Before I pass away. Chorus.

Terry Malone.

One evening from market returning,
Just thinking of what I'll not name:
May-be some of ye guess, ah! now don't ye?
For 'tis few have not thought of the same.

But my heart is as open as sunshine,
A secret lies heavy as stone;
So I'll even confess, without blushing,
I was thinking of Terry Malone.

If you spake of some one I'll not mention,
It is certain, they say, he'll appear,
And so of the lad I was thinking,
By the bosheen I saw him draw near.

I was pleased, yet sorry to see him,
And he asked me to meet him alone:
For, I very well knew what he wanted,
So avoided poor Terry Malone.

Coming home the next evening quite lonely,
All at once who d'ye think I did spy?
But Terry himself in a flurry,
And, oh! such a beam in his eye!

Where's the use to descend to partic'lars?
Enough if the end be made known—
That same night, by the moon, I consented
To become Mistress Terry Malone.

The Handsome Lover.

Sung by Sally Primrose, in "Charlotte Temple."

There's a handsome young lover in town that I know,
He's the prettiest fellow I know for a beau;
But he falls in love with each face that he sees,
And that, if I marry, will sure make a breeze.
I love him 'tis true, but what can I say,
If his love for another comes into my way?
I'll be angry enough to tear out his eyes,
And all his good looks I shall surely despise.

Well, I'll give him a trial, and if he don't mend,
As I, such a Tartar, he never could find;
I'll give him soft words and love's sweetest smile,
And try with love's arts all his hours to beguil;
And then should another e'en dare to intrude,
'Round his ears such a tempest will gather, so rude—
He'll declare, since the world by a deluge was drowned,
Like me, not another on earth could be found.

False Hearted.

Sung by Rollin Howard in his original character of "*Morgan Price*" in his thrilling Drama entitled "THE STUBBORN JUROR."

Oh! would that we had never met,
Oh! would then we had never loved!
That I had never known regret,
Nor she unfaithful proved—
But now 'tis past, and ne'er again
Shall love enthral me with its chain;
'Tis past, and I have loved in vain—
False hearted one, farewell!

So false, and yet so fair to see—
Her dream-like beauty haunts me yet,
And tho' she now be dead to me,
I cannot all forget.
But now 'tis past and ne'er again
Shall love enthral me with its chain;
'Tis past, and I have loved in vain—
False hearted one, farewell!

When Thou Shalt Wander.

Sicilian Air.

When thou shalt wander by that sweet light
We used to gaze on so many an eve,
When love was new and hope was bright,
Ere I could doubt, or thou deceive—
Oh! then, remembering how swift went by
Those hours of transport, even thou may'st sigh!

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
That love like ours was far too sweet
To be, like summer garments, thrown
Aside, when passed the summer's heat,
And wish in vain to know again
Such days, such nights, as blessed thee then.

Little Butterfly.

As sung by Johnson & Bruno.

My song is of a nice young girl,
Whose beauty, style and grace—
I know her name, but I won't tell;
Oh! such a pretty little face!
Oh, dear! I sigh as she passes down
By the shady side of the lane;
And the eyes in my head goes rolling around,
Whenever she passes by.

Chorus.

For, she's just as pretty as a little butterfly,
That flies around in the grasses;
For, she's sweeter to me than pumpking pie,
Sugar, bread and 'lasses.

This little beauty, I do declare,
Is sweeter than a bowl of cream;
And the folks all say, when she passes by,
That she is the prettiest ever seen.
Some day or other she'll be mine,
I can see it in her eye;
And if that day don't ever come,
I will lay me down and die. Chorus.

He isn't a Marrying Man!

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

Arranged by Fred. ter Linden. Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

There's a charming young fellow now roaming about,
Who loves all the girls in his way;
They say he's a "catch" but of that there's a doubt,
For, a single young man he will stay!
He flirts, and sighs, and tells such lies,
Each one is sure she has a prize;
And he has such a naughty way
That one girl to another will say:
Beware! Beware! Beware!
Chorus: He isn't a marrying man, my love,
He lives on a different plan, my love,
Keep out of his way, if you can, my love,
For, he isn't a marrying man!

There's old Mrs. Brown with a daughter so sweet,
She thought him an excellent beau,
She allowed Mary Jane his attentions to meet,
And told her to never say no!
But then there came a "mutual friend,"
With tales that seemed to have no end,
These warning words she heard with pain:
"Believe me what I say, Mary Jane,
Beware! Beware! Beware!" Chorus.

He dresses with care and he's known everywhare,
He goes with the rich and the poor;
Sometimes he will drive a poor girl to despair,
Till she thinks his affections are sure:
But, by and by, away he will fly,
And there she's left to droop and sigh,
With sympathetic voices near
To whisper these words in her ear:
"Beware! Beware! Beware!" Chorus.

My Home, My Home is There.

Words by R. Baker. Music by Wheatley Kirk.

There is an isle, a bonnie isle,
Starts proudly from the sea;
And dearer far than all the world
Is that sweet isle to me—
It is not that its meads are green;
It is not that its hills are fair;
But because it is my native land,
And my home, my home is there.

Farewell! though other lands may meet
My gaze, where'er I look,
I shall not find a spot so sweet
As my own dear cottage nook.
It is not that alone it stands
Where all round is fresh and fair;
But because it is my native land,
And my home, my home is there.

Mason Clocks.

Written by Dave Conroy.

Now, here we are, two Irishmen,
As you may plainly know;
We landed at Castle Garden
Not many weeks ago.
We came from Tipperary,
Where we were digging turf in the bogs—
But now we're in America
A carrying the hod.

Now you may think it easy
On us to play your tricks;
There is not a man among you
That could shoulder a hod of bricks.
We are politicians—
Sorra a word we say;
We work from morning until night
For fourteen shillings a day

Now, kind friends, we must leave you,
We can no longer stay;
We are going to run for a position
On next election day:
And if we are elected,
You will all have a job-
We will put you on the sparrow police,
Or else carrying the hod.

When the Moon is Beaming, Mabel.

Song and Chorus.

By Robert McKay.

When the moon is beaming, Mabel,
Then together we will rove
Where the flowers are dreaming, Mabel,
And renew our vows of love.
Heaven seems near in those sweet hours,
Every earthly object fades,
Wandering 'mid the slumbering flowers
With the loveliest of maids.
Chorus: When the moon is beaming, Mabel,
Then together we will rove
Where the flowers are dreaming, Mabel,
And renew our vows of love.

When the moon is beaming, Mabel,
And the land is bathed in light;
When the stars are gleaming, Mabel,
On the eb'ny brow of night;
Come to me with smiles and kisses—
Come, I've something sweet to tell
At that spot of bygone blisses,
'Neath the old oak in the dell. Chorus.

Darling, I am Growing Bald.

Darling, I am growing bald!
Nary "silver thread" or "gold"
Shines upon my head to-day;
But, my darling, don't you be—don't be
Always bawling out to me
The fact that you are growing old
And have "silver 'mongst the gold."
Chorus: Darling, I am growing bald!
Nary "silver thread" or "gold"
Shines upon my head to-day—
Every one has gone away!

When your head is smooth as mine,
And no hair on it doth shine,
You can get another rig—
You can go and buy a wig!
But, my darling, mine alone, alone—
Tho' I know you're older grown,
Please, my darling, try your best
To give us (of your age)—a *rest*.
Darling, I am growing, &c.

I hardly think it right or fair
In those who've youth and some false hair,
Which they have purchased at a store,
Us bald-headed men to bore
By your singing night and day,
"Silver threads among the Gold."
Change it, darling, have it called,
Darling, I am growing b-a-l-d!
Darling, I am growing, &c.

The Blind Piper of Blarney.

By R. Sidney. Air: "Kate Kearney."

Have you been to the sweet groves of Blarney?
And heard of the Blind Piper Barney,
Who, since he was born,
Ne'er beheld the bright morn,
Nor the bright charming scenes around Blarney?

He looked the picture of gladness,
No'er a trace in his features of sadness:
For many's the while,
A sweet merry smile
Would escape from the lips of blind Barney.

Ne'er a wake or a wedding in Blarney,
But was graced with the presence of Barney,
While jigging away,
Would merrily play
On the pipes so nimble would Barney.

Should you visit the sweet groves of Blarney,
And ask for the blind piper Barney,
They answer "och hone!"
Show you the stone,
'Neath which lies the blind piper Barney.

The Sweet Little Creature.

Air: "Savourneen Deelish."

Oh! well I remember that sweet little creature
That lives in the cot at the foot of the hill,
Whose smiles and good humor adorn every feature,
And close by her cot runs a murmuring rill:
Her cot is adorned with sweet woodbine and roses,
Her mouth when she speaks such perfection discloses—
Her breath, too, surpasses the sweetness of roses:
I'd give all the world, could I once call her mine!

I met her, last night, when my heart nigh forsook me:
She blushed like the rose as I took her hand—
And sweetly exclaimed: "Sir, I think you've mistook me,
Or if not, your meaning I don't understand."
"Believe me, said I, love, I do not mistake thee,
You alone have my heart, and I ne'er will forsake thee,
I pledge thee my word, if it happy will make thee,
And all for the honor of calling thee mine."

She quickly replied: "I've a father and mother,
Whose age now demands my tenderest care;
They look up to me—I've no sister or brother
To help me provide them their day's humble fare;
But if you're sincere, sir, in what you've repeated,
Oh! come to my parents; oh! you'll be kindly treated,
And with their consent, when my duty's completed,
The heart I possess I'll repay with my hand."

Aunt Chloe.

Written and composed by Ed. Harrigan for Sam Devere.

Aunt Chloe come to town to-day,
To see old Aunt Jemima:
She come in on a load of hay
With a big bull-dog behind her.
She had a jug into the cart
Of real old apple toddy,
She wasn't proud, bless her heart,
She'd notice anybody.
Chorus: Hurrah for Aunty Chloe,
Her hair as white as snow!
She's come to town to look around,
To sing the jubilo.

She had a bonnet on her head
That was in the revolution:
She had no teeth to chew her bread,
She was tough as any Russian.
She had a sorrel old gray horse,
He had the clampus vitus,
And when she'd holler hal-le-lu,
He'd kick up like the riteous. Chorus.

When Chloe met old Jemima,
I declare she really kissed her:
She stamped her feet just like a sheep,
And hollered welcome, sister!
'Twas joyful, joyful, hail the news,
When Chloe told the story,
It melted all the rubber shoes,
Jemima shouted glory! Chorus.

The Farmer's Daughter.

It's of a rich farmer, I dare not tell his name :
He had but one daughter, of honor and fame.
She was courted by many : but she slighted them all,
For the love of a sailor, who was handsome and tall.

But, when her old father came to find out the joke,
He sent for his drughter, his daughter to rebuke,
Saying : Cannot you make a better choice
your arms to embrace,
Than to wed with a sailor, your friends to disgrace ?

O father, dear father ! there is but one thing I crave :
There is none bus a sailor—the sailor boy I will have !
For, he is my jewel, and I am his joy—
If I can't have my sailor boy, my life I'll destroy.

O daughter, dear daughter ! there is but one
thing you crave ;
There is none but a sailor you say you will have ;
Now, go and get married, and don't talk of me ;
And when 'tis all over, we will agree.

The day wes appointed this couple to wed,
And great preparations, to be sure, there was made :
But, instead of a wedding, it was a sorrowful day :
For, the press-gang was sent for, and Jack
pressed to sea.

She cut off her hair, and she dressed in man's clothes :
Then, down by yon sea-shore, like a sailor she goes ;
She had not been there long, ere it fell to her lot
To be cased in her own true Love's vessel,
though he knew it not.

One night, as this young man lay, making his moans,
Saying : once, I had a true love, but now I have none ;
Saying : once I had a true love, and we did agree ;
But her cruel parents have pressed me to sea.

Says she : I am a scholar brought up with my pen,
I tell people's fortunes, a little now and then ;
Come, tell me your age, and I will cast up your lot,
And see if you will gain your own true love or not.

He told her his age from the day of his birth.
Says she : your misfortunes bring joy and great mirth ;
It lies in my power to bring her to you :
And into his arms, like lightning, she flew.

The Captain, standing by and hearing the joke,
He sent for the priest with his long black cloak :
This couple was married, amid that ship's crew ;
And ever since then, they have proved loyal and true.

My Button-Hole Boquet.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by W. A. Huntley. Music to be had of O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston. Price 30 cents.

When I go ont to take a walk
And "quiz" the pretty girls,
I know that every one admires
My handsome, glossy curls :
I hear them say, when I go past—
"Oh ! he is just *au fait*,
And looks so very stunning with
That button-hole boquet !"

CHORUS.

My button-hole boquet, I wear it every day,
Because it catches all the pretty girls :
For, when I'm out to walk, I love to hear them talk,
And see them toss their captivating curls.

Some say that I've got roguish eyes,
And quite a pleasing nose,
While others fall in love at once
With all my stylish clothes ;
Again they'll say my black moustache
Is nobby, neat and gay ;
But all are struck completely with
My button-hole boquet. Chorus.

Let others drink the best champagne
And eat the richest game,
Or let them drive about the town
A trotting horse of fame :
For, I would rather starve myself
On two fish balls a day,
Than promenade the streets without
My button-hole boquet. Chorus.

Do The Best You Can.

The motto good I give to all
Who jog along through life :
'Twill banish cares and griefs that fall,
And calm each worldly strife.
Don't look so sad when troubles come—
They come to every man :
Just keep up heart while here you roam,
And do the best you can.
Chorus : Then jog along, each manly breast,
Since life is but a span :
Do right, and leave to fate the rest,
Oh ! do the best you can.

Oh ! let what's said of you or me
Make not our lives forlorn,
Tho' nought of truth may in it be,
Pass by in idle scorn ;
For, tongues will talk as they have done
Since first the world began :
Smile at the world bright as the sun,
And do the best you can. Chorus.

Then cast the shade from off your brow,
The friends and dimes are few—
And never to misfortune bow,
But to yourself be true.
So don't give up tho' all seems lost,
It's much the wiser plan ;
Be firm and brave at any cost,
And do the best you can. Chorus.

How Sweet is Old Ireland !

How sweet is old Ireland, its lakes and its blarney,
How dear is its scenes and memories to me—
How sweet is the cot on the shores of Killarney,
When first Katy said how happy we'll be—
Ah ! but times since then has parted us both,
With sorrowing heart I've crossed the blue sea ;
But my heart is in Ireland where'er I may roam,
I've left it with her who is thinking of me.

I'll work late and early, my darling, for thee,
Your face shall cheer me where'er I may go ;
And near me forever your blessing shall be,
And that will cheer me in sorrow, I know.
Ah ! but, darling, in spring the flowers shall bloom,
And so will the day when no more we shall part,
I'll come back to Erin, the land that I love,
Again, as of yore, press thee close to my heart.

Motherless and Fatherless.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell—Music by Henry Tucker. The Music of this song may be obtained for 30 cents of the Publisher, J. L. Peters, 843 Broadway, N. Y.

This world is so lonely and sad to me,
I'm motherless, fatherless, too—
The pleasures of life have flitted away,
And I can find nothing to do ;
I wander about the streets, day by day,
While hunger is seen in my face,
My garments are torn, and my feet they are bare,
And everything seems out of place !

CHORUS.

Motherless, fatherless, sad and alone,
I'm left in this wide world to weep ;
Oh ! why did they leave me, and why have they gone ;
Far down in the valley to sleep ?

Mother she left me when buttercups tinged
The pastures so brightly with gold,
And father departed—so it is said—
When winds blew bleak and cold ;
An orphan, alone in the world I am left,
To go where the fates may decree :
Oh ! why am I motherless, fatherless, too ?
Oh ! why this misfortune to me ? Chorus.

I long for a home in that Eden above,
To see my dear mother again ;
I'm tired of roaming the drearisome streets,
My heart is broken with pain ;
In Heaven the gates are always ajar
To let the poor wanderer in,
Oh ! that I could enter that bright golden arch,
Away from this world and its sin ! Chorus.

Sue and I.

Written by Ed. Harrigan especially for Jas. Bradley.

We went on a pic-nic, Sue and I :
'Twas a high toned colored affair,
We had lots of spruce beer and pie,
All dandy barbers they were there.
We danced in the quadrille to and fro,
The waltz and mazourka to charm,
When she whispered "you're my own dearest Joe,"
And she leaned like a zephyr on my arm.
Chorus : I never shall forget my Sue,
Like a weasel, oh, jolly ! she's sly,
And it's mighty high per coon,
Of a Sunday afternoon,
As we promenade, Sue and I.

We arrived and landed from the boat,
Ebenezer Thompson walked behind,
He catched me by the swallow tail coat,
I told him that he wasn't very kind.
He pulled a razor to put my light,
Jealousy was beaming in his eye :
My Sue fell in the gutter in a fright,
And the other nigger wenches begun to cry.
I never shall forget, &c.

The Snow-Storm.

The cold swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wanderered with her child,
As through the drifted snows she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone,
O God ! she cried in accents wild,
If I must perish, save my child !

She stript her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm :
As round the child she wrapped the vest,
She smiled to think that it was warm ;
With one cold kiss one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale—
He moved the robe from off the child,
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

We are Growing Old Together.

We are growing old together, thou dearest of the dear,
The morning of our life is past, and evening
shades appear ;
Some friends we loved are in their graves,
and many are estranged,
But in sunshine or in shadow, our hearts
are never changed.
We are growing old together, thou dearest of the dear,
The morning of our life is past, and evening
shades appear.

We are growing old together, the ivy and the tree
A fitting emblem is, dear, of the love 'twixt you and me ;
To be worthy of each other in the past was all our aim,
And 'tis pleasant now to know, dear, our
hearts are still the same.
We are growing old together, thou dearest of the dear,
The morning of our life is past, and evening
shades appear.

We are growing old together, together may we die—
Together may our spirits soar to our home
beyond the sky ;
For, we loved as few can love, dear, when
life's flowery paths we ranged,
And though we've wandered long here, our
hearts have never changed.
We are growing old together, thou dearest of the dear,
The morning of our life is past, and evening
shades appear.

The Little Old Duddeen.

Written by Ed. Harrigan. Music by John Braham.
Sung by Harrigan & Hart.

There's a bit of clay on a little stim,
That's sweet enough to ate :
Whin filled up wid tobacco
'Twould put a man to slape.
'Twas introduced in Ireland
In the days of Brian Borhue :
I'd rather lose my life, my boys,
Than lose my honey-dew.
Some call it Cavendish,
Or any name you'd wish,
And they dale it out in plug, you know,
When it is fresh and green.
When from my work I tire,
I set down by the fire,
An' I watch the smoke roll up and curl,
From my little ould Duddeen.
Chorus : My duddeen, you are so sweet to me,
I love to see your smoke go up
Whin I get through my tea :
My duddeen, you are in the family,
I'd surely die if I found out
You were stole away from me.

If ye have studied history,
Ye'll read where William Pinn
Bought the state of Pinnsylvania
From the wild red Injin men :
He never used a sword or gun
When he met them face to face,
But they all sit down continted,
And they smoked the pipe of peace.
If ye'd only take a puff,
Shure, one would be enough
To put you in a slumber,
A stupor, or a dream.
Ye mighs say it's not ginteel,
But so beautiful I feel
Whin I sit down in the corner, boys,
Wid my little ould Duddeen. Chorus.

A Frenchman smokes the little thing
They call the cigarette,
It makes him feel uneasy,
As he blows, and puffs, and frets :
The Chineese smokes the opium,
'Till it puts him in a doze :
And the Yankee smokes the bad cigar,
Wid one end to his nose.
But every Irishman—
Bould Patsey, Mike or Dan—
That was born in dear old Ireland,
Where the grasses grow so green,
If they've no coat to their back,
They've that bit of clay so black :
It's a consolation to them,
Is the little old Duddeen. Chorus.

Skidmore's Fancy Ball.

By the Original James Bradley, at the Theatre Comique, 514 Broadway, N. Y.

Keep your eyeballs moving,
And watch the time of day,
The Skidmore Guards have joined together,
To give a ball on West Broadway !
But I understand they'll have a band,
A clarionet and base drum,
The loons will smile and walk a mile,
To have a good night's fun !
Chorus : The band will play
In the key of A,
As the wenches promenade the Hall,
Plain Quadrilles—
That would give a man the chills—
At the Skidmore's Fancy Ball !

Captain Brown, he will be there,
With a boiled shirt, stiffened with starch !
He'll put on airs and kick around chairs,
When he does lead the march
With Angelina Neversmile by his side,
Whose eyes would stop a clock
When Intermission comes,
He falls in with the bums,
And takes a walk around the block.
The band will play, &c.

When the Autumn Leaves are Falling.

Words by J. E. Carpenter, Esq. Music by J. W. Cherry.

When the autumn leaves are falling,
And the flowers have lost their prime,
And the bird to his mate is calling
To soar to a brighter clime,
The heart that is bowed by sorrow
Now sinks in a deeper gloom :
For, we know that the coming morrow
Must wither some lingering bloom :
Foa, we know that the coming morrow
Must wither some lingering bloom.

When the shadows of evening lengthen,
And we muse o'er each present grief,
The hopes that we strive to strenghten,
We feel, like our joys, are brief ;
And the leaves, as they fall around us,
Remind us how short our span :
That the flowers which the springtime found us
But fade like the hopes of man :
That the flowers which the springtime found us
But fade like the hopes of man.

The Day we Celebrate.

Written and sung by Ed. Harrigan, in his great Irish sketch entitled "The Clancy's."

Come all ye brave bold Irishmen,
Wherever you may be,
On Patrick's day we'd march away,
In each Society !
The Ancient Order of Hibernians,
Father Matthew temperance men ;
The sprigs of Shamrock and Fenians, too !
On the 17th of March fall in !
Chorus : Arrah ! the drums do roll ;
The Marshals ride !
I tell you it's a trate
To see the sons of Erin's Isle
On the day we celebrate.

The Longshoremen are next in line,
All hardy, stout and tough :
Their hearts are made of Irish Oak,
Although their hands are rough.
The music blowing sweet Garryowen !
Or Killarney's Lakes, so fair—
To the City Hall we make a call,
To be reviewed by the Mayor. Chorus.

Shoemakers, and Tailors, too !
And tradesmen of all kind,
In regularity they march along,
And never look behind.
The Green flag flying !
And the young girls sighing !
In their snow white calico so nate ;
For Ireland's Saint we'd march 'till we faint !
On the day we celebrate. Chorus.

Out of Work.

Music by Macy. Sung by A. A. Luca.

The old shop is silent, and cold as a stone,
No work to do, no work to do ;
The old merry voices, so cheerful, are gone,
No work to do any more.
Papa's so sad when I look in his eye,
And mamma, I know, is most ready to cry ,
But maybe good angels will come by-an-by
To drive the old wolf from the door.

Chorus.

Waiting to hear the old ringing bell,
Oh ! how its echoes sweet stories can tell—
Men out of work, you must sorrow no more,
Stout hearts will drive the old wolf from the door.

Sometimes I hear, in the cold winter's night,
Father, so dear, mother, so near,
Talking alone by the dim fire-light,
Talking of bright days of yore :
Then I hear mother say—"never be sad,
People will need you, don't doubt it, my lad ;
But trust with the faith that you always have had
In One who keeps wolves from the door."
Waiting to hear, &c.

The Briar.

SONG AND DANCE.
Words and Music by James Mass.

Down by a little running brook,
Where berries sweetest grow,
Dere lives de only girl I love,
Miss 'Liza Jane, my beau.
'Twas in among de bushes,
De first time I espied her ;
She cried aloud—"oh ! darkey, come,
And pull out dis yer briar."
Chorus : Oh ! darkey, don't you linger dere,
Lord ! I shall expire—
Come help dis bleeding finger,
And subtract away de briar. (Repeat.)

I grabbed dis fainting fair one
Right by her little thumb,
And pulled de thorney dagger out
Like 'possum from de gum :
De more I kissed de finger,
De more it seemed to heal,
And when I kissed her two lips, oh !
How happy she did feel. Chorus.

I courted sweet Miss 'Liza Jane,
And well I played my part.
I says—"subtract de briar out
Dat's sticking in my heart,"
I took her to de parsons
Wid hymen's knot to tie her :
Our lives have been as berries
Since—widout a single briar. Chorus.

The East Side of Town.

Written and sung by Ned Harrigan.

The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

You see I belong to New York, my boys,
On dear old Manhattan Isle,
Famed for its wealth and its beauty, boys,
Its darling dear girls and their style.
On Broadway, my boys, or the Bowery,
No stranger e'er met with a frown,
Take my word—I belong to the city,
And hail from the East side of town.
Chorus : The east side of town
Beats the world up and down,
For pic-nic, party, or ball ;
For boys without fear,
And good lager beer,
The East side of town beats them all.

The dandies they dance on Avenue V,
In aristocratic soirees :
Champagne they drink as if it were tea,
Their pa's and their ma's to please :
They should see the quadrille called the nine-pin,
Or a real old-fashioned break down,
They can pivot, you bet, on a spangle
The girls from the East side of town.
The East side of town, &c.

The mechanic you will find there, too,
The industrious laboring class,
The sewing girl, from her labor and toil,
On the sidewalk doth cheerfully pass :
She is happy indeed, and little doth heed
If she has but a calico gown :
We all do agree that if jolly you'd-be,
You must live on the East side of town.
The East side of town, &c.

Puzzle.

U 0 a 0, but I 0 thee ;
O 0 no 0, but O 0 me !
Let not my 0 a 0 go,
But return 0 0, I 0 thee so—

*** The above puzzle is supposed to have been written by a learned professor of Cambridge, and has since undergone many variations, but we think the version here given not inferior to any of them.

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee ;
Oh ! sigh for no cipher, but, oh ! sigh for me !
Let not my sigh for a cipher go,
But return sigh for sigh, I sigh for thee so.

A Fatal Love.

Marston Thompson and Ella Graye had quarrelled. A lovers' quarrel, their friends said, with a smile or a laugh, according as the matter seemed more or less absurd to the speakers, and, like others of its kind, it would soon be made up; for Marston and Ella were becoming proverbial in their neighborhood for their quarrels and reconciliations.

However, on this occasion, the quarrel promised to be of longer duration than usual; and it was hoped, by those interested in the matter, that the reconciliation would be equally lasting.

Ella was a notorious flirt, and Marston was notoriously jealous; but as everyone knew that she was really in love with him, his friends were never done laughing at their many quarrels.

On this occasion the breach seemed irreparable.

Day succeeded day, till several weeks had elapsed; and, quite suddenly, Marston went to visit a cousin. He remained away just one month, and returned home with a wife—a bride of a week—whom no one in Centreville ever saw before.

Of course, amazement was general, and curiosity was great.

All Centreville called upon the young couple, except Ella Graye, who had fallen down in a dead swoon on hearing of Marston's marriage, and had ever since been a prisoner in her own room, stricken by such remorse and anguish as threatened to become fatal.

Of course, Marston was the first to know how his contemptible revenge had affected his sweetheart; and the tears he wept over his own folly and her suffering were as sincere as they were bitter.

Rumor soon got abroad that Marston Thompson was already tired of his pretty young wife, and that her heart was broken—for, of course, officious neighbors were not slow to let her into the secret of her husband's former attachment; and before many months were over there was talk of a separation.

It was while the subject was still under discussion, and people were wondering how soon Mrs. Thompson would return to her friends, that the neighborhood was thrown into consternation by a tragic termination to the ill-starred marriage.

Marston Thompson had parted from his wife one morning, after a bitter scene of tears and reproaches; and, after sending their only house-servant on a message to a neighbor, about a mile distant, he had gone to his barn.

Engaged in a variety of small duties there, he had been absent about a half hour, when he was suddenly started by the loud report of a gun, coming from the direction of his house.

He ran thither with all possible haste, burst into the kitchen, and was confronted by the fearful spectacle of his wife's corpse lying upon the floor, her head literally blown from the body.

Almost paralyzed with horror, Marston at first did nothing but stare, scarcely realizing what had happened; and then slowly came to his mind the knowledge that he was free.

He had not loved the dead woman before him: but it is only justice to him to state that he did not remember that now, and his feelings were solely those of distress and pity, not untouched with remorse, for he began to fear that something he might have said during their last unfortunate dispute had driven her to desparation, and caused her to lay violent hands on her own life.

He now moved forward, and raised the gun from the floor; and, while he still held it in his hand, trying to determine from its position whether death had been the result of accident or intention, a couple of laborers, who had been at work at some distance on the farm, burst into the kitchen, having also been brought there by the report of the gun.

Marston merely pointed to the corpse without speaking, and helplessly dropped the but of the gun on the floor, while a deathly pallor overspread his face.

"Oh, Mr. Thompson, how could you do it?" exclaimed the younger of the two men, while the other caught him by the shoulder, and said, roughly, "Master Thompson, you'll suffer for this!"

"I? What have I to do with it?" exclaimed Marston, impatiently jerking his shoulder; but the strong hand grasping him held it like a vice.

He made no further effort to free himself, for he saw his position as it appeared to the two men beside him, and as it must appear to all others as soon as known.

While protesting his innocence, he nevertheless gave himself up at once; and that night and many nights afterwards, the widowed husband passed in the county gaol.

The coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of, "Death at the hand of some person unknown—accidental or otherwise; suspicion pointing strongly towards the victim's husband, Marston Thompson."

The question of suicide had been instantly decided by an inquiry as to the position of the body when found.

The hands were so closely clasped together that it was with great difficulty the locked fingers could be unclosed.

The relatives of the deceased then took charge of the body; and public attention turned with undivided interest to the question of Marston's guilt or innocence.

Circumstances were terribly against him.

The disputes between himself and his wife were well known for miles around, having been widely circulated by his laborers and the servant, a gossiping girl, who deposed having heard her master say, on that very morning, that he cursed the day he had ever seen his unhappy wife.

Both the men had been sent immediately after breakfast to work in a distant field; and Marston himself had sent the girl out of the way.

Directly succeeding this, the wife had been found dead, and the husband with the weapon that had caused her death still in his hand.

As the neighbors declared, such evidence would hang an archbishop.

We ought to have stated ere this that the scene of our story is in the United States, which will account for certain peculiarities in the legal proceedings.

The trial was to take place in about six weeks; and Marston, who, some three months earlier, had not an enemy in Centreville, found that public opinion had so changed towards him that not a voice of man or woman was raised in his defence.

But one heart was true to him, although the lips were silent; and one clear, strong young brain was busily at work on the problem of finding out the real criminal.

When Ella Graye heard of the young bride's tragic death and the arrest of Marston, she rose from her sick bed as if the angel of life had come to it, breathing into her languid frame the breath of a new existance.

That same night a woman, heavily veiled, was admitted to see the prisoner; and when she uncovered her face, and throwing herself at his feet, sobbed out, "Oh, Marston, Marston! can you ever forgive me?" he recognised the only woman he had ever loved.

"Ella, darling! Why are you here?"

"To save you, Marston! If the whole world condemns you, I know your innocence! But some one is guilty, and that one must be found."

"It is impossible, Ella; there is not the least clue. Everything is against me. My punishment is heavy, but perhaps just. My absurd jealousy has wrecked the happiness of three people, and indirectly caused the death of one. I deserve to die!"

Marston, dearest, I will not listen to such words from you! I have thought and thought on this subject till my brain seemed to whirl round from the impossibility of settling on any special line of thought. But all at once, as if by inspiration, there came to me what I am certain will turn out to be the right clue by which this mystery may be unravelled. No one in Centreville committed this crime; no one had any motive. Therefore, it is useless to look here for the criminal. Now you must tell me everything concerning your late wife's relations and habits of life that you know or suspect; for in her past associations, before she ever saw you, we will find the motive and the murderer!"

Marston raised his head with an eager look of hope, for in these words his soul saw its first ray of light since he had been accused of causing the death of his wife.

He seized Ella's hand.

"May I kiss it?" he asked, humbly.

She bent towards him, and pressed her fresh lips to his pallid brow.

Marston thanked her with a look more than in words, and then gave her a careful account of his wife's antecedents, as far as he knew them or could guess them.

The account was meagre enough, and even to Ella's sanguine hopes held out no very bright prospect.

"This German, who taught your wife music—what did you say his name was?"

"Herr Groesse."

"He admired her, you say?"

"Very much, and made love to her, too—poor girl! Many a time during the last month or two has she said, 'I wish I had married Herr Groesse instead of you, Marston.' I wished it, too, and I was cruel enough to say so."

"How did he take her marriage with you?"

"Like a madman; swore he would have my life, if he died for it; behaved so wildly that my friends were alarmed for my safety, and everybody said his hate for me seemed greater than his love for Anna had been. But after a few days raving he disappeared, and, a week later, we saw his name among the list of passengers on a vessel that sailed for Hamburgh."

"Then I know the criminal who took the life of your unfortunate wife, Marston. Herr Groesse never sailed in that vessel—he doubtless forfeited his passage to throw suspicion off the track, followed you here, and watching his opportunity, revenged himself at once upon the woman he had loved and the man who had taken her from him, by killing her under such circumstances as would also compass your death in the most ignominious manner."

Marston's gratitude was great for the love that could make a woman young and inexperienced as Ella Graye, shrewd and far-seeing as a keen-witted man of law.

"My heart tells me you are right, Ella; if you had known the man for ten years, you could not have better gauged his character. It is the very vengeance he would have chosen; and without doubt it has been accomplished in the way you suggest. Doubtless the man is beyond reach now; but if I must die, Ella, it is a happiness far beyond what I deserve to know that you love me, and believe me innocent; and, perhaps, at some time yet far in the future, you may prove my guiltlessness to the world.

"You shall not die, Marston! Only trust me, darling! Promise me to hope—to have faith in my efforts to save you to the last moment, come what may, and as surely as I live I will redeem my word! If I die, my spirit will receive yours, for then I know you would not wish to live!"

"Bless you, Ella, my good Angel! You have my word!"

The lovers were for a moment folded in each other's arms; and as Ella's visit had already trespassed beyond the limited time, they parted.

Marston heard the key grate harshly, as it turned in the lock, and made him once more a solitary prisoner; but the dreary sound was powerless to banish the sunshine that Ella's presence had left within his breast.

On the next day Centreville received another shock.

Ella Graye was gone—none knew when, none knew whither; and for a time the gossips discussed this new subject with a lively interest; but as every day brought nearer the time for Marston's trial, the question of his guilt or innocence was again uppermost, and all smaller topics were merged in the greater one.

The first day of the trial came and passed; and the accused man was locked up in his cell with a conciousness that the day's proceedings had cast a still darker shadow over the wretched circumstances in which his fate was shrouded.

Marston had borne up bravely during the whole day, and even in the loneliness of his cell he banished every thought from his mind, except such hopeful ones as were suggested by Ella's interview with him.

The second day was mainly taken up with cross-examination of evidence elicited on the first; and at noon of the third day, the jury, after an absence of thirty minutes brought in a verdict of guilty

against the prisoner, who was forthwith sentenced to expiate his crime on that day three months.

On that same day, and at the same hour, Ella Graye was sitting at the dinner-table of a little country inn, three hundred miles away.

A trifling incident had shown her that a stranger had passed through Centreville on the day Mrs. Thompson was found dead; as he was very lame, and walked with great difficultv, she easily traced him to a village some fifteen miles distant,

There she found that a man, calling himself Franz Freylung, and speeking no English, had passed the night.

He walked lame, and appeared to be suffering from a severe sprain of the ankle.

By means of the railroad officials who had sold him his ticket, Ella easily traced him to a large town, nearly a hundred miles further on.

But when she arrived there, she perceived that all hope of finding the man she was in search of was utterly vain.

She spent several days in the effort to do so, but concluded at last that she was merely wasting valuable time.

She then bethought her that Herr Groesse having taken passage for Europe, would, although he had allowed that vessel to sail without him, no doubt take passage again at the earliest possible opportunity.

She made preparations to go to New York at once; and it was when within a few miles of the metropolis, that her attention was caught by the appearance of a man who had that moment descended from the train she was then in.

Now she could not decide on any course of action; but by a blind impulse stumbled to her feet, hurried out of the carriage, and had just time to jump on the platform, for the train was already in motion, and, in another moment, she would have been too late.

As it was, she lost her balance and fell against the man who had been the cause of her precipitate movements, and who stood, weary and pale, leaning heavily upon a crutch.

Ella Graye was a very pretty woman; and she had never yet found the charm of her personal appearance powerless.

And upon this occasion it was not wholly so; for her words of apology, in a voice to charm a man's senses, won her a long and admiring glance from a pair of dark, rather wild looking eyes. The owner of them said nothing, but bowed in answer to her excuses.

"I must make him speak," thought Ella; and aloud she said, "I am all the more sorry because I fear I have hurt you;" and she just touched the crutch.

"Yes, I am lame—a very sore ankle"—he spoke with a strong German accent. "It was sprained, and from want of proper care I fear it will be serious. Are you a stranger here, madam? Could you perhaps direct me to find a doctor?"

"Yes, certainly; sit down on this bench, sir;" and before he could object, Ella hastened towards the station-master.

"It is he—a German, and lame. I must not lose sight of him. He looks poor; it is more than likely he has exhausted his money, and stops at this little place for economy. So much the better; I may find my task easier than I could have hoped. He is evidently suffering greatly, and he can't start either for Europe or anywhere else for some time."

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, Ella had made several inquiries of the station-master, had engaged the only carriage in the place, and paid a messenger to bring a surgeon to the village inn. She then returned to the lame man.

"Now, sir, if you will allow me—and you *must*—I will take you to the inn where I am going myself, and a doctor will attend you directly."

The man thanked her in an almost inaudible tone; and she could see the beaded drops upon his pallid brow in confirmation of the pain he was suffering.

He availed himself of her assistance to get into the carriage, and then, leaning back in the seat, with a suppressed groan closed his eyes, and neither moved nor spoke until they reached the inn.

As she sat in front of him, Ella observed him closely. His features and height corresponded exactly with Marston's discription of Herr Groesse.

His hair was dark-brown, however, while Groesse's had been a light flaxen color, and he was without moustache, whereas Groesse had worn one unusually heavy and of the same color as his hair. But these were slight discrepancies—the moustache had doubtless been removed and the hair been dyed.

To avoid any chance of rousing suspicion, Ella gave her name as Miss Jane Smith: and she saw that the stranger's was written W. Konig. Marston had told her that Groesse's Christian name was Wolfgang. Evidently he intended to retain his first name.

The German at once retired to his room, and awaited the surgeon's arrival.

Ella watched anxiously for the surgeon, for she felt the importance of making him her friend; and when at last he came down from Herr Konig's room she waylaid him, and begged for an interview.

Dr. Thorn was an old man, and not susceptible, as Ella decided at a glance.

She therefore boldly took him into her confidence, and told him her whole story.

The surgeon was impressed, and somewhat interested.

"You are a shrewd girl," he said; "but so far there is nothing to prove my patient is other than he says, and only one suspicious circumstance in my interview with him. His leg is in a very bad condition; the ankle is not merely sprained—one of the small bones has been broken, and the flesh so badly bruised and cut that, considering the way the wound has been neglected, it looks serious. Such a complication of injuries must have been received in some very particular manner, and his account of it does not satisfy me at all."

Ella and Dr. Thorne discussed the stranger for some time longer, and when they parted, the surgeon was much inclined to her view of the matter.

It was late next day before Ella got the newspaper; and when she had received it, and read the crushing news of Marston's conviction and sentence of death, it was a terrible blow.

She met Dr. Thorne as he came into the inn, and, with the paper in her hand, pointed with trembling finger to the one paragraph it contained for her.

"Oh, sir," she said, "there is no time to lose—he is sentenced to death! What shall I do? Is there no possible way of finding out this man's identity? Perhaps I am all wrong—the real Herr Groesse may be escaping me, and my poor Marston will be hanged."

Dr. Thorne was touched by her distress, and soothed her by encouraging words. He then went to his patient, but presently returned to Ella, looking very grave.

"He is in a high fever, and delirious. He raves, and your suspicions are, without doubt, correct, for he has mentioned both Thompson's name and that of the woman who was killed."

"Ah, 'tis he—I knew it" Ella exclaimed, in triumph.

"It is he, I know, for I called him by his name, and he answered it. But I fear your hope of proving him the guilty will never be realized. I cannot undertake the responsibility of amputating his leg, and, from present appearances, I apprehend mortification."

Ella was in despair. She knew what that meant, and was quite prepared for Dr. Thorne's next words, "that the man would probably be dead within forty-eight hours."

How that day passed she never could remember. Towards night she begged for permission to see the sick man, and she was admitted.

"You are not suffering so much now, Herr Groesse," she said.

The man looked at her helplessly, but did not deny his name; his face was quite and peaceful, and he said he was suffering no pain.

Ella shuddered, for she knew that such utter painlessness, under the circumstances, meant death. Before she could reply, Dr. Thorne entered the room.

"Doctor," said the sick man, "I am dying—don't conceal it from me, for it may be of importance that I should know it at once."

Dr. Thorne answered gravely, "Yes, you are dying."

With a piercing cry, Ella flung herself on her knees, and seized the hand already cold with the damp of death-with passionate, resistless eloquence she implored the dying man to tell what he knew of Mrs. Thompson's death, and to save the man innocently condemned to die for it.

Herr Groesse smiled—a feeble smile.

"So you love him, too, madam! He is a lucky man. Doctor, I killed Mrs. Thompson—I watched my opportunity, and shot her with that man's gun. Perhaps I was mad, for I loved her better than my own soul. I was horror-struck when I saw her fall, and only the sound of steps running towards the house roused me. I jumped through the open window, caught my foot ere touching the ground, and so sprained my ankle. I alighted in a pile of jagged rubbish, broken bottles, old iron, and the like, and that cut and bruise has caused my death. Write it out, doctor; I will sign it."

The dying deposition was properly witnessed, sworn to, and signed; and before the night was over the guilty man was dead.

Of course, Marston Thompson was liberated in due time; and of course public opinion suffered a reaction in its own peculiar way, and declared that it always knew he was innocent.

But Centreville had become hateful to both Marston and Ella. They remained only long enough to sell Marston's farm, and to get married; and the next spring saw them settled in the far west, where never cloud arose to darken the sunlight of their wedded lives.

That Lady Seems to Know You, George.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by J. Tannenbaum. The Music of this song is published by White, Smith & Co., 298 & 300 Washington Street, Boston

The band was playing in the park
One August evening fine,
And crowds of promenaders gay
Were marching by in line;
The fellows in full force were there,
The girls were plenty, too,
And with flirtations, chats, and such,
All had enough to do.
Chorus: But I was harnessed to my love,
Who now and then would say:
"That lady seems to know you, George,
Who is she, tell me, pray?"

The ladies, bless the gentle doves!
All seemed to bow to me,
Which, with Louisa by my side,
Did not at all agree;
And one, believe it, nudged me hard,
I did not know her name,
Or even the direction which
The little damsel came. Chorus.

I told my love that it was rude:
For, we'd ne'er met before,
And then I said, "I'm sure she's not
The style that I adore."
Besides, I thought her impudent
For doing such a thing,
And then the band struck up the air
My darling loved to sing. Chorus.

I scarce had got the sentence out
When, lo, behold! there stood
A maiden throwing kisses just
As fast as e'er she could;
She aimed them all at me, I know:
For, in her roguish eye
I saw 'twas her intention then
To toss them on the sly. Chorus.

Apologize again I must
To my Louisa fair,
Lest she should think that I for her
Did not the slightest care;
I told her, jokingly, I thought
The kisses flew too high
For me or any other chap
To catch them on the fly. Chorus.

This rather vexed the little one,
She wanted to go home:
She was "so tired and sleepy that
She could not further roam;"
But 'ere we reached her domicile,
A girl bewitching sweet
Said, as she passed aside us, "George,
Next Sunday night we meet." Chorus.

TIM McFADDEN.

Words by PHILIP STONER. Music by Prof. EDMUND CLARK, the renowned Guitar and Banjo Teacher, No. 285 Bowery, N. Y.



2 The ship sailed out upon the sea, and took me from the land,
And Norah stood upon the shore, and wept and waved her hand,
My heart was broke entirely, for every breeze that fanned
My throbbing temples, bore me further from my native land.
The fever took me in the ship, and struck down many more,
And then the thought of Erin, made our hearts grew faint and sore;
I tried to cheer the lads a bit, and sung an Irish song
And told them in Ameriky they'd soon be well and strong.

3 I landed in Ameriky widout a single son,
Too weak to work, and work was scarce, and friends so very few,
I roamed about this big New York, and sought work high and low,
And helped the boot-blacks, and the boys that shoveled off the snow.
I've got a situation now, that gets me bread and clothes,
And something too besides each week into the pocket goes,
And soon I'll send the money in a letter cross the sea,
That'll tell my darlin' Norah for to come across to me.

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CONTENTS.

A dream of the olden time.....page 179
Ashante Recruits..... 179
And he's got the money, too!..... 180
The Centennial..... 179
Charming Little Lou..... 179
Come back to New England..... 180
Dreaming eyes of long ago..... 180
Don't you forget it..... 180
The Emigrant's Farewell—No 2..... 180
Flip, Flop..... 179
Far o'er the waves..... 180
For the sake o' Somebody..... 180
The Gipsy's lure—a Story..... 182
I wish I could sell myself to the Debil..... 178
I know a bank..... 180
I've only been down to the Club..... 181
I wonder when he'll come again?..... 181
Massa's Kitchen Floor..... 178
No Irish need apply—New Version..... 181
Never forsake the Ship!..... 183
Our sweet little rose-bud has flown..... 178
Oh! why are you weeping?..... 179
One Hundred Years!..... 181
Pearl of the Sea..... 179
Rollicking Irish Pair..... 178
Rinorossorosos..... 178
Solid gay young men..... 178
Speak to her gently..... 178
Soft whispering tender breezes—Music..... 184
The Two Professors..... 178
The Tra-la-la-loo..... 181
Tommy, make room for your Auntie..... 181
This pretty little flower..... 178
Touch the banjo gently..... 180
Under the Buttercups..... 180
When the dew is on the roses..... 178
Who'll buy my papers?..... 179

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The Two Professors.

Respectfully dedicated to Johnson & Bruno, by Robert McKay.

Oh! now behold two culled gents,
From South Fifth Avenue,
Who have consented to appear
And sing and dance for you;
We do not doubt, before we're done,
You will confess we're smart,
And praise the two professors of
The terpsichorean art.

CHORUS.

Oh! we're two professors: (Break.)
Oh! we're two professors. (Break.)
You can't discount our singing,
While at dancing we are smart;
Oh! we're the two professors of
The terpsichorean art. (Dance.)

We teach the darkies how to twist
The heel and shake the toe;
To all the balls, though far or near,
We're always sure to go;
That there is nothing dearer
Than dancing, to the heart,
Believe the two professors of
The terpsichorean art. Chorus.

This Pretty Little Flower.

Words by A. Thompson. Music by Charles McEvoy. The Music can be obtained at the Publisher's Music Store, Charles W. Harris, No. 13 East 14th Street, New-York. Price 35 cents.

This pretty little flower, with its fragrance
rich and pure,
An emblem of devotion, was sent to me, I'm sure,
By one whose heart is true, and I know he
loves me well;
This pretty little flower to me his thoughts doth tell:
Yes, this pretty little flower on my heart doth shower,
As from a fairy bower, rich blessings on my love.

CHORUS.

Oh! this pretty little flower, oh! this pretty little flower
On my heart doth shower rich blessings on my love.

This pretty little flower, plucked from its dewy bed,
In softly breathing whispers unto my heart has said:
"What tho' all else be false, there's one
e'er true to thee!"
Oh! this pretty little flower brings joy and
peace to me:
Yes, this pretty little flower, I'll prize it from
this hour
As a bridal dower, and blessing from above.
Oh! this pretty little flower, &c.

I wish I could sell Myself to de Debil.

I wish I could sell myself to de debil,
White folks den I'd put upon a lebel,
I wish I could sell myself to de debil,
And leave off chimney sweeping.
Go and buy a suit ob clothes,
Morocco shoes turned up at toes,
A whitewashed hat, and a brim so tall,
'Dis child you would see at de old nigger ball.
I wish I could, &c.

Tight-kneed boots and square-toed breeches,
Show me de gal dat made de stitches;
De prettiest gal in de whole creation,
Is de white yeller gal from de wild goose nation.
I wish I could, &c.

Vinegar shoes and paper stockings,
Send me off to Polly Hopkings;
My wife's dead, and I'm a widder,
All de way from old Tar ribber.
I wish I could, &c.

Blow away, you gentle breezes,
All among de nice green treeses,
Dar you'll see me wid de muses,
Blacking my old boots an' shooses.
I wish I could, &c.

Massa's Kitchen Floor.

As sung by Johnson and Bruno.

Two old Virginia Niggers,
You musn't think we're green;
When working on the Steamboat
On the Mississippi stream,
We used to tote the cotton bales,
And heave the plank ashore;
And often spend our money
On the Old Virginia shore.

CHORUS.

Two lightning, colored Mokes, (Break.)
From Old Virginia shore. (Break.) *Repeat.*
And now we'll show you how we dance
On old Massa's kitchen floor.

When on the old plantation,
Us darkies held our sway;
We'd sing and dance from morn to night,
And on the Banjo play;
We'd pick the cotton, hoe the corn;
And when our work was o'er,
Then all together we would dance
On Massa's kitchen floor. Chorus.

Our Sweet Little Rosebud has Flown.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by W. A. Huntley. The Music of this song is published by Cory Brothers, 120 Westminister St., Providence, R. I. Price 40 cts.

Why warble so sweetly, my dear little bird?
Why perch on that branch all the day?
Are you singing for baby your prettiest song,
Or is it a funeral lay?
From morn until night your sweet carol we hear
O'er baby's grave, darling, our own;
'Tis kind in you, birdie, but baby's asleep,
Our sweet little rosebud has flown.

CHORUS.

From morn until night your sweet carol we hear
O'er baby's grave, darling, our own;
'Tis kind in you, birdie, but baby's asleep,
Our sweet little rosebud has flown.

Why carol so lovely, my nice little bird?
Why rest on that branch all the time?
You ought to be flying far South long ere this,
'Tis a brighter and sunnier clime;
But no, you prefer to watch o'er baby's grave,
And give us your song of sweet tone,
But baby don't hear you, the darling's asleep,
Our sweet little rosebud has flown. Chorus.

Rollicking Irish Pair.

Written by J. H. Ryan, and sung by Ryan & McDermott with great success. Air: The Nerves.

Oh! here we are an Irish pair,
From that little isle so green,
The likes of us are very rare,
We are few and far between.
We always do our best to please,
And act upon the square,
But what do you think the people says?
We're a rollicking Irish pair.

CHORUS.

A pair, a pair, a pair, a pair, a rollicking
Irish pair, the people know us everywhere
As the rollicking Irish pair.

I like my dugeen and my glass,
I like my friend as well,
While I like to call at every ball,
And there to take the belle.
I do all that a man can do
To drive away dull care:
So what do you think the people say?
We're a rollicking Irish pair. Chorus.

I'll join the Timid Awkward Squad,
And there have lots of fun;
You'd soon be glad to carry the hod,
And away from them to run.
Then very well, we'll happy be
And do what's right and fair,
And win the people's kind applause,
As the rollicking Irish pair. Chorus.

Solid Gay Young Men.

As sung by Johnson and Bruno.

We're what you call two solid, gay young men,
If you doubt us we will prove it, for, we can.
For, to sing and dance at night
Gives us joy and great delight—
In this country our likes you ne'er can find.

CHORUS.

For, we turn right around,
Plant our feet upon the ground;
And all the pretty girls are bound to bow, you know,
As down the street we go:
From each tongue you'll hear it flow—
There goes them two, solid gay young men.

Oh! we were at a ball the other night,
And all the darkies they begin to fight;
But then we never run: for, we're always in for fun,
And to sing and dance we find is our delight.
For, we turn right around, &c.

Rinorossorosos.

As sung by Johnson & Bruno.

Have you seen the curious beast
They call the Rinorosos,
With horns upon their noses like
That Elephant's probosos?
Oh! yes, my dear! I'm told they come
From Africa's morasses;
And that they revel in the mud—
Eats various kinds of grasses.

SHE: Oh, yes! We've seen the curious beast,
The Rinorossorosos;
With horns upon their noses like
That Elephant's probosos.

In their heads they have a sparkling eye,
Like those of the young lasses;
And curling o'er their backs a tail
Has the Rinosoros.

HE: Oh! yes, my dear! we'll get a team
Of beautiful Jackasses,
And then we'll go right down the street
And see the Rinorossoros.

When the dew is on the Roses.

By Arthur W. French.

When the dew is on the roses,
And the angels of the night
Keep their vigils, while reposes
All the world till morning's light,
Someone lingers in the gloaming,
Down the dear old shady lane,
Waiting, watching for my coming
To our meeting-place again.
Chorus: When the dew is on the roses,
On the roses sweet and fair,
Someone watches for me there.

When the dew is on the roses,
What is grief or pain to me,
Since my love is close beside me,
And her sunny face I see?
Laughing eyes, 'neath golden lashes,
Look their sweetest into mine,
And I hear a voice repeating—
"I am ever, truly thine." Chorus.

Speak to her Gently.

By Marion Sackett.

Speak to her gently, raise up the poor head;
Not one of us know how first her steps led
Deep in the foot-path of sorrow and shame;
How are we to tell on whom rests the blame?
Chorus: Speak to her gently,
In kindness and love;
He will remember,
Reward you above.

Speak to her gently, nor hold you aloof:
Think as our Saviour, whose pardon and love
Are given the fallen as well as to thee,
Who, knowing our hearts, its temptations see. Cho.

Oh! why are you Weeping?

By C. E. Dudley.

Oh! tell me, darling, why are you weeping?
Why are those tears streaming down your soft cheek?
Into my arms closer you're creeping—
Oh! why don't you answer me? Speak, dearest—speak?
Oh! why is your breast so filled with emotion?
Ah! with thee, dearest, I ne'er did forget
That on the bright morrow I cross the blue ocean,
And that is the reason you're crying, my pet.

CHORUS.

Then cheer up, my darling—don't you be crying;
You know my heart is tender and true;
Let us be smiling: for, time, dear, is flying,
And soon I must leave sweet Erin and you.

See, the bright stars upon us are shining—
Look in the lake—it reflects your sweet face;
Then cheer up, darling, cease your repining:
For, you lose, in tears, half your beautiful grace.
Come, take my hand: we'll roam o'er the heather—
Why should we trouble with sorrow and care?
Now you are smiling: we'll start off and gather
The beautiful flowers, so fragrant and fair.
Then cheer up, my darling, &c.

A Dream of the Olden Time.

By Samuel N. Mitchell.

I dream of the olden time, Belle,
When oft in the fields we met:
I see you a child again, Belle—
Your love I shall ne'er forget;
That face is as sweet and fair, Belle,
Those eyes they are just as bright,
And o'er the lawns, as of old, Belle,
You're tripping as quick and light.
Chorus: I dream of the olden time, Belle,
When oft in the fields we met:
I see you a child again, Belle—
Your love I shall not forget.

I dream of the happy days, Belle,
When you were my only pride;
I think you are young again, Belle,
And we're sitting side by side;
Your lips seem to touch my own, Belle,
Your head it is on my breast;
I'm singing to you again, Belle,
The song that you loved the best. Chorus.

I dream of the good old time, Belle,
When, down by the meadow-brook,
We talked of a future home, Belle,
While hid in the elder nook;
I feel the warmth of your kiss, Belle,
The press of your velvet hand;
Oh! that we were young again, Belle,
And back in our youthful land— Chorus.

Pearl of the Sea.

Al. Fresco.

Come to me, darling; my soul cries in pain;
Press thy red lips to mine own once again:
Live thou in sorrow, or sleep thou in death,
Perfume my forehead once more with thy breath.
Stand not a spectre on memory's shore.
Mock not the joys of the days gone before;
Come to me, darling, my idol to be,
Come to me, darling, my Pearl of the Sea.

CHORUS.

Pearl of the Sea, Pearl of the Sea,
Wrecked on life's breakers, my soul cries to thee—
Fly from thy sea-home,
Come o'er the sea-foam,
Come to me, darling, my Pearl of the Sea.

Come to me, darling—thy presence will bless
A heart that has known of the world's bitterness;
Haunted by sadness, beleaguered by woe,
Heed thou my anguish that passeth all show.
Come to me, darling, wherever thou art:
Come to me, darling, and rest on this heart;
Come to me, darling, I'm waiting for thee;
Come to me, darling, my Pearl of the Sea.
Pearl of the Sea, &c.

Ashanto Recruits.

As sung by Tierney & Cronin.

Behold, before you, warriors bold,
And soldiers who rank high;
Two privates—yes, privates in the N. G. S. N. Y.
Wars, wrinkled, attracts us (me) not,
To it we seldom fly;
'Tis safer, far, to play at war
In the N. G. S. N. Y.

CHORUS.

We're warriors bold in the N. G. S. N. Y.
We're soldiers bold, to the wars we never fly,
With our gay martial air,
That attracts all the fair,
In the N. G. S. N. Y.

What splendid chaps! the Ladies say,
As we go marching by;
The corps par excellence, are we in the N. G. S. N. Y.
Our foes all tremble as they read our motto,
"Never say die!"
Which little phase we understand in the N. G. S. N. Y.
We're warriors bold, &c.

The Centennial.

Original by Johnson & Bruno.

It's now a hundred years ago,
Since freedom first did dawn;
And many a thought comes o'er us,
As we hail the coming morn;
So we'll make bold, the Scenes unfold,
The changes from that day;
The battles won, the great things done,
Since Freedom gained the day.

We'll tell you, first, of Bunker Hill,
There Warren met the foe
Who wished to tax the people
That the Tea did overthrow.
He nobly tried, and bravely died,
He well the battle won.
And Washington, the finish gave
To what he'd left undone.

One hundred years since the days of Seventy-Six!
One hundred years since we did the tyrants fix!
Then praise with joyful glee the banner of the free,
And the men of Seventy-Six! [Repeat]

Then Jackson! with his cotton bales,
He made the red-coats fly;
Our banner, still triumphant,
The invaders did defy;
And Lawrence fought, the lesson taught,
Not to give up the ship!
And Winfield Scott, at Lundy's Lane!
In the days of Seventy-Six!

Charming Little Lou.

As performed with great success by Harper & Stansill.
White, Smith & Perry, Boston, Publishers.

I've sang to you, quite oft' before,
Of charming girls divine;
But now I've found a dearer one,
She is a beau of mine.
Her eyes are bright as evening stars,
As soft as heaven's blue;
Each day I bless the hour I met
My charming little Lou.
Chorus: Oh! yes, I love her dear as life,
And to me she is true,
I'm only waiting for the day
I shall wed my little Lou.

We met one summer's evening
When the sun was sinking low.
In Central Park, down by the fount,
Where sparkling waters flow.
She smiled so sweet, and then she blushed
As I was passing by;
Meet me to-morrow evening here,
A smile was my reply. Chorus.

A crusty bachelor admits that marriage is a means of grace—because it leads to repentance.

Swiss Song.

Burlesque. As sung by Harper and Stansill.

On the banks of the Ohio river,
Billy—I—O—U!
On the banks of its beautiful stream,
Pom—Pom—Pom—Pom!
There lives a Gipsy's fair daughter,
Billy—I—O—U!
She's the fairest that ever was seen.
Pom—Pom—Pom—Pom!

WARBLE.

Thou!—Thou, reign'st in this bosom.
Yaw!—Yaw! Am I not thine?
Thou!—Thou, reign'st in this bosom,
Am I not fondly thine own?
Yaw! Yaw! Yaw! Yaw!
Am I not fondly thine own?
Yaw! Yaw! Yaw! Yaw!
Am I not fondly thine own?
(*Warble until off Stage.*)

Who'll buy my Papers?

Written and composed by Tom Harper, Esq., and sung with great success, by the La Verdes.

Oh! listen, kind stranger, and gentlemen too!
I've come here to sell my papers to you;
All day through the City, foot sore I do roam,
I'm a poor little newsboy, and I have no home:
Poor Father is dead, and Mother's gone too!
What, in this world, can a little boy do?
Shoeless—supperless—miserable, am I—
I can't sell my papers, for no one will buy.

CHORUS.

Come buy? come buy a paper, Sir, You?
Here's a Herald, or Sun—buy one, Sir, do?
And a poor boy's blessing, then, will be yours!
And you'll keep starvation away from my door.

To-night, in the snow, I could lay me down
And die there, for nothing I meet with but frowns:
Forced to go hungry, day after day,
Oh! Heaven, have pity on me, I pray!
And give to us all a plenty to-night;
And keep my heart pure, that I may do right;
Freezing—starving—miserable, am I,
For I can't sell my papers, for no one will buy.
Come buy, &c.

Flip, Flop.

Banjo Solo. Written and composed by Sam Devere.

Don't you wish dat you was me?
Den you could see what I can see,
Flip-flops growing on a flip-flop tree,
What a honey-comb it is to have a flip-flop eye.

Away from friends, in de world alone,
A big yaller purp was pickin' on a bone,
'Long came a chile with a great big stone,
But de yaller purp seen him and he flew.

Bull-frog sittin' in a muddy place,
Singin' a song and washin' his face,
And holdin' de stakes in a pollywog's race,
But he slid ker-chunk in de middle ob de puddle.

When ginger-bread was a penny a chunk,
Den couldn't I hide a great big hunk;
When I went to de show I feed de monk,
De purtiest animile in de Mooseum.

De lobster wid de edicated claw,
Hit de poor crab a smash in de jaw,
De crab got mad and went to law,
Got red hot sauce for de lobster.

Quick Spring the Feelings of the Heart.

Quick spring the feelings of the heart,
When touched by Clare's gen'rous art;
Quick as the grateful shamrock springs,
In the good fairies' favor'd rings.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

Under the Buttercups.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by W. A. Huntley.
The Music of this song is Published by G. D. Russell & Co. of 136 Tremont St., Boston.
Price 35 cents.

Down in the valley where the honey bee sips
The sweetness from many wild flowers,
They have made her a grave, our sweet Imogene,
The darling we love to call ours;
The buttercups bend their bright heads o'er the mound,
The daisies they grow by her side,
And often we sit near that sweet sacred spot
To weep for the dear one that died.

Chorus.

Under the buttercups, bright yellow buttercups,
Darling is sleeping, sweet Imogene fair;
Under the buttercups, bright yellow buttercups,
Imogene, darling, rests quietly there.

She left in the summer, the birds on the trees
Were caroling sweetly the day
That the angels from heaven came to our door
And took little dewdrop away;
She left with a smile on her lips, pretty one,
She bade us a loving "good night:"
Then down in the valley they made her a grave,
And laid her 'neath buttercups bright. Chorus.

Come Back to New England.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by H. P. Danks.
The Music of this song is published by White, Smith & Co., 298 & 300 Washington Street, Boston.
Price 40 cents.

Come back to New England, its plains and its hills,
Its bright rolling rivers, its lakes and its rills;
Its meadows of clover, its woodland and glades,
Its warm, sunny pastures, and cool forest shades;
Come back to its orchards, its glens, and its vales,
Its walls of old granite, its fences of rails;
Come get to its sea-breezes, its keen mountain air,
Come back to New England, where all is so fair.

Chorus.

Come back to New England, where all is so fair,
Come back to New England, and breathe its pure air,
Come back to New England, and see its green hills,
Its bright rolling rivers, its lakes and its rills,

Come back to New England, where sweetest of girls
Are roaming and dancing in ringlets and curls;
Where rosy and lily cheeked maidens are seen,
O'erflowing with frolic, polite as a queen;
Come back to its pic-nics, its parties and balls,
Its pure social meetings in parlors and halls;
Come go to its harvest, its husking and all,
Come back to New England, come answer our call.
Come back, &c.

Come back to New England, the pride of our land,
Where all are received with a grasp of the hand;
Where hearts that are honest, and faithful, and true,
Are anxiously waiting a welcome to you;
Come back to the homestead all nestled in vines,
The home where the hop and the green ivy twines;
Come back 'neath the roof that once sheltered thee long,
Come back to New England, the land of sweet song.
Come back, &c.

Touch de Banjo Gently.

By Arthur W. French.

Ole massa he's a-sleepin', to nebber wake again;
An' misens she am weepin', her heart is full of pain;
Dar's heaps ob tribulation, and loads of pain and grief;
Oh! whar is consolation?—oh! whar is sweet relief?
Chorus: Den touch de banjo gently,
And sing dat good ole song;
Dar's heaps ob tribulation—
I can't be wid you long.

You's gwine to all be parted, to nebber meet again
And leabe de little cabin dat stands down in de lane,
And strangers dey are coming to take de good ole place,
While one by one we wander far from each other's face.
Den touch the banjo, &c.

You count perhaps de bubbles you see down in de spring
You'll nebber count de trubbles dat round a nigger cling
It's here to-day: to-morrow he don't know whar to go—
Dis world is full ob sorrow; it is, I tell you so.
Den touch de banjo, &c.

Far o'er the Waves.

Words by Chas. Norton. Music by H. Maylath.
Music published by B. W. Hitchcock, 355 Third Ave.

Far over the waves, as moon's soft beams returning,
Slowly unveiled the well-remembered shore,
How swelled my heart, with eager fancies burning,
Dreams of past joys and hopes of priceless store,
Of priceless store.

Chorus.

Sweet home receive me, faithful I come,
Never to leave thee, dear native home;
Sweet home receive me, faithful I come,
Never to leave thee, dear native home.

Vainly for me love's signal radiance bright'ning,
Flamed from his altars o'er my truant way,
Absent from thee, the summer's beauteous lightning,
Less harmful played not 'round the fading day,
The fading day. Chorus

Cease ye who sing the wand'rer's heartless pleasures,
Leave, leave my path, no more, no more I roam,
Here lives a charm, worth all uncounted treasures,
Here breathes the sight of welcome, welcome home.
Of welcome home. Chorus.

Dreaming Eyes of Long Ago.

Words by Edward Coleman. Music by G. Operti.
The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York.
Price: 35 cents.

I am thinking of a morning
In the distant long ago,
When hope smiled on my life's dawning:
For, I knew nor care nor woe.
By my side there tripped a maiden
Passing fair and dreaming-eyed:
Rosy smiles and eyes love-laden
Revealed thought her tongue denied.
Dreaming eyes! Dreaming eyes!
Dreaming eyes of long ago—
Dreaming eyes! Dreaming eyes!
Dreaming eyes of long ago.

I recall so well that olden,
Ever unforgotten time:
It was in the glorious, golden,
Merry laughing summer's prime;
After summer came December,
Roses perished in the snow;
While I live, I must remember
Dreaming eyes of long ago—
Dreaming eyes! Dreaming eyes!
Dreaming eyes of long ago—
Dreaming eyes! Dreaming eyes!
Dreaming eyes of long ago.

And he's got the Money, too!

Sung by Adah Richmond.
Words and Music by C. T. Lockwood.
Copyright, 1869, by S. Brainard's Sons, Cincinatti, O.
where the Music can be had. Price 30 cents.

I'm just as fond of beauty, as any one can be!
The pretty eye, the rosy cheek, I love so much to see;
There is none of us that have them, except
myself and you,
But I know a little fellow, and he's got the money, too.

Chorus.

Oh! don't I love my honey! And won't I use the money!
I am happy as a flower that sips the falling dew:
For, I know a little fellow, and he's got the money, too.

I shall have a nice piano, and won't I play and sing!
I'll have a thousand dollar watch, a chain and
diamond ring.
I shall have the nicest dwelling upon the avenue,
And the gayest little fellow, and he's got the money, too.
Oh! don't I love my honey, &c.

He takes me out a riding whenever he comes down,
He owns the nicest carriage, and the fastest horse in town
And he tells me that he loves me—I listen, wouldn't you?
Oh! he is the sweetest fellow, and he's got the money too.
Oh! don't I love my honey, &c.

The Emigrant's Farewell—No 2.

Written and sung at the departure scene in the Panorama of Ireland, by J. H. Ryan. "Air: Dear Irish Boy."

O Erin, my country, though thousands now leave thee,
After suffering privations which no tongue can tell—
To see the pride of my country depart sore does
grieve me,
While their sighs fill the sails as they bid thee
farewell!
Our foes they are smiling while wealth they are piling;
Our brave boys are toiling by land or by sea;
O land of great plenty, with barns and stores empty,
Farewell, dear ould Erin!—Acushla Machree.

Oh! why is my country in sorrow and in danger?
You, rulers of Ireland, can best understand:
'Tis because all our strongholds are held by the
stranger,
Our houses, our cattle, our farms, and our land,
While my country declining far from her proud station,
That once was the noble, the brave, and the free,
And the pride of our people still seek emigration,
Far away from ould Ireland—Acushla Machree.

Though England may boast of her army and navy,
And the conquests of old, which she ne'er fought
alone,
If a war should break out, she may want a new levy,
And need those poor exiles she is driving from home:
For, Irishmen ever in battle none braver,
They fight like the tiger by land or by sea;
And in all England's quarrels who won bright her laurels
Faugh an ballagh for Ireland—Acushla Machree.

Don't You Forget It.

By Guy Gibson.

And don't you forget it,
But just bear it in mind,
A diamond in dirt
Quite often you'll find;
A diamond of friendship,
Its rays bright and pure;
And, set in your heart,
No friendship shines truer.

Cut its rough surface off,
In confidence true,
Share all its sorrows
With your eyes' purest dew;
Bear it on your bosom,
That all men may see,
In pure sacred friendship,
Acts of sweet harmony.

I Know a Bank.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine,
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight.

SHAKSPEARE.

For the Sake o' Somebody.

By Burns.

My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
My heart is sair for somebody
I could wake a winter night,
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh hon, for somebody!
Oh hey, for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free.
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh hon, for somebody!
Oh hey, for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?—
For the sake o' somebody.

No Irish Need Apply.

NEW VERSION.

In the papers have you read,
Have you noticed what they said,
That no Irish people need apply
To earn their daily bread?
I will plainly show to you
The course you should pursue,
And in honesty I'll show you
What you really ought to do.
Chorus: On this you may rely:
You will find out by-an-by
That the sons of Erin's sunny isle
Are welcome to apply.

Just note the Irish girl,
As she's skipping to the well,
With blossoms blooming on her cheeks
Like roses in the dell—
She is so bright and fair,
With her jet black eyes and hair—
Show me your English lady,
Who a brighter name can bear!
Chorus: Never let me hear that cry,
As I heard in days gone by:
That cruel, cold, unpleasing one—
No Irish need apply!

On the plains of Waterloo,
Where the bullets like hailstones flew,
There was the Duke of Wellington,
Bad luck to him! what did he do?
He beat poor Bonepart,
Though he wore an Irish heart,
And won his wreath of laurels,
Though the Irish won their part.
Chorus: Faugh-a-ballagh! they did cry
We will conquer or we'll die!
Proud England, mind your Irishmen,
You'll need them by-an-by.
(*Repeat.*)

Old Ireland I will show
Is the sweetest spot below,
Where you can get a bite or sup
Wherever there you go:
So don't treat them with disdain,
But show each man the same:
Let all apply, that be the cry,
And welcome when they come!
Chorus: Then rise them as you should—
For, 'tis fit we all do good,
And never crush an Irishman,
But rise him as you should!
(*Repeat.*)

The Tra-la-la-loo.

As Sung by Pat Rooney.

My name is John McGuckin, I'm a dacent
working man,
I tries to raise my children up the very best I can;
But with my daughter Mary Ann I don't know
what to do,
For she's learned a kind of dancing that they
call the Tra-la-la-loo!
Chorus: Since Mary Ann learned how to dance,
I don't know what to do;
She's out all night 'till broad daylight,
A dancing the Tra-la-la-loo!

On every moonlight pic-nic sure my daughter
can be found,
And when I bid her stay at home, she says
"Go feel around;"
And on starlight excursions, where the band
plays Flewy-come-flew,
'Tis there I'll find my Mary Ann a skipping the
Tra-la-la-loo!
Since Mary Ann, &c.

Bad luck to moonlight pic-nics, they have
ruined Mary Ann,
Since first she learned to pivot with young Terry
and his gang;
But if I find her there again I'll beat her black
and blue—
She's gone to the divil intirely, since she
learned the Tra-la-la-loo!
Since Mary Ann, &c.

Tommy, Make Room for Your Auntie.

Air: "Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle."
As sung by Miss Jennie Hughes.

Now Miss Fitzwilliam of Union Square
Presents herself to you,
And you may guess, when she is dressed,
Of gents she knows a few.
A widower fell in love with me
While riding in a train:
He had his little boy with him,
Who caused us both much pain.

Spoken: Yes, the confounded young urchin caused me a great deal of pain and sorrow, and the widower, his father, introduced me to the little boy as his auntie, and during the whole of the journey the father had to say—

Chorus.

Tommy, make room for your Auntie,
There's a little dear:
Tommy, make room for your auntie,
I want her to sit here.
You know papa has got a cake,
And that he'll give to you:
So don't annoy, there's a good boy—
Make room for your auntie, do.

When first I met this widower,
'Twas on the journey down
To spend a day at Long Branch,
Just like a swell from town;
The widower loved romantic scenes,
And a squeeze on the sly;
But when his arm went round my waist,
The boy began to cry.

Spoken: He declared his papa was hurting me, and would insist upon sitting between us: only fancy making love to a girl with a little boy in the way: but his father said to him in a voice so sweet—
Tommy, make room, &c.

The father told his loving son
To watch the passing train;
But no—he said, my dear papa,
You'll kiss that lady again;
Of course I blushed a maiden blush,
And he was not himself:
For, who could make love in a car,
In front of that young elf?

Spoken: Yes, it would never do to make love before the boy, and when the widower pressed me, I said "Not before the boy, sir—not before the boy"—just then we went under a tunnel, and—
Tommy, make room, &c.

I wonder when he'll come again?

THE EVELINE WALTZ SONG.

The Music can be obtained of the well known Music Store of Frederick Blume, 27 Union Square, New York. Price 35 cents.

He kissed me, and I knew 'twas wrong
For, he was neither kith nor kin—
Need one do pennance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand—that was not right:
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It was not for a minute quite,
But in it there were days and days,
But in it there were days and days—

There's mischief in the moon, I know:
Last night I surely saw her wink,
When I requested him to go—
I ment it too, I almost think.

But, after all, I'm not to blame:
He took the kiss—I do think men
Are quite without a sense of shame,
I wonder when he'll come again?
I wonder when he'll come again?

We often live under a cloud; and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts. We want shade and rain to refresh them.

One Hundred Years!

NATIONAL SONG.

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

Words by Ralph Watts Music by R. Stelrly.
The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

One hundred years, one hundred years
Since freedom first did dawn,
And many a thought comes over me,
As I hail each coming morn;
So I'll make bold and now unfold
The glories of that day,
The great things done, and battles won,
Since freedom gained the sway!

Chorus.

One hundred years, since the days of Seventy-six,
One hundred years since we did the foeman fix!
Then praise with joyful glee the banner of the free,
And the men of Seventy-six.

I'll tell you first of Bunker Hill:
There Warren met the foe,
Who wished to tax the people,
That the tea did over throw!
He nobly tried and bravely died,
He well the battle won;
And Washington the finish gave
To what he left undone. Chorus.

Then Jackson with his Cotton bales,
He made the enemy fly!
Our banner still triumphant
The invader did defy;
And Lawrence fought and the lesson taught:
Not to give up the ship!
And Winfield Scott at Lundy's Lane,
Did well the foeman whip. Chorus.

Our Morse he made the Telegraph,
'Twas laid by Cyrus Field;
Ben Franklin Chained the Lightning;
We the power of Steam revealed;
Peabody gave what he did save,
And Farragut nailed fast
The glorious Flag we love so well,
Unto his vessel's mast. Chorus.

I've only been down to the Club.

Joseph P. Skelly.

Copyright 1876, by E. H. Harding. The Music can be had of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery. Price 10 cts.

Last night I was out rather late,
'Twas only an innocent spree,
My wife for my coming did wait,
When sleeping I thought she would be—
I found her in temper and tears,
Oh! she cried, it's a sin and a shame,
And she scratched both my eyes and my ears,
But I told her I soon would explain.

Chorus.

The "Club" had a meeting to-night, love,
Of business we had a great sight, love,
Don't think for a moment I'm tight, love,
I've only been down to the Club.

My boots I left down in the hall,
And softly I crept up the stairs!
I kept rather close to the wall,
And thought to ascend unawares.
But, just as I got to the door,
I seemed to get lost in the dark,
I stumbled and fell on the floor,
And just then I could only remark: Chorus.

She sobbed and she wept and she screamed,
And said she'd go back to her ma,
While I on the mantle-piece leaned,
And tried to enjoy my cigar.
I promised to buy her a dress
If she'd let me alone for a while;
Then I gave her a sweet little kiss,
And I saw her beginning to smile.

Spoken: So I thought it a favorable opportunity to assure her once more, as a positive fact, that—
Chorus.

The Gipsy's Lure.

The village of Broxmore was one of those many lovely places—rural, sylvan, and picturesque—with which England abounds. There dwelt Frances Buller, the daughter of a stern, hard-visaged woman named Rebecca Buller, who was the widow of a farmer that had once been well-to-do in the world, but whom a series of unfortunate reverses had brought to the verge of ruin, and finally broken his heart.

The farm stock was consequently sold. Everything went, and with the little wreck that was left, the widow and her daughter took a small cottage in the village, to which a piece of ground and a good serviceable garden was attached. These, by the assistance of a stout laboring lad, were assiduously cultivated, and thus they contrived to keep themselves from absolute poverty.

The girl herself, now some twenty years of age, was certainly the beauty of broxmore, and many, in more prosperous days, paid court to her; but she was inordinately vain, selfish, liked finery, and was fond of coquetting; and by consequence, her scorn at first drove away her admirers, and, finally, reduced circumstances, which marred her prospects, left her to suitors of an inferior class, which, to her proud and pettish temperament, was a source of the greatest annoyance.

All that she cared for deserted her but two, and between these two she had been hesitating a long time. Both were young, handsome, and, as farmers, tolerably well to do. But there was a vast distance between the saturnine and violent temper of Richard Deedes, and the frank, honest nature of Oliver Goring.

Different as were the arguments the two lovers used, both were strongly appealing; and while Richard Deedes talked of amusement, pleasures, the gaieties of the town, which Frances should at times partake of, and the company she should keep in the country, for she was reputed to be well off, Oliver Goring spoke of home, of domestic happiness, of loving her for herself—of things that to a woman of rectitude and true feeling are always soonest listened to. She heard the first with more satisfaction; but she accepted the second, because a certain instinct told her that with Oliver Goring there was more security for the future.

She married Oliver, therefore, and was taken to his pretty farm of Briarbank, which he had recently leased, his parents and a sister living in the old house which had belonged to them for generations.

Although the two young men knew themselves as rivals, there was no outward manifestation of exultation on the one hand; nor of chagrin on the other, though the dark revengeful nature of Deedes was greatly excited.

Rebecca Buller still remained in her cottage, laboring as usual. She never returned Goring's visits, and always behaved to her son-in-law with a sort of sullen civility; while it was remarked that Deedes very often called at her house, and that she seemed to unbend herself before him in a manner she did not to any one else.

Oliver Goring, open and unsuspicious, believed he was doing perfectly right in encouraging a spirit of good feeling (and though not, strictly speaking, friendship, it was next to it) between his wife, and his family, and Richard Deedes; and therefore, Richard, on one pretence or other, business for the most part being the ostensible reason, was an almost constant visitor at Briarbank, while Oliver's absence (who had extended his speculations, and was often from home) made no difference; and the young wife, thus thrown into the company of her former lover, could not help showing something like satisfaction when he came.

It avails not here to tell how, step by step, the young and beloved wife fell, but it was long before the neighbors had the slightest suspicion of such a thing.

At last rumor, that will at least make itself lordly heard, reached Oliver's parents, and to their grief and dread they saw so much of it confirmed as made them believe the worst. But how communicate it to Oliver? Besides, they were not absolutely certain; but it was necessary that, at least, his visits should be stopped; and affairs were in this train when the following scene occurred:—

One evening, when the twilight was deepening, and on a day that Oliver had gone to a distant market town, Frances and Richard Deedes met beneath the roof of Rebecca Buller—her mother. The veil of secrecy had now been rent, the guilty knowledge was shared by the parent, and darker things were being dreamed of.

It was well known to them that Oliver, being free from debt and every liability, had made over to his wife, in the prospect of a family, his house, furniture, and cattle, cows, horses, and sheep—not many, after all, but all clear of every encumbrance. This the married harlot would have transferred to her paramour at any moment, could she get possession of it.

"If he"—meaning Oliver—"would but insure his life!" muttered the old woman, with a dark and sinister smile, as they were conferring together on the evening in question.

"Why, mother?" asked Frances, a touch of wonder expressed in her voice.

"Why!" asked her mother—"why! because if he insures it for a thousand or two pounds, it would be a fortune to you, my deary, if he were dead! And what are his cows, his pigs, and old chairs worth, though he have left you all?"

These frightfully suggestive words fell upon fruitful soil, and that the old hag readily perceived by the gleam of wicked intelligence that flashed on the dark but still handsome face of the jaded and worn debauchee, Richard Deedes, and of her daughter also.

The plan which Richard Deedes adopted for the furtherance of his design may soon be explained.

He had met a young girl one day—member of a gipsy fraternity, or fortune-telling tribe, and acting upon a sudden impulse, he engaged her in his design, for half a guinea—a design that to her seemed to be the most harmless hoax in the world and to be rather for the benefit of the hoaxed party than otherwise. Its importance, however, was impressed upon her by various reasons, and she accordingly agreed to it.

Now it happened that crossing the village bridge the following afternoon, and going homewrd, Oliver met the young fortune-teller. After some little introductory jargon, she began with—Have your fortune told, sir? please to have your fortune told," with the pertinacious curtsey of her tribe.

"Nonsense!" he replied, good humoredly putting a sixpence in her hand.

"Let me look at the lines of your hand—do, good gentleman! Cross the poor gipsy's palm with silver!"

"Why, I have but just given you a bit of silver!" he replied, laughingly.

"You gave me that, my good gentleman," the fortune-teller continued, with an affectation of haste and earnestness, "and to the poor gipsy you will not grudge a little sixpence?"

"Oh no, no!" he answered, "you are perfectly welcome to it."

"You will not buy laces, ribbons, or pins; and yet you may, too," she added, proffering her basket which was filled with small wares of this kind; to which he still smilingly replied' "No, no, my good girl; I have no use for them. Besides, my wife has plenty of those trifles at home."

"Ah!" she said; "you have a wife?"—and bent an earnest, strange look upon him. "Then the greater reason that you should hear me! Cross my hand!"

"Well?" said he, more to end the conference than in any belief; and holding out his hand, he crossed her palm with half-a-crown, and held his for her to exercise her skill in palmistry.

During this time the fortune-teller and Oliver had not been unwatched.

The dark and sinister face of Richard Deedes might have been seen by a casual observer peeping furtively upon them from the angle which the bridge formed with the road, half-hidden by the branches of the stunted trees which grew on the margin of the river.

The gipsy still persisted, and it was with an indefinable but terrible delight that he saw the farmer succumb to her wishes, and at last submit his hand to her, on which she gazed for some time in silence.

"You are young," she said.

"You are pretty," he retorted, playfully.

"You love your wife," she continued.

"Yes, dearly," he answered, earnestly; and then the word brought back gloomier thoughts, for he had heard before this certain things that disturbed him.

"You are not strong and robust like the farmers about this country, or any other place in general are."

"What of that?" he demanded quickly.

"You will not live long," she continued. "I can see the lines of life are marred:" and she pored over his hand with a zeal and attention that implied she was honest in her vocation. The sentence, however, made him start.

"Well, supposing that, even?" he said, and smiled; but the smile this time was a very melancholy one.

"A gipsy will give you better advice than she may give to many, and for reasons which, perhaps, you would not believe." She spoke now with a seriousness that startled him. "Insure your life!" she said.

"Insure my life!" And he stared upon her with amazement, because he was acquainted with the nature of this business, and also because its real usefulness and necessity had never struck him before. "But what, let me ask you,—what could induce you to tell me so singular a thing as this, out of which I myself can derive no benefit?"

"Is it no benefit," she asked, as seriously, "to know that your wife and child, or children, will not be poor and needy, and be forced to wander about like the gipsy from place to place?. *I* force out of the credulity of the people what *she* would not get by charity, and——"

"Enough, my good girl," interrupted Oliver, deeply and solemnly moved. "Whatever has been your motive and wish, you have taught me a lesson of foresight, and done me a service. Here is a crown for you, and if you or yours choose to rest for a night or two in the fields of Briarbank, you shall not be disturbed. Good afternoon!" and away he went, thinking deeply, intently, and with a saddened mien and aspect.

"Good afternoon, and good speed you!" murmured the girl, with a tear in her eye. "You have a warm, kind heart, and I hope what I have done may be for your benefit, though, alas! I know little about it:" and then she turned to cross the bridge.

Here she met Richard Deedes.

"Well, well," he eagerly exclaimed; what did he say—what did he decide upon?"

"He will do what I have advised him to do," she answered; "and I trust," she added, as she received her remaining gold, "that he will do right. If there's wrong in this I shall rue it to the last day of my life."

"Wrong!" ejaculated the other; "what wrong can there be in persuading an obstinate man to do that which is for the benefit of those he loves?"

This question was unanswerable.

The fortune-teller was satisfied. Deedes was pleased, and they both parted, neither caring to meet the other again.

The next day, without hesitation, Oliver went to London, and insured his life for two thousand pounds. Some few days were taken up in preliminaries; but these were over, and he felt a satisfaction in thinking that, come what might, he had secured those that were near and dear to him.

It was under these influences that Oliver met his wife with a caressing and tender smile, and told her what he had done.

She betrayed a peculiar satisfaction—a singular pleasure—which he did not care to comprehend, because he had only one idea on the point; and then, in the tenderest and kindest manner he could command, he put in force the promise he had made to his parents, regarding the visits of Richard Deedes, adding that he should speak to him himself on the propriety of discontinuing them.

Not that *he* suspected, dreaded anything from his darling Frances; he had too much love for her and trust in her. She heard him with biting lips and flashing eyes, but this he never remarked.

* * * * * *

Frances one day, being in London, went into a chemist's shop, and with her pretty, innocent-looking face, asked for some *digitalis*.

The chemist gravely smiled.

"Ma'am," said he, "we cannot sell you any, unless by prescription."

"But," she replied, hastily," dear me, I dare say I've forgotten the name: I want to kill some rats."

"Oh! I suppose it's arsenic you mean; for *that* purpose, you can have a little."

And she had a little.

"Fool of a woman!" exclaimed Deedes to her when she told him of this: "why ask for *digitalis*, when you can gather fox-glove, and brew a deadly tea out of that, which will be safe for him, and safe for us. Go to the old woman—she knows how to do it."

Then she gathered fox-glove, and the deadly tea was made by the hands of Bebecca Buller, and given to the wife, who with a heartless coldness, without one tinge of conscience, commenced administering it to her husband, who little by little began to experience a change within himself that sometimes really reminded him of a slow but surely approaching dissolution.

The confederates were one day alarmed, however, when Oliver's father, who grew seriously alarmed, expressed a determination to have a physician brought in on the morrow.

The wife heard this with a sinking of the heart, and when she told Deedes of it in their secret meeting in the evening at Rebecca's house, whither she sometimes hastily ran in the twilight, they were alarmed too. There were symptoms that perhaps would betray them to the eye of science.

Therefore he must not live to see the morrow!

The light of the wood-fire, which was all that they had to illumine the cottage room, fell upon the features of Frances, on which Deedes was earnestly but furtively gazing, and the man quailed from the frightful pallor that drove the blood from them, and made them, lips and all, quite livid.

"Die to-night!" she whispered.

"Why, not, deary?" said the old hag. "You know it only requires a stronger dose, and you'll find it in that bottle."

She got up as she spoke, and taking a small bottle from a shelf in the cupboard, gave it to her daughter, who took it with a hand shaking like palsy, and put it in her pocket.

She was turning to go to her chair by the fire—she glanced at the window, and uttered a cry of alarm.

"Ah! What's that?" she exclaimed.

Deedes also started to his feet. "What's the matter now, mother? Fiends seize you! What do you cry out like that for, as if there was a ghost or a corpse staring at you?"

"Because, as sure as I live, I saw someone," she said; "some face or other, white as hers,"—pointing to her daughter; "and eyes——"

The man gave a curse and opened the door.

It was light enough for him to see up and down the solitary road; but not a soul was near.

He went to one end of the cottage, and then to the other, but beheld nothing.

"You are a doting old fool," he said roughly to Rebecca, as he re-entered, "startling one with your absurd fancies; there's nothing to be seen."

"Well, may be it was fancy," she ejaculated.

"Richard," said Frances, rising, "you—you must go with me—enter the house with me, and stay with me to-night."

She was pale as death, and her trembling fingers were cold as stone.

"What for?" he demanded.

"You may be wanted,"—a ghastly smile revealed her meaning—"if he *must* die. He may cry out, wake the servants, whom I have removed as far as I could. A great cry sounding out in the night—a cry of agony and death; for they say there's pain—frightful pain——"

The man growled. "Do it yourself," he said. "I'll have no hand in it."

"Coward! slave!" came hissing in his ears. "For whom is all this done? You *shall* go or look to it, for my fate shall be yours!"

Words, when earnest and pounderous, work their desired effect. Richard Deedes went with Frances home. They were not seen, as they believed, and the wife was at the bedside as her husband awoke out of a sleep.

It was getting late—all was dead-still about. Deedes was in a chamber at hand.

"Frances!" murmured the sick man. "I feel a strange, unusual pain—at times it is terrible, as if I were all on fire."

"It's the fever coming to its height," she said.

"How bad you look!"—and he gazed fixedly upon her.

"Drink this," she continued, holding out a cup.

"How your hand trembles!" observed Oliver faintly.

"Do not hesitate. It will ease you."

"How changed your voice is!" he murmured.

However, he took the cup, put it to his lips, and tasted it. The cool, refreshing fluid was grateful to the poor victim's parched mouth and throat, and he swallowed it without leaving a drop.

He fell back and closed his eyes.

A moment or two after, Richard Deeds stole out of the chamber, and advanced to the bed. The paramour and the poisoner stood side by side watching the slumberer.

They were silent and still; but they had expressive faces enough.

Suddenly Oliver uttered a cry of pain. He writhed—he woke, and he quailed with affright.

For before him were two faces, such as men see in dreams of terror and dread.

He uttered a cry—one cry.

In an instant this was stifled, and he uttered no cry after. His mouth was stopped. To detail the scene, the appalling scene which for two hours followed—is beyond our wish and power.

Before the morning he was dead, his face calm and smiling. Without a mark, a sign, or indication of injury, he lay on the bed of murder.

* * * * * *

Several weeks passed away after this; and when the funeral and its lamentations were over, the wife began to think of demanding the life insurance.

What was the dismay, rage, and chagrin of the guilty parties to find that, having made no will, Frances could only claim a third portion of the money. This was a considerable sum; but, having done that dreadful deed in the hope of possessing the whole, her disappointment was proportionate. But she was destined to experience worse than this, for the brutality of Deedes had become fearful.

She obtained this money, and he wrested it from her within a day or two after. With this he hurried to London, and for weeks was not seen, except at intervals.

But there were circumstances so strange, mysterious, and dark about the whole matter, that suspicion was aroused. The body of Oliver was disinterred, the intestines examined, and the presence of poison proved.

The track was laid. Step by step did the eye of Justice begin to unravel the truth; and day by day were facts elicited, in order to establish the guilt of the wife, who obstinately proclaimed her innocence, even in despite of all proofs. The testimony of the chemist, who came forward on the publication of the atrocious deed in the papers, was very conclusive against her; but the claim of evidence was not yet complete.

It wanted the presence of the fortune-teller.

The whole affair had spread through the country like wild-fire. She heard of it at last; and, though some miles distant, began to arrange facts in her memory, and hastened to London, where she tendered her evidence.

This implicated Rebecca Buller, the mother, and Richard Deedes, beyond all hope.

The secret of the life insurance was clear, lucid, and strikingly obvious. The face seen at the window of the cottage was *hers!* She had beheld the bottle given, and her testimony completed what was wanted.

The three criminals, who filled the country with dismay and detestation, were found guilty, condemned, and executed.

Puzzle.

Y Y U R
Y Y U B
I C U R
Y Y 4 ME.

Answer.

Too wise you are,
Too wise you be;
I see you are
Too wise for me.

Never Forsake the Ship!

Never forsake the ship!
Her keel drives on through the heavy sea,
Like a ploughshare cleaving the furrowed lea
Tossing aloft bright wreaths of spray,
Feathery buds of the Ocean's May!
Coronals white as the stainless snow
Shine in the wake of the vessel's prow;
Oh! never were blossoms so pure and fair
As the vapory jewels glistening there.

Never desert the ship!
The land lies yonder—through cloud and foam—
Ever steer on for our distant home,
Though the tightened cordage snap in twain,
And the creaking timbers shiver and strain:
Though the sluggish sails may droop and fall,
Like the heavy folds of a funeral pall,
The breeze will awaken, the wind uprise,
And the brave barque speed under sunny skies.

Never forsake the ship!
Hope may wither and courage fail,
If faith sustains us, no need to quail;
Oh! blinded vision—oh! darkened sight,
Pine through the gloom of the shrouding night;
Though the longed-for haven be hid from view,
Believe that a home awaiteth you,
Mariners! pause not to idly deplore
The rugged path to that promised shore.

Never give up the ship!
By the sunken rock and the shelving strand,
Guide her still on with a firm brave hand,
Steering away for the chainless sea,
Her sails all set and her flag flung free—
So let us wrestle for freedom or life,
Where the hurricane wages a generous strife;
No hidden reef, like a treacherous foe,
Lying in ambush to strike a blow.

Never desert the ship!
Even though perils be brooding near,
Turn not aside with the recreant's fear;
No one can tell when the heavens may lower,
And the fierce storm burst out in its terrible power,
And the lash of the sea, like a slave-driver's whip,
Fall with its wrath on the beautiful ship;
Set her to rights, men, and keep her afloat,
Nor slink in your dread to the life-saving boat.

Never forsake the ship!
The masts may be shattered, the white sails be rent,
And the tapering spars, like a reed, may be bent;
Yet cling to the barque though her timbers may yawn,
And the rudder you steered by be parted and gone,
The fast holding anchor be wrenched from the chain,
And her beams, from the stem to the stern,
riven in twain:
Flinch not, doomed comrades! but terror dispel,
Though her strong oaken ribs be crushed in like a shell.

Never desert the ship!
Heed not the crash that has sundered the deck,
Remember your oaths, men, and stand by the wreck:
The keel's lying upmost, the mainmast below,
And the sea-weed's dark tangles are wreathed
round the prow;
Gird up your souls, there is glory in death:
Who would not strive for the martyr's pale wreath?
With brow still undaunted and firmly set lip,
Let a wild cheer ring out, and go down with the ship—

Charade.

My *first* is seen in heaven above
And in the deep below,
When clouds no longer veil the sky,
When breezes cease to blow.

My *second* sinks beneath the sea,
Or rises in a tower;
Sweet is its voice at eventide
When seated in your bower.

My *total*, when the corn is ripe
And waving in the wind,
Decks the hedgeside with loveliness,
And cheers the poet's mind.

Answer: Bluebell.

SOFT-WHISP'RING TENDER BREEZES.

Words by J. W. BERNHARDT. AUBER.

Andantino.

PIANO.

1. Soft - - whisp'ring ten - der breez - es Be - neath the star - lit sky, Sha - dows
2. Faint, trem-bling thro' the dark - ness A tone of mu - sic falls; Doubt re -
3. Dim, fad - ing in - to si - lence A - far the ech - oes sigh; Ere their

fall - ing, Joy re - call - ing; Is she, the lov'd one, nigh?
- peal - ing, Hope re - veal - ing, Ah! 'tis my love who calls!
dy - ing, I am fly - ing To her lov'd pres - ence nigh!

Ah!..... Ah!

smore.

Flow on, shin - ing riv - er, With crest - ed wave-let bright! Dream - ing dreams of love for ev - er,

Would 'twere al - ways night! Dream - ing dreams of love for ev - er, Would 'twere al - ways night!

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CONTENTS.

A hundred years ago.....page 188
Baby's got a tooth!..... 189
The Banks of the Devon..... 189
Blarney..... 188
Charley Ross..... 191
Centennial Days..... 187
Centennial on the brain!—Music for Guitar 192
Died in the street..... 187
The Dying confession—a Story..... 190
Feeding the ducks on the farm..... 186
The Flag we love the best..... 187
The Freaks of Nature..... 188
Get your head above the crowd..... 186
Good-bye, Biddy dear..... 187
Home Rule..... 189
I'm afraid to knock at the door..... 188
I'm tould you carry a pop..... 188
The Irish Fair..... 189
Joe Muggens..... 187
John Mitchell..... 188
Man of Wealth..... 186
My heart's best love..... 186
My charming little beau..... 186
Nora Adair..... 186
Night is coming, little sweet-heart..... 187
Only a Tramp..... 188
Reddy, give us a lock of your hair!..... 189
Roll, Gentle Wave..... 186
Sweet Rose of Yarrow..... 188
Turn down your collar..... 187
Three little violets plucked from her grave.. 187
The Twins from Skibbereen..... 189
Wedlock's well, but single life's better..... 186
We'll go with thee..... 186
Waiting for me..... 186
Where have I been all Summer?..... 187
You're the idol of my heart..... 186

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Waiting for Me.

By C. Edwin Dudley.

When daylight is fading
From hillock and glen,
And the silver-voiced robin
Sings low down the fen,
In a moss-covered cottage
By the murmuring sea
Sits a sweet little maiden
Waiting for me.

Chorus.

Waiting for me down by the sea,
Where the wavelets are crooning a soft melody:
With heart full of glee I trip o'er the lea:
For, I know there's a loved one waiting for me.

She's not blest with riches,
But, oh! such a face—
Outvieing the lilies
In beauty and grace.
Ah! she's dearer to me
Than treasures untold—
So to-night I shall whisper
That sweet tale of old. Chorus.

Nora Adair.

Words and Music by Claude de Haven.

While thou art sleeping I watch alone,
Love's vigil keeping till night has flown:
Far from thy pillow all sad visions be—
Dream of all happy things, dream, love, of me—
And through thy lattice the soft Summer air
With music shall meet thee—
With perfume shall greet thee—
Golden haired, azure-eyed, Nora Adair!

Long have I wandered from thy dear side:
Long has thy true heart by absence been tried;
Slumber 'till morning breaks over the Sea,
Then wake to all happy things, wake, love, to me—
And through thy lattice the soft Summer air
With music shall meet thee—
With perfume shall greet thee—
Golden haired, azure-eyed, Nora Adair!

Roll, Gentle Wave.

By J. B. Bensel.

Roll, gentle wave, unto my love,
And tell her that I breathed her name to you;
Break at her feet and say: "O love!
Your lover sends his greeting unto you,
Singing to me: 'Be true, be true.'"

O tender wave! go with your moan,
Your moan, like some sweet soul too early lost,
And tell her that I sit alone
With loving thoughts of her breathed over you,
Whispering low: "be true, be true."

Then come, O wave, again to me!
And folding you, with her dear word so sweet,
Close to my heart, together we
Will swiftly float unto her feet,
Throbbing with love: "Be true, be true."

Wedlock's well, but Single Life's Better.

As Lerinda with myrtle was braiding her hair,
She gazed on the streamlet and sighed—
"Dear mother, said she, I begin to despair,
I shall never, no ne'er be a bride!"
The matron replied: "child, how blest is thy state!
No one can your pleasures now fetter:
You know not the troubles that marriage create,
Wedlock's well, but single life's better."

Lerinda replied, "What you say may be just,
But the sweetest of sounds soonest tire:
'Tis the bold dash of discord gives harmony zest,
Life, spirit, oppression, and fire:
Besides, my dear mother, each hour can tell
Few widows refuse Hymen's fetter;
And therefore Lerinda's content to do well:
Those are simple who wish to do better."

Feeding the Ducks on the Farm.

Written and composed by C. L. Davis.

It's just one year ago to-day,
Since I first fell in love
With a charming little fellow,
Who calls me his turtle-dove.
He asked me if I'd take a walk,
And offered me his arm;
And said he would show me
How to feed the ducks that's on the farm.

Chorus.

Feeding the ducks on the farm, Quack! Quack!
Feeding the ducks on the farm, Quack! Quack!
His style is so neat, and he looked so sweet,
While feeding the ducks on the farm: Quack! Quack!

He has asked me to become his wife—
I don't know what to say;
He says I will make him happy
If I will name the wedding day.
I think that I shall answer yes!
And to his sorrow put an end;
And when we move on the farm,
My assistance I can lend. Chorus.

You're the Idol of my Heart.

DOUBLE SONG & DANCE. As Sung by Kitty O'Neil.
Words by Gordian K. Hyde. Music by David Braham.
The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York.
Price: 40 cents.

Kitty, my darling, Kitty, my darling,
Kitty, my darling, you're the idol of my heart—
Johnny, my darling, Johnny, my darling,
Johnny, my darling, oh! we shall never part.

Chorus.

When the stars are shining brightly,
And the dew is on the grass,
And the nightingale is singing,
Happy hours we then will pass:
We will ever be so happy, free and gay,
We will sing and dance the happy hours away;
I will call you then the idol of my heart,
We shall then so happy be and never, never part!

Kitty, my darling, Kitty, my darling,
Kitty, my darling, will you be my wife?
Johnny, I'll promise, Johnny, I'll promise,
Johnny, I'll promise to be true to you through life.
When the stars, &c.

We'll go with Thee.

As sung by the La Verd Children.

Both Sing—Though humble my station,
And rough is my speech,
To the wealthy and proud
Oft a lesson I'll teach;
And in Charity proffer
The hand when I can.
'Tis the heart, not the pocket,
Is what makes the man.

Man of Wealth.

As Sung by the La Verd Children.

Boy—Oh! man of wealth and cruel hearted,
Revelling in your plenteous store,
Humanity is sure departed
From your heart and from your door;
The bitter winds in vain plead for me,
What to do or where to go!
Oh! Uncle, save my little Sister,
Or she will die out in the cold.

Girl—Oh! Brother, dear, don't weep, I pray thee,
For the day may yet be bright;
Or, if we die, we shall be Angels,
Living in yon land of light;
And as for him, our wicked Uncle,
He shall reap as he shall sow;
For, he has left his Brother's children
Starving, here, out in the snow.

My Heart's Best Love.

Song and Chorus. Sung by Adah Richmond.
Words by Geo Cooper—Music by W. H. Brockway.
The Music is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston. Price 40 cts

My heart's best love, thou art mine own!
Bright star of hope, that guides me o'er life's main.
My fondest dream is thine alone,
My dearest wish to meet thee once again!
When thou art near, my life is calmly flowing,
Thine eyes are beams of sweet and joyous light
Thy gentle smiles their kindly rays bestowing—
These are like heaven unto my longing sight!
Ah! My heart's best love! my joy each day!
My dream by night! my rose in winter drear!
I long for thee when far I stray,
And sigh in vain, and wish that thou, that
thou wert ever near!

Chorus.

My heart's best love! my joy each day!
My dream by night! my rose in winter drear
I long for thee when far I stray,
And sigh in vain, and wish that thou, that
thou wert ever near!

My Charming Little Beau.

Composed by Frank La Varnie. Sung with great success by little Minnie La Verd.

There's nothing in this world to me
Like a charming little beau,
Or a darling little fellow, with a shady umbrella,
As down the streets we go;
It's of my charming Joe I speak,
With hands and feet so small;
He is my only beau, and a nobby one, you know,
And his heart is true to Poll.
Chorus: His heart is true to Poll!
His heart is true to Poll!
No matter what you do,
His heart is ever true,
His heart is true to Poll!
[*Finish with a Dance.*]

Get Your Head Above the Crowd.

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.
Words and Music by Jos. P. Skelly.
The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Don't pine away throughout the day,
Nor grieve about the morrow;
The man who takes a load of care
Is sure to gain some sorrow.
While through the Path of Life you go,
Shrink not beneath a cloud,
But show yourself a solid man,
And rise above the crowd.
Chorus: Get your head above the crowd,
And with courage be endowed;
Never seek for care, but, with laughing air,
Meet the world so stern and proud!
If you seek for love or fame,
Or a grand and lofty name,
Make a gallant fight for the end so bright—
Get your head above the crowd!

In every struggle we endure,
In every gamewe're playing,
Of chances we are never sure
And things oft look dismaying:
But we should never falter then,
Though fate seems cold and proud,
Our motto should be: "Do and Dare!"
Till we rise above the crowd. Chorus.

When Washington his battles fought,
He let no trouble blind him,
But gained the freedom which he sought,
And glories left behind him;
He did not mourn a day's defeat,
But through the dangers ploughed;
It was his glory and his aim
To rise above the crowd. Chorus.

Why is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy?—Because it is a hiding of the sun.

Good-Bye, Biddy Dear.

As sung by Johnny Roach.

Here I am an Irish boy,
Who is always fond of mirth,
And show me the creature
Who would slight me for my birth—
And I have a neat coleen,
In Dublin far behind—
I always was a broth of a boy,
And my coleen she is blind.
Chorus: Good-bye, Biddy dear,
It's hard to part from you.
Although I am going to leave you,
My heart it will prove true—
Then cheer me, vourneen,
And don't look so forlorn,
The harvest time is coming
And I'm off to sheer the corn.

I wouldn't have left Ireland,
But times were hard, you know:
To see the starving creatures,
It would break the heart of stone—
I bundled up my kit,
While Biddy wept and sighed,
And as the vessel left the dock,
I stepped on board and cried— Chorus.

Joe Muggens.

As sung with great success by Lillie La Verd.

My name is Joe Muggens, a farmer be I,
I once courted a lass and I felt rather shy
I stood under the water-spout,
'Till I was nearly wet through, when she said: Joe,
Come into the the kitchen, lad—
Egad, says a lass, I don't care if I do!

Chorus.

Fol de rol dol—Fol de rol dol;
Fol de rol diddle dol, fol de rol day.

I went into the kitchen and made it all right—
Three pounds of fat bacon I put out of sight;
Says she: Joe can do with a dumplin or two—
Egad, says a lass, I don't care if I do! Chorus.

I finished the dumplins and wanted to go,
She looked in my face, I felt rather blue;
Says she: Joe, why don't you squeeze me,
Like a lover that's true?
Egad, says a lass, I don't care if I do! Chorus.

Now married we are, and happy we be—
But we ain't got no babbies to bless her and me;
Says she: Joe, you may wait awhile,
We might have a few—
Egad, says a lass, I don't care if I do! Chorus.

Died in the Street.

Words and Music by Claude De Haven.
Music Published by Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.

Subject: "And as the policeman raised the beautiful child, cold and damp from the dews of night, one thought alone possessed our minds: What if our dear child had shared his fate? *Morning Paper.*

The labor is over and done,
The Sun has gone down in the West,
The birds are asleep, every one,
All nature has gone to its rest:
But one little sleeper is out in the cold,
Alone, in the rain and sleet;
There's no one to greet him with welcome kiss,
Or list to his coming feet.
Chorus: Dead! dead! found dead in the street,
Dead in the cold night air:
Dead for the want of a crust;
With no one to pity or care.

The daisy looks up from the grass,
Just fresh from the fingers of night,
To welcome the birds as they pass,
And drink in fresh rivers of light.
But one little sleeper has gone to his rest—
Has gone to his Heavenly birth;
And there, all alone, by the Church door stone,
He passed from the sorrows of earth. Chorus.

Where Have I Been all Summer?

SONG AND DANCE.

As Sung by the La Verd Children.

Words by Harry Miller. Arranged by Chas. E. Pratt.
The Music is published by Oliver Ditson & Co.,
277 Washington Street, Boston. Price 30 cts.

I'm gay and lovely as you may see,
And all the gals are dead in love with me—
Singing, dancing I'm passing the time,
I'm happy as a coon way up a tree.
Oh! it makes no difference if it's always rain or shine:
For, it's come day, go day, it's all the same,
you know:
For, my heart is light, and I feel so mighty fine—

Chorus.

Oh! where have I been all summer, honey?
Oh! just like a daisy
That's the way I feel:
Rip rap and slip slap, goes the toe and heel,
Singing all the while how I gaily jog along,
There I've been all summer long!

Always in clover, light as a lark,
Up at dawn and out 'till after dark:
Merry, jolly as darkies will be,
You've never, never seen so gay a spark.
Oh! the gals in passing how they wink their
eyes so sweet—
And they steal my heart a dozen times a day,
But I love them all—for, they are so very neat—
Oh! where have I been? &c.

Night is Coming, Little Sweet-Heart.

By John M. MacDonald.

Night is coming, little sweetheart,
And the moon peeps o'er the hill—
Meet me where the dew-drops glisten,
In the moss beside the rill.
Chorus: Night is coming, little sweetheart,
The golden sun has sunk to rest;
Soon I'll meet you, little sweetheart,
And fold you closely to my breast.

Night is coming, little sweetheart,
And with joy I wait for thee
Where the lilies bloom in sweetness,
Just beneath the greenwood-tree. Chorus.

Night is coming, little sweetheart,
Stars are flashing up on high,
But they seem to lack the lustre
Beaming from my darling's eye. Chorus.

Centennial Days.

By James F. Dooley.

There's a time not far away when we'll celebrate the day
That gained the independence of our land;
The rejoicing will be great—glorious in every State,
But in Philadelphia 'twill be very grand:
All the nations there will meet, and with their
goods compete
To gain our approbation and our praise:
But Columbia is no drone, and I guess she'll hold
her own
At the Exposition on Centennial Days.

Chorus.

Then list while I relate this fact I'm going to state,
That industry, like perseverance, pays;
And you'll say that I am right, if you see the
splendid sight
At the Exposition on Centennial Days.

Then let us all rejoice, and raise aloud our voice
To the memory of that patriotic one
Who labored manfully to set his country free—
I mean the great, immortal Washington.
He fought both night and day, 'till he drove the
foe away,
And too much cannot be said in his praise:
Though he's gone forevermore, his spirit will reign o'er
The Exposition on Centennial Days.
Then list while I relate, &c.

Turn Down Your Collar.

Written and sung by John D. Griffin.

I'll sing of my son who is just twenty-three,
That stays up the whole night to dance the tra-la-la-le.
He is one of the gang, can be seen every day,
With his skinny tight pants, walking down Broadway:
He says he is working every day,
He is a steerer for a Bunco, and he on the lay;
When I ask him the meaning of this Bunco lay,
He'll turn round and wink, and then he will say—

Chorus.

Turn down your collar! Turn down your collar!
Nixey, old man, now come here, take this dollar:
Now let's have a Ball, don't squeal or holler—
Cheese it, there comes a cop—turn down your collar.

When I ask this lad to try and reform,
He says, go out West, you're an old omathorn!
To shake the gang, he says he will try,
And join the preachers Moody and Sankie;
There is no use of talking, he stays out all night,
And comes home in the morning with the gang
boiling tight;
He calls his mother an old calabash,
And says, pull down the blinds, the old man's
got a mash.
Turn down your collar, &c.

The Flag we Love the Best.

Written by Tom Harper. Air: The little old log cabin.

When the war it first broke out, oh! den we run away!
And joined the ranks of General Sherman true,
And with the white folks dar we fought and lost our legs
In protecting the red, the white and blue;
But now we have come home find everything
has changed,
Old Massa and old Missus gone to rest;
But old Massa always taught us to try and do
what's right,
And protect the flag he loved the best.

Chorus.

But now we have come find everything has changed,
And we, too, soon will pass away to rest;
But we shall never forget our dear old Southern home
Where we fought for the flag we love the best.

We ever shall remember what old Master told to us
Of that noble man who's known both near and far;
Who fought for liberty and proved himself to be
A hero in peace and in war.
We mean that noble man brave General Washington,
Whom all true sons of freedom will ever bless,
He gained our independence and made a nation free,
And this is the flag he loved the best. Chorus.

Three Little Violets Plucked From Her Grave.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by W. A. Huntley.
The Music of this song is published by Cory Brothers,
120 Westminster St., Providence, R. I. Price 35 cts.

They were brought to my bedside at bright early morn,
Just three little violets plucked from her grave;
Their tiny blue leaves were unfolded at dawn,
Ere the wind caused the grass in the meadows
to wave;
How simple they were—but a story they told
Of the days long ago when we walked arm-in-arm,
And vowed one another, with hearts never cold,
To always be happy and ne'er inflict harm.

Chorus.

Just three little violets plucked from her grave;
How I love them for Hattie, who left long ago;
They bloomed ere the winds caused the green
grass to wave,
Oh! little blue beauties, I do love you so.

But she left me in springtime; I ne'er shall forget
The cold parting kisses she placed on my cheek;
They called her to heaven, but still I regret
That she left me so soon, although feeble and weak;
She said she was ready the voyage to take,
For, she'd prayed to the Savior her poor soul to save;
So now I will kiss them for poor Hattie's sake,
These three little violets plucked from her grave.
Just three little violets, &c.

The Freaks of Nature.

By Manus K. O'Connor. Air: "Shabby Genteel."

Have you ever studied the curious pranks
Which Nature on her offspring plays?
If you have, 'tis with me you'll agree that of thanks
We owe her but little in some ways:
For, it seems that on no other pleasure she'll feast,
But that of ill-placing her gifts,
Which throws ten of us into misery, at least,
To the one it from poverty lifts.

Chorus.

In a President's breast Dame Nature will place
A heart that would make blush a pea-vender's face,
And the heart that ought beat in a President's breast
You can find 'neath a scavenger's vest.

To your notice another strong instance I'll bring
Of the freaks with which Nature abound:
You have heard, I suppose, of the wonderful being—
"Blind Tom"—for, he's known all around:
Nature endowed him, though colored, you see—
And an idiot to boot, so they say,
With power to enchant any audiance that be
Within hearing, whenever he play. Chorus.

My friends, there is one thing more that I can't trace;
'Tis why Nature would folks to deceive:
With a wicked soul the most alluring face
She'll combine, just deceit to achieve:
And Fortune, as thoughtless as Nature could be,
To heartless niggards will give
Wealth—which if, for instance, was given to me,
Would help many a poor man to live. Chorus.

I think I'll refrain—the Centennial has come:
'Twill reveal to you all I leave veiled.
For, what in a century Nature has done,
Will be there in a big package sealed.
Grant will there True Courage: Ward Beecher Virtue:
Rubenstein Piety—represent;
And a good deal of other such models—'tis true—
We'll for you'r inspection present. Chorus.

John Mitchell.

As Sung by Ed. Murray.

I am a true born Irishman, John Mitchell is my name,
To free my own brave countrymen from
Merry Town I came;
I struggled hard, both night and day, to free
my native land,
For which I was transported, as you may understand.

When first I joined my countrymen, it was in '42,
And then what followed after, I'll quickly tell to you;
I raised the standard of Repeal and gloried in the deed,
And I vowed to Heaven I'd never rest until
Erin it was freed.

While here in prison, close confined, waiting
for my trial day,
My loving wife, she came to me, and
these words to me did say:
Oh, John! my dear, cheer up your heart, and
daunted do not be—
For it's better to die for Erin's rights than to
live in slavery.

When I received my sentence, 'twas on a
foreign ground,
Where hundreds of my comrades assembled all around;
My liberty was offered me if there I would
forsake their cause;
But I'd rather die ten thousand deaths than
forsake my Irish boys!

Farewell! My true born Irishmen—Farewell!
my country, too!
But to leave my own poor babes behind, it
grieves me worse than all;
There is one request I ask of you, when your
liberty you gain,
Remember John Mitchell, far away, though
a convict bound in chains.

Light wines sometimes make a heavy head.

Can you spell consent in three letters?—Y-e-s.

A Hundred Years Ago.

"Air: Twenty Years ago."

How changed the times are now-a-days
To what they once have been!
'Mongst fashions, manners, everything,
What changes can be seen!
Honest men were plenty then,
The metal coin did flow,
We'd no greenbacks or currency,
A hundred years ago.

Our women then were sensible,
They lived within their means,
They did not run their husbands deep in debt,
Or be wives at seventeen:
They didn't look for office then,
Nor to public meetings go,
They knew their place and kept at home,
A hundred years ago.

When men were chose to office then,
'Twas for the public good,
And not for all that they could steal—
But now that's understood—
And rogues met with their just deserts,
They wouldn't let them go;
They'd hang a man for murder then,
A hundred years ago.

I'm Afraid to Knock at the Door.

Character Song.

Written and Sung by Alice Ross Murray.

Once more I am back to my childhood's bright home,
That I left here just ten years ago;
Oh! little I thought that I thus would roam,
Back here in my rags, filled with woe;
I am tired and weary, and ready to fall,
From my journey across the wild moor;
I am cold and hungry, unable to call,
And afraid to knock at the door.
Chorus: I'm afraid to knock at the door—
I'm afraid to knock at the door—
To meet Father and Mother,
Sister and Brother—
I'm afraid to knock at the door.

I will knock at the door,
And if asked to come in,
I'll take courage and try to be bold;
I never could stand this piercing wind,
I'd perish out here in the cold;
I dread to meet them, though I know they'll be glad
To welcome the wanderer home;
I know they'll forgive me,
For I've made them feel sad,
But never again will I roam. Chorus.

Blarney.

A new Irish Song by Frank Howson.

If love is an innocent thing, my dear,
My heart then is innocent, too:
For, sure it contains a divil a thing
But love for an angel—that's you;
An' all the day it's the whole of my lay,
This love I am bearing for you.

This love it so fills up my heart, my dear,
Sure there's room for naught else to creep in:
So it's not for the good of myself, do ye see,
That my heart is kept free from all sin;
While thinking of you, it's no evil I do,
My heart then is free from all sin.

Now you are a talisman true, my dear,
To drive me from evil away:
And as charms of the kind are usually worn
Round the neck, do ye mind, every day,
'Twere well—don't you see?—for you ever to be
Round mine, like a charm, every day.

When does a ship beat the wind?—When it sails before it.

Genuine modesty is the sense of imperfection common to the wise and good, impossible to the fool and villain.

Sweet Rose of Yarrow.

The morning broke in blushes o'er me,
As up in the sunny hill I strayed;
A beauteous girl I saw before me,
And thus I spoke the lovely maid:
"Sweet maid, and whither dost thou rove?
Thine eye is Cupid's piercing arrow,
Thy name I prithee tell me, love?"
She said: "They call me rose of Yarrow."

"Be mine, dear maid, and fondly I'll cherish
Those blooming charms have won my heart:
For, sooner, dearest, would I perish
Than any pang to thee impart."
She blushed consent: the village peal
Rang for our nuptials on the morrow,
And blessed, contented do I feel,
Possessed of her, sweet Rose of Yarrow.

I'm Tould you Carry a Pop.

Written by Harry Bennett. Sung by Pat Rooney.

My name is Pat McAlister, in the Fourth Ward
I belong;
I am no politician, though my principles are strong.
I like this City well enough, but here I cannot stop;
Go where I may, they're sure to say—I'm tould
you carry a pop.

Chorus.

The blackguards do make fun of me,
And when I bid them stop,
They say, now "cheese it" Old Times Rocks,
I'm tould you carry a pop.

I don't know what they mane at all, they
think that they are smart;
They say to me go hire a hall, and tell me I'm too tart;
They tell me to go bounce myself, and call me
old boy crop,
But divil a word like this I've heard, I'm tould
you carry a pop.
The blackguards, &c.

They call me tough man, and they say I carry
a spoon in my boot;
They howl from every corner, stag the
pigeon-toed galute.
And when I walk along the street they call
me lifty-go-hop,
And crack it light, ould coffin back, I'm tould
you carry a pop.
The blackguards, &c.

Only a Tramp.

By Thos. Harrington. Air: "Swim Out"

I'm a broken-down man, without money or credit,
My clothes are all tattered and torn;
Not a friend have I got in this cold, dreary world—
Oh! I wish I had never been born!
In vain I have searched for employment,
Sleeping out on the ground cold and damp:
I am stared in the face by starvation—
Oh! pity the fate of a tramp!
Chorus: They tell me to work for a living,
And not through the country to stamp;
And yet, when I ask for employment,
They say I am only a tramp.

Oh! the rich ones at home, by their bright,
cheery firesides,
With plenty so temptingly stored,
Have oftimes refused me, and sneered with contempt,
When I asked for the crumbs from their board:
And if, through the cravings of hunger,
With a loaf I should dare to decamp,
They at once set the dogs loose upon me,
Because I am only a tramp. Chorus.

But the day will yet come when the rich man and me
Will be laid 'neath the same mother earth;
His joys and my sorrows will then be forgotten,
When, I hope, better times will have birth;
Yet, my friends, you should sometimes remember
That every poor man's not a scamp,
For there's many a true heart still beating
Beneath the old coat of a tramp. Chorus.

Reddy, Give us a Lock of Your Hair!

Words and Music by C. D. Fonlkes.

It's not very nice to have a red head,
With a face full of freckles,
That look like fly speckles:
And sometimes to wish you were dead—
I've a temper, they say, like a bear,
And I cannot go out,
But the boys they all shout:
Say, Reddy, give us a lock of your hair!
Chorus: Give us a lock of your hair—
It makes me so mad, I declare:
And I cannot go out,
But the boys they all shout;
Say, Reddy, give us a lock of your hair!

One day I took my girl out for a walk,
The way she dressed up in style
Would have made you all smile:
And we had a nice pleasant talk.
My vows of love I then did declare,
But my vows she did doubt,
While the boys they did shout:
Say, Reddy, give us a lock of your hair! Chorus.

She said: let's go home and ask my old man;
He showed me no quarter
When asked for his daughter;
His foot I saw coming and ran—
Don't you think I was treated unfair?
For while kicking me out,
Said—now, boys, you all shout:
Say, Reddy, leave us a lock of your hair!
Chorus: Leave us a lock of your hair—
It makes me so mad, I declare:
For, when he kicked me out,
All the boys they did shout:
Say, Reddy, leave us a lock of your hair!

The Twins From Skibbereen.

Words and Music by Mr. Thomas F. Harty.
Written expressly for Mr. James Bradley, and Harry Kernell.

Ferninst you stand two Corkeys bold,
Whose pedigree is easy told:
We've just landed here from the Emerald Isle,
And we won't detain you but awhile:
We are Twins, it's plainly to be seen,
And we come from a place called Skibbereen,
And digging turf we'll do no more,
Since the day we left old Erin's Shore;
Then a welcome hand to us extend,
And you'll find there's none so true a friend,
But woe be to them would go between
The Twins that come from Skibbereen! (*Dance.*)

At home we were known as the Irish Team,
At a wake or a fair we could always be seen:
And if called upon for a jig or a reel,
We could show them the use of the toe and heel;
And whenever there would be a faction fight,
In the midst of the fray would be our delight;
For, two hearts more brave were never seen
Than the Twins that come from Skibbereen.
Then a welcome hand to us extend,
And you'll find there's none so true a friend,
But woe be to them would go between
The Twins that come from Skibbereen! (*Dance.*)

Too Yielding a Carriage.

Too yielding a carriage
Has oft before marriage
To ruin and misery pointed the way;
You're shunned if complying,
But your lover, once flying,
How eager he'll follow, and beg you to stay.

A coquette ne'er proclaim me,
Ye maids, then, nor blame me,
If I wish to be happy, whene'er I'm a wife;
Each lover's denial
Was only a trial,
Which is he that's most likely to love me for life?

DIBDIN.

Why is the letter "s" like a lamb? Because it is the beginning of "sheep."

The Irish Fair.

Written and Sung by Jack Conroy.

As I rose up one morning,
The same day as the Fair,
All the pretty boys and girls,
They assembled there.
There was humped back McCarthy,
And cork-legged Teddy Lee,
They were among the party,
Who rode along with me.
Chorus: While on the road to the Fair,
Tascha shin ga miska,
Arrah, what fun was there,
Falga balga lorrah.

Now we are on to Donnybrook,
For to see the Fair:
Won't we have a jolly time
With the boys and girls there!
We'll dance and sing and whiskey drink,
Till our hearts are free from care;
There's no such fun, where'er you go,
As you'll find at an Irish Fair. Chorus.

We all went into a tavern,
And there began to sing,
And Judy O'Brien and Mickey Flinn,
They done a double Fling,
And then we got a fighting.
You couldn't hold us back,
Teddy off with his Cork leg,
McCarthy's head he cracked. Chorus.

On the road while driving,
The crowd sung songs so sweet,
And big fat Lizzy McCarthy,
Shure she broke down the seat.
They all fell out of the wagon,
The horse he gave a jump,
I split my sides a-laughing
At McCarthy on his hump. Chorus.

Home Rule.

As sung by Johnny Roach. Composed by Mary Lennen.
Copyrighted, 1875, by John Roach.

It's many years ago, in Ireland, you must know,
Since happiness looked down on our land,
Our sons they then were free, and the star of liberty
Shone gloriously on every Irishman.
But let us bar the door on the days that are no more,
There's a light a beaming on us from afar.
If you listen unto me I will tell you, do you see,
The sentiments of Pat of Mullingar.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for Erin's Isle, though her sons you can beguile,
Because they know the wolf is at the door,
Yet may our flag be seen aloft in College Green,
And a Home Rule in Ireland evermore.

In England they may boast that our Parliament is lost,
And say that we never should complain;
Would you have my heart be light when I know for this very right
My countrymen are wishing o'er the main?
Gladstone he may rave, but our country for to save,
These words they should be heard from shore to shore
For O'Connel he did say before he passed away,
A Home Rule in Ireland for evermore. Chorus.

There's one now in his grave who struggled hard to save
Our country from oppression, long ago,
Henry Grattan is his name, and may Heaven be his gain,
His energy on Ireland did bestow.
His voice he never gave our people to enslave,
Nor drive them to a far and distant shore:
May the flowerets ever wave upon our hero's grave,
And a Home Rule in Ireland for evermore. Chorus.

There's a laurel for the brow of the one who's striving now
To win our Legislature back again,
John Martin, ever bold our misery to unfold,
And Ireland for the Irish will maintain.
But let us all unite to drink this toast to-night,
May happiness revisit Erin's shore,
And the plan of Isaac Butts, from the palace to the huts,
Be a Home Rule for Ireland for evermore. Chorus.

Baby's Got a Tooth!

Comic Song for Lady or Gentleman.

Words and Music by Rollin Howard.
The Music of this Song is Published by Frederick Blume, 27 Union Square, New York.

Well there, I'm so delighted,
I don't know what to do,
I feel so awful proud, boys,
Now tell me wouldn't you?
When married but a twelvemonth,
Yes, to my heart-felt joy,
Our union it was blest—
With a bouncing little boy.
Spoken: I was delighted at hearing one day:—
Chorus: Da-da! (Ma-ma!) come see! well I declare!
Baby's got a tooth, did you ever! well there!
Tra-la! I'll strike you, pray share my joy—
What is more delightful than a first tooth in one's boy?

Yes, I was sitting smoking, (sewing,)
Was reading "Tweed" had gone;
Wondered if he'd meet Genet,
If Connor felt forlorn;
When to my great surprise, a shout
Rang shrilly in my ear—
Our baby's got a tooth, da-da! (ma-ma!)
Come kiss the little dear.
Spoken: Who could resist it? Kiss it! of course I did, over and over again! Nurse says it's the picture of its dada, (mama,) of course it is! Well, it's no use talking, all I can think of is:—Chorus.

Now may be you will not believe
How happy I did feel,
That day I (dear) lost some thousands,
But then I didn't squeel;
My mind was occupied that day
With only one idea—
'Twas Baby's got a tooth, oh! joy,
The precious little dear!
Spoken: It's true I had to walk the floor with it half the night, and heat the Paregoric over the gas, and nearly froze; but then imagine a father's (mother's) joy as he (she) thought of:— Chorus.

I'd let it bite my finger,
And then 'twould chew my thumb;
It seemed to please it, really
With joy I was quite dumb.
The day 'twas born, I felt so glad—
'Twas nothing unto this!
Our Baby's got a tooth, I know,
Excuse a father's (mother's) bliss.
Spoken: Why, really I had to avoid all my intimate acquaintances that day; for, I felt so happy that I'd have given my last cent away, I actually believe. Why, Arminta Flapjack came in with tears in her eyes and said: "have you heard the news?" I said, "why, of course! our baby's got a tooth." "Oh! no," she cried, with an additional burst of grief, "My mother is dead!" Well then, you can imagine my ecstasy, when I could not see her grief without being told. I said, "my dear, I sympathize with your grief, but I'm so overjoyed: for, this morning dada (mama) said:— Chorus.

The Banks of the Devon.

By Robert Burns. Gaelic Air, 'The Brown Dairy Maid'

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair;
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew,
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O! spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn;
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdue and pride of the garden and lawn:
Let Bourbon exult in her gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

The Dying Confession.

It needed but little variation of the usual dull routine of life to stir the village of Linden Hollow into a fever of curiosity and excitement. The same families have been great people there during three successive generations, or since the time when Rufus Linden built the great stone house which started the place, and gave it a name.

Here Rufus, his son, a man past seventy now, lived in quiet seclusion with his only child, Everard, who, wearying of the dullness of his native place, had been to college, to Europe. Wintering often in New York, till at thirty, finding his father growing old and feeble, he had come home to assist him in the control of a large estate, and give him the comfort of his own companionship and loving care.

There were the usual inhabitants of an American village that was far from a large city, and twenty miles from a railway. The minister, doctor, lawyer, and their respective families, the few shop-keepers, milliner, and dressmaker, and numbers of farmers whose homes were beyond the village, but who considered themselves belonging to Linden Hollow.

Into this sleepy community, jogging through life as their grandfathers had done before them, there had come an element of excitement, in the shape of a stranger—young, beautiful, and entirely unknown. She had bought a small villa-like cottage, had sent furniture in advance by large covered waggons, and had finally appeared herself, driving from the railway station in a hired vehicle, and bringing large trunks that were suggestive of boundless finery.

The agent who had sold the house could only give the information that the lady's name was Wrayburn—Miss Grace Wrayburn, and that she paid cash down for the little house. A middle-aged woman, who was Miss Wrayburn's servant, was found to be, as the aggrieved gossips expressed it, "close as wax" upon all subjects appertaining to the little household; and Linden Hollow found its curiosity excited to a pitch that was simply unendurable.

Had Miss Wrayburn been fully aware of the close watch kept upon all her movements, she could not have managed them in a way to baffle more completely an unwarrantable investigation.

She was a woman of slender figure, with a face classically perfect in outline, and as purely pale as marble itself. Her eyes, of deepest blue, were shaded by long golden lashes, and rippling golden hair was brushed simply from the low, broad brow, and confined in a large knot, like burnished gold, low on the back of the small perfect head. Her age was probably twenty-four or five.

If the trunks contained finery, none of it appeared. A black dress of most simple make, yet suggestive of Paris in its perfect fit and folds, a narrow linen collar and jet brooch, were the unvarying articles that met inquisitive eyes. On Sunday, a black straw hat and rich black lace scarf, with pale lavender gloves, that fitted without a flaw, were added for morning service.

Every day this mysterious person walked for an hour or two, returning any greeting by a graceful, unsmiling inclination of the head. Every day the sound of a grand piano, struck by a skilful hand, floated from the windows. Every day the slender, graceful figure could be seen at the window, the hands crossed idly. Sometimes, an open book gave an appearance of employment; oftener there was no pretence to cover mournful musing.

Visitors—for there were visitors—were informed by the servant that Miss Wrayburn desired to be excused; and calls were never returned. So Linden Hollow, baffled and rebuffed, stood upon its dignity, and the strange lady was allowed the perfect seclusion she evidently desired.

May and June had passed since Grace Wrayburn came to Linden Hollow, when one Sunday morning the music-master, who always presided at the harmonium that did duty for an organ, was ill and could not attend service. There was a hurried consultation, and the sexton presented himself at the door of Miss Wrayburn's pew, and requested that lady to take the place of the missing musician.

He would have said it was impossible for the pure complexion to become paler than it was before he made his request, had he not seen the ashy-gray pallor that followed it. There was a moment of hesitation, then the lady rose, and without comment crossed the aisle to the instrument standing in a recess near the pulpit, and played a voluntary.

But few in the little church recognised the master-hand sweeping the keys with such power. Yet there arose in the rudest heart a swell of emotion, wakened by the pathos, the worshipping grandeur of the music.

One only of the congregation saw the genius prisoned in the slender fingers, the scientific skill of every swell and fall of that glorious voluntary. Not a stranger, for it was Everard Linden. He had been a truant for those two months during which Grace Wrayburn had so tormented the curious souls of Linden Hollow. It had formed a great part of his father's gossippy chat of the previous evening; and now the old gentleman, entering the church, leaning on his son's arm, whispered, softly, "That is Miss Wrayburn at the harmonium."

Loving music, Everard Linden looked with quick interest at the performer wakening such unwonted echoes in the drowsy church. Once attracted by the beautiful face, it was not strange that he looked again and again as the dull sermon was droned out. Leading the hymn only with the instrument under her fingers, Grace Wrayburn did not lift her voice throughout the entire service. But as the villagers slowly filed out of the church, there rose upon the air, pure, strong, and wonderfully sweet, a voice of wondrous beauty, singing:—

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

As an innovation upon time-honored customs, Linden Hollow disapproved, and so signified by leaving more rapidly; but the Lindens stood spell-bound near the door, the old gentleman fairly holding his breath to listen.

And by thus lingering, Everard Linden, as the last note went sobbing upon the air, saw the singer rise, stagger from her seat to the nearest pew, and faint. He crossed the church quickly, lifted her, still totally unconscious, in his strong arms, and carried her to the porch. Here her servant was waiting, and seeing the white, still face, sprang hastily forward.

"It is the heat," she said, quickly. "I'll get some water."

There was no lingerers to see Everard Linden bath the white face, and watch life return there. Linden Hollow was dining when the young man gently insisted upon taking Miss Wrayburn in his carriage to her own door, and tenderly assisting her up the garden walk, to the parlor.

Returning to the carriage, the gentleman's brief comment was, "Whatever else she may be, Miss Wrayburn is a lady."

And having studied the subject in both Europe and America, Everard Linden was probably a competent judge. The old gentleman, inclined to be enthusiastic about the music, disapproved of the fainting-fit and consequences, so answered, gruffly, "If there is nothing wrong about her, why does she live such a secret life?"

"Don't like the natives, I presume," was the merry response. "You cannot blame her for that. How often do you leave your own grounds?"

"But everybody knows who I am."

"Well, I presume she thinks it is nobody's business who she is."

Only a little grunt in answer to this, and no more could Everard obtain by his comments upon the lady's beauty, her voice, her gracious courtesy of manner.

Three weeks later, Grace Wrayburn wrote thus in her journal:—

"I have had an adventure. Who would have imagined that possible in this sleepy village? I went for my daily walk, and followed the path leading through Linden woods, to the eminence where I could see the house where he lives. Already there is but one *he* in all the world for me, to mock my misery still more. Have I not been sufficiently tortured to have earned rest? Ah, me rest! Shall I ever find it? Shall I ever sleep without living over that past that scourges every waking hour?

"It makes me laugh, now alone, to think of my daring to love. But I do. I see that haughty brow ever before me. I hear that clear, high-bred voice ever ringing in my ears. I loved him when I opened my eyes in the church porch and met the gaze of his dark ones. I love him.

"To-day, resting upon a rock after climbing the hill, I heard a moan, not far from me. It was repeated again and again, before I found the sufferer. But following the sound, I discovered old Mr. Linden, who had fallen and broken his leg. He was conscious only of pain, not replying to me except by moaning. I was glad I was accustomed to nursing, when his father seemed so thrown upon my mercy. I moved him till his head could rest upon a stone, cushioned softly by my large knit shall, Margaret will make me carry. I drew off his boot, and straightened his leg, doubled under him. I loosened his collar and necktie, bathed his face with my handkerchief dipped in cold water. And all the time I sent my voice out in the loudest calls for help. I was sitting with my patient when I heard running feet, and a man came panting up the hill, in answer to my cries.

"I sent him to the house with the alarm, and very soon servants came with a litter, and at their head Everard, white and terrified.

"I would have left then, I am sure I would, but the old gentleman held my hand, and I could not loosen his grasp. So I went with the litter to the house, and beside me walked Everard, looking his gratitude for my care of his father. He said but little. It was a painful journey to the old gentleman. Twice the men had to set the litter down, while we roused the sufferer from entire insensibility. But at the house-door we met the messenger who had been despatched for the doctor, when the others left the house, who reported the physician as on his way to us. And before we had carried the burden across the threshold he came.

"I slipped away then, and came home, so happy—oh, so happy! It is strange I dare to be so—I, who have no right to happiness."

In the afternoon twilight Everard Linden called at Miss Wrayburn's cottage, and was admitted there for the first time. A slender figure, draped in fleecy-white, rose to meet him; and upon the pale, pure face a rose-tint deepened as he spoke his earnest words of thanks for the service rendered him. Grace made no pretence of treating it as a matter of course. She was glad she had served his father, and said so frankly. Then they glided into conversation—only a chit chat of nothing at first, the scenery around the village, the drowsy church service, the agonizing performances of the village music-master and his choir.

Gradually from this they talked of Music, and the latest operas were discussed, the recent performers. Literature came in for a share of the two hours that slipped away like minutes.

Reserve was over, and when he rose to go, Everard's "You will let me come again?" met for response. "Whenever you come, you will be welcome!"

Then, as the last sound of his footfall died away, Grace Wrayburn threw herself upon the floor and writhed there, sobbing convulsively, till Margaret came in to shut the house up for the night. She looked grimly at the white figure, muttering, "Ah, me! It is hard lines for her, so young and so pretty."

Hard lines, indeed. For the poem of love, once opened, the leaves were turned by Hope's rosy fingers, and the youthful eyes read the lines with fervent tenderness. And for every rosy page that she opened Grace Wrayburn had reverse pages to read of black records written in letters of fire; pages that cast her down, humbled, wretched, remorseful, to rise and catch again the dearly-purchased happiness she coveted.

All the weeks when Mr. Rufus Linden lay helpless and suffering, Everard brought Grace for daily visits, and the old man learned to love her as a daughter. She was sympathetic in an unusually strong degree, and the very touch of her cool, soft hand brought a healing sense of rest.

She read well, a rare accomplishment, and Rufus Linden could lie for hours quieted by the melody of her voice. When he was stronger, she sang to him, and in answer to his surprise at her power of song and musical proficiency, told him her father was a teacher of music, who had trained her from a child.

And every day, in the fierce struggle of her life, Grace Wrayburn's face grew more *spirituelle*, her slender figure more shadowy. Mental contest and agony were wearing away the physical force with certain power and appalling rapidity.

It was a proof of the power she had obtained over Mr. Rufus Linden that he made no objection when his son told him he intended to seek Grace for his

wife. He buried all his aristocratic prejudices and wished him good speed in his wooing.

It was a curious love-scene that followed, for the words Grace was willing to give her life to hear, terrified her beyond description. Only by a mighty effort could she control face or voice to listen or to answer. But as the wooing tenderness of Everard's voice drove away all sense but the happiness of knowing he loved her, she let her past glide back, back, till it was lost in the sob of joy with which she rested in his arms, and whispered her love. Yet, when he was gone, Margaret feared life was gone for ever from the white, rigid face she bathed —from the still, cold limbs, so passive under her tender touch.

And Everard in his home found a visitor. Beside his father's chair was seated an elderly man, whom he recognised as their lawyer, Mr. Elliston, from New-York. Upon both age-worn countenances were the traces of strong recent excitement; and as Everard advanced into the room, Mr. Elliston greeted him, to his great surprise, with a touch of pity in his tone.

"You are no worse, father?" he inquired, anxiously.

"I am gaining strength every day. But I have bad news for you."

"Bad news for me?"

"Better give him the papers," the old gentleman suggested; and Mr. Elliston took from a table near him a number of newspaper slips, which he arranged in order, and handed to Everard.

And Everard, wondering, read an account of an extraordinary trial. In it was set forth how one Paul Crittenden came to his death by poison, and his wife, Helen, was tried for the crime of poisoning her husband. In evidence it was shown how the man, long ill, was recovering, when a sudden relapse roused the doctor's suspicions, and a post-mortem examination made these certainties. Also, in evidence, it appeared that the wife had been the victim of systematic cruelty and oppression at the hands of her husband.

Everard's heart swelled with passionate indignation as he read of some of the scenes, sworn to by disinterested witnesses, where grossest insult was poured out upon a wife all agreed was gentle and patient to a miracle. Finally, the jury acquitted the prisoner, while public opinion judged her guilty, but guilty under great provocation.

In the interest of this domestic tragedy, Everard forgot, for the moment, that there had been a shadowing of his personal interest in the matter, and when he met his father's questioning eyes, said, quietly, "If taking away life can be justified, that one was. The man was a thorough brute."

"He was," Mr. Elliston said, motioning the old gentleman to silence, "and the woman was one of the loveliest I ever met. She was my client. I knew her from a child, and I believe her innocent of this charge. After she was released, her uncle died, leaving her a moderate fortune, and authorizing her adoption of his name—her mother's maiden name, Wrayburn."

There was a moment of profound silence.

Everard Linden turned to the old lawyer. His voice was low and husky as he said, "Mrs. Crittenden, then, is now called Wrayburn?"

"Helen Grace Wrayburn."

He rose then, staggering from the room, blind with the horror opened to him. Grace, his ideal of maiden sweetness, was a widow who had been tried for her life—tried for poisoning. The whole world reeled, a black chasm seemed under his feet as he groped his way to the portico, gasping for air as he went.

The old lawyer followed him, and, as he sank into a chair, spoke to him.

"Pardon me, Everard," he said, "for the blow I have given you, but try to think it best that you know the truth now. Your father's letter, telling me of your affection and his own for my client, brought me here, though I did not think matters had gone so far."

"How did she come here?"

"She craved seclusion and quiet after the publicity and excitement of her trial. I heard of the vacant house I purchased for her, and she authorized me to buy it. Everard, I, her lawyer, who conducted the defence in her case, seeing her every day, believe her innocent of this charge."

"I must see her. I must hear her say she is innocent."

From that long swoon that followed Everard's confession of love, Grace Wrayburn struggled back to consciousness very slowly. Weak and shaken, trying to nerve herself to reveal a truth she felt she dared not longer hide from her lover, full of anguish, she sat in the pretty parlor, wan and pallid, when she heard a firm step on the gravelled walk. No need to look to know whose step it was.

What brought him so soon again? Some misfortune had happened. Even while she thought this, he stood before her, sterner-looking than she had seen him before. Rigid as marble, every feature was locked fast by the power of resolute will.

A long silence followed. Grace, her heart beating with a force that shook her whole frame, waited. The words she dreaded came at last:—

"Mrs. Crittenden!"

She trembled and was abashed. Her humility touched the chivalry of the man who watched her.

"Grace, why have you so deceived me?"

"Because I loved you! Curse me—drive me from you—call me by the hideous name dragged before the world's scorn; but, remember, it was love kept me silent! Oh, my darling, my darling! how I have loved you!"

The yearning voice, the pleading eyes, the utter self-abandonment of her love stirred his heart to its inmost depths.

Tenderly he conducted her across the room, and placed her in a deep arm-chair, where her head rested wearily against the crimson velvet, her golden hair sweeping like a cloak around her.

He did not see a shadowy figure drawing very near but he did see the parting breath coming fitfully, the blue lines under the straining eyes.

"Grace," he said softly, "you have suffered deeply, but my love will never fail you. Only, with your own lips, tell me that you are innocent, and this secret goes not beyond our home."

The temptation was fearful. But there was a warning ringing in Grace Wrayburn's heart she dared not disregard. Believing that a stronger power than love was forcing her from Everard, she answered, faintly, but steadily, "I poisoned Paul Crittenden!"

With a moan of anguish, Everard hid his face on the arm of the deep chair. A little cold hand fell upon his hair, and the faint voice monotonous from the effort to calm it, spoke again:—

"I was but sixteen when I married him, an orphan, with a legacy from my father of twenty thousand dollars. I believed I loved him, and that he loved me. I never murmured when he spent my patrimony in riotous living; I never reproached him when he neglected me. I studied—I had my music—I tried to keep a pleasant home; but he had never really loved me, and, after my money was gone, he abused me—not occasionally, but every time we met. The world called him a gentleman! You have read of laboring men—ignorant savages—who beat their wives. This gentleman beat me, kicked me, threw his boots at me!"

"Grace! Don't—don't!" her lover moaned.

"We had been married five years, when he was taken ill—very ill. While he depended upon my care he was morosely civil to me, fearing I would neglect him; but when he grew better he would renew his brutality. When I was out of the reach of his fists he would throw cups, bottles, spoons—anything he could reach—at my head. Twice he accused me of poisoning him, after a severe relapse. The next time he rallied I was exhausted with watching, frantic with misery. Every word he spoke to me was a curse, and he would lie for hours telling me of the life of dissipation he intended to lead, the future terrors in store for me. Even in his own suffering, he enjoyed the sight of my fright and pain. There was corrosive sublimate in the house, that Margaret used for roach poison, and I mixed it in his medicine! I did, Everard! Lift your head and go from me, beloved! I will not curse your life any further. Go, dearest—go, while I have strength to bid you!"

He lifted his head as he was bidden, and saw his love, the only woman who had ever touched the deep, true loyalty of his heart, lying back against the cushioned chair, pallid, death-stricken.

There was no mistaking the marks of the great destroyer now. She was dying. She had made her confession, hidden even from her lawyer in those bitter hours of public trial. Only love and the approach of death had wrung the truth from the lips that seemed to cover only childlike innocence.

With a deep awe, Everard took the little hand fluttering like a snow-white bird over her dress. As his fingers closed over it a smile hovered over the lips.

"Will you stay yet a little, beloved?" she whispered. "You see, though the law released me, a stronger, mightier power holds me in thrall. Only a little while, my darling—only a little while!"

"Let me call Margaret—send for a doctor," Everard urged, as the panting breath came more faintly, the little hand grew colder in his clasp.

"It is too late! Let me rest here! Only clasp my hand fast in your own, Everard! Oh, it should hold me back from the grave itself! Whisper that you forgive me!"

For answer, he bent and pressed his lips for the first time upon hers, awakening again the rapturous smile that seemed to defy even death's terrors.

"I meant to tell you all soon," Grace whispered. "I would not have married you, Everard! Only, it was so sweet to know you loved me—so hard to think of you loathing me! I know that I must die young—the prison doctor told me so; and I hoped to die before you knew, or tell you myself soon, very soon. Tell me once more you love me—once more before I go!"

"I love you!"

Just the simple answer to her plea, but every word heavily freighted with the heart-tone, that made the three simple words eloquent. The cold, cold hand nestled close in the strong clasp. The faint, faint breath fluttered more and more slowly, till it could scarcely be seen.

Once more Everard bent his proud head to those folded lips, pressing his own there; and, with one supreme dying effort, Grace returned the pressure, her soul departing with that lingering last kiss.

And Margaret, coming in to see the mistress whom she fairly worshiped, found Everard Linden kneeling beside the great arm-chair, clasping close to his heart one cold hand, while his strong frame shook with heavy sobs that were no shame to his manhood.

While Margaret moaned and sobbed over her nursling, Everard stole homeward.

In his own bosom he locked fast that dying confession; but never, while he lives, will Linden Hall have a mistress. Where Grace once rested her golden head upon his breast, never again will woman's head rest, and all the love of Everard's heart lies buried in a quiet grave in Linden Hollow.

Charley Ross.

Written by Harry Bennett. Sung by John D. Griffin.

Oh! ladies and gentlemen, listen to me,
And whin you have heard me I'm sure you'll agree
That I'm much abused, though I can't tell why,
And to tell you my troubles I'm going to try.
On the corner beyond there's a gang of young roughs,
They insult decent people, and call themselves toughs,
And ivery day at me their slang they do toss,
And they say I resimble the lost Charley Ross.

They always do give me their slang and abuse,
They cry out "Gilhooley, your collar is loose;"
At Mulligan's wake sure they filled me with snuff,
And tould me to go out and get meself stuffed.
Sure, one of thim said, if I wanted a job,
To go to the river and shovel off fog!
But to undestand thim I'm greatly at loss,
Whin they say, "Pipe him off—there goes
young Charlie Ross!"

'Twas only last night, sure, they gave me a call,
To deliver a lecture at Hibernia Hall:
I put on a biled shirt and hastened there quick,
But the blackguards did serve me the divil's own trick.
Whin I wint in they put a big bag on my head,
And rolled me around 'till I thought I was dead;
Then they threw me down stairs with a terrible toss,
And tould the police they had found Charley Ross.

Why is the letter "O" the most charitable letter? Because it is found oftener than any other letter in "doing good."

CENTENNIAL ON THE BRAIN.

Words by LITTLE JENNIE QUIGLEY, the Scottish Queen.

Music by Prof. EDMUND CLARK, the renowned Teacher of the Guitar, Organ, Melodion, and Banjo. No. 285 Bowery, N. Y. City.



2 We hear it gossiped over,
And all the people say,
While children howl and babies squall—
Centennial night and day;
We get it for our dinner,
Our supper too again,
In fact we're nearly crazy,
Centennial on the brain.—*Chorus.*

3 No matter where we wander,
In every lane or street,
A thousand ways, before your gaze,
Centennial we meet.
Escaping from its clutches
It's useless and in vain—
It's worse to catch than measles—
Centennial on the brain!—*Chorus.*

4 If things don't reach a focus
Inside the present year,
With one big crash we'll go to smash
And leave this troubled sphere;
Some one will raise a tomb-stone,
And write in letters plain:
"This glorious country died of—
Centennial on the brain!"—*Chorus.*

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CONTENTS.

Adieu—Good-night !.....page 197
The Bloat in the Ulster Coat..... 197
Down where the violets grow..... 194
Drops of Blarney..... 195
Deep Blue Eyes..... 196
Hickory Jackson..... 194
The Hoolahan Musketeers..... 196
Hold the Fort !..... 196
Happy Uncle Joe—Music for Guitar..... 200
I met her in the Dell..... 194
Kate Donahoe..... 194
Love's a gentle, generous passion..... 194
Meet me to-night by the grove..... 194
Man the Life-Boat..... 196
McGilligan's Raffle..... 199
No Irish wanted here..... 195
O'Rooney, douse the glim !..... 197
The Old back gate..... 194
Our Boys—Irish Version..... 195
Our Boys—American Version..... 196
Our Girls..... 196
Proud woman, I scorn you..... 194
Paddy Burke and Kitty Miles..... 195
Patrick Sheehan..... 197
Rum and Gum..... 195
Sempronia—a Story.....196—199
There's a bottle on the mantel..... 194
Transporting Charmer of my heart..... 195
To rob them of strength..... 195
Take this letter to my Mother..... 197
Uncle Sam is brave and free !..... 196
What should make thee sad, my darling ?.. 197
Won't you never lave off that ould coat ?... 194
Where the roses bloom..... 194
Window Serenade—Duet..... 194
Wipe off your Chin..... 195
You ask me in vain..... 195

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There's a Bottle on the Mantel.

Sung by James Kennedy. Air—"Letter in the Candle."

There's a bottle on the mantel,
But it don't belong to me;
If I could only smell the flavor,
How happy I would be.
But I dare not approach it,
For fear some one would come in,
But I would like to take a snifter—
For, I know it's full of gin.
Chorus: Small drop of gin,
To wet my fiery tongue—
I loved you since my childhood,
Many songs of you I've sung.

Oh! how sadly I remember,
It was two short months ago,
I had a bully lunch route,
But they took me down below:
They said I was a vagrant—
And I think it was a sin
To lock me in a dungeon,
And deprive me of my gin. Chorus.

Won't You Never Lave Off That Ould Coat?

Composed by Chas. Burke. Sung by Haywood and Burke.

My name is Dunleaven, I'm a trim Irishman, sir,
From the great North of Ireland I came;
I was christened Cornelius: if I understand, sir,
That's the handle 'twas put to my name;
When but a wee gossoon, the old man's coat I'd put on,
For, I always was fond of such jokes:
When all of a sudden you'd hear him a shoutin'—
Won't you never lave off that ould coat?

Chorus.

I have traveled from Belfast all over creation,
But I never yet had such a stroke,
As when those boys shout—without my approbation—
Won't you never lave off that ould coat?

This coat has seen numbers of great revolutions,
In what they call fashion and style;
But I'm bound to stick to it with a firm resolution,
In spite of their gibes and their smiles;
They don't understand this was made for the Grand
Duke of Derry, whose name I can boast,
Or they'd never cry out, or attempt for to shout—
Won't you never lave off that ould coat?
I have traveled, &c.

Love's a Gentle, Generous Passion.

Love's a gentle, generous passion,
Source of all sublime delights,
When, with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compared with true content?
That false joy, which now bewitches,
When obtained we may repent.

Lawless passion is vexation;
But a chaste and constant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the blissful state above.

Kate Donahoe.

Dear to me was the moment when first I did know
A nate Irish girl named Kate Donahoe,
Who lives in a cot by the sweet Shannon side,
That beautiful river, old Ireland's pride.

Her cheeks are as red as the roses that grow,
Her neck it is whiter than marble or snow:
Her eyes of pure brightness are black as jet,
Their sparkling glances I ne'er shall forget.

Oh! she is the hope and the pride of my heart:
From that charming girl I'd ne'er wish to depart;
To call her my honey, my nate little wife,
But I'd wish to be with her the rest of my life.

There's not in all Ireland a creature more fair;
Ye never could find her sweet like anywhere:
Ye might search the whole world, but where'er ye might go,
Ye'd ne'er find another like Kate Donahoe.

I Met Her in the Dell.

Sung by Harry Western, at Tony Pastor's. Air: The Briar.

While strolling by a cottage door
To watch the girls so fair,
I fell in love with a black-eyed girl,
Her name was Kitty Claire.
I've just received a letter
From the maid I love so well,
She set my heart a twitching,
When I met her in the dell—
Chorus: Oh! don't I love this black-eyed girl—
Of her I love to tell;
I loved her first, then kissed her,
When I met her in the dell.

I'm going to see that girl to-night
And tell her of my love:
I know she's waiting for me now,
She is my turtle dove.
When I am married to her,
I'll come again and tell
You more about this black-eyed girl,
That I met in the dell. Chorus.

Where the Roses Bloom.

Sung by Harry Western at the Theatre Comique, Washington.

How I love in the fields to ramble,
To hear the rustling corn,
And watch the silken tassels waving,
In the sweet and dewy morn—
I love to hear sweet music
From birds in the woodland gloom,
But the wish of all I have now is—
To live where the roses bloom.
Chorus: Fairest of all flowers,
Their odor is perfume:
But the wish of all I have now is—
To live where the roses bloom.

I love to smell the gentle lilac,
And the honeysuckles climbing on the wall,
With the brightly colored morning-glories twining
In their beauty on the wall:
I gathered lilies from the brookside,
And daisies by the silvery moon,
But the wish of all I have now is—
To live where the roses bloom. Chorus.

Down Where the Violets Grow.

Sung by Harry Western at Tony Pastor's, New York.

While strolling by a running brook,
One evening in July,
I met a maid so lovely,
I winked at her so sly—
Her eyes shone like the brilliant stars
That winked at us, you know:
She took my arm, I led her on,
Down where the violets grow.
Chorus: For, she is a fairy queen,
The fairest ever seen—
blest the day she came that way,
Down where the violets grow.

I gathered flowers and decked her hair,
Then told her of my love:
She whispered very softly—
"You are my turtle dove."
I asked her then to come again
Where the rippling waters flow:
She murmured, as I kissed her cheek,
"Down where the violets grow." Chorus.

Proud Woman, I Scorn You.

Proud woman, I scorn you, brisk wine's my delight:
I'll drink all the day, and I'll revel all night;
As great as a monarch the moments I'll pass,
The bottle my globe and the sceptre my glass:
The table's my throne, and the tavern my court,
The drawers my subject, and drinking's my sport.
Here's the queen of all joy, here's a mistress ne'er coy;
Dear cure of all sorrows, and life of all bliss—
I'm a king when I hug you, much more when I kiss.

Meet me to-night by the Grove.

Sung by Harry Western.

Meet me to-night by the grove,
And there I will breathe to thee
A story alone for thine ear,
As dear as thou art to me.
Meet me when stars are brightest,
And the moon shines softly above,
Thy voice will thrill all my spirit
To-night in the quiet grove.

Meet me to-night by the grove,
A passionate tale I will tell,
Come with thy magic smile near,
Like fairies that haunt the dell,
Will hear me breathe my worship
With a heart that never will rove.
True to thy promise, come, dearest,
With me to-night by the grove.

Window Serenade Duet in Rose's Courtship.

Sung by Western and Walling

He. Dearest Rose, I've come now
To take you to my home,
Where you shall happy be,
Like bees in the honey comb.

She. You know I love you, George,
But Granny is cross, you know:
She has locked me in to-night,
So I cannot go.

Duet: You are the apple of my eye,
And the darling of my heart:
When we shall married be,
We shall never part.—*Repeat.*

The Old Back Gate.

Sung by Western and Walling.

He. I wonder where the old man's gone,
He's been watching by the gate for me:
I've given him the slip, so here I am,
With my heart so full of glee.
I love his pretty daughter Rose,
And when she is my mate,
He'll never catch me any more
Knocking on his old back gate.
Chorus: I've come to meet my Rosa dear,
By the light of the silvery moon.
At half past eight she's to be here,
My own dear Rose Doon.

She. I thought I heard my Charley's voice,
While coming up this way:
I guess I was mistaken, tho'
I knew his happy lay.
My father doesn't like him much,
Because he stays so late:
But Charlie's changed the trysting tree,
From knocking on the old back gate. Chorus.

Hickory Jackson.

Sung by Harry Western, in Rose's Courtship.

Now, kind friends, do look at me,
And an old man you will see
Just climbing sixty-nine but yesterday.
I can tell you all a riddle,
I can dance and play de fiddle,
As in de days gone by of Henry Clay.
Dem was de good old times,
When you could save de dimes.
But now dem times am gone and passed away,
But give me de days of old,
And my story am soon told,
Dat's when old man Hickory Jackson had his day.

One thing more I'd like to say,
Just before I go away,
Of de times I use to have in Dixie's Land.
I use to hoe de corn from de breaking ob de morn,
And many a clod of earth has bruised dese hands.
But when de work was done, we darkeys had de fun,
Old master got our jug and cleared de way
For de old Virginny reel,
From de toe down to de heel,
Dat's when old man Hickory Jackson had his day.

Wipe off Your Chin.

Written and sung by Harry Western, of Western & Walling, Sketch Artists.

Pull down the Blinds, you have heard,
It has now long stood the test,
Like Hildebrandt Montrose,
Or, quietly, Pull down your Vest:
Now here is one, you must admit
It's new, but it's rather too thin:
For, the boys all do cry as you pass,
Say, Mister! please wipe off your chin!
Chorus: For Heaven's sake, wipe of your chin!
Your nose is a sight, take it in!
The boys all do cry, as you pass them by,
Say, Mister! Go wipe off your chin!

There's a gentleman sitting right there—
I mean you, with the dollar diamond pin!
Take my advice, go get ten cents,
So a barber can wipe off your chin.
Stop squeezing that girl by your side:
For the boys are taking you in,
They know you ain't got a cent,
So you better go wipe off your chin!
Chorus: For goodness sake, wipe off your chin!
That red necktie's bum! take it in;
For, the boys all will cry, oh!
shoot the old Guy!
Or make him go wipe off his chin!

You see there is President Grant,
A third term he is trying to win;
But I don't think he'll get it—do you?
So he had better, now, wipe off his chin!
Now, Belknap has stepped down and out:
For, the fraud of Fort Sill was too thin;
Then Marsh told all that he knew,
So they both had to wipe off their chins!
Chorus: Great President, wipe off your chin!
For, you have been long enough in;
The boys all will cry let the
Administration die,
Then the Cabinet can wipe off their chins!

Paddy Burke and Kitty Miles.

As sung by the Freeman Sisters.

I'm Paddy Burke so nate and trim,
Tra-lal-la, so nate and trim,
And all the party girls I win:
For, I tips them wid me blarney.
Here's Kitty Miles, tra-la-la.
They say I am so pert,
I am so stylish tra-la-la,
And all their hearts I hurt.
Chorus: Here's Paddy Burke and Kitty Miles,
We hope to wreathe your face with smiles:
Oh! we are from the Emerald Isle—
Oh! how do you like our style?

Oh! Paddy Burke, he's courting me,
Tra-la-la, he's courting me,
I'll make him jealous, wait and see,
Oh! ain't he getting mad!
There's Kitty Miles, tra-la-la,
She thinks she's vexed me bad,
But not for Joseph, oh! dear no,
I'm a simple Irish lad, oh! Chorus.

Transporting Charmer of my Heart.

Transporting charmer of my heart,
Dear cause of all my joy,
Whose image, fixed in my breast,
Does all my thoughts employ!
Though lengthening plains between us stretch,
Vast mountains twixt us rise,
Spite of all distance, mighty love
Presents thee to my eyes.

Whene'er I take my silent walk
Along the lonely glade,
Kind fancy to my raptured thought
Presents my charming maid:
When from the mountains towering height
Wide-opening scenes I view,
Hills, woods, and lawns my eyes survey,
My soul sees only you.

Our Boys.

Irish Version. Sung by Jolly Nash.

The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York.

You may talk of your boys, and your heroes of old,
By the powers! Old Ireland can boast
A long list of heroes, of Erin the pride—
We number "Our Boys" by the host:
St. Patrick, the first on the list I shall place:
Then I'll name quite a lot, great and small,
From Brien Born and the great Donaghue
To O'Connell, the pride of them all.

Chorus.

He was one of "Our Boys," he was!
And we are proud of such boys, we are!
He was honest and true, so give him his due:
He was one of "Our Boys," Hurrah!

To speak of the year Ninty-Eight we don't fear:
We had many brave boys then, I vow!
And in Forty-Eight, too, we had heroes a few,
With pride we remember them now:
Robert Emmet, McManus, O'Brien, O'Niel,
O'Donovan Rossa, O'Moore,
O'Connor and Martin, and one more I'll name—
John Mitchell, whose loss we deplore. Chorus.

Sam Lover and Moore were "Our Boys," to be sure,
They were Irish, there's divil a doubt;
Your soldiers are Irish—wherever they show,
They soon put the foeman to rout!
In this land of the free, where we happen to be,
We are modest and don't make a noise;
But your generals and statesmen, and all solid men,
Belong to our own Irish Boys.

Chorus.

They belong to "Our Boys," they do,
And we are proud of "Our Boys," we are!
If they are honest and true, it's love them we do,
We are proud of "Our Boys," Hurrah!

No Irish Wanted Here.

Music by Dave Braham. Written by Ed. Harrigan, and sung by him with great success.

Oh! I'm an Irish laborer,
Hardy, stout and strong:
Idleness I never loved—
To our race it don't belong.
I've still the strength and will to toil:
For, the wants of life are dear—
But tould, whene'er I ax for work,
No Irish wanted here!

Chorus.

Ye might think it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan;
To me it is a blessing to be called Irish man!
I may live to see the day—
'Twill come, oh! never fear—
Whin ignorance gives way to sense,
An' ye'll welcome Irish here!

Whin your country was in danger,
A few short years ago,
Ye was not so particular
About who would fight the foe.
Whin men were needed for the ranks,
To preserve her rights so dear,
Among the bravest of the brave,
It was—Irish wanted here! Chorus.

For generous hearts and charity,
Ye may search the world around
Poor Paddy's hospitality,
Shure, its like was never found;
He'd give the clothes from off his back—
His blood, for friends so dear!
But prejudice and envy vile
Says—No Irish wanted here! Chorus.

Oh! let your hearts be kind and just,
An' help Paddy from the wall;
For, God in Heaven made the world,
Wid lots of room for all—
Let's stretch our hands, across the sea,
To the Green Ould Isle so dear,
An' give the Irish boys an' girls
A glad welcome over here! Chorus.

Drops of Blarney.

Written by Billy Devere, for the Murrays.

He. Now, Mary Ann, just list to me.
She. Well, don't you see I'm waiting?
He. You know that I'll be true to thee,
And I've asked you twenty times
For to come and marry me.
She. Oh! but Roger, darling, listen,
And mind now what I say:
You were courting Judy Conners,
That girl across the way—
I saw you there to-day.
Chorus.
He. Now, don't believe it.
She. I do believe it.
He. But just let me explain—
I wouldn't give you for them all.
She. I understand that same.
Both. I've loved you long, I've loved you strong,
We'll never go astray;
Then don't be angry, Roger dear,
We'll married be to-day.

He. Now, Mary Ann, let's hunt the Priest.
She. Well, darling, I am willing.
He. He'll marry us to-day, for sure.
And then we'll be as merry
As two crickets 'neath the floor.
She. My father will give me a pig.
He. And mine will give me a cow.
She. We'll have a cabin neat and trim.
He. And Gossoons—(*She*) Roger darling, now,
She. How could you talk so, now? Chorus.

To Rob Them of Strength.

To rob them of strength when wise Nature thought fit,
By women to still do her duty—
Instead of a sword she endued them with wit,
And gave them a shield in their beauty.

Sound, sound the trumpet, both sexes to arms,
Our tyrants at once and protectors!
We quickly shall see whether courage or charms
Decide for the Helens or Hectors.

Buckingham.

Rum and Gum.

Words by Harrigan. Music by Billy Carter.

Of all de drinks dat's in de world
Dey say water is de best;
You can drink a river full of it,
And go to bed and rest.
You'll never git de nightmare,
Or drop down to a Bum;
But a nigger's jaw is never sore
From drinking Rum and Gum!

Chorus.

Oh! Rum and Gum!
Sweet Rum and Gum!
Mix it up wid 'lasses, put it in a cup,
Call in all de wenches and see dem drink it up.

Adam was de first man,
He was fond of apples raw;
If he'd tasted rum and gum,
He'd hollored out for more;
He got drunk in de garden,
Eve she took some,
And when she axed to go home,
He'd holler—Rum and Gum! Chorus.

You Ask Me in Vain.

You ask me in vain
Of what ills I complain,
Where harbors the torment I find:
In my head, in my heart,
It invades every part,
And subdues both my body and mind.

Each effort I try,
Every med'cine apply,
The pangs of my soul to appease,
But doomed to endure:
What I mean for a cure
Turns poison and feeds the disease.

Buckingham.

Our Boys.

An American patriotic and humorous song written and sung by Jolly Nash. The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York.

Uncle Sam he was once at a festive affair,
And they called upon Sam for a strain:
So he put out his weed, and tossed off his glass,
And then he commenced this refrain:
I'll sing of "Our Boys" who have made a great name:
There is Captain Bogardus, said he,
In Europe he showed them how well we could shoot,
His equal you will seldom see.

CHORUS.

He is one of "Our Boys," he is:
And we are proud of "Our Boys," we are;
If he is honest and true, we give him his due:
We are proud of "Our Boys," Hurrah!

We have got a very good Rifle Team,
They crossed the wide ocean, you know,
And defeated the Dollymount marksmen with ease,
And won all the prizes—that's so!
They've defeated, since then, the Canadian Team,
And although they don't make a great noise,
They could easily beat any marksman on earth—
Gildersleeve and his bonny brave boys. Chorus.

When old Johnny Bull had Livingstone lost,
And given him up in despair,
It was one of "Our Boys"—Jim Bennet, who said—
For the Doctor I'll now have a care.
It was one of "Our Boys," and a plucky one, too,
Who went out and Livingstone found:
All honor to Stanley, may courage like his
Be always successfully crowned. Chorus.

But chief on the blazing scroll of fame
Is one we must never forget:
He founded this nation, the pride of creation,
And astonished the world, you may bet!
George Washington's name by all is revered—
So fill up each cup and each can,
And we'll make the roof ring, as we shout and we sing:
For, George was a mighty good man!

CHORUS.

He was chief of "Our Boys," he was:
And we are proud of "Our Boys," we are;
He was honest and true, so give him his due:
We are proud of "Our Boys," we are.

Uncle Sam is Brave and Free!

CENTENNIAL SONG. By Joseph P. Skelly.

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

The day is near when hearts will cheer,
And voices shout with glee—
And heroes dead will rise again,
Their glorious land to see.
From every land the crowds will come
To see us here so gay,
And drums will beat for marching feet,
On the nation's holiday.
Chorus: Uncle Sam is brave and free,
In his glorious liberty,
Every voice may well rejoice—
For, Uncle Sam is brave and free!

The eagle full of majesty
Above us ever sways
Beside the bright and starry flag
With which the zephyr plays:
The soul is filled with mem'ries now
Of every noble man
Who fought a hundred years ago
For struggling "Uncle Sam." Chorus.

The drums are beating with delight,
The trumpet sounds are strong,
The people shout and run about
In one rejoicing throng:
Our flag has braved a hundred years,
'Twill brave a hundred more,
And live for future patriots
To cherish and adore. Chorus.

The Hoolahan Musketeers.

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

Words and Music by T. E Powers.

The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

It was on a Saturday night
That we started a company,
And elected Anthony Wright
Our Captain for to be.
He accepted office with thanks,
And appointed us pioneers
For to march in front of the ranks,
In the Hoolahan Musketeers.

CHORUS.

We marched like soldiers through the street,
With our new flags flying so gay,
And bate the time wid both our feet,
While the band did sweetly play:
From windows high the girls did look
And they smiled at the Pioneers,
And then their handkerchiefs they shook
At the Hoolahan Musketeers.

To the guests invited we gave
All the prizes to carry round,
And at nine o'clock we did lave
For to go to the shooting ground,
Where we stopped for two hours or more,
And we toasted the Pioneers,
Had eating and drinking galore,
Did the Hoolahan Musketeers! Chorus.

But when we got back to the ward,
It was then we felt light and gay,
And our Captain flourished his sword,
While the crowd did lave the way:
At Monahan's we broke up then,
And, faith! we gave three hearty cheers
For the officers and the men
In the Hoolahan Musketeers! Chorus.

Our Girls.

SERIO-COMIC SONG. Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

Copyright, 1876 by E. H. Harding.

Our boys are the talk of the day,
By every one lauded and cheered:
They have them writ up in a play,
So much to their country endeared.
But what will become of our girls?
Of them they say nothing at all.
They make a great noise in the praise of our boys,
But our girls they are better than all!
Chorus: Our girls are bright and gay,
You'll see them every day
With golden tresses and pull-back dresses,
While strolling down Broadway:
And in the shop and store,
You'll see as many more
With joyous faces and charming graces,
The girls that we adore!

Our girls are as sweet as can be,
Each one has a charm of her own:
Their manners are lively and free,
And the boys ne'er call let them alone.
I'm sure they're the pride of the land,
Every where from the East to the West:
If you seek for a wife to gladen your life,
You will find that our girls are the best.
Our girls, &c.

Our girls give us courage to toil,
And help us with counsel and care:
They wash, and they bake, and they boil,
And sometimes our garments repair.
They sew and they sing all the day,
And they make us our breakfast and tea:
If girls we had none, we'd lose all our fun,
And a poor, lonely world this would be!
Our girls, &c.

Why are suicides the most successful people in the world?—Because they always accomplish their own ends.

A bad habit to get into is any habit for which a man owes his tailor.

Deep Blue Eyes.

Words by Geo. Birdseye. Music by J. W. Groschel.

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Oh! what glowing beauty lies
Hidden in those deep blue eyes!
'Neath the trailing, trembling lash
Mischief's merry lightnings flash,
Mischief's merry lightnings flash,
And with gleams of joy control heart and soul:
And with gleams of joy control heart and soul.

If mock anger there should glide,
And you grieving leave her side,
Let them sparkle, let them smile,
Where have fled your frowns the while?
Where have fled your frowns the while?
Oh! those eyes may o'er control heart and soul:
Oh! those eyes may o'er control heart and soul.

Who can help blue eyes to love,
Tho' that love in vain may prove?
Who that live but know their power,
Wielded since the world's first hour,
Wielded since the world's first hour?
Oh! those eyes may o'er control heart and soul;
Oh! those eyes may o'er control heart and soul.

Hold the Fort!

SACRED SONG. By P. P. Bliss & Ira D. Sankey.

Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!
Chorus: "Hold the fort! for, I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to Heaven—
"By thy grace we will."

See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on:
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone. Chorus.

See the glorious banner waving
Hear the bugle blow:
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe. Chorus.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near:
Onward comes our Great Commander.
Cheer, my comrades, cheer! Chorus.

Man the Life Boat!

By Henry Russell.

Man the life boat! man the life boat!
Help! as you ship is lost;
Man the life boat! man the life boat!
See how she's tempest-tossed;
No human power, in such an hour,
The gallant bark can save,
Her mainmast's gone, and hurrying on,
She seeks a watery grave.

Man the life boat! man the life boat!
See the dreadful signal flies:
Ha! she has struck, and from the rock
Despairing shouts arise;
And one there stands and wrings his hands,
Amidst the tempest wild—
For, on the beach he cannot reach
He sees his wife and child.

Life-saving ark! you doomed bark
Immortal souls doth bear:
Not gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men, brave men, are there!
Oh! speed the life boat, speed the life boat,
O God! their efforts crown!
She dashes on—the ship is gone
Full forty fathoms down.

Ah! see! the crew are struggling now,
Amidst the billows' roar;
They're in the boat, they're all afloat,
Hurrah! they've gained the shore.
Bless the life boat! bless the life boat!
O thou'lt hear our prayer—
Bless the life boat! bless the life boat!
No longer we'll despair.

Patrick Sheehan.

Street Ballad, By Charles J. Kickman.

My name is Patrick Sheehan,
My years are thirty-four,
Tipperary is my native place,
Not far from Galtymore;
I came of honest parents—
But now they're lying low—
And many a pleasant day I spent
In the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died, I closed his eyes
Outside our cabin-door—
The landlord and the sheriff too
Were there the day before—
And then my loving mother,
And sisters three also,
Were forced to go with broken hearts
From the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months, in search of work,
I wandered far and near;
I went then to the poor-house
For to see my mother dear;
The news I heard nigh broke my heart,
But still, in all my woe,
I blessed the friends who made their graves
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home, and kith, and kin—
With plenty all around—
I starved within my cabin,
And slept upon the ground;
But cruel as my lot was,
I ne'er did hardship know,
'Till I joined the English army,
Far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up there," says the Corporal,
"You lazy Hirish hound,
Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog,
The call 'to arms' sound?"
Alas, I had been dreaming
Of days long, long ago,
I woke before Sebastopol,
And not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—
How dark I thought the night,
O blessed God, it was not dark,
It was the broad daylight!
And when I found that I was blind,
My tears began to flow,
I longed for even a pauper's grave
In the Glen of Aherlow.

O blessed Virgin Mary,
Mine is a mournful tale,
A poor blind prisoner here I am,
In Dublin's dreary jail;
Struck blind within the trenches,
Where I never feared the foe;
And now I'll never see again
My own sweet Aherlow!

A poor neglected mendicant
I wandered through the street,
My nine months' pension now being out,
I beg from all I meet.
As I joined my country's tyrants,
My face I'll never show
Among the kind old neighbors,
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Then Irish youths—dear countrymen—
Take heed of what I say,
For if you join the English ranks
You'll surely rue the day:
And whenever you are tempted
A soldiering to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan
Of the Glen of Aherlow.

Catch.

Music at E. H. Harding's.

When a good housewife sees a rat
In a trap in the morning taken,
With pleasures her heart goes pitte-pitte-pat,
For revenge of loss of bacon:
Then she throws it to the dog or cat,
To be worried, eat or shaken.
Then she throws it, &c.

Take this Letter to my Mother.

Words and Music by Will S. Hays.

The Music of this song is published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York. Price 35 cents.

Take this letter to my mother,
Far across the deep blue sea:
It will fill her heart with pleasure,
She'll be glad to hear from me:
How she wept when last we parted—
How her heart was filled with pain,
When she she said: "Good-bye, God bless you!
We may never meet again."
Chorus: Take this letter to my mother,
Far across the deep blue sea:
It will fill her heart with pleasure,
She'll be glad to hear from me.

Take this letter to my mother,
It will fill her heart with joy:
Tell her that her prayers are answered.
God protects her absent boy;
Tell her to be glad and cheerful,
Pray for me where'er I roam,
And, ere long, I'll turn my footsteps
Back towards my dear old home. Chorus.

Take this letter to my mother,
It is filled with words of love:
If on earth I'll never meet her,
Tell her that we'll meet above,
Where there is no hour of parting,
All is peace and love and joy:
God will bless my dear old mother,
And protect her only boy. Chorus.

What Should Make Thee Sad, My Darling?

What should make thee sad, my darling?
Why those pearly tears I see?
Have I caused one thought of sorrow?
Have I not been kind to thee?
By the stars that shine above us,
By their wondrous mystery,
By this heart that beats within me,
Still I love thee, love but thee.

Chorus.

What should make thee sad, my darling?
Why those pearly tears I see?
Have I caused one thought of sorrow?
Have I not been kind to thee?

O'er the bosom of the ocean,
Shall the sea-bird cease to rove,
Sun and stars shall cease their motion,
Wind and clouds forget to move,
'Ere my love for thee shall falter,
Or my faith forgotten be—
All things else on earth may alter,
Still I'll love thee, love but thee. Chorus.

Joyfully, when first I found thee,
Bowed my soul at love's behest:
Now when sorrows gather round me,
Thou alone canst make me blest:
Be my heart thy throne for ever,
Let all tears forgotten be:
Weal or woe estrange us never,
Still I love thee, love but thee. Chorus.

Adieu! Good-Night.

Whilst o'er the waters' bosom riding,
Led by the moon's bright silver ray,
My bark, its midnight course soft gliding,
Bears me, love, from thy arms away:
But ere the smiles of morn break on thee,
Ere the return of day glows bright,
Think of the bark that bears me from thee,
Still think me thine—Adieu! Good night!

Oh! cease thy anguish, lovely maiden,
Sorrow not because we sever:
My heart shall constant rest unshaken,
'Till we meet to part, love, never:
Oh! dry those eyes—those tears, love, grieve me,
Still sacred are the vows I plight:
Mourn not my absence, still believe me
For ever thine—Adieu! Good-night!

The Bloat in the Ulster Coat.

By W. B. C. Air: Pull down the Blind.

Oh! ladies and gentlemen, list for a while,
And I'll sing you a ditty in modern style;
The subject will be the young men of the day,
And their habit of dressing in a curious way.
They stand on the corner in long ulster coats,
And are known to the wise ones as penniless bloats;
Their few pence is spent in flash collars and ties,
While in debt to poor shopmen they're up to their eyes.

Chorus.

Yes, such is the bloat with the ulster coat,
Who makes an appearance as though one of note:
And stands on the corner with a nasty cheroot,
And is known to the boys as a worthless galoot.

They carry a cane of the cheapest bamboo,
And sail through the streets with hardly a shoe;
With quite the appearance of a person of note,
All bundled up tight in a long blanket coat.
Of small talk they have a ready supply,
And none of them falter at telling a lie;
But if in a row they should happen to get,
They're the first ones to dust from the scene you can bet.
Yes, such is the bloat, &c.

Now there's one thing to me seems rather queer,
To the fair sex these penniless guys seem quite dear;
For, no matter where one turns one's feet,
These fellows with fair ones they're sure to meet.
Now why this is? I do not know,
Except for the purpose of making a show;
Yet I'm convinced that some of them plan
The meetings with these fellows to catch a rich man.
Spoken: Not supposing that—
Yes, such is the bloat, &c.

And now let us at their homes take a peep,
When good folks are working, not going to sleep;
There seated in chairs with the bottoms
crushed through,
Are samples of earth's fairest creatures, just two:
The mother and sister in plainest attire,
Working with might by a poorly fed fire;
While loafing the streets is that worthless one,
Whom 'twould be sheer dishonor to name as a son.
Yes, such is the bloat, &c.

O'Rooney, Douse the Glim!

Written and Composed by John F. Casey
Sung by Jack Kegan.

My name is Pat O'Rooney,
I came from Wicklow!
I live way down in Cherry Street,
In the old Fourth Ward below!
At night when I come home from work
Along with Brother Tim,
The boys all cry as I pass by:
"O'Rooney, Douse the Glim!"

Chorus.

They yell out: "Pat, go block your hat,
Go get your pants took in!"
But the worst of all is when they bawl—
"O'Rooney, Douse the Glim!"

There is a young man works with me,
Who hangs out with the gang;
He wears tight pants and goes to a dance,
And uses the latest slang.
He tells me for to smoke segars
And give the pipe to him;
If I refuse, he says I lose,
And tells me to "Douse the Glim." Chorus.

When I come home from work at night,
I go out to take a walk—
The gang upon the corner cry:
"Here comes the galoot from Cork!"
They ask me for a loan of my hat,
To have a race around the rim;
I make no reply, and then they cry:
"O'Rooney, Douse the Glim!" Chorus.

I went down to that Station House,
To have the racket stopped;
To try and get the gang broke up
And get the leaders copped.
The Captain said it wouldn't take,
The gang was solid with him—
As I passed out some one did shout—
"O'Rooney, Douse the Glim!" Chorus.

Sempronia.

There was a strange doom attached to the house of the Margraves of Adlershof, few of whom had ever been succeeded by heirs in the direct line. Those who had searched the annals of the family, through a long line of ancestors, had ascertained the startling fact that, although some of the Margraves had left second or third sons to inherit their lands, no eldest son had as yet been known to wear his father's title after his death. By some unaccountable fatality, the eldest sons were invariably cut off in their youth, and always by a violent death, owing, in most cases, to their own unbridled passions.

At the time we allude to—namely, the middle ages—at which period the family was one of the oldest in the country, the representative of the house of Adlershof was the Margrave Luitbold. He was a man somewhat past the prime of life, but still very handsome, and as an enormously wealthy widower, was smiled upon by many a fair damsel, on the rare occasions of his appearance at the Emperor's court. But Luitbold did not answer to their smiles, and continued living in his retirement in his splendid feudal castle near the Italian frontier of Germany, cherishing the memory of his lost Adelheide, and solacing his widowhood by bringing up their son with the most parental care.

Emilian grew up to be his father's pride; yet frequently when the Margrave gazed admiringly at his manly beauty—in his case truly the index of a good and noble heart—the eye would sadden and his brow become overcast at the recollection of the doom that hung over his house. With the forethought of a tender parent, he had studiously concealed from Emilian this peculiarity of their race; his tutor had been forbidden to mention the subject; and not the meanest vassal on the Margrave's land would ever have thought of alluding to the rumors afloat on the subject, in the hearing of the brilliant youth, who was beloved by all for his excellent qualities and kindly nature. After all, the best preventative, thought his father, against the dreadful doom, was first of all to guide his heart towards everything good and noble, and next to bestow on him all the means of happiness in his power. Emilian should follow his own inclination in the choice of his wife—nay, he should be at liberty to select a maiden of the humblest birth, providing she was virtuous; and thus having removed the stumbling block in most youthful careers, namely, thwarted love, he hoped to avert the wrath of heaven.

Pursuant to this system, Emilian no sooner expressed the wish to travel into Italy, than his father furnished him with ample means to visit that country; nay, he even felt relieved that, his son should enter upon a new life, as it were, and change the current of the gloomy annals of the house of Adlershof, none of whose Margraves had ever left their ancestral seat for foreign travel, except to attend their sovereign to the battle-field.

Three years flew past, during which Emilian sojourned in various cities in Italy, not, however, without sending letters and messages to his father, either by a trusty messenger, or through the channel of some traveller about to return from Germany, and who would willingly go a few leagues out of his way to bring news of his absent son to the hospitable Margrave.

Meantime great changes had taken place in the Castle of Adlershof. The Margrave had married a young wife, partly because he found himself rather lonely ever since his boy had left him—partly because the impression of the family doom was so strong upon him at times, that he thought it would be very consolatory to see a young family rising around him. But more than either of these reasons, because a love as violent as it was sudden had taken irresistible possession of his heart on seeing the widowed Countess Montalcone amongst the Empress's ladies, when he went to court to do homage for his lands. The young Italian had no dower but her incomparable beauty; but so subjugated was the Margrave by her personal charms and brilliant wit, that he who might have chosen amongst the loveliest heiresses of Germany, with broad acres of land and unimpeachable rent rolls, was but too proud and happy that the penniless Countess overlooked the disparity of their years, and condescended to accept him.

Emilian was of course informed of his father's marriage, and sent back his heartfelt congratulations. Feeling, however, no longer called upon to return home as speedily as he would have done had his father remained alone, he prolonged his stay for a couple of years more, at the end of which time he returned to Adlershof Castle.

It was night when Emilian reached the well-known gates, where the old warder welcomed him with sober joy, as if the pleasure of seeing his young master once more had been dashed by some unknown cause.

Emilian found his father altered enough, truly, and more aged than the few years elapsed since he last saw him could possibly warrant. A number of silver threads mingled with his still abundant head of hair; his stalwart form was bowed as if inclining towards the tomb.

For the first few months the son felt too much awe-struck to ask any questions. If the Margrave were thus changed by mere illness, Emilian feared it might be dangerous, in his weakened state, to let him see how much he was shocked at his altered appearance; while if the change were to be attributed to mental causes, he scarcely ventured to touch too abruptly on what might be some deep-seated grief which time would no doubt reveal. Unconsciously, however, he addressed his father in the softened tone one assumes in speaking to an invalid, or to one afflicted. But when they sat down to supper, shortly after, and he perceived there were only two covers on the table, it struck him as so strange that the Margravine, whose name had not as yet been mentioned, should not join them at the social board on the day of his long-expected arrival, that he could not forbear inquiring whether his step-mother were ill that she did not make her appearance?

"Ill?" echoed the Margrave, slowly; "not ill that I know of." Then, as if some sudden recollection occurred to him, he added, "Yes—yes, she is ill, or else she would have been here to welcome you."

The old attendant, who was discharging the function of carver, now telegraphed a look full of sad import to Emilian, who desisted from any further questioning, and endeavored to talk of indifferent matters as he ate his meal, though he could not refrain ever and anon from gazing mournfully at his father.

When the attendants had retired, the Margrave seemed desirous of hearing some details about his son's travels; and after listening with intrest to his description of the various courts he had visited, he inquired whether he had not lost his heart to any of the beauties he had seen abroad. This seemed to awaken painful recollections in the young man's breast; but after a slight hesitation as if relieved at being able to confide his troubles to a sympathizing listener, Emilian related that he had indeed lost his heart to a beautiful Venetian, whom he had seen sitting for her picture in the studio of an artist he frequently visited. Being intimate with the painter, he was in the habit of entering his house at all hours, and had thus come in unexpectedly on the lady whose beauty struck him as something wonderful. Unfortunately, the artist could give him no clue as to her identity, the lady evidently seeking to hide either a title or a noble name under the simple style of Signora Sempronia, by which only she was known to the eminent master who immortalized her features on canvas; and as the picture was fetched away a few days after, and paid for, and the lady was not seen again, the artist concluded she had left Venice. All Emilian's efforts to trace her throughout the length and breadth of Italy had proved unavailing.

"Ah, my son," observed the Margrave, as if unconsciously thinking aloud, "these fair Italians are often dangerous syrens. Can't you turn your heart towards the daughters of any other country?"

"These seem strange words from you, father!" observed Emilian, much struck by hearing the Margrave speak in such terms.

"I would not thwart your inclinations, boy—do not think it," cried the Margrave, as if suddenly recollecting his resolution never to attempt to sway his son's affections. "Find this maiden if you can—ay, and marry her too. Will you set out on a fresh search? You have my full consent to do so."

The more Emilian listened to his father, the more he felt convinced, from the occasional incoherence of his speech, that some deep-seated grief had unhinged his mind. He therefore abstained from volunteering any further disclosures as to his own plans or wishes, and restricted himself to the part of an observer, but failed in being able to discover anything that evening.

On the morrow and few days following, the Margrave's son had still further occasion to observe that a great change had taken place in the home of his childhood. The Margrave had grown melancholy beyond the hope of cure, was frequently absent in manner, and he, once so strong in mind as well as in body, often started at the slightest noise. But stranger than all, the Margravine never made her appearance, nor was she alluded to as if in existence. In vain Emilian endeavored to draw the domestics into some disclosure, more indeed by inquiring looks than direct questions: all were impenetrable as the sphinx, and the mystery, whatever it might be, seemed to baffle all his attempts at obtaining a solution.

Sometimes he asked himself doubtingly whether he had been misinformed as to his father's marriage! But then he as often recalled to mind that he had received a letter announcing the fact, in the Margrave's own handwriting. Then the equally improbable question would occur, whether the beautiful Margravine had died, and grief for her loss occasioned those eccentricities he had observed in his father? But in such a case, why this mystery? There seemed, at least, no possible solution to the enigma, supposing the Margravine to be living, except that some levity on her part, which the difference of age between the husband and wife rendered probable, had caused an estrangement, leading to a separation, which might naturally prey on the mind of a man so deeply enamoured, as the Margrave had evidently been, of his beautiful bride.

These numerous structures which Emilian so busily raised in his imagination were, however, presently knocked down by the information brought by his own servant, who had acquired it through the indiscretion of one of the chamber-maids, that the Margravine lived in the castle, but in utter seclusion,—and, indeed, as it was rumored, under lock and key, like a prisoner. The castle was an old, rambling building, of vast extent, with several inner courts and gardens; and the portion said to be allotted to the Margravine's use was that usually denominated the cloisters, as having been formerly a portion of a monastery, round which the rest of the structure had been raised, and which was solidly closed in by its massive gates.

The next time the Margrave spoke to him of Sempronia, with a view, as he thought, of urging him to depart and go in search of her, he answered that he was only waiting to pay his respects to the Margravine before he took his departure.

The Margrave's brow became overcast. "Boy," said he, feverishly, "it were better you never saw her!" Then, as if repenting he had said this much, he hastily added, "Cleofa lives in great retirement—she does not like the presence of strangers; and—shall I confess it, my dear son?—at the time she loved your father, she deemed him younger than he was, and consequently, that his son was only of the age of one of our little pages."

And the Margrave made a faint attempt at a sickly smile.

"I understand," said Emilian, apparently relinquishing all wish of seeing her; while his father added the hope that, by the next time he returned, Cleofa would perhaps have grown more reasonable. A weight seemed now to be taken off Emilians's heart. There appeared to be some little leaven of a stepmother's anticipated dislike of her stepson; but this, he hoped, was all. Nor could he conceive why his father should be so unhappy about a trifle. When he was alone, however, once more, he recalled the tone of terror in which his father had said, "It were better you never saw her!" and the demon of curiosity prompted him to endeavor to gratify his wish of beholding her, unknown to the Margravine, if it were only to understand what was the mysterious danger likely to accrue from seeing her, which his father seemed to dread.

From his knowledge of the castle this was not very difficult to manage; and after a few days spent in prudently conducted researches, he ascertained that he could burrow his way through a partially ruined underground passage, into a cell, probably used as a prison for refractory monks, receiving light through an opening secured with iron bars, that overlooked what had become a charming

garden in the process of centuries, since the religious inhabitants had been replaced by the secular ones, but which used, no doubt, to be a barren enclosure.

Having taken up his post in this observatory, at the hour he judged from his father's movements to be the one when the Margravine was in the habit of taking the air, Emilian waited impatiently for the lady to make her appearance; and when, at last, the rustling of her silken dress gave token of her approach, he cast a hurried glance through the grating as she passed near the wall. But what words can describe the joy, the astonishment that thrilled his every nerve as with electric commotion, on beholding, instead of the expected Margravine, the exquisite form and unforgotten countenance of the fair vision he had seen at the Venetian painter's?

"Sempronia!" ejaculated he in ecstacy; "do my eyes deceive me? How came you hither?"

The beautiful apparition raised her head. There was a slight start, and a flush, and then suddenly her face assumed an expression of deep despondency, as she replied, "Not Sempronia, but Cleofa! I am the Margravine of Aldershof!"

"Say not so," resumed the impetuous young man; "this is only to try me! You cannot be—"

"I am the Margrave's wife!" interrupted she, in a solemn tone.

You drive me to despair!" exclaimed Emilian. How could you——"

"Hush!" said the lady. "I may feel pity—may regret—but what is done is done! Besides, how could I know you loved me?"

Emilian felt this to be the truth; still he was fit to dash his head against the iron bars that separated him from Sempronia, or rather Cleofa, like some poor captive bird impatient at his cage.

"But why are you secluded here in this living tomb?" asked Emilian, after a pause.

"Your father is jealous," replied she, slightly shrugging her shoulders.

"Oh! he shall be compelled to do you justice," cried Emilian. "You shall be rescued from this state of captivity before I leave the castle—for I see now why my father wishes me gone;—and then, Sempronia, I will exile myself for ever."

"For heaven's sake, retire, or we may be overheard," said Cleofa; "and let not your father suspect that I am the object of your ill-starred affection! Go, Emilian—go!" added she in a voice of melting softness, as if pity for him rather than herself was the predominant feeling of her heart.

It is impossible to express the state of bewilderment into which Emilian was thrown by this fatal discovery. It was as if years had passed over him, in as many moments, and withered his heart. Nor would his excessive grief have escaped his father's notice, had not the Margrave been so entirely wrapt in his own mournful contemplations.

"No," said Emilian to himself, after long reflection—"I will not entrust my father on her behalf. Jealous as he is that would only be rousing his suspicions. I will myself rescue her from her prison, and conduct her to a place of safety, and then I will go into foreign service, and get killed in the wars."

Having adopted this determination, Emilian wrote a letter to the Margravine, offering to facilitate her escape by filing away the bars of the opening that gave light to the cell, when she would be able, with his assistance, to enter the underground passage, and emerge from the precincts of the castle to a spot where he would have horses in readiness to conduct her whither she pleased; protesting at the same time that he would forget that she had been Sempronia to him, and that he would never offend her ears by a single word that should remind her he looked upon her otherwise than as the Margrave's wife.

The letter he fastened to a stone, and took with him on the morrow, as he repaired to the underground passage, at the hour he hoped Cleofa would be taking the air. She was not visible, however; so he was reduced to the necessity of flinging it through the grating into the garden, hoping she would pick it up when she came forth to walk. Again he returned the next day, and the day after, but he saw her not, and concluded that his father must have watched him when flinging the letter into the garden, and that the fair captive's hours for taking exercise had been changed. Emilian now wrote another letter, merely containing these words:—

"Try and send me an answer—not a written one, as that might be dangerous; any token you can contrive to convey to me will suffice to give me to understand that you condescend to accept my assistance."

This letter was despatched in the same manner as the former one.

Emilian had rightly conjectured that the Margravine had been seen reading his letter, which she had carefully destroyed, and hence her hours of exercise had been observed; and, more serious still, the man found, on again visiting the underground passage, that masons had been at work, and began to wall up the window, his only means of communication with the beautiful captive.

The Margravine, however, put a grave face on the matter; and when the warder unlocked the door for her to enter the garden a day or two after, she said to him, "By all that's holy, I entreat you to bid your young master not to trouble himself about me. He will only incur his father's displeasure. Tell him I am resigned to my captivity."

The warder, who was much attached to Emilian, gave a significant nod, as much as to say he would do so.

"And pray, my good friend," resumed the Margravine, "convey to him——"

"Oh! lady, I dare convey nothing," cried the warder, in alarm; "it is as much as my place is worth."

"Only a nosegay!" pleaded Cleofa; "that is all that a poor prisoner can offer. These flowers have been cultivated by me, and watered by my tears!"

So saying, she held the nosegay to his nostrils. It had a strong, penetrating aroma, that seemed to charm away all the warder's scruples; for he replied, like one half intoxicated, that he would not fail to do her bidding.

In less than a quarter of an hour the nosegay was in Emilian's hands, and the message was repeated to him by the warder.

"How clever she is!" said he to himself; "while this poor fellow imagines he is bringing me word that she disclaims my offers of assistance, he actually bears me her consent by these charming flowers."

And he kissed the nosegay over and over again, and pressed it to his heart, unaware—ill-fated young man!—that he was hugging death in his fond embrace. The nosegay had been prepared with the diabolical art of the Italian prisoners of those days, who knew how to convert a pair of gloves or the most innocent-looking flowers into weapons of destruction;—and Emilian expired before the end of the day in the most horrible convulsions.

The unhappy Margrave, on being summoned to his death-bead, found him writhing with pain.

"Oh! my son—my poor son!" said he, "why did you not believe your father sooner than that serpent, who has stung us both to death?"

"Forgive me!" murmured Emilian. "She is—Sempronia!"

He never spoke again.

The afflicted Margrave, whose constitution had been undermined by a slow poison, long since administered by his Italian wife, followed his son to the grave shortly after; but not before he had given over the odious Cleofa to the strong arm of the law. She turned out to be an adventuress, whose beauty had drawn several other men into her toils, whom she had successively poisoned to take possession of their property. She had contemplated seizing on the Margrave's splendid fortune, when his suspicions being aroused, she had been consigned to a kind of captivity within the castle. Her object in poisoning Emilian was, of course, to rid herself of the Margrave's natural heir, who would have prevented her succeeding to her husband's estate. The warder whose health had suffered from having smelt and handled the nosegay, was one of the witnesses against her. Her crimes were now all brought home to her; and she only escaped an ignominious death by swallowing one of those deadly potions which she always carried about with her in case of emergency. Like the fabled scorpion turning its sting against itself, she, too, expired in agonies, as the distortion and livid appearance of her own beautiful features amply testified.

In Emilian ended the race of Aldershof. He had doubly fulfilled the family doom, having perished through both love and curiosity.

McGilligan's Raffle.

As related by a Gentleman from the North of Ireland.

McGilligan kept a hotel,
Wid boordin' an' lodgin' for sailors;
A bucket shop next dure as well—
Faith, he was the prince of retailers.
Wan night, whin the byes were all there
An' tight as a horse wid a snaffle,
Whin whiskey had druv away care,
A pig was put up for a raffle.

Och! thin there was lashins of fun—
It bate, faith, the day of election—
As soon as the raffle begun,
'Twas just like a big insurrection;
McGilligan loudly did shout:
"Now rattle the dice, Moriarty—
The pig to the highest throw out—
Be sure an' keep tally, Macarty."

Young Brinnin thin threw forty-four—
"Hurroo!" cried he, quite indipindint—
"It's sorra the pig or the boar
Could escape from me father's descindint."
But soon there was thrun forty-five
By a hotel de Mulberry peeler
Who shouted: "Now, byes, look alive;
Begorra, I'll capthur the squealer."

Bedad, how the whiskey did fly!
An' sure how the glasses did rattle!
O'Hone hit Malone in the eye,
An' piggy tuk part in the battle;
He tripped up Malone by the heels,
Which soon put a stop to the fightin',
But sure you could tell by his squeals
'Twas sport that he tuk great delight in.

McGilligan, fearing their tricks,
Rebuked thim for being unruley;
A Kerry man threw forty-six—
"Bould boy," cried the crowd, "Terry Dooley!"
Doolady, the last man, thin tied
The throw of the gossoon from Kerry;
"Be dad," was the cry, "let's divide
The pig 'twixt Doolady an' Terry."

Brave Terry grabbed howld of the tail,
The ears were laid howld by Doolady,
A foreleg was seized by O'Nail,
The tail reinforced by Tim Brady;
They pulled an' they hauled wid great power—
The pig didn't relish it greatly—
Until at the end of an hour
Poor piggy's tail came out complately.

A scholar from Cork, one O'Nall,
Discoorsed quite an illequent treatise;
He said: "That the porker's lost tail
Was like the lost tales of Miletius."
They put Moriarty to bed—
His wife was the divil to baffle—
"Whose there, Moriarty?" she said.

Spoken: I am, Bridget Anastatia, ses he: "but don't cast your ocular orbits on me in such a bellicose manner. I'll not stand it." "Goodness knows, James Moriarty," ses she, "I'll not agrify ye; but what would me poor father say if he knew that his only daughter had intered into the bowly sacrament of matterimoney wid a procissional gimbler? Answer me that, ye blackleg." "I'm not a gimbler, Bridget Anastatia," says Moriarty. "What cause or provocation have ye for such insurrectionary discoorse, ye homicidal faymale?" "Haven't I found the dyes in yer pocket?" ses Mrs. Moriarty. "Little I thought, James, little I thought whin ye tould me ye was going over to the Hippopdroome to hear Moody an' Shankey that it was a sporting place, an' the game ye play is Shankey Pethre. I'll howld ye tupence the next thing ye'll be doin ye'll be throwin three-card monkey." "I'll have no more of this sarchasm, Mrs. Moriarty," ses he. "Do ye want me to podverize ye?" "Did ye win anything, Moriarty?" asked she—"remimber, I'm yer lawful wedded wife, an' leagally intitled to wan half of yer earnings afther yer twinty-one years of age." "Of coorse I wan something," ses he. "What was it?" ses she. "Why," ses Moriarty:

"The pig at McGilligan's raffle."

How to make home happy.—Some men do it by staying at home, and some by going away.

HAPPY UNCLE JOE.

SONG AND DANCE.

Arranged for Guitar, by PROF. EDMUND CLARK, Teacher of the Guitar, Organ, Melodeon, Banjo and Singing, No. 285 Bowery New York City.

VOICE.

GUITAR.

1. Oh, I just came out a while to dance, and sing a lit - tle song: So give me your at-ten - tion and I
2. I'm in love wid a pret-ty yal-ler gal I met the oth - er day, While gaz- ing at de fashions a....

wont de - tain you long. Oh! de gals are all in lub wid me— Ax dem, dey'll tell you so: For a
walk - ing down Broadway. De last time dat I saw her she said she loved me so: Dat....

jol - ly hun - ky do - ra swell is Hap - py Un - cle Joe. For when I sing,
soon she would be mar - ried to dis Hap - py Un - cle Joe! For when I sing,

Dis foot I sling— For when I sing, dis foot I sling— It

pleas - es all, you know, For a jol - ly hun - ky do - ra swell— Is Hap - py Un - cle Joe.

DANCE.

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CONTENTS.

Alas! where is my lover gone?.....page 202
Amy Lee 202
A penny for your thoughts..... 203
And thou art young, my gentle maid..... 204
Across the raging water..... 205
A Seventh Ward Irishman's troubles..... 205
Beautiful Caroline 202
Bessie's mistake 203
The Charming Summer-time is coming..... 203
Come back to Helen..... 203
Captain Palmer's Daughter—a Story..... 207
Danny takes after his father..... 204
Dreams of the Past—Music for Guitar..... 208
Fortune don't smile upon me..... 201
How oft a cloud with envious veil 202
I come from the land of the mountain..... 203
I cannot sleep to-night, love..... 204
Jakey Woolfingstein:..... 205
Let your motto be—Pay, and be Paid 204
Mother, dearest, raise my pillow..... 203
My bark is on the dreary sea..... 203
Mr. Fog..... 204
The Nimble Mokes 202
Nolan around the corner..... 202
Never desert a friend..... 203
Over the sea dwells my darling..... 203
Ruth's Flirtation—a Story 206
The Repentant Drunkard..... 202
Sunny Land..... 202
Salamander Sam..... 202
Sweet Gratitude 202
Star of my life—a Serenade 205
Twilight steals softly over the ground..... 203
Twenty-Seven Cends 205
When the moon with glory brightens..... 203
When the flowing tide comes in 205
Ye streams that round my prison creep.... 202

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Beautiful Caroline.

Written and composed by Burt Wayne, and sung with wonderful success by Wayne & Lovely. The Music Published by L. P. Goullaud, 56 Tremont Street, Boston.

Down in the meadow, by the brook, where
first I met my love,
I told her there that I'd be true as the shining
stars above.
Oh! she's so fair, I do declare, she's beautiful, divine,
The dearest girl and charmer, is Beautiful Caroline!

CHORUS.

She's like a little twinkling star, [Symph.]
She's so near and yet so far, [Symph.]
The dearest girl and charmer fair,
And all the world beside,
Is Caroline, this girl of mine—
She soon will be my bride.

We sat beneath a willow tree, to watch the
running stream:
She whispered tales of love to me, it seemed as
in a dream—
Oh! the sweet birds sang their evening song,
which echoed through the vine—
Each hour seemed a life long dream—with
Beautiful Caroline!
Chorus: She's like, &c.

We sat there 'till the twilight fell, the moon
shone bright and clear;
Come, dearest, let's be off for home, she
whispered in my ear.
I saw her home and at the gate, the clock
then just struck nine—
Of what she said, I think I'll wed my
Beautiful Caroline!
Chorus: She's like, &c.

Sunny Land.

ORIGINAL SONG AND DANCE.
By Cotton & Birdue.

When we were together, in that sunny land,
Where all's Eternal Spring,
We'd wander through the cotton fields,
And hear the Jay-bird sing:
We'd hunt the Old Raccoon
By the glimmer of the Moon,
Whene'er we had a chance:
At evening, when the boys were on the green,
We'd join them in the festive dance!

CHORUS.

Gay and smiling!
Hours beguiling!
Oh! give us back the home we used to have,
Down in that sunny land!

When we were a courting Poll and Bess,
Down in that sunny land,
We'd take them rowing on the Lake,
Or strolling on the strand:
We'd take the old Banjo,
And together we would go
And stay until the break of day!
We wish those happy, happy days
Had never passed away. Chorus.

The Repentant Drunkard.

An Original Motto Song Sung by Wayne & Lovely, in their Sketch of *Southern Home before the War.*

Good evening, kind friends, it's how do you do?
As a miserable drunkard I now appear before you;
My clothes are all torn, my frame speaks decay;
As I travel through life, I'm drunk every day.

I once had a home, two children to love,
Through cold and hunger God took them above;
I would not support them, but left them alone,
And thought it far better a drunkard to roam.

Now to all hard drinkers, I'll say a kind word—
If you have a good home, be not a wandering bird:
Shun all these bad vices, to your family prove true,
And you'll find that the world will think better of you.

But the day of repentance has now come to pass,
I'll finish my song, with the drundard's last glass:
I'm sure I'll feel better, out of misery and pain—
Good-night, my dear friends, I'll not drink again!

Salamander Sam.

Written by Ned. Harrigan. Sung with great success, by Cotton & Birdue.

Oh! I've come here to have my song,
After working hard all day
At the carpet-shaking business—
Which is grand!
And I'll tell you who I am,
Just as quickly as I can:
For, I'm known throughout this city, boys,
As Salamander Sam!

CHORUS.

It's salamander here, and salamander there—
You hear the people shouting where I am;
Oh! every one look out, as I twist my heel about:
For, I'm India Rubber, Gutta Percha,
Salamander Sam!

When my work is through,
And I've nothing else to do,
I put my Sunday clothes on
Very soon!
At the Balls I am a sight—
As a Salamander's right!
With the Yaller Gals a dancing
'Round the room. Chorus.

Sweet Gratitude.

The waves shall cease to flow,
Or the beach intrude,
The wind shall cease to blow,
The ocean to be rude,
Ere I forget—ah! can I?—no—
The bond of gratitude I owe:
Sweet Gratitude!

Time's hand shall cease to go,
False pleasures to delude,
Our youthful hearts to flow
When fond and kindly wooed,
Ere I forget, &c.

Amy Lee.

BEAUTIFUL ARTISTIC SONG AND DANCE.
Written and Composed by Burt Wayne.

I met my love at twilight,
Where the Royal Roses beam!
She spoke of love, below and above,
By a cool and azure stream;
Her blue eyes so full of pride,
The prettiest I e'er did see,
Invited so sweet, in Paradise to meet,
Affectionate Amy Lee!
Chorus: Amy Lee! (Symph)
I love thee! (Symph)
Blue eyes, enchantingly sweet—
Increasing love each time we meet;
Sweetest girl I e'er did see,
Is affectionate Amy Lee!

When the birds they are all singing,
Her rosy cheeks do blush;
With her blue eyes and cunning, shy,
She seems to say—oh! hush!
Her wealth of Ringlets flowing!
I watch her form of grace;
Like Cupid's dart she won my heart,
This girl with an Angel face. Chorus.

Alas! Where is my Lover Gone?

Alas! where is my lover gone?
In all the world I have but one:
Near to my heart his image sits,
And 'twas for him I lost my wits.

Where art thou fled, my only dear?
To find thee they have sent me here:
Thou'lt cure, they say, these love-sick fits,
And give me back again my wits.

Haste then, to pleasure show the way:
For, now in doubt and fear I stray:
My brain with dubious torment splits,
Haste, haste and give me back my wits!

DIDDIN.

The Nimble Mokes.

Written and composed by Ben. Cotton, Jr.

You see in us two nimble Mokes,
We're called the magnet twins!
They cannot put the brakes on us
As soon as day begins!
We are like two balls of quicksilver,
You never find us slow;
We are never happy, day or night,
Unless we're on the go!
Chorus: High-Low-Jack, in the game!
We are really not to blame!
You'll have to watch us very close—
Now what we say is true—
Or else your eyes will be deceived,
And you won't see what we do.

Our style is quite original,
With us none can compare:
We bounce like India Rubber balls,
And cut while in the air.
At Gymnastics we take the lead,
At dancing we're not slow!
And grace is here personified—
So watch us as we go. Chorus.

How oft a Cloud with Envious Veil.

How oft a cloud with envious veil
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

'Tis thus the world's obstrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen! T. MOORE.

Nolan Around the Corner.

Sung by Billy Carroll. Air: Hard to Love.

There is a man around the corner,
And Nolan is his name;
He keeps a grog shop for the boys,
'Twas there he won his fame.
He's tall and slim, just like a stick,
And a warm hearted Irishman.
Every day I hear him say,
I belong to the solid gang.
Chorus: Nolan, he's a Daisy—
He is just the man—
He never thinks, when he drinks,
He's emptying all the can!
A solider man never lived,
I tell you he's a charmer—
The man that I have reference to,
Is Nolan around the corner!

One night a fight took place in his house,
When Nolan displayed his skill!
With a mallet in his hand, he order did comman/
Or some one he would kill!
Terrence O'Brien was among the gang,
He declared himself there and then,
He pulled off his coat and gave a loud shout,
When a general fight began! Chorus

Ye Streams That Round my Prison Creep

Ye streams that round my prison creep,
If on your mossy bank you see
My gallant lover stand and weep—
Oh! murmur this command from me:
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad-eyed watchful day.

Ye gales that love with me to sigh,
If in your breezy flight you see
My dear Floreski lingering nigh—
Oh! whisper this command from me;
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad-eyed watchful day.

J. P. KENT

What word is that of which, if you take a... the first letter, all will still remain?—"Fall."

Love, and a good dinner, are said to be the o... two things that change a man's character.

Mother, Dearest, Raise my Pillow.

Mother, dearest, raise my pillow
Once again, before I go;
Let me gaze upon the flowers,
Where I loved to wander so.
I can hear the sweet birds warbling
In the hawthorn, mother, dear,
And a voice which seems to tell me
That our parting time is near.
Chorus: Hark! 'tis the angels whispering,
Softly calling me away;
So no longer, mother, darling,
Can your little Nelly stay.

Mother dearest, stay your weeping,
You must lose your little child:
But she'll be in angels' keeping,
So be bravely reconciled.
Wait and hope, and then, my mother,
When your task on earth is done,
In that world where sorrow comes not
You shall join your darling one. Chorus.

Over the Sea Dwells my Darling.

Over the sea dwells my darling,
In a cot by the wave-girted shore;
But love arches over the distance,
And she dwells in my heart evermore.
The cloudlets with roses o'er flushing
The blue of the sweet summer sky,
But recall the dear grace of her blushing,
And her blue in the heaven of her eye.
Chorus: Ever my thoughts, Alice darling,
Are the image and echo of thine,
Each record of love in thy bosom
Hath an answering record of mine.

White as the wings of the seagull
Are the garments that cling to the girl,
But fairer the feet, that are shaming
With their beauty the mother-of-pearl.
The dove-pinioned wavelets she heeds not,
That nestle and flutter behind;
And she hears not the cry of the sea,
Nor she heard not the sigh of the wind:
Chorus: Ye waves at her feet that are plashing,
And ye breezes around the lea,
Oh! whisper my name to my darling,
To my darling far over the sea.

I Come From the Land of the Mountain.

I come from the land of the mountain
My footstep as light as its galee:
My heart is as clear as the fountain,
Which flows thro' my own native vale,
My dirk and my pouch are my fortune,
And gold though the latter may crave,
The steel ne'er its hoard shall replenish,
But by deeds that are worthy the brave.
This steel ne'er its hoard, &c.

I come from the hills of brave Scotland,
The eagle's plume waves o'er my brow;
And while this heart beats 'neath the tartan,
For Scotland, for Scotland, 'twill glow.
My staff and my plaid o'er my shoulder,
I've wandered away o'er the wave,
And seek, in the land of the soldier,
Better fortune, but worthy the brave.
And seek in the land, &c.

The Charming Summer-time is Coming.

The charming summer time is coming,
The meads are green, the skies are clear,
The bee from flower to flower is humming,
And all doth gay appear, my love,
And all doth gay appear.

The birds their merry songs are singing
From morn to eve on every tree,
And I, a faithful heart am bringing,
Then deign to smile on me, my love,
Then deign to smile on me.

Bessie's Mistake.

Oh! young Johnny is gone for a sailor,
For he's heard there is gold o'er the sea,
Yet fair Bessie turns not a whit paler,
Nor less lightly trips over the lea.
When he came his last farewell to bid her,
Not a tear in her eye could he trace,
And when heart-sore he tenderly chid her,
Cruel Bessie but laughed in his face:
Saying, "Good looks will not last for ever,
Very short is a maiden's spring day,
It is possible you'll come back never,
So my answer, you see, must be nay"

Chorus.

Oh! if young love come, don't let him go,
Oh! if young love come, don't let him go.

Johnny sailed the seas over and over,
Till he gathered the long looked for gold,
Then he tired of the life of a rover,
Fondly thinking of dear friends of old:
Then he found out how money helps wooing,
At him all the girls now set their caps,
Even Bessie came sighing and suing,
Hoping still he might love her, perhaps.
But her looks had not lasted for ever,
Very short was her beauty's young day,
And she learned that love cometh back never,
Once he's spread his white wing and away,
Chorus.

Twilight Steals Softly Over the Ground.

Twlight steals softly over the ground
Buried in shadow all nature around,
Singing so gaily as my bark glides along,
Murmuring waters re-echo my song.
Gently and gaily I ride down the stream,
Purling so softly like love's young dream,
Nearer and nearer my own loved home,
Nearer and nearer—onward I come.
Twilight steals softly, &c.

The twilight hath gone, fled from the night,
The moon now hath risen, so broad, round,
and bright;
Her beams from above in the cool waters lave,
As I float gently on with the silver-tipped wave.
Sweet music I hear—how great the spell,
It is the voice of her I love so well;
My bark now is anchored, I leap on the moor,
The melody ceases and dies from the shore.
The twilight hath gone, &c.

Never Desert a Friend.

A man who's close fisted, and selfish, and mean,
Is a man who would never suit me:
For, though I'm not wealthy, I always have been
To my friends open-handed and free.
I don't think you're poorer for helping a friend
With a pound or two when he's in need,
But you're certainly worse if you worship your purse,
And give way to a miserly greed.
Chorus: Never get into a stingy way,
I don't say it's wise to lend—
It's right to put by for a rainy day,
But not to desert a friend.

Some men go on scraping and pinching to save,
Till it makes them decrepid and old,
And although they may stand on the brink of the grave,
They'll be planning and scheming for gold:
It's a sorrowful sight to see people who might
Live in comfort and peace to the end,
By their pitiful ways only shorten their days,
To make money for others to spend. Chorus.

Now although I advise, and I think it is wise.
To be generous, honest and just,
Don't imagine that I would not have you put by,
And provide your old age with a crust:
For, prudence will tell you there will come a day
When you'll find you are laid on the shelf—
And you may depend, from beginning to end,
That the best friend of all is yourself. Chorus.

When the Moon with Glory Brightens.

When the moon with glory brightens
In fair Heaven's silvery sea,
And the field and streamlet lighten,
Maiden, wilt thou roam with me?
While all nature is reposing,
And the night is calm and free,
Then my love to thee disclosing,
I would wander forth with thee.
Chorus: While the silvery moon is shining
In her starry throne above,
Then, fair maid, near thee reclining,
I would whisper words of love.

I would tell thee, dearest maiden,
Of the love I bear to thee;
Since thine eyes with beauty laden
Beamed affection's light on me.
And, sweet maid, if thou wilt only
Give unchanging love to me,
While I live I'll ne'er be lonely,
For content I'll dwell with thee. Chorus.

Come Back to Helen.

Air: Come back to Erin.

Come back to Helen, Alonzo, Alonzo,
Come back, dear love, and no more roam from me,
Come with the bright smile that gladdened my bosom,
And as in days past I happy shall be.
Think not that I'll for a moment reproach thee,
Think not a frown shall appear on my brow,
Think not this hand will refuse thine to grasp, love,
Once thou didst trust me, rely on me now.
Come back, &c.

Oft as I wander the tear-drops doth start, love,
As I around me the light hearted see,
And in my anguish I inwardly cry, love,
Are there no bright moments waiting for me?
Here amid strangers from morn unto even
Lonely I wander and sadly I sigh,
Oh! thou beloved one whose presence is heaven,
If I had pinions to thee I would fly.
Come back, &c.

A Penny for Your Thoughts.

A penny for your thoughts, will you tell me?
I am sure that you cannot deny:
Is it of me you are thinking?—
Of what do you pensively sigh?
Is it of some maiden forsaken,
Or has she in turn changed her mind?
If she's fickle, pri'thee, never be heart-broken,
But seek for another more kind.
A penny for your thoughts, will you tell me?
A penny for your thoughts I will give.

A penny for your thoughts, will you take it?
I am sure 'tis a bidding that's fair;
If your mind is like what I should guess it,
I think we should make a nice pair:
Perhaps you may think I'm too forward,
But, believe me, it's only a joke;
For, I've been engaged for a twelvemonth,
And am heartily sorry I spoke.
A penny for your thoughts, &c.

My Bark is on the Dreary Sea.

My bark is on the dreary sea:
Adieu—to-night we sever:
Friend of my soul! I will think on thee,
I will on thee for ever—
And as my bark glides swiftly o'er
Yonder moon-lit sea,
Thy parting tear I will think upon,
I will ever think on thee— I will ever, &c.

When sailing through life's dreary tide,
Should I forget thee? never—
I'll think of thee while oceans roar,
I will think of thee for ever—
And as the night wind blows me on
Yonder moon-lit sea,
Thy parting tear I will think upon,
I will ever think on thee. I will ever, &c.

Let Your Motto be—Pay, and be Paid!

AN ORIGINAL MOTTO-CHORUS SONG.

Some men must live by sweat of the brow,
It was, and is so still:
But when for it we are well paid,
We work with right good will.
For, toil done cheap will never keep
Afloat a prosperous trade:
The way to thrive in the human hive,
Is—to Pay, and be paid.
Chorus: Be a practical man,
Be as just as you can,
Whatever your calling or trade:
Punctuality show,
And through life as you go,
Let your motto be—Pay, and be Paid.

The laborer's worthy of his hire,
So pay well all who toil,
Whether a man be artizan,
Or filler of the soil:
And every grade, or art, or trade,
Good profit in should send;
Who bates a man down all he can,
To commerce is no friend. Chorus.

To time be true, pay up when due,
"Short payments make long friends,"
The proverb says: and, in these days,
A deal on that depends;
And those who owe—just let them know
Your system of fair trade,
It always is exactly this—
To Pay, and to be Paid. Chorus.

Buy no cheap slops at "cutting shops,"
Low-priced ware will not wear;
And when you'd furnish, dress, or ride,
Of "bargains rare" beware—
Cheap Moses' suits, six-shilling boots,
With cheap horse, or furniture,
It's ten to one, that you are done
And only thrash secure. Chorus.

In matrimony it's as well
To know that ladies fast,
Who sell themselves "too cheap" at first,
May prove "too dear" at last.
So, though figures high, for what you buy,
Demanded be, in trade,
Be a just man—be just your plan—
Pay well, and be well paid. Chorus.

Danny Takes After his Father.

Written by Ned Harrigan.

The Music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I've a very large family at home,
Meself and the old woman, two,
Four girls and five little boys;
I have plenty of labor to do
To advise and instruct them in study,
And walk by the square Rule of Three
They all take after their mother,
But Danny, he takes after me.

CHORUS.

He's as proud as a soger on parade,
Or a blackbird that sings from a tree;
He's the image, they say, of his father—
For, Danny, he takes after me.

Rudolpho takes after his mother,
Elvina and Rosy likewise:
And just like a goat in the parlor,
They'd butt if they didn't get pies.
When Edwardo sits down to his dinner,
With the sugar he makes himself free;
Dan hits him a puck in the jugular—
For, Danny, he takes after me. Chorus.

He's an eye in his head like an eagle,
He resembles the great Bull-vi-dero;
And just like the Empress of Chiny,
His foot's just as small as his ear;
His voice it resembles the cuckoo,
Or the mermaid that swims in the sea;
He's a darling, I'm tould, 'mong the ladies—
For, Danny, he takes after me. Chorus.

Mr. Fog.

Mr. Fog he conducted a chandler's shop,
Mrs. Fog was just fit for the station;
And they had a daughter they called Miss Pop,
Who had a polite education;
For, missey was sent to a boarding school,
Where all the fine things they taught her:
I don't mean to say Mr. Fog was a fool,
But he made a great fool of his daughter.

Spoken: Miss came home for the holidays, and all their friends were invited: Miss Poppy sat as prim as a wax doll in a toy-shop window. "Poppy, says Mr. Fog, Poppy, my dear, do pollywoo a little, to show your larning.—" "La, pa, vat a fool you are."—"Vell, says the tripeman, that's vat I calls manners." "Come, come, my dear, says Mrs. Fog, do speechify a little 'stronomy and bottomy, about plants and comets." "Vy, ma, if I did, you vouldn't understand it." "Manners again," says the tripeman.

CHORUS.

But just as you like to fashion bow,
Every on to their liking;
As the old woman said when she kissed her cow,
Isn't the picture striking?

Miss Fog left school just as wise as she went,
And dressed ont in muslins and sandals;
She oftentimes into the shop was sent
To serve out soap, small beer, and candles.
The customers stared, and they thought it strange:
(All genteel shopkeepers ape her)
For, tho' she'd to give but a farthing in change,
She wrapped it up in whitey-brown paper.

Spoken: "Vy, miss, says an old woman, (who wanted a far'n'worth of sand, and change for a ha'penny), that's a new go to put off old coppers."—"Don't be sarcy, says Fog, my darter's been to a boarding school to larn gentility."—"Oh! says a coal-heaver, I like the genteel thing wastly: so here, miss, hand us over a quartern of butter, while I wrap my dirty money in a rag, that it mayn't soil your lily-white knuckles," "I beg sir, you vont be imperent: I declare, pa, I never vont come into the shop no more, if I'm to be treated so by these cannell." (canaille). "Dirty butter, said an Irish-women, who do you call kennel? go, wrap your bones up in cotton, and lay yourself up till the lavender season, miss." Chorus.

Miss Fog at the shop she soon turned up her nose,
Soon turned it up at pa, and ma, too:
And thence in the family quarrels arose,
And at last grew a fine civil war, too.
Miss Pop she popped off, and her home deserts,
And married a spouting 'prentice,
And as she had never been taught to make shirts,
Was forced to make shifts by the twenties.

Spoken: He was a young amateur of fashion; they played Romeo and Juliet, with Love Laughs at Locksmiths; and Three Weeks after Marriage, the gallant gay Lothario left the Fair Penitent to Remorse. Now, instead of studying dog-star, she cries cat's meat, and all her botany is turned into cabbage plants—Oh! rare cabbage plants! Chorus.

And Thou art Young, my Gentle Maid.

And thou art young, my gentle maid,
And thou, my lovely girl, art fair:
Thy form by beauty was arrayed,
Thy breath is sweet as morning air,
That on a tuft of violets plays,
Or on a bed of roses strays:
Yet 'twas not form nor rosy hue,
That made me love thee as I do.

And can's't thou tell, my gentle maid,
Why heaves my breast at thought of thee?
Why crimson o'er my cheeks has strayed
When those soft eyes were fixed on me?
'Twas that in thee I saw combined
Each grace of form and charm of mind:
'Twas virtue only could subdue,
And make me love thee as I do.

Fortune don't Smile upon Me.

By J. A. Hardwicke. Air: I never was meant for the sea.

'Tis easy to taste life's sweet joys,
When you have money got;
But I can happy be, my boys,
When coin I have not.
Her favors Fortune may dispense
On many, as I see,
But I know this—it is long since
She cast a smile on me.

CHORUS.

Though you may suppose that it sounds funny,
As my life it has not been all honey:
I'm the happiest when I've no money,
And Fortune don't smile upon me!

The silver spoons were stolen all,
I'm sure, when I was born;
Through life, without them, great or small,
In my mouth, I have gone.
But Sheffield ware—will cut my fare
For breakfast, dinner or tea,
And well I shift—though Fortune's gift
Is not given to me. Chorus.

No rich old "Nunks," in India, die,
And leave their wealth to me;
No ancient, monied Aunts have I,
To drop a legacy:
I never money find, although
With two eyes I can see:
Fortune away may favors throw,
But don't throw them at me. Chorus.

You'd think that down upon my luck,
Without cash, I should be;
But no! I will keep up my pluck,
And rove on gay and free!
This consolation I have got,
With no coin I've no care;
If I had, I might "blew" the lot,
About fast Leicester Square. Chorus.

I know the ladies love the men,
But what I say is true—
You love them, for themselves, but then
You love the money, too.
Now I've got none—so girls they shun
My suit, my means and me;
Well, love—I'm glad—won't drive me mad,
So I shall happy be. Chorus.

The happy man has got no shirt,
I've heard the proverb say:
And though some treated are like dirt,
Who cannot pay their way:
I'm jolly, if I pay or not,
As you will always see,
And care for Fortune not a jot,
If she won't smile on me. Chorus.

I Cannot Sleep to-night, Love.

By W. B. C.

I cannot sleep to-night, love—so troubled my mind,
I fear, for your welfare out in the bleak wind:
How doleful the dash of the waters must be,
Away from the ones so dear unto thee—
I often do wonder how drear is one's life
Who becomes, to a sailor, his dear little wife:
But you know you have promised me, faithful and true,
That the trip you're now on is the last one for you.

CHORUS.

I cannot sleep to-night, love, my thoughts are of thee,
And I fear that your dear face I never shall see.

I cannot sleep to-night, love, so wild is my brain
With the thought that your presence I may
ne'er greet again,
And yet the good spirit doth whisper of you
Unto our fond vows he will ever be true—
And every effort I make towards sleep
Doth cause a strange feeling right through me to creep,
Yet hopeful I look to Him up above
To guide safely home the one I so love. Chorus.

Married life too often begins with rosewood and mahogany and ends with pine.

Across the Raging Water.

Words and Music by Harry Bennett. As sung with success by Bennett and Kernell.

Oh! whisper, while we tell to you
A story that is short and true,
The myson why we had to go
Across the raging water:
The British army we did join,
They 'listed us for twelve years time,
And thought they had us very fine,
But we skipped across the water.
Chorus: Shug a roog, a roog, shug,
Shug a roog a roo;
Shugar in the tay-pot,
How are you?
Away on the big ship we did go,
Across the raging water.

We liked the army well enough,
But rations there were very tough:
They fed us on salt junk and duff,
And stirabout and water.
They put us in a coat of red,
With a wavin' plume upon our head—
We often wished that we were dead,
Or drownded in the water. Chorus.

They made us swear to serve the Queen,
They took from us our coat of green,
They took our old dudeens away,
And threw them in the water:
Then we resolved to take Frinch lave,
For liberty we did sorely grieve,
The British guard we did desave,
And skipped across the water. Chorus.

And now we're in Amerikay,
We do our work and get our pay,
And many's the time we've blessed the day
We skipped across the water—
The stars and stripes are o'er our head,
The green does wave above the red,
And British laws no more we dread,
Since we're across the water. Chorus.

A Seventh Ward Irishman's Troubles.

Written and Composed by Jerry Gardner, Sung by Dobson and Gardner.

Kind friends, if you listen I'll try and relate
The trials I have lately been through:
Perhaps when I am finished, some kind person here
Will tell me what I'd better do.
I've a big son at home, and Pat is his name:
By herrings! he is a hard case,
When he's in the house, he's full up of abuse
And with him we never have peace.

Chorus.

Cheese it, come nixey, now what do you say?
For fear the old bloke he may give it away,
If he tumbles to our little racket, you know,
He'll give it away to the cops.

Now six days through the week very hard I do toil,
But on Sunday, when work it is done,
When I sit in the house, my blood is made boil
At the way my son Patrick goes on:
But if something don't come that'll quick civilise him,
Make him stop playing tricks upon me,
To Greenpoint or Jamey I'll quickly transport him
Or I'll send him to plough the salt sea.

Chorus.

Wipe off your chin, and pull down your vest,
Go take a tumble, and give us a rest:
He calls me a snoozer, a rank number one,
And at fighting he says I am N. G.

It strikes me of late he's been trying to reform,
He palls with a fellow named Lynch:
This new foreign slanguish they're trying to speak,
It's neither Italian nor French,
I'm shure it's not German or Latin or Greek,
It's made out of the divil's own slang:
They've a big dic-shun-ary, I'm tould it's complete,
'Twas composed by the old book deek gang.

Chorus.

With a boiled shirt and neck-tie I am beating the deck,
If I dress myself shabby, he says I am a wreck:
But by Heavens! the head I'll wring clean off his neck,
If he don't give up using the slang.

Jakey Woolfingstein.

Words by Harry Bennett. As sung by Gus Williams.
Air: Hildebrand Montrose.

His name was Jakey Woolfingstein,
Some people call him Yorick:
In his button-hole he wears a fan,
He can Francy paregoric.
His hair in Albany ringlets,
His eyes are as you please:
De girls all call him "gum-drops,"
Vich always makes him sneeze.
Chorus: Horse-car, horse-car, my leedle pet,
I'll meet you in de dark:
If de veder it is vet,
He'd stab you with a fruit-cake,
Und treat you to Rhein-wine:
De pride of Ave. A., of gourse,
Is Jakey Woolfingstein.

His neck-tie is his fadder's stocks,
Dis bran-new leedle fellow:
Und on Broadway he reads de signs
Drough his ten cent umbrella.
His boots are tissue paper,
His board he will not pay,
He drinks plantation bitters,
Und dis is vot he'll say:
Chorus: Olive oil, olive oil—
You'll hear him say—
I must buy some broken candy
For Louise across the way:
All de girls toggeder
Hafe nearly lost their mind:
Of gourse, dis German masher
Is Jakey Woolfingstein.

He parts his hair beneath his chin,
Und wears his modder's collars:
His fadder has got lots of tin,
He's worth about two dollars.
In big bananas he's got stock,
In beesness he is a sharp:
You should hear him play "De Watch am Rhine"
Upon de Hebrew harp.
Chorus: Very tart, very tart,
I must go away,
Und carry Knox's banner
For fifteen cents a day:
The ladies, heaven bless me!
Are standing in a line,
To watch the style and figure
Of Jakey Woolfingstein.

When the Flowing Tide Comes in.

Words by H. Ashland Kean—Music by Harrison Millard. The Music of this song is Published by G. D. Russell & Co. of 125 Tremont St., Boston.

He sailed away at break of day,
The skies were blue and fair,
He kissed his bonnie hand to me
With heart as light as air.
"Hark ye!" he cried, "go watch the tide
As it cometh up to Lynn:
For, foul or fair, I will be there,
When the flowing tide comes in."

I watched the clouds that came in crowds,
Like flocks of evil birds,
My heart sank low with bitter woe,
Rememb'ring Donald's words.
"Oh, God!" I cried, and none beside
Knew the grief my heart within,
"Oh! give me back my bonnie lad,
None else my love can win,
Oh! give me back my bonnie lad,
When the flowing tide comes in."

Across the strand, far up the land
The fierce, wild waters swept;
Laid at my feet a burden sweet,
With smile as if he slept:
I could not weep, so soft his sleep,
For fear 'twould waken him.
Peace—let him rest—God knoweth best—
And the flowing tide comes in.

When is a doctor most annoyed?—When he is out of patients.

A lock that burglars cannot pick—Wedlock.

Twenty-Seven Cends.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.
Music Published by L. P. Goullaud, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Of you lisden to my sdory,
I vill try und told you someding,
Vot you see most every day-time
As you valk along de sdreet:
Now und den you hear a bellow
From a gread big cheeky fellow,
Vone of whom, ven I describe him,
You did ofden meet:
He will holler out so loud
To his audience, (a crowd,)
Und he gives such grand inducemends,
In his own peculiar way.

Spoken: He's vone af dem fellars vot ve see sdanding on de corner every day, und he speaks like dis—

Chorus.

Pins und needles by de dozen,
For your uncle, aunt or cozen:
A plain gold ring, a wedding ring,
Und a locket vot's immense:
Here we have some fine tooth powder,
A receipt for making chowder:
Take de lot,
I sell to you for twenty-seven cends.

Selling if it rains or shining,
You vill never find him pining,
But as habby as an oysder
He does always seem to be;
Telling jokes, dat are so funny,
Anyding to raise de money
From his audience around him,
'H eye to business; see!
Of a policeman moves him on,
In a minute he vas gone,
But up on some oder corner,
In dwo seconds he vill be.

Spoken: Yes, indeed, you can't drive him away; he's like a jack-in-de-box! de moment you put your hand on him, he aint dere, und den all dem fellars look alike, und dey all seem to vear de same kind of clothes; you may go anyvere in de United Sdades, I don't care how small de town is, und de moment id gets dark, you vill see vone of dem fellars on de corner, mit de same old identical box in front of him, de old greasy lamp over his head, und de same old cry, of— Chorus.

Star of my Life.

A SERENADE.

Star of my life——
Birds are asleep——
Softly the moonlight glides o'er the deep—
Gems of the night gleaming afar
Wait for thy face, dear, love's golden star
Chorus: Wake from thy dreaming,
Dawn on my heart,
Come sweetly beaming,
Never to part!
Wake from thy dreaming,
Dawn on my heart,
Come sweetly beaming,
Never to part!

Star of my life——
Day is to me——
Dark as a storm-cloud hurled on the sea—
Thou art away, love, sadly I bide
Dreams ever bringing thee to my side—
Chorus: Wake, &c.

The Downward Look, the Downcast Eye.

The downward look, the downcast eye,
The stealing tear, the struggling sigh,
Must shew distrust, or grief, or fear,
Or surely cannot be sincere.

Oh! let my lips with modest smile,
Devoid of art, devoid of guile,
To Henry speak, nor doubt nor fear,
But shew Maria's love sincere.

Ruth's Flirtation.

Before Ruth Pennington accepted Dr. Howard, she had certainly flirted with Ralph Barlow; and Ralph had some reason to be angry and indignant, but he should have been man enough to let the girl alone, and cease from absurd and unavailing reproaches. However, he was not, and day by day, hour by hour, Ruth lived in dread of him, never knowing when she might meet his scowling face in the street, or what sweet hour he might poison with those angry accusations, which were all the more bitter for being in a measure true.

However, Ruth's friends upheld her, for Harry Howard was a fine fellow, whose antecedents everyone knew—his father the favorite physician of the place before him; his married sister, Mrs. Marchmont, the being who dazzled their eyes with bonnets and dresses absolutely from Paris; while old Mrs. Howard was the Lady Bountiful of the place, dispensed flannels to the poor, hunted up children going to the dogs for want of education, and gave them bread and schooling, and headed contributions for widows who had seen better days.

A really respected family were the Howards, and Ralph Barlow was just no one knew who, a fellow who seemed to have money enough, but who, for all that, was without any introduction whatever. Handsome, too; but not the man people wanted to see dangling after their girls, and when Ruth had that flirtation with him she led a terrible life at home.

No girl likes to be scolded and preached to and threatened by those who are her guardians, and doubtless this influenced Ruth no little; and now all was so smooth and easy; and like most grave men, Dr. Howard had more in him than appeared on the surface, and made a fonder and more attentive lover than she had hoped. She loved him now, and her fleeting fancy for Ralph was quite a thing of the past. The wedding-day was fixed, the wedding-dress nearly done, and Ruth would have been perfectly happy but for Ralph's haunting. Knowing that she had once given him reason to think she liked him—indeed, knowing that she had—she could not use him as she would another, and complain of him to her father or brother; and the last time he crossed her path, he caught her by the arm and held her fast, and told her she must either break with Dr. Howard or take the consequences.

"You shall never marry him, Ruth," he said—"never!" and this time Ruth, who had before only wept and trembled, defied him.

"I'm not afraid of you, Ralph," said she; "I shall have a protector soon, who will put an end to your threats, and punish you for annoying me."

"Don't talk of him to me, girl," cried Ralph; and he caught her by the wrist and held her so that for a moment she quite understood how powerless a woman is in the hands of a strong man, and they were alone, far from any house, with thick trees on one side and a bubbling brook on the other.

But he dropped the hand again, and folded his arms and laughed.

"Little fool!" said he.

"Great brute, to try to frighten me!" she cried, and sped away. After that, she would never go far alone.

Two days at last lay between the present and her wedding eve, when, after dark, as she sat upon the lawn waiting for her lover, and hoping that none of those calls that often carried the doctor miles away when he least desired it, would keep him from her that evening, a small boy ran up the garden path and addressed her.

"You're Miss Ruth Pennington, ain't you?"

"Yes," she said; "I am."

"Then," said he, "the doctor is outside in his carriage, and he says he wants you to ride with him, only he can't leave his horse. Won't you put on your hat and come?" he says.

"Tell him I'll be there in a moment," said Ruth, and ran into the room where her mother sat.

"I am going out to ride with Harry, ma," said she; and catching up a hat and shawl that lay upon the lounge, stood before the mirror to put them on.

"Nobody will see you now," said Mrs. Pennington. "What an evening it is for a ride—dark as pitch!"

"Not on the road, ma," said Ruth, and hurried off. But it was dark—so dark that after the streak of light from the lamp in the parlor had ended, she could literally see nothing. She found the latch of the garden gate by feeling for it, and stepped outside. There under the poplars, stood a dark object, a sort of silhouette of phaeton, horse, and driver, all in one piece. She approached it; a hand met hers, and helped her in.

"Oh, how dark it is! I can't see you, Harry," she said.

Then the hand went around her waist and drew her close. It was no unwonted thing, and surely it was right for a promised wife to yield to the embrace, and nestle her head on the broad shoulder.

"I suppose it will be lighter on the road," said she.

The answer was that little unspellable sound that people use for the affirmative when they do not want to speak—and the carriage dashed away furiously.

"Why do you drive so fast, Harry?" she asked, as they whirled through the town, the window-lights flashing past them—as it seemed—each a blurred star, no more. "The horse is not running away, dear?"

The arm tightened about her, but no word was spoken.

"Why don't you say anything, Harry?" said she. "I'm frightened. Nothing has happened?"

"Nothing!" was answered, in a sort of whisper.

"But I know something has!" said she. "You never behaved so before! I am trembling, Harry; feel how I tremble! I am cold all over! Harry, please speak!"

Still the phaeton whirled on—still there was silence. And now the town was past. They were alone on a lonely road, and faster, and faster, and faster still they drove on. The thought that her betrothed lover had suddenly gone mad thrust itself like a stab into Ruth's heart. Oh, if she could but see his face!

"Harry," she said falteringly,—"Harry, won't you go back now? It is so dark! I'm tired of driving, Harry."

Suddenly he bent towards her.

"Kiss me," said he.

She lifted up her lips. As she did so, straining her eyes towards his face, the black clouds overhead suddenly parted, and from between them peeped the moon at her full; and Ruth saw by the white and ghastly light the face of Ralph Barlow.

It was he who sat beside her. She understood quite well how she had been tricked. She was miles from her home, and in his power. He had fulfilled his threat of vengeance.

"So you are surprised!" said he, with a loud laugh. "Come make up your mind to it. I was good enough for you once. You have kissed me before, lassie. All's fair in love and war, you know. I'll not make you a bad husband. I love you, my dear, or I'd never have done this. So good-bye to the doctor."

"Ralph Barlow, I hate you!" cried Ruth. "If I was fool enough to like you once, I hate you now. You can't marry me against my will. I'll say no. I'll tell the clergyman you carried me off. What a fool you are, to think a girl can be married without her own consent! Take me back at once. I'm to marry Dr. Howard on Wednesday."

"Indeed!" said Ralph. "Reflect a moment. You will then have been away with me two days. I scarcely think Dr. Howard will want a wife who has been away with another man two days. I think by that time you will be quite willing to say yes. Come; once you liked the notion. Those steady-going Scotch parents chose the doctor for you—that's all. We'll have a merry life together; plenty of money, jolly times. I'll get the license to-morrow, and the day after we will get married. Come make up your mind to it."

"Harry will think I have played him false," said Ruth. "Harry will believe me such a wicked girl!"

"Just so," said Ralph.

"And mother and father!" moaned Ruth. "Oh, Ralph, take me back home, and I'll pray for you every night of my life!"

"I'd rather you'd kiss me every day," said Ralph. "No: I'll never go back with you!"

Then he drove on faster than before; and though Ruth uttered scream after scream, and strove in her despair to cast herself into the road, the cries spent themselves on empty air, and the strong arm about her waist made her struggles utterly useless.

At last she ceased to cry out, and sat perfectly quiet; but it was not as Ralph supposed, that she had yielded to fate. She was watching intently for the next house that they should pass, hoping that someone within would hear the desperate shrieks that she would utter.

At last she saw it—a large white building, in the upper windows of which a light burned brightly, for there people watched by one who suffered. Beside the bed sat the husband, holding the hand of the wife whom he had feared that he must lose, but who was now in safety. At the foot stood the physician ready to depart, happy in the good work that he had done.

"Good-bye until to-morrow," he said. "I think you will sleep well to-night, dear lady."

Then Dr. Howard ran down stairs, and went out to his carriage. A stout Irishman stood holding the reins.

"God bless your honor!" he said. "They tell me you've saved missus's life, no less."

"With God's help, I have done something," said the physician. "Well, others are as late as I upon the road, Pat."

"Yis, and——Lord save us, what's that?"

For, as the man was about to answer, a woman leant from the phaeton that flew past, and uttered a terrible cry of, "Help—save me! Help—save me!"

"Is it rale trouble, or just some dissolute crayther making disturbance?" says Pat.

"It is real terror," said the doctor. "Come, Pat—into the chaise with me, and after them."

"I'm not afraid," said Pat; "but, doctor, we might get into a tough scrimmage."

"Well, *you'd* like that, Pat," said the doctor.

"But they say your bride is waitin' you, docthor," said Pat. "And 'tisn't a broken head or nose you'd like to take to a wedding."

The doctor gave one thought to Ruth; then, "For her sake, all women," said he, and they were flying after the other carriage. The chase was not long; their horse was fresh, the other weary.

In fifteen minutes they were side by side.

"Who cried for help?" said the doctor.

A struggling form in the carriage stretched out its hands to him.

"Harry! Harry!" she cried.

"It is Ruth!" shouted the doctor. And then he had clutched the reins, and the man in the other carriage rose to his feet.

"Let go your hold!" he shouted. "I am armed!"

A pistol flashed in the moonlight, which shone still, though dimly.

"He will kill you, Harry!" cried Ruth.

"Yes, by heaven!" yelled Ralph Barlow, "I will!"

The Irishman, undaunted, had sprung to the horses' heads.

"I can't hold them much longer, yer honor!" he cried; "they're mad—the both of them!"

Then there was the sound of a pistol—a blaze—the smoke of gunpowder—and Ruth fainted away.

When she recovered, Dr. Howard held her in his arms, and the Irishman stood near, rubbing his head and looking utterly bewildered.

There was no sign of either of the horses. On the firing of the pistol both had run away; but by this time Dr. Howard was on the ground, and had clutched Ruth about the waist. They were thrown to the earth, and the bullet had grazed the doctor's cheek, and cut the ribbon of Ruth's hat in two; but otherwise they were unhurt.

The Irishman had been knocked senseless by a kick from one of the horses, and what had become of Ralph Barlow was unknown.

A few hours afterwards he was found, a corpse, amongst the *debris* of his carriage, his dead horse beside him at the foot of a precipice past which the road wound half a mile further on.

Poor Ruth, conscience-stricken and shaken in every nerve, really felt as though it would be wrong that she should play the part of bride so soon; but the doctor stood firm and claimed her on the proper day; and her wild ride through the night, and the terrible scene that followed it, seems almost a dream to her now when she recalls it. Only no daughter of Ruth will flirt, if she can help it.

Flirtation, says Ruth, is nothing less than a crime.

Captain Palmer's Daughter.

I am a seafaring man, and have sailed the seas for many a year. I was born on the ocean, they tell me, and I trust when I die I shall be buried there; for my ship is all I have, and takes the place that home and wife and children hold in most men's hearts.

I was not always so, though. Once I had other dreams and fancies. I was in love with the prettiest girl; the sweetest, and the best, it seemed to me, that ever lived. She was old Captain Palmer's daughter, and a belle as well as a beauty. People said she was a coquette; but I did not believe them. Could she help smiling and blushing, and speaking softly, and looking like an angel? and if men fell in love with her for that, and asked her to marry them, must she needs love them too?

After falling in love with Alice, of course I tried to win her. I was young, but I was already captain of a ship, and I knew I could give her as good a home as she deserved. If I could make her like me, I knew that Captain Palmer would not object. And after a while I began to think that perhaps I could.

At last, I proposed to her, and she accepted me. It was on the eve of a twelvemonth's voyage, and it was like death to tear myself away from her: but then I reflected that when I returned, it would be to claim her for my own. We know the dangers of the sea, we sailors, if we do not fear them; and I felt that it was the best not to marry until I came back from a cruise of that length.

It was enough to know she loved me, and that I had a right to love her. So we said good-bye one morning, and she vowed to be true to me, and I put a little ring on her finger, and she slipped one on mine. I cannot believe that she did not love me then. There was tears in her sweet eyes as I kissed her.

We sailed away on the bright October day, and I saw the steeples and tall buildings of Liverpool fade into the blue distance with a pang I never had thought I could feel at leaving land behind me.

Of course I knew letters must be few and far between; but they came as often as I could have expected them at first, and when I failed to find one at any port where I had hoped that it should be, I knew what a chance it was, and said, "I know my girl has written;" and fancied to myself just what she would have said, and made up my mind to pretend to myself that I had had one. I did not feel anxious about her, she was such a picture of youth, and health, and happiness. And as for being jealous, why, it seemed as though the curl of soft, brown hair that I wore over my heart in a little locket, with her picture on the other side, was a talisman against that. So I sailed on over the ocean, doing my duty, I hope, but dreaming of my home-going all the while.

At last the time had passed, and we were homeward bound, when one morning—as fine a day as one could hope for—there was a sudden cry of horror from almost everyone on board.

The most awful sight that can be seen upon the ocean had suddenly burst upon us—the sight of a ship on fire—a fine steamer it seemed, and I fancied it was an English one. But nothing was certain, for from one end to the other it was little more than a sheet of flame.

It was a sight worse than any common shipwreck can be; and if you have never seen it, you have no idea what it is. Of course our duty was plain. We must offer what help we could. And yet we had a duty to our own passengers. They must not be placed in any danger of the same calamity. Some of them were such cowards that they begged us to pass on without stopping: others were perfectly unconscious of the danger, and desired us to risk all for the sake of mercy.

Of course I did what we knew best for all; and we saved many a poor creature, man, woman, and child, and amongst them the captain of the steamer. He was the last to leave, and we heard all along how brave he was, and how forgetful of himself. When I heard his name, I knew that it was only what might be expected of him; for it was Captain Hayden, of the Queen of the Sea—a braver man did not live—and I thought, even as he came on board smutched with smoke, and scorched with flame, and exhausted with the toil and agony of so many awful hours, there could not be a handsomer.

My heart opened to him as though he were a brother, and I stepped forward to welcome him, when, suddenly, all my liking and admiration changed to repugnance. I felt hate fill my heart: and though I forced myself to utter the words of welcome and sympathy, which were his due, they sounded false to my own ears.

You wonder what the reason of this change could be, I suppose. I answer, emphatically, there was none—no perceptible reason whatever. On the contrary, there was every reason to admire and love him. My feelings disgusted me with myself.

Captain Hayden's hands were much burnt, and he was very much exhausted. I took him to my cabin at once, and helped the doctor to make him comfortable. I swore that nothing should make my wicked dislike for him alter my conduct in any way; and yet as I sat and watched him, after his pain was eased, asleep, with his handsome head upon my pillow, I felt myself hating him worse than ever.

"Has Satan entered into me?" I asked myself, and if I did not pray in words, I prayed at heart to be delivered from him.

I had enough to do of course. There were sufferers on board who needed attention, a few—not many—who had lost relatives. All were without dry clothing or comforts of any kind. Our passengers were good to them, as people generally are at such times, I must say, but there was a great deal of grief and excitement. Some who had lost money raved over it; and I shall not forget one elderly woman, who sat wringing her hands, glittering with rings, and lamenting her trunk.

And near her sat a woman whose husband had been drowned, staring at her in amazement, wondering amidst her grief that anyone to whom the lives of those she loved had been spared could weep over lost silver and gold.

In a few hours Captain Hayden was amongst us, doing all he could, and refusing to be treated like an invalid, though he surely was one; and through the voyage he never proved himself less than a true and noble gentleman. And yet I hated him, I could not help it.

He did not fathom my thoughts. He fancied me a stiff, formal sort of a fellow, I suppose; but he had made up his mind that he owed me a great debt of gratitude for the common humanity I had shown him; and one day he had an opportunity of proving it. It was a stormy day, and the deck was slippery, and the ship tossing as I never knew her toss before.

A hand we had had trouble with before, had been giving us more all day, and at last fairly fell to fighting with a messmate. I had stepped between them to separate them, and the fellow had struck me a blow. It was sudden, and I was not prepared for it. I staggered under it. The vessel lurched, and in an instant more I was over the side in the seething water. At any other time I was as good a swimmer as any; but the blow I had received had, for the moment, benumbed my right arm and I had no power to save myself.

"Must I die without seeing Alice again?" I thought.

And then a strong arm clasped me. Captain Hayden had saved my life—but even while I thanked him for it, surely from my heart, I felt that same strange hate for him. So that I wondered whether madness were stealing over me and showed itself in this way.

A friend he had just proved himself, and yet I felt as though he were my enemy—one, too, who had done me some terrible harm.

When we came in sight of Liverpool again we were all glad of it, I think; you know what my reasons were; and the voyage had scarcely been pleasant to any, since our waifs and strays had overcrowded the boat. To many of them the landing would bring home and friends and hope again.

Captain Hayden stood by my side, looking through a glass.

"I am glad!" he said; "there's old Liverpool, and I am here alive again. I owe you a debt I never can forget, captain. It's not that I'm afraid of death, but just now I want to live so. There are things that make life suddenly precious to a man. There's a dear girl yonder waiting for me, and it was that, not cowardice, that made me hate to die, Captain Markham."

"Captain Hayden," I said, "you have certainly cancelled your debt to me. You have saved my life, and I had the same reason to love it that you have."

He smiled his bright, warm-hearted smile.

"I'm glad to hear it," he said.

Then he put his hand into his bosom.

"I will show you her picture," he said. "I have it here."

He drew a little locket, just like the one I wore, from his bosom, and touched the spring that opened the back, and handed it to me.

I took it in my hand, and as I touched it, I felt an absolute spasm of hate for him thrill my every nerve. It terrified me. For a moment I could not see what I held in my hand. Then my vision grew clearer. I looked upon the portrait, and then I thought that I had grown mad indeed. It was Alice Palmer's miniature.

But it could not be her portrait. That was impossible. Some strange resemblance—nothing more.

"May I ask this lady's name?" I said. "It seems to me I know her."

My voice sounded harsh and metallic to myself as I spoke.

"Perhaps you do," he said. "She is Miss Palmer—Captain Palmer's daughter."

I bowed.

"Her hair is on the other side," said he. "I think it is the loveliest that ever grew!"

He turned it towards me.

"It is the loveliest that ever grew," I repeated, in the same unnatural voice. "May I ask if you have been long engaged?"

"Not long," he said. "We had not been out of port two weeks when you met us, and we had not then been engaged a month. A case of love at first sight. I saw her and loved her at the same moment. I do not see how any man could help it."

I understood now why it was I had hated this man despite all his good qualities.

Then the man within me conquered the coward.

"I congratulate you, Captain Hayden," I said. "If the lady is as good as she is lovely, you have secured a prize."

"There can be no doubt of that," he said. "Thank you."

I walked away. When I was out of his sight I took the locket I wore from my bosom, and tossed it into the sea.

I believe he thought me the most disagreeably formal man living. I believe, grateful as he was to me, he also struggled with a blind dislike when we met.

But an hour or two after we shook hands, and bade each other adieu with polite hopes that we should meet again.

We never did. Nor did I see Alice Palmer more but she did not marry Captain Hayden; doubtless she jilted him as she had jilted me and other men before me. I heard that the husband she chose at last was a very rich man. Doubtless she never intended to marry any other.

If she is alive she is a middle-aged woman now.

I am an old man, and Captain Hayden's beard was white when his vessel went down off the Bermudas five years ago.

One who saw him lying dead upon the rocks told me that about his neck hung a little locket, a precious memento, with a girl's face and a bit of brown hair inside, and that his hand was clasped so tightly over it that it was thought at first it could not be unclenched.

I have no doubt it was Alice Palmer that he held remembrance of, even in his death struggle. But, as for me, I threw my love for her into the sea, along with her hair and her false face.

It is not love for her that has kept me single; only when one finds a certain human heart in which he has trusted a hollow thing, he is apt to doubt all others.

Charade.

Darkness reigns upon the ocean,
Waves are rolling mountains high:
Heroes, great with true devotion,
Wait their doom—alas! too nigh.
For the *first*, a complete *second*,
Sinks beneath the briny wave;
Which a *total* will be reckoned,
With no helping hand to save.

Answer: Shipwreck.

Words by
W. E. McNULTY.

DREAMS OF THE PAST.

Music by PROF. EDMUND CLARK, Teacher of the Guitar, Organ, Melodeon, Banjo and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York City.



2 I heard the sweet chimes of the village church pealing,
Their silvery melodies rang through the air,
And I longed for the joy of the calm tranquil feeling
I had when in childhood I knelt there in prayer.
Again 'long the path by the lake I was roaming,
With a light fairy form close by my side,
Again 'neath the willow I sat in the gloaming,
Whispering vows to my bonnie young bride;
Chorus—Dreams of the past, &c.

3 When the scene slowly changed and the darkness was falling,
Robbing the tender young flowers of their bloom,
Hiding the loved ones, I vainly was calling,
Till naught but the echo came back through the gloom.
A feeling of loneliness o'er me came creeping,
The spell of my vision was ended at last;
Each old-cherished form in the churchyard was sleeping,
And memory alone bound my heart to the past.
Chorus—Dreams of the past, &c.

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CONTENTS.

A little lock of hair.....page 210
A sister's Revenge—a Story..... 215
Bright days will come again..... 210
Brave Old Temeraire..... 210
Bonny Black Bess..... 214
The Bold Fisherman—New Version..... 213
The Female Base-Ball Club..... 213
Go, breeze that sweeps the orange grove... 212
Here, upon my vessel's deck..... 211
I've a letter from my darling..... 210
I shall meet her at the ball to-night, boys.. 211
If ever I fall in love..... 211
In the world's crooked path where I've been 213
I'm off to Philadelphia..... 213
The Merry little ploughboy..... 210
The Mow..... 210
Mickey Free's lament..... 210
Mollie O'Brien..... 211
McNamara, dust your neck-tie!..... 211
The Man with more money than wit..... 212
The Music Teacher's Story—a Story..... 214
The Moonlight Walk—Music for Guitar..... 216
Not before Pa, dear..... 213
O'er the water to Charlie..... 210
Out in the Starlight..... 211
Sitting in the Twilight..... 211
Sweet Norah Mahone..... 212
Tommy, take this to your uncle..... 211
That girl in the skipping rope dance..... 212
There's another good man gone wrong..... 212
Tried, but true..... 214
Toil, toil, toil!..... 213
Waiting for thee..... 210
When first I saw thee graceful move..... 210
When I upon thy bosom lean..... 211
The Way to bring grist to the mill..... 212
Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now..... 212

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Waiting for Thee.

When fortune turns from me her warm sunny rays,
To thee, love, for solace I flee,
And trust to thy sweet smile for bright happy days,
While, Coralie, dear Coralie! I'm waiting for thee.
Fair tempters I've seen, full of beauty and grace,
Whose tones, soft and low, were sweet music to me:
But not on my heart left their mem'ry a trace:
For, Coralie, dear Coralie! I'm waiting for thee.
Waiting for thee.

A home free from care in thy bosom I've sought,
While sadly I've roamed o'er the land and the sea:
And o'er me what spells hath thy loveliness wrought,
While, Coralie, dear Coralie! I've waited for thee—
In wealth's glowing sunshine I turn from its beams,
What care I how brightly they shine, love, on me?
A vision far brighter still shines through my dreams,
While, Coralie, dear Coralie! I'm waiting for thee.
Yes! waiting for thee.

The Merry Little Ploughboy.

A flaxen-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry plough-boy I whistled o'er the lea,
But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face.
When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a
tradesman's bill,
My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill—
When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that
whistled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but, when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then
vote in myself:
Whatever's good for me I never will oppose:
When all my ayes are sold off, why, then I'll
sell my noes:
I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph, with
speeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tired on my legs, then I'll
sit down a peer:
In court or city honors so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that
whistled o'er the lea.

Ye Gods, You Gave to me a Wife.

Ye gods, you gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favor,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.
But if your providence divine
For greater bliss design her,
T' obey your will, at any time,
I'm ready to resign her.

The Mow.

Air: Where the Bee Sucks.

Now our day's work's done, thus we feast,
After labor comes our rest:
Joy shall reign in every breast,
And right welcome is each guest:
After harvest merrily,
Merrily, merrily, will we sing now,
After the harvest that heaps up the mow.

Now the plowman he shall plow,
And shall whistle as he go,
Whether it be fair or blow,
For another barley-mow,
O'er the furrow merrily:
Merrily, merrily, will we sing now,
After the harvest, the fruit of the plow.

Toil and plenty, toil and ease,
Still the husbandman he sees;
Whether when the winter freeze,
Or in the summer's gentle breeze,
Still he labors merrily,
Merrily, merrily, after the plow,
He looks to the harvest that gives us the mow.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage; half shut afterwards.

Bright Days will Come Again.

Oh! do not grieve though now we part,
Let hope thy heart sustain:
Though clouds may dim the present hour,
Bright days will come again.
How ever fair the land may be,
O'er which I'm doomed to roam,
My thoughts will ever be with thee—
For, where thou art is home.
Chorus: Then do not grieve though now we part,
Let hope thy heart sustain:
Though clouds may dim the present hour,
Bright days will come again.

Some sorrow shades the lot of all,
Some grief we all must share:
The monarch on his gilded throne
Is not devoid of care:
Though lost to thee, and far away,
It is but for a while:
I will return and wake once more
Thy fond confiding smile. Chorus.

Brave Old Temeraire.

Behold how changed is yonder ship, the wreck
of former pride:
Methinks I see her, as of old, the glory of the tide,
As when she came to Nelson's aid, the battle's
brunt to bear,
And Hardy sought to lead the van, with the
brave old Temeraire.

When sailors speak of Trafulgar, so famed for
Nelson's fight,
With pride they tell of her career—her onward
course—her might:
How, when the victory was won, she shone
triumphant there,
With noble prize on either side, the brave old Temeraire.

Our friends depart, and are forgot, as time rolls
fleetly by:
In after years none are left for them to heave a sigh—
But hist'ry's page will ever mark the glories
she did share,
And gild the sunset of her fate, the brave old Temeraire.

A Little Lock of Hair.

Music at E. H. Harding's.

A mother kneels beside a cot,
And weeps in anguish wild,
Bestows one last despairing look
Upon her dying child:
Gently she parts the flowing hair
That decks the little head,
And softly breathes to Heaven a prayer
That she may die instead.
Chorus: Softly, softly, gently, gently tread,
Rest, pretty one, rest, angels guard thy bed,
Watching for thy gentle spirit's flight,
Soaring high to realms of heavenly light.

Still the fond, pale mother prays
Beside the little bed,
Her loving heart with sorrow breaks—
For, lo! her darling's dead!
One pretty curl from that cold brow
She takes with gentle care,
To wear it ever near her heart,
That little lock of hair. Chorus.

Safely Follow Him.

Follow him, nor fearful deem
Danger lurks in gipsy guile;
Rude and lawless though we seem,
Simple hearts we bear the while.
Then, no robber fierce nor thief we fear,
Who's roused by night in savage den;
Fearless then, o'er mosses drear,
Barren wilds, and lonesome glen,
Safely follow him, safely follow him,
Safely, safely follow him.

From rustic swains, the petty bribe,
Petty spoil from cot or farm,
Content the wandering gipsy tribe,
Who the traveller never harm.
Then, no robber, &c.

O'er the Water to Charlie.

Come, boat me ower: come, row me ower,
Come, boat me ower to Charlie;
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee
To ferry me ower to Charlie.
We'll over the water and over the sea,
We'll over the water to Charlie;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live and die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be that abhor him;
But, oh! to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear by moon and stars sae bright,
And the sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gie them a' for Charlie.

I ance had sons, I now has nane;
I bred them, toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie.

Mickey Free's Lament.

Then fare ye well, ould Erin dear!
To part my heart does ache well—
From Carrickfergus to Cape Clear,
I never see your equal.
And though to foreign parts we're bound
Where cannibals may ate us,
We'll ne'er forget the holy ground
Of poteen and potatoes.
Meddirederoo aroo, aroo, &c.

When good St. Patrick banished frogs,
And shook them from his garment,
He never thought we'd go abroad
To live upon such vairmint!
Nor quit the land where whiskey grew,
To wear King George's button,
Take vinegar for mountain dew,
And toads for mountain mutton.
Meddirederoo aroo, aroo, &c.

When First I saw Thee Graceful Move.

When first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me! what meant my throbbing breast?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
If love thou art, then farewell rest!

Since doomed I am to love thee, fair,
Though hopeless of a warm return,
Yet kill me not with cold despair,
But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
Those gentle smiles did first create:
And, though you cannot love again,
In pity, oh! forbear to hate.

I've a Letter From my Darling.

Words by George Cooper. Music by Will C. Hastings.

I've a letter from my darling,
And it came across the sea;
Oh! it's full of sweet affection,
That he says he has for me:
And I never more will doubt him;
For, I know he's kind and true;
Oh! his cheeks are like the roses,
Dimpled with a mountain dew.
Chorus: I've a letter from my darling,
I will never doubt him more;
'Tis a precious little letter,
And I've kissed it o'er and o'er.

I've a letter from my darling,
And he's coming home again;
Ah! I know he fondly loves me,
In the sunlight and the rain;
So I'll write a little answer,
But I scarce know what to say
Yes, I'll tell him that I love him,
Love him dearer day by day. Chorus.

Tommy, Take This to Your Uncle.

Air: Tommy, make room for your Uncle.

Your mother's gone upon the spree,
And pawned my Sunday clothes,
For five days on the blessed loose
She has been, well I knows.
I think it's time I took a turn,
And that will bring her to—
So I will pawn the blessed clock,
That's just what I will do.
Chorus: Tommy, take this to your uncle's
And look alive, now do:
Tommy, take this to your uncle's,
Mind what they give to you.
Six shillings ask, they won't lend more,
Although it's nearly new:
So don't you stop, but from the shop
Come straight to me, Tommy, do.

There's Johnny's jacket, baby's frock,
They both are pawned, I see;
A blessed word I mustn't say,
Or she'll pitch into me—
The pair of blankets will not pop,
Or they would go, I'm sure:
Besides the two flat irons now
To pawn, there's nothing more. Chorus.

Mind, if your mother you should see,
Just hook it clean away:
I'll turn up mending boots and shoes,
And have a holiday.
I hear a cough upon the stairs,
It's mother's, well I know
The flavor she has got, so you
The double do, and go. Chorus.

Mollie O'Brien.

BALLAD Words and Music by Burt Wayne.
Music Published by L. P. Gou land 86 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Mollie O'Brien, I'm going away,
I'm going to sail o'er the sea;
One bright star will guide o'er the ocean so wide,
And forever I'll think, love, of thee.
I'll think, love, of thee, as I sail o'er the sea.
With love for you I'm near dying,
In hopes so sweet again to meet
My own little Mollie O'Brien.

CHORUS.

Mollie, my Colleen, I'll bid you good-bye!
I'm going to sail o'er the sea,
One bright star will guide o'er the ocean so wide,
And forever I'll think, love, of thee.

When I land on that shore,
That sweet sunny shore, the land of sweet liberty,
That parting kiss you never will miss;
A token of love let it be—
Your eyes do grow dim while the tear drops are in,
Now, Mollie, please stop your crying:
With love I'm insane, with that sweet Irish name,
My own little Mollie O'Brien. Chorus.

Here, upon my Vessel's Deck.

Here, upon my vessel's deck,
Good Havannahs gaily smoking,
What care I for foes or wreck?
With my comrades roundly joking.
Best of spirits contrabanded,
Fill your glasses brimming high oh!
And afloat or ever stranded, oh!
Still I feel a king am I—
Yes, still I feel a king am I!
I was born upon the ocean,
None e'er knew a mother fairer,
And for mother's milk, my father
Only gave me good Madeira.
Following up my early training,
Still I live upon the sea;
But I've never water tasted;
Water's not the thing for me,
Water! no, no, no, no!
Here, upon my vessel's deck, &c.

Three Excesses of the Day.—Drink! Rink!! Ink!!!

Out in the Starlight.

Written and Composed by Burt Wayne. Music Published By Gouland. Boston, Mass.

Can any one now tell me
The reason I am here?
I've come to meet my Lulu!
In the starlight bright and clear.
Oh! she is such a sweet one,
The belle of all the town;
If other nigs should flirt with her,
My heart she would break down.

CHORUS.

Out in the starlight, with charming Little Lue!
She is my heart's delight, ever fond and true;
Her bright blue eyes, enchanting, pierce me through and through:
The idol of this darkey's heart is charming little Lue!

Oh! don't I love to meet her,
In the shady dell—
When little stars are twinkling,
Such tales of love we tell!
Oh! she can whisper softly
As the wind blows through the trees:
Two loving hearts beat quick and fast,
As her little hand I squeeze! Chorus.

When I upon thy Bosom Lean.

When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane wha ance were twain:
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the meltin' kiss:
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee!
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze;
Weel pleased they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame:
And aye, when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest;
And if that ought disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drop a tear.
Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain!
United still her heart and mine,
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined 'till death shall them disjoin.

I Shall Meet her at the Ball to-night, Boys.

My darling Sarah Bell, she's a pretty little girl,
With a pair of rolling eyes as black as tinder:
I thought her quite a treat, when I saw her in the street,
Looking out of Uncle Peter's garret window.

CHORUS.

I shall meet her at the ball to-night, boys,
I shall meet her at the ball to-night, boys:
I shall meet her at the ball, if you only chance to call,
I shall meet her at the ball to-night, boys.

You ought to see her feet when she walks along the street
She's a beauty, if you take her altogether:
She's a woman, I suppose, you can tell her by her clothes,
In her hat she wears a pink and yellow feather.
I shall meet her at the ball, &c.

She's very fond of fish, with pickles in a dish,
She can eat little flowery potato:
She likes a drop of stout and she always looks about
For a nobby little curly headed waiter.
I shall meet her at the ball, &c.

She's going to have a dance with a chap that comes from France,
At a ball that's given by a nobby master:
And if I should longer stay, I shall hear the people say—
The darling little creature I have lost her.
I shall meet her at the ball, &c.

If ever I fall in Love.

By L M Thornton.

If ever I fall in love,
If ever I fall in love,
May a bobby all the year
Have the toothache in his ear,
If ever I fall in love.

If ever I fall in love,
If ever I fall in love,
May an Alderman get fat
On a winkle and a sprat,
If ever I fall in love.

If ever I fall in love,
If ever I fall in love,
May a dandelion grow
On a mormonite's great toe,
If ever I fall in love.

If ever I fall in love,
If ever I fall in love,
Tongs shall shovel make his wife,
And retire from active life,
If ever I fall in love.

If ever I fall in love,
If ever I fall in love,
May old Shakspeare leave his grave,
To cut hair, shampoo and shave,
If ever I fall in love.

McNamara, Dust Your Neck Tie!

Written by Charlie Ruffle. Sung by Teddy O'Lynn.
Air: Lost Charlie Ross.

My name is McNamara, in Castle Rahan I was born,
I landed last year in New York a green horn:
The boys call me nicknames and make fun of me,
And say I came to this country the centennial to see:
They ask me if my hat I am going to chuck up,
They say take a walk around the block for a cup:
If I show my face in the street, I will hear some one cry—
Old McNamara, go dust your neck tie!

The gang on the corner tell me take a float,
Or go take a ride on Barney Duffy's ould goat.
They kick me around as if I was a mad dog,
And tell me drop my anchor, I am out in a fog;
At the Hoolahan's ball as I stood at the door,
A taking in tickets along with Mike Moore,
The gang came along and at me did cry—
Old McNamary, go dust your neck tie!

About two weeks ago, to Booth's Theatre I went,
To see Julius Cæsar of course I was bent:
My money I paid, to the gallery did go,
And who did I see but the gang from below?
I got a good seat, it was marked number ten,
And impatiently waited for the play to begin,
And all of a sudden I heard some one cry—
Old McNamara, go dust your neck tie!

Sitting in the Twilight.

Words and Music by Harry Bennett.

The brightness of the day had scarcely vanished,
The sun was slowly sinking from my view,
When strolling in the stillness of the twilight,
'Twas just by chance I saw my darling Lou:
She sat upon the moss beside a brooklet,
Her pretty dimpled cheeks were all aglow,
When I broke the spell by whispering to her softly—
Your thoughts, my darling, I should like to know.

CHORUS.

In the twilight she was sitting—[*Break.*]
Through the trees the birds were flitting—*Break.*
Affection from her pretty eyes was beaming,
Those charming orbs of heaven's deepest blue:
And while my heart with happiness was teaming,
I vowed I'd e'er be loving, kind and true.

My heart was filled with joy when I espied her:
For, it was my intention to propose.
I sat upon the mossy bank beside her,
And in her hair I placed a blushing rose.
She thanked me with a voice so low and mellow,
My soul was thrilled with rapture by its tone;
I thought myself a very lucky fellow,
When she told me her heart was all my own. Cho.

The way to Bring Grist to the Mill.

The ups and downs of this life are not few :
Some are willing to work who have nothing to do,
And they who have plenty should always pursue
Their labor with diligent skill.
The way to be happy and always have gains,
Is not, like a sluggard who idly complains,
Do nothing, but work on with fingers and brains :
For, that will bring grist to the mill.
Chorus : Grist to the mill ! Grist to the mill !
Work on, to bring grist to the mill !
For, sitting down, thinking, idling, still
Will never bring grist to the mill !

If you earn but a shilling or two every day,
Don't live up to your income, put something away :
If only a penny, and you depend may
Mount up, in a short time, it will.
Don't be above doing whatever turns up,
The man who's fastidious may take sorrow's cup :
But him ever willing, will dine, tea, and sup,
And keep bringing in grist to the mill ! Chorus.

You may say you have been told all this before,
But good advice, it will bear telling twice o'er :
Industry's the motto : the idle deplore
And find life a rare bitter pill—
But they, always up with the lark in the skies,
From little to great things will steadily rise,
And lay up for old age abundant supplies,
By bringing in grist to the mill. Chorus.

The best aid to help you make money, my boys,
And share through your lifes all your sorrows and joys,
Is—marry a good wife, who always employs
Her time in domestical skill :
There would not be half the sad trouble there is,
If every man would attend to but this—
Stick to what you've to do, and a chance never miss
Of bringing in grist to the mill. Chorus.

Yes, I'm in Love, I feel it now.

Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me ;
But yet I swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates :
For, there no graces revel ;
'Tis not her shape : for, there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air : for, sure in that
There's nothing more than common :
And all her sense is only chat
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give the alarm,
'Twas both, perhaps, or neither—
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Celia altogether. WHITEHEAD.

That Girl in the Skipping Rope Dance.

By Harry Bennett.

For pleasure one evening I started,
Just after my day's work was done ;
For, sometimes I feel quite down-hearted,
And longed for a night of good fun.
I visited several places,
I saw the great cancan from France,
But my heart was charmed with the graces
Of a girl in a skipping rope dance.

Chorus.

For, bewitchingly charming and fair was she,
As round the stage she'd gayly prance ;
Oh ! she was the darling that galvanised me
With her beautiful skipping rope dance.

I quickly obtained an acquaintance—
Of course, took her out for a ride ;
I filled her with champagne and oysters,
And asked her if she'd be my bride.
Alas ! that my hopes should be shattered !
It pierced my poor heart like a lance—
She was married, and had seven children,
That girl in the skipping rope dance. Chorus.

The man with more Money than Wit.

Air : Man that couldn't get warm.

John Johnson Brown had been abroad,
And plenty of golden treasure stored :
So, of course, by relations was adored,
As he had more money than wit.
Scores were his friendship proud to own,
Dozens pestered him for a loan,
Especially as it was well known
That he had more money than wit.

Chorus.

Gammony, Greenery ! all know soon
That Johnson Brown was an awful spoon,
And victimised, to a pretty tune,
The man with more money than wit !

His cash well up in the world, well "tinned,"
He scattered like chaff before the wind,
While all who fleeced him, took it, and grinned
At the man with more money than wit.
They daily made him a "Perfect Cure,"
With sham societies for the poor,
And vamped-up tales of distress, to cure
The man with more money than wit. Chorus.

He vowed that Waterford's fame should pale
Before his, and treated the fair and frail
To butts of wine, and barrels of ale,
The man with more money than wit.
He bought everything that caught his eye,
And filled his house, to the garrets high,
With "cheap bargains," everywhere he could buy,
This man with more money than wit. Chorus.

An elephant was put up for sale,
To attend the auction he didn't fail,
And five hundred paid for it down on the nail.
Did the man with more money than wit.
When, suddenly, he began to know
He'd nowhere the animal to stow :
So sold it, for half, to a wild beast show,
The man with more money than wit. Chorus.

Quack medicines everywhere he tried,
Hired a funeral hearse, in which to ride,
And his hand at a Punch-and-Judy tried,
Did the man with more money than wit.
Street jugglers, niggers, and acrobats,
With silver coins he filled their hats,
And gave ten pounds for barrows of spats,
The man with more money than wit. Chorus.

A music hall "lion" he aimed to be,
Trying sensation buffoonery,
And sung more vulgar than A. G. V.,
Did the man with more money than wit.
To theatre management he flew,
Got one burnt down—that's nothing new !—
And also burnt his fingers with two,
Poor man—with more money than wit. Chorus.

Pretended friends on him did shark—
(From green trees is easily skinned the bark)—
Till, at last, it was low water mark,
With the man with more money than wit.
He's now to be seen about the Strand,
Hanging round divans, where he does the grand,
And does a warning example stand,
Of a man with more money than wit. Chorus.

Go, Breeze that Sweeps the Orange Grove.

From the Italian.

Go, breeze that sweeps the Orange grove,
And breathe a sigh to him I love—
But whose pray do not tell :
Go, limpid river, let him know
Tears with your silver waters flow—
But not from whom they fell.

Go, bird that makes the grove so gay,
Still let him hear the tender lay—
But say not it was mine !
Sleep, whisper softly in his ear
The heart that hides his image here—
But do not say 'tis mine.

A young lover, even when love is most prosperous, does heart.

Sweet Norah Mahone.

By Harry Bennett.

Wilt thou meet me at evening, sweet Norah Mahone,
When Luna has brightened the dell ?
Ah ! come with the old loving light in thine eyes,
And words of affection I'll tell.
Oh ! keep me not waiting thy coming, my love,
I'm longing thy dear face to see ;
The round laughing moon shines in splendor above,
As if she were welcoming thee,

Chorus.

Then say thou wilt meet me when stars they are bright,
Oh ! meet me, my jewel—my own !
I'm loving the fondly, though far from my sight,
My darling, sweet Norah Mahone.

Oh ! hie to me, love, ere the moonbeams have flown,
And darkness o'ershadows the night :
I've something to tell thee, sweet Norah Mahone—
'Twill fill thee with joy and delight.
Then hasten adown to the old wicket-gate,
And there I'll be waiting for thee ;
The night is enchanting—oh ! tarry not late !
But quicken thy footsteps to me— Chorus.

There's Another Good Man Gone Wrong.

Of sayings that are old and new,
A good stock I have heard,
That well apply to many things,
Both solemn and absurd :
But still the best of all I think,
The subject of my song,
Though please don't round on me and say—
"There's another good man gone wrong !"
Chorus : There's another good man gone wrong,
There's another good man gone wrong.
How oft you'll hear that speech severe—
There's another good man gone wrong !

In coming down the street to-day,
I noticed neighbor Spare,
Reclining in the gutter, with
His heels high in the air ;
He'd two black eyes, a broken nose,
Around him was a throng :
I couldn't help remarking then—
"There's another good man gone wrong !"

Spoken : Very good sort of a chap was Spare, but he married a Widow and very naturally took to drink, they always do : when ever I see a case of that kind I always say— Chorus.

At home I am the quietest chap,
And rows I never raise,
Although I own I cannot bear
The thought of washing days ;
But last week I had such a row,
We went at it ding dong,
Until the neighbors shouted out—
"There's another good man gone wrong !"

Spoken : I banged the furniture about, smashed fourteen plates, two cups and a soup tureen, threw the baby's cradle into the fire, burned my wife's chignon, and all the neighbors shouted out— Cho.

We had the brokers in last month,
At least we'd only one,
But he had appetite for six,
When feeding he'd begun :
To pay him out I took my watch,
To pawn it for a song,
But "Uncle" when I showed it, said—
"There's another good man gone wrong !"

Spoken : I asked him only two pounds on it, but before I knew where I was, I found myself kicked out into the the street, and the pawnbroker remarking—"Why, the works ain't fit for a mangle !" while all the little boys cried— Chorus.

Some slight advice I tender you,
Before I take my leave,
And that it is of value, you
Will readily conceive ;
Be careful, as you go through life,
To work with vigor strong :
Then folks will ne'er have cause to say—
"There's another good man gone wrong !"
Chorus.

Not Before Pa, Dear.

Sung by Bradini.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 239 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Some lovers are so bashful, they never say a word,
But only blush and tremble—which looks, I'm
sure, absurd;
While others they will kiss you, or know the reason why.
So when Papa is sitting near, these words I do reply—

Spoken: Now you know, darling, you are making yourself very conspicuous; I have no desire to make you unhappy, but really, dear, you must remember that—

Chorus.

Ne'er before Pa, dear, ne'er before Pa:
Say that you love me, but not before Pa:
Ne'er before Pa, dear, not before Pa:
I don't mind a kiss, love, but not before Pa.

I have a score of lovers, but there's one I love best:
I'm sure he's not too bashful in seeking love's request!
He came last week to visit Pa—to squeeze my
hand he tried,
And when he called me his little Queen, these
words I then replied—

Spoken: Well, I must say I don't object to you, and, and I'm fond of that sort of thing—but—
Not before, &c.

We strolled into the garden, and, underneath the trees,
We sat upon the lovers' seat—to inhale the
summer breeze;
He told me how he loved me, which caused a
dreadful sigh—
And when he asked me to name the day, these
words I did reply—

Spoken: Well, love, as you asked so nicely, nothing could give me greater pleasure, and, if you're very, very good, you may kiss me.
Ne'er before, &c.

The Female Base-Ball Club.

Written by H. Alston Darley, and sung by Miss Emma Whitney in his Comic Drama bearing the above title.

We are a crowd of jolly girls
Who like our little fun:
We mean to gain the plaudits and
The praise of every one.
We follow up the maxim of
"A bottom to every tub."
And we have styled ourselves, you see,
The "Female Base-Ball Club."
Light and airy, naught contrary,
No more skirts we'll fling about,
But we'll be, boys, as you see,
The jolliest party out.—Oh!

Omens.

You may talk about your bathers, and
Your sports upon the beach,
But we've another sort of game
That we're about to teach:
We'll do our best to entertain,
And give you all a rub:
For, we are grand, you understand,
As the "Female Base-Ball Club."
March, exercises, &c.

We calculate our present style
Will captivate you all:
As we stand before you, brave and true,
To wield the bat and ball.
With "courage" on our banners,
And "integrity" our shield,
We'll win fresh laurels every day
While batting in the field.

Omens.

Batting in the field
While the sun is shining bright,
We drive despair and care away
With hearts and spirits light;
In grace and beauty we excel,
And never mean to yield,
But gain fresh laurels every day
While batting in the field.
March, procession, &c.

The Bold Fisherman.

New Version. By Chas. D. Foulkes of Gloucester, N. J.

Spoken: This is not a serio-comic or sentimental song: it's betwixt and between; it was written and composed for Sim Reeves, the celebrated tenor, who, having not wind enough to sing it, sent it to Coleroft the hangman—and he, not having rope enough to hang it, sent it to your humble servant, wrapped in a brick: so if you'll give me your polite attention, I'll endeavor to please you, one and all.

There was a bold fisherman,
And he sailed forth on the deep,
For to catch a big whale and see the gay flying-fish leap:
But when he arrived out on the sea,
How the wild wind did begin to blow—
And his little boat did wibble wabble so—
That overboard went he.

Spoken: Down, down he went—among the big fishes, the little fishes, the Dover soles, and conger eels, the black bats, the white bats, the brick bats, and they altogether begun singing out—

Chorus.

Dingle doodle dum, dingle doodle dum,
'Tis a highly interesting song:
Dingle doodle dum, dingle doodle dum,
To the bold fisherman.

He first waggled, then straggled,
In the waters so briny:
And then he hallowed and he bellowed for help,
but in vain:
Far down the deep, he did gently glide
To the bottom of the silvery tide;
Previously to that, how lustily he cried—
Farewell, Mary Jane!

Spoken: Mary Jane was the girl of his heart, Mary Jane was the girl of his liver, Mary Jane was the girl of his lights, and Mary Jane was the girl of his— Dingle dum doodle, &c.

His ghost walked, that very night,
In the room of Mary Jane:
He told her how dead he was: which made her
feel awful sad;
"For, since my true love has gone, says she,
All my joys are now fled from me,
And I shall go raving, staving mad, you'll see."
And Mary Jane went mad.

Spoken: Yes, gentlemen, Mary Jane went mad: she tore her best waterfall into smithereens, and danced the can-can on top of the water bucket, and after that she went and joined the women's rights association, and she got up on the stage to preach, and she said women were the first to bring sin in the world and ought to be the first to take it out again; but previous to that, this was the will he left her—that she was to go home and in a big drawer she would find a little drawer, and in the little drawer she would find a ticket; she was to take that ticket and go to her uncle's, the pawnbroker, and get out them old sea-boots, and wear them in remembrance of the man she loved. She did so, and after that went and joined Moody and Sankey's crowd, and she said she didn't care a Continental, or a Centennial or any other damn: she'd go before the lords, the nobility or congress and they could do her out of just what they'd a mind to, but they could never do her out of her— Dingle doodle dum, &c.

In the World's crooked path where I've been.

In the world's crooked path where I've been,
There to share of life's gloom my poor part—
The bright sunshine that softened the scene,
Was a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a swain, when the lark quits her nest,
But to labor with glee will depart,
If, at eve, he expects to be blest
With a smile from the girl of his heart.

Come then crosses and cares, as they may,
Let my mind still this maxim impart—
That the comfort of man's fleeting day
Is a smile from the girl of his heart.
DUDLEY.

I'm off to Philadelphia.

Centennial Song and Chorus. By J. P. Skelly.

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 239 Bowery, opposite Prince Street, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I'm off to Philadelphia,
Among the scenes so gay
The glory of America
Is there in good array.
The flags are floating in the air
Among the high and low;
The Nation won its freedom,
Just a century ago.
Chorus: I'm off to Philadelphia, hurrah! hurrah!
To celebrate our liberty, hurrah! hurrah!
The drums are beating loud,
And banners wave so proud—
I'm off to Philadelphia, hurrah! hurrah!

It's there you'll see the "pumpkin pies,"
The "apple-sass" and "greens:"
The famous "Yankee Notions,"
And the pans of "pork and beans!"
Each day you'll meet a stranger
With a bundle in his hand,
Who wants to see the glory
Of this great and happy land! Chorus.

From all the world, the curious folks
Are here, the sights to see;
They sing the songs of freedom's land,
The same as you and me.
They shout the praise of Washington
With all their might and main:
And, everywhere, a multitude
Is rushing for the train. Chorus.

Sons of Freedom.

Sons of Freedom, hear my story,
Mercy well becomes the brave,
Humanity is your race's glory,
Pity, and protect the slave.

Free-born daughters, who possessing
Eyes that conquer, hearts that save,
Greet me with a sister's blessing,
Pity, and protect the slave.
MORTON.

Toil, Toil, Toil!

Sung by Bradini.

Hurrah for honest labor!
Hurrah for honest pleasure!
Hurrah for honest men, where'er they be!
For riches do not crave now,
Each day a trifle save, thou:
And toil from morn till night, boys, merrily.
Chorus: Toil, toil, toil until you prosper,
Never stop to loiter on the way:
For, the past we can't recall:
There's a future for us all,
Depending on the labors of the day.

Now when I say, be saving,
I do not mean, be craving:
For, craving ofttimes leads us into strife;
To obtain wealth, you must seek it!
So when you've found it, keep it,
And don't deny yourselves the means of life.
Toil, toil, &c.

No doubt you've heard the fable
Of the hare so swift and able,
Being beaten by the tortoise in the end!
An example it should teach us,
And all our fellow creatures,
What trifles small will lead to in the end.
Toil, toil, &c.

If up, and you fall down, boys,
Your melancholy drown, boys:
Of hard and honest labor have your fill;
And, by hard and hearty striving,
Once more you'll be arriving
Upon the lofty summit of the hill.
Toil, toil, &c.

The Music Teacher's Story.

It was in the music-room of the seminary. There were present the Swiss gentleman who taught music, the Irish lady who taught needlework, and the American lady who attended to the English branches; also one of the older pupils. They had been talking of spiritual manifestations, of some one who made tables and chairs dance, and wrote letters under the guidance of unseen beings.

"It makes my blood run cold to think of it," said the Irish lady.

"I don't believe a word of it," said the American.

"Do you, Professor?"

"Nobody ever believes anything but his own experience in these things, said the Professor. Not even that always. I have had mine. I will tell you of it. Did you ever hear the zitter?"

"The zitter? asked the Irish lady. What is it—a sort of banshee? I heard one once, and I'll never forget while I live."

"It's a musical instrument, said the Professor. It's like a small harp, but stands on the table on feet. It is odd you do not know it here, but Tyroleans are very fond of it; it is very sweet. It is pretty to see a girl bending over it. I never saw Greta look so lovely as when she played upon it. Greta was the young girl I was to marry.

We had been betrothed since she was fifteen. I remember now I was twenty. I had genius for music; and I knew I could grow richer in America. When I was richer I could marry Greta; as yet I was too poor. So I kissed her, and bade her be of good cheer. I would go, but I would return soon to love and her.

The night we parted was one to remember for ever. I was in her father's home. The old people were kind, and left us much alone together. I had bought her a ring, and she had given me a lock of her hair in a little locket. We sat beside the table where the zitter lay.

"Best loved, I said, I have composed a tune. It is very simple. I will teach it to you. It is called *Au revoir*. Until we meet, every evening as the clock strike seven you must play it on your zitter. I also will play it wherever I am. It shall never be written. I will never teach it to anyone; just we two will know it of all the earth."

"It is a beautiful idea, she said. Teach it to me quickly. I shall surely learn it very easily. Love will help me."

I played it over. It was but a few bars. She caught it at once. Soon she knew it perfectly.

"I shall never forget it, love, she said; and until we meet, I shall play it every evening at the hour of seven."

"And I wherever I am, I said. Let us swear this."

"No need of an oath," she said; but she laid her small hand in mine, and uttered the words I then repeated. We both swore in the sight of Heaven to do as we had said.

A few hours later, we parted. I wept as well as she. I am not ashamed to admit it. A dim foreboding smote my heart.

"Heaven grant that I may come back to thee!" I cried.

"William, William!" she sobbed. My name was the last word that I heard her utter. But it was for her sake that I left her. That we might some day part no more, we parted then.

Alas! man cannot shape his destiny. As my body was carried further from her, my heart seemed to be nearer. On shipboard every night I played *Au revoir* upon my flute. Then I seemed to hear the tones of the zitter in the Tyrol.

When I reached America the sweet sounds crossed the ocean. I thought of her by day, and dreamt of her by night, but I worked hard. I studied carefully. I began to make money. One day I sat down full of joy to tell her that in the early spring I should come for her. I had a little home like a bird's nest, but it was large enough for her who loved well.

My letter was never answered. Before it reached her home she was unable to read it. Only these words came to me from her father:—

"I know that your heart will ache as ours is aching, when I tell you that our beloved Greta is no more. She died last evening. The last words she uttered were, "it is seven. Bring me my zitter. I must play one *Au revoir*." We brought it to her. She touched the chords. With the last notes her hands dropped motionless upon them. We flew to her. She was dead."

After that I remembered nothing for some hours. Then came days in which life seemed black and wretched. I cared for nothing. I could not work; I could not teach. I thought that I must kill myself and be rid of my wretched life, but conscience forbade me to commit self-destruction. Then came to me the letter. It was again from my Greta's old father:—

"Best beloved son, it said: a strange thing has happened. You will say the old father is mad; but come and see for yourself whether he is mad or sane. You remember the zitter that you gave our lost Greta, and the tune you taught her to play the tune she played the hour she died? As I hope for salvation, my son, every evening as the clock strikes seven, that zitter, lying still upon the stand beside her bed, plays the air softly through. The mother and myself, since we first learnt that this was so, go to the room to listen. When we hear the music, we say, 'It is Greta who returns.' We tell no one else, not even the good priest. He might say there was evil in it. But nothing evil can have to do with Greta, who was an angel while yet on earth. Come, my son, and listen. It will comfort you as it does us."

I had no faith in this strange story, but I went home at once. Never shall I forget the sadness of that journey or of my arrival.

We three who had loved Greta took each other's hands and sat weeping bitterly in the room, that seemed empty because she was not there.

The evening was drawing on. The shadows lay long over the mountains. The snow-capped peaks grew rosy and golden in the last rays of sunset.

Then the father said, "Come let us go to Greta's room, and see what the zitter will do?" Without a word, I arose and followed. It was not yet seven. We sat silently about the room. I held my watch in my palm. As the hand pointed to the hour, my eyes turned upon the zitter; I saw the strings thrill.

"Mercy on us! I said. A hand touches it."

"I see the hand," said the mother.

A moment more, we all saw it. A little brown hand with taper fingers—Greta's own.

As we looked, the arm grew; then another hand; then a bust, a neck, a face—Greta's face. Her waving brown hair fell about it; soft, white drapery veiled the form, which seemed to melt into the air, below the waist. She looked at us and smiled, while her hands played the air I had composed and taught her.

Meanwhile not one of us was able to move. We were as though paralyzed. As the music ended, the form slowly vanished from our gaze, and the spell was broken. We felt electric thrills sweep through us, especially evidenced about the spinal cord, and we were able to arise, though trembling in every limb, weak as infants, and bathed in perspiration. The mother was ill for weeks afterwards. We said nothing of what had happened to anyone.

After awhile we did not speak of it to each other, and we never saw Greta again, though every night an unseen hand played the tune upon the zitter. And I, as when Greta lived, played the same tune upon the flute at the same hour.

We had promised to play it until we met. Now I knew we should meet again, only not here.

He lifted his hand reverantly towards the sky.

"It is long ago, he said. I was five-and-twenty then. I am fifty now: but she keeps her vow. I stayed with the old people until they died. Then I brought the zitter with me to America."

"And it plays every night?" cried the Irish lady.

"Yes, madame, said the Professor, every night."

Then he bowed, and left us.

"Do you believe that?" asked the American lady.

"And why not, darling?" asked the Irish lady.

For my part, I was only a girl of fourteen, remember. I started out of the class-room with a horrible dread of I knew not what, that made me fly through the rapidly darkening passages in a most undignified manner, and I always regarded the poor music teacher with a feeling of terror ever after.

A year from that day he himself was dead. None of us knew much about his last illness; it was a very sudden thing, but the teachers went to his funeral, and we larger girls cried a good deal during our sad holiday afternoon, for we had never had a cross word from him.

At the tea-table everyone was very silent and grave, but our lady-principal made one remark that set me thinking.

"Wasn't it, she said, that queer little musical instrument playing by itself?"

"The little zitter? said her husband. Yes, it was odd; but no doubt quite easily explained by an adept."

"I noticed it particularly, said the lady. I'm sure no one was near it. It was while they were carrying the coffin through the room. And then the strings all snapped at once."

"Which proves it was the effect of a change in the atmosphere," said the gentleman, decisively.

But I saw the Irish lady devoutly cross herself, and I thought to myself, "Yes, they have met at last. She will play on the zitter no more.

Do I think so still, though I am a child no longer?

I really can't answer my own question.

Bonny Black Bess.

Dick Turpin, Bold Dick, Hi-away! was the cry
Of my pals who were startled, you'll guess:
The pistols were leveled, the bullets whizzed by,
As I leaped on the back of Black Bess.
Three officers, mounted, led forward the chase,
Resolved in my capture to share:
But I smiled at their efforts, tho' swift was their pace,
As I urged on my Bonny Black Mare.

CHORUS.

Yet, when I've a bumper, what can I do less
Than in memory drink to my Bonny Black Bess?
Huzza! huzza! my Bonny Black Bess!
Huzza! huzza! my Bonny Black Bess!
My Bonny Black Bess—my Bonny Black Bess!

Hark forward! hark forward! still onward they press,
As we saw by the glimmer of morn:
And many a mile on the back of Black Bess,
That night, I was gallantly borne;
Hi-over, my pet! thy fatigue I must share:
Well cleared! never falter for breath—
Hark forward! my girl, my Bonny Black Mare,
We sped it for life or for death— Chorus.

The spires of York now burst on my view,
The chimes were ringing a knell:
Halt! halt! my brave mare, they no longer pursue.
She halted—she staggered—she fell—
Her breathing was o'er, all was hushed as the grave—
Alas! poor black Bess, once my pride:
Her heart she had burst, her rider to save,
For Dick Turpin she lived and died! Chorus.

Tried but True.

Composed and respectfully Dedicated to Mrs. Emeline Stoothoff by John J. McGonigle.

Can you, will you tell me, darling,
Why this frown upon your brow—
And your eyes with anger sparkling?
What's the matter, darling, now?
Tell me why you look so coldly:
Tell me how your will I've crossed?
Tell me, darling, do not doubt me:
Tell me why your love I've lost?

I can never see you smiling
On me, as you used to do—
And no longer loving greetings
Meet me, as I come to you:
Since, my darling, we must sever—
Chase away that angry frown:
Look upon me now as ever
Bound unto thee, all thine own—

Tell me have I been unfaithful
To the vows I pledged to thee?
To you have I been less grateful
For the trust you placed in me?
So, my darling, you but tried me—
To see if I would prove less true
To the love that held me to thee,
And my promise made to you!

A Sister's Revenge.

Chapter I.

"By Jove, mother! what a pretty girl! exclaimed Captain Houghton, putting up his eye-glass, and staring at the young creature who flitted timidly through the conservatory adjoining the breakfast-room at Langdale Hall. "'Pon my honor! wonderfully good looking, eh?"

The lady to whom these interjectional remarks were addressed looked at her son haughtily.

"Do you know who the 'pretty girl,' as you term her, is, Ralph? No, of course you do not. How should you? Very well, then, as you cannot be introduced to her, I will tell you. Her name is Marston—Miss Jessie Marston, and she is your sister's governess, or, rather, companion and governess; for Blanche, I really believe, is now the better educated of the two."

"Well, mother," pursued the irreverent son of Mars, chuckling, "Blanche is lucky, that's all; and I almost wish I had been born a girl myself! It must be awfully jolly to have so fair a teacher!"

"I wish you would not use slang in my presence, Ralph!" said Mrs. Haughton, in a frigid voice. "How often am I to beg of you to remember you are in a drawing-room, and not in a barrack or stable?"

"Phew!" whistled the Captain. "I must say it's a hard case a fellow can't admire beauty without being talked to as though he were an Eton boy!"

"Listen to me a moment, Ralph, before you go," (for the Captain had risen, and taken out his cigar-case.) "I did not intend that you should see Miss Marston at all, but as you have done so, I must just say a few words on the subject. Sit down again, Ralph."

Wonderingly, the young officer obeyed.

"Now, then," he said, "I am prepared to receive your maternal warnings. They have done me much good in the past. I have turned out such an excellent boy that, 'pon my honor, I sometimes think I will break out one of these days by way of a change!"

He laughed heartily, and pulled his tawny moustache, while his blue eyes lighted up with merriment.

His lady mother, however, did not join in his mirth. A heavy cloud passed over her brow, and she compressed her lips.

"I do not know exactly what you mean by 'breaking out,' Ralph," remarked Mrs. Houghton, "but I can guess; and of one thing you may be certain—if your conduct displeases me, I shall not scruple to exercise the power your poor father left me, and——"

"Cut off my allowance, I suppose!" retorted Ralph. "Well, in that event, I'd sell out, and go to the Antipodes, sheep-farming. But to return to our starting-point—why this lecture, *apropos* of nothing but a lovely governess?"

"Ralph," replied his mother, "I have always told you you *must* marry money. My annuity dies with me, and what else I have to leave must, for the most part, go to Blanche."

"Why repeat what I have so often heard?"

"In order to show you your true position. If you are caught by every pretty face you casually meet, farewell to all my hopes for your future."

"Surely," cried Ralph, "you don't suppose I would marry a governess, do you?"

"I have not said you would, Ralph; I hope better things of you. Still, there is always the danger before one. Dukes have married actresses, judges their housekeepers, merchants their cooks. As for governesses, hundreds have married well."

"Ay," said her son, with a satirical smile, "it does seem a pity beauty should be such a leveller. Somehow, now-a-days, you see it peeping out from all kinds of bonnets, and it seems to carry with it a sort of royalty, for men worship it as madly now as they did in the time of Helen of Troy!"

"Possibly," remarked the lady drily. "I am not a judge of the progression of the world in that respect. My household is my kingdom, and I take care to manage it judiciously. Ah!" she continued; "I see you are impatient to be off to the stables. Well, don't let me detain you; but bear in mind, Ralph, while you are here you must keep this young lady in her proper place!"

"It is a bargain," answered the Captain. "I promise I will not interfere with her unless her life is in danger, and that is not very likely. Good-bye, mother!"

And the speaker waved his hand, and sprang through the window on to the lawn.

"How provoking," soliloquized Mrs. Houghton, pettishly. "that Ralph should have seen her just then! I arranged to send her home out of the way, and then comes a letter declaring her uncle is ill, and can't take her in. Ah, well, I have put my boy on his guard, and I will take care he sees little enough of her!"

She rose as she finished the last sentence, and walked out of the room.

It was a beautiful day in the early part of July. The roses were in full bloom; the birds were singing sweetly; all nature seemed to be rejoicing. The sound of laughing voices from a shrubbery close at hand drew her towards the laurel-walk, a cool, shady, lazy avenue, under which strolled two girlish figures. They had their arms round each other in a loving companionable fashion, and were speaking in confidential tones. Mrs. Houghton could not help hearing fragments of their conversation.

"But, Jessie," she heard her daughter say, "I cannot understand your reluctance. I am sure I can coax mamma; and as you say you ride well, Ralph will be delighted to escort us."

"I was not thinking of that," came from the voice of her companion. "You know, dear, I cannot expect to be always with you; and, when I leave, it will be to face the world to earn my bread, and I must not allow myself to be spoiled."

"Ah! how I wish I could keep you with me always, dear, murmured Blanche, lovingly. "I should be so happy then!"

"No, no. Some day you will marry; and ——"

"Blanche," interrupted her mother, sharply, "I wish to speak to you. Miss Marston,"—this with frigid dignity,—"Miss Houghton will excuse you for the rest of the morning."

The governess blushed deeply, and, with a low bow, retired.

"What is it, mamma?" asked Blanche. "I hope you are not about to scold me, the day is too hot."

"She threw back her hair as she spoke, and looked quizzically at her parent.

Very much alike they were; and yet unlike, too. In the softened outlines of the younger lady, the tender, unworldly freshness, there was a wonderful contrast to the keen, sharpened features of the worldly, wise and ambitious mother. Just now an additional sternness gathered over her as a cloud. She stood posed before her daughter in a statuesque position, and spoke in a low deliberate tone—"Blanche, I have something of importance to say to you."

"Indeed, mamma!" returned Blanche, "What can have happened? You are looking serious."

"It is a serious matter, my child," said Mrs. Houghton "and I must look to you to assist me as far as possible."

"In what way, mamma?" inquired Blanche, wonderingly.

For a few moments, Mrs. Houghton did not reply. It seemed almost wrong to convert this winning, innocent child into a worldly woman by one short conversation. But the pride of her race, the deep anxiety she felt on account of Ralph, decided her.

"Listen, Blanche," she said, at last. "You love your brother, do you not?"

"Dearly, mamma—very dearly!"

"And would see him honored and prosperous, Blanche?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma; but he is sure to get on; he is so handsome and brave," said Blanche, proudly.

"Probably, dear; but we must help him. Will you promise to assist me?"

"Yes, mamma, readily. What would I not do for Ralph?"

"I'll tell you what you can do, Blanche. Forbear from mentioning Miss Marston to him. Do not bring her into his company; it is dangerous, and I have a presentment of evil. If he sees much of her, my plan for his welfare will fall through. And now, dear, come to my boudoir, and I will speak more openly to you."

The two passed into the house, and a man glided from the thick shrubs, and watched the retreating figures with a queer look of sarcasm mingled with triumph.

"I could not help overhearing part of my mother's speech," he soliloquised; "but I wish I had not come down just now, for all that. As dainty as a queen, as benign-looking as an angel; only twice I have seen her, and yet my heart is touched as it never has been before."

The speaker was Ralph Houghton; the girl of whom he spoke, a *poor governess*.

Chapter II.

"Now, mamma," commenced Blanche, as she nestled at her mother's feet, and rested her head on her lap, what is the great service I am to render to Ralph?"

"This, dear—you were proposing this morning to Miss Marston to ask me to allow her to ride with Ralph and yourself."

"Well, yes, mamma," laughed Blanche, coloring slightly. "She says she can ride, and I should like it so much, and I am sure Ralph would."

"No doubt of it, dear; and that is an especial reason why I must forbid it. There must be no riding with him, or singing to him, or sketching with Ralph as attendant. In short, Miss Marston, while *his* visit lasts, must go back to her own position—simply that of your governess. Indeed, I am by no means sure I shall have occasion for her services after the autumn; but in the interim she must be simply a governess."

"That sounds ungenerous and unlike you, dear mamma," protested Blanche. "We have been so happy together—more like sisters than teacher and pupil. Besides, I can never forget how kind she has been. Why, mamma, don't you remember when I had the fever, and even the servants crept into the room as though the plague was in the house, how Miss Marston nursed me at the risk almost of her life?" continued Blanche. "Ah, mamma, many a night I have pillowed my head on her breast and fell asleep, never thinking of how I was tiring her."

The speaker turned away her head to hide her tears.

Again there was silence, this time of longer duration. Mrs. Houghton seemed to be touched, for when she spoke again, it was in a gentler voice.

"She was very good to you then, Blanche. I have not forgotten her services, and intend to recompense her for her unselfish attachment to you. But reward is one thing, throwing temptation into Ralph's path another."

"He may never care for her," remarked Blanche. "How do you know he will think anything of her?"

"He has already confided to me he considers her pretty," said Mrs. Houghton; "and therein is the danger. Now, Blanche dear, listen to me for a moment."

"Yes, mamma."

"You are almost too young to understand business matters, but I must confide in you, for you must help me. Blanche, you know we are not rich."

"Are we not, mamma?" asked Blanche. "Well, we live as though we were."

"Yes, dear; and that is how you are deceived with the rest of the world. Your papa sunk his money, so that, although I have a good income, when I die there will be nothing left of any importance. Now, my love, fancy Ralph a poor man!"

The girl seemed surprised.

"I can't, mamma. It would be cruel, after having every comfort, to suddenly lose all his money. As for me, it would not matter so much. Girls don't care for wine, and cigars, and so on, like men do."

"You are well provided for, my love," observed the parent, clasping her in her arms proudly.

"Then I can help Ralph!" she said joyfully.

"No, you *cannot*, and *must not!*" returned Mrs. Houghton, emphatically; "at least, not in that way. It would only assist him to surer ruin!"

"Then what is to be done?" asked Blanche.

"Well, dear, we cannot quite control fortune, but we can help to lead up to her. Ralph must marry wealth. As a poor man struggling on with a wife and family, he would be wretched."

(To be Continued.

THE MOON-LIGHT WALK.

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3 The next night, too, I saw her there:
'Twas strange, now, was it not?
And tho' I scarce can tell you how
Acquaintd was soon got.
She said: "Her Pa was Captain of
The well known Tomahawk:
And, like me, to study nature's scenes,
She took that moon-light walk."—*Chorus.*

4 Night after night, it seemed as if
By Fate we both were led;
So, long before I came to town,
I asked her: "If she'd wed?"
She, blushing, said: "She felt that she
My pleasure could not baulk."
So, promised that she'd have me, while
We took our moon-light walk.—*Chorus.*

5 Now shortly I shall call her mine,
And we will go away,
To some secluded spot, to pass
The Honey-moon so gay—
And there, together, all the day,
Of by-gone times we'll talk,
And not forget to speak about
Our pleasant moon-light walk.—*Chorus.*

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CONTENTS.

America for me.....page 220
Ah! touch again that plaintive strain!.... 218
All about Sugar..... 219
Annie dear, I'm called away..... 220
All that's fair and pure..... 221
A Sister's Revenge—Story ended..... 222
Alone beneath yon drooping tree— Music... 224
Belle Mahone's answer..... 218
The Bonnie Breast-Knots..... 220
Come and join the Band!..... 221
Don't forget ould Ireland..... 219
The Elegant Swell..... 220
Fair Play..... 218
Grand old home..... 219
I'm going home to mama..... 218
I don't know which to choose..... 219
Just as lively as a flea..... 220
Lost in the wide world..... 220
Mary Ann McQuirck..... 219
My son Charley..... 220
Needs there a tongue to tell a meaning?... 218
Oh! no, I'll never marry!..... 218
One more glass before we part..... 218
Oh! Norah, my darling..... 219
Rolling on the grass..... 221
The Soldier's Farewell..... 219
Since James went on the Stage..... 219
Slavery Days..... 221
Thou'rt gone awa'..... 219
Two fat gals that weigh a ton..... 220
They all have a mate but me..... 221
That Banner a hundred years old..... 220
Walking out on Sunday..... 218
Wake from thy slumber, love..... 218
Will-o-the-wisp..... 221
Why I never married..... 223
The Watch by the Rhine..... 223

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Air: Sweet Belle Mahone.

Love, thy weary cry I hear,
Sounding sadly sweet and clear:
Would that you, my love, were near
Thy Belle Mahone—
I am standing at the gate,
As you asked me, love, to wait:
Come then to thy eager mate,
Thy Belle Mahone.
Chorus: Thy Belle Mahone,
Thy Belle Mahone:
I am waiting at the gate,
Thy Belle Mahone.

Calm thy troubled aching breast,
All that was is for the best;
Soon shall greet thee to sweet rest
Thy Belle Mahone—
Brave then be in Life's long fight,
Darkness e'en can Hope make bright:
Let thy steadfastness delight
Thy Belle Mahone. Chorus.

Deem not fate has wrought us wrong,
Suffer, darling, and be strong—
You will see, ere very long,
Thy Belle Mahone:
For, I wait to greet thee mine,
Where the stars of heaven shine,
Lighting with their glow divine
Thy Belle Mahone. Chorus.

Oh! no, I'll Never Marry!

Sung by Miss Carrie Duncan.

Oh! no, I'll never marry! no man shall call me wife,
I'd rather live in freedom than bondage all my life:
Oh! no, I'll never marry—for, hearts grow cold and wear,
And friends we sometimes cherish, distant and cold appear.

Chorus.

Oh! no, I'll never marry! no man shall call me wife,
I'd rather live in freedom than in bondage all my life.

Oh! no, I'll never marry! I'd rather spend my life
In loneliness and sorrow than turmoil, care and strife;
If I should ever marry, 'tis true much might be gained,
If love were only lasting, so easily obtained.
Oh! no, I'll never marry, &c.

Oh! no, I'll never marry! for, love that in the spring
And summer time is constant, in winter soon takes wing:
'Tis better not to marry, and yet it does seem strange
That *all* men should be fickle and fond of constant change.
Oh! no, I'll never marry, &c.

Oh! no, I'll never marry! although I've heard them say,
"The love that's pure and faithful will never pass away:"
Perhaps if one should offer, some one who's good and true,
I cannot tell my answer if that some one were you!
Oh! no, I'll never marry, &c.

Ah! Touch Again That Plaintive Strain!

Ah! touch again that plaintive strain!
The gently soothing notes impart
A seeming solace to my pain:
Yet, while they ravish, pierce the heart,
Touch it again—too well I know
The soft seducing dangerous sound,
Which, while its measures sweetly flow,
Pours balmy poison in my wound—

'Twas ye, enchanting notes! that stole,
Thro' false but lovely Delia's breath,
The joy and freedom of my soul,
And hid among your raptures death—
So the fond fly, impelled by fate,
Again the tempting treachery tries
And, drinking deep the honied bait,
Of sweet intoxication dies!

Walking out on Sunday.

Sung by Miss Carrie Duncan.

Walking out on Sunday I think very nice,
What I would dispense with, not at any price;
So when the weather's proper, I'm ready in a thrice
To take my usual walk out on Sunday.
A drive out in a "trap" now some folks seem to prize,
But the exercise of walking I would much advise:
And, oh! such funny sights—and oh! such horrid guys
You meet with when you're walking out on Sunday!

Chorus.

Walking out on Sunday, in the afternoon.
Crawling out on Sunday, in the afternoon:
Driving out on Sunday, in the afternoon,
It's awful jolly walking out on Sunday!

Now there's Augustus Tompkins, a very heavy swell,
He manages to live somewhere on Murray Hill:
You'd take him for a banker or a broker down on Wall street—
When he crawls out to do his walk on Sunday,
With his silver-headed cane, and a glass stuck in one eye,
He twirls his fine moustache, which suspicious looks of dye:
In fact you seldom see so elegant a guy
As Tompkins when he's crawling out on Sunday.

I'm Going Home to Mama.

Written and composed by Harry Montague. Sung by Miss Carrie Duncan. Air: I tickled her under the chin.

I got married, you see, about six months ago,
To a handsome young fellow I loved:
For, I thought him perfection, and all that was good,
And he called me his dear, darling dove—
But last night we quarrelled, like married folks do,
And he says he don't love me at all;
So then I got angry and to him I said-
That I would go home to my ma.

Chorus.

Yes, I'll go home to ma,
Yes, I'll go home to ma:
I say what I mean, and I mean what I say,
That I'm going home to mama.

So, this morning, he said he would never speak cross,
And our troubles we settled quite soon,
And we never will fight as to who shall be boss
In our cheerful and bright happy home;
Now, ladies, pray listen to what I've to say:
If your husbands stay out late at night,
You can bring them around, the very next day,
If you threaten to go home to ma.

Chorus.

If you threaten to go home to ma,
If you threaten to go home to ma:
You can bring them around, the very next day,
If you say that you'll go home to ma.
Then I'll go home to ma,
Yes, I'll go home to ma:
I say what I mean, and I mean what I say,
That I'm going home to mama.

Wake From thy Slumber, Love.

Serenade. Words by Samuel N. Mitchell.

The Music of this song is Published by G. D. Russell & Co. of 126 Tremont St., Boston.

Come to the window, love, come quick, my pretty dove,
Lovers in plenty are waiting for thee:
Show thy sweet winning face thro' the white curtain lace
Darling, make haste, we are anxious to see.
Wake from thy happy dreams: for, gentle starlight beams
Shine on your window so charmingly bright:
Birdies their carols cease, neighbors now rest in peace,
Come in the calm of this sweet summer night.

List to the music, dove, hear the sweet songs of love
That we are singing so sweetly for you:
Come to the window, pet, that we may not forget
She who is beautiful, loving and true;
Slumber no longer, dear, while many beaux are near,
Wake, now awake, if you take but a peep
At many friends of yore, you often met before,
Who then will leave you to nature's sweet sleep.

One more Glass before we Part.

CONVIVIAL SOCIAL SONG.

Written by E. V. Page. Composed by Vincent Davis
Sung by Jolly Nash.

I delight to gather round me
True and trusty friends of mine:
At my table they surround me,
Then I feel a king divine;
Then I say, "Come what may,
Let's enjoy our fleeting day;
Pass the glass, we'll all be gay,
And sing before we go."
Chorus: One more glass before we're parting,
Drink with me before you go.
One more glass before you're starting,
Just another—now don't say no!

Life to me would be no treasure,
If I lived a life alone;
Health and happiness and pleasure,
These are in the gifts I own:
These I share everywhere,
Giving all I have to spare:
So pass the glass, we'll all drink fair,
And sing before we go. Chorus.

If my guests be one or twenty,
"More the merrier" say I,
In my cellar there is plenty,
Stop and wet the other eye:
When the fun's nearly done,
When I've drank with everyone,
Say "good night" jolly well right,
Off to bed I go—(Singing)— Chorus

Fair Play.

As Sung by Jolly Nash.

To do as you would be done by, is good advice, you'll own:
Do everybody that you can, is a maxim better known.
I do not envy other men—live and let live, I say,
The world is wide enough for all, if all could have fair play.

Chorus.

I don't care a pin what the world may say,
I'm always rough and ready, and I like fair play.
Give a man a fair chance, and stand out of the way,
Fair play's a jewell, and I like fair play.

How often in our law courts we see justice really blind,
And many a poor man sent to jail when a rich man's only fined:
Their faults, perhaps, may be the same, but one the fine can pay,
The other can't—so goes to jail: I don't call that fair play.
I don't care a pin, &c.

'Twixt masters and their workingmen good feeling we should like:
Good masters make good workmen, 'tis bad ones cause a strike;
And if they only give the men a little higher pay
When higher profits they obtain—I should call that fair play.
I don't care a pin, &c.

To get fair play for one and all then let us all combine:
And now I think I'll make an end of this long song of mine;
So join me in the chorus now before I go away,
And let your motto always be—for one and all fair play!
I don't care a pin, &c.

Needs there a Tongue to tell a Meaning?

Needs there a tongue to tell a meaning
Words but faintly would convey?
Read these eyes—they, without feigning,
Speak more true than words can say.

Then blush not, turn not in confusion,
But kindly to my vows attend,
And let love plead for this intrusion:
Say—who can love and yet offend?

WALSH FORTUNE.

Don't Forget Ould Ireland.

As sung by Scanlan and Cronin, in their original sketch, entitled, "The arrival of the Irish Emigrant."

It's a welcome day for us, my friends,
'Tis years since last we met:
And though we're in America,
Ireland we won't forget;
For, there we many happy hours
In gladness passed away,
Ere poverty drove us from home,
And darkened life's young day.
Chorus: There's the poor in poverty,
Sick, and suffering sore:
Will she ever be free from want,
Dear ould Ireland's shore?
The land that dear Saint Patrick blessed!
Now striving hard in vain
To free herself from tyranny,
And break her bondage chain.

The darkest clouds hang like a pall
About ould Ireland's shore:
Will rays of sunlight ever come,
Shine on her poor once more?
To clear her troubled path of thorn,
And make her burden light?
To give her strength, that Irishmen
May battle for her rights? Chorus.

Mary Ann McQuirck.

As sung by Scanlan and Cronin.

I've just come here from Ireland,
And I'm trying to get some work,
And I'm looking for an Irish girl,
Miss Mary Ann McQuirck;
She landed just two years ago
From darling ould Kildare;
She wrote to me to Ireland,
Saying: "come to Mike O'Flayher."
Chorus: So I've come here to find her,
And I'm looking all around;
My heart will break, I know it will,
If soon she isn't found!
But I'll go and look about a bit:
For, sure I'd not despair;
I'm bound to find my Mary Ann,
The girl from ould Kildare.

Well, I'm going to do the best I can:
When I get a job of work,
I'll settle down for life,
And marry Mary Ann McQuirck,
And then I'll write to Ireland,
And tell the people there
That I am married to my Mary Ann,
The girl from ould Kildare. Chorus.

Oh! Norah, my Darling.

Oh! Norah, my darling, yours is a sweet name,
Your face, just like Flora, is sweet as that same:
For, your roses and lilies, and graces combine
To bother this heart, that is yours and not mine.
There's the moon with a ring on, all shining so bright—
I suppose she got married to-day or last night;
Let me buy a small ring for you,—size dear, the least,
And let me persuade you to go to the priest:
Och—hone; you had better be kind,
And take me—'tis now I'm just in the mind
To marry my darling Norah.

There's the moon looking down still—she hears all we're saying:
Her ring's turned to mist, that's a great sign of rain,
And a shower of tears have made both my eyes blind:
So I'm in a mist, because Norah's unkind.
If you won't have me, Norah, I won't have no rest,
Then the Crowner will come with his jury inquest,
They'll sit on my body—hear evidence true,
And I'll swear that 'tis all wilful murder 'gainst you.
Och—hone! you had better be kind,
And take me—'tis now that I'm just in the mind
To marry my darling Norah!

Try it!—No man knows how attractive his home is until he offers it for sale, and reads what an estate-agent says about it.

I Don't Know Which to Choose.

My Pa's a wealthy City man,
And I his only child:
If you knew all, you'd pity me,
I'm really almost wild;
Some girls I know can't get a beau,
And so their temper lose,
But really I've so many, that
I don't know which to choose.
Chorus: Go where I will, they're every where,
They come in threes and twos:
Each one he vows he'd die for me,
But I don't know which to choose.

I, first of all, the Curate smote,
The Reverend Moses Sands:
He wears a very high church coat,
And has such lovely hands;
And then there came brave Captain Halse,
He's six feet in his shoes,
And, oh! he is such a duck to waltz—
But I don't know which to choose. Chorus.

Next, there came the Baronet,
He's on my father's board,
But forty-five is much too old—
I want to be adored:
His fussy ways would fidgit me,
And give one fits of blues—
Oh! there is ONE—such a handsome man—
But I don't know which to choose. Chorus.

You ought to see the train I have
When to a Ball I go:
The other girls they look so cross,
I fear they vote it slow;
But I think it is very nice,
At least it does amuse—
Some day, I really must decide,
But I don't know which to choose. Chorus.

Thou'rt Gane Awa'.

Thou'rt gane awa', thou'rt gone awa',
Thou'rt gane awa' frae me, Mary;
Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
Thou'st cheated them and me, Mary.
Until this hour I never thought
That aught could alter thee, Mary,
Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
Think what you will of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,
Wha stole that heart of thine, Mary,
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.
I spoke sincere, not flattered much,
Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary;
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such—
No, I loved only thee, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet, while I live,
I'll loe nae maid but thee, Mary;
Let friends forget, as I forgive,
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
So then farewell! of this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary—
For all the world I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

Grand Old Home.

Words by Billy Lester. Sung by the Big "4"

Good evening to you, white folks, all—
We have just come here to sing our little ditty;
It's about those times that's past and gone—
How we used to work on the grand old Mississippi.

CHORUS.

Our Massa was a good man— [Sym]
He used to feed us on hoe cakes— [Sym]
But now we have sang our gags,
We'll good go back to old Jim and Jack Rags.

White folks, we can no longer stay,
The Bugle sounds, of course we must away;
I hope that I, kind friends, will forgive us,
We'll go back again to the Grand Old Home.
Chorus: Our Massa was a good man, &c.

All About Sugar.

THE SWEETEST SONG EVER SUNG.

Words by L. M. Thornton. Air: I saw Esau Kissing Kate.

I know a little boy who oft
Would to the table hasten
And dip his finger and his thumb
Into the sugar basin.
'Twas all in vain that his mama
Said unto him, "Oh! drat it"
For sugar he had such a tooth,
He always would be at it.
Chorus: I saw Sam the sugar take
From the basin of his mamy,
And she saw Sam, and Sam saw she
And Sam saw I saw Sammy.

'Twas some time after he left school,
And in the world did mingle,
He thought 'twould very foolish be
For ever to be single.
And as he doted upon sweets,
A sweet girl he addressed, sir,
With lips as sweet as sugar, which
Were often to his pressed, sir. Chorus.

When last I saw this loving pair,
Six years had they been married,
And still he did not think that he
Ought longer to have tarried.
Said he my darling wife's as sweet
As sugar to my mind, sir,
And with four little sugar plums,
Why, lasting bliss I find, sir. Chorus.

The Soldier's Farewell.

How can I bear to leave thee—
One parting kiss I give thee,
And then whate'er befals me,
I go where honor calls me—
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

Ne'er more may I behold thee,
Nor to this heart enfold thee—
With spear and penon glancing,
I see the foe advancing!
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

I'll think of thee with longing,
Think thou when tears are thronging,
And with my last faint sighing
I'll whisper soft while dying—
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

Since James wint on the Stage.

Words by Harry Bennett. As sung by Harry Kernell.

My name is John McSorley, in this city I reside:
I reared a son to manhood, and he was my joy and pride;
But now play-actors and such trash do all his time engage,
He's off his nut entirely, since he wint upon the stage.

CHORUS.

He wears long shoes and stroked socks,
And he says they're all the rage;
My carpet's tore, and my house is in a roar,
Since James wint on the stage.

He throws his feet up high, because he thinks it is the style:
He broke my chandelier last night, and filled my clothes with oil.
He says he'll make a terrible hit, and tells me he's immense,
And he took the ould woman's petticoat to play the nagur-winch.
He wears long shoes and stroked socks, &c.

He has my hat and coat all spoiled, and everything is broke,
His foot wint through the floor whin trying to dance the lively moke:
He sings "Ta, ta," and "Tra-la-la-la," just like a bird in a cage,
And has me nearly crazy, since he wint upon the stage.
He wears long shoes and stroked socks, &c.

Lost in the Wide World.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by J. R. Thomas.

The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York. Price 40 cents.

Lost in the wide world, hopeless and weary:
Gone is the gladness that made life so dear!
Dark is my pathway, lonesome and dreary:
No smile to cheer me is lingering near!
Once bloomed around me life's fairest roses:
Loved ones and fond ones now cheer me no more;
Lost in the wide world, while calmly reposes
Each heart that blest me in sweet days of yore!

Chorus.

Lost in the wide world, while calmly reposes
Each heart that blest me in sweet days of yore!

Lost in the wide world, wandering in sadness,
Dreaming of dear ones who left me in tears:
Stars of the midnight whisper with gladness,
"Loved ones are waiting, then hush all thy fears!"
Oh! how I miss them, life's lovely roses!
Sweet voices call me to yon further shore!
Lost in the wide world, while calmly reposes
Each heart that blest me in sweet days of yore!
Lost in the wide world, &c.

Two Fat Gals that Weigh a Ton.

Words by Burt Wayne. Sung by Wayne & Lovely.

Here we are, you see, the pet of all the boys,
We're in for fun, and weigh a ton,
But never make a noise:
We love to sing and dance, and throw our selves about,
Although we're fat—now what of that?
We can't help if we're stout!

Chorus.

Play up the music while we dance. [Break]
Give us two fat gals a chance. [Break]
Two fat gals that weigh a ton,
Lively, gay and full of fun;
Always dancing, never still,
The music sends through us a thrill.

To a ball I went last night: I met my Felix there,
He winked at me, you ought to see
How the people did stare—
I was there also, "so was my Billy, dear."
He's tall and slim, "but I like him!
No matter if he's queer." Chorus.

My Son Charley.

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

Irish Character Song. Sung by Johnny Roach.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 329 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

The chap I'm going to sing about,
I'm very fond to tell,
Is a member of my family,
You ought to know him well;
He keeps the corner store above,
Where he sells his beer and wine,
And he holds a public sinecure:
For, he's a son of mine!
Chorus: My son Charley! oh! he's the lad!
Oh! hear them say he's awful bad!
Such a boy I never had
As my son Charley!

My Charley is a citizen,
And he votes for Tammany Hall;
They will put him up for Alderman,
If he lives until next fall:
He has the ward all to himself,
And it's him that cuts a shine—
He commands a great influence there,
For, he's a son of mine! Chorus.

He wears a handsome black mustache,
And puffs his long brown hair,
And in his breast immaculate
The richest emeralds glare;
In a quiet neighborhood, up town,
He has a girl so fine—
And she's going to marry, next Sunday week,
This dearest son of mine! Chorus.

America For Me.

Written by Short Stop. Sung by the Fieldings.

Know'st thou the land whose stormy shore
E'er echos to the billows' roar,
Whose cliffs frown o'er the briny spray?
To that fair land let us away:
Where e'er I live—where e'er I stray—
It haunts my thought by night and day.
Chorus: America the great! America the free!
America the brave! America for me!

Know'st thou the Nation, great and free,
Whose sway extends from Sea to Sea,
Whose equal has ne'er yet been found?
Search where you will—the world around:
It is a Nation great and proud—
Who, self-reliant, sings aloud— Chorus.

Know'st thou the lay, whose stirring strains
Each free and noble soul enchains?
The lay that makes the heart rejoice,
When it is sung with heart and voice?
It is a lay of wondrous might—
O'er land and sea it brings its flight. Chorus.

That Banner a Hundred Years Old.

Words by B. Devere. Music by Eddie Fox

Music published by F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, O.

Sung by the Fieldings.

There's an emblem so dear to American hearts
Floating over the land that is free,
Since the Goddess of Liberty's cradle was rocked
On the shores of the Isle of the Sea.
With a dark field of blue and a bright stripe of red,
Bespangled with stars bright as gold—
A Centennial present from brave hearts now still—
This "banner a hundred years old."

Chorus.

God bless our Centennial meeting at home!
May joys and sweet pleasures untold
Cluster round the dear emblem our forefathers gave,
This "banner a hundred years old."

And when Liberty, crushed by the grim tyrant's hand,
Lay panting and bleeding alone,
Ere the brave hearts that rallied around our dear land,
And had offered their blood to atone,
And the Angel of love, looking down from above,
Dropped tears on the blue ocean cold,
And plashing that flag, they enfigured each star
On this "banner a hundred years old."
God bless our Centennial meeting at home, &c.

The Elegant Swell.

Words and Music written expressly for Miss Alice Jourdan, by John F. Sheridan.

My kindest good evening to all—
"A stranger," no doubt you will say;
In that assertion you're right,
I've been here just one week to-day;
I came here from Paris direct,
I'm known in that great city well;
Among the *Elite* and *Bon-Ton*.
I'm known as the Elegant Swell!

Chorus.

Elegant! Elegant!
That's what they say of me,
As I parade down the gay thoroughfare;
Elegant! Elegant! everywhere greets my ear:
In style, grace and excellence,
None can compare.

After my toilet, this morn,
A stroll I took through Central Park:
In picturesque beauty, unique,
I think 'tis a shade o'er the mark;
Your ladies, in beauty and style,
In some respects Paris excel,
And I flatter myself I'm a judge—
Who'd dispute the Elegant Swell?
Elegant! Elegant! &c.

What is that which never asks any questions, but requires many answers? The street-door.

Do not believe one-half what you hear, but make sure that you believe all you say.

Annie Dear! I'm Called Away

By a cottage, in the twilight,
Stand a Soldier and a maid:
Solemn words are being spoken,
For, his country needs his aid:
Down her cheeks the tears are coursing,
Tremblingly she bids him stay:
Firmly, sadly comes the answer—
"Annie dear! I'm called away."
Chorus: Good bye, Annie! good bye, darling!
Tho' I fain would with thee stay,
'Tis decreed that I must leave thee,
Annie dear! I'm called away.

Next the tramp of martial footsteps
Passing by that cottage door,
And the Soldier, smiling bravely,
Leaves her whom he'll see no more—
Tho' she shall in broken slumber,
Ever after hear him say,
In a tender mournful whisper—
"Annie dear! I'm called away." Chorus.

There has been a fearful conflict,
Victory has been nobly won,
And a youthful soldier's dying,
Ere his life has well begun;
"Comrade! he is feebly saying,
I shall never live 'till day:
If you're spared to see my darling,
Tell her I am called away." Chorus.

The Bonnie Breast-Knots.

Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie,
Hey the bonnie breast-knots!
Blythe and merry were they a'
When they put on the breast-knots.
There was a bridal in our toun,
And to 't the lasses a' were boun,
Wi' monie facings on their goun,
And some o' them had breast-knots.
Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
Wi' shining buckles i' their sheen,
And flowers upon their waistcoats.
Out came the wives, a' wi' applause,
And wish'd the lassie happy days,
And muckle though they on her claes,
Especially the breast-knots.
Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

The bride she was baith young and fair,
Her neck outshone the pearlins rare;
A satin snood bound up her hair,
And flowers among her breast-knots.
The bridegroom gazed—but mair, I ween,
He prised the glance of love's blue een,
That made him proud o' his sweet Jean,
When she got on her breast-knots.
Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

Just as Lively as a Flea.

Written and sung by Johny Kernell.

Once I was a happy coon,
Down on de ole plantation,
Dar's where de darkeys all
Used to dance and sing.
Massa said I was de smartest
Coon in all de nation;
Oh! how I could hoe down
Dat Mississippi fling!
Chorus: Just as lively as a flea—*break.*
Just as happy as could be—*break.*
Oh! dun I was a happy coon,
Down on de ole plantation;
Injun rubber, gutta percha
Gumbolastic Pete.

When de darkeys work was done,
De field was picked of cotton,
Den we'd go down in de place
Dey called Muskeeter Bottom.
Fust we'd drop de shovel,
And den we'd drop de hoe,
And den we'd have a good ole dance
Upon de heel and toe. Chorus.

Slavery Days.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.
Music published by W. A. Pond, 547 Broadway, New York.

I am thinking to-day of dem years dat passed away,
When dey tied me up in bondage long ago :
In old Virginny State, it was dar we separate,
And it filled my heart with misery and woe—
Dey took away my boy, he was his mother's joy,
From a baby in de cradle we him raise ;
Oh ! dey put us far apart, an' it broke de old man's heart,
In dem agonizing, cruel slavery days.
CHORUS.
Dey never come again : let us give our praise to Him,
Who looks down whar de little children play—
So, every night and morn, we will pray for dem dat's gone,
In dem agonizing, cruel slavery days.

Still my mem'ry will steal ce'er to dat dear old cabin floor,
When de shadow of de sun came peeping in :
At night when all was dark, we could hear de watch-dog bark,
And we'd listen to de murmur of de wind.
It seem to say to me—"You people must be free ;"
For, de happy time am coming, Lord be praised !
For, then we would weep and moan—for, our souls were not our own,
In dem agonizing, cruel slavery days. Chorus.

I am very old and feeble, and our life am nearly done,
I have traveled in the roughest kind of road ;
Thro' sickness, toil and sorrow, I have reached de end at last,
And I'm resting by de wayside wid my load.
Forget now and forgive, has always been my guide .
For, dat's what de golden Scripture surely says ;
But our mem'ry will turn roun, when our souls dey were tied down,
In dem agonizing, cruel slavery days. Chorus.

Rolling on the Grass.

To those who live in cities,
Where but bricks and mortar's seen,
There's nothing so refreshing
As "a little bit of green !"
So often, on a summer's day,
An idle hour to pass,
Off to the fields I'd get away,
And roll upon the grass.
CHORUS.
Rolling on the grass 'midst the buttercups and daisies,
That's the way, that's the way
An idle hour to pass ;
Rolling on the grass 'mongst the buttercups and daisies,
Fancying you're a child again,
Rolling on the grass.

The prettiest of carpets 'tis
That ever could be found,
With daisies sprinkled here and there,
And Maybushes around ;
A bright blue roof above, o'er which
The silver clouds sail by,
And skylarks think it but a lark
To sing up in the sky. Chorus.

One day, whilst I reclining was,
And half inclined to dream,
I suddenly was startled by
A female's piercing scream ;
Towards me rushed a pretty girl,
In fearful state of mind,
And followed by a frantic cow,
Unpleasantly behind.

Spoken : Of course, to spring to my feet and catch the fainting maiden in my arms was but the work of a quarter of a second : the cow on seeing my defiant attitude came to a full stop and stared ! I said, waving my hat commandingly, Go away, cow—go away directly ! and so she did—and sent us both— Rolling, &c.

I often met her after that,
And this was my excuse :
That should a frantic cow turn up,
I might perhaps be of use.
She's going to change her name for mine—
When a few short weeks shall pass :
And so I bless that blessed cow,
And rolling on the grass. Chorus.

They all have a Mate but me.

Kind christians all, on you I call,
If to pity you feel inclined :
Your care bestow on a fellow full of woe,
Who is almost off his mind.
Six wives I've wed, but they've all gone dead ;
My love was labor in vain—
For, I've married and I've burried—'till I'm very near worried,
And I'm sick with wives on the brain !
Chorus : There's the fox and the hare,
And the badger and the bear,
And the birds on the greenwood tree :
And the pretty little rabbits,
So engaging in their habits,
And they all have a mate but me.

The first on the page is little Sally Sage :
She once was a lady's maid,
But she ran away, on a very dark day,
With a fellow in the fried-fish trade.
The next was a cook, oh ! a beauty with a hook,
And I'll tell you the reason why—
For a leg she'd a stump, on her back was a hump,
And she'd got a little squint in her eye.
There's the fox, &c.

Another one to charm was a girl on a farm,
Well versed in the harrows and ploughs :
She guarded the rigs of a lot of little pigs,
And squeezed new milk from the cows.
She was sixteen stone, all muscle and bone,
And she looked with an awful leer—
And she would have been mine, but fell in a decline
Thro' swallowing a mouse in her beer.
There's the fox, &c.

Then another one came, ah ! a right Jolly Dame,
And her purse was as long as my arm,
All full of yellow gold—such a sight to behold
Would the heart of a miser warm !
And her only sin was a love for gin,
But it brought our hopes to a wreck:
For, she slipped with her heel on a bit of orange peel,
Fell down, and broke her blessed neck.
There's the fox, &c.

I could add to the score full a half-dozen more :
For, the list is a long way round :
One went o'er the sea for a better chap than me,
And some of them were hanged or drowned.
And the last I had through drink went mad,
In vain I tried to stop her :
And sad was my dismay to discover that, one day,
She'd been slowly boiled to death in the copper.
There's the fox, &c.

All that's Fair and Pure.

SONG AND DANCE.

Words and Music by H. A. Darley, and sung only by him.

In a dell where the summer breeze is sighing,
Where the flowers, dripping with the morning dew,
Lift their heads at dawn to kiss the golden sunshine,
And greet the birds that sing their songs anew :
In this earthly paradise, with bliss environed,
With all joys perpetuated evermore,
Like fair Phœbus bursting on a desert moor-land,
Dwells the synonym of all that's fair and pure.

CHORUS.

Diamonds sparkle in her violet eyes, (Sym.)
Sweetest melody is in her sighs : (Sym.)
There's a swell of heavenly music in her laughter,
Rippling as the surf upon a pebbly shore,
And I drink in all the murmured cadence fostered
By the synonym of all that's fair and pure !

At twilight, when the west with orient splendor
Shadows dell and woodland in an amber gleam,
We listen to the music of the streamlet :
That is sweeter than a poet's summer dream—
Hearts enraptured with the thoughts that ever mingle
With the hopes the coming future will assure,
While a rosy hue enhances all the beauty
Of the synonym of all that's fair and pure !
Diamonds sparkle, &c.

Laziness travels so slow that poverty is almost sure to overtake it.

Come and Join the Band!

REVIVAL SONG.

Words and Music by Jos. P. Skelly. As sung by Johnny Roach, with great success.

Come, come and be converted,
Come from wickedness and sin,
Let the devil be deserted,
Come and join the band within ;
Hear us preach, and hear us pray,
Join us in each happy lay,
While you're loose and led astray,
Come and join the band !
Chorus : Come, come, every Yankee,
Every sinner thro' the land,
Pray with Moody, sing with Sankey,
Come, and join the band !

Now the glory flows around us,
Angels blow their bugles loud,
Sinners bless the day they found us,
See them creeping through the crowd.
All the world we come to heal,
Into every breast we steal,
We are for the nation's weal,
Come and join the band ! Chorus.

We have crossed the mighty ocean,
Now we're back with glory crowned :
We have gained the world's devotion,
Such a wicked lot we found—
From the aged and the wise,
Severed from their sinful ties,
We have heard repenting cries,
When they joined the band. Chorus.

Will-o-the-wisp.

DESCRIPTIVE SONG.

When night's dark mantle has covered all,
I come in fire arrayed,
Many a victim I've seen fall,
Or fly from me dismayed !
Will-o-the-wisp ! they trembling cry,
Will-o-the-wisp, 'tis he !
Will-o-the-wisp ! they trembling cry,
Will-o-the-wisp, 'tis he !
To mark their fright as off they fly,
Is merry, is merry, is merry sport for me,
Is merry, is merry, is merry sport for me,
Is merry sport for me !
I dance, I dance, I'm here, I'm there :
Who tries to catch me catches but air,
Who tries to catch me catches but air !
The mortal who follows me follows in vain :
For, I laugh ha ! ha ! I laugh ho ! ho !
I laugh at their folly and pain—
I laugh at their folly,
I laugh at their pain :
I laugh at their folly
I laugh at their folly and pain :
I laugh ha ! ha !
I laugh ho ! ho !
I laugh at their folly and pain—

Many a traveller I deceive,
And with their parting breath,
I hear them call in vain for help,
And dance round them in death !
Will-o-the-wisp ! they trembling cry,
Will-o-the-wisp, 'tis he !
Will-o-the-wisp ! they trembling cry,
Will-o-the-wisp, 'tis he !
To mark their shriek as they sink and die,
Is merry, is merry, is merry sport for me,
Is merry, is merry, is merry sport for me,
Is merry sport for me !
I dance, I dance, I'm here, I'm there :
Who tries to catch me catches but air,
Who tries to catch me catches but air !
The mortal who follows me follows in vain :
For, I laugh ha ! ha ! I laugh ho ! ho !
I laugh at their folly and pain—
I laugh at their folly,
I laugh at their pain :
I laugh at their folly
I laugh at their folly and pain :
I laugh ha ! ha !
I laugh ho ! ho !
I laugh at their folly and pain—

A Sister's Revenge.

(Continued.)

"Indeed he would, mamma," acquiesced Blanche thoughtfully. "You are right. Such a thing cannot be thought of for a moment!"

"Very well, dear. Then, without being unkind, to your favorite, we must take care not to throw her in Ralph's way, and then all will be well."

Mrs. Houghton kissed her daughter affectionately.

"But for Ralph's good, my dear," she concluded, as she left Blanche alone, "I should not have spoken to you thus for years to come—perhaps never. However, you are no longer a child; and if this first lesson in womanhood is or appears to be selfish, rest assured it is dictated by pure affection. You are both very dear to me, Blanche; and Ralph is my only son!

She swept out of the room as she spoke the last word, and Blanche went in search of her companion.

Through the wood down to the valley she took her way. It was a favorite walk with them both. Here, enshrouded in the deep vale, by the side of a narrow road, stood an old chapel. It was the first Quaker or Friends' meeting-house built in this country, and stood embosomed in trees. Once a year, it was opened, and then gathered Friends from every part of the kingdom to worship.

In its modest "God's acre" lay buried one of the fonders of the society. Daisies carpeted the green turf in spring-time, and the glade in which it stood was covered with cowslips, primroses, and violets.

The show-place of the neighborhood — very solemn, very beautiful, and lonely beyond description; a picture at all times—silent generally, a still life picture as a rule; but to-day, two figures stood in the foreground, talking earnestly.

For a moment, Blanche stopped and looked eagerly forward. Then her heart seemed to stand still. In the couple sauntering round the old chapel-yard, she recognised Ralph and Jessie Marston!

So absorbed were the two, Blanche's light footstep did not disturb them. Unnoticed, she walked round the building, and was close upon them before they were aware of her presence. With almost a pang, she noted her stalwart, handsome brother in his brown velvet shooting-coat, felt hat, and thick boots. How manly and noble he looked! How fit a protector for that fair-haired teacher! The sunlight played on her golden tresses, and lit up her pure face with a glow of beauty. She was speaking. All her soul seemed to be given forth in the words she uttered.

"It is the fashion nowadays, sir, Blanche heard her say—"a quaint, curious idea—to build a monument, to sculpture a likeness in marble, or cast one in bronze of patriots and heroes; as though a great man's work does not live, as well as follow him to the grave! Here lies William Penn—and who of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers will ever cease to revere his memory?—yet is his grave not to be distinguished from the rest; a mere mound of turf, with no stone to mark his resting-place!"

"You are a sad democrat, I fear," laughed the Captain, lightly. "But let him be who he will reposing in such a valley as this, and be spoken of thus, his immortality on earth is assured."

She turned to him with a serious look. Before she could comprehend the purport of his speech, Blanche had joined them. The Captain looked rather awkward. Just then he could well have dispensed with her presence.

"Ah, Sissy!" he cried; "you here? Miss Marston has been acting as cicerone, and giving me a history of that noted Quaker, the Governor of Pennsylvania."

Laughingly she returned her brother's greeting.

They were all so perilously happy this summer day. Who could help being joyous? Nature herself seemed to smile upon them and bid them welcome to her arms. Blanche forgot her mother's warning so completely as did Ralph himself. A strange feeling of a new life had crept over him. Debts and duns were forgotten in this wandering in the woods. Every hour lengthened itself out into a day. Never were seen more happy folks. Jessie enjoyed it exceedingly. Now and again she would steal glances at Ralph, honest-looking and handsome. The smoke from his cigar curled upward in spiral wreaths of blue. The girls laughed, and pretended to blow it away. It was a glorious holiday—a fleeting, unsubstantial time.

"Through the woods, through the woods, roaming so merrily," sang the Captain, joyously, as he bade his companions farewell.

Blanche laughed, and declared she had enjoyed herself more than she had done for years. She appealed to Jessie, who blushed and looked downward at the green moss.

"Yes," she said, in reply to the mute appeal, "the country was always very beautiful—but to-day, perhaps, more than ever."

The Captain smiled, for he knew he had won a heart.

* * * * * * * * * *

A month passed away. Of all that family, only one was wretched. And this was Blanche.

She had, indeed, become a woman. It was a sorrowful day for her when she first saw her brother Ralph and Jessie together in the chapel-yard. How often she looked back to that scene! Now he was cool and cynical towards her, who had, prior to that, ever been gentle and kind.

His heart belonged to another now. Jessie, at whose name he would blush and tremble, was *his* idol. If she failed to appear in their woodland rambles, all enjoyment was at an end. "What ailed her? How came it *she* could not come?" These were his questions—this the track of his thoughts. Jessie, the world only contained her for him, and Blanche grew jealous and very fearful.

She remembered her mother's words, and wondered where it all would end.

She knew she was deceiving her parent, as was Ralph; but she could not bring her mind to blame either.

The time ran on, and Ralph's leave had nearly expired.

One night—that before he left—she walked to the old chapel.

It was a bright and beautiful evening.

They had dined early, for Mrs. Houghton was unwell and confined to her room.

So Blanche strolled alone.

Jessie was in attendance on the invalid, and the house was so dull, Blanche was glad to breathe the fresh air.

Through the woods she wandered, in a listless, enjoyable fashion. Her thoughts were still running upon Ralph and Jessie. A faint thought of blame was in her mind. More than ever she remembered her mother's warning words.

She strained over the low hedge to gather a bunch of wild honeysuckle, which tempted her with its fragrance and beauty. Down below in the valley beneath the mist was creeping up slowly like a thin veil. And as she gazed, she started violently.

For there were the companions of her thoughts—Ralph and Jessie!

Her head was pillowed on his breast; now and again he bent over her with a loving gesture.

Blanche stood still and watched for some minutes, then slowly retraced her steps.

"What must I do?" she murmured—"oh, what must I do?"

Onwards she strolled, till the house came in sight.

A servant met her at the entrance.

"Your mamma wishes to speak to you at once, Miss Blanche," said Mrs. Houghton's maid. "She is quite anxious about you!"

"Indeed!" said Blanche. "I have not been away long, either! Well, I will go to her."

She ran at once up the staircase to her mother's room.

"Blanche! is that you?" called out a sharp, ringing voice.

"Yes, mamma!" answered Blanche.

"Come here, child!"

"Yes, mamma! What is the matter?"

"Read!" replied Mrs. Houghton,—"read this, and tell me if you, too, are in the plot!"

Wonderingly, Blanche obeyed. She recognised the hand in a moment. It was that of her brother Ralph.

It was a tiny note, and contained but a few words, running thus:—

"DEAR JESSIE,—

To-night, at eight, I shall be at the old chapel, awaiting your answer. I need not repeat how dearly I love you; you know my heart as well as I do myself. But my time here is short; and if you would not break my heart meet me there, and bless me with the love I covet so much. I entreat you not to fail!" "RALPH."

Blanche read it eagerly.

"Now, Blanche, answer me truly!" cried the angry parent. "What do you know of this? How far are you concerned in it?"

"I, mamma? I could only guess until this evening! To-night, certainly, I saw them!"

"Where and how?" interrupted Mrs. Houghton.

"By the chapel, mamma; and I certainly think Ralph was paying her great attention."

"Great attention!" sneered Mrs. Houghton, flushing angrily. "The fool—the fool! As I feared, so it has ended! But be sure I will stop their folly. Miss Marston quits this house to-night!"

"Mamma," cried Blanche, "you are not serious! Consider! Turn her out of her home to-night?"

"I *have* considered," said the angered mother. "Do not irritate me, Blanche, by useless questions or remonstrances. I am resolved to spare Ralph the humiliation of poverty, and there is but one course open to me. Now go, child. Send Miss Marston to me the moment she returns."

Slowly and very sadly Blanche left the room to meet Jessie, who with a flushed cheek, and a happy smile, was carolling a love-melody.

Blanche stopped her, and threw her arms round her neck.

"Don't blame me, darling, whatever happens," she whispered, "for I love you dearly: but—but mamma wishes to see you at once."

Jessie read plainly enough in Blanche's manner her secret had been discovered.

"I will attend Mrs. Houghton," she said, coldly, "when I have taken off my things."

Involuntarily Blanche caught her hand, and pressed it fervently. Then Jessie drew her to her heart.

"Good-bye, Jessie!" murmured Blanche tremulously. "Bless you!"

Her companion echoed the wish fervently.

A voice was heard calling, and they parted, never to meet again on this side of the grave.

CHAPTER IV.

Five years have passed away. A new scene demands our attention. From the light and beauty of a summer's day to the dense fog and dark gloom of a winter's night.

It is a death-chamber we enter—very chaste and beautiful in its pure white hangings, rendered doubly so by its occupants; for here are two beautiful girls.

Sisters evidently. This may be seen readily enough. The same fair hair, bright and wavy; blue eyes, that seem almost to match each other; soft voices, painfully distinct as they nestle side by side; and yet one far on the road to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. The eldest speaks in a voice of apparent pain.

"Jessie dear," she murmurs, "I can't believe it. You are so young—so very, very young!"

"Nay, Bella, do try to learn the lesson, dear. Sometimes I think I have had no youth—that all the past has been a dream."

The speaker shook her head slowly, and tears coursed down her cheeks.

"If uncle had not died just then," said Bella, "how happy we might have been!"

Languidly the other assented.

"And now, Jessie, you are left with me to die, when I would give all my wealth to see you about once more!"

Again Bella sobbed heavily, and Jessie pressed her hand feebly.

"Bella, I must tell you the history," said Jessie. "I am becoming frightened, and cannot go to my little girl—cannot meet her till I have unburdened my mind. Listen, dear, and I will tell you all. Do you remember the last time we were together, Bella? Ah, yes, I am sure you do!—the night before I left for Mrs. Houghton's, when we climbed the old oak staircase hand-in-hand. How dearly we loved each other then! My heart was so full, Bell, I had no room for another. Don't remember, dear, how we lay awake all night, caressing each other, because on the morrow we were to part?"

"Yes, dearest. But why revert to that? Tell me of yourself, and why you have hidden from me so long?"

"I will, dear Bell," murmured the dying girl. "I, dear, have naught to reproach myself with. My tale is a simple one. I have already brought my history down to that night when Mrs. Houghton dismissed me—have I not?"

"Yes, dear Jessie."

"Well, after her bitter reproaches, which somehow I felt I deserved, I packed up my boxes, and prepared to depart. They were to send the carriage with me to the station, and I was so bewildered and frightened, I scarce knew what I was doing. Suffice it to say, dear, I reached London; and there, as though to meet me, was my darling Ralph. Oh, how I loved him—how I clung to him for protection! Fool that I was—that I am now—for I love him still! He had followed me—had ridden in the same train in order to be with me, to comfort me. We caught the mail, journed to Scotland, and there we were married. For one year of exquisite bliss, I was in paradise. A baby girl was given me for a little while; then she died, and I was alone. Ralph had grown tired of me—complained of poverty; and I, heaven knows, cost him but little! Then came the greatest blow of all. He declared, with many oaths, we were not legaly man and wife. After this, dear, I left him to seek you out. It was not easy to find you, as you know."

"That I can understand, dear Jessie. When my uncle left me his property, it was on the condition that I should take the name of Galbraith—his own family name. No wonder you were puzzled!"

"But I have come home to die, as I always thought I should," cried Jessie weakly. "*You* forgive me, Bell?"

"Ay, dear, with all my heart! Kiss me, darling sister. You have grown so cold!"

There was no response to the fond appeal. The chill was that of death.

Jessie Marston had gone to meet her babe.

Chapter V.

The first day of November, 1867. The place, Brighton; locality, King's Road. The characters, Miss Galbraith, the heiress; Mrs. and Miss Houghton; and Ralph Houghton, *en attendant*.

The sun shining brightly, the waves splashing on the beach, crowds of people passing to and fro—a glorious picture. Such, after all, as can be seen only in this old land of ours.

Fair women, handsome men, superb horses, magnificently-appointed carriages—here they all are, passing to and fro in the brief winter sunlight.

No bugle so musical and loud, no voice so ringing and cheerful, as that of Miss Galbraith, the great heiress.

No cavalier so attentive, no smile so sweet as that of Ralph Houghton.

His mother and sister had taken Miss Galbraith to their hearts, and hoped the one to call her daughter, the other sister. They had no memory of Jessie Marston. To them she was dead and buried, as one who had never been.

And here let us mention how little they knew of Ralph's real history.

Neither suspected for a moment he had been married to Jessie.

Mrs. Houghton would have chid him; his sister would scarce have beamed down upon him as she did to-day.

She was very proud of her handsome brother. The memory of Jessie Marston—alas for all things fleeting!—had almost passed away. A month sped on, and still Captain Houghton was the favored of all Miss Galbraith's numerous lovers.

Still she held him with iron bands, though it appeared she was leading him with silken cords. He was deeply in love, Bella knew it well.

Christmas came, and Bella removed to town. Mrs. Houghton and Blanche accompanied her. So mild was the weather, it might have been spring-time.

"A most unseasonable Christmas!" grumbled the rich. "A heavenly Christmas!" murmured the poor, for they needed not warm clothing and blazing fire.

One day—*the* day of Ralph Houghton's life—Bella took him to a suburban cemetery. Although Mrs. Houghton had taken much pains to court the heiress, and albeit she had become her chaperone, she was fain to confess she was peculiar. On certain points, particularly so.

Now this visit to the cemetery, for instance, was an eccentric idea; but then Ralph was to be the attendant, and, after all——Well, well, heiresses must be indulged.

So the two started for Highgate.

Snowdrops were hanging their pure white heads over many a maiden's grave, the violets were budding, the sun shone, and birds twittered. Spring was coming, laughing spring, with its pranks and jests, and sweet-smelling savour.

Never before in all his life did Ralph Houghton feel so happy—nay, not even when he made love to Jessie Marston in the Quaker-house churchyard.

This day he had resolved to learn his fate, and he was terribly in earnest, too.

Here was beauty, wealth, and gentle temper—a lady approved of by his mother and sister. Everything *couleur de rose*.

They reached the glorious old cemetery by-an-by. Even in it's winter garments it was very beautiful.

Early flowers bloomed everywhere. The grass was as green as in opening spring.

Bella's voice had taken a deep tone, he fancied. She was dressed in deep black. Her face was white, and exquisitely beautiful.

They rested beside a marble monument; and, suddenly, Ralph knelt at her feet; poured out his deep devotion; swore by the dead around him, and the angels above, that to him she was all the world; bowed low his proud head, and told her how unworthy he was of her, and how much happiness might yet be theirs!

For a little she listened in silence; then she raised her head. Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Swear to me, Ralph," she murmured, "that I am your first love—that never before have your lips spoken these words!"!

"I swear," he said, solemnly, "to not one of your sex have I ever breathed such words before!"

"If this be true," she cried tremblingly, "I am yours!"

He would have embraced her; but she rose, and drew him away.

Before you kiss me, Ralph—it is a curious fancy of mine—read this inscription."

She pointed to an alabaster figure surmounting a tomb, upon which, in golden letters, was written:—

"Sacred to the memory of Jessie Houghton, wife of Ralph Houghton, Esq., who departed this life November 7, 1866. Erected by her loving sister, Bella Galbraith.

"'In life they were true and loving; In death they shall not be divided.'"

Mechanically he read the words.

"Captain Houghton," said Bella sternly, "the law does not allow two sisters to marry one man. I brought you here, to-day, to have my revenge. I heard the story of your desertion of her on her death-bed. She forgave you—blessed you with her dying breath! Henceforth we are strangers! If you would repent of the past, let your future acts be tinged by remembrance of that poor dear angel lying there! For me, I have accomplished my purpose, and wish never to see you again!"

She swept away as she spoke; and Ralph Houghton sank to the ground.

What thoughts came to him in this hallowed retreat—whether he really and truly repented of his past, none can tell.

But one thing is certain, that, through the influence of the dead girl, a new life sprang up within Captain Houghton's breast; and though he never married, the kind old general we meet, now and again, who bears his name, is open of hand and open of heart; and so, perhaps, in its very best sense, "Bella's revenge" failed after all.

What is that which goes when a waggon goes, stops when the wagon stops, is of no use to the wagon, and yet that which the waggon cannot go without?—Noise.

If all the musical Instruments ran a race, why would one of the string species come in first?—Because the wind instruments must be blown before they even begin; any one can beat the drum.

Why I Never Married.

By Captain Jakk.

When first I met this lovely maid,
'Twas in the glorious summer time:
She was sitting 'neath the arbor's shade,
Her heart seemed to respond to mine.

Although a year since last we met,
It hardly seems to me a day—
Since folded closely in my arms,
Her head upon my shoulder lay.

Well, we were young and lovers then,
She'd not forget her Jack so dear—
While I, well, I would soon return,
And marry her in one short year.

With one fond kiss I left her there,
My heart was full, I could not speak;
"Oh! leave me not!" she loudly bawled,
And tears were streaming down her cheek.

I vowed I would be true to her,
Until the day that I returned;
While, like consuming fire, the love
I held for her my bosom burned.

I left my home and kindred then,
'Mid strangers I was forced to roam;
But still my thoughts were centered on
That lovely maid I'd left at home.

Not six months after I returned,
To claim the hand of Miss Le Roy;
The words I heard confirmed my fears—
My Kate was married—had got a boy!

I did not stop to learn the name
Of her husband; for, 'twould drive me mad—
Not six months married—and got a boy!
I wonder now who is its dad?

The Watch by the Rhine.

A wild cry leaps, like thunder roar,
Like glittering brand, o'er wave to shore,
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who'll keep it when its foes combine?
Dear fatherland! no fear be thine,
Dear fatherland! no fear be thine,
Great hearts, brave and true, watch by the Rhine,
Great hearts, brave and true, watch by the Rhine.

Through Counties thousands thrill that cry—
And lightning fills each patriot's eye;
And German youth, devoutly brave,
Protect the sacred frontier wave.
Dear fatherland! &c.

But if my heart in death be stayed,
Oh! seek for me no alien aid:
For as the Rhine is rich in flood,
So rich our land in hero blood.
Dear fatherland! &c.

The ghost of many a German Knight
Looks down on us from his azure height;
And as we gaze on Rhine's bright blue,
We feel its tide is German, too!
Dear fatherland! &c.

So long as we have blood to run,
So long as we can hold a gun,
So long as we can wield a brand,
No foe, O Rhine, shall tread thy strand!
Dear fatherland! &c.

Flows on thy wave, while spreads our vow,
Lo! proud in air our flag flies now;
"The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who'll keep it though our foes combine?"

The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man possesses, he can neither be contented nor happy without occupation. We were born to labor, and the world is our vineyard. We can find a field for usefulness almost anywhere. In occupation we forget our cares, our worldly trials, and our sorrows. It keeps us from constantly worrying and brooding over what is inevitable. If we have enough for ourselves, we can labor for the good of others; and such a task is one of the most delightful duties a worthy and good man can possibly engage in.

ALONE BENEATH YON DROOPING TREE.

Translated by
DESMOND RYAN.



NUMBER 100. VOLUME II.

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CONTENTS.

All among the daisies.....page 227
The Bachelor's fare.....226
Ben Backstay.....228
The Blue and the Gray.....229
Casey's Boarding-House.....227
Dot Svallen-head coat.....226
The Dancing Apollo.....226
Down where the pansies grew.....229
The Emigrant's return.....227
The Electric Soldier.....228
The Feller in the circus.....228
The Gay Irish Fair.....226
The Girls of the West.....226
The Houston Street Lad.....228
I do feel so awfully loose!.....226
I'm bound to be elected.....228
Just give us a chance.....226
The Jolly old man.....227
Love, thou maddening power.....228
Land of the West.....231
The Mountain daw.....228
Monkeys at the west side, darling—Music.....232
Not as green now as then.....227
North of Ireland man.....228
Old Recollections.....228
The Ould-Fashioned Tad.....228
Passing the time away.....227
Soldier Song.....227
She thought on her vows.....228
She sleeps in the valley.....229
She's a famous hand at cookery.....229
Sydney Maitland—A Story.....230—231
Tom and Jerry, the Twins.....227
Why, great emotions, why so long?.....227
Will you love me when I'm old?.....229
What are the wild waves saying?.....229
You'll miss me when I'm gone.....227

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I do Feel so Awfully Loose!

Words by Edwin T. Page. Music by Vincent Davies. Music published by W. A. Pond, New York.

I've been dining and wining to-day, you can see,
In a manner remarkably loose,
And to go on a spree I know would suit me:
For, I mustn't go home, 'tis no use.
Oh! I do feel so gay, so reckless and gay,
My spirits so lively and sprúce—
I could sing or play in a juvenile way:
For I do feel so awfully loose!

Chorus.

I do feel so awfully loose, so loose,
I do feel so awfully loose, so loose:
Of course, you can see I'm out on a spree—
For I do feel so awfully loose!

I was walking and talking along Broadway,
And feeling decidedly loose:
I was laughing and chaffing with ladies so gay,
The excitement must plead my excuse:
All at once I descried a girl by my side,
And my heart went pit-pat like the dance:
For, I give you my word this would not have occurred,
Had I not felt so awfully loose. Chorus.

Then to woo and to coo I embraced every chance,
In a style that was certainly loose:
For, I pressed her to go to the Argyle to dance,
And really would take no excuse.
I said 'twould be bliss if she gave me a kiss,
And to raise her veil tried to induce:
Who is that? on my life! I've been courting my wife,
Oh! I did feel so awfully loose! Chorus.

Now what she said and I said may easily be guessed,
We both felt remarkably loose:
The dispute grew so warm that I thought it the best
To leave her by way of a truce.
So I left her behind, and comfort I find
In imbibing the generous juice;
Oh! I shall get it hot, but I don't care a jot:
For, to-night I am out on the loose. Chorus.

Love, Thou Maddening Power.

Love, thou maddening power
I feel thy dart:
Sighs, every anxious hour,
Speak my tortured heart—
Ah! vain, ah! hopeless grief,
I woo thy stay:
Be thou my sad relief,
Wearing my life away.

Old Recollections.

Words and Music by Harry Bannett.

Far back in the sweet past, my mem'ry's oft wandered
To the spot that I loved 'neath the old shady trees,
Where oft with my books o'er quaint stories I've pondered,
Or to dream-land was wafted by mid-summer's breeze.
I recall with a sigh the bright days of my childhood,
When 'neath the old trees with my comrades I strayed,
And heard the birds singing sweet songs in the wild-wood,
Or watched the bright brook as it flowed through the glade.

Chorus.

But, ah! the bright days of my boyhood are fleeting,
The faces of dear ones are passing away—
It makes my heart sad when I think of our meeting
'Neath the old shady trees every bright summer day.

Long years have gone by, and my comrades have left me,
Their voices no longer are heard in the glade:
But I see the old trees that I loved in my childhood,
With their wide-spreading branches, and welcoming shade:
As I pause by the brooklet, old mem'ry's steal o'er me,
My heart it grows sad—the hot tears will not stay;
For, the many dear friends that I loved in my boyhood
Are gone from my sight, and are passing away!
But, ah! &c.

Dot Svaller-Head Coat.

Written and sung by Harry Bennett.

My friends, of you lieden, I told you some dings
Dot I dink dot you don't hear before:
De ceder day, about noon, I vent in a saloon,
Und I found dis coat hung on de floor;
De man vot owned it vas sleeping close by,
So I dought dot it I would borrow:
I said to myself I vill vear it to ride,
Und give it to him on to-morrow.

Chorus.

Dot coat, dot coat, dot svaller-head coat,
Vot do you ding of my svaller-head coat?
Dot coat, dot coat, dot svaller-head coat,
I vonder how much cost dot svaller-head coat!

Vervever I go dey make fun of my coat,
Und dell me it ought to be shot;
But I vear it to please myself und not dem,
Und vedder dey like it or not.
De boys dey all say, ven I'm out on Broadway,
"Swim out, young man, you're afloat:"
But I turn up my snoot, vhen dey tell me to shoot
Dot beautiful svaller-head coat. Chorus.

Just Give us a Chance.

Written by Harry Bannett.

No doubt you've seen the ballet girls,
Who dress so trim and neat,
With pretty satin slippers on
Their tiny, little feet;
They float around like fairies in
The light and airy dance;
But we can please you better if
You'll just give us a chance.
Chorus: We are comets from the West—(*Break.*)
And our dancing is the best—(*Break.*)
We are very fond of music, and
We love to sing and dance;
In fact we'll quite surprise you if
You'll just give us a chance.

Our daddy used to teach us how
To shuffle with our feet;
And when he played the banjo, why,
The music was so sweet
That we could not keep quiet, and
That's how we learned to dance;
And now we'll try to please you if
You'll just give us a chance. Chorus.

The Dancing Apollo.

Here I am with blubber lips,
Feet just like a pair of ships,
Nose as flat as ever built,
Eyes like holes burnt in a quilt,
Mouth that spreads from ear to ear,
Monkey shines and actions queer,
Dancing like a crazy one,
To fill you with delight.

Chorus.

Kick up shins,
Full of grins,
These the pins
That always wins,
Coming like an avalanche to greet you every night.

Nigger is the great man now—
That white folks must allow;
Everybody clears the track,
When they see a man that's black—
Woolly head it is a sign
That the owner's bound to shine;
If you say he isn't,
There's sure to be a fight. Chorus.

Charades.

My first is a luminous object; my second is a luminous object; and my whole is a luminous object. Answer: Moonbeam.

My first is beneath; my second is beneath; and my whole is beneath. Answer: Underground.

The Gay Irish Pair.

Written by Ed. Murray. Sung by the Murrays.

We're a jolly Irish couple,
From the County of Athlone;
We're upright, and we're honest,
And we always feel at home;
For, be it in a cabin,
Or in a mansion great,
There's a welcome for this Irish pair,
For, we are never late.
Chorus: At a party, a ball, or a raffle,
A frolic, a waltz, or a fair,
We delight all the people around us,
And they call us the gay Irish pair.

At a party down at Mulvey's—
'Twas on last Tuesday night—
The boys and the girls got jealous,
Shure, we thought there'd be a fight
But to tell you all our trouble,
'Twould keep you here too long;
And we've got an invitation
To go and sing a song. Chorus.

The Bachelor's Fare.

A bachelor leads an easy life,
Few folks that are wed live better;
A man may live well with a very good wife,
But the puzzle is how to get her—
There are pretty good wives, and pretty bad wives,
And wives neither one thing nor t'other;
And as for the wives who scold all their lives,
I'd sooner wed Adam's grandmother.
Then, ladies and gents, if to marriage inclined,
May deceit and good humor ne'er entrap ye:
May those that are single get wives to their mind,
And those that are married live happy!

Some choose their ladies for ease or for grace,
Or a pretty turned foot when they are walking:
Some choose for figure, and some for face,
But very few choose 'em for talking.
Now as for the wife I would follow through life,
'Tis she who can speak sincerely,
Who, not over-nice, can give good advice,
And love a good husband dearly.
So, ladies and gents, when to wedlock inclined,
May deceit nor ill humor o'er entrap ye:
May those who are single find wives to their mind,
And may those who get married be happy!

The Girls of the West.

Air: "Teddy ye Gander."

You may talk, if you please,
Of the brown Portuguese,
But, wherever you roam, wherever you roam,
You nothing will meet,
Half so lovely or sweet,
As the girls at home, the girls at home.

Their eyes are not sloes,
Nor so long is their nose,
But between me and you, between me and you,
They are just as alarming,
And ten times more charming,
With hazel and blue, with hazel and blue.

They don't ogle a man
O'er the top of their fan,
Till his heart's in a flame, his heart's in a flame;
But though bashful and shy,
They've a look in their eye,
That just comes to the same, just comes to the same.

No mantillas they sport,
But a petticoat short
Shows an ankle the best, an ankle the best,
And a leg—but, O murther!
I dare not go further—
So here's to the West: so here's to the West.

Rebus.

What is that which is a tree, a Christmas gift, luggage, a part of a place of amusement, and a portion of a carriage? Answer: Box.

You'll Miss Me When I'm Gone.

Words and Music by W. H Delehanty.

I'm growing old and feeble,
My hair is turning gray;
My limbs, once light and nimble,
Are stiff, and won't obey:
My voice has lost its sweetness,
My dancing days are done—
For goodness, not for greatness,
You'll miss me when I'm gone—
Chorus: When I'm gone, when I'm gone—
There's one kind heart will miss me
When I'm gone.

What will you do without me
When Winter time comes on?
Who'll fold their arms about thee
As I have often done?
Who'll mingle in your gladness
When my career is run?
Who'll mingle in your sadness
When I am dead and gone? Chorus.

Who'll fix the little garden?
Who'll nurse the pretty flowers?
Who'll fence the little yard in,
Where we have sat for hours?
Our children all are married—
They've left us all alone—
And when I'm dead and buried,
You'll miss me when I'm gone. Chorus.

Casey's Boarding-House.

As sung by Conroy and Daly, in their original act "Longshoreman's Home."

Mr. Casey started a boarding-house down here
in Cherry street:
About twenty sailors came to board, his shanty
was so neat—
He gave them feather-beds and bolsters,
Laid them out just like a mouse:
In summer time you'd be eat with bugs,
At Casey's boarding-house.

Chorus.

That's where you could get your plum duff,
And apple sauce,
Pigs' feet pies, and cod-fish eyes,
At Casey's boarding-house.

Casey came to us one morning, and this is what he said:
"Can't ye spare the butter, boys, there's plenty
of fresh bread:
Butter costs me money, bread is so awful cheap,
There's plenty of cigar-lighters there for to pick
your teeth."
That's where you, &c.

The Jolly Old Man.

Written and sung by Harry Bennett.

You see before you a jolly old man,
My age is seventy-two;
I ne'er let sorrow remain in my heart,
And I never am sad or blue;
I've wrestled with fortune many a year—
Of trouble I've had a good share;
But I smokes my pipe, and drinks my beer,
For misfortune I do not care.

Chorus.

Fol de lol, lol de lol, dum de dum day,
I sing and dance all my sorrows away;
I like to be merry jolly and gay—
Fol de lol, lol de lol, dum de dum day.

Some people meet all their troubles half way,
And always are borrowing woe;
And that is the reason their hair turns gray,
And their spirits do get so low.
Now take my advice, give care a wide berth,
Let your hearts be happy and light;
For, nothing is gained by crying, you know,
So keep your eyes sparkling and bright.

Chorus.

Fol de lol, lol de lol, dum de dum day,
I sing and dance all my sorrows away;
I like to be merry, jolly and gay—
Fol de lol, lol de lol, dum de dum day.

The Emigrant's Return.

Sung by the great Fieldings.

A bright May-day morning was joyously dawning,
The birds caroled gaily through hedge-row and tree,
But my heart 'mid the gladness was weary with sadness,
For, Dermot, dear Dermot, was far, far from me—
But, ah! what is that? is my fancy deceiving?
Ah! no, 'tis his own well known face that I see—
And though fancy deceive us, sure seeing's believing,
As he cries—"Kathleen, darling, I'm come
back to thee."
And though fancy deceive us, sure seeing's believing,
As he cries—"Kathleen, darling, I'm come
back to thee."

Old songs we were singing, sweet memories bringing,
As we sat side by side at our own cottage door,
And he promised that never again we should sever—
For, he'd part from dear Erin, and Kathleen no more.
Tho' years have passed by, still in fancy's
bright day dreams,
My mem'ry reverts to that sweet May-day morn,
When the sunbeams shone brightly, and birds
caroled lightly
To joyously welcome my Dermot's return:
When the sunbeams shone brightly, and birds
caroled lightly
To joyously welcome my Dermot's return.

Not as Green now as Then.

Sung by the Fieldings.

When first we struck this country,
You never saw such a pair—
We were both green—also very lean:
And kind of off was our hair.
She wore an old homespun dress,
And I the corduroys,
Big brogues, and breeches short!
We were a treat for the boys.
Chorus: We're not so green now as then, boys!
Not so green now as then;
We went through your schools,
When we were both fools:
We're not so green now as then!

They called us Gawks, and Hi Pubes:
And about fifty more such names—
We lugged bags full of bricks—
Some of you may have done the same.
In the street we have kicked hats,
And nearly broke our toes;
We've chased Tom Collins a whole block!
And have had corks upon the nose! Chorus.

Passing the Time Away.

As sung by Jennie Weston.

Now if you have health—if you have wealth—
And if you wish to enjoy yourself:
If you want pleasure, if you want sport,
Then just take a trip to Hampton Court.
Walk through the palace: there you will find
Pictures by artists of every kind;
If you feel weary, not up to the mark,
Then take a gentle stroll through the Park.
Chorus: There you can sit beneath the trees,
Taking your time with the greatest of ease
Along with the girl they call Louise,
Passing the time away.

You stay there, perhaps, some hours and hours,
Watching the bees, birds and the flowers;
Doing your best, all the time you stay,
To get her to name the happy day.
First she'll say yes, then she says no,
Then she'll say "darling, don't bother me so—
If you it will please, me it will delight
To give you an answer going home to-night." Cho.

Neath the trees you no longer remain,
Haste to the station to catch the last train,
Then back to London you are once more:
Of course, see the girl home to her own door.
Say you have got a fortune for life,
Then she'll consent to become your wife:
You kiss her, caress her, squeeze her hand tight,
Tell her you love her, bid her good-night! Chorus.

All Among the Daisies.

New Song and Dance. Sung by Wayne and Lovely.

Down among the daisies, when the sun was
shining bright,
And music so sweetly filled the air!
I there beheld a damsel dressed all in white,
And placing the Daisies in her hair.
Chorus: My heart is filled with joy, [Sym.]
And drives away dull pain—
Oh! I never shall forget her,
The first time that I met her,
Down among the daisies in the lane.

I kissed her sweet good-night, as I left her at the door,
And then I turned to go away.
"Next Sunday Eve, we'll meet where we've
often met before,"
So sweet and gentle she did say— Chorus.

Tom and Jerry, the Twins.

As sung by Morton and Hughes.

Oh! here we are a couple of gay colored darks,
And were out on a bit of a spree—
We ain't very particular about the style of our rigs,
As you can undoubtedly see.
So, girls, open your eyes, and go in for a prize,
Now here's a chance, see who wins:
For, such gay darks you never can find,
As gay Tom and Jerry, the twins.

Chorus.

For, so gayly we feel, [Sym]
From our head to our heel—
Such gay colored darks you never can find,
As gay Tom and Jerry, the twins.

'Way in our Southern home we'd oft in trouble be,
They couldn't tell him from me:
We're both very sharp and we're out for a lark,
And we're gwine to join the jubilee.
So look at our feet, don't you think them a treat?
They are matched together like pins;
We are handsome and gay, so the people all say,
We are gay Tom and Jerry, the twins. Chorus.

Soldier Song.

As sung by the Weston Sisters.

Jennie.—I'm a soldier bold, oh! yes, I am:
I'm proud of my company, every man,
With the ladies all I do parade,
I'm the envy of the whole brigade.
Chorus: Who would not be a soldier,
So gallant and so gay?
Who would not be a soldier,
And fight for America? (Repeat.)

Flora.—I'm a soldier's girl, I keep my eye
On every chap who passes by;
I'm always fond of lots of fun,
And with the soldier boys I'm some. Cho.

Why, Cruel Creature, why so Bent?

Why, cruel creature, why so bent,
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent—
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fops in courts be great,
For pay let armies move:
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due;
Kings are themselves too poor to pay—
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah! Celia! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

Lansdowne.

What is the next thing to a hen stealing?—Why, a cock robin, to be sure.

The Houston Street Lad.

As sung by Thalia-hama.

I love her, I love her, no mortal can tell,
I doat on, I doat on a charming young girl;
Her rolling black eye, and her hair all in curls,
Rip, chip, chip Mary, my Houston street girl.

Chorus.

Rip, chip, chip Mary, she makes my heart glad,
She's always contrary and just like her dad;
She's not very good and she's not very bad,
She gloats and she doats on her Houston street lad.

Her waist is so small, you might span with your arm,
When she opens her mouth, there's a perfect alarm;
Her touch is so light, you'd think it a kick,
And her foot it comes down like a ton of red brick.
Rip, chip, chip Mary, &c.

I shall marry this girl with her delicate ways,
And live in Grit-Alley the rest of our days;
Contented we'll live, like two pigs in one stye—
With a cross-eyed young girl and a humpty-backed boy!
Rip, chip, chip Mary, &c.

North of Ireland Man.

Written by John Fielding. Air: The Scamp

I'm a foreigner, that you can see,
So there's no use in telling ye's that;
The place that I came is far o'er the main,
Where every one is known as Pat!
Now my brogue to you may seem strange,
It has such a *peculiar twang!*
But the accent is sweet and the movements is nate
Of a Northern of Ireland man.

Chorus: I'm a North of Ireland man,
And me name it is Roger McMann;
The style of me brogues,
And the cut of me clothes,
Shows I'm a North of Ireland man.

When I first struck this beautiful place,
How the boys did of me make game—
Some said, Pipe his Gob; and more—stab nobs!
Faith! I thought they were all *insane;*
But I was not many months here,
Until I took a tumble to myself;
Now I'm bully at Cheesing it Culley—
Sure, I lay them all out on the shelf. Chorus.

The Ould-Fashioned Tad.

Written and sung by Harry Bennett.

Of my trials and great tribulations,
I'm going to sing unto ye,
Since I came to this great Yankee nation,
Which every one says is so free.
Sure, I never get full of bad whiskey,
I'm as innocent as a young lad;
But the boys yell at me while I'm passing,
"Oh! pipe off the ould-fashioned Tad!"

Chorus.

Whin I came to this great Yankee nation,
I thought that me heart would be glad;
But the boys they do yell whin I'm passing—
"Fire a brick at the ould-fashioned Tad!"

Last night, as I came through the Bowery,
With nothing to bother my mind,
A gang of young roughs, on the corner,
Tould me to go "Pull down the blind!"
Now, I didn't say anything to them,
But me feelings were hurt very bad,
Whin they tould me to give myself up
For, I looked like an ould-fashioned Tad!
Whin I came, &c.

They tell me to get myself gilded,
And call me a Centennial bum!
They say I'll be put on the Island,
If I don't leave off drinking rum.
They say I look like an Italian—
By heaven's! I'm nearly drove mad—
But the worst thing they've said to me yet, is,
"Go die! you're an ould-fashioned Tad!"
Whin I came, &c.

The Mountain Dew.

By Samuel Lover.

By yon mountain, topped with cloud,
By the torrent foaming loud,
By the dingle where the purple bells of heather grow,
Where the Alpine flowers are hid,
And where bounds the nimble kid—
There we've wandered, both together, through the mountain dew!
With what delight, in summer's night, we trod the twilight gloom,
The air so full of fragrance from the flowers so full of bloom,
And our hearts so full of joy—for aught else there was no room,
As we wandered, both together, through the mountain dew!

"Those sparkling gems that rest
On the mountain's flowery breast
Are like the joys we number—they are bright and few—
For a while to earth are given,
And are called again to heaven,
When the spirit of the morning steals the mountain dew.
But memory, angelic, makes a heaven on earth for men:
Here rosy light recalleth bright the dew-drops back again:
The warmth of love exhales them from that well-remembered glen,
Where we wandered, both together, through the mountain dew."

I'm Bound to be Elected.

Written, composed and sung by Gus Williams.
Music Published by L. P. Goulland 86 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a politician,
For Judge I'm going to run,
On an Independent dicket,
Dot vill suit every vone.
Und ven I am elected,
Und seated in my chair,
De vay I vill deal justice oud
Vill make de people stare.
Chorus: I'm bound to be elected,
Elected, elected;
I'm bound to be elected,
Uf you vill vote for me.

My sdyle it vill be simple,
Decisions vill be just;
I'll hang a man for nothing,
Vell—dot is, of I must.
I'll make a big example
Of every simple ding!
So dot de newspapers vill talk,
Und loud my praises sing. Chorus.

She Thought on her Woes.

Slow broke the light, and sweet breathed the morn,
When a maiden I saw sitting under a thorn;
Her dark hair hung loose on her bare neck of snow,
Her eyes looked bewildered, her cheek pale with woe.

"Oh! whence is thy sorrow, sweet maiden?" said I.
"The green grave will answer," she said with a sigh.
The merry lark so sweetly did sing o'er her head,
But she thought on her woes, and the "battle," she said.

The breeze murmured by, when she looked up forlorn:
"Hark! hark! didst thou hear?—'twas the sigh of the morn—
They say that in battle my love met his death;
But ah! 'twas the hawthorn that robbed his sweet breath

Come here, gentle Robin, live safe from the storm,
In my bosom now sing, there my true-love lies warm:
Ah! Robin, be constant, my true-love was brave,
Sweet Robin shall sit, and sing over his grave."

BRANDON.

Pride is the first weed to grow in the human heart, and the last to be eradicated.

The Feller in the Circus.

Written by Frank Dumont.

I'll sing of a dashing young feller,
A young man unknown to fame;
He threw flip-flaps under a canvas,
Signor Muldoon was his name.
He traveled along with a circus
And played monkey in the side show;
The most prominent gift of Dame Nature
Was his beautiful freckled pug-nose.

Chorus.

And he'd skip o'er the sawdust so lightly,
And stand on the end of his toes,
He'd climb on the trapeze away up
And hang by his foreign pug-nose.

Now there was in the country a damsel,
Mary, Mary Ann was her name:
She said she'd love Muldoon forever,
And he said he'd love her the same.
He'd play with the lions to amuse her,
On the elephant's trunk he'd repose,
And throw summersaults by the hundred,
And jump through his own crimson nose.
And he'd skip, &c.

Now Mary Ann was false to her lover,
For the fellow who tickets did take:
She cast off Muldoon very shabby,
And he never got over the shake.
To die for her Muldoon intended:
So he packed up all his circus tools,
And commited suicide, being thrown from
The back of the comical mules.
And he'd skip, &c.

Ben Backstay.

Ben Backstay loved the gentle Anna:
Constant as purity was she—
Her honey words, like succ'ring manna,
Cheered him each voyage he made to sea.
One fatal morning saw them parting—
While each the other's sorrow dried,
They, by the fear that then was starting,
Vowed to be constant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
While howling winds the sky deform,
Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
And braves for love the frightful storm
Alas! in vain—the vessel battered,
On a rock splitting, opened wide—
While lacerated, torn, and shattered,
Ben thought of Anna, sighed, and died!

The semblance of each charming feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art stood substitute for nature,
A tar—his friend—saved from the wreck.
In fervant hope, while Anna, burning,
Blushed as she wished to be a bride,
The portrait came—joy turned to mourning—
She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died!

The Electric Soldier.

I'm who they call the electric soldier,
And no man can be any bolder,
Eyes right, quick march, ah! ah! ah!
When war's on, all my comrades say,
I am the best to run away,
Eyes right, quick march, ah! ah! ah!

Chorus.

I'm the electric soldier, they call me artful Dan,
Please say am I right, or any other man?
Courting all the pretty girls,
That's my heart's delight;
But as I don't want to be killed,
I'd sooner run than fight.

As I was out on guard, one night,
The enemy came and caused a riot,
Eyes right, shoulder arms, ah! ah! ah!
I seized my gun and yelled hurray,
And like a shot I ran away,
Eyes right, quick march, ah! ah! ah!
I'm the electric, &c.

Down Where the Pansies Grew.

SONG AND DANCE.

Composed by Bobby Newcomb. Sung by T. M. Hengler. Music to be had of W. A. Pond, 547 Broadway, N. Y. Price 35 cents.

As I strolled out, by chance, one day—
'Twas in the summer time—
I first beheld a fairy form,
And since I've called her mine:
Some flowers she was bending o'er—
I begged of her a few;
The glance exchanged was one of love,
Down where the pansies grew. *Dance.*

CHORUS.

And we whispered and we laughed so free,
And, of course, we were as happy as could be—
Oh! her smiles they are as bright as the rays
Of the sun that loves the dew;
Two hearts were moulded into one,
Down where the pansies grew.

The favor asked was but a bud,
A rose that she possessed;
The little flower love implied,
And that I'd half confessed;
Her cheeks were blushing like the leaf
In all its rosy hue;
That evening I exchanged a kiss,
Down where the pansies grew. Chorus.

The flowers faded, but her love
Remains as bright and green;
And since the day I've called her mine,
How happy we have been—
So now the story I have told
In all its joys to you,
How I strolled into happiness,
Down where the pansies grew. Chorus.

The Blue and the Gray.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co. 547 Broadway, New York. Price 40 cents.

America, my jewel,
We sing most cheerfully;
Your troubles now are ended,
As we are all glad to see.
We fought it out like heroes,
Till side by side we lay
On many a gory battle field,
The Boys in Blue and Gray.
Chorus: Hurrah! for our gallant soldier boys,
Let's shout a wild hurrah!
Hurrah! for our gallant sailor boys,
Each gallant bold Jack Tar—
Should a foreign foe insult us,
Right eager for the fray,
It's hand to hand with Dixie's band
We'd march in Blue and Gray.

Oh! noble men have fallen
On each and every side,
We uncover to their memory,
Graves cannot glory hide.
We only have one country,
The people firmly say,
Our flag, the glorious stars and stripes,
To guide us on our way. Chorus.

Columbia, my darling,
From Maine to Mexico,
May you live in peace and harmony,
Prosperity ever flow—
May the sun shine brightly on you,
With joy in every ray,
Your faith *E Pluribus Unum* strong,
To honor and obey. Chorus.

A firm faith is the best theology; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

Kindness is a language which the dumb can speak and the deaf can understand.

What are the Wild Waves Saying?

Corrected Copy.

PAUL.—What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long,
That ever, amid our playing,
I hear but their low lone song?
Not by the sea-side only,
There it sounds wild and free:
But, at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still with me—
But, at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still with me!

FLORENCE.—Brother! I hear no singing;
'Tis but the rolling wave
Ever its lone course winging
Over some ocean cave!
'Tis but the noise of water
Dashing against the shore,
And the wind from some bleaker quarter
Mingling with its roar!
And the wind from some bleaker quarter
Mingling, mingling with its roar!

BOTH.—No! no, no, no! no! no, no!
It is something greater
That speaks to the heart alone—
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone!
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone!

PAUL.—Yes! but the waves seem ever
Singing the same sad thing,
And vain is my weak endeavor
To guess what the surges sing!
What is that voice repeating
Ever by night and day?
Is it a friendly greeting,
Or a warning that calls away?
Is it a friendly greeting,
Or a warning that calls away?

FLORENCE.—Brother! the in-land mountain
Hath it not voice and sound?
Speaks not the dripping fountain
As it be-dews the ground?
E'en by the household ingle
Curtained and closed and warm,
Do not our voices mingle
With those of the distant storm?
Do not our voices mingle
With those of the distant storm?

BOTH.—Yes! yes, yes! yes, yes!
But there's something greater
Speaks to the heart alone—
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone!
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone!

She Sleeps in the Valley.

DUET.

She sleeps in the valley so sweet,
Above her the green willows wave:
We planted the rose at her feet
To bloom and decay o'er her grave.
She sleeps in the valley so sweet,
No sound o'er disturbes her repose:
So quiet in this calm retreat,
She rests safe, secure from life's woes.

CHORUS.

She sleeps in the valley, she sleeps in the valley,
She sleeps in the valley so sweet.
She sleeps in the valley, she sleeps in the valley,
She sleeps in the valley so sweet.

How calmly she rested in God:
"To thy arms, my Savior, I come:
Come quickly, come quickly, O Lord,
And welcome thy wanderer home!"
She sleeps in the valley so sweet,
Her spirit has taken its flight:
Her form is but dust 'neath our feet,
While she is an angel of light. Chorus.

Will You Love Me When I'm Old?

The Music can be had of F. A. North & Co., 1305 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Price 40 cents.

I would ask of you, my darling,
A question soft and low,
That gives me many a heart-ache,
As the moments come and go.
Your love, I know, is truthful,
But the truest love grows cold:
It is this that I would ask you—
Will you love me when I'm old?
It is this that I would ask you—
Will you love me when I'm old?
Chorus: Life's morn will soon be waning,
And its evening bells be tolled:
Life's morn will soon be waning,
And its evening bells be tolled;
But my heart will know no sadness,
If you'll love me when I'm old:
But my heart will know no sadness,
If you'll love me when I'm old.

Down the stream of time, together,
We are sailing side by side,
Hoping some bright day to anchor
Safe beyond the surging tide.
To-day our sky is cloudless,
But the night may clouds unfold,
And its storms may gather round us—
Will you love me when I'm old?
And its storms may gather round us—
Will you love me when I'm old? Chorus.

When my hair shall shame the snow-drift,
And mine eyes shall dimmer grow,
I would lean upon some loved one,
In the valley as I go.
I would claim of you a promise
Worth to me a world of gold;
It is only this, my darling—
That you'll love me when I'm old:
It is only this, my darling—
That you'll love me when I'm old. Chorus.

She's a Famous Hand at Cookery

I love a girl named Alice Ann,
No one can love her deeper;
Her ma was cook to Lord Fan-Fan,
Her pa a cook-shop keeper.
All through life, in the cookery line
She's been, and she assures me,
When we're wed, I shall nicely dine,
And that "straight-tip" allures me.
Chorus: Oh! she's not one of those Stockings Blue,
Whose minds are given to "bookery."
She's up to domestic things a few,
And a famous hand at cookery.

She's up, too, in all period arts,
Knows music, painting, dancing;
And of the swells she breaks the hearts,
Who will be at her glancing.
But—best trait in her character—
And that's what at I'm looking—
No damsel out can eclipse her
At pickling and cooking.

Spoken: And, as I'm fond of the good things of life, why, she just suits me: for— Chorus.

Now, some girls of the present day
Are all for sport and dressing,
And, if they can make a display,
Give domestic things a blessing.
But my own darling Alice Ann
To cookery will stick to it;
To make a glorious sop-in-the-pan
She's just the girl to do it. Chorus.

Now, swells about to marry, just
My simple advice be taking:
Your happiness for life don't trust
With girls who scorn pie making.
It's all well to dress in good things,
You must, to be a winner:
But she's the wife who a knowledge brings
Of dressing a good dinner.

Spoken: Just like my girl— Chorus.

Sydney Marriott.

I was a boy when it all happened, and yet I recollect it very distinctly. Well, I ought to recollect it, as far as that goes, no matter how many years had passed away since its sequence of occurrences; for I played, perhaps, the most important part of anybody in that which took place.

Uncle Dynevor's estate of Shadymead was probably one of the most beautiful in the country. Its mansion was superb for grandeur, architecture, and general appointment, and its spacious grounds were a marvel of the most charming culture.

Sister Rosa and I always went there in the summer; and during this special summer in question, Rosa was eighteen, and I was only fourteen years old.

Uncle Dynevor had no other regular home than Shadymead, though he would sometimes make town visits during the winter. He was a bachelor, and a man with two passionate tastes—books and diamonds. His library at Shadymead was something magnificent, and his collection of diamonds, although not very large, numbered some of the purest and rarest stones obtainable.

I left home in July with Rosa (who assumed the most motherly manner as soon as we were in the train together), with thrills of delicious anticipation at the thought of passing three months under Uncle Dynevor's roof. He welcomed us very heartily, I remember, for he always had professed towards us—his only niece and his only nephew except one—much affectionate regard. His remaining nephew was a certain Mr. Joseph Palmer, of whom I shall speak again hereafter.

We found this summer that Uncle Dynevor, instead of being in his usual state of splendor-surrounded solitude, had a companion, in the shape of Mr. Sydney Marriott. This gentleman was acting as his literary assistant in the completion of a large historical work which my uncle was one day to give to the world.

I never saw a more kindly and prepossessing face than Sydney Marriott's. He was only twenty-three, and of most courteous yet dignified bearing. You could not resist being at once won by his easy, suave manners, and by the honestly-sincere look in his warm-colored, deep blue eyes. I think sister Rosa fell in love with him almost at first sight, and, for that matter, he with her as well. Uncle Dynevor never overworked his secretary; and so Marriott and my sister had much opportunity for enjoying each other's undivided society.

In August, Joseph Palmer came to Shadymead. All through July we had heard our uncle praise him incidentally, and affirm that he was one of the most promising young fellows whom he knew. Though Joseph was our first cousin, we had never seen him; his mother, Uncle Dynevor's sister, had married a resident of Guernsey, and Joseph, their only child, had never been in England until last winter, some portion of which he spent in Shadymead. When in London he had, of course, called upon our mother, his own aunt; but Rosa and I were both at our separate boarding schools, and so did not meet him.

I cannot say that my cousin exactly pleased my boyish taste on first meeting him, though I had an uncomfortable misgiving that I ought to admire him very much indeed. He was excessively neat in his costume. He had a little brown moustache, which looked as if it were elaborately combed every five minutes; his shirt-fronts and wristbands and finger-nails were always noticeably immaculate. When he smiled, he showed the most beautiful set of white, even teeth. His sentences were nicely rounded, his words most skillfuly selected. He appeared intensely fond of Uncle Dynevor, and was almost over-courteous in his manners to Sydney Marriott.

But Sydney Marriott did not like him, as I soon discovered.

"You're not very fond of our cousin, I once said to him, not long after Joseph's arrival. You think he's a humbug. Come, now, don't deny it."

Marriott looked at me quite severely.

"Roland, he exclaimed, you're a sadly forward lad for your age; do you know it?"

"Oh, everybody tells me that! I laughed. Well, I went on, in my usually reckless style, acknowledge it or not, Mr. Marriott, I know what your feelings are; and mine are very much the same. And as for Rosa's——"

"What are your sister's feelings? he quickly asked. Don't you think she likes him very much? It seems to *me* so."

"Then you're wrong! I announced, importantly. Rosa Stanley isn't going to offend Uncle Dynevor—that's all! Uncle Dynevor dotes on Joseph, for some reason; don't you see it?"

"I think I do," said Marriott, drily.

Matters at Shadymead went on very harmoniously for about a fortnight. I did not perceive that my cousin Joseph took any dislike towards Marriott because of his attentions to Rosa, and because of Rosa's evident preference for the society of her uncle's secretary; and yet Joseph himself seemed bent on thoroughly winning his way into Rosa's good graces.

Shrewd boy that I was, I could not but fancy that Joseph had certain matrimonial designs upon my sister. Uncle Dynevor was getting old. Who could say how the will might read one of these days? The master of Shadymead was very fond of Rosa; and—well, *her* inheritance added to his own might make a very handsome fortune in the future.

One morning, in the latter part of August, I went down stairs to breakfast, and found Uncle Dynevor standing near one of the dining-room windows with a very clouded expression on his handsome, gray-bearded face. He scarcely noticed me as I wished him good-morning. I knew instantly that something was the matter; but I seated myself, and kept discreet silence until Rosa presently appeared.

He was equally cold in his greeting to her. She looked at me in wonder, and I answered the look with a bewildered shake of the head.

Just as we were sitting down to breakfast, Cousin Joseph appeared. He also received an equally curt salutation.

A moment later Sydney Marriott walked into the room. My uncle rose from his seat at the table as his secretary approached it. I had never seen his face look so haughtily severe before.

"Mr. Marriott, he exclaimed, there are certain pieces of audacity that are not to be borne! I can understand your believing that your knavish conduct has been undiscovered; but I can *not* understand your having the nerve to face me soon after its occurrence."

Sydney Marriott looked simply dumbfounded—nothing more. But Uncle Dynevor no doubt explained in a far different way his secretary's amazed look, as he went coldly on:—

"I have no pity for you, and yet I shall so far recollect your past services and the affectionate esteem I have borne you as to refrain from causing your arrest. Return your spoil or not, just as you please; but leave my house within one hour, or I will have you turned from its doors."

"For heaven's sake, stammered Marriott at this point, enlighten me as to what I have done!"

My uncle knitted his brows more gloomily than before.

"Do you presume to deny, he said, that you abstracted from my diamond case, at some time last evening, one of its most valuable stones?"

A flush of indignant shame covered Marriott's handsome face.

"I presume to say, he burst forth, that you insult me by such an accusation."

My uncle smiled contemptuously, and drew from his pocket a brown glove, rather curiously stitched on the back, which we all knew at once to be Marriott's property, for he had once or twice driven Rosa and myself out when wearing gloves of this sort, and Uncle Dynevor had, on one occasion, laughingly spoken about the gaiety of these gloves when viewed as the possession of so usually quiet-garbed person as his secretary.

"Do you recognise this?" asked my uncle, holding it up.

"I do, was the prompt answer. It is one of my driving-gloves."

"Indeed! Then, let me tell you that I found it this morning lying on the floor of the closet which contained my diamond-case. No one *ever* enters that closet except myself. I always keep its one key about my person. And yet after unlocking the door this morning, I find one diamond missing, and this glove as a witness against you overwhelmingly strong! You have used a skeleton key, or a false key of some sort, sir, and entered the closet! Do not deny it, my uncle went on with a voice of sneering bitterness, for there would be something too revolting in such a denial now. Leave my house at once, and never enter it again! I have been shamefully deceived in you, and I wish to look no longer upon your guilty face!"

Just then Joseph Palmer sprang from his seat.

"Uncle, he exclaimed, in rather excited tones, pray be careful how you accuse Marriott without full proof! He may be the victim of some conspiracy. Anyone who would be base enough to commit a theft of this sort would be base enough also——"

"Hush, Joseph! interrupted my uncle, though in a voice that showed an appreciative feeling for his nephew's generous-sounding interference. Your noble nature, my boy, makes you over-sympathetic and charitable!" He turned once more towards Marriott. "You have heard my commands, sir!"

The secretary was deathly pale now. He had just exchanged a quick, expressive look with Rosa. His manner showed the calmness of a splendid self-control when he presently spoke.

"Mr. Dynevor, he said, I have neither stolen your diamond nor have I the remotest conception how it has been taken. Your nephew is right; I *am* the victim of some vile conspiracy. Of course, I will at once leave Shadymead. But mark me, sir; the day *must* come when you will bitterly rue having laid at my door an atrocious act of which I am no less guiltless than incapable."

There was an expressible dignity in Sydney Marriott's face and in his way of speaking these few words. I yearned to follow him from the room, crying after him, "You are innocent!"

Breakfast went on after he had gone. No one appeared to eat anything. Joseph Palmer, trying to break the spell of silence, made several remarks that fell flat, pointless, and unanswered upon our little company.

Poor Rosa sat marble-pale and speechless. I knew that she suffered agony, and my boy's heart ached for her. But I knew, too, that she had the most utter faith in the complete innocence of the man she loved, and this thought was a deep consolation to me.

Immediately after breakfast I hurried to Marriott's room. He was packing up his trunk when he let me in. His face was white and sternly set.

I burst into tears—I could not, for the life of me, help it, though I used to be what people called a plucky boy—and seized one of his hands in both my own.

"Oh, it's a shame! I burst forth—a vile shame! I believe that if anyone took that diamond it was——"

"Be careful! he said, warningly, holding up one hand. You have already seen, I hope, how terrible a thing it is, Roland, to accuse a person without a proof."

I looked at him significantly.

"You've guessed my meaning, Mr. Marriott?"

He smiled sadly.

"I know that you've taken a boyish dislike to your cousin, Joseph Palmer, Roland, he murmured—but do not leap at conclusions so unjustly. Remember he was away from Shadymead during all the afternoon yesterday, and as late into the evening as eleven o'clock. You know the closet where your uncle keeps his diamond case is in his own bedchamber. He had retired by eleven, and the diamond must have been taken before. No thief (unless it were a comon burglar) would have gone into Mr. Dynevor's bedroom whilst he was asleep there. Everybody in this house knows how light a sleeper he is. And, I repeat, Joseph Palmer was away all the afternoon, and up to eleven o'clock at night."

"True, I said reflectively. He took a wagonett and went over to Delport, for the purpose of seeing some friends at the hotel there—a story which may or may *not* be true," I added.

By that evening Marriott had left Shadymead. I was quite sure that some stolen meeting took place between himself and Rosa, for I bore from him a little note to my sister a short while before his departure.

He would remain in Delport, he told me, for the next few weeks. Delport was only three miles from Shadymead. He said, poor fellow, that he found it almost impossible to leave that part of the country

whilst his innocence was yet unproven; but I suspected that sister Rosa's presence had as much to do as anything else with the fact of his remaining at Delport.

A week passed on. At Shadymead everything was gloomy. Joseph Palmer's disappearance for three days on a transient visit to London brought me a certain relief whilst his absence lasted, for I somehow grew to dislike him more and more as time elapsed.

I paid two secret visits to Marriott at the Delport hotel, and carried, let me also confess, no less than four love-letters between himself and Rosa. During the second visit Marriott told me what amazed me very much.

"Roland," he said, I have discovered almost to a certainty that Joseph Palmer never came here the day that your uncle lost his diamond. The man who has charge of the horses and vehicles tells me that he remembers no person of the kind I described putting any horse or wagonett under his charge that day; but of course he may be mistaken. A photograph of Joseph Palmer would settle the question almost conclusively.

As luck directed, my cousin had given Rosa an excellent photograph of himself not three days before. On the day following this interview I trotted out of Shadymead with the gray pony that Uncle Dynevor had so kindly put at my disposal all through the summer, and placed the same photograph in Marriott's hands.

He went directly to the man in charge of the hotel-stables. This man stated with much positiveness that he had never seen the original of the picture.

I rode the gray pony back to Shadymead that afternoon in a very thoughtful mood. Indeed, for hours it seemed as if I scarcely lived at all, except as regarded one special, all-engrossing subject of meditation. I have said that I was a bold boy. Towards evening my mind was made up.

Once at boarding-school, a much older boy than myself had told me that if I could lay a heavy book on some sleeper's chest he would be compelled to answer what questions I put to him. I pretended to scoff at his words, but that night I tried the operation upon my room-mate, who happened to be a very sound sleeper. I asked my question firmly and clearly. To my astonishment and horror, he began at once answering it. Before he had finished, I had drawn the book away with a shudder.

Could I bring any such process to bear upon Joseph Palmer? I might, at least, try.

He went to bed rather late that night, for it was his pleasure to sit with Rosa upon the lawn, and doubtless flatter himself that his elegant conversation and blameless manners entertained her vastly. I knew that he always locked his door on retiring, so I had quietly abstracted his key.

My room was only about two doors away from his. I listened after he had closed his door. He was evidently searching for the missing key, and presently he opened the door again, and appeared to be searching in the passage.

At last the door was closed, and after about fifteen minutes longer, dead silence reigned in his chamber.

I lay awake for two good hours after this. I knew that Joseph Palmer was an exceedingly sound sleeper, for I had had great difficulty in waking him, not long ago from a nap into which he had fallen on the sitting-room lounge. It was, doubtless, this recollection that had first emboldened me into taking my present venturesome and hazardous scheme. At last I rose and made a rapid partial toilet. I put my feet into two pairs of thick woollen stockings, and stole out into the passage, carrying my candle with me.

Noiselessly enough I reached Joseph's door, and listened with great intentness. He was breathing heavily and regularly, like one in the soundest sleep. I had already set my candle upon the floor, at only a few inches from the crevice of the shut door itself.

I remembered the occurence in the sitting-room, and felt confident as I turned the knob and opened the door, that I should not be heard. Nor was I. The breathing sounds continued as heavy and as regular as before. A beam of light from my candle dimly illuminated the chamber. I stole in, and stood a moment later by the bedside.

A feeling of relief swept across me as I saw that he slept upon his back. Had it been otherwise, my plan must have been abandoned.

I glided towards a near table which I knew to be covered with books of all sizes. I selected one of considerable weight, and again approached the bed. Then bending over, and feeling, it must be confessed, as though his sudden waking would be almost a certainty, I softly rested the book on his breast.

A low groan-like sound left his lips as I drew slightly backward; but he did not awake. I waited perhaps three minutes; then I went boldly up to the bedside, and said in a voice of clearest distinctness, "Joseph Palmer!"

No answer.

Again I said, "Joseph Palmer."

His lips opened, but his eyes remained most tightly closed.

"Well?" he responded.

My heart beat so that I could hardly manage the next words I uttered.

"What did you do with that diamond that you stole from Mr. Dynevor?"

Silence. His lips twitched once or twice, but he made no answer. I repeated my question. And now he replied, in a labored, husky way, "I sold it to Lamb Brothers of London."

"What is their address?"

A moment later I was in possession of all the knowledge that I desired. Dizzy with my triumph, trembling and weak, I yet sufficiently braced my nerves to make quick and dexterous removal of the book, and steal from the room a moment afterwards.

* * * * * * * * *

Five days had passed. It was evening, and Uncle Dynevor, Joseph Palmer, Rosa and myself, were together in the sitting-room.

"I think I can help you in your history as well as —as your recent secretary did, Joseph was saying to Uncle Dynevor. "Wont you let me try?"

I looked at Rosa (who knew everything), and next at the clock. It wanted two minutes to nine. And then I spoke.

"Uncle, I said, you will not need Joseph's services. In less than an hour's time you will have taken back your old secretary."

Uncle Dynevor looked at me as though I had suddenly gone mad.

"What on earth do you mean?" he exclaimed, half amazingly, half sternly.

"Only this, I said, rising: that Sydney Marriott never stole your diamond, and (whilst I pointed directly in my cousin's face) that Joseph Palmer did!"

My uncle and Joseph both sprang to their feet. At the same moment two figures darkened the open doorway. One was the figure of Sydney Marriott, the other belonged to a little gray-headed man, dressed in black.

Marriott walked straight up to Uncle Dynevor.

"I bring, sir, he added, the proof of my innocence."

His eyes now fell piercingly on the white face of Joseph Palmer for the moment, and then they were turned towards the little gray-headed diamond-merchant who had just entered with him.

"Is not this the man who brought you, Mr. Lamb, the diamond at present in your pocket, on the 25th day of August?"

The little man made several steps towards Joseph Palmer before he answered.

"Of course it is; and he knows it well enough. He told me that it was his own property, left him by his late father. I didn't give him for it anything like its full worth, for I was suspicious. Here is the diamond that he sold me, sir," turning towards Uncle Dynevor.

Just as my uncle cast his eyes upon the sparkling jewel which the merchant—rather guardedly, I thought—held out for him to look upon, a cry of weak, cowardly sound burst from Joseph's lips, and a moment later he was stammering out, with blanched face and trembling lips, "Oh! Uncle Dynevor, I confess it all! I—I *did* take the diamond. I had debts—gambling debts in London that I had to pay; and—and—I was ashamed to ask you for so large a sum. I've been very wicked not to tell before, and—and to let *him* suffer; but perhaps it was because of you, Rosa"—suddenly addressing my sister—"that I let him be accused falsely. I didn't go to Delport that afternoon, but stole back to the house and got the diamond, and——"

"And placed Sydney Marriott's glove on the closet floor!" thundered my uncle.

That was all he said; but the unmasked sneak and villain saw no possibility of pardon in the old man's frigid eyes. A little later he slunk out of the room. Neither Uncle Dynevor nor the diamond merchant stopped him, for my uncle had already told the latter that he could, if disposed, keep the diamond as before. A disgusted, sickened look was on his noble-featured face, as though he had found all the world utterly hollow.

But Sydney Marriott, who became his nephew-in-law about a year later by marrying Rosa, managed to pour a good deal of consolatory balm on the wound of his disappointment. I often think that it was owing to Sydney's labors, as much as my uncle's, that the history afterwards came out, and had such a brilliant success.

What became of Joseph Palmer I never learned, and never much cared to learn. How it must have puzzled him afterwards when he speculated through what means his villany was found out!

I have never tried that baleful trick on anybody again, though I have since heard that its efficacy is by no means an invariable result of trial. Perhaps Providence specially favored me there at Shadymead. I surely deserved its aid in bringing that wretch to discovery, and in making Sydney and Rosa—well, as happy a wedded pair as they have been for the past ten years, and longer.

Land of the West.

Oh! come to the West, love—oh! come there with me:
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea,
Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne—
Oh! come to the West, and I'll make thee my own!
I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
And you'll say there's no land like the land of the West!

The South has its roses and bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue—
Half sunshine, half tears—like the girl I love best—
Oh! what is the South to the beautiful West?
Then come to the West, and the rose on thy mouth
Will be sweeter to me than the flowers of the South!

The North has its snow-towers of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting day:
There the Storm-King may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft-breathing Zephyr he plays in the West:
Then come there with me, where no cold wind doth blow,
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow!

The Sun in the gorgeous East chaseth the night,
When he riseth, refreshed in his glory and might:
But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest?
Oh! doth he not haste to the beautiful West?
Then come there with me: 'tis the land I love best,
'Tis the land of my sires!—'tis my own darling West!

You'll miss me when I'm Gone.

As sung by T. M. Hengler.

I am growing old and feeble,
My hair is turning gray;
My limbs are weak and painful—
Are stiff, and won't obey.
My dancing days are over,
My pleasures are all gone;
For goodness, not for greatness,
You'll miss me when I'm gone.

CHORUS.

When I'm gone, you will miss me;
When I'm gone, you will miss me;
There is one kind heart will miss me, when I'm gone.
When I'm gone, you will miss me;
When I'm gone, you will miss me;
There is one kind heart will miss me, when I'm gone.

What will you do without me
When winter time comes on?
Who'll fold their arms around you,
As I have often done?
Who'll hug you, and caress you,
When I above have flown?
You'll know where you can find me,
But you'll miss me when I'm gone. Chorus.

MEET ME AT THE WOODSIDE, DARLING.

(Song and Dance.)

Words by W. R. McNULTY.

Music by PROF. EDMUND CLARK, Teacher of the Guitar, Organ, Melodeon, Banjo and Singing, No. 295 Bowery, New York City.



2 To our rustic seat I'll bring you,
Mong the shady boughs we'll hide,
And sweet songs of love I'll sing you,
While we sit there side by side;
The stars will shine, love, on our meeting,
The birds will sing their sweetest lays,
The moon will send a kindly greeting,
And light our path with silvery rays.—Then hasten, &c.

3 Ah, I see a fair form sitting,
Like a fairy o'er the lea,
Neath the oak tree now she's sitting,
Waiting anxiously for me.
Here I can no longer linger,
I must hasten to her side,
Place the ring upon her finger,
For I know she'll be my bride.—Then hasten, &c.

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CONTENTS.

A voice from the Ocean.....page 234
A hundred years ago—Patriotic..... 235
Awfully Fly..... 235
All things turn out for the best!..... 237
Brother Basil—a Story..... 239
Bathing in the Surf..... 237
Call me thine own..... 236
Dimple in her chin..... 234
Down on the Battery..... 237
Erin, shall we see thee no more?..... 234
Fair American Girls..... 235
God bless our home!..... 234
Gertie, my darling, why did you die?.... 236
Hymn for the Centennial..... 234
Hopping the Boston Dip..... 237
Hard Trials..... 237
Heaving the lead..... 238
He's a' the world to me—Music for piano.. 240
'Tis sad to breathe the last adieu..... 234
I'm so jolly..... 234
I'm leaving thee, Erin..... 236
'Tis not my Patty's sparkling eyes..... 236
I've gone wrong for the sake of Sarah..... 239
The Lilly of the valley..... 234
The Land of Love and Liberty..... 235
The Little Cantankerous Cat..... 236
Laughable Lecture..... 238
Mary McGinniss..... 234
Mary Ann stopped skipping the Tra-la-lou 235
The Naughty young man..... 236
Oh! came you o'er the barren moor?..... 238
Sweet Jenny, neat Jenny Johnson..... 236
She deceived her Johnny..... 236
Woman, thoughtless, giddy creature..... 235
Who'll buy my posies?..... 238
You can do it if you want to..... 235
Your Norah is dreaming of you..... 235

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'Tis Sad to Breathe the Last Adieu.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by Geo. Hastings.

The Music, published by the well known Music Publishers, John Church & Co., of 66 W Fourth Street, Cincinnati, can be obtained at all the Music Stores in the United States—Price 30 cents.

'Tis sad to breathe the last adieu,
'Tis sadder still to part,
And tho' the farewell kiss is sweet,
'Twill move the tender heart;
The throbbing breast will feel the pain,
The lips will lose their red,
And oft the mind will wander back
Where kindly words were said.

Chorus. 'Tis sad to breathe the last adieu,
'Tis sadder still to part,
And tho' the farewell kiss is sweet,
'Twill touch the tender heart.

'Tis sad to breathe the last adieu,
'Tis sad to say "good-bye—"
For, then a flush will tint the cheek,
A teardrop dim the eye;
The soothing voice will fail to speak,
The tongue refuse to tell,
While from the quivering lips there falls
The solemn word "farewell!" Chorus.

'Tis sad to breathe the last adieu
To those we love so dear,
And none can tell when it will come,
Although it is ever near;
In every home and every clime
There is a parting hour,
And, soon or late, we'll say farewell
To some sweet fading flower! Chorus.

I'm so Jolly.

Sung by Miss Jennie Weston.

I'm a swell of the opera, you see,
The ladies all say I'm the style:
I laugh, I dance, and I sing,
I chat with them all for a while.
They say that they never before
Saw a fellow as graceful as I;
As I walk up and down the avenue,
I give them a wink on the sly—

Chorus.

I'm so jolly, I'm so jolly—ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha!
Among the fashions I carry the sway, boys:
For, I'm always so jolly and gay!

When to balls and to parties I go,
I'm always ready for fun:
Whenever I bid them adieu,
They style me the "A number one."
I drink the finest of wine, boys,
And live on the best in the land;
The ladies all hug and caress me,
And wish that I'd offer my hand. Chorus.

A Voice From the Ocean.

Written at Sea, By W. H. Delehanty.

It was meet in early childhood
To be rocked and hushed—"hushoe!"
When an infant, screaming wild, would
Soon fall sleeping, and lay low:
But 'twas on a mother's bosom,
Softly, sweetly lulled to rest.
Different, far, the raging Ocean—
Cold and cheerless is its breast.

But our Saviour—Great Omnipotent!
Knoweth best the way to plan:
On the Mother's breast the infant—
On the Ocean's breast the man.
Daring hearts are those who venture
O'er the wild and treacherous Sea:
Faithful hearts are those who rest sure
In God's guidance, safe to be.

Even here, sweet thoughts remind us
Of old friends and kindred dear
While we cast a look behind us,
Gushes forth a kindly tear.
We may never reach New England,
Still, we hold bright hope in store:
Angels guide us to the end, and
We may reach a better shore!

Mary McGinnis.

Written by Harry Bennett. Sung by Harry Kernell.

I've a daughter who's surely gone crazy,
It is a hard thing, I declare;
She's now a theatrical lady,
And wears a wig over her hair.
She says "Wilt thou meet me by moonlight?
My heart's blood I would lose for thee!"
She strikes attitudes in the kitchen,
And kisses her fingers at me.

Chorus.

In the day time, she's Mary McGinnis,
And employs all her time washing clothes:
But, at night, on the stage, she's a countess,
And they call her the "Lady Montrose."

Shure, the wash-tub she calls it a castle,
The soap is a dagger so keen,
The coal-box she calls it a grotto—
Such goings on I've never seen—
She stabs herself with a potato,
And says "'Tis for thee, love, I die!"
On the ceiling she has a tomato,
And calls it the moon in the sky.
In the day time, she's Mary McGinnis, &c.

She tells me she'll be a great actress,
Admirers she'll have by the score,
She'll be courted by dukes, kings and princes,
And the divil knows how many more—
She uses my hat for a casket,
For jewels she fills it with coal:
For a carriage she has the clothes-basket,
And the clothes-pins are silver and gold.
In the day-time, she's Mary McGinnis, &c.

Erin, Shall we see Thee no More?

Written and Sung by the Fieldings.

Erin, dear Erin, when again shall we see thee?
Those dear days of yore we ne'er can forget:
When children, your Emblem,
The Shamrock, we cherished;
But now, in a strange land,
We linger and fret.

Chorus: Erin, dear Erin,
Shall we never caress thee,
Or gaze once again
On thy green mossy shore?
Our hearts they are beating—
For, friendless we wander,
Erin, dear Erin,
Shall we see thee no more?

Erin, dear Erin, our heart's fondest treasure,
Both day and by night, our thoughts are with thee.
Our Fathers and Mothers,
God bless and protect them!
Oh! when shall we ever
Their dear faces see? Chorus.

Dimple in her Chin.

As performed by Cogill and Cooper.

As through the town we often take a walk,
No matter where we go,
We often hear some funny talk,
About some things you know.
While walking down the street the other day,
Looking neat as a bran new pin,
When just ahead of me a girl I chanced to see,
With a dimple in her chin.

Chorus.

For, she was all the world to me, (Break)
Laughing, joking, full of glee: (Break)
She is fond of fun and likes to have a joke,
Her heart I'm bound to win,
This pretty little girl I met while walking,
With a dimple in her chin.

I stepped up to her side and raised my hat,
She blushed and hung her head;
My heart it kept going pit-a-pat,
I scarce know what I said.
I excused myself, but then I must not tell—
For, I thought it was no sin,
That I should see her home,
This pretty little girl with a dimple in her chin.
For, she was, &c.

God Bless Our Home!

Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Harding.

Words by Fred Bellows Jr. Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New York. Price 10 cents.

When the sun ceases kiss the flowers,
And the song-birds sing in glee,
Making sweet the passing hours,
Then my darling waits for me;
Little lovell ones run to meet me,
When from toils of day I come:
At the door sweet smiles will greet me,
As I sing "God bless our home!"

Chorus: Bless our home, and all its treasures,
Cheer our sorrows when they come,
Bless its pure and simple pleasures,
Evermore—"God bless our home!"

When the gloomy night is falling,
And my weary heart is sad,
Sweetest voices then are calling,
Making music pure and glad;
Oh! they charm away my sorrow,
Smooth my path where'er I roam:
Not one cloud can dim the morrow,
While I sing, "God bless our home!" Chorus.

There the dearest joys are biding,
There is Heaven on earth for me;
While the sands of life are gliding,
Sweetest blessings there I see;
May those blessings live forever,
Keep the wolf from out the door:
Welcome be each friend, and never
May our hearts forget the poor. Chorus.

The Lily of the Valley.

Written and Composed by Sam Bagnall.

Beautiful lily, queen of the valley,
Looking as pale as the pure mountain snow:
Beautiful lily, queen of the valley,
Nodding thy head where sweet breezes blow.
I've sought thee in childhood's bright hours of pleasure,
I've sought thee again where the nightingale sings,
To feel the soft zephyrs that rock thee in sadness—
Wafted from Eden on angels' white wings.

Chorus.

Beautiful lily, queen of the valley,
Looking as pale as the pure mountain snow:
Beautiful lily, queen of the valley,
Nodding thy head where the sweet breezes blow.

Paling so prettily o'er the green meadow,
Trembling in purity on thy light stem,
Bloom in seclusion, rude hands might pluck thee;
Dwell with the fairies, innocent gem.
Bright moonbeams shed their refulgence around thee.
When night's sable mantle hath pulled our repose,
And morning's bright sunshine shall open thy portals,
And bright dew-drops sparkle as they slowly unclose.
Beautiful lily, &c.

Hymn for the Centennial.

Tune: Hold the Fort.

Hail the natal day of freedom!
Born the nation then;
Fell the chains from off our fathers,
Up they rose as men.

Chorus.

Hail the day whose glory brightens,
As the years go on!
Children keep their fathers' honor—
Praise to God alone!

Hail the natal day of freedom!
Tithes are offering now;
Christ is lord of hearts that love him,
Free to Him we bow.
Hail the day whose glory brightens, &c.

Hail the natal day of freedom!
Monuments we rear;
Children that shall follow after
So will us revere.
Hail the day whose glory brightens, &c.

Mary Ann Stopped Skipping the Tra-la-la-lu.

Sung by Pat Rooney, the greatest Irish delineator in America.

I am the proudest father
Upon this earth to-day;
And the cause of it I'll tell to you
In my own peculiar way:
It fills me up with great delight,
I don't know what to do,
Since Mary Ann is married
And stopped skipping the Tra-la-la-lu.
Chorus: And Terrence, he has shook the gang,
With joy I'll tell it to you,
And married my daughter, Mary Ann,
Since she dropped the Tra-la-la-lu.

To no more Target Excursions
Can Mary Ann attend;
For, now she'll have to stay at home
And wash, iron, cook, and mend;
And I hope from Moonlight Pic-Nics
That he'll try and keep her, too,
And learn her to dance another step
That's not in the Tra-la-la-lu! Chorus.

May success attend you, Terrence,
Here, I give you my right hand,
And hope you'll in a few short years
Own a house and bit of land.
I wish you every happiness—
May you of children have twenty-two,
To amuse you and Mary Ann at home,
Instead of skipping the Tra-la-la-lu! Chorus.

You can do it if you want to.

Words and Music by George G. Hart.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I once was deep in love with a charming little dear,
And when in her society I always felt so queer—
I mustered up my cheek, and asked her for a kiss:
She blushed and hesitated, and answered me like this:

Chorus.

You can do it if you want to:
For, I really can't resist you,
You are such a charming fellow,
To refuse you is absurd.

As time passed on, I found I'd have to get a wife,
I asked her if she'd like to be my better half thro' life?
Her answer it was yes: so to papa I went,
And as I'd money plenty, why, he quickly gave consent.

Spoken: Yes, I was pretty well fixed, as I asked the "Old Gent" for his daughter's hand, heart, and so forth, and he says: "Well, I've no objection, of course; you know 'Galatea' hasn't any money—but as long as you love her, why, that don't make any difference—and as to marrying her, my dear boy, why—" You can do it, &c.

I went with rapid steps to tell her of my plan,
And found her sitting on the lap of a handsome looking man:
I scarce believed my eyes and started with dismay,
And as he whispered in her ear, I plainly heard her say—

Spoken: Never mind, Charley; even if I do marry that "Snoozer," it won't make any difference: I'll love you just the same as ever." Jeems-ee River! wasn't I mad—I told her she was false to me—and that I never would marry her—that I would not believe her even if she'd make a statement—and as for her "Charley," why, he could have her and welcome—I told her I would leave, and she should never set eyes on me again—and "I hope I may never" if she didn't say—

You can do it, &c.

The moral of my tale you all can plainly see,
Don't marry any girl, my boys, tho' handsome she may be,
Unless she loves but you: I guess you'll find I'm right,
They're bound to have a "Charley" when you are out of sight.

Spoken: Yes, and all I've got to say is—if any of you chaps want to marry such a girl as that, why—

You can do it, &c.

Fair American Girls.

What shall I sing to you, what for a theme?
Some sad love story, or some Poet's dream?
No, I've a subject far dearer than pearls,
What we all love the most, fair American girls.
Fair American girls, dear American girls,
When can they equaled be?
Bright American girls, dear American girls,
Fair American girls for me!

Talk not of damsels of sweet sunny France,
Nor Italy's daughters, with dark flashing glance:
Proud Spanish maidens, though haughty and grand,
Can ne'er equal those of our dear native land.
Fair American girls, &c.

No American e'er spreads his fair sails to the wind
But sighs for some dear one he's leaving behind;
And though he may wander the world o'er and o'er,
No fairer maids meet him than those we adore.
Fair American girls, &c.

Each darling may rival the lily or rose,
Each American for their sake would conquer all foes;
E'er may America's fair diadem be decked with such pearls,
As alone she can boast of her fair American girls.
Fair American girls, &c.

A Hundred Years Ago.

PATRIOTIC SONG.

The Music is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

When first the sound of battle came,
We gaily marched away:
For, when we heard our country call,
We could not but obey;
For truth and right the first to fight,
And never known to flee,
Our fathers recognise their sons—
The gallant Ninth are we.

Chorus.

A hundred years ago we stood in fight arrayed, boys,
And boldly met the foe, for truth and liberty:
Our voice is living still, and, we should be obeyed, boys,
Who gave our lives to make you free, a hundred years ago.

A little band of earnest men,
Who knew no law but right,
We just a century ago
Set freedom's torch alight;
We fought and fell, and ages tell
The story, which you know,
Of how the sun of Glory rose
A hundred years ago. Chorus.

The Land of Love and Liberty.

Hail, great republic of the world!
The rising empire of the west;
When famed Columbus' mighty mind impressed,
Gave Europe's sons a place of rest—
Be thou forever, ever blest and free,
The land of love and liberty!

Beneath thy spreading, mantling vines,
Beside thy flowery groves and springs,
And on thy lofty, lofty mountains' brow,
May all thy sons and fair ones sing—
Be thou forever, &c.

From thee may future nations learn
To prize the cause thy sons began;
From thee may future, future tyrants know
That sacred are the rights of man.
Be thou forever, &c.

Of thee may sleeping infancy
The pleasing, wondrous story tell:
And patriot sage, in venerable mood,
Instruct the world to govern well.
Be thou forever, &c.

When can a lamp be said to be in bad temper? when it is put out.

Pickpocketing is a practice.

Your Norah is Dreaming of You.

Sweetly the stars up above us are dreaming,
The birds they are dreaming of morn:
Sad is the moon, tho' in radiance beaming,
She's dreaming alone and forlorn;
Roses and lilies, so gentle and loving,
Are dreaming, I know, in the dew:
So when afar you are thoughtlessly roving,
Your Norah is dreaming of you!

Chorus.

Still I am waiting, so sadly and lonely,
Oh! tell me if still you are true!
Dream of me, darling, for one moment only,
While Norah, your Norah is dreaming of you

Tho' you forget me when far you are roaming,
I shall not believe it, my own!
Don't you remember you said, in the gloaming,
That I was your darling alone?
Come to my heart like a bird that is weary,
Oh! come to your Norah so true—
Linger not long: for, the days they are weary,
While Norah is dreaming of you! Chorus.

Woman, Thoughtless, Giddy Creature.

Woman, thoughtless, giddy creature,
Laughing, idle fluttering thing:
Most fantastic work of nature,
Still like fancy, on the wing.

Slave to every changing passion,
Loving, hating, in extreme:
Fond of every foolish fashion,
And, at best, a pleasing dream.

Lovely treasure, dear illusion,
Conq'ring weakness, wished for pain:
Man's chief glory, and confusion,
Of all vanities most vain.

Thus deriding beauty's power,
Belville called it all a cheat;
But in less than half an hour,
Kneeled and whined at Celia's feet.

BAKER.

Awfully Fly.

Semio-Comic Song. Words and Music by J. P. Skelly. The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

I'm young and shy, but awfully fly,
You never can take me in!
I know what's right and I know what's wrong,
And the world's good grace I win.
I travel around, and can be found
In society so high;
I flirt with the belles, and talk to the swells,
And they tell me I'm awfully fly!

Chorus.

I'm awfully fly! I'm awfully fly!
I'm up to all dodges and winks of the eye!
A joke, or a guy, with me never try,
Be careful, young fellows, I'm awfully fly!

I dress so gay in gallant display,
And nimble around in style:
My friends are many, and when we meet,
You should see me bow and smile.
Some think I'm in love, but no, by Jove!
Of sweethearts I am shy:
My parents object, and fondly expect
That I shall be awfully fly! Chorus.

My heart is light, my spirits are bright,
My purse is full and free;
I drink good wine and I pass my time
In a festive world of glee;
I'll marry some day (as I hope you may),
And my love shall never die:
But ere I am tied, I'll say to my bride—
"Look out! for, I'm awfully fly." Chorus.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?—Because the first in pity, he is the last in help.

No politician's reputation is safe until its owner is dead and has no further use for it.

Sweet Jenny, Neat Jenny Johnson.

There's a sweet little girl, and she lives in the lane,
Hey, Jenny, ho, Jenny! come along with me:
We call her Jenny, but her name is Jane,
Hey, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnson!
I've courted her for many a year,
And said—"Will you marry, Jenny dear?"
But she said with a smile—"just wait a little while,"
Sweet Jenny, neat Jenny Johnson.
Hey, Jenny, ho, Jenny! come along with me:
Hi, Jenny, why? Jenny, you shall be free—
Free as a bee in a lilac tree,
Sweet Jenny, neat Jenny Johnson.

Jenny is a lady and a fair one, too:
Hey, Jenny, ho, Jenny! come along with me;
A pretty little bonnet and a dress of blue,
Hey, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnson!
You may see a girl with nut-brown hair,
With ringlets dark or with ringlets fair,
But you'll not see a girl with such a yellow curl,
As sweet Jenny, neat Jenny Johnson. Chorus.

Oh! many are the boys that have sought her love,
Hey, Jenny, ho, Jenny! come along with me;
They call her a duck, and a dear and a dove,
Hey, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnson!
But Jenny says—"Boys, you've come too late,
I'm a little dove that's found a mate."
So bless her little heart, I never mean to part
From sweet Jenny, neat Jenny Johnson. Chorus.

She told me in a whisper that her heart was mine,
Hey, Jenny, ho, Jenny! come along with me;
And Jenny is as true as the stars that shine,
Hey, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnson!
So I guess that soon she will come to,
And make me happy the whole year through,
To find by my side such a fair little bride,
As sweet Jenny, neat Jenny Johnson. Chorus.

Call me thine own.

Music published by W. A. Pond, 547 Broadway, New York.

Call me "thine own," name fond, endearing,
Like music sweet it falls on mine ear:
Tells me of hope, life's pathway cheering,
Whispers of home, with thee ever near—
Call me "thine own," doubt would destroy;
For, only thro' faith are we secure;
Making our hearts strong to endure
What lies before us, sorrow or joy—
Call me "thine own," thine, thine alone:
Name fond, endearing, call me "thine own."

Years may roll on, youth's dreams may leave us,
Hopes faint and die that lighted our way:
Trials may come, sorrows may grieve us,
Friends may depart or falsely betray—
Call me "thine own," all else may fail,
With love in our hearts, Heaven still remains,
Each bond with time fresh vigor gains,
And o'er life's tempests love shall prevail;
Call me "thine own," thine, thine alone,
Name most endearing, call me "thine own."

Gertie, my Darling, why did you die?

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by J. Tannenbaum. The Music of this song is published by Cory Brothers, 120 Westminister St., Providence, R. I. Price 35 cts.

They have laid her to rest 'neath the willow,
By the side of her mother and child;
In summer birds sing sweetly o'er her,
In winter the winds whistle wild.
Her form was as fair as the fairest,
Her eyes were as blue as the sky:
Oh! Gertie, my darling, my loved one,
Why did you, why did you die?
Chorus: Her form was as fair as the fairest,
Her eyes were as blue as the sky:
Oh! Gertie, my darling, my loved one,
Why did you, why did you die?

Her lily white hands they were folded,
A rose-red was placed on her breast,
Her coffin was strewn with camelias
The day that they laid her to rest;
Her sweet, gentle voice, how we miss it,
And also her kind loving smile—
Oh! Gertie, forever you've left us,
Oh! why was it not for a while? Chorus.

The Naughty Young Man.

Pon my life, I'm so dreadfully naughty,
I'm always at some naughty act:
I don't want to startle you, ladies,
By stating so well-known a fact;
In confidence—mind it's a secret—
You'll keep it—I know ladies can—
I am, oh! I am, though I say it,
I am such a naughty young man!

Spoken: Go along, you naughty young man.

Chorus: Pon my life, now I'm dreadfully naughty,
Oh! so naughty, very naughty—
And the ladies, 'twixt sixteen and forty,
Say I am such a naughty young man!

I once took my Grandma to Greenwich,
She paid for the shrimps and the tea:
But then we gay, naughty young fellows,
Do love so a deuce of a spree—
We didn't get home till past seven,
The evening was growing quite dark,
Mamma was so anxious about us,
But then we fast boys love a lark.

Spoken: I was always of a fast turn of mind, I go in for glorious dissipation, keep white mice and silk-worms, the silk-worms are very fast, too; I met one of them on the stairs this morning; ha, ha! I love a joke, but then—
Pon my life, now, &c.

I've a cousin—and she's uncle's daughter—
I took her out once for a walk:
You'd really have thought we were lovers,
To judge from our looks and our talk;
She into a pastry-cook's took me,
And I had two tarts and an ice,
And that you'll admit's dissipation,
And filling besides—at the price.

Spoken: I made a splendid joke in the shop when they opened the lemonade and the cork popped, I said—"That's popping the question!" and she said, "Oh! you naughty young man!"
Pon my life, now, &c.

At kiss in the ring I'm considered
A naughty young man for the work;
And at that fast game—hunt the slipper
They call me a terrible turk.
At Christmas the ladies avoid me,
'Cos under the Mistetoe bough,
I once kissed the eldest Miss Wilkins,
And didn't I get in a row!

Spoken: Yes, she was a devilish handsome woman too, *passe*, p'haps eight and fifty, but they like it, sir, we gay, naughty dogs, you see, ha, ha! The other night I went to the pit of the theatre, and in the crowd my two arms found themselves forced round two ladies' waists—for shame! but then—
Pon my life, now, &c.

I'm Leaving Thee, Erin.

By Harry Macarthy.

I'm leaving thee, Erin, dear land of my birth,
The brightest—the fairest green spot on the earth,
I'll never forget thee where'er I may roam,
My dear cherished country, my forefathers' home.

Chorus.

Erin, we'll see, dear Erin, we'll see
Thy green flag in freedom float joyous and free.
(Repeat.)

The heel of oppression has left its dark stain
On Erin's green shamrock that grew on the plain;
I'll never forget the brave heroes of old,
That reigned ere my country was bartered for gold.
Erin, we'll see, &c.

The dear little colleen that gave me her heart,
Has kissed me farewell and now bids me depart:
I'll never forget, as I plough the salt sea,
That I yet may return to set Erin free.
Erin, we'll see, &c.

So steer there my bark for that dear happy land—
Columbia—where Irishmen join heart and hand,
And swear by their honor the world shall yet see
The green flag above the red, joyous and free.
Erin, we'll see, &c.

She Deceived her Johnny.

Words by Harry Hunter. Composed by Walter Redmond. Sung by G. H. Macdermott.

I once loved a maiden—yes, dearly loved her,
And to this young maiden I made an offer;
She said she would have me and be my dear wife,
But I never was had so before in my life.

Chorus.

For she smiled, and she kissed me, and made a great fuss,
And said, "My dear Johnny, there's none shall part us!"
But when that conductor of her's came in view,
She said, "Go to Putney, and I'll go to Kew!"

No one in the world was so happy as us,
'Till one day she took a ride on a Kew 'bus;
And then the conductor she took for a bean,
Oh! who would have thought she'd conduct herself so!
When she smiled, &c.

They married, but Bussy got tired of his *fair*,
And said, my in-cu-bus you are, I declare;
So one day he took this unfortunate gal,
And dropped her down into the Surrey Canal.
Though she smiled, &c.

Now, when Bussy had done it, he wished he had not,
And fainted and swooned away on the spot;
And all that was found next morning, alas!
Were his books and his number, lying dead on the grass.
Though she smiled, &c.

The Little Cantankerous Cat.

Written, composed and sung by G. H. Macdermott.

Oh! ladies and gentlemen, listen, I pray,
To the history shocking I now will convey;
Some six months ago I made Susan my wife,
And I've ever since lived in a whirlwind of strife.
She'd a beautiful face, she'd a chignon so light,
She'd a figure so trim, and her eyes were so bright—
I was struck with her air, but it soon appeared that
I had wedded a little cantankerous cat.

Chorus.

Yes, 'twas only this morning she knocked me down flat,
And danced a breakdown on my best Sunday hat;
Oh! beware, you young men, when I tell you of that,
And don't marry a little cantankerous cat.

She's a sweet little creature to look at, I know,
But I've got a black eye from her last little blow;
She can kick like a troop horse, can spar like Tom Sayers,
And, when in a rage, oh! my eye! how she swears—
She has pulled my two ears till I'm quite in despair,
My head is despoiled of the best of its hair:
While as to her scratching, I won't speak of that,
For, you know, she's a little cantankerous cat.
Yes, 'twas only, &c.

People all envy me with my pretty young wife,
Oh! I wish they could have just three weeks of my life;
She has broken six broomhandles over my back,
Not an hour do I pass without catching a crack;
Well, I must put up with my lot, I suppose,
And it's some satisfaction to speak out my woes:
But I'd go to the gold coast if I thought that by that
I could but say—farewell, my cantankerous cat!
Yes, 'twas only, &c.

'Tis not my Patty's Sparkling Eyes.

'Tis not my Patty's sparkling eyes,
Her air, her easy grace,
Her thrilling accents that I prize,
Or yet her blooming face:

Such charms as these in others shine,
Whose beauty's all they boast;
But when that beauty does decline,
Their greatest power is lost.

But lovely Patty's wit refined,
Her sense, good-nature, ease,
Divine perfections of the mind,
And firm desire to please:

'Tis these that raise the maiden's fame,
That prompt desire and love,
And kindle in my breast a flame
That time can ne'er remove.

Bathing in the Surf.

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.

Written by Ralph W. Watts. Sung by Tom Maxwell.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 329 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Should you e'er wish for pleasure,
A sweet hour to enjoy,
Go down, for a day, where the dolphins play,
And the beach with the waters toy,
And take your little charmer
Where Neptune's court holds forth :
For, a kiss is sweeter if obtained
When bathing in the surf.

Spoken : Yes ! how delightful is the sensation, and how comical the change—as you see your beloved one enter the bathing house, the Queen of Fashion ! with her top hair like a pyramid pointing to the sky, and all the other "fixins"—but when she comes out, with no shape or figure at all, bustle and everything gone, and in their place a pair of unmentionables hiding the beauty of her lovely ancles ! how surprised you feel—But you forget all about it in a moment as you merrily run to the beach, and commence—

Chorus : Bathing in the surf,
With your darling by your side,
Lifting her o'er the crest of the wave,
In spite of the swelling tide :
Brightly gleams the sunshine
O'er this scene of joy and mirth,
I'm sure you'll find there's nought in life
Like bathing in the surf.

The waters play around you,
Your charmer seems so brave—
You take her out on your stalwart arm,
And duck her beneath the wave ;
'Tis nice to hear her screaming,
As she clings to you with pride :
For, nothing she fears of danger nigh,
When her true love's by her side.

Spoken : And then you play all kinds of tricks together in the water, and as you toss her into the breakers, she says : "oh ! don't, Charles, how can you be so cruel ?" but bless you, she don't mean it, and the more you dip her, the better she likes—
Bathing in the surf, &c.

With cheeks so red and rosy,
You cleave the glittering foam,
Above you sounds the sea-gull's cry,
As fondly you trudge home :
Receive the kiss at parting
From your love, at the door,
But not so sweet as that you got,
When 'midst the breakers' roar.

Spoken: And you can bet your pile she'll whisper in your ear—"When are we going again, Charles ? It was so nice !" And you may be certain her heart will ever after beat closer to yours, especially when she thinks of the days' enjoyment she had—
Bathing in the surf, &c.

Down on the Battery.

Air: Ten thousand miles away.

Oh ! all you gay young thoroughbreads
Who are inclined to roam,
If you're in search of pleasure,
'Tis that you'll find at home .
For, nobby swells and dashing belles
The fairest you can see,
If on a summer's evening
You stroll on the Battery.
Chorus : For, that's the place for fun,
The boys are number one,
The girls so sweet,
Dressed up so neat
With their fancy "Pull Backs" on !
And they're so gay and free—
Some style 'round them you see—
Both long and short
Are full of sport,
Down on the Battery.

It's there you'll see the millionaires
From the fancy "Kerry Block,"
Who dwell in striped stone mansions,
Six stories to the top,
With "La de das" from across the town,
And "Swells" from Avenue B :
You'll find them all, both short and tall,
Down on the Battery. Chorus.

And then there are the lovers
Out for an evening walk,
Or seated in the shady paths,
Sweet nonsense they will talk :
When the moon is brightly shining,
Take a sail out on the sea,
Like turtle-doves they coo and love—
Down on the Battery. Chorus.

On the path down by the river,
Where the "Mashers" are so sly,
A flirting with the pretty girls
As they go sailing by,
They doff their hats and bow their heads,
And smile so lovingly.
That "Cupid's" dart will pierce your heart,
Down on the Battery. Chorus.

Hopping the Boston Dip.

Written and composed by Ed. Scully. Sung by Master Barry. Air: Tommy, make room for your Auntie.

Johanna O'Grady, of Baxter Street,
Has something for to say
About her daughter Mary Ann,
Who's being led astray.
When she comes home from work at night,
She puts on her very best clothes,
And after her supper is over,
To a ball or a party she goes.
Chorus : There she'll stay all night,
Till the broad daylight :
When she comes home in the morning,
She is an awful sight.
When I ask her where she's bin,
She'll turn up her lip,
And tell me she was with Mickey Flynn,
A "hopping the Boston Dip."

Mickey Flynn is a robber,
A scamp and a thafe :
He hangs out all day on the corner,
Of the gang he is their chafe :
Shure Mrs. O'Hollohan, next door,
Tould me he was fond of his "nip :"
Arrah 'twas him that learned my Mary Ann
How to hop the Boston Dip. Chorus.

Now Mary Ann is fading away
Day by day ;
And, some how or other, she don't seem now
To feel so awful gay.
Faith, if she don't leave Mickey Flynn,
I'll bate her with a whip ;
For, she wouldn't be half so thin,
If she didn't learn how to "dip." Chorus.

Hard Trials.

A Negro Hymn, sung by Billy Courtright.

De fox hab a hole in de ground,
And de bird hab a nest in de air,
And ebery ting hab a hiding place,
But we poor sinners hab none.

Chorus.

Now ain't dat hard trials, great tribulations ?
Ain't dat hard trials ? I'm bound to leave dis world.

Baptist, Baptist, is my name,
Baptist till I die ;
I'll be baptize' in de Baptist name,
And live on de Baptist side. Chorus.

Methodist, Methodist, is my name,
Methodist till I die ;
I'll be baptize' in de Methodist name,
And live on de Methodist side. Chorus.

Presbyterian, Presbyterian, is my name,
Presbyterian till I die ;
I'll be baptize' in de Presbyterian name,
And I'll live on de Presbyterian side. Chorus.

You may go dis way, you may go dat way,
You may go from do' to do'—
If you havn't got de goodness in your heart,
De debil will catch you sho'. Chorus.

All Things Turn out for the Best.

AN ORIGINAL MOTTO-CHORUS SONG.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 329 Bowery, opposite Prince Street, New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

As through this wide world you are steering,
Boys, never be conquered by care ;
Though matters may not appear cheering
At times, don't give way to despair :
Affairs may look gloomy and sadly,
And cause you a little unrest,
But, see the bright side, and think gladly
That all things turn out for the best.

Chorus.

Though life's full of bothers and bubbles,
Don't let it plant thorns in your breast,
And never mind trifles or troubles :
For, all things turn out for the best !

Now, some men, if they had money plenty,
Would go to their ruin headlong,
And die before they were aged twenty,
Through going the pace fast and strong :
Of such, I come to the conclusion
It's better that they are distressed :
For, with them holds good the allusion—
That all things turn out for the best.
Though life's, &c.

Supposing your wealthy old "nunkey"
Gets killed in a great thoroughfare,
By being kicked and knocked down by a donkey,
And dies, leaving you his rich heir :
You may grieve that to kingdom-come sent him—
The accident—weep—and the rest—
But, of course, you will not long lament him,
You've his cash—so it's all for the best !
Though life's, &c.

If you've only one eye, half the sorrow
You but see that other folks do :
If you've got no rich friends from to borrow,
You've no trouble paying when due :
If you've only one leg, take it easy,
You can't break them both being run o'er,
Or falling on stones, frost, or greasy :
So, it's all for the best—less or more !
Though life's, &c.

Supposing your house catches fire,
And your chattels are all well insured,
Can you more good fortune require
Than being from loss well secured ?
And if a bad wife in the flame may
Be burnt, will it ruffle your breast ?
You hope—go to heaven your good dame may—
And think—"Well, it's all for the best !"
Though life's, &c.

Should your spousy elope with a "bobby,"
It may, for a time, your heart wring ;
But if you get damages nobby,
Of course, it's a very good thing.
Then obtain a divorce, and a widow,
If you wed, who with money is blest,
Of course, you will rightly consider
All things have turned out for the best !
Though life's, &c.

If deaf, you won't hear so much scandal,
If dumb, why, you can't speak a lie :
And, if cracked, p'haps you never will marry,
And, no doubt, more happily die—
So, whatever your standing, or station,
You'll find, when it's put to the test,
Though oft they may cause you vexation,
That all things turn out for the best !
Though life's, &c.

Disappointment is the lot of mortality. This is an old saying, and to some extent it expresses the experience of every human being. There is no one in whose life some morning of sunshine and brightness has not proved the opening of a day overcast with clouds, and perhaps made gloomy and terrific with storms.

Laughable Lecture

AND

UNAUTHENTIC HUMOROUS HISTORY.

WRITTEN BY M. SIMMONDS, THE BRIGHTON HUMORIST, AND INTRODUCED BY HIM IN HIS POLYPHONIC ENTERTAINMENT, ENTITLED:

Phiction Phounded on Phact,

At Lucombe's Library, in 1833, and, subsequently, Betterson's Library, Margate, Sackett's, Ramsgate, &c., England, and now just published, by permission of the Author. Professionals may obtain the privilege of rendering the above in the United States, on application to H. de Marsan, Agent, 60 Chatham Street, N. Y.

INTRODUCTION.

Dublin dear, very dear Dublin, replete with wet, wit, widows and whiskey. Let me see—in the year One thousand—oh! bother, it don't matter what date it was—however, I was there, and having a few days leisure on my hands, a pair of new Northamptoners on my feet, a tidy tile on my head, a light heart, and a purse, not a nevy 'un by any means—the number of young and pretty widdys to be met with in Dubby is wonderful, the quantity of light infantry, or, more graphically speaking, the shoals of young Dublin Bay, as seen in all directions, is marvellous. The maids of merry England, for love and beauty, stand pre-eminent, but those of jolly Erin, I really think, are more pre-eminenter than the bewitchies and fair daughter of my landlady, Miss ——. No, no I don't mean to tell you her name. No, no! oh, no! Strolling out one evening with Miss—suppose we call her Miss Phelisiticions—our stroll was suddenly brought to a stop outside of an illegant structure, designated a Lecterfying Hall, a large poster intimating that Mick Anic, the eminent patterer, would lecture upon "Hodge Podge."

Admission Free.

The price of admission being so very moderate, we entered, but upon more closely scrutinising the bill, we discovered, but, alas! too late, that a shilling would be charged to go out. I mentioned coming in contact with that, that: that I haven't alluded to, and that was the cause of it, and that settles that. When darkness was visible nothing was seen except invisibility, obscurity, and the shay oss I just mentioned. About this time gases were found out in consequence of there not being a light at that time, so they killed a bullock, and discovered gas, which they called ox-eye-gin, soon followed by another gas found out to be hide-dried-gin; putting the two gins together that was the origin of blessed bad gin, and that's the cause of that. The moon is lighted on one side by the satalites, on the other side by the Israelites. The sun goes round, sits upon our axes, and causes the equanoxions girls, called by some aqua ducks, to cross the line when they're three sheets in the wind. And that reminds me that the light of other days was invented in Dark House Lane Billysgate, by one of the ladies of the grammar school, who put a semicolon (semi-coal-on). The sun sets in the Cinque (sink) Ports, and the (y)East makes it rise, and that makes it go round upon its own axes, and anybody that axes to the contrary, axes wrong. The moon is occupied by a gentleman, who is the master of the ring in that quarter; he nightly attends his circle of friends to the circus, near which a number of stars are seen. The moon is lighted on one side by its satalites, and on the other side by the Israelites. The fact is, I never knew what's what till I went up in a balcon, and talked politics to the man in the moon: well, after we blowed a clond togedder, he asked me to stop to diuner. I said I was afraid of Bull Beef just now. "Well, said he, have a bit of biled bear;" "Can-a-bear it," said I. "I'll calve for you," said he. "No, thanky." "Won't you stop to ten, Ted, then?" said he. "I'd rather not." "Why not?" "Why, the fact is you're in the milky way, and I'm afraid of it just now." "Ted, said he, I've read all sorts of English History, which is the correct?" "Mine is, said I; Listen to it, and you'll see."

(Make a pause—adjust shirt collar—wipe spectacles—adjust wig—wipe nose—Business ad lib.)

England, before it was discovered, was not found out, nor would it ever have been discovered, had it not been found out. "Now, who found it out?" "Why, the man that discovered it. You see, then, there was no inhabitants there at that time, except a few fathers, some mothers, babbys, widows, visitors, and doubtful old maids. The country got into difis; they sent a broker over from Rome, and he took possession of the country, and they called him Cæzar. Brokers have been called seizers ever since. Cæzar was succeeded by his successor, who, though a king, was a hatter, they called him Rufus. The King of Hammersmith reigned at the same time, and he was a hatter, too, and they called him Wat Tyler.

About this time, policemen became preventive men; there were no detectives, and that's the reason there were no burglaries in those days (do you take aye). The next king was a queen, and they called her Elizabeth. She was fond of Essex Calf. About this time they sent from Spain 130 ship loads of nuts, commanded by geese; but she sent them back again with all their kernals cracked through one Drake. Henry VIII. was a great fat, burly man, with a double chin; though he was a singular man and married a plurality of wives, he never quarrelled with them. He axed them, and that settled it. The third George was the first George that made a pair of boots; one of them was half a shoe. You see there was a Wellington which fitted the right foot, and a Blucher to fit the left foot. Now, the Wellington boot, strolling one morn-morning to buy some Brussels sprouts, in crossing Waterloo Bridge, put his foot into a puddle of mud, and the Blucher boot took it out, or the Wellington boot might have lost his gutta percha sole, but he didn't; look at that now! George the Fourth was the biggest gentleman in the world, and the greatest blackguard. Billy the Fourth and Adelaide,

"Afloat or ashore,
Never was so cozey a couple afore."

Victory was a single young lady before she got married; she was not so after that. "Comment vous portez vous, Monsieur?" "I'm verry well, Miss." "How's you, Sir?" "Bobbish, Miss." "How's Ma?" "Ditto, Miss." "Married, Sir?" "No, Miss." "Would you like to marry?" "Yes, Miss." Well, then, they were married; and the evening and the morning was the first day. The morning broke with blushes o'er them. They lived and loved together, she proving one of the most fruitful Windsor pairs extant. Little tender annuals grew, bedad, wherever this cozey couple were during this long reign; humidity was prevalent, water was eschewed, while whiskey fluid its votaries. Short weights and measures were universally in vogue then; every article of food was pure and unsophisticated, that is, to say, the food that growed: the drink was brewed, wittles was a mixpickly affair altogether. Patter versus clatter shut up. Folks then found out there wasn't much the matter. Jesuits worked with a will, not at raking up imaginary grievances, but at raking up loom and rearing taters to fill their own lazy sides, and that made 'em gooderer. These maniacs were tamed by Home Rule, for, they got married, and that settled 'em, without interfering with politics.

I thank yees for the attention you've paid, not forgetting the loberto, and, in conclusion, I hope, and I trust (there are few people in these days that don't), that "may you sail with a fair breeze down the current of life, and cast the anchor of your latter days in the port of prosperity." That's a bit of an onld toast, and allways is a friend to the panper, as well as the prince—Hurrah!

Enigma.

I am so large, that many a ship
Has passed and passed through me;
I am so small, in every house
A dozen you will see.
I am so black—as black as night—
And fair as fair can be;
And couples often sever me
When parting lovingly.

Answer: A Lock.

Who'll buy my Posies?

You do look so nice with a flower in your coat—
Without one you're not well attired:
So I kindly propose that you all buy a rose,
By the belles and swells to be admired.
A nice little flower makes you look so neat,
You should ne'er be without one, I vote:
A fashionable swell isn't reckoned complete—
Without a nice flower in his coat.

CHORUS.

Who'll buy my posies—sweet scented roses?
If you should doubt them—buy one and try;
Their beauty is showing—they scarce have done growing—
So who'll buy my roses—come and buy?

The swells take their girls to the opera, at night,
They make them appear as well as they can:
They dress up in satins—they wear diamond rings,
And tied to their waist is a nice little fan;
They have in their hand a handsome bouquet,
And a nice goffened frill round their throat:
But the swell—understand—to make himself grand—
Wears a nice little flower in his coat. Chorus.

On a fine summer's day you go for a drive,
Or down the green lanes for a stroll you may go:
To please the young ladies you lovingly strive,
You squeeze and you tease till they call you their beau.
You tell them you love them so true and so kind,
Till they love you more hour after hour—
When instead of with you—you're likely to find—
They're only in love with your flower. Chorus.

Heaving the Lead.

Homeward bound, when, with favoring gale,
Our gallant ship up Channel steered:
And, scudding under every sail,
The high blue western land appeared,
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung—
"By the deep—nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view
An abbey tower, the harbor fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true,
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung—
"By the mark—seven!"

And as the much-loved shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof,
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof:
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung—
"By the mark—five!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh:
We shorten sail—she feels the tide.
"Stand clear the cable!" is the cry:
The anchor's gone, we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night
We hear the seaman with delight—
Proclaim—"All's well!"

Oh! Came you o'er the Barren Moor?

Oh! came you o'er the barren moor,
Or down the mossy mountain?
Oh! came you by yon rosy bower,
Or yonder sparkling fountain?
Or came you o'er the green wood shade?
And rove you whence or whither?
And did you see a wandering maid?
Oh! haste and call her hither.

Oh! by her lovely eyes of blue,
Whose beams so artless shew her:
Or by her cheek of rosent hue,
And heavenly smile, you'll know her:
What sweeter than her name can be?
'Tis Peace—she's gone—oh! whither?
And, if you pity feel for me,
Oh! haste and call her hither.

Brother Basil.

I am called Brother Basil. I live in the old monastery with many other brothers. We have our duties, our prayers, our routine. We know nothing of the outer world save that there is sickness and death in it; that there are prisoners, and those doomed to execution. We are sent to help these at times. Of the rest—of the happy, the gay, those who dance, those who marry, and are given in marriage—we know nothing. We are blind to fair women's faces, or should be. Don't smile.

Once no one liked those strange creatures better than I; once no one was better liked by them. That was before I was Brother Basil.

I am five-and-thirty now, and I have lived in this convent ten years. I desire to die here, since I must die.

I will write my story down, and leave it behind me as a warning to others. I will write it down that no one may trust a false, fair face, and false, dark deceitful eyes as I did—eyes like a gazelle's. But, oh! she was beautiful—beautiful as women seldom are—though she was not a lady, and I was a gentleman.

I was Don Basil then, and I lived with my gray-haired father—a proud, haughty man, and a very rich one—in our handsome house. She was beautiful, as I have said; and I fell in love with her. Nay, why should Brother Basil have any pride? He has abjured it. I will tell you.

She was a washer-woman, and no more. She brought home the washed linen once a week in a basket on her head. But when Sunday came, and I saw her crossing the piazza on her way to the cathedral, her mantilla shading her hair, a red rose just behind the ear in those great black waves that glittered as no jet does, a fan in her hand, a glove upon it—"Surely," I used to say, "she looks like a lady. Were she rich, no one could do more credit to fine dress and jewels;" and then I said, "I will marry her and make her a lady."

Father Basil does not blush for John Basil then. Perhaps I might have done as rich men often do—wooed the poor girl and left her like a broken toy when I grew weary. Instead, I gave her honest love. I spoke to her. She did not deny me—she said she also loved me. But my father—well, I knew him; I need not have doubted what he would do—how he would feel.

The night before my wedding-day he said to me, "Basil, I have never besought favor of man, but I beseech you to save my heart from breaking. Do not marry this girl, who has beguiled you. Give her money, all she asks for, and return to me. If you make her your wife I shall die of shame. Basil, Basil! you are very dear to me, and I deserve something at your hands."

His appeal made me shed tears. I bowed my head before him; but I could not do his bidding.

"Then one thing remains," he said. "Listen to me. You know I always mean what I say. The hour that you marry this woman you are no longer a son of mine; you leave my home, and I legally deprive you of all right to my estate. See!" He spread before me a parchment; the deed is drawn; it only needs my signature. I will not sign it until you are her husband, for it is my own death-warant. But when the ring is on her finger, I put my name here."

He struck the parchment with the back of his hand, and thrust it into his bosom.

"At the last moment you may draw back," he said. "My lawyer will come to me when the ceremony is completed, not before."

"Father," I said, "your fortune is your own; but you married the woman you loved."

"I married a lady," said he. "When you marry this washerwoman, I sign the deed that disinherits you."

That night I told Pepita all.

"Let him keep his pride and his money," said she, indignantly.

And though I believed my father would do as he said, I made ready for my bridal next day. I left the house early in the morning. The door of my father's room was still made fast. He gave me neither curse nor blessing.

In the church I met Pepita. She was without relatives or friends. We stood alone before the priest; only, leaning against a great column, I saw a man, wrapped in a cloak, with a sombrero drawn over his face.

It was Gwilliam, the notary, sent, I know, to bear tidings of the ceremony to my father.

As the priest pronounced the benediction, the notary left the church.

We were married. I gave Pepita my arm: we passed down the aisle and out into the street. As we crossed the plaza, a man, bareheaded and with hair floating in the wind, rushed towards us.

"In the name of all the saints! Don Basil—your father—he is dead!—murdered! I went to meet him by appointment; I found the servants alarmed at his long retirement in his room. We broke down the door; he lay on his bed strangled with his own handkerchief."

"Suicide, perhaps," said Pepita. "He was angry with Don Basil for marrying me."

The notary looked at her. "We all make mistakes," he said. "We will not blame him for this; he is dead."

I heard this even while I struggled with an awful faintness—a blindness like that of death. I felt that Pepita had charmed even the cold notary.

In a few moments I was able to walk, and, leaning on the notary's arm, to make my way homeward.

I stood in my father's room, and looked down at his face, purple with the death of strangulation. His white, strong teeth, the most beautiful I had ever seen in a man, were set tight upon something. To this the physician, who stood beside him, pointed.

"We must extricate it," he said. "It will be a clue to the identity of the assassin."

"Then he did not kill himself?" I gasped.

The physician turned down the bed-clothes, and I saw another handkerchief tied about the wrists.

The window had been opened, too, I heard, and a rope-ladder hung from the balcony. My father had met a violent death!

How we remember all the details of such horrible hours! But I will not write them down. Much skill was needed in parting those set of teeth to extricate what they held; but this being done, it proved to be the end of a finger. The little finger, so they told me. Whoever had killed my father, bore away a mark that would last a lifetime.

This fact saved me from suspicion, for one who would have been disinherited the next day might be well suspected if he who was to disinherit him died a foul death at night. But search was in vain. We found no token of the guilty person, who doubtless, we said, had flown in terror of apprehension before he could secure the valuables which must have been his object.

The funeral took place. The days of mourning passed. In my grief I half forgot my bride, but, she bore herself well, and with dignity. Dressed in black, a black fan shading her eyes, she seemed to mourn as deeply as I did.

"She is as dignified as a queen," said the notary to me. "She will adorn her station."

We had been married for weeks, and so occupied had I been with this trouble that had fallen upon me that I had not given her a caress; but time soothes all emotions. At last, though I still grieved for my father, my passion for Pepita returned.

One evening we sat together on the balcony, and life seemed sweet again. As the night drew on, I led her to our own apartment. It was the first time we had entered it.

Shall I ever forget that hour, the look of her face, the perfume of the rose in her hair, the soft, warm stillness of the summer night? I placed her in a great chair and knelt at her feet. My head rested on her bosom.

"Pepita," I said, "we are alone. Forget the ceremony which becomes you so well. Your mantilla veils your beautiful hair. Cast it aside."

She obeyed me. She also drew the golden comb from her hair, and let it float unrestrained in its perfumed plenteousness.

"Take off your gloves, Pepita," I said. "It has pleased me to see you gloved so well, but now we are alone."

I heard her heart give one quick throb.

"Basil," she said, let me keep gloves on my rough washerwoman's hands until idleness whitens them, even when alone with you."

"Absurd!" said I. "I love you, hands and all; take off your gloves, and let me kiss them."

At this, Pepita removed the glove of her left hand, on which my wedding-ring shone.

"Your hands are white already," I said, covering this with kisses. "Now the other."

"No," said she. "It is a whim of mine."

I looked at her.

"I burnt my hand yesterday," she said. "I desire to keep it gloved."

I knelt no more before her.

"Pepita," I exclaimed, "take off your glove."

"What a tyrant, Basil!" said she. "Listen. I will confess. I made a vow that if I might be your wife and a great lady, I would never take off my gloves. I have half broken it now; so pardon me if I do not quite do so."

"Pepita," I answered, "you made another vow to obey me, your husband; remove your gloves."

"Very well," said she, humbly. "I will remove my glove, and you are my husband, and you also made a vow to me."

She drew the glove off, and as she did so, dropped her hand into the folds of her dress.

I approached her, and took it in my own.

Often and often had those little hands rested in mine, or played with my long hair. I knew their every dimple. And now, what was this I saw? A hand torn and mutilated! Heaven, the courage she had had to hide such pain! And of the little finger, only a stump remaining! It had been seared with hot iron. So had the great torn bite across the back—but, ah! the horrible hand!

I looked at her. She did not flinch.

"I am your wife," she said. "My name is yours. Basil, I love you."

"He was my father," I answered. "Yet you are my wife. You may put on your glove again."

People said many things concerning us when we parted so soon. She was unfaithful; I, jealous—but no one knew.

She lives in her handsome house, and I have heard that her elegance in always wearing gloves is admired by many, while others enviously whisper, "Washerwoman's hands!" I and the portion of my fortune I reserved for myself belong to this monastery.

She bears my old name. I am only Brother Basil. This is all I tell you, but you have learnt my story. I know not if I may be forgiven for my silence hereafter, but she was my wife.

I've Gone Wrong for the sake of Sarah.

I am a most unlucky man;
For, though I hoped to share a
Happy fate with my sweet mate,
Whose Christian name is Sarah,
Alack-a-day! she's gone away,
She's left me broken-hearted.
My dear's not dead, but it may be said
She is my departed.
Chorus: Oh! I've gone wrong for the sake of Sarah,
Sarah's been the ruin of me,
I've gone wrong for the sake of Sarah,
Sarah's gone and jilted me.

Her face was fair, she'd auburn hair,
Her lips were like the ruby,
But when I told her so, she smiled,
And said I was a booby;
And so no doubt I was—to buy
Her "ducks" and "deers" of dresses,
Though I'd buy more could I be sure
Of what my dear's address is. Chorus.

I was so happy for a time,
In her soft words believing:
So true she seemed—I never dreamed
She would so soon be leaving:
I surely thought a wife I'd caught,
For worser or for better:
She gave her "word," but all I've left
Is one short farewell "letter." Chorus.

She vowed she would be ever true,
To me she pledged her troth, too:
She borrowed my gold watch and chain,
And went and pledged them both, too:
She said she'd do what's *right* and *good*,
And we should never sever,
But she's gone right away for *good*,
And I've gone *wrong* for ever. Chorus.

HE'S A' THE WORLD TO ME.

Words by ALLEN RAMSAY. T. H. REYNOLDSON.

1. I can - na like ye, gen - tle sir, Al -
2. I'se gang with Ja - mie frae Dun - dee, To
3. The lave - rock mounts to hail the morn, The

- tho a Laird ye be; . . I like a bon - ny Scot - tish lad, Wha' brought me frae Dun - dee, dee.
cheer the lane-some way; His cheeks are rud - dy o'er wi' health, He's ro - lisk as the May, May.
lint-white swells her throat; But nei - ther are sae sweet, sae clear, As Ja - mie's tune-fu' note, note.

1st time. 2nd time.

Haud a-wa' wi' Jamie, Haud a-wa' wi' Jamie, Haud a-wa' wi Ja-mie o'er the lea! . . I gang'd a - long wi' free gude will, For he's

ad lib.

a tempo.

1st time. 2nd time.

a' the world to me, me.

a tempo.

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CONTENTS.

A captive thus to thee, my girl .....page 242
The Bradys 242
Big Rubber Bustle..... 244
Beautiful Snow..... 246
Darling Blue-eyed Nell..... 242
Deserted by the waning moon..... 244
The Donovans 246
The Day when you'll forget me..... 245
He isn't as rich as he used to be 243
I'll keep a sweet kiss for you, darling..... 243
I never refuse..... 243
I've come again to thee 244
I tickled her under the chin..... 245
I'll never go courting again..... 245
Jingle bells: or one horse open sleigh—Music for guitar 248
Kiss me, Birdie: kiss me, darling 242
Little Miss Ray—a Story..... 247
Mike and Kate O'Leary..... 242
Meet me, darling, meet me..... 242
The Modal of a man..... 243
My Beau in the stationery store..... 243
My dream of love is o'er 244
Must we then meet as strangers?..... 245
None other need apply..... 244
Only a letter..... 242
Only the way on the stage..... 244
Roses in the dell..... 242
Sweet Adelaide 242
Susan, the pride of Kildare..... 244
Shakspeare's seven ages of man..... 246
The Sweet By-and-By—a sacred song..... 245
That's where you're bound to be right..... 242
Turn down the gas..... 243
They say I'm a very tough man..... 244
What I heard an old maid say..... 243
You should see Louisa..... 243

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Mike and Kate O'Leary.

Irish Duett and Dance. Sung by Thomas and Lotta Winnett.

We're a happy Irish pair you see,
And we lately came from dear old Tipperary,
Where the Irish boys are happy as can be,
And the coleens fair you'll never find contrary;
We can sing and dance the whole day long,
Our hearts are ever gay;
And when you see our movements,
I am sure you all will say
That no other style that's in the land
Outrivals that of Mike and Kate O'Leary;
We've lately come across the sea,
From that dear old spot they call it Tipperary.
[*Dance, regular Irish Breakdown.*]

When we landed upon Columbia's shores,
Among the boys we caused a great sensation;
For, as we said to you before,
We're the happiest Irish that's in the nation;
Whether here or there, its all the same;
No matter where we go,
Our movements seems to please you,
When we twist our heel and toe;
We ask of you your kind applause,
'Twill help to make our hearts feel light and airy,
And we'll finish with a little dance,
And show you how its done in Tipperary.
[*Same dance as before.*]

Roses in the Dell.

Song and Dance. Written and sung by Sam Martin.

In the Central Park, the other day,
I met my charmer fair,
Her pretty face and beaming smiles—
And she had such lovely hair—
While from beneath her jockey hat
Those curly tresses fell;
And when I smiled she blushed, and looked
Like the roses in the dell.

Chorus.

And it's, oh, my! she looked so divine. (Sym)
How I wished that she was mine— (Sym)
She's the fairest little flower I've ever seen;
In the Park she is the Belle!
Whene'er we meet, her blush is just
Like the roses in the dell.

We sat awhile beneath the tree,
The time flew swiftly by;
She said she felt so happy then,
But could not tell me why;
I asked her, then, if she'd be mine?
Into my arms she fell,
And answered "Yes!" and crimson blushed,
Like the roses in the dell. Chorus.

Only a Letter.

By C. Edwin Dudley.

Only a letter, a dear little letter,
From a loved one far, far away;
Oh! my heart is as light as the rose-scented zephyrs
That over the meadows play.
O'er each loving word I tenderly linger—
They recall a sweet time, long ago,
When we strayed hand-in-hand through the dew-sprinkled clover,
And he whispered his love soft and low.

Chorus.

Only a letter, a dear little letter—
Ah! it brings the old days back to me,
When we strayed in the moonlight over the heather,
And he vowed that he loved none but me.

Only a letter—oh! my soul fills with yearning:
For, it brings such glad tidings to me
Of one who will soon to my heart be returning,
And never more parted to be.
Then, days, roll on swiftly: I'll watch for his coming
By the little old gate in the lane,
Where he kissed me good-bye when the roses were blooming,
And vowed to return when they blossomed again.
Only a letter, a dear little letter, &c.

Darling Blue-Eyed Nell.

As Sung by Sam Martin.

Oh! my heart is filled with joy,
I scarce know what to say;
About my darling blue-eyed Nell,
I think of night and day;
'Twas on a Sunday that we met,
Among the sweet grape-vines,
And the little birds were singing forth
Their sweet harmonious rhymes.
Chorus: I feel just as happy as a little rose-bud,
That blooms down in the shady dell:
The sun shines from the sky so bright
On my darling little blue-eyed Nell.

We met last night as usual,
And we greeted each with smiles:
I popped the question to her,
Then I knew she would be mine.
How oft I think of days gone by,
When first in love I fell
With this charming little creature,
Now my darling blue-eyed Nell. Chorus.

The Bradys.

Written by Ned Harrigan. As Sung by Harrigan & Hart.

Did you ever hear tell of the Bradys?
Gentlemen born of fine ladies!
Gallant and gay, from Old Grannaway.
Big Boys, Big Girls, and Big Babys!
Not one of them are aristocratic;
All solid and bold Democratic—
That live in a Palace or Attic—
The Historical family of Bradys.
Chorus: The neighbors all talk,
When they are out for a walk,
What a fine Gentleman and his Lady!
They bow and nod,
At every rod,
To Johany and Cornelius O'Brady.

For Scholars, the Bradys were famous—
For beauty, the equal of Venus.
Neatness and grace, with Circassian face;
Small face, big brains, big genius—
All of them self-influential—
The divil-a-bit confidential—
Like Cæser, most eluquention!
The Historical family of Bradys. Chorus.

That's Where You're Bound to be Right.

There are thousands of people who think they're so smart,
That are far too clever by half,
Who oftentimes think they are performing on us,
When against them we all turn the laugh;
They are too wide awake, and you'll make a mistake,
If you let them get out of your sight:
Don't let them have you, but try to have them:
For, that's where you're bound to be right.

Chorus.

So always endeavor to be wide awake,
And trust no one out of your sight:
Take care of your health, take care of your wealth:
For, that's where you're bound to be right.

Advertisements show in the papers, each day,
That a firm has got money to lend,
A hundred or so on your own note of hand:
If you're hard up to them never send;
For, it's only a swindle got up by some rogue,
Who gets all he can, then takes to flight.
So from them keep apart, you can do the laugh
For, that's where you're bound to be right.
So always endeavor to be wide awake, &c.

Now if you get tired of a bachelor's life,
I hope now, young men, you'll take care
For to make this arrangement with your better half—
To your home no relations are there—
For, you'll find that your mother-in-law will want to be
At your house from morning till night.
When such is the case, close the door in her face:
For, that's where you're bound to be right.
So always endeavor to be wide awake, &c.

Sweet Adelaide.

By Billy Mortland.

The sea rolls in incessantly,
And washes the rock-studded shore,
And sea-birds, in their wildest glee,
Above the rugged alcoves soar.
Near this romantic scene does dwell
A pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed maid,
And there my heart's fond hopes I tell
To her, my own sweet Adelaide.
Chorus: I often seek this snug retreat,
To listen to the waves' wild beat,
And tender tales of love repeat
To Adelaide.

'Twas there we made our fondest vow,
And pledged each other constancy;
Her heart is in my keeping now:
For, she has trusted all with me.
And until from this life I part,
That trust shall never be betrayed—
I would not break the loving heart
Of her, my own sweet Adelaide. Chorus.

Kiss Me, Birdie: Kiss Me, Darling.

By Eugene Mortimer.

Kiss me, Birdie: kiss me, darling;
Press your ruby lips to mine;
Tell me that you still do love me,
Let me place my hand in thine.
As I leave this world of sorrow,
And shall never more return,
Let me feel that some one loves me,
One whose heart's not cold and stern.
Chorus: Kiss me, Birdie: kiss me, darling,
Once more ere I breathe my last:
Press your hand upon my forehead,
Then lay me down in peace to rest.

When I've left this world of sorrow,
Think of him that's gone before;
Remember that he loved you truly,
As in the pleasant days of yore.
Birdie, I am on my journey
To that place where all is love:
Kiss me once more—good-bye, darling,
Till we meet in Heaven above! Chorus.

Meet Me, Darling, Meet Me.

By John H. Porter, of Bridgeport, Con.

Meet me, darling, meet me
When the moon's soft silver light
Falls on the fragrant roses
At the eventide of night;
Meet me at the elm-tree,
The spot we love so well—
Yes, meet me, darling, meet me,
I have something there to tell.
Chorus: Meet me, darling, meet me
When the moon's soft silver light
Falls on the fragrant roses
At the eventide of night.

Beneath its leafy branches
Meet me, darling, meet me there;
And pledge to me thy maiden love,
Thou beautiful and fair—
Within the casket of my heart
That gem I'll safely lay,
And vigils o'er it I will keep
Till life shall pass away. Chorus

A Captive Thus to Thee, My Girl.

A captive thus to thee, my girl,
How sweetly shall I pass my age,
Contented like the playful squirrel,
To wanton up and down my cage.

When death shall envy joy like this,
And come to shade our sunny weather,
Be our last sigh the sigh of bliss,
And both our souls exhaled together.

T. Moore.

Turn Down the Gas.

By the lovely Vocalist Jennie Lindsay.

You have all heard the song of Pull down the blind,
But another I'll sing just as good, you will find;
Now, Wipe off your chin, I believe is the last,
But I have one still later, 'tis Turn down the gas!
Now, I loved a young man so charming and gay,
Who came round to see me most every day;
When we'd kiss and embrace, to me he would say—
Turn down the gas! Turn it down right away!

Spoken: Yes, he was a darling fellow; whenever he came to my house to see me, it was always when Pa and Ma were gone to meeting; he would put his arm round my neck and say—Jennie, darling—

Chorus.

Turn down the gas! Turn down the gas!
Darken the room, love, there's a dear lass:
Though we love each other, remarks may be passed,
So come kiss your Harry, and—Turn down the gas!

My Harry's a darling, you can see at a glance,
And don't he look sweet in his new lavender pants—
He sings like a bird, and, oh! can't he dance!
If you saw him waltzing, why, you'd go in a trance:
For, such style as his was never seen yet—
He's King of the Fashion! now don't you forget
We are going to be married, and I'll never regret
When I turned down the gas for my dear darling pet.

Spoken: Harry and I have been keeping company for over a year, and mother says it's time he proposed. I think so too. He says he will marry me before the Centennial is over. At any rate, I hope he loves me just as well as when he first courted me, and with a loving squeeze told me to please—

Turn down the gas! &c.

What I Heard an Old Maid Say.

As sung by Jennie Lindsay.

You, men, are all deceivers,
I heard an old maid say;
You tell us, girls, you love us,
Then steal our hearts away;
Each night as I lay sleeping
Upon my little bed,
I dream, and often do I think
'Tis true what the old maid said.

Yes, the men are all deceivers:
So, girls, of them beware!
They kiss you and caress you,
Try to catch you in their snare;
There is nothing so sweet as loving,
But of deceitful men I am in dread!
So, girls, do have sense and don't forget
The words the old maid said.

The Model of a Man.

By Jennie Lindsay.

Of all the gents I've ever seen,
Or in this world have met,
The one that I now speak about
Is the best of all, you bet!
Though in size he's not the greatest—
To his principle I allude;
For, in my dealings with him I see
He is little, but he's good!

He never tries an injury
On friend or foe, to inflict;
He is never eager for argument,
Nor wishes to contradict;
He knows not how to criticise,
And troubles he never would brood;
For, he is just the gentleman, right out—
He is little, but he's good!

The ladies all admire him,
And very often say:
That little model of a man
Steals all our hearts away.
But this charming love of a fellow,
To steal hearts never would;
For, he's too honest, you'll find him so—
Though little, he's so good!

My Beau in the Stationery Store.

By Jennie Lindsay.

Good evening to you, one and all,
I hope to find you well;
Just pay attention for a-while,
And to you I will tell
I'm feeling happier to-night
Than I ever felt before;
The reason is, I have a beau
In a down town stationery store.
Chorus: And he says he loves no one but me.
What on earth can a fellow say more?
And married I am soon going to be,
To my beau in the stationery store!

He comes to see me twice a week,
And takes me out to walk;
He puts his arm around my waist,
And of the future he does talk;
But I tell him he is foolish,
And to wait a few years more;
For, the young men's wages are so small
In a down town stationery store!
Still he swears, &c.

I'll Keep a Sweet Kiss for you, Darling.

Sung by Miss Jennie Hughes

Words by Geo Cooper. Music by H F. Wagner.

The Music is published by W. H Ewald & Bro. 136 Newark Avenue, Jersey City. Price 40 cents.

I'll keep a sweet kiss for you, darling,
I cannot forget you at all;
I hear the sweet songs of the starling,
And in it your voice I recall;
My heart will be true while you're roaming—
Oh! ever I'm dreaming of you—
I've watched for your steps in the gloaming
Each day since you bade me adieu.
Chorus: The songs of the robin and starling,
Ah! still they remind me of you—
I'll keep a sweet kiss for you, darling,
And ever, yes, ever be true.

All night-time I'm dreaming about you,
Your letters I keep near my heart!
Oh! life would be sorrow without you,
And never again may we part—
When spring-time in splendor and glory
Returns with its roses and dew,
Come whisper the sweet olden story,
And tell me you're faithful and true. Chorus.

He isn't as rich as he used to be.

Copyright, 1876 by E. H. Harding.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

He isn't as rich as he used to be,
His friends, they are growing few;
When jolly and gay, in the days gone by,
He found them a little too true.
He wanders alone thro' the street so gay,
And meets here and there a cool bow;
But the friends of his pleasure, in days gone by,
Having nothing to say to him now.
Chorus: For, he isn't as rich as he used to be,
He's "down in the world," to-day:
He knows what it is to be poor, my boys,
And he meets not a friend in his way.

He sported himself like a prince around,
And became a great friend of "the boys:"
Whenever his presence was known to them,
They set up a flattering noise.
The ladies all smiled as he passed them by,
Their wishes he well could attend;
He was loved and caressed like an angel blest,
Because he had money to spend. Chorus.

At night, in convivial joys he lived,
And slumbered each day until noon:
He rode in his coach with a lady fair,
And went off to the country in June;
But now, no one knows where he lives or goes,
Some forget him and others despise:
He feels the hard times, but he'll bear them well,
Till, some day, in his garret he dies— Chorus.

I Never Refuse.

Copyright 1876 by E. H. Harding

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I like to satisfy my friends
In everything I do, boys;
There's nothing small in me, at all,
As a friend, you'll find me true, boys.
Good nature is my only fault,
But that you must excuse;
Whatever you ask me, I shall do,
My motto is—"Never refuse!"

Chorus.

I never refuse, I never refuse!
Invite me to dine, or pour out the wine:
Suggest what you like, or ask what you choose,
My motto through life is—"never refuse!"

One night when coming from the play,
My throat was feeling dry, boys:
So I "dropped in" and a cork "dropped out:"
The drink was real "old rye," boys!
Just then, came in a dear old friend,
Not seen in years before;
Our hands we entwined in a friendly grasp,
And he begged me to take "just one more!"

Spoken: Well, it would have been against my principles to say no, so I just told him plainly that—

I never refuse, &c.

I used to sing "My pretty Jane"
When love's deep draught I swallowed;
And gave my sweetheart strawberry cream,
To make myself more "solid."
So, when I asked her for a kiss,
She did not faint or cry;
No gentle rebuke, but a whisper sweet,
And this was her charming reply:

Chorus.

I never refuse, I never refuse!
Such love and delight, how could I refuse?
You may say what you like, or ask what you choose,
My motto through life is—"never refuse!"

You Should see Louisa!

Written and sung by C. L. Davis.

Kind friends, just listen unto me,
Und a story I vill tell
About a little Deitcher girl,
In lofe mit her I fell.
I met her in a Lager Bier Saloon,
In de middle of de year;
I'sh vas eating sour krout
Und drinking Lager Bier.
Chorus: Oh! you should see my dear Louisa,
Mit eyes so pright und steps so light—
Her eyes like diamonds shine
Oh! you should see my dear Louisa,
I am longing for de day to call her mine.

Next week I am going to married be,
Und give a Fancy Ball—
Und den I am going to invite you all;
I must away to meet my girl,
So I must say Farewell!
I vill bid you all farewell!
She's waiting round the corner,
But don't you go und tell. Chorus.

Myrtillo, Am'rous, Young and Gay.

Myrtillo, am'rous, young and gay,
The beauteous Flavia loved,
And sighing at her feet he lay,
Till sighs her pity moved.

"My fair, he cried, your lover dies,
If you refuse your charms—"
"Die when you please, the nymph replies,
But die in Flavia's arms!"

Waterman.

Throw away nothing; you know not how much you may miss it.

My Dream of Love is o'er.

Words and Music by M. O'Reardon.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Oh! we've parted from each other,
And our dream of love is o'er:
That bright dream was too beautiful to last,
And we'll meet as only strangers
In the future evermore—
Our once tender love is buried in the past
I've tried to bear the blow
Without sighs or bitter tears,
And tried to smile when my heart ached with pain,
But the burning tears would fall,
In spite of all that I could do,
For thee, darling, whom I ne'er shall see again

CHORUS.

My dream of love is o'er;
I try to smile when my heart aches with pain,
When the mem'ry of the past comes up before
me like a dream,
For thee, darling, whom I ne'er shall see again.

They say you love another,
And he's claimed you for his bride,
And you ask me to forgive thee and forget
The vows we pledged together
By the rippling of the tide,
As I looked into thy beauteous eyes, my pet
Ah! the heart is like the tide,
That flows and ebbs at will,
And I would not cease to love thee if I could:
Through all the future years
I'll love thee dearly, love thee still—
For, I could not cease to love thee if I would.
My dream of love is o'er, &c.

Only the way on the Stage.

Song of the times, composed and sung by F. J. Mackley.

If you listen to me, some facts I will mention
Concerning the past and the present strange age,
And in them, my friends, to you I'll relate
Some things I saw one night and played on the stage:
I came to this city with one or two friends,
And went for a stroll, they seemed quite amazed
When we read on the bills of the Bowery Theatre,
And found a new Drama was played on the stage.

The first scene I saw was a street in New York:
There a poor woman begging, she quite old in age,
Those sad means she tried to keep her from starving,
A very sad lesson, of life's book a page;
But a policeman passed by, his face seemed all smiles,
Placed his hand in his pocket and drew forth
his wages,
And he gave part to help this poor wretched woman,
But 'twas only the way it was played on the stage.

The scene it then changed from a street to a
court room:
There a prisoner on trial for a crime very sad;
He'd murdered a man by the people respected,
And the court room was crowded with people so glad
To see the man punished for the crime he committed;
The jury looked stern, and the judge in a rage,
And they hung that rich man for the murder of Fisk,
But it was only the way it was played on the stage.

In the next scene I saw a clergyman from Brooklyn,
Who was dancing a hornpipe, and seemed
quite the rage;
Another one from Jersey was playing the violin,
The audience in front with wonderment gazed;
For, just at that minute, a party named Tilton
Then gave a fine sermon on the morals of the age,
And I thought that they practiced each sermon
they preached,
But it was only the way it was played on the stage.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience you wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

They say I'm a very Tough Man.

Copyright 1876 by E. H. Harding.
Written and Composed by Jingo.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

Perhaps you don't know who I am,
If not, I'll let you know—
My name is Phelim Rafferty,
From the County of Sligo.
I talk to all the boys around,
And I please them all I can,
But when they see me walking out,
They say I'm a very tough man.
Chorus: They say I'm a very tough man,
Sure I come from a very tough clan;
I carry a razor in my boot,
And they say I'm a very tough man.

I work all day and pay my way,
Wherever I may go;
I ax no odds of woman or man,
As all my friends well know;
I'm up to all the youthful tricks,
No matter how they plan!
I take a tumble and wipe my chin,
Because I'm a very tough man. Chorus.

I walk the street with dignity,
Like a gentleman of fame,
And if the people say I'm proud,
Sure I'm not at all to blame!
If any young lad attempts to sneer
At me or my Mary Ann,
I'll "lay a junction" on his ear,
And he'll find I'm a very tough man. Chorus.

Deserted by the Waning Moon.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round.
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way,
Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell;
A friend—the word—good-night—all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patroles the deck.
To guard the ship from foes or wreck:
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well known voice salutes his ear,
What cheer! oh! brother, quickly tell:
Above!—below!—good night!—all's well.

T. DIBDIN.

Big Rubber Bustle

Dauj Sole by Ed. Harrigan

I'll sing of my girl, my lovely girl,
She could play seven up and rounce:
One fault she had, she had eyes like a shad,
She couldn't set still but she'd bounce.
I shall never forget the first time we met,
With a wash-tub she was having a tussle,
She fell on the ground and bounced out of town,
The gal with the big rubber bustle.

I searched far and near till I found out my dear,
She was stuck on the end of a steeple,
High in the air she was hung by the hair,
Making snouts down at the people.
A rope I soon found, fetched her to the ground,
It used up a great deal of muscle;
To the preacher we sped, I was bound to wed
The gal wid the injun rubber bustle.

When we got to the place, she was red in the face:
The preacher sez now den I'll tie her;
On her bustle she dropped, frough de skylight
she popped
Like a base ball the boys call a flyer.
She lit on a cloud and went out of sight,
To get into heaven she'll tussle,
She made a mile at a jump, at every thump
She got on dat big rubber bustle.

I've Come Again to Thee.

By G. B. Harcourt.

Morning is dawning, the fleecy clouds are fleeting
Far overhead across the azure sky;
Here on the old familiar gate I'm sitting,
Thinking of when I fondly said "Good-bye."
Time swift has flown since last we sadly parted,
Still thou'rt as dear as ever, love, to me;
Time changes not the love of those true-hearted:
Long we've been parted—I've come again to thee.

Sadly I've counted the hours far from thee, love;
Weary to me did time seem on the wing;
Yet now 'tis past—no longer now alone, love:
Banish thy sorrow, once more to thee I sing.
Gladly I come to claim thee, sweetest Ellen—
Soon shall the bells proclaim thee, love, to be
Bride of my heart, all other maids excelling—
Long we've been parted—I've come again to thee.

Susan, the Pride of Kildare.

When first from sea I landed, I had a roving mind,
Undaunted to ramble my true love to find,
When I met pretty Susan with her cheeks like a rose,
And her bosom more fairer than lilies that grows.

Her keen eyes did glitter as the bright star of night,
And the robes she was wearing were costly and white;
Her bare neck was shaded with her long raven hair,
They call her pretty Susan, the pride of Kildare.

Long time her I'd courted till I wasted my store,
Her love turned to hatred because I was poor;
She said: "I love another, whose fortune I'll share.
So begone from pretty Susan, the pride of Kildare!"

Oh! my heart ached next morning as I lonely did stray,
I espied pretty Susan with a young lord so gay;
And as I passed by them with my mind full of care,
I sighed for pretty Susan, the pride of Kildare.

Once more on the ocean I resolved to go,
And was bound to the east with my heart full of woe;
There I beheld ladies in jewels so rare,
But none like pretty Susan, the pride of Kildare.

Sometimes I am jovial, and sometimes I'm sad,
Since my love is courted by some other lad;
And since we are at a distance no more I'll despair:
So my blessings on my Susan, the pride of Kildare.

None Other Need Apply.

By Robert McKay. Air: Mabel Waltz

I want a beau—now please don't laugh—
I mean just what I say:
I am determined I shall now
No longer single stay;
But where there are so many, it
Is difficult to choose—
Some may have other fish to fry,
And therefore me refuse.

Spoken: This is the sort of man I want:

Chorus: He must be neat, he must be sweet,
His brains in his head must be;
He must not stare at girls whene'er
He walks abroad with me.
He must not drink, he must not think
When I speak, to make reply;
Work every day, give me his pay—
None other need apply.

I fancy that with such a one
Life would a pleasure be,
But where to find just such a man
Is what perplexes me:
Perhaps he may be in the throng
Collected here to-night:
If so, I hope he'll step right up—
I'll make the rest all right.

Spoken: But don't forget, gentlemen:

He must be neat, &c.

The Sweet By-and-By.

A SACRED SONG.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar:
For, the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore:
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
In the sweet by-and-by, &c.

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days
In the sweet by-and-by, &c.

We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share;
All our pilgrimage-toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.
In the sweet by-and-by, &c.

We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign
In the land where the saved never die!
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by-and-by
In the sweet by-and-by. &c.

The Day When You'll Forget Me.

Sung by Jennie Morgan.

Words by "Morgan" Music by J. R. Thomas
The Music is published by Oliver Ditson & Co.
Boston Mass, Price 40 cents.

You call me sweet and tender names,
And softly smooth my tresses,
And all the while my happy heart
Beats time to your caresses:
You love me in your tender way,
I answer as you let me:
But, ah! there comes another day,
The day when you'll forget me—
The day when you'll forget me.

I know that every fleeting hour
Is marked by thoughts I bring you,
I know there dwells a subtle power
In the sweet songs I sing you:
I do not fear the darkest way,
With those dear arms about me:
Ah! no, I only dread the day
When you can live without me—
When you can live without me.

And still you call me tender names,
And softly smooth my tresses:
And still my happy answering heart
Beats time to your caresses—
Hush! let me put that touch away,
And clasp your hands above me;
So while I ask to die that day,
The day you will not love me—
The day you will not love me.

You need not check the thoughts that rise
With darkness wrapt about them:
For, gazing in your earnest eyes,
My heart can almost doubt them.
Yet hush my whispers as you may,
Such chidings do not fret me;
Ah! no, I only fear that day,
The day when you'll forget me—
The day when you'll forget me.

What men are subject to pulmonary diseases?—The undertakers; they are addicted to coffin.

They that laugh at everything, and they that fret at everything, are fools alike.

Must We then Meet as Strangers?

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by J. R. Thomas.
The Music is published by C H Ditson & Co. 711 Broadway, New York. Price 40 Cents.

Must we then meet as strangers,
After our dreams of joy?
Oh! must the love we plighted
One bitter word destroy?
Life without thee were lonely;
Thou art my spirit's sigh—
Bid not affection's roses
Wither and fade and die—
Oh! must the love we plighted
One heedless word destroy?
Must we then meet as strangers,
After our dreams of joy?

Can we then meet as strangers,
When we recall the past?
Will not its beauteous vision
Deathless in mem'ry last?
Give me the smiles of gladness
Once I could fondly claim:
Whisper with sweet affection,—
Whisper that once loved name!
Oh! must the love we plighted
One heedless word destroy?
Must we then meet as strangers,
After our dreams of joy?

I'll Never go Courting Again!

Air: "Twig of the Shannon."

The fair sex were born men to wheedle,
At least, so it is my belief;
For, Cupid shot darts, sharp as needles,
Thro' my bosom, and brought me to grief.
To damsels I've vowed, sighed, and sermoned,
Declaring my peace of mind slain:
But in vain—so I'm really determined
I'll never go courting again!

CHORUS.

Since a partner for my life to find now,
With beauty and riches, is vain,
Why, fully I've made up my mind, now,
I'll never go courting again.

A laundress my feelings did mangle,
Too starchy my merits to see;
A greengrocer's girl gave me turnups,—(turnips)
A milliner bonnetted me!
A fair corn-cutter chaffed me till nearly
Of cold poison I took a cup:
And a model policeman's nice daughter
Took me down—then her Pa. took me up.
Since a partner, &c.

A pawnbroker's heiress I courted,
Pledged my word, and the question did pop:
But the "uncle" said he wouldn't "back me,"
I wasn't the ticket, to "stop."
An auctioneer's daughter I tried for,
Thinking soon in wedlock to drown:
But her father he called me a "bad lot,"
And, eventually, knocked me down!
Since a partner, &c.

A lawyer's niece, next, I admired,
But brief he made my wooing spec:
To a banker's ward then I aspired,
But got from the banker a check. (cheque)
A publican said other measures
For his girl he'd to carry out:
And a baker he gave me a "buster,"
With a "brick," sent me roll-ing about.
Since a partner, &c.

A dairymaid I went a courting,
The cream of all, with eyes sky-blue,
No milk of human kindness she possessed,
From there I'd to walk my chalks, too:
Where I courted, I tried with the Pa. there
Always on a par with him to shine:
But, generally, there was some Ma. there,
Who managed to mar my design.
Since a partner, &c.

I courted a butcher's grand-daughter,
With good heart and pluck, in the shop,
And asked for a stake in the business,
But he threatened to give me a chop!

A young widow I tried to win her,
Who'd houses, lands, and title deeds:
But I smoked, so she said she'd keep her own,
Objecting too much to my "Weeds."
Since a partner, &c.

But still, though I've often been jilted,
I don't think I'll die in despair,
Nor go, through the whole of existence,
Living on bachelor's fare.
So if any youthful rich beauty
Will graciously smile me upon,
To wed I shall think it my duty,
If not, I will keep singing on.
Since a partner, &c.

I Tickled Her Under the Chin.

Written, composed and sung by Harry Montague.
Music published by G. P. Benjamin, 712 Eighth Ave.

I met a fair charmer, a few weeks ago,
In a Madison Avenue stage:
Her style and her figure it pleased me, you know—
She was just about the right age.
As we were alone, I suggested to her,
In terms quite polite and refined,
That I'd be most happy to see her safe home.
She said—"yes, if you'll be so kind."

Spoken: So I took the young lady to her home, she invited me in, and I spent a very pleasant evening, and just before I left—

CHORUS.

I tickled her under the chin,
I tickled again and again:—*Repeat.*
She did not say no, she liked it, you know—
When I tickled her under the chin.

I called by appointment to see her, next day,
And asked her if she'd take a drive.
She said—"I'm delighted, that's just what I want—"
And in a moment was close by my side.
Now driving, you know, makes your appetite keen,
So when we got back, to Delmonico's we went,
And I ordered some oysters and wine.

Spoken: Yes, we had a delightful supper together, and after supper when the wine commenced to make her cheeks rosy, I reached across the table, and I—

Tickled her under the chin, &c.

Now I see her quite often, and you won't be surprised
That our friendship ripened so fast:
For, I found that in her I really have met
A dear, darling creature at last:
And our love grows stronger, day after day,
We're going to be married next June,
And it all came about, through that queer little way,
That I tickled her under the chin.

Spoken: So last night when she bid me goodbye, at the front door, she said—"Charley, you dear good fellow, I'll never forget the first time that you—

Tickled me under the chin,
That you tickled me under the chin,
I didn't say no—for, I liked it, you know,
When you tickled me under the chin."
When I tickled her under the chin,
I tickled again and again,
She did not say no—for, she liked it, you know,
When I tickled her under the chin.

Spoken: This is the moral of the story:

You all have a chance for adventures like this,
With the charming young ladies you meet,
And you'll find on an average that five out of ten
Won't object to a drive and a treat;
But pray let me give you one piece of advice—
When a girl's loving kiss you would win,
Just do it quite gently and don't be too rough,
When you tickle her under the chin.

CHORUS.

When you tickle her under the chin,
When you tickle her under the chin:—*Repeat.*
Just do it quite gently and don't be too rough,
When you tickle her under the chin.

Shakspeare's Seven Ages of Man.

Our immortal poet's page says that all the world's
a stage,
And that men, with all their airs, are nothing
more than players,
Each using skill and art, in his turn to play his part,
All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
Enter here, exit there, stand in view, mind your cue:

Hey down, ho down, derry derry down, all to fill
up the farcical scene, O!

First, the infant on the lap, mewling, pewling
for its pap,
Like the rabbit which we truss, is swaddled by its nurse,
Who to please the puppet tries as he giggles and he cries,
All to fill up the farcical scene, O! (Child cries.)
Hush-a-by, wipe an eye, kiss a pretty, musn't fretty.

Spoken: It was its own mamma's pretty, pretty little darling, and if he's a good boysy poisy, he shall go ridey pidey in coachy poachy.

Hey down, ho down, &c.

Then the pretty babe of grace, with his shining
morning face,
And his satchel on his back, to school, alas!
must pack,
While, like a snail he creeps, and for black
Monday weeps,
All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
Book mislaid, truant played; rod in pickle 'm to tickle.

Spoken: "Come up, sirrah, and say your lesson. What letter is that?"—"A." "Well, sir, what is the next?"—"That, sir." "It is not that, sir—it is this, sir—(giving a cuff.) Now spell B-i-r-m-i-n-g-h-a-m. Now, sir, what does that spell?—(Another cuff.)—"Birmingham, sir." "Put out your hand, there, sir, (striking). It's Brumagem, sir."

Hey down, ho down, &c.

Then the lover next appears, soused over head and ears,
Like a lobster in the fire, sighing ready to expire:
With a deep hole in his heart, you might through
it drive a cart,
All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
Beauty spurns him, passion burns him, like a
wizard, eats his gizzard.

Spoken: Oh! my most adorable Amelia, had I words sufficiently strong to express my admiration of your beauty, you would at once believe me your devoted lover, and complete my bliss by flying to his arms who must ever pine for the possession of that angelic form.

Hey down, ho down, &c.

Then the soldier, ripe for plunder, breathing
slaughter, blood, and thunder,
Like a cat among the mice, kicks a dust up in a trice;
Talks of nought but streaming veins, shattered
limbs and scattered brains,
All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
Fight or fly, run or die, pop or pelter, helter skelter.

Spoken: Aye, I shall never forget the last battle I was in, such marching and counter-marching, up the hill, and down the hill—right and left, flank and rear. Bless your heart! I have fought up to my knees in blood; and at the very last battle I fought in, I had six horses shot under me—saw my comrades mown down like hay, and just as a twenty-four pounder was coming towards me, I drew my broadsword—cut it right in two—one half went up in the air, and the other half went—

Hey down, ho down, &c.

Then the Justice in his chair, with his broad and
vacant stare,
His wig of formal cut, and his belly like a butt,
Well lined with turtle hash, callipee and callipash,
All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
Thief and trull, pimp and cull, at his nod, go to quod.

Spoken: "Now, sirrah, what's your name?"—"John."—"John what?"—"No, sir, not John What, John Thomas."—"Well, John Thomas, what right had you to take liberties with that young woman?"—"I, sir?"—"Yes, sir, you, sir."—"Oh! lord, sir."—"You are saucy, sir,—officer, take off that fellow."

Hey down, ho down, &c.

Then the slippered pantaloon, in life's dull afternoon,
With spectacles on nose shrunk shank in youthful hose,
His voice once big and round now whistles in the sound,
All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
Vigor spent, body bent, shaking noddle, widdle waddle.

Spoken: Aye, times are altered now; old folks are laughed at, and boys alone are respected. Ho! ho! ho!—dear me! how my cough annoys me—Ho! ho! ho! Hey down, ho down, &c.

Then to finish up the play, second childhood
leads the way,
And like sheep that's got the rot, all our senses
go to pot;
When death amongst us pops, and down the
curtain drops,
All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
Then the coffin we move off in, while the bell
tolls the knell;

Spoken: And thus the scene finishes; then while we are here, why shouldn't we enjoy life? And how can we do better than assemble, as we have done, to enjoy a song and endeavor to make each other happy, singing—Hey down, ho down, &c.

Beautiful Snow.

The following is an account of the origin and publication of these beautiful lines, pronounced by the London *Spectator* to be "the finest American poem ever written," and now going the rounds again, has been attributed to various authors, and among them Miss Dora Shaw. Miss Shaw is not the authoress.

In the early part of the war, one dark Saturday morning in the dead of winter, there died, at the Commercial Hospital in Cincinnati, a young woman, over whose head only two and twenty summers had passed. She had been once possessed of an enviable share of beauty, and had been, as she herself says: "flattered and sought for the charms of her face;" but, alas! upon her fair brow has long been written that terrible word—"prostitute!" Once the pride of respectable parentage, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the "same old story over again," which has been the only life-history of thousands—Highly educated and accomplished in manners, she might have shone in the best society; But the evil hour that proved her ruin, was but the door from childhood, and having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken-hearted outcast.

Among her personal effects was found in manuscript the "Beautiful Snow," which was immediately carried to Enos B. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary tastes, who was at the time editor of the *National Union*. In the columns of that paper, on the morning of the day following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the poor victim had not yet received burial. The attention of Thomas Buchanan Read, one of the first of our American poets, was soon directed to the newly published lines, and was so taken with their stirring pathos that he immediately proceeded to the hospital, from whence he followed the corpse to its final resting place.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing, flirting, skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, but fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in their maddening fun,
They play in their glee with every one,
Chasing, laughing, hurrying by.
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye—
Ringing, swinging, dashing they go
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell, like the snow flakes, from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat,
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die.
Selling my soul to whoever will buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father, mother, sisters, all,
God and myself, I have lost by my fall;
And the veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide swoop least I wander too nigh;
For, of all that is on or about me I know,
There's nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that the beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with no where to go!
How strange it should be, if, ere night comes again,
The snow and the ice strike my desperate brain;
Fainting, freezing, dying alone.
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crush of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
I should lie and should die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not; Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again,
Groaning, bleeding, dying for thee.
The Crucified Hung on the accursed tree,
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear—
Is there mercy for me? will He heed my prayer?
O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than the
beautiful snow.

The Donovans.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

We came from dear old Ireland,
We're strangers in this land;
We know what all Americans
Put forth a welcome hand
To the poor of suffering Ireland,
Time and time again;
We thank you for our countrymen,
And Donovan is our name!

Chorus: We're the Donovans! we're the Donovans!
From the emerald isle accross the sea;
We're the Donovans! we're the Donovans!
From a noble family.

Our ancestors were noble
In the days of King O'Neal;
They fought for Erin's freedom
In a suit of silver mail;
And royal blood flows in our veins,
We're proud of that self-same;
We introduce ourselves to you,
Donovan is our name. Chorus.

O Erin! lovely Erin,
Bright diamond of the sea,
We always sing your praises,
Wherever we may be;
From the lovely banks of Shannon
To America we came,
To look around and settle down,
And Donovan is our name! Chorus.

Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets have ever saved.

Little Miss Ray.

I am little Miss Ray. Used to be governess at Mr. Peter Grosvenor's when his daughter—now Mrs. Mordaunt Meadows—was in her teens. A dreadful little flirt she was, in short dresses. There's a great difference in girls, let me assure you. Some are children at sixteen; I knew a girl of seventeen who played with her doll on the sly. Others are coquettes at ten.

Pet was one of the latter kind.

What was her name? Well, properly, she was Petronel, for they had expected a boy when she was born, and had him all named Peter Grosvenor, junior; and when the child proved a girl, they came as near as possible in giving her a name. Her father always called her Petronel. Everybody else called her Pet. I always did.

At fourteen she had no mother, and I came to Poppywalks to take charge of her education. You never saw anything like the strings of little gallants that child had then, to take her to picnics, to attend her to church, to invite her to drive. Mr. Grosvenor did not care—seemed to be amused by it; but I was much shocked and sincerely sorry. Of course the child's head was full of lovers, and nothing else.

I talked with Mr. Grosvenor about it.

He said that he knew that Petronel was fond of society—young society; her mother had been. He didn't see any harm in it. He knew I should find that the child would study.

Well, she *did* learn her lessons somehow; I can't say I ever saw her study. She was quick, with a grasp of mental power, like all her father's family. And she was very apt at music: that delighted her father, and while she improved in that, I think he wouldn't have taken it to heart if she learned nothing else.

I began by being dissatisfied with my charge; but I couldn't find much fault with Pet. She liked to please—to please me as well as her father and her admirers—and so did her tasks every day, and was always respectful and sweet-tempered, and I learned to love her dearly. So perhaps I was not the less anxious about the child's welfare, and closely observed her outgoings and incomings at Poppywalks. For Mr. Grosvenor had never given me authority over Pet's conduct, only so far as I was concerned as a teacher.

She was, in reality, the little mistress of the house: sat at the head of her father's table, played hostess to his guests with very good grace. And men of sixty did homage to her just as boys of sixteen did. I used to think so much attention, such flattery and compliments, would spoil her; but she was one of those unchangeable people whom nothing seemed to alter—she was herself always. I really don't see much change in Mrs. Meadows, now that she is thirty, and the mother of a family. She is the same sweet winning creature she always was.

Well, the time came when I knew all Pet's favorites, and I can't say that I ever knew any harm of them. Mordaunt Meadows at fifteen was quite a favorite of mine, and I really hoped that, when the young folks were of a proper age, something would come of his visit to Poppywalks.

On Pet's fifteenth birthday, Mr. Grosvenor gave his daughter a birthday party. There were several strangers to be present on this occasion—among them a young man who was visiting the Elberts. Glyndon Fane they said his name was. He was twenty-five years old, very handsome and bold-looking.

He evidently took a great fancy to Pet; and, though I did not see her much in his company that evening, he called the next morning, and she asked leave to be excused from her French lesson for half an hour to go down to see him. As she evidently did not feel much inclined for studying after the previous night's excitement, I consented, though Mr. Fane had not recommended himself to me, and I was not pleased that he had called.

But he came to Poppywalks often, and Pet frequently went to walk or drive with him—sometimes in a party, as often alone. I really thought it very improper, and, if Mr. Grosvenor had been at home, should have remonstrated with him against it; but he had gone abroad for three months.

As I have said, I had no authority over Pet. If I had, I should certainly have used it, for Glyndon had looks and ways that made me absolutely afraid of him.

He was a passionate, dissolute fellow, and his wealth and even high family connections did not render him a suitable companion for a young girl who, in spite of her position of general favorite, had been brought up in country simplicity, and was pure and guileless. For the longer I knew Pet the better I understood her: and instead of thinking her heartless, as I once did, I found it was her genuine affability that made her society so sought after by young gentlemen, who always like good-tempered girls.

Mr. Glydon Fane was very different from Pet's boy-lovers, and I soon noticed that he had much influence over her. She would blush at the mention of his name, as I saw her blush at no other. She wore his color—rose-pink. The only time I ever saw her vexed was when old Judith, the housekeeper, meaning no harm, threw out some fading blush-roses which he had sent to her.

"But they are faded, Miss Pet," said Judith, "and there are plenty of fresh ones in the garden."

"What if they are faded? I want to keep them. I wish you would let my things alone!" she cried, angrily.

But her tender heart rebuked her almost instantly for her harsh words, and she followed old Judith into the hall, and cried with her arms around her neck, and kissed her wrinkled cheeks a hundred times; for the old woman had tended and nursed her dead mother.

But there certainly was a change in Pet; she was nervous, absent-minded, abstracted. I begged her, meaningly, not to sit up so late; for she was with Mr. Fane in the parlor every evening until ten or eleven o'clock. She blushed, but made no answer.

Then I did a very unwise thing. I told her that I had heard evil reports of Mr. Glyndon Fane, and I did not think him a suitable associate for a young lady. She never could bear to hear evil spoken of a person, and of course she resented my insinuations and defended him warmly. His words or manner never had offended her, she said; she did not believe the tales I heard had any truth.

Thus a coldness sprang up between Pet and me, though I was deeply grieved, and yearned over her in my heart.

But one day, Glyndon Fane's aunt, Miss Jemima Elbert, called on me. We had been at school together, and she was one of those who never forget old friendships.

"Glyndon comes here to see Pet, I hear," she said. "You must watch him; he is a sad boy."

"What has he done amiss?" I said, as quietly as I could.

"Ask me rather what he hasn't done. Though he is my nephew, I know him to be one of the most reckless of young men. My sister Ellen spoiled him, indulged him in his childhood. Ask Roland Rathburn, who knew him in London."

Now, Roland Rathburn, my own nephew, called that afternoon, and I had a long talk with him.

The result was that I was nearly ill. I excused myself from lessons as being quite so, and kept my room for twenty-four hours.

It was evening when I came out of my solitude, or just at dusk, and I felt the house breathless, and decided to step into the garden for a little while.

Mindful of my sore throat, I caught up a white Shetland shawl belonging to Pet, and then fearing, since it was not quite dark, that I should meet some one who would see my tear-stained face, I put on her hat which lay on a chair, and threw the little mask veil close over my features.

I knew that Pet had a dozen other hats and wraps which she should wear if she went out; but I thought I could hear her at a two hours' practice in the music-room.

I wandered the whole length of the garden to the orchard gate on the turnpike, and as I stood there looking into the dewy gloom, a man's figure suddenly came to my side.

"Darling," murmured Glyndon Fane's voice, and I could smell he had been taking wine, "you *did* come to meet me like a good, true little girl. My aunt has been telling stories about me—hasn't she, Pet? Ah, I know! she has been here lately; she owes me an ill will, and never loses an opportunity to backbite me. Frigid old maid! she's dreadfully virtuous. But they are not going to set you against me, Pet, are they?

He twined his arms about me with a freedom which no good man uses except towards his wife. I bent my head down and made some reply, which wasn't very audible, I suppose, for he didn't take much notice, but commenced talking again.

"But I know they are hatching a plot to take you away from me, my darling Pet," he continued. "Don't let them do it. Be my wife, my precious little wife, to-morrow; and then all the old maids in Christendom can do us no harm. In twelve hours we may defy them to do their worst. What do you say—shall we be married to-morrow? I came in a carriage, which is waiting at the bend. Let us go and stay at Roseville to-night. Come, darling, come! You shall never be sorry for it, I promise you; trust me."

I felt highly offended. I wonder I didn't strike him. But I spoke quite sharply, I assure you.

"That will do, Mr. Fane. This seems to be a case of mistaken identity. Miss Grosvenor is in the house, practising her music lesson. I am Miss Lucinda Ray, her governess. You know me by sight, I presume;" and I put up the mask-veil and looked at him.

He stared at me as still as a statue, after the start with which he had relinquished my waist.

"Mistaken identity," he exclaimed.

"True," I replied, and I then gave him a piece of my mind. I told him that I knew him for a bad, unprincipled fellow, unfit for the society of any decent girl. I gave him one or two glimpses of his past life, as clear as if in a mirror, and even named the young girls whom he had led astray, and I actually could see him shake as I proceeded:—

"I shall telegraph to Mr. Grosvenor to-night, and he will be here to-morrow evening. If you ever attempt another instant of intercourse with his daughter he will find you out and horsewhip you within an inch of your life!"

I was in a great passion. I felt as strong as a giant, as I watched him walking off.

Well, I did not telegraph to Mr. Grosvenor, because I felt there would be no need; and there was none—Glyndon Fane left the neighborhood next day, and never has returned.

Pet drooped a little for a few weeks, but she wasn't of the melancholy, tenacious type who make themselves unhappy for what would make them so with reason if they had it—she did not die of a broken heart, but took up with her old lovers again, and in three months had quite forgotten Glyndon Fane.

She was my pupil for two years longer, and then she went abroad with an aunt, and was gone two years more. Meanwhile Mordaunt Meadows' father had taken him into the firm, and Mordaunt was sent to Paris. When he came back he and Pet were engaged, with her father's permission.

Three months after she came home they were married.

Long after, I told her about Glyndon Fane.

"Oh! you good, kind friend; it was a fortunate escape for me, wasn't it?" she said. "I was only a child, and an innocent one, and I feel that I came very near my ruin."

Charade.

He was his mother's darling *first*,
A fisher-lad was he;
He put my *second* in his smack,
And then he sailed the sea.
A poet watched this little craft,
Which danced upon the wave;
He marked it looked so picturesque,
The boy so bright and brave.
So when this poet reached his home,
He sat him down to write
A little *whole* upon the theme,
Inspired by the sight.

Answer: Son-net.

What interjection is of the feminine gender?—A-lass!

What vegetable is anything but agreeable on board a ship?—A leek.

The cheapest of lawyers.—Keeping one's own counsel.

JINGLE BELLS.

Or, "The one-horse open sleigh."

Arranged for the Guitar by PROF. EDMUND CLARE, Teacher of the Guitar, Organ, Melodeon, Banjo and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York City.



3 A day or two ago, the story I must tell,
I went out on the snow, and on my back I fell.
A gent was riding by in a one-horse open sleigh;
He laughed as I there sprawling lay,
But quickly drove away.—Cho. Jingle, etc.

4 Now the ground is white, go it while you're young,
Take the girls to-night, and sing this sleighing song.
Just get a bob-tailed nag, two-forty as his speed,
Hitch him to an open sleigh,
And crack you'll take the lead.—Cho. Jingle, etc.

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CONTENTS.

Back in the old home with mother....page 251
Come along, Lucy, do..... 251
The Centennial Bell 251
Chloe brisk and gay appears..... 254
Dionisius Snodgrass..... 250
Don't disdain a man because he's poor.... 252
Don't leave it too late in the day 252
Draw near the fire..... 252
Dissolving views..... 253
Fearfully and wonderfully made..... 251
De Good ole times afore the war..... 250
The Ginger Blues..... 253
The Hypochondriac 250
It's bad, but it might have been worse..... 251
I've been flirting..... 254
John Monahan's Donkey..... 251
Keep a stiff upper lip..... 252
Made down de shade..... 250
Mander's Menagerie..... 254
Norah Mayloy..... 254
The Old man's darling..... 250
Old darkey's lament..... 250
O'Hara, you're a skin..... 251
The Old log cabin in the dell..... 253
Old folks at home—Music for Banjo..... 256
Please give me a penny, sir..... 252
Poor Susian !..... 255
Rather too heavy for me..... 253
Sailing up the Hudson on a moonlight night 252
Six feet of earth..... 253
The Showman..... 254
There's sunshine in the heart 250
Theodora—a Story..... 255
Wait till the gas-light falls on the gutters.... 250
When the heart's feeling burns..... 251
What should make thee eat, my darling?... 253
While the moonbeams fall..... 250

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The Old Man's Darling.

Words by Louisa Gray. Music by Berthold Tours.

The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York. Price 40 cents.

Her mother was his early love,
Her sire his boyhood's friend,
And when they passed away, their child—
The old man vowed to tend.
She was the sunshine of his home,
A rose so bright and fair,
With all her mother's loving ways,
Her eyes and golden hair,
Her eyes and golden hair.
What wonder to his lonely heart
Crept back the love of old—
But autumn may not wed with spring,
He cherished it untold;
But autumn may not wed with spring,
He cherished it untold.

One day, there came a seemly knight
To woo her from his side:
The old man smiled upon him,
For her sake, his joy and pride,
His joy and pride.
But fickle was the knight and false,
(A story threadbare old.)
He wooed her for a little while,
Then wed for lands and gold.
A blighted flower can bloom no more,
The old man wept, one day,
As murmuring the name she loved,
His darling passed away:
As murmuring the name she loved,
His darling, his darling, his darling passed away.

While the Moonbeams Fall.

By T. W. Hanshew, of Brooklyn.

Mother darling, come and kiss me;
Come from heaven where angels dwell;
O my mother! I have missed thee
More than tongue can ever tell—
Dearest mother, leave yon heaven,
Leave those realms of love and bliss,
And upon my brow this even,
Angel mother, press one kiss.
Chorus: Mother, mother, up in heaven,
Hark! oh! hearken to my call!
Come and kiss me once this even,
While the moonbeams on me fall.

Mother dearest, I am dying
In the cold and cheerless street,
While the snowflakes, 'round me flying,
Form the beggar's winding-sheet.
Mother darling, change this midnight—
Ah! thank God! you hear the call—
Now, at last, I see the way bright,
While the moonbeams on me fall. Chorus.

De Good ole Times Afore de War!

Oh! dem was times! I guess dey was,
When men could get a libin'—
When culleys wasn't made by force
To eke out wage by cribbin'!
We're 'bliged just now to pay for shot
An' powdah dat was shooted;
An' from our 'tocking 'tick de fut
Dat used to be well-booted!
Chorus: Oh! dem times afore de war! (*Step.*)
When sweet was Aunty's tea!
When all was gay and free! (*Step.*)
Oh! dem times won't come no more!

Oh! in dem times de culled gals
Was used to smile on fellers,
Aldough dey had no capitals
To start as peanut sellers!
Ten cents went far as dollars now
For sossingers and whiskey!
And darkies never had a row,
But danced so light and friskey!
Oh! dem times, &c.
Dances gayly.

The Hypochondriac,

OR THE MAN THAT COULD NEVER GET WELL.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

I once knew a fellow who never was well,
He was always complaining of ills,
For ever and ever he never was done
Of swallowing boxes of pills.
He'd wake in the night, and yell at his wife
To jump out of bed and be quick,
And make him a plaster, and get him some pill,
He knew he was going to be sick.
Chorus: 'Twas pills, pills from morning till night,
What ailed him he never could tell;
He took all the medicine ever was known,
But still he could never get well.

If a cold or a pain in the stomach he got,
'Twould scare him so he couldn't speak;
He'd jump into bed—eat nothing but pills,
And poultice his head for a week.
His wife, poor woman, was nearly wore out,
He always kept her on the run,
She swore she'd go to the druggists' no more—
So he bought in his pills by the ton. Chorus.

It's ended at last, his troubles are o'er,
There is many a poultice to make;
He got up, one night, with a cramp in his heel,
To try and find something to take:
But that was the last of him ever was seen,
He skirmished without any light;
He swallowed some nitro glycerine,
Which blowed the poor man out of sight. Cho.

Old Darky's Lament.

By Jean E. Forrestal.

De ole man will putty soon be gone:
Yes, gone to dat lan' ob de blest,
Whar de angels will sing him to sleep,
An' his poor, tired soul be at rest.
Dis poor ole hulk am weary an' forlorn:
Dese eyes dey war sightless long ago.
My many trubbles on'n make me weep,
An' wish dat I could leab dis 'arth below.

Many years ago, way down in ole Kaintuck,
I had wife an' chil'n bofe to comfort me:
But now dey hab all gone up above,
An' Ise lef hear all alone, as you can see.
Dose days I seemed to hab de bes' ob luck:
For, ole mass he war kind, and missy, too:
Dey war so fond ob us, an' full ob love,
But now dey's gone, an' I'll bid you adieu.

Dionisius Snodgrass.

SONG AND DANCE.

By H. Alston Darley.

You may have heard of Dionisius Snodgrass,
The india-rubber darky from the South:
He could turn a double flip-flap on his eyebrow,
Or run his head and heels way down his mouth.
You all may think he's been misrepresented—
Don't be deceived, he stands before you now;
So, if you wish to doubt the words I've told you,
Why, I'll do the old-time essence on my brow.

Chorus.

Others have to take a seat
When they see that I'm so neat—*Sym.*
And say that I'm the best they ever met:
For, I'm Dionisius Snodgrass from Ca'lina,
And something on the song-and-dance, you bet!

I've seen Jim Crow and Nicodemus Johnson,
And old Black Joe, along with Pompey Moore;
I met them down upon the old plantation,
When we'd gathered all upon the kitchen floor.
They played the tambourine, the bones and banjo,
And hill and dale re-echoed with their joy;
But when it came to acrobatic dancing,
They had to yield the palm unto this boy.
Others have to take a seat, &c.

Made down de Shade.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Air: Pull down the Blind.

I vonce knowed a gal, she vas shust like a pie,
I thought dot vone time for dot gal I could die;
Ven I vent by her house, I vould vinked my left eye,
Und den such a nice tings to her I vould sent—
Ve soon vas acquainted, und most efery day
I vent by her house mit a five cent bouquet;
Youst so quick dot I vent to make love, she vould say
Mit a shmile on her nose—now vat did she
could meant?—

Chorus.

"Made down de shade, made down de shade!
De peoples kin looked in de vinders I'm fraid!
Ven such a kissing and hugging ve made,
Some von kin see us, den made down de shade!"

She vore striped stockings, and a bustle in style;
I vas making love to dot gal a good vile:
She used to vould come to de door mit a shmile,
Und den she vould told me she loved me so much—
She sometimes vould hug me, und said I vas bad:
Such nice tings ve said, und such nice times ve had!
She said of I left her, she vent crazy mad,
Und she alvays vould call me such pet names in Dutch
Made down the shade, &c.

Wait till the Gas-Light Falls on the Gutters.

Parody on "Wait till the Moonlight falls on the Waters."

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Don't been a fool now, took it pooty cool now,
Dot's de vay to do ven you vas a makin' love;
Vink mit your eye some, say she vas a sugar plum,
Told her dot she vas such a nice little dove;
Say she vas de shweetest, pootiest und de neatest
Nicest little gals, und you gived her den a kiss—
Dot's de vay to do now, vat I say is true now,
Of you vant to been a smasher, you must
done like this.

Chorus.

Vait till de gas-light shines on de gutters,
Dan took anudder feller's gal to de park,
Told her such a foolish tings dot you made her
shmile vonce,
Shqueeze her like de devil vhen de night vas dark.

Ven you vas a valkin, always kept a talkin',
Told her such a nice tings dot you make her shmile:
Tickle her und shqueeze her—dot's de vay to please her,
Took her in de horse cars out about a mile.
Kept her all de night out—till dey put de gas out:
Kept her drinkin' lager till de day vas light;
Dot's vat you must do—den she vould love you,
Und you kin seen her again some night.
Vait till de gas-light, &c.

There's Sun-Shine in the Heart.

Words and Music by Claude De Haven.

There's a fondness for the living,
There's a memory we are giving,
There are tokens most bewitching,
Which from us will never part.
When dark clouds with silvery lining,
O'er our heads are always shining,
Why should we for e'er be pining,
While there's sun-shine in the heart?
Chorus: Bright clouds, sunny days,
Happy moments pass away,
Evening's twilight gently glitter,
Which from us will never part.
Azure moonbeams tinted glisten
O'er the stile where lovers listen—
Why should we be ever weary,
While there's sun-shine in the heart?

Fancy with her magic finger
O'er our brows will fondly linger,
And our heart, the sweetest singer,
Tells us that we ne'er shall part.
But the impulse of our chiding
Tells us time is swiftly gliding,
And our sorrows we'll be hiding,
While there's sun-shine in the heart.
Bright clouds, sunny days, &c.

Back in the Old Home with Mother.

By Annie M Curtis, of Bridgeport, Con.

Back in the old home with mother,
I shall be happy once more,
Where round the bright hearth now gather
Those that I cherished of yore;
Then only kind words will greet me
Ever at morn and at night,
Fairest of faces will meet me,
Beaming with joy and delight.
Chorus: Soon will the fairest of weather
Joy to my bosom restore:
Back in the old home with mother,
I shall be happy once more.

Oh! for the scenes that are dearest
Oft does my weary heart yearn—
Back to the friends that are nearest
Eagerly now do I turn:
Those that were with me in childhood
Soon will my glad eyes behold,
Rambling in valley and wildwood,
Sheltered from care as of old. Chorus.

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made.

BANJO SOLO.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Deception just now is the rule all around,
It's practiced in all shades of life:
Just mind what I say, and be careful, my friends,
When the time comes to pick out a wife.
Her eyes may be loving, her smile may be sweet,
When you approach her, she's timid and afraid:
Be careful, look well before making the leap—
You don't know how the dear girl is made.

In the good days of old, in our grand-mothers' time,
Girls didn't enamel or paint:
Didn't wear palpitators their bosoms to swell,
Didn't lace themselves up till they'd faint:
Didn't wear patent calves, or use bloom of youth,
And the rose in their cheeks didn't fade:
You must know a girl well now before you get stuck—
For, she's fearfully and wonderfully made!

Girls long ago didn't pencil their brows,
Use lotions to make the skin fair;
The girls long ago combed the hair on their heads,
Now it's combed on the back of a chair.
I got more to tell when I see you alone,
I have said too much here, I'm afraid;
But before you get married, examine them well—
For, they're fearfully and wonderfully made!

O'Hara, You're a Skin.

As sung by King and Giebel.

Air: I'm tould you carry a pop.

My name is Dan O'Hara,
I'm a dacint son of toil;
The blagguards they do teaze me so,
Sure it makes me blood boil.
They have such a curious lot of words,
Such as "Swim out" and "Douse the glim,"
But the latest one they have on me
Is, "O'Hara, you're a skin."

Chorus.

As through the streets I walk each day,
It's then they do begin
To shout those very tiresome words,
"O'Hara, you're a skin.

I do not mind their sayings,
But they take me for a flat,
The other day while walking out,
They blocked my new high hat;
When I turned around on them,
They all began to grin;
Saying "Cheese it cully, crack it light,
O'Hara, you're a skin." Chorus.

Kind friends, I'm going to leave you,
So to you I bid adieu;
Remember what I've told you,
For my sayings they are true.
I've been treated shamefully,
I think it is a sin;
So do not let me hear you say,
"O'Hara, you're a skin." Chorus.

Come Along, Lucy, do.

Written and composed by Sam Devere.

Honey in de comb am verry sweet,
But Lucy she am sweeter:
I'll dress my self up in my best,
And den I'm gwan to meet her.

Chorus.

Oh! come along, Lucy, do, come along, Lucy, do:
When de Banjo's ringin', I'm a singin',
Come along, Lucy, do.

Miss Lucy's mudder was a cook,
Her father done whitewashin',
Her budder was a waiter man,
Miss Lucy she done nothin'— Chorus.

Of all de gals I ever seen,
Miss Lucy beats 'em holler,
Her head is full of learnin',
She's a lady and a scholar. Chorus.

At de ball de odder night,
Given by Susan Dipsy,
Miss Lucy took de silver cup,
Wid a fling from Mississippi. Chorus.

John Monahan's Donkey.

Sung by James Bradley.

I've got a donkey, he stands six foot high,
I'll sell to the man that wishes to buy;
He drinks seltzer water whenever he's dry,
In a run on the turf sure he never proved shy;
He makes good time, one mile a day,
I'll match him against any stallion or bay;
He fought for his country, been all through the war,
I feed him on herrings, hay, rope and tar.
Chorus: I got a donkey,
He's not very chunkey,
I'll trade for a monkey
To any old flunkey;
Wouldn't that be hunkey
If he had my donkey,
And I had his monkey,
And donkey also?

When he's locked in his stable he makes a stiff kick,
He wants to get out, he pretends he is sick:
I call out my donkey, his name it is Dick,
I coax him along with a hickory stick:
If I leave in his box a big bale of hay,
He'll eat it all up, leave none for next day;
Last week he broke loose and of course went astray,
He was found in a sewer in Avenue A.
I got a donkey, &c.

I harnessed him up last St. Patricks day,
I rode on his back so cheerful and gay;
We started from the corner of Tenth and Broadway,
We got to the hall without any delay.
Just as I was turning into the Park,
Some one fired a pistol, just for a lark;
The donkey fell down, which caused a blockade,
Only for fifty horse doctors he'd spoil the parade.
I got a donkey, &c.

De Old Log Cabin in de Dell.

Written and composed by C. A. White, Boston, and sung by Harper and Stansell.

We are drifting down de hill of life,
We never can work any more,
But de home of childhood still we love
De same as in bright days of yore.
We've laid down de spade and de hoe,
With sorrow de heart ne'er can tell;
And now we is gwine to live and die
In de old log cabin in de dell.
Chorus: I'se gwine, (*Sym.*) I'se gwine (*Sym.*)
Back to de old home I love so well,
And now I'se gwine to live and die
In de old log cabin in de dell.

Many changes we have passed in life,
Some hard ones I don't like to tell;
But dar soon will be anoder change
In de old log cabin in de dell.
De angel of peace will be dar,
With de key of de home where he dwell,
And den I'll bid a long farewell
To de old log cabin in de dell. Chorus.

The Centennial Bell.

For full one hundred years I've swung
In my old gray turret high,
And many a different theme I've sung,
As the time went stealing by;
I've pealed the chant of a wedding morn,
Ere night I've sadly tolled
To say that the bride was coming, love-lorn,
To sleep in the church-yard mould.
Ding, dong, my ceaseless song,
Merry and sad, but never long.

For full one hundred years I've swung
In my antient turret high,
And many a different theme I've sung,
As the time went stealing by;
I've swelled the joy of a country's pride
For a victory, far off won;
Then changed to grief for the brave that died,
'Ere my mirth had well begun.
Ding, dong, my ceaseless song,
Merry and sad, but never long.

For full one hundred years I've swung
In my crumbling turret high;
'Tis time my own death-song were sung,
And with truth, before I die;
I never could love the theme they gave
My tyrannized tongue to tell;
One moment for cradle, the next for grave,
They've worn out the centennial bell.
Ding dong, my changeful song,
Farewell now, and farewell long.

It's Bad, but it might have been Worse.

Written and sung with great success by Harry Montague.

I make it a rule, as I jog on through life,
To look on the bright side of things;
For, what little pleasure I've had in my day,
Has rather too soon taken wings;
As fretting and care cannot help us on much,
I strive its gloom to disperse:
So let come what may, let us laughingly say—
It's bad, but it might have been worse.

When an innocent youth, with my head full of love
For a girl who had sworn to me wed,
You may guess my dismay when I found out, one day,
That she'd married another instead.
Yes, she married a drunkard, and a wife-beater too,
And her life with him now is a curse;
Though she jilted me cruel, I think I can say—
It was bad, but it might have been worse.

There are some men I've seen, who have constantly been
Endeavoring to stir up much strife
By persuading their fellow-men never to be
Satisfied with their station in life;
They say "go on strike, and you'll get what you like,"
And to order and peace seem averred;
Now, if they'd come to me, I'd tell them—"you see
Things are bad, but you've made them worse."

Now e'er I retire, I'd like to inspire
A feeling of gaiety here:
Then a fig for all trouble, ne'er care for to-morrow,
Nor for what it may bring have no fear—
Though the clouds are in sight, it will one day be bright:
Now when you remember my verse,
When I go away, I hope you won't say—
He was bad, but he might have been worse.

When the Heart's Feeling.

When the heart's feeling
Burns with concealing,
Glances will tell what we fear to confess;
Oh! what an anguish,
Silent to languish,
Could we not look all we wish to express!

When half expiring,
Restless, desiring,
Lovers wish something, but must not say what—
Looks tell the wanting,
Looks tell the granting,
Looks betray all that the heart would be at!

T. MOORE.

Sailing up the Hudson on a Moonlight Night.

Written and composed by Miss Annie St. Clair.

Sailing up the Hudson on a moonlight night,
I saw my fancy's queen:
Form so perfect, such rare beauty,
I ne'er before had seen—
The moon shone down with radient splendor,
Throwing its mantle 'round
The fairest maiden eyes e'er looked on;
My fancy's queen I'd found!

CHORUS.

Sailing up the Hudson on a moonlight night,
Is awfully grand, romantic quite,
When holding a pretty little hand so tight,
Sailing up the Hudson in the moonlight.

Just a little flirting and I gained her side—
Just how I could not say—
But we soon became quite social
In the usual way.
Time passed quickly, chatting gayly,
Nonsense to be sure:
She said her pa and her were travelling,
Making a summer tour. Chorus.

Charming little beauty, I loved her so,
And that I quickly told;
As the time was passing quickly
I became quite bold:
When I asked her, there in the moonlight,
Could I call her mine?
The answer came so soft and sweetly—
"Yes, for ever thine!" Chorus.

Don't Disdain a Man Because he's Poor.

Air: American Melody.

My career has not been brief,
For, "the sere and yellow leaf"
I am nearing, and have marked much in my time;
And I've seen a poor man spurned,
Till the human worm has turned,
As a man will, who is guilty of no crime!

CHORUS.

Bear, bear, bear with one another,
And never turn the humble from your door:
As no one high can know
How soon he may be low,
Don't trample on a man because he's poor. [Repeat.]

On the sea of life, adrift,
When shipwrecked, we have to shift
Enough, without being left alone to drown:
Oh! then out a life-buoy throw,
Never strike a coward's blow,
To send a fellow creature further down. Chorus.

There are men who walk along,
Lost and lonely in the throng,
And that it's their own faults, we can't be sure:
Far superior to the rest,
Yet fools who are better dressed,
Despise the better man, because he's poor. Chorus.

It is poor, and poor indeed,
Being "tabooed," and in need,
And be in life without a single friend!
And to get "the cut direct,"
Meeting haughty, cold neglect,
Makes you long almost for the bitter end! Chorus.

I attack no men of sense,
But those who sham pretence,
Who make the needy bitterness endure:
Perhaps, who've lived upon his brain,
Then, affect to sneer disdain,
And would crush him out of life, because he's poor!
Chorus.

If for help forced to appeal—
'Tis a better thing to feel—
And hear, as in your face is slammed the door—
"If that man again should come,
Mary, mind, we're not at home,
The fool ought to be better off,—not poor!" Chorus.

If you'd have a quiet breast,
If you'd sweetly, happy rest,
If you'd, waking or sleeping, joy secure,
Help a brother on his road,
Ne'er add to his grief a load,
And don't disdain a man because he's poor! Chorus.

Keep a Stiff Upper Lip.

Written and composed by Sam Devere

There has something gone wrong,
My brave boy, it appears;
For, I see your proud struggle
To keep back the tears:
That is right, when you cannot
Give trouble the slip:
Then bear it, still keeping
A stiff upper lip!

Though you cannot escape
Disappointment and care,
The next best thing to do
Is to learn how to bear:
If when for life's prizes
You're running you, trip,
Get up—start again,
Keep a stiff upper lip!

Let your hands and your conscience
Be honest and clean,
Scorn to touch or to think of
The thing that is mean;
But hold on to the pure
And the right with firm grip,
And though hard be the task,
Keep a stiff upper lip!

Through childhood, through manhood,
Through life to the end,
Struggle bravely and stand
By your colors, my friend:
Only yield when you must,
Never "Give up the ship,"
But fight to the last
With a stiff upper lip!

Don't Leave it too Late in the Day.

Air: Irish Historian.

While over life's ocean you're ploughing,
As time's so uncertain and fleet,
It's best never to be allowing
The ground to grow under your feet.
You know in a motto there's meaning,
And you'll understand what I say—
If good from an act you'd be gleaning,
Don't leave it too late in the day.

CHORUS.

Take time by the forelock, or rue it,
At some future period, you may;
What you have to perform, early do it,
Don't leave it too late in the day. [Repeat.]

In your prime of life make a provision
Against your old age does begin:
Never mind who may sneer in derision,
They've best cause to laugh, boys, who win.
For, when we see a man needy and surly,
It's a sad thing to hear that man say—
"I might be rich had I saved early,
But now it's too late in the day." Chorus.

Do a kindness whenever you can, here:
For, too plain we see with our eyes,
When down in the world falls a man, here,
It's hard again for him to rise:
And do it in time, not forgetting
It's no use, when he's passed away,
Or you may have cause for regretting
You left it too late in the day. Chorus.

If you would be active and healthy,
While youthful, fear no wind or sun:
And if you'd be happy and wealthy,
Look well after, when young, number one!
Few learn to be steady or thrifty,
When the hair has begun to turn grey:
For a man to begin when he's fifty,
Is rather too late in the day. Chorus.

Now, as married men's lives are more happy
Than bachelors', lonely and cold,
Mate early, don't be such a "sappy,"
As to leave wedding till you grow old.
The sweetest songs ever yet sung, boys,
Were sung in life's mornings of May:
Then marry a good wife, while young, boys,
Before it's too late in the day. Chorus.

Draw Near the Fire.

I've heard folks sing of moonlight walks,
And rambling in the dell,
Or strolling down the promenade,
And by the village well:
But courting is a pleasure
All young folks so admire—
Give me a bit of courting
In the winter by the fire:
Draw near the fire,
Draw near the fire:
Fireside courting I so much admire—
What nice words are said
When old folks are in bed,
Laughing and joking close by the fire!

I love a pretty little girl,
Melinda is her name,
Our courting by the fire has set
My heart all in a flame—
Her skin's like alabaster,
Good-tempered little soul,
Her lips are like the roses
And her hair as black as coal.
So we—Draw near, &c.

I've often heard my old Dad say—
"Now, Sam, take my advice,
The fireside courtings you may think
That they are very nice—
Don't thee marry yet, my lad,
Now do as I desire."
"Now, Dad, you've often told me, you
Wooed Mother by the fire."

Spoken: And when I think of the old proverb—"As the old cock crows, the young ones learn!" I sing— Draw near, &c.

The old folks are so very apt
Their own faults to forget,
That they were once as young as us,
But still they pine and fret:
If they could have their time again,
At courting wouldn't tire,
They'd soon renew their happy days
Of courting by the fire.

Spoken: And would say as roguish as ever—
Draw near, &c.

Please Give Me a Penny, Sir.

Please give me a penny, sir,
My mother dear is dead,
And, oh! I am so hungry, sir—
A penny, please, for bread.
All day I have been asking,
But no one heeds my cry:
Will you not give me something,
Or surely I must die?
Chorus: Please give me a penny, sir,
My mother dear is dead,
And, oh! I am so hungry, sir—
A penny, please, for bread.

Please give me a penny, sir,
You won't say no to me,
Because I'm poor and ragged, sir,
And, oh! so cold, you see—
We were not always begging,
We once were rich like you,
But father died a drunkard,
And mother she died, too. Chorus.

"Please give me a penny, sir,"
Is heard on every side,
Lisped by little trembling lips,
Singing on life's tide.
Oh! listen to their pleadings,
And pity these the poor—
Then blessings, brought from heaven,
Will shine on thee the more. Chorus.

What is apt to make a pensive husband?—An expensive wife.

The man who gets into prison will be more guarded in future.

What Should Make Thee Eat, My Darling?

Sung by Sheridan and Mack.

What should make thee eat, my darling,
Pork and beans and mutton stew,
Ham and veal, and roasted turkey,
Hearts and livers, kidneys, too,
Sour krout, sausages, and limburg,
Eggs and oysters, bread and crust?
If you do not quit your gorging,
Darling, you will surely bust.

Beets and turnips you devour, love,
Sweet potatoes take your eye:
Cucumbers, cabbages and string-beans, love,
Heavy on your stomach lie;
Quail on toast and prairie chicken
Taste so lovely—so you say;
I should think so: for, you eat, love,
Sixteen good square meals a day.

Pickled eels feet, stewed canaries,
Pigs feet broiled in kerosene,
Elephants stuffed with sarsaparilla,
Donkeys' ears with pork and beans:
Beeswax fried in black molasses,
Oysters stuffed with Artic whales,
Or frogs in glue prepared in fine cut,
Hoopskirts broiled on monkeys' tails.

Rather too Heavy for Me.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 239 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

I fell in love with a damsel sweet,
And thought she was in love with me;
I knelt in worship before her feet,
All dressed in my Sunday clothes!
She heard me through, and then she grew
Sympathetic and sad, said 'twas really too bad!
"You know, she said, I'm a friend to you,
But you must not thus propose."

Chorus.

Oh! no, don't ask me, I pray,
I'm sorry, indeed,
Believe what I say;
Oh! dear, now, please go away,
You're rather too "heavy" for me.

I still kept on and I hoped to see
A change take place in her angel face,
But she was ever the same to me,
And I was her slave the while.
At last I saw her walking out
With another young man—then between them I ran,
But he turned about, and gave an awful shout,
While in vain I tried to smile.

Spoken: Yes, and I trembled a little, too, when he said: "What's the matter with you, young fellow? Don't you make any common error." All I could say was— Oh! no, don't, &c.

Down town I met with a friend, one night,
For pleasure bound, we were all round:
Says I—"I wish for a loan so slight,
A ten dollar bill will do!"
He looked at me and smiled so queer
While he vowed his regret, said he'd none "to let;"
"Do you take me, sir for a Fusileer?
I must beg to be free from you!" Chorus.

One night I went to a dazzling ball,
In the mazy whirl, with a lovely girl,
I thought this pleasure the best of all,
With music around my ears:
When came the time, we went to sup,
There was bright sparkling wine, and the table was fine,
But I thought my love would never get up:
While I looked, I was filled with fears!

Spoken: She had the most astonishing appetite of any girl I ever saw; and you should see how gracefully she drank off her champagne! Very charming indeed. I called on her a few days afterwards, and she wanted to know when we would go to another ball? All I said in reply was—
Oh! no, don't, &c.

Six Feet of Earth.

Written, composed and sung by Joe A. Gulic, and sung by Wiley Hamilton with tremendous applause.

I'll sing you a song of the world and its ways,
And the many strange people we meet,
From the rich man who rolls in his millions of wealth,
To the poor starving wretch in the street.
Now a man, though he's poor and in tatters and rags,
We should never affect to despise,
But think of the adage—remember, my friend,
That six feet of earth makes all men of one size.

There the rich man with thousands to spare, if he chooses,
But he haughtily holds up his head,
And thinks he's above the mechanic who toils,
And is honestly earning his bread;
But his gold and his jewels he can't take along
To the world up above, when he dies:
For, death levels all and conclusively shows
That six feet of earth makes all men of one size.

There's many a coat that is tattered and torn,
That covers a brave manly heart,
But because he's not dressed like his neighbor in silks,
Society keeps them apart:
On one fortune smiles, while the other one fails,
No matter what venture he tries—
Till time in the end calls them both to the grave,
And six feet of earth makes both men of one size.

When e'er you see a poor fellow that tries
To battle the world and its frowns,
Let's help him along, and perchance he'll succeed:
Don't crush him and still push him down—
For, a cup of cold water, in charity given,
Is remembered with joy in the skies:
We're all human beings, we've all got to die,
And six feet of earth makes us all of one size

The Ginger Blues.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York. Price 40 cents.

Oh! here we come behind de drum,
Us dandy darkeys all;
Fall right in de fat and thin,
When you hear de bugle call.
Colored barbers every one,
A razor we can use;
Wid reg'lar steps, dese ladies' pets
March in de "Ginger Blues!"

Chorus.

Bowing, smiling, just a spilin'
When de captin gives command;
'Taint no use, as slick as juice,
We march behind de band. (Umph!)
Talk about your "Skidmore Guard,"
We h'ist dem on de hip!
Raise a dust or else we bust,
As down de street we skip.
Turn de heel just like an eel,
In patent leather shoes;
Yaller gals in Balmorals,
Dey love de "Ginger Blues!"

Now Captain Clam, a darling man,
De color of indigo:
Mighty high in power, too,
In de reg'lar army, oh!
Still he's very sociable;
Now mind and pay your dues!
For get in de hole, you're off de roll,
You leave de "Ginger Blues!"
Bowing, smiling, &c.

We've got the post of honor on
Centennial Jubilee;
Gwine to guard de baggage of
De big nobility:
Shave em up and dust dar clothes,
And polish up dar shoes,
Den orders from headquarters come
For de noble "Ginger Blues!"
Bowing, smiling, &c.

The Old Log Cabin in the Dell.

Words and Music by C. A. White

The Music of this song is published by White, Smith & Co., 516 Washington Street, Boston. Price 40 cents.

I am drifting down de hill of life,
I never can work any more;
But de home of childhood still I love
The same as in bright days of yore;
I've laid down de spade and de hoe,
With sorrow de heart ne'er can tell;
And now I'se gwine to lib and die
In de old log cabin in de dell.
Chorus: I'se going, going back
To de home I love so well,
And now I'se gwine to lib and die
In de old log cabin in de dell.

When they speak of how I'se gwine to lib,
I don't 'zactly know how 'twill be,
But I don't 'spect want will eber come
While massa libs who set me free;
He always did like all de hands,
He was sad when he bid dem farewell;
I don't think he would see dem starve
In de old log cabin in de dell. Chorus.

Many changes I have passed in life,
Some hard ones I don't like to tell—
But dere soon must be anoder change
In de old log cabin in de dell;
De angel of peace will be dere
Wid de keys of de home where he dwell;
And den I'll bid a long farewell
To de old log cabin in de dell. Chorus.

Dissolving Views.

Sung by Johnny Roach. Air: Castles in the Air.

While thinking of some past events at home the other night,
Seated at my cheerful fire, which then was burning bright,
At last the fire began to fade—a shadow o'er it grew:
I fancied I was looking at some great dissolving view.
Some views there were that gave me joy, while others gave me pain:
Oh! may I never see them in reality again—
So give me your attention, and I'll quickly tell to you
Some pictures that I witnessed in my great dissolving view.

The first view was of sad distress, a truly wretched case,
The family of a workingman, hunger stared them in the face;
The mother and their children gathered round a scanty fire,
The last sparks even threatning every moment to expire;
At last the father enters, and hangs his honest head,
And silently he shares with them his last loaf of bread;
Thou honest, he is forced to steal, and into jail he's threw;
This sad and truthful picture is my second dissolving view.

The next was a police court; two prisoners in were led;
One, a well-dressed swindler, and the other a boy ill-fed;
The boy had stolen, and confessed his guilt, and for pardon did entreat;
He said—I am an orphan boy, and nothing had to eat.
Three months hard labor was his doom—the tears ran down his face;
While he who swindled many a man walked out with a good grace;
He paid for counsel with his spoil—his money put him through—
That ends the case, and he get's free in this dissolving view.

The third it was a murder cold, a tragic one, I'm sure;
It was a man of manly heart, and a good friend to the poor,
Shot down by an assassin dastardly and cold—
But shooting men quite unawares is the fashion now, I'm told;
The murder of Jim Fiske, I mean, a man known to you all;
In this wide world he played his part, and rolling kept the ball;
I hope his spirit's gone aloft, I most sincerely do,
Ever more to rest in peace in this dissolving view.

Norah Mayloy.

Air: The Wishing Gate.

One fine summer's day, in the night rather late,
Paddy Flinn had sneaked off to the old wishing gate,
To just try his hand at a sort of a spell,
About things that his ould mother used for to tell:
That fairies and conjurers squatted down there,
To give phat folks axed for at that time of the year.
So Paddy went there just his luck for to try,
And he wished for a pig to put into his sty;
But wait awhile yet, as the truth I relate,
Phat happened to Pat at the wishing gate.

Spoken: Och! sure, Paddy was a good boy enough, if he had not been such a bad one; and, sure, mighty fond of me he was. Och! sure he fell in love wid me before he saw me. Och! faith, that's true for me, so it is; for, he was after telling me so widout speaking a word of mouth—but, och! faith, it was by word of eye he was after telling me. He was born at Kilkenny; but, sure, he was such a roving blade that he run away from home before he could walk. But wait awhile ago till I's tell yez how the wishing gate was after serving him.

"I wish for," says Pat, as the gate he did stride,
"As I've got but one pig, just another beside:
And I wish for some praties, the pigs for to fade:
And I wish they might brade, and knock up
a good trade:
I'd then buy some poultry, ducks and a cow,
And a thumping shillelah to kick up a row:
And then I cud get me a handsome young bride,
And bogtrotting Katty (Spoken: That's me)
I'd then push aside."
But little did Pat know he was overheard,
But, faith, I was there, and sucked in every word.

Spoken: Och! bad luck to yez, Paddy! says I, you desarve: but not a word did I spake. Sure, is this the way you are true-hearted by your falsehood? And every word of truth you tould me was a lie—Well, I kept on talking widout saying a word. So away went Paddy on first and I before him, crying fit to break the heart of me widout shedding a tear. So up he goes to the pig-sty to see had he got the other pig. Och! by the faith of me, the only pig he had left was gone, and had run away wid the pratie garden in his pocket. Arrah! Paddy, says I, phat's this you have been after wishing? Where are the pigs you arn't got? Where's the pony that's not born, too? Where's your poultry and ducks? Faith, you are after looking like a goose! Where's the cow you was after axing the wishing gate for? Sure, and that cow's a bull? And, faith and throth, where is myself, the bogtrotter, phat you will discharge before you have me? And where is the shillelah, the shillelah that you are going to kick up a row wid?—"Arrah! faith, and sure, here's that same un, cried Jerry Donovan; and faith, Paddy, I'll be after giving you phat you have been axing for—so I will." So Jerry hit on to Pat, and Pat fell to tearing all the bald hair off his head—for, the fairy had made an old man of him, though he was only twenty. He got blind of both legs, lame of both eyes, his elbows down at heels, and his heels out at elbows; so that I hope it will be a warning to all greedy folks, and teach us to be contented wid what we have, whether we have got it or not. Chorus.

I've Been Flirting.

Words by J. D. Jones, Esq. Music by J. Monro.

I've been flirting, I've been flirting
All my days of youthful prime;
Now I'm sighing, now I'm sighing
That in vain I've spent my time.
I've been praising, I've been praising
Eyes of light, and lips of dew;
But I'm thinking, now I'm thinking
Praise alone will never do.
Chorus: I've been flirting, I've been flirting
All my days of youthful prime;
Now I'm sighing, now I'm sighing
That in vain I've spent my time.

I've been asking, I've been asking
A nymph to save me from the shelf;
Oh! sad's the telling, sad's the telling
I'm not the thing! she'll please herself.

I've been dressing, I've been dressing
Like a youthful Bond Street beau;
Yet I'm hearing, oh! I'm hearing—
"An ancient fop will never do."
I've been asking, &c.

I've been trying, I've been trying
To make some wealthy widow wed;
Yet I'm fearing, yet I'm fearing
Some luckless night she'll break my head.
I've been lounging, I've been lounging
Through the parks from day to day;
And saw with sneering, saw with sneering,
The lasses turn their heads away.
I've been trying, &c.

I've been quizzing, I've been quizzing
Maids of near three score and ten;
But their ogling, oh! their ogling
Ne'er can win the hearts of men.
I'll be railing, I'll be railing,
And faithless women tease and vex,
Since by courting, since by courting
I can never win the sex.
I've been quizzing, &c.

The Showman.

I'm Jinks the jovial showman,
A merry life is mine,
A *sous* I owe to no man:
For, credit I decline.
I roam about from Fair to Fair
And do the best I can:
My charge is only sixpence
To see my Caravan.

Spoken: Hi! hi! hi! be in time—this is the great original Caravan containing all the crowned and *half*-crowned heads in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, including Shoreditch! together with the last great wonder of the world—a *Living*-stone! and here you can see the famed Whopping butcher, he weighs six-and-twenty stone—at least he *ort on* being scaled! he has a tale to unfold, such a Wagga Wagga tale that he gets *an slow* in unfolding it. So walk up, &c., *ad lib.*

Chorus.

Hi! hi! hi! be in time, no delay,
Come and see the greatest living wonder of the day:
Walk up, walk up! observe the monkey man,
Walk up, pay your sixpence, and see my Caravan—

I've fifty figures in my show;
Bringham Young and all his wives:
The handsome two-faced lady,
Who lives on table knives.
The Premier and Gladstone, too:
Onslow and famed Sir Roger,
Henderson from Scotland yard,
Bob Lowe, and little Odger.

Spoken: Hi! hi! hi! be in time, just going to begin—the two-faced lady is about to partake of her natural sustenance; her morning meal consists of pens, pencils, pins, needles, and other articles of easy digestion, calculated to sharpen young ladies' intellects; she is very fond of tobaco for desert, and always gives a '*Quid* pro quo'— Hi, hi, &c.

I've Peers and I've Peasants here,
And funny folks galore:
Giants, that Dwaf description,
You've never seen before;
And here you'll see our sailor Prince,
Who all look on with pride,
And hanging on his arm, observe,
He has his blushing bride.

Spoken: Hi! hi! hi! just about to begin, the only Caravan patronized by Royalty. Here for the small charge of sixpence you can see our sailor Prince. observe the *hat*itude, and look at the uniform, the original articles in which he appeared when he took a fond farewell of his favorite ship, and then dropped his *Gal-a-tear!* on the right you can see a real underaged working man, he works at a Coal pit when he *does* work, but he oftener doesn't, and he can't be compelled because he's a *minor*. So lose no time and see the wonders of this show. Hi, hi, &c.

Mander's Menagerie.

OR COME AND SEE THE GUINEA PIGS.

Words by Harry Hunter. Music by Vincent Davies.

Spoken: Hi, hi! All alive, oh! walk up, walk up.

Oh! I've a show, I'd have you know,
The best one ever seen;
The Prince of Wales has seen my snails,
And so's our gracious Queen.
All sorts of things with legs and wings
I've got inside the show;
A frog in love, a sucking dove,
A singing buffalo.

Chorus.

Come and see the winkles, come an see the whales,
Come and see the guinea pigs, in mourning for
their tails:
Come and see the Kangaroo that's learning how
to shoot,
Come and see the Crocodile that plays upon the flute.

The Lion and the Unicorn
Have now been here a week,
Also a cross rhinoceros
Whose horn is quite unique.
A Beagle and a sea gull, and
An Eagle, very choice:
A monkey, and a donkey with
A sweet light tenor voice.

Spoken: Come and see the donkey with a light tenor voice, come and hear him sing the "Vicar of Bray," and a new duet with a giraffe, from the opera Giraffe-lay Giraffe-lah-de-dah. We feed the Giraffe on milk in the Winter, but can't do so in the Summer, because it has so far to go, it turns sour before it gets into his stomach: and we put on him 3 yards of mustard plaister, and pump Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup into him three times a day, half an hour every 20 minutes. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourselves— Chorus.

Now then, you boys, don't make a noise,
Be careful how you speak,
Or else you'll wake the rattlesnake,
And he's a perfect sneak.
My sweet gazelle is such a swell
He uses scented soap;
And begged and prayed until he made
The eleph-ant-elope.

Spoken: Come and see the Lion and the Unicorn racing for a farden: the Lion beat the Unicorn up and down the City Road, in and out the Eagle: and I've got the Eagle inside, the greatest conquest I ever made. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourselves— Chorus.

A darling of a starling, and
A cuckoo who can cook:
The habits of Welsh rabbits will
Explain without a book.
And those who wish to see some fish,
Will not have far to search:
I've Whiting and I've Blacking, a
Canary and a Perch.

Spoken: Come and see the Cow that jumped over the Moon, and came down through the Milky way, and has been in the Milky way ever since. Come and buy Guinea pigs at a pound a piece, a shilling under cost price, any quantity—they've no tails, so of course there's no end to them. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourselves—
Chorus.

Chloe Brisk and Gay Appears.

Chloe brisk and gay appears
On purpose to invite;
Yet, when I press her, she, in tears,
Denies her sole delight.

Whilst Celia, seemingly shy and coy,
To all her favors grants,
And secretly receives that joy,
Which others think she wants.

I would, but fear I never shall
With either fair agree:
For, Celia will be kind to all,
But Chloe won't to me.

Theodora.

"If you please, ma'am, could I speak to you one minute?" said Mrs. Locksley.

Theodora Dale started from the deep reverie in which she was buried, and looked up.

"Certainly, Mrs. Locksley," said she. "What is it?"

"It's about the rent for the rooms, Mrs. Dale," replied the landlady, drawing herself up with a little jerk. "Two good months you've occupied 'em—and it stands to reason, ma'am, as a hard working widow woman, as has only herself to look to, wants to see the color of her money. Not as I would have hurried you, ma'am," with a half-relenting glance towards Theodora's deep mourning garments, "while the poor Major lay ill, nor yet while he was bein' buried: but——"

Theodora looked pained; the deep scarlet dyed her cheeks.

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, Mrs. Locksley," she said, "but I was, of course, obliged to settle the undertaker's bill at once, and that has taken all the ready money which I had at command. I have written to my husband's relatives, however, and expect remittances very shortly, which——"

Mrs. Locksley compressed her lips.

"I've heard that same thing from my lodgers before, ma'am," said she, "All I can say is that I would very much like to have the bill paid as soon as possible!"

"It shall be paid to-night, Mrs. Locksley, without fail," said Theodora, her cheeks becoming even hotter than before.

And the instant the door closed upon the short, stout figure of the landlady, she let her head fall on her clasped hands, and burst into tears—tears that were almost like distilled fire, so scalding and bitter were they.

Theodora Dale had been married only three months. She had been a school-girl of fifteen at Madame Bonmerci's establishment, just out of Brighton, when Major Lionel Dale saw and admired her at that fashionable resort. He made some careless inquiries about the young beauty, and learned, in an incidental sort of way, that she was an orphan, training at the expense of Madame Bonmerci herself, for a governess.

"Dence take it!" said Major Dale, "she's too pretty for that! I'll marry her!"

Little Theodora Mayder, who had scarcely left off playing with dolls, and was heartily tired of Madame Bonmerci's exactions on the one side, and the unconscious tyranny of the children on the other, was half-frightened, half-pleased, when the handsome, middle-aged Major proposed matrimony to her.

"But I am so young!" she pleaded, the carnations and lilies succeeding each other on her cheeks.

"You are the prettiest little half-bloom rose-bud in the world," the Major made answer, gallantly.

Madame Bonmerci spoke a word or so of warning to her.

"My child," said she, "beware what you are about. He is three times your age—he gambles. It is true that your life, now, is rather a hard one; but ——"

"I shall marry him!" retorted Theodora.

And she did.

At the end of three months, Major Dale's favorite horse, "Meg Merrilies," ran away with him and killed him, and Theodora, not yet sixteen, was left a widow.

Naturally enough, she wrote to her husband's relations, whom she had never seen; and now upon this October evening, she was expecting an answer to the letter.

The color mounted to her cheeks as the postman paused under her window—she caught the letter from his hands and tore it eagerly open.

It contained nothing but her own letter, returned to her, with these words pencilled across the envelope:—

"Mr. Chandos Dale's compliments to the young lady who beguiled his brother into a secret marriage, and he is confidently of opinion that her talents in the hust-and-hunting line need no assistance."

And this cutting taunt, this gratuitous insult, was all.

Theodora sat pale and silent. She knew that her husband did not care to refer to his relatives much, generally avoiding the subject when she broached it; but she had never dreamt that he had allowed them to think her a mere adventuress, who had contrived to entrap him into a disadvantageous marriage. She had long ere this discovered that Lionel Dale was a thoroughly selfish man, but she had never imagined *how* selfish.

But the blow, sharp and sudden as it was, nerved her to further exertions. She put on her hat, went out to the nearest jeweler, and sold her watch and chain—Lionel's wedding present—for probably about one third of their value. With this she paid her bill at Mrs. Locksley's.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," said the lodging-house keeper, "but what be you agoing to do now?"

"I am going to give music lessons," said Theodora.

She had a full, fresh voice, like a lark's, and she knew that she could make this her bread-winner.

"If will be a life of drudgery," she told herself, "but I would starve sooner than apply again to the Dales for assistance!"

And the years crept by, and the sixteen year old widow who stormed the citadel of fortune so bravely, won the day!

"Signora Theodore Dalli! No, I haven't heard her yet," said Mr. Chandos Dale, indifferently. "But they say she is the best 'Marguerite' we have yet had, and I have sent to secure a box for to-morrow night."

Signora Dalli was in her best voice, that night, when Chandos Dale her brother-in-law, sat with folded arms in the proscenium-box. And the half-blown bud of five years ago had ripened, by this time, into the full-blown rose of loveliness.

And Mr. Chandos Dale, sitting there, with an artist's soul, all alive to the flute-like richness of her voice, thought she was simply the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

The President of the Academy of Music had a little private party in her honor after the opera was over. Chandos Dale happened to be among the invited guests; and the Signora Dalli knew who he was.

"I have the advantage of him," said Theodora to herself, smiling significantly. "And I shall take care to retain it!"

Just a month afterwards Mr. Dale proposed to make the beautiful signora his wife.

"Are you really in love with me?" said the signora—"with *me*, an opera singer!"

And Chandos, about as hopelessly infatuated as it is in the nature of man to be, vowed that he would commit suicide if she didn't have him at once.

"Put it in writing," said the Signora Theodora Dalli, with a laugh.

"Why?"

"It is my fancy!"

"Your will is my law," protested Mr. Dale.

So he wrote a pretty and poetical declaration of love, upon tinted paper, and sent it to the signora's suite of apartments at the "Langham Hotel."

The same evening he received the very letter which had come to Lionel Dale's widow, that October sunset, with its pencilled bit of sarcasm. And under it was written:—

"The young lady who beguiled Mr. Chandos Dale's brother into a secret marriage, has needed no assistance from his relatives. The Signora Dalli—otherwise Mrs. Lionel Dale—returns the enclosed compliments, and has the honor to bid Mr. Chandos Dale farewell!"

Theodora never enjoyed anything so much in all her life as she did the writing of this letter. It was tit for tat.

She had conquered her own fortune now. She was indebted to no one. And the next month she was married to a young nobleman, who had followed her half over two continents.

While Mr. Dale had the satisfaction of knowing that he had wrought out his own destiny!

Little Charade.

In my *first* an organ you see;
My *second* a shelter for birds;
My *whole* is serious or eager,
I tell you in very few words.

Answer: Ear-nest.

Poor Susian!

Words by H. J. Byron. Music by F. Musgrave

'Twas near the Bote' Market, that there dwelt
a fine young man:
He fell in love with a damsel, which her name
was Susian.
They always were a making love, just like a
pair of spoons.
Hall the mornings, hall the heavenings, and
hall the hafternoons.

Well, matters had been going on like that a
year or more,
When Susian remarked one day "My age is
thirty-four.
I feel as I am getting on, I am not a young gal,
And I should very much like to know if your
views are matrimo-ni-al."

Says he—"What is your property, though lucre
I despise,
But we cannot live on nothing, which to try
would not be wise;
We've both on us got appetites, which satisfied
must be,
And we can't have proper dinners if we haint
got proper tea."

Says she—"Oh! James, you've called me oft
my beautiful, my hown,
And said as how you did adore me, for myself alone:
I give thee all, I can no more, as says one of
the songs,
I've got six pounds, a silver watch, and a pair of
sugar-tongs."

Says he—"Taint much considering, how much
purvision's riz,
But we'll be married next Sunday three weeks
as ever is;
The sweets of matrimony will improve life's bitter cup,
Some folks would down put Sunday bands, I'll
go and put ours up."

The three weeks passed like lightning, time ran
on rapid wheels,
And James called on her hevry day, and halways
had his meals:
At last the happy day did come, a select partee of five
Set trembling in the vestry, but her James did
not arrive.

Says she—"Why don't he come? oh, dear!
thought to me he'd rush,
I'm much afraid he's been run over by a homnibushush."
When some one handed in a letter to the
trembling bride,
And these 'em 'ere's the artless words, as written
was inside—

"Farewell! for, I was not aware, when first
your form I saw,
That you was thirty-four—you should have
told me that afore.
I've spent your tin, I've sold the watch, the
sugar-tongs I've spouted,
You'd have been dear love at the price, and so
that is all about it."

Now at this sad intelligence the friends did jeer
and scoff
How Susian poor thing went on, and then poor
thing went off;
They all left bride, likewise bridesmaids the
clerk, also the minister,
And as for Susian, poor dear, why, she is still
a spinster.

MORAL.

Now, all unmarried damsels who have a little pelf,
You'd better see your property is settled on yourself:
Take warning by poor Susian's sad tale of
shameful wrongs,
Stick to your tin, grab fast your watch, and
always hold your tongs.

What time is that which, spelt backwards or forwards, is the same?—Noon.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. EDMUND CLARK, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Organ and Singing, No. 765 Broadway.



2 All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young ;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung ;
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I ;
Oh ! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.
CHO.—All de world, &c.

3 One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love ;
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove ;
When will I see de bees a humming
All round de comb ?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home ?
CHO.—All de world, &c.

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CONTENTS.

Almost persuaded—a Sacred song.....page 258
A Trio..... 263
Big Fat Nance..... 258
Branigan's Band..... 261
Carve dat Possum..... 261
Dere's a mug mitoud a handle..... 259
The Empty Cot..... 259
Harry May..... 258
Help one another on the road..... 260
It's enough to make a man go mad..... 261
The Irish Captain of Dragoons..... 263
Jonah ran away..... 258
The Loaf of bread—a Story..... 263
Love and Folly..... 260
My heart's delight..... 258
Mound of Roses..... 259
My Mother's warning..... 259
The Moral young man..... 260
My Mother's parting gift..... 260
My Mother-in-law—Dutch version..... 261
My old Kentucky home—Music for Banjo.. 264
Norah, be true to your Barney..... 258
Never make mountains of molehills..... 259
The Opening Soiree..... 258
Old Mann's delight..... 259
Ollavem—a Story..... 262
Pause ere it shall be too late..... 259
The Polish National hymn..... 259
Tom Walker..... 258
Taking the Pledge..... 258
Terrence Muldoon..... 261
The Two Roses..... 263
Silver Stars are softly gleaming..... 260
Sons of Temperance, S. O. T..... 261
We'll pledge eternal friendship..... 258
We'll do the best we can..... 260
The Widow with plenty of Gold..... 260

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Jonah Ran Away.

Performed and sung by T. M. Hengler, in character.

Jonah ran away—he went to sea,
Ship got wrecked on de coast:
Captain and de mate got trouble in their mind,
Captain and de mate said dey better draw straws;
Straws were drawn—Jonah was casted,
Jonah was casted in de bottom of de whale:
Three long days, three long nights,
Jonah lay in de bottom of de whale.

Chorus.

Live humble, live humble,
Den humble yourself to me, sah:
Glory in de honor—praise king Moses—
Glory in de honor—den bless de Lamb.
(Repeat two last lines.)

De whale he commanded de Lord's right hand,
To cast brother Jonah on de innocent land,
Cast brother Jonah on dry sand,
And de moon shone down on de promised land.
Live humble, &c.

Dat ain't all—mo besides. Take a little darkie
To a new burial ground,
New burial ground, open all de while,
Dat put a frown on Jonah's crown.
Live humble, &c.

My Heart's Delight.

As sung by T. M. Hengler.

Like the roses in the garden,
Like the sunlight in the skies,
Are the roses on her cheeks,
And the light within those eyes,
Of the maid I love: in her I see
All things bright and beautiful to me;
And the name of this maiden, so fair and bright,
Is my heart's delight! my heart's delight!

Like the smiling Spring, advancing
To deck the earth with flowers,
Like the golden sunbeams, dancing
In the forest's leafy bowers,
Is the maid I love: in her I see
All things bright and beautiful to me;
And the name of this maiden, so fair and bright,
Is my heart's delight! my heart's delight!

We'll Pledge Eternal Friendship.

By Harry Constantine.

We'll pledge eternal friendship,
And as time rolls slowly on,
We'll love each other dearer
For the days now past and gone;
Though years us both have darted,
Fond memory still is here—
Its voice is always with me:
For, the ties of youth are dear.

We'll pledge eternal friendship
While uncertain life shall last,
And forgive each other freely
For our errors in the past:
We'll recall those days of pleasure
In the dreamy long-ago,
Ere life was linked with sorrow,
With misfortune, care and woe.

Tom Walker.

WALK AROUND.

Dar was a colored gent, from Old Virginy came,
He was an F. F. V., Tom Walker was his name:
First he used to live way down in Tennessee,
Dar he loved a yaller gal, as lively as a flea.

Chorus.

Den hear Tom Walker snore, he lay upon de floor,
His head agin de back log, his feet hung out de door.
Ef ever he should wake, he'll make de rafters shake,
Wid his foot fall on de carpet, walk Tom for evermore.

Dar was John de Baptist, often did declare,
No one but the righteous ever could get there.
Dar was old King Faro, often used to say—
Every little poodle-dog is bound to have his day.
Den hear Tom Walker snore, &c.

Norah, be True to Your Barney.

Words and Music by Jennie Lindsay.

Come smile once again, e'er we part, love,
Say that you'll ever be true:
For, o'er the seas I must go, love,
Still my poor heart is with you:
And, though absent, I love you far better,
And I'll dream of you every day;
Yes, each week I will send you a letter,
And for its quick answer I'll pray.

Chorus.

Arrah! won't you be true to your Barney?
Won't you love me all the same?
For, I'd die for your sake, Norah darling—
And soon, love, I will change your name.

The stars in the heavens shine bright, love,
The birds sing their sweet lullaby;
The night is fast fading away, love,
And clouds gather o'er the blue sky;
So now dry your tears, Norah darling,
Remember the hour's growing late:
One year from to-night, Norah darling,
I will call you my own, at this gate. Chorus.

Taking the Pledge.

Written and sung by Ed. Scully, in the sketch of "Taking the Pledge," as performed by Scully & Barry.

My name is Cornelius McNamara!
I'm an Irishman, as you see:
I have a son who's a son-of-a-gun!
And his name is Terry.
He will go out, in the morning,
Over to Pat Murphy's Shebang,
And there he will stay all day,
Along with the rest of the gang.
Chorus: But I will have to correct him,
And get him down to a fine edge:
For, I have a clear head now, boys,
Since I have taken "the pledge."

If I go to talk to him,
He'll answer me back with his slang,
And if I should correct him,
He'll go out to call in his gang;
But, be Herrings! I'll stand it no longer,
I'll let him know who is Boss, here;
He can't get away with me now, boys,
The same as when I used to drink beer.
But I will have to, &c.

So I will wait awhile,
Until Terry does come in:
And I'll show him the pledge,
And a new life then, I'll begin.
I'll no longer let him abuse me,
Nor I'll not put up with his slang,
But I'll try to do all I possibly can
For to make him leave the gang.
But I will have to, &c.

Big Fat Nance.

Original Act by Bradley & Wild.

White folks, give me your attention,
While I'll sing to you my song:
'Tis of my girl I'm going to mention,
And I promise not to detain you long:
I've been courting her for many a day,
And to her house I often go around;
In her stocking feet she stands six feet four,
And weighs three hundred and fifty pounds.

Chorus.

Come all, ye nigs, come, join together,
Take the banjo down and have a dance:
For, I'm going to be married, next Sunday evening,
To my great big fat and greasy Nance.

Nancy's ma has gave consent,
Her father feels quite satisfied:
Next Sunday eve I'll take her arm,
And to the church we both shall glide.
She will be my wife forever,
Lots of things for her I'll buy:
She'll never go back on George Lapelle,
Until the very day she dies. Chorus.

The Opening Soiree.

Words and Music by Jennie Lindsay.

Oh! I'm awful fond of dancing,
To me it seems so sweet—
I think it's so delightful,
It is pleasure—real—complete!
With a handsome, graceful partner,
Whose style is gay and free,
I long to hear the welcome news
Of the Opening Soiree!
Chorus: For, I dearly love to dance
To music blithe and free!
And, in fact, I'm all impatience
For the Opening Soiree!

Now, I own the Summer's pleasant,
And boating I admire;
I'm often at the races,
But of that I sometimes tire;
And I'm longing for the season,
With its mirth and harmony,
When I can take my lady love
To the Opening Soiree! Chorus.

Harry May.

Ladies' Version of Nelly Ray. Air: Nelly Ray.

I have a tall and handsome man
That comes a courting me,
And very soon the day will dawn
When I his bride shall be.
He takes me to the music halls,
And the theatres, too,
And every Sunday afternoon
We ramble in the Zoo.
Chorus: Harry May, Harry May
Loves his little Fan,
Harry May, Harry May,
Fascinating man!
Harry May, so blithe and gay,
Has stole my heart away,
I never had a lover
Like my charming Harry May.

I know when he is twenty-one,
He'll have a heap of cash,
And then enabled I shall be,
With him, to cut a dash:
Bright ruby rings shall deck my hand,
And diamonds my hair,
And "I shall walk in silk attire,
And siller have to spare." Chorus.

A mansion in the famed west-end
Will then our dwelling be,
And in the prime of summer time
A "cottage by the sea."
You say beneath a lucky star
I drew the breath of life—
But if my Harry nought possessed,
I still would be his wife. Chorus.

Almost Persuaded.

SACRED SONG.

Sung by Ira D. Sankey.

"Almost persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

"Almost persuaded," come, come to-day
"Almost persuaded," turn not, away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear,
"O wanderer, come!"

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost—*but lost!*"

Time is the vehicle which carries everything into nothing.

Pause ere it shall be too Late.

By Lieut E. H. Kellogg.

Poor imprisoned, willful woman,
In thy golden cage at rest,
Doth no thought of home and husband
Ever flutter in thy breast?
While caressing him who led you
From a husband's side astray,
Hast thou never thought in future
What dark clouds shall shroud thy way?
Chorus: Pause ere yet thy tide of gladness,
From the cascade's dizzy height,
Dash thy soul to death and madness
In the gloomy depth of night.

Turn again, my wayward birdling,
Fly the snarer's golden net;
Come again to warm the bosom
That thy love-song yearns for yet,
Come: for, I'll forgive thy erring,
"Let the dead past tomb its dead"—
Waiting are mine arms and bosom
As a pillow for thy head.
Chorus: I will turn thy tide of madness
From the cascade's greedy roar
To a harbor where no sadness
Shall beset us evermore.

Dere's a Mug Mitoud a Handle.

Air: There's a letter in the candle.

Dere's a mug mitoud a handle,
Righd down by Rome's saloon.
I drinked oud dot boud fifty times,
Most efery afternoon.
But my olt vomans spoils de fun,
She comes most efery day,
Und she shookens den her fist at me,
Und dis vas vat she'd say—
Chorus: "Come you, olt bum,
Don't staid oud all night:
You vas de biggest fool in town,
Always gotten tight.
Come right avay,
Und leaf dem loafers here,
De neighbors all around de blace,
Dey said you's full mit beer."

I don't go dere now so seldom,
Like I used to did before,
Und dot mug mitoud a handle
Dot got broken on de floor:
I vished dot my olt voman's legs
Vould got de cramps some day,
Cause I knowed of she vould ketched me dere,
She'd fire me oud und say— Chorus.

Old Massa's Delight.

Written by Thomas Harper, and sung by him and Stansell.

Oh! white folks, we have come to have a little fun,
And to tell you of the place we long to see,
Of the place we love so well, where we darkies used to dwell,
Of our dear old home way down in Tennessee.
Oh! we spent our youthful days in so many pleasant ways,
A singing and a dancing all the night:
But from Massa we did part, and it nearly broke his heart:
For, us darkies was his pride and delight.

Chorus.

Then let us sing as on we roam,
And tell, throughout creation,
Of the happy times we had at home,
Way down on the old plantation.

Many years we have been free, but still long to see
The place where first we saw the morning sun:
That lovely little spot, where stands de humble cot,
Where we darkies used to sport and have some fun,
When the work of day was o'er and old massa's kitchen floor
In the merry dance us nigs would pass the night:
And old massa he'd look on, how he did enjoy the fun!
For, us darkies were his pride and delight.
Then let us sing, &c.

The Empty Cot.

By G. R. Wurcourt.

I gaze upon the empty cot
Till tears come in mine eyes:
I weep for little Daisy, who
Is now beyond the skies.
Oh! how we loved her—but, alas!
To love her was our lot:
I sit and gaze, when no one's nigh,
Upon the empty cot.
Chorus: Darling Daisy, she has left us—
Gone beyond the skies—
I gaze upon the empty cot
Till tears come in mine eyes.

We know our little darling lives
In that bright land above,
Where angels dwell in endless bliss,
Where all is peace and love.
This thought alone doth joy afford,
It helps me bear my lot:
It cheers me when I sit and gaze
Upon the empty cot. Chorus.

The Polish National Hymn.

God! our sad Country, long in thraldom pining,
Calls in its anguish, humbly now on thee—
O'er a brave people let Thy day-star shining,
Tell to the tyrants—Poland shall be free!
Firm in the struggle, hearts and hands combining,
We yet must conquer, victors yet must be;
God of the battle, let Thy day-star shining,
Tell to the tyrants—Poland shall be free!

Though they with roses Slavery's chains be wreathing,
Ne'er can such fetters noble minds restrain:
Once our glad children Freedom's air were breathing,
Soon o'er our mountains may it float again!
Firm in the struggle, hearts and hands combining,
We yet must conquer, victors yet must be!
God of the battle, let Thy day-star shining,
Tell to the tyrants—Poland shall be free!

Never Make Mountains of Molehills.

Air: Put's Leather Breeches.

Now I'll show, in a song, of how many go wrong,
And losing both profit and merit:
For whatever they do, as the world they go through,
They don't do the thing with a spirit.
When your object you find, to it give all your mind,
Or fortune may on your head roll ills:
Take no heed of who warns, take the bull by the horns,
And never make mountains of molehills.

Chorus.

When you see your way clear, go a-head, never fear,
Or else you may suffer life's whole ills;
Do it all with a will, to the best of your skill,
And never make mountains of molehills.

Now, to prosper in life, if you want a rich wife,
With lots of assurance you'll win her:
If you've plenty of cheek, and stick to it a week,
A wealthy old maid you may pin her.
Never cry "It's no go, that you're humble and low,
And mustn't aim in a high quarter"—
For, if so you're inclined, and to it give your mind,
You may wed the Lord Mayor's eldest daughter.
When you see, &c.

If, in fame, you would be at the top of the tree,
As a hero, missionary, or poet:
Why, then, try all you know, every bar overthrow,
And never the white feather show it.
Till the top of the hill you've attained, don't be still,
And never give way to despairing—
For, of beauty the charm, and the warrior's palm,
Is won by the bold and the daring. Chorus.

Suppose you are wed, and a dull life have led,
If, as yet, there's been no "olive branches,"
Try it over again, 'twon't be labor in vain:
That man will succeed whose will staunch is;
In fact, if you win in this world, just go in,
Despising all threats, or being taunted;
Fortune is to be won if no trouble you spare:
So go ever onward undaunted. Chorus.

Mound of Roses.

Written by Andy McKee. Sung by Sam Martin.

The shades of night had fallen,
The dew was on the ground:
'Twas near a bed of roses
I saw, while gazing round,
A figure pass before me,
I scarcely heard a sound:
She seemed to gather roses
From off a little mound.
Chorus: She spoke—her voice it charmed me—
Then to my side did bound:
"You're welcome to a flower,
From off my rosy mound."

I drew her mantle closer
Around her beauteous form,
That I might keep her near me
And kiss that hand so warm.
She passed her little arm through mine,
We walked the garden round,
She said I might assist her
To pick roses from her mound. Chorus.

Oh! now we have a garden,
Which all belongs to me,
And several little gardenes
That's beautiful to see:
And should you want some flowers,
I hope you'll call around,
And gather those to suit you,
From off our little mound. Chorus.

My Mother's Warning.

Air: I've heard sweet music stealing.

Hark! I hear my mother's warning,
It sounds like music in my ear,
Her voice on me so sweet is calling—
I see you in fancy, mother dear!
In boyhood's days she used to kiss me
And from all dangers did me save:
Through me she died, quite broken-hearted,
Her spirit visits me from the grave.
Chorus: In fancy on me she is calling,
It sounds like music in my ear:
Often I wish I'd taken her warning—
I miss thee now, my mother dear!

I oft think of that lonely cottage,
I remember that cold winter's night,
The silver moon was brightly shining,
My poor dead mother met my sight.
I remember, too, that all was silent,
That night I staggered to the door:
Now she is gone, I hope she's happy,
On earth we shall meet no more. Chorus.

I remember well my darling sister,
With angel face and locks so fair—
When to her breast her mother pressed her,
And kissed away a falling tear.
But she is dead—now all is over—
Those happy days are gone and past,
But still I hear my mother's warning,
Her spirit haunts me to the last. Chorus.

What would I give were she but living,
And me that happy blue-eyed boy,
When her warning she to me was giving!
It was then my heart was full of joy:
Though I'm wed, I am not happy,
Still my wife is kind to me:
I remember well my mother's warning,
In my dreams her sweet form I see. Chorus.

Though Prim as Saints at Mass we Seem.

Though prim as saints at mass we seem,
We laugh at others' folly;
Our boasted rigor's all a dream;
So, brothers, let's be jolly.

Now our daily penance over,
Now, boys, we'll live in clover,
While our cheerful glass goes round,
Woman all our joys shall crown.

Help one Another on the Road.

Air: The Boys are Marching.

Oh! what contrasts here we meet—
Some can't get enough to eat,
With some it's all en regle, a-la-mode:
But no matter, high or low,
Through life's journey as we go,
We can help one another on the road.

As Dame Fortune turns her wheel,
In the world there's many feel
Of affliction and poverty the load;
But the weight will lighter be,
If, as on we go, we try
To keep one another on the road.

We can well back up a friend,
To a poor man we can lend
Assistance, when ill fortune does him goad,
Without it he may fail,
With it he may reach the goal
Of prosperity, through help upon the road.

We never can be sure
That good fortune will endure,
Or always on us blessings be bestowed;
So one lowly never spurn—
For, it may be your own turn
To want a lift, while tramping on the road.

Words are often more than deeds
To a lonely heart that bleeds:
It's not always money, but in the "mode"
In which it is applied
That a mourner's tears are dried,
And it proves a real help upon the road.

If it's only with a light,
When no tavern is in sight,
Sometimes a little aid may be bestowed,
But whatever it may be,
Let us try, both you and me,
To help one another on the the road.

The Moral Young Man.

They tell me when a youth at school
I always was so good:
Whilst others did such naughty things,
Do wrong I never could;
And now I am much older grown,
And come to man's estate,
I dearly love all that is pure,
And all wicked things I hate.
Chorus: Oh! what I've seen, and what I've heard,
The thoughts away I've hurled:
For, I am such a moral young man,
And this is a wicked world.

When but a babe by womankind
I never would be kissed,
They gave me "ladies' fingers"—I
Preferred to suck my fist;
And now, let any damsel come
And kiss me if she can,
I'm far beyond temptation: for
I am such a moral young man! Chorus.

I detest all spirits but Robur,
And they say that's "made from Tea:"
(I despise all folks not sober, but)
It has strange effects on me:
To rise at seven, retire at nine,
Throughout the year's my plan,
And always make my bed myself:
For, I'm such a moral young man! Chorus.

I grieve to say my modesty
Oft meets with many upsets;
I never—never pass by shops
Wherein they sell "corsets."
And when it's a wet or windy day,
Go forth I never can:
For, the ladies will show their "side-springs,"
And I'm such a moral young man! Chorus.

The women are bad, but men are worse,
Ah! this I know full well—
For, when they're what is called in love,
What naughty fibs they tell!
And some will to the playhouse go,
And through opera glasses scan,
When ballet girls dance—oh! one sly glance
Is too much for this moral young man. Chorus.

We'll Do The Best We Can.

By L. M. Thornton.

There are so many ills now,
What I affirm is true,
That we our brains may puzzle long
Ere we get one that's new:
But since to never conquered be
Has always been my plan,
I'll unto you a title give—
We'll do the best we can.
Chorus: As on the road of life we go,
Oh! let it be our plan,
This motto true to keep in view—
We'll do the best we can.

When shivering want before you stands,
Oh! ne'er put on a frown,
But on your features wear a smile
And raise the form that's down:
You may not be possessed of much,
Still aid you can impart,
And ever be that aid bestowed
With willing hand and heart. Chorus.

If you an erring mortal see,
Oh! will you him upbraid,
Or instantly to leave his side,
Will some excuse be made?
Ah! fail not to remember this—
Though sunken, he's a man,
And to affect a happy change,
Oh! do the best you can. Chorus.

A harsh word like a dagger is,
A kind word like a balm:
What won't a sigh or tear achieve,
And the outstretched right arm—
How different this world would be
To what it is to-day,
If love reigned in the human breast
With undiminished sway. Chorus.

The Widow with Plenty of Gold.

Air: Absalom Gold.

Oh! once I was happy and gay,
But now I am sad and forlorn:
For, a young man stole my heart away,
And now from me he has gone.
He vowed that he loved me true,
And I really believed it, too,
But a widow her cap set at my chap,
And I don't know what to do.
Chorus: He was such a fine young man,
Only twenty-two years old,
But he's been and gone and deceived me, for
A widow with plenty of gold.

Yes, for a widow, and I wish
She was a widow bewitched;
For my love, John, I gladly would
Have mended, starched, and stitched.
Oh! she kept a chandler's shop,
And my John in used to drop
His tobacco to buy, and she'd always try
To get him to tea to stop. Chorus.

My love was a railway clerk,
With three pounds a week paid down;
We were to wed, and a cottage take,
A little way out of town.
But "Love in a cottage" for me
Is all over now, and U P;
For, lo and behold—I've been sadly sold,
Through a widow, aged sixty-three. Chorus.

This widow was an old fright,
As thin as a lath or splint;
Of her right eye she'd lost the sight,
And her left had a double squint.
Grog blossoms her nose wore on,
With a beard her chin upon;
But, you see, she rolled in glittering gold,
And that got over my John. Chorus.

Now, girls, I've but this to say,
As John no more I shall see,
Do you know any nice young man,
You can recommend to me,
About twenty-two years old,
Smart, and handsome to behold,
Not given to stray, or be led away,
By a widow with plenty of gold? Chorus.

My Mother's Parting Gift.

The morn was fair, and friends were gathered
To bid to me a long good-bye—
And as I kissed my poor dear mother,
A starting tear stood in my eye—
She gave to me a lock of her dear hair,
With that lock I'll never part;
It was my mother's gift to me,
For ever I'll wear it near my heart.
Chorus.
When far away in foreign lands,
Across the dark and deep blue sea,
I'll cherish that dear lock of hair,
My mother's parting gift to me.

Now home was once a happy place,
But poverty, alas! came there:
To see my mother dear in sorrow,
That dreadful thought I could not bear—
For her I left my native village,
I kneel and pray to her at sea:
And when the silver moon is shining,
Gaze on her dear gift to me. Chorus

If I return, she may be sleeping
With my father in the grave:
May all good angels watch and guard her,
And my darling mother save!
Though distant lands they may divide us,
I'll think of her by night and day:
There is no love like a dear mother's—
We miss her when she's far away. Chorus.

We stood upon the good ship's deck,
In grief we parted, one by one—
With father, mother, sister dear,
Husband, wife, and loving son:
And as we left our friends so true,
Perhaps ne'er more to see again—
Each one gave a parting gift,
Then left in sorrow and in pain. Chorus.

Silvery Stars are Softly Gleaming.

Words by Eben E. Rexford. Music by H. P. Danks.

The Music can be obtained of the well known Music Store of Frederick Blume, 27 Union Square, New York. Price 35 cents.

Silvery stars are softly gleaming
In the peaceful evening sky,
And I think my love is dreaming,
Sweetly dreaming I am nigh;
O'er her eyes like dewy pansies
Silken lashes gently sweep,
And the angels guard are keeping
Round my darling's peaceful sleep.
Chorus: Silvery stars are softly gleaming
In the azure arch above,
And I know that thou art dreaming,
Dreaming, dear, of me and love.

Breezes blowing from the southland,
Where the summer never dies,
Go and kiss her lips in slumber,
Kiss my darling's pansy eyes;
Whisper to her softly, gently,
Of the one from whom you came,
And I know that in her slumber
She will smile, and speak my name. Chorus.

Sleep, and may the angels keep you
Ever always in their care;
May your life-dreams be as pleasant,
As your dreams in slumber are;
Sleep, and dream of him who loves you
With a love both deep and strong,
And your dreams shall be an echo
Of his little starlight song. Chorus.

Love and Folly.

Love and folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wise:
They fell out and, in the fray,
Folly put out Cupid's eyes.

Straight the criminal was tried,
And had this punishment assigned—
Folly should to love be tied,
And condemned to lead the blind.

Terrence Muldoon.

By Con T. Murphy. For Ed. Murray.

In the county Tipperary there I lived, long ago,
A Widow whose husband was dead,
And whose son, I am told, was scarce a year old,
Sang songs and drank whiskey in bed:
And, as he grew big, he could dance ye a jig
On a table, a chair, or a spoon;
And the ladies would sigh for a glance of his eye,
Or a kind word from Terrence Muldoon.

CHORUS.

He could read, he could write—
He could dance, he could fight:
He could sing or could whistle a tune,
And the ladies would sigh for a glance of his eye,
Or a kind word from Terrence Muldoon.

Young Terrence was purty as purty could be,
And his features—so every one said—
Was gentle and mild as a two year old child,
While his hair was a beautiful red;
And as for his hand, by my soul! it was grand—
And his nose it turned up to the Moon;
Sure, the boys in the street, all envied the feet
Of the beautiful Terrence Muldoon. Chorus.

Young Terrence's eyes were as blue as the skies,
And his voice was as sweet as a fife;
But his passion to stale often sent him to jail,
And at last put an end to his life.
For, one night, in his sleep he was caught stealing sheep,
And the jury agreed very soon—
A rope, do you see, 'round the limb of a tree
Soon ended poor Terrence Muldoon. Chorus.

Branigan's Band.

Words by Chas A. Burke. Music by W. F. Wellman, Jr.

Copyright 1874 by Chamberlain & Wellman, 89 Grand Sieet, N. Y. where the Music may be had. Price 35 cents.

We marched behind the Branigan's band on
the great St. Patrick's day,
With fifes and drums, a playing martial airs;
From Ulster, Munster, Connamara, you see,
we are on hand,
To march with the music to the tune of the
Branigan's Band;
Oh! we marched so gaily down the street,
And every one we meet says "don't they step it neat!"
We smile on all the girls we meet,
While marching down behind the famous
Branigan's band.

CHORUS.

Mark time, keep step, forward march away!
With eyes out, toes in, march in grand array,
Shoulder arms, with head erect, together hand in hand.
Like heroes bold, the young and old will march
with the Branigan's band.

The chambermaids in the big hotels, they raise
the windeys high,
For handkerchiefs, they're waving towels, to
catch our soldiers' eyes;
They've left their hash to come out and mash,
when the Marshal gives command;
Then we all raise our hats to the tune of the
Branigan's band;
Oh! don't their hearts go pit-a-pat,
As each one lifts his hat, the lean as well as fat,
Says there's my Dan, there goes my Pat,
He's the daisy swell that's with the famous
Branigan's Band.
Mark time, keep step, &c.

Oh! we had a ball in Emerald Hall, and an
illegant supper too,—
There was beans and peas and frigazees, and
oysters fat for you,
With pickled stews, and hullabaloos, and Irish
quail so grand;
Beets and cheese, and some potheen for the boys
of the Branigan's Band;
Oh! it's then we sung, and danced a reel,
And, oh! how good we feel, we make the ladies squeal—
So, when morning comes it's home we steal,
With the boys all drunk as lords, with the
Branigan's band.
Mark time, keep step, &c.

My Mother-in-Law.

DUTCH VERSION.

Words by Harry Bennett. Sung by Gus Williams.

Air: Grandfathers' Days.

Of you lisden to me I will sing you a ditty
Abound de vorst voman dat efer I saw,
Und ven you hafe heard it, you'll say dat's a pidy
Dot efer I had such a mother-in-law.
Vatever I do, she is alvays fault-finding,
Vherever I go, vy, she alvays is there,
Und of I don't do eferyding dot she dells me,
She quick helps herself to a lock of my hair.

CHORUS.

My life is all droubles, I cannot be happy,
Of I open my mout, she vill put in her jaw:
I'd rather be sent off to jail or to Congress
Than live all my life mit my mother-in-law.

Now she is so ugly she frightens the children;
Venever she happens to valk on de street,
For she's got a moud like a crack in a pumpkin,
A hump on her back, und such very large feet:
But she's got a notion dot she is good looking,
Dough her face is de vorst vou dot efer I seen;
Und ven she sits down to have her pictures tooken,
De very first glance she gives breaks de machine.
My life is all droubles, &c.

I said to her vonce: "Ven I married your daughter,
I did not intend de whole family to ved."
Den she quickly caught hold of a bucket of vater,
Und, taking good aim, let it go at my head.
I hear dot dey done some good shooting at Creedmore,
Dot de shots vas so close it vas almost a draw;
But I'll bet ten dollars dot nothing can equal
Dot iron-clad gunboat, my mother-in-law.
My life is all droubles, &c.

Sons of Temperance, S. O. T.

Written by Ned Harrigan. Sung by Harrigan & Hart.

Old Adam was a hero,
His like you'll never find:
Although he was the first man,
He was the last one of his kind;
For, every sip that wet his lips
Was pure cold water, sparkling free,
An honest man, with an honest grip,
Son of Temperance, S. O. T.
Chorus: Then come and join the noble band,
Humanity, salvation;
Push along, sing the song,
Set the whole world free.
Help every man who walks the line
To a proud and lofty station;
Join hands, all ye Sons
Of Temperance, S. O. T.

Don't talk about your whiskey
To aggravate a man,
Who's signed the temperance pledge, boys,
And resolute I'll stand;
The bowl defy until I die,
To drink I'll never bend the knee,
No blush or shame to mar the name—
Son of Temperance, S. O. T. Chorus.

The little birds that warble,
So cheerful they sing,
Just after sipping Adam's ale
From nature's lovely spring,
While flowing from a mountain side,
An example for the world to see:
Take my advice and join the band,
Sons of Temperance, S. O. T. Chorus.

Carve Dat Possum.

Sung by the Hamtown Students.

You bet dis child knows what he's at,
Carve him to de heart:
Dar's nuffin' like de possum fat,
Carve him to de heart,
Den carve dat possum,
Carve dat possum, honey, carve dat possum,
Carve him to de heart,
Den carve him to de heart.

You give de nigger all he wish,
Carve him to de heart:
He's satisfied wid de possum dish,
Carve him to de heart.
Carve him, &c.

Yer talk about yer quail on toast,
'Taint nufflin' to de possum roast;
De meat am 'liscious, clean and pure,
Watch him close, he fool yer sure.
Carve him, &c.

De possum he's a cunnin' bird,
Mind I tole yer, take my word,
Eat plenty possum 'fore yer die,
Catch him fust, he's mighty sly.
Carve him, &c.

It's Enough to Make a Man go Mad.

This life is a tangled web, my boys,
And, as it we go through,
More cares than joys we see,
And I think you will agree
That we have enough to do—
For, what with bad debts, and heavy bills,
Rates, taxes, and high rent,
And a large small family dear,
Which increases every year,
And they christen "a great event!"

Spoken: I really do declare—

CHORUS.

It's enough to make a man go mad,
And lose his senses quite,
To think what trouble brings him to—
He never can get right!

Perhaps to Long Branch your wife wants to go,
And you can't afford the cash:
Then you contract a loan,
Which is wrong, you'll own,
And acting exceedingly rash.
Then how you're bored it to liquidate
Money-borrowers can tell;
For, the principal counts,
And the interest mounts
To more than you out can shell.

Spoken: And you declare—
It's enough to make, &c.

And, mayhap, great thieves your house break in,
Great fires, too, break out,
Then the insurance due
They won't pay you,
As your honesty they may doubt.
And if you have grown-up daughters got,
And college at your son,
Your girls single must live,
If you're not able to give
A good portion to every one!

Spoken: So that really—
It's enough to make, &c.

And perhaps you take up a little bill
To help a friend who's down:
And then, when it comes due,
In the hole let are you—
For, the gentleman's gone out of town.
You've only to grin and bear it then,
And look at the brightest side,
Though tempted, mayhap,
A pistol to clap
To your heart, and commit suicide!
It's enough to make, &c.

What, with high prices for everything,
And the horrid Assessment Tax,
It's a wonder we all
Don't entirely fall—
It's enough to break our backs;
And if we were not content Yankees,
As we're served out so bad,
We might all lose our pluck,
And drop down on our luck,
Going right stark, staring mad.

Spoken: For, I do declare—
It's enough to make, &c.

To live quietly, one should be blind, deaf, and dumb.

Ollavena.

A wild and romantic region is that bordering on the banks of the Redstone, a stream of considerable size, which, rising among the Alleghanies in the western part of Pennsylvania, flows north-west, and merges itself in the waters of the Monongahela. Between this stream and Dunlap's Creek lies historic ground.

Among the first white men who went and settled down on this creek was one newly married, named Caleb Crawford. By crossing the Lynn he built himself a cabin, cleared out a patch, and began life. He was industrious and thrifty, and his wife was just like him; and so they soon began to do well. They both possessed to a remarkable extent the knack of pleasing the Indians, and so won upon the redskins, that no matter what occurred, Caleb Crawford was always safe.

By-and-by, a family grew up around him; and the eldest of his children, a handsome blue-eyed girl of seventeen, began to attract the rude beaux to her side. Such beauty as hers was not common in the primitive community; and her suitors being many and ardent, the question as to whose cabin should she adorn did not seem far from solution, when, lo! what should she do but take up with a good-looking Indian chief; and before her parents or any body else could snap their fingers, she had married him without saying "By your leave" to a single soul!

Of course, Dora's parents stormed and raved, as parents always do upon such occasions; and the young woodsmen who had failed to win her swore dreadful oaths of vengeance against their red-skinned rival. The whole settlement boiled and bubbled, and fairly ran over for a time; but at last they all began to think better of it, and the shrewd settlers set to predicting that it would be a good job for the settlement, since it would tend to keep peace between the races. These prophesyings and conjectures proved to be true; for not a single inroad was made upon the Redstone Settlement for upwards of twenty years after.

The marriage between the white maiden and the dusky Oweta proved a happy one, and Dora seemed to have no cause to regret the union. As the years passed away, their only child, Ollavena, a girl of surpassing beauty, grew up to womanhood. She had the regular, smoothly-cut features of her Anglo-Saxon mother; while her luxuriant black hair, rich, olive-tinted complexion, and wild, deer-like eyes, betrayed the Indian blood.

As her mother had done before her, Ollavena soon began to draw after her many of the young settlers, who sought to woo and win this fair forest flower to their hearts and homes. Alone among the many came a tall, slender, and melancholy-looking young Mononce Indian, called Red Rifle. Between him and Henry Hoffman seemed to rest the battle; and all other suitors finally drew off and gave way to the claims of these two rival competitors. Either the one or the other, or both, were almost constantly by her side, so fearful seemed each that the other might, in his absence, spirit away the much-coveted prize.

Most singular to relate, each received like favor for his suit; each alternated between hope and fear; and none could divine who it was that really held the heart of Ollavena. When with her white suitor, she was tender and loving to him as a sweetheart could well be; and when with Red Rifle her Indian nature seemed to predominate, and she lavished the utmost fondness upon her Indian lover. Her parents advised and expostulated, and exhorted her to "choose whom she would serve;" but her only answer was that she loved both equally well, and that she could never be able to choose between them.

But not long was this strange dual loving and wooing to continue. One beautiful autumn eve Henry Hoffman wended his way down to the home of Ollavena, determined to be rid that night of the suspense which so tortured him, and to know at once and for good and all what was to be his fate.

Kindly was he welcomed by Ollavena; and when the twilight came on, hand in hand they wandered along the banks of the rolling Redstone. Silvery bright shone the waters beneath the "pale-faced moon." Low and soft, like a lover's sigh, stole the sound of the autumn winds through the forest trees. Down upon the scene from their home in heaven smiled the bright-eyed stars. Sweetly to the ears of Ollavena came the voice and the words of her pleading lover.

"As the moonbeams gleam upon the water's breast with a sheen of more than silvery lustre, so does my love for you, my Ollavena, shed a glory of the brightest bliss upon my otherwise dark and unhappy heart."

Lower and still lower fell the head of the forest maiden upon the breast of him who loved so well, and so sweetly wooed.

"List, oh, list to me, my Ollavena! Of all the world you are the dearest one to me; how dear no tongue can tell, no heart but mine may ever know. I love you deeply and truly. My love is no transient, fleeting passion—a thrilling, glowing poem to-day, and as a tale that is told to-morrow—but it has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, until at last I find that you are all in all to me, and that I never can be happy without you."

Still high in heaven hung the lovers' lamp. Still like a song of enchantment sung by a thousand Naiads fell upon the ear the harp-like murmur of the unquiet waters. Still through the scarlet maples stole the wind's unrest, laden with the whispers of the sylvan sprites that viewlessly glided among the shades of the old, dim woods.

It was a dangerous hour for that other lover who shared with Henry Hoffman the heart and love of the wild, strange girl who, amid such poetic surroundings, was listening now to the old, old story that is ever being told, but is forever new.

"Ollavena, I plead with you now as I never can plead with another. I plead with you as I would plead for my life—for your love is life, and more than life to me. I love you now—I shall love you always; and no matter whether you accept my love or reject it, you will never cease to be to me the same—my own, my sweetest, my much-loved Ollavena. Will you have this lifelong love that I now offer to you? Tell me, for I must know whether I am to be ever happy with you, or for ever unhappy without you."

In Ollavena's breast there was one wild struggle—a short, terrible and decisive battle with herself over the memory of her Indian lover; and then all was over, and she was Henry Hoffman's promised bride.

The moon was low down in the sky when the lovers wandered homeward. The giant trees threw long, dark shadows across the waters of the Redstone. In these shadows crept noiselessly a spectral figure, following upon their footsteps like the phantom of fate. What was it, or who was it?

Ollavena had scarcely passed the threshold of her cabin-home, when there came a rap at her door. She opened it hastily and wonderingly, and there stood Red Rifle.

"Ollavena has long made the white man happy. Will she not now smile on Red Rifle?"

"I shall always try to make Red Rifle happy. What is it that he wishes?"

"A talk with Ollavena where only the stars can see, and there are none but the trees to hear."

"And why does he wish this?"

"Ollavena, the rose of the Redstone, is very dear to the heart of Red Rifle."

The lover's tones were in his voice, and their melody swept over the soul of Ollavena like the trancing music of a spell. In an instant she was Red Rifle's again; and the next moment, when she thought of Henry Hoffman, she would have given worlds to be able to recall her engagement with him.

Still she stood there hesitatingly, until at length Red Rifle, Indian though he was, saw that she was lost and won, took her in his arms and led her away down the same path that led to the water's edge. They paused in the same spot where an hour before she had given herself to Henry Hoffman.

Standing there, Red Rifle pointed to the horizon, where the moon was now fast losing herself behind the western hills.

"The queen of the night sinks low in the western Sky; soon her light will fall no more on the woods and waters. The shades of the dead will appear. The demons of the woods will come from their homes and dance in the darkness. The water-spirits will glide upon the dim bosom of the Redstone and sing their strange songs. All will then be dark and unearthly; but not so dark as soon will be the heart of Red Rifle. His moon will soon set; it will rise no more. The demons of despair will come and dance in his wigwam. The spirits of evil will sing his death-song. The shades of his fathers will appear and beckon him to the land of the Hereafter. His days are numbered—he will soon be no more."

"Oh, has it come to this?" almost shrieked Ollavena. "Do you know all, Red Rifle?"

"Red Rifle knows that his love has given herself to the pale-face. But let it be so. If she loves him, Red Rifle will not come between them. His Father will soon call him home; and when he is gone, all he asks is that Ollavena will sometimes come to the spot where lies the one that loved her so well that he died for her, and there drop one tear upon his grave in remembrance of him."

"Oh, Red Rifle must not talk so wildly. I cannot bear it. It will kill me! I am his now and always; I will not belong to the pale-face: I am Red Rifle's, and he has only to say when he will take me."

Closely to his breast Red Rifle now gathered Ollavena. Softly he pressed his lips to hers as he murmured in her ear the day when he would take her to himself. She shuddered as she heard him, for he had named the same day and the same hour upon which she had promised to marry her pale-face lover. What under heaven should she do? She could not marry them both.

So the weeks and months went by; and at length Ollavena's wedding day came. It was the first day of the year, and just such a day as any woman might wish for as her happiest. A little of the autumn glory still lingered; the sun rose up cheerily, as if determined to make good the old saying, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on;" and still musically as ever dashed the Redstone among the mossy rocks, the old, gnarled trees.

But while everything was so beautiful and bright without, Ollavena sat in her room in a state of mind closely verging upon distraction. She had made no effort to rid herself of either of her engagements. It was as she had always said—she could not choose between her lovers. When with Harry, she resolved and re-resolved that she would without delay recall her promise to Red Rifle; but once in his presence, she as firmly determined to break her troth with his rival; and so she had never dismissed either. And now the question as to whose she should be seemed likely to become one entirely of time; for without doubt she would marry the one who first came to claim her.

The clergyman was already there; the guests were in waiting, and by and by Henry Hoffman came. Ollavena, pale as death, stood up by his side; the minister joined their hands and began to read the ceremony. It was all over with the red-skin certainly, for in a moment more the destinies of Henry Hoffman and Ollavena would be bound fast together.

"Does any one know of any reason why these two may not be joined in the bonds of holy wedlock?"

As the minister asked this question, a shadow fell across the threshold, and the next instant a plumed head darkened the doorway. Ollavena gave a fearful scream the instant her eyes fell upon him, and then broke away from Hoffman, and stood in the middle of the room, irresolute.

"Is the ceremony to proceed?" asked the minister.

"As soon as the bride chooses her husband, I suppose," said the mother of Ollavena, who saw at once how the matter stood.

"Let her choose, then, quickly."

The two lovers advanced. It was a critical moment. Like a statue, fixed and motionless, stood Ollavena. Hoffman was the first to speak.

"Which is it, Ollavena—Red Rifle, or myself?"

Still Ollavena stood rigid and speechless, and the Indian now spoke.

"Let the maiden choose, and Red Rifle will be content, even though it be the pale-face. Speak, maiden."

Ollavena was silent still, although no longer motionless; for quickly and quietly she glided from among the throng, and before any one could question her she was making her way down to the water. As she reached the creek, she clambered high upon a huge rock which overhung the stream; and then casting a farewell look back upon her home, her friends, and her lovers, who, now that they divined her intention, were in full pursuit, she plunged into the dark and sullen waters. She rose for the last time as they reached the fatal rock; and throwing her arms aloft, she gave utterance to a piercing scream, and then sank for ever.

The Loaf of Bread.

An unfortunate Lyonese, the father of a family, was deprived of work by the depressed state of his trade during a whole winter. It was with great difficulty that he could get a morsel of food now and then for his famished wife and children. Things grew worse and worse with him, and at length on attempting to rise one morning, for the purpose of going out, as usual, in quest of employment, he fell back in a fainting condition beside his wife, who had already been confined to her bed by illness for two months.

The poor man felt himself ill, and his strength utterly gone. He had two boys, yet in mere childhood, and one girl about twelve or thirteen years old. For a long time the whole charge of the household had fallen on this girl. She had tended the sick-bed of her mother, and had watched over her little brothers with more than parental care. Now, when the father too was taken ill, there seemed to be not a vestige of hope for the family, excepting in the exertions which might be made by her, young as she was.

The first thought of the poor little girl was to seek for work proportioned to her strength. But that the family might not starve in the meantime, she resolved to go to one of the Homes of Charity, where food was given out, she had been told, to the poor and needy. The person to whom she addressed herself accordingly inscribed her name in the list of applicants, and told her to come back again in a day or two, when the case would have been *deliberated* upon. Alas! during this deliberation, her parents and brothers would starve! The girl stated this, but was informed that the formalities mentioned were indispensable. She came again to the streets; and almost agonized by the knowledge how anxiously she was expected with bread at home, she resolved to ask charity from the passengers in the public ways.

No one heeded the modest unobtrusive appeal of her outstretched hand. Her heart was too full to permit her to speak. Could any one have seen the torturing anxiety that filled her breast, she must have been pitied and relieved. As the case stood, it is not perhaps surprising that some rude being menaced her with the police. She was frightened. Shivering with cold, and crying bitterly, she fled homeward. When she mounted the stairs and opened the door, the first words that she heard were the cries of her brothers for something to eat —"Bread! bread!" She saw her father soothing and supporting her fainting mother, and heard him say, "Bread!—she dies for want of food!"

"I have no bread!" cried the poor girl, with anguish in her tones.

The cry of disappointment and despair which came at these words from her father and brothers caused her to recall what she had said, and conceal the truth. "I have not got it yet," she exclaimed, "but I will have it immediately. I have given the baker the money; he was serving some rich people, and he told me to wait or come back. I came to tell you that it would soon be here."

After these words, without waiting for a reply, she left the house again. A thought had entered her head; and maddened by the distress of those she loved so dearly, she had instantaneously resolved to put it in execution. She ran from one street to another, till she saw a baker's shop in which there appeared to be no person, and then, summoning all her determination, she entered, lifted a loaf, and fled! The shopkeeper saw her from behind his counter. He cried loudly, ran after her, and pointed her out to the people passing by. The girl ran on. She was pursued, and finally a man seized the loaf which she carried. The object of her desires taken away, she had no motive to proceed, and was seized at once.

They conveyed her to the office of the police; a crowd, as usual, having gathered in attendance. The poor girl threw around her despairing glances, which seemed to seek some favorable object from whom to ask mercy. At last, when she had been brought to the court of the police-office, and was in waiting for the order to enter, she saw before her a little girl of her own age, who appeared to look on her with a glance full of kindness and compassion. Under the impulse of the moment, still thinking of the condition of her family, she whispered to the stranger the cause of her act of theft.

"Father and mother, and my two brothers, are dying for want of bread!" said she.

"Where?" asked the strange girl, anxiously.

She had only time to give the address and add the name of her parents to the communication, when she was carried in before the commissary of police.

Meanwhile, the poor family at home suffered all the miseries of suspense. Fears for their child's safety were added to the other afflictions of the parents. At length, they heard footsteps ascending the stairs. An eager cry of hope was uttered by all the four unfortunates; but, alas! a stranger appeared in place of their own little one. Yet the stranger seemed to them like an angel. Her cheeks had a beautiful bloom, and long flaxen hair fell in curls upon her shoulders. She brought to them bread, and a small basket of other provisions.

"Your girl," she said, "will not come back, perhaps, to-day; but keep up your spirits! See what she has sent you!"

After these encouraging words, the young messenger of good put into the hands of the father five francs, and then turning round to cast a look of pity and satisfaction on the poor family, who were dumb with emotion, she disappeared.

The history of these five francs is the most remarkable part of this affair. This little benevolent fairy was, it is almost unnecessary to say, the same pitying spectator who had been addressed by the abstractor of the loaf at the police-office. As soon as she had heard what was said there, she had gone away, resolved to take some meat to the poor family. But she remembered that her mama was from home that day, and was at a loss how to procure money or food, until she bethought herself of a resource of a strange kind.

She recollected that a hairdresser, who lived near her mother's house, and who knew her family, had often commended her beautiful hair, and had told her to come to him whenever she wished to have it cut, and he would give her a louis for it. This used to make her proud and pleased; but she now thought of it in a different way. In order to procure money for the assistance of the starving family, she went straight to the hairdresser's, put him in mind of his promise, and offered to let him cut off her pretty locks for what he thought them worth.

Naturally surprised by such an application, the hairdresser, who was a kind and intelligent man, made inquiry into the cause of his young friend's visit. Her secret was easily drawn from her, and it caused the hairdresser almost to shed tears of pleasure. He feigned to comply with the conditions proposed, and gave the bargainer fifteen francs, promising to come and claim his purchase at some future day.

The little girl then got a basket, bought provisions, and set out on her errand of mercy. Before she returned the hairdresser had gone to her mother's, found that lady at home, and related to her the whole circumstances; so that when the possessor of the golden tresses came back she was gratified by being received into the open arms of her pleased and praising parent.

When the story was told at the police-office by the hairdresser, the abstraction of the loaf was visited by no severe punishment. The singular circumstances connected with the case raised many friends to the artisan and his family, and he was soon restored to health and comfort.

A Trio.

THE LOVER.

Oh! for a soft and balmy lip,
Ambrosial nectar there to sip,
Waste the dull day and pleasing night,
In ecstasy's refined delight.

THE TOPER.

Give me a large capacious bowl,
Wherein to lave my thirsty soul,
That I may bathe in joys divine,
And quaff unquenched the rosy wine.

THE MISER.

Plutus, alone on me bestow
That wealth so craved by all below:
That I, like Midas, may enfold
Unbounded bliss in massy gold.

The Irish Captain of Dragoons.

An Irish Captain of Dragoons,
One day in Oxford town,
Went with some jovial friends to dine
At the sign of the Crown.

Three English dandies then came in,
And sat down to drink some wine,
Saying: "as you have got good roast-beef,
We are come here to dine."

The landlady she answered:
"It really is bespoke
By an Irish Gentleman."
Says they: "we'll have a joke."

So then John Bull must have the beef,
Let it be lean or fat:
Saying—"Murphy's butter, and salt-fish
Will answer Irish Pat."

One of them pulled out his watch:
"Here, waiter, he did say,
Take this to Pat to tell us
The time of the day."

The waiter informed the captain:
"Give me the watch, says he,
And I'll let them know the time of day
And that immediately."

It's with a case of pistols,
And small sword by his side,
The captain with an oath exclaimed—
"I'll soon pull down their pride."

As soon as he entered the room:
"Gentlemen, he did say,
Show me the poor blind man
That wants to know the time of day.

It's with this instrument of steel
I mean to let him see—
And here's a pair of spectacles
Will answer him and me."

The cowards they hung down their heads,
And how they shook with fear—
Then one of them replied: "sir,
There's no such person here."

Then turning to the waiter-man:
"Here, John, my boy, he did say,
You can have this watch and chain,
As the owner is gone away."

Dinner it being ready,
Up stairs the captain goes;
You'd laugh to see the apish tricks,
Of these three English beaus.

They sat gaping at each other,
And biting off their nails,
And, at length, the three departed,
Like dogs without their tails.

The two Roses.

On a bank two roses fair,
Wet with morning showers,
Filled with dew,
In fragrance grew,
As I, pensive, full of care,
Gathered two sweet flowers—
Tell me, roses, truly tell
If my fair one loves me well.

Thus in leaves of white arrayed,
Not a speck to dim them,
So I find
The spotless mind,
Which adorns my lovely maid,
Innocence's emblem—
Tell me then and truly tell
If my fair one loves me well.

Like her cheeks the blushing ray,
Which thy bud encloses,
Brighter far
Than you they are—
But her charms if I should say,
You'll be jealous, roses—
Tell me then and truly tell
If my fair one loves me well.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT.

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. EDMUND CLARK, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Organ and Singing, No. 765 Broadway.



1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck - y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dar - kies are gay; The corn - top's ripe,

and the mead-ows in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day. The young folks roll on the

lit - tle cab - in floor, all mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; By'n - by Hard Times come a - knock-ing at the door;

CHORUS.

Then, my old Ken - tuck - y home, good night! Weep no more, my la - dy, oh! weep no more to -

day We will sing our song for the old Kentuck - y home, For the old Kentuck - y home far a - way.

2 They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight,
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night.—CHO.

3 The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go:
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load—
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night.—CHO.

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CONTENTS.

At home in Alabam.....page 268
A jolly Christmas Carol—Music for piano.. 272
Are you there, Moriarity?..... 268
By trade and spade the world is made..... 271
Blow gently, winds, blow gently..... 267
Come again, sweet love..... 266
The Cot at the hill..... 266
The Candidate for Alderman..... 267
Don't stay away..... 268
Dorkins' Night..... 269
Good-bye, Maggie Darling..... 267
Golden Hair..... 268
Gwine to take de tickets at de gate..... 268
Have I not been kind to thee?..... 269
Just from Tennessee..... 268
Listening all de night long..... 266
The Lad and Lass from Ireland..... 267
Mikeky, Wikeky, Wolikey..... 267
New Jers-A..... 271
The Nervous man..... 271
Our old log cabin home..... 269
Pretty Peggy..... 266
Pat O'Neil..... 267
Pathetic Ballad..... 268
Poor, but a gentleman still..... 269
Patrick, mind the baby..... 269
Rock o' my Soul!..... 266
Rustic Damsel..... 266
The Rose of Killarney..... 268
Robert Baloom—a Story..... 270
St. Patrick's day in the morning..... 267
Turkey in the straw..... 266
Two Thoroughbreds from Ireland..... 266
Terrible Gaul..... 266
Thou hast sworn by thy God!..... 269
Under the Rose-Bush..... 267
What might I not have said?..... 268

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Pretty Peggy.

Irish Song with Dance. By Pat Rooney.
Music Published by L. P. Goullaud 86 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Price 35 cents.

To my darling I will always prove true,
And look on her with a smile of love;
Like a sunbeam she's beautiful and bright,
With eyes like the little stars above.

Chorus.

She's the fairest in all creation,
Pretty Peggy, charming creature:
Pretty Peggy, darling loved one,
Ah! she's like a little bird in the spring.

When you're in her company for a while,
Just look at her curly jet-black hair!
Her face is always brightened with a smile,
Faith, none with my jewel can compare.
She's the fairest, &c.

The day is coming when I'll wed this pearl,
The thought of it cheers me on my way;
The bells will ring, and the colleens will sing,
When she names the happy wedding day.
She is the fairest, &c. Dance.

Rock o' my Soul!

AFRICAN HYMN.

Oh! here we are, two happy darkeys,
From the Southern States we come,
Oh! glory hallelujeram!
Where we used to pick de cotton
And hoe de sugar cane,
Oh! Rock o' my Soul!
But now de war is over,
And de colored man is free,
Oh! glory hallelujeram!
I'm as happy as a clam,
And I'm always going to be,
Oh! Rock o' my Soul.

Chorus.

Then come along with me, (*Symph.*)
Children, don't you want to go? (*Symph.*)
Then it's shine on, shine on, oh! glory, (*Repeat.*)
Ah! my soul, I'm going to join de band. (*Repeat.*)

Old John Johnson
He looks just like a hog,
Oh! glory hallelujeram!
Set him on a stump
And he looks like a frog,
Oh! Rock o' my soul!
I done axed Jemima
If she knowed old Uncle Snow,
Oh! glory hallelujeram!
She says, I done forgot de gemmen
A hundred years ago,
Oh! Rock o' my Soul! Chorus

Rustic Damsel.

Written by Walter Howard, sung by Billy West.

A long time to come, I remember it well,
All alone in the workhouse this beauty did dwell.
With her father and mother she lived all serene;
Her age it was red and her hair was nineteen.

Now she had a lover who close by did dwell,
A bandy-backed Rustic and hump-backed as well;
He said "fly with me now by the light of yon star:
For, you are the eye of my apple, you are."

But this dutiful maiden said gently—"be wise,
My father should scratch out my nails with his eyes:
If you love me so, you'll not bring me to disgrace,"
Sobbed the maid as she buried her hand in his face.

So, so she refused him. He knocked down this maid,
She suddenly opened the knife with his blade,
He next cut the throat of this damsel so fair:
Then dragged her along by the head of the hair.

Now just at this moment the old man appears,
And he gazed on the sight with eyes in his tears,
He knelt down beside her and her cold face he kissed,
Then rushed with his throat at the murderer's fist.

Come Again, Sweet Love.

Music to be had of W. A. Pond, 547 Broadway, N. Y. Price 35 cents.

The days are dark, the nights are long,
Oh! how I watch for thee!
The robbin sings a cheery song,
But all in vain for me,
But all in vain for me.
I count the weary hours, and sigh:
A-far thy footsteps rove—
While summer days are passing by,
Oh! come again, sweet love!
While summer days are passing by,
Oh! come again, sweet love!

I see thy face in every flower,
Thy name is on the breeze;
I live again the parting hour
That bore thee o'er the seas,
That bore thee o'er the seas;
Then wander back unto thy nest,
Thou truant weary dove;
My heart shall be thy home of rest:
Oh! come again, sweet love!
My heart shall be thy home of rest:
Oh! come again, sweet love!

Turkey in de Straw.

As sung by Sanford and Wilson.

Went down to New Orleans, got on a fence,
Tom Turkey in de buckwheat straw,
Dutchman asked me I talk French,
Dat's nine points ob de law.
Hit 'em in de head wid a great big brick,
Tom Turkey in de buckwheat straw,
Didn't I make dat nigger look sick,
Dat's nine points ob de law.

Chorus.

Den a turkey in a straw, den a turkey in a straw,
Den a turkey in a straw, den a turkey in a straw,
Roll a wad of straw round to hide the turkey's paw,
And we'll shake 'em up a tune called turkey in a straw.

Tobacco am an ingin weed,
Tom Turkey in de buckwheat straw,
From de debil it did seed,
Dat's nine points ob de law.
Rots your pocket, scents your clothes,
Tom Turkey in a buckwheat straw,
Makes a chimbley ob your nose,
Dat's nine points ob de law. Chorus.

Two Thoroughbreds From Ireland.

Sung by Harry Osborne and Fanny Wentworth.

Oh! here we are two thoroughbreads,
From Ireland all the way,
We left that sparkling little isle,
Her brooks and winding bays;
We'll ne'er forget the shamrock green
That grows upon thy shore,
Not if centuries thy freedom should restore.

Chorus.

Machree, Machree, we long to see the day,
Asthore, Asthore, the enemy to slay,
And plant the flag of freedom
With harp and shamrock bright,
While we are marching to the fight, boys.

That was a glorious day of the patriots whose names
Should emblazon every honored roll
With glory and with fame;
They are rescued from the tyrant's grip,
Australia's fettered chains,
So hurrah for the gallant boys, the Fenians!

Chorus.

March on, March on,
One victory is won;
And yet we'll have that dear green Isle
Restored to freedom's sons,
This work we hope will soon be done.

Listening all de Night Long.

Sung by the Hamtown Students.

Chorus.

Been list'nin' all de night long,
Been list'nin' all de day,
Been list'nin' all de night long,
To hear some sinner pray.

Some say that John de Baptist
Is nothing but a jew;
But de Bible doth inform us
He was a preacher too. Chorus.

An angel came from heaven,
He come three times a day;
To h'ist dem diamond winders,
To hear old Daniel pray. Chorus.

Into de fiery furnace
De Hebrew children went,
But unto dem an angel
Of de heavenly host was sent. Chorus.

The Cot at the Hill.

Air: I'll Remember you love in my prayers.
Composed by Harry Osborne and sung with great success by Fanny Wentworth.

Oh! how often my mind retraces joy past,
When childhood and youth knew no care,
How I rambled with Kate, the pride of Newlas,
Plucking wild flowers to wreath in her hair:
How oft did our playmates stare at us and prate,
In that ancient old town near the mill,
When returning from rambles with beautiful Kate,
Seeing her home to that cot at the hill.

I remember how often her eyes they would beam,
When I'd tell her a sweet tale of love:
How my mind was enraptured with youth's happy dream,
Oh! how blest by our Ruler above—
Then, oh! shall we part from each other at last,
Leave that love we bear fade with will—
Oh! no, I would seek for to moulder and pass
In a grave at the foot of yon hill.

Terrible Gaul.

Words by Harrigan. Music by Billy Carter.

There's a rooster that stops in this village,
And sleeps on the floor of saloons;
He lives on bird seeds and crackers,
His business is juggling spittoons;
He's known by every barkeeper
As a Bum—he's worse than them all—
They sweep him out with the rest of the garbage,
The bloak with the terrible gaul.

Chorus.

Oh! they say he's a horrible snoozer!
Oh! a bruiser, what a hoosier!
When he borrows your coat you're the loser,
This ham with the terrible gaul.

He's got one eye in his head like a mackerel,
His neck is as long as a crane;
He drinks gruel that's made out of sawdust,
Mixed up with a seven day's rain:
His clothes wouldn't cover a hair pin—
Shoot him with a big cannon ball,
You can bet that he never would tumble,
The bloak with the terrible gaul!
Oh! they say, &c.

His relations are all in the poor house,
As many as a large circus troupe;
They live on the wind of a bellows
Made into pulverized soup.
You could set them adrift in the ocean,
On an iceberg, a shaving, or yawl,
You can bet that he'd catch a snoker,
The bloak with the terrible gaul!
Oh! they say, &c.

To what length may a widow go when she desires a new parent for her children?—She may go one step-farther!

Melancholy Facts—Many die of consumption and many from lack of consumption, having nothing to consume.

Pat O'Neil.

Composed and sung by Harry Osborne.

I am Pat O'Neil, an Irishman,
Just from the county Clare—
As smart as any ever walked
To country dance or fair :
But poverty, the poor man's lot,
Drove me across the sea,
To find a home in this fair land
Of sweet America.
Chorus : Many a noble minded man
For refuge flew to thee ;
Your ports are always open,
Ever ready is your hand
To welcome here both great and small
From dear old Ireland.

When I was home I often heard
Of a country far away,
Where the rich and poor they both enjoy
The same bright light of day ;
Then my heart says—"Pat, don't work no more
For nobles without pay,
But go and gain your liberty
In sweet America. Chorus.

I'll not forget the noble flag,
That guards our liberty—
Inviting those who are oppressed
To come across the sea,
Hoping that the day may come
When Ireland will be free—
I'll have you all to give three cheers
For sweet America ! Chorus.

Good-Bye, Maggie Darling.

Sung by Harry Osborne and Fanny Wentworth.

Maggie darling, now, good-bye !
To America I go ;
It will nearly break my heart to leave you,
And still I cannot live here so :
It will nearly break my heart to leave you,
Yet I must from old Ireland go.
The old folks they are growing grey, Maggie,
The farm it won't support us all,
I cannot stay and see them suffer,
So I must go where duty calls.
Chorus : Maggie, dear Maggie, dear,
Oh ! should I never see thee more—
My fondest hope is that you love me,
When I've left old Ireland's shore.

Barney, what will come of me
When you are gone far, o'er the Main?
The birds will only sing in sadness,
The sun will ne'er shine bright again :
The birds will only sing in sadness,
Till Barney comes back home again.
Maggie, Barney feels 'tis hard to part,
To leave his home and country too,
But times are getting hard here, Maggie,
And I must now find work to do. Chorus.

The Lad and Lass From Ireland.

Sung by Harry Osborne and Fanny Wentworth.

We just arrived from the old sod,
An Irish lad and lassie O,
The likes of us the land ne'er trod
When we take a drop of wihskey O.
Last night we went to Mick Moldoon's,
We danced a double shuffle,
And sorra one can do it like
This dashing Irish couple.
Chorus : So, you see, we are two thoroughbreds,
Our likes you never scanned :
For, we are always happy, tear-a-nouns
Is this lad and lass from Ireland.

We sailed away from Dublin bay,
And crossed the briny sea ;
So now we're here and settled down
In this free land—America.
We've saved enough to buy the farm,
And we are doing well, you see :
So you are welcome for to call on us
In a foreign part of sweet Jersey. Chorus.

Under the Rose-Bush.

Sung by Miss Carrie Duncan.

When eighteen years old, and just growing bold,
Of me cupid made quite a happy young bride
By shooting his dart through, and sending my heart to
A gentleman stranger, whom I had espied
Reclining at leasure, enjoying his pleasure
Beneath the light rose-bush, full burdened
with bloom :
So kindly he pressed me, and gently addressed me
Remarking—"look here, miss, there's plenty
of room."

Chorus.

Under the rose-bush, under the rose-bush,
Picking the clover and picking the wny :
Under the rose-bush, under the rose-bush,
He asked me to kiss him, I did not say nay.

Of modesty heedless, in fact it was needless,
We sat by the side of that May-bedecked hedge :
I heard his confession of love and depression,
He asked for a kiss in exchange for the pledge.
I never denied it, but then and there tried it,
Beneath that bright rose-bush, full burdened
with bloom :
So like the May flowers, which served as a bower,
It seemed quite as sweet as the lovely perfume.
Under the rose-bush, &c.

At sun's early dawning, I went there each morning
To meet my romantic and strangely met swain :
All mystery was banished, all secrecy vanished,
Dear Ned vowed he'd love me again and again.
We do not like walking, we much prefer talking
Beneath that bright rose-bush, full burdened
with bloom :
So when to the altar I went without falter,
I had my dear Ned for a happy bridegroom.
Under the rose-bush, &c.

St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.

By Matt. McArny. Sung by Ed. Scully.

The noisy streets are supremely green,
And all the clans are in order ;
A thousand waving flags are seen,
And each has green for its border.
Arrah ! But the land is all ablaze,
The bells have sounded their warning,
And the only tune the wide world plays
Is "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Each lad appears all neatly dressed—
No monarch ever was bolder—
With a spray of shamrock in his breast
And a sash thrown over his shoulder ;
And the lass she smiles upon the lad,
And turns no more in her scorning :
For, she couldn't resist his suit, bedad,
On "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Och ! sure, but the streets are a gala sight,
The people are all so frisky !
With here and there a bit of a fight,
The result of a drop of whiskey !
If Mike and Pat came out of a spat
With eyes of their own adorning,
Divil a bit do they care for that,
On "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

You may traverse the world from northern main
To the line of the hot equator :
You may go from Sahara's desert plain
To Vesuvius, close to the crater ;
You are certain to find an Irishman there,
If you come with never a warning,
And he's sure to be humming the darling air
Of "St Patrick's day in the Morning !"

But though you find him in distant parts,
And whether at sea or on dry land,
The tenderest spot in his heart of hearts
Is reserved for the Emerald Island.
The soil of his birth is his proudest boast,
And he'll give you a wack for a warning,
If you fail to respond to his patriot boast
Of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning !"

What is the difference between horse-racing and going to church?—One makes men bet, and the other makes them better.

The Candidate for Alderman.

Sung by James O'Neil.

I am a true born Irishman,
And I'll ne'er deny that same,
I took a notion to cross the ocean,
To America I came.
When I landed here,
It was in the year 1862.
I was willing to fight, both day and night,
For the Red, White and the Blue.
Chorus : I am your Candidate for Alderman :
So believe me what I say,
Put on your coats, and cast your votes
For me on Election day.

When I started first in Politics,
My friends they were but few,
I can't forget, every one I met said
That I was too "brand new."
I worked the pipes on the Boulevard,
Along with Mickey Hart,
He was foreman over the old sixth ward,
And the owner of a big ash-cart. Chorus.

So now, my friends, I must be off,
I can no longer stay :
I hope you won't forget to vote
For me on Election day.
And if I am the lucky man,
On me you may depend,
If you want to borrow, I won't be sorry—
For, I am the poor-man's friend. Chorus.

Blow Gently, Winds, Blow Gently.

As I wander through the fields
Where the sweet flowers are growing,
Or down in the meadow where the streamlet is flowing,
I sing that my love may come safe back to me—
Blow gently, winds, blow gently,
While my love is on the sea :
For, oh ! he is coming, coming back to me—
Blow gently, winds, blow gently,
While my love is on the sea.

Though the sky is fair and calm
Above, in sunlight brightly glowing,
And through the softly waving trees the
mildest breeze is blowing,
Far, far, upon the Ocean, ah ! what storms
may there not be—
Blow gently, winds, blow gently,
While my love is on the sea :
For, oh ! he is coming, coming back to me—
Blow gently, winds, blow gently,
While my love is on the sea.

Milekey, Wilekey, Wolikey.

ECCENTRIC SONG AND DANCE,

Written and composed by Billy Smith of the Big "4."

We know some little Yaller Girls,
At the bottom of the hill—[*Crash, Bass Drum.*]
They keep a little Milk House,
And we go and drink our fill.—[*Crash, as before.*]
They always treat us well, you know,
When them we go to see :
Some day we're going to marry them,
And happy we will be.

Chorus.

Oh ! Milekey, Wilekey, Wolikey !
We are happy, light and free ;
We are dancing long to make us strong,
As you can plainly see ;
We will never tire, if they desire,
But get up early and make the fire ;
We are bound to have these little girls,
These, Kitty and Anna Maria.

But now we're married to these girls,
At the bottom of the hill—[*Crash.*]
We got two little Wilekey Wolikeys,
Who never can keep still—[*Crash.*]
For, they are now just like their dads,
They're always seen, I'm bound :
And whenever you see these little schrimps,
They're always dancing around. Chorus.

At Home in Alabam.

Song and Dance, by Johnson & Bruno.

Oh! white folks all, good evening:
We've come to sing to you
About our home in Alabam,
Our Massa and Missus, too.
We use to work down in de field,
Dey call us Pete and Sam;
At evenings how we'd sing and dance
At home in Alabam!
Chorus: The good old times have passed, but still
We're happy as two clams;
We'll sing and do a step we done
At home in Alabam.

Old massa he was kind to us,
But soon he passed away,
And silence reigns around the place,
Where things were once so gay—
The darkies they have all gone North,
And scarcely left a man
To play upon de old banjo,
At home in Alabam. Chorus.

Oh! white folks all, we'll say good-bye;
We're much obliged to you
For listening to our little song,
We tried to please you, too.
We're free and honest niggers now,
We love old Uncle Sam.
And the Lord up high will give us all
A home in Alabam. Chorus.

What Might I Not Have Said?

SONG & DANCE. By Claude De Haven.

Sung by Harper and Stansil.

I met the maiden that I loved
One even on the lea,
And, save a peeping star or two,
All by ourselves were we.
While 'round about the merry moths
Were dancing in the air,
Yet softer on my shoulder fell
The flutter of her hair.
And so we walked an hour or more.
How swift the moments sped—
And then we parted—sad the day—
What might I not have said?
Chorus: To the maiden that I loved
In rapture was I led,
My heart was all aflame for her,
What might I not have said?

I met the maiden that I loved
Once more in after years,
And, as I passed her in the street,
She scarce could speak for tears:
For, by her side a stranger walked
And she might be his bride:
But, oh! she looked not as of yore
While yet the village pride.
Her eyes were swollen—very red—
She staggered on her way,
'Twas a "Fly Cop" had her, so they said,
Taking her to quay.
Chorus: So now I think of her I loved,
In rapture was I led,
My heart was all aflame for her,
What might I not have said?

Don't Stay Away.

Ole massa says dar's room enough,
Ole massa says dar's room enough,
Ole massa says dar's room enough,
Don't stay away.
Chorus: My sisters, don't stay away,
My brudders, don't stay away,
My elders, don't stay away,
Until de final day.

Dar's a starry crown in a heaven for you,
Dar's a starry crown in a heaven for you,
Dar's a starry crown in a heaven for you,
Don't stay away. Chorus.

Dar's a long white robe in a heaven for you,
Dar's a long white robe in a heaven for you,
Dar's a long white robe in a heaven for you,
Don't stay away. Chorus.

Just From Tennessee.

By Johnson and Bruno.

White folks, we are just from Tennessee,
We left our homes to have some recreation;
Greatly delighted we will be,
If we can only gain your approbation.
We parted from the old folks with a sigh,
And left them there a-crying on the station;
But they'll miss us, 'deed they will,
And the place will be so still,
Because the boys have left the old plantation.

When moon-light streamed across the cabin floor,
'Twas then the old man sat the banjo ringing;
The darkies used to gather round the door,
And massa, too, would listen to our singing.
But often now we sigh for our old home,
For, it is the happiest spot in all de nation:
But we'll go there before we die,
And now we are going to try
To show the style down on the old plantation.

Are you There, Moriarity!

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York. Price 40 cents.

I'm located at headquarters,
A "Special Officer!"
Cornelius 'Riarity,
Here, at your service, Sir!
I know the thieves and blackguards, too,
Wherever they may be,
And if you want a "fly Copper,"
Call Moriarity!

CHORUS.

I'm a dandy Copper in the Broadway Squad,
A "Metropolitan M. P.,"
And the young girls cry, when I'm passing by,
"Are you there, Moriarity?"

The shop-girls, going to labor
In the morn at eight o'clock,
They wink and blink their loving eyes
At me on every side!
They say I am their darling,
With me they'd tralalale!
In a smiling way, you'd hear them say—†
"Sweet Moriarity!" Chorus.

My uniform is Navy blue,
And it fits me like a duck;
I escort the ladies in the street,
All thro' the mud and muck!
For, coach and horse stop when I cross:
I'm the ladies' own baby!
As on they go, they whisper low—
"Are you there, Moriarity!" Chorus.

†Spoken: "You duckey."

Pathetic Ballad.

By Johnson and Bruno.

If you will listen to us, we will sing you a verse,
And when we feel better, we never feel worse;
Some people do say we were born too young,
And if we are shot, we will never be hung.

There was a young man from Leavenworth town,
And when he was standing, he never sat down;
He had a voice like a saw mill, and a head like a calf,
And when he was crying, he never would laugh.

There was a young woman from Kalamazoo,
Her eyes they were blonde, and her hair it was blue;
If she had not been white, she would have been black,
And the hump of starvation was stuck on her back.

We never stand still when we are walking around,
And when we are up in the air, we are not on the ground;
And when we feel better, we never feel sick,
And if you paste us together, we never will stick.

Golden Hair.

SONG AND DANCE.

Sung by T. M. Hengler.

As I strolled out, one evening,
The sun had just gone down;
While pleasantly meandering,
A little way from town,
I there beheld a damsel
With eyes the brightest blue
Beneath her dark eyelashes,
Like violets dipped in dew.
CHORUS.
She smiled so sweet upon me— (Symph.
That moment she had won me,
'Twas love the first I knew.
There, some sweet charm entrancing,
With this dear girl so fair,
A rosy, soft expression,
With a mass of Golden Hair.

Now, I followed on behind her,
I think she knew it well,
And, as a sweet reminder,
Her handkerchief it fell;
I raised the scented linen
From off the grassy ground;
Her name, in letters crimson,
On one corner then I found. Chorus.

At length I did approach her,
And ventured in the task,
By asking her permission
To join her lonely walk;
She, blushing, frowning, smiling,
Said, "oh! I think you rude."
But those blue eyes, beguiling,
Seemed to say—"I wish you would."
Chorus.

The Rose of Killarney.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by J. R. Thomas.

The Music of this song is published by J. L. Peters, 843 Broadway, New York. Price 30 cents.

Oh! promise to meet me when twilight is falling
Beside the bright waters that slumber so fair;
Each bird in the meadow your name will be calling,
And every sweet rosebud will look for you there;
It's morning and evening, for you I am sighing,
The heart in my bosom is yours evermore;
I'll watch for you, darling, when daylight is dying,
Sweet rose of Killarney, Mavourneen Astore.

My heart is a nest that is robbed and forsaken,
When gone from my sight is the girl that I love!
One word from your lips can my gladness awaken—
Your smile is the smile of the angels above!
Then meet me at twilight beside the bright waters,
The love that I've told you, I'd whisper once more;
Oh! sweetest and fairest of Erin's fair daughters—
Dear rose of Killarney, Mavourneen Astore.

Gwine to take de Tickets at de Gate.

Sung by Johnson and Bruno.

Oh! my soul, my soul, I'm a going for to rest
In de arms of de angel Gabriel;
And I climb on de hill, and I looked to de West,
And I cross over Jordan to de Lamb;
And I sit me down in de old arm-chair,
Oh! brethern, I'll never tire;
Oh! Satan may sneeze, but I'll take my ease,
And I'll warm myself at de holy fire.
CHORUS.
For, we'll dance, (*Break.*)
And we'll shout, (*Break.*)
And we'll raise up so early in de morn;
Den we will rise, and rub our sleepy eyes,
When a Gabriel am blowing his horn.

Oh! we shan't weep long, when we're going to leave:
So we'll pack up our band box, and we'll go;
Oh! me brudder, I'm a thinking, and don't you ever grieve:
For, we's gwine up to glory very slow;
And we'll eat our meals three times a day,
And you'll bet your life we won't be late;
Oh! we'll have lots a fun, when you and my brudder come:
For, we's gwine to take de tickets at de gate.
For, we'll dance, &c.

Dorkins' Night.

Words by Bobby Newcomb. Music by E. C. Dunbar.

The Music, published by John F. Perry & Co. 538 Washington Street, Boston, can be obtained of E. T. Peacock, Music Store, 296 Grand Street, New York. Price 35 cents.

I

The theatre was full,
It was Dorkins' night:
That is Dorkins was going to appear,
At night, in a favorite Comedy part:
For, he was Comedian here—
Funny! why, he'd make you laugh
'Till the tears ran down your face like rain.
And, as long as Dorkins was on the Stage,
You'd try to stop laughing in vain.
A family—yes, he'd a family,
And he loved them as dear as life,
And you'd scarcely find a happier lot
Than Dorkins' children and wife:
And you'd scarcely find a happier lot
Than Dorkins' children and wife.

II.

There came one night,
And I was in front,
And Dorkins was going to play
A character, new to himself and the stage,
That he'd trod for so many a day.
By eight, the theatre was perfectly crammed,
All awaited a pleasant surprise:
For, they knew they would laugh
Till their sides would ache:
And they longed for the curtain to rise.
The play soon began;
Each neck was stretched forth,
And eagerly watched each eye
For Dorkins to make
His first "entrance," and then
To give him a cheerful "Hi, Hi."

III.

He soon appeared
Amid loud applause,
But something was wrong
You could see:
Dorkins is playing
Quite badly to-night,
The people said sitting round me:
A hiss—yes, it was—
I saw Dorkins start
As though stung by a Serpent's fang:
Then he'd cast a beseeching glance all around
And his head on his breast would hang.
He's drunk—and really
I thought so myself:
For, to me it was awful at times
To see how he'd struggle
Along with his part,
And continually stick to his lines.

IV.

The footlights at last
He approached very slow:
And—"ladies and gentlemen," said:
"If I cannot please you to-night,
The fault's not the heart
But the head:
There's many a night
I've made you all laugh
When so ill I could scarcely
Well stand,
And every effort was pain to me then,
Yes, if even I raised but my hand—
You hiss me to-night,
And think that I'm drunk:
(From his heart came a sob and a moan)
I'll tell you the reason,—
I know you won't laugh,—
I've a little one dying at home."

Why may a baby be said to be older than it's own parent?—Because "the child is father to the man."

What web is the hardest to unravel?—The web of life—a mingled yarn, good and ill together.

Poor, But a Gentleman Still.

Words by John Stamford. Arranged by H. W. Fitchett.

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Don't think by my dress that I've come here to beg,
Though the sharp pangs of hunger I feel;
The cup of misfortune I've drained to the dregs,
But I'm proud, though I'm shabby-genteel.
A time was, when nobs who met me would say—
"Ha, Harry, dear boy, come and dine."
But now, when they meet me, they look t'other way;
My company now they decline.

Chorus.

Though poverty daily looks in at my door,
I am hungry, I'm footsore and ill,
I can look the whole world in the face and say—
"If I'm poor, I'm a gentleman still."

Reverses in business brought me to a stand:
I found very soon I should smash;
My friends advised me to fly from the land,
And seize upon all my loose cash;
But my reputation was dearer to me
Than all the bright gold in my till:
So I paid what I owed and proudly I said—
"If I'm poor, I'm a gentleman still." Chorus.

One evening last week, the other end of the town,
Whilst wandering sadly along,
I picked up a purse a lady had dropped—
The temptation to keep it was strong—
My pockets were empty, but firmly I said—
"She shall have her own, come what will:"
She looked at my dress as I gave it and said—
"If you're poor, you're a gentleman still." Chorus.

Last evening I rescued a poor homeless girl
Whom a swell was insulting: I found
My strength for the moment was something immense,
As I hurled the great brute to the ground.
He cried out—"you begger, don't meddle with me
Or very soon you'll get a pill,"
But I said—"lay a hand on that girl and you'll find
If I'm poor, I'm a gentleman still." Chorus.

Have I not Been Kind to Thee.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by B. P. Danks.

The Music is published by C. H. Ditson & Co. 711 Broadway, New York. Price 40 Cents.

Let the past be all forgotten—
Why that look of weary pain?
Tell me that you love me fondly,—
Take me to your heart again.
Bid my days flow on so gently,
Calmly as the Summer sea:
Whisper truly, dearest, sweetest,
Have I not been kind to thee?
Chorus: Stay the teardrop falling fast,
Darksome days will never last;
Darling, whisper sweet to me,
Have I not been kind to thee?

Lovely roses soon will blossom,
Tho' the leaves are falling round;
What if days of sorrow greet us,
Sunny hours will soon be found.
Can we e'er forget the gladness
That has bloomed for you and me?
Chide me not, but whisper sweetly,—
Have I not been kind to thee? Chorus.

Drive away that look of sorrow,
Every fault of mine forgive:
Let our past be all forgotten,
Only for your sake I live!
Smile your olden smile then, dearest,
In those eyes my heaven I see;
Doubt no more my heart's affection,
Have I not been kind to thee? Chorus.

Where are love, health, wealth, and contentment always to be found?—In the dictionary.

Patrick, Mind the Baby!

Sung in Harrigan & Hart's Great Sketch of The "Dredya."

I'm the father of a bouncing girl,
With cheeks like cherries red;
She's a credit to the neighborhood:
I'm only twelve months wed.
When I come home from labor
After toiling all the day,
Me wife puts Nelly in me arms,
And this to me did say—
Chorus: Arrah! Patrick, mind the baby,
Arrah! can't you mind the child!
Tie it up in an over-coat,
She's surely going wild.
Arrah! Patrick, mind the Baby,
Mind the child awhile?
She'll kick and bite,
And cry all night,
Arrah! Patrick, mind the child.

There was castor-oil and soothing syrup,
And paregoric too,
Was give to the child when she had fits,
But nothing would bring her to;
She'd put mustard plasters on her feet,
And give her a bowl of tea.
And then she'd lay her in me arms,
And this to me would say— Chorus.

Ah! when Nelly grew up to a lady,
I had no control at all;
She'd say I am no baby,
As she waltzed away to a ball.
Bad luck to me joy, there came a boy
Last St Patrick's day:
Me wife put Patsy in me arms,
And this to me did say— Chorus.

Our Old Log Cabin Home.

Sung by Harper and Stansell.

Oh! good evening, one and all, we have just made a call,
And dropped in to have a little time;
So listen while we sing, we'll make the welkin ring,
And tell you of our home in Caroline.
Old Massa made us free, in eighteen-sixty-three,
And we started 'round the wide world to roam:
But we often heave a sigh, and the tears they fill our eyes,
When we think about our old Cabin home.

Chorus.

'Twas down in our old cabin home,
'Twas down in our old cabin home,
With the banjo and de bones and the fiddler's loudest tones,
We danced in our old cabin home.

Oh! we would often work away, in the cotton fields away,
Or else we'd have the sweet sugar cane;
And while we'd work, we'd sing till the old place it would ring,
You'd think us coons had music on the brain;
And when the sun got low, then homeward we would go,
And off to see our girls we would roam;
We'd sing and dance all night, stay up till broad daylight,
Way down in our old cabin home. Chorus.

Thou Hast Sworn By Thy God.

Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in Heaven,
That thou wad ay be mine!
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
That thou shalt ay be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,
An' the heart that wad part sic love;
But there's nae hand can loose my band,
But the finger o' God above.
Tho' the wee, wee cot mun be my bield,
An' ym laithing e'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' love,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean!

Robert Balcom.

"Not another word from you on this subject! My mind is made up to the alternative which I have offered you, and you may choose here and at once, sir!"

"Father, consider a moment. I——"

"Silence! it is you who must consider; and you will do well to remember what I have said, before you make a decision. No amount of argument can convince me, sir, that Miss Warriner is a suitable match for my son; or that my son can either prosper or ornament the trade of a colonial merchant—bah!"

"You would have me become a banker's clerk, then?"

"Until you rise by merit. You have talents, sir!"

"Perhaps; but only to be laid away in a napkin, if I yield to your wishes!

"Bosh! You will soon see the wisdom of my course in selecting your career, and thank me for dissuading you from trade. As for Miss Warriner, you must give her up at once; you are both too young to think of matrimony."

"We do not intend to hurry matters, sir."

"No. I rather think you won't, if you realize what's good for you!"

"But I cannot give her up entirely. She——"

"Silence, I say! We have already discussed this matter too long. Choose at once—my home and fortune to aid you in an honorable business career, minus Miss Warriner, or a debasing trade, minus my home and money. Which will you?"

There was a long pause as Mr. Balcom settled in his easy chair and surveyed the young man before him with a cold, stern look of determination. The young man was three and twenty, a handsome specimen of perfection in physical manhood, with clear blue eyes, regular features, and of attractive address, no doubt, under favorable circumstances. There was, however, an element of indecision in his nature, and it was asserting itself in the rapid quiver of the lips as his eyes fell to the floor and his fingers toyed nervously with his watch-chain before the steady gaze of the hard-eyed banker.

The French clock on the marble mantle ticked painfully clear and distinct to the ears of young Robert Balcom, and the silence grew oppressive. It was an "intense" moment in his life; his future lay before him on two roads—one garnished with comparative ease and wealth, the other full of labor and only the earnings of a trade; but, still, a trade to which his tastes and talents were allied by nature, and in which he might hope to rise to an honored position. The dark-eyed girl who had captured his heart stood in the scale of "trade"—a girl in every way worthy of him; but in the other scale were many bags of gold, and his father's honorable name. There was cause for some indecision.

"Well, sir?"

The voice of Mr. Balcom broke the stillness with a grating rasp that made the young man start. A flush of resolution suffused his face, and for a moment his blue eyes lighted up ominously.

"Are you prepared to decide, sir, on the terms I have offered you?"

The resolution in the young man's countenance faded slowly away, and his voice faltered slightly as he said, "I believe I am. You hold the balance of power, and I yield to you."

"Sensible to the last! You have done well;" and the banker's face relaxed into a pleasant smile.

"That remains to be seen, sir," said the son, slowly. "I will enter upon the career you have marked out for me, and shall endeavor to honor you as my father; but, mark me, if I fail, the responsibility lies with you. Nature—taste and talent, as you call it, each cry out at the sacrifice!"

"Pshaw! Boyish notions and fiddle-de-dee! As for the responsibility of any failure on your part, if you do half your duty, I'll willingly shoulder it all. Go, now, and announce your decision to enter the bank. I'll attend to Miss Warriner myself."

"Excuse me, but I prefer to see her and ——"

"And fall in love again! Ridiculous! Go to the bank at once, sir, while your common sense has the upper hand."

The young man turned away and opened the door of the library, which had been locked, during the interview. As he did so, the music of a feminine voice floated through the spacious hall from somewhere up the broad staircase, singing to the sweet accompaniment of a guitar—

"Rest, my heart; no clouds shall hover
In the sunny sky of Love;
Tried and true shall be thy lover,
Constant as the stars above.
Sea, oh! never
Never sever
Ties that reach across the waves!"

The closing lines of an old ballad, set to a sad and tender melody, and the music fell upon the ear of Robert Balcom like a wail of sorrow. He paused upon the threshold of the library, gnawing his nether lip until the blood came, his face pale and flushed by turns, and his heart full of fire. Perhaps he would have turned back to revoke his decision in a moment more; but, just then, the hand of the old banker pulled a bell-cord, and to the servant who quickly entered by another door the command was given:—

"Send Miss Warriner to me at once!"

And with a muttered exclamation, the young man suddenly seized his hat and dashed out of the house.

"Fool that I am—perhaps!" he muttered, as he hurried along the street. "But if he will sow the whirlwind, let him take care of the harvest! I am both a fool and a tool, I fear."

An hour or so after his departure, a carriage drew up before the stately mansion of Mr. Balcom; a trim little figure tastefully attired, but wearing a veil that concealed her features, descended the steps and hastily entered the carriage, bearing in her hands a guitar. Two trunks were strapped on behind by the servants of the mansion, the driver remounted his box, and the vehicle drove away towards the railroad station. The head of the carriage occupant fell upon her hands, then, and tears, blinding and hot, flowed from dark eyes all unused to weeping. Ada Warriner, the pretty governess in Mr. Balcom's elegant home, had departed to return no more.

* * * * * * * *

Eight years later, and a dark, stormy night in the month of August. The day had been one of unusual sultriness, and late in the evening a heavy thunder-storm had set in, the rain falling in blinding torrents and the lightning, accompanied by heavy thunder, being absolutely terrific. The policemen of the town huddled in the doorways, out of the storm; no pedestrians were to be met with in the streets, and as the hour of midnight drew near, few lights were to be seen from the buildings—especially from those in State Street, where many large mercantile houses were situated.

The policeman on the "beat" near the rich Balcom Bank saw only one "glim" as he peered out from his dry retreat in an adjacent door-way, and that came from the bank building itself—a faint, wavering glimmer of light that proceeded from the window of the cashier's department in the handsome structure. As it was not an unusual sight the guardian of the night paid little attention to it.

In the cashier's room we will go, there to find a man some thirty years of age, seated in an easy chair before a writing-table, his elbows resting on the table's edge, and supporting his head between the elevated hands. His eyes are fixed upon a sheet on which are traced a few lines in a feminine hand. Let us look over his shoulder and read:—

"Robert,—I returned last night, and must see you immediately. Call at No. 84, Forest Street, and come prepared as usual, or——

"Kate."

The eyes of the cashier were fixed, as we have said, upon this note, but the blankness of their look showed that the mind was lost in reflection. The clock in the great tower close by sounded the hour of midnight, at last, and broke in upon his reverie. He seized the note, crushing it in his hand with a half-suppressed oath, and then burned it in the gas-jet above his head. Then he rose from the chair, produced a small dark lantern from a cupboard near at hand, lighted it, and opening a door, disappeared in the direction of the great vault below.

A little later, and with the keys he always carries, Robert Balcom had opened and entered the "fire-and-burglar-proof" vault of the rich concern in which he is a leading officer. In various drawers and chests round him lay thousands upon thousands in gold and notes. Selecting a certain drawer he opened it with a peculiar key, and took therefrom a great roll of notes. Setting down his lantern, he hurriedly counted off a number, replaced the remainder, relocked the drawer, and finally the vault itself. Placing the notes in a pocket of his coat, he once more re-entered his private office, and from thence till the gray dawn of morning he was strangely busy with the *books* of the bank.

At about nine o'clock in the evening of the next day, a close carriage drove up to the back door of a fine dwelling in Forest Street, which bore the No. "84," and as it came to a halt, a young man hastily dismounted and ran into the court-yard, as if anxious to escape observation. The vehicle then drove away.

In the parlor of the mansion, an elegantly attired woman was awaiting the new-commer—a woman not more than twenty-eight, *petite*, yet full in figure, and of wonderful beauty. She was seated before the piano, drumming carelessly upon its keys; but when the servant announced the visitor who had chosen such a retired mode of entrance, she quickly left the instrument, and turning the gas-jet low, glided into a dark corner of the apartment.

The new-comer entered, and the door closed behind him. In the twilight shadow of the room, she was at first invisible to his eyes, and he called:—

"Kate!"

"Robert!"

And a pair of plump white arms encircled his neck from behind, ere he could turn about. He clasped her in his arms, and held her thus a moment, her head upon his breast.

"Beautiful siren,—devil or what you will,—and yet I love you!" said he, passionately. "Iron bars are as straws to the fetters you have forged upon my soul!"

There was an undertone of bitter regret in his words, despite the fervent manner of delivery and close embrace.

"*Am* I a siren, you wicked fellow, in that I have seduced your heart into allegiance to me and mine?" she said softly, without raising her head from his bosom.

"Ay; but not that alone; you have won not only my heart, but my character, my once good name, my wealth," he replied, slowly. "You are a strange creature, Kate. I sometimes think you are playing the cat—dallying with the mouse only to destroy it at last!"

He tried to lift her bowed head to his own handsome features; but she suddenly sprang from his side, and the room echoed with her cold, defiant laugh. With one quick movement she turned the gas on to a brilliant head, and then whirled about in front of him, her dark eyes flashing.

"Do you know me, *to-night*, Robert Balcom?" she cried, as with one move of the hand she drew the long auburn tresses from her head and flung them to the floor, revealing beneath a wavy mass of jet black hair. "Have you forgotten me?"

He stared at her with dazed eyes, then staggered backwards with clenched teeth and white lips.

"Great Heaven! Ada Warriner, as I live!"

"And what I am, I owe to *you*, Robert Balcom!" she almost hissed. "It is not strange that, when we met one year ago, you did not know the once pretty governess of your father's house. My sufferings from the hour when I was turned from your parental door, because *you* had not the honor or the courage to stand by me in my trial,—my bitter, bitter sufferings were fully sufficient to alter a pretty face or a tender voice. Five long years I kept myself retired, nursing my wrongs and wrath, waiting for my hour to come. Nature, kindlier than humanity, restored my beauty with increased measure, and when I learned your position in the world, I sought you out, determined on reprisals. You noted a 'strange resemblance' in me to a former lady friend, you said on more than one occasion; those auburn curls deceived you, and you had manlike, forgotten. I used every art and blandishment to win your love; this done, to win your money—the wealth you had gained when you set me adrift eight years ago. I have succeeded well—beyond my hopes, even. You madly adore Madame Kate Revere, the adventuress; you have lavished all the wealth available upon her. Her slightest wish has been gratified, her purse is never empty. *You have*

robbed the bank for her, over and over again, concealing the crime, for the present, by altering the books! One word of mine, and you are in a felon's cell—ha! ha! ha! ha!

White as death, but with eyes lurid and lips quivering, Robert Balcom staggered into a seat, and covered his face with his hands.

"You are engaged, I hear, to the rich Mr. Howard's daughter, and a grand wedding is in prospect—a marriage for *gold*." Her voice was terribly bitter. Before Heaven, if not the law of the land, you are my husband, and you love me only. If you wed her——"

"Stop, devil that you are!" he gasped. "Name your price for eternal silence!"

"You think this a case of black-mail," said she, with inexpressible irony.

"Worse! you have me wholly in your power, with truth to protect you," he said, abjectly. "I confess my sins; the punishment is just. "I only ask to purchase your silence, or I am for ever ruined before the world."

"Indeed! And *I*?

He sank down again without reply.

"Money—you offer me money for that which all the diamonds of the earth could not buy, save on one condition."

"And that condition?" he said quickly, clutching at even a straw.

"Make me your wife in the eyes of the law."

With a groan, he sank back in a chair.

"I—I cannot —now," he stammered, tugging at his throat as if a serpent were coiled there. "You ask too much—too much!"

"You have sown the whirlwind, Robert Balcom," said she, steadily, and with a sudden resolution in her tone, "and you must reap the harvest. Life is nothing to me beyond this."

He heard a sharp, metallic "click!" close by, and looked up with a startled air. The cold, glittering barrel of a small revolver was pointed directly at his brow! Behind it, a pair of dark feminine eyes glowed in icy resolution, and the hand that held the deadly weapon trembled not a whit. Involuntarily he threw up his hands.

"Fiend! what would you do?" he cried.

"Obtain justice. Promise me that, or——"

With a sudden spring and a smothered oath, he seized her extended hand and endeavored to wrest the weapon away. A short frantic struggle—a sudden flash—a dull report—and the form of the woman sank heavily to the floor.

With bated breath and swimming eyes, Balcom dropped the smoking weapon and bent over the prostrate form. The crimson tide was issuing slowly from a little orifice in the white neck, and her heart was still beneath his touch. He raised the beautiful head to his knee, and madly chafed the cold temples and pulseless wrists, but without avail. He placed the inanimate form upon a sofa, and reached out his hand to ring for assistance. But his fingers never touched the bell-cord. Like a stroke of lightning there came to his throbbing brain a full realization of the awful peril of his position. Who would believe it to have been an accident? What explanation could he make?

With a mad cry, muffled and hoarse, he seized his hat and dashed from the appartment, while behind him the sound of gathering servants came to his ears. Out into the black night, his brain benumbed and breath labored and short—away, anywhere from the awful scene, the fugitive was fleeing.

* * * * * * * * *

State Street was all excitement the next morning. The walks were blocked with crowds of nervous, excited men, on whose lips one sentence seemed to hang continually:—

"The Balcom Bank has suspended!"

"Impossible!" said a new arrival.

"It's true," was the response. "Balcom, the cashier, has absconded with thousands of the money on deposit, and it has been ascertained that he has been concealing heavy defalcations for some time past, so that the bank must suspend until the losses can be learned and made good—if that is possible."

"That is the result of making a young, unsteady man cashier, because his father happens to be the heaviest shareholder, eh?"

"Exactly; and the old gent is the largest loser, I hear. He is almost frantic this morning."

Far and wide the detectives sped for the fleeing man, and at last he was caught and brought back. In a narrow, gloomy cell the trembling father met his ruined son face to face.

"Reproaches are of no avail," said the son, as he gazed blankly upon the iron bars that surrounded him. Then fiercely:—"A murderer, perhaps—a thief, surely—to whom do I stand indebted for these honors? To *you*, my father, mainly; for you wrecked my start in life! And not only mine, but *hers!* Alas! that it is so; you ment it for my good, no doubt, but it has proved my ruin. We have sowed the whirlwind—how do you like the harvest?"

The fires of insanity glowed in his terrified eyes, and the weaping parent turned away. They did not place the "ignominious handcuffs" upon Robert Balcom that night, and when morning came in, rainy and drear, the law was cheated of its prey. Weak to the last, he had perished by his own hand!

New Jers-A.

Air: K. Y. K.

Come, kind friends, all draw near,
The song that I'm about to sing, you every one should hear,
So give me your attention to what I'm going to say;
I'll sing you a new song about New Jers-A.

The things that I'm about to mention in my rhyme,
I'll prove to you quite plainly, if you will give me time;
So, for all convicted prisoners I beg you all to pray,
For they ne'er will get pardoned if in New Jers-A.

If you go to Jersey and ask them for their fruit,
The stingy old Spaniards will at you shoot,
And if you find an apple, you'll have to run away,
For they'll choke you for a cherry, up in New Jers-A.

The first thing I will mention, happened on the Delaware.
A steamboat was burnt and many drowned there;
The guilty were arrested and allowed to walk away;
That's the way they do things up in New Jers-A.

Another time at Burlington, you surely don't forget,
The cars were running backwards, and by accident upset;
Old and young were killed there, but no one had to pay;
For they never hurts a Jerseyman in New Jers-A.

Over here in Camden, not many months ago,
A German went a gunning all through the ice and snow,
He accidently shot one, (Hatch); they marched straight away,
Twinty years to prison up in New Jers-A.

The latest thing that has occured, caused many a tear,
I think that it happened some time last year.
A man was murdered, so we heard say,
Way down at Freehold in New Jers-A.

A man was arrested at once for the deed,
And to a court of Justice they straight did him lead.
He was tried and convicted: on the scaffold he had to pay;
Yes, they strung up poor Donnelly in New Jers-A.

After hanging thirty minutes, he was cut down;
The sheriff on his body cast many a frown,
And he wanted to exhibit the corpse that day
On the Court House steps at Freehold in New Jers-A.

Here I would have you know, to my country I am true,
But give to me the power, I'll tell you what I'd do:
Over to New Jersey I would go straight way,
And hang up all the Jerseymen in New Jers-A.

Now for a time my song is done:
I hope in this rhyme I've not offended any one;
If I have, forgive me, all, I pray,
And I will say no more about New Jers-A.

MELANCHOLY FACTS.—Many die of consumption, and many from lack of consumption, having nothing to consume.

CONUNDRUM FROM A LADY.—"Why is a muff like a silly gentleman?"—"Because it holds a lady's hands without squeezing them."

The Nervous Man.

Oh! gentle folks, how do you do?
I wish to tell a tale,
I hope you won't be frightened too,
Get trembling, or turn pale.
Now list to what I shall unfold,
A story which is true,
I never thought I'd be so bold
As mention it to you.
Chorus: I trembled like a leaf on a tree,
I knew not what to do.
Oh! don't you laugh like that at me,
What I say right is true.

Last night I had a fearful dream,
(Oh!) Horrible to relate—(Oh!)
I dreamt that I was burnt with steam,
Stealing a hot potait. (Oh!)
I thought I awoke and saw a ghost
Looking at me athirt!
I sprang from bed and screamed my most,
But found it was my shirt! Chorus.

Oh! then I thought I saw a man
Dressed in a suit of plush:
He seemed as if he moved his hand—
'Twas nothing but the brush!
Oh! how my nerves began to shake,
No one but I can tell—
A sort of qualm I then did take,
And to the floor I fell. Chorus.

When I 'woke I picked myself up,
And strange the place did seem,
But how I got there I didn't know,
I thought I'd had a dream.
Good-bye, my friends, I must be gone,
I hope you'll think of me:
Your attention I must have drawn,
And that I'm pleased to see. Chorus.

By Trade and Spade the World is Made.

Air: 'Guy Faux.'

By Trade and Spade the world is made,
And good men have contended
They'll supersede the martial blade
When all warfare is ended.
And that is true—for, honors, won
Upon earth by the plough, sirs,
Have more good to all nations done
Than soldiers' laurelled brow, sirs.

CHORUS.

Oh! yes, strong
By Trade and Spade the world is made,
And will last long!

By Spade and plough, the corn, in June,
Is grown, demand to meet it:
By Trade we get knife, fork, and spoon,
The harvest up to eat it:
By Trade and Spade we keep a-head
Of every other nation:
And laugh at all, who, cute, foretell
Uncle Sam's annihilation! Chorus.

By Trade our merchant princes all
Accumulate their money;
And Spade industry convinces all
Our working bees make money:
By trade and pen, bold Americans,
The world brave battle through it;
And Spade and Plough, all will allow,
Gives them the strength to do it. Chorus.

Without Spade, what could nourish here
The farmer, ploughman, carter?
And trade would never flourish here,
If nought were grown for barter;
So Trade and Spade each other aid,
And yeomen and shopkeepers,
By working well to grow and sell,
Are benefited reapers. Chorus.

Then here's a health to American wealth,
And all those who produce it!
Success to Trade of every grade,
And may war ne'er reduce it.
By Trade and Spade off will be paid
The National Debt, if at all meant:
And the "good time" will come at last,
If it's only by instalments! Chorus.

A JOLLY CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FIRST VERSE OLD—SECOND VERSE NEW.

AN OLD TUNE.—ARRANGED BY THE EDITOR.

First Voice Solo.

Con spirito, ma non troppo allegro.

1. Which is the pro - per - est day to drink? Is it
2. Which is the pro - per - est day to drink? Tuesday

p

Second Voice Solo. With gusto.

Sat - ur - day, Sun - day, or Mon - - day? Each is the pro - per - est day, I think!
Wed - nes - day, Thurs - day, or Fri - - day? Each is the pro - per - est day, I think!

Chorus. *With immense jollity.*

Then why should we name on - ly one day? Each is the pro - per - est day, I think! Then
And ev - e - ry day shall be my day! Each is the pro - per - est day, I think! And

ff

why should we name on - ly one day?
ev - e - ry day shall be my day!

ff *p* *smorzando.* *f*

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CONTENTS.

Alabama Blossoms ..... page 277
A hundred years to come 279
Beautiful dreams, linger near me 274
Could you fancy me? 274
The Darling yaller gal that had a Josey on 279
Don't wake the Baby 277
Emma Jane Lee 275
The Forsaken to the false one 276
Gathering shells from the sea-shore 275
The Grand old Mississippi 277
Heaven bless the dear old fireside 277
The Hunters of Kentucky 279
I soon shall call her mine 275
I'm too sweet to live 275
I'm a Brother to Josephus Orange Blossom 275
The Isle of France 277
I never says nothing to nobody 279
The Irish Wife 279
Kathleen Machree 277
Leedle too sdoud for me 274
Little dark-eyes, do you love me? 274
The Lilly of Kerry 275
My Initiation 276
Maud, the Seamstress—a Story 278
O'Reiley, you're N. G. 276
The Old Cabin Home—Music for Banjo 280
Old Times Rocks 275
Off for New Orleans 274
Pretty Little Blonde 274
Pat Delaney 276
Sowing the Seed—a Sacred Song 276
South Carline 274
Since Master set us free 275
Two happy boys 274
The Wedding tour 274
The Wicklow Girl 277
Ye little birds that sit and sing 275

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Beautiful Dreams, Linger Near Me.

Song and Chorus. Sung by Adah Richmond.
Words by Arthur W. French. Music by H. Tucker.
Music to be had at Wm. Hall & Son, 731 Broadway, Price 35 cents.

Beautiful dreams, linger near me,
Visions of sweetest delight,
Coming with splendor to cheer me,
Thro' all the lone weary night;
Fairy-like music is falling
Softly and sweet on my ear,
Angelic voices are calling,
Beautiful dreams, linger near.
Chorus: Beautiful dreams, linger near me,
Visions of sweetest delight,
Coming with splendor to cheer me—
Thro' all the lone weary night.

Beautiful dreams, never leave me,
Over my heart weave a spell:
Should you depart, it would grieve me
More than I ever could tell;
Bring to me joys long departed,
Bring to me faces so dear,
While I sleep on, happy hearted,
Beautiful dreams, linger near. Chorus.

Off For New Orleans.

Sung by Lester and Allen.

Oh! white folks, now we'll say good-bye,
We can no longer stay;
You hear the whistle blowing,
And the steamboat's on the way;
We're off for New Orleans,
The cotton bales so brave,
And when the boat am going,
Our bandana we will wave.
Chorus: Far you well, white folks,
We can no longer stay;
You hear de whistle blowing,
And the steamboat's on the way,
Far you well, white folks,
We can no longer stay;
We're off for New Orleans
Before the break of day.

We got a bully boat
And we got a bully crew;
We got a bully captain
And a hunky ingin too:
And when she starts to go ahead,
And when we start to back'er
For, it's chew, chew, to go ahead,
And chew, chew, tobacker. Chorus.

Leedle too Sdoud for Me.

Words by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Ouf you lisden to me for a moment, my friends,
A sad sdory to you I vill dell,
All aboud my vife who somedimes get vild,
Und make me feel very unvell;
Ouf I speak to her quietly, to me she vill say—
"Sot down or your head I vill break:"
Und ouf I don'd sot down, she grab me by de hair,
Und me like de old Harry vill shake.

Chorus.

She a leedle too sdoud for me,
She a leedle too sdoud for me,
Und ouf to her I speak, my head she vill break;
For, she a leedle too sdoud for me.

Somedimes I get mad und say I'll have my vay,
No matter vat you say or do;
Und ouf you come near me ven I do get mad,
I bet you I break you in doo—
Bud as I go to hit right square ouf de face,
She quickly knock me on de floor,
Und hit me, und kick me all over de room;
Und den like a mad bull vould roar.
She a leedle, &c.

A good action is its own reward; and it ought to be, for it seldom gets any other.

Little Dark eyes, Do You Love Me?

Words by Geo Cooper. Music by W. H. Brockway.
Sung by Wm. Scanlan.

Little dark eyes, do you love me?
Will you still be true to me?
Come and whisper fondly, truly,
Will you still my sweet-heart be?
While I wander, will you miss me,
Will you sigh for my return?
Look within mine eyes and tell me,
While your cheeks with blushes burn.
Chorus: Little dark eyes, do you love me?
Will you still be true to me?
Come and whisper, fondly, truly,
Will you still my sweet-heart be?

Little dark eyes, do you love me,
Just the same as when we met?
Oh! your sweet and loving kindness
I can never more forget;
In your eyes, so soft and tender,
There an answer I may see:
Little dark eyes always loves me,
She will still be true to me. Chorus.

South Carline.

Song and Dance, composed by James Niles
Performed by Niles & Evans.

Oh! when we were two little boys
Way down in South Carline,
We used to sing and dance about,
And with our hands keep time.
But when we grew up bigger,
We had to work all day,
And then we never had a chance
To fool around that way.

Chorus.

But, Oh! my! when our work was done—[Sym,]
Then was the time that we all went in for fun;
We used to sing and dance about
Till Massa made us run. [Dance.]

But now the times have changed, you see
Down in our sunny home;
The Rebellion broke the country up,
So now we have to roam.
And what they want to do with us
We're sure we do not know,
Unless to make us Senators
To send to Idaho. Chorus.

Pretty Little Blonde.

Originally sung by Virginia Stickney.

Why do the men try to deny
They love that pretty girl,
And then, if they do pass her by,
Just to give their eye a twirl?
They cannot help it, no, they can't,
I judge them by myself:
For, when I met that girl to-day—
You know how it is yourself.
Chorus: For, oh! she was so handsome,
And graceful as a fawn:
How could I help but love that girl,
With all those nice clothes on?
And when she cast that smile on me,
I knew that I was gone—
For, oh! she was so nobby, ha, ha!
That pretty little blonde.

I asked her if she'd walk with me:
She smiled and answered yes.
You should have seen me swell beside
That nobby, nice silk dress;
I asked her if she liked ice-cream
To cool her blushing tongue:
She said she thought it would taste nice,
With all those fine clothes on. Chorus.

We read that man was originally made upright, but now-a-days a great many men seem to be made up wrong.

Two Happy Boys.

Sung by Thomas & Heeney.

I wish we were two boys again,
As we were years ago,
To slide down on some cellar door,
And wear out all our clothes.
We stand around the corner
Then, and have such jolly fun,
Until some "copper" he would
Come and give us all a run.
Chorus: I wish we were two boys again,
So happy gay and light,
We hang out on the corners,
And dance the whole long night.

I wish we were two boys again,
And would not have the mumps,
We go down to railroad-cars,
And pick up lots of stumps.
We walk around the city then,
Smoking our favorite weed,
While other boys would holler,
Look out, there goes Bill Tweed. Chorus.

Could You Fancy Me?

Song and Dance, As sung by the La Verde Sisters.
Written and composed by Ned Straight.
The Music of this song is published by John Church & Co. of 66 W Fourth Street, Cincinnati, can be obtained at all the Music Stores in the United States.—Price 30 cts.

'Twas on one silvery moonlight night,
As I was walking down the street,
The sweetest little sprite,
I happened there to meet.

Chorus.

So smilingly she looked at me, I never can forget:
For, she had pretty rosy cheeks, and eyes as black as jet:
I said to her "you beauty,
Acquainted we must be."
So modestly she whispered—
"Now could you fancy me?"

She gave to me a winning smile,
And in sweet tones to me she said.
"I really like your style,
Let's have a promenade." Chorus.

I took her to the city park,
We roamed around till after nine,
I kissed her in the dark,
And asked her to be mine. Chorus.

The Wedding Tour.

Sung by Scanlan and Cronin

Now we're on our wedding tour,
Full of joy you may be sure,
Here and there we ramble round
Every place for pleasure bound;
You should see us, day and night,
In our honey moon's delight,
Free from every care and woe,
Singing merrily as we go.

Chorus.

Sure, oh! sure, we're on our wedding tour,
We're a dandy pair, and the people stare,
Alike the rich and poor;
So gay, so gay the moments fly away,
Our voices ring as we laugh and sing,
While on our wedding tour.

We have wandered to the sea,
Where the waves are wild and free;
We have stood on mountains high,
Gazing at the summer sky:
Far away in Spain and France,
We have watched the latest dance,
And in Erin's lovely land
Oft we met a friendly hand. Chorus.

Now we're going to settle down
In some corner of the town:
There we hope our friends will call,
Welcome is the word to all:
We will have a drop to spare,
And besides a vacant chair:
Friendly words for every one,
Song and dance and boundless fun. Chorus.

I Soon Shall Call Her Mine.

Song and Dance, composed by James Niles.

In a cosy vine-clad arbor,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Gazing out upon the beauty
Of a fast receding day,
Sat a lovely little maiden:
To me she looked divine;
Oh! how I long for the day to come
When I can call her mine!

Chorus.

She's as pretty as the flowers that bloom in May,
To me she looked devine,
This darling, charming little pearl,
I soon shall call her mine. (Dance.)

This lovely little maiden
I'm going now to see,
She lives in yonder cottage,
I know she loves but me:
The day is not far distant
When her I'll make my bride,
Then together we will wander
Down life's dreamy tide. Chorus.

I'm too Sweet to Live.

Words by Amos D. Arnold.

I'm a Deitcher man so gay,
To pass the time away
I tell young girls mit glossy curls
I'll marry dem some day;
But dot vas all in fun,
I vant six not only one;
For I, for I am always gay.

Chorus.

Yah, I laugh und I sing, I vas always gay,
I took dull care und I drive dot all away;
So girls all follow me, dot's what the beoples say,
'Cause I'm too sweet to live.

Of I go out in de steet,
Some bretty girls I meet,
Who bow dere heads, like dis—
Vel, you know how dot is:
I vas bretty, young und fat,
Da all fell in love mit dat:
For I, for I am always gay. Chorus.

Old Times Rocks.

Air: Old Black Joe.

Oh! how I long for the comrades that are flown,
Friends that I loved, and the dear ones all my own—
Bent is dis form and all snow-white am dese locks,
And still my heart is dreaming of dem old times rocks!

Chorus.

I'm sighing, yes, sighing,
As de past around me flocks;
My heart's forever thinking of dem old times rocks!

Gone is my home 'way down in Tennessee:
There I was gay and happy as could be.
Grief comes along and at my door it knocks,
I never more shall see again dem old times rocks.
I'm sighing, &c.

Where is de stream by my little cabin door?
Where are the birds that I never hear no more?
New times hab come, but my grief dey only mocks:
I'm weeping for de happy scenes of old times rocks.
I'm sighing, &c.

Once I was young, wid de banjo by my side;
Now, I've no friend in dis weary world so wide;
Tears sadly fall as sweet mem'ry's gate unlocks,
It makes me young again to sing of old times rocks.
I'm sighing, &c.

Sweet were the days when we, darkeys, used to sing:
Den light and gay how we made de banjo ring!
Children dey danced as cunning as de fox,
Ah! dem was just de good old times, dem old
times rocks!
I'm sighing, &c.

Old friends are gone dat used to greet me here,
Old faces past that once to me ware dear;
Death's at the door, and berry soon he knocks:
So, darkeys, let's hab de dance of old times rocks!

Since Master set us Free.

Sensation Song and Dance.

Words by Amos D. Arno'd. Music by E. A Andre.
As sung by the Arnold Brothers, Amos & William.

De moon am shining bright to-night,
De little stars do peep
Down on us darkeys dancing here,
While massa am asleep:
We'll cut de pigeon wing for you,
And have a jubilee;
For we got nothing else to do
Since massa set us free.

Chorus.

Oh! we are free, [Breaks.
We're happy as can be,
We are always jolly, full of fun,
We're happy as can be;
They call us reckless Sall and Clem,
Since massa set us free.

We love to sing, or have a dance,
It is our heart's delight,
Especially when we feel so good,
As we both feel to-night.
Oh! Solly, say you'll have me;
Oh! Clem, say you'll have me,
Of course I will, because you knows
Old massa set me free. Chorus.

Emma Jane Lee.

Banjo Solo by Billy West.

I'll sing you a song of a nice young gal,
Who lived on Bowery near Canal:
Her maiden name was Emma Jane Lee,
And her father sold clams in the cottage by the sea.
She was the reigning Belle of this town,
And she loved a Shoemaker named McGowan:
McGowan he swore he'd lose his life,
Or he'd make Matilda Jane his wife.

One night Matilda went to a ball,
With a clam soup man at a big dance hall;
She danced three sets, and the fourth to begin—
When all at once McGowan stepped in.
He saw his love a-dancing there,
He raved and swore and tore his hair,
He challenged the clam soup man in the Hall,
To fight next day with Cod-fish Balls.

They fought next day on Catnip Hill,
McGowan got shot with a Mandrake Pill,
He rolled in the dirt and then said he—
"Shoo-fly, don't you bother me!"
When Matilda found her love had fell,
She jumped in a Barrel of Oyster shells,
She scratched her shins till the skin came off,
Then died next day with hooping cough.

I'm a Brother to Josephus Orange Blossom.

Performed by Niles & Evans.

I'm a brother to Josephus Orange Blossom,
I can sing and dance, and all that sort of thing;
I can play upon the fiddle and the banjo,
Oh! Lord a Massa, can't I make them sing!
I suppose you all have seen my brother Joseph,
And his dancing you have found it hard to beat;
For, he never had a chance for education,
So he only tried to educate his feet.

Chorus.

Come soon [Sym] plenty of room [Sym]—
Come, we'll give all a good fair chance:
For, I tell you that it runs right in the family:
For all of us to play and sing and dance.

Now Joe is getting old and rather shakey,
And thinks it's time for him to take a rest:
So he sent for me to come up here before you,
And to fill his place, I'll try and do our best.
I know that Joe has made a good impression,
And I only hope that I can do the same:
For, I also want to make a reputation
As that will keep up the family name.
Come soon, [Sym], &c.

"I'm not much for stump spakin," declared a candidate; "but for honesty and capacity and integrity, I bate the divil—so I do."

The Lilly of Kerry.

Words by M. S. Blacklock. Music by H. Maylath.

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 239 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

List, gentle lark, joyous spirit of Spring;
Thou with the sweet voice and cloud-cleaving wing,
Shake from thy plumage the tears of the night,
Haste where the splendors of morning invite;
Soar where the sinless and beautiful stray,
Tell them my Norah's as lovely as they.
Chorus: She's the "Lilly of Kerry!"
The fairest e'er seen
In Erin the seagirt,
In Erin the green.

Greet, in thy rapture, you rose scented dell,
Deep in whose shadow my Norah doth dwell;
Norah, as pure as the pearls on the thorn,
Bright as the golden haired goddess of morn;
She from whose fairy-like fingers the flowers
Fall on the meadows in odorous showers. Chorus.

E'en the bright shamrocks that bloom round thy bed,
Tremble with joy at my Norah's soft tread.
Mild as the moonbeam that falls on the stream,
When at love's vespers the glow-worm doth gleam,
Free from all guile, and unconscious of wrong,
Simple and sweet as thy silvery song. Chorus.

Gathering Shells From the Sea Shore.

Words and Music by Will L. Thompson.

The Music is published by Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio. Price 40 cents.

I wandered to-day on the sea shore,
The winds and the waves were low,
And I thought of the days that are gone, Maud,
Many long years ago;
Ah! those were the happiest days of all, Maud,
Not a care nor a sorrow did we know,
As we played on the white pebbled sand, Maud,
Gathering up the shells from the shore.

Chorus.

Gathering up the shells from the sea shore,
Gathering up the shells from the shore;
Ah! those were the happiest days of all, Maud,
Gathering up the shells from the shore.

Oh! don't you remember the day, Maud,
The last time we wandered on the shore,
Our hearts were so joyous and gay, Maud,
For, you promised to be mine evermore?
Then the shells they were whiter than ever,
And the bright waves were lovelier than before,
The hours were but moments to us, Maud,
Gathering up the shells from the shore.
Gathering up the shells, &c.

But now we are growing up in years, Maud,
Our locks are all silvered and gray,
Yet the vows that we made on the shore, Maud,
Are fresh in our mem'ries to-day;
There still is a charm in those bright shells
And the sound of the deep ocean's roar:
For, they call back the days that we spent, Maud,
Gathering up the shells from the shore.
Gathering up the shells, &c.

Ye Little Birds, That Sit and Sing.

Ye little birds, that sit and sing
Amid the shady valleys—
See how my lover sweetly walks
Amid his garden's alleys!
Go tell him thro' your chirping bill,
As you by me are bidden,
To him is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden—
Go, pretty wantons, warble!

Oh! fly, ye tuneful throng: for, soon
In gentle sleep he'll lie;
Sing round about his rosy bed,
And echo his reply!
Go, pretty wantons, warble!

My Initiation:

OR HOW I JOINED THE ODD FELLOWS.

Words by John Poole, Esq. Music by T. Yates.
As sung by William Scanlan with great success.

Ye brothers of the mystic tie,
Unto my song give ear, while I
Tell you the when, the where, the why
I got initiated.
One Jollie Green, a friend, d'ye see,
With whom I'd often made quite free,
One day the chanced to say to me—
"Why don't you an odd fellow be?"
My name unto the Lodge I sent,
The initiation fee I spent,
And along with him one evening went—
To be initiated.

Chorus.

The time I never have forgot,
With the grid iron roaring hot,
And the goat, which round the room did trot,
When I was initiated.

First my eye-sight they did blind,
They tied my hands behind;
I really thought it was unkind
For to be so badly treated.
While I around my way did feel,
Upon sharp tacks they made me kneel,
Then, with a grasp that made me reel,
They bound me on a monstrous wheel—
Then whirled me round with lightning speed:
My agony they did not heed,
Oh! I only wished my hands were freed,
When I was initiated. Chorus.

They gave me next a shower bath,
Which further did increase my wrath:
And one sang out—"The Rugged Path!
There let the wretch be seated."
Then up a ladder, a mile or more,
And down they plunged me with a roar,
Until, with bones all bruised and sore,
At length I sprawled upon the floor.
"Do let me up!" I cried;
But I found my feet together tied,
And on a rail I took a ride,
While being initiated. Chorus.

Then suddenly somebody said—
"Let the unenlightened wretch be bled
And place the pitch-cap on his head:
Let his nose be nutmeg-grated,
Put mustard plasters on his feet,
And then to make the work complete,
That he may have a warmer seat,
The great gridiron quickly heat!"
Then I thought I should give up the ghost
When on it was placed to toast,
I felt again, smelt something roast,
When I was initiated. Chorus.

A sulphurous smell now filled the air,
And I heard four hoofs behind me tear
When I knew that horrible goat was there;
Oh! wasn't I aggravated?
I again was seized, on his back was bound,
With a kick and a plunge he rushed around,
With such terrible speed to go over the ground,
I'm sure no velocipede ever was found.
My ears were stunned by the awful din,
As he sped up and down, and out and in:
I thought a whole bone wasn't left in my skin,
When I was initiated. Chorus.

As I wondered what trial the next would be,
A voice proclaimed: "Ye may set him free,
If he'll take the oath he hears from me."
That I'd do it, I quickly stated:
And these were the terrible words I spoke—
"I promised never to drink or smoke,
Never to laugh, and never to joke,
Or my nose into other folks' business poke."
My eyes were unbound, and I looked around,
Found myself in the Lodge-room safe and sound,
And I've never regretted the night I'll be bound,
When I was initiated.

Chorus.

Oh! no, the time I'll ne'er forget,
When first I joined that friendly set,
Whom as brother Odd-fellow I've often met,
Since I was initiated.

O'Reily, You're N. G.

Written by Harry Bennett. Sung by Pat Rooney.

Kind friends, if you will listen now,
My woes I'll now tell you;
My heart is nearly broken,
And I don't know what to do;
No matter where I chance to go,
Nor wherever I may be,
The blackguards cry as I pass by—
"O'Reily, you're N. G!"
If I go into a tavern,
And call out for a boos,
The gang says I must treat them
Or their friendship I will lose;
And if I do refuse them,
Their heads they shake at me,
And sing out Philadelphia—
"O'Reily, you're N. G!"

It was just before election,
I was called to make a speech
For a friend of mine,
Whose name was Thomas Lich;
The gang was there, I do declare,
And when I did begin,
They said: "for God's sake, fire him out!
Where did he get his wind?"
I couldn't speak a word at all,
They made such a terrible noise:
And all at once I felt a brick
Hit me between the eyes,
And through the door I fled, for sure.
Sure they meant to murder me,
And when I was outside,
I heard them cry—
"O'Reily, you're N. G!"

The slang the gang is using now,
You'll hear from every lip;
It's shoot the hat! and get it boiled,
And don't you lose your grip!
They say I'm too fresh, and too bran new,
And will I ever drop, and stag his nips,
And skip the gutter, and hit him with a mop.
The children there are using the slang
As well as every one.
They'll say to me—go take a bath!
And why don't I take a run?
And then they'll say—
Go stop the coat, so long as Tra la la lee!
But the worst of all
Is when they bawl—
"O! Rooney, you're N. G!"

Pat Delaney.

Sung by John Scanlan. Air: Eileen Alanna.

My name is Pat Delaney, I came from Tralee,
I live in a great big tenement house, way up in Avenue C;
There's a family lives next to me that keeps up
a terrible roar,
About Eileen Alanna and their augus asthore.
First their youngest boy, and then their eldest brother,
All join in the chorus with the sister and his mother;
When I get home at night, boys, I hear that terrible roar
Of Eileen Alanna and their augus asthore.

Chorus.

Working hard all day, I think it mighty hard,
Climbing up a forty foot ladder, carrying a great
big hod,
When I get home at night, boys, to hear that terrible roar
Of Eileen Alanna and their augus asthore.

Early in the morning, before I do get up,
Before I ate a mouthful, or before I drink a sup,
They be singing in the hallway 'till my heart it
is quite sore,
About Eileen Alanna and their augus asthore.
If I had influence in the ward I do belong,
I'd go and see the judge, and have him push
their case quite strong:
I'd have them all arrested, and that would stop
their roar
Of Eileen Alanna and their augus asthore.
Working hard, &c.

Which is the month in which ladies talk least? February.

Sowing the Seed.

A SACRED SONG.

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night:
Oh! what shall the harvest be?
Oh! what shall the harvest be?

Chorus.

‖: Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, :‖
‖: Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, :‖
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah! sure will the harvest be.

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil:
Oh! what shall the harvest be?
Oh! what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name:
Sowing the seed of eternal shame:
Oh! what shall the harvest be?
Oh! what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
Oh! what shall the harvest be?
Oh! what shall the harvest be?

The Forsaken to the False One.

By Thomas Haynes Bayly.

I dare thee to forget me!
Go wander where thou wilt,
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,
Or on the sabre's hilt,
Away! thou'rt free! o'er the land and sea,
Go rush to danger's brink!
But, oh! thou can'st not fly from thought!
Thy curse will be—to think!

Remember me! remember all—
My long enduring love
That linked itself to perfidy—
The vulture and the dove!
Remember in thy utmost need
I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly:
Thy curse will be—to think!

Then go! that thought will render thee
A dastard in the fight:
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost,
Will fill thee with affright;
In some deep dungeon may'st thou lie,
And counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity,
Thy curse shall be—to think!

Go! seek the merry banquet hall,
Where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of me shall make thee
There endure a deeper gloom:
That thought shall turn the festive cup
To poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek,
Thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me! false one, hope it not—
When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days
Will gall thee while they sing;
The airs I used to love will make
Thy coward conscience shrink,
Ay, every note will have its sting—
Thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me! No, that shall not be!
I'll haunt thee in thy sleep—
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks
That overhang the deep;
Thou'lt shriek for aid! my feeble arm
Shall hurl thee from the brink,
And when thou wakest in wild dismay,
Thy curse will be—to think!

Don't Wake the Baby.

As Sung by Billy Pastor.

If you perceive my bosom heave,
'Tis caused by proud delight:
For, I'm a very different man
To what I was last night.
For some time, in my house, a nurse
Has aired her awkward charms,
But, I'm glad to say—this morning
I've found something in her arms.

Spoken: I said to the nurse in a very innocent sort of a manner: "Why, laws, missy! what have you got in your arms?" She placed her finger on her lips and said—"h—s—h—"

Chorus.

Don't make a noise or else you'll wake the baby!
Don't make a noise or else you'll wake the child:
Don't kick up a row or else you'll disturb the infant."
I feel so awfully, *awfully* jolly, I think I shall go wild!

As soon as e'er the news spread 'round,
In every neighbor comes;
Some said—"What a darling child!"
And others—"Bless its gums!"
My feelings were so glorious,
Describe them no one can,
And the ladies seem to look on me
As a very *clever* man.

Spoken: "Why, said they, *Mr. Snooks, Mr.* Snooks, you ought to be a very happy man." "I am, *I am!*" I replied, and I would have given away to my feelings and kicked up a row, only for the nurse, in her suggestive manner, said—"h—s—h—"

Don't make a noise, &c.

To-day I married, so was Jones,
Who said, quite on the sly—
"Who'll be a happy father first,
I wonder, *you* or I?"
Jones always thinks he's No. 1,
But to-day *that* bliss is mine,
And when we meet, we'll have some fun,
I'll crack a case of wine.

Spoken: Yes, and I'll make Jones drink the darling's health, and while he's drinking I'll say, "Jonesey, old boy, h—s—h—"

Don't make a noise, &c.

With a parent's fond affection now,
I feel all of a glow,
But what to call the lovely babe,
I don't exactly know.
I'd like to call him something grand,
And worthy of a Snooks,
And, when he's christened, you must come
And see how nice he looks.

Spoken: Yes, I'll invite you all to attend the christening, but remember, h—s—h—

Don't make a noise, &c.

Kathleen Machree.

Words by Frank Dumont. Music by James E. Stewart.

The roses and lilies now bloom in the dell,
They smile in their beauty for Kathleen Machree;
She trips to the glen that we both know so well,
While I am so anxious her sweet face to see.
Oh! could you but list to the sound of her voice—
It fills me with joy, 'tis music to me;
When I ask if she loves me, her answer will be—
A kiss from the lips of sweet Kathleen Machree.

Chorus.

Kathleen Machree, sweet Kathleen Machree,
No rose in the dell can compare, love, with thee;
Kathleen Machree, sweet Kathleen Machree,
My own little darling, sweet Kathleen Machree.
Kathleen Machree, Kathleen Machree,
Kathleen Machree.

Some maidens are sweeter and fairer to view,
But none can compare with sweet Kathleen Machree:
She wins with her smiles and her heart free from guile,
While close by her side I am longing to be.
Oh! she will be waiting to-night in the glen,
With words that are fond and sweetest to me;
She's the dearest to me and the fairest of all,
My own little darling, sweet Kathleen Machree.

Kathleen Machree, &c.

Alabama Blossoms.

Song and Dance.

Sung by the La Verde Sisters.

Words by Frank Dumont. Music by Jas. E. Stewart.

The Music of this song is published by J. L. Peters, 842 Broadway, New York. Price 30 cents

Far away down South in Alabama,
Where the darkies plant the cotton and the corn—
In the land where blooms the sweet magnolias,
In that paradise us darkies we were born;—
Old Massa he was kind, and little Missus too,
They'd be amused to see us jump and dance,—
Oh! they call us Alabama Blossoms,
And we're going back when e'er we get a chance.

Chorus.

Old Massa he was kind, and little Missus too,
They'd be amused to see us jump and dance,—
Oh! they called us Alabama Blossoms,
And we're going back when e'er we get a chance,

Oh! the sweet girls down in Alabama,
We are longing every day more to see,—
And there's one that says I am her darling,
And I know that she is all the world to me;—
Oh! when she said good-bye, it made this darkey cry,
My heart was full of every kind of pain,—
But I'm going back to Jane Matilda—
For, I want to see her lovely face again.

Old Massa he was, &c.

We have been far from old Alabama,
But there is no place that we love half so well,—
And our secret now at last we've told you,
But our love affairs we didn't mean to tell;—
We know that far away they're waiting every day,
To see us coming smiling up the lane,—
And we'll go back to the land of Cotton,
And we'll never leave the dear old place again.

Old Massa he was, &c.

The Isle of France.

The sun was far in the clouds advanced,
When a convict came to the Isle of France,
Around his leg he wore a ring and a chain,
And his country was of the shamrock green.

The coast-guard waited on the beach,
Till the convict's boat was within reach:
The convict's chains did so shine and spark,
Which opened the veins of the coast-guard's heart.

Then the coast-guard launched his little boat
That on the ocean with him to float:
The birds at night take their silent rest,
But the convict here has a wounded breast.

Then the coast-guard came to the Isle of France,
Towards him the convict did advance,
When the tears from his eyes did fall like rain:
"Young man, I hear you are of the shamrock green."

"I am a shamrock, the convict cried,
That has been tossed on the ocean wide,
For being unruly, I do declare,
And was doomed a transport for seven years.

When six of them was past and gone,
We were coming home to make up one,
When the stormy winds did blow and roar,
Which cast me here on a foreign shore."

Then the coast-guard played noble part,
And with some brandy cheered the convict's heart:
"Although the night is so far advanced,
You shall find a friend in the Isle of France."

Then a speedy letter went to the Queen,
About the dreadful shipwreck of the shamrock green:
Then his freedom came by a speedy post
To the absent convict they thought was lost.

"God bless the coast-guard, the convict cried,
You have saved my life from the ocean wide;
I will drink his health in a flowing glass,
Here's success to the Isle of France!"

When are gloves unsalable?—When they are kept on hand.

The Wicklow Girl.

The Lord bless you all, I've just come out
To have a little chat:
I'm Irish sure, but that's no sin:
I'm a rollicking, merry Pat.
The ladies' hearts I captivate
As for them my stick I twirl,
But, gramachree, the maid for me
Is Kitty, the Wicklow Girl.

Chorus.

For, her neck is white and her step is light,
And her teeth are like the pearl,
There is none so gay, by night or day,
As Kitty, the Wicklow Girl.

Her fortune, faith! it is but small
To him who wins her hand,
But her heart is pure, and that's worth
All the diamonds in the land;
If my pockets they were lined with gold,
Like any great lord or earl,
Arrah, boys! I'm sure I'd still be poor
Without my Wicklow Girl. Chorus.

Ye may talk about fandangos
That the ladies hop in France,
But let them go to Wicklow,
And there they see a rale ould Irish dance:
Both rich and poor they nittle the floor,
As their kippens they do twirl,
Arrah! me grows big, when I dance a jig
With Kitty, my Wicklow girl. Chorus.

The Grand Old Mississippi.

Written and sung by Kirk and Drew

Oh! good evening to you, one and all,
We have just come out to sing a little ditty:
It's about de times dat's passed and gone,
How we used to work on de grand old Mississippi.

Chorus.

When de passengers dey used to wink,
And look at us so shy,
Because we dance and do a break,
And throw our legs so high.
But when we get done our little ditty,
We'll go back to de grand old Mississippi.

Now, white folks, we can no longer stay,
Or from home they'll think that we have run away;
But when we get done our little ditty,
We'll go back again to de grand old Mississippi.

When de passengers, &c.

Heaven Bless the Dear Old Fireside.

A BEAUTIFUL PARLOR SONG.

The Music is published by John Church & Co., 66 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

Oh! I often sit and ponder
On youth's long departed days,
With its scenes of mirth and beauty,
They have vanished from my gaze;
And I fondly dream of faces,
Beaming with health's rosy glow,
That were gathered round the fireside
In the blissful long ago.
Chorus: Though the loved home circle's broken,
And the stranger lingers there,
Heaven bless the dear old fireside—
Is my spirit's yearning prayer.

When the twilight shades were falling,
Like a mantle over earth,
Cheerily the bright flame glimmered
On the peaceful cottage hearth;
And a group of lovelit faces
Smiled upon the hallowed scene,
As they sung their simple ditties
By the firelight's golden sheen. Chorus.

But the household band is severed,
Never more on earth to meet—
Some are bound in dreamless slumber
In the valley calm and sweet;
Others roam in climes of beauty,
Far beyond the stormy sea:
Yet my childhood's dear old fireside
Very precious is to me. Chorus.

Maud, The Seamstress.

"That will do—yes, it is charming—quite the right style! Do you not think so, mamma? I don't believe Madame Michan could have made it better!" said Adela Jefferson, exultingly, as she examined a dress which was just relinquished by a pale, gentle, silent girl, busily stitching at the other end of the apartment.

Mrs. Jefferson looked critically at the robe.

"Yes, it is well—very fair, indeed; and Miss Spencer has understood my instructions. But still, of course, she could not have done without them."

"I never knew that my gentle, high-bred mother was a *modiste*," said Norman Jefferson, who had just entered the room, without, perhaps, lawful permission.

"Really, Norman, how you do startle me! And your father is coming too. Really, I shall be obliged to forbid the morning rooms to all male comers!" returned the mother, half-reprovingly, half-proudly, regarding her handsome and favorite son.

"My dear mother, the snow is falling thickly, the wind blows like a monster organ in a rage, and the fire in the library smokes, and the drawing-room is in agonies of dissolution, or revival, as the case may be. You really cannot send me away. It is cruelty to animals!"

The lady shook her head. She fancied she had detected glances of admiration bent on the simply-attired dressmaker, which she could ill brook from anyone in the presence of Adela's queenly beauty.

Of course there could be no rivalry in the case; but if Norman thought the girl worth looking at, there might be danger ahead.

And Mrs. Jefferson was a far-seeing pilot.

"Have you nearly finished, Miss Spencer?" she asked.

"I will be as quick as possible, ma'am, said the girl calmly; more especially as I wish to get home to a sick mother."

Mrs. Jefferson pushed the lamp nearer to the girl; and then she, her husband, son, and daughter drew near the fire, to chat over the next morning's expected festivities.

"It's all very pleasant getting us these Christmas gaieties, remarked Norman; but I often think we are, as a family, sadly deficient in near relatives to share them with us. We are peculiarly isolated in that respect," he continued, musingly. "Do you know, I often recall a remembrance of childhood in the shape of a fair aunt, not very unlike our Adela, and a little child, who was even more attractive to my boyish fancy. She was so sweet, so gentle and so girlish in every little childish way."

Mr. Jefferson cleared his throat. His wife frowned gloomily.

"Better forget all such nonsense, Norman: your aunt was not one of us. She exiled herself from her family, and deserves no thought or regret at our hands," she said.

"And why not, mother? She did not look like one to commit an evil deed. She seemed purity and sweetness herself," he said, thoughtfully, his eyes still fixed on the fair, wan face of the dressmaker, whose downcast eyes displayed to their full their long, thick lashes.

"No, boy—no. She did not marry beneath herself, interrupted his father hoarsely. It was a venial error, and I have often repented I did not bring her to my home, when she was at last left a widow. But we were not so rich then as we are now, and your mother feared the consequences on our rising fortunes and your sister's prospects; so I sent her a present, poor thing, and never heard of her any more."

"You do not know whether she is living or dead?" said Norman, in astonishment.

His father was fain to nod assent.

"I have no doubt she went abroad as we advised, put in Mrs. Jefferson. Very likely she is dead, and her daughter married, by this time. Bless me, Miss Spencer, how you made me start! Have you finished, that you dropped the scissors in such a hurry, and almost overset your chair?"

"Yes, madam, I have finished; and, if you please, I will go home at once," returned the girl, timidly.

"It is a dreadful night. Has she far to go? Can she not remain here, Margaret?" asked Mr. Jefferson of his wife.

"No, no, please; I must return to my mother. I do not mind," said the girl, anxiously.

"Very well, then; I will pay you at once."

And Mrs. Jefferson, eager to get her dangerous inmate out of the way, drew out her purse, and handed Miss Spencer her scanty dole.

"It is very cheap, certainly. Upon my word, I believe Madame Michan would have charged five times as much as this girl has charged, said Mrs. Jefferson, exultingly, as she held up the dress to view. And it fits beautifully, I must say!"

"Then I must say you should have given her twice as much as she charged, my dear—especially with a sick mother, and on such a night," remonstrated her husband.

"Dear me! You would spoil all these people, my dear! said the lady, scornfully. I'm sure everything is dear enough, without raising them upon us also."

"Only that they are as dear to them as to us, observed her husband. But where is Norman? He has disappeared during the housekeeping argument."

"Perhaps he has gone to the theatre, said Adela. He did talk of doing so, I remember."

No more was said, though the mother was not quite satisfied, even with all her faith in her darling son. Still, she was too wise to impart her fears to her husband, who, as she was well aware, would only laugh them to scorn.

And when Norman reappeared some two hours later, she abstained even from asking any hazardous questions on the cause of his absence.

Miss Spencer had wrapped her cloak round her with one hand; the umbrella and veil obscured the light and occupied the other hand.

The snow was falling fast, and the ice becoming impassable, save with the utmost care and steadiness.

No wonder that her limbs trembled after that long day's work, and that in her haste she slipped, and would have encountered a dangerous fall but for the friendly support of some powerful hand.

She started round, to perceive that her kindly assistant was no other than the son of her employer.

"Thank you. I shall not be so careless again. You are very good, she said, as he offered her his arm. I am not at all hurt."

"I hope you are not; but you must not run such another risk," he said, persistently.

She was, in truth, too thankful for what was well-nigh a necessary support to refuse longer, and for a few minutes they went on slowly and in silence.

"I quite forgot to ask you where you live," he said at last, with an amused smile at his own absurdity.

"It is not so very far; just in the next street; we are near the turning now. I need not trouble you any more," she said.

"I shall see you to your own door," he said, resolutely.

"But, she stammered, I cannot—I dare not ask you to come in! Mamma would be angry."

"Is she so suspicious or so stern, then?" he asked.

"No, no; only she don't know I work at your mother's; and I would not, she added, only for her sake, and I have so little connection."

"I do not understand you, said the young man, in bewildered surprise. What dislike can your mother have to mine, when she has never, I presume, heard of, much less seen, her?"

"Then you—you do not know me? said the girl, her feelings seeming to break through all reserve. It was not intentional when you spoke of your aunt and cousin as you did?"

"My aunt and cousin! repeated Norman, stopping short. Then can it be—is it possible—that you—you are——"

"Your cousin, Maud Dasent, said the girl, sadly. I ought not to have told you, perhaps, and you must keep my secret; only I am so desolate, and when I heard your kindly words, I could not help it—indeed I could not, and I fancied you remembered the little Maud of whom you spoke so kindly."

"And you are reduced to this—you, my father's niece, are compelled to work for your living—to be exposed to such insolence, such hardships! he exclaimed. Maud no wonder your mother hates our very name, and that your lip curled with scorn, as I noticed just now, at my poor mother's vain boastings."

"Hush—hush! If it did, I was wrong, said the girl, eagerly. You must not speak or think thus of your mother, Mrs. Jefferson. Then your sister is so lovely; no wonder she's proud of her, and——"

"Call me Norman. Give me but the chance of seeing your mother, of imploring her pardon, and I will do anything!" exclaimed the young man.

Maud shook her head.

"I can call you Norman if you like, for the name seems so familiar to me from my childhood, she said; but to take you to poor Mamma—to agitate her by the knowledge of my deception—for such I fear it must be called—would be impossible. No, no; you must leave me now. Mamma will be only alarmed too much already; but I shall not forget your kindness, cousin Norman," she added, with a sweet childlike smile.

The young man longed to kiss the pretty lips turned so temptingly towards him; but he was too generous not to respect her loneliness, and he contented himself with pressing the small white hand as he turned away.

But he followed at a distance till he saw Maud safe at her own door, and walked home slowly and silently, musing on the eventful walk.

* * * * * * * * *

It was some three months after, and the violets and camellias were heralding sweet, bright spring, when Mr. Jefferson entered his wife and daughter's morning room.

"Margaret, my dear, he said, I have a very exciting piece of news for you—some that I am sure you and Adda will be exceedingly happy to hear. What do you think of a wedding in the family?"

"A wedding! repeated the wife. My dear, how abrupt you are! I certainly did think Mr. Pierson very pointed in his manner to Adda the other night; but, nevertheless, I did not expect it so soon."

"Nor has it, and I hope never will come, my dear, replied Mr. Jefferson: for I certainly never could give my consent to Adda's marrying a crabbed old man. No; our child will not be in a hurry to leave us, I trust. She will wear bridesmaid's jessamine before the orange blossoms. It is Norman who is going to be married. Guess the bride-elect?——"

"Well, it is very sly of him; and he has been very queer lately, and always out, said Adda, pouting. Whoever is it, papa? Blanche Vivian, or Clara Lowe, or——"

"No, my dear; nothing so cold, or tall, or proud as your friends, laughed the father, cheerily. It is the sweetest, most warm-hearted little creature possible, and our own kith and kin—your cousin, Maud Dasent.

"Mr. Jefferson, are you mad? That beggar's girl? and after all that has passed? I will never speak to her, nor him either," gasped the mother; while Adda sneered as scornfully as she dared before her determined father, on whom her chief pleasures and comfort depended.

"Quite a mistake, my love. Maud will have $100,000 from a distant relative, who has kindly taken himself off the world's books. But mark me, Margaret, had she been penniless, I would have taken her to my heart as a daughter, thankful to atone for the past sin to her and her mother."

"And is she living—your sister?" asked the wife, sullenly.

"Thank Heaven! yes, though in most fragile health, replied her husband; but she will want for nothing that wealth can give to restore her to strength and prolong her life. But are you not anxious to see your daughter and sister, ladies?" he added, triumphantly. "I would not announce her till I was prepared to prove my words by producing my little jewel."

And, opening the door, and disappearing for a few minutes, he returned, leading in Maud, now blooming and blushing like a rose, and dressed in elegant though most simple and inexpensive costume.

"Miss Spencer!" burst from both mother and daughter.

"Why, my dear, you said——" continued the former.

"I said the truth, and no more; and another time I will explain all, interrupted Mr. Jefferson. Now give a welcome to our future daughter—our long-lost niece."

Mrs. Jefferson inwardly confessed that Maud was almost as lovely and more graceful and refined

than her own idolized Adda, and that she could not be ashamed of so graceful a girl with twenty thousand pounds as a portion. And when she was persuaded to accompany her home, and saw the gentle, fragile sister-in-law, who was yet so unreproaching and patient, and when she did really satisfy herself as to the truth of the wonderful legacy asserted by her husband, all scruples and anger passed away; though it may be feared she scarcely repented the cold unkindness to Miss Spencer while petting the lovely Maud Dasent. Nor did she ever know that her husband had risked hundreds of his own money to establish his sister and niece's claim as the next of kin to the deceased relative of Mr. Dasent, or that long ere its success was certain he had given his sanction to Norman's love for "The Seamstress."

The Hunters of Kentucky.

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair, who grace this famous city,
Just listen, if you've time to spare, while I rehearse a ditty;
And for the opportunity conceive yourselves quite lucky:
For, 'tis not often that you see a hunter from Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!

We are a hardy free-born race, each man to fear a stranger,
Whate'er the game we join in chase, despising toil and danger;
And if a daring foe annoys, whate'er his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys are alligator horses.
Oh! Kentucky! &c.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints, how Packenham attempted
To make old Hickory Jackson wince, but soon his schemes repented;
For, we, with rifles cocked, thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the general flocked the hunters of Kentucky.

You've heard, I s'pose, how New Orleans is famed for wealth and beauty:
There's girls of every hue, it seems, from snowy white to sooty.
So Packenham he made his brags, if he in fight was lucky,
He'd have their girls and cotton bags in spite of old Kentucky.

But Jackson he was wide awake, and wasn't scared at trifles:
For, well he knew what aim we take with our Kentucky rifles;
So he led us down to Cyprus swamp, the ground was low and mucky,
There stood John Bull in martial pomp, and here was old Kentucky.

A bank was raised to hide our breast, not that we thought of dying,
But then we always like to rest unless the game is flying;
Behind it stood our little force, none wished it to be greater:
For, every man was half a horse and half an alligator.

They did not let our patience tire, before they showed their faces—
We did not choose to waste our fire: So snugly kept our places;
But when so near to see them wink, we thought it time to stop 'em,
And 'twould have done you good, I think, to see Kentuckians drop 'em.

They found at last 'twas vain to fight, where lead was all their booty,
And so they wisely took to flight, and left us all our beauty;
And now if danger e'er annoys, remember what our trade is,
Just send for us Kentucky boys, and we'll protect your ladies.

I Never says Nothing to Nobody.

BY SILENT SAM.

What a shocking world this is for scandle
It grows worse and worse every day:
Everything serves for a handle,
To take people's good names away,
In back-biting and railing each labor
A low-fault in others to show 'body,
I could tell such a tale of each neighbor,
But I never says nothing to nobody.
To lol de rol, &c.

There's the Baker who lives in great style,
His wife is a duce of a fright:
Of dresses she's got a great pile,
And they go to a ball every night.
In his single-horse buggy so light,
He drives around town just to show body,
He's been fined twenty times for short weight,
But I never says nothing to nobody.

There's the butcher, so greasy and fat,
When abroad he does nothing but boast,
And he struts, when he cocks on his hat,
As if he ruled every roast:
He dresses in style quite a dandy,
He is tall, so he's not such a low-body,
And they say his wife tipples the brandy,
But I never says nothing to nobody.

There's the new-married couple so happy,
You'd think them the "essence of love:"
He calls her before every "sappy,"
His "darling," his "duck," and his "dove,"
But at home they have nothing but strife,
Such quarrels, enough to o'erflow 'body,
In fact quite a cat-and-dog life,
But I never says nothing to nobody.

There's the Methodist priest of great fame,
I very oft see him pass by,
His bosom is filled with love's flame,
And he visits a GAL on the sly.
Now this every day I do see:
Of course, he's but a so-so body,
But as it is nothing to me,
Why, I never says nothing to nobody.

I could tell such a tale of each neighbor,
All 'round me, both great and small,
That really without any labor,
I'd greatly astonish you all;
But here now my short ditty ends,
I don't wish to hurt high or low body,
I want to keep in with my friends:
So I never says nothing to no-body.

The Darling Yaller Gal dat had a Josey on.

I seed a dashing yaller gal,
One day, upon de levee;
Her form was round, her step was light,
But warn't her bustle heavy?
She cast a tender glance on me,
An' den my heart was gone—
Oh! she was de taring yaller gal
Dat had a Josey on!
Chorus: Oh! yes, we all remember her,
She used to hoe de corn;
But she's de darling yaller gal
Dat had a Josey on!

I tipped my hat, an' bowed so low
Dat I could hardly straighten:
An' den I axed her, quite perlite,
Dat I for her was waitin'.
She blushed quite blue, an' den she said:
"You're quite a dandy, John."
Oh! she was de taring yaller gal
Dat had a Josey on!
Oh! yes, we all remember, &c.

I married her dat very day,
A week we libed in clober;
But soon my lubed one ran away
Wid Joe, de cattle drover.
An' now she troubles me no more,
Good Lor'—I'm glad she's gone:
For, she was de taring yaller gal
Dat had a Josey on!
Oh! yes, we all remember, &c.

The Irish Wife.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land—
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand:
For, she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
An outlaw, so I'm near her
To love till death my Irish wife.

Oh! what would be this home of mine—
A ruined, hermit haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines
'Pon its walls from Kathleen's face?
What comfort is a mine of gold—
What pleasure in a royal life—
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not have wed my Irish wife?

When the law forbade the banns,
I knew my king abhorred her race:
Who never bent before their clans,
Must bow before their ladies' grace.
Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife,
Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night;
And twinlike truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white:
My Irish wife has golden hair;
Appollo's harp had once such strings:
Appollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land—
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand:
For, she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life;
In death I would near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife.

A Hundred Years to Come.

By W. G. Browne.

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip,
The lofty brow,
The heart that beats
So gaily now?
Oh! where will be Love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and Sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling Age,
And fiery Youth,
And Childhood with
Its brow of truth,—
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come!
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come!
But other men
Our lands will till,
And others then
Our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sun shine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!

What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four fingers and a thumb?—A glove.

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GUITAR or BANJO. INSTRUMENTAL.



3 When old age comes on us, and my hair is turning gray,
I will hang up the banjo all alone;
I'll sit down by the fire and I'll pass the time away,
Away down in my old Cabin Home.
Cho:—Here is my old Cabin Home, &c.

4. 'Tis there where I roam away down on the old farm,
Where all the darkeys am free,
O merrily sound the banjo,—for de white folks round the room,
Away down in my old Cabin Home.
Cho:—Here is my old Cabin Home, &c.

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CONTENTS.

Answer to there's a letter in the candle.. page 284
Blanche May..... 283
Bill, they want you for Mayor..... 283
Blue Glass..... 285
Courage, Nerve and Pluck..... 282
Come and sing to me again..... 282
Cecelia, my darling..... 284
Carena..... 284
Dandy Jim from Caroline—Music for Guitar or Banjo 288
Dat Bean Soup..... 284
The Groom leaves fade in the forest's shade..... 285
Gliding down the stream..... 285
How solemn are the words!—a Sacred Song 287
Hobby Horse..... 284
I've wandered in dreams..... 282
'Twas only my dream..... 282
I tried to call her mother..... 283
The Irish Regiment..... 283
Ka-Foozle-Um!..... 287
The Little log cabin's the home after all..... 283
The Little Chesnut Rooster..... 283
Meet me by moonlight, Willie..... 283
My Trundle Bed..... 285
My old Virginny Home..... 285
Only a baby small..... 282
Pity the homeless one to-night!..... 283
The Poor Relation—a Story..... 286
Root Hog or Die..... 282
See that my grave's kept green..... 285
Specie Payment..... 282
Speak, only Speak..... 284
Wake from thy happy dreams!..... 282
Walk, walk, walk!..... 282
What a heel she's got behind her!..... 287
Wake, Dinah, Wake!..... 287
When the pigs begin to fly..... 284

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Courage, Nerve and Pluck.

If in the struggle of this life
The rapid race you'd run
To gain both fame and honor, or
To see a little fun,
Trust not to faithless fortune,
The gambler's goddess luck,
But trust the sturdy watchword—
Of courage, nerve and pluck.

If in the race you chance to fall,
Don't pause to rest or cry,
Or ask unhappy fortune then
The cause or reason why:
But up again and at it quick,
And boldly run the muck:
For, trust me, friend, they always win
Do courage, nerve and pluck.

Then let your spirits never sink,
No matter what you do,
Although amid misfortunes drear
You sometimes should feel blue.
You yet may be our President,
Grant from the rolls be struck:
For, yet, in spite of race-course cads,
We've courage, nerve and pluck.

Root Hog or Die.

The greatest old nigger that ever I did see,
Looked like a sick monkey up a sour apple-tree;
It don't make a bit of difference to either you or I,
Big pig, little pig, root hog or die.

CHORUS.

Chief cook and bottle washer, captain of the waiters,
Stand upon your head while you peel a bag of taters.
Jog along.

I came from old Virginny with a pocket-full of news,
I am worth four shillings, standing in my shoes;
Doesn't make a bit of difference to either you or I,
Little pig, big pig, root hog or die. Chorus.

The Broadway niggers look so mighty grand,
Shanghai coats and gloves upon the hand,
A big standing collar, standing away up to the sky,
Little pig, big pig, root hog or die. Chorus.

Oh! these Broadway gals look so mighty gay,
With their hooped skirts promenading Broadway:
Their bonnets on their shoulders, and their noses
to the sky,
They go it in the sun or shade—root hog or die.
Chorus.

Wake From Thy Happy Dreams.

Wake from thy happy dreams,
Pure as the morning beams,
Loved ones around thee wait thy gentle voice to hear;
Wake—for, the robin sings
On gay and sunlit wings,
While from the gleaming vale low zephyrs whisper near.
Elfins in silence roam,
Back to their mossy home,
Warned by the waking rose, lured by the purling
streams.

Angels who guard thy sleep,
Wing now the azure deep;
Wake from thy happy dreams,
Wake from thy happy dreams, thy happy, happy—
Wake from thy happy dreams.

Wake from thy happy dreams,
Hope o'er thy pillow beams!
Love's gentle cares are thine, lose not the blissful day;
Fair skies are o'er thee now,
Fond kisses gem thy brow,
Borne on the tide of years, young pleasures fade away:
Pure may thy visions be!
Life's roses bloom for thee,
When childhood's feet no more stray by the
woodland streams;
While buds and leaves are rolled
In flames of shining gold,
Wake from thy happy dreams;
Wake from thy happy dreams, thy happy, happy—
Wake from thy happy dreams.

I've Wandered in Dreams.

I've wandered in dreams to the moonlight's home,
In fancy I've been where a thought could roam;
I've blissfully gazed on the sunny smiles
Of the maidens who dwell in the starry isles;
I have wakened from slumbers pure and free,
From thine airy charms, to love but thee.
Oh! not more dear the honeyed flowers,
Just blown at morning, to the bee—
Or to the garden summer showers,
Than thou, my love, art dear to me.

I have dreamt about Eden's blissful bowers,
And breathed the sighing of Heaven's own flowers;
I've heard the wild songs of the Paradise birds:
But ever, in sleeping, the memory of words,
Once spoken by thee, came sweet on mine ear,
And the music around me no more would I hear.

Come and Sing to Me Again.

I have heard sweet music stealing
'Round about me as I lay—
Like the songs of angels singing
From that bright land far away.
And I feel such joy and gladness,
As I listen to each strain:
Tell me, do you think they'll ever
Come and sing to me again?
Chorus: I have heard sweet music stealing
'Round about me as I lay,
Like the songs of angels singing
From that bright land far away.

I have heard sweet music stealing,
That would melt the hardest heart,
And unto the tired and weary
Would a soothing balm impart.
And I lay all claims aside,
As I listen to each strain:
Tell me, do you think they'll ever
Come and sing to me again? Chorus.

Specie Payment.

Music published by J. L. Peters, 843 Broadway, N. Y.

Ring the bells and beat the drum!
Shake your neighbor's hand to-day!
Good old times will surely come—
Oh! how long they've been away!
Gold and silver take "a drop;"
Not a "drop too much," 'tis plain!
Wall street's going to shut up shop—
Specie payment's come again!
Chorus: Ah! don't it make your fingers tingle?
Greenbacks now are on the wane!
Can't you hear the jingle, jingle?
Specie payment's come again!

"Taxes" now will end the strife
All to break us in a year,
Bachelors can take a wife—
Now they needn't have a fear!
Old and young, we needn't fret,
Fortune now will have her reign!
All the girls will husbands get—
Specie payment's come again! Chorus.

"Bulls and bears" are in a rage!
Let them fight it out alone;
Put them in an iron cage
Till they've quite contented grown!
Jimmy Fisk his match has found,
Long has he been "rising Cain!"
Female brokers brought it round!
Specie payment's come again! Chorus.

Yes, the good old times have come!
'Tis the year of jubilee!
Ring the bells, and beat the drum!
Hang "old Panic" to a tree!
Let the nations have their "row,"
We can "settle up" with Spain!
Hayes will "buy" young Cuba now—
Specie payment's come again. Chorus.

Only a Baby Small.

The Music of this song is published by J. L. Peters, 843 Broadway, New York.

Only a baby small, sent from the skies;
Only a laughing face, two sunny eyes:
Only two cherry lips, one chubby nose,
Only two little hands, ten little toes.
Only a golden head, curly and soft:
Only a tongue that wags loudly and oft;
Only a little brain, empty of thought,
Only a little heart, troubled with naught.

CHORUS.

Light of our loving hearts! hope of our years!
Gilding with merry laugh life's many tears!
So came this baby dear, cheering our way,
Sweet little bird of home, fly not away.

Only a tender flower, sent us to rear:
Only a life to love while we are here.
Only a body small, never at rest,
Small, but how dear to us—God knoweth best.
Only a life to shield, while clouds are nigh,
Only a will to teach, while days go by!
Only an angel lent, crowning our love,
Only a heart to lead, far, far above. Chorus.

Walk, Walk, Walk.

The popular sensation,
The wonder and the talk,
Is how to make the quickest time,
And never break a walk;
The whole Yankee nation
Is taking to its heels,
The very locomotive cars
Are getting off their wheels.

CHORUS.

Then walk, walk, walk, everybody walk,
Don't hop, skip, or jump, but vigorously walk;
Steam's too slow, riding's not the talk,
Don't sail, don't drive, but everbody walk.

Some walking for a wager,
Some walking for the drinks:
Some walking off a thousand miles,
And some a thousand links;
Some walking *a la* Blondin,
Some walking on their head,
And others walking day and night
Until they tumble dead. Chorus.

But never mind the uproar,
Be thankful 'tis no worse;
Like measles, mumps or chicken-pox,
The thing must have its course:
And by-and-by the hobby
Will make a sudden baulk,
Flare up, collapse and fizzle out,
And that will end the walk. Chorus.

'Twas Only My Dream.

ECHOES FROM THE OULD SOD.

The Music of this song is published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York.

Oh! Shamus, my dear! I fear your heart is astray:
For, mine, I can tell so well, 'tis melting away.
The pale moon is high, I sigh—for, sad is her beam—
But sadder my heart, to part, oh! sorrow my dream.

CHORUS.

Oh! Shamus, my dear! come here, still cling
to my heart,
Thy Norah will be to thee as dear as thou art.
I hear thee afar, the star is shining more bright,
'Twas only my dream, a gleam that shaded my sight.

Oh! Shamus, my dear! 'tis clear, it came as I lay
In anguish, last night, no light to cheer me then strayed;
I saw thee, 'tis true, 'twas you, another was there,
She laid on your breast, no rest for me but despair.

CHORUS.

Oh! Shamus, my dear! come here, still cling
to my heart,
Thy Norah will be to thee as dear as thou art.
I hear thee afar, the star is shining more bright,
'Twas only my dream, a gleam that shaded my sight.

Pity The Homeless One To-Night.

Words by George Cooper. Music by Charles E. Pratt.
Music to be had of W. A. Pond. 547 Broadway, N. Y
Price 30 cents

Torn from home, I'm sad and weary,
Far from scenes that once were bright
Wandering 'neath the sky so dreary—
Pity the homeless one to-night!
Darkly dawns for me the morrow,
Coldly now the stars look down,
Nothing left me but sorrow—
I'm beneath Misfortune's frown!
Chorus: Torn from home, I'm sad and weary.
Far from scenes that once were bright;
Wandering 'neath the sky so dreary—
Pity the homeless one to-night.

Gone for me the sounds of gladness,
Gone the joys that once I knew
Help, oh! help me in my sadness,
Kindly hearts so good and true!
Lonely in the cheerless city,
Storms around me fiercely blow;
Who will on me now take pity,
While I wander to and fro? Chorus.

Beam no gentle smiles to cheer me:
Once I gazed in eyes so fair!
Dear and loving ones were near me:
Now I've naught but wild despair!
No soft mother-hands to bless me,
No fond kiss at close of day!
No wee darlings to caress me—
Homeless, helpless, now I stray. Chorus.

I Tried to call her Mother.

Words by T. P. Eltone. Composed by Justin Juch
Music published by Geo. Von Kameke 527 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, L. I. Price 35 cents.
Sung by Minnie Clifford.

I have tried to call her mother,
Since the day when first we met;
But she is not like another,
Who I never can forget:
Who is 'neath the roses sleeping,
With the cold earth for her bed,
Where the dew-gemmed Ivy's creeping
Out amid the silent dead.
Chorus: I have tried to call her mother,
But I cannot, cannot yet:
For, she is not like another,
And my heart will ne'er forget.

I have tried to call her mother,
Since she took that loved one's place;
She is kind to little brother,
And he loves her smiling face;
But were she a loving Angel
With a soul too pure for earth,
She could not be like another
Who has gained immortal birth. Chorus.

I have tried to call her mother,
She is good and pure and true;
But my heart yearns for another,
Whom in blissful days I knew;
Yet I feel a tender pity
For this friend whom God has given;
But I cannot call her fondly,
I've a mother, dear, in Heaven. Chorus.

Meet Me by Moonlight, Willie.

There is a fine ship on the ocean,
All lined with silver and gold:
Its name is Abraham Lincoln,
And I'm sure that my Willie's on board.
Chorus: Oh! meet, oh! meet me by moonlight,
Oh! meet me by moonlight alone;
I have a sad story to tell you,
Must be told by the moonlight alone.

Oh! where has my Willie now gone to?
He's out on the wild raging sea,
He's out on the ocean a sailing,
And he'll never come back unto me. Chorus.

I wish I knew of an eagle
Would lend me their wings for to fly:
I'd fly to the arms of my Willie,
And there I would lay down and die. Chorus.

Blanche May.

Written and sung by St. Clare Smith. Air: Nellie Gray.

In Philadelphia City, on the Delaware's bright shore,
Where I spent many happy hours away,
I met a lovely creature, bright as Fairy Queen was she,
And the name of the maid was Blanche May.

Chorus.

Oh! my sweet Blanche May, you are brighter
far than day,
As your light form in graceful motions play:
I have seen other beauties, but none ever can compare
With my idol, my charming Blanche May.

She is pure as the snow-drop, and sweet as
the blushing rose,
Her face is the sweetest ever seen,
Her heart is so guileless, she is loved by every one,
Her mind is both gentle and serene. Chorus.

May Heaven's hand of mercy shield her safely
from all harm,
Its blessings her every path attend:
May the winds of adversity never touch my darling one,
Is the hope and the prayer of her friend. Chorus.

Bill, They Want You For Mayor.

Good evening, my friends, you're all looking well,
I came here to see you and my troubles to tell:
When I go along the street, the boys at me stare,
And they all holler out—"Bill, they want you
for Mayor!"

The other day, walking down Chestnut Street,
One fellow said I looked like a cat,
I ran for the blackguard and pulled down his hair,
And he shouted out—"Bill, they want you for Mayor!"

Their shouting at me I now understand;
It's because they want my education and land.
They'll never get nothing from me, I do swear,
Unless they all say—"Bill, we want you for Mayor!"

The Irish Regiment.

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.
Words and Melody by J. P. Skelly. Arranged by H. Maylath
The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—
Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.
As sung by the Foy Sisters.

The regiment is forming, now,
The ranks are nearly filled;
For valor or for victory,
Our hearts are always drilled.
All Irishmen unite with us,
And give their heart's consent
To live or die like soldiers,
In the Irish regiment!
In dashing uniform we go,
So straight in every line,
Admiring friends their praise bestow,
And say we look so fine.

Chorus.

Hurrah for the Irish Regiment, that waits the
bugles call
Gallant soldiers all, who for their flag would fall!
Of raging war or cannon's roar, we have no fear at all—
We'll march away to glory in the Irish Regiment!

We'll show the Yankee nation
What the Irishmen can do;
In the Armory or battle-field,
To duty we are true;
When marching on the gay parade,
We are the nation's pride;
While the Stars and Stripes" and Erin's flag
Are flying side by side!
In dashing uniform, &c. with Chorus.

The cause we serve is Liberty!
And we're a valiant band;
Some day we'll see the tyrants fall,
And freedom in our land;
But far away we now must stay,
And be with hope content;
While marching on to victory,
In the Irish regiment!
In dashing uniform, &c., with Chorus.

The Little Log Cabin's the Home After All.

ANSWER TO LOG CABIN IN THE LANE.

How well I remember the little old cabin,
Where first shone the light of my life's early morn!
It stood on a hill-side, in sight of a village,
And under the same roof my mother was born.
I grew up to manhood, and started life's journey,
Resolved that my fortunes should rise and not fall;
But one thing I learned, and I'll never forget it,
That little log cabin's the home after all.

Chorus.

I care not wherever in life I may wander,
I never have found, in the palace or hall,
A place half so dear to my heart as that cabin,
I've found it to be the best home after all.

'Twas there my poor mother first taught me in boyhood
The duties of right and the errors of wrong:
'Twas there I have driven the cows from the meadows,
A bare-footed boy, while I heard the bird's song.
I've ploughed with my father, I've mowed in
the meadow,
I've trained the young vines o'er the
moss-covered wall
That stood round the spring: ah! talk not of pleasures,
That little log cabin's the home of them all.
I care not, &c.

I've grown up to manhood, and fortune smiles on me,
I look back to youth with a feeling of pain,
And think I would give all I think of possessing,
If I could live happy my boyhood again—
I weep when I think of my father and mother,
Both sleeping in death near the old garden wall;
Of all the dear homes in this world that I have
met with,
The little old cabin's the home of them all.
I care not, &c.

The Little Chestnut Rooster.

Air: Champaigne Charley.

As I was walking down Broadway,
One stormy afternoon,
I met with a pretty little girl
On the corner of Broome;
She lifted her skirts a little too high
And showed her pretty calf,
Which caught the eye of a chestnut peddler,
And you'd ought to have seen him laugh.
Chorus: It set this rooster crazy,
And he didn't know what to do:
He sold a quart and charged for a pint:
Oh! how those chestnuts flew!

They married were that afternoon,
And for Jersey City started
And left the old woman all alone—
She seemed quite broken-hearted.
To Taylor's hotel they went that night,
And the Rooster looked so shy
To see his wife, before going to bed,
Pull out her glass eye. Chorus.

They chatted and talked a little while—
Says he—"you're the only daughter"
At the same time his wife was taking out her eye
And put it in a glass of cold water.
He being very tired he fell asleep:
In the night, being very dry,
He got up and drank the croton water,
And swallowed his wife's glass eye. Chorus.

When he woke up in the morning,
And found what he had done,
He dressed himself and skedaddled down stairs—
You'd ought to have seen him run—
He made his way to Baxter street,
In an alley-way, close by,
Where he was introduced to his mother-in-law
By a girl that had a glass eye. Chorus.

She woke up in the morning,
And looked up all around,
Her little chestnut rooster
Was nowhere to be found:
She sat down and cried a little while,
To think she'd been sucked in—
"There's one consolation, says she, I've got,
I can go one eye against him" Chorus.

When the Pigs Begin to Fly.

Written and Composed by J. F. McArdle.

I've got the gift of prophecy, as I will quickly show :
The secrets of the future most infallibly I know ;
I'll give you all a few straight tips and I will prophesy
Of some strange things to happen when the pigs
begin to fly.

Chorus.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh ! won't the pork be high !
Though they are the most unlikely birds that
ever flew in the sky,
I see no reason why they should never have a try—
Much queerer things will come to pass,
when the pigs begin to fly.

Some folks they want cremation and are very
much perplexed,
Because they say they'd rather burn in this world
than the next.
They're bound to make a 'ash of it if they cremation try,
They'll settle this burning question, when
the pigs begin to fly.

Chorus.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh ! won't the pork be high !
Though they are the most unlikely birds that
ever flew in the sky,
I see no reason why they never should have a try—
We'll all adopt cremation, when the pigs begin to fly.

We hear a lot of women's wrongs and also
women's rights,
They want to wear the breeches, do the old and
ugly frights :
The rights they need is marriage rites, for
Home Rule they should try,
We'll send old maids to parliament, when the
pigs begin to fly.

Chorus.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh ! won't the pork be high !
Though they are the most unlikely birds that
ever flew in the sky,
I see no reason why they never should have a try—
Old spinsters will be ministers, when the pigs
begin to fly.

The force of folly and of fashion could no further go,
You must confess that ladies' dress at present
is all a show :
With ruffs, puffs, and muffs, and stuffs dame
Nature they defy,
I do believe they'll dress like Eve, when the
pigs begin to fly.

Chorus.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh ! won't the pork be high !
Though they are the most unlikely birds that
ever flew in the sky,
I see no reason why they never should have a try—
They'll only wear their natural hair, when the
pigs begin to fly.

A day will come when every belle will dress
with simple taste,
She won't puff out her figure and screw in her
dainty waist :
High heels low bodies dress improvers,
chignons she'll decry—
Drop powder, puff, all such stuff, when
the pigs begin to fly.

Chorus.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh ! won't the pork be high !
Though they are the most unlikely birds that
ever flew in the sky,
I see no reason why they never should have a try—
Each female saint will never paint, when the
pigs begin to fly.

In what ship has the greatest number of people been wrecked?—Courtship.

When is a candle like a tombstone?—When a woman puts it up for her late husband.

When a man has "seen his best days," there is one consolation. He has generally seen his worst also.

Answer to There's a Letter in the Candle.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by Harry Morton.

Oh ! I knew it was a letter
That I saw the other night,
When a little spark was shining
In the candle flame so bright !
For, the one I loved was absent,
Far beyond the stormy sea,
And I wondered, fondly sighing,
If he ever thought of me.
Chorus ! Oh ! he loves me fondly,
Oh ! he loves me dearly,
To my doubts I'll bid adieu,
I'll bid adieu !
Yes, I knew I'd get a letter :
What the candle told was true.

Oh ! he says the days are lonely,
While he's absent from my side,
And he tells me I'm his treasure
In this weary world so wide.
So I'll write a little answer,
And I'll fold a kiss therein !
And I'll say I'm his forever,
That none else my heart can win ! Chorus.

So I'll watch with fond affection
For that spark to come again ;
Oh ! it brings me back to gladness,
'Tis the sunlight after rain !
Bless the loving little omen—
For, it whispers such delight,
That I wish there was a letter
In the candle every night. Chorus.

Dat Bean Soup.

For we represent de privates
In de noble culind troop,
Who march about in all de states,
Looking out for some bean soup.
Chorus : For, we love bean soup,
Get enough for de whole troop ;
For, de men have got de croup,
And dey must have dat bean soup.

When we went out on 'Spection day,
We didn't have much to say :
For, de men dey all had de croup,
Looking out for dat bean soup. Chorus.

Oh ! when dat soup, it hove in sight,
You ought to have seen dose darkies—
You'd tink dat to a war dey had bin,
As dey was wiping off dere chin. Chorus.

Speak, Only Speak.

Words by Arthur French. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

Why are you silent and sad, love,
Filling my poor heart with pain?
Lives young as yours should be glad, love,
Smile on me sweetly again.
Surely, I never can leave thee
Here with those tears on thy cheek—
What have I done thus to grieve thee?
Speak to me, love, only speak.
Chorus ! Oh ! speak to me, then, only speak, love,
Why are those tears on thy cheek?
Give me the answer I seek, love,
Speak to me, love, only speak.

Why are you sorrowing here, love,
When I am close by your side?
Swiftly the day draweth near, love,
Soon I shall claim you my bride.
What have I done to deceive thee!
This is the answer I seek :
What were the words that could grieve thee?
Speak to me, love, only speak. Chorus.

Hearts like your own cannot live, love,
Always in sorrow and pain ;
Whisper you gladly forgive, love,
Kiss and be happy again.
Cease all the weary repining,
Banish the tears from thy cheek,
With my arms round you entwining,
Speak to me, love, only speak. Chorus.

Cecelia, My Darling.

Air : Annie Darling.

Cecelia, my darling, I sigh in thy absence,
I count every tedious hour :
I dream of thee nightly in each fitful slumber,
A captive to love's charming power.
Oh ! hast e'er been dreaming how dear thou art to me,
The darling and pride of my heart?
I love thee forever, I pray do not doubt me,
My soul and thine own must not part.

Chorus.

Cecelia, my darling, then list to my pleading,
Your face, dearest, turn not away ;
My heart you have stolen, your own I am keeping,
And keep it to my dying day.

In friendship I met you, but love lingers slyly,
And friendship, compelled to depart,
Gave the field unto Cupid, who now warms my bosom,
And nestles close down in my heart.
Then list to me, darling, I pray you believe me,
I speak but the truth unto thee :
Whatever betide us, I love thee forever,
Refuse not your love unto me. Chorus.

Hobby Horse.

Hop, hop, hop, nimble as a top,
Where 'tis smooth, and where 'tis stony,
Trudge along, my little pony :
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,
Nimble as a top.

Hwo, hwo, hwo, how like fun you go,
Stop, you jade, I tell you, tell you :
If you don't, I'll surely sell you,
Hwo, hwo, hwo, hwo, hwo,
How like fun you go.

Spare, spare, spare, sure enough we're there,
Very well, my little pony,
Safe our jaunt, though rough and stony,
Spare, spare, spare, spare, spare,
Sure enough we're there.

Here, here, here, yes, my pony dear,
Now with oats and hay I'll treat you,
And with smiles will ever greet you,
Pony, pony dear,
Yes, my pony dear.

Carena.

As the shadows soft were creeping,
And the sun had faded in the west,
In the churchyard we are weeping,
Where we gently laid Carena down to rest.
Then weep, oh ! weep : for, the grave is deep,
And Carena's gone forever :
Then weep, oh ! weep : for, the grave is deep,
And Carena's gone forever !

Chorus.

Then weep, oh ! weep : for, the grave is deep,
And Carena's gone forever :
Then weep, oh ! weep : for, the grave is deep,
And Carena's gone forever.
(Chorus to be repeated.)

Never bloomed on earth so fair a flower
Half so beautiful as she ;
Never bird, in wood or bower,
Ever warbled notes as full of melody.
Then weep, oh ! weep : for, the grave is deep,
And Carena's gone forever :
Then weep, oh ! weep : for, the grave is deep,
And Carena's gone forever ! Chorus.

And her spirit knew no sadness,
While her heart was ever gay and light ;
And her eye shone bright with gladness,
As the stars above in beauty shine at night.
Then weep, oh ! weep : for, the grave is deep,
And Carena's gone forever :
Then weep, oh ! weep : for, the grave is deep,
And Carena's gone forever ! Chorus.

See That My Grave's Kept Green!

When I am dead and gone from you, darling,
When I am laid away in my grave,
When my spirit has gone to Heaven above,
To Him who my soul will save:
When you are happy and gay once more,
Thinking of days that have been,
This one little wish I ask of you—
See that my grave's kept green.

CHORUS.

Oh! the days will come to you, darling,
When no more on earth I'll be seen:
One sweet little wish, darling, grant me—
See that my grave's kept green.

Though the hours of joy now are passing,
Yet how soon, alas! they will fade—
Though your glances of love are meeting my own,
Fair sunlight will turn to shade,
When from the world and its hopes I go,
Leave forever this scene:
Though others are dead, ah! will you then
See that my grave's kept green? Chorus.

Will you keep me, love, in remembrance,
Though the voice of chiding be heard,
And while others may speak in censure or blame,
Yet breathe no unkindly word?
Tell me you'll think of the past,
Think of the joys we have seen;
This one little promise keep for me—
See that my grave's kept green. Chorus.

Blue Glass.

Banjo Solo. By Barry Blackburn.

I suppose you all have noticed,
As through the streets you pass,
In almost every window
They are putting in blue glass—
It's Pleasonton's new hobby.
Though foolish, you may say,
Every one is buying "panes"
To drive their "pains" away.
Chorus: Blue glass, blue glass,
It will *cure* or *kill* rheumatics;
Blue glass, blue glass,
Blue glass on the brain;
Sit the live-long day
Beneath the violet ray,
And drive your aches away
For fifty cents a pane.

If you have lumbago,
The measles or the croup,
Baldness of the cranium,
Or tendency to stoop,
Or someone puts a nose on you,
Or a shanty on your eye:
Why, my advice to one and all
Is blue glass go and try. Chorus.

If you have the whooping-cough,
Or cross-eyed by descent,
Or have a spot upon your head
Whose bareness you lament,
Go get a glass crown in your hat,
Then give it time, you know,
And if you don't succeed that way
'Tis because the hair won't grow. Chorus.

The Green Leaves Fade in the Forest's Shade.

The green leaves fade in the forest's shade,
The flowers in the lowly vale,
When the verdure dies in Autumnal sighs,
And yields to the wintry gale.

But the Blooming Spring on a sportive wing
Glides slily over the scene:
On each flowery bed is new odor shed,
And the leaves of the forests are green.

So grief inshrouds in her misty clouds
The heart when o'ershadowed by pain,
Till Hope's bright glance dispels the trance,
And Happiness smiles again.

(Miss Bryant.)

Gliding Down the Stream.

Sung by Miss Adah Richmond.

Last evening I met Harry,
My steady company:
He took me out a sailing,
And whispered—"I love thee."
Of course, I blushed and answered,
"Oh! Harry, don't be mean!"
He kissed my cheek, the rascal did,
While gliding down the stream.
Chorus: Gliding down the stream,
Beneath the bright moonbeam;
When love's afloat in Cupid's boat,
It's Beauty's summer dream.
Gliding down the stream,
Where silver spray doth gleam;
My joy, you know, is with my beau,
When gliding down the stream.

The stars we tried to count them,
Bright shining over head;
Sweet Venus kept a twinkling,
'Twas then my Harry said—
"If you say yes when I propose—"
So nervous did he seem;
The little stars kept urging me,
While gliding down the stream. Chorus.

Oh! all his conversation,
While gazing at the moon,
Was—"My sweetest little darling,
Next Sunday afternoon,
I'm going to ask your mamma
To grant my life-long dream.
So we shall always, side by side,
Be gliding down the stream." Chorus.

My Trundle Bed.

As I rumaged through the attic, listening to the
fallen rain,
As it pattered on the shingles and against the
window pane,
Peeping over chests and boxes, which with
dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner what was once
my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess, where it had
remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music of my mother's
voice in song;
As she sung, in sweetest accents, what I since
have often read—
"Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy
angels guard thy bed!"

As I listened, recollections, that I thought
had been forgot,
Came with a gush of memory, rushing,
thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood, to those
merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother, by this bed
upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently placed upon
my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter carefully the
words she said:
Never can they be forgotten, deep are they in
mem'ry riven—
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father! Father,
thou who art in heaven."

Years have passed, and that dear mother
long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit revels in the home of God:
But that scene, at summer twilight, never has
from mem'ry fled,
And it comes in all its freshness when I see
my trundle bed.

This she taught me: then she told me of its
import, great and deep—
After which I learned to utter "Now I lay me
down to sleep."
Then it was with hands uplifted, and in accents
soft and mild,
That my mother asked "Our Father! Father!
do thou bless my child!"

My Old Virginny Home.

The times was so bright at my old Virginny home,
At all times the darkies was so gay;
The corn tops ripe and the cotton fields in bloom,
While the darkies sing their songs all day.
The little folks played around the old cabin door,
With hearts so happy and so gay—
Bye and bye old war times came knocking at the door:
So now my old Virginny home is no more.

This new home ain't what the old one was,
The fiddle and the banjo is no more,
And the darkies who used to sing, at night,
On the bench at the old cabin door.
And the times that come cast sorrow to the hearts
Once so happy and so gay—
Bye and bye old war times came knocking at the door,
And all the darkies went away.

No more I'll hunt the possum or the coon,
On the hills, the meadow and the shore;
And no more I'll join in the break-downs
That was danced on the old cabin floor.
Good old massa, too, I'm afraid is no more,
His hair was turning gray—
I long to see my old Virginny home
Before I pass away.

Blue Glass.

Copyright, 1877, by E. H. Harding.

Written and Sung by Jim Campbell. Music by Roy Leslie.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

Oh! this is the age of invention:
Strange wonders turn up every day,
All the sciences seem in convention—
Where they'll stop at? no mortal can say:
But the latest and greatest of mysteries,
Which all other wonders surpass,
To go down in posterity's histry's,
Are these wonderful panes of blue glass!
Chorus: 'Tis a science none others compare to,
The philosopher's stone found at last:
For, 'twill cure all the ills flesh is heir to,
These wonderful panes of blue glass!

If a pane of blue glass you put over
The head of your mother-in-law,
She'll be tame as a lamb in spring clover,
And she can't even wag her own jaw:
Your own wife won't dare ask where you've been to,
If a night at your club you should pass,
If you have in your own bed-room windows
These wonderful panes of blue glass.
'Tis a science, &c.

'Twould do well in the windows of churches:
It might keep the preachers from sin—
And in street-cars 'twould make the conductors
Account for each fare they take in;
And if you had a brick in your hat, sir,
For a sober man wanted to pass,
'Twould be easy for you to do that, sir—
In your hat put a pane of blue glass.
'Tis a science, &c.

A blue goblet, full of good whiskey,
Would be most too tempting to pass,
And no temperance man will get friskey,
If he drinks his rum from a blue glass;
All the boarding house keepers will have them,
And the boarders will get fat quite fast,
They can't tell the shirt buttons from grizzle,
When the hash is served up in blue glass!
'Tis a science, &c.

If we'd send up a dozen of glazers
To the Capitol with this Blue Glass,
Congressmen would be honest as blazes,
And the days of their stealing be past;
If we had Blue Glass ballot boxes,
We'd have fair elections at last,
And a President upright and honest,
If the White House was glazed with Blue Glass.
'Tis a science, &c.

The Poor Relation.

In one of the chambers of Furnival's Inn Holborn sat two men in conversation. The cooling wind played gently with the short, brown curls of the younger, while his handsome eyes and face were lighted by a bright, animated expression that told of sudden joy at some news just communicated by his companion.

"I can scarcely credit such good fortune. Are you sure there is no mistake?"

"Perfectly; here are the documents. Prove your identity; prove to our satisfaction that you are Ralph Hamilton, son of John Paul Hamilton, and you are immensely rich. Can you prove it?"

"I can, immediately. But this is indeed a welcome change: to spring from deep poverty to such wealth in a moment, by the death of an unknown relative, seems almost incredible. I am grateful to you, Metcalfe, for your pains in so soon seeking me; also for your interest in my welfare. I have one favor only to ask in addition; that you remain silent about it. The fact of my changed circumstances need not be made known as yet. I shall not alter my style of living for a while, but shall fulfil an engagement to become the private tutor of two small boys residing, strange to relate, in the same place where lies this new estate. In taking the property you say I am required to assume the name of its former owner. This I will do, after a few months spent in the neighborhood as a poor tutor. I have met sad rebuffs from fashionable people during the days of my poverty, and I have no idea of being made a victim of some fortune-hunter; so I will study human nature a little longer as a poor man, win some good woman for love's sake, then settle down and enjoy myself."

"A very sensible conclusion," said Mr. Metcalfe, who, although his legal adviser, was also, and had been for years, a warm personal friend; "and the wisest thing you can do under the circumstances."

* * * * * * * * * *

On the land of a beautiful residence near, though not exactly in the large village of Walmer, sat two ladies, Mrs. Corsair and her daughter Zoe, while a third a niece of the elder lady Blanche Gilmore, stood with a light hat in her hand, as though just returned from a walk. They were discussing the appearance of a new tutor who had undertaken for a time on trial the education of the two sons of the family. Charley, one of these boys, had just appeared upon the lawn, and was saying, "Yes, indeed, I like him—so handsome and pleasant—not much like cross old Stevens!"

"Everyone is handsome in Charley's eyes if they don't scold," returned Zoe.

"You will say he is also when you see him. He is coming back now, as he went to the post office a few moments ago."

In a short time Charley whispered, "Now, girls, there he comes. Tell me if what I said was not true."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed both young ladies as they surveyed the fine figure and handsome face approaching; and when the young man smiled pleasantly upon Charley, and was introduced by Mrs. Corsair, Blanche thought she had never seen so handsome a man, while Zoe whispered, as he passed into the house in order to answer a letter just received—

"If the young heir of the Bellmont property prove one-half as handsome I shall be content!"

A splendid estate, be it known to the reader, with a residence of almost royal magnificence, lay within sight of their pretty home, and just, through the death of old Mr. Bellmont, a childless widower, its last owner, passed into the hands of a young relative, expected soon to visit the district.

Zoe Corsair and her prudent mother had decided to appropriate both owner and estate as soon as possible after his arrival, and were making great preparations for that event. For was not Zoe a beauty as well as the acknowledged belle of Walmer?

The new tutor, Mr. Hamilton, soon became a great favorite with his pupils, whose improvement under his care was daily perceptible. Living as he did in the family, he soon became well acquainted with all, while he evidently admired the beautiful Zoe, who treated him with cool politeness.

Of Blanche he saw little. She was only the poor relation depending upon her uncle for support, therefore compelled to bear every imposition and caprice her worldly, selfish aunt and cousin saw fit to inflict.

Being industrious, ingenious, and amiable, her fingers became the hard-taxed sewing drudges of the family. From morning until night she delved, bearing the ill-natured fault findings that were heaped upon her, until her heart became very heavy and life burdensome.

Only one little enjoyment was hers, and that was a solitary afternoon walk that she insisted upon taking for the benefit of her health, and for selfish motives allowed by her aunt, solely that her strength might not fail when she was so much needed; and as soon as she could put aside her needle for the purpose her feet fairly flew to a solitary spot, a deep ravine wildly romantic and secluded, not far from her uncle's residence.

Thither she went one beautiful afternoon about the first of October—tripping along down the small winding path that led to the depths below, while she felt her spirits rise with every step she took and every rock she passed. But suddenly she paused, a groan and faint call for help arresting her steps.

Hasting to the spot where she judged the sufferer to be, and saw a man lying at the foot of the ravine, motionless and now quite still. In a few moments she was beside him, and on lifting his head from the ground, she found Mr. Hamilton, the tutor, whose handsome face had so often visited her thoughts, unconscious before her.

She paused but an instant to take in the situation, then running to a stream of water, she dipped in her handkerchief and bathed his brow.

How handsome he was she thought, as she supported his head upon her arm, and tried so tenderly to restore him. At last he opened his eyes and gazed long and vacantly upon her; then, collecting his thoughts, he asked where he was and what had happened?

"You are in the ravine, Mr. Hamilton, and are seriously hurt, I fear. Did you fall from the rocks, or why do I find you thus in a swoon?"

"Ah! yes, I remember. I did fall. I leaned over to pluck a rare flower, and lost my balance. but I feel better again, thanks to you for your care, and I will see if I cannot rise."

He did get to his feet, with the ready assistance of Blanche, but found from the pain occasioned by the effort that his arm was broken, and one ankle seemed to be sprained or much hurt.

"Lean on me, Mr. Hamilton. Never fear: I am young and strong, and I think I can get you up the path, if it is steep, to the road, and from thence, after a rest, home."

Slowly, yet surely, leaning on the young girl for that support he was accustomed to give to others, he crept along, often stopping to rest, until at last the level road was gained, and from there his own room, to which a surgeon was soon summoned, and his limb set and bruises attended to, while rest and perfect quiet were deemed essential to ward off all tendencies to fever, which otherwise was liable to ensue.

Lying thus helpless upon his bed, the door partly open to allow a circulation of air, the young man lay half dozing, when he accidentally heard the following conversation, not, of course, intended for his ears:—

"A pretty piece of work this!" said Mrs. Corsair, who was an intensely selfish woman. "Who is to play nurse now, I should like to know?"

"And to a miserable tutor!" interrupted the equally selfish Zoe. "I, for one, will not; leave him to the servants!"

"But I cannot spare the servants. The housework must be done regularly, or all goes wrong."

"Then let Blanche attend to him," returned Zoe.

"I should be very glad to take charge of the poor young man, alone among strangers, and ill," returned Blanche; "and, if aunt is willing, I will devote my time to him."

"Yes, and neglect the needlework. There is my wrapper, that I want so much, not finished yet."

"Do not fear, aunt," returned the same sweet voice; "I will finish that also. I can take my sewing to his room, and attend to both; if not able to work when he is awake, I will do it at night when he sleeps."

"Very well—do as you please; but, remember, that wrapper must be finished by Saturday."

"Come, mamma, don't bother about him any longer. The carriage waits to take us to the concert. Come on."

So saying, the unfeeling Zoe swept down-stairs, followed by her mother, and drove away, while a soft voice murmured by the invalid's side, "You are not sleeping, I see. What shall I do for your relief?"

"I feel quite comfortable, thank you, except a headache, caused by the sudden jar."

"Let me bathe it, then; perhaps I can charm it away by gentle friction."

Seating herself beside him, she poured some refreshing perfume upon her hand, and commenced her labor of love.

How soft her fingers were, how gentle her touch, and what a depth of womanly pity beamed from those large, brown eyes! Did he dream it, or when he laid upon that hard ground in that dismal place, had not those same eyes shed tears over him, and those red lips murmured pitying words?

But we will not linger to tell the fancies that were soon lost in deep, refreshing sleep, nor of the rapid improvement of the invalid, who soon was able to resume his duties, although he carried for awhile one arm in a sling.

About three weeks after the accident, Blanche wandered once more to her favorite resort, and seating herself at the foot of the wild and rocky descent, she was soon lost in a deep reverie.

"This a charming spot, Miss Blanche," said a well-known voice behind her, "and I see is a favorite of yours. Now that I know how to avoid its dangers, I also am charmed with its deep repose and picturesque beauty."

"I am glad you like it," was the reply of the young girl, as she blushed slightly, when he seated himself by her side. "For years it has been my daily walk in suitable weather. There is something so solemn in those hills, with their waving evergreens studding their sides even to the top; then the ripple of the sea, and the songs of the birds and noises of insects, all unite in making it anything but solitary. But yours is the only face I have ever seen when here, and I cannot but wonder how you discovered this spot."

"One of my little pupils told me of it, and that day when I fell was my first visit. Thankful am I that you were in the habit of coming here, else I might have died alone and unmissed."

"Alone, I grant, but not unmissed; for your pupils love you, and surely we all would have sought you, but we might not have thought of finding you here."

A long pause ensued, broken finally by the following words spoken in low, agitated tones:—"I would like to tell you, dear Miss Blanche, how strongly attached I have become to my tender nurse, and how much I long for her to return my devoted affection. Dearest, can you love a person occupying so humble a position as tutor to your uncle's children? If you can, and if you will allow me to present my deep love, and consent to become my wife, it will be the delight of my life to strive to make you happy."

"I do love you, Mr. Hamilton, and have from our first meeting. To be your wife will gratify my proudest desires; but remember, while you are, as you say, only a tutor, I am of all things most pitiful, a poor relation, living upon the cold charities of my uncle's family."

"Yet well deserving a handsome living and far better lot by her usefulness and amiability. No longer a poor relation, dearest, but my loved and honored and future wife."

Then as he drew her towards him, and their lips met, both felt that they had chosen wisely and well.

No opposition was offered when Mr. Hamilton asked the hand of Blanche Gilmore from her uncle, all thinking that their poor relative did well, even in marrying a tutor.

Mr. Hamilton wished to be married during the Christmas holidays; so, early in December the plain wardrobe Mr. Corsair thought prudent to give his niece was duly prepared, and rapid preparations were being made for a strictly private wedding. Mr. Hamilton, being obliged to superintend some arrangements previous to his marriage, resigned his position in Mr. Corsair's family, much to the surprise of all, and left for a few weeks, to return the day of the wedding.

In the meantime, news came that the Bellmont owner was soon to take possession of his property; and the handsome house was undergoing great

arations for his reception. One of his oddities that on the evening of his return a large party riends from abroad, and the select party of nbors, were to assemble to bid him welcome. party, as it happened, was to take place the ing before the marriage of Blanche. Cards of ation had been left at Mr. Corsair's; and, much e surprise and chagrin of Miss Zoe, Blanche also remembered.

Just as if we wanted to introduce our poor re- us!" she said, scornfully. "I wonder that the also was not included!"

ancho, however, decided not to go, but her e insisted upon her accepting, "as it would so strange for one so soon to become a bride their house to refuse."

he evening came; Zoe certainly looked her best he rich white silk with lace overskirt, and rare rs, that had been procured purposely for the looked-for occasion of her hero's arrival. She d with a proud triumph upon her cousin, who, mple white tarletan, with a few natural buds in rich curls, waited by her side in the dressing- n of the Bellmont mansion.

young Dr. Samuel, the village physician, was escort.

he rooms were thronged, but singular to remark, young owner had not as yet made his appear- . The guests were received by his most intimate ds, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf; and the latter as as Blanche was introduced, managed to draw on one side, and in another moment Zoe dered, as she saw them leave the rooms to- er. About half an hour later, after all the ts had assembled, Mr. Metcalf announced that ad a few words to say.

e wished, in the first place, to apologize for the appearance of his friend, Mr. Bellmont; but his nce would be understood and forgiven, when he them that they had assembled to witness his riage, which, by means of a special license, d be instantly celebrated.

those words were spoken, a movement at the claimed attention. A clergyman, in flowing , entered, followed by—hold—could it be? Corsair looked at Zoe; Zoe looked at Mrs. air, every vestige of color forsaking her face as did so; while Mr. Corsair stared in stupid ler upon the advancing bridegroom and bride— Hamilton, the tutor, and Blanche Gilmore, his poor relative.

he bridal party looked splendidly; the bride, in few moments that had elapsed since her dis- arance, had been told the astounding news that was to marry the wealthy Mr. Hamilton Bell- ; and, although overwhelmed with surprise, suffered herself to be arrayed by good Mrs. alf in the stiff white silk, with the richest of overskirts, while a surperb bridal veil and fra- t orange flowers completed the toilet.

moment she was held in the arms of her ex- lover; and then the bridal party descended the ceremony was performed, and the Corsairs obliged to smother their rage and offer polite ratulations. The evening passed rapidly, all hing merrily over the glad surprise, and all pro- hing themselves delighted with Mrs. Bellmont's fortune.

e say *all*, and all it was that went through the ard forms of etiquette; but who shall describe inward workings of two hearts present on that tful evening? Not we! Vain were the attempt; gination alone can portray the picture, and to gination we commit the task.

he last we heard of the happy pair was they were trip to Italy, while Zoe, who had striven by s and caresses to obtain an invitation to ac- pany them, was obliged to confess that the she had put forth had not succeeded, and she therefore free to remain still under her father's

No eligible rich millionaire now being in , she smiles rather more upon young Dr. uel than formerly, and we should not be sur- d if, instead of marrying a person of unbounded th, she became at last the wife of a poor and ure village physician.

hen we think of the escape of the rich Mr. mont from her fascinating arts, we rejoice, while e same time we whisper this fact secretly in the f our readers—and we hope they will not t it to the inevitable village gossip—*We pity doctor.*

Wake, Dinah, Wake!

By S. C. Howard.

Wake, Dinah, wake! the bright moon is beaming
O'er the meadow, the cornfield and the hill,
And the stars, though no brighter than thy
bright eyes, are gleaming
O'er the earth all so calm and so still:
The violet in the glade is sleeping,
The lily is bending o'er the rill,
The rose in tears of pearly tear-drops's weeping
Near the river that flows calmly by the mill.

Chorus.

Wake, Dinah, wake! the bright moon is beaming
O'er the meadow, the cornfield, and the hill,
And the stars, though no brighter than thy
bright eyes, are gleaming
O'er the earth all so calm and so still.

Wake, Dinah, wake! the gentle breeze is blowing,
The bird's notes still hushed in the grove:
The ivy round the sturdy oak is growing,
Clinging fondly as though something still to love:
The shining river views it as onward rolling by,
And as on golden sands the ripples break,
In sweet enchanting tones it seems to murmur
Wake, now my dearest Dinah, wake! Chorus.

Wake, Dinah, wake! and open thy lattice,
My heart, love, can brook no delay:
How dearly I love to thy sweet voice to listen,
More sweet than the lark's morning lay!
Then come, dearest, come: for, each throb of my heart
Speaks in language which love cannot mistake,
So true that from thee I cannot depart—
Then, wake, now my dearest Dinah, wake! Chorus.

What a Heel She's got Behind Her!

Air: The girl I left behind me.

Down in de hills ob Indian
I loved a sylph so sable,
Her skin was as black as oak-tan,
And her breff as sweet as an apple:
Her legs was straight as grape-vine limbs
Dat round a stone fence twine, sar,
And folks cried when dey seen her shin,
"What a heel she'd got behind her!"
Chorus: Sing, tramp it, locomotive shin,
All creeping insects mind her,
Or else you'd wid de earth cave in,
By de heel she's got behind her.

Oh! when dat head first touched dis chest,
How it set dis heart a beating—
It made de wind walk through my breast,
Like a steam bullgine a beating.
At a ball she wore a frock so tall
O'er heel, so none could find her,
But dey cried out, as she touched de hall,
"What a heel she'd got behind her!"
Sing, tramp it, &c.

And when she joined in de quadrille,
Dat long heel found de hall, sar,
And like de grindstone ob a mill
Upon all toes it fall, sar:
Six darkies followed at her heel,
Fast in dar arms to bind her,
She raised dat shin, dey drapt and cried,
"What a heel she has behind her!"
Sing, tramp it, &c.

One day while walking down de street,
She lit on five dog's tails, sar:
De canines tried for to retreat,
But she held dem fast as nails, sar.
Dey fit an' scratched, an' yelled, ki, yi,
Dar rudders to unbind, sar,
And, as dey flew, dey seemed to cry
"What a heel she's got behind her!"
Sing, tramp it, &c.

I took her to de church to shout,
And as soon as we got in, sar,
De back part of de pew caved out,
When she put down her shin, sar,
De preacher's eye just caught dat shin,
It so consoled his mind, sar,
Dat he lead-out, let's sing dat hymn,
"What a heel she's got behind her!"
Sing, tramp it, &c.

Ka-Foozle-Um!

In ancient days, there lived a Turk,
A horrid beast, within the East,
Who did the Sultan's dirty work, as Babah of
Jerusalem—
He had a daughter sweet and smirk,
Complexion fair, and, oh! such hair!
With naught about her like a Turk, except the
name Ka-Foozle-Um!

Chorus.

Oh! Ka-Foozle-Um, the daughter of the Babah!

Not far, a youth resided, too:
His name was Sam: he hated ham
And pork, because he was a Jew, as strict as did
Mathusalem.
He drove a trade, and prospered well,
In ancient hats, and skins of cats:
And, ringing at the Babah's bell, he saw and
loved Ka-Foozle-Um.
Chorus.

If Sam had been a Mussulman,
He might have sold the Babah old,
And, with a verse of Alcoran, have managed to
bamboozle him:
But like a jew, he tried to scheme—
Passed, one night, late, the area gate,
And stole up to the Turk's haream to confiscate
Ka-Foozle-Um.
Chorus.

The Babah was about a smoke:
His slaves rushed in with horrid din—
Mashallah! dogs your house have broke! your
wives they will bamboozle 'am!
The Babah wreathed his face in smiles,
Came down the stairs, and witnessed there—
A faithless Jew, with tripple tiles, a kissing of
Ka-Foozle-Um!
Chorus.

The pious Babah said no more
Than seven prayers, but went up stairs,
And took a bow-string from a drawer and came
back to Ka-Foozle-Um!
The maiden and the Jew he took,
And choked 'em both—and, little loth,
Together pitched them in a brook, a brook
hard by Jerusalem.
Chorus.

And now commenced the Babah's ills:
He had no peace for Sam's decease.
The vengeful Jews bought up his bills,
compatriots of Mathusalem:
They sued him in the courts below.
He thought it best to shun arrest:
And so he fled to Jericho, a city near Jerusalem.
Chorus.

And still, the ancient legend goes:
When day is gone from Lebanon,
And when the eastern moonlight throws a shadow
on Jerusalem,
Between the wailing of the cats,
A sound there falls from ruined walls,
A ghost is seen, with tripple hats, a-kissing of
Ka-Foozle-Um!
Chorus.

How Solemn are the Words!

A SACRED SONG.

How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"Ye must be born again!"

"Ye must be born again!"
For, so hath God decreed:
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis life poor sinners need.

"Ye must be born again!"
And life in Christ must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He alone can save.

"Ye must be born again!"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.

DANDY JIM FROM CAROLINE.

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. EDMUND CLARK, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Organ and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.

Moderato.

GUITAR or BANJO.



Chorus.



3 De bull-dog cleared me out ob de yard,
I thought I'd better leave my card;
I tied it fast to a piece ob twine,
Signed—Dandy Jim from Caroline.
Cho:—For my old Massa, &c.

4 She got my card an' wrote me a letter,
An' ebery word she spelt de better;
For, ebery word an' ebery line
Was Dandy Jim from Caroline.
Cho:—For my old Massa, &c.

5 Oh! Beauty, it is but skin deep.
But wid Miss Dinah none compete;
She changed her name from lubly Dine,
To Mrs. Dandy Jim from Caroline.
Cho:—For my old Massa, &c.

6 An' ebery little nig she had,
Was de berry image ob de dad;
Dere heels stick out three feet behind,
Like Dandy Jim from Caroline.
Cho:—For my old Massa, &c.

7 I took dem all to church one day,
An' had dem christened without delay;
De preacher christened eight or nine,
Young Dandy Jims from Caroline.
Cho:—For my old Massa, &c.

8 An' when de preacher took his text,
He seemed to be berry much perplexed;
For, nothing cum across his mind,
But Dandy Jim from Caroline.
Cho:—For my old Massa, &c.

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CONTENTS.

Always too late ..... page 292
Angels, meet me on the cross-road 292
A Lawdy Dawdy Fellow 292
The Animals' fair—Music for Banjo or Guitar .. 296
Beautiful Blue Bells 291
Don't get it on the brain 290
Duffy to the front 292
Donnegan Light Guard 293
From every stormy wind that blows 290
Graduate's Song 293
Hoop 'em up, Liza Jane 291
Hurrah for the Minstrel Band! 293
I'm not myself at all! 291
Irishmen to the front 292
I hope I don't intrude 292
Let my people go 291
Looking for labor 291
Lassie with the hazel eye 292
Little Sunshine 294
Little old German home across the sea 294
McGown's wedding 291
My lover is shy 291
The Moneyless man 294
My Nannie, O! 294
Oh, yes! oh, yes! 291
The Old Kentucky Shore 292
The Opening at Patrick Malone's 293
Pull for the Shore!—a Sacred Song 293
Sweet Aleen 290
She smiled on me so sweet 293
They borrow, but never return 293
Trixy's Love Story 295
There's a wash-bill in the lamp-light 295
We'll have to mortgage the farm 290
Where moonbeams flood the dell 294
When flowers begin to fade 294
Who would not be a soldier? 292

Henry de Marsan's Valentines

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Sweet Aleen.

A pretty Serenade, and Medley Song and Dance. Written, Composed and Sung by T. M. Hengler.

I am waiting here to-night,
Sweet Aleen,
For to see my heart's delight,
Dear Aleen.
As I linger at the gate,
Tell me what may be my fate,
I your answer will await,
Sweet Aleen.
Chorus: Sweet Aleen, (*symp.*) dear Aleen, (*symp.*)
Whisper softly, tell me, truly,
Thou art mine:
Sweet Aleen, (*symp.*) dear Aleen, (*symp.*)
Whisper softly, tell me, truly,
Thou art mine.

If you love, me answer yes,
Sweet Aleen,
Half your answer I can guess,
Dear Aleen.
Fairest, sweetest, dearest love,
You're an angel from above,
Let me vow to you my love,
Sweet Aleen. Chorus.

Days may come, and days may go,
Sweet Aleen,
I shall ever love you so,
Dear Aleen:
You'll find me fond and true,
Believe my inner soul, pray do,
My life I yield to you,
Sweet Aleen. Chorus.

The girl I love so truly,
She dwells within this cot,
The most bewitching beauty,
A sweet forget-me-not.
My dear Aleen is queenly,
Each day when her I meet,
She fires my brain completely,
With bliss I wing my feet.
In a flow of joy I'm dancing,
In love's young dream I'm prancing
About this pretty girl, so fair.
Chorus: Let music play most sweetly,
And float around the air,
While I sing my love divinely
To sweet Aleen, so fair. (*Dance.*)

Yes, she is a beauty,
So loving, kind and true:
And the only girl to suit me,
With her laughing eyes of blue.

Around her splendid form
I drew the magic circle:
I kissed her—caressed her—
My brain was in a whirl.
Around her splendid form
I drew the magic circle:
I kissed her—I called her—
My own dear, sweet Aleen. (*Symp, with Dance.*)

This rosy, cosy darling,
She's all the world to me:
Her voice is like a starling,
And sweet as sweet can be.
She loves me and I love her,
We coo like doves together;
If any fellow flirts with her,
I'll hit him on the smeller.
Chorus: Oh! she's such a pretty one,
She's such a little one,
She's an angel from above:
Smother me with new mown hay,
Kill me, or I'll die with love.
Soon she'll meet me down by the oak tree,
My little angel from above:
Smother me with new mown hay,
Kill me, or I'll die with love. (*Dance.*)

Every night we walk together
Through the grove and shady dell;
There we tell our love tales over,
Soon you'll hear the marriage bell.
Every night we walk together
Through the grove and shady dell:
There we tell our love tales over,
Soon you'll hear the marriage bell.

We'll Have to Mortgage the Farm.

(*The old man sings the first verse and all join in the Chorus.*)

I think you had better regard what you say,
And put all those trinkets and trifles away:
This dressing and flirting, and gadding about,
Will bring us to ruin without any doubt;
For here are some bills that will have to be met;
I toil like a slave, while you run me in debt,
I will not permit you to carry on so,
We can't raise the money, you very well know,
Unless we mortgage the farm.

Chorus.

The farm, the farm, the dear old farm,
We'll have to mortgage the farm,
We'll have to mortgage the farm;
The farm, the farm, the dear old farm,
How can we mortgage the farm,
How can we mortgage the farm!

(*The old lady chimes in with the old man's ideas, and sings the second verse.*)

Oh! yes, it is always the case with the girls,
If wanted to work, they are fixing their curls,
Or building a steeple on top of their head,
Which takes them as long as for me to make bread;
Their skirts are so handy for sweeping the floor,
'Tis folly for us to buy brooms any more:
The best of their lives they will fritter away,
And when they get married, their husbands will say,
We'll have to mortgage the farm. Chorus.

(*The old man sings third verse.*)

I came years ago with my rifle in hand,
And cleared all alone a few acres of land,
And many a night did the glare of the sky
Proclaim to our cabin that danger was nigh;
The pride of my heart was the mother you see,
Who equally labored for you and for me;
And now it seems hard, as we're passing away,
That you by your folly should force us to say,
We'll have to mortgage the farm. Chorus.

(*The girls sing fourth verse.*)

Now, father and mother, you know you are old,
We must have some fun, and there's no use to scold,
It surely is better to be in the style
Than look so peculiar that people must smile;
We must be attractive in order to find
Admirers that fully come up to our mind,
You're always complaining about our display;
It seems pretty certain that do as we may
We'll have to mortgage the farm. Chorus.

(*The old folks sing the last verse, and all join in the Chorus.*)

It cannot be long till our race will be run,
Our trials be past and our labors be done:
For here we have toiled, and may here be our grave,
Where dear ones repose and the willow trees wave;
Oh! practice the precepts we taught you in youth,
Put on the adornment of meekness and truth,
The light of contentment will shine on our way,
And poverty never compel us to say—
We'll have to mortgage the farm.

Chorus.

The farm, the farm, the dear old farm,
We never will mortgage the farm,
We never will mortgage the farm.
The farm, the farm, the dear old farm,
We never will mortgage the farm,
We never will mortgage the farm.

From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

A SACRED SONG.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Don't get it on the Brain.

Written and Sung by Tony Pastor.
Air: You may call me a Quiz.

I'll take this occasion to give you advice,
It's meant in good part—so receive it quite nice.
Don't ever be urged to take out a kink,
When you know you don't want it, by taking a drink:
I'll tell you the reason, and this is the why,
And the truth, if you're smart, you cannot deny,
There's no luck in a drink, I tell you again,
No luck with anything square on the brain.

Spoken: Yes, what's the use of punishing one's bowels to accommodate a friend, and keep a shingle on some bummer's house? Whiskey on the brain is a bad complaint, and so is this fashion of "don't spend all your mony in one house," and rushing around from gin-mill to gin-mill for the sake of a familiar nod from a bar-keeper, for the purpose of making folks think you're somebody. This fancy, of a man's trying to prove he ain't a sardine, always proves the lad only lacks the pickle to make one. These are the chaps who chuck their money over the bar as fast as they get it, and generally wind up as free-lunch fiends. No, no, boys! keep your heads clear and, above all things, never get rum on the brain.

There's more I will tell you, and I want you to hear,
And the truth, laddie bucks, you'll see will appear:
Don't spend all your time at poker and bluff,
Or keno, or faro, or prize-candy stuff.
Your friends and yourself will serve you the best turn,
By keeping the money whatever you earn;
Don't spend it in hair-grease, or la-da-de-da's,
Or taking out lady-loves with their mam'mas.

Spoken: Yes, these are some of the things which young men should avoid; a little game occasionally, however harmless, is a bad thing to get on the brain. In most of these games the more you lay down the less you take up; and as to making anything out of a prize-candy package, why, you might as well lay a ten-cent stamp on the side-walk, and wait for some one to come along and cover it, with as good a show as you have in getting anything out of a prize-candy package. No, no, save your money; buy a house, put a Bowery girl in it, and set her to work making a uniform for the expected little la-de-da.

There's another thing, laddies, on free-love don't bet,
Against Woman's Rights just make a dead set,
And don't get politics or office on the brain,
But stick to square labor, and honor you'll gain.
Be honest, be brave, act square with a friend,
Be true to your country, and money don't lend:
Your words keep together, stay shady and sane,
And nothing whatever gets on to the brain.

Spoken: Yes, above all things, put your foot down on these free-love doctrines; give the coming generation the same chance to know their daddies that you have had; give a woman the right to do anything but make a darned fool of themselves. Don't it sound nice for an old maid of sixty to go upon the public platform and cry out against these horrid, horrid men! and ain't they high old subjects that lecture on the manner of bringing up babies without nursing! And, above all things, don't spend your life loafing around, waiting for a change of administration, or something to turn up. Get knowledge, but nothing else on the brain, and you'll be hunkie, and that's where the duck swims.

You may call me a quiz, you may call me a qui,
But these are the things that are queer to the eye,
And I'll tell you in earnest, and tell you again,
Never get anything square on the brain,
But keep a stray oar, whatever you do,
With freedom to paddle your own canoe,
As there's nothing so fatal, I tell you again,
As getting any one thing square on the brain.

Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes; but, on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.

He is rich who saves a penny a year; and he is poor who runs behind a penny a year.

I'm Not Myself At All!

Oh! I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
I'm not myself at all:
Nothing caring, nothing knowing, 'tis after you
I'm going:
Faith, your shadow 'tis I'm growing, Molly dear,
Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all.
Th' other day, I went confessin' and I asked the
father's blessin':
But, says I, don't give me one entirely—
For, I fretted so last year,
But the half o' me is here,
So give the other half to Molly Brierly:
Oh! I'm not myself at all!"

Oh! I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
My appetite's so small:
I once could pick a goose, but my buttons is no use,
Faith, my tightest coat is loose, Molly dear, Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all.
If thus it is I waste, you'd better, dear, make haste,
Before your lover's gone away entirely:
If you don't soon change your mind,
Not a bit o' me you'll find,
And what 'ud think o' that, Molly Brierly?
Oh! I'm not myself at all!

Oh! my shadow on the wall, Molly dear, Molly dear,
Isn't like myself at all:
For, I've got so very thin, myself says 'tis n't him—
But that purty girl so slim, Molly dear, Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all.
If thus I smaller grew, all fretting, dear, for you,
'Tis you should make up the deficieney:
So just let Father Taaf
Make you my better half,
And you will not the worse for the addition be:
Oh! I'm not myself at all!

I'll be not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
'Till you my own I call,
Since a change o'er me there came, sure,
you might change your name,
And 'twould just come to the same, Molly dear,
Molly dear,
Oh! 'twould just come to the same;
For, if you and I were one, all confusion would be gone,
And 'twould simplify the matter entirely.
And 'would save us so much bother,
When we'd both be one another—
So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly:
Oh! I'm not myself at all!

Let My People Go.

End Song. As Sung by Geo. Stanalll.

Brother and my Sister, and I tell you,
Let my people go;
I'm gwine to put on de golden shoe,
Let my people go;
And straight to glory I will go,
Let my people go;
For, de Angel Gabriel told me so,
Let my people go.

Chorus.

Way down in Moses: way down in Egypt's land,
Tell Old Pharaoh to let my people go.

Great big Nigger on a little fence,
Let my people go;
A talking to a fat Nigger Wench,
Let my people go;
The fence it broke and dey got a fall,
Let my people go;
Down come fence. Nigger Wench and all!
Let my people go.
Way down in Moses, &c.

Now, of good things I get the best,
Let my people go;
Take my advice, young man, go West!
Let my people go:
A Schooner of Beer only costs Five Cents!
Let my people go;
And when you get full, you've got no sense!
Let my people go.
Way down in Moses, &c.

Looking for Labor.

Irish Double Song and Dance.
Written by William Bryant, Sung by Bryant & Williams.

If ye plase, sirs, we have here just landed
From over beyant the big sea;
Our relations we left far behind us,
We've come out to work here for ye.
An' now we're lookin' for labor,
Anything we are willing to do;
I can handle the pick or the shovel,
And she can do washing for you.
Chorus: Then it's anything you've got to do,
We're willing now to work for you;
For, we will do the best we can,
If you've got any work for to do.

Sure the raisons we left the ould country,
And pack up our duds to come here—
Sure the times were so hard and so bitter,
An' mate and potatoes so dear—
So we tackled the briny blue ocean,
An' hard sure we worked on the way:
For, we knew whin we struck sweet America,
It's there we'd have ashens o' pay. Chorus.

Hoop 'em up 'Liza Jane.

Goin' across de mountain,
I gave my horn a blow,
Thought I heard Miss 'Liza
Yonder comes my beau.
She's nicer than the roses,
That grow down on the plain,
I lub dat little yaller gal—
My sweet ole 'Liza Jane.

If you want to buy a horse,
Don't buy a horse dat's lame;
But if you want to buy a mule,
Buy 'ole 'Liza Jane.
She's sweeter dan de 'lasses,
Dat drops from sugar cane;
She is de darlin' ob my heart—
My sweet ole 'Liza Jane.

McGown's Wedding.

Words by John Fielding.

'Twas on the Fourth of last July,
This is the truth and not a lie,
That Dan McGown and Mary Maloye
In wedlock were united:
And as they had some cash on hand,
Says Dan—"our wedding will be grand."
"More power to you," says Mary Ann,
Now who shall be invited?
The Clanceys, Fagins and the Doyles,
Murphys, Dugins and the Gores,
Whalen, Ragin and Paddy Miles,
The Bolivers and a hundred more.
Chorus: 'Pon me word, the President's Ball,
Or a fair at Donigall!
Finnegan's wake was nothing at all
Compared to this wedding.
Music playing, whiskey flowing,
Boys and girls with love a dying—
Children in the corners crying—
At McGown's wedding.

Some were playing forty-fives—
More of them were shaking dice—
And the girls were making pies,
The bride was telling stories:
Some were smoking their dudheens,
And boys a hugging their Colleens;
More were eating Pig's crubeen's;
Sure all were in their glory.
Fiddlers playing jigs and reels—
I tell you they were a happy lot—
Until the whiskey made them squeal—
That was the time that things got hot!
Chorus: Melah, murder, what a time!
Didn't we see them cut a shine—
Drinking whiskey, sometimes wine,
And on the lunch a raiding:
Hugging, squeezing one another—
Children crying for their mother—
All mixed up—this way and t'other—
At McGown's wedding.

My Lover is Shy.

The Music is published by John Church & Co., 66 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

Oh! I've a young lover so handsome and fair,
With cheeks of fresh color, and raven black hair,
So graceful in motion, and light on his feet,
To me he's the dearest I ever did meet.
But then he's so shy, timid and shy!
Ain't it a pity my lover is shy?
Dreadfully shy, ever so shy,
It's very distressing, my lover is shy.

My lover is ready and willing, I know,
To come and escort me wherever I go:
He never as yet sought a kiss, it is true,
While I am quite willing to let him have two.

My lover's attentive, so gentle and kind,
But always too bashful to speak out his mind,
Else why don't he say with true fondness to me—
"My own dearest Mary, shall we married be?"

But should he some morning more courage command,
And speak to me softly while pressing my hand,
And ask me to wed him without more delay,
My answer would be—"Let's get married to-day."

Beautiful Blue Bells.

Words and Music by W. H. Delehanty.

Beautiful blue bells, wet with morning dew,
Emblems of you, dear, fair and pure, and true—
Proofs of affection which I feel for you—
Beautiful blue bells, wet with morning dew.
That's the sweet epistle which I sent to-day
To my little Sweetheart, Annie, o'er the way.
Then there came an answer, loving, kind and true—
Thanks for those sweet posies, blue bells wet with dew.

Chorus.

That's the way I won her, (Symph.)
It is upon my honor— (Symph.)
My life is blissful since I sent to-day
Those pretty flowers to Annie, o'er the way.
But she is sweeter, fairer, far than you,
Beautiful blue bells, wet with morning dew.

Now, every evening you can find me there,
In that little cottage with my love so fair,
Wooing and cooing like two little doves—
Pleasure pursuing, while exchanging loves.
Then if you had seen her sitting by my side,
When I asked the question, "Will you be my bride?"
How she blushed and trembled, and her eyes so blue
Looked just like those flowers, blue bells wet with dew.
Chorus as before.

Oh, Yes! Oh, Yes!

Sung by Harper and Stanalll.

Saw Sister Mary the other day,
Oh, yes! Oh, Yes!
Trying to climb the golden stairs,
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
If you get there before I do,
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
Jest tell them I'm coming too.
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
Chorus: Wait till I get on de road;
Wait till I get on de road;
Wait till I get on de road;
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

I went to church de other day,
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
To hear de Niggers sing and pray,
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
I heard an old Nigger saying her prayers,
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
Dey sung a song called "Gittin' Up Stairs,"
Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Chorus.

Come, you sinners, and go with me,
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
I'll take you down to Tennessee,
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
Jump right on de Lily White Steed,
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
I'm goin' to glory, I is indeed,
Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Chorus

Irishmen to the Front.

Written by Wm. Scanlan. Sung by Scanlan & Cronin.

The Irishmen are out to-day, all dressed up in the style,
With blooming shamrocks in their hats, and faces born to smile;
Old Erin's flag is flying with Columbus' starry gem,
And our friends are out to cheer and shout for the gallant Irishmen.

Chorus.

Then Irishmen to the front, hurrah!
The fife and drum we hear,
With step so gay we march away,
While all the people cheer.
The ladies, too, with hearts so true,
Applaud us now and then,
And on St. Patrick's day they love to see
The gallant Irishmen.

We march the street so graceful, with the marshal in advance,
The band plays up an Irish tune, and it almost makes us dance:
There's such delight, it brings us back to ould Ireland once again,
With banners proudly floating o'er the gallant Irishmen.
Then Irishmen, &c.

At night we're ready to join the fun and take a social glass:
We talk of dear ould Ireland, the shamrock and the grass:
We laugh and sing, and our feet we fling, like Irishmen so true,
And if there's a fight, why, it's our delight to show what we can do.
Then Irishmen, &c.

Lassie With the Hazel Eye.

As Sung by Adah Richmond.

Words by W. Dexter Smith. Music by Stephen Glover.

The Music is published by G. D. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont Street, Boston. Price 35 cents.

There is a lass I dearly love
In all the world all else above:
She is the spirit of my dreams,
And, through the day, it ever seems
That her sweet presence beautifies
Each scene that meets my longing eyes.
Oh! I'm forever haunted by
The lassie—lassie with the hazel eye.
Chorus: Lassie with the hazel eye,
Lassie with the hazel eye,
Oh! I'm forever haunted by
The lassie with the hazel eye!

Though I may roam on land or sea,
My trusting heart will ever be
With one who is my guiding star,
Whose rays shine on me from afar,
And make life's path-way ever clear,
Which otherwise were dark and drear—
Oh! I'm forever haunted by
The lassie—lassie with the hazel eye. Chorus.

The Old Kentucky Shore.

Sung by Kirk and Drew.

Oh! here we are, as you can see,
To sing and dance for you;
Just watch our gymnastic feats,
And our easy style, so new.
We're going back to our southern homes,
Where oft we've been before:
We'll show you what we used to do
On de old Kentucky shore.
Chorus: And when at night our work was done,
Oh! that's the time our work was done:
To see de coon and 'possum run,
As often we did do.

Those happy days have passed and gone,
Dey'll never come no more;
When we were happy little darks,
In those sunny days of yore,
Our father and mother they've both gone
To dat happy golden door.
Dey left us, when two little darks,
On de old Kentucky shore. Chorus.

Always Too Late.

Written and Composed by Bonnie Runnels.

I am the most unlucky man that ever you did see,
No matter what I do, there's always something troubles me;
The girls they have gone back on me, it always is my fate,
The cause of all mishaps, boys, to you I will relate.

Chorus.

I'm always too late, yes, always too late,
I'm never on hand, boys, oh! sad is my fate;
Always too late, always too late,
I'm never on time, but always too late.

I went to see my gal last night about the hour of nine,
When I went to the house I thought I was just in time;
I went inside, and there I saw my little Kate
Reclining in some fellow's arms, you see I was too late.
I'm always, &c.

But now I've married that young gal, I am a happy man,
I always try to treat my wife the very best I can;
But something happened t'other night which I thought first-rate—
My wife she had a little boy, and christened him too late!
I'm always, &c.

I Hope I don't Intrude.

Words by Delehanty. Performed by Delehanty & Hengler.

I'm as happy as the day is long,
My mind is never easy,
No matter whether right or wrong,
You must not think me rude.
For, love it is the burden of my song,
With joy I'm almost crazy;
And if, perchance, I sing or dance,
You must not think me rude,
And if I make one little break,
I hope I don't intrude.

Chorus.

Oh, dear! don't you wish that you was me! (Sym.)
I feel just as happy as a big bumble-bee: (Sym.)
I was walking by her door,
When I heard the music sweet,
And my heart with joy filled over,
I couldn't keep my feet.
So keep the music ringing:
For, it makes me feel so good—
And if, perchance, I sing or dance,
You must not think me rude.
And if I make one little break,
I hope I don't intrude. (*Dance.*)

At a fancy ball the other night,
Myself and little Daisy,
We kept it up till broad daylight,
We felt so awful good.
Oh! Daisy looked so fair and bright,
She set the men all crazy;
And if they asked her for to dance,
She'd ask me if she could,
And then I'd say in a careless way—
I hope I don't intrude. Chorus.

Angels, Meet Me on the Cross-Road.

Plantation Song. Sung by T. M. Hengler.

I rise up early in de morn,
I hear old Gabriel blow his horn;
Make haste, darkies, don't you wait,
'Caze you all may lose them keys to de gate.

Chorus.

Angels, meet me on the cross-road, meet me,
Angels, meet me on the cross-road, meet me,
Angels, meet me on the cross-road, meet me,
I ain't given to charge any tole. (Repeat Chorus.)

What kind of shoes does the angels wear,
Dat dey can walk around up in Heaven in de air?
I stand by de gate, I hear de angels knock,
And I put all de nickels in de missionary box.
Angels, meet me, &c.

A Lawdy Dawdy Fellow.

Words and Music by T. M. Hengler.

I'm a charming, captivating, fascinating fellow.
Where'er I stray, the ladies say,
Oh! isn't he a swell, O.
They pet, and treat me tenderly,
And call me lady killer,
They laugh, they sigh
As I pass by,
I'm so awfully deuced clever.
By jingo, I'm so charming,
And their darling.
Chorus: I'm the ladies' choice, by Jove,
A handsome, charming swell, O;
By jingo, how the ladies sigh
For this Lawdy Dawdy Fellow.

I'm known at Saratoga,
Long Branch oft' I visit,
The ladies fair at me stare,
And say, isn't he exquisite!
I'm lady-like in fancy,
In form and style a stunner.
In the mazy waltz, the polka too,
They sigh to be my partner. Chorus.

Who Would not be a Soldier?

Duet—Sung by the Foy Sisters.

I'm a soldier, yes, I'd have you know,
I've wounds and scars all 'round me to show;
In the ranks I love my fun:
For, I'm used to fife and tap of drum.
Chorus: Then who would not be a soldier,
So jolly and so gay?
Come, boys, and be a soldier,
And fight for America.

I'm a soldier's girl, I keep my eye
On every chance that may come by;
I follow him and do my best
To spend his cash, and trust the rest.
Chorus: Then who would not be a soldier,
So jolly and so free?
Come, boys, and be a soldier,
And fight for America.

Duffy to the Front.

Sung by Harrigan in his play of "Malone's Night Off."

Cornelius Duffy, the people's choice,
A substantial, solid man,
Will represent our government,
And surely lead the van;
His head is full of learning,
His constituents all agree,
He'll hold the chair and rule it there,
Far up in Albany.
Chorus: Then rise your voices, every one,
The enemy we will hunt,
We'll rule New York, ah! that's the talk,
When Duffy's to the front.

You can drink your lager on Sunday then,
And speak your mind at will:
You can fight all night, till broad day-light,
The police can't keep you still;
Your influence will be powerful,
Led by a man of ability,
When Cornelius Duffy's to the front,
Far up in Albany.
Chorus: So rise your voices, every one,
The enemy we must hunt,
Let's draw our swords, and carry the ward,
And put Duffy to the front.

Oh! Italians then will have to go
Way back to Italy,
And live upon red herrings' bones,
And maccaroni tea;
The city must be clean and white,
The cream of gentility,
When Duffy's to the front, my boys,
Far up in Albany.
Chorus: So rise your voices, every one,
The enemy we must hunt,
On election day we'll clear the way,
And put Duffy to the front.

Pull for the Shore!

A SACRED SONG.

Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand!
See o'er the foaming billows fair Heaven's land:
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore!

Chorus.

Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar:
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, think of self no more,
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore!

Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar,
Watch the Bright Morning Star, and pull for the shore!
Pull for the shore, &c.

Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye,
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore—
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore!
Pull for the shore, &c.

Hurrah for the Minstrel Band!

Written and Sung by Frank Lewis.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.

There is not a man in the whole minstrel band,
Who would ever go back on his friend;
Though dark be his face, yet the black can't efface
The kind deeds which through life him attend.
I hear the echo sounding, sounding
In notes loud and clear through the land;
I list to its voice, and it bids me rejoice—
Then hurrah for the minstrel band!
Then hurrah, then hurrah,
Then hurrah for the minstrel band!

I will speak first of one whom we loved in the past,
He'd a heart that was noble and brave;
Nelse Seymour, who never refused his last dime,
If he thought you from hunger 'twould save;
I hear his praises sounding, sounding
In notes loud and clear through the land;
The tall son of York, he has died at his work,
And the pride of the minstrel band!
He was the pride, the pride,
Was the pride of the minstrel band!

Brave Unsworth, he stood like a minstrel so true,
'Till defeated at last by grim death:
And Budworth, alas! broke his old banjo strings,
Which he loved, 'till he parted with breath.
I hear their dirge now sounding, sounding
In notes loud and clear through the land;
They lived and they died with the boys that they loved,
The dear boys of the minstrel band!
The dear boys, the dear boys,
The dear boys of the minstrel band!

But now I must speak of the prince of them all—
Who is that but our own gallant Dan?
Let every one mourn—for, our chieftain is gone,
Dan Bryant, the minstrel and man.
Let all his praises be sounding, sounding
In notes loud and clear through the land;
He lived and he died both our glory and pride,
And the king of the minstrel band!
He was king, he was king,
He was king of the minstrel band!

There is also a name that is well known to fame—
George Belmore the jocky so true!
His last race is run, and the prize he has won—
To the Judges his spirit it flew;
I hear the people shouting, shouting
As the Fying Scud passes the stand—
The heat it is run, the gold cup is won,
He has joined the true minstrel band!
He has joined, he has joined—
He has joined the true minstrel band!

They Borrow, but Never Return.

Copyright 1876 by E. H. Harding.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

As Sung by the Foy Sisters.

As we pass, day by day, through life's busy highway,
There are many strange people we see;
And the worst, I conclude, are the ones who intrude
On our charity, be it so free.
For, they seem to depend upon what we will lend,
Not a dollar they honestly earn;
Yet they prosper and thrive, and the way survive
Is—to borrow and never return!

Chorus.

Yes, they borrow, but never return:
So of course it is easy to learn
There are some folks that live, not to spend or to give,
But to borrow, and never return!

If you lay up in store a few dollars or more,
Upon this you can truly depend:
They will sure find it out, and they'll chase you about,
Till they force you your money to lend.
If you doubtingly say—"I'm afraid you won't pay,"
Such ideas, of course, they will spurn;
And you'll find out some day, I am right when I say
That they borrow, but never return!
Yes, they borrow, &c.

In the fashion they dress, and their manners express
They have plenty to eat and to wear;
But they'd be in the shade if their bills were all paid,
And the poor-house would have them in care.
'Tis no wonder they smile when they pass you in style—
It is better to beg than to earn;
While it's true, as a rule, they will deem you a fool,
When they borrow to never return!
Yes, they borrow, &c.

The Opening at Patrick Malone's.

Air: I've only been down to the Club.
Words by W. J. Grogan.

Meself and a couple of friends more,
For a night's racket we did agree:
So we started for Pat Malone's store,
There an Opening that evening would be.
We played cards and threw dice until late,
And then some one proposed home we'd start:
We left in a terrible state,
To their home each one there did depart.

Spoken: Yes, we started for home: but as I was going home, I met Officer Gilhooly. "Here," says he, "I'll have to take you in. McCan, you're drunk." He tould me would I go with him, but I axed him no, so he says: "Tell me where you were or I'll take you in." So I told him that—

Chorus.

Malone had an Opening to-night
To be coorse through respect I was there;
But don't think for a moment I'm tight:
For, it's only a fit of despair.

The whisky was regular grog,
For lunch he had scalded pig's feet;
The segars they would sicken a dog,
While his cheese it was not fit to eat.
Going home was the worse of it all,
I was trying to ascend unawares,
When my wife met me up in the hall,
And threw me down two flights of stairs.

Spoken: I was just rightly settled at the bottom, when the landlord came out. "Here," says he, "why is this thusly? It will have to be stopped." "Well, if you don't like it," says I, "you can leave any time." This would of never happened only that—
Malone had an opening, &c.

I gathered myself up an' went
Up the stairs all broke up from the fall,
To kill her it was my intent,
But the police she very soon called.
I requested her for to be quiet,
But she cried and she said she'd go home,
And she is ever since cursing the night
Of the Opening of Patrick Malone's.
Malone had an opening, &c.

She Smiled on me so Sweet.

Sung by Yale.

There is a dart that pierced my heart,
'Twas thrown by a darling girl,
Whose eyes are bright as diamonds,
And her hair hangs down in curls.
I can't forget the evening
When first we chanced to meet;
We were riding in an omnibus,
She smiled on me so sweet.
Chorus: Oh! I'd be as happy as a bumble-bee,
That flies around the street,
If I could only find the girl
That smiled on me so sweet.

I tried in vain to meet her,
Ever since that happy night
That I met my little fair one:
For, I loved her at first sight.
But still I'm not discouraged:
For, I live in hopes to meet
This darling little creature,
That smiled on me so sweet. Chorus.

The Donnegan Light Guard.

Words and Music by Geo. F. Scobie.

Copyright 1876 by E. H. Harding. The Music can be had of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery. Price 10 cts.

As Sung by the Foy Sisters.

Ah, ha! we're off so gaily,
Now let others take the rear,
We're coming solid to the front,
Of that don't have a fear;
The Mulligan's, the Hoolihan's,
The Dougherty's and all;
When we're paradin' through the streets,
We drive them to the wall.
Chorus: First the left and then the right,
But never both together;
The tall, the short, the thick, the thin,
We're worse, begob, than leather;
As we're paradin' through the streets,
I tell you we're the cards,
We're bound to be the Hummers,
We're the Donnegan Light Guard!

So now we are the darlings,
On that you may bet high,
We have a prize for every man,
And forty more besides.
We don't mix with the common ones,
For ourselves we have regard,
We are "A One" above the crowd,
We're the Donnegan Light Guard!
First the left, &c.

Then you should come and see us
As we march down Broadway;
They are a gallant lot of men,
I'm sure we'll hear you say.
The "Seventh" come and gaze at us,
And then they beat retreat;
It's no use, boys, they give it up,
They know we can't be beat!
First the left, &c.

Graduate's Song.

The Music is published by C. H. Ditson & Co. 711 Broadway, New York. Price 40 Cents.

This night is one of mingled joy and pain,
One that shall never from our mem'ries die;
Our band unbroken shall not meet again,
While months shall vanish and long years go by.

Chorus.

We come to-night to sing our parting song,
To say farewell to friends and teachers true,
Our hands once more to clasp in friendship strong,
Ere we go forth our chosen work to do.

Fondly we've looked for this, the crowning hour,
Gladly we greet it, though it brings us pain;
Oft in the future dim shall mem'ry's power
Recall it to our longing hearts again. Chorus.

Father in heaven, be with our teachers here,
Long may their noble labors bless the land,
While we to distant fields a germ shall bear
To grow and ripen into harvests grand? Chorus.

Where Moonbeams Flood the Dell.

SONG AND DANCE.

Written for Billy Chamberlain by P. H. Ford.
The Music can be had at W. J. Hogan's, 41 Park St, N. Y.

A balmy breeze was blowing,
The night was bright and fair;
Soft zephyrs wafted an incense
Of roses on the air:
The lovely forrest-lily
Had closed its tiny cell,
As thoughtlessly I wandered
Where moonbeams flood the dell.
Chorus: 'Twas there I lost my heart (Break)
As if by magic art— (Break)
I stood like one bewildered
Before this queenly belle:
Love's bright dart had pierced my heart,
Where moonbeams flood the dell.

My heart in its pulsations
Had almost ceased to beat
For gazing on this wood-nymph
With loveliness replete.
She paused as she was stooping
To pluck a pimpernell,
And sweetly smiled "good-evening,"
Where moonbeams flood the dell.. Chorus.

I meet her every evening,
About the hour of nine,
With "darling, won't you tell me
The day you will be mine?"
She promised me, last evening,
If no one I would tell,
To-night to give an answer
Where moonbeams flood the dell. Chorus.

So now I must be going
Her answer to receive,
But wish to tell a secret
Before I take my leave.
Last-night, while promenading,
She said I was—ah! well—
The flowers only heard it,
Where moonbeams flood the dell. Chorus.

When Flowers Begin to Fade.

SONG AND DANCE.

Written for Billy Chamberlain by P. H. Ford.
The Music can be had at W. J. Hogan's, 41 Park St, N. Y.

When autumn tinged the greenwood
And turned the leaves to gold:
When sun-beams kissed the tree-tops
And flowers began to fold:
While lost in meditation
I wandered through the glade,
Lilies white were taking flight,
And flowers begin to fade.
Chorus: My heart is light, (Break)
When sun-beams bright (Break)
Flood woodland, dell, and glade:
For, there in part I lost my heart,
When flowers begin to fade.

The place looked quite deserted,
The honeysuckle, too,
Had almost lost its fragrance,
Likewise its sunny hue:
The nightingale in sorrow,
While singing in the shade,
Sung farewell, and fled the dell,
When flowers begin to fade. Chorus.

While wrapt in dreamy languor
And idly straying on,
I saw the fairest creature
That e'er the sun shone on.
Her face was so entrancing,
Sweet love to her I made:
Roses smiled approval mild,
When flowers begin to fade. Chorus.

We flirted, loved, and married,
Our home is in the dell,
Where first I knelt before her
My tale of love to tell:
Close by our little dwelling's
A silvery cascade,
Where sweet joy reigns unaloyed
And flowers never fade. Chorus.

The Moneyless Man.

By Henry Stanton.

Is there no place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth?
Where bosoms in kindness and mercy will heave,
And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world, wherever you can,
There is no open door for the moneyless man.

Go look in the hall where the chandelier light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night:
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold,
And mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long lighted vistas the 'wildering view;
Go there in your patches, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man.

Go look in your church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin:
Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate—
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

Go to your judges, in dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law layeth quietly down:
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right while he justifies wrong:
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made:
Go there in the court-room, and find, if you can,
Any law for the case of a moneyless man.

Go look in the banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold:
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lie piles upon piles of the glittering ore:
Walk up to the counter—and there you may stay,
Till your limbs have grown old and your hair turns gray,
And you'll find at the bank not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel!—no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered so long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the dead frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost—
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod:
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for the moneyless man.

Little Old German Home Across the Sea.

Written and composed by George S. Knight.
Sung by the Winnetts.

Copyright, 1877, by W. R. Dehnhoff, Washington D. C.

Soon I will leave thee,
My dear German Home:
In a new land afar off,
A stranger I'll roam,
Away from the friends
Who have loved me so dear,
But, though far away,
In my heart ever near.
Chorus: My old German Home,
On the banks of the Rhine,
May the sun of prosperity
On it brightly shine—
I'm going to leave thee,
Afar off to roam,
But I'll never forget
My old German Home.

I see around me
Those friends kind and true,
Who have loved me since childhood:
'Tis hard to leave you—
Soon I will come back
To this good home once more:
May prosperity attend you,
As in days of yore! Chorus.

Little Sunshine.

A Medley, Song and Dance. Written by J. J. McDermott for T. M. Hengler.

Awake, my love, Awake! the Moon is shining,
The little Stars are peeping from above;
Come, wander with me where the roses twining
Send forth their sweet perfume for thee, my love.
We'll stroll amid the rosebuds, while they are sleeping,
To the spot where we've passed many happy hours:
I'll tell you, love, the secrets I am keeping,
While cupid leads us through his rosy bowers.

CHORUS.

Awake! Awake! Awake!
'Neath your window, little Sunshine,
I'm waiting for my pride;
For, I am happy, little Sunshine,
When you linger by my side. (*Dance.*)

Oh! we'll be like two turtle doves,
Two turtle doves,
Two turtle doves,
And fond and true will be our loves,
No matter come what may:
And all will be a bright sunshine,
A bright sunshine,
A bright sunshine,
And joy will reign, when she is mine,
For us, both night and day. (*Dance*, Polka time.)

My beautiful Sunshine, the jewel of my heart,
From her, my own darling, I never will part;
She's fairest and brightest, I love her so well—
My darling is sweeter than flowers in the dell;
My sweet little Sunshine, the light of her eyes,
Far purer and brighter ne'er shone from the skies,
Will cast its bright rays o'er the pathway of life,
And e'er guide my footsteps through sorrow and strife.
[*Waltz.*]

Cheeks so plump and rosy,
She's my little posey,
Pretty little, charming little, darling Sunshine;
With her charms enriching,
She is so bewitching,
Happy day will be the day that I can call her mine.
[*Dance*—Schottische.]

She promised she would meet me
At the little garden gate,
Where she often comes to greet me,
At about the hour of eight,
To whisper that sweet story
She has whispered o'er and o'er;
She often said she loved me,
Yes, a thousand times or more. (*Dance*—Polka.)

Sweet little Sunshine,
Dear little sunshine,
She is all in life to me;
I'm in clover,
Love all over—
Don't you wish that you was me?
She's like a butterfly,
She's like a butterfly,
Pretty, cunning, and so shy;
And her Pa says,
And her Ma says,
We may marry, bye-and-bye. [*Dance*—Tra-la-la.]

My Nannie, O!

My Nannie's charming, sweet and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue,
That would beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O,
The opening gowan wat wi' dew
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few there be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
Come weel come woe, I care na' by,
I'll take what heaven will sen' me, O,
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

BURNS.

Trixy's Love Story.

"Now, Trixy, don't be a fool!"

Miss Hester Heatherblow spoke with some emphasis, although the general effect thereof was somewhat marred by having her mouth full of pins, for Miss Heatherblow was a dressmaker by trade, and was just then occupied in altering a refractory brown paper pattern.

And Beatrix, her niece, sat by the window, crying in a subdued fashion over the dress-lining she was basting together.

Trixy Heatherblow was as round and pretty and "kissable" as a baby. She was eighteen to be sure, but then you never could have guessed her to be a day over sixteen, so velvet-soft were her cheeks, and so girlish the crisp yellow hair, that waved away from her fair, low forehead. She was a loving, tender-natured little creature, who was great on housekeeping, and took to dressmaking and bonnet trimmings as naturally as if she had been born with a pair of scissors in her hands.

"I—I can't help it," whimpered Trixy.

"O, pshaw!" said Aunt Hetty.

"But I *can't*," persisted Trixy. "I—I loved him so—so much" (a sob and two big drops, round and crystal as globules of rain); "and he's gone and left me, and—and Mrs. Jekyll says he's engaged to Harriet Hyde!"

"Then she's got a poor bargain of it," observed Miss Heatherblow.

"I wish I was dead!" faltered Trixy.

"That's sheer nonsense," replied Miss Heatherblow. "Do you mean to say, child, that now he's served you such a mean trick, you'd take him back again?"

"I shall die without him," insisted Trixy. And the big drops came thicker and faster than ever.

Miss Heatherblow gazed at her niece in wild astonishment. She had never been in love herself, and she couldn't at all comprehend the depth and extent of Trixy's troubles. But one thing she did comprehend—that never in all her life had she refused any boon to her brother's orphaned child. If, in her baby days, Trixy had cried for the moon, Miss Heatherblow would probably have inquired around for the longest ladder in the neighborhood. And now that Trixy was breaking her heart over a recreant lover, Miss Heatherblow was at her wit's end what to do.

"Who is Harriet Hyde, any way?" said she, biting her nails.

"Oh!" sobbed Trixy, a little impatiently, "she's a grand city lady that's visiting up at Squire Saxony's. With a fine fortune and real diamonds. And, of course, she's much better suited to Felix than I could ever have been," (with a momentary eclipse behind a little, blue-bordered pocket-handkerchief). "Only it's hard, when you're all engaged and everything, to be deserted for another girl!"

"Oh, I remember," said Miss Heatherblow, snipping away at the black silk as if she were cutting off Felix Enderby's ears. "Miss Hyde that has engaged Madame Foresti to make her new violet silk gown. And Madame Foresti is to be there on Tuesday. *Very* good. Now, Trixy, leave off crying. Tears never yet brought back spilled milk. And I'll have these sleeves ready for you to stitch up on the machine in less than five minutes!"

* * * * * * * * *

Miss Hyde and Squire Saxony's two tall, high-complexioned daughters were playing croquet on the lawn, the fourth participator in the game being the new rector, a dapper little man, who wore his waistcoats closed in front, and always dated his letters on "saints' eves," instead of good, honest calendar numbers, when Eveline Saxony, a twelve-year-old imp, called out from the house, "Harriet, you're wanted. The new dressmaker has come!"

"Oh, dear, what a pity!—and the game not half through!" said Miss Hyde, impatiently shaking back the bunch of long, black curls which had cost her three pounds in Regent Street only a week before.

"I'll take your ball through, Harriet," said Aurora Saxony, who was suspected of being rather partial to the little rector.

And Harriet Hyde, crossing the lawn under the shadow of groups of pink-blossomed rhododendrons and linden trees full of emerald spikes, entered the little sewing-room where Miss Heatherblow had already unfurled her pennons, and taken out her pocket pincushion. Miss Hyde stared with a pair of big, black eyes. Miss Heatherblow dropped a little dip of a courtsey.

"Are you the dressmaker?" said Miss Hyde.

"I'm the dressmaker," answered Miss Heatherblow.

"I expected to see a very different sort of person," said Miss Hyde, puzzling her brain to remember the name of the *modiste* who had been recommended to her.

"Appearances are deceitful," remarked Miss Heatherblow. "And now, if you please, I'll measure you for a waist lining."

Miss Hyde submitted herself to the hands of the dressmaker, and, the many important questions once decided, Miss Heatherblow sat down to baste and talk at the same time.

"I can always sew better when I'm talking," said she; "It somehow seems to neutralize the nerves. My niece Beatrix can't understand that. She's been disappointed, Trixy has, and it's quite broken her down."

"Indeed!" said Miss Hyde, beginning to be interested. "Do you mean disappointed in love?"

"Yes," said Miss Heatherblow, biting off the end of her thread with a row of teeth as white and even as pearls. "She was engaged to a young man—the roll of lining, if you please, ma'am—and he found a richer girl, and threw Trixy over for her. They had been engaged two years— Do you like the skirts of your basque middling long, Miss Hyde?"

"Oh, medium, I suppose," returned that young lady, beginning to be interested in her gossiping dressmaker. "But what a very unworthy choice your niece must have made!"

"Love is blind," shrewdly retorted Miss Heatherblow. "And what is past and gone can't be mended. But poor Trixy is pining herself to death."

"She's very foolish, then," said Miss Hyde, turning an elegant diamond ring round and round on her finger. "If it were my case, I should report the recreant lover to his new sweetheart."

Miss Heatherblow looked up sharply.

"Do you think it would do any good?" said she.

"Of course it would. Do you suppose a girl of spirit would marry a man who had had the presumption to lay his second-hand devotions at her feet?"

Miss Heatherblow took off the spectacles she always wore when engaged in fine work, and laid her thimble on the table.

"I've got his picture here," said she; "and one of the letters he wrote Trixy last April. Perhaps you would like to see them. He was called good-looking."

"Oh, do let me look!" cried Miss Hyde, her curiosity fairly aroused at last; and she leaned over Miss Heatherblow's shoulder to look at the *carte de visite* produced from that worthy spinster's pocket. "Good gracious—it's Felix!"

"Yes," nodded Miss Heatherblow; "it *is* Felix Enderby. And it's very plain to me, Miss Hyde, he hasn't told you all his life and history."

The scarlet blood mounted to Harriet Hyde's forehead; she bit her lip. But she was a girl of spirit and resolution.

"Miss Heatherblow," said she, "I had no idea of this. And so he has broken another girl's heart to make love to me! But," with a flash of the big black eyes, "I'll see if this business of breaking engagements can't be carried on in more arithmetical progression."

And she rose and swept haughtily out of the room.

Mr. Enderby called that afternoon—he was in the habit of calling every afternoon now—and Harriet Hyde met him with a face like adamant.

"Harriet!"

He held out both his hands.

"Never Harriet to you any more, sir!" said she, with an air of superb scorn. "Go back to your first love. I will not accept a second-hand heart any more than a second-hand garment!"

"But Harriet—Miss Hyde——"

"Pray do not waste any more of your valuable time upon me, sir," she retorted. "Miss Heatherblow will, perhaps, better appreciate your rhapsodies!"

Mr. Enderby started, and colored.

"Who has been poisoning your mind, Harriet?" demanded he.

"No matter: I know all; and I choose to have no more of your society!"

Mr. Enderby returned home and meditated at his leisure on the untoward aspect of things. The next day he called on Trixy Heatherblow. When a man is dispirited and low in mind it is well to be assured of sympathy, and he felt as certain of Trixy as he did of himself.

Miss Heatherblow was gathering verbena seeds in the warm summer twilight. She looked up with a little start and blush.

"I think you have mistaken the place, sir," said she.

"Oh, Trixy!" he pleaded: "don't be hard upon me. I've acted like a knave and a fool, but——"

And Trixy's brief dignity gave way.

"Oh, Felix! I don't care so long as you are back again!" cried the pusillanimous little damsel, flinging both her arms around his neck.

Truly, Miss Hyde and little Trixy Heatherblow were made of different material!

Just as Felix and Trixy were sealing their reconcilation with a kiss behind the big lilac bush, Madame Foresti, the French *modiste*, with two canvas-covered trunks strapped on a cab at the door, was bowing herself into the presence of Miss Hyde at Saxony Court.

"The dressmaker, if Mademoiselle pleases."

"You mistake," said Miss Hyde, considerably surprised. "The dressmaker was here yesterday. She is to come again to-morrow."

"It must be a mistake," said Madame, clasping her hands.

And just then the maid brought in a note from Miss Heatherblow, apologizing for having called at the Court the day before in a professional capacity.

It was as follows:—

"It was a mistake. All the fault of my stupid servant, who got two messages jumbled together. But I daresay there is no harm done."

"This is most remarkable," said Miss Hyde, arching her eyebrows.

And so, perhaps, it was! But Miss Heatherblow had achieved her object, and she was content.

There's a Wash Bill in the Lamp Light.

Parody on There's a Letter in the Candle.

There's a wash-bill in the lamp light,
And it points direct to me;
How the little spark is shining!
And it came from that Chinee.
It's larger than it was last month—
A month ago to-day:
Yes, I know it's from the heathen,
But I'm sure I cannot pay.
Chorus: Ticket for cash,
It takes my change from me;
Won't some one shoot that heathen
From far across the sea?
(*Repeat.*)

How this wash-bill doth perplex me—
'Tis no superstitious dread:
For, I know it is original—
His mark is at the head.
But when the bill is settled,
Oh! how happy I will be!
Then no more I'll take my washing
To that Chinee Laundry.
Ticket for cash, &c.

How well do I remember—
'Tis two short months—no more—
Since the wash-bill in the lamp light
Shone out as bright before:
Then came the Chinese messenger,
Quite prompt and safe, you see;
But I didn't have the "wherewith:"
So he took my duds from me.
Ticket for cash, &c.

Poverty and pride are inconvenient companions, but when idleness unites with them, the depth of wretchedness is attained.

The best and worst thing you can say of a marriage is that it is a tie.

THE ANIMALS' FAIR.

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. EDMUND CLARK, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Organ and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.



2 The jay-bird played the flute; the muskrat took the fiddle;
The tom-cat he did prompt, as he tuned his light guitar;
The alligator hugged the bull-dog's wife, the bear got up his dander;
The camel smashed the fox in the eye, and thumped the nose of the gander.
Cho:—'Twas at the animals' fair, &c.

3 The bear began to cry, the crocodile wiped his eye;
The fox he took a walk with the goose; the spider eloped with the fly.
Says the skeeter to the flea, "This is no place for me;"
The horse-fly stung the tiger's nose, and the lion swallowed the bee.
Cho:—'Twas at the animals' fair, &c.

4 The rabbit passed the beans, the squirrel passed potatoes;
There was fish-balls made of mud, and cobblestone succotash;
There was nice green peas from button-ball trees, grape soup and peanut sallad;
The pig he cried: "root, hog, or die!" and the bull in chorus bellowed.
Cho:—'Twas at the animals' fair, &c.

5 It soon began to rain, and the fair to an end it came;
The jackass kissed the elephant's wife, I heard her laugh quite plain;
The grasshopper jumped up quick, and the kangaroo he did kick;
He threw a flip-flap up against the fence, and scraped his shins with a brick.
Cho:—'Twas at the animals' fair, &c.

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CONTENTS.

A Lean Banana.....page 300
Blue Violets..... 298
Colored Gentlemen..... 299
The Drummer's recall..... 301
Don't get weary, children..... 301
Death of John O'Mahony, the Fenian Chief—Music for piano.... 304
The Fast young Alderman 299
The Fellow so terrible fly 299
Going back to those I love..... 298
The Gem that decks the sea..... 298
Go hire a hall 299
The German Fifth 303
The Gal that danced in Baba..... 300
Her front name is Hannar..... 301
I'd feel better if my wife's mother 301
Irish soap fat man 303
Lincoln lies sleeping..... 298
The Lover's Telegraph..... 301
Marriage Bells..... 299
My dew-drop Pearl..... 299
My Land..... 300
Margaret's fall—a Story..... 302
Nobody's darling but mine..... 301
De Nigger on de fence..... 298
Oh! how glad to get home!..... 298
Oh! blue are the eyes of my Kathleen..... 303
Rum, rum, rum! the bummer's hope..... 298
Sunlight within my heart..... 298
Shanghai Kate..... 299
Sweet Potteen 299
Saturday Night..... 300
Sweet hour of prayer!..... 300
Slap-Jacks 300
Since the panic first set in..... 303
Two Orphans 300
Violets dipped in dew 301

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AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
119 & 121 Nassau Street.

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16 Beekman Street.

De Nigger on de Fence.

Air: All round my hat.

Now, listen to me, white folks, de truth I'm
going to tell you:
Dat de white man isn't nowhere now, it's plain
to men of sense;
For, it's nigger in de Senate-house, and nigger
in de White-house,
And nigger in de Custom-house, and nigger on
de fence.

Some time ago, when Congress met, dey spoke
about de nation:
Dey made de acts, dey passed de bills, de laws
dey did dispense;
And, speaking of DE PEOPLE, dey always meant
de white folks:
But now in every speech dey make, de nigger's
on de fence.

Dere's Vendell Philips, Sumner, Horace Greeley,
Henry Beecher,
All worshipping de nigger: 'fellow feeling's
deir pretences:
But dey never stop to think if dey can benefit
de white man,
Dey preach and pray and talk about de nigger
on de fence.

Now, just take up de *Tribune*, and lots of oder papers,
And all de news you 'spect to read, you'll see
how dey condense;
It's all about de slavery and abolition questions;
For, de idol dat dey worship is de nigger on de fence.

Dey try to prove de nigger am superior to de
white man,
And, though dey find dat he is strong, it gives
dem no offence;
For, if dey only had deir way, de Mokes should
rule de nation,
And deir Candidate for President be: de nigger
on de fence.

Now, dere's but one way to end de war, and
save dis glorious Union,
To spare de lives of thousands, and stop de
great expense:
Stand by de Constitution—no more of abolition—
And darn de man dat meddles wid de nigger
on de fence!

Lincoln Lies Sleeping.

Air: Under the Willow. By Nathan Upham.

Up, from the homes of the land, a cry
Comes from a nation bewailing—
Lincoln, the merciful, doomed to die!
Ah! merciful e'en to a failing—
Chorus: Strike, strike the traitor down!
Cry a sad people, while weeping:
Crown, crown, the Martyr crown—
Weep o'er the grave where he's sleeping!

Lower the Flag of the Nation, now:
Drape the proud Banner in sorrow;
Sleeping to-day is that marble brow—
He'll waken in Heaven to-morrow!
Chorus: Peace, peace, in Union peace!
His earnest counsel, while living,
Peace, peace, in Union peace!
Never a heart so forgiving!

Tearfully, sadly, gaze on the dead,
While every bosom is swelling:
Tenderly place him in his last bed,
And shroud in deep gloom every dwelling.
Chorus: Peace, peace, in Heaven peace!
Sing a sad people, while weeping:
Peace, peace, in Heaven peace!
Jesus that white soul is keeping.

Tenderly, sadly, we lay him down,
Mourning his murder so gory—
Heaven will find him a golden crown:
He's gone from Glory to Glory!
Chorus: Live, live, the Union live!
Sing a firm people, while weeping:
Lord! Lord! the crime forgive—
The prayer of him who is sleeping!

Blue Violets.

Blue violets, blue violets, beautiful blue violets,
Laden with perfume and dripping with dew;
From dell and from dingle, by rill and by rivulet,
Lady, at sunrise I sought them for you,
Lady, at sunrise I plucked them for you.
Grown in a cluster of green leaves I found them,
Hiding their heads from the gaze of the day;
Betrayed by the sweets they themselves shed
around them,
I culled the coy flowers and bore them away.
Blue violets, blue violets, beautiful blue violets,
Laden with perfume and dripping with dew;
From dell and from dingle, by rill and by rivulet,
Lady, at sunrise I sought them for you,
Lady, at sunrise I plucked them for you.

Blue violets, blue violets, beautiful blue violets,
Laden with perfume and dripping with dew;
From dell and from dingle, by rill and by rivulet,
Lady, at sunrise I sought them for you,
Lady, at sunrise I plucked them for you.
Slight not—oh! slight not the shy little flower—
It seeks not to vie with the gay garden rose:
Though humble the incense it brings to your bower,
If its life be a short one, it's sweet to the close.
Blue violets, blue violets, beautiful blue violets,
Laden with perfume and dripping with dew;
From dell and from dingle, by rill and by rivulet,
Lady, at sunrise I sought them for you,
Lady, at sunrise I plucked them for you.

Sunlight Within My Heart.

Words by Emilie Cleveland. Music by J. W. Groschel.
The Music can be obtained of the well known Music Store of Frederick Blume, 27 Union Square.

Night-fall o'er the earth and sky,
The deepening shadows lie
Like slumber on the eye of weary day!
The Sun's last kiss has pressed
The clouds' soft snowy breast,
Whose rosy blush has faded into grey.

Night-fall within the room,
Athwart the quiet gloom
The fire its tide of fitful radiance throws;
The wind's low murmured tone
Steals faintly in, alone,
Upon the silence of the deep repose.

Sunlight within my heart,
Thou, Love, the sunlight art,
Which makes my life one bright warm summer day;
Heaven has no deeper rest
Than thus, upon my breast,
To dream the sweet entranced hours awny,
To dream the sweet entranced hours away!

Rum! Rum! Rum! the Bummer's Hope.

Air: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp! the Prisoner's Hope.

In the marble halls I sit,
Thinking, Johnny dear, of you,
And the gin-mill on the hill, so far away—
And my eyes they fill the tears,
Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer the bummers to be gay.

CHORUS.

Rum! rum! rum! the boys are coming:
Cheer up! bummers, have no fear,
And, before another night,
We'll all get jolly tight,
At the Carlton, drinking Schnapps and lager-beer.

Before the judge we stood,
When his fiercest charge he made,
And he sent us up, a dozen bums or more;
But, before we reached the place,
We saw how the game was played,
And we heard the cry of: Mush! o'er and o'er.
Rum! Rum! &c.

So, upon the Island, now
We are breaking stones, all day:
And I've hit my shins, a dozen times or more—
And my heart is turning gray,
And my eyes are almost broke,
As we think of seeing home, and bums once more!
Rum! Rum! &c.

Going Back to Those I Love.

By Annie M. Curtis.

Tender dreams are in my heart,
Going back to those I love;
Care and I shall dwell apart,
Pleasure follows where I rove;
Down the old-time, sinless ways,
Sweet as roses' breath in June,
Floats a fragment on the breeze
Of some half-forgotten tune.
Chorus: Rest has come to aching feet,
Pleasure follows where I rove;
After weary years 'tis sweet—
Going back to those I love.

Joy has smothered every sigh,
Whispers Hope of answered prayer:
Bloom-lit field and arching sky
Once again a glory wear;
Comes no sound of voice unkind
Where my feet unwearied range:
Going back at last to find
Hearts that know no chill or change.
Rest has come, &c.

Oh! How Glad to get Home!

Oh! how glad to get home!
For, far I've wandered—
Joyful, joyful I come,
Dear home, to thee!
Fond ones welcome me here,
Loved ones are near me,
Voices float on my ear,
Sweet, sweet to me.

CHORUS.

Dear friends, that are round me, haste with
looks delighted,
Days long banished and gone, come to my heart:
Dear home of my childhood, once again united,
Never, never again from thee I part.

Father, in the warm grasp
I feel thy welcome:
Oh! from love's tender clasp
Ne'er let me fly;
Mother, fondly again
Thou dost enfold me;
Tears I can not restrain
Burst from mine eye. Chorus.

Brother, still is thy brow
Noble as ever,
As I look on thee now,
How swells my heart!
Sister, gentle and kind,
Close to me clinging:
Now in love we are twined
No more to part. Chorus.

The Gem That Decks the Sea.

Written by Harry Bennett for the Murrays.

Old Ireland's sons and daughters fair,
They long to see her free;
They love that little isle so green,
That nestles on the sea.
Adversity has been your fate,
Your sons have had to emigrate,
The day will come, if we but wait,
When Ireland will be free.

CHORUS.

Erin, Erin, the gem that decks the sea,
Erin, Erin, the home of mirth and glee.
Your brave sons, with stout hearts will fight for liberty;
Erin, Erin, we'll die to make you free.

Prosperity and happiness
For Erin are in store,
And all her sons, so brave and true,
Will hasten to her shore.
The turf fires they will brightly burn,
The good old times they will return,
Hibernia's sons no more will yearn
When Ireland she is free.
Erin, Erin, the gem, &c.

Marriage Bells.

Written and Composed by M. O'Reardon.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.

Our marriage bells are ringing,
What a glorious peal to me!
The present hour is bringing
Sweet joy and ecstasy;
For, she, whom I have loved so long,
Loved dearly as my life,
Will give me, ere the hour has gone,
The right to call her wife, my wife, my wife.

CHORUS.

Our marriage bells are ringing,
What a glorious peal to me!
The present hour is brimming o'er
With joy and ecstasy.
Come, my darling, come and haste to me,
Do not tarry, love, I wait for thee.
Dost thou hear the wedding bells?
Joyous peals they ring for thee;
What welcome sounds their music tells!
I fondly wait for thee!

What care I for the world's frowns,
With the loved one by my side?
For, through its ups and downs—
We'll breast life's stormy tide;
And though the current bears us on
From all that's bright in life,
My love will ever be as strong
As when I called her wife, my wife, my wife.
Our marriage bells, &c.

My Dew Drop Pearl.

By Wm. H. Delehanty.

Yes, they ask me why I always seem so happy?
And they criticize my gay and airy style,
But they know not how I love a little beauty—
I'm swimming in the sweetness of her smile.
Little angels seem to hover all around me,
While the birds direct to me their joyous lay,
And the fish within the streamlet play to please me,
Since I met this little flower, Lilly May.
Chorus: More lovely than the blooming rose,
The dew drop pearl within;
And constant as the stream that flows,
A precious prize to win.

There's a band of angels singing in her laughter,
And a cupid merry making in her eye;
With a shyness like the pearl I named her after,
Recollection of her beauty brings a sigh—
But she said she always wished to see me happy,
Would help to ease my days of care and strife,
And a sweeter, dearer vow she lately made me—
'Twas her willingness to share my future life.
More lovely, &c.

Colored Gentlemen.

Sung by the Arnold Brothers.

Oh! watch our style and dashing figure:
For, we're two of the upper ten:
For, we are easy, careless colored gentlemen:
For, we never borrow money,
Nor neither do we lend:
For, we are easy, careless colored gentlemen.

CHORUS.

Oh! watch the way we sling our gams,
Glory hallelujah lam to all the blessed lambs—
Now watch our style, and watch it close,
With our educated bend:
For, we are easy, careless colored gentlemen.

We are going to run for Congress the coming election,
And on our style we do depend:
For, we are easy, careless colored gentlemen.
If they will only let the women vote,
I am sure we will have a chance:
For, if they stick to us we will not go back on them:
For, we are easy, careless colored gentlemen.
Oh! watch the way, &c.

The Fast Young Alderman.

Air: Joe Bowers. By Eugene T. Johnson.

It's of a gay young Cavalier a song I now will sing:
He was one of the City-Fathers, and belonged to the ring:
Upon a salary of twelve hundred, he a life of fashion led,
And drove a team of horses, for which the City bled.

Like every politician, he was honest—people say:
He never took anything out of reach, but reached an awful way!
And this he done for a maiden fair, a dashing city-belle,
Who resided in Fifth Avenue, the number I won't tell.

Now, to every fashionable ball he'd take Amelia Jane,
And the way he made the green-backs fly—folks thought he was insane;
But he was playing game at strategy, he knew she had a pile:
Her dad was one of the lucky chaps who lately had Struck Ile.

Now, one day, with his charmer going up Fifth Avenue,
He was tapped upon the shoulder by a tall man dressed in blue.
Says Henry James: there's some mistake.
The peeler he did smile,
Saying: for committing a forgery, you must go to Blackwell's-Isle.

Poor Amelia Jane was terrified, and became extremely sick,
And, that night, she ended all her woes by swallowing a candle-stick.
When Henry James heard her sad fate, he gave a heavy groan,
Then blew his brains out, in the quarry, with a piece of granite-stone.

MORE-ALE.

Now, all you, City-fathers, take warning by his fate,
Repent all your past errors, before it is too late;
For, if you live above your means, in fashionable style,
You may be sent, to rusticate, up in Blackwell's-Isle.

Go Hire a Hall.

Air: Swim out you're over your head.

I'm a poor dacent laboring man,
In the first ward below I reside:
A large family I have to support,
Two sons, and four daughters besides.
They're so fond of dances and parties,
Sure, they go every night to a ball:
When I scold them and say they must stop it,
They tell me to "go hire a hall."

CHORUS.

Such language you never did hear—
Sure, I can't understand it at all:
If I open my mouth for to speak,
They tell me to "go hire a hall."

Last night I was out on the corner,
With the Alderman having a talk,
And telling him how for to fix things—
When past Maggie Ellen did walk,
By her side was a big ugly blackguard,
He was knockneed, ungainly and tall,
And, as they were passing, she shouted—
"Say, daddy, just go hire a hall." Chorus.

Of course, I'm a great Politician:
To a meeting I went t'other night,
There was a large crowd in attendance
And everything moving all right:
Some remarks I began for to make
In response to the President's call,
When they choked me and kicked me clean out,
And told me to "go hire a hall." Chorus.

My sons are two big lazy loafers—
Sure, they never will do any work:
When I tell them I'll stand it no longer,
They call me an "old Irish Turk."
For hours they'll stand on the corner,
And make me so mad I could bawl—
Then they tell me to "pull down my vest,"
"Take a tumble," or "go hire a hall." Chorus.

Shanghai Kate.

Sung by the Original James Bradley.

Let all you Nigs, yes, lend your ears,
And join me in my rhyme;
I just come up from Tennessee
To pass away some time.
Before I left, I loved a girl—
And that I'm going to state:
She was nothing then but a wee-wee child,
But now she stands 6 foot 8.
Chorus: Come all you Nigs and bring your gals
And the wedding we'll celebrate;
The bells shall ring and Niggers sing
When I marry Shanghai Kate!

We're going to be married a week from to-day,
Pompey Jones he gives away the bride—
In an Alpacca suit and red-top boots,
Oh! I'll be there, by her side,
And when the preacher says, Amen!
I won't have a minute to wait,
But we'll all go in, to cakes and gin—
When I marry Shanghai Kate! Chorus.

Sweet Potteen.

Sung By Harrigan & Hart.

Sweet Potteen, you deceiver,
I love you just as well,
Since the day when first I met you,
You threw o'er me a spell;
You're winning, you're enticing,
As soft as Asia silk:
I love you, oh! my darling,
As the baby loves its milk.
Chorus: Then drink to your neighbors,
Drink to your friends
The dew from the mountain stream;
If once you took a drop,
Upon my soul, you'd never stop
A drinking of the sweet potteen.

Old Bacchus, you deluder,
With all your coaxing ways,
You've enslaved me like a spider,
When brought within my gaze;
Wid whiskey I'm so frisky,
From my head down to my toes—
I'd praise you, oh! my darling,
To your friends or to your foes. Chorus.

The Fellow so Terrible Fly.

Air: The man with the terrible gaul. By Wm. H. [illegible]

I'll sing you a song of a young man
Who stands on the corner all day,
And who in winter don't do any work,
And in summer does nothing but play.
His clothes are made of the commonest stuff,
His age is twenty or nigh:
He smokes a clay pipe or a Henry Mud,
Does this fellow so terrible fly.

CHORUS.

To an ancient order he does belong,
An order quite modern, yet high:
And quite a good hand at taking things strong
Is this fellow so terrible fly.

Now if you should happen this fellow to strike,
When the kick is quite full or quite small,
He'll steer you into a corner store
And request you to roll up a ball:
And if you should say—"no, my good lad,
The damage is quite too high—"
Then he'll say—"good segars will do just as well,"
Would this fellow so terrible fly. Chorus.

The police look upon him with suspicious eye
And follow him through the street:
But when they discover the extent of his crimes,
They find he is naught but a beat.
He stands on the corner to quiz the girls
And stare them right in the eye,
And quite a hand at doing things fresh,
Is this fellow so terrible fly. Chorus.

Two Orphans.

Composed and Sung by P. J. Downey.

Air: Over the hills to the Poor-House.

The evening's bright stars they were shining,
The moonbeams shone clear on our land:
Our city was in peace and quietness,
The hour of midnight near at hand.
But, hark! Do you hear that cry? Fire!
How dismal those bells they do sound—
Our Brooklyn Theatre is burning!
Alas! burning fast to the ground.

Chorus.

We ne'er can forget the "Two Orphans,'
Bad luck seems to be in its wake:
It seems it were brought to our city
The lives of our dear friends to take.

The doors they were open at seven,
The curtain was rolled up at eight:
Them that had got seats they were happy—
Outside they were mad that were late.
The play it went on very smoothly,
'Till sparks from the scenes they did fly;
It's then that men, women and children—
"O God, save our lives!" they did cry.
We ne'er can, &c.

Next morn, in amongst those black ruins,
O God! what a sight met our eyes!
The dead they were lying in all shapes:
Some there that none could recognize!
Poor mothers there weeping and crying
For sons that were out all that night—
O God! let their souls rest in heaven,
Amongst the innocent and bright!
We ne'er can, &c.

What means this large gathering of people,
Upon such a cold dreary day?
Or what means this long line of hearses,
With tops plumed in feathery array?
Far out to the cemetery of Greenwood,
Where the wind makes the lone willow sigh
'Tis there where the funeral is going,
The poor unknown dead there to lie.
We ne'er can, &c.

Let the Sparkling Goblet of Pleasure.

A CHORUS.

Let the sparkling goblet of pleasure
Foam high with the draught of delight;
Let joy scatter round all her treasure
In welcome of beauty so bright.
It is not in a cottage, retiring,
Such charms as Astasia's should pine:
But a monarch's love inspiring,
In splendor and glory will shine.

H. M. MILNER.

My Land.

Words by Thomas Davis. Air: The Darling.

She is a rich and rare land:
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land:
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.
No men than her's are braver,
Her women's heart's ne'er waver—
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine;
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land:
No! she's a warm and bold land;
Oh! she's a true and old land—
This native land of mine!
Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border—
No friend within it pine!
Oh! she's a rich, &c.

Saturday Night.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

You see before you a poor married man,
Who once from all trouble was free:
But since I've been married to my Mary Ann,
I'm wretched as wretched can be.
For, she is the master, I'm sorry to say,
And certainly think it not right
That I cannot enjoy myself in my own way,
Like others on Saturday night.

Chorus.

On Saturday night, on Saturday night,
If I was single, 'twould be my delight
To spend all my wages and get jolly tight,
And go on the spree every night.

At eight in the morning I go to my work,
And plenty of money I earn,
But early or late though I slave like a Turk,
No thanks do I get in return.
In fact she does nothing but grumble and growl
When I return home tired quite,
And I've no ready coin: for, she collars the whole
Of my wages on Saturday night.

Spoken: Yes, as soon as ever I come into the house, she thrusts her hands into my pockets, and takes every penny I've earned, and don't leave me—no, not one single cent to spend on—
Saturday night, &c.

Now when she has collared and counted my screw,
And before I have time to sit down,
She's off to the market, and I've to go, too,
A nice three mile walk in the town.
Then she lays out my money, while I'm standing by
With a basket that holds such a sight
Of cabbages, greens, and potatoes, which I
Carry home every Saturday night. Chorus.

The fire I've to light—my own breakfast prepare,
Which is certainly hard you will say:
Then I sweep up the kitchen each morn, I declare,
Before I go out for the day.
And at night make the beds—'tis the truth I assert,
Though you'll think it outrageous quite,
And if on Sunday I want a clean shirt,
I've to wash it on Saturday night. Chorus.

The Gal That Danced in Baba.

Words and Music by Sam Devere, and sung by him with great success.

Not long ago I went to see
Baba played at Niblo's:
I saw a gal on the stage I knew,
We used to call her Loose-clothes.
When she peddled apples and nuts, her name
Was Mary Ann Mahoney;
But, now, her name was on the bills
As Mademoiselle Broccoloni.

Chorus.

Dancing 'round the stage she'd go,
Mashing all the bloods, you know,
And spin like a top on her big toe,
This gal that danced in Baba.

She'd dance, and then she'd smile and bow—
The applause came down in showers;
And bloods, with glasses on their eyes,
Would throw her baskets of flowers.
She'd squirm like an eel, and raise her leg
To a terrible elevation;
She'd stand on her toes and bend the crab,
Which caused a great sensation.
Dancing 'round, &c.

Her head was once a cardinal red,
With hands like sides of bacon:
But now, with her grand Italian airs,
I thought I might be mistaken:
I soon found out she never came
From the land of maccaroni;
For, she fell on the man with the big bass fiddle,
When I yelled out Mary Ann Mahoney!
Dancing 'round, &c.

Sweet Hour of Prayer!

A SACRED SONG.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

A Lean Banana.

Written and sung by Sam Devere. Air: Eileen Alanna.

A lean banana, decayed to the core,
Ever since I slipped on thy peel I feel so sore,
On my back I lingered just where I fell,
The sweet words I uttered would not do to tell.
If I could have caught that dirty-looking gawk
Who threw that banana peel on the walk—
It made me see stars that I never saw before—
A lean banana from some foreign shore.

Chorus.

Lightly I tread on the sidewalk ever since:
A lean banana, I've heard of you before,
I slipped on thee once, I'll be cautious evermore;
A lean banana, I love thee no more.

A lean banana, you've caused many a sore;
I slipped on thy peel and it turned me o'er and o'er;
Young girls have blushed, too, when thrown off
their pegs,
Slipping on a banana and showing their legs.
Many are the pedestrians you've caused to fall,
Great, big and little, lean, lank and tall—
The seats of fat men's pants you've busted
and you've tore—
A lean banana from some Dutch grocery store.

Chorus.

Lightly I tread on the sidewalk ever since,
A lean banana, I've heard of you before,
I slipped on thee once, I'll be cautious evermore,
A lean banana from some Dutch grocery store.

Slap-Jacks.

Sung by Sheridan & Mack

Slap-jacks, pan-cakes,
Sugar and molasses, too:
Anybody can live on that,
Is more than I can do;
Hoe-cake's my saddle horse,
Bare-back's my mule;
White man came driving by—
Says—"Nigger, you's a fool."
Chorus: Oh! far you well—do far you well,
Ah! far you well, Suze;
I'm gwine to the mountain hill.

Hop-toad, he skipped and jumped,
Parson he jumped, too:
Old missy caught me stealing,
She lam me with her shoe:
Jay bird, its heels behind;
Niggers, too, likewise gwine
To climb a mountain hill,
Jump clean through the skies.
Oh! far you well, &c.

Nobody's Darling but Mine.

Words By John Rutledge. Music by H. P. Danks.

The Music is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.,

Nobody's darling but mine, love,
Nobody loves you like me:
In your bright eyes softly shine, love,
Visions delightful to see—
Visions of beauty and pleasure,
Filling my heart with their love,
Bringing me joys without measure,
Beaming like bright stars above.
Chorus: Nobody loves you like me, love,
Fondly and truly I'm thine;
Promise you ever will be, love,
Nobody's darling but mine.

Nobody's darling but mine, love,
Truly I love you the best:
While your sweet arms 'round me twine, love,
Earth is a haven of rest:
Lonely I'd be, love, without you,
And all the joys that you give:
Surely I never could doubt you,
Pride of my heart, while I live. Chorus.

Nobody's darling but mine, love,
Surely I love you alone,
And my heart ever will pine, love,
'Till I may call you my own;
Beautiful fairy like vision,
Bright star of hope, softly shine,
Make my path one bright elysian,
Nobody's darling but mine. Chorus.

Violets Dipped in Dew.

Words and Music by W. H. Delehanty.

As I strolled out one evening,
The sun had just gone down,
While leisurely meandering
A little way from town:
I there beheld a damsel
With eyes the brightest blue
Beneath her dark eye-lashes,
Like Violets dipped in dew.
Chorus: A smile was all she gave me—(Symph.)
But how it did enslave me!
'Twas love, the first I knew;
There's some sweet charm entrancing
Within her eyes so blue,
A dreamy, soft expression,
Like Violets dipped in dew.

I followed on behind her,
I think she knew it well,
And, as a sweet reminder,
Her handkerchief it fell;
I raised the scented linen
From off the grassy ground:
Her name, in letters crimson,
On one corner there I found.
Chorus: She deigned to smile upon me—(Sym.)
That moment she had won me,
My heart it pierced me through:
There's some sweet charm entrancing
Within her eyes so blue,
A dreamy, soft expression,
Like Violets dipped in dew.

At length I did approach her,
And ventured into talk,
By asking her permission
To join her lonely walk;
She blushing, frowning, smiling,
Said—"Oh! I think you're rude."
But those blue eyes, beguiling,
Seemed to say—"I wish you would."
Chorus: So arm in arm we wandered— (Sym.)
Yes, side by side meandered,
And told our love tales, too:
There's some sweet charm entrancing
Within her eyes so blue,
A dreamy, soft expression,
Like Violets dipped in dew.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

The Drummer's Recall.

Composed expressly for the Pilgrims by Sam P. LeTrunks.

Air: Father, Dear Father, Come Home.

Oh! Drummer, dear Drummer,
'Tis ten days ago,
Since we last had an order from you:
We're all getting frightened in spite of your blow,
And things look confoundedly blue.
Oh! tell us, oh! tell us,
Why don't you sell bills
In your travels all over the West?
Your silence our breasts with anxiety fills,
And now it is passing a jest.
Come home, come home, come home,
Dear Drummer, dear Drummer, come home.

Chorus.

Ten dollars a day your expenses have been,
While over this country you roam—
Oh! drummer, dear drummer, you'd better sell goods
Or else you had better come home.

You've had quite a nice little ninety days trip,
And still very light in your sales;
While over this country you carelessly skip,
Expenses will force us to fail.
You'd better come back and not spend all our stamps,
And then you won't feel quite so frisky—
For, I'm thinking, my boy, you spend most of
our money
In buying cigars and bad whiskey.
Come home, come home,
Dear drummer, dear drummer, come home.
Ten dollars, &c.

We're all waiting here with the goods in our store,
And feeling decidedly queer:
Oh! darling Guerilla, don't travel no more,
But please to come back to us here.
We're waiting impatient, but waiting in vain,
For a glance at your rubicund face,
And when you get back, you won't travel again:
For, another will be in your place.
Come home, come home, come home,
Dear drummer, dear drummer, come home.
Ten dollars, &c.

The Lover's Telegraph.

Words and Music by Sam Devere, and sung by him with immense success.

When first I went to see my gal,
We courted in the dark;
But her father and her mother and cross-eyed brother
Would listen while we'd spark.
So I bought the new invention, then,
And gave them all the laugh;
'Twas a string with a tin box on each end,
Called the lover's telegraph.
Chorus: Oh! the new invention is awful nice—
I know 'twould make you laugh
To hear the very funny things we said
Through the lover's telegraph.

When next I went to see my girl,
I had very little to say;
I gave her one end of the new machine,
And sat about twenty feet away.
The old folks thought we acted strange,
And called me a great big calf;
But they didn't know how the old thing worked
Through the lover's telegraph. Chorus.

Said I "sweet angel, dost thou know
I lovest thee the best?"
The answer came so soft and sweet—
"Oh! George, pull down your vest!"
When I asked her if she'd fly with me
To the land of the wild giraffe,
She answered back—"how are you fixed?"
Through the lover's telegraph. Chorus.

Love went flying through the string,
Till her brother found us out;
And then he whispered to his dad
What we had been about.
The old man gently raised his hoof,
Nearly splitting me in half;
He busted a hole in my new pants,
And the lover's telegraph. Chorus.

Don't get Weary, Children.

Sung with great success by John Roach.

Oh! Johnny, you've been a bad boy
For to treat your true love so—
And if you don't behave yourself,
I'll let the old folks know. (Repeat.)

Chorus.

Don't get weary, don't get weary, children,
Don't get weary—for, I'm a going home.
Don't get weary, don't get weary, children,
Don't get weary—for, I'm a going home.

Chorus, *second.*

When the sun rise in the morning,
Down by the yellow corn,
There we darkies all take warning,
When Dina blows the horn. (Repeat.)

Chorus, *third.*

When I'm gone, you will miss me,
When I'm gone, you will miss me:
There is one kind heart will miss me when
I'm gone, yes, when I'm gone. (Repeat.)

Oh! Susie, I've been a bad boy,
But I won't do so any more—
And if you give me your heart and hand,
We'll go to the old Virginia shore. (Repeat.)
Chorus.

Her Front Name is Hannar.

Comic Song by J. A. Armstrong.

The Music is published by C. H. Ditson & Co. 711 Broadway, New York.

The heart of my bosom has lately been stoled
By a sweet blushing maiden just forty years old.
She's a half Irish blonde, and she likes pork and beans,
Her feet are a feature, she wears seventeen's.

Chorus.

Her front name is Hannar,
Her father's a tanner,
But him she does hammer in an artistic manner:
She sings Star Spangled Banner and Aileen Alanner:
With a tooth-brush I fan her,
When she thumps the pianer.

Her "more antique pull-back" costs six cents a yard,
Sacque, hat, gloves and parasol forty-six cents:
She shall be a lady, like Bridget O'Grady:
For, I've wealth to get and don't mind the expense.
Her front name, &c.

Her mouth, well, it stretches from ear to ear,
A better provision store never was found:
I've never kissed her, I'm afraid to go near,
I'd surely fall in—then I know I'd be drowned.
Her front name, &c.

I'd feel Better if my Wife's Mother.

Written and sung by Sam. Devere.

Air: Take this letter to my mother.

I'd feel better if my wife's mother
Was at the bottom of the deep blue sea:
The love is tart we bear each other,
The old Rhinoceros she hates me.
How I'd like to bite her leg off—
Oh! how she can scratch and claw—
No one knows the pain I've suffered
With that old crank of a mother-in-law.
Chorus: I'd feel better if my wife's mother
Was only far away from me:
I'd like to bust her hash demolisher,
She's the worst you ever did see.

I'd feel better if my wife's mother
Would get the lock-jaw, and let me be:
Oh! how I would like to smother
My mother-in-law—for, she's N. G.
The cross-eyed, snaggle-tooth old curmudgeon,
How I'd like to break her jaw—
Who will pity a poor lone orphan,
Left in the hands of his mother-in-law?
Chorus: I'd feel better if my wife's mother
Was anchored in the deep blue sea
Or a band of Cannibals had her—
Oh! how happy I would be!

Margaret's Fall.

"Three years' hard labor," said the judge. Then I was hustled with the rest into the prison van, for mine was the last case to be disposed of, and transported to our terrible destination.

The confinement and labor did not agree with me. At the end of one month I was so feeble that I could scarcely crawl about. One day the doctor said something to the matron, and after that no work was expected from me.

I made one of the women—who had overheard what the doctor had said—tell me. It was that I would not live more than a week or so. I was glad of it; yes, glad to die, and I but twenty-five.

"Well," I thought, "before I do, I will put down the story of my life; perhaps it may be a warning to other women."

My father was a farmer, and whenever things didn't go just right, vented his crossness on mother and us children. I was the oldest; then came Dick and Robert, sturdy boys of twelve and fourteen; then Carrie, ten. At the time the event occurred that changed my life, I was a well-grown girl of sixteen.

It was an unusually late spring, and in consequence father had bad luck with his crops, and was, oh, so cross—so hard to get along with! The cry of the large family to support, and two good-for-nothings, meaning Carrie and me (for he could not forgive us for not being boys), was never off his lips.

It is hard when one tries the best one can, to be continually reproached for what is no fault of one's own. I am sure that mother's work and my work were not easy, but you couldn't make father think so. While other girls dressed themselves in finery, I went plainly clad. But if I bought a new ribbon to tie back my curls, just as soon as father spied it, usually at the tea-table, he would commence a long lecture about indulging vanity. Many's the quarrel we've had. My hot young blood up, I gave back word for word till ordered from the table and room, in disgrace. Mother would sit there, not daring to utter a word, and little Carrie,—whom we nicknamed "the saint"—would pull my dress and plead, "Don't, sister, don't!"

I was so sick and tired of this continual scolding that I had about made up my mind to run away that summer; then Mr. Gannett came to board with us, and everything was changed.

He kept a large shop in the City, and was father's best customer for early vegetables, and the later produce of the farm. He paid liberally for his board, and it helped considerably. Then, father didn't dare to display his amiable disposition before him, and as he generally took meal times for that we enjoyed a respite. Mr. Gannett soon showed a preference for my society, and father, seeing it, and probably foreseeing the result, was as sweet as sugar to me.

One night, they, mother, father and Mr. Gannett, were shut up a long time in the sitting room. I was sitting in the porch when Mr. Gannett came out. He asked me to walk with him, and listen to something he had to say. I knew quite well what it would be, and my mind was made up before he spoke a word.

When we came to the brook he stopped. Then he asked me to be his wife, and I—I answered yes, never thinking, never caring, what marriage meant. He was rich, he would take me away from home, and there would be one less to support.

These, these were the considerations that influenced me, and I was frank enough to tell him so.

"Do you love anyone else?" he asked, when I acknowledged that I did not love, but liked him.

I shook my head negatively.

"Do you think you can learn to love me, my dear?"

"If you are kind to me, I am sure I can," was my answer.

He seemed perfectly satisfied with it, and putting the engagement ring on my finger, kissed me, and led me back to my parents, asking their blessing.

I remember how bitterly I smiled as I heard him ask it. Did I not know how delighted father was to get me off his hands so soon, and my mother said "I had done well," even though she knew I did not love the man who in one short month would be my husband, for Mr. Gannett urged a speedy marriage, and both my parents willingly consented.

At the expiration of that time I was married—a bride of sixteen, and a bridegroom of forty. Mr. Gannett took me to a beautiful home in the country, and for six years I was comparatively happy. I had a good and kind husband, one of the kindest that this earth holds, everything that heart could wish — oftentimes anticipated. Two beautiful children called me mother, and—Heaven help me! —I did try to love my husband. Why could I not? —why was the love that would have been a blessing dimmed, and that which brought a curse given?

In the summer afternoons I used to go up to the City on the boat so as to come back with my husband. Sometimes the children accompanied me. One afternoon I was rather late, and barely reached the boat in time to avoid being left.

The seats on deck were all taken, and I was turning to go down into the cabin, feeling disappointed enough, for I had baby with me, and I thought the air did her good; when a gentleman, sitting in one of the most desirable seats, offered it to me. I thankfully accepted it.

He did not go away but stood there, laughing and talking to baby, who always attracted great attention; then he began to talk to baby's mother, and when we reached the landing it seemed as if I had known him all my life.

He gave me his card at parting, "to let me know I had been talking to a respectable person," he said laughingly. The card bore the name of Henry Willard, of the firm of Willard and Co., jewellers, and the street and number.

While I sat waiting for John—how the old name slips out!—I read the name over and over again. I could think of nothing but him, what he said, and the look in his eyes when baby lisped "Papa."

When I saw my husband coming, I thrust the card into my pocket. I did not say anything about him or it. Somehow, when I tried, the words stuck in my throat. Well, I met him again and again on the boat. First, I thought it chance; afterwards, I knew better; and it came to pass that my lover came up to the City with me on the boat; then leaving me, I came back home with my husband.

Henry Willard belonged to the Free Love Society, which, happily, is almost confined to America. Before becoming acquainted with him I knew very little about their doctrines. One evening at a party the subject was brought up for discussion. I paid little attention till somebody asked my husband for his opinion. He gave it freely, and concluded by saying, "No true man or woman who believes in the Bible can believe in and support such principles."

Knowing John to be very liberal in his views, I made up my mind that since he so strongly denounced their principles, they were wrong, and never thought of them again till Willard, having gained complete mastery of my mind, unfolded them to me in a very different light. Eagerly I followed their teachings, and a natural result followed. Giving up husband, children and home, I fled with my lover, leaving a note for my husband and telling all—but the name of the man I fled with—and bidding him "not to follow me, for nothing but death should part me from one I loved idolatrously."

What words to meet a man's, a husband's eye, who returns home expecting to find his wife to greet him, and finds *that* instead; knows his name is disgraced, his home dishonored, and his children motherless! Oh, my children, my husband! would that I could blot out these three shameful years! could know it only as a horrible dream! Alas, it is no dream, but a bitter reality! Willard established me in a beautiful country seat. He hired it under an assumed name, and I passed as his wife.

For a month I remained undisturbed in my fool's paradise.

Then one day he left me to return to his business, promising to return the next night. I was lost without him; I did not know what to do with myself. The hours seemed to drag, and I thought night would never come. After luncheon I ordered the carriage, intending to drive to the City and back, and thus occupy my mind. I was asking the coachman the shortest route there, when he respectfully informed me that "he had orders not to let me drive alone—my husband did not think it safe."

I started when the man said "my husband," and my thoughts went back to the husband I had deserted. All the way to the City I sat leaning back in the carriage, with my veil tightly drawn, and trying to banish the thought of John, which, however, would not go away. I got so nervous and wretched that I did not enjoy my ride at all, and was glad when the horses' heads were turned homeward. While being driven through Bond Street, the wind, which was very strong, blew my veil up off my face. I hastily replaced it, and looked anxiously about me. But, with a feeling of relief, I saw none but strange faces.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived home. After taking off my wraps, I went down into the drawing-room, and listlessly turned over the leaves of a novel, making believe to read. When I heard the bell ring sharply, I started nervously and listened.

Surely I knew that voice. Be still, my heart! for it is saying "You need not announce me." I turn to flee, but my limbs are paralyzed with fear. The door opens—I meet my husband's sorrowful gaze.

I flung myself face downwards on the sofa. I hear his voice, grave yet kind, pleading with me to return to my home—my children—to him.

I cannot now, nor could I then, account for the paroxsym of senseless rage that possessed me while I listened. I sprang up and confronted him, exclaiming passionately, defiantly, "I have no home—no children—no husband! I care for nothing in the wide world but one man's love! Try to force me from him if you dare, for I declare I will kill myself if you attempt to drag me from my love, my darling!"

With what fiendish delight I watched the effect of my words. He grew deadly pale, and caught hold of the table, murmuring brokenly, "Great Heaven this is too Horrible!"

"Yes," I answered, recklessly, "it is horrible to live with one who is no more to me than this;" and I drew off my wedding ring, and throwing it down, stamped upon it in an impotent rage.

Such a look as he gave me, as, kicking it from me, he stooped, and, picking it up, put it in his vest pocket. Over his face spread a rigid sternness. He took up his hat and gloves, then in a cold, calm voice, he said slowly and deliberately, "Be sure I shall never interfere with or trouble you again. Had I known how loathsome I was to you, you should have been spared this interview. Remain with the man for whose love you sacrifice everything; but when deserted, friendless, penniless and homeless, remember that in spite of everything I will never see you want." That was all. He had passed out of the room, out of the house, leaving me standing alone there, with a strange feeling of desolation that his words, so solemnly spoken, had caused.

With an agony of shame and remorse I now recall that interview! How well appreciate the godlike forgiveness which would not see me want! Ah me! for the pure gold was given up willingly, and the worthless dross substituted in its place.

Willard returned at the appointed time, and was so chagrined and alarmed at my husband's discovery of our retreat that the house was given up, and leaving his business in his brother's hands, we went abroad.

We travelled from place to place, and finally established ourselves in Paris for the remainder of the winter. Up to that time I had passed as his wife. Then Willard declared that it was impossible. Of course, an angry scene ensued, the result of which was that I yielded to his commands to be known as his mistress.

This was the beginning of the end.

Six months later he left me, as he said, to pass a week in London. The week passed, and brought no Willard, but instead a sealed envelope.

I opened it. A bank-note fluttered out; then two wedding cards, and a closely-written letter.

Surprised, I began to read it. Then the room began to dance up and down, a strange suffocating feeling was about my heart, and I fainted.

How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell. As soon as I was able, I finished reading the letter.

I can remember it word for word, for I think it is written in words of fire on my brain.

"Margaret," it began, "I shall be half-way across the Atlantic when this reaches you. Captain

Donaldson will either deliver it in person or by post. You will see by the enclosed that I am married. The fact is, I've got tired living an immoral life, and with the help of my dear wife am going to turn over a new leaf. Don't get an insane idea—like most of your class—of seeking me out and making a scene with my wife, which would be quite useless, as she knows all, and is willing to overlook it for love of me. Enclosed is a bank-note for five hundred pounds. Perhaps the best way to use it would be by going back to your husband. He's such a soft one, you can easily get round him again. "WILLARD."

My heart swelled with bitter loathing and disgust. No surer way could he have taken to kill my love. Use his money to return to my husband? Never! I would starve first! I made up my mind to return to England. Some women might have spurned the money—I did not. A month from that time found me established in London. With the remainder of the money I set up a lodging-house. Nothing prospered with me, however, and at the end of the year I was obliged to leave, to avoid being arrested for debt.

I went to Bath, and seeing an advertisement for a cook, applied for the situation. But I was not strong, the work was hard, and I gave that up. Next, I returned to London, and tried sewing for a living. I earned a little money by that, but the pay was poor, and when the girl that hired the next room, and who sung in a music hall, told me how much she made in a single night, and proposed that I should do the same, it needed little urging on her part to gain my consent.

That was the completion of my downfall. I went from bad to worse with rapidity, till, obtaining no decent employment and desiring none, I fell to the lowest depth of degradation.

Let me tell you what drove me to that. One night, instead of going to the music hall, I took the rail for my old home. The longing to see it had grown insupportable. I feared no recognition. Little trace of the stylish and elegant Mrs. Gannett in the poor wretch who wrapped her second-hand shawl about her shivering form. I knew that the home had not been broken up, that my sister Carrie tried to be a mother to my children, and make a pleasant home for them and him.

Stealthily I approached the house. There was a light in the sitting-room; but the front curtains were drawn. I remembered that the side one did not use to be, and I stole around to that part of the house.

The curtains were not drawn. I gazed in at them, taking care to avoid discovery. Sitting by the table, reading, was my husband; his face was little changed; but his hair was quite gray. It had been jetty black when I left him, and I remembered how proud I used to be of it in old times.

By the cosy fire-place sat my sister. Oh, how beautiful and pure she looked! "She could never become the vile thing her sister is to-day," I thought, bitterly.

By her side stood my boy, a boy to make a mother's heart proud and glad. Yes; but his mother stood like a thief outside the house that sheltered him.

Ethel, my baby—that I had left sleeping innocently in her crib, with a guilty mother's kiss upon her pure lips—sat at my sister's feet, her head on her lap, and Carrie's white hands toying with her bright curls. I could not see her face—it was turned away. A mad impulse came over me to dash myself against the stones of the house, and then and there to end my worthless life.

But the impulse passed, and, instead, I turned to look again. Perhaps I was less careful—perhaps it was instinct—for as I gazed hungrily and greedily, my boy's eyes turned and met mine. I heard his frightened scream. I turned, and fled back to the station, hence to the city, and——But no, I will not write the record of what followed—what has brought me here; here, to pass the last of my life—here to die—and afterwards—alas! I dare not think of—afterwards!

I have written a letter to be sent to my husband after my death. But I have let no one dream of the relation I bear him. I have told them he is one that knew me in better days—one who will see me decently buried—for oh, I do not want to be buried like a dog. Jan. 14, three o'clock.

Here the story of Margaret's life ends. Let us finish it. John Gannett went down to the prison the day after her death, which took place on the evening of Jan. 14. He took charge of the remains, and she was buried beside her mother in the country graveyard that she had many times—an innocent child and maiden—passed through. Her husband returned to his home with a sad and heavy heart. Strange as it may seem, the only feeling his heart held all those terrible years was a great pity and self-reproach commingled.

Faithfully Margaret's sister tries to do her duty by the children, and by them she is well loved.

The German Fifth.

Words by Harry Bennett. Music by Gus Williams.
Sung by Gus Williams.

Of you look at us your eyes oud,
You vill see some soldiers gay:
Ve belong to de German Fifth,
Dat bromenades upon Broadway.
Ve march avile in single file,
Den ve change to two by two,
You bet ve make de beople smile,
Ven ve march dot sidy drough.
Chorus: Double rank—vatch de flank—
Don't dat vas a splendid drill?
Mark dot time—ain't dot fine—
Ven ve march, ve don't stand sdill.
Houp-a-la! Shout hurrah!
Dot's de vay dot's sure to kill;
Right face apout, go inside oud—
Hurrah for de German Fifth!

Ven ve vas in dot army,
Ve vas fed on barrel staves;
Und ven ve don't vas fight,
Ve had to vork at digging graves:
Und ve got so sick und thin, dot
You could easy see us drough,
Und somedimes dey kept us marching,
Dill our feet vas plack und plue. Chorus.

But now ve are home-guard brivates,
Ve got blenty grub to eat;
Dutchmen all are jealous of us,
Ven ve march along de street.
Arms quick bresent und elbows bent,
Eyes to right und heads up straight,
Mit left und right und moud shut tight—
A mile a day dot vas our gait. Chorus.

Oh! Blue are the Eyes of my Kathleen.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by John Braham.

Music Published by L. P. Goulland, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Price 35 cents.

Oh! blue are the eyes of my Kathleen,
And bright as the fresh morning dew;
They speak of a heart full of gladness,
A love that is tender and true;
They sparkle like purest of diamonds,
They twinkle like stars in the skies,
And nothing to me is fairer to see
Than my Kathleen's beautiful eyes.

CHORUS.

Oh! blue are the eyes of my Kathleen,
And bright as the fresh morning dew:
They speak of a heart full of gladness,
A love that is tender and true.

Oh! blue are the eyes of my Kathleen,
And firm as the old emerald isle:
They tell me that one darling creature
To me will be true all the while;
They glisten like dear little sunbeams
That fall from the clear summer skies,
And nothing I see is dearer to me
Than my Kathleen's beautiful eyes. Chorus.

Oh! blue are the eyes of my Kathleen,
And clear as the soft silver stream,
They light up my heart with their brightness,
And bring a relief in their gleam;
They whisper to me of the future,
When under the starry-gemed skies,
My darling will be united to me
By my Kathleen's beautiful eyes. Chorus.

Since The Panic First Set In.

Words by Richard Turner. Sung by James O'Neil.
Air: Mulcahy's Gone Away.

I lately have come over
And I'll sing now while I'm here,
It's all about a son of mine,
And he makes me drop a tear;
He goes around to club rooms,
And sweeps out for his gin;
By the holy smoke, my head is broke
Since the panic first set in.
Chorus: By the holy smoke, my head is broke
Since the panic first set in.
He goes around to bar-rooms,
Washes spittoons for his gin.

He's loafin' now about two years,
And has never done a stroke:
And the boys are getting down on him
And holler out "Sherry the blote!"
Before the padic he was all right,
He'd be in every night about ten,
But rum has got the best of him
Since the panic first set in. Chorus.

He goes to wakes and raffles,
And any place there's drink:
He went to one the other night,
And now what do you think?
He grabbed the bottle from the man,
But he said it was too thin,
That he didn't buy rum for such beats
Since the panic first set in. Chorus.

And when the neighbors tell me this,
I nearly drop with shame;
I'm tired of bringing him up a man,
And, of course, I'm not to blame:
I've tried to bring him up a man,
But he said it was too thin,
He's got to be a terrible bum
Since the panic first set in. Chorus.

Irish Soap Fat Man.

Air: Bould Irishman.

Och, I'm a grate Irishman, from Cork I have came,
For carrying the hod, shure, I've had a grate name:
So I left off the hod—for, I didn't like that,
I thought I could make more be bawling soap fat.
Chorus: Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

So I ordered a kittle, yis, for to be made
By a fellow named Jimmy, a jolly young blade:
"But, says I, make that kittle as fast as you can,
For, I've altered me trade to a soap fat man."

Och, I'd travel the house from morning till night,
A bawling soap fat with all me might.
"Arrah! thin Pat, says me wife, will you stop
that big roar:
For, there's a thundering big crowd standing
out by the door."

Says I to me wife—"now, I'll settle thim quick,
Only give me a cudgel or a bit of a stick,
I'll drive thim away, be me sowl, if I can,
And I'll show thim I'm only a soap fat man."

I wint down by the door and jumped out mighty quick,
And gave a big fellow a belt with my stick;
Another big bully, a standing close by,
Got a plaster of fat, that filled up his left eye.

Whin I struck the big fellow, och, thin was the fun—
For, in every direction the crowd, shure, did run.
Thinks I to myself, shure, I've made thim all slope,
Just by giving the big bully the divil's own poke.

I've got out of the muss and I'm better of that,
I'll lave off the trade of carrying soap fat:
For, since I done that, shure, I've niver been right:
For, every place that I wint, I was shure for to fight.

I'll carry the hod and it's one I'll have made,
But not by Jimmy, the jolly young blade:
Whin I get at that, I'll bawl as loud as I can,
And holler three cheers for the soap fat man!

DEATH OF JOHN O'MAHONY,

THE FENIAN CHIEF.

Words and music by JOHN MAHON.



4 Yes, you're gone, but your brave spirit still will remain,
To cheer Erin's children again and again;
As they tread in your footsteps to seek for their own,
They will never forget you, my own darling Shaun.

5 Then farewell! but your memory never will fail
To dwell with the sons of poor old Grauna Uille—
Farewell! till the day of the rising shall dawn,
When we'll meet there together, my own darling Shaun.

* An honest man's the noblest work of God.—Pope.

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CONTENTS.

A Fireman's address.....page 311
Across the lake, through bush and brake... 309
The Agony Column: or little D I..... 309
Billy Quail..... 307
The Baseballer's song..... 306
Cold North Wind..... 307
Captain Fritz..... 307
Cardinal Red and Navy Blue..... 308
Dam Shame Charlie..... 307
Eyes of blue..... 306
The Evening Bell..... 306
Emancipation day..... 308
Home delights..... 306
It's very hard to say..... 308
Josiah Brown..... 306
Keep a gentle thought of me..... 311
Keno..... 306
Live and let live—Music for piano..... 312
Man's Love..... 306
Malone, the President..... 307
Maggie Hawick's wedding gift—a Story.... 310
The Old friends still..... 309
The Old whiskey jug..... 311
Poor ole Uncle Jake..... 309
The Pride of the vale..... 311
Rose Lenore..... 308
Somebody's darling..... 307
The Stars are cheerfully blinking..... 307
The Spitz Dog..... 308
They have gone from the mountain home.. 307
They all do it..... 309
True to the core..... 308
Uncle Joe..... 308
Woman's Love..... 306
The Way I march..... 307
Willie's Farewell..... 308
Walking for dat cake..... 309

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Keno.

A Dutch Recitation, by M. J. Neville.

Lasd Duesday nide, about dwelve o'glock,
A young man drough Broadvay did valk;
Mit fife dollars in his bocket oud,
He vend by a blace vere dey do shoud—
Keno!

"Come ub schtairs," der "capper" said,
"Of you don'd, dot's baetter you go home by bed."
Ven at der door dot young man did appear,
Dese vords drobbed in by his left ear—
Keno!

He vend in und sot him down
Mit a growd of young fellers vot hangs about town:
Card dwendy-dree—id vos his number—
Ven he yelled him oud like a polt of dunder—
Keno!

About dree o'glock, or very near four,
Der beoples heard an awful roar,
Dot sounded like a big jack-ass,
As from dot young man's moud did pass—
Keno!

Lader und lader dot young man schtaid,
Und for anoder "pot" he very hard blayed;
Ven he did by his eyeprow scratch,
Dese vords vere heerd like a snappin-match—
Keno!

Id vas now bout dwelve minutes behind fife o'glock,
Und der broprietor says "Dot game must schtop."
So soon dem vords fell from his moud,
Dot young man once again did shoud—
Keno!

Dey glosed dot game up very gwick,
Und der broprietor he feld awful sick;
As dot young man down Broadvay did go,
Dese vords did by his head echo—
Keno!

The Baseballer's Song.

By Geo. Taylor, of McKeeport, Allegheny Co., Pa.
Air: A motto for every man.

How much does the game of baseball represent
The life of us each and us all!
The world is the FIELD, and each home is a TENT,
And Old Time is truly the ball;
The will of a man is the BAT he must take
To strike at FAIR balls as they fly;
Each BASE is a station, and haste we must make,
Or OUT we shall go with a sigh.

CHORUS.

So whilst we PLAY, let's earnestly endeavor
To win, be the ODDS what they may,
And in the field let peace prevail forever,
And for our standard let us raise
That excellent motto—"FAIR PLAY."

REFEREE is the conscience, and fame is the STAKE,
Our Maker is keeping the score:
And whilst the game lasts, we must keep wide awake,
If we would rejoice when it's o'er:
Some men have long INNINGS and make a good SCORE,
Whilst others are very soon OUT;
But let us all try as we ne'er did before,
And strike without fear or doubt. Chorus.

Whilst some to the BAT very early may go,
Others may be called rather late;
But we must be ready—for, well do we know
That long we may not have to wait.
And there's not a man who was designed, we know,
To lay on the FIELD like a stone:
For, each one was made at his duty to go
In earnest, and not like a drone. Chorus.

Now let us all choose on which SIDE we shall play,
The RIGHT or the WRONG it must be;
The voice of our CAPTAIN we all must obey,
And play (IN OR OUT) with good glee.
May UNFORTUNATE BALLS fall SHORT or fly WIDE
Of those who the wrong would oppose,
And at last may we THROW up the ball with true pride
And smile at the last of our foes. Chorus.

Eyes of Blue.

Eyes of blue! ye are the meteors
That disturb my dreams at night:
Could a dancing sylph be fairer
In an orient monarch's sight?
Gazing gently down upon me
From you heavens of kindred hue,
Sure some bright seraphic presence
Lives again, sweet Fay, in you.
Chorus: Eyes of passion softly beaming
Like the stars at close of day,
Many a tale of love you're gleaming
Tells us, though you've passed away.

Eyes of blue, so brightly shining
'Neath that sea of golden curls!
Still I seem to meet the pressure
Of those lips so full of pearls;
And a pair of arms so snowy
Round about my own neck twines,
And that voice so sweet and silvery
Greets me in remembered lines. Chorus.

Josiah Brown.

Air: My Mary Ann.

Oh! here I am a country gal,
Just came from yonder town,
Where I fell in love with a nice young man—
They call him old Josiah Brown.
Chorus: Old Josiah is a handsome man:
For you I oft do sigh,
To think that from you I must part,
And here alone must live and die.

Old Josiah is a handsome man,
And his age is sixty-three,
But there isn't one in the whole place
That I love as dear as he does me. Chorus.

His figure—it is very neat,
And his head, it is quite round:
But there isn't a gal in the whole place
But knows my dear Josiah Brown. Chorus.

As down the road I walked alone,
And I sighed so very queer,
Thinks I to myself, how nice I'd be,
If old Josiah Brown was here! Chorus.

No sooner had I said these words,
Than along Josiah came:
Says he: "My love, my turtle dove,
My love for you is just the same." Chorus.

Says I: "Josiah, here's my hand,
And, if you choose, for life."
"I will, says he, my dearest Sal,
And you shall be Josiah's wife." Chorus.

The Evening Bell.

Nocturne for Two Voices.
Words by Jos. R. Fry. Music by Ad. Boisdieu.

Kneel, sister dear!—eve's shadows gather;
Vesper's sweet bell—calleth to prayer:
Kneel down to bless our heav'nly Father
For all his love and tender care!
Day to the low clouds bending,
Dies on their placid breast;
Birds their dim way are wending
Home to their leafy rest.
Flowers their soft eye are closing,
Grateful their dew-tears fall:—
Earth from her toil reposing,
Leans on the God of all!
Kneel, sister dear!—eve's shadows gather;
Vesper's sweet bell—calleth to prayer:
Kneel down to bless our heav'nly Father
For all his love and tender care!

E'en from the hearth most lowly,
As from the altar high,
Prayer is an incense holy
Rising beyond the sky.
And from the humble bosom
Faith's every votive word
Springeth in Heaven a blossom
Fragrant before the Lord!
Kneel, sister dear! &c.

Home Delights.

Words and Music by John P. Ordway.

Home delights! home delights!
Jewels in memory's own—
The sweet little valley, beside the old cottage,
Made sunshine to brighten my home.
True, life's changes cross our path:
True, dear friends have passed away:
But those happy scenes of youth
Cheer each heart, and bless each day.

CHORUS.

Home delights! home delights!
Jewels in memory's own—
The sweet little valley, beside the old cottage,
Made sunshine to brighten my home.

Fireside scenes! Fireside scenes!
Caskets of happy spent years—
Through seasons of trouble, this gleam of sweet solace
To youthful remembrance endears.
Hearts beat warmly with true love,
Hearts then from deceit were free:
The good old fireside scenes of youth
Cheer each heart, and bless each day. Chorus.

Early days! early days!
Treasures of love-lasting worth—
The old homestead cottage and sweet little valley
Were dearer than all else on earth.
Parents lie beneath the sod,
Brothers and sisters most dear:
But those early days of youth
Soothe life's toil, and calm each fear. Chorus.

Woman's Love.

When man is waxing frail, and his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale, and wan and white his cheek,
Oh! then doth woman prove her constancy and love.

She sitteth by his chair, and holds his feeble hand,
She watcheth ever there, his wants to understand:
His yet unspoken will she hasteneth to fulfill.

She leads him when the moon is bright o'er dale and hill,
And all things, save the tune of honey bees, are still,
Into the garden's bowers to sit midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there to feed on breath and bloom,
She brings the posy rare into his darkened room,
And 'neath his weary head the pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death his lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth, she never leaveth him:
Still near him, night and day, she meets his eye alway:

And when his trial's o'er, and the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core lie sorrows unexpressed:
Her tears, her sighs are weak, her hidden grief to speak.

And though there may arise balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes may sometimes smile again,
Still, still she must regret—she never can forget.

Man's Love.

When woman's eye grows dull, and her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful, then man's love fadeth—
He sits not beside her chair, clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair that o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in, though her eye brightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin, feverishly brightens:
He stays but a moment near, when that flush fadeth,
Though true affection's tear her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight into life's jostle,
He meets at the very gate business and bustle:
He thinks not of her within silently sighing,
He forgets in that noisy din that she is dying.

And when her heart is still, what though he mourneth,
Soon from her sorrow chill wearied he turneth,
Soon o'er her buried head memory's lights setteth,
And the true-hearted dead thus man forgetteth.

Cold North Wind.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then? poor thing!
He'll sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the swallow do then? poor thing!
Oh! do you not know
He's gone long ago
To a country much warmer than ours? poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the honey bee then? poor thing!
In hive he will stay,
Till cold's passed away,
And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the Dormouse do then? poor thing!
Rolled up like a ball,
His nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the children do then? dear things!
When lessons are done,
They'll jump, skip and run,
And play till they make themselves warm, dear things!

Dam Shame Charlie.

Air: Champagne Charlie.

Some time ago I got a beau, und Charlie was his name,
He was a bully boy with a glass eye, und he was
a handsome man,
Und for Shampagne he didn't like, und galls
he didn't care:
The only thing that Charlie likes was
Schweitzer kase und beer.

Chorus.

Dam shame Charlie was his name,
Dam shame Charlie was his name:
Did you ever see the duyvil, mid a wood und
iron shuyvel,
Digging up potatoes mid his night cap on?
Dam shame Charlie was his name,
Dam shame Charlie was his name:
High cum a diddle was the cat an fiddle, when
cow jumped over the moon.

One evening Charlie stopped out late, wid fellows
he got tight,
He drops into a lager beer shop, und soon he
makes one fight;
The policeman arrest him dere, und drag him
mit one jail,
Und it takes all my pin money to pay my Charlie's bail.
Dam shame, &c.

Little Jacky Horner was sitting in a corner
eating a Christmas pie-i-i,
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
saying—"what a good boy am I!"

Malone, the President.

I'm a man of great renown,
And I've got a brilliant education:
I started out a politician, and
I'm needed to reform the nation.
Now I've got a secret for ye all,
So plaze give me your kind attintion—
I am nominated Presidint by the
Great and grand New York convintion.

Now, thin, cast yer votes for the great Malone:
For, now I'm candidate for Presidint,
And ye all must know that a grand reform
Is so much needed—that is evident.
Oh! won't we have a high old time,
Whin Malone this land is rulin'?
Won't I pulverize the gang,
And quickly make them quit their foolin'?

Captain Fritz.

Air: Captain Jinks.

I'm Captain Fritz of the Dutch Hussars,
My troopers dey keep grocery stores:
I make me my money peddling segars,
But I don't go me back in the army—
When I left home, mamma she yellder,
Oh! yes, she yellder, mamma she yellder—
When I left home, mamma she yellder,
"He is too thin for the army!"

Spoken: My dear mamma, you don't say I was too thin for the army. I don't been too thin for the army, and I don't care if I was too thin, because I am Captain Fritz, &c.

By und by, I get me some stout
From drinking beer und sour krout,
And the boys at me they all did shout—
"There is the hog of the army!"
The officers they all did shouter,
Yes all did shouter, they all did shouter,
The officers they all did shouter,
"Why, kick him out of the army!"

Spoken: If you please, you don't kick me out of the army, that don't been good mit your health to do that, I give you a bloody eye und a black nose if you do, and I will still be Captain Fritz, &c.

The Way I March.

Good evening to ye's, one and all,
I ask yer kind attintion:
The subject of my song is one
To you I'll now make mention.
It's about a day not far away,
Although it comes but once a year,
That's the time that we'll all feel gay,
On Saint Patrick's day in the morning.

Chorus.

The drums will beat and the bands will play,
As down the street we march away,
That's the time that we'll all feel gay,
On Saint Patsick's day in the morning.

If you meet me on that day,
You must not get offended:
For, what I say or do to you
It never is intended.
And when I'm out upon parade,
I leave all others in the shade:
It's grand to see me in the Irish Brigade
On Saint Patrick's day in the morning! Cho.

Billy Quail.

Parody on Lilly Dale.

'Twas in the open daylight,
When the sun shone bright,
Lighting up both hill and dale,
When I and Dick Myers
Stood around the Black-Maria,
Where sat poor Billy Quail.
Chorus: Oh! Billy! oh! Billy! oh! Billy Quail!
For, the grog-blossoms cover
The jolly red nose
Of our poor Billy Quail.

"I am going," he says,
"For to have a little rest,
To the place where all bad people goes;
Where, at the public expense,
We lives free of rents,
And gets provisions and clothes." Chorus.

Down beyond Southwark,
Where the shrill winds blow,
And whistles around the big jail;
In Moyamensing,
Where the hung Mr. Spring,
There lays poor Billy Quail! Chorus.

When is courting like a battle?—When it comes to an engagement.

What should be lighter than a lamp?—Why, a lamp-lighter, of course.

They are gone, all gone, from the Mountain Home.

They are gone, all gone, from the mountain home,
Where the wild bees hum, and the bright birds roam;
Where the heath-flowers wave 'neath the scented breeze,
And the warblers sing 'mid the tall green trees.

They are gone, all gone, from the mountain home,
Where the waters glide and the moonbeams roam:
Where the lily-bell blooms like a star o'er the wave,
And the willow-bough bends its leaves to lave.

They are gone, all gone, from the mountain home,
And their song's not heard o'er the hill to roam:
And the echoing notes of the hunter's horn
Have all passed away like a summer morn.

They are gone, all gone, both the young and gay,
And the wild bees hum, and the bright birds play:
But the glen is lone where the young deers roam,
They are gone, all gone, from the mountain home.

Somebody's Darling.

Words by Mrs. E. K. Crawford.
Music published by S. Brainard & Co., No 203 Superior Street, Cleveland O.

Into a ward of the white-washed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne, one day,
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
So soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering look of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow:
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer, soft and low—
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there,
Was it a mother's soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best; he was somebody's love,
Somebody's heart hath enshrined him there,
Somebody's wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand,
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to clasp him again to her heart,
And there lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like, lips apart—
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear:
Carve on the wooden slab at its head—
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

The Stars are all Cheerfully Blinking.

The stars are all cheerfully blinking
With friendliest eyes through the night:
They seem to be smiling and winking,
And us to their pleasures invite.

The earth and the heavens are glancing
With fiery, and glittering sheen:
And over their troop brightly dancing,
The moon, smiling softly, is seen.

Ye heavenly lights! Oh! attend us,
And light us along our way;
How bright are the smiles that ye lend us!
Then list ye, Oh! list to our lay.
The earth and the heavens, &c.

It's Very Hard to Say.

By John McVeigh.

So many songs of late are sung,
And so many mottoes told,
That to circulate another one
To some may seem quite bold:
But still I have made up my mind
To put this one on the way,
But whether it will please or not,
Why, it's very hard to say.
Chorus: Yes, very hard to say, my boys—
Yes, very hard to say;
I hope it will, at any rate,
Though it's very hard to say.

Some people say that times are hard,
Worse than in former years;
And that the future will be worse
They express in words their fears.
The causes they assert to be
Our official frauds each day;
But if they themselves fat office held,
It would be very hard to say. Chorus.

You'll often hear a man condemn
His neighbor's every sin:
Call him a rascal, thief and fraud,
Which tends to injure him;
But if he'd only stop to think
And argue in this way:
"Have I not some of these defects?"
Then it's very hard to say. Chorus.

So, as we jog along through life,
Let's take this as our plan—
Let times be good or be they bad,
We'll do the best we can
To alleviate each other's wrongs,
Be they whate'er they may.
By doing this there are many words
That won't be hard to say. Chorus.

True to the Core.

As sung by Billy Ray.

Mankind drifts along thro' this broad sea of care:
With some 'tis foul weather, while with others 'tis fair;
Some help one another to reach the bright shore,
While others sit silent, despairing the more.
I've a few words to say, if you'll list to my song,
Your attention I claim, I will not keep you long:
My subject, you'll own, is a new one, I'm sure:
For, I'll sing about men that are true to the core.

I'll sing first of one whom all Irishmen love,
Who gave up his life his devotion to prove;
He died for his country, he cared not for fame,
And each true son of Erin reveres his dear name—
I mean not brave Richard O'Connor of old,
I mean not staunch Daniel O'Connell the bold,
Nor Irland's sweet poet, the warm-hearted Moore,
But brave Robert Emmett was true to the core.

And now let me speak of America's friend,
Who pledged his young life for Liberty's end:
Hand in hand with our Washington, noble and true,
Who fought 'neath our banner, the red, white and blue.
From his own sunny France, from his kindred and home
Across the broad ocean he feared not to roam:
Let the battle echoes of old days of yore
Tell if dear Lafayette was not true to the core.

Another name dear to us all here to-night:
He loved his own comrades who sought to do right.
When the fierce storm of war overwhelming our land,
To his country he offered his heart and his hand.
Tho' some misconstrued him, tho' others may blame,
They never can tarnish his honor and fame,
Let the red battle fields on Virginia's shore
Echo that brave little Mac was true to the core.

I will sing now of one whom the whole world adores,
Whose name is revered on all foreign shores,
America's hero, Columbia's star,
A statesman in peace, and a lion in war;
From the bloody-stained battle-ground of Lundy Lane,
From Princetown and Germantown rises again
The echo of voices, bring evermore
That Washington ever was true to the core.

Uncle Joe.

Young folks, come listen to my song,
I'm old, and won't detain you long:
I'm eighty-four, I'd have you know,
And young folks call me Uncle Joe.
My hair, once black, has turned to gray,
But what's the odds while I feel gay?
I love to sing a song of glee,
And I feel as young as I used to be.
Chorus: Fia-e-id-hoop-te-do,
How I love to sing for you!
How I could sing a song of glee,
If I was young as I used to be!

When I was young, I knew life's joys,
But now I'm old, yet I'm one of the boys.
I can take a smile or sing a song
With any good friend that comes along:
I can tell a story or crack a joke,
And never refuse to drink or smoke,
I'm a gay old sport, you'll all agree,
And I feel as young as I used to be. Chorus.

When I was young and in my prime,
I was chasing the gals most all of my time:
I'd take them out, each day, for a ride,
And always keep them by my side;
I'd hug and kiss them just for fun,
And hain't forgot the way it's done,
So if any girl here is in love with me,
She'll find me as young as I used to be. Cho.

Emancipation Day.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. | Music by Dave Braham.

Lord bless old Massa Lincoln,
An' de day he took de pen,
Set free de little children,
An' a million colored men—
And when you kneel for evening prayer,
Good mudders, you must pray
For Massa Lincoln up in heaven
On 'Mancipation Day,

Chorus.

Den shouting glory loud! a million in de crowd—
We's free from bondage, so de white folks say:
Sing de jubelee! everybody's free—
Welcome, welcome 'Mancipation Day!

Fadders, Mudders, Brudders, all,
Oh! shout your glory high:
Let your thanks go up to Him
Who's yonder in the sky—
Let the children laugh and sing,
Young folks must have dar way:
Yes, indeed, we all was freed
On 'Mancipation Day! Chorus.

Cardinal Red and Navy Blue.

Sung by Miss Eloise Lindon.

I am a girl of style, you see,
And everywhere I go,
Some fellows always follow me
If I walk fast or slow.
Perhaps they think my heart is true,
Or I have lots of cash,
Or it's cardinal red or navy blue
I wear with such a dash.

Chorus. (Waltz.)

When I walk out, at 3 P. M.,
To take the bracing air,
I'm sure to meet a score of men,
Always at me stare:
I hear them say—"I wonder who
That daisy there can be,
In the cardinal red and navy blue,
Whom we so often see?"

Some say that I'm a fashion plate
Cut from a magazine:
Others, I'm a counterpart
Of some young foreign queen:
But then I never mind the cut,
But go right straight ahead,
In my cardinal red and navy blue,
To which I'm really wed. Chorus.

The Spitz Dog.

Written and sung by Mickey Moody.
Air: Jordan is a hard road to travel.

Is there any one here wants to buy a spitz dog?
I've got one here that I'll sell ye.
I haven't got the money for to take a license out,
So I came here to-night for to tell ye—
While walking down the street, the other day,
Some lonfers on the corner they did holler:
"There goes a tarrier with a little spitz dog
Without the number of his license on the collar!"

Chorus.

Arrah! wouldn't they be glad if he went mad—
But that's all right, my covey,
I'll keep him here another year,
Till he takes the Hy-ge-fo-ge.

I'll let you know he's no ki-ie,
A black and tan or poodle:
He can sing, or dance an Irish jig
To the tune of Yankey Doodle:
He can get away with a good beefsteak,
A haslett or a liver:
He can kill more rats than all the cats
This side of Harlem River. Chorus.

I don't profess to be a fighting man:
I've traveled through the roughest,
And often had the mittens on
With many of the toughest:
If ever I lay my hands upon
Those city paid dog-catchers,
The police will have to take them to
The Station House on stretchers. Chorus.

Rose Lenore.

By L. M. Thornton. Air: Belle Mahone

Far from home I soon shall be,
Only strangers round me see,
Still my thoughts will dwell on thee,
Sweet Rose Lenore.

When springs sweetest flowers appear
And the skylark's song I hear,
I shall think of rambles dear,
Sweet Rose Lenore.

When I youthful forms espy,
Happy as the moments fly,
I shall think of days gone by,
Sweet Rose Lenore.

Whatsoe'er befalleth me,
Light at heart I still shall be,
If I am but loved by thee,
Sweet Rose Lenore.

Willie's Farewell.

Written by George Lane.

Hark! hark! Willie is praying,
While in his little cot laying:
Hark ye to what he is saying—
His time is drawing near.
Farewell to thee, my own dearest mother,
I'm going with father to dwell:
Mother, don't sigh, father is nigh,
I'm coming, father—dear mother, farewell!

Hark! hark! angels are calling:
See how the dead leaves are falling
And the sweet robin's note give us warning
That winter is drawing near—
Farewell to the roses, those sweet scented flowers—
Farewell to the bloom in the dell—
Mother, don't sigh, father is nigh,
I'm coming, father—dear mother, farewell!

Hark! hark! the mother is weeping:
She prays God her child is but sleeping,
But, alas! the truth is gradually deepening,
As she watches the motionless form.
Pure and bright, with love's spotless beauty,
Alone the young widow is left—
Why need she sigh? the time it is nigh
When she'll meet those again of whom she's bereft.

They all do it.

Composed by J. Read. Arranged by H. W. Fitchett.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

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Some folks will cry—"Oh! shame! Mrs Jones,
you are to blame,
I never should have thought it, ma'am, of you—"
While, if they'd look at home before abroad they'd roam,
I'm positive they'd have enough to do.
Mrs. Brown says it's a sin that Mrs. Smith drinks gin,
And harbors "tally-men" from day to day;
While Mrs. Green was caught doing what she
hadn't ought,
When she in self defence was heard to say—

CHORUS.

"They all do it, they all do it,
They all do it, though ofttimes they rue it;
Yet they all do it, they all do it,
And so it will continue to the end of the world!"

For hours three or four lovers spooning at the door
On any moonlight evening may be seen;
Though if they want a lark, they have it in the dark,
And they "do it," though they say "they
didn't mean:"
When, creeping down the stairs, comes the
old man unawares,
And kissing catch the couple in the act—
The mother, from above, says—"don't interfere,
my love,
You can't dispute this most important fact—"
They all do it, &c.

Old women do declare girls should never dye their hair,
And then again they say it's very wrong
Without the least restraint their faces so to paint,
And rob the easy chair for their chignon:
Each girl a little puff has inside a little muff,
They are never seen without it, night or day;
And her pretty nose she'll powder, if a moment
is allowed her,
When, if you laugh, she'll innocently say—
They all do it, &c.

But what does most impress—is the style in
which they dress,
It's enough to make you laugh when them you see;
They've a hat upon their heads, large enough
to make up beds
For pussy cats with kittens two or three.
In their panniers, too, behind, if examined,
you would find
The most important papers of the day—
The Chronicle and Chimes, the Telegraph and Times,
Or anything that chance puts in their way.
They all do it, &c.

There's my neighbor, Dinah Down, brought
two lovely girls to town,
And her husband gets but one pound one per week;
You often hear him say—"if things go on this way,
We'll a lodging in the Union have to seek!
For, the doctor and the nurse will drain my
scanty purse,
With many more expenses to defray—"
Then he gets into a passion, when they tell him
"it's the fashion—"
And they soothe him as they sing this truthful lay—
They all do it, &c.

Across the Lake, thro' Bush and Brake.

Across the lake, thro' bush and brake,
Resounds the bugle horn;
O'er hill and vale, the echoes sail,
And thro' the waving corn.

The sky is clear, the flowers appear
On every side so gay;
The brook flows by, so merrily,
Along its pebbly way.

The echoes flow as on we go
Through forest, vale and lawn!
And, far and near, again we hear
The winding bugle horn.

Walking For Dat Cake.

Written and sung by Ed. Harrigan.

'Twas down to Aunty Jackson's,
Dar was a big reception
Of high toned aristocratic coons,
Full of sweet affection;
Such singing, and such dancing—
We made de ceiling shake,
But de cream of all de evening
Was walking for dat cake.

CHORUS.

Gentle on de toe, we darkies step out so
Easy, and so gracefully around the room we go,
De wenches captivate, we all persumbulate,
High toned colored people,
A walking for dat cake,
All forward form, oh! in de gay quadrille;
Lord! how we perspire—
No use, we can't keep still:
Stop de music, do, oh! do for goodness sake,
I feel só shy, I'll really die,
A walking for dat cake.

Dar's Miss Clementina Brown—
Oh! didn't she hug de groom,
Wid an alligator slipper shoe,
Dat would cover half de town!
You ought to see her gliding;
She kept us all awake,
Oh! such a fashionable sliding dar,
A walking for dat cake. Chorus.

Dar was Miss Priscilla Perkins,
And reverend parson Wing,
Stepping like a turkey hen,
Or a Honolula king:
Dey wabbled and got dizzy,
Both wiggled like a snake,
Dey fell into de washtub,
A walking for dat cake. Chorus.

Dar was major general Slocum,
He was de ladies' choice,
De gemmen said for monstrous feet
Dat nuffin could he ware;
Wid his military wheeling,
De prize he said he'd take,
He busted through de ceiling,
A walking for dat cake. Chorus.

Poor Ole Uncle Jake.

I left dat dear old home down South,
'Twas many years ago;
I'm roaming far away from dar,
And my heart am filled wid woe;
To reach dat dear old spot again
One effort more I'll make—
White folks, please take pity on
Poor Ole Uncle Jake.

CHORUS.

I'm trabling back home,
I'm trabling back home;
To reach dar one effort more I'll make;
I'm trabling back home,
I'm trabling back home;
Den, white folks, please take pity on
Poor Ole Uncle Jake.

I'll ne'er forget de day I left,
Wid a heart so light and gay;
I bid de darkies all good-bye,
Befo' I came away;
De little children, too, did come
A kind farewell to take—
If alive, dey'll all be glad to see
Poor Ole Uncle Jake. Chorus.

Ole massa he am dead and gone,
And good ole missus, too;
Oh! golly! I did love dem so—
Dey was so kind and true;
I feel dat I must soon go dar,
Dat place whar none forsake,
And de angels dey will welcome home
Poor Ole Uncle Jake. Chorus.

The Agony Column: or Little D I.

One day, not far from Regent Street,
Where cabs and busses whirl,
I saw beneath a horse's feet
A fascinating girl:
To save her life I risked my own,
What mortal could do less—
She thanked me warmly, but refused
To give me her address.

Spoken: I persuaded her, but she would only consent to advertise in one of the papers, making an appointment with me: she said she would head it with her name Little Di.—I asked her whether she would put it in the Agony Column of—

CHORUS.

The Standard or the Telegraph, the Echo or the Times,
Observer, Herald, Judy, Punch, or Bow Bells,
or the Chimes,
The Hornet, Lloyds or Figaro, or one of the Reviews,
The Globe or Sun, Dispatch or Fun, or
Illustrated News.

She mentioned one in which she said
She'd name a time and spot,
But which the paper was, alas!
Somehow I've quite forgot.
In vain my memory I task,
It gives me no reply:
So, every day, as they come out,
I have to go and buy—
The Standard, &c.

I have to read the whole lot through,
At least that part I mean
Where column after column of
Sheer agony is seen:
How "Charlie is implored to come,"
And "Jane is asked to call:"
And "if dear X Y will return,
He'll be forgiven all."

Spoken: And you'll find it in the agony column of—
The Standard, &c.

I thought as I'd to sing to-night,
I'd ask if you had seen
In any other paper
The advertisement I mean:
If so, pray kindly let me know,
It would be good indeed:
For, you've no notion what it is
Each day to have to read—

Spoken: Yes! read the agony column of—
The Standard, &c.

The Old Friends Still.

As time speeds on with his relentless wing,
He is bringing a change to all:
The daisies peep from the lap of spring,
And the oak leaves fade and fall,
The new ones grow old and the old depart,
And the years their cycles fill;
The friends that are new may be kind and true,
But give me the old friends still.
Chorus: The friends that are new
May be kind and true,
But give me the old friends still.

The friends that I loved when the spring was born,
That were true when the summer died,
That were still unchanged thro' the ebb and flow
Of my life's unstable tide—
The flower that blooms in sun's warm ray,
May fade when the night is chill,
The friends that are new may be kind and true,
But give me the old friends still. Chorus.

Oh! give me a clasp of the same warm hand,
That I felt in the days of yore,
And give me the heart that time has proved
Is true to the inmost core—
For, time speeds on, and friends are few,
Whom the void in the heart can fill:
The friends that are new may be kind and true,
But give me the old friends still. Chorus.

When should shipwrecked sailors not be disheartened?—When they're in the *jolly* boat.

Maggie Hawick's Wedding Gift.

"A man's hat in his hand never did him any harm, Stephen, and I wish, dear, you had been a little more civil to Uncle Joseph."

"Nonsence, Maggie, darling. I don't like Joseph Hawick and his ways, and I am not going to pretend I do."

"His ways are very good ways. No one can say wrong of Uncle Joseph, Stephen."

"That is just it; they are too good. I rather think I am old enough to know what I am doing, and what I want. I have a good farm, I don't owe a penny, and I never mean to ask a favor except of you, or of my own hands. If I palavered over Joseph Hawick, he would be the very first to say I wanted the trifle of money he may have saved."

Maggie sighed, and then looked up into Stephen's handsome face and smiled. Stephen of course was right; a man with such eyes and such a figure could not, in love's sight, be wrong. He was brave and confident, too, and had that way of assertion which only very cool and sensible people can resist.

Uncle Joseph sighed too, but it was a different sigh to Maggie's. He loved his niece with a wise and tender affection, and she had not chosen the husband that he would have chosen for her. Stephen Gray was indeed "well-to-do," and had a fair character, but the keen old man saw radical defects in it.

"He listens to no one but himself, and so he hears no advice but a flatterer's," said Joseph; "besides, Maggie, he is so proud, that I am afraid he's bound to have a tumble."

"But, uncle, he has a big heart, and he's a good farmer, and even you can see that he is the handsomest man in the Dales."

"That is all true, girl, but it is not wise to measure men by inches."

However, in spite of all disaffection, Maggie Hawick's wedding with Stephen Gray came off with great and widespread hospitality. Joseph Hawick had been for forty years the physician and friend of all the Dale families, rich and poor, and not one of them missed an invitation. The gentry feasted in the oak-raftered parlor, and the shepherds and dalesmen in the big barn. But all were merry and all of good wishes for the pretty bride and her handsome husband.

The number of bridal presents Maggie received testified to it. Stephen's sideboard and buffet would be bright with silver tokens; and his presses full of snowy damask and fine spun linen and blankets. But, upon the whole, it rather mortified him. He could not feel the loving-kindness that sanctified the gifts, and the obligation was not pleasant to the self-sufficient young man. He had assured Uncle Joseph voluntarily, and with rather unnecessary pride, that he wanted nothing with Maggie—neither gold, nor gear, nor land; and yet, for all that, he longed rather anxiously for the old man's offering.

Joseph Hawick was believed, in spite of his eccentric attentions to poor patients, to "have money," and Stephen felt that a handsome check on Kendal Bank, or a few Government bonds, would not be out of place; for he had been at some expense in refurnishing the old farm-house, and he was very anxious to try some new scientific experiments with his worn-out land.

But Maggie said nothing about her uncle's present, and Stephen was far too proud to ask her, until nearly a year after their marriage. But one day he had a long talk with old Squire Thwaites about high farming," and then the two men drifted into the discussion of some scheme for the draining of Druid's Moss. Then Stephen, thinking it all over as he smoked his pipe by the fireside, saw untold wealth of harvest from the rich alluvial soil, and fabulous wheat-fields growing where men now caught leeches or shot wild fowl.

If he only had money! If he only had a thousand pounds in cash! Thwaites and he would lay and drain the Moss. He sat dreaming over the project, and counted the acres and bushels over and over, until he began to look upon Druid's Moss as the one thing upon earth to be desired.

"Maggie," he said, suddenly, to the little wife, sewing and gently rocking herself beside him,—"Maggie, what did Uncle Joseph give you for a wedding present? You never told me."

"I thought you would not like it, Stephen."

"Very likely not; but, nevertheless, what was it?"

"A Bible."

"Just like him; and we had two family ones to begin with, not to speak of the little ones you have in every room."

"In the same way, Stephen, people gave us table linen enough for three generations, and silver mugs enough to serve all our friends. Uncle's Bible was by no means an ordinary one."

"How not?"

"It has been in the Hawick household since A. D. 1616, and contains the family register for more than two hundred years. I am the last of our branch; uncle thought I would like to have it. It is a queer old book with great brass clasps. I made uncle two solemn promises over it."

"What are they?"

"That I would never part with it under any circumstances, unless it was to give it again in his charge, and—and——"

"Well, what else?"

"That when every other source of help and comfort failed me, I would go to it. Don't look so angry, Stephen."

"I think I have good cause to be angry; it was like a prophecy of ill-fortune. Why should he fore-speak sorrow for you? And why should he suppose that you would need help or comfort I could not give you? If he had given me a thousand pounds it would have been more to the purpose."

Maggie looked quickly up. She had never heard such a sentiment from Stephen's lips before. Then she laughed gaily.

"A thousand pounds, Stephen! Why, what on earth should we do with so much money?"

"Buy and drain Druid's Moss, Maggie."

Maggie drew her eyebrows together and looked wonderingly at Stephen, who had risen and was pacing the floor with rapid, thoughtful steps.

"Why, love," she said, anxiously, "what can you mean? The Druid's Moss! What is that worth?"

"A few leeches and wild birds now, Maggie, but acres and acres of golden wheat and rich meadow grass, if it is drained. I was talking with Thwaites about it to-day; both our uplands are worn out—the Moss lies between us—I would give five years of my life to own half of it, and money sufficient to drain and cultivate it."

"How much money would do, Stephen?"

"A thousand pounds. I could drain part, and then save the proceeds to drain the rest. But where could I get the money?"

"I was thinking of Uncle Joseph. Would you let me ask him?"

Nothing is so wonderful as the growth of a master passion. In a few hours the desire for this particular piece of land had strengthened itself so that Stephen began to consider whether it might not be worth while to let his wife go borrowing for him, and the longer he talked the more eager he became; so that at last Maggie felt hurt to see what a trifle he made of her feelings, and of the risk Joseph Hawick would run.

However, next day she went to see the old man, and as they sat together over their tea and crumpets, said, "Uncle, Stephen wants to join Squire Thwaites in buying the Druid's Moss."

"What for? To raise cranberries?"

"Uncle! why they talk of great wheat-fields and meadows."

"It will need a sight of drainage, and that means a sight of money. I should not think Stephen had idle cash sufficient."

"He wants to borrow it."

Joseph's face clouded.

"Wonders never cease. I thought Stephen Gray would starve before he would borrow or owe money."

"Don't cast up the past, uncle. Stephen thinks if he could borrow a thousand pounds he would make it ten in a very few years; and, uncle, I came to-day to ask you to lend him it."

"You came a useless journey, Maggie; besides I don't like that pride that makes others stoop for its conceit."

"Squire Thwaites said you had plenty of money in Kendal Bank."

"If I had money, I'd never trust it in any bank; but I make no more than I need now. I am getting an old man, Maggie."

"Stephen will be sorely disappointed."

"He has no call to be so. I told him you would have no fortune, and he quite scorned at the thought of money with you; he had his choice between you and Kate Crofts with the Croft Manor at her will."

The old man was quite gloomy after this talk, and Maggie was almost glad to escape from the silent hearthstone to the bustle of her own busy farm and the noisy welcome of her husband.

Stephen took the refusal very proudly, but the idea had now become paramount, and he was determined to carry out the project. He had a fierce struggle with his pride and his independence, but the next day he went into Kendal and made arrangements to raise the money by a mortgage on the farm that had been unencumbered for six hundred years.

In a few weeks all arrangements had been made, the Moss had been bought, surveyed and divided, and the partners in its drainage went to work. It soon proved itself a drainage of two kinds. After many hundreds of pounds had been spent to very little purpose, more experienced surveyors had to be sent for, and entirely new means and machinery used. Too much had been thrown into the Moss to abandon the project, and yet the constant cry for "money" was fast exhausting the patience and purses of both Squire Thwaites and Stephen Gray.

The former, more able to bear his loss, became, after two years' labor, quite indifferent, and talked of the affair as hopeless, and was half angry at Stephen for persisting. But something like desperation animated the young farmer, for he had so far mortgaged his home and estate that their redemption was hopeless if the Moss failed him.

Poor Maggie, with two little babies to care for, strove to help him by taking upon herself labours she was totally unfit for; and she rapidly broke down between the unusual physical strain and the constant anxious worry regarding Stephen. For all her husband's life dwindled down to those damp, black acres of rich mud. Maggie got to hate the name and shudder at the sight of Druid's Moss, and with that touch of superstition always lingering in north country minds, she half-feared it had bewitched him; for he worked there through long days, until he came home too weary to speak to her or even notice the children; while every pound he could get was hopelessly sunk in its treacherous depths.

It was pitiful, too, to see the bare uplands of the farm that were once white with mountain-sheep; and the great barns and byres nearly empty, that had once been full of Normandy farm horses and dewy-lipped Alderneys. But things got worse and worse, and in the middle of a dreary winter, just before the birth of her third child, Uncle Joseph died. Fifty pounds to defray his funeral expenses was nearly all the money found, but he left Maggie his house and furniture, and with his last breath reminded her of the old Bible:—

"You'll be needing it soon, Maggie, dear, I know; don't forget me when you come to that day."

These were his last words, and Maggie pondered them that evening as she sat silent beside her sleeping children.

It was hard to sell the dear old home, but Stephen would hear of nothing else; so the doctor's house went into the market; the quaint furniture was scattered all over the dale, and the money went into Druid's Moss.

It only put off the evil day. Squire Thwaites abandoned his improvements; "he would throw no more good money after bad," he said; but Stephen with a determination that many thought a kind of madness, worked away.

And really, in the fourth year, it looked as if he would succeed; a portion that had been finished produced such a crop as made the farmers round the craggy hills doubt their own eyes. Stephen was jubilant; what could be done for two acres could be done for two hundred. He had proved his position, and was more enthusiastic than ever over his idea.

But Maggie was almost hopeless. She was beginning to suffer for very necessities; strange, hard men came with authority about her home, and Stephen looked so ill and haggard, and was so irritable, that her cup was full of sorrow. One gloomy afternoon, when it rained so heavily that work was impossible, she ventured to try and reason with and comfort the gloomy man, looking dolefully across the empty farm-yard towards the great,

flat, dreary Moss.

"It will soon be over, my poor Maggie," he said; "to-morrow I am going into Kendal to get another five hundred pounds, if I can, upon the farm plenishing and the remnant of the stock. I am sure, if I get it, to put the whole Moss under wheat this year, and that will practically save us; if I don't, I have lost my estate and all these three years' labor, and we shall leave this place beggars within a month. You know the worst now, Maggie."

The next day, amid the driving storm, she watched her husband make his last desperate effort. She turned and looked upon the pleasant room, with her three children playing unconsciously about it; then she fled up-stairs, and falling down upon her knees, poured out all her heart in passionate, pleading prayer. As she rose with streaming eyes, Uncle Joseph's last words flashed across her mind. Somehow they held a new meaning for her; she unlocked her drawer, and lifted the old brass-bound book carefully and tenderly out.

"It has comforted my fathers and mothers for many a generation," she said, softly, "I will see what it will do for me;" and she unclasped it with a prayer. "I was brought low, and He helped me."

They were good words, and she read the whole psalm through and turned the leaf—a Bank of England note for £100 fell at her feet. She lifted it as though it had fallen from heaven, and commenced to turn with eager, trembling fingers the well-worn pages. One after another note fluttered into her lap, until from between the boards of Uncle Joseph's wedding gift she had taken eight thousand eight hundred pounds.

Can anyone guess how she prayed again, and with what a radiant face she met the cross, wretched man that, half-drowned with the storm, returned home about sundown?

"Stephen! Stephen!" she cried joyously, "never look sad again! Uncle Joseph's wedding gift has saved us!" and she spread the money before him.

Maggie was right; the money saved Stephen every way. He bought Thwaites out, he paid off all claims on his home, he re-stocked his farm, and triumphantly finished the draining of Druid's Moss.

To-day, among the craggy, barren miles of Winsleydale, there is a glorious stretch of wheat-fields and meadow pastures, and many a traveller wonders at the bright and fruitful oasis in the barren country; then some countryman will say, "It was aince the divil's own acres, sir, and men and sheep past counting lost their lives in its bog; but Stephen Gray, wi' sair labor and mair gold, drained the ill land, and he and his hae grown rich on its outcome; though folk do say as he found a crock o' gold there one lucky day."

Maggie's fortune was odly given, but the eccentric old man did not judge far amiss. His wedding gift was blessed as he intended it should be—in two ways—for Maggie and Stephen learned to love it, not only for the material help it had brought them in their extremity, but also for the promise of the far more exceeding and abundant riches which it promises and provides for.

The Pride of the Vale.

By Robert McKay.

Oh! sweet are the flowers that flourish in Spring,
And sweet are the songs that the little birds sing:
But sweeter than either—to describe her, words fail—
Is Annie, dear Annie, the pride of the vale.

With her, o'er the meadows so fragrant and gay,
In Summer's bright hours enraptured I stray,
Culling the cowslips and primroses pale
For Annie, dear Annie, the pride of the vale.

As pure as the dewdrop of morning is she—
A blossom more lovely blooms not on the lea—
As sweet and as simple as love's tender tale
Is Annie, dear Annie, the pride of the vale.

Oh! ne'er may the impress of age mar thy brow;
Oh! ne'er may thy bright eyes be less bright than now;
But ever thy beauty o'er all hearts prevail,
Sweet Annie, dear Annie, the pride of the vale.

A Fireman's Address.

The address of which, through the kindness of John Darragh, Jr., of Philadelphia, we are enabled to append a copy, has often been recited in various theatres; but it is not generally known who was the author of it. We believe that we are now able to settle this much-disputed question. On Jan. 27, 1835, a benefit in aid of the funds of the Association for Disabled Firemen was given at the American (now Walnut-street) Theatre, Philadelphia. After the play of "Damon and Pythias," in which Gus Addams acted Damon; John Oxley, Pythias; W. Sefton, Dyonisius, and Miss Riddle, Calanthe, the late Francis Courtney Wemyss delivered the following address, written expressly for the occasion, by the late Robt. T. Conrad, Esq.

ADDRESS.

The city slumbers; o'er its silent walls
Night's dusky mantle soft and silent falls;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpors wrap each sinking head;
Stilled is the stir of labor and of life;
Hushed is the hum, and tranquilized the strife;
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears;
The young forget their sports, the old their cares;
The grave or careless, those who joy or weep,
All rest contentented on the arm of sleep.
Sweet is the pillowed rest of beauty now,
And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow;
Bright are her dreams, yes, bright as heaven's own blue
Pure as its joys and gentle as its dew;
They lead her forth along the moonlit tide,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side:—
'Tis summer's eve: the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs,
And, faint and far, some melting minstrel's tone
Breathes to her heart a music like its own—
When, hark!—oh, horror! what a crash is there!—
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air?
'Tis fire!—'tis fire! She wakes, to dream no more:
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door;
The room is dimmed with smoke, and hark! that cry!
"Help! help!—will no one aid?—I die! I die!"
She seeks the casement, shuddering at its height—
She turns again—the fierce flames mock her flight!
Along the crackling stairs they wildly play,
And roar, exulting, as they seize their prey;
"Help! help!—will no one come?" she can no more,
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

Will no one save thee? Yes, there yet is one
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone;
When all have fled, when all but he would fly,
The fireman comes to rescue, or to die!
He mounts the stair—it wavers 'neath his tread;
He seeks the room, flames flashing round his head;
He bursts the door: he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.
The fire-blast smites him with its stifling breath:
The falling timbers menace him with death,
And sinking floors his hurried steps betray,
And ruin crashes round his desperate way:
Hot smoke obscures, ten thousand cinders rise,
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize;
He leaps from burning stair to stair—on! on!
Courage! one effort more, and all is won;
The stair is passed, the blazing hall is braved;
Still on—yet on—once more! thank Heaven!
she's saved.

The hardy seaman pants the storm to brave,
For beck'ning fortune woos him from the wave;
The soldier battles 'neath the smoky cloud,
For glory's bow is painted on the shroud;
The firemen also dare each shape of death,
But not for fortune's gold, or glory's wreath;
No selfish throbs within their breasts are known:
No hope of praise or profit cheers them on;
They ask no meed, no fame, and only seek
To shield the suffering and protect the weak;
For this the howling midnight storm they woo:
For this the raging flames rush fearless through,
Mount the frail rafter, head the smoky hall,
Or toil, unshrinking, 'neath the tottering wall;
Nobler than those who with fraternal blood
Dye the dread field or tinge the shuddering flood;
O'er their firm ranks no crimson banners wave;
They dare, they suffer—not to slay, but save:
At such a sight Hope smiles more heavenly bright,
Pale, pensive pity, trembles with delight:
And soft-eyed Mercy, stooping from above,
Drops a bright tear—a tear of joy and love.

And should the fireman, generous, true and brave
Fall, as he toils the weak to shield and save,
Shall no kind friend, no minist'ring hand be found
To pour the balm of comfort in his wound?
Or should he perish, shall his orphans say
"He died for them—but what for us do they?"
Say, is it thus we should his toils requite?
Forbid it, justice, gratitude and right!
Forbid it, ye whose slumbers he secures!
Forbid it, ye whose hoards he toils to save!
Forbid it, all ye generous, just and brave:
And, above all, be you his friend, ye fair,
For you were ever his especial care:
Give to his cause your smiles, your gentle aid—
The fireman's wounds are healed, the orphan's tears are stay

Keep a Gentle Thought of Me.

By R. H. Doyle.

When bright scenes of festive splendor,
That thy heart with pleasure fills,
Shed their magic spells around thee,
And thy soul with rapture thrills,
In such hours of sweet oblivion,
When all cares forgotten be,
'Mid the charms of mirth inspiring—
Keep a gentle thought of me.
Chorus: When I'm roaming far away,
Tossed upon life's stormy sea,
In thy happy, blissful moments,
Keep a gentle thought of me.

When from hearts that hover round thee,
And from lips that speak sincere,
Pour the very soul's devotion
To thy charms, which they revere,
Then, oh! then, let mem'ry wander
To the past, in some sweet reverie,
That recalls unspoken feelings—
Keep a gentle thought of me.
Chorus: When I'm roaming far away,
This sweet boon I crave of thee—
When by distance we're divided,
Keep a gentle thought of me.

The Old Whiskey Jug.

Air: Auld Lang Syne.

We're anchored by the roadside, Jim,
Where oft we've sat before,
When you and I were weary, Jim,
When you and I were half seas-o'er:
When the bright full moon in splendor, Jim,
Shone down on you and I,
And the little stars kept winkin', Jim,
As we drank the old jug dry.

Ah! those were happy days, Jim,
Those good old days of yore—
When Rockwood kept the tavern, Jim,
And Potter owned the store;
When whiskey ran as freely, Jim,
As water in the brook,
And good men for their stomach's sake
Their morning bitters took.

But times have changed since then, Jim,
And men have altered, too—
And some have undertaken, Jim,
To put rumsellers through:
They say that whiskey's poison, Jim,
And many graves has dug—
That scores of snakes and devils, Jim,
Are in our good old jug.

Who cares for all such prattle, Jim?
To them it may be sense—
We'll lay when we're a mind to, Jim,
Beneath the old rail fence:
This stuff they call cold water, Jim,
Won't do for you and I;
We'll pull the cork at leisure, Jim,
And drink the old jug dry.

Fortune does not change men; it only unmasks them.

Words by Francis Pinkney, R.A.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Schubert.



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CONTENTS.

At the rising of the moon.....page 317
The Bold Hibernian Boys..... 314
The Big Aquarium..... 315
Big Ike and little Joe..... 315
Coaching to Pelham 317
Cotton picking..... 314
The Cannibals..... 314
Dat wicked Bee..... 314
Do your duty well..... 314
Daniel Donohue..... 315
Down in the quiet, shady lane..... 317
Go and put your bonnet on, Betsy..... 316
George's old coat—a Story 318
Hunting the fox and the hare..... 315
Her jolly old dad was an auctioneer..... 317
I wish that I were back with thee..... 314
I'll drive dull sorrow from my mind..... 314
'Tis sweet to have a friend 314
I could not say I loved her..... 314
It's sure to pay in the end..... 316
It's the custom of the country 317
Keep a good heart..... 317
Kiss me again..... 317
Let me dream again!..... 315
The Merry mountain horn..... 315
Many can help one 316
The Man in the moon is looking..... 316
Old Adam was father of all... 315
Paragon on Style..... 314
Paddy, get up from the fire!..... 315
Sailing down the bay..... 316
The Six degrees of crime—a Story..... 319
The Smile that plays on woman's cheek 315
They are all getting married but me..... 316
Turn back Pharaoh's Army 315
The Water-Mill..... 317
The Way my father raised me..... 318

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I Wish That I Were Back With Thee.

By Henry Martini.

How long the days have seemed to me
Since I was by thy side—
The dear old place I long to see
Across the ocean wide—
Fond mem'ry oft to me will bring
The scenes of days gone by;
Your voices in my ears will ring,
'Till I fancy you are nigh.
Chorus: I wish that I were back with thee,
Among those friends of yore,
Your faces once again to see,
And part from thee no more.

Each morn my thoughts are fixed on thee,
And oft I hear them say:
"Among those friends I long to be
Who are so far away."
I'll ne'er forget those friends so kind,
Who are so dear to me—
Such friends again I ne'er may find
As those I've found in thee. Chorus.

The Cannibals.

By Ned. Harrigan.

We're de Feejee Cannibals,
Canna, Canna, Canna, Cannibals.
We from de Feejee Island come,
And we come to have some fun.
P. T. Barnum was de man
Dat fotched us, fotched us over here:
He gave us clothes and vittles to eat,
And five dollars a year—
Oh, oh! we're de Feejee Cannibals!

We like any kind of meat,
Mule meat, horse meat, missionary meat;
We eat up all de babies in de town,
And we like 'em stewed, oh! stewed up brown—
Feejee nigger cross de sea,
Knows too much for old P. T.
Dis am de way dat we do go,
Wid Mr. Barnum's show—
Oh, oh! we'se de Feejee Cannibals!

Cotton Picking.

Words by Ed Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

When our daily work am done,
In de low-lands low,
Dat's de time we hab our fun,
In de low-lands low,
When ole massa blows dat horn,
In de low-lands low.
Chorus: Picking cotton, cotton picking,
In de low-lands low,
Cotton picking, picking cotton,
In de low-lands low:
Den ole yallow he am done,
In de low-lands low.

Come with me, my own true love,
High ho, my lady—
I'll treat you like a turtle dove,
High ho, my lady fair.
Shoot de possum in his track,
High ho, my lady:
Take de cotton on your back,
High ho, my lady fair. Chorus.

I'll Drive Dull Sorrow From My Mind.

Air: Auld Lang Syne.

My wife she died three months ago,
And left poor I to moan:
My wife she died three months ago,
And now I sleep alone.

I'll drive dull sorrow from my mind
With wetting of my clay:
And, should I meet a lass that's kind,
I'll have a wedding-day.

Then banish sorrow from my heart,
I'll be so blithe and gay—
And when sly Cupid points his dart,
I will not run away.

'Tis Sweet to Have a Friend.

A Semi-Comic Song. By T. M. de H.

'Tis sweet to hear a friendly voice
Fall on the anxious ear,
When life looks dark and threatening,
And falls the bitter tear;
When wild despair enslaves the soul,
And Hope no more is seen,
Oh! yes, 'tis sweet to have a friend
On whom to throw your spleen.
Chorus: Oh! yes, 'tis sweet to have a friend
On whom to throw your spleen.

'Tis sweet to feel a friendly hand
Steal gently o'er your brow
When sorrow fevers up your brain
And makes your spirits bow;
When foes assail and strife abounds,
And happiness is gone,
Oh! yes, 'tis sweet to have a friend
To throw the blame upon.
Chorus: Oh! yes, 'tis sweet to have a friend
To throw the blame upon.

'Tis sweet to feel a friendly arm
Around you closely prest,
To lead you through the darkest hour,
And ease your troubled breast;
When once again the skies are bright,
As safely on you pass,
Oh! yes, 'tis sweet to have a friend
That you can send to grass.
Chorus: Oh! yes, 'tis sweet to have a friend
That you can send to grass.

Dat Wicked Bee.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Look way yonder, see dat bee— (Sym.)
He's mighty livlier dan de flea— (Sym.)
Crawl right easy on your knee:
We's done gowine cutch dat bee.
Chorus: He's flew flew away,
Dis sun-shiny day,
Take care, you darkies,
He'll bother us, you see:
He's full of honey juice,
He flies around so loose,
He'll sting you, he'll harm you,
Dis wicked bumble bee.

Look way yonder, dar he comes,
Lord! how sweet his music hums— (Sym.)
He will bite you on de thumbs,
Done gowin cutch dat bee. Chorus.

The Bold Hibernian Boys.

I'm an Irish lad and I'm always glad
To sing a merry song
In praise of the land of praties grand,
And whiskey pure and strong,
Where every girl's a beauty,
Is modest and is coy,
And loving her's the duty
Of the bold Hibernian boy.
Chorus.
To drain a keg or can give me an Irishman:
There's no man, since the world began, this
life so much enjoys,
He'll always have his fling, he'll laugh and
dance and sing;
So hip, hip, hip, hurrah for the bold Hibernian boys!

You'll see poor Pat in a shocking hat,
He's gentle as a dove:
But, wrong or right, he'll always fight
For peace and brotherly love.
He'll twist a neat shillelah,
And break a head with joy,
Or take one just as gaily,
Will a bold Hibernian boy. Chorus.

Ours is the Isle where ladies smile
To cheer the bold and brave,
And every man's a gentleman,
And knows how to behave:
For, Ireland's ancient glory
There's nothing can destroy,
And proud to tell the story,
Is the bold Hibernian boy. Chorus.

Paragon on Style.

Song and Dance. By Harry McNulty.

Just give us your attention, and we'll please you,
every one,
With our singing and our dancing here to-night:
We were born in old Virginia—it's many years ago—
And we're subjects of the Old Dominion
by birthright!

Chorus.

Then listen while we sing to the banjo's ting-a-ling,
And watch our funny motions while we prance;
We just come from Tennessee, we're happy as can be,
And we do an acrobatic song and dance.
(*Dance.*)

We came from old Virginia when little picaninnies,
We have traveled through the country many a mile;
The gentlemen applaud us, and the ladies they
all laud us,
And say that we're the paragon of style.
Chorus.

Do your Duty well.

Written and sung by Harry Hunter.

There's a maxim I can give,
Simple, clear and true,
Teaching you the way to live,
Showing what to do.
Stand by this where'er you go,
Wheresoe'er you dwell,
Be your station high or low—
"Do your duty well."
Chorus: If you would from care be,
Every grief dispel,
Let your motto ever be—
"Do your duty well."

If you rule yourself aright,
If you persevere,
You may make the future bright,
Though the past be drear;
Every man must play his part,
Sorrow comes to all,
But a light and cheerful heart
Makes the trouble small. Chorus.

Don't let envy fill your mind,
If upon the road
You should meet a friend and find
His a lighter load:
Though you have more hardly fared,
Lessons you will learn,
Which shall make you well prepared
When the tide shall turn. Chorus.

I Could not say I Loved Her.

Sung by Vance.

We met beside the mountain stream,
Damp tulips decked her chalk-white brow;
Her voice was like the night owl's scream,
Her eyes—alas! I see them now—
Her hair looked purple in the sun,
Her teeth—they were a guinea set;
Her age! she was but forty-one;
She weighed but sixteen stone, and yet—
Chorus: I could not say I loved her,
Nor bid her join my lot,
I could not say I loved her—
I tried—but, oh! could not!

We met again by babbling brook,
'Mid merry pic-nics' festive cheer:
Of everything she freely took,
And sat—beside the bottled beer—
With cream, and salad, lobster, jam
Her plate she never ceased to fill!
Oh! how she seemed to like the ham!
She had five help—yes, five!—but still— Cho.

We met once more, 'neath the gaslight glare!
Amid the fierce and wild quadrille!
She was—they said—a millionaire—
I spoke—her answer haunts me still!
She lisped: "I'm thine! wealth, beauty, all!
My income's twenty-five pound ten;
We'll live near gasworks at Vauxhall,
Say—dost thou love me now?" and then— Cho.

Let Me Dream Again!

Words by E. C. Stephenson. Music by Arthur Sullivan.

The sun is setting and the hour is late,
Once more I stand beside the wicket gate;
The bells are ringing out the dying day,
The children singing on their homeward way,
And he is whispering words of sweet intent,
While I, half doubting, whisper a consent.

CHORUS.

Is this a dream?—then waking would be pain—
Oh! do not wake me! let me dream again.
Is this a dream?—then waking would be pain—
Oh! do not wake me, do not wake me—
Let me dream again.

The clock is striking in the belfry tower,
And warns us of the ever fleeting hour;
But neither heeds the time which onward glides:
For, time may pass away, but love abides—
I feel his kisses on my fevered brow:
If we must part—ah! why should it be now?
Is this a dream? &c.

Turn Back Pharaoh's Army.

Sung by the Hamtown Students.

Gwine to write to Massa Jesus,
To send some valiant soldier,
To turn back Pharaoh's army, Halelu!
To turn back Pharaoh's army, Halelujah:
To turn back Pharaoh's army, Halelu!
To turn back Pharaoh's army, Halelujah
To turn back Pharaoh's army, Halelu!

If you want your souls converted,
You'd better be a-praying—
To turn back Pharaoh's army, &c.

You say you are a soldier,
Fighting for your Saviour,
To turn back Pharaoh's army, &c.

When the children were in bondage,
They cried unto the Lord:
He turned back Pharaoh's army, &c.

When Moses smote the water,
The children all passed over,
And turned back Pharaoh's army, &c.

When Pharaoh crossed the water,
The waters closed together,
And drowned the Pharaoh's army, &c.

The Smile That Plays on Woman's Cheek.

The smile that plays on woman's cheek,
The sigh which breaks her rest,
Though bright or sad, but ill bespeak
The feelings of her breast:
They may some anxious thoughts impart,
But those who've most relied,
Know not the love of woman's heart,
Until that heart be tried.

There may, in her uncertain smile,
Some token be of grief,
Some impulse which may, for awhile,
In sorrow seek relief:
But those who most have watched the part
Potrayed by hope or pride,
Know least the love of woman's heart,
Until that heart be tried.

Hunting the Fox and the Hare.

The sun it now cheers the gay fields with its beams,
Each meadow around how delightful it seems,
While sweetly each neighboring hill it resounds
Again with the echoing cry of the hounds—
No pleasure on earth can compare
With hunting the fox or the hare.

The fond doating husband may boast his wife's charms,
And pass the whole morning away in her arms;
The charms of the mind, or a beautiful face
Must presently yield to the charms of the chase.
No pleasure on earth can compare
With hunting the fox and the hare.

The Merry Mountain Horn.

Yes, I will leave the battle field,
And seek again my native land;
I'll cast aside my spear and shield,
And join the merry mountain band.
To roam o'er hill and valley green
I gaily rise at early dawn,
And listen to the echo wild
Of the merry mountain horn.

I love to watch the rising sun,
That gaily gilds the mountain brow,
I love my home when toil is done
And smiles that greet my quick return.
To roam o'er hill and valley green
I gaily rise at early dawn,
And listen to the echo wild
Of the merry mountain horn.

Old Adam was Father of All.

What a wonderful world we are in to be sure—
What a babel of bustle and strife!
And, ah! what a burden some have to endure,
As they journey the rough road of life—
The strongest may push to a prosperous end,
While the weak and unsteady may fall,
But no matter, my friend, how we finish, depend
Old Adam was father of all.

CHORUS.

Then never despair, though ye have not a share
Of riches that round you may fall,
But be to each other like sister and brother—
For, Adam was father of all.

One man may be lucky and rolling in wealth,
Being born to his ancestors' gains,
While another may only have honor and wealth,
And a cranium crammed full of brains:
But health isn't bought, nor is happiness sold—
So a man shouldn't merit despise:
For, a sorrow may come to the lordliest home,
And a joy for the lowly may rise. Chorus.

No wonder that some men are born to command,
While others seem born to obey—
For, one man will hold all he earns to his hand,
And another will cast it away:
But make the best use of your talents and time,
And fortune may give you a call:
For, despite of our creed, we are all of a breed,
And Adam was father of all. Chorus.

The Big Aquarium.

Written, composed and sung by Sam Devere.

I stopped in the big Aquarium,
Not very long ago,
To see the bass and suckers,
And to hear the white whale blow:
A skate and a flounder making love,
And they shook each other's fins;
And a crab, with a sunshade over his head,
Come along with a pair of twins.

CHORUS.

Oh! the big sea-lion he howled and growled,
And the seal beat time with the drum:
And the whale he swallowed a ton of eels,
At the big Aquarium.

I had my gal along with me,
She's purty, but she's dark;
And when she laughed and opened her mouth,
I thought she'd swallow the shark.
The lobster smiled and sucked his thumb,
And laid as still as death;
When the turtle winked his eye at Sal,
It nearly took her breath. Chorus.

The music played and the sturgeon danced,
But the porpoise cleared the track:
The eel he tied himself in a knot,
And the crab walked on his back:
The trout and the catfish danced a reel,
And the sea-lion let a roar;
When the whale got up and blowed his nose,
My gal, Sal, bounced out the door. Chorus.

Daniel Donohue.

Written by Harry Kennell. Sung by John Reilley.

I guess you wonder who I am,
And likewise you don't care;
I see ye're looking at me—
What the divil makes you stare?
Ye'll find I'm no Italian,
But an Irishman so true—
I'm a solid man where'er I go—
I'm Daniel Donohue.

Chorus: And whin I work, I work, me boys,
And do it with a will:
And whin I'm out upon a spree,
I always drink my fill.
The ladies call me darlin',
And I think they mean it, too;
The handsomest man in all the town
Is Daniel Donohue.

I wint to a ball, the other night,
To enjoy myself for awhile,
Whin a fellow struck me on the head and says—
"I hear that you've struck ile."
I quickly turned around and knocked
Him down upon the floor,
Whin the gang saw it was Donohue,
They all ran out the door. Chorus.

Paddy, get up from the Fire!

Written and sung by C. P. Hayland.

My name, do you see, is McGuire: and I'll quickly tell to you
A pretty girl I admire, named Kate O'Donohue.
She is lovely, fat and rosy, believe what I say,
And every time I go to her house, her mother will joyfully say—

CHORUS.

Paddy, get up from the fire and give that man a seat,
You see it is Mr. McGuire, that's courting your sister Kate,
You know right well he's got a farm, a little way out of town;
Get up out of that, you impudent brat, and let Mr. McGuire sit down.

The first time that I met this girl, she was dancing the tra-la-la-le,
And although I was a new-comer, she was awfully gone on me;
She asked if I'd dance with her: so then I skipped away,
And as soon as ever I entered the house,
The old woman did joyfully say— Chorus.

Big Ike and Little Joe.

By Harrigan. Music by Donetato.

Oh! please put on your glasses,
Gaze on dese lively mokes:
We're all de way from Arkansas,
And we isn't any hoax.
We was toted up together,
And wherever we do go,
Just understand, we're hand in hand,
Big Ike and little Joe.

Chorus: Big Ike and little Joe, oh, oh!
Big Ike and little Joe.

One taller dan de other,
The other shorter dan de rest;
Now, of course, we isn't brudders,
No more dan a hen's nest.
Dar's a corresponding feeling,
When dese feet we loosely throw;
Make no mistakes on dese two cakes,
Big Ike and little Joe. Chorus.

When we get dispectible,
And got on our Sunday clothes,
Dese nigs through the town go arm in arm,
Yes, galavanting goes—
We notice no other niggers,
Kase wid us dey'se far below:
Par excellence we is on de dance,
Big Ike and little Joe. Chorus.

Sailing Down the Bay.

Song and Chorus. Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

Copyright, 1876, by the American Music Publishing Co.,

The Music can be obtained at the Music Store of George E. Fisher, 282 Grand Street, N. Y. Price 30 cents.

The sky is bright, the air is clear,
While down the stream we go:
The "Plymouth Rock" is full of cheer,
Each heart forgets its woe:
The boys they sing their joyful songs,
And music makes us gay:
The cooling breezes fan our cheeks,
While sailing down the bay.

CHORUS.

Down the bay, down the bay,
Down to the beach at Rockaway;
We leave the dock on the gay "Plymouth Rock,"
And proudly sail away.
Down the bay, down the bay,
Down to the beach at Rockaway;
The scene is bright, and hearts are light,
While sailing down the bay.

The father with his children comes
To breathe the ocean air;
The lover brings his fond sweetheart,
And love's delight they share.
Above the sun is shining bright:
Below the wild waves play,
And sounds of laughter fill the air,
While sailing down the bay. Chorus.

The chimes are ringing joyfully,
And charm the listening ear;
The noisy wheels are dashing round,
And make the foam appear.
We'll soon be near the surging surf,
And there we'll pass the day,
And sing our song, the whole day long,
Of sailing down the bay. Chorus.

Go and put Your Bonnet on, Betsy.

Oh! Betsy Snowflake, Betsy,
I love you all day long,
I love you in the summer time,
When birds are full of song:
I love you in the spring time, when
The buds are bursting out:
In autumn and in winter, when
The hailstones fly about.

CHORUS.

Then go and put your bonnet on, Betsy,
I'm waiting, love, for you:
So go and put your bonnet on, Betsy Snowflake,
Go and put your bonnet on, do.

Oh! Betsy Snowflake, sweetest,
The moon shines softly now,
While softly I sing moonshine, love,
And feel I don't know how—
The little stars, up in the sky,
Are watching for you, dear,
And I can see them winking there,
While I stand blinking here.
Then go and put your bonnet on, &c.

Oh! Betsy Snowflake, dearest,
How can you be so shy?
You said you'd be a "little while,"
You'd meet me "by-and-by."
Such "little wiles" are bothering,
Such "by-and-by's" a crime,
If not in time to clasp your waist
I'm only waistin' time.
Then go and put your bonnet on, &c.

Oh! Betsy Snowflake, darling,
I want to press your lips,
And ask you if your Uncle George
Will leave you all his chips:
To tell you that I love you, dear,
To hear your sweet reply,
And fill my great coat pocket up
With that cold rabbit pie.
Then go and put your bonnet on, &c.

It's Sure to Pay in the End.

Air: Poor, but a Gentleman still.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

Some hundreds of mottoes to you have been sung,
But this I can greatly defend:
It teaches you all for to never do wrong,
It is sure for to pay in the end.
Wherever you be, upon land or on sea,
Unto this great maxim attend—
If you'd do unto others as you'd be done by,
It is sure for to pay in the end.

CHORUS.

I'll stand by my motto while life it shall last,
And the true workingman I'll defend;
Stand firm by the anvil, the axe, and the plough;
It is sure for to pay in the end.

Let the nobleman boast of his wealth and his name,
Of the honors his ancestors won;
Let the general who gains in the battle his fame,
Proclaim the great deeds he has done;
Let the miser count over his thousands in gold,
To the dollars he's saved close attend;
I would rather the workingman's blessing secure,
It is sure for to pay in the end. Chorus.

Our great politicians the people do cheat,
Our Congressmen draw their back pay,
And when they have got all the money they can,
From the country they quick run away;
But the laboring man is our safeguard and hope,
The nation must on him depend;
Though his troubles are great and his life it is hard,
It is sure for to pay in the end. Chorus.

The men that wear broadcloth, in diamonds do shine,
And poverty look at with scorn,
They had better the wages of fraud quick decline,
Or, better by far, ne'er been born;
'Tis better the dry loaf of poverty eat,
Where a dollar well earned you can spend;
'Tis better no one in this world try to cheat,
It is sure for to pay in the end. Chorus.

Many Can Help One.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

Some very good sayings I've heard in my time,
And some I believe to be true;
The one I will mention to-night in my song
Is one that is well known to you;
If you meet a man who is down in the world,
And assistance you can't give him any,
Remember that many can always help one,
Where one cannot always help many.

CHORUS.

Then give what you can to those in distress,
Let it be a dime or a penny:
For, many can help one, I've heard people say,
Where one cannot always help many.

How often a trifle would save a man's life
When he is near dying from want—
He's tried to live honest all through his lifetime,
But finds in the end that he can't;
At last he is tempted to steal or to starve,
His rich friends they all pass him by,
They heed not his wishes, they care not his wants,
He's left like a dog there to die. Chorus.

A man may be wealthy one end of the year,
The next one be wretched and poor;
He's struggled his hardest to keep himself up,
But has sunk down to poverty's door;
Such men as these deserve your support:
So give it to them who most need:
For, those who've experienced poverty know
'Tis a very hard battle indeed. Chorus.

I hope what I've mentioned to-night in my song,
That nothing I've said out of place;
A man may be poor, but still honest be:
For, poverty, 'tis no disgrace—
Then give what you can with a generous heart,
No knowing when the tide it may turn;
Just give him a chance to rise up in the world,
And your kindness he's sure to return. Chorus.

The Man in the Moon is Looking.

Sung by George Leybourne.

You all know what that feeling is
When, at some quiet spot
All around you may be ice,
But the love's burning hot:
Of course, her hand so tight you squeeze,
As you both gaze afar,
Yes, while the moon is laughing at you,
Knowing what fools you are.

Spoken: When you're in love—and sitting upon some romantic cliff—by the light of the moon you gaze in the girl's face—and imagine how much powder and rouge she has been putting on—and she's thinking at the same time what expressive eyes—how his nose turns up—and I think I should love him a little more if it was a Roman—and the moon is winking at you and seems to say—

CHORUS.

The man in the moon is looking, love,
He's winking, love, he's blinking, love:
And each little star can tell where you are:
The man in the moon is looking.

The other night, on Dover cliffs,
A girl sat there with me:
The moon above kept peeping out,
With look of naughty glee.
I whispered tales of love and said—
"Don't be a timid, miss,
But while the moon's behind a cloud,
Just one sweet little kiss."

Spoken: Not now—don't you see the man?—what man?—why, the man in the moon, he's laughing at us—but just one dear—No, no—
The man in the moon, &c.

As we sat gazing at the moon,
Like spoony lovers do,
My arm, of course, was round her waist,
Nigh squeezing her in two:
I heard the moon say to the stars—
"That pair I'll go and wed,"
And as the moon came from above,
I rolled clean out of bed.

Spoken: It was a dream—I was not on Dover Cliffs sitting with a girl by moonlight, I was in bed at Brixton with a rushlight shining upon me—and dreaming it was the moon—and my darling Matilda saying— The man in the moon, &c.

They are all Getting Married but Me.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

Behold in this mortal a poor single man,
Who wanders about all the day,
No one in this world cares a jot about me,
As long as my lodgings I pay;
I always was shy, and often would cry
If any young girl winked at me;
But, to tell you the truth, all the friends of my youth,
They are all getting married but me.

CHORUS.

The birdies that fly, the pigs in the sty,
The fishes that swim in the sea,
The mice and rats, the dogs and the cats,
They are all getting married but me.

Oh! it makes me feel awful when I look around,
And think of the days that are gone;
I see my old "pals" walking out with their girls,
While here I must wander alone.
I often have a doubt and want to find out
Whatever the matter can be;
The haddocks and whales, the frogs and the snails,
They are all getting married but me. Chorus.

There is only one thing in this world I can do,
That is, for to cross the wide sea,
Join Brigham Young, and a Mormon become,
Then, perhaps, much more happy I'll be;
But it seems very queer that there is no girl now here,
I fancy they could take to me;
The sparrows and wrens, the cocks and the hens,
They are all getting married but me. Chorus.

Coaching to Pelham.

Words by W. A. Armstrong. Music by Charles E. Pratt.

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The Music can be obtained at the Music Store of George E Fisher 282 Grand Street, N. Y. Price 30 cents.

Jump on board now, one and all,
Take the coach for Pelham :
Hark ! the bugler sounds the call—
"All aboard for Pelham !"
Good-bye, Brunswick, here we go,
Rocking on to Pelham,
Up and down, and to and fro,
On the coach for Pelham.
Chorus : On the coach for Pelham,
Hear the long horn blowing ;
Dashing on for Pelham,
Bless me ! how we're going !
Sound the horn "yo-ho !" again,
Snap the whip now, Colonel Kane !
Give the "four-in-hand" full rein,
Be on time at Pelham.

Nobby gents, in seats on top,
Coaching it to Pelham,
Always ready for a stop
On the way to Pelham.
Lovely ladies dressed so neat,
Taking coach to Pelham,
Chatting over such a treat
As a ride to Pelham. Chorus.

Oh ! it is a charming sight
From the coach for Pelham !
Joyful times and prospects bright,
As we drive to Pelham.
Over bridge and hill and dale
Speeding on for Pelham,
See ! the town at last we hail,
Just on time at Pelham. Chorus.

Keep a Good Heart.

Words by Harry Hunter. Music by Brinkworth.

I'm one of those fellows who seldom are sad,
But like to be happy and gay ;
For, many a good man has gone to the bad,
Because he met trouble half way.
So if I'm not lucky, I'm plucky,
And that I find a more lasting friend—
For, your luck you may lose, but your pluck,
if you choose,
Will keep itself good to the end.

Chorus.

Then keep a good heart, and you'll have a good start
Of those who weep and sigh :
For, to keep a good heart is a brave man's part—
So "never say die," but "try."

Some men will be poor, and be jolly, too,
While others with riches will pine ;
So which are the richer by far of the two
Is not very hard to divine.
Though "keep up your courage" is common,
perhaps,
'Tis not very far from the truth :
For, you can't make a man out of one of those chaps,
Who lets his heart fail in his youth. Chorus.

The hill we've to climb we must climb in our prime,
Or else we shan't do it at all ;
For, there's an old gentleman, called Father Time,
Will give the go-by to us all ;
So let us be happy, as long as we may,
Until we have troubles, and then
Let us meet them, and beat them, completely
defeat them,
And conquer like resolute men. Chorus.

Then never give way, nor put off for a day
A task you once have begun ;
But work with a will, and don't leave it until
You find that your object is won ;
For, Providence watches your struggles, and knows
Your heart has been brave in the fight ;
And you'll find from the autumn of life to the close
Your days will be peaceful and bright. Chorus.

It's the Custom of the Country.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

My name's not Smith, nor Brown nor Jones :
Tell that much I don't mind ;
And as for my address, p'r'aps some
Would much like that to find.
Some "dads" leave houses to their sons ;
Mine ne'er left me a brick,
And so, just like my watch, by Jove,
I always go on "tick."
Chorus : It's the custom of the country,
It's the custom of the country,
It's the custom of the country,
And a very good custom, too.

Somehow I always can get on
The right side of the girls ;
For, flattery is to them often
Sweeter far than pearls.
Of course I don't mean anything,
But flirt with all I can ;
They say I'm awful wicked, and
A naughty, sad young man. Chorus.

I'm looking for a wife, but she
Must have a pile of cash ;
She can play at housekeeping,
While I can cut a dash ;
While she lets me do as I please,
We're certain to agree :
So, if there's one that's up to that,
Let her apply to me. Chorus.

The Water-Mill.

A Poem recited by Gus Williams.

Listen to the water-mill, all the livelong day,
How the creaking of the wheel wears the hours away—
Languidly the water glides—ceaseless on and still—
Never coming back again to that water-mill ;
And the proverb haunts my mind, as the spell is cast—
The mill will never grind again with the water
that has passed.

Take the lesson to yourself, loving hearts and true ;
Golden years are passing by, youth is passing, too ;
Try to make the most of life, lose no honest way,
All that you can call your own lies in this—to-day.
Power, intellect and strength may not, cannot last—
The mill will never grind again with the water
that has passed.

Oh ! the wasted hours of life that have fleeted by,
Oh ! the good we might have done, lost without a sigh—
Love that once we might have saved with but a
single word,
Thoughts conceived, but not expressed—
perishing unheard.
Take the lesson to your heart, take, oh ! hold it fast,
The mill will never grind again with the water
that has passed.

Down in the Quiet, Shady Lane.

By Wm. Beekman.

Oh ! down in the quiet, shady lane,
Where the purple violets bloom,
And the primrose grows in wild delight,
Sendidg forth sweet perfume :
While the gay lark was singing
Sweet music in the air,
I there beheld my charmer,
The fairest of the fair.

Chorus.

Oh ! she's always there to meet me— (Sym.)
And with loving words she greets me— (Sym.)
You may talk about your beauties
That are sweeter than the rose—
This girl I love, she rivals all—
The fairest flower that grows. (Dance.)

While the little stars were twinkling
In the radiant sky above,
We whispered to each other
The sweetest tales of love :
As the night-birds sang their songs,
Which echoed through the vine,
My little charmer promised
Forever to be mine. Chorus.

Kiss Me Again.

Words and Music by Joseph P Skelly.

Sung by Jennie Morgan.

Copyright 1877. by E H. Harding. The Music can be had of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery. Price 10 cts

I have a darling whom I adore :
When he is near, I am sighing no more ;
Lone are the hours when we are apart,
Fondly his image now dwells in my heart.
Sweet hours of gladness we pass side by side,
Waiting the day when I'll be his bride ;
Dearly he loves me, but never in vain,
Soon he is coming to kiss me again.

Chorus.

Kiss me again and say that you love me,
Ever my darling remain :
Kiss me again, and if I complain,
Say that you love me and kiss me again.

Sweet is the kiss that lovers can share,
How it will cheer you and banish all care—
Never refuse one, never be shy,
Don't be too bashful and scream out "Oh, my !"
Kisses are plenty and kisses are sweet—
When you take one, the dose you'll repeat ;
If with your loved one you'd always remain,
Come to his side and say—"kiss me again !"
Kiss me again, &c.

Her Jolly Old Dad was an Auctioneer.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

I'll willingly lay ten to one, and put the money down,
That there is not a happier man than I in all the town ;
I'm half inclined to treat you all to the best
cigars and wine :
For, such a charming little dear has consented
to be mine.

Chorus.

She was so charming and so fair,
Light-blue eyes and golden hair ;
The light of my eyes is Nelly dear,
And her jolly old dad was an auctioneer.

When first I saw sweet Nelly, 'twas at a ball one night ;
She nearly drove me silly, looking, oh ! so fair
and bright—
We had a waltz together, and after that, you know,
I stole a kiss from Nelly underneath the mistletoe.
She was so charming, &c.

I rushed one fine morning to her dad, the auctioneer ;
Says I—"I'll make you an offer for the hand of
your daughter dear ;
As I'm the only bidder, please knock the lot
down to me."
"Going ! going ! gone !" he cried ; "that lot
is yours," said he.
She was so charming, &c.

At the Rising of the Moon.

Sung by the Richmond Sisters.

I know a little Colleen,
I dearly love her well,
And often, in the twilight,
I meet her in the dell :
She's fairer than the starlight,
I'm going to see her soon.
She promised here to meet me,
At the rising of the moon.

Chorus.

For, her voice is soft and light— (Break.)
Her golden hair, in ringlets bright— (Break.)
And while I'm waiting for her,
I'll sing a merry tune ;
She promised here to meet me,
At the rising of the moon. (Dance.)

The ring is bought, the day is named,
The knot will soon be tied,
And, ere another week is past,
I'll make my love a bride ;
We'll get old Dan the piper
His merry pipes to tune,
And we'll dance away the evening,
At the rising of the moon. Chorus.

George's Old Coat.

"It's enough that it's lost, without wasting time to explain how."

All tinge of hope faded from the frank, young face of George Stirling, as he met the stern look with which Jabez North accompanied the words.

Three years had passed since George went to seek his fortune in a far country. He had struggled hard; for, his eye was fixed on a richer prize than fortune, the hand of Ellen North.

"When you come prepared to offer my daughter a befitting home, it will be time enough to consider your proposal," was the answer Jabez North had given, three years before, to George's offer to become his son-in-law; and that was the reason George had gone away to seek his fortune,

For three years he toiled. Success crowned his efforts. With a joyous heart he turned his face homeward: for, he felt no misgiving lest Ellen, in his absence, might have forgotten their plighted troth. But a cruel mischance stripped him of all his wealth, and when he would have told the story of his loss, and appealed to Jabez North's kindlier nature, he was silenced by the words which began our story.

For a moment George's courage wavered. His head drooped as he turned to go. But soon it became erect again, and he walked on with his firm and manly step.

"I'll win her yet!" he said, directing his course to the railway station, without turning once to look back.

In the great city whither he repaired in the hope that, among so many channels leading to fortune, he might strike one through which to retrive his own, he was disappointed to find each filled with a struggling throng, leaving little room for fresh competitors.

For many months it was with George a hard struggle for existence. Winter was setting in, and he must have a thicker coat. A new one was out of the question; so entering one of those dingy streets where seedy customers are daily seen cheapening garments, which, like themselves, have seen better days, he stopped before a shop whose proprietor and the choicest of his stock were on exhibition at the door.

"What do you ask for this?" inquired George, taking between his thumb and finger an overcoat a little less the worse for wear than most of its fellows.

"Yoost look at dat coat!" gushed the dealer, who had no intention to commit himself so suddenly.

George did look, and at the same time an unaccountable expression flashed over his features.

"It's pesser as new," continued the other; "und yoost feel!—vy, it's patted an inch dick!"

George's hands trembled as he followed the direction, and manipulated the thick padding beneath the lining.

"Well, what's the price?"

"There was a touch of eagerness in the young man's tone which would have considerably enhanced the sum to be demanded had the old dealer's ears been quicker.

"Yoost dry how he feets," parried the wily clother.

The garment was tried on, and the old German Jew went into ecstasies. In vain efforts to express his admiration, he poured out a torrent of gutturals which seemed to come from the very bottom of his being.

"Py Colly!" he cried, "ven you peen porn in dat coat he no feet you pesser!"

"Well, well, how much?"

"Vell, pein' it's——"

"Come, the price?"

"Yoost dink how he feets!"

"The price, I say?"

The Jew approached his lips to the young man's ear.

"You von't go plappin' about dat I sells him so sheep, will you?"

"No."

"Vell," he whispered, looking about as cautiously as if every cast-off vestment in the shop had ears, "ve'll say a pound."

"Here's the money," said Walter, handing it over and walking off with his purchase, while the Jew tore his hair, and called himself "a great fool," for not asking twice as much.

Hard times came, and Jabez North found himself unable to meet the rent for his farm. It was owned by one Isaac Grill, and had he been asked, "What do the Scriptures principally teach?"—his answer would have been. "Pay me what thou owest."

Mr. North tried in vain to borrow the money. Then he sought to make terms with his creditor, but Isaac would listen to none—none but such as made proud old Jabez's blood tingle.

"Give me your daughter to wife," said Isaac, "and I'll live in the place myself, and allow you a home in it for the remainder of your days."

Jabez North would have sacrificed his daughter relentlessly at the behest of what he deemed his duty. He would have sacrificed himself and her sooner than have seen her the wife of Isaac Grill.

"Leave this house," he cried, with anger blazing in his face, when Isaac came with his insulting offer; "while it is still mine, you shall not profane it with your presence!"

"It will not be yours long," growled Isaac, as he slunk across the threshold.

The rent remained unpaid, and the farmer's effects were advertised to be sold.

On the day appointed, among the first to come was Isaac Grill. He had two aims to satisfy—to get his own, and punish the pride of Jabez North. He counted on buying the effects on his own terms: for, he knew of none prepared to contest his bid.

The auctioneer took his place, hammer in hand, and was beginning to read off a discription of the property, when a young man in a seedy coat stepped forward.

"This cannot go on," he said.

"I'd like to know who's a goin' to stop it?" retorted Isaac Grill.

"I will."

"How?"

"*By paying you off!*" replied the young man, proceeding to pull off his coat.

George Stirling—for, none other was the youth who replied to Isaac—quietly took out his pocket-knife, and ripping open the lining of his coat, drew forth a pile of bank-notes which fairly made Isaac Grill's eyes water.

"What's the amount of your claim?" George asked him.

He named it.

"Here it is: please give me a receipt."

The receipt was executed. The young man placed it in his pocket, put on his coat, and went his way.

Jabez North and Ellen were in the midst of sorrowful preparation to leave their home when George Stirling entered it.

"You find us at sad work, George," said the old man, when the three had exchanged greetings.

"I've come to stop it," George replied.

The old man shook his head mournfully, while a gleam of undefined hope lit up Ellen's face.

"Let me finish the story I wanted to tell you when last we met," said George, turning to Ellen's father. "The money I was three years earning, I had, for greater safety on my journey home, sewed under the lining of my overcoat. In a careless moment the coat was either lost or stolen."

"It was wrong not to hear you out, George, and give you my sympathy," said Jabez.

"It will come as well now," cried George; "for, two days ago I stumbled on the coat in a second-hand clothing-shop. By good luck, none of those through whose hands it passed had discovered that it was padded with bank-notes—so there was my money all safe! Isaac Grill's rent is paid—there's the receipt—and this house remains the home of you and Ellen."

Need we add that ere long it became that of George, too?

Life's Changes.

How many to-night, through the length and breadth of our crowded city, are vainly clinging to the life which is fast ebbing away! and how many more, soul-sick of deceit, and treachery, and injustice, finding no resting-place for a weary over-tired heart, shrinking from a hopeless future—stung with sorrowful memories of the past—would gladly change places with them, and sleep their last sleep! He who made the heart, alone knoweth its bitterness when thus turned back upon itself. He only knoweth, who counteth our tears, how hard it is with such an experience not to turn, distrustful, away from our kind—He only knoweth how dark even the bright heaven may be, when such clouds roll between.

The way my Father Raised Me:

OR IT'S VERY AWKWARD.

When I was quite a little chap,
I heard my father praised,
Because folks said his family
Had been so nicely raised.
'Twas true—but there's a difference in
The way these things are put:
For, I can recollect the way
He raised me with his foot.

Spoken: Yes, father used to come into my bedroom and say—"Now then! you lazy young scamp, get up! can't you see the sun shining?" I said—"Yes, but he's only got to shine himself. he hasn't got to shine five pairs of boots," and then father would raise me again, if I didn't clear out: and that was very awkward—but I've found out since that that's not the only thing that's awkward—for instance—

It's awkward when you lose your hat,
And raise a storm of chaff:
It's awkward when you tell a joke
And cannot raise a laugh:
It's awkward when the landlord writes,
And says he'll raise the rent:
It's awkward when, at quarter day,
You cannot raise a cent.

I went to school, and father said—
"Your temper you must guard,
And never hit a little boy,
Unless you hit him hard.
And when you meet a bigger boy,
Remember what is right,
And mind you say, your father says—
It's wickedness to fight."

Spoken: Yes, father said—"don't you be a coward: never hit a bigger boy than yourself, and never hit a boy when he's down—jump on him instead—it's easier and hurts more: and mind your books, he said, mind you get all about England, Scotland and Ireland in your head." I didn't do that, but if I didn't get England, Scotland and Ireland in my head, I got *Wales* on my back, and that was very awkward—but I've found since that's not the only thing—for instance— It's awkward, &c.

At twenty-one I fell in love
With Miss Matilda Pyne,
And I raised no objection when
She raised her lips to mine:
But when I raised the question as
To whether she would wed,
It raised a blush, and she said—"Yes!"
But wouldn't raise her head.

Spoken: She can raise her voice now, though I can tell you—in fact she almost raises the roof sometimes. The other day, she spilled a saucepan of hot water on my foot and raised a blister as large as a pancake, and that was very awkward; but, as I said before—that's not the only thing that's awkward—for instance— It's awkward, &c.

We married some few years ago,
And—much to my surprise—
I found Matilda clever in
The way of making pies.
She uses Limmer's patent flour,
And knows so well the art,
That she can make an apple sweet
Into an apple tart.

Spoken: Yes, she understands bread making thoroughly: she always uses Limmer's self-rising flour; she says it raises the bread in no time. She can raise a brick into a cottage, she says, and I've no doubt she can—why, it was only the other day she made a rabbit pie and it raised the crust, dish, rabbit and all out of the kitchen, up the area steps, into the hands of a policeman, who at once took it into custody and adjourned to another court to try it: that was awkward for me, wasn't it? but that's not the only thing that's awkward—for instance—

It's awkward, &c.

The Six Degrees of Crime.

PART I.

WINE.

Something less than a year before this, the opening of our story, Joseph Marall, one of the wealthiest merchants in the City of London, died very suddenly.

He was not quite fifty years of age when, stricken down, he died intestate.

Little foreseeing the doom that was to befall him, he had arranged for the drawing up of his will, which was to have been done on the day following that on which he ceased to exist.

He was a widower, with but one son, the only child that had ever been born to him.

A few relatives he had possessed, scattered here and there, not one of whom were at all needy at the time of Joseph Marall's death, but to each and all of whom he would have certainly bequeathed a handsome legacy.

But he died intestate, as we have said. His son was therefore inheritor of all of which the merchant died possessed; and so, at twenty-four years of age, Gaston Marall had become sole master of an enormous fortune.

And that son had been the cause that the prosperous but unhappy merchant had made no will.

Gaston had chosen from his very early boyhood to lead a thoroughly idle life.

Neither persuasion nor remonstrance had been able to induce him to take any share in the business. He had, he said, a soul above trade—resolved to do nothing—and he kept his word.

His father therefore determined to leave his business to two of his somewhat distant relatives; at the same time, providing amply for his son, but in such a way that he should not dissipate his inheritance.

His sudden death, to Gaston Marall's great misfortune, as it was afterwards to prove, frustrated those intentions.

Gaston, sole master of everything, lost no time in disposing of the business that his father had with such great toil and anxiety created, and at once plunged into every riotous excess.

The companions of his choice could have been recommended to him only by their depravity.

The two whom, of all his so-called friends, Gaston Marall most affected, were nearly always with him.

Those two had upon a certain day—as almost every day—dined with him, and all three were now considerably elated with the champagne they had imbibed and were imbibing.

Jack Horsley had, like Gaston Marall, been born for better things. His father had been a gentleman, who left a small fortune to his son, which had been very speedily and very disreputably wasted.

Once a sufficiently good-looking young man, his face was now bloated by debauchery. There was still, however, something of the gentleman about him in appearance—and in appearance only.

Tom Blackford had never been other than a common fellow. He had never honestly earned a penny; had lived always by his wits; and, having a pretty good stock of them, he had by their exercise managed so far to get along very well, and to fare much better than many a better man.

He had a sinister expression of countenance, dressed loudly, was noisy in talk, swaggering in gait, and vulgar from head to foot.

Gaston Marall was a very handsome young man, with little that could be detected in his features to tell of the evil in his nature.

His dress was irreproachable, as hitherto had been his manners, but all that was not to endure, and, commencing with idleness, we shall see how he will end.

"More champagne," cried Gaston; "the true and only nectar of the gods. I'd stake my life on that."

"Ah, Gaston," said Jack Horsley, "what a lucky fellow you are to have such a load of money; but, it must be admitted, you have shown already that you know what to do with it."

"He is a brick!" shouted Tom Blackford, who was farther gone with the champagne than the others. "He's going the pace like a man, and I honor him for it."

"Can't you find something else to talk about?" yawned Gaston Marall; "in spite of the champagne, I am getting stupid and lazy."

"Yes; you are right," said Blackford. "Let us talk about the fair sex."

"Ah! yes, that is better," said Gaston, gaping again. "They are so affectionate and so amiable every time that you give them any jewellery or finery. I know one who is frightfully fond of me; it is quite overpowering!"

"Do you mean Letitia? asked Blackford, laughing; "that beautiful young widow who has never been married? Is she still your sultana?"

"No, indeed, she has been in disgrace a long while—more than a week."

"Bravo!" cried Horsley; "that is my notion—a deep attachment, but never to last longer than a week."

"And the new object of your idolatry?" asked Blackford. "May one know——"

"No, Tom, you may not," returned Gaston; "I shall tell you only that she is a lovely young creature."

"I am quite sure that she is young, and can take your word for it that she is lovely," laughed Blackford.

"Let us drink to the health of this angel," cried Horsley.

"Yes," said Gaston, "so we will. Jones, more champagne."

"Yes, sir," replied the footman; "but I wanted to tell you ——"

"Well, what?"

"Mr. Crosse is here, sir, and wants to see you."

"Confound him!" cried Gaston. "Yet there is no help for it."

"Ah," said Horsley, "I have seen that lively Mr. John Crosse two or three times, and I never knew such a wet blanket in all my days."

"He is always sermonizing," moodily muttered Gaston.

"Leave him to me," said Tom Blackford; "and see how I'll gag him if he begins to preach."

Mr. John Crosse had been very intimately acquainted with the late Joseph Marall, by whom he had often been consulted as to what was to be done with the merchant's son.

John Crosse, who was a very sincere man, speaking his mind on all occasions, without regard to anyone's feelings, had given it always as his opinion that nothing was to be done with Gaston Marall.

He had, however, earnestly promised to keep a sharp watch on Gaston's movements, and to check him, as far as that was to be done, if he should see the young man going entirely wrong.

There had been business transactions between John Crosse and the merchant, and at the time of the latter's decease there was in his hands a considerable sum of money, belonging to Crosse.

He had allowed that money to remain with Gaston, thinking that perhaps his seeming confidence in the son of his old friend might help to inspire the young man with better ideas and aspirations than hitherto had belonged to him.

But evidently he had been disappointed in those hopes, for on the day before that with whose events we are now dealing, he had announced by letter his intention to call on Gaston, for the purpose of receiving from him the money in question.

And Gaston was not at all sorry to be rid of that money, because he hoped that afterwards he would see no more of Mr. John Crosse, whose presence was always disagreeable to him, and who always felt himself shiver beneath his cold, stern look, and harsh, grating voice.

John Crosse had not what might be called a kindly face, but it was an honest one, though hard and strongly marked.

"So," he said, seeing how Gaston was then engaged, "always the same want of occupation."

"And it is just so that I intend to end; doing nothing is such a pleasant occupation," said Gaston.

"Idleness, Mr. Marall, is the mother——"

"Yes, we know she is—of every vice," interrupted Jack Horsley. Everybody knows that old proverb."

"Yes," responded Crosse; and nobody profits by it; or at all events, very few."

"Take a chair, Mr. Crosse, and you will be able to philosophize more at your ease," bantered Gaston, to whom champagne had for the moment, given a false courage.

Crosse, with a wave of his hand, declined the offered seat.

"Nonsense!" pursued Gaston. "Come and sit down with us. Bring more glasses. Your moral sentences moistened by champagne will penetrate more deeply to our bosoms."

"For all that, I shall not sit down," said Crosse. "I shall remain here only so long as I am compelled to do so."

"At least, Mr. Crosse," mockingly said Horsley, "you will drink one glass to our conversion?"

Crosse persisted in his refusal, and, "Well, never mind," cried Horsley; "I am both able and willing to drink for you and myself too."

"You know what has brought me here," Crosse said to Gaston; "so, come, finish with me, for already I have had quite enough of your society, and that of your amiable friends."

"Now that is very cruel," cried Tom Blackford, seeing how delightful we are with you."

"And Gaston," added Horsley, "had led us to believe that you would stop a long while with us."

"Ah, and you expected to amuse yourself at my expense," said Crosse severely. "I can make more profitable use of my time, thank you."

"We had no such intention, I assure you," said Gaston, swallowing another bumper to sustain his courage.

"Certainly not," cried Jack Horsley. "For my part, I had heard—though curse me if I can tell where—that you were a worthy disciple of Lavater, and that you had only to look in the face of a person to tell all about him—to read to the very bottom of his heart."

"Somebody, too, had told me so," cried Blackford.

"And here," added Horsley, "here we are, three incredulous men, who would be very glad to put your skill to the proof."

"Well," said Crosse, "if you so very much wish it, your desire may be satisfied."

"Do you hear that?" cried Horsley. "And was not Gaston right in saying that you were a most delightful man?"

"Oh, Mr. Crosse," said Blackford, "we shall be so much obliged to you!"

"I think not," dryly responded Crosse; "but, in any case, I shall not consider my time wholly lost if my words should cause you to reflect, and amend your lives."

"Yes, yes," said Horsley; "we will indulge in a little moral reflection."

"But we can't mend our lives," cried Blackford, "for we are already such very virtuous young men."

"Come, you can't think how greatly I want to know——"

"Well, then, Mr. Blackford, I will begin with you, who have a prepossessing countenance, and such brilliant eyes. The sudden redness which, as now, often colors your features, might be mistaken for modesty, if——"

"If what?"

"If it were not caused by the wine of which you are so fond, and by your most extraordinary good luck at cards. But take care lest your wonderful good fortune should create suspicion—for that once excited, detection would be likely soon to follow."

"I don't understand you," stammered Blackford, greatly confused.

"Of course, you do not," said, with his cold smile, Mr. John Crosse.

"Now it is my turn," cried Jack Horsley; "let us see if I shall understand."

"You are a gentleman of fashion, Mr. Horsley; always a smile on your lips, always pleasant and polite—with your creditors. You are admired for your wit, and esteemed for your knowledge when the subject in discussion is the cut of a coat or the shape of a pair of trousers; and you are a ladies' man."

"Well," interrupted Horsley, "there is no great harm in that?"

"No; but"—and this Crosse whispered to him—"if by chance it should at any time happen to you to make a mistake in the name when signing a bill of exchange, you would be obliged to change your residences, and might think that a trip across the water would be good for your health."

"Sir," said Horsley, trying to bluster; "such an accusation——"

John Crosse quietly and coldly drew a paper from his pocket-book, and showed it to Horsley, saying, "I will wait till it is due."

"You shall be paid," stammered Horsley, perfectly astounded.

"I have no doubt of it," replied Crosse.

"But you are, I assure you, mistaken in supposing ——"

"If you are wise, you will be silent," said Crosse.

And Horsley seemed to agree with him in that, for he said no more.

"Shall I continue, gentlemen?" asked Crosse. "My skill is at your service; and if still you doubt, pray say so."

"Upon my word, it is quite wonderful!" hastily cried Blackford; "but I don't think we need trouble you for any more of it."

"It would be no trouble," said Crosse, "for I should be very glad if able to turn you from the road which you appear to have taken. Young men, pleasure blinds you; if you but knew that which perhaps one day awaits you!"

"Yes," said Blackford with mock solemnity, "we are lost sheep—no doubt about it."

"Gaston," pursued Crosse, "to you especially I address myself. Your father and I were old friends, and I cannot, I think, better prove my gratitude for the esteem in which he held me, than by repeating to his son that which more than once he must have said to him."

"Wouldn't another time do?" asked Blackford.

John Crosse, not heeding him, and looking hard at Gaston, continued, "Idleness is the first step of the ladder that leads to dishonor,—much farther, indeed. The company that you frequent will have soon conducted you to the second. It is still time to turn back on your way; but you must make haste, for once halfway on the road, it is very rarely that anyone is able to retrace his steps."

Gaston, who had continued to drink freely, shouted, "Gentlemen, I propose the health of Mr. John Crosse, who gives us such excellent advice, and preaches such an admirable sermon."

And they drank his health deridingly.

"I will trouble you no longer," said Crosse, "That money, if you please."

"Ah, yes," responded Gaston; "but you see I am engaged just now; put it off until to-morrow?"

"No—immediately!" insisted Crosse. "The account was made up by your father himself; it will be for you but the work of a moment, and I must have that money now!"

"Thus to persist!—really, Mr. Crosse, it hurts me, and gives me reason to suppose that a want of confidence on your part——"

"My confidence?" said Crosse. "I accord it entirely to an active and industrious man; and I repeat to you that I must have my money now—this minute!"

"Oh, this is too much!" exclaimed Gaston. "But I will not forget that you are in my house."

He called a footman, who went for and brought him a pocket-book.

"After this," said Gaston, I hope——"

"That you may not see me again?" interrupted Crosse. "That, too, is my wish! But should you progress as I fear——"

"There," cried Gaston, giving a roll of notes,—"there is the amount that belongs to you!"

"Thank you!" quietly said Crosse.

"Pray see that the amount is correct."

"That is what I am doing," replied Crosse, cooly, and carefully counting the notes.

"You will send me a receipt?"

"Here it is—I have prepared it."

"And now——"

"I wish you good day! I am very sorry but we shall meet again, I fear, and often; for to the last I will endeavor to check you on your downward road!"

His departure was a great relief to Gaston and his friends; and John Crosse, as he was quitting the house, met three persons who were about to enter it.

One of them was an elderly woman, pleasant-featured, plump in figure, not particularly fashionable in dress nor very classical in language.

The second was her daughter, an extremely pretty girl, well formed and graceful, and attired in quite a stylish fashion.

The third was a good-looking, neatly dressed young man, and that is all which, at present, we need say concerning him.

"Frank Hardy, how d'ye do?" cried John Crosse, slapping the young man heartily on the shoulder. "I hear a most excellent account of you; steady and industrious. Keep so: persevere, and you are sure to get on in the world!"

Before Frank Hardy could say a word in reply, John Crosse had started off and disappeared round the corner.

Frank Hardy, and the two whom he accompanied, then entered Gaston Marall's splendid mansion.

They asked to see Gaston, and a footman having given their names to that gentleman, they were shown into the room where he was still drinking champagne with the gentlemen with whom we have already become acquainted

The elderly lady was named Mrs. Meredith. Her husband had been a fruiterer, and his widow still carried on the thriving business which he had left to her.

Her daughter Julia had always had a soul above oranges and apples, and had unceasingly sighed to be a fine lady.

She had, too, a taste for music, and the gentleman who gave her lessons on the piano having declared that she possessed a magnificent voice, her mother made up her mind that her daughter would soon be a second Adelina Patti.

Julia could certainly sing tolerably well, and after a long while the music-master obtained for her an engagement at a first-class music-hall, on a very small weekly salary, of which he was to take half.

Julia had as yet sung there but a very few nights, and with very moderate success, her mother, of all those why had listened to her, being the only one completely enchanted by her vocalization.

Gaston Marall, dropping, one night, into that particular music-hall, had seen and heard Julia Meredith, and had certainly been enchanted; but not, however, by the voice of the siren,

It was the young girl's pretty face and figure, her freshness, that delighted Gaston.

Gaston found no great difficulty in making his way behind the scenes of that establishment; and, once there, he lost no time in accosting Julia.

The young girl was fond of flattery, she was ambitious, and she had an evident longing to become a fine lady.

Gaston Marall was handsome, fascinating, and, as several there told her, immensely rich; and it was with anything but reluctance that Julia listened to him. She was but too ready to believe in his protestations.

Just as Gaston had asked her to say when and where she could meet him again, her mother, who came every night to take her daughter home, arrived and interrupted their conversation, and, drawing her daughter's arm under her own, led her away.

This had occured about a fortnight before the day with which we are now dealing; and the address of Julia having been refused to Gaston at the music-hall, he had desired one of the men in his employ to do his best to discover her abode.

That up to the present time Julia's address had not been ascertained was perhaps due to the fact that she sang under an assumed name, and at the music-hall was known only as Miss Montgomery.

Julia had been wooed for more than a year by Frank Hardy—had, indeed, for the last three months been engaged to him. It was much against his wish that she had gone to the music-hall, and he had resolved that her professional life should cease before his marriage with her.

Now, on beholding Julia, Gaston gave a great start, and the young girl, on her part, testified as much surprise, and felt almost as greatly delighted, as he did at their unexpected meeting.

It was Frank Hardy who first spoke, and who said, "You have sent word, Mr. Marall, that you wished to see me."

"Yes," replied Gaston, "I will talk to you directly."

"You do not know me, Mr. Marall?" said Mrs. Meredith.

"I have not that pleasure," responded Gaston.

"Well, sir, I thought, as my son-in-law was coming to see you——"

"Your son-in-law!" exclaimed Gaston.

"You do not know me, Mr. Marall," continued Mrs. Meredith, "but I am one of your tenants."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; your poor father knew me very well, but since his death, poor man, nobody has been to me about the rent, so I thought I'd come and pay it myself, for I don't care about keeping money that does not belong to me."

"That's different to me," thought Tom Blackford; "I'd keep anybody's money."

"The neighborhood I live in is not fine enough for you, I dare say, Mr. Marall," pursued Mrs. Meredith; "but none of your West End tenants are more ready to pay than I am, I know, and many is the time your poor father has told me so."

Gaston, whose eyes had all this time been fixed on Julia, here cried, "And is Frank Hardy really your son-in-law?"

"Just as good," replied the lady thus questioned, "for they are going to be married almost directly."

"They? Do you mean that this young lady is——"

"She is my daughter, sir, and her name is Julia—a pretty name, isn't it, sir? And she is a pretty girl too, isn't she, sir?—though" with a laugh, "it don't do to tell her so—girls are apt to believe one, you know; but she is uncommon pretty, for all that."

Gaston fearing that his chance was gone, earnestly wished that he had sooner known the young girl.

"I have already had," he said, "the pleasure of seeing this young lady."

Frank Hardy looked keenly first at Julia, and then at Gaston Marall.

"It was at the music-hall, mother, on that night when—you know" said Julia.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Meredith; "Then you, Mr. Marall, were the gentleman that was talking to her that night when I got her away. I declare I never stopped to look who it was she was talking to—there is always a crowd of young men as comes bothering about a girl when she——but if I had noticed that it was you, Mr. Marall, why, of course——"

"I was enchanted by her beautiful voice," said Gaston, "and could not refrain from expressing to the young lady the delight she had afforded me."

"Ah! to be sure!" promptly cried Julia's mother; "she does sing like a nightingale, doesn't she? But here, sir; please to take your money. I want to get back home, for my shop wants good looking after, and I have another place or two to call at."

Gaston took the money that Mrs. Meredith offered to him and saying that he was going to write a receipt for it, and would be back directly, left the room.

As he did so he gave a significant look at his two friends, the meaning of which it was evident they understood, for a few seconds after they quietly, and without being noticed by the others there, followed Gaston from the apartment.

"You told me, Julia," Frank Hardy said to her, "that you were not acquainted with Mr. Marall."

"There goes your jealous pate again!" cried Mrs. Meredith.

Julia replied, "I did not know that I knew him. He didn't tell me who he was when he spoke to me, and I had taken so little notice of him, that, when I saw him again here, just now, I hardly knew him again."

That last assertion was not true, for Julia had taken particular notice of Gaston; had thought how handsome he was, and rich, and fashionable; so different in every respect to poor, common-place Frank Hardy.

"I am very sorry, Julia!" apologized Hardy. "It is not that I doubt you, but——"

"My good Frank," broke in Mrs. Meredith, "If when you are married, you are jealous of every man that looks at or speaks a word to your wife, a pretty life you will have of it, I can tell you!"

"Because you are honest yourself," said Hardy, "You suspect no harm in others."

"And I think I am all the more happy for that."

"I am afraid Julia yearns to be a lady," sighed Frank.

"There can't be any harm in wishing to be something better than we are; and, if Julia isn't a lady, I'm sure—and everybody says so—she looks as much like one as any woman born!"

"I think," said Julia, "Frank tries sometimes how unkind he can make himself."

"Forgive me, Julia—forgive me!" pleaded Hardy. "I will try not again to offend you. If I were sure that you loved me as much as I love you; but I am always fearing that that cannot be, and am constantly in dread of some misfortune."

"Ah, yes; you are always like that," said Mrs. Meredith.

To be Continued.

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CONTENTS.

Bessie Tryst.....page 322
Bet Carey..... 324
Down among the daisies..... 323
Dancing Wavelets..... 324
The Days when this old nigger was young..... 325
Grandfather's clock..... 325
Happy Hours..... 322
I'll love thee dearly still..... 322
If every star the night adorning..... 322
In the Lowlands..... 322
I wish I was back in old Carolina..... 323
I'm a-rolling..... 325
Kitty Aleen..... 325
Little Stranger..... 322
Love among the flowers..... 323
My old wife..... 323
Never encourage the men..... 324
Oh! I'm wasting away!..... 322
O Love, thou powerful, pleasing pain!..... 324
Once again..... 324
The Old oak tree..... 325
Paddy, will you now?..... 323
Pat O'Flaherty..... 325
Sixty-two..... 322
Six o'clock at night..... 322
The Six degrees of crime—Story continued..... 326
Someone's darling..... 322
Sweet slumbers!..... 323
Someone's watching at the window..... 323
Sweet happy days..... 323
There's somebody waiting for me..... 323
Workingman..... 324
What is glory, what is fame?..... 324
Why did she leave her Jeremiah?..... 325
Wherefore, sweet maid, sigh you so?..... 324
Who will care when I am gone?..... 324
Yet awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me..... 325

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I'll Love Thee Dearly Still.

Forget thee! dearest, never!
Whatever I may be,
As fond as true as ever
My heart will cling to thee—
Though ocean may divide us,
As cruel fate may will,
Whatever may betide us—
I'll love thee dearly still.
Though ocean may divide us,
As cruel fate may will,
Whatever may betide us—
I'll love thee dearly still.

Forget thee! dearest, never!
It may be we must part—
But distance cannot sever
The links that bind the heart:
The love but grows the fonder
That absence cannot kill:
And wheresoe'er I wander,
I'll love thee dearly still.
Though ocean may divide us,
As cruel fate may will,
Whatever may betide us—
I'll love thee dearly still.

If Every Star the Night Adorning.

If every star the night adorning
Were crowns of gold, and they were mine—
I'll give them all for those sweet roses
You wore last night, and not repine:
But stars in distant splendor
Shine far from earth and thee,
While thy fond eyes are near me,
And there my heaven I see!

If you bright moon was some blessed region,
That only two fond hearts could share,
It would not be to me a desert
So I could with thee linger there—
The moon is ever changing,
Ah! no, it could not be—
The constancy I sigh for
I only find in thee!

Happy Hours.

Down by the river, many a happy day,
Oft have we wandered many a pleasant hour,
Loitering to watch the lingering sun-beams play,
Calling together many a sweet wild flower:
They were to us the fairy hours of childhood
We loved so well—for, time was on our side—
Music and flowers! the songster's of the wild wood!
Oh! happy hours! like dreams ye seemed to glide!

Now by the river time has changed the scene,
Chill falls the dews, we roam that path no more,
Never to us 'twill be what it has been—
Yet can fond memory still those hours restore!
Time has but proved the heart can, constant ever,
Still cling to me, and love know no decay;
Seasons may change, but first love, true love, never!
Oh! happy hours! ye ne'er can pass away!

Sixty-Two.

Sung by Miss Clara Moore.

Time with an eagle wing flies on,
And I am left alone—
Where are the friends of early youth?
Sweet echo answers—"gone?"
They be married, every one of them,
As well as I would wish to do;
In years gone by I was a gem,
To-day I'm sixty-two.
Chorus: I'm sixty—two,
I'm sixty,—sixty—Two.

Now, young men, a word to you—
Ah! you this chance refuse—
I've no objections to say yes,
If you will pop the choose.
Ye bachelors of middle age,
Let me propose to you—
No more delay your wedding day,
You'll soon be sixty-two. Chorus.

Six O'Clock at Night.

By Arthur W. French.

Open wide the factory-door,
Cease the busy hum and roar,
See the people from it pour—
'Tis six o'clock at night.

Through each busy lane and street
Hear the sound of passing feet,
Hastening home to rest so sweet—
'Tis six o'clock at night.

Happy children, by the gate,
Papa's coming watch and wait:
Surely he will not be late—
'Tis six o'clock at night.

Gathered round the humble board,
With its simple food well stored,
Blessings from the heart are poured
On six o'clock at night.

Ye that live in rank and power,
Naught but riches for your dower,
Know not of this blessed hour—
Six o'clock at night.

Only they that till the soil,
And the hardy sons of toil,
Know the many joys that coil
Round six o'clock at night.

In the Lowlands.

By Lieut E. H. Kellogg.

As the sunset gilds the pasture
Where the lazy cattle browse,
Through the clover trips a maiden
Calling to the lowing cows—
"Sukey, Bessie, Blossom, Browser,
Come, I'm waiting," Lily said,
As the sunshine kissed the ringlets
Curling round her shapely head.
Chorus: Busy Lily, is she conscious,
As her nimble fingers fly,
Of the glowing-featured lover
Who is watching closely by?

Lower, Lower creeps the sunshine:
Closer, closer draws the swain:
Warmer, warmer glows his bosom
As he hastens o'er the plain.
Lily's task is hardly finished
Ere his arms are round her pressed,
And her fluttering form is clinging
To her lover's pulsing breast.
Chorus: All forgotten are the cattle,
Standing near the meadow-bars,
While the lovers, still caressing,
Little heed the laughing stars.

Bessie Tryst.

By Robert McKay.

The eastern sky is all aglow
With morning's rosy rays,
The beauteous lands are all ablow
In dewy woodland ways;
The lark from leafy covert leaps,
And loud and clear sings he,
As lovely Bessie lightly trips
Along the blooming lea.

Her brown eyes sparkle with delight,
And in her wavy hair
I placed a spray of hawthorn white,
Culled from the hedges fair;
A sweet love-lay, the while she trips,
Melodiously flown
Through pearly teeth and parted lips
Outrivaling the rose.

As blithesome as the bonnie birds,
As beauteous as the flowers,
She hastens, and at length the woods
Her lissome form embowers.
We may not know what happens there,
But this sly Philip said
When she returned: "The morning air
Ne'er made thy face so red."

Someone's Darling

By Arthur W French

Wandering down the daisied lea
Hastens someone's darling,
Tripping to the melody
Of the thrush and starling;
'Mid the bloom of white and gold
Little footsteps creeping
Nearer to the oak-tree old,
Love's sweet tryst a-keeping.
Chorus: Down the daisy path she goes—
Never thrush or starling
Half so blithe as this sweet rose—
Someone's little darling.

Asking is it yes or no
Of the scattered daisies,
Be it weal or only woe
In life's tangled mazes—
For, to-day decides the fate
Of her all hereafter—
Sorrow, sadness, long and late,
Kisses, smiles and laughter. Chorus.

Little Stranger.

By Cooch.

Little stranger, don't be lonely,
Cheer thy aching heart again,
Think of brighter days before thee—
Happy thoughts will banish pain.
Weeping only adds to sorrow,
Renders life unhappy, sad;
Joy is coming with the morrow,
Time will surely make thee glad,

Little stranger, cease thy weeping,
Dry those sad and bitter tears,
Bury all the past in silence,
Think of bright and happier years:
Let thy thoughts be thoughts of gladness,
Free from sorrow, pain or care:
Words unspoken, dreams of sadness,
Link the heart with lone despair.

Little stranger, wait in patience,
Watch and pray the time may come
That will bring to thee a future,
Joy and gladness to thy home.
Then, oh! then, 'mid days of solace,
Will thy soul recall the past,
Whilst thou praiseth Him who brought thee
Oomfort to thy heart at last.

Oh! I'm Wasting Away.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

Oh! I'm a sample of a used-up man,
Afflicted with a thousand ills,
I can't get fat, do what I can—
Just look at these half-starved gills—
My parents were as thin as I,
They never had a shadow – so people say:
They went off like a puff, they couldn't die,
And their boy is wasting away!
Chorus: Oh! it's a pity that I'm so thin,
I'm sure that I shall never get fat:
I look like a small-sized clothes pin
To find me you must get a map.

The doctor recommended me
To drink nothing else but so-long tea:
But I busted a brewery not far from here,
Where they sold Cincinnati beer:
Oh! I worry and cry, and sob and fret
To see my friends grow stout and gay:
Fat on me I'll never get—
For, oh! I'm wasting away Chorus.

All the gals they do me shun,
And shake me for some other fell:
They say I look like the barrel of a gun,
Could be used for an umbrell.
Oh! what will I do? Oh! where will I go?
In the eye of a needle I make my stay,
I'll never come out, till I get stout—
For, oh! I'm wasting away! Chorus.

Someone's Watching at the Window.

Sung by Miss Jennie Morgan.

Words by Arthur W. French. Music by H. Maylath.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Someone's watching at the window,
Where the people hurry by,
Listening for a well-known footstep,
With a bright and eager eye.
For, they cherish still a promise
Of a heart they know is true,
Who has whispered—"love, to-morrow,
I will come again to you."
Chorus: Someone's watching at the window,
With their face against the pane;
Someone's softly, sweetly saying—
"Will he, will he come again?"

Someone's growing very weary,
As the moments come and go;
Where the wayward one is wandering
They would dearly like to know.
Surely he can never linger
From my side so long and late,
When he knows the sweetest welcome,
Here, his coming doth await. Chorus.

Someone's dreaming of the story,
Ever new and ever old,
That they long to hear repeated,
Though it often has been told:
They are from the past recalling
All their many dreams of bliss,
Hearing not the footsteps falling,
'Till they are startled with a kiss. Chorus.

I wish I was back in ole Carolina.

Words and Music by Andy Radcliffe.

I wish I was back in ole Carolina,
De place whar de darkies all am gay:
Dar I played wid my little sister Dinah,
And many happy hours passed away:
Dar I rambled wid my little brudder
In de fields of bright and yellow corn:
Dar I left my poor ole gray-haired mudder—
But now dem days am passed and gone!

Chorus.

Oh! yes, my poor ole heart am weary,
And I long for to see my childhood's home:
For, dis whole wide world it am dreary,
Every place dat I roam.

My mudder cried when I was leaving,
She cried so hard she couldn't speak,
And wid grief her bosom it was heaving,
While de tears ran down her cheek.
How often I've played in de wildwood—
None was happier den dan I—
But when I tink of de joys of my childhood,
De tears come in my eye. Chorus.

Oh! how ole and feeble I am growing,
I can't much longer stand—
And soon to de angels I'll be going
In dat happy, promised land.
Yes, I know dat de angels dey will meet me
When I reach dat bright and shining shore,
And I know dat my mudder she will greet me,
And sorrow I'll know no more. Chorus.

Sweet Slumbers.

Written by Ed. Harrigan.

As you lib so sure you die,
You'll slumber sweetly, sweetly bye and bye:
Our lub am like a pigeon pigeon wing,
It goes flip flap like treeses in de wind.
Come along, sister, don't get left,
I'm wid you, honey, sure as deff.
And every morning early, oh!
She wakes me from my slumbers, oh!
For, she is sweet, she's got my heart,
From dat gal I'll never part:
We'll slumber on de old barn floor,
And never, never snore:
Oh! oh! sweet slumbers!
Sweet ham bone I love to eat,
It makes me slumber, slumber in my sleep,
It curls my hair in ringlets, ringlets tight,
And keeps me from de night-horse in de night.

Love Among the Flowers.

By W. H Delehanty.

'Twas a lovely summer's day,
When the birds were singing gay,
And the flowers filled the air with odor sweet:
Carelessly I strode along,
Humming some old plaintive song,
When a charming little maiden I did meet.
She had eyes of bonny blue,
And her cheeks were roseate hue,
Like a fairy flitting through her garden bower;
Oh! she looked so sweet and fair,
Picking posies here and there,
While indeed she was herself the fairest flower!

Chorus.

Pretty eyes of bonny blue,
All my heart I give to you:
Oh! she looks so sweet and fair,
With her neck and shoulders bare—
And my happy heart her memory still embow—
I am like the little bee,
Kissing every flower I see,
Since the day I met my love among the flowers.

All enraptured I stood there,
Though I knew it wasn't fair:
For, the blush went from the rose into her cheek,
And with modesty the while,
Turning round, she seemed to smile—
While respect and duty bade me then to speak:
"Pray, excuse me, miss, said I,
But, as I was passing by,
I found this plain gold ring and thought 'twas yours."
Then she smilingly answered no;
Still she never bade me go,
So we stood and talked awhile among the flowers.
Pretty eyes of bonny blue, &c.

Paddy, Will You Now?

As I rode out by Dunnigal
All on a Monday morn,
I saw a winsome colleen tall,
A purtier girl niver was born;
She was lithe and she was sprightly,
As she tripped with springing tread
O'er the turf so gay and brightly,
Where the shamrock reared its head.
Chorus: Tow, row—row, Paddy, will you now?
Marry me while I'm in the humor,
That's just now—that's just now;
Paddy, will you now?

Says I—I can't your wish deny,
My heart responds unto your call;
So pray receive your Pat's reply—
I'll marry you at Dunnigal.
Jumping down, I quick caressed her,
Then unto the priest we sped,
And as Father Teddy blessed her,
Once again the darlint said. Chorus.

There's Somebody Waiting for Me.

The moon's shining bright, and the stars give their light,
And the evening invites us to stray,
But in vain do I talk of a bright moonlight walk,—
I am here, and I can't get away.
I'm a bird in a cage, and they say, "at my age,"
That their wonder is what I can see
In a walk in the cold, though the truth must be told,
That there's somebody waiting for me.

Chorus.

There's somebody waiting, there's somebody waiting,
There's somebody waiting for me.

They ask me to sing, and my music they bring,
'Tis "Meet me by moonlight alone" again,
And it's getting quite late, and I know he won't wait,
And he'll go if it comes on to rain.
And now they propose all the shutters to close,
As a form in the moonlight I see,
But before they're aware I'll steal down the back stair,
For, there's somebody waiting for me.
There's somebody waiting &c.

My Old Wife.

Sung by Andrew Purcell in his sketch of the Hen-Pecked Husband.

Kind friends, if you attention pay,
A picture I will show
Of my old wife, the plague of my life,
Before she went below.
Chorus: With my whack fol lur el, lur el li do,
Whack fol lur el la.

She was as ugly a bag, my boys,
As ever you did see:
She used to blacken both my eyes—
For, she thought the world of me. Chorus.

She wasn't very fat, my boys,
Nor yet she wasn't thin:
She never drank tea in all her life,
But couldn't she drink her gin! Chorus.

She would always growl and fight, my boys,
No matter what I'd do:
And if I said a word to her,
She beat me black and blue. Chorus.

One night, while she was rather full,
She nearly broke my head;
I laid her out with smothering iron,
And they told me she was dead. Chorus.

Now that I am single again,
I never will married be:
But I cannot sleep at night, at all:
For, her ghost it does haunt me. Chorus.

Sweet Happy Days!

Words and Music by W. H. Delehanty.

Oh! I never shall forget the happy days,
Happy days! happy days!
When, upon the old plantation,
All the darkies took vacation,
And they left their heavy work and went to play.
Then we took the banjo, fiddle and the bones,
And the bones! and the bones!
And you ought to hear the ringing
Of the merry voices singing
In the chorus of the dulcimatic tones!

Chorus.

Oh! happy days! sweet happy days!
When we took the banjo, fiddle and the bones,
And the bones! and the bones!
Yes, you ought to hear the ringing
Of the merry voices singing
In the chorus of the dulcimatic tones.

Oh! I never shall forget Miss Susie Brown,
Susie Brown! Susie Brown!
Yes, the beauty of her mouth
Was a picture of the South—
And they say she was "the belle of all the town."
We used to be together all the while,
All the while! all the while!
And she looked so very charming,
That I couldn't see the harm in
A kissing her until I made her smile. Cho.

Down Among the Daisies.

Written by W. A Huntley banjoist for Will H Morton

Down among the daisies, by the running stream,
Where the waters ripple soft and low:
Sitting with my darling, in a happy dream,
Heedless of the hours that come and go—
There I meet my darling, every Summer's day,
And the leaflets nodding up above
Were the only ones that list to what we'd say,
As we whispered o'er our tales of love.

Chorus.

Down among the daisies, by the running stream,
Where the waters ripple soft and low;
Sitting by my darling, in a happy dream,
Heedless of the hours that come and go.

Down among the daisies we will ever dwell,
In a little cottage by the stream;
Naught will ever come to break the happy spell,
Break the happy glimmer of our dream.
Days may come and go, like flowers that bloom and die,
But, as long as life is with us queen,
We will dwell together, you and I,
Down among the daisies, by the stream. Cho.

Never Encourage the Men.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

A word of advice I'll now give to the girls,
If they will but listen to me;
If the men do not like it, it's little I'll care,
If the girls with me will agree.
Should a young man wink at you while passing the street,
Don't laugh, or he'll do so again;
Pretend you don't see him, and pass on your way,
And never encourage the men.

Chorus.

Don't ever be flattered with what they may say,
Though they call you a rare little gem;
For, if you allow them just one little kiss,
They surely will kiss you again.

If your lover's pocket should ever get light,
Of course, he'll explain all to you;
Then he'll say—"little darling, will you be so kind
As to lend me a dollar or two?"
If you lend him five dollars to-day, bear in mind
To-morrow he'll surely want ten;
So cling to your purse, and don't act like a fool,
And never encourage the men. Chorus.

But when in the ball-room you're dancing so gay,
With a handsome young man by your side,
He vows that he loves you, and says that some day
He surely will make you his bride,
And if he should pinch you and give you a hug,
Stand up for your rights there and then,
And just tell him quickly he'd better behave:
And never encourage the men. Chorus.

And if out to the park you should go for a walk,
And should happen to meet a young swell,
With his gold-headed cane and his big diamond pin,
(Dame Fortune has favored him well),
Don't look upon him any more than a man:
For, George is no better than Ben;
But just pass him by, pay no heed to his sigh,
And never encourage the men. Chorus.

Workingman.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

The great men of the day they sing
About their West End belles,
Of "Oxford Joe" and "Polly" too,
And noisy, howling swells;
But I will sing of another sect,
And please you, if I can:
And the one I'll mention in my song
Is the honest workingman.

Chorus.

For, we are not "toffs" or "Immensikoffs,"
And none of the "Upper Ten;"
But we belong to a glorious band,
They call the workingmen.

Some pride themselves upon their wealth
And stations high in life;
A married match they always hatch
Whene'er they take a wife;
But if true love and virtue should
Be recorded in the plan,
Why, as good as any countess, boys,
Is the wife of a workingman. Chorus.

If misfortune should at any time
Bring the rich man down,
He stands as helpless as a child
To brave the world's cold frown;
While we instead can earn our bread
With hard but honest hand:
So, to speak the truth, what lord or duke
Can equal the workingman? Chorus.

Some time the great and rich
Will at the poor man sneer—
But where would be their grand estates
If workmen were not near?
So I will hold my head erect,
And say—"Thank God, I am
America's boast, from coast to coast,
The American workingman!" Chorus.

Who will Care when I am Gone?

Sung by Tony Pastor.

When my heart has ceased its yearning
For the joys that will not stay,
And my tested feet are roaming
In the angels' shining way,
Who will sigh for words of greeting—
Who will moan for smiles withdrawn?
Never more my welcome meeting,
Who will care when I am gone?

When, with still and painless bosom,
I am lying fast asleep
Underneath the dew and blossom,
In the grave so dark and deep—
Who will grieve for words unspoken—
Tender greetings at the dawn
From the lips by death o'ertaken,
Who will care when I am gone?

When the birds have hushed their music,
At the twilight dim and gray:
Who my name will softly whisper,
Who for me will kindly pray?
Gazing at the dew-wet blossoms,
Leaning o'er my narrow bed,
Who will breathe a word in blessing
For the soul from sorrow fled?

Wherefore, Sweet Maid, Sigh you so?

Wherefore, sweet maid, sigh you so?
Why does your soft cheek fade?
Is it for love, is it for woe?
Love is not joy, sweet maid.

What has he for whom you sigh,
That is not also mine?
A breast where you'll safely lie,
And a heart—but that is thine.

Therefore, sweet maid, sigh not so,
Nor let your soft cheek fade:
Prithee, then, love no more for woe,
But love for joy, sweet maid.

What is Glory, What is Fame?

DIBDIN.

What is glory, what is fame?
That a shadow, this a name,
Restless mortals to deceive:
Are they renowned, can they be great,
Who hurl their fellow-creatures' fate,
That mothers, children, wives may grieve?
Ask smiling honor to proclaim
What is glory, what is fame?
Hark! the glad mandate strikes the listening ear—
"The truest glory to the bosom dear
Is when the soul starts soft compassion's tear."

What are riches, pomp and power?
Gewgaws that endure their hour,
Wretched mortals to allure;
Can greatness reach the idly vain,
Indulging in the princely fane,
Deaf to the miseries of the poor?
Ask smiling reason to proclaim
What is glory, what is fame?
Hark! the sweet mandate strikes the listening ear—
"The truest glory to the bosom dear
Is when the soul starts soft compassion's tear."

O Love! Thou Powerful, Pleasing Pain!

HOLCROFT.

O love! thou powerful, pleasing pain!
The heart that owns thy mighty sway
Shall ne'er recover peace again,
But waste in sighs the cheerful day.

Can words describe my countless fears,
While on the rack of doubt I lie:
While doomed to pass my time in tears,
Condemned, without complaint, to die?

In vain I wish for lost repose,
In vain would absence bring relief:
Still love within my bosom glows,
And death, alone, can calm my grief.

Once Again.

Words by L. H. Lewis. Music by Arthur S. Sullivan.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

I linger round the very spot
Where years ago we met,
And wonder when you quite forgot,
Or if you quite forget?
And tender yearnings rise anew
For love that used to be;
If you could know that I was true,
And I that you were free.
Chorus: Ah! Love once again,
Meet me once again;
Old love is waking,
Shall it wake in vain?
Love once again,
Meet me once again!
Old love is waking,
Shall it wake in vain?

I ever yet my thoughts incline,
And back my memory slips;
I feel warm fingers locked in mine,
I see those quivering lips
Whose murmurs came like music through,
When mine had set them free,
That all the world was naught to you,
Who only wanted me. Chorus.

Dancing Wavelets.

By George B. Pennock of Duxbury, Mass.

Dancing wavelets at our feet,
Coming in to you and me;
Over pearly shells they beat,
Bringing music from the sea.
How we love the sweet refrain
As we sit in Summer gloam,
Of tiny beat, on pearly shore,
Of laughing waves from ocean's home!
Chorus: Laughing, dancing wavelets free,
Tiny beats on pearly shore,
Coming in to you and me,
Making music evermore.

Dancing waves round fairy isles,
Laughing waves on sunny lea,
On fairy shores that hearts beguile,
Rippling wavelets laugh so free.
Oh! what rapture fills our hearts
As we wander 'long the shore,
Where those dancing wavelets break,
Making music evermore! Chorus.

Birds may skim the crested wave,
Shells may whisper of the sea,
Yet anon will wavelets lave
The pearly shore and sunny lea.
Tides may come and tides may go,
Ships may wander o'er the main,
Still, with music sweet and low,
Wavelets breathe the same refrain. Chorus.

Bet Carey.

Oh! did you ne'er hear of Bet Carey?
She lives in the town of Tipperary—
Oh! the grasp of her hand what mortal can stand?
For, fatal's the grasp of Bet Carey.

Her eyes like a furnace are storming,
Her tongue with foul slander is teeming,
And well do I know [illegible] the blow
That drops from the [illegible] Carey.

If ever you meet this Bet Carey,
That comes from the town of Tipperary,
Keep out of the way—she'll not scruple to slay:
For, death is the blow of Bet Carey.

She looks like a hag of the devil,
[illegible] deeply she's [illegible]
And whoe'er stands a blow from Bet's fleshy paw,
Will die by the hand of Bet Carey.

It is only those that have done nothing, who fancy they can do everything.

I'm A-Rolling.

Sung by the Hauntown Students.

I'm a-rolling, I'm a-rolling,
I'm a-rolling thro' an unfriendly world :
I'm a-rolling, I'm a-rolling thro' an unfriendly world.

O brothers, won't you help me ?
O brothers, won't you help me to pray?
O brothers, won't you help me,
Won't you help me in the service of the Lord ?
I'm a-rolling, &c.

O sisters, won't you help me ?
O sisters, won't you help me to pray ?
O sisters, won't you help me,
Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?
I'm a-rolling, &c.

O preachers, won't you help me?
O preachers, won't you help me to fight?
O preachers, won't you help me,
Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?
I'm a-rolling, &c.

The Old Oak Tree.

Words and Music by John T. Kelly.

I'm sitting by the old oak tree,
Where oft, in days gone by,
We sat and told our tales of love,
My Alice dear and I.
How sad to think that all must fade—
But the saddest thing to me
Is when I think of other days,
Down by that old oak tree.

That little stream, that ran close by,
Still murmurs on the same,
And the rustic bridge, where oft we stood,
And spoke each other's name :
The country roadside where we walked :
They all bring back to me
When all alone of love we talked
Down by that old oak tree.

How quiet seems the resting place
Where Alice she was laid—
Where birds they sing in summer time
And blossoms bloom and fade—
How well I know we all must die—
My only wish would be
To lay me down by Alice dear,
Beneath that old oak tree.

Pat O'Flaherty.

Written and Composed by Alfred B. Sedgwick.

Copyright, 1876, by the American Music Publishing Co.,
The Music can be obtained at the Music Store of George E. Fisher, 283 Grand Street, N. Y. Price 30 cents.

My name is Pat O'Flaherty !
I come from ould Kildare :
'Tis long since I left Ireland,
That Isle so green and fair.
My fortune for to better it,
I left that dear ould land :
It's meself that longs to be back again,
To claim me Peggy's hand.
Chorus : Hur-roo, Hur-roo !
My name is Pat O'Flaherty,
And I come frome ould Kildare.
(Dance.)

I thought that in Americky
I'd build me fortune up,
But now I work for ould Skinflint,
For the dhirty bit and sup :
But should kind fortune ever change,
I'd go straight back once more,
And never leave the dear ould sod,
Or its fine ould sea-girt shore. Chorus.

Oh ! if I were in Ireland,
That land of my delight,
I'd sing and dance, the whole day long,
From morning until night ;
And married to my Peggy dear
How quickly would I be—
Oh ! soon may I be going home,
Across the deep blue sea ! Chorus.

Grandfather's Clock.

Words and Music by Henry C. Work.

The Music of this song is published by C. M. Cady, 107 Duane Street, New York. Price 35 cents.

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor ;
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride ;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

Chorus.

Ninety years, without slumbering—tick, tick, tick, tick,
His life-seconds numbering—tick, tick, tick, tick,
It stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent while a boy ;
And, in childhood and manhood, the clock
seemed to know,
And to share both his grief and his joy :
For, it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door,
With a blooming and beautiful bride ;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died. Chorus.

My grandfather said that of those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found ;
For, it wasted no time, and had but one desire—
At the close of each week to be wound.
It was kept in its place—not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side ;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died. Chorus.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night—
An alarm that for years had been dumb ;
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight—
That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and
muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side ;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died. Chorus.

Yet Awhile, Sweet Sleep, Deceive Me.

GARRICK.

Yet awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms,
Let no care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doomed to stray,
Quitting young the parent's nest,
Find each bird a bird of prey,
Sorrow knows not where to rest.

Kitty Aleen.

By David Dillon.

Good-bye, little darling : I'm going away
To that sweet land of freedom that's far o'er the say,
Where the true hand of friendship and Liberty's shown
To welcome the stranger who wanders alone.
Oh ! no, Katy darling, I ne'er shall forget
Those bright loving moments when first you I met :
'Twas down 'mongst the daisies and shamrocks so green
That I first vowed my love to you, Kitty Aleen.

Chorus.

O Kitty Aleen ! sweet Kitty Aleen !
'Twas down 'mongst the daisies and shamrocks so green,
Where the little birds sweetly sing through
the "boreen."
That I first vowed my love to you, Kitty Aleen.

Good-bye, little darling : I now must away—
The ship it does wait, I no longer can stay ;
When crossing the ocean's bright, sea-bounding wave,
I'll pray for Old Erin and the promise you gave :
Then weep not, allanna, but constantly try
To think of your darling, your dear Irish boy,
Whose love for sweet Erin and the shamrock so green
Will bring him soon back to sweet Kitty Aleen.
O Kitty Aleen ! &c.

The Days when this old Nigger was Young.

Air : The good old days of Adam and Eve.

I'll sing you a song that never has been sung,
'Bout the good ole days when dis nigger was young ;
And when you hears it, you'll say "dat's so :"
For, I know what I tells you, an' tells what I know.

Chorus.

Singing, oh, dear ! what queer things have sprung
Since de safe ole times when dis nigger was young !

In de days I was young, nigger's wool didn't hang high,
Poultry sold cheap and chickens wasn't shanghigh ;
Young folks went to meetin' an' didn't go to masses,
And folks went into hominy instead of hominybusses.
Singing, oh, dear ! &c.

In dem ole times, why, a church wasn't a pay house,
An' the pulpit didn't wear clothes like a play-house ;
Den folks sung together by the sigh of dar voices,
An' dey didn't pay the choir for makin' all de noises.
Singing, oh, dear ! &c.

On de ole turnpike dar was no railway crashes,
Den de liquor still didn't make de brandy smashes ;
Folks didn't get frightened at too many nows,
Den cobblers didn't burn soles, but dey mended shoes.
Singing, oh, dear ! &c.

Why did she Leave her Jeremiah ?

When I was in "Collar," I loved a fair maid,
With eyes of a sweet dark blue :
She seemed, oh ! so fond—I ne'er felt afraid
She ever might prove untrue.
But when trouble came, she took herself off,
As often false woman will do :
Though her face was her fortune, she married "a toff :"
Yes, she's married to Lord Knowswho.

Chorus.

Oh ! why did she leave her Jeremiah ?
Why did she go without saying "adieu ?"
When trouble came, she looked much higher—
Isn't it funny what money will do?

Now while I have an attic in "Queer Street," she
Has a mansion in "Upper-crust Square :"
While I tramped about with boot down at heel,
She rides in her carriage and pair.
She can run up a bill for a thousand or so,
If she has not the cash in her fob :
But, as for poor me, I'd be thankful to know
Where someone would lend me a bob !
Oh ! why did she leave, &c.

She goes to the Derby in splendid turn out,
In style that the "nobs" even scan :
I go to the Derby, yes, third class-return,
Or else on the top of a van.
She goes to the play : so likewise do I—
To that part where each humble cove flocks—
But while I am jammed in the gallery,
She lolls in her private box !

Spoken : While she lolls in her private box, surrounded by Lord Knowswho, the Marquis of Doublegloster, the Duke of Ditchwater and the choicest perfumes from Rimmels—I am jammed in the gallery, surrounded by Rag, Tag and bobtail, and odors of a widely different nature, nice isn't it ?
Oh ! why did she leave, &c.

No doubt she'll be some day presented at Court,
And she'll look, too, a beautiful sight !
No doubt I'll be some day *presented at court*,
And charged with being gloriously "tight."
Oft while she is sipping superior port,
After dining with some "nobby" crony,
I'm "doing" a pint of inferior porter
To wash down my humble "polony."

Spoken : Nice isn't it ? I don't refer to the "savory viand" but while she is enjoying the "ups" of life, I am experiencing its "downs," which induces me to enquire—
Oh ! why did she leave, &c.

The Six Degrees of Crime.

PART I.

Continued.

"A word, one single word from your lips, Julia, suffices to calm me," said Hardy.

"Come, Julia," said her mother; "don't be cross with the poor fellow; give him your hand, and make it up with him."

Julia submitted almost reluctantly to the kiss which Frank gave her, and Mrs. Meredith continued,—

"There, that's all right. But I am obliged to tell you, Frank, that you are not always right. There is no harm about Julia; and it isn't because she sings at a music-hall, and that fellows may talk rubbish to her, that she is to forget herself."

"Mrs. Meredith, I have never said—have never thought ——"

"There is no merit in being well conducted; and I can answer for Julia as I would for myself. I should kill her if I thought she would not be good all her life!"

"You need not speak thus, Mrs. Meredith. I know—have every confidence——"

"Yes, yes; you may feel certain that you will be as happy with Julia as my poor, dear husband was with me—dear man!"—and here she wiped her eyes. "I have nothing on my conscience when I think of him. We had a few words now and then, but never a row, and it is not many of your ladies in high life that could truthfully say as much."

At that moment, Gaston Marall returned.

Julia felt herself blush as he appeared, and glanced towards Hardy to note if he had perceived her confusion.

"I was beginning to think, Mr. Marall, that you were never coming with that receipt," said Mrs. Meredith.

"Here it is," replied Gaston, giving it to her; "I beg you to excuse me for having kept you so long waiting. I had some instructions to give."

And so, indeed, he had.

"Good day, Mr. Marall. Come along, Julia," said Mrs Meredith.

"Yes, go," said Gaston; "for I have something to say to Hardy which must be said privately to him. I shall not, however, detain him long, and if you ladies will wait a few minutes in another room——"

"I have no secrets from them," said Hardy; "one of them will soon be my mother, the other my wife."

"I am but fulfilling the orders left by my father respecting you," said Gaston.

"That is quite right," cried Mrs. Meredith. "And so, Frank, we will go and wait for you; only you must not keep us long, for I ought long ago to have been home."

"A very few minutes," said Gaston.

"And which way are we to go?"

"James," called Gaston—and the footman instantly appeared,—"conduct these ladies."

"How he looked at me!" Julia said to herself, as, with her mother, she followed the footman from the apartment.

"Now we are alone," said Frank.

"Hardy, commenced Gaston, "you will not be greatly astonished by that which I am about to say, for you well know that my father always had a great liking for you."

"He was always most kind to me!"

"But the day before his sudden death he had placed in the hands of his solicitor a hundred and fifty pounds, which sum was to be delivered to you."

"To me?" cried Hardy, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes; your good conduct and your industry greatly pleased him. Your father, too, had been to him a faithful servant. He wished to do something towards your future, and had a belief that the sum he was about to bestow upon you would be made by you the foundation of your fortune in life."

"Generous man!" exclaimed Hardy, greatly affected.

"I myself undertook to deliver this money into your hands; but—well, the fact is, I forgot all about it until the other day—but here is the money for you now."

"And I swear before the son of my benefactor—before Heaven—that I will be ever worthy of the gift so generously bestowed upon me—of the esteem of all good men!"

"Here, my dear fellow," said Gaston giving Hardy a pocket-book; "you will find notes to the amount!"

"Sir," exclaimed Frank, "how shall I ever be able to prove my gratitude?"

"By continuing the good conduct of which my father so highly approved. Be always steady, honest, and industrious; for honesty and industry, as I have heard my father say to you, can alone bring happiness!"

And, while thus hypocritically speaking, Gaston was listening and glancing the way that the mother and daughter had gone—was thinking that his friends were a long time in performing the task that he had set them, and was beginning to fear that Julia had offered a resistance which he had not at all expected.

"I repeat to you, sir," said Hardy, "that you shall never have reason to regret your goodness to me!"

"No doubt," responded Gaston, who was beginning to feel convinced that Julia had resisted, and that his friends had been so clumsy as to fail in their attempt.

"Now, Mr. Marall, said Hardy, "I will, if you will allow me, go to Mrs. Meredith and her daughter."

"Oh, certainly," replied Gaston, who did not, however, intend to let him go just yet. And so, to gain a little more time, when Hardy had reached the door, Gaston called to him, "Hardy, just another moment!"

"At your service," replied Frank, returning to him.

"It was my father's wish that you should not say a word to anyone respecting this present. Be careful to obey his wish. And now you will understand why I required that there should be no witnesses to our interview."

"Ah, sir, you are too generous!"

Again Hardy turned to go, and Gaston was thinking what he could do to detain Julia's lover still a while longer, when, screaming with all her might, into the room burst Mrs. Meredith.

"She is gone—she is gone! They have carried her off, the villains, the monsters!" exclaimed the poor woman, and then she fell to the ground senseless.

PART II.

WOMEN.

We have already shown how steeped in evil were the two choice associates of Gaston Marall.

Indeed, they loved evil for its own sake, such was the perversity of their nature.

No one could doubt that they would be more than ever enamoured of wrong-doing now that they had made the acquaintance of a young man of great wealth, whose purse was always open to them.

They had hitherto found him a pliant instrument in their hands, to be moulded according to their desires, and ultimately to become whatever they should choose to make of him. Long bankrupt in reputation, those two shameless rascals had been equally ruined in fortune, when a chance meeting made them acquainted with Gaston Marall.

Skilled in reading character, they had once divined that Gaston was their man; and they at once made themselves agreeable to their intended victim.

It may very well be doubted if the best examples to be derived from the companionship of right-minded and properly-conducted young men would have produced a salutary effect on Gaston. At any rate, he had never shown any inclination to make the trial—had, indeed, always carefully avoided those whom the world esteemed, declaring that they were slow and stupid.

It was to the bad only to whom he always attached himself. Indeed, if it is true that a man is to be known by the company he keeps, Gaston had already sunk very low indeed.

Julia Meredith and her mother had no sooner reached the apartment to which they had gone, as will be remembered to wait until Gaston should have finished with Frank Hardy, than the housekeeper made her appearance.

She had no idea of the intense crime in which she was aiding. She was simply obeying instructions she had received to show every attention to that mother and daughter, and to offer them refreshments.

Mrs. Meredith readily consented, for, as she said, she had been running about all day, and had not dined.

Julia, as Gaston had guessed would be the case, declined the offered refreshment, and Mrs. Meredith was conducted by the housekeeper to still another chamber, and one that was at a considerable distance from that in which she had left her daughter.

"You may as well come with me, Julia, if you will take any refreshment," said Mrs. Meredith.

To which her daughter replied, "No, mother; I shall be very well here, and glad of a rest."

"Well, well, I dare say you are tired, and I know I am. I shall not be gone long, my dear."

Julia wished to be alone, because hoping that Gaston might come to say a few words to her. She had been greatly taken with his handsome face and fine figure, and dazzled and captivated by the immense fortune of which he was the master.

Julia had never loved Frank Hardy. Their engagement was brought about by her mother, who thought that the best thing in the world for Julia would be marriage with a good man, who would be certain always to keep a comfortable home over her head.

"And where find a better husband than Frank Hardy?" Mrs. Meredith would urge. "Think how long we have known him, and I am sure you can't help liking him."

"At all events, there is no one else that I like better," Julia would reply.

And so, at last, Julia was fairly talked into giving her consent to become Frank Hardy's wife; believing, as her mother was constantly telling her, that if she liked Frank a little she would be sure to love him a great deal after marriage.

When, in obedience to the look he had given them, Gaston's two friends left the room in which they had been drinking, and followed him to what he called his snuggery,—"Now what is to be done?" demanded Tom Blackford.

"Why this mysterious proceeding?" asked Jack Horsley.

"That girl!" said Gaston.

"What! smitten with her? What a fellow you are!" laughed Jack Horsley.

"My dear boys, 'tis she!"

"What she?" asked his two dear boys.

"She that, when we were talking of our flames awhile ago——"

"What!" cried Blackford; "the lovely creature that——"

"Yes; of whom I was telling you awhile ago."

"You mean," said Blackford, "of whom you would not tell us anything at all."

"Well, never mind," said Horsley; "she certainly is a charming creature, and young too—under eighteen, I should say."

"But to come to the point—for of course there is a point to be reached," cried Blackford. "What is it, Gaston, that you want us to do?"

Gaston explained, in a few hurried words; and when he had finished, "It will be mere child's play," said Horsley.

"As easy as swearing," added Blackford.

"Yes," said Gaston; "I think I shall contrive it, you will find her alone;" and he smiled. "And, if possible, get her away quietly, without her mother knowing anything about it."

"In any case the mother shall not be allowed to spoil sport, you may depend," said Blackford.

Gaston left them, and went and spoke to his housekeeper. When he had finished with her, he bade a footman hasten to the stand close by, and bring a cab, a four-wheeler, to the side-door of the house. Then, with the receipt which had been the excuse for his absence, he returned to Mrs. Meredith and the others.

When after a few minutes, as Julia sat alone, the door of the room opened, her heart gave a great bound, for she expected to behold Gaston.

Instead, of course, his two friends entered the apartment.

Without loss of time, for there was not any to spare, they told her that Gaston was madly in love with her, and that if she would consent, they would take her to a house a few paces off, the residence of one of Marall's most intimate friends, where

Gaston himself would immediately rejoin, and in person declare the overpowering passion he felt for her.

Julia was not greatly disinclined to the proposed step, but fear of her mother, and the thought of Hardy, caused her to hesitate and to refuse.

"But," urged Horsley, "happiness and splendor await you; and, for your own sake, we must compel you to accept them."

Then the two men commenced to use a little gentle force, and were drawing Julia, not altogether against her will, from the room.

And as they were so forcing her towards one door, Mrs. Meredith entered at another.

"Villains!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing with my girl?"

She ran towards the men, and battled to reach her daughter.

As for Julia, she offered a resistance which was but half real.

After a very brief struggle, Horsley thrust poor Mrs. Meredith violently away; she staggered back, and would have fallen, had she not saved herself by clinging to a table.

Julia was taken from the room by the two men; and Mrs. Meredith, recovering her feet, darted to the door through which they had gone, and found it fastened against her.

Then she hastened, as we have seen, to Gaston and Frank Hardy, to whom, as soon as she was able to speak coherently, she told what had occurred.

"What does this mean?" sternly demanded Hardy of Gaston; who replied, lightly,—

"They had drunk a little too much champagne, and were inclined for a little sport, that is all."

"No, no!" wept Mrs. Meredith; "it was but too real, and they have dragged my poor Julia away!"

"I insist, sir," said Hardy, "that you instantly restore Julia to her mother, and I will call your friends to an account for their infamous conduct."

"You forget to whom you are speaking," haughtily responded Gaston.

"No; you are the son of my benefactor, but are, I fear, not any the less a villain!"

"What insolence!" exclaimed Gaston: "quit my house instantly, or my footmen shall put you out.

"Your threat would not scare me away, could I hope by remaining to gain any tidings of the poor girl. I leave it to put the law in force against you."

"You do well thus to threaten me; you, a miserable beggar—a creature of my father's bounty!"

"Take back his gift!" cried Hardy, throwing the pocket-book with the notes at Gaston's head.

Once outside the house, Hardy learned from a boy who was leaning against a lamp-post that two men and a young lady had, not very long before, been driven rapidly away in a cab.

Then, Frank, with the poor bereaved mother, weeping and wringing her hands, hastened to the nearest police-station.

Hardy gone, Gaston said to himself, "If I have taken that fellow's wife, that is no reason why I should take his money too, for it fairly belongs to him."

And so he sent the pocket-book containing the notes to Frank Hardy's lodgings, and Frank in distress of mind, suffered it to lie unheeded on his table.

But after a time he did think of that money, and then he resolved to keep it.

He had been no way indebted for it to Gaston, but owed it to the generosity of one of the best of men.

Weeks passed away, and all the efforts of the police had been vain. Nothing could be heard of Julia, nor of Gaston, who had not been seen in London since the day when the girl had been taken from his house.

But the time had now arrived when he thought, and not without reason, that he might safely return.

A lady of his acquaintance, on a certain evening, gave a party and ball; and amongst the guests there on that evening were Gaston and Julia.

It was on the very day of his return to town, and he had brought Julia there with him.

The hostess was a lady who had been younger, showily dressed, and declaring herself the widow of a gallant officer who had died abroad. She called herself, and was called by others, Mrs. Colonel Rollins.

It was quite true that she had been married to an officer. He was, however, a police officer, who had absconded from her, and from the force, in something less than a week after his blissful union with Letitia.

It was growing late, and dancing had already commenced, when two ladies, who had but just arrived, approached, and greeted Mrs. Colonel Rollins.

Miss Carrie Wilton and Miss Isabella Dashay were quite as showily dressed in every respect as the mistress of the house to which they had come, but certainly with better taste and with a more strict adherence to the fashion then prevailing.

They were besides many years younger than Mrs. Colonel Rollins; and although the charms with which nature had gifted them had already faded somewhat, were still, both of them, possessed of beauty, which, if a little too bold, was certainly very striking.

"My dear girls," exclaimed Mrs. Rollins, giving a hand to each of them, "why were not you here before? I have been expecting you for hours, and have so many things to say to you."

"That is just like us," said Carrie Wilton. "We have a lot of news for you, now we have arrived."

"Quick, then; let's hear it," eagerly cried Mrs. Letitia.

"Well, first of all, pursued Carrie, "you know that Minnie set sail for India, in the hope of being able to find a husband there. She used to giggle and say that she should not care how old and yellow he was so long as he had plenty of money, and that as soon as he was dead, she would return to England, and show herself at the opera all ablaze with rubies and diamonds."

"I can guess what you are going to say," cried Letitia; "the poor thing has been shipwrecked, and is now at the bottom of the sea."

"No; that isn't it."

"Then she has been cast away on an unknown island."

"In that case her fate must have been unknown to us."

"Ah, true! Well, keep me no longer in suspense what has happened to her?"

"Why, my dear, the vessel in which she was a passenger was taken by pirates."

"What an unlikely story! Pirates, indeed!" exclaimed Letitia, with an incredulous toss of the head.

"Oh, but it's true," persisted Carrie Wilton; "and the pirates, Chinese ones, killed every soul on board ——"

"Then she is dead, after all?"

"No, she isn't; you won't let me finish, Letitia—every soul on board except Minnie, whom they spared because of her loveliness."

"Loveliness, indeed!" said the Colonel's widow; "I could never see that she was even pretty—a poor, faded, washed-out bit of a girl."

"Ah, that's just like you, Letitia," cried Carrie; "you can never see anybody's beauty."

"I can't see yours," spitefully said Letitia.

"No," retorted Carrie; "and you can't see your own; couldn't if you were to look in the glass for an hour; and what's more, I am sure you must always have been very plain, even very many years ago, when you were younger."

"Younger!" exclaimed Mrs. Rollins, the red hue of her face deepening to scarlet. "What do you mean?—how dare you?"

But here Isabella Dashay interposed, and nipped in the bud that which might have ended in a serious quarrel.

There were mutual concessions. Both declared that they had been in the wrong; neither of them had really meant what they said; each declared that she was very fond of and greatly admired the other; and the two women exchanged kisses, and were as great friends as ever.

That was not, however, saying much, for in reality, there had never been any love lost between them.

Speaking behind the back of the other, Mrs. Rollins termed Carrie a flaunty, stuck-up girl; and Carrie called Letitia a coarse, vulgar old woman.

"Now, Carrie, my love, go on!" said Mrs. Letitia. "I want to hear the rest of your story. I never heard anything more interesting in all my life."

"Let's see," said Carrie: "where was I? Oh! I know. Well, the pirates went to some place, and showed Minnie to the King, and his Majesty fell desperately in love with her at first sight, and the next day he married her, and she is now a Queen; and if she wants anybody's head chopped off, she has only to say so."

"What a romantic story, isn't it?" cried Isabella Dashay.

"And isn't Minnie a lucky girl?" said Carrie. "And I'll be bound she giggles more than ever, now she's a queen!"

"It certainly is a most extraordinary story!" said Mrs. Rollins, her wrath against Miss Wilton still smouldering. "I have no doubt, Carrie, my darling, that you believe you have been rightly informed; but, really, the whole story is so very extraordinary that you must excuse me if I tell you that I don't believe a word of it!"

Carrie was again about to say something that would have been unpleasant to the hostess; but Isabella Dashay, who was always a peace-maker, hastily cried, "Letitia, you know Eliza Parry, don't you?"

"Yes; and no wonder that she is thin as she is tall—she is always crying!"

"She does not cry because she is thin, I suppose," said Carrie, intending another blow at Mrs. Rollins; "for fat people must be a great trouble to themselves.

Isabella Dashay again came to the rescue.

"No; Eliza has always wanted to be a lady of fashion, and cries because she can't get enough money to cut a dash with."

"And she is never likely to get it now," said Carrie, "for she must be at least forty-five—nearly as old as you are, Letitia dear."

"What do you mean by that?" burst forth Mrs. Rollins. "Forty-five, indeed!"

"I am very sorry if I have made a mistake, Letitia dear; it's quite possible that you are not so old as you look."

"You are an insulting person!" cried Mrs. Rollins, bursting with rage. "I can prove my age; I was twenty-nine——"

"Fifteen years ago; I know you were!" interrupted Carrie Wilton, with a malicious little laugh.

This time, something very serious would certainly have happened between those two ladies, but that Gaston Marall was seen coming towards them.

Gaston was so rich and so liberal, that with him these ladies were always on their best behaviour.

He had just left the ball-room, where he had been dancing with Julia Meredith, to whom he was now giving his arm.

Julia was superbly attired; not in the gaudy and flaunting style of some others of those ladies who were that evening the guests of Mrs. Rollins, but with exquisite taste and judgement.

The only fault that could possibly be found with her toilet was the rather too great display of jewellery, such decoration having always been ardently longed for by the ambitious girl.

But she did not now feel the pride and delight which she had thought the possession of those treasures would afford her. On the contrary, she was very melancholy, and with difficulty kept back the tears that were briming to her eyes.

She was thinking, not of Frank Hardy, for him she did not regret, but of the fond and good mother whose confidence she had so shamefully betrayed, and had already commenced to mourn her fallen state.

"Mrs. Rollins," said Gaston, "that ball-room of yours is an oven. By the way can you tell me who is that girl with the sandy locks, who glides about in such an extraordinary manner?"

"Ah!" cried Isabella Dashay; "you mean Miss Anna Arlington. I know her well. Her father is mixed up with coal."

"Is it possible?" said Carrie Wilton affectedly.

"Then, Miss Dashay," said Gaston, "her and your father are both of the same profession, I believe?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied Isabella, with indignant pride; "my father is not in trade!"

"Indeed!" said Gaston. "I hope you will excuse me; I had been misinformed."

Mrs. Rollins had, during this time, been holding the disengaged hand of Julia, and pouring flattery into her ear.

"Really," she now said, "I never saw so lovely a creature; I could never get tired of admiring you! you are the star of the evening! What an elegant costume!"

"Such exquisite grace!" said Isabella.

"And what a magnificent figure!" exclaimed Carrie.

And then, while Mrs. Rollins continued talking, Isabella whispered to Carrie, "It's a nice dress, but she doesn't know how to wear it."

And Carrie whispered to Isabella, "She hasn't yet learned how to walk properly."

Gaston, gazing with pride and admiration, suddenly said, "Why, Julia, what is the matter? You have been crying!"

Julia drooped her head, but did not answer.

"I declare your eyes are quite red!" said Mrs. Rollins. "Dry your tears, my dear, and don't cry any more. Why should you weep with that lovely costume?"

"Just see what brilliant earrings you have got!" cried Carrie.

"Look how your necklace sparkles!" exclaimed Isabella.

But Julia's head still drooped, and still her eyes were filled with tears.

"It is you, Julia, who give value to all those trinkets," said Gaston.

And then, seeing that her melancholy mood continued, he proposed to return to the ballroom, hoping that, amid the noisy mirth prevailing there, her sadness would vanish, for he wished her to shine and to be admired, that he himself might be congratulated and envied.

Amidst the group that surrounded Gaston and Julia immediately they had returned to the ballroom were those two prized companions of Gaston, who had given Julia into his clutches.

And Jack Horsley, with his glass to his eye, staring hard at the unhappy girl, said, "What a wonderful change! Allow me, my dear, to compliment you!"

"The caterpillar has become a butterfly," elegantly said Tom Blackford. "A life of enjoyment is before you."

"A life of misery," whispered a voice in Julia's ear.

Julia uttered a faint scream. Gaston, who had been talking gaily with those near him, turned hastily towards Julia, on hearing her cry, and beheld John Crosse.

"I am, then, to meet you everywhere!" angrily cried Gaston.

"Everywhere where you ought not to be," quietly returned Crosse.

"I thought, sir, that we had done with each other, and that I should be no more troubled with your unsolicited advice."

"You no longer owe me anything; but I believe myself still to be your debtor."

"Well, then, I give you a general receipt, and you will not, I hope, refuse to accept it?"

"As you please about that. But you must allow me to congratulate this young lady on the change that has come to her!"

Julia shivered; and—

"Listen not to him," cried Gaston.

"I am very sorry for you, poor girl; and if, even now, you would——"

"Sir," furiously cried Gaston, "that you were my father's friend gives you no right to interfere in my affairs."

"You are mistaken; that right was given to me by your father; but had it not been so given, I should have taken it."

And having said that, John Crosse walked quietly away.

"That old fellow has escaped from Bedlam," said Jack Horsley; and, with two or three exceptions, everybody laughed.

"Come along," cried Blackford; "let us enjoy ourselves. That old chap has made us lose precious time."

And the company fell again to drinking and dancing.

"How comes it Mr. Crosse is in your house to-night?" Gaston asked of Mrs. Rollins, indignantly.

And that lady, who was endeavoring to soothe Julia, replied, "A debt that I have incurred has somehow passed to him. He wrote to me for an invitation to this night's party, and I did not dare to refuse it to him."

"I will pay him; for, as Julia is to stop with you, I must not have that man coming here to annoy her."

Then he took Julia's hand, saying, "Come, dear, shake off this melancholy—come, they are making up a quadrille."

The quadrille was formed, and had commenced, when Julia, happening to look towards the great door that gave entrance to the ball-room, gave a loud shriek, and exclaiming, "Oh, let her not see me!—let her not see me!" strove to conceal herself behind some of the guests.

It was her mother whom she had seen there, and with her were Frank Hardy and John Crosse, by the latter of whom the two first named had been brought.

Mrs. Meredith's eyes had been wandering about the room in search of her daughter, whose scream betrayed her.

Immediately she rushed forward, forced aside those amongst whom Julia was trying to conceal herself, and grasping the arm of the unhappy girl, dragged her to the centre of the room.

"My good woman, what means this violent intrusion?" demanded the hostess of the intruder.

"I have come to take away my child," replied the greatly excited mother.

"But, my good woman, you are mistaken ——" again commenced Mrs. Rollins soothingly.

"Just be good enough to listen to me a moment," here Gaston said to Mrs. Meredith, "and I will show you that you have nothing of which to complain."

"Ah!" cried the distracted woman; "you think that your money would buy my silence, as it has bought my daughter! Don't come near me, or I shall do you an injury!"

"Mother, mother!" wept Julia; "have pity on me!"

"What pity have you had on me, wicked girl? Tear off those jewels, and come with me directly!"

Julia was obeying, when Gaston whispered to her, "Would you break my heart? You know how devotedly I love you!"

Julia stood motionless, and her mother cried, "You don't answer me; you stand there like a statue. Come home with me."

"Do, Julia, pray do!" urged Frank Hardy. "You are lost to me, so that it is not for myself I plead, but have compassion on your poor, almost heartbroken mother. Oh! be not deaf to her and my prayers!"

A smile was Gaston's only answer to those last words.

Julia was undecided, but was for the moment, more than half inclined to go with her mother.

"Perhaps, Julia," pursued Mrs. Meredith, "you fear that I could never entirely forgive you—but I could, Julia; and I would, indeed I would; and I would be even kinder to you than I have ever before been in all my life. Frank does not reproach you, neither would I. Come home with me, Julia!"

And she sobbed loudly, and the tears streamed down her face.

Julia was subdued, and was about to throw herself into her mother's arms, when Gaston hastily whispered to her, "Remain with me, and I will make you indeed my wife!"

Julia's face lighted up with joy.

"You are coming home with me, are you, my dear daughter?" said Mrs. Meredith.

"No, mother," replied Julia; "but soon you will have no cause to be ashamed of me."

"Oh!" cried her mother, now in a state of wild distraction, "you prefer, then, infamy to your mother! Ah—I feel that it will be a mercy to kill you!"

She moved forward.

Julia shrank away terrified, and John Crosse and Frank Hardy placed themselves between her and her mother.

"Don't be afraid," then said Mrs. Meredith. I will not hurt her. Ah, you said truly, Frank, I did wrong to induce her to think above her station; but I am punished for it, now, Heaven knows!"

"Mother, mother!" cried Julia.

"I am not your mother any longer. I don't know you—I disown you; go your own road, with this pretty set that you are amongst to-night. I have always been an honest woman, and never thought to have such a daughter as you. Oh, take me away, or I shall die!"

Crosse and Frank half led, half carried her to the cab which was in waiting for them; and Julia was borne fainting from the ball-room.

PART III.

GAMBLING.

Three years had passed since the death of the elder Marall; three years only, and nothing was left to Gaston of that great fortune which he had inherited.

It was the Epsom race week; and the day of the Oaks.

Gaston was on the course, looking wasted, worn, and haggard; the evil life he had led had given a brutal expression to his once handsome countenance.

Formerly so particular in his attire, his clothes now hung about him in a loose and slovenly way.

Constant dissipation had stamped its mark upon him, and it needed but to look on him to know how reckless had been his life, and how lost he was to all that was good and honorable, or could render him worthy of the world's esteem.

With Gaston now was Jack Horsley.

Tom Blackford was undergoing a term of imprisonment.

As for some time he had not been able to get anything from Gaston, and had been unable to secure another victim of the sort, he had taken to obtaining money under false pretences; and, having been detected in a very barefaced swindle, was caught, tried, and sentenced.

Gaston had lost heavily on the Derby; had, indeed, staked and lost the last few thousand pounds that had remained to him of all his wealth.

"It's a sure thing," had said Jack Horsley.—"safe to win! Why, if I were worth a million, I'd stake every penny of it on that horse!"

Jack Horsley's ascendancy over Gaston had always been something wonderful, and was even now as great as ever.

Gaston had always blindly and confidently followed that man's lead; and, though his "tips" and predictions had constantly been falsified, and had, in great part, brought Gaston to his present state of ruin, Marall had not yet ceased to believe in him, and could still be made to follow whatever way his ill-chosen adviser might choose to lead.

We must, however, do Jack Horsley the justice to say that he had no desire to mislead Gaston, for he would have had his share of any money that his pupil had gained by following his counsels.

But one of the first causes of Jack Horsley's own downfall had been his faith in himself. And now, though he and the man who had followed his counsels were both of them worse than beggars, Jack Horsley still believed in himself, and the ultimate realization of that which he had been so long and vainly struggling to obtain a great fortune.

When the race for the Derby had gone against him, Gaston had proposed not to pay his losses, but Horsley had said to him, "That won't do; you must pay up every shilling."

"And be utterly penniless!" exclaimed Gaston.

"What of that? We shall have six times the amount on the Oaks, and that will put us right again."

"The Derby was to put us right, you said."

"And so it would, only that some tricks had been played with the horse, or that it didn't suit the owner's book to let him win; I am quite sure of that."

"How can you be sure of that?" demanded Gaston.

"Do you think I don't know? I have had some experience on the turf, I believe," boastfully replied Horsley. "Trust to me still, Gaston, and I will yet pull you through."

"So you have always said," moodily responded Gaston.

"It is not my judgement that has been at fault, but our infernal ill-luck. However, a chance must come, and is safe to come with the Oaks, out of which we shall have a fine haul, you take my word for it."

"But should I pay now, and if after I had given away the last remnant of my fortune, the Oaks should go against us——"

"Impossible! Am not I already without a shilling—are not you my only friend in the world, and if you were quite cleaned out, what then would become of me?"

Yes, yes, Jack,"—evidently again about to yield; "that is all true enough, but——"

To be continued—commenced in No. 140.

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CONTENTS.

Alleen McCree.....page 331
Alice Dearest..... 330
Born Drunk..... 333
Billy Lackaday's Lamentations 331
The Chestnut Man..... 332
Charley and Louisa..... 330
Ching Chang Foo..... 330
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?..... 330
The Coal Heavers..... 331
Did you ever?—no, I never..... 332
Evening now, softly closing..... 332
Give me back my heart again..... 336
The Happiest day of my life..... 330
How canst thou smile at my despair?..... 330
Irish Policemen..... 331
It's all the same to me..... 333
If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go..... 336
Just a little longer..... 332
Long-Branch Pivotters..... 330
Letter carriers..... 331
Let tempests o'er the dark seas howl!..... 333
Mary Ann—a Burlesque..... 333
Mr. and Mrs. Malone..... 332
Norah, be kind to me..... 332
Old rags and bottles..... 330
Oh! give me your plain dealing fellows..... 332
The Six degrees of crime—Continued..... 334
Sweet Forget-me-not..... 333
The Scrubbing women..... 331
Two devils from below..... 330
Thirteenth (13th) of October..... 331
The Unpunctual man..... 333
Ven de old man young lady ved..... 331
What am I doing?..... 330
When we met at the ball..... 331
Will you, won't you, do you, don't you?..... 332
Wrap the mantle of thy love about me..... 331

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Charley and Louisa.

Duet, as sung by Jennie Worrel and L. Schoolcraft.

Charley—Louisa says she'll be my wife,
I love her dearly all my life.
Louisa— You don't got jealous now of me,
And all our lives ve'll happy be.

Charley—You vas my darling—(Sym.)
Louisa— You vas so charming—(Sym.)

Charley—Oh! my Louisa, I dearly love you true,
There never vas a butter-knife can
cut our love in two.
Louisa— Oh! my Charley, I dearly love you true,
The rose vas red, the violets blue and
pretty—so are you.

Louisa— Charley you must go now it's getting very late,
I'll meet you to-morrow night down
by dot gate.
Charley—Den ve'll name the day, and I buy
the vedding ring,
Und everything vas lovely, I vas happy
as a king.

The Happiest Day of my Life.

Song and Dance.

I love a little maid, a roguish little elf,
And her true and loving heart I hope to win myself.
I met her walking out beside the babbling brook,
I never shall forget that eve, or that first loving look.
Chorus: We're a happy pair, and she's so fair—
The bells will chime a merry peal
The day I claim my wife;
And that day, I must confess,
Is the happiest of my life—

We'd often met before, but never did we speak,
But we became like friends of old, and all within a week:
I'd walk out by her side, o'er the meadows and the lea,
And how my heart did thrill with joy, as I knew
she loved but me!
We're a happy pair, &c.

She says that I must wait and papa's sanction gain,
And as the old gent likes me well, I will not ask in vain;
No troubles do I know, I'm happy as can be,
With darling Nelly, as mine own, that's joy
enough for me—
We're a happy pair, &c.

Old Rags and Bottles.

Words and Music by John T. Kelly.

We're a pair of ould Irish junkmen,
We buy up what e'er we can find:
We work hard at our occupation,
In picking up junk of all kind.
From the dear ould green land of shamrock
A few years ago we came out,
As partners we started this business,
And from morning 'till night we do shout—

Chorus.

Any ould rags?—(Symph.)
Any ould bottles?—(Symph.)
Any ould rags to put in our bags?
Have ye any ould rags or bottles to-day?

When we landed with only two shillings,
We was told by a loafer named Burke
To go to a bladder refinery,
And the boss he would put us to work.
Faith! we soon found out all their queer tricks,
Their jokes, their stalls and their gags,
So we put the two shillings together,
And started at bottles and rags, Chorus.

Now, before we leave, we must tell you
That we love to deal honestly:
So if ye have old rags or bottles,
We'll come buy them all, do you see?
For all kinds of rags whatsoever,
We'll pay the best price that is out,
We'll come with our cow-bells a ringing,
And at the top of our voice we will shout—
Chorus.

Alice, Dearest.

AN ADAPTATION.

Oh! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
I'd weep, my love, when thou wert nigh:
For thee my heart will ever burn—
Oh! Alice dear, for thee I'd die—
But 'twixt my love, my joy, my sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.
Then bid me not to despair and pine,
Alice, dearest of all the dears—
The love that's ordered to bathe in wine
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Alice, dearest, thine image lies:
But, ah! the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimmed too often with sighs.
They lose one half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tears:
And 'tis only to see thee truly bright,
That I keep my eye-beams clear.
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow,
Alice dear—bid the hour draw nigh:
May sunshine yet dissolve thy snow—
For thee, dear Alice, I would die.

What am I Doing?

As sung by John Wild. Air: Wait till you get it.

The Russians of late being inclined for a trade,
To America the first offer they made
Of a vast tract of land in the Northern clime,
Which Seward accepted and settled in time.
Chorus: What am I doing?
What am I doing?
What am I doing?
Look at me now—

John Bull saw the bargain, and felt rather sore,
That he wasn't offered the purchase before;
Says he—"Now the Yankees the world will control,
And they'll hang out their banners upon the
North Pole."
Chorus: I'll bet you we'll do it,
I'll bet you we'll do it,
I'll bet you we'll do it—
You bet that we will.

The monarchs of Europe don't make such a din,
The Union is open, we'll let them come in:
We have room for them all, young, old, short and tall:
Yankee Doodle is the boy that will father them all.
Chorus: He's ready to do it,
He's ready to do it,
He's ready to do it—
I'll bet you he is.

Ching Chang Foo.

Banjo Solo.

Ching Chang Foo was a Chinaman,
He was born in the land of the free:
He peddled cigarettes on the European plan,
Away out in Milwaukee.
He could eat more hash than a free-lunch cadet,
And never was late to his meals,
He wore his hair in a great long cue,
That hung clean down to his heels.

Chorus.

Ching chang! ching chang! ching-a-ring-a-ree,
Long John was a Chinaman,
A shoemaker by birth, a barber by trade,
I tell you he was oil from the can.

He went to San Francisco,
A China gal for to see,
And being very tired, he laid down to rest
'Neath the shade of a huckleberry tree;
The weather being warm, he pulled off his coat,
And laid his head on a rail:
'Long came a big Injin with a big hocketomas,
And cut of the end off his—cue. Chorus.

A barn-door fowl and a lawyer who talks for pay, pick up their living with their bills.

Two Devils From Below.

Sung by Harry Osborne and Fanny Wentworth

We are two funny characters,
And the same you will allow,
You will always find us tippling,
And the last ones in a row:
But when our Irish blood gets hot,
And we pull the sobers o'er our face,
You hear them quickly calling out—
"Let them alone—for, they are no brace."
Chorus: We are two dacint people,
We stand as straight and firm
As a wall or a church steeple
That no one can upset;
So we are known by every one
As two devils from below.

Sure we are in for every party,
Raffles, fairs, or wakes,
And if there's any one too hearty,
You can bet their pie is baked;
For, people look and stare at us,
And say—"do now squeel low:
For, there at McGuffin's party
Goes, them devils from below." Chorus.

How Canst Thou Smile at My Despair?

Wolcot.

How canst thou smile at my despair,
And bid me other nymphs adore?
Shew me a girl but half so fair,
And I will trouble thee no more.

Hide then that neck, and lip, and eye—
Since thus resolved to shun pursuit:
For, love will follow like the fly,
That always seeks the fairest fruit.

Long Branch Pivotters.

As sung and danced by the Hibernian Boys.

Boy. Walking down the street, to-day,
Feeling well and very gay,
On Broadway I chanced to spy
Lovely Nancy Brown, so sly.
She's my darling—(music)
Ain't she charming—(music)
Prettiest little creature, belle of all this town:
Darling, charming, lovely Nancy Brown.

Girl. Now, there's that handsome little chap,
Who bowed to me and raised his cap;
How I wish that he loved me—
Boy. So I do, my dear Nancy.
She's my darling, &c.

Boy. Let us go and married be.
Girl. Yes, dear Billy, I'll agree.
Boy. All my love shall be your own.
Girl. And I will live for you alone.
She's my darling, &c.

Canst Thou Leave Me Thus, My Katy?

Burns. Air: Roy's Wife.

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus, for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy?
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou leave me thus, &c.

Hopeless old maidenhood or bachelorhood is matchless misery.

Wrap the Mantle of thy Love About Me.

By Robert McKay.

Wrap the mantle of thy love about me,
Clasp me close unto thy gentle breast;
What were all the world to me without thee?
When thou'rt with me, am I truly blest:
Lead me wheresoe'er thou wilt, I'll follow—
Even unto earth's extremest verge.
All things else are empty, vain and hollow—
In thee only doth all virtue merge.

Chorus.

Wrap the mantle of thy love about me,
Clasp me close unto thy gentle breast:
What were all the world to me without thee?
When thou'rt with me, am I truly blest.

Wrap the mantle of thy love about me,
Be the staff whereon my soul may lean:
Oh! never, never distrust or doubt me,
Let not sorrow bide where bliss hath been.
Ever in thine arms so fair enfold me,
Smile for smile bestow, and kiss for kiss—
Then if good or ill the future hold me,
Still of life may taste its choicest bliss.
Wrap the mantle, &c.

The Coal Heavers.

Sung by Kelly and Ryan.

We've shoveled coal since early morn,
Now for our boarding house we're bent;
One dollar a day is what they pay,
Troth, that's divilish easy spent.
In a great big ship down here in the dock,
That's filled from top to bottom with coal,
It's there every morning we do flock,
And shovel all day down in the hole.

Chorus.

Shoveling coal now that's our business,
Every night it's home we stroll:
We're full of fun, and sometimes whiskey,
Hurrah for the lads that shovel the coal!

We wish the times would only get better,
So all could work throughout the land;
How many poor men now are starving,
While the rich in luxury lives so grand—
If we were rulers of the United States,
We'd take a very different plan,
We'd make all rich ould rascals work,
And give their place to the laboring man.
Shoveling coal, &c.

When we met at the Ball.

Sung by Lizzie Braham.

Waltzing with cousin at the ball last night,
One face this heart set beating,
Whose form so fair, it dazzled quite
This heart, this heart when first we met;
And as my fond pulsations like a torrent heaved,
My bosom's echo's fondly beat;
Oh! would as full of anguish,
I were from love, from love relieved.
Chorus: For his face is fair, his form is rare,
My love—sweet dove, our hearts combine,
No power I fear if he is near;
Through life—a true wife—
Me he will find.

They told me that his heart was taken
With one more proud, more gay—
But still my love it was not shaken:
For, with him night seemed turned to day.
And as his silver voice so softly plead
Or whispered—whispered in mine ear,
A spell, as if by magic,
Would lisp his name, so dear to me. Chorus.

And true love conquers all;
But still there's hope while life remains, they say,
The darker be the night, the brighter the day.
Oh! darling Cupid, though thou art small,
Be herald for thy mistress, and be sure
Thou fill'st him with true love's alarms,
And bring, oh! bring him, angel Cupid,
Yes, bring him back unto these arms. Chorus.

The Scrubbing Women.

Sung by Kelly and Ryan.

Here we are two scrubbing women,
At this trade we make our living,
Working hard, the livelong day,
For our rent and debts to pay.
Our husbands, they were both of them brothers,
From old Ireland they ran;
Carrying the hod was their daily labor,
Pat and Dan Gilhoolihan.

Chorus.

Oh! please to take pity—(Symph.)
While we sing our sorrowful ditty—(Symph.)
We're washing, scrubbing and singing all day,
And minding our children our time goes away.
Repeat last two lines.

Now we hope ye'll all have pity
On us poor widders from the ould sod:
We can't find a job in the whole city,
And to starve, by the powers, now that's no cod—
Here we've been these last five years, sirs,
Left with children big and strong,
I have three—and I have four, sirs—
And they're all of them happy as the day is long,
Oh! please to, &c.

Letter Carriers.

Written by James Bradley.

We're employed by the Government yearly, my friend,
A hundred a month is big money to spend:
While a wife and large family on that may depend—
While we go a-traveling aroond!
From six in the morning until nine at night,
We're always on our feet;
We go over our route three times or more,
Through every alley and street.

Chorus.

From Station A
We walk away;
The gang on the corner say, pipe the tarriers!
The door bells we ring,
The mail we bring,
The New York city letter carriers.

There is a young damsel that lives on our post,
If she looks for one letter she looks for a host;
She's got a young fellow, I think he's a roast,
He's as thin as a sign or a telegraph post;
She'll stand in the door with her small, dainty shoes,
And wait for the postman to bring her good news;
He calls out her name, Sarah Jane Hughes,
Then she feels cheerful and gay. Chorus.

13th of October.

Sung by John Reilly.

On the 13th of October,
In the middle of July,
The morning it was raining
And the afternoon was dry,
I spied a lovely damsel
Sitting under an old oak tree,
And I didn't say nothing to her,
And she said the same to me.

She was a lovely creature,
Which plain was to be seen:
Her brow and chin were far apart,
And her nose stuck out between.
Her teeth were neither black nor white,
And she had a swivel eye,
And a lovelier mouth was never seen
For ham or chicken pie.

Oh! I wish I was the President
Of this great country,
I would spend the summer at Long Branch,
In a cottage by the sea:
I would receive all presents,
I'd smoke the best cigars,
And whin I'd go to Washington,
I'd ride in special cars.

Irish Policemen.

Here you see two brave police,
Trying hard for to keep the peace,
And looking out for every place
That is upon our beat;
At twelve o'clock, when we turn out,
The other platoon turns in;
It's then we get our orders
For to squash the whiskey ring.

Chorus.

Look out, boys, don't you make a noise!
And mind that you don't be talking loud;
For, if you do, we have something here
That will scatter most any crowd.

Our captain is a very fine man,
He always lets us go about;
He tells us keep our eyes well skinned
On New York tramps and scouts;
We have searched the city through and through,
Looking for a horse,
And a second-handed hand-cart
And a big bull dog was lost. Chorus.

Billy Lackaday's Lamentations.

Rennoy.

Sure mortal man is born to sorrow,
Grife to-day and grief to-morrow:
Here I'm snubbed and there I'm rated:
Ne'er was youth so *sitti-wated*—
There's Mrs. Bell swears none shall nick her,
And, if I steeps my nose in liquor,
For every drop I take she charges,
And our small ale's as sour as *vargis*.
Lack-a-day! oh! lack-a-day!
Pitty Billy Lackaday!

Oh! Susan scolds, and, when I've heard her,
I dreams all night of love and murder;
I sighs and groans like any pavier,
Forgetting all genteel behavior.
Miss Fanny, she has quite undone me,
Like any queen looks down upon me:
And, when I kneels to sue for *marcy*,
It does no good—but *vicy-versy*.
Lack-a-day! oh! lack-a-day! &c.

Alleen McCree.

Words and Music by Charles R. de Kress.

O Alleen, my darling! I am not forgetting
To whisper good-bye ere forever we part:
My tears with the dew-drops of Heaven are wetting
The roses asleep o'er your pure, gentle heart.
Afar down the valley the night-bird, complaining,
Is calling his mate to her home in the tree—
Ah! little he knows how his sweet song is paining
My heart as it sorrows a good-bye to thee—

Chorus.

Alleen, my darling, Alleen McCree,
Look down from Heaven in pity on me:
I am not forgetting, nor can I e'er be,
To love you forever, dear Alleen McCree.

Ah! what though the flowers are blooming above you,
Is my heart of affection and love growing poor?
O Alleen, my darling! it always must love you:
For, they buried it with you out there on the moor—
And so, oft at night, when the pale stars are gleaming,
My sad eyes will watch them, and wonder if you
Still know up in Heaven how, waking or dreaming,
I cannot forget to be faithful and true. Chorus.

Ven de Old Man Young Lady Ved.

Air: Pauvre Madelon. H. M. Milner.

Ven de old man young lady ved,
Ne longer fair-ones loving,
He must be faithful to her bed,
Vilst she vill go a roving.

She flirt, she scold, she drink, she fight,
Vid de poker make him sore head:
Vid de young man she take de flight,
And clap horns on her husband's forehead!

Will you, won't you, do you, don't you?

As sung by Lizzie Braham.

The girls have much to answer for
The way in which they tease,
And twirl us round their little fingers,
Do just as they please—
I'm suffering, at present,
From one who's most unkind:
She keeps me on the "tender hooks,"
And won't make up her mind.

Spoken: Although for two mortal years have I been periodically enquiring—

Chorus.

Will you, won't you, do you, don't you love your cousin Joseph?
Can you, can't you, shall you, shan't you tell me so?
Do you, don't you, will you, won't you smile upon your Joseph?
Tell me anything you like—but don't say "no!"

Sometimes we go to parties, where
She's awful good at flirting:
She says there is no harm in it,
I feel it's awfully "hurting."
I try to read her thoughts, I do,
And watch her every glance,
And every morning, noon and night,
Whenever I've the chance.

Spoken—I whisper— Will you, won't you, &c.

She'll let me make her presents—yes!
And vows I make—absurd.
She listens to my promises,
But never says a word;
To write her loving letters, I
Oft sit up half the night:
Sometimes I think I'm doing *wrong*
When to her I do *write*.

Spoken: And after covering and crossing a sheet of FOOLS-cap—the proper paper for love-letters—I put a P. S.— Will you, won't you, &c.

If she'd only give a whisper,
Or a "teeny" little "yes,"
I'd feel as though in Paradise—
My fate I then could guess.
In neither words nor ways, alas!
Her consent can I trace,
And if I break my promise,
There's a breach-of-promise case!

Spoken: So you can see the fix I'm in through— Will you, won't you, &c.

But to test the party's feelings,
I've hit upon a plan:
I'll go and make the strongest love
To her younger sister "Fan."
When damsels are so cool and coy,
And cruelly demure,
By jove! I fancy jealousy's
A safe and speedy cure;

Spoken: So this time I shall observe to her sister— Will you, won't you, &c.

Mr. and Mrs. Malone.

Kind friends, just listen now to us,
And we'll sing to you a rhyme,
And tell you of our youthful days,
When we were in our prime.
We're getting old, yes, very old,
And soon must pass away,
We've traveled on life's weary road,
With spirits always gay.
Chorus: Old Mr. and Mrs. Malone,
Old Mr. and Mrs. Malone,
A jollier old pair you'll seldom find—
Than Mr. and Mrs. Malone.

'Tis now some sixty years ago
Since we first joined our lot,
And in that time there's nothing wrong
Transpired in our cot.
We've had our share of sunshine,
And of course we can't complain;
Them good old days that's passed and gone,
Can never come again. Chorus.

Did you Ever? no, I Never:

OR

QUEER QUEERIES

BY THE

QUEEREST QUERIST.

Did you ever see policeman
Carry parasols?
Or the Judges on the bench
Nursing penny dolls?
Did you ever know a cabman
Who could never curse?
Or a wedding party ride to church
In a mourning coach and hearse?
Chorus: Did you ever, ever know
Things so very rum?
No, I never, never did,
Since in the world I've come.

Did you ever pay your full
Amount of income tax,
Or ever see a busy bee
A-making cobblers' wax?
Did you ever know a Welshman
Who was not named Jones?
Did you ever eat red herrings that
Were destitute of bones? Chorus.

Did you ever gulp a quart
Of cold drawn castor oil?
Or with a feed of Glenfield Starch
Digestive organs spoil?
Did you ever wear your socks
Above your Blucher boots?
Or walk about with your shirt outside
Of your ordinary suits? Chorus.

Did you ever have a bathe
In the Aquarium tank?
Did you ever try to borrow
Fourpence at the bank?
Did you ever use a spokeshave
To improve your nose?
Or sprinkle Asafœtida
As perfume on your clothes? Chorus.

Did you ever don a suit
Of feathers stuck in tar?
Or ever dance the Highland fling
Upon a tramway car?
Did you ever see a spider
Give a grin or wink?
Or a cripple with two wooden legs
A-skating round a rink? Chorus.

The Chestnut Man.

By J. B. Murphy.

Oh! listen to the doleful strain
That I'm a-going to sing you
About a tall Italian, and
A gal that him did cling to.
He kept a stand upon Broadway,
Hot roasted chestnuts selling,
And the stamps he took in, every day,
His pockets all were swelling.

There was a maiden short and fat,
With feelings soft and tender,
And she fell in love with the chestnut man,
Because he was so slender:
And he loved her with all his might,
And called her "ducky honey,"
And sold her chestnuts every night,
And wouldn't take any money.

One day this maiden went for to go
For to see her Italian lover,
When she fell in front of an omnibus,
And quickly was run over.
When the chestnut man beheld the sight,
And knew she was a corpus,
He swallowed a quart of chestnuts down,
And died of cholera morbus.

Concerning Kisses—What city does a kiss resemble? Nice.—Why is a kiss like a sewing machine? Because it seams so good.

Norah, be Kind to Me.

Words and Music by Chas. de Kress, of Louisville. (Ky.)

Just look at the beautiful roses a-blushing
Beneath the embraces and kisses of night,
While even the robin his music is hushing
To look on your face, Norah dear, with delight.
Oh! why are your blue eyes, so sweet and entrancing,
A-stealing my heart from my bosom away,
Whenever with love into mine they are glancing,
A-changing the night to the beauty of day?

Chorus.

O Norah! be kind to me—see, I am weeping;
The cabin is empty and yearning for you;
Ah! look at the sly little robin a-peeping,
A-waiting to hear what you promise to do.

The moon is a-watching the stars up above you,
For fear they will twinkle themselves fast asleep:
She's fearful they'll see you, and so learn to love you,
And want to leave heaven to pine at your feet.
Then how can you blame me for loving you madly,
When even the flowers are doing the same?
Ah! that's why they're bending their sweet heads so sadly—
They're blushing because I am calling your name.
O Norah! be kind to me, &c.

Oh! Give Me Your Plain Dealing Fellows.

Oh! give me your plain dealing fellows,
Who never from honesty shrink;
Not thinking on all they should tell us,
But telling us all that they think.

Truth from man flows like wine from a bottle,
His free-spoken heart's a full cup;
But when truth sticks half way in the throttle,
Man's worse than a bottle corked up.

Complaisance is a gingerbread creature,
Used for show, like a watch by each spark;
But truth is a golden repeater,
That sets a man right in the dark. (G. Colman.

Just a Little Longer.

By Arthur W. French.

Just a little longer,
Darling, you and I,
Have we here to wander
Where the shadows lie,
Where the thorns are mingled
With the flowers of May,
And each cherished blossom
Fades from us away.
Chorus: Just a little longer,
Darling, must we wait,
Till we reach the portals
Of the golden gate.

Just a little longer
For our feet to stray
Up and down the hillside
Of the troubled way,
Keeping the foreknowing
There's a rest to be
In the land that ever
Lives eternally. Chorus.

Evening Now, Softly Closing.

A DUET. BY H. M. MILNER.

SHE.—Evening now, softly closing,
Spreads her dark veil around:
Nature is all reposing,
Flowers their sweets disclosing,
Hushed every whispering sound.

HE—Tones, such as angels only
Breathe to each listening sphere,
Break on the stillness lonely
In strains to me so dear.

BOTH—Oh! how calm, how blest a feeling,
Through the bosom gently stealing,
Hearts like ours united prove—
To our souls the truth revealing,
That the peace of heart is love.

Sweet Forget-me-not.

Words and Music by Bobby Newcomb.

The Music, Copyrighted and Published by F. W. Helmick of No 50 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, (Ohio) can be obtained at any Music Store—Price 40 cents.

Oh! fancy brings a thought to me
Of flowers sweet and rare,
With grace and beauty there combined,
And brightest hues so fair—
So like a maiden that I loved—
It was my happy lot:
I whispered when we parted last—
"Oh! you'll forget me not!"

Chorus.

Graceful and as charming as a lily in the pond—
Time has passed so swiftly—for, of her I am so fond—
Daisies and the roses, too, they grow around the spot
Where we parted and I whispered—
"You'll forget me not!" (Dance.)

We met—I really don't know where—
But still 'tis all the same—
For, love walks in the busy streets
As well as in the lane:
I gently pressed her tiny hand:
She glanced at me a shot—
She dropped a flower, I picked it up—
A sweet forget-me-not! (Chorus and Dance).

At last there came a happy day,
And something that I said
Just caused her lips to murmur "yes!"
And shortly we were wed.
A little cottage by the brook,
And a tiny garden spot
Where grows a little flower called—
A sweet forget-me-not! (Chorus and Dance.)

The Unpunctual Man.

Sung by Sam Waghorn.

Punctuality's a boon called by many
The best quality found in a man:
But I'll prove it, as plain as a penny,
'Tis only a flash in the pan.
Preached and prated by fathers and mothers,
Yet I'll prove by the words I let fall—
You'll lose very little more tother,
If you never are punctual at all.

Chorus.

Let the Old Fogeys, stubborn and breezy,
About punctuality prate:
I'll prove to you all, very easy,
There's nothing like being too late.

I engaged with a gay water party
For a pull up the river so fine:
They started at eight, well and hearty,
I got on the Pier just at nine:
Of course, they had started without me,
The fact then I very soon found:
Perhaps you have reasons to doubt me,
But the whole party got drowned. Chorus.

Me and some friends hired a drag, sirs,
For Epsom on last Derby day:
But behind I as usual did lag, sirs,
So without me they started away.
Driving down Clapham Road rather fast, sirs,
They ran into a large heap of stones:
The drag upset and out each was cast, sirs,
Not one escaped breaking his bones. Chorus.

I was going to Hull by the Packet,
But the Landlady forgot me to call:
'Twas a very good job she did lack it:
It got wrecked on a rock in a squall.
I was going to a country Theatre,
But I couldn't get in, deuce a bit:
The gallery, that night, gave way,
And killed half the folks in the pit. Chorus.

I once got too late to get married,
The bride took another for spite:
'Twas a very good job that I tarried:
For, she scratched his poor face the first night.
Now I think I have give fair sample,
Though I've plenty more left in my pate:
So follow my novel example—
There's nothing like being too late. Chorus.

Born Drunk.

Written by George Lane.

Behold a man of sorrow,
Who's drank until near mad:
I care not for to-morrow,
If drink it can be had.
I'm pushed at every turn I take,
I'm scoffed by all I meet:
The children shout when e'er I make
My appearance in the street.

Spoken: They shout at me, they call me—"Born drunk—" ha! ha! "Born drunk—" but they lie. I was not born drunk. If they'll not believe me, let them ask my mother. But they forget or they never knew that drink will drown the memory: That drink will banish thought—but I know, yes, I know, and I must have drink, I will have drink. Let them call me "Born drunk," what care I? "Born drunk—" ha! ha! ha!

Chorus.

Children call me "Born drunk,"
And men they scoff at me,
And say—"get out, you drunken lout,
You're drunk again, I see."
Ah! once I was a gentleman—
When of those days I think,
I try to banish memory
In drink, drink, drink!

I once was very different off
To what you see me now:
Then at me they would not scoff,
But all would scrape and bow:
And then could mount my thoroughbred,
And gaily ride the street,
Wherein now I have to beg,
With bruised and blistered feet—

Spoken: Yes, I beg, beg for pence to buy drink, so that I can get drunk. I like to get drunk. I love to be drunk, and I forget the past. Away with the past! I care not for the future: I live only for to-day, and to-day I'm old "Born drunk," "Born drunk," ha! ha! ha! Chorus.

My ruin was the race course,
As it's been of many a one:
I'd back the favorite race horse,
Which seldom ever won.
My luck must soon be better,
There was no such word as fail,
Till I found myself a debtor
Within the County gaol.

Spoken: In a gaol! Yes, that was the end of my fast career. And there I thought they would have left me to rot, but they let me out at last. Oh! yes, they let me out at last, and when they did let me out, I went to see some of my friends, but they did not know me. Those that did know me, had an engagement and could not stop to speak to me—but I found one friend, and that friend was drink, and I love it, I worship it—it is the god of my idolatry—and so they call me "Born drunk," ha! ha! Old "Born drunk," ha! ha! ha! Chorus.

Let Tempests o'er the Dark Seas Howl.

Let tempests o'er the dark seas howl,
Be decks with yards and tackle strewed:
Let fluttering sails disdain control,
Be all the steersman's art subdued:
These direful scenes I'll heedless view—
The rage below, the storm above—
This heart that lived alone for you,
Expires o'erwhelmed with hopeless love.

The masts may o'er the lee be borne,
The foamy waves may furious dash:
By rocks the bulging hull be torn,
The timbers yawn in dreadful crash:
Regardless death in these I'll view—
The wreck below—&c.

Let the exhausted ship descend,
Be every spar forbad the shore:
Let piercing shrieks each bosom rend,
Or dismal groans of horror roar:
Unmoved by all, grim death I'll view—
The wreck below—&c.

It's all the Same to Me.

By Dan Dubois.

Sweet sixteen behold in me,
With lovers by the score:
And, everywhere that I may roam,
Chance throws me in with more.
They seem to worship every spot
Wherever I may be,
And all I say to these young men
Is "It's all the same to me."
Chorus: It's all the same to me,
It's just the same to me;
I never care, I do declare:
For, it's all the same to me.

I see a young man here to-night,
A kiss at me he threw:
"See here, young fellow, you're too fresh,
You don't know what you do!—
I don't mean that, I'll take it back;
As you can plainly see,
I'm only trying to tease you: for,
It's all the same to me."
It's all the same to me, &c.

While I was walking down the street
The other day, at two,
A handsome young man bowed to me
And said—"How do you do?"
I answered him, I felt quite well,
Which made him ask it we
Together in the Park would stroll?
Spoken: My answer was—
"It's all the same to me."
It's all the same to me, &c.

Before I leave you all, to-night,
There's something I would say,
And that is, if you like my song,
To come again some day:
But then, if I have failed to please,
Unhappy I will be;
My motto is to try again—
For, it's not the same to me.
Chorus: It's not the same to me,
It ain't the same to me:
If I fail to please, I'm not at ease—
For, it's not the same to me.

Mary Ann.

A Burlesque, by D. R. Jr.. Air: Auld Lang Syne.

Mary Ann she had a beau
And kept him in the cellar,
And every time she wanted her beau,
She'd go and call that feller,
She'd go and call that feller:
And every time she wanted her beau,
She'd go and call that feller.

Mary Ann she had a man,
And he was somewhat lazy;
She put him in an oyster boat
And he went almost crazy,
And he went almost crazy:
She put him in an oyster boat,
And he went almost crazy.

Mary Ann went with her man
Down to to the river's brim:
She gave a push and shoved her man
And he went headlong in,
And he went headlong in:
She gave a push and shoved her man,
And he went headlong in.

And when she saw that he did sink,
She felt in great despair,
And straightway left the river's brink
And quickly tore her hair,
And quickly tore her hair:
She straightway left the river's brink,
And quickly tore her hair.

Young men, take warning by this case,
And don't get taken in,
Or yours may be another case
Down by the river's brim,
Down by the river's brim:
Or yours may be another case
Down by the river's brim.

The Six Degrees of Crime.

PART III.

Continued.

"No buts," cried Horsley; "only lay as I shall instruct you, and we shall win a heap. I wish I could get anybody to bet with me; but that is out of the question. You, however, it is believed, have still plenty of tin, so pay your losses on the Derby with seeming carelessness, and the big men on the course will take your bets without demur to any amount you like to name."

A little more persuasion, and Gaston yielded entirely, paid his losses on the Derby, leaving but a very few pounds in his pockets, and then, under Horsley's guidance, made heavy bets on the Oaks.

And now the fateful day had arrived; the race which was to make or beggar Gaston entirely of character, as he was already beggared in fortune, was about to commence.

"We stand to win twenty thousand pounds," said Horsley, and as exultingly as though the money had been already won and received.

The starting bell rang; Gaston was white and haggard, and could not at that moment have spoken a word if his life had depended on its utterance.

Jack Horsley patted him on the shoulder, and confident as ever, cried, "They've started!—they're off! Now you'll see!"

And Gaston did see, and when he had seen, groaned, and dashed his hands to his head.

The race over, "Come along," said Jack Horsley; the sooner we are away from here the better."

He dragged Gaston to the vehicle that had been in waiting for them, and they were driven to the railway station.

Not a word was exchanged between them during their journey, and on their arrival in London they jumped into a cab and proceeded to an hotel at which Gaston was very well known.

They were shown to a room, and then—

"Champagne," said Horsley to the waiter, the first word that had been audibly uttered by him since they had left the race-course.

Neither of them spoke until the champagne had been brought and the waiter had again quitted the room.

Then, but not until he and Gaston had each of them tossed down two or three glasses of the champagne, Jack Horsley said, "Was ever known such cursed ill-luck?"

"Don't speak to me," said Gaston. "I wish I had never known you."

"Nobody obliged you to make my acquaintance, and you would very soon have dropped me again if I had not been just the sort of fellow to suit you."

"Well, no matter, I have done with you now."

"No, you haven't," smiled Horsley. "You will need me more than ever in the future. And, after all, how far wrong was I in this day's race?" Our horse was beaten by a neck only."

"He might as well for us have been the very last in the race."

"Yes, but it shows that our luck, and not my judgement, was at fault."

"And now," cried Gaston, "I have nothing left—not a single resource."

"Oh, yes, several!" said Horsley. "And to name the first, and a grand one, marry Miss Lucy Marsden."

Lucy Marsden was the daughter of a City merchant, and he and Gaston Marrall's father had been very great friends, had both started in business at about the same time, and as one had risen to opulence, so, too, had the other.

They had visited each other constantly, and so, and very early in their lives, Lucy Marsden and Gaston Marall had become acquainted.

Lucy, like Gaston, was an only child, and as time rolled on there came to the parents on each side a wish to see those two united in marriage.

Of the two fathers, it was perhaps Mr. Marsden who most eagerly desired that union, for he had very plainly perceived that his daughter loved young Gaston Marall.

Lucy Marsden had always been a very quiet retiring girl, and had never cared to make many acquaintances; and Gaston had been the only one of the male sex whom she had known at all likely to catch her maiden fancy.

When her father asked her pleasantly if she thought she could reconcile herself to the prospect of a marriage with young Gaston Marall, her blushes answered him in a manner that he considered highly satisfactory.

But when Gaston's father told him that he should like to see him the husband of Lucy Marsden, Gaston replied, "You would have to live a very long time to see that, I can assure you!"

His father was astounded.

"Then why have you been so attentive to her?" he demanded;—"why cause us all to believe that you loved her?"

"Oh, I always make love to every girl thrown in my way!" Gaston unblushingly replied. "It passes away the time!"

"It would be better that you passed some of your time in business!"

"Business! I hate the very name of business—you know I do!"

"Yes, Gaston, you have but too well shown that!"

Still, with faint hope to prevail with Gaston, the elder Marall strove to repress the anger that he felt, and said, "Come, come, Gaston! her father and myself have set our hearts on this match!"

"That's a bad job, for I am obliged to disappoint you!" said Gaston, with an impertinent laugh.

Still the elder Marall was able to control his indignation.

"What can you object to Lucy?" he asked. "It would be difficult to find a more amiable or a prettier girl."

"Very likely; but she's not my sort!"

"You should have thought of that before you caused her to believe——"

"She shouldn't have been so ready to believe a parcel of nonsense! But all girls are alike for that!"

"But, Gaston, consider, your honor is engaged! You have acted as though you desired to win her; and, unworthy of her as you are, I know that she loves you."

"The more fool she!" laughed Gaston; and walked away.

"Oh!" with anguish thought the elder Marall, "I have one only son, and he is an idle and unprincipled scoundrel! What have I done to deserve so terrible a scourge?"

It was this interview with Gaston which had determined the merchant to frame his will as we have already explained, and we know also how death had stepped in to frustrate his intentions.

The suggestion made by Jack Horsley that he should marry Lucy Marsden had thrown Gaston into a deep reverie—had called back to his mind that conversation with his father which we have just related; had caused him, in his mind's eye, to see before him his father as then he was—he even seemed to hear his father's voice: and, for the time, his heart was gnawn by a terrible remorse.

Wearied at last by Gaston's silence, Jack Horsley said, "What are you sulking about? Why don't you answer me?"

"Answer what?—what is it?" cried Gaston, arousing, and looking as though suddenly awakened from a heavy sleep, and throwing down his throat another glass of wine.

"I was advising you, you know, to marry Miss Lucy Marsden," said Horsley. "I know that she is still single."

Horsley paused for a reply. Gaston did not speak, but drank another glass of champagne.

Gaston, if he had thought at all about it, might have wondered how Horsley should know that Lucy Marsden was still unmarried.

The truth was, that as Gaston's fortune grew smaller and smaller, Horsley had thought how capitally a marriage with that young lady would replenish his friend's coffers, if she were still free, and so had made inquiries, and had ascertained that the young lady had not married.

"Marry Miss Lucy Marsden," once more he said to Gaston. "If really at that time as fond of you as you have told me that she was, take my word for it that she loves you even now, and would be delighted to have you pop the question."

"Even then," responded Gaston, "there would be her father; and he is a stern, unforgiving old fellow."

"Pooh! you might easily walk round him—have seen the error of your ways, you know; quite a reformed character, you know; never was such a virtuous young man as you have become, and all that sort of thing; and, besides, if the girl insisted on having you, he is so fond of her, that he could not possibly long hold out."

"No," said Gaston, after another moment's thought, "it won't do, so my no more about it."

"About what?"

"About my marrying Lucy Marsden. I couldn't give up Julia."

"How stupid to be still so infatuated with that girl!" said Horsley. "I never thought to see you so fixed."

"I can't account for it myself," replied Gaston. "I had no affection for her when I first met her. I felt, indeed, rather vexed with myself that I had not left her be the wife of that fellow Hardy."

"And I have often felt sorry for my share in the business; not at first, but as soon as I perceived how completely she had enthralled you."

"Before I knew her," continued Gaston, "no woman had been able to bind me long; but I could not tire of Julia; I grow to like her better day by day; and now she is my life—my soul! Yes, I could not live without her; and I swear to you that I would sooner die than lose her!"

"I can't understand anything of that sort," Horsley said, with a contemptuous curl of his lip; "but I don't at all see that a marriage with Lucy Marsden would compel you to lose your adored Julia Meredith."

"Well," said Gaston, "I'll think it over, and we will talk about it again to-morrow."

Both were then silent for a few minutes; but neither of them idle, as far as the champagne was concerned.

At length, Jack Horsley spoke again.

"Do you really mean, Gaston, that you are quite cleaned out—no money at all left?"

"I have thirty pounds that I got this morning from Julia—all that she had left," Gaston replied.

"Thirty pounds!" joyfully exclaimed Horsley, jumping from his chair. "Then we are all right yet, my boy, and we'll make those thirty pounds bring us thirty thousand! Let's be off to Bancer's."

Gaston, this time, hardly attempted to resist; and Jack Horsley, grasping his arm, hurried him from the hotel into a cab.

Mr. Bancer was the tenant of a house in which existed what he was pleased to term the "Dolphin Club."

That name must either have been given that outsiders might have no suspicion as to what sort of characters formed that club, or as a ghastly jest concerning the men who frequented it.

It was, in reality, a betting club, where gambling, not only in that, but in every other form, was constantly in progress.

When, on this evening, Gaston and Jack Horsley arrived there, the place was crowded.

Knots of coarse, horsey-looking men were booking bets, and taking or laying odds for the coming races.

At some of the tables, card-players were seated, and the rattle of dice was very plainly to be heard.

Wines and liquors were everywhere, and the greater number of the men then present had already, as was very apparent, been drinking freely—some of them, no doubt, in consequence of their good fortune over that day's racing, and others to raise their spirits after the losses they had sustained.

Gaston and Horsley lost no time in joining a set for a game at loo; and very speedily the thirty pounds which Gaston had brought thither, and half of which sum he had passed to Jack Horsley, had been lost.

Gaston then tried to borrow money in order to continue playing; but, by this time, his real situation was tolerably well guessed at by the *habitues* of the club, and not a shilling could he obtain from anyone.

"What wretched luck!" exclaimed Gaston.

"Nothing was ever known like it!" said Horsley, with a coolness which contrasted greatly with Gaston's desperation. "So quickly to lose," continued Horsley—"cleared out almost as soon as seated at the table—before I had had time to put the trick I know in practice. If we could have lasted five minutes longer, we should have gone on for hours winning everything."

"You assured me before we commenced that it was impossible we could lose."

"And so it was, my dear boy—so it was!"

"But we have lost!"

"Yes; but only because time was not given us to——If we were only able to go on! Are you quite sure, Gaston, that there is not a stray pound or two in one or other of your pockets?"

"Not a shilling!" replied Gaston. "And I have no resource; not a hope left on earth!"

Thought Horsley, "Miss Lucy Marsden is still left to us!"

"Accursed be the day when, for the first time, you brought me to this frightful den!" cried Gaston.

"That's right!" said Jack: "go at me again; I can stand it. Perhaps, however, my dear fellow, you will be good enough to remember that more than three-fourths of your fortune had vanished from you before I brought you here!"

"Oh!" cried Gaston, "what now am I to do?—what will become of me?"

"Suppose you try Julia again?" suggested Horsley.

"Useless! The money we have just lost was the last that she had."

"Yes; I think you had told me so before. But then, you know, she has jewels—some diamonds, that——"

"You are right—a good idea. But, should she refuse to trust them to my hands?"

"You must not accept a refusal; you must have them. I will go with you; come along!"

"But I have not even a shilling to pay for a cab!"

"Oh, we can walk there—it is not far; and we shall be back here in time for the thick of the play."

They hurried from the house, and, before its door had closed behind them, saw, standing on the lowest of the steps that led up to it, Mr. John Crosse.

Jack Horsley brushed quickly past him, and took his stand, to wait for Gaston, a few yards down the street.

Horsley had had more than enough of John Crosse on that day, when the staid, elderly gentleman had shown how completely he held Jack within his power; and Jack had really, ever since, been quite afraid of him.

"Ah, Gaston!" said Crosse, mournfully shaking his head.

"You are a demon, perpetually haunting me!" cried Gaston.

"Hush!" said Crosse. "Do not speak so loud, or every passer-by will hear you."

"Let who will hear, I care not!"

"I know, Gaston, that you have begun to suffer the tortures of remorse—that is something. But you must have courage to stop, to proceed no farther on your downward course, and by an exemplary, industrious life you must cause your past to be forgotten."

"I have never asked you, sir, for your advice; why then will you so persist in troubling me with it?"

"My conscience bids me give it, and yours should command you to follow it. Ask yourself what has become of that fortune which it cost your father so many years of toil to amass? Where are you now always to be found? On the race-course, or at this vile club, where you, and all there, are likely at any moment to be seized by the police."

"You are hindering me," said Gaston, impatiently; "let me pass."

"Come, come, Gaston," pursued Crosse, in a kindly, coaxing tone; "it is not yet too late to save yourself. You have ascended three steps of the ladder to the scaffold—but honor is still left to you, and with that and labor you may carry your head erect. Come, Gaston; you know well how disinterested is the advice that I give you."

"Labor!" cried Gaston; "how could I work now?"

"You have two stout arms to begin with, and had better sweep a crossing than continue in your present career."

"You insult me; and I will have no more of your advice," cried Gaston, and was dashing past Crosse, who grasped his arm, and held him fast, while saying,—

"So much the worse for you, Gaston, for to follow it would be to save yourself. Once more, I pray you, give heed to this, my last warning, or you are lost!"

Gaston broke from him, and hurried to Horsley.

And as those two hastened forward, Horsley said, "Why did you let that stupid old fellow keep you so long? What a deal of precious time you have wasted!"

Gaston made no reply, but walked on so rapidly that Horsley found it difficult to keep pace with him.

"Yes, he is right!" thought Gaston. "In three years, a fortune that I believed to be inexhaustible is wasted, lost and gone, thrown into the gutter! And what am I to do, should evil fortune continue to overwhelm and crush me? Labor, he said; but I am fit for nothing; I have wasted my health and strength. Oh, that I had from the first given heed to Crosse!—he has always advised me well."

His remorse and salutary reflections lasted only until he reached the house of Mrs. Letitia Rollins, with whom Julia was still residing.

"I will wait here for you," said Horsley, as Gaston was about to knock. "I had better not go in, for I should be no help to you—the contrary, most likely."

But for the state of excitement in which Gaston then was, he would most certainly have noticed that Julia appeared flurried and confused when he dashed into her presence.

"Julia," hastily cried Gaston, "I have not come to stay—cannot now remain a moment with you, but I—I have to ask a great favor of you."

"What is it?" said Julia, who saw how agitated he was.

"Luck has gone against me terribly, and I want your help to make it change."

"How can I aid you? You know that I this morning gave you all the money I possessed."

"Yes, but your jewels, your diamonds; they are of no use to you."

"What!" cried Julia; "would you take them, too, from me?"

"I want you just to lend them to me, that is all, and only for an hour at most."

Julia was silent.

"What are you standing there for, Julia? Why don't you speak? Surely, you do not refuse me?"

"If those are taken from me, I shall have nothing left, and how am I——"

"Don't I tell you that you shall have them back in less than an hour? Come, where are they? I must have them!"

"You are not going the way to get them," said Julia.

"Do you mean to say that you won't?" cried Gaston, his passion rising. "Don't trifle with me—I am in no mood to bear that!"

"I will have nothing more to do with you; we part now, and I will never see you again," said Julia, and would have quitted the room, but Gaston caught her roughly.

"Give me your diamonds!" raged Gaston, still shaking her.

"Let me go—let me go!"

"Are you going to give me those jewels?"

"No, I won't!" she replied, and then screamed; for Gaston had given her a violent blow on the shoulder.

At this critical moment Mrs. Rollins came into the room.

"What are you doing?" she demanded of Gaston.

"It does not concern you!" savagely replied Gaston. "Mind your own business, and be off with you."

"You have struck me, Gaston!" said Julia.

Gaston interrupted her with, "If you keep me a minute longer without those jewels, it will be worse for you!"

"Go and bring them, Letitia," said Julia, and let me end with this man!"

Mrs. Rollins left the room; Julia sank sobbing into a chair, and Gaston paced impatiently backwards and forwards.

When in a minute or two Mrs. Rollins returned with the jewels, Julia took the casket containing them from her hand, and giving it to Gaston, said, "There they are, and now I am free!"

Ah!" cried Gaston; "now that I am completely ruined you want to get away from me, do you? But you won't!" he said, menacingly, and turning from the room.

"How he is changed!" exclaimed Julia, as soon as Gaston was gone. "I was afraid that he would kill me! His look was awful!"

As Gaston came hurrying from Mrs. Rollins's house, and rejoined Jack Horsley,—"Well, anxiously inquired the latter, "have you got them?"

"Yes," replied Gaston, showing the casket.

"Good!" joyfully cried Horsley; "and now we are all right again. Step out; the sooner we are back, the longer will be our time to stay there, and, consequently, the greater will be our winnings."

"It was no such easy matter to get these things from Julia; and, would you believe it? she wants to leave me. I didn't quite know what to make of her to-night. There was something quite new to me in her manner."

"Do you know, Gaston, who that long fellow was that came out of the house while I was waiting for you?"

Gaston stopped abruptly in his walk, and wheeled sharply round confronting Horsley.

"Somebody came out of the house—a man?"

"Yes," responded Jack; "while you were inside talking with Julia—a tall fellow, in an Ulster; I couldn't see his face."

Gaston was darting off back on the way they had last come, but Horsley grasped and held him.

"What are you about?—where are you going?" demanded Jack.

"To have another talk with Julia," Gaston threateningly said.

"Don't be a fool; you can't afford to lose time to-night, and to-morrow morning will do just as well. Besides, it is most likely that the fellow was some friend of Mrs. Rollins's."

"It may have been so, but I must know."

"And so you shall—in the morning. Come along."

With a mixture of persuasion and force, Horsley got Gaston to turn towards the club. Once inside, Julia was, for the time, as completely forgotten as though she had never existed.

Gaston and Jack Horsley looked eagerly about in search of Bancer. He was not there, and they sent one of the men about the place to bring him to them.

While waiting, they were near three or four betting men who talked so loudly that it was impossible for those within any reasonable distance to avoid hearing their conversation.

"And is it really true that young Scamper has already got through all that lump of money his father left him?" said one.

"You may believe it," said another. "His losses on the Derby finished him."

"I hear he won't pay," said a third.

"No," said a man, joining the company of the others; "and he never will."

"That will be a bad job for a good many," said one of the party.

"Yes, and for me among the rest, for I wanted a couple of hundred of him, "said the man who had last joined the group.

"But are you quite sure he won't pay?"

"Yes, quite sure, seeing he took prussic acid this afternoon, and there's to be an inquest on his body to-morrow."

"Good Heaven!" murmured Gaston, and shivered violently.

"That fellow was an idiot," Horsley lightly said to Gaston; "he should have gone our way to work."

Just then, up came Mr. Bancer.

"Oh, here, Bancer," said Jack, "we want you to lend us something on these jewels."

"I s'pose they are the right sort of thing?" returned Mr. Bancer.

"The right sort of thing!" indignantly repeated Horsley. "What do you mean?—what do you take us for?"

Bancer did not answer that question; but said, "Well, come along with me, and if they'll stand the test I sha'n't mind obliging you."

Bancer lent a hundred pounds on those jewels—more than enough, Horsley said, to make Gaston's fortune and his own.

But their ill-luck continued, and at the end of a couple of hours, and after many fluctuations, that money too was gone.

Vainly they implored of Bancer to advance them something more; he was deaf to their entreaties—not another shilling could they extract from him. Gaston left the table, muttering fearfully.

"All is ended now," he cried.

"Be still," said Horsley; "what is the use of going on in that sort of way?"

"A dose of poison shall settle me, as it did the wretch those men were talking about."

"The time has not yet come for that, and I can provide you with something that you will like much better than a dose of poison."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that, after all, we won't leave this place without money in our pockets."

"But how—how are we to——"

"Speak lower," said Horsley, and drew Gaston further away from the tables.

"Explain yourself," said Gaston.

"I will when you have calmed down a bit," replied Jack.

"I am quiet now. Is it something sure? Because, you know, Jack, you——"

"It can't fail; it's as certain as that we two are standing here!"

"And shall we get back the money that we have lost here to-night?"

"Yes; and a good deal more, I hope!"

"Then why don't you explain to me——"

"Well, don't you see how much heavier the loo has got at the table yonder since we left it?"

"Yes, Jack, I see that, but ——"

"And don't you see the heaps of sovereigns that each man has got lying at his elbow?"

"Yes, Jack; but——"

"Well, then, look here—see this." And Horsley, as he spoke, took from his pocket a small parcel, wrapped in paper.. "Look," he said, "but don't touch it."

"What is it?"

"An explosive ball."

"What to do?"

"Can't you guess?"

"I am afraid to——"

"I see you understand!" said Horsley; "thrown under the table; it will explode, and in the confusion that will ensue——"

"Shameful! I will not——"

"What nonsense you talk! We shall be but taking back our own property."

"I will not suffer it!" cried Gaston.

"Won't you?" said Jack. Give me some reasonable objection, and I will listen to you; or show me some other way that will get us out of the mess we are now in. Can you do it? No; you can't! Then I shall take my own way."

"I will never consent!"

"Then I will do without your permission; but, after the job is done, I will allow you to profit by it."

"Jack, I entreat you——"

"I won't hear a word! Go and inform against me, if you dare!"

"But it is horrible!"

"You let me alone, will you?"

Just as Jack Horsley was about to put his purpose in execution, high words were heard at a small card-table, at which a party of four were playing whist.

"The trick is ours!" cried one of the men there.

"You played out of your turn!" said another of his opponents.

"I did not!" shouted the first man.

And, for answer to that, received a number of cards full in his face.

He dashed at the man who had thus assaulted him, and a fight between them ensued.

Hardly, however, had a blow been exchanged when the man whose business it was to open the outer door to the visitors came flying into the room.

"Stop!" he called; "here is the police!"

Consternation was depicted on every countenance.

"Where are they?" asked Bancer.

"In the street—at the door outside."

"Keep them there a minute or two!"

"I can't; there's a lot of 'em, and a mob of people—and they'll break the door down! Don't you hear 'em?" the man added, as loud bumpings were heard against the outer door.

During this brief colloquy nobody had been idle. The money was taken from the tables, the cards and dice hidden away in secret recesses, newspapers and books replaced them, and when an inspector of police and a large body of the force with him entered, they saw only a number of men either reading or quietly conversing.

"What is the meaning of this raid on a respectable club?" demanded Mr. Bancer with great assurance.

"We are acting in consequence of information received," said the inspector.

"And you will find that you have been wrongly informed, I assure you."

"At any rate, we intend thoroughly to search this place.

And search the place they did, from roof to basement, but found nothing that would warrant them in laying hands, either on the proprietor of the place, or on any one of the persons there.

Then Mr. Bancer loudly complained of the treatment to which he and the highly respectable frequenters of his club had been subjected.

The inspector very humbly apologized, entreated that they would take no farther notice of the very unpleasant circumstance, and took his men away.

Instantly that the police were out of sight and hearing, Mr. Bancer's guests chuckled and grinned, and Mr. Bancer himself, equally with the rest enjoying the supposed discomfiture of the police, said, "I had no idea we were in the least suspected, but it's all right now."

Mr. Bancer would not have thought it "all right" if he had known, which was the fact, that there was a traitor in the camp.

The man who guarded the outer door, while opening it to let the police out, whispered, to the inspector, "They have put the lot away, but they'll go at it again directly."

"Very good," said the inspector. "I'll whistle softly."

The porter nodded, and in a few seconds the police were in the street and the door closed again.

A man was sent by Bancer to a window to look out, and presently reported that the police had turned the corner of the street, on the way back to their station.

Then, nearly everybody laughing heartily at having so nicely done the "authorities," cards, dice, and money were restored to the tables, and with increased eagerness play was resumed.

Jack Horsley allowed nearly half-an-hour to elapse, for he saw that the piles of money on the tables were growing larger and larger, and that the players were becoming more and more absorbed in their game.

At length Jack judged that the right moment had come, and was moving quietly towards the loo table. But Gaston, who had been watching him, took hold of him, and drew him back.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Horsley.

"You have not, I see, abandoned your idea," said Gaston.

"Yes, yes; I give it up," responded Horsley, "for I don't like to see you in such a terrible stew."

"That's a good fellow." said Gaston; "and now let us go."

"No, not yet; I have just found a stray half-sovereign in the lining of my waistcoat."

"Have you really?" eagerly cried Gaston; "give it to me, will you?"

"Yes, there it is; take it, and go and have a cut in at the table over there."

Gaston hurried away to the table that Horsley had pointed out to him, and Jack, who had given Gaston that half-sovereign to get clear of him, lost no time in throwing his explosive substance under the loo table.

There was a tremendous report, great uproar and confusion; men tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get away; the whole place was filled with smoke; nearly all the lights were extinguished; but Jack Horsley lost not his presence of mind, but swooped upon and gathered up as much as possible of the scattered money.

The betting men, crowding together to escape from the house, were met by the police, who had quietly returned, and a great struggle followed between them and the men whom they were endeavoring to capture.

Truncheons were freely used, and the police made many prisoners.

But many also escaped, and amongst the latter were Gaston and Jack Horsley.

When well away and quite out of danger, "Are you hurt at all?" asked Horsley.

"Not in the least," replied Gaston.

"Nor I," said Jack; "not a scratch; and I haven't brought a bad swag away with me."

"Now, then, come along; make haste."

"Where to?" inquired Horsley.

"Home. I want to know something more about that tall man in the Ulster," Gaston said, hoarsely, and with a dark scowl.

To be continued—commenced in No. 140.

Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on our deathbed.

Franklin says, "A poor man must work to find meat for his stomach, a rich one to find stomach for meat.

If I had a Donkey wot Wouldn't go.

As sung by Johnny Wild. Air: White Cockade.

If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
D'ye think I'd wallop him? no, no, no;
By gentle means I'd try, d'ye see,
Because I hates all cruelty;
If all had been like me, in fact
There'd ha' been no occasion for Bergh
Dumb animals to prevent getting crackt
On the head.

Chorus: For, if I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
I never would wallop him, no, no, no:
I'd give him some hay, and cry—"Gee wo!"
And "Come up, Neddy."

What makes me mention this, this morn
I seed that cruel chap, Bill Burn,
Whilst he was out a-crying greens,
His donkey wallop with all his means;
He hit him o'er the head and thighs,
He brought the tears up in his eyes—
At last my blood began to rise,
And I said— Chorus.

Bill turned and said to me—"Then, perhaps
You're one of these Mister Bergh's chaps
Wot now is seeking for occasion
All for to lie an information."
Though this I stoutly did deny,
Bill up and gave me a blow in the eye,
And I replied as I let fly
At his head— Chorus.

As Bill and I did break the peace,
To us came up the new police,
And hiked us off, as sure as fate,
Afore the sitting magistrate.
I told his worship all the spree,
And to prove the veracity,
I wished he would the animal see:
For, I said— Chorus.

Bill's donkey was ordered into court,
In which he caused a deal of sport;
He cocked his ears and ope'd his jaws,
As if he wished to plead his cause.
I proved I'd been uncommonly kind,
The ass got a verdict—Bill got fined;
For, his worship and I were of one mind;
For, he said— Chorus.

Bill said—"Your vorship, it's very hard,
But 'tisn't the fine that I regard,
But times have come to a pretty pass
When you musn't beat a stubborn ass."
His worship said nothing, but shut his book:
So Billy off his donkey took,
The same time giving me such a look;
For, I said—Bill. Chorus.

Give Me Back My Heart Again.

By John T. Rutledge.

Give me back my heart again,
Let's forget the lonely past;
You have caused me grief and pain—
Shadows o'er my pathway cast.
Life before us seemed so bright—
Till you broke the golden chain:
You have broken every plight—
Give me back my heart again.

Chorus: Give me back my heart again,
You could never prize it now;
You have severed love's own chain,
You have broken every vow.

Give me back my heart again—
Say you'll sometimes think of me;
I did not think I loved in vain,
So fond, so true, and tenderly—
But then, alas! we now must part,
To grieve through years that yet remain—
Though it may be a broken heart,
Yet give it back to me again. Chorus.

Give me back my heart again,
And then as strangers we will meet;
I'll stray, at eve, life's lonely lane
That once I thought so fair and sweet—
The days may come, the days may go,
But no bright days for me remain;
For, time will bring but grief and woe—
So give me back my heart again. Chorus.

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CONTENTS.

Awfully awful ..... page 340
Barney, come back to me 339
Birdie darling 341
The Cold wind has faded the flowers of May 339
Dermot's farewell 338
Dark-eyed Emilie Dee 339
Draw it mild 340
The Fire in the grate 344
God bless you, Colleen 339
Hip! hip! hurrah! 344
I wonder what they're going to do next? 338
I know what it is to be there 338
In this cottage he lived: in it he died 339
If I was only long enough,
for a soldier I would go 340
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet to love 340
Kiss me, darling 338
Katie of Killarney 339
Known to the Police 341
McCaffrey's old Horse 338
Muse, hang this harp upon yon aged beach 339
On the strict "Q. T." 341
Put a headstone o'er poor mother's grave ... 338
Poverty 338
The Pallet of straw 340
Song of jokes 338
Something that ought to be done 338
Slim and Slippery Southern Nig 339
She vinked mit doo ice mit me 339
The Six degress of crime—Story continued 342
Simon Simkin 341
There is one dark and sullen hour 339
Toss the Turk 340
What the old cock sparrow said 341
Who'd a thought of seeing you? 340
The Woodland Maid 339
You know the slate is broke 339

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Put a Headstone o'er Poor Mother's Grave.

Written by William Scanlan.

Oh! Willie, dear Willie, our mother is dead,
Our mother whom we loved so dear—
She's sleeping to-night in her cold, cold grave,
No more will she be with us here.
How happy we were when by the fireside
With mother we'd sit all alone:
And what stories she'd tell to both you and I—
But now she has left our dear home.
Chorus: Yes, mother has gone to heaven above,
And there's one thing of you I would crave,
As children should do for a mother so true—
Put a headstone o'er her beloved grave.

How often, when sickness kept us in our beds,
Not a friend in the world could we find
Half so good as our mother, who'd sit by our side
And to us be so gentle and kind—
Yes, morning and night, she'd watch our sick brows,
Never thinking of rest;
But now she has left us alone here to weep,
And gone to the land of the blest. Chorus.

Dermot's Farewell.

Sung by the Fieldings. Langton Williams.

I can ne'er forget thee, Kathleen,
Thou wilt still be dear to me:
My foot may rove a foreign land,
My heart will dwell with thee.
Those happy hours with thee I've passed
I never can forget,
And though we're doomed by fate to part,
I leave thee with regret—
Then dry thy tears, my Kathleen,
Once again upon me smile,
And I'll soon return to thee, love,
And the bonny Emerald Isle.

Strange faces cannot sever
Our thoughts from those we love:
Ah! vain 'tis they endeavor,
True hearts they cannot move.
Above them all, a brighter spell
Is o'er our native home,
A charm that binds the heart there still,
Where'er the foot may roam.
Then weep no more, my Kathleen,
Once again upon me smile,
And I'll soon return to thee, love,
And the bonny Emerald Isle.

I Wonder What They're Going to do Next?

Sung by Frank Lewis.

In the century now gone, there has been many
battles won,
And upon this subject I will take my text;
From things that are absurd, this idea to me occurred:
I wonder what they're going to do next?
When this world it first began, Father Adam
was the man,
He lived alone: which made him much perplexed—
So a rib he gave away, a nice wife to make, they say:
I wonder what they're going to do next?

Mr. Moody lost a sheep when the shepherd was asleep,
And Sankey counted only ninety-nine;
Anna Dickinson wrote a play on the topics of the day,
Gordon Bennett's roaming in a foreign clime.
The ladies in our land, they have formed a
Temperance band,
But their husbands only stronger cocktails mixed:
Theodore Tilton, it is said, has been getting in
the wrong bed:
I wonder what he's going to do next?

They've made a saint of Brigham Young—so
many babes to him belong—
Sent Quakers to fight the Indian foe:
They let Custer lose his life in the battle's deadly strife,
Because they had no soldiers there to go.
They have lowered the poor man's pay—he but
a dollar gets a day:
While the heads of each department are well fixed!
When their swindles are found out, they laugh
at us and shout:
I wonder what they're going to do next?

Song of Jokes.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Wm. Carter.

There's Castle Garden, down below,
It don't amount to much;
Every day a ship from the sea
Dumps a load of Dutch.

Bismark rules in Germany,
The home of lager bier—
Walk Avenue A, you'll surely say
That Germany's over here.

There's Italians down in Crosby street,
Some fat, and others bony:
Bader, de man, no likes de harm,
Eater de maccoroni.

Baldy Sours took a drop
From the top of the City Hall:
From the shoulder so fine
He knocked the clock out of time!
Don't you think he'd a terrible gaul?

In mountain streams you will catch trout,
Buy your bait at Tuckers:
Boston for beans, New York for sardines,
And in bar-rooms you find the sucker.

Something That Ought to be Done.

Motto Song. Sung by Frank Lewis.

This world is advancing each moment and hour,
And startling improvements are made:
Each nation is striving to gain greater power
All others to throw in the shade.
And each individual struggles along:
For, he knows that when life is begun,
To gain great distinction, he really must try
To do something that's never been done.

This city has many attractions, I own,
But still there is something amiss:
The streets and the parks should be kept neat
and clean,
My idea for improvement is this—
There are plenty of good honest men out of work,
With hunger and debt overrun,
They are willing to toil—let us give them the chance,
It is something that ought to be done.

Our country is burdened with debt and distress,
Its people are suffering, too:
Our finances are in a terrible mess,
And the prospect at present looks blue—
There is only one way to prosperity now:
For, corruption has had a long run—
We should have the right man at the head of our land,
It is something that ought to be done.

McCaffrey's Old Horse.

Written by Jack Conroy. Sung by John Roach.

I'm going to sing you a ditty,
I'm sure it will cause you to smile:
It's about an old horse in the city
That sticks out his tail in grand style.
Although the poor creature looks lazy,
Not a horse in the land, I'll go bail,
Could travel so quick and so easy,
Providing he got a square meal.
Chorus: He was the horse that could travel,
Providing you kept him well fed;
He could trot upon stones or on gravel,
And make other horses in dread.

Some say the horse was short-winded,
Some say he got nothing to eat:
More say he was high-minded,
And that he was full of conceit;
But while the poor horse he was living,
He eat many a bundle of hay;
But now that he's dead, we'll forgive him:
For, a horse, like a dog, has his day. Chorus.

Friendship supplies the place of everything to those who know how to make a right use of it; it makes your prosperity more happy, your adversity more easy.

Poverty.

Written and Sung by William Scanlan.

Farewell, dear home! farewell to all
The comforts of this world!
We're ould, we're helpless and forlorn,
In the street from our home we are hurled—
A time was when joy ne'er left our home,
Oh! 'twas then our poor hearts beat with glee!
But now to the poor house we must go—
The cause is poverty.
Chorus: May Heaven protect us, day and night,
Where ever we may be;
So to the poor house we must go—
The cause is poverty.

I've looked for work, but all in vain—
They say that I'm too ould:
I've gone and begged from door to door
To keep out the hunger and cold;
But, Mary dear, when we are dead,
And they ask what became of you and me,
They can never say we robbed or stole,
But died from poverty. Chorus.

Kiss Me, Darling.

Written and Sung by Al. Wilson, Banjoist.

Kiss me, darling, fold me closer;
Take me to thy beating heart,
Let me feel thy fond caresses,
Say that we shall never part.
Look with your bright eyes upon me—
Eyes that speak of love so plain—
Let thy love for me, my darling,
Never leave thee once again.
Chorus: Kiss me, darling, fold me closer;
Take me to your beating heart,
Let me feel thy fond caresses—
Say that we shall never part.

Kiss me, darling, ever love me,
Till with bliss my heart o'erflows,
And the peace of thy caressing
Lulls my soul to sweet repose—
Fold me closer to you, darling,
Like thy faith in heavenly things:
Let thy love for me, my darling,
Lend my waiting spirit wings. Chorus.

I Know What it is to be There.

By Ben King.

I've reached the top rung of the ladder of fame,
So I know what it is to be there!
I've looked down at men who ventured the same,
And seen them fall down in despair;
They loosened their grip when they should have
held tight—
When the prospects for them looked quite fair,
They looked on the dark side and not on the bright—
"Oh! I know what it is to be there!"
Chorus: I know what it is to there!
Yes, I know what it is to be there
When once up you go,
You can look down below!

Spoken: And say: "I know what it is to be there!"

Just fancy a man who has seen better days,
Who to-day we must class as a vag;
The feelings of such men are all in a blaze,
And life is a burden to drag;
This motto I give to those who are rich,
Who think such a lot they'll ne'er share—
'Tis "keep your eye open ere leaping the ditch—
I know what it is to be there!" Chorus.

In conclusion I'd state, though your lot may be great,
Don't think yourself better than all,
But bear this in mind—for, its truth you will find—
"The greatest of men oftimes fall."
If the needy seek aid, why, help them along
If you have an odd dollar to spare;
But above all, my friends, remember my song—
"I know what it is to be there!" Chorus.

Prosperity seems to be scarcely safe unless it be mixed with a little adversity.

God Bless You, Colleen!

Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

The shores of dear Erin recede from my sight,
As swiftly our bark glides the waters so bright;
And eager I look, with a sorrowful gaze,
Upon the dear land where I've passed all my days.
My thoughts turn to home, and the dear faces there,
And for my dear Kathleen I breathe a fond prayer,
And say, as the land quickly fades from my view,
"God bless you, Colleen, I know you'll be true!"

CHORUS.

God bless you, Colleen, I know you'll be true,
True to the heart that beats only for you;
Think of me, darling, when from you I stray,
God bless you, Colleen, when I'm far away.

A tear dimmed my eyes, as with feeling oppressed,
I stifled the sob that arose in my breast;
And thought of the long days of sorrow and pain,
Before I could see thee, my darling, again—
That night in my dream I returned to my home,
And through the green meadows with Kathleen did roam,
But making the old words come back anew,
God bless you, Colleen, I know you'll be true!
God bless you, &c.

Dark-Eyed Emilie Dee.

Words by Andy McKee.

'Twas at the Howerd in Boston,
One Autumn evening there:
I caught a glance—'twas full of smiles—
From Emilie Dee so fair.
She was dressed all up in fashion,
And, oh! so fair to see!
And my heart was captivated by
That dark-eyed Emilie Dee.

Chorus: Oh! if you only knew her,
You could sympathize with me:
For, my heart is almost breaking for this
Dark-eyed Emilie Dee.

Soon we became acquainted,
Learned to love like birds in spring:
Should you pass her house, by day or night,
This song you'll hear her sing:
But now if I were with her,
How happy would I be!
I'd be content at listening
To the voice of Emilie Dee. Chorus.

The Woodland Maid.

By L. S. G. Skeffington.

The woodland maid, my beauty's queen!
In nature's simple charm arrayed,
This heart subdues—that matchless mien
Still binds me to the woodland maid.

Let others sigh for mines of gold,
For wide domain, for gay parade:
I would, unmoved, such toys behold,
Possessed of thee, sweet woodland maid.

Slim and Slippery Southern Nig.

Words by Andy McKee. Music by J. Armstrong.

Of all the lively colored folks
That's in this country round,
There's no one half so handy
As this nigger, you be bound:
I dance from dark till daylight,
And my cognomen is Sam—
This Slim and Slippery Southeren Nig,
From Sunny Alabam.

Chorus; See me dance and slide about,
I turn myself near wrong side out:
I hope that you are satisfied:
For, I'm the ladies' man,
This Slim ond Slippery Southern Nig.
From Sunny Alabam.

Singing is my chief delight,
Of dancing never tire,
The way I throw myself around,
You'll say I'm hung on wire:
I'm my mother's only joy,
My father's name was Ham:
So watch the Antic tricks
Of this Nig from Alabam. Chorus.

You Know the Slate is Broke.

Sung by Pat Rooney.

In these now hard, uncertain times,
They do things very queer;
If you haven't got the ready cash,
You cannot get your beer;
The man behind the bar will say,
Just by way of a joke—
He'll shake his head with a meaning smile—
You know the slate is broke.

Chorus: You're welcome in to spend your tin,
To have a drink or smoke;
But you'd better put the money up:
For, you know the slate is broke.

When your daily labor is ended,
And to walk you feel inclined,
As you pass along the busy street,
How many friends you'll find:
They'll say to you—come and take a drink—
You'll return it with a smoke;
But you'd better put the money up:
For, you know the slate is broke. Chorus.

Muse, hang this Harp upon yon Aged Beech.

Muse, hang this harp upon yon aged beech,
Still murmuring with the solemn truths I teach,
And while at intervals a cold blast sings
Thro' the dry leaves and pants upon the strings,
My soul shall sigh in secret, and lament
A nation scourged, yet tardy to repent. COWPER.

She Vinked mit Doo Ice mit Me.

Air: Yaller Gal that winked at me.

You Dutchman volks, you vait for a vile,
Und somedings I vill tole you.
It's apout a little Sharman gal I meet vile I vas valking,
Und she vinked mit doo ice mit me.
She's so fat shust like a lager barrel,
Such feet dere don't been never vas;
Dey're so flat und so proad shust like a beice of poard,
Und she valks shust like a elephant.
Chorus; Oh! didn't she look funy?
Und she's sweet shust like some honey,
Und I vas very much in lofe
Mit dat pretty little Deutscher gal,
I meet as I vas valking,
Und she vinked mit doo ice mit me.

Shust so quick dat I ask me her name,
She said it vas Maria;
She said she vas a millner, she vorked down in der city,
Und her brudder he did run mit der fire.
I dress myself up in my Suntay glose,
Und goes me by her houser;
I look a little higher und see my dear Maria:
She's der putty gal dat vinked mit me. Chorus.

Katie of Killarney.

Words by Frank Dumont. Music by Fred B. Naylor.
The Music can be had of W. B. Smith, 135 N. Eight Street, Philadelphia. Price 30 cents.

How sweet is old Ireland, its lakes and its blarney,
How clear each scene and its mem'ries to me!
For, sweet is the cot on the shores of Killarney,
Where first Katie said, "How happy we'll be!"
But time since then has parted us both,
With sorrowing heart I crossed the blue sea;
My heart is in Erin, though far I may roam,
I've left it with her who is thinking of me.

CHORUS.

Sweet is the cot on the banks of Killarney,
Sad was the time when I crossed the blue sea:
I left my heart with sweet little Katie,
Left it with her who is thinking of me.

I'll work late and early, my darling, for thee,
Your face will cheer me wherever I go:
For, near me forever your blessings will be,
And that will cheer me in sorrow, I know.
But, darling, in spring the flowers will come,
And so will the day when no more we shall part,
I'll come to old Ireland, the land that I love,
Again as of yore press thee close to my heart.
Sweet is the cot, &c.

Barney, Come Back to Me.

Sung by Nellie Vincent.

Barney, come back from o'er the Atlantic,
Back to the heart that is longing for thee:
Ever I'm waiting to see in the distance
The ship that is bearing you, darling, to me.
Long have I waited, waited, so lonely;
Why did I let you go forth from my heart?
My lips for your kisses are eagerly waiting—
Barney, no, never again shall we part.

CHORUS.

Barney, my lips for your kisses are waiting;
Why did I let you go forth from my heart?
Long have I waited, yes, waited, so lonely;
Barney, no, never again shall we part.

Barney, return—the shamrock is blooming,
Nature is smiling in valleys and dells:
Darling, I'm waiting where first we did wander,
Where oft we heard ringing the dear village bell.
Oft have you said you'd ne'er forget Eileen,
Your colleen you left in that cot o'er the sea;
I have prayed for the hour when we shall be meeting:
Barney, do hasten, my darling, to me. Chorus.

The Cold Wind has Faded the Flowers of May.

T. DIBDIN.

A willow it wept o'er a purling stream,
And there lay a lady fair:
Her eyes were closed, and disturbed her dream,
She sighed and she murmured—beware!
A little bird perched on a willow and sung,
And, singing, he seemed to say:
"Once over her head a fair garland hung,
But it's blighted and withered away!
Honor lies sleeping,
True love lies weeping,
And the cold wind has faded the flowers of May."

The wind through the willow-leaves murmured a sigh,
Arose up that lady fair:
"Ah! once, she cried, who so happy as I?—
But of love and man beware!"
No little bird now, but that lady sung;
"Alack! and a-well-a-day.
He vowed, and I trusted his flattering tongue—
Love was blighted, and withered away!"
Honor lies sleeping, &c.

In this cottage he Lived, in this cottage he Died.

E. KNIGHT.

'Twas in the green forest that old Adam dwelt,
A retreat where no envy or sorrow he felt:
The fair simple hair from his temples had fled,
With the hundred years which had passed o'er his head
To the traveller's voice the echo replied:
In this cottage he lived—in this cottage he died.

My sight is quite gone—were the last words he spoke;
And the day that he fell, fell the old forest oak!
The pipe and the tabor with gaiety fled,
And sadly each heart moaned—good Adam is dead!
To the traveller's voice the echo replied:
In this cottage he lived—in this cottage he died.

There is one Dark and Sullen Hour.

There is one dark and sullen hour,
Which fate decrees our lives should know,
Else we should slight th' Almighty power,
Wrapt in the joys we find below:
'Tis past, dear Annie: now let frowns begone;
A long, long pennance I have done
For crimes, alas! to me unknown.

In each soft hour of silent night,
Your image in my dream appears;
I grasp the soul of my delight,
Slumber in joys, but wake in tears:
Ah! faithless charming saint, what will you do?
Let me not think I am by you
Loved less for being true.

Toss the Turk.

Words written, and Music adapted by Tom Cannon.

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Oh! one evening lately, I dressed up nately,
I put on my Sunday clothes, plug-hat and all;
And I started proudly, while whistling loudly,
For Neal Brogan's raffle at Hibernia Hall.
Going round a corner, a gang of rowdies:
Oh! I know they're rowdies: for, they never work,
Says—"let us give this old Tad a racket:
We will have a pic-nic, boys, and toss the Turk.

CHORUS.

Now I'm not a fighter, nor yet a biter,
But when duty calls me, I never shirk;
So I'll tell you plainly, though I look ungainly,
That they had no pic-nic when they tossed the Turk.

Oh! the big ring-leader, a free lunch rider,
Says—"O'Brien, you had better paint the "tile,"
Put craps around it, get an axe and pound it!"
And he thought 'twas funny when the gang did smile.
It was then my dander rose like a gander:
For, I heard one loafer say he'd flash a dirk;
So I tapped him lightly and surprised him quitely,
And they had no pic-nic when they tossed the Turk.
Now I'm not a fighter, &c.

Oh! they gathered round me and thought to pound me,
But I put my back against a big brick wall;
"You can't go behind me, says I, now mind me,
If you stand fornint me, I can bate ye all."
Then the gang did face me and thought to lace me,
But I showed them tricks I learned at Don-e-gal;
Right and left I pounded, they were dumbfounded,
And at last for mercy they began to bawl.

Spoken: "Well, they looked surprised, and "Red Handed Mike" says—who are you? Well, says I, my name is Cornelius Thomas Francis Meagher O'Brien, and moreover—" Chorus.

Who'd a Thought of Seeing You?

Sung by Rollin Howard.

When strolling out, we often meet
With those we least expect;
Perhaps some old, old friend, whose face
You can scarcely recollect.
"Your pardon, sir—is your name Smith?"
"Yes, sir."—"Well, my name's Jones!"
Then joyfully you greet him, in
The liveliest of tones—
Chorus: Who'd a thought of seeing you?
Gracious me! how do you do?
Do I make a great mistake?
Or is it, really, you?
(Repeat Chorus.)

A poor man, all at once, has money
Left to him by will,
Which lifts him up from the bottom
To the summit of the hill;
He moves in best society,
With lots of cash to spend;
But this should be his first greeting with
An old and seedy friend— Chorus.

A man of sixty marries, too,
A girl of seventeen;
He has money—she has none—
The end is quickly seen.
One night he goes home rather soon,
And thinks how pleased she'll be;
But finds his precious wife upon
Another fellow's knee! Chorus.

Just fancy getting married, on,
Say—fifty dollars per year—
Minus friends—ditto, cash.
You'll soon repent, I fear,
When in due course it happens that,
To crown your everlasting joy,
You find you are the father of
A bouncing little boy!
Chorus: Who'd a thought of seeing you?
Gracious me! how do you do?
Do I make a great mistake?
Or is it, really, you?
(Repeat.)

Draw it Mild.

Written and Sung by William Scanlan.

Let's learn to temper our wishes:
For, there's many a thing we desire,
Which on the morrow is worthless,
And makes mature a vivid satire.
Young men, whose fathers are wealthy,
In dissipation their hours do beguile,
Get all you can from the old man,
But remember—draw it mild.
Chorus: For, those who wish to be much in life,
My advice, to man, woman or child,
Is—go it strong while you are young,
But remember—draw it mild.

To the blushing maid of sweet sixteen,
At whom Cupid flings his dart,
Love at first sight's not always right,
And leads to an aching heart.
To all who believe in passion divine,
And on whom the fates have smiled,
Love's filter use, but don't abuse,
And remember—draw it mild. Chorus.

To all who would an evil shun,
Be he defaulter or politician,
Honor or duty can't be bought:
So give up sordid ambition,
Or else, like evil doers
Upon whom riches are piled,
A day of recovery soon will come,
Unless you draw it mild. Chorus.

If I was only Long enough, for a Soldier I would go.

Sung with immense success by Arthur Roberts

If I was only long enough,
A soldier I would be:
The girl I thought would be my wife,
Has proved so false to me.
She's turned me up, and now walks out
With one she calls her swain,
Whose whims and psalms outdone my charms,
And nearly turned my brain.

Spoken: Yes, I'm mad. To think the girl—the only one I ever loved—should give me up for another. And—

CHORUS.

If I was only long enough, a soldier I would be,
To fight for my country, and be revenged on she:
Then if a war broke out, she'd never see me more,
But away—yes, away—I'd go off to the war.

The donkey rides I've had with her,
The shrimps, the lovely teas,
And trousers, that cost twelve and six,
I've worn out at the knees,
Through making love, like fellows do,
In some secluded spot:
But all my spooning was in vain,
The girl she loved me not.

Spoken: She loved another. A woman who would feel a man that had paid sixpence in one day for ginger beer and donkey rides—is not worthy the name of woman. She's—well, never mind—
If I was, &c.

At night I dream of battle-fields,
And fancy I am there,
With blood all round, and cannon balls
All flying in the air;
And on the field I met the wretch,
Who's caused our love to part,
And, as we're standing face to face,
I stab him through the heart.

Spoken: Ha! ha! ha! I stab him to the heart—
If I was, &c.

Short soldiers at the seat of war
Have gained old England fame,
And p'raps Joe Smith of Seven Dials
Will make as great a name:
And she, that's proved so false to me,
May see my name inscribed
In the annals of her country, ha!
Among the brave that died—

Spoken: Drunk— If I was, &c.

Awfully Awfull.

Written and composed by G. W Hunt
Sung by Lydia Thompson.

They tell me I am too bashful by far,
And, sometimes, I think they are right;
But so awfully naughty the masculines are,
No wonder one feels in a fright.
I've been led to believe men were born to deceive,
So when they their compliments pay
In language absurd, I don't hear a word,
But, first, as a caution I say—

CHORUS.

Go away, get along, go along, get away
You don't say what you mean, or mean what you say:
Go away, naughty boy, go ever so far,
You are so awfully awful, you are!

When I go to a ball, and one asks me to dance,
At the finish I soon slip away:
For, I know Mr. Noodle, if he has the chance,
Is sure to have something to say.
So I stop the sad man, as soon as I can,
In case he'd be going too far,
Perhaps what he'd tell me, he has told two or three:
For, such sad, Don Giovannis they are. Chorus.

I dread Christmas time, whene'er it comes round,
Though it's awfully jolly, I know:
But so many young men, again and again,
Lead me under the mistletoe.
Oh! and would you believe? on last Christmas eve,
I found a young man at my feet,
With an offer of marriage, a mansion, and carriage—
Of course, I soon beat a retreat. Chorus.

'Tis Painful, Though 'tis Sweet to Love.

Why should I blush to own I love?
'Tis love that rules the realms above.
Why should I blush to say to all
That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest Love's dear secret be betrayed?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove—
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet to love. H. K. WHITE.

The Pallet of Straw.

Words by Ed. Wise. Air: Over the hills to the Poor-House.

I'm sitting alone in a garret,
While the sleet and the snow's falling down:
Yet God knows I am hungry and dying,
And I'm waiting for Jessie to come.
I sent her out, early this morning,
To bring me some pennies or bread;
But I think when my little one comes,
She'll find that her mother is dead.
Chorus: I'm cold, and I'm hungry and helpless,
And my loved one I'll never see more—
For, I'm dying alone in a garret,
On a thin little pallet of straw.

Would to God that my child had a father,
Or some one to watch o'er her with care:
Or some kind-hearted friend to protect her,
Then I'd die without sorrow or fear.
Should the storm keep my child from returning
To her mother, so helpless and sore,
Who is sitting alone in her garret,
On a thin little pallet of straw—
I'm cold, and I'm hungry, &c.

When I parted with Jessie, this morning,
She kissed me good-by, and she said:
"I soon shall return, dearest mamma,
Whether I get pennies or bread."
But the night's coming on and I'm weaker,
And I think I'll see Jessie no more—
For, when she comes back, she will find me
Lying dead on my pallet of straw.
Chorus: She's parted from cold and from hunger,
And her loved one she'll never see more;
For, she's lying dead, up, in a garret,
On a thin little pallet of straw.

What the old Cock Sparrow Said.

Sung by Frank Lewis.

One day I took a walk, rambling thro' the Central Park,
It was at the close of a bright Autumn day,
To enjoy the evening breeze as it swift sped
thro' the trees,
And watch the fountain's water brightly play.
After walking once around, a rustic bench I found,
And sitting down a moment just to rest,
When a voice I heard above, saying—"Soon to
you I'll prove
That honesty of purpose is the best."
As I looked up with surprise, a strange sight
met my eyes:
Some fifty sparrows gathered o'er my head,
A big cock sparrow spoke, with age his feathers broke,
And this was what the old cock sparrow said—

"'Tis strange such things to hear, we are getting
worse each year:
The laboring man now cannot get a meal,
About fifty cents a day is all they earn for pay:
It's no wonder that the poor man has to steal—
And our parsons do not preach, or longer virtue teach,
At secret kissing they are most expert;
And our politicians all for their living shout and bawl,
And talk of nothing but that bloody shirt:
And our lecturers who roam, like naughty men
from home,
Through sleeping cars in dreams be blindly led,
Like Tilton, sweet to furl his arms 'round some
pretty girl!"
This was part of what the old cock sparrow said.

"To the demagogues who dare talk again of civil war,
On the Fourth of March 'twill be all right, I say;
Boss Tweed is back again from the dirty land
called Spain,
And I hope that in confinement he'll not stay:
For, supposing he did rob, no poor man wanted a job,
He took it from the rich to give the poor!
I'd rather run the risk, be ruled by men like him
and Fisk:
For, then no beggars hungered at your door.
Of such things soon we'll tire, look at the great
Brooklyn fire;
They condemned the theatres—when the
folks were dead!
Had they done it but before, we should not the
fire deplore"—
This was part of what the old cock sparrow said.

"In the election long since gone, none knows
which man has won,
They did the "counting" just themselves to please:
Let Returning Boards act fair, and do things on
the square,
And we care not if it's Tilden or it's Hayes.
But one thing we must see, in this land so great
and free,
That work in plenty shall be got for all;
And the scoundrels who would lower the wages
of the poor,
How quickly we will send them to the wall!"
At this a shout did rise, which ascended to the skies,
From the sparrows that did flutter o'er my head;
They said his words were right, as they flew into
the night,
And they voted all the old cock sparrow said.

Known to the Police.

Sung by Fred Coyne.

I am so jolly happy,
'Cause I loves a bonnie gal;
All around the neighborhood
They calls her flashy Sall.
I love the gal sincerely,
I know that she loves me:
The lass I love belongs
To such a decent familee—
Chorus: Her father and her mother,
Her sister and her brother:
Her uncle and her auntie,
Her nephew and her neice:
She said she had a cousin,
I found she'd half a dozen,
And the whole blessed family
Were known to the Police.

Her father was a poacher,
And one night they did him nail:
Her mother stole the time of day,
And got six months in jail.
Her sister took some washing in,
Her liberty it cost:
Her brother he found lots of coin,
I think, before 'twas lost. Chorus.

Her uncle he was collared
Selling whiskey on the sly,
Her auntie did some stepping
'Cause she blacked a Copper's eye:
Her nephew he made money,
He made it in a mould,
Her neice she tried to pass it,
But the pair of them got sold. Chorus.

Her cousins joined the army,
But their characters were bad:
For, quickly they deserted—
So they stuck them all in quad.
And my gal she knows a thing or two,
At least the neighbors say:
She lived some time in foreign parts
At a place called Bot'ny Bay.

Spoken: A nice recomendation that to marry a girl when—

Her father and her mother, &c.

Birdie Darling.

Words by V. J. Engle. Music by H Bollman.

Fly across the ocean, birdie,
Fly beyond that gloomy sea;
There you'll find a truant lover,
Who has pledged his life to me.
Tell him how my heart was aching,
Aching that I gave him pain:
That my pride will not allow him
To recall those words again.
Chorus: Birdie, Birdie, Darling birdie,
Do not tarry on the way;
When you hear the ocean murmur,
Birdie, birdie, fly away.

Take with you this glossy ringlet,
Place it on his bosom bare:
Tell him, birdie, to remember
How my curls have nestled there—
Let him call to mind the moments,
When our hearts were both so free:
When he pledged his life forever
Unto me, yes, unto me. Chorus.

Let him think how once he faltered,
Near the window, by my side,
When he asked me would I love him?
When he asked me for his bride?
Fly away now, birdie darling,
Stay no more to hear me sigh:
There now, bless you, birdie, bless you,
Bear my message through the sky. Chorus.

Simon Simkin.

Comic Parody on Silver Threads among the Gold.
By L. M. Thornton.

Friends, my wife's a perfect scold:
Though each week I brings her gold,
Frowns are on her brow each day;
I am wasting fast away.
If I dare to take my part,
Soon my back is made to smart,
And with bumps upon my head,
Supperless I go to bed.
Chorus: Yes, my wife's a perfect scold:
Though each week I brings her gold,
Frowns are on her brow each day:
I am wasting fast away.

Just three months I've married been:
Would that her I'd ne'er seen—
I was happy when alone,
Now all happiness has flown.
I with wine my heart could cheer,
Now I get but Table Beer:
She however gets her gin,
And, oh! don't she drink it in! Chorus.

You should see her in a pet,
You would never her forget:
Don't she chase me round the room
With the poker and the broom—
Don't she stamp her foot and bawl,
And such horrid names me call—
It's a wonder I remain
"Compus Mentis"—that means sane. Chorus.

Even now she may be near,
I shall faint if her I hear:
But, before I go, I'll say:
Do postpone the wedding day:
If you read a life like me,
What a shocking thing 'twill be—
Oh! could I but break the chain,
I'd ne'er fettered be again.

[*The Singer here pulls a string which makes his hair stand on end, in which state after singing* Chorus, *exit.*]

Chorus.

On the Strict "Q. T."

Sung and Chorus: Sung by Lydia Thompson.

Music to be had of W. A. Pond, 547 Broadway, N. Y.
Price 50 cents.

We are very often told
All that glitters is not gold,
And we're not as we all ought to be;
And you'd quite believe it true,
If you saw the things I do,
When I get upon the strict "Q. T."

Chorus.

Oh, my! what a pious world this is,
And how very good we all seem to be—
What a duffing lot you find,
If you only raise the blind,
And see us on the strict "Q. T."

Old ladies oft declare
Girls should never wear false hair,
The locks that once adorned another she,
Or to use that lily-white;
But they draw the curtains tight,
And use it on the strict "Q. T." Chorus.

With a lady when you dine,
And you ask her to take wine,
She says—"I couldn't touch it," not for me!
Say "Mum's the word," make haste!
And I think you'll find she'll taste
That "mum" upon the strict "Q. T." Chorus.

Just take a pretty miss,
And offer her a kiss,
When there's anybody standing by to see:
She'd say she'd rather die—
But you may snatch it on the sly,
And she'll like it on the strict "Q. T." Chorus.

The Russians in the East
Were preparing for a feast,
They ment to carve the Turkey, don't you see?
They said—"It's peace we're on:"
But their little game was Con-
Stantinople on the strict "Q. T." Chorus.

Each girl a little puff
Will in her pocket stuff,
She cannot do without it, all agree:
And her pretty little nose she'll powder,
When a moment is allowed her
To do it on the strict "Q. T." Chorus.

When Sunday comes, you fear
You can not get your beer,
It's forbidden in the city of the free,
It's naughty, but it's nice:
But if you ask for "Weiss,"
You'll get it, on the strict "Q. T." Chorus.

Now, there's the needy swell,
Who calls a girl a "gell,"
Wears an Ulster quite a yard below his knee:
Then comes the ancient beau,
Upon whose cheek there is a glow,
That we think is on the strict "Q. T." Chorus.

The Six Degrees of Crime.

PART IV.

ROBBERY.

How different the conduct and career of Frank Hardy to that of Gaston Marall!

Gaston, inheritor of a large fortune which it had not been intended he should receive, was now utterly bankrupt as well as in character as in pocket. Hardy, by his own exertions—his only aids his probity and his industry—had made good way in the world.

He was now, and had for some time been, the manager of a mercantile house, and very highly esteemed by his employer.

He had very sincerely loved the girl of whom Gaston had so shamefully and treacherously deprived him, but he was not a man to sigh over a lost love that had proved unworthy of him, and had no idea of wasting his life in vain regrets.

Poor Mrs. Meredith suffered dreadfully, and it did not seem likely that she would long survive the calamity that had befallen her.

But Frank Hardy stepped in to cheer her, and to more than reconcile her to a life which her daughter's shame had made hateful to her.

She had no longer a motive for continuing her business, and at once the poor woman sold it. Besides that after what had happened she should continue to be a tenant of Gaston Marall's was entirely out of the question.

Frank Hardy had concealed the grief which, at the time of its occurence, Julia's perfidy and fall had caused him, in order the better to console Mrs. Meredith.

He proposed to that good woman that they should dwell together—that she should be the housekeeper of his bachelor home, which, at the time that we are now treating of, had become a home that, if not what might be called luxurious, was certainly replete with every comfort.

On the morning of this present day in our story, and when Hardy was about to go to business, Mrs. Meredith said to him, "I suppose, Frank, you will be home to dinner at the usual time this evening?"

"An hour or two earlier than usual, mother," he replied.

He had long called Mrs. Meredith mother, saying that he would be her son, as he could not be her son-in-law.

"And why, Frank—why home earlier than usual to-day? Is business slack, or what?"

"No, indeed," smiled Frank; "there is plenty to do. But have you forgotten that this is your birthday?"

"And is it on that account that you——"

"Why, of course it is," said Frank.

"Dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Meredith, her eyes moistening with grateful tears.

"And if you have no objection, we will go to Drury Lane Theatre this evening."

"I should like it of all things; I was always fond of the play."

And then she sighed, for she remembered that the last time she was at a theatre her daughter had been with her.

"Very well, then, we'll go; that's settled," said Frank.

"But it's such a journey, Frank!"

"Why, to hear you, one would think that Brixton was somewhere near the world's end!" laughed Frank.

"And there's the getting home. How late we shall be! And how will you be able to get up in the morning in time for business?"

"Don't you trouble your head about that, mother."

"And then, my dear boy, think what a deal of money it will cost you!"

"I shall get over it, I dare say," laughed Frank; "and I mean to do honor to your birthday, so make up your mind to enjoy yourself."

"Thank you, Frank, my dear! I have nobody but you to think about me, or my birthday, or to care whether I am happy or miserable."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and Frank, kissing her on the cheek, said, "Mother, I am sorry if I have recalled sad thoughts to your mind——"

"To think that she, my only child, should thus desert me, to take up with a villain!"

"But you have, instead, a son to console you."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Meredith, and her tears flowed fast; "you are my only child; for I have no other now!"

"Come, come, mother!" said Frank; "this is a bad beginning to your birthday."

"Forgive me, dear Frank; I can't help it sometimes. When the heart gets too full, it overflows, and that's a great relief," said the poor woman, drying away her tears.

"But it's over now, mother, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes!" she answered, in a more cheerful tone; "all over now, Frank, dear. And I ought to remember all that you have done to make me happy; and you must not think me ungrateful if sometimes I am a little doleful."

"I won't allow you to talk like that, mother: 'tis to your help that I owe a good deal of my present prosperity."

"Nothing of the sort, Frank; you owe it all to your own conduct, and your industrious habits."

"Ah! think how you have helped me by your economical housekeeping!—how comfortable and happy a home you have made for me!"

Mrs. Meredith was about to say something more, but Frank said, laughing, "Well, well, let it be that we are under a mutual abligation; that we have helped and consoled one another, and so shall it be to the end. Good-bye, mother; I shall be home in good time, and mind you are dressed in your best to go to the play this evening."

Off he went, and Mrs. Meredith stood at the door, looking after him, and saying to herself, "That miserable girl must have been mad to prefer to be the mistress of a vagabond, rather than the honest wife of such a man as Frank. And such a heart as he has! She must have been out of her senses, or she would have loved the very ground he walked on."

* * * * * * * * * *

We left Gaston Marall, after his escape from the Dolphin Club; and, with his friend Jack Horsley, on his way to Mrs. Rollins's abode.

When the two men arrived before the house to which they were bound, not a light was to be seen within it.

"I told you how it would be," said Jack; "they are all in bed."

"Well, I will rouse them," returned Gaston, about to knock, and loudly too, at the door.

But Jack Horsley held him back, saying, "Are you mad?—it is one o'clock!"

"What does that matter to me?" cried Gaston, struggling to reach the door.

"It matters to me," respondek Jack.

"Well, I do not want your help. Go away,—leave me to myself."

"And so I shall, if you persist. I can't afford, especially to-night, after the row we have been in, to attract the attention of the police. And I should think it would not answer your book to introduce yourself to their notice."

"Perhaps you are right, Jack. I'll be here, though, in good time in the morning, and she will have to look out, if she is playing any tricks on me."

There had been eyes watching those two through the Venetian blind of one of the windows of Mrs. Rollins's house, and about ten minutes after their departure, a woman, cloaked and veiled, came quickly out at the half-opened door, glided rapidly to a cab that was waiting at the corner of a street, about a couple of hundred yards from the dwelling she had just left, and was driven away.

It was exactly nine o'clock in the morning when Gaston—and this time he was alone—seized the knocker, and gave a loud rat-tat-tat at the door of Mrs. Rollins's dwelling.

Tortured by jealousy and remorse—far more, however, by the former than by the latter—he had passed a sleepless night.

He was very pale, his eyes bloodshot and restless, his hair uncombed, his clothes hung about him in a loose and negligent way, and altogether he was far from comely to look upon.

The door opened to admit him. He dashed into the house, and flew to the apartments therein which had been occupied by Julia Meredith.

Everything there was neatly arranged, as usual. The rooms were just as Gaston had always seen them, except only that Julia was in neither one nor the other of them.

"She is with Mrs. Rollins," he said to himself; and hastened to that lady's sitting-room.

Reaching that, he gave a start, for the occupier of the house was there alone.

He asked himself if it could be posible that Julia had already fulfilled her threat, and had deserted him.

His agitation was so intense, doubts and fears, rage and jealousy so completely overpowered him, that several moments had passed before he was able to utter a word.

And Mrs. Rollins did not feel at all comfortable, and was rather afraid for herself, seeing that she was the only person on whom, just then, Gaston would be able to vent his fury.

"Where is Julia?" said Gaston, forcing the words from his throat.

Mrs. Rollins did not immediately answer.

"Do you hear," roared Gaston; "where is Julia?"

"I really do not know," now replied the unfortunate woman, with a tremulous voice.

"You lie, woman!" cried Gaston.

"Well, I am sure!" said Mrs. Rollins, gathering courage as she proceeded. "You are not very polite."

"I ask you—where is Julia?"

"And I tell you that I do not know."

"That answer won't do for me. Where is she?"

"Upon my honor——"

"Your honor! Come, be truthful with me. I warn you that I am not in a mood to be trifled with."

"Do you think I cannot see that?"

"Well, then, speak."

"After you had left her last night, taking with you her jewels, which she had no hope of ever seeing again—and after you had struck her——"

"Don't remind me of that. Go on."

"She inveighed against you as the bane of her life; wondered at the mad infatuation which had first caused her to give herself to you, and——"

"You are telling me nothing that I want to hear," cried Gaston. "Speak to the purpose, will you?"

"She declared that she would never see you again as long as she lived——"

"She will find that she has made a mistake in that. I promise her that, at all events, she shall see me once more!" hissed Gaston, through his clenched teeth.

"I did my best to soothe her, and tried all I could to get her to be friends with you, but——"

"That's another lie!" growled Gaston.

"Much obliged to you once more," said Mrs. Rollins; and continued, "She retired to her chamber, promising to think over what I had said; but this morning I found that her bed had not been slept in. My servant told me that she had found the street door unbolted, clearly proving that Julia had gone away in the night, without saying a word to anybody."

"Ah!" cried Gaston; "and you have no idea, I suppose, that she has gone away with that fellow who used to visit her?"

Mrs. Rollins turned pale. She had fully believed that Grston knew nothing at all of the gentleman in question.

"Well," said Gaston, after waiting some time for Mrs. Rollins to speak, "what have you to say to that?"

"Say?" stammered Letitia. "I—I really don't know what you mean; there has been no gentleman——"

Gaston's face suddenly hardened; he beat his right foot on the ground, and hurried from the room.

Mrs. Rollins waited until she had heard the hall door close behind Gaston, and then broke out with—

"The brute, the ruffian!—tell him where the poor thing is gone? Not likely, I think! Why, if he were to see her, while his furious fit is on him, just as likely as not that he would kill her. The wretched spendthrift, the miserable gambler! And he charges me with persuading Julia to leave him."

Precisely at four o'clock that afternoon Gaston returned, and at his knock the door was opened, not by Mrs. Rollins's maid servant, but by a well-dressed, short, and stoutish gentleman; and three young children came bundling out of the parlor into the hall.

Gaston drew back a step, perfectly amazed.

"What is it, sir?" asked the gentleman of Gaston. "Is it Mrs. Rollins you want?"

"Yes!" gasped Gaston, who guessed what he was about to hear.

"She is gone."

"But, sir, I saw her this morning!"

"No doubt; but, according to agreement made a month since, I took possession of this house at twelve o'clock to-day—as it stood, you see, sir, for I had already bought and paid Mrs. Rollins for her furniture; and so," he added with a laugh, "as we walked in, she walked out."

"Do you know where she is to be found?" asked Gaston, doing his utmost to speak calmly.

"I have no idea whatever," was the reply; "except that I heard her say she was going abroad."

"Thank you, sir," said Gaston; the gentleman bowed, and the door was closed.

Gaston hurried away, wild with fury against Mrs. Rollins, and vowing vengeance against her for the trick that she had so cleverly played him.

"Oh!" he muttered savagely; "and she is now with Julia, and both of them are laughing that they have shaken me off! And the man, too—he is enjoying the joke! But wait a bit; they are not quite clear of me yet! I shall find them—I will find them; and when I I do—oh, when I do!"

And his furious walk and extravagant gestures attracted notice, and several people said to themselves, "I think the poor man is not quite right in his mind."

And indeed he was not at the moment.

After leaving that which had been Mrs. Rollins's residence, Gaston made his way to the place where he knew Jack Horsley would be waiting for him.

This was a low public-house in a neighborhood to which the establishment was exactly suited.

In a back room, marked "Private," of that house, Gaston found not only Horsley, but three other men.

Two of those men Gaston had never before seen; with the third he had been by far too long and too well acquainted.

"So, Gaston, here you are at last; what a while you have been!" cried Horsley. "I have been waiting anxiously to make you acquainted with these two gentlemen, who are disposed to allow us to assist them in a good thing, which will set us up in the world once again."

Gaston, in the present distracted state of his mind, heard without heeding the words spoken by Horsley, and did but glance at the two men to whom he was thus introduced.

But nothing more than one glance was needed to tell him a great deal of the character of these two men.

"They are full of sympathy for us, Gaston," continued Jack; "for with them, too, fortune has dealt very hardly. What their real names are, we need not trouble to enquire. This gentleman is known to me as Nimming Ned, and that as Downy Dick."

Ruffian was stamped upon the countenance of each of these two men, who were very seedy in dress; their short coats had grown rusty from long wear, and the once brilliant colors of their vests and pantaloons had faded from the same cause; besides that they were spotted with grease, and with the drops of beer and liquors that at various times had fallen upon them.

"And haven't you got a word for me?" said the third man to Gaston, and who was no other than Tom Blackford.

Gaston, without speaking, looked at Blackford with a vacant eye. He was so absorbed by thoughts connected with Julia, that he hardly knew where or with whom he was, and had neither eyes nor ears for ought that concerned not her.

Jack Horsley, observing his condition, drew him into a corner of the room, and lowering his voice, said, "Come, come, Gaston; this won't do, old fellow; you must get rid of that dazed look. What's up?—what have you heard?"

Gaston told him—the noisy talk of the three men drinking at the table, overpowering the voices of these two.

When Gaston, speaking in a wild, incoherent manner, had related that which we already know, Horsley said, "I am surprised that you make such a fuss about it: you ought to have been prepared for it; I have been expecting it for a long time."

"I would give millions to be revenged!" cried Gaston.

"Yes, if you had them; but as, at the present moment, you have not a shilling in the world to call your own, drop your revenge."

"That she could dare to leave me! She must have lost her senses; she knows my temper—has already had reason to know that in my jealousy, my rage, I stop at nothing!"

"How can you be so hot-headed? Jealous! As if she were the only woman in the world!"

"I felt sure from the moment you told me of that fellow that he was my enemy."

"And so did I, for that matter. It's all simple enough; your money was all gone, and he, no doubt, is well stocked with that delightful commodity."

"But I shall find them; and then——"

"You will cool over it in a day or two."

"Shall I? You'll see."

"Well, I can't spare any more time to talk about your lost Julia; I have a very important matter of business to arrange with our friends there."

About to take his seat again at the table, he returned to Gaston, and said, "I was nearly forgetting to tell you. Lucy Marsden——"

"It's no use talking to me of her," cried Gaston, impatiently.

"I know it isn't; for if we ever had any chance in that quarter, it's gone now—the young lady is about to be married."

"Glad of it, for I was sick of being bored by you about her."

"He is a lucky fellow, whoever he is, that has got hold of her; and but for your mad infatuation for Julia, the chance might, perhaps, have been yours."

Jack Horsley resumed his seat at the table, and Gaston sat himself down in that corner of the room where he had been conversing with his friend.

"Now, then, about the little affair for to-night!" said Jack.

"Oh, it's to come off to-night, is it?" said Tom Blackford.

"I should think it was," grinned Nimming Ned. "But, I say, Mr Blackford—for that your chum here says is your name—I didn't have the honor of knowing you till the other night; but it struck me then, and I was a thinking on it agin just now, that you are a bang-up swell for a cove as has just come out of quod."

"And that's what I've been a thinking on too," chimed in Downy Dick.

"Rather a good get up, isn't it?" said Blackford, with a laugh; "but don't ask me how I got hold of these togs, for I shan't tell you."

"Oh," cried Nimming Ned, "that's it, is it? Well, I'm disappointed, for I was going to ask you to show me the shop where you got 'em."

"Well, perhaps I may some day," replied Tom; and there was a hidden meaning to his words.

"I should be very much obliged to you if you did."

"I don't think you would," was Blackford's thought, which he took good care to keep to himself.

"Come, come, this is no business," cried Horsley.

"There's not much more to know than what I've told you already."

"But where did you say the house was?"

"At Brixton," replied Nimming Ned.

"And at about the very quietest part of it," added Downy Dick.

"Yes, so it is," continued Nimming Ned. "It stands alone, and there ain't another house within a good many yards of it. It is a large villa, with a big garden behind it, that's got rayther high walls, too; ain't it, Dick?"

"Yes, but we don't mind them; high walls ain't no protection against such coves as us," chuckled Dick.

"And you are sure that entrance will be easy?" asked Blackford.

"I've made that all right," replied Nimming Ned; "I've been over in that garden more than once, and there's a window at the back of the house that'll be all right for one of us to get in at."

"And which on us is to get in at the window?" asked Downy Dick.

"Why," replied his pal, "as the window is rayther small, and as you, Dick, are the littlest cove amongst us, you must do it; and then come through the house and open the street door for the rest on us."

"All right!" said Dick.

"And you are quite certain there is something worth while to be had?" said Jack Horsley.

"Do you think we go on to a job without knowing what we are going to make by it?" responded Nimming Ned, and looking as if he had been grossly insulted.

"'Tain't likely," said Downy Dick; "why, there's a load of plate and a good lot of money about the place, and gold watches, and a good many other things; and we know where they all is, and shall collar the lot with very little trouble."

"Then I wonder you didn't keep the job to yourselves," said Tom Blackford.

"And so we should; only, by ourselves, we should have been too long about it," replied Ned.

"The things we want," added Dick, "is scattered here and there all over the house, and there'll be enough for all on us to do."

And a chum of ours will be handy with a cab, a respectable-looking growler, so that we may get out of the neighborhood pretty sharp arter we've finished."

"But," asked Tom Blackford, "how did you come to know so exactly what was to be got in that house?"

"You seems to want to know a good deal, my covey," said Ned, looking hard at him.

"Well, yes," answered Blackford, who did not seem quite at his ease; "perhaps I may want to set up in the line on my own hook, one of these days."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Dick; "they wanted a 'ousemaid at that willa, and a gal as we knows got the place."

"Without a character?"

"Not she! We got her what they thought a first rate character; we always know how to manage that sort of thing."

"I suppose she did not remain there long!" laughed Jack Horsley.

"Only just long enough to be able to tell us all that we wanted to know; and then she prigged a few of her missus's thingamybobs, and walked herself off."

"Well, said Blackford, "now I suppose we have nothing more to do than arrange the time and place of our meeting to-night?"

"I just wish to ask one more question, if I may be allowed," said Jack Horsley.

"Go on," growled Nimming Ned; "let us hear what you have got to say."

"I wish to know how many persons there will be sleeping in that house to-night."

"The master and young missus, and a few servants; but a long way off from the rooms where we shall have to work. They won't none on 'em interfere with us."

"So much the worse for 'em if they should!" said Dick, with a hideous scowl.

At this moment Gaston Marall rose from his seat in a corner of the room, and was proceeding towards the door.

"Halloa, Gaston!" cried Horsley; "where are you going?"

"I have not willingly listened," replied Gaston—"I have had, as you know, Jack, more than enough to employ my thoughts: but I have not been able to avoid hearing sufficient to tell me that I ought to have quitted you long before."

"What the devil does he mean?" cried Nimming Ned. "Isn't he to be one of us in to-night's job?"

"Certainly he is," replied Horsley.

"Never!" exclaimed Gaston.

"Oh, if that's it, we know what we have got to do—don't us, Dick?"

"I should think we did!" replied that gentleman, bringing a large clasp knife from his pocket.

"Leave him to me," interposed Jack Horsley; "I answer for him. Name the place and hour, and I will bring him with me to-night."

"Yes," said Ned; we know what you can do with him; and he wants a little coaxing, that's all."

The spot and hour for meeting at night, and then, Nimming Ned, addressing Gaston, said, "Look here, my fine fellow!—you've been a good young man gone wrong a long while, and I don't see how you could do much worse than you've done already. Me and Dick was once respectable coves—wasn't we, Dick?"

"Yes," responded Dick; "I believe we was: but it's so long ago that I've 'most forgot all about it."

"And we got on from one sort of thing to another, as chaps of our sort are bound to do. We

hadn't got money, like you started with, but we began easy and pleasant enough—didn't we, Dick?"

"Yes; I'm berlesst if we didn't!" answered that gentleman.

"But how none of us will end, we don't none on us know; and for my part, berless me if I want to know."

They left the house, all of them. Ned and Dick walked away together; so, too, did Gaston and Jack Horsley. Tom Blackford went off alone, and when he had turned the corner, he set to and walked just as hard as he could.

As soon as they were in the street together, Gaston said to Horsley, "Why did you promise those ruffians that I should be with them to-night?"

"Simply because you will be with them," was Jack Horsley's reply.

"I an accomplice in so atrocious a crime?—never!"

Horsley smiled to himself; he had so often heard "Never!" spoken very emphatically by Gaston.

"Don't be a fool, Gaston," he said. "Think you I would have leagued with those men if I could have hoped by any other means to put even a single shilling in our pockets? But there is no other way; we are penniless, and but for these men should soon be starving."

"To what a state have I fallen!" groaned Gaston.

"And have not I fallen with you?" demanded Horsley. "But it will do no good to talk of it; here we are, and must clutch at anything that will help us out of the mire."

"No, not burglary. I will not."

"If those men do not see you to-night, they will take their first chance to kill you."

"Well, they would render me a service in ridding me of my life."

"Don't talk nonsense. And think of Julia.

"Not for one moment is she absent from my thoughts."

And you want to be revenged on her for having so shamefully deserted you?"

"And I will; and that man, too."

"Well, there is little doubt that, they have gone abroad, and your share of to-night's plunder would enable you to follow and trace them out."

Horsley did not fail to notice the effect those last words had produced on Gaston, and he said to himself, "It's all right; that little difficulty is surmounted."

Tom Blackford after proceeding through several streets, stopped, looked carefully every way, and then knocked at the door of a small private house, and was admitted on the instant.

The door was closed again as quickly as it had been opened, and he and the man who admitted him entered the front parlor, of which the blinds were drawn down.

Tom Blackford, on leaving gaol, was puzzled to know how he should live in the future. He did not know how honestly to earn an existence, and was afraid, after the penalty he had just paid, to return to roguery.

One day he was accosted by the man with whom we see him now closeted, and who was an inspector of police, but then, as now, not wearing his uniform.

Blackford was told that he was acquainted with several men whom the police would like to get hold of; and, above all, that they longed to be able to convict two men who had hitherto been able to baffle all the efforts that had been made to bring home to them any one of the many crimes of which it was not doubted that they had been guilty.

Those two clever rascals were our friends Nimming Ned and Downy Dick.

Blackford was sure that these two men would not hesitate to accept him as a chum, but then it was a very dangerous berth that was offered him.

After well weighing the matter, however, he decided that he had better be a thief-taker than a thief to be taken, and so became a paid agent of the police.

"Well, what news?" was now asked of Blackford.

Tom told his story, was highly praised by the inspector, was instructed how to act with the burglars that night; and then Blackford said, "I should like Gaston Marnll to be allowed to get away."

"Why?" demanded the inspector.

"Because he has been, as I have told you, downright forced to join them."

"He should not have been in such company."

"That's very true; but think what a different man he once was; and he was always very liberal to me, and I have always had a great liking to him."

"Then you should advise him to keep away to-night."

"I shan't have a chance to do that; Jack Horsley sticks to him too closely."

"Then if he is there to-night, we must take him, that's all."

"Well, it can't be helped," Tom Blackford said to himself when again in the street. "I have done my best for him, and he will have to take his chance with the rest. As for Jack Horsley, I don't care what becomes of him."

* * * * * * * * *

Frank Hardy was, as he had said he would be, home to dinner early in the afternoon; and true to the other promise he had given that evening took Mrs. Meredith to town, and to Drury Lane Theatre. They returned by the last train, so that it was very nearly one o'clock when they reachd Brixton.

The two or three cabs that had been in waiting at the station had each of them secured a fare before Frank and his charge had been able to reach them.

"Now what is to be done, and however am I to get you home?" said Frank.

"Why, my dear," responded Mrs. Meredith, "we have but a short distance to go, and I shall be very well able to walk it."

"I am quite vexed, for I can see you are tired out; and then your rheumatism!"

"I don't feel it a bit to-night, Frank—I don't indeed. Then give me your arm, and let's jog along."

As they proceeded, and not at all at a rattling pace, Mrs. Meredith said, "Do you know, Frank, I am rather glad that you couldn't get a cab to take us home?"

"What! you like to be running the streets at this time of the night, do you?" laughed Frank.

"I'd much rather be in my bed," said Mrs. Meredith—and she, too, laughed—"for I am very sleepy."

"Then why are you glad that we did not get a cab?"

"Because I think I have cost you more than enough to-night, without that."

"Never mind, mother; you don't have a birthday every week, you know."

"I should soon ruin you if I did, if you always went on like you have done to-night."

They walked on very slowly, and Mrs. Meredith leaning more and more heavily on Frank's arm, until they had come to a large house that stood alone, with high walls surrounding the somewhat extensive grounds attached to it.

"We haven't got far to go now, thank goodness, for I am dead beat" said Mrs. Meredith.

Frank Hardy stopped and looked up at the windows of that house.

"Ah, now," said the good woman, "I fancy you are glad we were obliged to walk, Frank dear. Which is the particular window—you know what I mean—the window of the room that——"

Frank, to Mrs. Meredith's amazement, dropped her arm flew to the door of the house and seizing the knocker, hammered away with all his might.

He had seen on one of the blinds the shadow of a man who passed the window with a light in his hand.

And so well defined was the shadow, that Frank saw plainly what sort of a man he was who was there, and knew that there were robbers in the house.

Frank had knocked but a few moments when the door was opened by a man, who had on only his night-shirt.

He was one of the servants who slept in the lower part of the house.

"Is the house on fire?" he cried.

He got no answer, for directly the door was opened, Frank dashed into the house and up the stairs.

The first room he entered was one that overlooked the gardens.

The window was wide open, and he saw a man whose back was towards him standing in the balcony.

Hardy had entered the room noisily enough, but the man appeared not to have heard Frank, for he moved not.

Hardy rushed towards him, then the man turned, and as those two came face to face, they recognised each other, and—

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Frank: "Gaston Marall!"

To be continued—commenced in No. 140.

Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

Written by George Scobie.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

I've just been out to see the boys,
They invited me to drink,
Well knowing if we taste life's joys
We must not stop to think;
And that's about the right idea,
At least I've found it so—
To shout and cheer, drink wine and beer,
No matter where we go:
To shout and cheer, drink wine and beer,
No matter where we go.

Chorus.

Then hip, hurrah! hip, hurrah! we'll go and have a spree
Hip, hurrah! hip, hurrah! so come along with me
Hip, hurrah! hip, hurrah! let's go and have a lark,
We never will go home, no, not while it's dark.

'Tis well for fogies to deny
The pleasures they forego,
And tell us that we've got to die:
We know that to be so.
Let them enjoy life as they may,
And we will do the same;
Our spirits light, our hearts are gay,
And we'll uphold our name:
Our spirits light, our hearts are gay,
And we'll uphold our name. Chorus.

I care not how the times may go,
I never look for pain;
I do not choose to search for woe,
For one I do refrain.
So come and join me in my spree,
And have a jolly game;
We now start in with one, two, three,
Hurrah! we're off again—
We now start in with one, two, three,
Hurrah! we're off again! Chorus.

The Fire in the Grate.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by G. W. H. Griffin.

Music to be had of W. A. Pond, 547 Broadway, N. Y. Price 35 cents.

Grandpa's chair is vacant,
Near the fire in the grate,
Where he told his tales of boyhood—
Kept the little ones awake.
One eve, so worn and weary,
Sleeping on his knee they lay,
Death called that night—like the fire bright,
Grandpa passed away.
Chorus: So let the room be cheerful—
Place the old arm-chair
Where we talked to grandpa,
With his silvery snow-white hair—
How he'd watch the falling ashes,
And sadly meditate,
Gently sigh—"We all must die,
Like the fire in the grate."

One bitter night in winter,
The snow fell fast and wild;
A girl looked in the window—
A careworn, hapless child—
Then grandpa whispered—"Baby,"
And toddled to the gate,
To save from sin he brought her in,
Near the fire in the grate. Chorus.

Keep the fire burning,
'Tis charity's bright flame,
Reminding of the evening
The orphan Mary came,
So ragged, cold, and hungry,
With grandpa from the gate:
For him she kneels, a prayer she yields,
Near the fire in the grate. Chorus.

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CONTENTS.

Amber tresses tied in blue.....page 346
Don't you do it..... 346
Don't take any notice, it's only the boy.... 347
Don't take any notice, it's only the girl.... 351
Down by the sunrise..... 347
David Dove that fell in love..... 349
Eyes of sparkling brightness..... 347
Fighting the battle of life..... 346
Farewell, my love: 'tis Fate's decree..... 352
He shall meet with his reward..... 347
I don't think I'm very far out..... 348
I breathe once more my native air!..... 348
I'm dead nuts on Dolly..... 352
I love my love in de morning..... 352
Jane Anna Killfoil..... 347
John Monahan's Donkey..... 348
Keep the ball a rolling..... 352
Love, do you remember?..... 347
Lackawanna Gang..... 349
Mabel Drew..... 346
Nena Moore..... 346
Number Seven Shoe..... 346
Pink Dominos..... 349
Pretty Mabel Clare..... 352
Rinking Rose! or
she said she'd be my bride..... 352
Shine on..... 348
Sunday night when the parlor's full..... 348
She suits me down to the ground..... 348
She is the pet of the swells..... 348
The Six degrees of crime—Story continued..... 350
To thee my heart turneth ever..... 346
There's nothing new under the sun..... 349
Whoa! Emma!..... 349
Whisperings of hope..... 346
Welcome Christmas!..... 347
Your face is enshrined in my heart..... 346

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Whisperings of Hope.

When my pathway of life is all clouded o'er,
When the shadows of sorrow have darkened my door,
When friends have departed, perhaps never more
To meet me in this world again,
Sweet hope is ever near,
Thus whispering in mine ear—
"The darkest day will pass away,
And sunlight come smiling from Heaven again."

When memories of childhood, so bright and so fair,
Come back to my heart and oppress me with care,
When my spirit is weary and prone to despair,
I listen to that voice again.
Sweet hope is ever near,
Thus whispering in mine ear—
The darkest day will pass away,
And sunlight come smiling from Heaven again."

Nena Moore.

By S. C. Sullivan.

One Summer evening, long ago,
We wandered by the ocean side:
The silvery moon was shining down
Upon the waters deep and wide;
We cared not for the dazzling spray,
We heeded not the billows' roar:
For, life was then a happy dream,
A dream to me and Nena Moore.
Chorus: O Nena Moore, sweet Nena,
I am weeping now for thee;
But I know that thou art waiting
In the heavenly land for me.

'Twas many years since we had met,
Once more I wandered by the sea—
A storm had raged: along the coast
The waves were dashing wild and free;
A lifeless form lay on the beach,
By cruel billows washed ashore:
The world is dark and lonely now:
For, that sweet form was Nena Moore. Chorus.

Fighting the Battle of Life.

Song and Chorus. By Sam K. Hodgdon.

There are many poor souls in this cold world to-night
Bound down by poverty's chains,
Earnestly striving their standard to reach
While a spark of ambition remains.
From childhood we've learned that our country is free,
All men are equal, we're told;
But we find that the poor man is pushed to the wall
And crushed by the power of gold.
Chorus: No wonder the prospects look dreary,
No wonder they're sick of the strife,
No wonder the heart grows weary
Fighting the battle of life.

The moneyless man may have genius and brains—
Such ones we can easily find—
But he stands not the ghost of a show with the man
Whose pockets with money are lined;
Reformers by thousands are talking to-night,
Evangelists preaching their creeds:
What good does it do for the victim of want?
'Tis actions, not words, that he needs.
No wonder the prospects, &c.

The greatest improvements in science and art
Were indebted to poverty's slaves;
The works of their genius are claimed by the rich
While the real authors sleep in their graves.
God, pity the poor man! his talents are scorned,
Not a shadow of fame can he win;
Heartsick and discouraged, don't marvel that he
Rushes wild down the pathway of sin.
No wonder the prospects, &c.

(ENCORE VERSE.)

Philosophers say all things are for the best,
They tell us we should not complain;
But that is small help to the sad heart bowed down,
And only increases its pain.
But one grain of comfort can always be found,
If we only have faith to believe—
When our trials are over, there's a Father above,
And the poor man he'll gladly receive.
No wonder the prospects, &c.

Your Face is Enshrined in my Heart.

By W. E. McNulty.

All lonely and sadly I'm sitting to-night
Where waves kiss the shore at my feet:
Like silver-capped fairies they gleam in the light,
While zephyrs are murmuring sweet.
I wish that the waves could bear tidings to thee,
Each laden with love would depart,
And bring you this message across the blue sea:
"Your face is enshrined in my heart."

Chorus.

When fortune forsakes you and fate proves unkind,
And joy e'er from thee keeps apart,
Thine eyes turn to me, love: 'tis there you will find
Your face is enshrined in my heart.

With no friend but mem'ry I wander alone,
My soul ever dwelling with thee;
Thy face in each sea-shell, thy name on each stone,
Thy smile in each ripple I see;
And if I directed the course of the birds,
I'd bid them to thee quick depart:
Each snowy-white pinion would bear thee the words:
"Your face is enshrined in my heart." Chorus.

Mabel Drew.

John B. Severance.

At eve, when the sun's dying rays
Quiver low o'er the murmuring sea,
And a golden bar of trembling light
Comes out from the purple lea:
When the sapphire, rose and the gold
With a tender radiance gleam,
And the azure tide's low music
Falls soft as a love-charmed dream:
Chorus: 'Tis then that I love to wander
With my darling, so sweet and true,
The bonnie, winsome girl I love—
Fair-haired, blue-eyed Mabel Drew.

When softly each star is burning
With the light of a marvelous gem,
And the moonbeams' mellow lustre
Falls gently on flower and fen:
When the dew in the heart of the rose
Is stirried by a perfumed breeze,
And the nightingale sings his sweetest
In his home 'mid the forest-trees: Chorus.

Amber Tresses Tied in Blue.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by H. P. Danks.

The Music is published by Cottier & Denton, 200 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Price 40 cents.

Far away in sunny meadows,
Where the merry sunbeams played,
Oft I lingered 'mid the clover
Singing to a village maid.
She was fairer than the fairest,
Ever faithful, fond and true,
And she wore beneath a bonnet
Amber tresses tied in blue.
Chorus: She was fairer than the fairest,
Ever faithful, fond and true,
And she wore beneath a bonnet
Amber tresses tied in blue.

Ere the summer days departed,
We had made a solemn vow,
And I never, never wearied
Kissing her sweet cheek and brow;
She was dearer than the dearest,
Pure as drops of morning dew,
And adown her neck was hanging
Amber tresses tied in blue. Chorus.

'Twas decreed that fate should part us
Ere the leaves of autumn fell—
And two loving hearts were severed
That had loved each other well;
She was all I had to cherish,
She has bade a last adieu—
And I see in every vision
Amber tresses tied in blue. Chorus.

To Thee My Heart Turneth Ever.

A Refrain—By Jno. B. Severance.

To thee my heart turneth ever
In anguish and pain and woe:
For, a memory sad burneth ever
In my life-blood's faintest throe.
I would forget, but each futile endeavor
Bids my heart cherish the sweet long-ago.

To thee my heart turneth ever
With longing deep and sad:
For the past my soul yearneth ever,
For days that were bright and glad—
The days when I thought that naught could sever
My heart from the beautiful dream it had.

To thee my heart turneth ever,
I cannot banish its pain:
For, a faithful heart learneth never
A song but its own refrain:
Sorrowful echoes must quiver forever,
The peace of death is its only gain.

Number Seven Shoe.

Song and Dance performed by McKee & Rogers.

The subject of my song is not so very new,
'Tis of a handsome yellow gal I love so fond and true:
Her eyes are black as night, so black they're almost blue,
And her foot is just the size to fit a number seven shoe,

Chorus.

For, she's as gentle as a turtle dove,
And her name is Araminta Susan Brown:
She dresses like a belle and she loves this darkey well,
She's the nobbiest gal that promenades the town.

I pay for all her clothes, and she has 'em made in style,
She never drinks a drop, but often takes a little smile:
She dances like a sylph, and looks so gay and neat,
As she shakes a jig to pieces, with her number seven feet.
For, she's, &c.

I asked the other day if she would marry me,
She said she couldn't tell me then, but if I'd wait, she'd see.
I pressed my suit so eagerly, she didn't know what to do,
But she said she'd have me, if I'd take her number seven shoe.
For, she's &c.

Don't you do it.

Sung by W. E. Lyle.

I'll give to you some good advice,
All in a friendly way,
Concerning things that oft occur—
That happen every day.
When hard times stare you in the face,
And pocket-books are thin,
Don't say there's no use trying:
If you do, you'll never win.
Chorus: Don't you do it, don't you do it:
For, you know it never pays;
Don't you do it, don't you do it,
Wait for better days.
Don't you do it, don't you do it,
Never give yourself away;
Don't you do it, don't you do it,
Mind what I say.

Don't fret because your clothes are old,
But keep your heart all right;
Don't swear because you cannot sport
A diamond pin to-night:
Don't make love to a strange young girl,
And say she charms your life,
But first be careful that
She ain't somebody's wife. Chorus.

Don't laugh at other people's faults,
But first look at your own;
When friends are few because you're down,
Just go it all alone:
And when good luck comes on once more—
I hope you won't wait long—
And while you spend your greenbacks,
Don't forget this little song. Chorus.

Don't Take any Notice, it's only the Boy.

Sung by Arthur Roberts.

A butter shop my Uncle keeps,
And I'm in his employ:
Now he, of course, is "Butter man,"
And I am "but a boy."
If you've passed down a street close by,
The pair you may have seen,
Behind the counter making "love,"
No making "Pats" I mean.

Spoken: Yes, I make love across the counter: my Uncle, old Cheshire, (a widower,) he makes love in the little back parlor to an old maid, with no money, by the name of Miss Tickler: Miss Tickler says "I am a very rude boy"—because I peep over the parlor blind, when she is there: and my Uncle in reply says—

Chorus.

Don't take any notice, it's only my Nephew,
Don't take any notice, he's in my employ:
Don't take any notice, it's only my "Nevvy,"
Don't take any notice, it's only the Boy.

No servant girl my Uncle keeps,
He is so dreadful mean;
So, I'm obliged to do the work,
Make all the beds and clean.
Now when the old maid comes to tea,
She says "oh, gracious me!
I'm sure you want a woman here,
To work the same as me."

Spoken: That's a hint, you know, for my Uncle to marry her, and she says to him—"I would set to and clean up the place, but I don't like that shop boy of yours"—Then my Govenor replys as mild as a pound of the best fresh—

Don't take any notice, &c.

"Sam, don't you see the customers
All waiting in the shop?
Will you attend to business, please,
Whilst I to tea will stop—"
These words he says, when she is there,
And I am taking stock,
But, soon I'm backed to hear Miss say—
"That boy he ought to knock."

Spoken: Yes, when I returned after serving a customer—I'm just in time to see them embrace each other, and to hear the old woman say to my Uncle—"Why the Dickens don't the boy knock before he comes in?—If I was you, my dear, I'd teach him a little better manners"—then Old Cheshire winks and says— Don't take any notice, &c.

Last week my Uncle said to me:
"Boy, I intend to pop
Somewhere down in the country,
So you must mind the shop."
When he returned quite late at night,
He brought the maid as well,
*And said—"my boy, we've done the job,"
Then in an egg box fell.

Spoken: You should have seen what a plight my Uncle was in, when we pulled him out of the egg box—but he laughed, and said he didn't care for that slight mishap, as he had been made a happy man that day—"Now, Sammy, my boy, it never struck me this morning when I married your Aunt, where I was to put you to-night"—but my dear Mrs. Cheshire—

Don't take any notice, &c.

Imitate Drunkenness.

Jane Anna Killfoil.

Sung by Dick Sands.

I'm a dacent married woman,
And I keep an apple stand,
On the corner of the Bowery,
In an alley called Grand.
I'm the mother of ten children
And my daughter Mary Ann
Is married to McGilligan,
That keeps a peanut stand. (Break.)

There's my son, O'Connell Killfoil—
You all know him of course.
He is doing the double clog
On the outside of a horse;
While his father, divils burning,
Is a cousin to McCann,
And a distant blood relation
To Muldoon, the solid man. (Dance.)

There's my daughter, Norah,
She's been galavanting 'round
With a striped coated devil,
What they call a circus clown;
While my grandson, Patsy Mehrn,
Is conductor on a car,
And his cousin Killfoil
Chews the butt of his segar. (Break.)

There's old maid, Mrs. Gilligan,
That lives across the way:
Her husband has been gone to sea,
Ten thousand miles away;
While she's been skipperaring
With Murphy and Pete Doyle,
And turning up her Irish nose
At me, Bridget Ann Killfoil. (Dance.)

Welcome Christmas.

By Sam Waghorn

Thrice welcome, old Christmas, we greet thee again,
With laughter and innocent mirth in thy train:
Let joy fill the heart and shine on the brow,
While we snatch a sweet kiss neath the mistletoe bough,

Come, fiddlers, strike up at the word of command,
Let every brisk lad take his lass by the hand;
And while to the maiden he whispers his vow,
Give (as earnest) a kiss 'neath the mistletoe bough.

Our sports let no tempetance hypocrite damp,
Let sour visaged saints from our pastimes decamp:
We don't want their presence to kick up a row,
And denounce a kind kiss 'neath the mistletoe bough.

If your Mistress is cold, and cries let me alone,
With features all frowns and bosom of stone—
Print one kiss on her lips red as roses—and how
She will melt into warmeth, 'neath the mistletoe bough!

Let croakers proclaim, with a shake of the head,
That the former delights of Old Christmas are dead:
A fig for greybeards—we'll prove we can now
Kiss as well as our Sires 'neath the mistletoe bough.

To see our gay movements and hear our sweet smacks,
Might e'en the starched phiz of St. Agnew relax:
But silk pu so was ne'er made from ear of a sow,
And no business have such 'neath the mistletoe bough.

Bring the beef and plum-pudding and spicy brown ale:
For, by jolly Old Christmas we're called to regale:
But of all his attractions the choicest, I vow,
Is the good natured kiss 'neath the mistletoe bough.

Eyes of Sparkling Brightness.

Original Song and Dance. By the Girard Brothers.

Those eyes of sparkling brightness,
How they haunt us in our dreams—
They're as bright as flowing ripples
Beneath the sun's bright beams:
Like dew-drops on the meadow,
At morning's dawning hour—
We feel within our heart and soul,
Love's own sweet magic power.

Chorus.

Over vale and mountain, [sym.]
Violets and fountains, [sym.]
Then we'll sing the praise of summer days,
Of eyes that sparkle bright:
Through weal or woe, where'er we go,
They fill us with delight.

When the nightingale is singing
Her songs upon the lea,
We hear sweet voices ringing,
Of nature gay and free;
When the sun shines on the river,
And the shadow's on the hill,
We'll dream of thee though far away,
Those eyes will haunt us still. Chorus.

He Shall Meet With His Reward.

Sung by Harry Hunter.

Those who strive in their vocation
For wealth alone, will often find,
Though they may win power and station,
They leave happiness behind.
If asked by those vainly seeking
To point out the goal they miss,
I would answer, plainly speaking,
That the simple truth is this—

Chorus.

'Tis kindness that true bliss is won by:
And the ploughman and the lord,
If he'll do as he'd be done by,
He shall meet with his reward.

If Charity should fail to win us,
To pluck others from the snare,
Can we search the heart within us,
And say all is spotless there?
Though with laurels men would wreath us
For the deeds we may have done,
We know well that from beneath us
We could find a worthier one. Chorus.

If with wealth you should be blest, then
Meet the poor with open purse:
For, he who fails to do his best then,
Turns that blessing to a curse.
There's a blessing in receiving,
But beyond comparison
Is the bliss that's in relieving
Those whom Fortune frowns upon. Chorus.

Many a heart's been known to harden,
Many a waverer has gone back,
When one gentle word of pardon
Would have kept them in the track.
Let us then, throughout our lives, be
Kind and true to one and all,
And we shall, when death arrives, be
Undismayed to hear his call. Chorus.

Down by the Sunrise.

End Song. Composed and Sung by Edward Girard.

Brothers and sisters, oh! how do you do?
Down by the sunrise, playing on a golden harp:
I'm pretty well, and how are you?
Down by the sunrise, playing on a golden harp:
The rich man live and the poor man must die:
Down by the sunrise, playing on a golden harp.

Chorus.

Glor-i-a! I'm travelling down by the sunrise,
Playing on a golden harp. (Repeat.)

As I was coming down the road,
Down by the sunrise, playing on a golden harp:
I met old Gabriel with a heavy load,
Down by the sunrise, playing on a golden harp:
I said—"Old Gabriel how do you do?"
Down by the sunrise, playing on a golden harp:
"Go 'way, nigger man, I don't know you!"
Down by the sunrise, playing on a golden harp.

Glor-i-a, &c.

Love, do you Remember?

Written by Eugene Wipfler.

Years ago when first I saw thee,
When thy loving eyes met mine,
When every day our hearts grew kinder,
And at last thou call[illegible] thine:
Oh! that day of joy, my darling,
Shall be engraved upon my mind;
May our lives be free of sorrow
And our fortune treat us kind!

Fondly, love, I will caress thee,
Press my burning lips to thine—
And the past shall be forgotten:
To forgive it is divine.
Never shall a tear of sorrow
Dim thy eye, or pain thy heart:
Peace and happiness now and ever
Be thy lot till death us part!

Shine On.

Arranged by John Braham. Luke Schoolcraft.
Music Published by L. P. Goullaud 86 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Price 50 cents.

Monkey dressed in soldier's clothes,
All cross over to Jordan,
Went out in the woods to drill some crows,
Oh! Jerusalem!
Jay bird sat on a hickory limb,
All cross over to Jordan,
I up with a rock, and hit him in the shin
Oh! Jerusalem!
Chorus: Shine on, shine on,
All cross over to Jordan:
Shine on, shine on,
Oh! Jerusalem!
Shine on, shine on,
All cross over to Jordan:
Shine on, shine on,
Oh! Jerusalem!

Make that coffee good and brown,
All cross over to Jordan,
Turn that hoe-cake round and round,
Oh! Jerusalem!
A for Adam, P for Paul,
All cross over to Jordan,
G for gentle, great and small,
Oh! Jerusalem! Chorus.

My old master lived in clover,
All cross over to Jordan,
When he died, he rolled right over,
Oh! Jerusalem!
He rolled his eyes, gave one long breath,
All cross over to Jordan,
He scared these niggers half to death,
Oh! Jerusalem! Chorus.

I Don't Think I'm Very Far Out.

"There are always two sides to a question," we know
Is a maxim trustworthy and old,
While another informs us "one story is good
Only until another is told."
So should I be wrong in some points of my song,
There'll be little to grumble about,
Though I think you'll agree in most matters with me:
For, I don't think I'm very far out.

Chorus.

I don't think I'm very far out,
Of course it is open to doubt:
You may not agree in this matter with me—
But I don't think I'm very far out.

A short time ago, I went out for a row—
Which I'd never attempted before:
How it was, I can't tell—but right over I fell
When a few yards away from the shore.
"What! have you fell in?" said the man with a grin,
And I gasped as I floundered about.
"Well, if I'm not in, I'm right up to the chin—
So I don't think I'm very far out." Chorus.

I courted a handsome young lady, last year,
Thought she'd soon make me happy for life:
But she kept all my presents and answered—"my dear,
You must not think of me for a wife."
I said—"Don't break my heart, tell me why we
must part?"
She replied with a sneer and a pout:
"I've been told that your head is as soft as your heart,
And I don't think it's very far out." Chorus.

I went to a friend for consolation to find,
And related the way I'd been served:
Thought at least he would say that the girl was unkind,
And her treatment of me undeserved.
I thought his reply was remarkably cool,
But his meaning was never in doubt,
He said—"My dear fellow, she thinks you're a fool!
And I don't think she's very far out." Chorus.

Now, though disappointed, I did not despair,
But soon found a maid who was kind:
She's true as the day, and I'm happy to say
That she certainly knows her own mind.
We've been married a week, so that now I can speak
Of her truth as a fact beyond doubt:
And her Uncle's just left her a thousand or two:
So, I don't think I'm very far out. Chorus.

Sunday Night When the Parlor's Full.

Written by Ed. Harrigan.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

My Johanna lives up in Harlem:
Sunday nights, boys, sure I go there.
Three long years her I've been a-courting,
She's a beauty beyond compare;
There's a kitchen, bed-room and a parlor,
Piano to push and pull:
They throw me out into the hallway,
Sunday night, when the parlor's full.
Chorus: There's Dan Burns, the gladiator,
Dionysious Carnahull,
Making love to sweet Johanna,
Sunday night, when the parlor's full.

My Johanna is always singin'
"Hold the fort—for, I'm left behind:"
"Eilleen Allanna went on a picnic,"
"For heaven's sake now pull down the blind!"
Pat Murphy gives recitations
On the taking of Sebastopol:
They set me on the refrigerator,
Sunday night, when the parlor's full. Chorus.

I went and spoke to Johanna's mother,
Said her daughter had shaken me—
Then her mother condescended
To throw me into the street, you see;
Then Johanna shouted "Papa!"
He fell upon me like a bull:
I'll keep away from sweet Johanna,
Sunday night, when the parlor's full.
Chorus: There's Syd Welsh, the whiskey brewer,
In Tammany Hall, boys, he has a pull:
Making love to sweet Johanna,
Sunday night, when the parlor's full.

She Suits Me Down to the Ground.

Some in the fine arts will fondly delight,
But I think fair woman the prettiest sight:
I hope it may not be the cause of distress,
When I hint that the fairest I chance to possess,
At least so I think: so forgive me my pride.
Whenever my fair Isabel's by my side,
I think that her equal could never be found,
And my darling she suits me right down to the ground.

Chorus.

She suits me down to the ground,
The equal cannot be found
Of Isabella my fairest belle:
She suits me down to the ground—she does!

I never saw Venus, but I have been told
The Queen of perfection was she to behold:
The Venus we see in the blue sky above,
Shines scarcely so bright as the eyes of my love;
Her cheeks like the blush-rose, inclining to red:
And as for the hair that rolls down from her head,
'Tis like the bright sunshine we sometimes behold
In its dance o'er the waters and wavelets of gold.
She suits me, &c.

Her form—ah! well there—of course I've to guess:
One can't always come at that, owing to dress:
For, fashion sometimes will so transmogrify—
But my darling's perfection: of that sure am I.
Whenever she speaks, 'tis with joy that I list,
For fear that one word from her sweet lips be missed:
Her carriage erect, and as proud as a Queen's,
And she means what she says, and she says what
she means.
She suits me, &c.

'Tis hard, oh! so hard, when I wish her "good-bye,"
And take a fond kiss, and heave a deep sigh—
And, oh! that sweet spot, 'twixt her nose and her chin,
From which I oft snatch—just a little one in:
Then sadly go homewards and tumble in bed,
Where sweetest of dreams always come to my head:
I'm surrounded by beauties, in fairyland dwell,
And each one appears to be my Isabel—
She suits me, &c.

John Monahan's Donkey.

Sung by James Bradley.

I've got a donkey, he stands six foot high,
I'll sell to the man that wishes to buy;
He drinks seltzer water whenever he's dry,
In a run on the turf sure he never proved shy;
He makes good time, one mile a day,
I'll match him against any stallion or bay:
He fought for his country, been all through the war,
I feed him on herrings, hay, rope and tar.
Chorus: I got a donkey,
He's not very chunkey,
I'll trade for a monkey
To any old flunkey;
Wouldn't that be hunkey
If he had my donkey,
And I had his monkey,
And donkey also?

When he's locked in his stable he makes a stiff kick,
He wants to get out, he pretends he is sick:
I call out my donkey, his name it is Dick,
To coax him along with a hickory stick;
If I leave in his box a big bale of hay,
He'll eat it all up, leave none for next day;
Last week he broke loose and of course went astray,
He was found in a sewer in Avenue A. Chorus.

I harnessed him up last St. Patrick's day,
I rode on his back so cheerful and gay;
We started from the corner of Tenth and Broadway,
We got to the hall without any delay.
Just as I was turning into the Park,
Some one fired a pistol, just for a lark;
The donkey fell down, which caused a blockade,
Only for fifty horse doctors he'd spoil the parade.
Chorus.

She is the Pet of the Swells.

By Frank Lawler.

There is a circle of fine gents,
And don't they envy me—
For, I'm in love with the sweetest girl
That ever you did see!
She dresses in the fashion, too,
She's the finest of all Belles:
With chestnut hair and eyes of blue,
She is the Pet of the Swells!
Chorus: She is the fairest of Belles,
I love the toss of her curls;
She is the sweetest of girls,
My fair one, my Pet of the Swells!

She is haughty and proud, they all say:
But that's just what I like the best;
For, she knows she's the Belle of Broadway,
When she is in her prettiest dressed;
Gents say that she is a coquette,
And flirting's the fashion with Belles:
But I know that they often regret
They can't talk to the Pet of the Swells!
She is the fairest, &c.

I Breathe Once More My Native Air.

Words by W. J. C. Music by R. F. Harvey.

Sung by Alice Bennett.

I breathe once more my native air,
And hail each happy, happy scene,
That rises round me everywhere,
As tho' I left but yester e'en.

Chorus.

Oh! how I love thee, Erin dear—
When roaming on a foreign strand,
In fancy still my steps were here—
Home of my heart, my native land!
In fancy still my steps were here,
Home of my heart, my native land!

I've found the home so fondly sought,
And weep—but these are joyous tears!
The rapture of a moment bought
By long and weary absent years.
Oh! how I love thee, &c.

Lackawanna Gang.

Sung by Conroy and Murphy.

Here we are two "Lackawanna Spooners;"
While we're here, keep your eyes upon us;
We load coal from Harlem to Gowanus,
We're the two selected "Spooners of the Gang."
When we go home, our family we embrace:
We eat our meals with elegance and grace;
For opposition shovellers we long to have a race;
We're the two selected "Spooners of the Gang."

Chorus.

As through the streets we walk along like soldiers,
And baskets and shovels we have upon our shoulders,
For to get a job there's none can be bolder
Than the two selected "Spooners of the Gang,"
(Chorus repeated.)

On Saturday nights we stand upon the corners,
Along with the gang that wears the Roll of Honor:
At Hibernian Hall we're going to raise a banner,
To represent the "Lackawanna Gang."
We all get shaved in the one barber shop,
We use the same razor, lather, brush and cup:
For Bay Rum and Tonic we long to have a sup,
To stimulate the "Lackawanna Gang."
As through, &c.

We've accumulated wealth with hard work and endurance:
With other scallawags we have no interference;
We have been hard tried by work and perseverance,
The two selected "Spooners of the Gang."
With the "General Committee" we are two great big cards,
Like "Muldoon, the Solid Man," we hold a grip in the ward:
We could put you on the Pipes or the City Boulevard,
The two selected "Spooners of the Gang."
As through, &c.

There's Nothing New Under the Sun.

This world of ours goes round and round,
The same sun over again:
The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
The same thing over again.
And under that sun there is nothing new,
'Tis said, and so I have found it true;
This life of ours, 'tween me and you,
Is the same thing over again.

Chorus.

'Tis the same thing over again,
The same thing over again:
As the world goes round, it will surely be found
The same thing over again.

Our parents they once were children, we know,
'Tis the same thing over again.
What they did once, why, we do now,
The same thing over again.
They loved when shy Cupid his arrow would shoot,
And of that Love we are surely the fruit:
Now, after the Old ones, we follow suit
At the same thing over again, Chorus.

To be all alone with your darling is bliss—
'Tis the same thing over again.
When nobody's looking, you steal a sly kiss
From the same place over again.
In billing and cooing the time flies away,
You've said all you know, but she is "au fait."
You say "what shall we do now?" She slily will say,
"Oh! the same thing over again." Chorus.

We join in a glass with some jovial brick,
The same thing over again.
Our language in time gets remarkably "thick,"
Too much same thing over again.
How we open the door it's not easily said;
If wed—we creep into the bedroom in dread,
And we hear a remark, as we slide into bed—
"Ah! the same thing over again." Chorus.

The ladies love scandal, they cannot say nay,
Tis the same thing over again.
It's "ain't it sad Mrs. Jones can't pay her way?"
The same thing over again.
"It's a pity her husband don't know it, I'm sure."
"The tallyman calls every week too, O lor!"
"Her nose! such a red one I never yet saw."
It's the same thing over again. Chorus.

Pink Dominos.

Sung by Arthur Roberts.

Last week my wife said—"Arthur dear,
I should so like a change,
It's rather dull for me at home,
Now couldn't you arrange
To meet me after business hours?
And then, you know, we might
Just have a little dinner, dear,
And go somewhere at night."

Spoken: And like a fool I said "Yes." So in the daytime I met an old pal of mine, named Brown. "Brown" says I, "I'm going to take the wife to a Theatre this evening; now what's worth seeing?" And the miserable sneak said—"Go and see Pink Dominos, it will make you roar." He was right, I did roar with rage, for—

Chorus.

Oh! Pink Dominos, you've bottled me for life:
Oh! why did I not see it first before I took my wife!
She's found out all my games, and in my face she throws
Every naughty thing they do in Pink Dominos.

I know I looked a guilty wretch,
While everybody roared,
I chewed my programme into pulp,
I was so truly bored—
My wife, like all the rest of them,
Was screaming at the fun.
Says she—"How good to bring me here
To show me how it's done—

Spoken: "Show you how what's done, Madam! why, don't be absurd; this is no "*Criterion*." "Don't talk to me, Sir, I've found you out: ever since we've been married, you've been deceiving me with false telegrams, letters, &c. like that wicked fellow in the play! She was right. Brown had led me into the trap,—Farewell Cremorne, North Woolwich Gardens, Farewell everything—
Oh! Pink Dominos, &c.

Just let the Author cross my path,
I'll make him use his pen
To write a big apology
To all us married men.
And as for Brown, inhuman wretch!
The cause of all my woes,
I'll tell him what I think of him,
I'll pull his wretched nose.

Spoken: The—the—humbug! I'll—no, on second thoughts I won't hit him—I know—I'll buy two stall tickets and send them to his wife—she'll make him take her, and I shall be revenged, Ha! ha! and perhaps he, like myself, will have cause to sing—
Oh! Pink Dominos, &c.

Moral.

Ye married men whose wives believe
In every word you say,
Just pause and think a moment:
Ere you take them to the play,
If you would keep your liberty,
And latch key off the shelf,
Be sure the piece won't round on you,
But see it first yourself.
Oh! Pink Dominos, &c.

David Dove that fell in Love.

By L. M. Thornton.

I with a fine girl fell in love,
I saw in London city:
And when my tale to you I've told,
I think you will me pity.
'Twas after courting her six months,
I thought 'twere vain to tarry,
So summoned resolution up,
And asked when she would marry?

Chorus.

"I shall want some time to consider, said she,
So if you will look down on Sunday,
You can then take tea with mother and me,
And I'll make up my mind by Monday."

I called on Sunday at her house,
Was introduced to mother:
"You'll have a prize, young man, said she,
Like her there is no other."
"To-morrow, ma'am, said I, I hope
To have my love's decision."
"You will, my pet," said Margaret,
I bowed with due submission. Chorus.

We passed the eve in chat, and I
At ten bade both adieu, sir,
Went home as merry as a lark,
My believing true, sir:
At nine o'clock on Monday morn,
I reached my darling's dwelling,
I feel my brain is all on fire,
While I'm my story telling. Chorus.

The girl that I had hoped to hear
Pronounce my happy doom, sir,
Had bolted with a carpenter,
In fact hopped o'er the broom, sir.
I senseless fell—when I come round,
I found myself in bed, sir,
And every bit of my fine hair
Shaved off my precious head, sir. Chorus.

I wander like a ghost about,
I don't know what to do, sir,
You see by losing Margaret
My peace of mind's gone too, sir.
I've been clean shaved—I have, indeed,
In more respects than one, sir.
Be very careful whom you love,
Lest you, like me, are done, sir. Chorus.

Whoa! Emma!

Some folks call me a Laundress,
Soap-suds, Old Starch and Blue,
Because I'm a good Templer—
And take in washing too:
They all may call me names like that—
Or anything they choose,
If they will only stop my wife
From going on the "booze."

Spoken: But that is quite impossible, I'm afraid: she has a good and indulgent husband, and all he says to her is—

Chorus.

Oh! Emma! whoa! Emma,
Emma, this will never do!
Whoa! Emma, Oh! Emma,
Emma, I'm ashamed of you!

One time she is quite temperate,
Just sip a glass of wine,
Whenever we had friends around,
At good old Christmass time.
But now she drinks just like a fish,
(In fact, more like a whale,)
If you should ask her what she'd take?

Spoken: She'll reply, "I don't mind, anything will do—just—

"A small drop in a pail"—

Spoken: I would let her swim in it at home, but she goes out in the streets, and lies down in the road— Oh! Emma! &c.

Each morning she is up by six,
And flies off to the "Pub,"
Before she does a stroke of work,
Or gives the clothes a rub.
When she returns, of course, I'm up,
And all our children straight,
But she is always out again,
Before the clock strikes eight.

Spoken: To have another half pint, and when she returns, I, like a fond and affectionate husband, say— Oh! Emma! &c.

Our business it will go to smash—
If she don't turn it up,
I'll keep no home or Laundry,
But drink the "bitter cup,"
And go and sell the furniture,
While I've the priviledge,
And with the coin I'll have a day,
Likewise I'll break the pledge.

Spoken: I'll get gloriously inebriated myself, and join the old lady, and as we go along arm in arm, we can both say— Oh! Emma! &c.

The Six Degrees of Crime.

PART V.

MURDER.

The robbers within the house, startled by that loud knocking at the outer door, had not known what to think concerning it.

They knew very well, however, that they had no time to lose, and with the lightest of the plunder which they had already gathered, they sought to quit the premises.

By means of a rope ladder they had, from the road, reached the top of the wall, and descended therefrom into the garden.

In their endeavor to escape from the house, the rope ladder was hooked on the railings of the balcony already mentioned, and the two professional burglars were the first to reach the ground.

They were followed as quickly as possible by Jack Horsley, and also by Tom Blackford, who thought it best for his safety that he should seem as anxious to escape as were any of the rest.

In this, as in many other instances where the police have had notice of a crime about to be committed, they had suffered it to be accomplished, to secure a stronger conviction, and in this case were laudably anxious that society should be finally and for ever rid of those two desperate ruffians, Nimming Ned and Downy Dick.

Frank Hardy had somewhat precipitated matters, and, had there been time, the police hidden near the house would have prevented him from knocking at the door.

But it mattered little after all, for the four men, who had already descended from the balcony, had hardly touched ground when they found themselves surrounded by above a dozen policemen, who sprang from behind the trees and bushes where they had been lying in wait to secure their prey.

One of the policemen made a show of grasping at Tom Blackford, but that gentleman was of course allowed to escape, and was not at all sorry to be out of the company of the men whose capture he had promoted.

Jack Horsley submitted quietly; he saw how hopeless would be any attempt at resistance, and felt, besides, helpless, completely overwhelmed, his strength and courage gone from him.

Desperate but very brief was the struggle made by Nimming Ned and Downy Dick, for in less than a minute they were thrown on their backs, and handcuffed.

While on their way to the police station, Nimming Ned said to the other, "They're going to run us dead in at last, Dick."

And Dick replied, "I shouldn't mind being dead run in, if I thought they was likely afore long to let us run out again."

Ned shook his head.

"We shall have it hot, Dick, you may depend upon that."

Jack Horsley had seemed lost in deep and painful thought, but suddenly aroused therefrom to say, "Has Marall escaped?"

"'Tisn't likely," replied one of the policemen who had them in charge. "He was in the house, and they are bound to have got him before this."

"Then," said Horsley, sighing deeply, "I am as sorry for him as I am for myself."

"That be blest!" grunted Nimming Ned.

"I'm blowed if I should care who was cotched so long as I wasn't," growled Dick.

"And I say," cried Ned, addressing one of his guardians, "you haven't let that cove, Tom Blackford, get away, have you?"

"No, no; you'll see him, all in good time."

"That's all right; if you've got him, I'm satisfied, which afore I wasn't."

"And why not?" asked Dick.

"Sha'n't say now; for if they've got him, I was wrong," answered Ned.

Gaston Marall, when he heard that knocking at the door, had trembled with affright.

To be found there, in company with those villains! What shame, what degradation! was his thought.

But even at that moment he could think of Julia, and most of all perhaps he dreaded falling into the clutches of the law, because so would he be deprived of every hope to trace her out.

When he reached the balcony, the others had already descended to the garden; and just as Gaston was about to follow them, he saw the policemen dart from their hidding places and fasten on the burglars.

He stood as though petrified, his eyes riveted on the men who were struggling below.

And so stunned, so bewildered was he by that which he beheld, and by his own terrible danger, that Frank Hardy was able, as we have seen, to approach him unobserved.

And his eyes, then turned from the scene below, were fixed with a wild glare on Frank who, for the moment, had himself been struck motionless by that rencounter.

Quickly, however, recovering his presence of mind, Frank said, "Come with me, and I will save you."

He hurried with Gaston to a door at the back of the house, which opened into the garden, and having ascertained that the way was quite clear—for the two policemen that had been there had flown to assist in the capture of the housebreakers—Hardy said—

"Gaston Marall, have you indeed fallen so low?"

"Let me go!" said Gaston, hoarsley and almost inaudibly, and writhing with the torture he was enduring.

Frank opened a small door in the garden wall, and Gaston was hurrying away, when Hardy caught his arm, saying, "Stay yet a moment; I can afford to forget all that in the past you have caused me to suffer, and to remember only that your father was my benefactor. Say where I may find you, and the sum that he gave to me I will restore to you. Meanwhile, take this."

He thrust a purse into Gaston's hand. The unhappy young man held it for a moment; money would enable him to discover Julia; but he remembered who was the donor.

"No, no!" he cried; "not from you—I cannot—I cannot!"

He let the purse fall from his hand, and fled away.

Meantime, every inmate had been aroused, and great was the confusion and alarm.

Policemen were going from room to room of the house, noting the disorder caused by the burglars, and vainly searching for Marall, whom they could not but believe to be still on the premises, thinking it impossible that he could have escaped therefrom.

After that night, Gaston for a couple of weeks kept himself carefully concealed in the wretched lodging to which he was now reduced, pledging, to obtain food, the very few articles left to him by which a trifle of money was to be gained.

He had brooded over Julia's desertion of him, had nursed his desire for revenge until hardly in his right senses.

After he had during a fortnight confined himself to his lodging, he felt that he should go entirely mad if longer he stayed therein; and so, at all risks, he resolved to go forth, and wander the streets, seeking tidings of Julia.

But, even though he should succeed in that search, what then? Julia, he doubted not in the least, was gone from England, and therefore beyond his reach—for how was he to follow her?

Gaston, however, was mistaken. Julia was still in London.

Whatever might have been, in her earlier and more youthful days, the life of Mrs. Rolling, it is quite true that, during the latter part of her time, her conduct had been altogether irreproachable.

No mother could have acted more carefully nor more strictly with her daughter than had this woman with her charge.

From the first, Julia had been confided by Gaston Marall to her watchful care, dwelling with Mrs. Rollins, whom Gaston rightly understood and confidently trusted.

And Mrs. Rollins soon came to love Julia as though she had been, indeed, her own daughter.

She knew how shamefully that young girl had been entrapped to her ruin; and the good, if vulgar, woman, vowed that, if she could prevent it, no lower should Julia sink in the moral scale. And often had she asked herself, while Gaston's fortune was so rapidly decreasing, and he himself growing more dissipated and reckless day by day, what in the future would become of poor Julia Rollins.

Known to most of the people whom Mrs. Rollins and Julia visited, was a young gentleman of pleasant, if not handsome, features, tall and well-formed, the possessor of a moderate fortune, and whose name was Thornton.

This gentleman, as neither Mrs. Rollins nor Julia could fail to perceive, had, on the first occasion that he beheld her, been greatly struck with Julia. And, afterwards, visit where they might, he was certain to be one of the guests, hovering always near Julia.

Mrs. Rollins, with a certain end in view, was very friendly indeed with Henry Thornton; and, by talking to him constantly of Julia, led him at last to say, "And is it possible that her husband can be so insensible to his happiness as to neglect that lovely woman?"

"Ah! my dear Mr. Thornton," responded Letitia, "if you but knew all, you would think with me that his death would be a blessing—even to himself."

"Oh!" cried Thornton; "would that she were a widow, or that I had never known her!"

"Are you, then, so desperately in love with her?"

"She is my first, and, my heart tells me, will be my only love."

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Rollins.

When again at home that evening, the good woman had a long talk with Julia; spoke of Thornton's love for her charge, and wished to be allowed, under a pledge of secrecy, to give him the history of Julia's life, asserting her conviction that, when he knew all, Thornton would be proud and happy to make her his wife.

But Julia hesitated.

Nor did she hesitate because of her love for Gaston; for to speak truly, she had never loved him. He had dazzled her fancy, that was all, and she had been, in a measure, compelled to yield, and habit had with her done duty for a sentiment with which Gaston had never been able to inspire her.

No; it was her fear of Gaston Marall which caused her hesitation. She knew how furious his jealousy—how violent in his rage he was, and that, in his desire for vengeance, there was nothing of which he would not be capable.

"Well," thought Mrs. Rollins, "her fears shall not stay me, and I will make her a happy and respectable married woman, in spite of herself."

A few days later, Mrs. Rollins said to Julia, "I have seen Henry Thornton—have told him your whole history. He wants to marry you immediately; and, at my recommendation, and to his own great satisfaction, has by this time purchased a marriage license."

"I dare not!" cried Julia. Gaston would kill me!"

"Your husband, my dear, would shelter you from his anger. Besides, you have but to say the word, and you would soon be very far beyond his reach."

She went on to explain that Henry Thornton would, immediately that she was his wife, take her on to the Continent, and where Gaston, search as eagerly as he might, would never be able to find her.

"But," continued Mrs. Rollins, you need not trouble yourself at all about the scamp; for, once you were away from him, he would soon forget all about you."

"Ah!" cried Julia, "if I could but be sure of that!"

"You may, returned Mrs. Rollins; "he would be too busy with his horse-racing and gambling to think of you. And what could you expect now by remaining with him? He has gone from bad to worse, and soon will not have a penny left, and you would never be safe from his violence, for he grows more brutal every day."

Julia promised to think over the matter, and to give her final answer on the following day.

But that same evening came the scene with the jewels, and Julia, within her own mind, decided there and then, and the next day she and Henry Thornton were married.

In the afternoon of that same day, and just as they were about to start for a tour on the Continent, a telegram came to Henry Thornton respecting a family affair, which would, for several days, prevent his leaving London.

All Julia's fears of the man she had quitted returned with redoubled force. But Thornton assured her that his absence from her would be only

for two or three hours of each of the very few days he would be detained in London, and a little courage returned to her.

But nothing, she said, should induce her to leave, for a single moment, the house she was in, until the time when she was to quit London.

From morning until night of each succeeding day, Gaston continued his search for Julia.

And as he paced the streets, he greatly missed Jack Horsley. Better, perhaps, had it been for Gaston, in his present mood, had Jack been with him.

And no doubt Horsley would have been equally glad to be pacing the streets with Gaston, but he was in durance, and, with the two confirmed housebreakers, committed for trial.

On their first examination before the magistrate, great was their consternation when Tom Blackford appeared in the witness-box to give evidence against them.

Tom Blackford, too, looked as though he wished himself anywhere else, as indeed he did.

He had never expected thus to be called upon, or, so great his dread of the class of men against whom he was acting, it is doubtful if he would have sold himself to the police.

The least astonished of the three prisoners on beholding Tom Blackford was Slamming Ned, who exclaimed, "Then I was right, after all, and it is him as has sold us! Ah, my covey, I wish I had hold on you only for two minutes, that's all; but there'll be them about as will look out for you!"

Which speech was anything but comfort to Tom Blackford.

Several times Gaston had wondered how it was that, about the streets day and night always, he had not fallen into the clutches of the police, and been sent to rejoin the friend for whose society he so greatly yearned.

But the truth was that strong interest had been used on his behalf, and there was, at that time, no likelihood of his being arrested.

And it was but the restlessness of his mind which caused Gaston's feet to be so constantly in motion, since he had for some time felt sure that Julia and the man for whom he himself had been deserted, were far beyond his reach.

Unhappily, it was not as he believed.

One day, and towards its close, he saw Mrs. Rollins, just as she was about to enter one of the houses of a very quiet street, through which Gaston had been passing.

Mrs. Rollins had not observed him, that was certain, and no sooner had she entered that house, than Gaston proceeded to one adjoining it; and seeming calm, while his brain was on fire, and a tumult of the vilest passions raging within his breast, said to a servant who answered his knock, "Sorry to trouble you; but"—and he pointed to the house into which Mrs. Rollins had gone—"can you tell me who lives there?"

"The name is Thornton—Mr. and Mrs. Thornton; they are a new-married couple, and uncommon fond of one another; which is what might be expected, and what they ought to be, in course."

"Yes, certainly," said Gaston. "Have they been long there?"

"No; only two or three weeks, and they are going away again to-morrow; going abroad for a few months, to travel for their pleasure."

"Thank you; they are not the people I want, but I am much obliged to you all the same."

"Don't mention it, sir; you are quite welcome, I assure you."

The girl had obtained the information thus freely bestowed on Gaston from Julia's maid-servant, with whom she was in the habit of gossiping over the wall which separated the two gardens.

"Mrs. Thornton," muttered Gaston to himself. "Thornton, then, is the name of the man who supplanted me, and he has married her that he may legally claim her against me."

He waited, watching closely, for about two hours, and it was dark night.

Then, at last, he saw Mrs. Rollins come forth again into the street, and hailing an empty cab that happened to be just then passing along, the lady jumped into it and was driven away.

"Now," thought Gaston, "I shall have them both, and—we shall see!"

Just as he was about to raise the knocker, the door was opened by a servant-girl, who had on her bonnet and shawl.

"I wish to see Mr. Thornton," said Gaston.

"He's not at home, yet, sir, but we expect him back directly."

"Mrs. Thornton, then?"

"She's in the drawing-room, sir, and very busy; but you are a friend of theirs, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And are they expecting you?"

"Certainly."

"Then you will be good enough to step up, for I'm going on an errand, and have got to be back, if I can, before master comes home?"

And off the girl ran, closing the street door behind her as she went.

On the eve of departure, it was discovered, as is generally the case on such occasions, that a number of little things were still wanted, or had, until then, been forgotten.

It was to procure something or other that Mrs. Rollins, as well as the servant-girl, had gone, and both of them with strict injunctions to return as quickly as possible.

Meanwhile, the only persons in the house were Julia and the cook, an elderly woman, quite deaf, and who was in the kitchen.

"Now, then!" said Gaston, as he ascended the stairs; "she first! I will deal with him afterwards!"

He reached and threw open the door of the drawing-room, about which were lying several things which told of the journey about to be taken, and Julia was on her knees, with her back towards the door, packing a portmanteau.

As she heard the door open, Julia said, "Henry, how late you are!" and rising hastily to her feet, turned, and beheld Gaston Marall.

She uttered a faint scream; and white as a ghost, trembled in every limb.

Gaston closed the door; and had there been a key, would have locked it; but he placed his back against it, his features distorted, and with a wild and frenzied glare in his eyes.

"No, No, Gaston; you will not harm me! Leave me, I entreat you! My husband will be here directly."

"He will not be here till I have done with you; and then I shall be glad to see your husband!"

The last word was spoken savagely.

"He is my husband!" she replied, rashly,—"really and truly my husband; which he had never been had you but made me your wife."

"You would not have quitted me?"

"No; I would have clung to you in your deepest poverty, your lowest degradation; would have shared privation—infamy, even, with you."

"You lie!" Gaston furiously said. "You are a fortune-hunter, and though fifty times my wife, when I had no longer money and jewels to throw into your lap, you would have abandoned me."

"Think of me as you will," responded Julia, "but begone; I would not, for both your sakes, that Thornton should find you here."

"Fear not for me; but, if you care at all for him—if you have a thought beyond the money with which he is able to furnish you——"

"I love him!" exclaimed Julia; "he is so good—has rescued me from shame and infamy, and made of me an honest woman, and my heart is all his own."

"Yes," cried Gaston, "as once it was mine, when I was rich."

"No; my heart was never yours. Before I knew Henry Thornton, I had never known the true meaning of the word love."

Gaston moved away from the door, and closely confronted her.

As Julia uttered those last words, she darted past him, believing she was about to escape from the room.

But that was not to be; and as she touched the handle of the door, Gaston fastened on her, and roughly, brutally dragged her back to the centre of the apartment.

Julia's courage of a moment was gone, and she was again terror-stricken.

"Have mercy—spare me!" she implored, reading in the wicked face the fate that he intended for her.

"And do you think," he yelled, "that I will allow you—you who have belonged to me, and who ought still be mine—to revel in luxury while I am wandering homeless and starving?"

"My husband will give you money." Oh, heaven have mercy on me!" moaned Julia.

"I see you understand," hissed Gaston. "Yes, yes, I have sworn it, and I will kill you!"

"Help me, save me, Henry! Henry!" loudly shrieked the wretched girl, and fought and struggled with her cowardly assailant.

"Your Henry will see you no more alive!" cried Gaston, and fastened his hand upon her.

By this time they were near one of the windows of the room, and Julia strove to reach and tear aside the heavy curtains drawn before it.

But her strength was nearly exhausted; the pressure of Gaston's hand still on her throat, and she was suffocating.

She had long and beautiful hair, which, in her struggles, became loosened, falling all around her, and concealing her face beneath a silky veil.

Gaston grasped that long hair which he had so often admired and caressed, and wound it round and round the poor girl's neck, so tightly that she was completely strangled, and sinking to the floor, after a brief, convulsive writhing of her frame, she was dead.

And at that terrible moment the door of the room was thrown open, and Henry Thornton dashed into the room and towards Gaston.

But the murderer evaded his clutch, and snatching the poker from the fireplace, aimed a blow at Thornton's head.

But the blow fell on the young man's upraised arm, and shattered it; and Gaston, without further opposition, rushed from the room, leaped the stairs at a bound, and made his way into the quiet street, in which, just then, there was not to be seen a soul except himself.

To be continued—commenced in No. 140.

Don't take any Notice, it's only the Girl.

By L. M. Thornton.

Air: Don't take any notice, it's only the boy.

A fancy shop my aunt doth keep,
With goods 'tis well supplied,
And, as a servant of all work,
I with my aunt reside.
I'm not well paid for what I do—
(I own it is the case—)
But I don't grumble very much,
Because it's my first place.

Spoken: My aunt is in love with an old fellow: he has got some rhino, that's why she likes him. I am a very forward girl, I watch them when they are billing and cooing. The old man said to my aunt—"who's that looking at us?" "Oh!" said my aunt—

Chorus.

"Don't take any notice, it's only my niece dear,
Don't take any notice, my sweet Mister Earl:
Don't take any notice, it's only my niece dear,
Don't take any notice, it's only the girl."

If that old man doth marry aunt,
He'll live to rue the day,
Because I fully am convinced
That she will have her way.
If he gives in, why, then he'll be
Her darling duck and pet;
But if he utters one wry word,
He'll see what he will get.

Spoken: Yes, it will only be a word and a blow, and often the blow before the word—many's the cuff I've had, I can tell you. The other night, he said to her—"you are an amiable creature." "Am I?" said she with a leer. "Yes," said he, "but why do you keep that gaping wench in the house?" "Oh!" said my aunt— Don't take any notice, &c.

I don't intend to stay here long,
If I myself can suit,
Because my aunt is every day,
I'm sure, a perfect brute.
She only is good tempered when
The old man's by her side:
A pretty bridegroom he will be,
And she a pretty bride—

Spoken: I hope I shall get away before they are married: she's only got one room upstairs. I believe if the old man saw me there, she would say—
Don't take any notice, &c.

Rinking Rose!

OR: SHE SAID SHE'D BE MY BRIDE.

You've heard of roller skating rinks,
Where ladies learn the arts
Of fracturing their dainty limbs—
And breaking poor men's hearts.
'Twas at the rink of "Princes," that
I first met charming Rose,
And fell o'er head and ears in love—
Then fell and broke my nose.

Spoken: Yes, down I went and injured myself for life. They said that I wasn't up to it; I was a good deal down in it at any rate, but what did I care? When that sweet young thing of seventeen-and-a-half gazed at me with such tender sympathy in her light blue eyes, I felt as if I had as many legs as a spider, and one or two broken ones didn't matter, so I went off again—

Chorus.

Rink, rink, rink, rink,
She said she'd be my bride,
To mate with me and skate with me,
For ever by my side.
But, oh! the little vixen broke
Her loving little pledge,
By bolting with a city clerk,
Who did the outer edge.

She said she'd teach—if I would learn—
That healthful exercise:
I fear her pupil watched too oft
The pupils of her eyes.
We glided in a blissful dream,
I felt she must be mine,
I tried to pop the question—when
I popped upon my—spine.

Spoken: Down again, but I hadn't hurt myself much, I'd only dislocated my vertebra and fractured the small bone of my paper collar. Rose said: "Isn't skating awfully jolly?" I answered: "Yes, very! it's like playing at hospitals." "Where do you feel the pain?" said she. I clapped my hand to my heart and said: "Here, lovely one, here!" and then she blushed, and on we went again.

Rink, rink, &c.

She'd share with me life's ups and downs,
The sweet girl told me oft.
I don't know what the *ups* are like,
The *downs* are not too soft.
But, one day, for a city clerk
The vixen cut me dead:
I tried to fall upon my foe,
But fell upon my head.

Spoken: Down again, and away went Rose with that twopenny-halfpenny City clerk. My blood was up, but my body was down—with a fat man and three little boys on the top of it. When my hated rival came round again, he said: "Have you hurt yourself?" "No! I've only swallowed all my front teeth," said I. "Because, he said, if you are going to skate here long, I thought I'd tell you there's a firstrate undertaker next door, who does walking funerals at one pound one." Bah!

Rink, rink, &c.

My bitter cup with gall was filled,
My jealousy was such,
I dropped about till people said
I'd had a drop too much.
I broke my nose, I broke my heart,
She broke her word and fled—
I tried to break my final fall,
But broke my back instead.

Spoken: They picked me up all in little pieces and put me together with Polytechnic cement. The doctors said I had three compound fractures of the bootjack combined with methylated convolvulus of the equilibrium, which acting on my cod-liver oil caused a spinal confusion of the blacking bottle. They said I wanted a convulsion of my fundamental curriculum with six months irrigation in the House of Correction to thoroughly restore the epidermal action of my three pennorth of whiskey warm. Of all things I was to avoid deceitful girls and never again sing—

Rink, rink, &c.

I'm Dead Nuts on Dolly.

Air: Sally come up.

I'm a country lad, my name's John Brown,
By some I'm called the village clown;
I've saved some cash, and come to town
To try and make love to Dolly.
Since I first saw her, I vow
I've felt, I can't tell how—
Oh! I wish I had her here just now:
For, I'm dead nuts on Dolly.
Chorus: For, Dolly's a darling, Dolly's a duck,
My heart with love for her is struck:
I'll marry her, if I've good luck:
For, I'm dead nuts on Dolly!

I've twenty pounds, all in hard cash,
A fortune 'tis, if not spent rash:
I'll marry her and cut a dash,
Like a lady I'll keep Dolly.
I'll my mansion furnish through
With furniture all new,
And I mean to buy a "cradle" too,
It will useful be to Dolly. Chorus.

Dolly's a housemaid, clean and neat,
I meet her nightly in the street,
As she fetches the "beer," and 'tis a treat
To have a chat to Dolly.
It fills my heart with glee,
She's almost as rich as me,
Four pounds a year, and find her own tea,
Is the wages of my Dolly. Chorus.

We'll be married by license, I declare,
At St. George's church in Hanover Square;
When I'm seen by the ladies there,
They'll envious be of Dolly!
For, a handsome chap like me
They very seldom see:
I'm a very great catch, you'll all agree,
But I care for none, like Dolly. Chorus.

Of servants, we will keep a score,
And "liveried footman," at the door,
In a "Brougham," or a "coach and four"
I'll ride about with Dolly.
And to fill the "Civic chair"
I'll put up for "Lord Mayor,"
And won't her fellow servants stare
When she is "Lady Mayoress Dolly!" Chorus.

When I'm elected a mayor, all right,
'Twill fill my heart with great delight:
When her majesty makes me a knight,
Then she'll be Lady Dolly.
Prime minister I'll be,
'Twill be glorious, you'll agree,
To be Sir John Brown K. T. M. P.
Oh! 'twill charm the heart of Dolly! Chorus.

Keep the Ball a Rolling.

How like a game of football
Are the ups and downs of life!
How endless are the struggles,
And how bitter is the strife!
Life's goal is very hard to win,
But perseverance masters all,
And victory will be yours at last,
If you will only roll the ball.
Chorus: When the ball is at your feet,
Try your best to make it roll;
For, if you stop, you'll meet defeat—
So try and kick it through the goal.

How many men, and women, too,
Have let their chances slip
By letting go the anchor
Of their fast-progressing ship!
A steady hand and watchful eye
Is all that is required:
Then you're sure to reach the
Heights to which you have aspired. Chorus.

What though stern fate repulses you,
If you have health and strength:
Be ready for another trial,
And you'll reach the goal at length;
And when you reach the goal,
You may laugh at Fortune's frown,
And calmly reap the harvest
Of the seeds already sown. Chorus.

Farewell, my Love, 'tis Fate's Decree.

Air: Though Fate, my girl, may bid us part.

Farewell, my love, 'tis Fate's decree
That we must part, and part for ever—
The fate that sends me hence from thee
My fondest cherished hopes doth sever.
'Tis weak to weep, yet, such will be
Tale-telling tears will herald sorrow:
Well, let them flow—When far from thee,
Remember me, sweet maid of Jarrow!

When raging seas between us roar,
When far from home and thee, my treasure,
'Tis then I'll weep to ponder o'er
The by-gone days of joy and pleasure—
But they are gone like fleeting dreams,
Their sad remembrance brings but sorrow;
And dull and drear the future seems:
For, I must leave you, maid of Jarrow.

When other lips thy charms shall praise,
Heed not, oh! love! their flattering story:
For, evil tries in many ways
To rob true virtue of her glory:
Be upright, resolute, and foil
By modest grace the tempter's arrow:
And yet, upon a brighter soil,
We'll meet again, sweet maid of Jarrow.

Pretty Mabel Clare.

Fancy Song and Dance, by R. J. Pigott.

In a pretty cottage, in yon dell,
A charmer does reside,
One whom I hope to call, ere long,
My own sweet little bride;
She's fairer than the reddest rose,
None with her can compare,
I really think 'twould break my heart
To lose sweet Mabel Clare.

Chorus.

A winsome loving little darling is she—(break)
I love her to distraction, and she loves me—(break.)
She's the pride of all the village,
To harm her none would dare;
I always am contented when
I'm near sweet Mabel Clare.

Last Sunday eve we took a stroll,
Sweet Mabel Clare and I,
Down where the shallow little stream
Doth ripple slowly by;
I whispered naught but words of love
Unto my charmer fair;
I'm always happy when I'm near
My pretty Mabel Clare. Chorus.

I Love my Love in de Morning.

Sung by Cool Burgess.

First when I got married
Was in dis happy land:
Den I was united,
In dis our darkey band.
First when I got married
Was in dis happy land:
Den I was united,
In dis our darkey band.
Chorus: I love my love in de morning,
I love my love at night,
I love my love de whole day long;
For, she's my beauty bright. (*Repeat.*

First when I got married,
Business seemed to hop;
My wife she took in whitewashing,
And I keep a barber's shop.
First when I got married,
Business seemed to hop:
My wife she took in whitewashing,
And I keep a barber's shop. Chorus.

Oh! when I's ten years married,
How happy I will be,
With a little picaninny
A dancing on my knee!
Oh! when I's ten years married,
How happy I will be,
With a little picaninny
A dancing on my knee! Chorus.

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CONTENTS.

At it again! ..... page 356
Blue-eyed Nell 354
The Bread winner 354
Balm of Gilead 356
The Boy from County Clare 358
Custard Pies 356
Dancing in the sunlight 357
Eminent men we have and have not 357
Ever mine 354
Flow on, lovely Clyde 357
Geraldine—a Story 360
The Good-bye at the train 354
He didn't know how to do it 356
I will 355
Just over the hill 356
Lissie, to me ever dear! 358
My forest home 354
My brightests days have past 354
Mary varies very much! 358
Never give in 355
Never run in debt 358
Old Black Snow 354
Oh! meet me by the brooklet 356
Oh! James: Whoa! James 357
Our Brothers in the mines 358
Plunk, Plunk! 354
Parody on Sweet By-and-By 357
Remember you have children of your own 357
The Six degrees of crime—End of the Story 359
Slam your foot 354
The Successful lover 357
The Stage of the world 355
There's a time and place for everything 375
That young man across the way 356
When I was Prince of Paradise 358
The Watermill—Original version 356
You get more like your dad every day 355

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My Forest Home.

Sung by the Mohawk Minstrels.

My forest home, my forest home,
The hour has come at last,
When I to distant lands must roam,
O'er waters wild and vast;
And, oh! wherever I may be,
Or what my woe or care,
My thoughts will fondly turn to thee
And think them light to bear:
My thoughts will fondly turn to thee
And think them light to bear.
Chorus: Farewell, farewell my forest home
Each shady knoll, each laughing rill!
Tho' far to distant lands I roam,
My heart, my heart is with thee still!

Beneath the shadow of thy trees
I've played my youth away,
Free from the thoughtful reveries,
That bow my heart to-day:
And now, when bidding thee farewell,
I feel how dear thou art—
My sorrowed breast alone can tell
'Tis almost death to part:
My sorrowed breast alone can tell
'Tis almost death to part. Chorus.

Plunk, Plunk!

Banjo Song—Prof. Edmund Clark.

I'll sing you a song, and it's not very long,
'Bout a girl, and her name it was Sally:
She lived with her mother, her sister and her brother,
In a tenement house up an alley.
She gave me the shake for a fellow named Jake,
In a manner that wasn't so slow:
She'd listen, each night, with the greatest delight
As he played on his old banjo.

Chorus.

With his plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk,
plunk, nip up in dee dooden day,
And that was the music that he used to play
With his plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, and I
hadn't no show
While he played on his old banjo—plunk, plunk.

I spent all of my cash to try and cut a dash,
To win my fair charmer's hand;
But I found very soon that I was a loon:
For no chance in the game did I stand.
Each night he was there and I was nowhere,
With the fellow with the banjo, you know:
So I had to take water when I found he had caught her,
While he was playing on his old banjo. Chorus.

Blue-Eyed Nell.

Song and Dance. Written by Ed. J. Phalen.
Sung by the celebrated Song and Dance Artists Walker and Wilson.

In a cottage down in yonder lane,
A beauty she dwells there,
With pouting lips like roses red
And lovely golden hair.
One day while picking flowers,
That blossom in the dell,
'Neath Cupid's shady bowers
I met my blue-eyed Nell.
Chorus: Yes, she is a charmer,
She's all the world to me—(Break.)
Yes, she is my darling;
I'm as happy as can be— (Break.)
She is fairer than the lilies
That blossom in the dell,
And I call her my fairy queen,
My pretty blue-eyed Nell. (Dance.)

I passed her house, one evening,
In the golden month of June:
The little birds sang gaily,
And the flowers were in bloom:
'Twas there I met my loved one,
A skipping to the well;
I stole a kiss—'twas not a miss—
From lovely blue-eyed Nell. Chorus.

The Good-bye at the Train.

By L. M. Thornton.
Air: The Good-bye at the door.

When forced at length to part with one,
With whom you've happy been,
How quickly mem'ry conjures up
Each bygone favorite scene—
And as you hold the hand which you
May never grasp again,
You feel, alas! how painful is
The good-bye at the train.

A thousand thoughts pervade your breast,
A thousand hopes and fears,
While the dear form still near your side,
You scarcely see for tears.
Yes, you hold the hand which you
May never grasp again,
You feel, alas! how painful is
The good-bye at the train.

Slam your Foot.

Banjo Song—As sung by Prof. Edmund Clark, Guitar and Banjo teacher, 285 Bowery.

De darkies gave a ball last week:
For to see de sights would make you squeak.
De boys dey came for miles around
To shake deir flat foots on de ground.
Dey had a jaw bone and a fiddle,
A banjo big as a pancake griddle,
A trombone and a double bass,
De strings dey stretched like juju paste.
Chorus: Slam your foot up to de sky,
Don't you hear de wenches cry—
Huckleberry doo and cranberry jam,
Sally, pass along de ham, ham, ham!

Dere was Margaret Ann and big Clofilda,
Anna Mustascha and Melinda:
Sarah Ophelia she came to de hop,
She's de wench dat busted de policy shop.
Dey danced and danced in twos and twos,
Till dey wore de soles all off der shoes:
Den a nigger hit de gong a smash,
And all de coons run up to hash. Chorus.

My Brightest Days Have Past.

Written and Sung by G. A. St. Albyn.

Not long ago, I can remember,
When I was dressed in bright array,
Then indeed I'd lots of money,
And I was courted day by day.
Gents and ladies they would pet me,
But, alas! that did not last:
My money's gone, and now they shun me:
For, my brightest days have past.
Chorus: Oft I think of days departed,
Days of joy that did not last;
I wander now near broken-hearted:
For, my brightest days have past.

To Opera, Ball, or Rout I would go,
The envy there of all the swells:
Smoke my Havannahs, sip my sherry,
Courted, too, by all the belles.
In the row I led the fashion,
But I went the pace too fast:
A cloud came o'er the scene, and I found
That my brightest days had past. Chorus.

If I meet with friends I once knew,
They nod their heads, pass on their way,
Never stop to kindly greet me,
Or ask me how I am to day:
Those are the friends I once respected,
I fastened them up to the last:
Though nearly starving, none will help me,
Now my brightest days have past. Chorus.

Oh! how bitter now my life is—
I feel the sting of fortune's frown:
My clothes worn out and not a penny—
Who will help me now I'm down?
Oft I think of days now gone by,
How I thought those times would last,
But I found I was mistaken:
For, my brightest days have past. Chorus.

The Bread Winner.

A light within the window shines,
Some one stands at the door:
A footstep on the garden walk
Is heard to sound once more.
Then in a moment 'neath the porch,
Two hearts gave beat for beat:
Oh! it is sweet at eventide
When wife and husband meet.

Across the threshold of their home
The happy pair have past,
The glory of their bridal day
No cloud has overcast.
Again the weary toiler bends
Across a snowy bed,
To kiss the little sleeper who
There rests his golden head.

Then sitting in the lighted room,
The shutters closed and fast,
They have a dream of future days,
Or talk about the past.
And it repays his long day's work
To see her eyes beam bright,
And it repays her faithful love
To give him such delight.

Such evenings, full of happiness,
May they be ever theirs
To act as antidotes against
Their daily griefs and cares—
For, they will nerve the husband's arm
To conquer in the strife,
And never dry the well of love
He findeth in his wife.

Ever Mine.

Come, love, the hours are waning fast,
Hope's herald star beams clear and bright:
The clouds that dim our parting hour
Will fade before 'tis light.
Faith's silver cords our hearts entwine,
And fadeless dreams reveal
Earth's fairest joys encircling hearts
On which love sets its seal.
Faith's silver cords, &c.

How welcome is the bright springtide,
The opening buds and fragrant flowers,
But far more dear to me, beloved,
That sacred trysting hour—
To fold thee once more to my heart,
Love's pure abiding shrine—
Through sunlit streams and storms of life,
To call thee "Ever mine!".
To fold thee, &c.

Old Black Snow.

Oh! I was young and handsome once,
But now my youth has fled,
Old age has almost turned quite grey
The wool upon my head:
But yet I laugh and dance and sing
Wherever I may go:
To twirl these boots this child it suits,
And they call me Old Black Snow.
But yet I laugh and dance and sing, &c.

I've got no home, I love to roam,
I'm welcome everywhere;
The girls they sigh as I go by,
And don't the darkies stare!
And when I cut my capers
On my light fantastic toe,
They open their eyes in great surprise
To see this Old Black Snow.
And when I cut my capers, &c.

I never stop, I'm on the hop,
I go from place to place,
And, as I'm told, both young and old,
They're glad to see my face:
For, I laugh and sing, both night and day,
And twist my bluebers so—
There's not a darkie in the land
Can dance like Old Black Snow.
For, I laugh and sing, both night and day, &c.

Never Give In.

Sung by the Mohawk Minstrels.

Now if you will listen a moment or two,
I'll sing you a bit of a rhyme,
And tell you what I think a man must do
To make the best use of his time.
He must keep up his pluck and must laugh at bad luck,
And be brave if he means to win:
His eye must be bright, and his heart must be right,
And his motto be "Never give in."

Chorus.

So keep yourself steadily moving, lads:
For, laziness never can win:
Let hand and heart each play a brave part,
And your motto be "Never give in!"

Since the days of my youth I have travelled a bit,
And sojourned in many a clime,
And I think of the truth I've unravelled a bit,
Although I am still in my prime:
And this I have found, in my journeying round
The world from the East to the West,
That he that has gone most steadily on
Is a happier man than the rest.
So keep, &c.

I'll help a poor brother whenever I can,
But a thing most offensive to me
Is to see a great lubbering lump of a man
With a heart of the size of a pea:
So long as I live, this maxim I'll give
To youngsters about to begin—
Don't falter or shirk, but stick to your work,
Be patient and "Never give in."
And keep, &c.

Then, forward, my lads! and you're sure to be right,
Don't wait till your chances are gone:
'Tis better to struggle and fall in the fight,
Than stand and look sloathfully on.
And when in your grave, 'twill be said you were brave,
And men will be proud of your kin:
They'll say that you tried, and you manfully died
In your harness—but "Never gave in."
So keep, &c.

The Successful Lover.

A Parody on the Sicilian Maid. Air: Diamond Galop.

Sung by Sam Waghorn.

I loved a girl, a charming belle,
With eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearls,
And I could see she was fond of me:
So to court her I made free.
But her father was a crusty elf,
And said she shouldn't choose for herself,
Then locked her up in her bedroom,
Upon one Monday afternoon.
Chorus: But, what wouldn't you do
When you're in love?
What wouldn't you do
When you're in love?

Now what to do? I didn't know:
When a thought struck me that I'd a bow,
So on an arrow then I shot
A letter to my darling's cot:
But the old man he got hold of it,
Saying "the biter shall be bit."
When the wall I scaled without alarms,
I dropped down in the old man's arms. Chorus.

Says I: "My dear, it is all right,"
And then embraced a form in white,
But a smell of snuff and something rough
Brought me to my senses quite.
Says the old man: "I've found you out,
For the future mind what you're about;
Now once for all I tell you plain
You shall not have my daughter Jane." Chorus.

Then some straw I lit, and, fire! I cried.
With fright the old man nearly died,
To the room he rushed, it open burst,
And let my darling come out first.
When loud for water he did bawl,
The servants rushed into the hall,
My love at the back she did slip out,
And we got married ere he found us out. Chorus.

You Get More Like Your Dad Every Day.

Sung by Alf. Walker.

They say as the cock crows the young ones will learn,
At least it's been so in my case.
For, ever since I can remember, I know
I always have been a scapegrace.
At gammoning people I took a delight,
And when I've played some little game,
Whene'er I've gone home and acquainted my dad,
He's always been sure to exclaim—

Chorus.

You get more like your dad every day,
You get more like your dad every day:
When some tricks I have played, he will say
"you young blade,
You get more like your dad every day."

I was barely fourteen when I started a pipe,
And also to court I began:
I went into taverns and called for beer,
And fancied myself quite a man.
I remember the first time my friends saw me home,
I had to be carried to bed.
Instead of chastising, my dad only smiled,
And said as he shook his old head—
You get more, &c.

In wrenching off knockers, and pulling down the bells,
And spreeing I took a delight;
But there's one thing I used to like better than all,
'Twas bothering Bobbies at night.
And often I've thrown, from the top of a wall,
A stone at a poor Peeler's tile,
And when my old dad chanced to hear of the joke,
He'd frequently say with a smile—
You get more, &c.

I am now most addicted to flirting and fun:
In fact, I make love to excess,
And have promised to marry so many dear girls,
At last I've got into a mess:
There are Susan, and Annie, and Florence and Kate,
Who've all had a promise from me,
And when I told father, he roared with delight,
And cried with a slap on his knee—
You get more, &c.

I Will.

Sung by Joseph Tabrar.

Now for many long years I've been wishing to marry:
Unto my misfortune I've done so at last:
For, I always did say that I never would tarry,
And no where behold me a wretched outcast.
I walked out with a girl handsome, tender and young,
She called me her own darling Bill.
When she ask me to take her to Greenwich for fun,
I'd not "parley," but answer "I will."

Chorus.

I will, I will:
I'm so nervous I cannot stand still,
I shall never forget it, but dearly regret it,
That ever I said I will.

"Is your love ever true?—in a note she enclosed it—
I want to propose, but I do not know how:
I'm surprised, dear, at you that you have not proposed it,
But say from your heart will you marry me now?"
Very soon to the church we went free from strife,
So happy we scarce could stand still:
When the parson he said: "will you take her for life?"
To my sorrow I answered "I will."
I will, &c.

Three months after we married, my wife said to me,
"I should very much like, dear, to go out of town."
When she said: "will you let me?" I
answered "I will,"
When she started away and went with John Brown.
She's been gone jest three months, I've not seen
her since,
I feel that myself I could kill,
My mind's well employed, I feel so annoyed
That ever I murmured "I will."
I will, &c.

The Stage of the World.

By Daniel MacFarlane.

This world is a stage,
I think we may say,
Though the play it seems strange
As it goes night and day.
And we all play a part,
Let it be right or wrong:
For example, I am trying
To make this a song,

There are men, and their parts
Is this stage for to rule:
Likewise men playing parts,
Who were never at school.
So the play it's a strange one,
Though its name I don't know,
But there's scenes played of pleasure,
And scenes played of woe.

There are sighs of the weary,
And songs of the glad:
There are smiles of the cheery,
And tears of the sad,
That would make a man heady,
Were it not hope unfurled,
Leading us through our part
On the stage of the world.

There are men to sustain parts
As high as a king,
With a palace to live in,
And converse with a queen;
And men in the workhouse,
Perhaps, with their wives,
With parts both of sorrow
All the days of their lives.

So the difference is great
With the parts that men play;
The rich seem all stars,
That is all we can say;
But the day it will come
When we all will exit,
And who gets most applause,
Which will judge us aright.

There's a Time and Place for Everything.

Sung by J. Crockett. Air: Paddle your own Canoe.

We are told by one of the wisest men
The world has ever known,
There is a proper time and place
When all things should be done.
So all your words and actions mind,
To most carefully weigh:
Do all things in right time and place:
For, the proverb plain doth say—
Chorus: There's a time and place for everything
As up life's hill you climb:
Do all things in their proper place,
And at the proper time.

Now many people oft we meet
So devoid of common sense,
They're always trying to raise a laugh
At other folks' expense:
Now, a joke I own's all very well
If in its proper place,
But no one's feelings try to hurt:
For, the proverb plainly says— Chorus.

There's a time to save, that's when you're young,
And in the bloom of health:
And a time to rest: that's when you're old.
Then store your little wealth,
Be careful how your money's spent,
Or you'll find out at last,
Although there is a time to feast,
There's also a time to fast. Chorus.

Don't idly lounge your time away,
When to work you ought to go:
There's a time to work and a time to play:
The proverb sayeth so.
Then make the best of everything,
As the ladder of life you climb,
Do all things in their proper [illegible],
And at the proper time. Chorus.

The Watermill.

CORRECTED VERSION.

Recited by Gus Williams.

Listen to the watermill: through the livelong day,
How the clinking of its wheel wears the hours away—
Languidly the autumn wind stirs the greenwood leaves,
From the fields the reapers sing, binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Autumn winds revive no more leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap corn once gathered;
And the rippling stream flows on tranquil, deep and still,
Never gliding back again to the watermill.
Truly speaks the proverb old, with a meaning vast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Take the lesson to thyself, loving heart and true:
Golden years are fleeting by, youth is passing, too;
Learn to make the most of life, lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back chances swept away:
Leave no tender word unsaid, love while love shall last—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will:
Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun beams upon the way,
All that thou canst call thine own lies in thy—to-day:
Power, intellect and health may not always last—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Oh! the wasted hours of life that have drifted by!
Oh! the good we might have done, lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved by a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned, perishing unheard!
Take the proverb to thine heart, take and hold it fast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Oh! love thy God and fellow-man, thyself consider last:
For, come it will when thou must scan dark errors of the past;
And when the fight of life is o'er, and earth recedes from view,
And Heaven in all its glory shines 'midst the pure, the good, the true:
Then you'll see more clearly the proverb deep and vast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

At it Again!

By Fred. J. Mackley.

Through a very queer saying I oft have to smile;
I'll tell you a strange one the time to beguile.
When I first went a courting the dear one to woo,
I'd call her such pet names, like us fellows do.
We'd have lots of fun, I would play and she sing,
And talk of the future and what it would bring:
Then when I on parting a kiss strived to gain,
I'd hear her pa's voice yell—"You're at it again!"

CHORUS.

At it again! At it again!
You ought to know better. You're acting insane.
At it again! At it again!
Why don't you stop it? You're at it again!

One night I stayed late, as the old man had retired,
And moonlight love-making she said she admired.
Said I: "Now, my darling, just give me one kiss:"
And in trying to reach her, I made a sad miss:
For, I upset the table. She gave a loud scream,
Which soon awoke the old man out of his dream,
Who seized his revolver, and down stairs he came,
Yelled: "That wicked old Tom cat's broke something again."
At it again! &c.

In peace and contentment I pass my time away;
I married my Nellie so handsome and gay.
We have lots of fun, in our house near the Park,
And her father comes there with the same old remark.
But the last time he came, now imagine his joy,
He found he was grandpa to a girl and a boy.
He winked at my wife, and said, "Now, it's plain,
The babies are beauties, and they're laughing again."
At it again! &c.

Custard Pies.

By Gus Williams. Air: Sweet bye and bye.

Dere's a place dot is better dan dis—
Und I vish in my heart I vos dere;
It's a dining saloon dot I mean,
Und you'll always find on de bill of fare—

CHORUS.

Custard pies, custard pies:
How I vish I could see dem vonce more!
Custard pies, full of flies,
Ve shall eat on dot beautiful shore.

I remember, ven I vent to school,
Und time it never can erase,
I got in a fight dere, vone day,
Und a fellar hit me right in de face.
Mit—Custard pies, &c.

Und ven at lasd I have to die,
Und dey lay me away in de tomb,
I hope all my friends dot are left,
Vill see planted o'er me in full bloom—
Custard pies, &c.

Balm of Gilead.

Arranged by H. T. Bryant.

The Music is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., Price 30 cents.

Oh! we ain't going home any more,
Oh! we ain't going home any more,
Oh! we ain't going home any more,
Down t' the peach-blow farm:
Balm of Gilead, Balm of Gilead, Balm of Gilead,
Down t' the peach-blow farm.

Massa loved his good old Jamaica,
His good old Jamaica, his good old Jamaica:
Massa loved his good old Jamaica,
Down in Alabama.

CHORUS.

Hip! hip! hurrah! Ah, ah!
Hip! hip! hurrah! Oh! my lamb!
Oh! we ain't going home any more,
Oh! we ain't going home any more,
Oh! we ain't going home any more,
Down t' the peach-blow farm:
Balm of Gilead, Balm of Gilead, Balm of Gilead,
Down t' the peach-blow farm.

Ain't I glad to get out the wilderness,
Get out the wilderness, get out the wilderness!
Ain't I glad to get out the wilderness:
Oh, my lamb!
Hip! hip! hurrah, &c.

My old horse he came from Jerusalem,
He came from Jerusalem, he came from Jerusalem:
He kick so high, they put him in a museum,
Down in Alabama.
Hip! hip! hurrah, &c.

He Didn't Know How to Do It.

By L. M. Thornton.

When Tim came courting me,
I always on him smiled,
But, ah! so strange was he,
I nigh was driven wild.
When time had come to part,
You'll scarcely credit this,
At once he off did start,
And never gave a kiss.

CHORUS.

He didn't know how to do it,
He didn't know how to do it,
He didn't know how to do it,
So great a goose was he.

Sweet songs I used to sing,
That did of kisses speak:
But, oh! the stupid thing!
He never kissed my cheek.
However he is gone,
And glad enough am I:
I hope a sharper one
I shortly shall espy. Chorus.

Just Over The Hill.

Ballad—By Frank Stanselle.

Just over the hill lives a shy mountain-maiden,
Whose wild flowing locks are my joy and my pride:
Whose bright, sparkling eyes are with mirthfulness laden,
And pearly white teeth between ruby lips hide.
She's free from all guile, yet is blithesome and merry,
While soft is her voice as the murmuring rill:
I call her my gipsy, my bright elfin fairy—
The queen of my heart, that lives over the hill.

She wears no fine satins, no silks and no laces,
Her fresh rosy cheeks are not colored with art:
Yet Nature has blessed her with numberless graces—
Deceit has no home in her trusting young heart.
While tossed on the waves of this life's troubled ocean,
Through trials and dangers, through good and through ill,
I know, I am sure of the fond heart's devotion
Of one ever true who lives over the hill.

While artists may linger o'er landscape or mountain,
And Fashion's gay belles are by poets extolled,
Still 'shrined in my heart, of my joy she's the fountain,
More precious than jewels and purer than gold.
Such graces, with goodness and beauty combining,
With Love's warmest fires cause my bosom to thrill,
Forever I'll love, with a love ne'er declining,
The dear little maid who lives over the hill.

Oh! Meet Me by the Brooklet.

By William Beekman.

Oh! meet me, love, by the brooklet,
Where the willows throw their shade,
And the roses breathe pure incense
In the calm and mossy glade.
We'll sit beneath the arching vine
As blithe as e'er can be,
And listen to the little birds
Sing sweet songs o'er the lea.
Chorus: Oh! meet me, love, by the brooklet
Where the water-lilies grow:
For, I long to wander with you,
In the twilight, to and fro.

Oh! meet me, love, by the brooklet
Where the waters ripple low:
And, as the silvery moon doth shine,
We'll watch the brooklet flow:
When the dew-drops kiss the roses,
And Venus smiles above,
Then we'll whisper to each other
The old, old tale of love. Chorus.

That Young Man Across the Way.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Miss Katie Belle Wichman. Music by E. Mack.

Well, I wonder what's the meaning,
Always looking over here?
When I'm at the parlor window,
He is sure then to appear;
Every evening as I sit there,
Just before the close of day,
There he is, with roguish glances,
Watching me across the way.
Chorus: So let him stare, I do not care,
I shall not go away;
Young men, who live across the street,
Must look across the way.

He has brown hair, dark and waving,
And his eyes, I think, are gray:
But I know, whate'er their color,
Often do they look this way:
And one tender twilight evening,
I'm quite sure that he did this—
Just before I left the window,
Unto me he threw a kiss. Chorus.

From the other side, one evening,
To our door he found his way:
After that, 'twas very often
That he came across the way;
And while sitting by our window,
There was much he made me say,
And, 'mong other things, I promised
That I'd live across the way. Chorus.

Remember You Have Children of Your Own.

Motto Song—Sung by Frank Lewis
Written and adapted by Jim Campbell.

Copyright 1877 by E H. Harding. The Music can be had of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery. Price 35 cts.

In your path through life, each day,
You will meet upon the way
Fellow mortals upon whom this world doth frown:
Who, from poverty or crime,
Have fallen in their time,
Or by circumstances crushed and stricken down—
Young men with blighted names,
Who once had noble aims:
Young girls with shame and sorrow on their brow,
Whom a kindly word might save
From a dark, dishonored grave,
While a cruel one would drive to madness now:
They were once to some one dear—
So don't pass them with a sneer,
But speak a kindly word in cheering tone:
You know not what's in store
For the loved ones you adore:
Remember you have children of your own.

The shop girls on the street
With as much respect should meet
As the millionaire who in his carriage rolls;
And the honest laboring man,
With his strong and horny hand,
They, too, have hearts and feelings—yes, and souls!
And the wretched drunkard, too,
Who perhaps was once like you
Respected and beloved by one and all:
Though no doubt from care and strife,
Or some sorrow of his life,
Has fallen, but not quite beyond recall:
And the poor outcast forlorn—
Don't pass her by with scorn,
But speak unto her with a gentle tone:
Perhaps she's not to blame
For her life of sin and shame:
Remember you have children of your own.

Don't despise the wretched poor,
Who perhaps grim want may lure
To steal the bread their starving children crave—
Be not the one to blame:
You yourself would do the same,
With starvation at your door you'd dare the grave:
Their family is as dear
To them as any here:
Tho' their clothes may be all ragged, torn and old,
Dejected and forlorn,
Yet still their hearts are warm:
Tho' they lack the rich man's cheerful home and gold,
They are all to some one dear—
So don't pass them with a sneer,
But speak a kindly word in cheering tone:
You know not what's in store
For the loved ones you adore:
Remember you have children of your own.

Parody on Sweet By-and-By.

Sung by Frank Murdoch.

Did you ever go into a saloon,
Vere dey give you a free lunch mit a beer?
And ven de barkeeper's back is turned,
How de bums to de counter dey all steer?

Chorus.

Beefsteak pie, dey all cry;
And dey chew as dey never chewed before;
Oyster pie, vat do you soi?
Ve'll have beats on dat beautiful shore.

You can see dem any hour of de day,
Around on de corners vere dey stand,
Awaiting for some one to treat,
Dey vould break up any soup-house in de land.

Chorus.

Mutton pie, dey all cry,
For a free lunch all night dey loudly roar,
And ven dey die, by-and-by,
Ve'll have beats on dat beautiful shore.

Teach your children to help themselves—but not to what doesn't belong to them.

Oh! James: Whoa! James, Fie for Shame!

WHAT ABOUT EMMA'S BABY?

I have lately got in trouble,
All through a female pearl;
A swell, who is my double,
Has gone wrong with this girl.
She has got a chubby baby boy,
To own it I decline,
But people cry, and wish me joy,
Because they think it's mine.

Spoken: Yes, they've the impudence when they see me to sing—

Chorus.

Oh! James, Oh! James,
Whoa! James, fie for shame on you!
Oh! James, whoa! James,
James, it's the spit of you.

I cannot take a ramble,
But fellows bawl out—"How
About Miss Emma's baby?
You have been and done it now!"
If to a Music Hall or Theatre I go,
And think from them I hide,
Some one is sure to bellow,
"How about Miss Emma's child!"

Spoken: Yes, the other night an impudent lad bawled out—"Hallo, James Jenkins!" That chap in the middle of the fourth row—"How about the girl? Whoa! Oh! Emma—Whoa! Oh! for the baby!" The ladies hid their faces behind fans and nosegays in the boxes, while the gallery boys got up a chorus of— Chorus.

That swell, who is my double,
With face and dress like mine,
Got Emma into trouble,
And to pay does decline.
Now it's not very pleasant
To hear sung this refrain,
Especially when present
Is my love Mary Jane.

Spoken: A nice thing indeed when I'm walking with my intended, because the old women have put it about that I'm a father without being a husband, to hear the girls and boys sing out— Chorus.

I swear, to put an end to this,
And make them turn it up,
I'll enter into married bliss,
And taste of pleasure's cup.
When with my wife I'm passing by,
I hope they'll drop the game,
And I trust none of you will cry—
"Oh! James, fie for shame!"

Spoken: I mean to get married, and instead of being chaffed about one baby that don't belong to me, blessed if I don't go in for twins, and I think you will say, when you see me wheeling the two cherubs in a perambulator from Penny Fields, Poplar, to Primrose Hill, that I do my duty as a father, and not cry out— Chorus.

Flow on, Lovely Clyde.

Tune: Afton Water.

Flow on, lovely Clyde; amang thy braes I oft stray,
To see the flowers bloom on a fine summer's day;
On thy bonnie banks a braw lassie doth dwell,
And that bonnie lassie there's none can excel.

On Knocknairhills the blooming heather it grows,
And down through the loup glen the streamlet it flows:
When evening comes on, there I wander alone,
To meet with my Lizzie, the lass of Boyston.

From Douglehill braes how beautiful to see
Thy waters, sweet Clyde, as they flow to the sea,
With Glenhuntly Castle there standing close by,
And my Lizzie's residence under my eye!

In yon bonnie glen how delightful to hear
The mavis sing sweet when evening draws near!
All nature seemed glad: there I wandered alone,
To meet with my Lizzie, the lass of Boyston.

Dancing in the Sunlight.

Words by James Haas—Sung by the Girard Brothers.

What a pleasure there is dancing in the sunlight,
When all earth seems to smile!
It makes a merry ringing in your laughter,
You have no care or guile.
With ringing notes from pearly throats,
We while the hours away;
With beaming smile our time beguile,
We are always blythe and gay.
Oh! what a pleasure there is dancing in the sunlight,
When all earth seems to smile!
It makes a merry ringing in your laughter,
You have no care or guile.

Chorus.

Hark, hark! hear the music ring—(sym)
Shout, shout! raise your voice and sing—(sym)
What a pleasure there is dancing in the sunlight,
When all earth seems to smile!
It makes a merry ringing in your laughter,
You have no care or guile.

What a pleasure there is dancing in the sunlight!
For, it will make you glad:
In the golden rays its shadow it will mock you,
And whirl and dance like mad.
When sunset's come, and day is done,
And darkness claims her right,
We'll go to rest, and the blest,
The rays of morning light.
Oh! what a pleasure there is dancing in the sunlight,
When all earth seems to smile!
It makes a merry ringing in your laughter,
You have no care or guile. Hark, hark, &c.

Eminent Men we Have and Have Not.

Sung by Frank Lewis.

Now a few days ago while on things ruminating,
I thought of the present, I thought of the past.
I thought of the strange things we're every day meeting,
And to tell you my meaning shall now be my task.
We have not Patrick Henry, who spoke for our freedom;
We have not Lafayette, who from France came to fight—
But we have Mr. Grant and his many relations,
Who would like a third term, just to set matters right.

We have not General Geo. Mead, Gettysburgh's Hero,
But we have the brave Sherman, who marched to the sea.
We have not Geo. Peabody, the poor man's true friend—
But his name in our memory ever shall be.
We have lost poor Jim Fisk, who sent food to Chicago,
When the fire-fiend upon them made such a great raid:
But we have Moody and Sankey, who set weak people cranky,
And send you to Glory, all stamped and prepaid.

We have lost Mr Lincoln, who gave the slaves Freedom!
But we have Jay Cooke, who took from the bank all the tin:
And we have our gallant Phil Sheridan, Winchester's great Hero:
He strove for his country bright laurels to win.
We have lost our Great Father, our pride and our glory,
Our Washington, who from our hearts shall ne'er fade;
But we have gallant little Mac, who at Antietam fighting,
Quite proved that in battle he was not afraid.

Ben Franklin has left us, and Henry Clay also;
Ben Butler's still with us, one eye on the spoons—
And Brigham Young still keeps a getting new wives, Sir,
And his life he's still spending in sweet honeymoons.
Though we've lost the brave leaders who won for us Freedom,
And the stars in our banner so firmly did fix,
Yet, in this year's Centennial, we proved to the nations,
We remembered the Heroes of Old '76.

How to keep moths out of old clothing—Give it to the poor.

When I was Prince of Paradise.

Composed by G. W. Hunt - Sung by George Leybourne.

As I dozed in my chair after dinner, one day,
A "fairy" I seemed to see,
Who said: "Mortal, if not content with your lot,
Say, what would you like to be?"
So I thought, with such a glorious chance,
I'd go in for something nice:
So I modestly desired to be
The Prince of Paradise.

Chorus: And I was the Prince of Paradise,
I was the Prince of Paradise:
Everyone lovely, everything nice,
Just the place for me, dear boys.

(*Chorus repeated, omitting "dear boys."*)

I felt so awfully jolly and gay,
'Midst the beauties so lovely and kind—
For, I'd left my debts—the troublesome twins—
And a mother-in-law behind.
And the bills that came due on the very next day,
Of course, I'd not have to meet,
And no curtain lectures assailed my ears,
As I revelled with seraphs so sweet.
For, I was the Prince, &c.

I introduced "Loo"—in an hour or two
I'd cleaned all their pockets right out,
Or I should have done, but pockets they'd none,
I think costume they went without.
Being Prince, I went in for a royal drink
Of ambrosial Soda and B -,
And I wanted to get up a skating rink,
For the fairies to go on a spree.

Spoken: In fact, I introduced several pretty amusements that had never been heard of in Paridise before—
When I was a Prince, &c.

Then the fairies suggested I'd take a bride,
And would keep unto one alone.
But I told them I was Prince of the lot,
And could do as I liked with my own.
So to make up for what I'd suffered on earth,
I married off six in a trice,
Which they wouldn't allow, and which brought on a row,
And a shindy in Paradise.

Spoken: The fairies went in for woman's rights, and landed with their lefts—
Rather warm on the Prince, &c.

For fear I'd be banished I vowed, like a Prince,
I'd never do so any more.
Just then I heard a terrible knock
At my "Royal Imperial door."
I then felt shook and heard a voice,
Of which I'd oft felt afraid:
"Here's a man at the door," said my mother-in-law,
"And he won't go away till he's paid!"

Spoken: Too true, there stood a most commonplace sort of mortal demanding three quarters rent, or he'd "Put in the Brokers!"

Chorus: Away went my dream of Paradise!
'Twas but a dream, my Paradise:
Everyone lovely, everything nice—
Too good to be true for me, dear boys

Lissie, to me ever dear.

By Wm. Neill. Air: The Woods o' Dunmore.

My ain charming lassie, sae sweet, young, and fair,
My Lissie to me ever dear:
Lang hae I wooed, weel noo I lo'e thee,
My heart, dearest lassie, to you will be true.

Chorus.

Dinna say me na, but with me come away,
Then my ain dearest lassie I'll lo'e evermore.

How kindly's thy look, lassie, young, sweet, and fair—
How pleasant thy smile, lassie dear!
You'r a' the world to me, nane like you I see,
I love more than wealth the blink of your e'e.

Come along with me, lassie, young, sweet, and fair,
To me you will ever be dear;
Our hearts now as one with pure love aye shall burn,
It never shall cool till the day that we dee.

The Boy From County Clare.

Words by Harry Hunter. Music by Alfred Lee.

My name is Pat, now look at that:
I am an Irishman,
I have the stick to do the trick,
So beat me if you can.
Of all the boys that make a noise,
At wake or pattern fair,
The divil a one so full of fun
As the Boy from County Clare.

Chorus: For, to turn a stick, smart and quick,
Bothers them completely:
Divil a wrist can do the twist,
And roll it round so neatly.
Of all the boys that make a noise,
At wake or pattern fair,
The divil a one so full of fun
As the boy from County Clare. (*Dance.*)

A neat colleen and sweet potheen,
Bedad! I love the two,
And to the both I took an oath
And mean to keep it true,
For, when away too long I stay,
I sigh to think of that,
And take a drain to stay the pain
And warm the heart of Pat. Chorus.

Nell O'Grady is a lady
Sweet as butternilk,
Although she wears no quality airs,
Nor yet the gown of silk:
She has no hat: but what of that!
And though her arms are bare,
She is a jade to suit a blade
Like Pat from County Clare. Chorus.

I told my love I'd weep above
A teapot full of tears,
Unless she'd say she'd come my way
And comfort Paddy's years.
"I will," said she, and smothered me
With kisses on the nose.
"I'm fond of that," said she "that's flat"
From old shillelagh blows. Chorus.

So paddy's life and Paddy's wife
Are both as bright as day,
Not anywhere in County Clare
Are two so blithe as they:
With dance and song they jog along
In fair and stormy weather,
And, when they die, they mean to try
And do so both together. Chorus.

Never run in Debt.

Air: Pulling hard against the Stream.

As we sail o'er life's rough ocean,
Bravely let us try to steer
'Mid Adversity's commotion,
And from debt's dark rocks keep clear.
If determined, we can do it:
Though wild waves obstruct the way,
Trust in hope, strive, you'll go through it,
Then will shine bright Fortune's ray.

Chorus.

Pay your way, and never borrow,
This good maxim ne'er forget:
It will save you care and sorrow,
If you never run in debt.

No good ever comes by sighing,
Put your whole strength to the test:
You will be harmed none through trying,
Persevere with eager zest.
If the goal you would be winning,
Delay not, nor heedless fret,
Start off! make a good beginning,
Struggle to be free from debt. Chorus.

Fancy's gaudy-tinted bubble
Will not gain the wished-for end:
Toil on reckless of the trouble,
Then Fortune will bounties send.
If she's backward in her favors,
Despair not, but act like men:
As reward for your endeavors,
Wealth will give the diadem. Chorus.

Our Brothers in the Mines.

Click! click! the man-dril goes
By busy minners plied:
Click! click! you'll hear the blows
Resound on every side.
Shut from the light of day, so deep down in the earth,
Far from the songs of birds who gladden with their mirth,
Toiling beneath the ground, where sunbeam never shines,
Our busy brothers may be found, our brothers in the mines.

Chorus.

When gathered round the hearth at night,
And cheerful fire-light shines,
Oh! give a thought to those who toil,
Our brothers in the mines.

Click! click! the man-drils' sound
Now falls upon the ear:
Click! Click! beneath the ground
The well known sound you'll hear.
Think of the dangers that the miner has to dare,
Think of the cruel damp, the pitfall and the snare!
For wife and little ones he toils and ne'er repines:
For, brave hearts have those working men, our brothers in the mines.
When gathered round, &c.

Click! click! the man-dril goes
By busy miners plied:
Click! click! you'll hear the blows
Resound on every side:
Brave as the soldier who in battle courts the strife,
Boldly he'll risk his own to save a comrade's life.
Honor to him who strength of heart and limb combines,
They're rough ones, but they're diamonds, our brothers in the mines.
When gathered round, &c.

Mary Varies Very Much!

OR SOMETIMES SHE SAYS SHE NEVER WILL.

I'm in a maze—and spend my days
In mingled tears and laughter:
I feel I'm in a sort of daze—
And don't know what I'm after,
At least, you know, I don't mean so:
I'm after Mary Mead,
But Mary varies very much,
Oh! very much indeed.

Chorus.

For, sometimes she says she never will,
Sometimes she's nothing loth,
And, now and then, she's so again,
Oh! very much indeed.

Although I sigh to win her—I
Must bear the hints she throws out;
She says she's some one in her eye
She thinks will put my nose out.
And though next day she's very kind,
And says she's bent on Ben,
As fast as she makes up her mind,
She makes it down again.
For, sometimes, &c.

'Twas in her father's garden that
In summer I espied her,
And I surprised her gazing at
A captive fly and spider.
I said: "In this is pictured, Miss,
The net you've caught me in:
The spider is Miss Mary Mead,
The fly is Benjamin."
For, sometimes, &c.

Thus may I plead and plead again,
I'm not at all a gainer.
She says: "I know that you complain,
You couldn't well *come plainer!*"
She plays her cards like this because
She has me in a fix,
But wistfully I tell her she's
No honors in her tricks.
For, sometimes, &c.

The Six Degrees of Crime.

PART VI.

THE SCAFFOLD.

On that same evening of the murder, and nearly as possible at the very moment when the wretched woman was exhaling her last breath, her mother was smiling and happy.

Yes; once again, after several years of deep affliction, truly happy.

And there were two good reasons, just then, wherefore Mrs. Meredith's always pleasant countenance was beaming with smiles, and her heart almost overflowing with happiness.

Instantly after the ceremony which had united her to Henry Thornton, Julia had written to her mother informing Mrs. Meredith of the happy event, and entreating and hoping to be forgiven for the past.

At the same time she told of the intended and immediate departure of Thornton and herself, giving the reason for that which closely resembled a flight.

When their journey was compulsorily postponed, and Julia found herself unfortunately compelled to remain awhile longer in London, she again wrote to her mother.

And after receiving that second letter, Mrs. Meredith determined to visit her daughter, and at once put that resolution into action.

The reconciliation of the mother and daughter obliterated much of the bitter past.

Altogether, Mrs. Meredith visited her daughter three times, being on each occasion treated with the utmost consideration by Henry Thornton.

We have now given one of the reasons why Mrs. Meredith was so supremely happy.

"Yes, yes; it's all very well to tell me that you will not be late, but I shall know better than to expect you back very early."

Those words were addressed to Frank Hardy, and in a pleasant, bantering manner, by Mrs. Meredith.

"But indeed I shall return early," said Frank, "for I have a heavy load of business before me for to-morrow."

"Yes; I understand. You are working hard now in view of your holiday after your marriage."

"You are quite right, mother," smiled Frank.

"And this day fortnight you really are to be married? I can hardly believe it."

"And often do I ask myself how I can have deserved the happiness that has fallen to my share."

"Your intended is a rich and a verry pretty young lady; but even a duchess might be proud to be your wife."

"Come, come, mother," laughed Frank; "that is a little too much!"

"No, no; if everybody knew you as well as I do, they would say the same. It's all for the best, after all, no doubt, that you did not marry my Julia, for you are now about to do much better. Ah! and what a blessing it is that she is now so comfortably and respectably situated."

"She leaves London to-morrow?"

"Yes; and I am going in the morning to say good-bye to her before she starts. They'll be back again in a few months, and then I am to visit them as often as I please. Julia asked me to live with them altogether, but I cannot so quickly forget the ugly past."

"True; again, it is settled you are to be the housekeeper and dear friend of my wife and myself."

"Yes, thank you, dear Frank. When I first saw that you were likely to get married, though I knew it was what was sure to happen one day or another, I couldn't help fretting a good deal, for I never expected but what I should have to part with you then."

"How could you believe that I would ever desert you?" interrupted Frank. "Had we not long since promised to each other that we would never separate?"

And now we know the second reason why Mrs. Meredith was so very happy, just when her daughter had been so horribly deprived of life. And with whom was it that Frank Hardy was about to be united in marriage?

To a young lady of whom already we have heard a great deal—Miss Lucy Marsden.

Lucy's father had known something of Frank Hardy during the lifetime of the elder Marall.

Chance, at a later period, had again thrown Frank Hardy in Mr. Marsden's way, with the result that Frank was engaged as a clerk by the merchant.

Frank's talent and assiduity greatly pleased Mr. Marsden, by whom he was rapidly promoted, until very soon the management of the entire business was given to him.

Frequently it happened that Frank had to see Mr. Marsden at his private residence, in order to confer with him on business matters.

And, after awhile, the merchant grew to be so extremely fond of Hardy, that he insisted, business or no business, on receiving a visit from his manager every evening.

Willing, in former days, to promote the marriage of his daughter with Gaston Marall, he now, and with good reason, greatly rejoiced that it had not taken place; and his most fervent wish now was that his Lucy should become the wife of Frank Hardy.

Lucy's girlish predilection for Gaston Marall had not been at all of an enduring nature, and she had ceased to care for, or even to think of him.

We need not stop to say how it came about that Lucy and Frank were engaged to each other; but certain it is that, at the time at which we have now arrived, the love for each other of Lucy and Frank was deep and fervent.

It was Mr Marsden's house which Nimming Ned, Downy Dick, and the others were plundering on that night, when they were arrested in the manner that we know.

And to Mr. Marsden's house Frank Hardy was now on his way.

Frank Hardy was not, however, on the road that led to Brixton, but was proceeding towards the West End of London; for thither, after that attempted burglary, the merchant had immediately removed.

Frank alighted from an omnibus at the corner of the street in which Mr. Marsden now resided, and was walking towards that gentleman's house—had, indeed, almost reached it—when a man, walking very rapidly, his hands thrust in his pockets, and his head drooping on his breast, was met and recognised by Hardy.

The man in question would have passed Hardy without seeing him, but—

"Stop, Gaston Marall!" called Frank.

Gaston bounded back two or three steps, and as if preparing to defend himself, a movement which greatly surprised Frank, who, of course, knew nothing yet of the dreadful fate that had befallen Julia.

"What is the matter, Gaston?" asked Frank. "How pale you are!"

"And no wonder! Hark!" he said, in little more than a whisper, and inclined his head as though listening.

"What is it?" cried Frank, more than ever astonished.

"I thought they were after me."

"They! who?"

"The officers—to arrest me!"

"I see; you mean for that burglary. But you have no need, I think, to fear concerning that."

"No, no; I mean for the—for the ——"

He stopped, shook himself, looked at Frank, and seemed to gather his senses together.

"It's for debt they want me," he then said: "but I have no money, no home, no food—you stare, but it's true—nothing now left of all that I once possessed! I am houseless and starving—famished?"

Frank was inexpressibly shocked.

"Hardy," continued Gaston, "that night at Brixton you know you offered me money, and I refused it. Give me some now—enough to take me away to America. I should be safe—I mean, I should do well there—begin a new life, you know."

"Willingly will I give you amply sufficient for that to-morrow."

"No, to-night—now—this instant! To-morrow will be too late."

The coldness of Gaston's speech caused Hardy to believe that reflecting on the past, and the want and privation he was enduring in the present, had caused the senses of the wretched man to wander.

"Well," said Frank, "you shall have the money that you require to-night, but you must promise that you will lose no time in sailing for America."

"You need not doubt that, Hardy," cried Gaston.

"That is well, for there is no hope for you if you remain here, in London."

"I know it," hastily cried Gaston. "Where is the money? Quick! give it to me!"

"I have none about me, but if you will come with me to yonder house——"

"Who lives there?" hastily inquired Gaston, and looking keenly and suspiciously at Hardy.

Frank answered that question, and Gaston exclaimed, "Marsden—old Marsden! I won't see him—I won't see him!"

"You would find him quite willing to befriend you."

"But he would preach to me—would talk to me of my father; and I could not bear it."

"I will manage that he shall not see you."

Gaston followed Hardy to the merchant's house, the door of which was opened by the butler.

"Johnson," said Frank, "I have a little business to transact with this gentleman; take us to a room, will you, where we may feel certain of not being disturbed."

The butler was too well trained to show anything of the surprise that he felt on seeing Mr. Hardy with a man whose hair was straggling over his white face, and who wore dirty boots and mud-bespatted pantaloons.

Without a word, Johnson led the way to a little room at the back part of the house, lit the gas, and went away.

"In the first place," then said Frank, "I will order you some food and wine."

"No!" cried Gaston; "I couldn't swallow it. Not now—not in Marsden's house—it would choke me! Make haste and get me the money, and let me be off. You won't be long, will you?"

Frank was leaving the room when Gaston called to him, "Hardy, you are not going to betray me?"

"Betray you!" cried the amazed Frank. "What can you mean?"

"Mean!" said Gaston; "why, what should I mean? I mean, you are not going to tell old Marsden I am here—that's what I mean."

"You need not fear that," responded Frank.

"Nor yet Lucy?"

"I am not likely to see her for the next hour or so."

"But, I mean, never—you will never say a word about me, neither to her nor her father?"

"No, I will not."

"Very good. But, Hardy, how is it that you are so much at home here?"

"I am the manager of Mr. Marsden's business."

"Ah!" exclaimed Gaston, while a pang shot through him. "And Lucy—I heard that she was going to be married; perhaps it's to you that——"

"Yes," said Frank; and with a compassionate look on Gaston, who had buried his face within his hands, left the room.

Frank Hardy hastened to Mr. Marsden.

"Ah, Frank!" was the old gentleman's greeting; "how late you are to-night! Sit down, boy—sit down."

"Pardon me, sir; but, first of all, I must ask you to oblige me with a hundred and fifty pounds."

"Give me my check-book."

"No, sir; bank-notes, if you please. I want them for a person who came here with me, and is now in the house."

"Something worth while that you have been buying for us?"

"No, sir, a private matter of my own. I will repay you the money to-morrow."

"Pooh!" laughed the merchant. You can do as you please about that; for, considering that I am going to give you Lucy, money does not come between us. Let me see, though, if I have as much as you want in my desk."

He opened his desk, and took from it a packet of notes.

At that instant, John Crosse entered the room.

"Ah, Crosse! how are you, my old friend?" cried Marsden, heartily; and then, in a changed tone, said, "But, bless my heart alive, what's the matter with you? You are trembling, and are as white as a sheet! Whatever is it?"

"Terrible—terrible!" exclaimed Crosse. "The woman Julia Meredith is dead but an hour since—murdered by Gaston Marall!"

Frank Hardy uttered a loud cry.

"Her poor mother!" he moaned; and he was

on the point of telling that he who had assassinated the unhappy girl was within that house.

But he checked himself; and, after a moment's reflection, said to Marsden, "Those notes, if you please, sir."

He took them from the merchant's hand, and hurried from the room.

Struck by the strangeness of Hardy's manner, and the eagerness with which he had clutched that money, Crosse asked, "Where is Hardy gone with those notes?" asked Crosse.

"They are for some one who came here with him, and has been waiting for them."

"Ah," thought Crosse, "and I think I know for whom they are intended."

As Frank hastily re-entered the room in which he had left Manall, the latter said, "What a while you have been! I was beginning to think——"

"Think and repent of the foul murder you have this night committed!" cried Frank.

These words almost annihilated Gaston, who with difficulty kept his feet.

"You know," he faltered, "and you are going to give me up!"

"No," replied Frank; "I feel that I ought to do so, but I cannot!"

"And," said Gaston, "the money—the money that you promised me?"

Frank held towards him the bank-notes, which Gaston seized.

"Now I am armed," he said. "But who told you I was the murderer?"

"I did!" said John Crosse, walking into the room; adding, as Gaston shrank away from him, and, seeming utterly overcome, dropped helpless into a chair, "Five steps—the sixth is certain now!"

Then he turned to Hardy, saying, "Go, Frank; I would be alone a few moments with this miserable wretch."

Frank quitted the room, and Gaston, sinking on his knees before Crosse, clasped his hands and abjectly implored—

"Pity me, have pity on me—save me!"

"You have lived too long already!" sternly replied Crosse to that appeal.

He thrust his hand into his breast and drew forth a small phial, which he held towards Gaston.

"What is that?" tremblingly asked the assassin.

"Poison!" replied Crosse.

Gaston shrank away from it, and Crosse continued, "I have long felt sure that the time would come when I should do well to offer you this, which I have kept in readiness for the moment that has now arrived."

Gaston pushed out his hands as if to thrust the poison from him.

"In every way a coward!" pursued Crosse. "Come, find one moment's courage, and having murdered that poor girl, be now your own destroyer!"

He had continued to hold the phial towards Gaston, who now, his face ghastly, and his whole frame shaking as though he had an ague, took it from his hand.

"That is well," said Crosse; "for your father's sake, I would not that you should perish on the scaffold."

Gaston raised very slowly the poison to his lips, but just when, as John Crosse thought, he was about to swallow it, he dashed the phial to the floor, shattering it to atoms, and exclaimed, "No, I will not; with these"—and he waved aloft the bank-notes—"I yet may save myself, and live to a good old age!"

He darted towards the door, threw it open, and was confronted by three policemen.

* * * * * * * * *

At the trial of the burglars, the sentence on Jack Horsley was five years' penal servitude.

Nimming Ned and Downy Dick, for the term of their natural lives.

Tom Blackford was removed into the country.

The grief caused to Mrs. Meredith by her daughter's untimely and dreadful death may well be imagined, but time has already partially healed her sorrow.

At Gaston's entreaty, she went to see him after his condemnation.

She found him penitent and remorseful. He wept, and implored that Mrs. Meredith would pardon him, and she did, the atrocious crime which had deprived her of her daughter.

We have only to add that the unhappy man died reconciled to his punishment, and at peace, as far as he could be at peace, with all mankind.

THE END.

Commenced in No. 140.

Geraldine.

A TALE OF THE SEA AND THE SHORE.

CHAPTER I.

THE WHITE DOVE.

Not a breath of wind stirring; the wide expanse of sea without a ripple to disturb its glossy surface; the yacht lying like a log of wood on the still waters, its sails every now and then idly flapping against the masts; the decks hot, the pitch oozing out of its seems, and the sun all the while pouring down upon the scene his scorching rays.

The captain of the yacht, a fine handsome man of about thirty years of age, spyglass in hand, is listlessly scanning the other vessels lying becalmed around. From time to time he removes the glass from his eye, passes his hand across his burning brow, and whistles anxiously.

"Captain Hird is whistling for the wind again, my dear Geraldine," observes a full-toned, masculine voice, proceeding from the owner of the little barque, who had just came up the companion-ladder, followed by his daughter, a very handsome girl, dusky-skinned, bright-eyed, and with a figure supple and full of natural grace.

"Yes, I am whistling for the wind, as you say, Sir John," Captain Hird replies; "but the devil a puff will come!" he adds, muttering to himself, and once more passing his brown hand uneasily across his brow.

Geraldine Maur surveys the scene with calm eyes. This is not the first time she has been becalmed under the glare of a tropical sun, for she has been living on board her father's yacht ever since death robbed her of her mother (to whom she had been passionately attached), sailing all round the world, so that she is well accustomed to almost all sorts of fair and foul weather. She has learned to love the sea because her father loves it, and she never dreads its dangers, simply because, as yet, she has never encountered any of a serious nature.

Though strictly feminine in all her habits and tastes, Geraldine has a brave spirit. It may be that the briny air she has breathed so long has strengthened her nerves, and infused into her being a courage seldom to be found in womankind.

Her father would never have sustained half his heart-trouble had he not been supported and comforted by the energy and cheerful temper of his daughter, whose beauty of person and sweetness of disposition charm everyone around her, from the captain in charge of the White Dove to the humble cabin-boy.

She has learnt to know the name and the use of nearly every sail, every rope, every block on board. She can swim, she can dive, and she can float in a manner astonishing to behold. Her companion, Mrs. Grafton, who has sailed about with her for several years, often expresses her surprise at Geraldine's sailor-like knowledge and rare accomplishments, remarking that such matters are, to her, more puzzling than either Greek or Latin.

After a while Geraldine says to her father, "I have counted all the craft within sight now, papa, and they number—what do you suppose?"

"A dozen, probably," he answers carelessly.

"Exactly twice that number, papa."

"Twenty-four?"

"Yes. We are not wanting company, are we?"

The captain suddenly spoke to the man at the wheel as follows:—

"Are you asleep, Jones?" he inquires sharply.

"I don't know, sir; I feel very strange," the sailor replies. "Bad in my head—very bad indeed, sir!"

And the speaker puts his hand to his forehead, and looks up with bloodshot eyes.

"Here, Mason," resumes Captain Hird, calling to one of the men busily engaged forward; "relieve this man, and let him go below. He's not well."

"Thank you, sir," says Jones, as he leaves the wheel and staggers away.

"Not well!" repeats Mason, somewhat moodily. "Humph! that's the case with nearly all of us forward yonder. We've all on us got headaches, and a sort of death-like sickness on us."

"What's that, Mason?" cries the captain, in a startled voice, his own head at the moment throbbing violently.

"Well, sir, I don't want to alarm you, but I fear we've got fever amongst us."

"Fever!" echoes the captain; "I earnestly trust not."

"Ah, sir, I've seen this sort of thing before on board ship, and I've not forgotten what it's like."

"Pshaw! I've a nasty sort of headache myself, my man; but I'm not going to think that I've got fever in my veins. Fancy does a great deal for us only too frequently in such matters as sickness."

At this, Mason looks up at the speaker—looks at him attentively.

"Captain," he says, bluntly yet respectfully, "excuse me, but I can see Yellow Jack in your eyes."

"Yellow Jack?" repeats the other, with a startled expression.

"Ay, surely, sir; else I never saw it in my life."

"Tut, tut!" exclaims the captain, walking aside. "I certainly must own to myself that I never felt so painfully strange in all my born days before," he adds within his heart, struck all at once with fear.

At this instant, the second officer, wearing a serious and disturbed countenance, approaches Captain Hird.

"What's the matter, Wargrave?" demands the latter.

Wargrave shakes his head, and glances meaningly towards Sir John Maur and his daughter.

"What the deuce do you mean?" adds the captain, impatiently. "Out with what you have to say at once!"

"Well, sir, I've just been forward, and I'm sorry to tell you that we've got the yellow fever on board. There are four of the men already unable to lift up their heads—in fact, they are not fit to leave their hammocks. Others are complaining of feeling sick; and I regret to say that I myself am not quite as well as I should like to be."

"This is all very sudden, Wargrave."

"Not quite so much so as you think, sir. Some of the men have been ailing several days, but did not like to complain about the matter; now, you see, they are forced to do so, being fairly knocked over."

Captain Hird looks grave.

"Heaven help us all!" he ejaculates, very earnestly.

"Has anything happened, Captain Hird?" Geraldine inquires, her attention towards him being arrested by his somewhat excited manner, and at the same time approaching him.

"Nothing, Miss Maur," the other replies, confusedly. "It's only the confounded wind that won't come to us, that's all."

"Well, don't trouble yourself about that," she answers with a smile; "it will not come to us any the sooner, howsoever you may do so."

"I know it—I know it!" he answers absently, and in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

Miss Maur looks at him steadily for a second or two, then she says, Captain, I fear you are not well."

"I—I am not, Miss Maur," he answers, unsteadily. "Don't come near me," he continues, moving back a few steps; "I am afraid I have the fever."

The fever, captain! What fever are you talking about?" demands the owner of the yacht, drawing near his daughter.

"Yellow Jack, Sir John," replies the officer Wargrave.

"Yellow fever!" repeats the Baronet, recoiling in alarm and dismay.

"Yes, Sir John, the vessel is full of it," the officer rejoins.

"The vessel full of it!" echoes Sir John. "What is to be done?" he continues, glancing uneasily at his daughter, and becoming very pale.

"There are plenty of craft within sight and reach, Sir John," suggests the captain, nodding his head wearily in the direction of the becalmed vessels around. "You may easily secure the safety of Miss Maur, her companion, and yourself, sir, on board any one of them, I dare say, and——"

To be Continued.

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CONTENTS.

A gentle word is never lost.....page 364
A lock of my mother's hair..... 364
A green Havana..... 364
Biddy, the Ballet Girl..... 362
The Belle of New-Orleans..... 363
Be gentle and kind..... 364
The Burial of Sir John Moore..... 364
Cod-liver oil..... 362
Cockamidoodledoo..... 368
Dorkins was tight..... 362
The Days when I was young..... 363
Down on the Mississippi Shore..... 364
Fishes in the sea..... 362
Girls, look ere you leap..... 364
Geraldine—Story continued..... 366
I'se gwine back to Dixie..... 362
Isn't a dollar enough to buy bread?
and water costs nothing at all..... 364
I am waiting for a letter, love..... 365
I'm a ship without a rudder..... 368
I always do good when I can..... 365
Light is looming in the sky..... 362
Lullaby..... 363
Let the poor go down!..... 365
The Monarch of the wood..... 362
My pretty Red Rose..... 363
Miss Gruber's Boarding House..... 368
The Old ark's a moving..... 363
The Old log cabin on the hill..... 363
Oh! open the door..... 363
Paddle your boat along..... 368
Round goes the wheel..... 365
Sweet visions of childhood..... 364
Time is on the wing..... 363
Whoa, Emma!—American Version..... 363
Who's gwine to join de Band?..... 363
You never saw a feather on a Tom Cat's tail 365

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Fishes in the Sea.

She tossed her sunny curls at all who came to woo,
She laughed to scorn the pleas of hearts both
loyal and true:
And merrily she sang all day in maiden sport—
"There's as good fish in the sea as ever yet was caught!"

Upon their lightning wings the merry years did glide,
And still the maiden walked with no one by her side:
Yet as of old she sang, though few to win her sought—
"There's as good fish in the sea as ever yet was caught!"

At length the maiden grew exceedingly alarmed:
For, beaux had grown quite shy—her face
no longer charmed;
And now she frets all day, and sings, though not
in sport—
"There are fishes in the sea, but, oh! they won't
be caught!"

I'se Gwine Back to Dixie.

Sung by Harry Woodson.

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
No more I'se gwine to wander,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I can't stay here no longer.
I miss the old plantation,
My home and my relations:
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And the Lord knows I must go.

Chorus.

I'se gwine back to Dixie; I'm gwine to Dixie;
I'm gwine where the orange blossoms grows:
I hear the children calling,
The leaves on the trees a falling,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And the Lord knows I must go.

I'se travelling back to Dixie,
My step is slow and feeble:
I pray the Lord shall help me,
And lead me from all evil.
And if my strength forsakes me,
My kind friends, come and take me:
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And the Lord knows I must go. Chorus.

Biddy, the Ballet Girl.

Written by J. Bradley. Sung by Jack Conroy.

I am a gay laboring man,
And I have a beautiful daughter,
Who never did care much for work:
It's her mother's own wish that she aughter.
It seems that she fancied the stage,
So I granted her final request,
And now she's a beautiful dancer,
And ranks along with the best.

Chorus.

On the stage she is Madame La Shortie,
But her right name is Biddy McCarty;
She brings home, at night, and at matinees,
Large baskets of flowers, and also bouquets.
Oh! she is my only daughter,
And I am the man that taught her
To wear spangled clothes, and go round on her toes,
And there is no such a girl as Biddy.

When salary day does arrive,
All trouble and toil it does smother:
For, just the day before that, there was a kick,
The girl had been scolded by her mother;
She's courting a clerk in the bank,
Who sees her safe home at the door,
And pays a big gang in the gallery,
To applaud in a perfect uproar. Chorus.

Last Saturday night I got paid;
I thought I would go to the theatre,
And take the old woman along;
In the parquette in front I did seat her,
When Biddy came out for to dance:
My son Danny was up in the tier,
He cried, "Go in, sister Biddy!"
When they bounced him right out on his ear.
Chorus.

Cod Liver Oil.

Sung by J. H. Conroy.

I'm a poor married man, and wretched is my life;
Six years I've been married to a very sick wife:
From morning till night she does nothing but sigh,
And the neighbors all said she was going to die.
A young friend of mine called on me, one day,
And saw that my wife she was pining away:
He very soon told me how she would get strong
By drinking an oil made by Doctor De John.

Chorus.

Oh! Doctor De John! oh! Doctor De John!
Your cod liver oil is so pure and so strong:
I think on my life *I'll* be under the soil,
If my wife keeps on drinking your cod liver oil.

I bought her a bottle, which gave her delight,
And soon the contents she put out of sight;
I bought her a dozen, which vanished the same,
Till I thought she'd take cod liver oil on the brain.
'Twas then that I noticed, with wonder and doubt,
My wife she was getting most wonderfully stout:
And when she got stout, of course, she got strong,
'Till I own I was jealous of Doctor De John.
Oh! Doctor De John! &c

We courted and cooed like two turtle doves,
But lately my wife, she's brought home boxing gloves,
And if I do not keep as quiet as a mouse,
It's round after round I'm sent round the house.
'Twas only last night, the servant, named Janes,
Says—"Master, your Misses has brought you
home twins."
For two more blessed babies I'll now have to toil:
Oh! how I wish she'd stop drinking his cod liver oil!
Oh! Doctor De John! &c.

Our own little Billy, he's getting so fat,
All day like a porpoise he rolls on the mat,
And even the cat has a new coat of silk:
For, my wife says that oil is much better than milk.
I can't get a bit cooked, do just what I like,
She's turned against cooking, and is gone on a strike,
And even the kettle, when it begins for to boil,
You'd swear it was singing out cod liver oil.
Oh! Doctor De John! &c.

Oh! Doctor De John! who taught you the art
Of making cod liver oil to break a man's heart?
For, if she continues, you shortly will see
Your cod liver will make a short liver of me.
My house it resembles a big doctor shop,
It's filled with your bottles from bottom to top,
And when my wife's dead, and she's under the soil,
I'll write on her tombstone—"Here lies Cod
Liver Oil."
Oh! Doctor De John! &c.

The Monarch of the Wood.

Sung by Hamilton Winter

Behold the monarch of the woods,
The mighty old oak tree,
He braves the raging of the storm,
On land or rolling sea;
He waves his branches decked with green,
In summer's golden glow,
And ivy clothes its leafless form
Through winter's frost and snow.
King Time, the conqueror of all,
He bravely does defy,
And stands the monarch of the wood,
When ages have gone by.
Chorus: Green and hearty, green and hearty,
Hearty will he stand,
When ages have gone by.

How oft the monarch of the wood,
Upon a summer's day,
Has seen the merry children sport
And 'neath its shadows way,
From youth to manhood they spring,
And old age come at last.
The green grass grows upon their graves,
And all life's dreams are past—
Yet stronger grows the mighty tree
In hale and hearty prime,
And stands the monarch of the wood,
Defying age and time. Chorus.

Light is Looming in the Sky.

Words by T. Pinder. Music by W. F. Lancelott.

Light is looming in the sky,
Once again I see the shore:
Ocean! now I say good-bye,
I shall never roam thee more.
Cradled on thy heaving breast,
Thou hast proved a faithful friend,
Shall I find so true a rest
In the land where now I wend?
Chorus: Light is looming in the sky,
Once again I see the shore:
Ocean! now I say good-bye,
I shall never roam thee more.

Thou wert always blue and fair,
In the sunny southern clime,
But my thoughts would, unaware,
Wander far away at times;
Then I knew a dearer home
Missed me in the northern lands,
Asking me no more to roam,
Were outstretched fair pleading hands. Chorus.

But the cruel hand of Death
May have laid that loved form low:
Roses now with scented breath
O'er my darling's grave may grow—
Months have sped, I have not heard
Tidings of her woe or weal:
There has come no whispering bird,
That could pleasant news reveal. Chorus.

Oh! I pray she has proved true
To our long-since plighted love:
If to earth she's bid adieu,
Then we yet may meet above.
See! the sky gorws fair with light,
All my wandering is o'er,
May my future be as bright,
When I tread my native shore! Chorus.

Dorkins was Tight.

Wordr by Benj. D. Collins. Sung by Gus Williams.

The theatre was full, and so were the actors:
Dan Dorkins was going to appear
That night in a bare-footed slack-wire clog:
For, he was the Pompey round here.
The bar-room was fearfully crowded with beats
Who awaited a pleasant surprise;
For, they knew they would eat
When the lunch was set out,
And they longed for the curtain to rise.
The curtain arose, and so did the people,
Who began to shout and hurrah;
Dan Dorkins came out with young Oliver Twist,
But they gave him the laugh and yah! yah!

The play it began when the curtain went up,
But something was wrong, I felt sure;
"He's away off his base," says John Jas. Mansfield,
That never went back on the poor.
A brick—well it was—I saw Dorkins start,
And carom on the dark red for two;
And it made me feel thirsty to see how he worked,
But continually dropping his cue.
He says, "*I'm the King,*" when a woman jumped up
Cried, "you lie: for, you're one of the gang,
And you owe me for washing." That knocked
Dorkins cold,
And his head on his breast did hang.

At length the footlights he approached with a rush,
And "Ladies and gentlemen," said,
"If I haven't drank enough bourbon to-night,
The fault is my wealth, not my head.
Many a time I have made you all sick,
And get up and go out for a beer;
When me and Jim Stokes walked a mile in a week,
How I wish Dan O'Leary was here!
You insult me to-night and say I am sober,
For years I've been a Hamlet alone;
I'll tell you the reason, I know you will treat,
I've a mother-in-law dead—drunk at home."

Why are the sun and moon unsociable?—Because you seldom see them together.

Whoa, Emma!

Words by C. F. Fowler. Sung by Tony Pastor.

The Music can be obtained of the well known Music Store of F. Blume, 801 Broadway, Price, 35 cents.

I took my girl, one day,
A sailing down the bay,
And Emma was the darling creature's name;
While standing on the pier,
Some chaps at her did stare,
And one and all round her did exclaim:

Chorus.

Oh! Emma, whoa! Emma,
Emma, you put me in quite a dilemma:
Oh! Emma, whoa! Emma,
That's what I hear wherever I go.

I asked them what they meant,
When some one at me sent
An egg, which nearly struck me in the eye.
Emma began to scream,
"Oh! Fred, what does this mean?"
I asked again, and this was their reply:

Oh! Emma, &c.

I thought they'd never cease,
So shouted out "Police!"
And when he came, he looked at me so sly;
The crowd then at me laughed,
And said I must be "daft,"
And once again they all commenced to cry:

Oh! Emma! &c.

An old man said to me:
"Why, young man, can't you see
The joke?" and I looked at him with surprise:
He said "don't be put out,"
It's a saying's got about;
And then their voices seemed to rend the skies!

Oh! Emma, &c.

The Belle of New Orleans.

Words and Music by Will H. Tremble.

I ask your kind attention,
While I relate to you
What happened to this swell,
A few short days ago.
'Twas out at the City Park,
Viewing the sights and scenes,
I met the fairest of the fair—
The Belle of New Orleans.
Chorus: She's the prettiest one in all this world,
An angel to me she seems;
I'm over head and ears in love
With the belle of New Orleans.
(Dance.)

She invited me to see her home,
It made me feel so queer,
Whilst walking arm in arm,
With this pretty little dear;
I confessed my love to her,
And strange to me it seems
That I have won for life
The belle of New Orleans. Chorus.

The Old Ark's a Moving.

Sung by Frank Bennett.

Away down South, where I was born,
The old ark's a moving, a moving along:
Among the sugar cane and corn,
The old ark's a moving, a moving along;
Then old massa promised me,
The old ark's a moving, a moving along,
That when he died he'd set me free:
Oh! the old ark's a moving, a moving along.

Chorus.

Then the old ark's a moving, a moving along,
Then the old ark's a moving, a moving, a moving,
The old ark's a moving, a moving along.

When I die I want to rise high,
The old ark's a moving, a moving along,
Way up yonder in the sky,
The old ark's a moving, a moving along;
And sister Sal and my aunt Sue,
The old ark's a moving, a moving along
Said they'd surely be there, too,
The old ark's a moving, a moving along.

Then the old ark's, &c.

The Old Log Cabin on the Hill.

Words by Frank Dumont. Sung by Harry Woodson.

Far away in the South, among the cotton fields,
Is the place I ever long to see:
Oh! the dear sunny clime where I was bred and born,
And the memory is ever dear to me!
Oh! the mocking bird's singing in the trees close by,
While far from the spot I now roam:
In this wide weary world wherever I may go,
There is no place like the dear old home.

Chorus.

Then give me a home in the dear old South:
For, fondly I love it still!
Then I sigh, night and day, I long to see again
Is that old log cabin on the hill.

Oh! the ones I love is sleeping in the ground,
When I am passing so fast away:
And my heart grows so sad—I long to return,
Oh! the old man ain't what he used to be:
And the magnolias bloom around the cabin door,
'Tis then I turn with a sigh:
Oh! I will go back again, back to them cotton fields,
In that old cabin home there let me die. Chorus.

The Days When I was Young.

Composed and Sung by Harry Woodson.

There's a happy little cot, down in southern Tennessee,
Where the ivy blossoms twine round the door,
And forever fresh and green in my memory it will be,
Though I know I never see it any more;
But I never can forget the old home I love so well,
And the many good old tunes that I have sung,
And the tears they fill my eyes every time I try to tell
Of the times I used to have when I was young.

Chorus.

Now the tambo and the bones, am forever laid away,
The fiddle and the banjo am unstrung;
But I often have a sigh for the happy days gone by,
And the times I used to have when I was young.

When the autumn days had come, I would husk the yellow corn,
In the fields I was singing all the day,
And before they made me free, I had never cause to mourn;
And around the old place everything was gay;
And many and many a time when the work of day was over,
With my melody the old plantation rung,
And my heart does often long for the happy days of yore,
And the times I used to have when I was young.
Now the tambo, &c.

Who's Gwine to Join de Band?

Sung by Sanford & Wilson.

I thought I heard a voice in the sky,
Oh! come kiss me, darling:
Nothing but a nigger wench rolling up her eye:
Who's gwine to join dis band?
I looked up there and heard a wench say:
Oh! come kiss me, darling:
Stop dat fooling and come dis way:
Who's gwine to join dis band?

Chorus.

Oh! Susianah! Oh! Josiah!
A nigger and a white man both up stairs:
Who's gwine to join this band?
Oh! Susianah! Oh! Josiah!
A nigger and a white man both up stairs;
Who's gwine to join dis band?

Oh! don't I love my old Josiah,
Oh! come kiss me, darling;
Of him I know I'll never tire:
Who's gwine to join dis band?
To him I know I'se gwine to stick,
Oh! come kiss me, darling;
For, I love him harder than a horse can kick:
Who's gwine to join dis band?

Oh! Susianah, &c.

My Pretty Red Rose.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

Music, Copyright 1877, and published by F. Blume, 861 Broadway, N. Y. Price 40 cents.

He gave me a pretty red rose,
While rambling to-night o'er the lea,
And said, as he kissed me good-bye,
Wear this in your breast, love, for me.
'Tis fading and falling apart,
But close to my heart it will cling,
While lonely I sigh for my darling's bright eye,
Of my pretty red rose I will sing.

Chorus.

My pretty red rose, my pretty red rose,
'Tis a sweet little token, my pretty red rose,
While lonely I sigh for my darling's bright eye,
I'll sing of my pretty red rose.

'Tis a dear little mem'ry of love,
How sad that it soon must decay,
But fondly I'll treasure its leaves,
Though their beauty may vanish away.
Sweet moments of joy it recalls,
And lulls every sigh to repose;
Tho' now we're apart, still my true lover's heart
Seems to dwell in my pretty red rose.
My pretty red rose, &c.

Lullaby.

Sung by Miss Kellogg. Music by E. G. D. Holder.

Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover,
Croning so drowsily, crying so low—
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover,
Down into wonderland, down to the underland,
Go, oh, go! down into wonderland go!

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover,
Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep;
Rockaby, lullaby, bending it over,
Down on the motherworld, down on the other world
Sleep, oh, sleep! down on the other world sleep!

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover,
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn;
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover,
Into the stilly world, into the lilly world,
Gone, oh, gone! into the lilly world gone!

Time is on the Wing.

Strew, strew with roses,
Life's rough path and let's be gay;
Artless youth proposes,
And trifles time away.
But youth, a fleeting April morn,
This lesson seems to bring—
Every rose will bear a thorn,
And time is on the wing.

Trip, trip to measure,
Dulcet is the voice of love;
Warble songs of pleasure,
Adown the flowery grove.
But love's sweet voice will oft betray,
And Pleasure cloyed will sing—
Every flower will fade away,
And time is on the wing.

Oh! Open the Door.

BURNS.

Oh! open the door, some pity to show,
Oh! open the door to me, oh!
Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh! open the door to me, oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh!

She has opened the door, she has opened it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!
My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, oh!

Be Gentle and Kind!

By Eugene Wipfler.

Crave not for favors, and crave not for gold,
But always act upright and square:
Remember a man, however so bold,
Is bound to deal honest and fair.
And if you do find your neighbor in need,
Don't make a stern face and pass on:
But try and make your day's work complete,
By helping him kindly along.

Chorus.

Let us earnestly try to be gentle and kind,
The effort may cause you some pain,
But then you are sure, oh! bear it in mind,
That your labors have not been in vain.

And when fortune declines to shine on your path,
And your happiness is changed into sorrow:
What use would it be to whine and to fret,
As all may be sunshine to-morrow?
True happiness is only gained in this life,
By sweetness of temper and deed:
And if you can't live without quarrel or strife,
You are a poor mortal indeed. Chorus.

A bright star will guide you, his name it is love:
He never will lead you astray;
Combined with true faith in our Father above,
To Him you must humble and pray.
And when at last death calls you to rest,
Why should you tremble or sigh?
If you have faithfull performed your earthly task,
On a reward in heaven relie. Chorus.

Isn't a Dollar Enough to buy Bread, and Water costs Nothing at all?

Words by Frank Lewis.

In the city of Brooklyn is living
A man, who himself once was poor,
But that fact it would seem he's forgotten,
Or he'd act very different, I'm sure.
Now I heard, on a late Sunday morning,
These words from his saintly lips fall—
"Isn't a dollar enough to buy bread?
And water costs nothing at all."

Chorus.

Then no man will I count in the list of my friends,
Who is deaf to the workingman's call,
And says—"A dollar is enough to buy bread,
And water costs nothing at all."

This wonderful preacher don't do much,
Though he lives on the fat of the land:
He has all that he wants—maybe too much—
For, he lives in a style that is grand;
Yet this clerical and cheeky old fraud said—
(Though two thousand a month is his pay,)
That a workman should be very happy
On only a dollar a day. Chorus.

This man is not known for his good deeds,
Though for "gab" the world over he's famed:
He preaches to please his rich patrons,
And thereby has gained a great name:
But I'd much rather be a poor workman,
When before judgement's seat we all stand,
Than to be in the shoes of Ward Beecher,
Who went back on the poor laboringman.
Chorus.

A Gentle Word is Never Lost.

A gentle word is never lost!
Oh! never then refuse one:
It cheers the heart when tempest-tossed,
And lulls the cares that bruise one;
It scatters sunshine o'er our way,
And turns our thorns to roses;
It changes weary night to day,
And hope and love discloses.
A gentle word is never lost—
Thy fallen brother needs it.
How easy said! how small the cost!
With peace and comfort speeds it!
Then drive the shadow from thy cheek—
A smile can well replace it;
Our voice is music when we speak
With gentle words to grace it.

A Lock of my Mother's Hair.

Words by Frank Dumont. | Music by Eddie Fox.

I've a letter that was written long ago,
'Tis a letter that I've treasured many years;
Oh! how often I have read those fading lines,
And over them there's traces of my tears!
She sent to me her blessing in that missive,
To see me was her constant prayer;
The little lock of gray in this old letter
Is a lock of my angel mother's hair.
Chorus: I've a letter that was sent me long ago,
A letter that I keep with tender care;
The little lock of gray in this old letter
Is a lock of my angel mother's hair.

I've a letter that was written long ago,
That was sent to me across the stormy sea,
When 'mong strangers I was wandering far away,
And longing home again to ever be.
But underneath the sod my mother's sleeping,
She's free from earthly trials and its care:
But ever next my heart I'll keep her letter
And the lock of my angel mother's hair.
I've a letter, &c.

Sweet Visions of Childhood.

Words by John Keynton. | Music by Chas. E. Pratt.

The Music can be obtained of the well known Music Store of F. Blume, 861 Broadway, Price, 35 cents.

Sweet visions of childhood, how bright they appear
When our lives are o'erclouded with care!
How fondly we dream of them year after year,
And how lovely they are and how fair!
Oh! blessed are the scenes I ne'er can forget:
Dearest mother so kind and so true—
Sweet home that I left with the saddest regret,
How my heart fondly turns unto you!

Chorus.

Sweet visions of childhood return to me now,
And I weep for the days that are past;
My fond mother's kiss and her hand on my brow,
In the days that were too bright to last.

Sweet visions of childhood, how dear to each heart!
Once again, by a fair mother's knee
I linger, while fast welling tears fondly start,
And the past comes in beauty to me.
Oh! time may destroy all the bright joy of life,
But this bosom will ever retain
Lovely visions of thee, 'mid the world's busy strife,
Bringing bliss to this fond heart again. Chorus.

Down on the Mississippi Shore.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

Copyright 1877, by E. H. Harding. The Music can be had of E. H. Harding, No. 329 Bowery. Price 10 cts.

I was a festive little niggah,
In de days what used to be,
Down on de Mississippi river:
Oh! dem was de times for me:
I can't forgit dose good ole days,
Jess 'fore de cruel war,
When de coons were happy in de fields ob corn,
Down on de Mississippi shore.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! shout and sing,
Don't you be sad no more:
We will sing togedder ob de dear ole home,
Down on de Mississippi shore.

We played on de fiddle and banjo,
And sung all de livelong day:
Ole Uncle Rufus used to watch us
Dancin' around so gay;
At night, when all de work was done,
We sat at de cabin door,
And de gals went crazy wid de music sweet,
Down on de Mississippi shore. Chorus.

Dere I would ramble in de twilight
Wid my true lub so dear,
And stray in de shadow ob de branch
Whar de birds sang sweet and clear;
Dat happy time is passed away,
'Twill neber come no more,
I'm always tinking ob de dear ole home,
Down on de Mississippi shore. Chorus.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning—
By the struggling moon-beams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheets, nor in shrouds we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit's that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring;
And we heard, by the distant and random gun,
That the foe were suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line—we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory.

A Green Havana.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

A green Havana cigar I adore,
Ven lighted whole you please me de more:
It seems you have lingered for years in my heart,
A green Havana, oh! never depart;
Oh! darling loved vone, your smoke now I miss,
My lips cling to you more dan any vone I kiss:
Ven long, lean, and lighted, de smoke up vill soar
From a green Havana cigar I adore.
Hateful I'd be to drow you oud de door,
A green Havana cigar I adore. (*Repeat last two lines.*)

A green Havana cigar I adore,
Venever de ocean or vind it does roar;
From de land of Limburger vere pipes can be seen,
I shake dem for dee, und I love de green;
Oh! darling loved vone, I know you are true,
Ven in de gutter I still go for you,
Und ven I'm drough singing, I'll go to some store
For a green Havana cigar I adore.
Hateful I'd be to drow you oud de door,
A green Havana cigar I adore. (*Repeat last two lines.*)

Girls, Look ere you Leap.

A plague upon man, and his flattering tongue—
What a fool is a maid to believe him!
If she plays well her cards while she's handsome and young,
She'll laugh at his oaths, and deceive him.
But when she's a wife,
Every comfort in life
She must yield to her tyrant tormentor:
Sure wedlock to me
Seems a patent to be,
And the devil himself the inventor.

Why should woman submit to man's slavery still,
When it needs but a little resistance
To teach the proud tyrant to bend to her will,
And to beg in good turn for assistance?
Then, girls, single keep,
Or look well ere you leap:
Or, if husbands you have, vex and fret 'em:
And remember this rule—
Ever marry a fool,
And hold fast by the reins when you get 'em.

I Always do Good When I Can.

In me you will look on a modest young man,
With scarcely a morsel of pride,
And though it's not right to tell it myself,
My fame it has sped far and wide.
Some say I'm more of a rogue than a saint,
And wickedness only my plan,
But that is because they are jealous, you know:
For, I always do good when I can.

CHORUS.

They say I'm a rogue, a knowing young rogue,
To be pious and good is my plan:
Wherever I go, my friends they all know
That I always do good when I can.

Some people are foolish in money affairs,
And squander while others scarce live:
I think if a sharper gets hold of their coin,
A lesson to them it will give.
So, just as a warning, I cheat them at cards,
Whenever such flats I can scan:
They hand over the gold till my pockets are full:
For, I always do good when I can. Chorus.

A girl, now and then, I may meet just by chance,
Who is breaking her heart for a beau:
She's pretty, and if she had only her right,
She would have a dozen or two.
My heart fills with pity, and somehow at last,
I offer to be her young man:
I kiss her and squeeze her, as others would do:
For, I always do good when I can. Chorus.

Some weep at the things which go on in the world,
Say drink is a terrible sin:
I'd only drink water, but strangely to say,
I never can tell it from gin.
They swear that the publican's mostly to blame,
Our money and brains to trepan:
Yet by buying his liquors we help him to live,
And I always do good when I can. Chorus.

You've heard of the terrible beetles, no doubt,
That fill all our farmers with fear;
A friend in the States, at my urgent request,
Just sent me a box of them here.
I let them all loose in a cornfield, one day,
Where feeding themselves they began:
I did it to please the poor insects, you know:
For, I always do good when I can. Chorus.

Round Goes the Wheel.

Words by F. Bousfield. Composed by Luke Beely.

I'm going to sing a novel strain,
And you a history give,
To tell you how from infancy,
The way we all should live:
First the child should understand,
Old Father Time does steal
So swiftly on, not stopping,
And of life he turns the wheel.

CHORUS.

Round, round, and round, round goes the wheel,
Click clack, click clack, life's but a reel,
In joy, or in sorrow, in peace, or in strife,
Round, round, and round goes the wheel of life.

When I was a Schoolboy, age of ten,
I often played the wag,
And many a thrashing, now and then,
On my back and shoulders had;
The master said: "you naughty boy,
I'll quickly make you feel:
How can you thus your time destroy?
My cane shall turn the wheel." Chorus.

When I was in love, not long ago—
I never can forget it—
A lesson I was taught, and so
I ought not to regret it.
When I asked her "if she'd marry me,
Our love to firmly seal."
"Of cash you've not enough, said she,
And money turns the wheel." Chorus.

When you're married, you will find
The truth of what I say:
You'll find your wife will speak her mind,
And will have her own way;
Should you chance to come home late,
And to bed unsteady reel,
Why, then of course, I need not state,
Her tongue will turn the wheel. Chorus.

So make the most of every hour,
And every minute small,
The present is within your power,
The past beyond recall;
And in the future, every day,
Old age will on us steal,
So let's be gay: for, who can say
"When time may stop our wheel?" Chorus.

I am Waiting for a Letter, Love.

Air: Old Ireland I adore.

I am waiting for a letter, love,
From you so far away,
To read the kind enchanting words
That the paper it shall say,
To console my weary heart,
That is so far from you,
But I have confidence that you will write—
You could never prove untrue.

I am waiting for a letter, love,
To see if you are well:
For, absence makes the heart more fond,
Your conscience you can tell;
I long to read your loving words,
Joy to hear of you,
That my heart still tells me you will write—
You could never prove untrue.

I am waiting for a letter, love,
Now just to hear from home,
And I hope no other lover
With you will ever roam:
For, though I'm parted from you now,
I do always think of you,
But I think I soon will get one, love,
You could never prove untrue.

I view the spreading Indian trees,
And the scenery grand and wild:
I abhor the native females here,
But I think on her so mild.
And if I was a bird,
Home, home I'd soon have flew,
But I know that you will write to me—
You never was untrue.

I am waiting for the Europe mail
To arrive here every day,
To read of the only maid I love,
And hear what she has to say.
For, every item in it
To me will be quite new,
I think you soon will send one, love,
You never was untrue.

Over every grassy plain
I rove quite pensive here:
For, my heart is with that lovely girl,
That I do hold so dear—
And hoping she does think on me,
Oh! if that I only knew!
But write it in a letter, love,
You never was untrue.

You never saw a Feather on a Tom Cat's Tail.

Sung by Harry Linn.

Some people boast and bounce about
The places where they've been,
And tell you of the wondrous sights,
When travelling they have seen.
They want to make the world believe
There's none so smart as they,
Well, I always listen till they're done,
And this is what I say—

CHORUS.

You never saw a feather,
A pretty little feather,
Black or white, red or green,
Yellow, pink or pale.
No matter what the color,
As well the one as t'other;
But you never saw a feather
In a Tom Cat's tail.

Sailors, take them as a rule,
Can spin a proper yarn,
Though I believe it is a habit,
And Jack he means no harm.
But when he once gets seated,
Why, he crowds on all his sail,
Well, I just let Jack get finished
With his very wondrous tale.

Patter: And as soon as Jack gets done I remark—well, my old friend, I have no doubt you have seen many strange ends to many strange scenes, in fact you have seen most wonderful things, But—
You never saw, &c.

Soldiers get excited
When they tell you of the wars
That they've been in, of victories won,
Of nasty ugly scars;
They've seen their comrades head blown off,
Amidst the cannon's roar,
But there's only the one thing that I know
They never seen before. Chorus.

So if you meet with people
Who are fond of senseless chaff,
Just wind them up, until they're done,
And then believe one half.
And when they have got finished,
Propose to walk away,
But previous to leaving them—
Just turn around and say. Chorus.

Let the Poor go Down!

By P. J. Downy. Air: The loss of the London.

What means this great complaining
That we hear now every day,
From poor, hard-working, honest men
Who're starving, so they say?
Or how is it that, nowadays,
In all papers we read
So much about poor criminals
Whose families were in need?
Go where we will, it's all the same:
We're always sure to meet
Some poor and friendless working man
A begging in the street.
It seems to me that rich men,
Both in city and in town,
Have joined together heart and hand
To push the poor man down. (*Repeat last two.*

It's only a short time ago,
A man was heard to say
That any laboring man could live
On one dollar a day.
This man allowed that men, who had
Large families for to keep,
Was well off when at home they had
Some bread for them to eat.
How nice rich men can lay things down,
And pass opinions great!
They say "down with these beggars!
Or our homes they'll surely rake."
They send out their militia,
While on the poor they frown,
And order this homeguard of theirs
To shoot the poor man down. (*Repeat last two.*

There's one question now I'd like to ask,
I think I'll puzzle you:
Can anyone now tell me
What a poor man's going to do?
If he asks for work, no matter where
The answer will be—no!
If he steals to feed his family,
Out to prison he must go;
His clothes are old and ragged,
On his face is hunger's stamp,
No matter where he asks for help,
He's put down as a tramp.
And so it is with all, nowadays,
Whose lives great riches crown:
They say as long as we do well,
Why, let the poor go down! (*Repeat last two.*

Geraldine.

A TALE OF THE SEA AND THE SHORE.

Continued.

"What!" interrupts Geraldine, with a start of indignant surprise. "What, Captain Hird, do you think so meanly of papa and myself as to imagine we would secure our own safety at such a price? What! desert our own pretty White Dove and her faithful crew at such a moment as the present! If the men here are sick, the greater need have they of care—of such care as only women can bestow upon them."

"But, Miss Maur," interrupts Wargrave, "pray pardon me, the fever is one of the worst—the most contagious."

"I have not the least fear for myself, Mr. Wargrave," she replies, calmly; "and papa here is no coward, I am sure."

"Coward! No, child. I should be very sorry, indeed, to desert my yacht, and the good fellows on board her, at such a sad time as now. But what about your companion, Mrs. Grafton? We cannot expect her to remain here in a fever-laden vessel."

"Certainly not, papa; yet it would not be just to send her, probably with the fever in the folds of her garments, amongst people who themselves are wholly free from illness. Such an act of premeditated cruelty on our part must not be committed, papa—in fact, it *cannot* be. Captain Hird, pray go down to your state-room," Geraldine says, addressing that gentleman kindly. "Perhaps fear is tending to exaggerate your sufferings, which a few hours of quiet and repose may banish entirely; let us at least endeavor to hope as much. I will have a little talk with Isadore's wife, the stewardess, who has been several times to the West Indies, and who, I believe, understands a good deal respecting the treatment of yellow fever in all its various stages; and we will see what medicines to administer to the sick. It is now that we will feel the loss of our old doctor, whose death on board is not a month old yet. Oh, if he had but been spared to us till now, how happy he would have been to find himself of service here! But Heaven willed it otherwise, and we must not repine."

Sir John Maur glances at his daughter with an air of paternal pride and satisfaction, and the captain at once quits the deck for his state-room below.

"If the wind would but come, it might probably sweep away from us this fearful atmosphere of sickness," Sir John says, throwing an uneasy look round the horizon. "I wonder whether we could borrow a doctor from one of those ships near us?" he continues, addressing the officer Wargrave.

The latter gravely shapes the word "No" with his lips.

"A doctor's attendance for a few short minutes, Sir John, would be of but little service here, I fear. I believe we are all of us doomed," Wargrave says, in unsteady accents.

"Mr. Wargrave!" remonstrates Geraldine. "Do not, I entreat, let any of the poor men hear you talk thus hopelessly. How many of them are ill?"

"More than half their number, Miss Maur," he answers.

"Half their number!" repeats the owner of the yacht, with an expression of dismay. "This is a very serious matter for us all in many respects. Good heavens! We cannot work the vessel with half a crew!"

"I only wish that half may be spared to us, Sir John; we shall have cause to be very grateful, if we officers are alone preserved."

The yacht-owner looks nervous and distressed, but his daughter does not even change color. She stands there bold, fearless, and hopeful.

"Papa," she says, firmly, "papa, we are here amongst pestilence, and we must endeavor to do our duty to the afflicted, trusting to the Powers above for the rest."

"My brave girl!" the father murmured within his heart.

Wargrave turns aside his head and stealthily passes the back of his sunburnt hand across his eyes, into which a dimness has crept unbidden. He admires Miss Maur—he dares not presume to indulge in a warmer feeling towards the daughter of his employer. No, he must only admire and respect Geraldine Maur.

Miss Maur now seeks the stewardess, and conversing together they both soon busy themselves over the contents of the medicine-chest. They find some drugs which may be of service to the sick, and which must be administered to one and all of them without further delay.

Geraldine goes herself into the captain's state-room with her remedy in her hands. This is no time for the observance of ceremony of any sort, no time for feminine modesty to be thought of, she tells her weeping companion, Mrs. Grafton, who is only bewailing her own danger, only thinking of herself.

The captain is already delirious, and when the red sun that evening sinks upon the scene, the White Dove can reckon only three able seamen in all.

On the following morning the cook cannot rise; he with the others has been struck down by fever.

In the meantime a light breeze had sprung up, and the many craft, so long becalmed together, have now parted company, and gone their several ways. The White Dove is now sailing in a lone sea, and with only half of her needful number of sails set. The first and second mate, with two of the sailors, are all the hands there are to work the yacht, both night and day. The steward has to perform the duties of cook together with his own.

The bodies of two sailors are consigned to the deep at twelve o'clock at noon, and the lives of several others are being despaired of.

Geraldine does not confine her attentions to Captain Hird alone; she has made her way into the forecastle amongst the common sailors, and is there doing her best to render the last hours of the dying men as easy and as happy as she can.

Delicately-nurtured as she has been, she does not shrink from these rough men, but tends them with words of kindness and sympathy, and with acts of tender care. Those who are still able to recognise her presence, and are still able to speak, call down Heaven's blessings on her head whenever she approaches them.

Mrs. Grafton's complaints and helplessness amid all this trouble, annoy and distress Geraldine exceedingly. While in smooth seas, with health and mirth around her, Mrs Grafton was a most agreeable person. But now, when there is no cook to prepare for her dainty meals—now, when pestilence surrounds her, she has become a very different creature indeed. She is irritable, quarrelsome, fretful, and disagreeable; and Geraldine avoids her company as much as she possibly can.

Another day has dawned. The wind has lulled again, and the bodies of three more sailors are consigned to the deep. Captain Hird is dying, and Sir John himself is beginning to complain of headache and sickness.

Amid all this, Geraldine remains perfectly well. She goes amongst the sufferers, thinking nothing at all about herself; but all her kind endeavors prove useless—she has not been able to preserve a single life; and, after the lapse of a few days, the forecastle is empty—the many hammocks, together with their owners, are lying under a wide waste of waters.

A few more days elapse, and now all on board are gone save Sir John, Prescot Wargrave, Mrs. Grafton, and Geraldine. Fore and aft the terrible fever has swept all hands away; and the doomed yacht, with only one sail spread, drifts hither and thither at the mercy of the wind and the waves.

Many a rope have Geraldine's delicate hands pulled at of late: but now she is watching by her beloved father's side, and she will not leave him for a single moment, not even to procure needful food for herself.

Prescot Wargrave strives to perform the several duties of cook, steward, and commander of the vessel, and Geraldine thanks him with her eyes, while Mrs. Grafton still grumbles at everything, and refuses to be grateful for anything—even for her present health.

"Nothing fit to eat again to-day!" she whines forth one morning, in angry tones. "How far, Mr. Wargrave, do you think we are from land of any sort?"

"More than three hundred miles I should say, at a rough guess," Wargrave answered, with a heavy sigh.

"Goodness help us! And what land, Mr. Wargrave?"

"South Africa, madam."

"The Cape of Good Hope, I suppose?"

"That would be the nearest point to make towards, provided we were able to make towards any."

"And that the White Dove can't do without hands on board. What an unfortunate woman I am! Why did I ever trust myself on this abominable sea? I'll take good care I never do so again!" the lady whimpers forth in her empty fashion.

"I daresay you will never have another choice in the matter," Wargrave replies curtly, in his soul despising this most selfish woman.

"Never have another choice?" repeats Mrs. Grafton, her features whitening with fear. "What do you mean to say that we shall founder—go down to the bottom, Mr. Wargrave?" she adds, in quivering syllables.

"Very likely so, madam," he replies, coolly.

"But we mustn't go to the bottom. You must not allow us to do so, Mr. Wargrave!" cries the lady, in a nervous tremour. "You must manage to keep us afloat until some succouring vessel sights us, and delivers us out of our trouble. I'll watch for such a one both night and day, and when it is found I'll scream to it with all my might, believe me!"

"All right, madam," returns Wargrave, in the same cool manner as before.

"All right, indeed!" murmured Mrs. Grafton's inner voice. "I wish it were so, with all my soul!"

On the following day, Sir John Maur succumbs to the malady so fatal on board the White Dove; and now one man and two women are the only human beings alive on board the doomed yacht.

Only the lone ocean, not a sail within sight, and the days still follow each other in regular succession; and the sun, the moon, and the various stars traverse the heavens according to their wont, and in sweet serenity, undisturbed by any of the woes afflicting mortals here below.

Geraldine's brave spirit seems quite stunned when she sees her father lying still before her; but by-and by she shakes off her stupor, saying, "Still three of us are alive. I must not give way, lest another of us be struck down; I must still strive to be useful."

And another is struck down. Mrs. Grafton's complaining voice ceases at last; and those two, Geraldine and Prescot Wargrave, stand alone together on the deserted deck of the White Dove.

Geraldine sheds many bitter tears when she hears the splash of the last body as it drops over the vessel's side. She looks around her, and wrings her hands despairingly, for no living creature greets her weary sight save Prescott Wargrave. And who can say how long he may be left to her, or she to him?

Will this young man and herself be able to work the White Dove together so as to carry her safely into the nearest port?

Geraldine has lost her best earthly friend—namely, her father; still she is young, and the young cling tenaciously to life.

She has suffered more than a common share of life's trials—she has gone through scenes of pestilence and death unharmed; yet here she stands full of health, and full of vigor as well.

Yes, despite the great shock her nervous system has sustained, she bears up admirably for a time.

But human nature has its limits to endurance; not a nerve of the human frame can be strained with impunity, for, sooner or later, the damage makes itself felt to the sufferer. And so it proves to be with Geraldine Maur, for at last she falls ill, not of fever, but of a sickness of the heart.

She lies in her berth, making no moan of bodily pain, yet suffering most acutely. And meanwhile, the yacht sails on, just as it pleases the wind to carry it; for Preston Wargrave is in constant attendance upon the ailing lady, doing his very uttermost to preserve a life that has become dearer to him than all the world beside.

Fortunately there are plenty of stores on board, a sufficiency of fresh water, and wine of almost every kind. The cooking is the young man's greatest difficulty; but is one which he at length manages to overcome to some extent. For instance, he learns how to make good coffee and tea; how to kill one of the fowls—poultry being all that remains of fresh food—and boil it.

Preserved meats of all sorts abound; so the dread of falling short of provisions does not assail them.

Preston Wargrave is daily hoping to sight some

ship that may befriend them by lending them a few hands to help to work the yacht into some sheltering harbor. He feels assured that the distressed barque will sooner or later meet with and arrest the attention of some passing craft. He has only to be patient, he thinks, and all will end happily and well for her, if not for him.

Hourly Geraldine's state becomes more and more alarming. She has begun to refuse food, and she has not spoken a word to her devoted companion for several days past. Here she lies on a couch in her state-room; her eyes closed, her hair dishevelled, her face pale and still as a face of marble.

"Miss Maur, do speak to me!" Prescot entreats of her from time to time; but she heeds him not; she does not appear even to breathe.

"She is dying likewise!" he whispers, at last, within his heart. "Ah, when she goes out of this world, so also must I!" he adds, despairingly, and wringing his hands.

Then he runs upon deck, and with his spy-glass once more sweeps the horizon anxiously, and with aching eyes.

No, no; no sail is there visible; nothing save water and sky is there to be seen, look wherever he will!

His arms drop to his side, and a cry of utter hopelessness escapes his lips, as he sinks back upon a seat. The waters are calm, a gentle breeze wafts the yacht slowly onward, and the sun pours down his scorching rays.

A feeling of complete loneliness pervades the whole scene. This wide waste of ocean, this cloudless blue sky, the solitary decks, the untended wheel, the one white sail, looking like a ghostly sentinel stationed there day and night as a watch over the almost forsaken White Dove.

Should Geraldine Maur die, Prescot has resolved to take her dear remains in his arms, and leaping overboard with them, seek an ocean grave by her side. The scenes of terror he has lived through of late have made him so familiar with death that he has almost ceased to dread it on his own account. "A short struggle, and the soul and the body are divided, and all would be over!" he thinks within himself without even a shudder.

CHAPTER II.

THE VULTURE.

"A sail within sight, on the larboard bow!" cries out a sailor from aloft.

At this, another goes into the chief cabin and reports to the captain the fact just announced by the man on the look-out above.

Captain Sebastian thrusts aside the chart he had been studying, stands up at once, unslings his spy-glass from the wall, and hastens upon deck.

He skims the horizon for a few seconds before he succeeds in finding what he seeks.

Presently he utters an exclamation of surprise, and, pointing in the direction of a mere speck on the skyline, he turns to an officer near, to whom he gives some orders; and directly the slumbering watch is roused, the ropes are hauled, the vessel is put about, and the huge Vulture is flying over the waves in pursuit of the White Dove.

"A mysterious looking craft, yonder, captain?" observes one of the officers, looking through his spy-glass.

"Yes," returns Sebastian, with a pull at his thick black beard, and another at his wide palm-leaf hat.

"A prize for us, captain?" adds the subordinate, throwing a sinister glance in the direction of the White Dove. "It is high time we had one of some sort or other; I never sailed on such an uninteresting and unprofitable voyage as this in your uncle's time. Ah, those were the sort of days for me!"

"But not for me, Gaspard. Have I not told you and the others that I will only cheat the Government—only smuggle; that I will be no robber, either on the sea or the dry land? If you don't like that, why, to the demon with you all! I will grow rich according to my own fashion, and without inspiring fear in the heart of any man. I will lay hands upon whatsoever I find without an owner, of course," Captain Sebastian says, laughing, and caressing his beard with his long, jewelled fingers, his large luminous eyes bent on the lonely yacht, which the Vulture is nearing as fast as she can.

Gaspard makes no reply, but raising his glass once more to his eye, watches the lonely craft they are pursuing.

"I can't see a single sign of life yonder," he remarks after a pause. "And her mainsail is all the canvas she has spread. We shall surely board her, captain?"

Sebastian makes no rejoinder, and the other runs on.

"Why, hang it all, captain, you wouldn't be such a confounded fool as to leave the good things to be found between her decks to the rats or to men less nice than yourself? Your uncle, my gallant commander——"

"Let that sort of argument drop at once and for ever!" interrupts the other, almost fiercely. "I repeat over and over again that I will not follow in my dead kinsman's wake. It was one stained with human blood, and therefore I will avoid it—avoid it as I would the scaffold!"

"Rubbish!" sneered Gaspard, in a low voice.

"What! do you dare to murmur?" flashes Sebastian, his tall figure drawn erect, his well cut features working with impatience and anger. "There are irons below for those who dispute my commands or my wishes!"

"Nay, captain, I would but offer you good and useful advice. During all the years I served your uncle, I never saw one drop of blood spilt by him or his men, save in self-defence. He stole everything that he could lay his hands upon; but he never made a man walk the plank, or scuttled a ship, in all his born days. He made his sister, your mother, rich; and afterwards her two fatherless daughters, and——"

"How dare you mention my lady mother and my sisters? Hark you, no more of that! I warn you to keep a silent voice for the future, and it will do well for you to obey the warning!"

"All right, captain," Gaspard answers, surlily, and at the same time moving away.

The eyes of all the men belonging to the Vulture are fixed upon the lonely yacht, which they are approaching now nearer and yet nearer.

All believe her to be a deserted vessel—deserted for what cause they are at a loss to conjecture. Not a living soul is visible anywhere, and no smoke proceeds from the cook's galley. The nearer the Vulture approaches the solitary-looking yacht, the more Sebastian and his men feel convinced that she has been deserted, and that she will be a prize worth the trouble of securing. Already Gaspard's palms are beginning to itch, while curiosity and cupidity fill the hearts of all.

Nearly every man on board the smuggler served Sebastian's uncle before him; and although they have sworn to obey their new commander—that is to say, lead an honester and better life—they do so very reluctantly, and are always yearning after their old and lawless pursuits.

Closer and yet closer the Vulture nears the strange craft; those on board the former can now see the vacant deck of the latter, and at length Sebastian's voice is heard ordering a boat to be lowered. Then the smuggler lies to, and presently its commander steps into his gig; and accompanied by four oarsmen steers towards the yacht, up the side of which he is soon climbing, followed by all his companions, save the one left in charge of the boat.

Sebastian springs over the traffrail, and stands upon the deck of the White Dove. He looks around him from stem to stern, and sees no sign whatever of life. He raises his voice, but no sound responds to it.

"I am monarch of all I survey, it seems!" he says half to himself. "This is strange!" he mutters, as he proceeds towards the cabin and descends the companion ladder. "Ship ahoy!" he shouts, when he is half way down the steps. "Ship ahoy!" he repeats after the pause of a few seconds. Then he waits, listens awhile, and once more cries out, this time louder than before.

Now a faint response is heard, like some distant echo.

"Ah!" exclaims Sebastian, his features suddenly brightening.

And without a second's pause, he hastens down the steps, and finds himself in a luxuriously-fitted up saloon, round which the several state-rooms are ranged. Everything here appears to be in the utmost disorder.

He glances anxiously about. Not a living creature is visible. Whence came the voice he had heard in answer to his own?

"Is any person here?" he demands, in loud tones.

Then he bends his ear in a listening attitude.

"Help! help!" cries a faint voice.

At this, Captain Sebastian darts to the end of the saloon, pushes open a door, and finds himself standing at the entrance of a state-room, elegantly fitted up, and evidently for a lady's use.

On a sofa here lies the wasted form of a young woman, and on the floor near her is stretched that of Prescot Wargrave. The former has her eyes wide open, while those of her companion are closed as if in death.

The girl tries to raise herself on the entrance of Sebastian; but her attempt is fruitless, and she falls back again on her pillow with a low and helpless cry. She has fainted away.

Sebastian flies to her. He draws forth from one of the recesses of his picturesque dress a silver flask, the mouth of which he instantly places between the lips of the insensible lady, who, after the lapse of a minute or two, revives somewhat.

"Look to him," she says, scarcely above her breath, and pointing to the still form of the young man on the floor.

"Is he alive?" Sebastian asks, at once dropping upon his knees by Wargrave's side.

He raises the young man, looks at him, feels his pulse, and then pours a few drops out of the silver flask down his throat.

But Wargrave does not revive, nor does he seem likely to do so yet awhile, so Sebastian calls to his men, gives them certain whispered instructions, and they carry the unconscious form upon deck, into the fresh air, where they proceeded to chafe his hands and feet, and administer to him all the remedies they can think of, such as they believe will soon recall him to sensibility again.

Meanwhile, Sebastian attends to the lady, whom he soon discovers to be very beautiful. She is worn to a mere shadow of her former self, her cheeks and lips are colorless, and dark rings surround her fine eyes; yet, notwithstanding all this, the loveliness of her face shines forth with all the brightness and splendor of a star.

Gently he raises her in his two stout arms until she is in a sitting posture, and with her head leaning against his broad chest. She does not speak to him; she is too weak to utter a word.

"Do you think you are able to breathe a little fresh air?" he asks her.

She utters a sound which may be taken for either yes or no. He accepts it as the former, and wrapping her up in a dressing-gown he finds hanging near, he lifts her, all powerless as she is, and carries her like a child upon deck.

The sudden transition from the close atmosphere of the cabin to that of the sparkling sunshine wholly overcomes Geraldine, and once more she loses her consciousness.

One of the men who has been all over the yacht in search of any other person, ill or well, now approaches to report the result of his quest to his captain.

"There's not another creature, dead or alive, on board, captain, save these two we've already found," the man says. "Any further orders, captain?"

"First assist in conveying this lady and the gentleman on board the Vulture. Afterwards we will see what more can be done here," Sebastian answers.

Then they proceed to lower Prescot into the waiting boat; afterwards Sebastian himself bears the lady down, and places her in the stern of the little rocking vessel, which is at once rowed quickly back to the Vulture.

Once more on the deck of his own ship, Sebastian issues a score of orders, which are rapidly executed, and before the lapse of an hour both Geraldine and Prescot are so far recovered as to be able to listen and reply to Sebastian.

Already has Prescot begun to regard the captain of the Vulture and his men with eyes of suspicion. They nearly all speak English, but with a strong foreign accent, and they all wear a costume picturesque and peculiar.

Captain Sebastian's bold and handsome appearance seems to fill Prescot's mind with a score of vague fears, and he is beginning to wish that Miss Maur and himself had been left to perish together on board the White Dove rather than have fallen into dishonorable hands, such as he much dreads

they have. Prescot asks no questions, but he watches all things silently and attentively as the hours go by.

He marks Sebastian's admiring looks following Geraldine whenever she moves, and his constantly manifested anxiety respecting all her comforts. All her clothing and other valuables have been removed from the White Dove, and everything on board the Vulture has been arranged for her convenience.

Sebastian does not neglect to pay a certain amount of courteous attention to Preston, but compared to the care he lavishes every minute upon Geraldine, that attention dwindles into mere nothingness.

By degrees jealousy steals into Preston's breast, and he watches with positive pain Sebastian's Sebastian's growing passion for Geraldine. Yes, love sharpens his eyes, and he sees that which no other sees as yet; for it is true that the handsome Spaniard, the smuggler, the captain of an outlawed band, has opened his bold heart to the beautiful girl.

As yet Geraldine perceives no sign of the subtle feeling she has awakened within the breast of the Spaniard. She is thinking too often of her dead father, and of the scenes of pestilence and death through which she has so recently passed, to bestow a serious thought on any other subject.

Grief has laid so firm a hold upon her heart that she believes she will never know happiness again—never more own a spirit uncloaded by care and sorrow.

She is able now to go upon deck, and there she sits hour after hour watching the tossing waves with eyes hot and tearless, with clasped hands, and with a constant prayer on her lips for those whom she knows are sleeping beneath them—of the father she has loved so dearly.

Geraldine is being treated with the utmost respect by each and all of the men belonging to the Vulture. They have all of them learned the sad history of the White Dove, which they did not find only to pillage and then desert, but to preserve two lives—a blessed event, which Sebastian within his secret soul is constantly and prondly congratulating himself upon.

But he is careful not to shock Geraldine by any hasty or untimely advances on his part; he is particularly guarded in all his acts and words, lest by some chance tone or look he might betray to her his affection for her.

Yet, notwithstanding the trouble he takes in order to conceal his feelings, the jealous-eyed Preston has discovered his secret—discovered it without difficulty of any sort.

To be Continued—Commenced in No. 145.

Paddle Your Boat Along.

Written and Sung by Harry Linn.

This world we live in is just like the sea,
Travellers over its waters are we:
Let us be happy where'er we may be,
If the wind blows steady and strong!
It's no use to grumble, to growl, or complain,
We can't stop the wind, we can't stop the rain—
After the storm we have sunshine again,
So paddle your boat along.
Chorus: Always try to be happy and gay,
Let this world jog on as it may,
Always do right and never do wrong,
As you paddle your boat along.

We meet some people who always seem glad,
Others who always look solemn and sad;
They want all the good: if they share in the bad,
They think it decidedly wrong.
There's good things enough in this world for us all,
But we must be content with a share of the small,
Tho' little our lot—some have nothing at all:
So paddle your boat along. Chorus.

Don't be down-hearted though breakers may roar,
Or if your ship may be cast on the shore:
You're sure to get into smooth waters once more,
If you pull both steady and strong.
Don't go too slowly, or yet go too fast:
Always make way for a friend to get past:
Then the harbor in safety you'll reach at last:
So paddle your boat along. Chorus.

Miss Gruber's Boarding-House.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

The Music can be obtained of the well known Music Store of F. Blume, 201 Broadway, Price, 25 cents.

Miss Gruber kept a boarding-house
About two blocks from here,
Und always round at dinner time
She vould drink lager beer;
She vos a lady every way,
Could sing just like a cat:
She veighed two hundred eighty pounds,
But den she vasn't—stout.

Spoken: Oh! Miss Gruber vas a great lady, und so vas her fader, und dey dought a good deal of me, so did de oder boarders. Dere vas Mr. Kebler und Mr. Vollendorf, Mr. Helvendahl, Mr. Flechtman, und Miss Kinkle, Miss Nollmeyer, und Mrs. Hildebrand. One night Mygel Snyder gave a barty, und—ve vas all invided to sday avay, but ve didn't care, ve vasn't consulded a bit, but gave a barty of our own, und by—eight o'clock dot evening, all de belite of de city vas dere, und de style, too, 'dwas splendid. I dell you dere vas a lively time dat night at—

Chorus: Miss Gruber's boarding-house,
Miss Gruber's boarding-house:
I don't forget de fun, you bet,
Vile I lived at dat house.

De table it vas loaded down
Mit everyding dot's nice,
Und lager beer vas flowing round
Like rivers full of ice;
Jake Speigelberg vas called upon
To speak vot he knew most,
He filled his glass full up of beer,
Und den gave us a roast.

Spoken: De roast vas: "De ladies—may heaven bless dem, und may dey"—I forged de resd; anyhow I vas called to despond, und I said: oh—vot's de use anyhow?—I said someding, und dot settles id. Den after supper ve played hund de slipper, und I stand on my head in de vell how many miles deep, und vot do I hold over your nose, fine or superfine? und den dere vas some nice singing—Mr. Kebler sang "Silver Dreads Among de Hash." Mr. Vollendorf sang "Write me two Ledders from home;" den an invided vest god up und gave a recitation dot vent like dis, "Who kissed Cock Robin? I, said de fly, wit my little eye, I vasn't dere;" he vas kicked out de room rite avay, so dat broke up de barty at—

Miss Gruber's boarding-house, &c.

Miss Hildebrand who did board dere,
But I said so before,
Von day asked me to mind her child
Ven she vent to de sdore;
De day it vas an awful von,
'Dwas raining cats, you bet;
Und if she took de child out,
She vos 'fraid it vould get vet.

Spoken: Vell, I said I'd mind de child. Miss Hildebrand vas a glass vidow, und she loved dot little child. Ven she vent out de child vas asleep, und about dwo minudes after it commenced to cry; it kicked de blanked sky-high, und set up und looked at me. I said, "Polly vant a fire-cracker?" und dwo or dree oder words, bud id wouldn't sdop crying. I found de sugar-bowl—I gave id a lump of sugar; id looked at id, und den howled dill a picture of George Washingdon fell off de vall. I god a basin und an old stove leg, und pounded away on de basin, but it vas no novelty for dot child: for, it yelled all de harder. I god a picture-book und showed id William Penn, etc. I offered id ten dollars to keep adill undil its moder vould ged home; 'dwas no use, dough. I gave it apples, fried cakes, rasin cakes, pickled peaches, nothing vould sdop him. He kicked in de crystal of my vatch, tore my necktie off, pulled enough hair oud of my head to stuff a sofa, but vouldn't sdop crying. At last I got an ax, a butcher knife, a revolver und a hammer, und I had raised de ax over de baby's head to make id sdop crying, ven ids moder comes in. She dinks I had de dings dere to amuse de child, but if she'd have found oud de truth—but adill, for all dot, dere is someding sweet to remember ven I vas at—

Miss Gruber's boarding-house, &c.

I'm a Ship Without a Rudder.

I've been in love, I've been in debt, I've nearly been insane:
And now I'm altogether wrong through losing Lucy Jane.
I'm wretched—and I feel I'm a boat without a keel,
And I shall be—till my darling's back again.
I'm a Judge without a wig, I'm a Pat without a pig,
And all because on Wednesday week I lost my Lucy Jane.

Chorus.

I'm a ship without a rudder, I'm a bird without a wing,
I'm a girl without a chignon, I'm a wasp without a sting:
I'm a tree without a leaf, I'm a jail without a thief,
Since Lucy left me all alone in misery and grief.

Though not the only lover that Miss Lucy Jane could boast,
She always used to say that she respected me the most:
Respecting which remark I feel rather in the dark:
For, if she did, why was she so unkind—
As to vanish by the Wednesday morning mail,
And quite forgot the mourning male she left in grief behind?
I'm a ship, &c.

I knew that if I lost her, that her sweet face I should miss,
But never thought that I should be so upside down as this:
Like a hook without an eye, like a crust without a pie,
As useless as a fork without a prong:
Like a crew without a boat, like a swall without a coat,
Or like a comic singer with no chorus to his song.
I'm a ship, &c.

I think she would return to me my wounded heart to heal,
If I could only let her know how comical I feel—
I'm a back without a front, I'm a pig without a grunt,
As gloomy as a night without a day:
I'm a duck without a bill, I'm a quack without a pill,
A lobomotive engine with its tender cut away.
I'm a ship, &c.

Cockamidoodledoo.

Words and Music by Harry Linn.

Look upon me, gaze upon me, on me do not frown:
Once I was a stout young man, but grief has brought me down.
I loved a maid of thirtynine, and thought that she loved me,
But all her love was centred in a great menagerie:
Her house was filled with birds and beasts to make her young heart glad,
So listen and I'll tell you the different sorts she had—

Chorus.

A linnet and a guinea-pig, a sparrow and a wren:
A mouse, a rat, a dog, a cat, a Coch-in-China hen:
A funny little monkey, his face was rather blue,
A cock that every morning shouted "Cockamidoodledoo."

Once I asked her, twice I asked her, when she meant to wed?
Once she coughed, twice she coughed, and this is what she said:
"I never mean to marry, no silly gal am I:
At least I'll wait a year or two, till all my pets they die.
Then if that I should wed at all, the man who marries me
Must be a chap connected with some great menagerie."
A linnet, &c.

Now I hope the monkey he may kill the jenny wren;
Now I hope the cock may choke the Coch-in-China hen:
Now I hope the guinea-pig may swallow up the rat:
Now I hope the dog, some day, may spifficate the cat:
Now I hope that all may die, and now I hope that she
May be strung up and buried with her great menagerie.
A linnet, &c.

Why do oysters resemble lazy people?—Because they lie on their beds, and don't mean to be disturbed.

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CONTENTS.

All England hails the Czar!.....page 371
Aunt Susie..... 376
The Boys of Kilkenney..... 370
Beautiful Snow Drops..... 373
Bring the roses back to me..... 373
The Blind cat many a fly..... 373
Childhood..... 370
College Days..... 372
The Double Breasted Mansion..... 372
Don't be angry, darling Annie..... 371
Den we'll join de band!..... 376
Erastus Hunky Dory..... 372
The Fenians Escape..... 372
The First foot..... 372
Geraldine—Story continued.....374 375
Hotel de Varenlay..... 370
Hair dyeing Grease..... 373
The Hungry man from Harlem..... 371
Johnny the old Straw Man..... 370
Jolly Cats..... 371
The Little old mud cabin near the Bogs..... 370
The Little Plain Gold Ring..... 371
Minnie hear the blue-bird sing..... 371
Mollie, I can't say you're honest..... 373
Never go back on the Flag..... 376
Our Front Stoop..... 373
The Sailor's Dirge..... 372
Snow Flake..... 372
Saturday night when the bar-room's full... 376
The Same old game..... 376
Three perished in the snow..... 370
To show that I love you yet..... 376
Up the Spout!..... 370
We've a thousand General Corcorans—..... 371
When I was in the Tombs..... 371
What can a young lassie do wi' an old man... 372
Will his letter bring me sadness?.....373
Whoa dar, Nebuchadnezzar!.....373
Way down in Maine.....376

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Hotel de Varselay.

Written by Ed. Harrigan.

I'm living at a boarding-house
Up in Houston street,
Where actors and musicians
Eat their meals and sleep.
There the hungry ballet tramp
That come from Marcela,
Dancing Danish polkas
In the Hotel Varselay.
Chorus: All night I am uneasy,
No sleep at all I get,
Wid bones and clappers rattling
And a Prussian clarionet.
They never talk in English,
But parley vous Francay,
I'll lose my life, upon my soul,
In the Hotel Varselay.

When we sat down to breakfast,
It's Cully pass me that,
Or Nixy, Weedy, Nibzy,
Stag the tad wid the dizzy hat.
They have a soup called bullion,
The butter runs away,
The boarders holler out for dates
In the Hotel Varselay. Chorus.

The other night I tried to sleep,
When a man from Calumet
Came down through the ceiling
Turning a summerset.
I grabbed him by his necktie,
He "Hay Rube! hay Rube!" did say,
I was kicked by a circus company
From the Hotel Varselay. Chorus.

I went up stairs to get my trunks,
And have revenge or die,
When a man they called a tumbler
Said, "Shoot him—kill the guy."
I drew a knife and grabbed my trunk,
The French said "Allecushay,"
My trunk was nailed unto the floor
In the Hotel Varselay. Chorus.

Childhood.

Oh! the happy, happy, hours of childhood!
Oh! the moments gone—
Laughing rivulets, and smiling wildwood
Down by the dear old home.
There a merry little boy I wandered,
Joyous, light, and gay—
Oh! the golden winged hours I squandered,
Happy as the birds in May.

Chorus.

Never more these hours of gladness
Can this bosom swell—
Oh! my ever bleeding heart 'tis madness,
Dear happy home, farewell.

Oh! how fondly memory loves to linger
'Round the threshold door—
There she's weaving with her busy fingers
Hours that shall bloom no more.
Deep within the grave of things departed
Spring-time of life's year;
Garlands woven for the broken-hearted
Wither on the moments bier. Chorus.

The Boys of Kilkenny.

Oh! the boys of Kilkenny are brave roving blades,
And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
They'll kiss them, and coax them, and spend
their money free,
And of all towns in Ireland Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,
Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much the same,
Like a dish of fresh strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
Which through my poor bosom have burnt a big hole,
Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear, and pure,
But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

Up the Spout!

When debts are growing round us hard,
And we are in a fix,
Dame Fortune throws a final card,
Which makes up for her tricks.
A friend is left who oft relieves
Our hungered stomach's gnaws;
We "pop" the word, and he receives,
And "pops" it in his drawers!

Spoken: Where's my watch, eh? why, it's—

Chorus.

Up the spout, up the spout,
The Lord knows when it will come out,
Until I get the needful "chink,"
'Twill have to stop the drainage sink.

Although our wants he does assist,
And shows us on our way,
His seeming help is all a mist,
For deeper down we stray.
Our relic's soon are vanished quite,
No more we've got to "pop;"
We quickly take to getting "tight,"
And "taken" by a "slop."

Spoken: Then the magistrate wants forty shillings. You answer: "Ain't got it." Says he, "Where is it?" You again answer:
Up the spout, &c.

The swells who cut a mighty dash
Within the music hall,
And try to reckon they are "flash,"
Upon their "uncle" call.
If you but saw them in the week,
Ere Saturday came round,
Their cheeks are pale, and manners sleek,
And "hard-up," I'll be bound.

Spoken: They've got rid of 'em—you know—uncle—three balls—round the corner. "Ten on these"—white tickets, &c. Yes, they're
Up the spout, &c.

The world is all conceit and show,
And covered with a fog.
To keep us all upon the go,
And help our forms to "tog,"
We have to try our only friend,
Who will, for trust in him,
The honored "needful" quickly lend,
Which stays our troubles grim.

Spoken: Yes, it's a very pretty state of affairs, when everything is Up the spout, &c.

Three Perished in the Snow.

'Twas on a stormy winter's night,
The snow was falling fast,
A mother and two little babes
Were wandering through the blast.
Still clinging to their mother's breast,
The little ones would cry,
Please mamma, won't you make us warm,
Oh! mama, we will die!
Chorus: Toll the village bell,
Let all good people know,
'Twas on that dreadful stormy night
Three perished in the snow.

Oh! darling, look up in my eyes,
And say you will not die,
For mother's heart is breaking fast,
And death to me is nigh.
Then wrapping up the little ones,
She knelt down in the snow;
O! God in Heaven take us home,
We're ready now to go. Chorus.

When morning dawned the sun came out,
The snow was melting fast,
Three darling forms lay side by side
In one fond loving clasp.
A farmer heard the sad sad news,
That made him weep to know,
That from his house not twenty rods,
Three perished in the snow. Chorus.

Johnny the Old Straw Man.

Written and Sung by Chris B. Malone.
Air: "My old Wife and and I."

Now gaze on Johnny the old straw man,
If you've never seen me before;
Some folks will say that I am too gay
For a cove of seventy-four.
I'm known all over New York town,
With my hatchets, brooms, and can:
And where'er I appear, can be heard a cheer,
For Johnny the old straw man.

Chorus.

Then who is going to buy from me,
I'll sell as cheap as I can:
I've got axes, hatchets, knives and brooms,
Who will buy from the old straw man.

In winter or summer, rain or shine,
You can always find me near;
When it's cold I drink my whiskey hot,
When it's hot I drink my beer.
So you see I am very fond of myself,
And I think it a capital plan;
For, if I did not booze, a friend you would loose,
In Johnny the old straw man. Chorus

Some historical relics, I have in my can,
But those are not for sale;
I have Cleopatra's needle,
And a tooth from Jonah's whale.
George Washington's little hatchet,
And Queen Victoria's fan;
But those are things that can't be bought,
From Johnny the old straw man. Chorus.

Well, I think I have tarried long enough,
So, to all a fond bye-bye;
I must go and get my lager beer,
As I'm feeling exceedingly dry.
Besides my girl is waiting for me,
God bless my Julia Ann;
But she is as jealous as jealous can be
Of Johnny the old straw man. Chorus.

The Little old Mud Cabin near the Bogs.

Air: "The Old Log Cabin.

If you'll only pay attention, I will sing of days of yore,
When my childhood days in happiness were spent;
When while seated at the fireside, in the town
sweet Galore,
I sang the songs of joy and merriment;
But those are days that's gone and past, and
cannot be recalled,
And as I travel along in these old togs,
I always will remember the times that I have spent
In the little old mud cabin near the bogs.

When I was but a little boy, in innocence I roamed
Through the fields that surrounded our dear place;
But as to manhood I grew up I left the dear old home,
And the world I determined for to face;
And with misfortune and good luck I always
have found out
That this dreary world is always full of fogs;
But I always will remember the times that I have spent
In the little old mud cabin near the bogs.

My daddy died when I was young, and in the
old churchyard
'Twas there we laid him silently and and low,
And many are the tears I've shed o'er his poor grave,
Which is placed within the "glen of Aherloe;"
Oh! I never shall forget the day when I did leave
that land,
Where everything seems going to the dogs,
When I was forced to roam unto a foreign home,
And leave the old mud cabin near the bogs.

And now, kind friends, I'll end my song, for
I must be on my way
To visit the old home once more,
And with a good-bye to you all, I'll make another call,
To Ireland, the little shamrock shore.
Oh! may I live to see the day when Ireland
will be free,
And not be trodden down just like dogs;
It's then I'll go and dwell in the little shady dell,
In the little old mud cabin near the bogs.

We've a Thousand General Corcorans to Redeem our Lost Homes.

Air: "The wearing of the Green.

Oh! England, in her lofty pride in boasting often raves,
As once before, she boasted that "Britannia"
ruled the waves.
But, now the "Russian Bear" has of England
made a foe
By taking Constantinople, he will give her
something to do.
In the days of yore the American Eagle always
took the prize.
And flogged the "Lion" o'er and o'er, which
filled him with surprise.
Then cease your silly bragging, for your prestige
has decayed,
And of oppressed "Old Ireland" you daily are afraid.

Chorus.

So now brave sons of Ireland be ready when "it comes,"
We've a thousand General Corcorans to redeem
our lost homes.

That noble son of Ireland, he scorned the tyrant's rule,
For never a true Irishman, would stoop to be a fool;
He left his native country, and battled for the right,
And like a gallant Irishman, he perished in the fight.
A tear unto his memory, dear Erin's noble son,
We'll raise a monument to him, when freedom
has been won;
Then here's to General Corcoran, the bravest
of the brave,
Who shed his blood, and gave his life, a country
for to save.
He's sleeping in a soldier's grave—a sword
no more he'll wield,
But we've a thousand more like him, to lead us
in the field.
Chorus.

Don't be Angry, Darling Annie.

Now fly to my arms dear Annie,
Once more before we part,
We may never meet again darling,
You're the only darling of my heart.
I am going to cross the sea Annie,
A sailor for to be;
It fills my soul with sorrow
Now don't be angry, darling Annie.
Chorus: Don't be angry, darling Annie,
Because I leave you here alone,
To cross the brinny sea,
Never more with you to roam.

One more kiss from you Annie,
Just one before I go,
For we may never meet again
As I wander to and fro.
You will miss me darling Annie,
Now remember what I say,
For I must bid you good-by,
Now don't be angry darling Annie. Chorus.

All England hails the Czar.

Air: "God bless the Prince of Wales."

Hark, hark, from countless voices,
Ascends the loud hurrah;
Behold the banners waving,
All England hails the Czar.
He's left his home and people
To dwell with us awhile,
And see the varied beauties,
Of this our little isle.
Chorus: Hark, hark, from countless voices,
Ascends the loud hurrah;
Behold the banners waving,
All England hails the Czar.

Oh! may this Royal visit,
The sweet forerunner prove,
Of universal friendship,
Which nothing shall remove.
We long to see the season,
When peace o'er every shore,
Shall spread her dove-like pinions,
And war be known no more. Chorus.

Minnie, hear the Blue-Bird Sing.

Minnie, hear the blue-bird sing,
In the tree above our head;
And the echoes, how they ring,
From above our mossy bed:
Oh! how glad he doth appear,
As he sings his sweetest lays,
Happy, flitting little dear,
Pride and joy of spring-time days.
Chorus: Now has come the lovely spring,
Bird and bee is here,
How sweetly now they sing,
Minnie, hear the blue-bird sing,
In the tree above our head,
And the echoes how they ring,
From above our mossy bed.
Minnie, what does birdie say,
In those strains so full of cheer,
Sings he of a brighter day,
Telling us that spring is here.
Yes his heart is tuned more glad,
By green fields and flowers fair,
Winter made him feel so sad,
By its dear and chilling air. Chorus.

While we twine our early flowers,
Daisies white and violets blue,
He has come to make the hours
Brighter for both me and you,
While the music floats along,
From the woodland to the sea,
Let us join our loudest song,
And as happy, happy be. Chorus.

When I was in the Tombs.

Air: I'm Sitting on the Style, Mary.

I am standing in the cell, Dina,
Where we stood side by side,
On a bright May morning early,
Before your case was tried.
The country boys were flush and green,
And we were living high—
The fat was on your nose, Dina,
And de white was in your eye.

The place is little changed, Dina,
De grates am close as then;
Old Walling's voice is in my ear,
And I am a case again.
O, Lord! de grip ob his old hand,
And breath upon my cheek,
Would scare de very bebil, love,
So dat he could not speak.

Farewell, now lubly Dina dear!
A friend is at my side;
The Black Maria is coming, and
I'm gwan to take a ride.
My health is very bad, Dina,
From laying in de streets;
So I think I'll try the virtue of
An island country seat.

Jolly Cats.

Written and sung by John Goodwin.

There is a lot of jolly cats,
That often meet at night;
They hold a concert on the tiles—
Sometimes you'll hear them fight.
They fight, they bite,
They swear, they tear, and pull their hair,
They squall and bawl
What noisy cats are they.

Chorus.

Mew, mew, mew, mew—
Pish! there they go again.

There's the he Thomas cat and the she Thomas Cat—
They're out to-night,
And when they finish their concert,
Both of them commence to fight;
The old man gets out of bed,
And he chases with a stick,
He gets hold of the he Thomas cat,
And hits him with a brick. Chorus.

The Hungry Man From Harlem.

Sung by James O'Neil.

Of a hungry man I'm going to sing,
And the tears to your eyes it will surely bring,
He could swallow almost anything,
This hungry man from Harlem.
He'd eat a hundred times a day
And for his board he could not pay;
He could get outside of a bale of hay,
This hungry man from Harlem.

Chorus.

The way he'd eat it couldn't be beat
All kind of meat both sour and sweet,
He'd eat everything they had in the place,
And bit a big chunk from his mother-in-law's face.
He chewed up his father, devoured his mother,
He swallowed his sister and tackled his brother,
He swallowed the clock, bit a hole in the door,
Chewed a hole in the roof ann swallowed the floor,
He chewed up his shoes and chewed up his hat,
Made a raid on the kitchen and swallowed the cat.
He chewed umbrellas and eat seven stoves,
And bit off one-half of the servant girl's nose.
And that's the way he used to eat,
This hungry man from Harlem.

He eat so much it made him thin,
His hair fell out and his cheeks fell in,
His bones were sticking thro' his skin,
This hungry man from Harlem.
He struck this city one fine day
And for a meal he could not pay,
He took a walk along Broadway,
This hungry man from Harlem. Chorus.

The very first thing he chanced to meet
'Twas a German Band coming down the street.
He swallowed them all, as fast as they came,
He chewed up the music and eat the base-drum.
He tackled a crowd coming home from a ball,
They began for to dance and he swallowed them all.
He went down to the ferry and swallowed a boat,
He went out on election and chewed up his vote.
At last he came into Brooklyn town,
He met a big preacher, and gobbled him down:
He swallowed a pump, put his teeth through
the handle,
And eat the reports of the Brooklyn scandal.
Then, getting disgusted with grub so light,
He swallowed himself clean out of sight,
And that's the way he used to eat,
This hungry man from Harlem. Chorus.

The Little Plain Gold Ring.

Written by Ed Harrigan.

Arrah, when I was a young man,
At the age of twenty-three,
I loved sweet Molly Doolan,
And I knew that she loved me.
We courted in the winter time,
And one May morn in spring,
She gave me this token, boys,
This little plain gold ring.
Fond remembrances bring, [Sym.]
This little plain gold ring.

I remember well our wedding day,
When the neighbors one and all,
With hope and sunshine on their faces,
So pleasantly did call.
Arrah, how they laughed and how they danced,
The presents they did bring;
Sure, there it lays beneath my gaze,
In this little plain gold ring.
Fond remembrances bring, [Sym.]
This little plain gold ring.

Ah, I see the dreary winter,
I hear the trembling wind,
Whisper to me soft and low,
Your Molly true and kind;
Must leave you now, Danneen, asthore,
My wife, my everything,
I pictured there, beyond compare,
In this little plain gold ring.
Fond remembrances bring, [Sym.]
This little plain gold ring.

The Double-Breasted Mansion.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Air: "Old Log Cabin in the Lane."

I vonce vos young und gallus, und I drove a pair of grays,
I dink about 6-90 vos de pace;
I had fifty thousand servant gals (but don't give dot away),
Und a trotting cow I sent to every race;
I had forty-dousands gold mines, I owned half of de vorld—
No vonder dat de statement makes you stare;—
I had two million bull-pups, und all dere tails curled up,
In my double-breasted mansion in de square.

Chorus.

De roof vos copper-bottomed, de chimney solid gold,
I'd an elevator placed on every stair;
But I lost de lot at keno, und I'll never more behold
My double-breasted mansion on de square.

Ten million head of cattle used to roam about my farm,
Und each hog had a splendid feather bed,
I had males und female roosders, und dey took deir viskey varm;
Dey vere de shanghai, shanghoo, China bred;
My cornfields yielded butter, my peach trees yielded cream;
I used to sow and mow de yellow pear;
But alas my vealth is vanished now, und every night I dream
Of my double-breasted mansion on de square.
De roof vos copper-bottomed, &c.

I never shall forget de time, not many years ago,
Ven de bummers used to roam about my door,
Dey vould get outside my viskey und smoke up my cigars,
My servant gals und hash dey did adore:
De scenes have changed about de place, und I am poor myself;
At a free-lunch I could take a quiet share,
I am dinking of de schweitzer cheese dot once I used to eat
In my double-breasted mansion on de square.
De roof vos copper-bottomed, &c.

College Days.

Written by Ed. Harrigan.

Oh! many moons have passed and gone,
Since first I went to school,
At Harvard, dear old Harvard, friends,
I learned the Golden Rule;
My classmates scattered here and there,
All trod their different ways,
I love to think and ponder o'er
My youthful college days.
(Repeat two last lines of every verse.)

I remember when a Freshman there,
My age just twenty-four,
In the Yale and Harvard race my friends,
I always rowed stroke oar;
Our colors—handsome scarlet bright—
First led the van always,
Admired by the ladies all,
Was I in college days.

Oh! the day when I did graduate,
I was my parents pride,
Fitted for the bar or bench,
A linguist, too, beside;
Socially I'd always meet
My colleagues bright and gay,
And toss a merry social glass,
To our commencement day.

Culture and intelligence,
Are qualities quite fine,
They help constitute the gentleman,
In every worldly clime;
You may crush them down unto the ground,
With poverty's cold ways,
They'll rise again, assert their claims,
As taught in college days.

The Fenians' Escape.

Sung by James O'Neil.

Now boys if you will listen, to the story I'll relate,
I'll tell you of the noble men, who from the foe escaped.
Though bound with Saxon fetters, in the dark Australian jail,
They struck a blow for freedom, and for Yankee land set sail.
On the 17th of April last, the stars and stripes did fly,
On board the bark Catalpa, waving proudly to the sky.
She showed the green above the red, as she did calmly lay,
Prepared to take the Fenian boys, in safty o'er the sea.

When Breslin and brave Desmond, brought the prisoners to the shore,
They gave one shout for freedom, soon to bless them ever more,
And manned by gallant hearts they pulled towards the Yankee flag,
For well they knew from its proud folds, no tyrant could them drag.
They have nearly reached in safety the Catalpa, taut and trim,
When fast approaching them they saw a vision dark and dim.
It was the steamer "Georgette," and on her deck there stood,
One hundred hired assassins, to shed each patriot's blood.

The steamer reached the bounding bark, and fired across her bow,
They in loud voice commanded, that the vessel should "heave to."
But noble Captain Anthony, in thunder tones did cry,
You dare not fire a shot at that bright flag, that floats on high.
My ship is sailing peacefully beneath that flag of stars,
It's manned by Irish hearts of oak, and manly Yankee tars.
And that dear emblem at the fore, so plain now to be seen,
'Tis the banner I'll protect, old Ireland's flag of green.

The Britisher he sailed away, from the stars and stripes he ran,
He knew his chance was slim to fight the boys Uncle Sam.
So Hogan, Wilson, Harrington with Darragh off did go,
With Hassett and bold Cranston, soon to whip the Saxon foe.
Here's luck to that noble captain, who well these men did free,
He dared the English man-of-war to fight him on the sea.
And here's to that dear emblem, which in triumph shall be seen
The flag for which those patriots fought, dear Ireland's flag of green.

The Sailor's Dirge.

Sew up the hammock! Death has laid
Poor Jack in Honor's bed;
Heave out a sigh, and lower away,
Our gallent messmate's dead.

A right true-hearted lad was he,
A seaman stout and bold;
He loved his friend, he loved his girl,
But now his heart is cold.

So long as French or Spaniard fought,
No lion was more brave;
But when he cried for quarter, none
Than Jack more free to save.

When overboard, and struggling hard
For life's dear sake was I,
Though wild the waves, and loud the wind,
Jack heard my piteous cry.

He asked no leave of paltry fear,
But swam, and took me out;
Now Jack must sink, and I may swim,
So fortune veers about.

Farewell, poor Jack! though o'er thy head
The ocean-billows roll,
Good hope that Heaven's sweet mercy there
Will find and save thy soul.

Snow Flake.

Sung by McKee & Rogers.

Oh! two reckless careless nigs are we,
And of dancing never tire,
When massa's in his bed asleep,
We're like two coons on wire.
But should he chance to catch us here,
He'd lick us sure's you're born,
And that won't suit George and Erastus Snow Flake.

Oh! now the day is breaking,
We must cut our sticks and go,
To our daily labor in the field,
The cotton for to hoe.
So now we'll bid you all good-bye,
And hope that you are pleased,
With George and Erastus Snow Flake.

Erastus Hunky Dory.

Oh! my name it is Erastus Hunky Dory,
I'm a pet among the ladies' so they say,
I'm fond of fun and full of modern glory,
You can bet I am the gayest of the gay.
Oh! there is one to whom I'm paying my addresses,
She's sweeter than a sweet potato vine,
She wears such bright and golden curling tresses,
So I'm longing for the day when she'll be mine.

Chorus.

She's sweet, [Break], so neat [Break],
She's sweeter than the sweet potato vine,
She wears such bright and golden tresses,
I'm longing for the day when she'll be mine.

One evening while with her promenading,
The twinkling stars had just began to peep,
The glorious light of day was fastly fading,
All nature hushed as in a sleep.
She took a seat beside a bunch of roses,
I placed myself directly at her feet,
While she admired the violets and posies,
I whispered in her ear that she was sweet.

The First Foot.

Air: The harp that once,

'Tis said the foot that first shall press
The floor on New-year's morn,
Will herald pleasure or distress
Through all the year them born.
As he who lands upon an isle,
Where none have trod before,
May let it still in beauty smile,
Or make it smile no more.

So in the soul a single thought
That is a welcome guest,
Shall shadow days with sorrow fraught,
Or moments happy blessed.
Our life is like a growing rose,
That Heaven makes so fair,
And we can blight it whilst it grows,
Or guard with tender care.

What can a Young Lassie do wi' an auld Man?

Burns.

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an ould man?
Bad luck to the penny that tempted my Minnie
To sell her puir Jenny for siler an' lan';
Bad luck to the penny that tempted my Minnie
To sell her puir Jenny for siler an' lan'

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hosts and hirples the weary day lang;
He's doy't and he's dozin', his blood it is frozen,
Oh! dreary's the nicht wi' a crazy auld man.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous o' a' the young fellows,
Oh! dool on the day I met wi' an auld man.

My auld auntie Katie upon me tak's pity,
I'll do my endeavor to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

Hair-Dyeing Grease.

By Chas. R. Fisher. Air: Cod Liver Oil.

I'm a weak troubled youth and disturbed in my mind,
Three months have I courted a lass quite refined;
But taking her close you'll find covering her head,
A vast praire of red hair, and a visage like lead.
A schoolmate of mine told me a short time ago,
That he knew what would knock all red heads quite low;
He gave me a card, at it I did stare,
And found 'twas an adv. of Dr. Le Clair.

Chorus.

Dr. Le Clair, Dr. Le Clair,
Your hair-dying grease works so charming and fair;
I'm sure 'twill be soon that her hair will decrease,
If my girl keeps on using her hair-dyeing grease.

I bought her a box and gave it to her,
Her hair she informed me would turn soft as fur;
I earnestly hoped that her words would prove right
For wherever I travelled her hair caused a sight.
For over a year she had the hair grease,
Till at last she resembled a large porky piece;
I'd dare not to press her for fear she would boil,
And "run over" some day and my clothes surely soil!
Dr. Le Clair, &c.

Beautiful Snow Drops.

As Sung by George Robinson.

Beautiful snow drops! beautiful snow drops!
Coming when earth is so drear;
Sweetest of blossoms, peeping in gladness,
Telling summer is near.
Calm in tempest, lowly and cheerful,
Smiling in sunlight and rain:
Dear to my childhood, oft have I sought thee
Far over valley and plain.

Chorus.

Beautiful snow drops! beautiful snow drops!
Coming when earth is so drear;
Sweetest of blossoms, peeping in gladness,
Telling that summer is near.

Beautiful snow drops! beautiful snow drops!
Fade not, oh! fade not away!
Teach us thy meekness, teach us contentment,
Whisper that soon 'twill be May.
Sweetest of mem'ries come to thy bidding,
Emblems of hearts that we love,
Cheerful in darkness, hopeful in sadness,
Constant wherever we rove. Chorus.

Whoa Dar, Nebuchadnezzar!

By J. K. Johnson.

You better stop dat prancin'—
Whoa, dar, Nebuchadnezzar.
Yon's pow'ful fond ob dancin'—
Nebuchadnezzar, whoa.
You needn't try to steal up—
Whoa dar, Nebuchadnezzar—
An' lif dat precious heel up—
Nebuchadnezzar, whoa.
Chorus: Nebuchadnezzar, whoa;
Whar is you tryin' to go?
I'd hab you fo' to know
I'se holdin' ob de lines.
At mule-tamin' I's no peer;
I'll break up all dis yer,
If it takes me half de year,
I'll cure you ob your shines.

Dar, dat's de way to do it—
Whoa dar, Nebuchadnezzar.
He's coming right down to it—
Nebuchadnezzar, whoa.
Some folks dey would a beat him—
Whoa, dar, Nebuchadnezzar;
But dat would only heat him—
Nebuchadnezzar, whoa. Chorus.

He minds me like a nigger—
Whoa dar, Nebuchadnezzar.
He'd fotch a mighty figger—
Nebuchadnezzar, whoa.
He's gentle as a chicken—
Whoa dar, Nebuchadnezzar;
An' nebber t'inks ob kickin'—
Nebuchadnezzar, whoa. Chorus.

The Blind Eat Many a Fly.

From sweet bewitching tricks of love,
Young men, your hearts secure;
Lest in the paths of sense you rove,
In dotage premature.
Look at each lass through wisdom's glass,
Nor trust the naked eye;
Gallants, beware, look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a fly.

There's ne'er a spinster in the realm
But knows mankind to cheat,
Down to the cottage from the helm,
The learned, the brave and the great.
With lovely looks, and golden hooks,
To entangle us they try. Gallants, beware, &c.

Not only on their hands and necks
The borrowed white you'll find;
Some belles, when interest directs,
Can even paint the mind.
Joy in distress they can express,
Their very tears can lie. Gallants, beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was earth of parchment made,
Was every single stick a quill,
Each man a scribe by trade;
To write the tricks of half the sex,
Would sink in that ocean dry.
Gallants, beware, &c.

Will His Letter Bring Me Sadness!

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell.

Will his letter bring me sadness
From that land across the sea,
Or will tender words of gladness
Bring the sweetest news to me?
In my dreams I've heard him sighing
For his dear old home again;
Now, perhaps, he may be dying
Without one to ease his pain.
Chorus: Will his letter bring me sadness
From that land across the sea,
Or will tender words of gladness
Bring the sweetest news to me?

Will his letter come to-morrow
From that distant, lonely isle,
Will its contents speak of sorrow
While I sigh for him the while?
All the day I hear him calling
For the one he loves so dear,
And his words are sadly falling
On my ever-list'ning ear. Chorus.

Will his letter tell of anguish,
That is breaking his poor heart?
Must my darling lover langnish
While the sea keeps us apart?
Longingly I wait the letter,
Wait the tidings sent to me,
That the news may break the fetter
Binding grief with hope and glee. Chorus.

Bring the Roses Back to Me.

By Arthur W. French.

Round our pathway sweetest roses
Blossom, darling, day by day;
Yet I know some time they'll wither
And their beauty pass away;
Then thy sunny smile will cheer me
In that day of days to be,
While your gentle words and kisses
Bring the roses back to me.
Chorus: Linger near me, speak to cheer me,
Words as sweet as sweet can be;
Never chide me, close beside me,
Bring the roses back to me.

Time may rob us of the roses
From the garden of the heart,
And the joys now brightly burning
From us evermore depart;
Should I grieve because they leave me
In their bloom no more to be?
Thine the voice whose tones will truly
Bring the roses back to me. Chorus.

Our Front Stoop.

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Music to be had of W. A. Pond, 547 Broadway, N. Y.
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I'm the father of a family,
Six girls and one big boy,
With the neighbors they are friendly
They are their mother's joy;
It's every summer evening,
When the heat would make you droop
Friends there meet from every street
To gossip on our front stoop.

There's dainty Misses Grogan,
Alexander McAfee,
The undertaker Hogan,
The pride of Calvary.
Such splendid vocalization,
'Twould burst an opera troupe;
The sweet by-and-by would make a man die,
As sung on our front stoop.

They talk about the Murphys,
And say they put on style,
And how their daughter Mary
Went down to Coney Isle
With a German music teacher,
Who filled her with clam soup,
Then they say, don't give it away,
What you hear on our front stoop.

You'd have to run the gauntlet,
If ye were walking by,
They'd have your family history
In the twinkling of an eye.
They'd turn you gently over,
While they sit there in a group,
They'd give to you sweet Ballyhoo,
While passing our front stoop.

They send Kate with a pitcher,
For Cincinnati beer;
Then their conversation
For a mile or two you'll hear,
They talk about the babies,
The whooping coughs and croup,
When the moon's out in sight, they say good-night,
And go home from our front stoop.

Mollie, I can't say You're Honest.

Oh! Mollie, I can't say you're honest,
You've stolen the heart from my breast;
I feel like a bird that's astonished
When young vagabonds rob its nest.
My brightest of sunshine at night is
Just between midnight and dawn;
And then, Mollie dear, my delight is
To sing you a little "crunawn."

Chorus.

Winastru fillaloo, but I'm kilt; may the quilt
Lie light on your beautiful form
When the weather 'tis hot; but my love
when it's not,
May it rowl ye up cozy and warm, fillaloo.

I know that your father is stingy,
And likewise your mother the same;
And it's very small change I will bring you,
Excepting the change of your name.
So make haste with the change, dearest Mollie
Be that same more or less, as it may,
And my own name I'll give you, my darling,
The minute that you name the day.
Winastru, fillaloo, &c.

Oh! if you are sleeping, dear Mollie,
Don't let me waken you, dear;
Some tender memorial I'll lave you
Just to let you know I was here.
I'll throw a big stone at the window,
And if any glass I should break:
It's for you all the pains I am taking,
What wouldn't I smash for your sake?
Winastru fillaloo, &c.

Trees that bear double blossoms often bear no fruit at all.

Geraldine.

A TALE OF THE SEA AND THE SHORE.

CHAPTER III.

Preston Wargrave, who is now convalescent, is beginning to think it high time he should learn to what part of the world the Vulture is bound. And one day he questions the captain on the subject.

Sebastian looks confused for a moment, then quickly recovering himself, he says, with a laugh, "Whither am I bound, senor? England. To what port, senor? A certain little inlet on the coast of Cornwall, where I may land my contraband cargo with the least risk to myself and those about me."

"What!" exclaims Preston, in amazement. "Do I understand you? Are you a smuggler?"

"Nothing better, senor—nothing worse," Sebastian answers, with perfect coolness, and making a cigarette as he speaks.

Preston regards the speaker fixedly, hardly able to credit the evidence of his hearing.

Sebastian now lights his cigarette, and, after puffing at it for a few moments, resumes carelessly, "Ha, ha! Senor, you are, I see, speechless with amazement! I thought you Englishmen were so penetrating that you could learn everything at a mere glance! Ha, ha! You have been deceived in regard to me, however——"

"No, not exactly," interrupts Preston; "I had from the first some sort of suspicion that matters on board the Vulture were not altogether as they ought to be—that you were not the—the——"

"The honest man I should be, eh?" catches up Sebastian, with a light, careless laugh.

"Precisely so," admits the other, in some slight embarrassment. "What will Miss Maur say to this?" Preston adds, looking into the captain's eyes in a searching manner.

"Miss Maur!" repeats the smuggler, sinking his voice and assuming a grave air. "Miss Maur must never know the secret I have just confided to you."

"Never know what you are?"

"Never. I have an impression that the lady has some nice ideas on the subject of honor, and I have no desire to run any chance of forfeiting her respect."

"I cannot understand how you can hope to continue to deceive her as you have done!" Preston says with a haughty scowl.

"Pray do not trouble yourself in the least about the matter, which is strictly my own affair, remember," Sebastian returns, in his turn equally as haughtily as his companion. "Recollect, if you please, senor, that I have entrusted to you a secret which I shall expect you, as a man of honor, to respect."

Preston Wargrave makes no immediate reply: indeed, he does not know what sort of reply to make. At length he says, "May I ask where you mean to put Miss Maur and me on shore?"

"Yes, certainly; if this wind lasts, I think I may venture to promise to send you ashore at Crane Haven on some night next week."

"Miss Maur and myself together, of course?"

"No; yourself alone, senor."

"What! I don't understand you, Captain Sebastian."

"No? Yet you are not a dull man by any means."

"Still I repeat that I do not understand you, Captain Sebastian. If you put me on shore at the place you mention, you will surely suffer the lady to accompany me, will you not?"

The captain shakes his head with a positive air.

"But I will not leave the ship without her," Preston adds, with resolute looks.

"We will see about that, senor," the other calmly rejoins.

"You do not mean to detain the lady on board your ship?"

"It would never do to put her ashore at such a wild place as Crane Haven. Why, there is no house there in which a lady could be lodged decently, if at all; and there is no railway within thirty or forty miles of the spot. A man may manage there well enough, I believe; but for a lady to do so would be next door to an impossibility. Never fear for Miss Maur; I will take every care of her."

"No doubt of that, captain; yet I prefer to remain on board the Vulture as long as she may do so."

Sebastian smiles strangely, and knocks the ashes off his cigarette before he answers.

"Mr. Wargrave," he says, slowly and with emphasis, "an idle pair of hands on board my ship would be in my way—in everybody's way. Miss Maur will never leave the Vulture, save in my company—the company of her lawful husband; therefore, you talk rashly when you speak of remaining here beyond the hour of my pleasure for you to do so."

I feel it to be a difficult task to describe the feelings of Prescot Wargrave at this moment. His face changes color quickly; he looks at the smuggler in blank amazement—tries to speak several times, but is so agitated, that he cannot command his tongue—cannot utter a single word.

"I think you comprehend my meaning now, Mr. Wargrave?" Sebastian resumes, very blandly.

"Comprehend your meaning! Does the lady do so, villain?" cried Prescot, in a half-frantic manner.

"Pray let me warn you, senor, to be careful what sort of language you make use of to me. I cannot boast of a lamb-like temper. I am easily exasperated, and, when I am so, the event may be remembered by those who are so unfortunate as to disturb my placidity!"

"But there is law in the land——"

"Which I can defy, while I am here, on the broad ocean, on board my good ship. We have irons between decks, Mr. Wargrave, for mutineers; take care lest you should become acquainted with their weight."

"Irons!" repeats Prescot, with an involuntary start.

"Yes! It is astonishing how readily you understand my meaning now!" adds Sebastian, speaking as though as in good humor, but wofully in earnest, as the other can plainly perceive. "Ah, I see Miss Maur coming on deck: pray excuse me," Sebastian adds. And, with a hasty bow to his companion, he crosses the deck, and assists Geraldine to a seat under the awning.

"Is the wind favorable for us to-day, captain?" she inquires, in a weary manner.

"Yes, Miss Maur."

"When shall we be likely to sight English land?"

"You are tired of the sea, it appears?"

"Have I not every cause to be so, Captain Sebastian?" she answers, with a mournful sigh. "I once loved it dearly!"

"And you may learn to do so again."

"Never! I have done with it for ever."

The smuggler bites his lips. Has he, with his handsome person, really failed to make any impression on this beautiful woman's heart? he murmurs, within himself.

"You have not yet answered my question, captain."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Maur! What question did you honor me by asking?"

She tells him.

"I have changed my mind. I don't think I shall go near England at all this voyage," he say.

"But the ship's papers are ——"

He laughs.

"Miss Maur," he interrupts, taking a seat by the lady's side as he speaks, and dropping his voice to a whisper—"Miss Maur, your society has become so precious to me, that I cannot bring my mind to contemplate a separation from you——"

"Captain Sebastian——" Geraldine commences.

"Listen to me yet farther," he interposes courteously. "I am rich, only thirty years of age—not ill-favored, I believe, and I adore you."

At this the lady starts up in a state of great agitation.

"Captain Sebastian," she cries, "pray, pray do not talk to me further on the subject! I cannot listen to you. It is cruel of you!" she continues, brokenly. "Oh, let me go!"

"Pardon me, Miss Maur; the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed here must plead for me in your heart. I have shocked you by a too hasty avowal of my love for you—I feel I have; but how could I possibly have acted differently? I love you, I repeat, and I cannot exist without you."

"Captain Sebastian, I implore you!"

"I never made love to a women before," he runs on, regardless of Geraldine's interruption, "I have never learned to utter set phrases either of politeness or affection; I am no fine gentleman; I am only a buccaneer."

"A buccaneer!" repeats Geraldine, shrinking away from the Spaniard in affright.

"An honest smuggler, nothing more, nothing more—I swear to you. And you will become my wife."

"Your wife!" cries Geraldine, with trembling lips.

"Without delay. We have an exiled English minister amongst the crew."

"A minister!" she echoes, mechanically. "This must be some cruel jest of yours, Captain Sebastian, for I cannot believe you to be in earnest. Marry you, a buccaneer! Rather, ten thousand times over, you had left me to perish on board the White Dove, than brought me here to insult and disgrace, as surely no woman was ever so insulted and disgraced before! Never speak to me again! Put me on shore quickly, no matter where, so long as I escape the sight of your face, the sound of your voice!"

"The sight of my face?" returns Sebastian, with an air of mortification and anger. "Is it, then, so ill-favored in your eyes? The sound of my voice? Well, I am sorry that it does not make music in your ears; let me hope that it will be different with you some day."

"Never speak to me again," she returns, haughtily. "Never, while I am compelled to remain on board your ship, presume to open your lips to me. For all that you have done for me you shall be paid over and over again, I will take care of that," she adds calmly, yet with all the dignity of an outraged woman, whose pride has been wounded to the very quick.

Then she rises upon her feet; and, seeing Wargrave, who from a distance has been silently watching the scene, hastily crosses the deck to him.

But, quick as she has been, Sebastian has reached Prescot's side before her.

"Mr. Wargrave, I shall require your presence as a witness to-day," the smuggler captain says composedly and courteously.

"My services, Captain Sebastian?" returns the other, in great surprise.

"Yes; we are going to have a wedding on board the Vulture," the buccaneer answers, seizing, as he speaks, one of Geraldine's hands, and holding it in a firm grip. "I am going to be married to-day; here is my bride," he continues, pointing to the shuddering girl by his side, who is endeavoring with all her might to wrench her hand out of his. But she strives in vain; his fingers clasp hers like a vice, and her strength is as nothing opposed to his.

"We shall not require any sort of preparation, Mr. Wargrave," Sebastian continues, before the other has had time to recover from his surprise at the Spaniard's announcement. "You hear me?" he adds, after a pause, and still preserving an appearance of polite calmness. "The ceremony will be as binding as though performed on shore."

"I distinctly refuse to act as witness of any marriage on board ship, Captain Sebastian, I will not lay myself open to the law by agreeing to be an accomplice in a crime," replies Prescot, stoutly.

"I will not open my lips to say yes," Geraldine says, with firm emphasis, yet in syllables scarcely above a loud whisper.

"Then you shall be mine without that 'yes,'—without the ring, likewise!" the Spaniard replies, through his closed teeth.

"Mr. Wargrave—Mr. Wargrave! appeals Geraldine, with entreating and half-frantic looks.

"Alas! I am powerless to aid you, Miss Maur," Prescot replies, almost as excitedly as herself, his voice hoarse, and his hands visibly shaking.

"Have I no protector, then?" cries Geraldine, glancing around her despairingly.

"I will be your protector, Miss Maur," Sebastian says; "a right loyal and loving protector I will be to you."

She turns away from him in undisguised hatred and fear.

"Come! which shall it be—my mistress or my wife?" the Spaniard demands. "Choose, my fair one—my own white dove!" he adds, dropping his voice, and speaking in melodious accents, while gazing at her with eyes full of passionate admiration.

"Vulture!" she exclaims, with a burst of indignation and bitter scorn.

"Excellent!" he exclaims, with a short laugh. "But the vulture will not harm the white dove;

on the contrary, he will fold it to his bosom and cherish it fondly," he continues, and, at the same time, drawing her across the deck, and out of the hearing of Wargrave. "Geraldine Maur," he proceeds, "Geraldine Maur, answer me! Is it the buccaneer or the man himself that you hate? Which—which is it?" he vehemently demands.

"You terrify me, Captain Sebastian!" she falters forth, in dread.

"Speak—speak!" he cries, impatiently.

"Is it not enough for me to say I cannot love you?" she says.

"You do not at the present moment, but you will do so in the course of time," he returns, persuasively. "Yes, you will do so some day, and before long! What you wish me to be, that I swear to you most solemnly I will become. I will be your very slave; come at your beck, obediant as a hound——"

"And, as a hound, I will spurn you from me!" she interrupts him, harshly.

"Still I will crouch before you—still I will lick your hand!" Sebastian replies, in accents of devotion. "Geraldine, Geraldine, can I not win you?"

"Win me?" echoes she. "You are mad to hope for such a thing!"

"Mad or not mad, I am resolved to call you mine!" he rejoins, quickly and resolutely.

"You cannot dream of forcing me to become your wife?"

"We shall see that, by-and-by."

"Surely you cannot be such a villain as to take advantage of your power on board this ship?"

"Geraldine, I would rather entreat than enforce you," he answers, kindly. "Be gentle! Return only a hundreth part of my love!"

"I cannot—I cannot do so," she answers, coldly, and turning away from him. You are detestable to me—you are hateful in my sight!"

"Be it so, Geraldine Maur—for the present; yet some day you will love me, as surely as I now love you!"

"Never—never!" she cries, positively.

"Gaspard!" calls Captain Sebastian, loudly.

"Ay, ay, sir!" returns a gruff voice from the other end of the deck; and presently a long-bearded man, gray-headed and sinister-looking, stands in front of the handsome chief.

"You read English perfectly, Gaspard?" inquires his captain.

"Perfectly, Captain Sebastian," answers the man.

"Good!" returns the other. "Follow me to my state-room."

"Ay, ay, sir!" returns Gaspard. "At once, senor?" he asks, in some amazement, and without understanding wherefore he is required.

"At once," replies Sebastian, curtly.

"My captain has only to command, and his servant is obedient," Gaspard says, in Spanish.

"Follow me," commands the other.

"I am at your heels, Captain Sebastian."

"Tell Senor Wargrave that I require his presence in my state-room."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

And Gaspard at once repairs to Prescot, and delivers to him the message with which he has been charged by his chief.

But the young man pays no sort of attention to the message—no more, in fact, than if he had never heard it delivered. He stands still and mute-tongued as a statue.

"You are not deaf, senor?" says Gaspard, finding that he receives no answer.

"No; I hear only two keenly," rejoins Prescot.

"Then make me a proper reply, senor, if *you* please."

"I have none to make you,"

"You mean to obey the captain's order, senor?"

"Assuredly not."

"Not, senor?"

"I have said it."

"Oh, very well, senor. This is no business of mine—none whatsoever; only I warn you that it is a dangerous thing for anyone to disobey the commands of Captain Sebastian."

"Captain Sebastian be hanged!" breaks forth Wargrave, unguardedly, and with violence as well.

"I will take him that answer, senor."

"You are welcome to do so."

And Gaspard, muttering to himself, moves away, and returns to his commander, his mind perplexed with many matters.

"The gentleman refuses to obey your message, captain," Gaspard announces to his superior, and speaking in his own native tongue.

"It is of little consequence; we must do without him," Sebastian says, abruptly. "Come my white dove," he adds, addressing Geraldine in English, and bowing to her with all the ease and grace of an accomplished cavalier—"come!"

"Whither?" she asks, in a stifled voice, a voice charged with dread and horror, and shrinking away from him.

He does not answer her inquiry—he only repeats the word "Come!"

And he proceeds to conduct the lady down the companion ladder, thence through the saloon, into his own state-room, Gaspard and another, evidently the minister referred to by Sebastian, following the pair in silent wonderment all the while.

Geraldine makes no farther resistance—she knows how useless it would be to do so—but yields herself quietly to his guidance.

Her nerves are all in a state of confusion, and it is with difficulty she can bring herself to believe that she is otherwise than in a painful and horrible dream.

She looks up into the face of her companion with eyes of touching entreaty, and then withdraws those eyes in dissappointment and despair; perceiving in his face an expression of resolution, an indication of an iron will not to be thwarted or opposed or dissuaded from its fixed purpose.

Her position is a hopeless one—hopeless as death itself. What can she do but yield to this man's wishes, since she cannot escape out of his clutches?

She feels that Prescot Wargrave can offer her no assistance at the present moment; for what would his hand be opposed to so many others—to others strong, reckless, and fierce? But a time may come when he may perchance be able to render her needful help—such help as she stands in need of now, but which cannot spring out of the sea for her.

She is like a caged bird here, and the talons of a veritable vulture are in the act of clutching her.

* * * * * * * * *

Geraldine has almost lost her senses, as Sebastian conducts her back into the cabin, having first imprinted a kiss upon her lips, which turn icily cold as he touches them.

Next, having led his victim upon deck Sebastian calls his men around him, and in a voice of triumph introduces to them his bride, the trembling and almost unconscious Geraldine, whose eyes are cast upon the ground in bewilderment and mental anguish, and from between whose closed lips not the slightest sound proceeds.

Prescot Wargrave sees and hears all; sees the woman whom he loves better than his own life, seized upon by another, and compelled to wed him; yet he can do nothing to save her, can make no attempt to snatch her out of the hands that have laid such bold and powerful hold upon her.

"Oh! that she and I had perished together on board the White Dove!" he murmurs within himself, as he turns away at the sight of Geraldine's drooping figure supported by the muscular arm of the smuggler captain, in whose whole aspect Wargrave reads an expression of glorious triumph—of joy inexpressible.

He turns aside, with a sickening faintness of the soul. Fain would he spring overboard and make an end at once of his heart's great anguish; but a certain feeling restrains him from the commission of the act—a feeling almost amounting to a conviction that he may live to be of especial service to her whose sweet image is so lovingly enshrined within the secret recesses of his being, whose mere shadow he follows with an adoring, worshipful gaze.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BUCCANEER'S BRIDE.

Many days have come and gone since Geraldine Maur became the wife of Paulo Sebastian—his wife by compulsion—and the Vulture is now sailing in colder latitudes, and gradually nearing land, that part of the Cornish coast of which he once spoke to Prescot Wargrave.

The smuggler captain has treated his bride with every sort of consideration, shown her much real affection, watched her with eyes of devotion, but has not yet received one smile from her in return. She never speaks to him save when he addresses her, and then her answers are always chilling ones, and her eyes are ever being averted from him with an undisguised expression of disdain, contempt, and abhorrence.

Day after day he has endeavored with persevering kindness of manner to steal into her heart; but all his strivings in this respect have been utterly useless, and Geraldine remains as before, in manners icy cold and repelling, silent, haughty, and contemptuous.

At length Sebastian grows weary of all this—weary of pouring his love into a sieve—weary of frowns and abrupt words. And one day—the very hour on which they sight land—he calls his wife apart into his own state-room, and bidding her seat herself, he addresses her.

"Geraldine," he commences unsteadily, "I want to speak seriously to you, and I want your answers to be something more than mere monosyllables. You understand me?"

"Perfectly," she replies, without looking at him, and in freezing accents.

The man sighs, and continues.

"I have failed to awaken in your breast towards myself even the slightest atom of interest."

"True," agrees Geraldine, filling up the pause made by him.

"I have consequently failed in my attempts to render you happy?"

"You have."

"What have I left undone that you would wish done?" he inquires, anxiously, and in tremulous tones, "My love for you is boundless as the mighty ocean around us—fathomless as its depths, unchangeable as its waters, certain as its tides! And this I am about to prove to you—to prove to you in full. Geraldine, to lose the sight of your dear face would be to shut out heaven from my gaze; yet this I am about to do, in order to show you the extent of my affection for you. We are fast making towards the land; if all goes well with us here, to-morrow night your foot shall tread the shore—the shore of England."

"Alone?" she eagerly inquires.

"Alone!" he answers, mournfully.

She covers her face with her clasped hands for a few moments, and seems to reflect.

"Is—is it true that I am your wife?" she asks, presently, in a faltering voice, and leaning her head on her open palm.

"You can dispute the fact, if you choose," he replies, trying to be calm.

"I *cannot* dispute it!" she cries, emphatically. "Were I to do so, what would the world call me—what would my own conscience brand me with? I am your wife, unhappily; but I will accept my freedom gladly, gratefully, thankful to put distance 'twixt yourself and me—me to whom you have done such grievous and irremediable wrong, whom you have pulled down from a proud position in the world, whose stainless name you have sullied and blurred for evermore. Shame upon you; you who outraged the laws of hospitality, who forced me to wed you—smuggler, outlaw, robber!"

"I am blamable, I am worthless; but I love you, Geraldine!" he replies. "Listen to me, my own white dove," he continues. "Promise to love me only a little, to remain by my side through the remainder of my life, and to-morrow night I will disband my followers, scuttle the Vulture, and leave her to sink, and be heard of no more. Your answer, Geraldine; your answer, without delay?"

"I wish to be free," she returns, with decision.

He looks at her for a few seconds, then rises to his feet.

"I regret the past most bitterly, Geraldine," he says, with earnest utterance. "I would lay my right hand upon the block this moment, use the axe myself upon it, could I by such an act, undo the wrong, wipe out the injury I have done you! Can I say more to convince you of the sincerity of my penitence?"

"Words are mere breath, Captain Sebastian," flashes Geraldine. "You knew me to be wealthy, and in order to secure to yourself my riches, you compelled me to become your wife—compelled me on the high seas—on board your own ship here, surrounded by your own creatures, by men outlawed like yourself!"

To be Continued—Commenced in No. 145.

Saturday Night, When the Bar-Room's Full.

A Parody, by Ben King.

I've a cousin, an eccentric—
He keeps a barrom at the East End—
Once a week I go to see him—
Saturday night I've the time to spend.
He has singing he has dancing;
In the ward, sure he's a pull,
But the sights are so entrancing,
Saturday night, when the bar-room's full.

Chorus.

He has porter, and cold water—
Of the latter ye can drink your full!
But what makes me merry is his Tom and Jerry,
Saturday night, when the bar-room's full.

Every nation in creation
Is represented at his bar—
The Greeks, Italians, and the Germans
Step in his place while the door's ajar,
For his fine whiskey, rye and bourbon,
Bad stuff, too, that would fell a bull,
Though it's risky to inflate whiskey,
Saturday night, when the bar-room's full.

Spoken: Last Saturday night, at me cousin's a policeman came in, and he says to me cousin, says he; "I'd like to take a nap." And me cousin put him under the bar. About one o'clock he woke up, and he says to me cousin; "What kind of a night is it?" Me cousin told him it was snowing. "Well," says the policeman, "I must be getting down to the station-house, but I'm too dry!" "Have a drink," says me cousin. "No," says the policeman, "I mean me close are too dry." "All right," says me cousin, "I can fix that," and going behind the bar, he got a pail of water and threw it over the policeman. He went to the station-house as though he'd been out all night. But when I think of it I have to say:

He has porter, &c.

Way Down in Maine.

Written and Sung by Billy McAllister.

It was way down in Maine,
In a place called Kittery,
It was there I met a yellow gal,
So happy light and free;
Her eyes were like two codfish balls,
Her hair like goose's down,
Her feet they were so terrible big
They covered up the town,
Chorus: "Twilight in the Park."

Her father was a gay old sport,
He tried to please her hard,
He was an overseer of lumber
In a Kittery lumber yard;
Her brother boxed up sardines,
And oysters by the pint,
And every time I looked at her
My eyes went out of joint.
Chorus: "Oh, where's Rosannah gone?"

Never go Back on the Flag.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

In this land of freedom and home of the brave
'Tis a pleasure for all to be born;
I love the bright stars that above me do wave,
As they did on that bright early morn;
I mean when the Star Spangled Banner was wrote,
As it waved o'er "McHenry" so free,
And midst the dense smoke of the battle did float,
Though fired at from land and from sea.

Chorus.

Then take my advice, all you people here,
One favor from you I do beg;
However misfortune our course it may steer,
Pray never go back on the flag.

'Twas under that banner our forefathers fought,
Beneath its bright stripes Ellsworth died;
And, grasping the flagstaff, oft Lafayette stood,
As he the bold Briton defied;
'Twas under its folds brave John Hancock did sign
His name in bright letters of gold;
And "Old Rough and Ready" the Mexicans whipt,
Though oft has the story been told. Chorus.

Beneath that bright emblem was Brigham Young born
And married his wives by the score;
And unto this day, like young "Oliver Twist,"
He is constantly wishing "for more;"
And under that banner did Sheridan ride
When Winchester's battle was fought;
And Sherman, he marched to the sea in his pride,
When our nation's sweet freedom he sought.
Chorus.

Beneath it Ben Butler made hundreds of spoons,
Each darkey he got Civil Rights;
Mr. Beecher did visit the girls of his church,
When the husband was out for the night;
Beneath it Miss Anthony wants for to vote,
And the trousers of manhood to wear;
And each politician goes for "Number One,"
And steals all the cash we can spare. Chorus.

'Tis under that flag if a bank it does burst,
The depositors get ne'er a cent;
And if unto Congress a member does go,
It's for "Uncle Sam's" pocket he's bent;
'Tis under that flag every freeman is born,
And the whole of creation we flog;
And dead be the man who in deed or in thought
Did ever go back on the flag! Chorus.

Aunt Susie.

Sung by Luke Schoolcraft.

Oh! de bells did ring when massa went and died,
Oh! how'dy Aunt Susie,
I golly how de darkies hollered and dey cried,
Way down south in Georgia.
Dey cried all day till their eyes were very red,
Oh! yes go tell de people how'dy,
Dey cried so long it took all de wool of their heads,
Way down in cotton land.

Chorus.

Oh! my don't cry, there's a heap of trouble
brewing all the time,
And we'll have good times when we go to join the band,
Way down in the cotton land.

Oh! go way old Peter don't you bother me,
Oh! how'dy Aunt Susie,
I look at de clouds to see what I could see,
Way down south in Georgia.
And I see black angels flying in de air,
Oh! yes, go tell de people how'dy,
Dey got bumble bees a sticking in der hair,
Way down in de cotton land. Chorus.

I'll go to work with all my might and main
Oh! how'dy Aunt Susie,
And I'll take my time for I know it's going to rain,
Way down south in Georgia.
That nigger, Pete, he's a brother to a hog
Oh! yes, go tell de people how'dy,
He looks like a bull frog sitting on a log,
Way down in the cotton land. Chorus.

To Show That I Love You Yet.

By Chas. R. Fisher.

Air: "See that my grave's kept green."

I'll soon part and weep for you, darling,
I will think of none but you;
When your loving eyes can see me no more,
When your heart beats fast and true.
When you have sighed and longed for me,
Hoping that I'll ne'er forget;
There's a fond burning kiss waiting for you,
To show that I love you yet.

Chorus.

Oh! the time's drawing near, my darling,
When no more you'll murmur or fret;
I'll press you, my darling, then kiss you,
To show that I love you yet.

Do you know, my love, that I cherish,
All the faith which lies in your breast?
Do you know how often I dream of you,
When at night I'd try to rest?
When you have lingered and prayed for me,
Wishing that the day had been set,
There's a dear sunny smile ready for you,
To show that I love you yet. Chorus.

The Same Old Game.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

When I was quite a lad,
And the darling of my dad,
I was troublesome as troublesome could be;
If I saw a little boy
With a fancy little toy,
I was sure to make him turn it up to me;
And if he said me nay,
I would upset all his play,
A proceeding which was sure to bring me blame;
And though my cheeks were dripping
With the scoldings and the whipping,
I would carry on the same old game.

Chorus.

The same old game,
The same old game,
I'd a spirit that the old one couldn't tame;
For it mattered not to me,
How I suffered for the spree,
I would carry on the same old game.

Now when I older grew
More of mischief I still knew,
For danger with my doings would increase;
Let the time be day or dark,
I was in at every lark,
And my neighbors never knew a minutes peace;
Wrenching knockers, breaking lamps,
Pitching into rogues and tramps,
While boxing with the "bobbie" won me fame;
And though each little job
Cost me nearly twenty bob,
I would carry on the same old game. Chorus.

Soon in time I grew a man,
But still mischief was my bane,
For I made the pretty darlings my delight;
Big or little dark or fair,
It would never matter where,
I was loving them from morning until night;
And to each and all I said,
Some fine morning we'd get wed;
Yet, though at least a dozen made a claim,
And the judges in the court
Fined me heavy for my sport,
Still I carry on the same old game. Chorus.

Now I've settled down in life,
And I've got a little wife,
Who is charming, yes, as charming as can be;
Yet I still regret to state
That I often stop out late,
And won't give up my liquor and latch key;
But all that goes amiss
I settle with a kiss,
And thus my little tigress I do tame,
For though she can come it strong,
And her nails are very long,
Still I carry on the same old game. Chorus.

Den we'll Join de Band.

By Geo. H. Coes.

Sung by Frank Lum the Character Specialist in his Portraitures of the old Southern Negro.

Pompey tell me what dey're gwine to do wid you and I,
I was born on dis plantation and here I want to die;
I expect to hear old Gabriel blow his trumpet by-and-by,
To call de white folks and de black folks ober Jordan.

Chorus.

Den we'll join de band in dat promised land,
We will be free and equal there;
Remember Gabriel's gwine to blow his trumpet
by-and-by,
Dar is no distinction in de color ober Jordan.

Massa leave dis old plantation and we'll never
see him more,
He bids good-bye forever to the Alabama shore;
De niggers too have gone and those happy days are o'er,
But we'll meet 'em on de oder side of Jordan.
Den we'll join de band, &c.

I want to see this nation stronger dan it ever was before,
United from de Atlantic to de great Pacific shore;
Open-hearted free and easy as it was in days of yore,
Den we we will all be welcome ober Jordan.
Den we'll join de band, &c.

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CONTENTS.

A Summer night on the pier.....page 379
A Fenians hope, or the wished for day..... 379
Ain't you got a cheek 381
The Broken Heart..... 379
Bonaparte on St. Helena..... 380
Baby on the Brain..... 381
Charley Flynn!..... 378
Canada. I. O..... 380
Chesapeake Bay..... 381
The City of the dead..... 382
Don't be naughty..... 379
The Day we left the Ould Dart..... 379
Fair Aurora prithee stay..... 378
Fly at Liberty's call..... 379
The Golden Stair: or
Where the little feet are waiting..... 378
Gilfillen's Goat..... 379
Give me but a friend, and a glass here..... 379
Gas! gas! gas!..... 382
Geraldine—Story continued..... 383—384
Hop along Peter..... 382
If I only knew her name?..... 378
The Injun will cut down the Army O!..... 381
Johnny Morgan plays the organ..... 378
The Minstrel's Dream..... 380
Man and Woman's First Quarrel..... 380
New York Girls..... 378
The Negro..... 379
Owen Reilly..... 381
Putcher spare that cat..... 380
Strawberries and cream..... 379
The Sad Past and Gone..... 381
Shove along, sing a song..... 382
Those laughing eyes of blue..... 378
Take home a fry in a box..... 378
Through the Mill..... 381
The Washington Ball..... 380
Wake not my darlings..... 382

Our Valentines are acknowledged, by all parties to be the FINEST and CHEAPEST in the Market.

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Charley Flynn.

Sung by Bennett.

I'll ask consideration friends,
And I will let you know,
That I am saluted by the gang
Wherever I may go.
I live in eighteen "carrot" style,
I drive a trotting mare,
I smoke Flora de five per cent segars,
And singe my curly hair.
Chorus: Charley Flynn, Charley Flynn,
Weare's the latest style of collars;
Charley Flynn, Charley Flynn,
Worth one hundred thousand dollars.
When I go out to walk,
My shirt as white as c.alk,
The gang say clear the way,
For here comes Charley Flynn.

I'm known in all the Social Clubs,
I live on oyster stews;
I can pivot on a three cent piece,
And dance the Lanciers too.
And oftentimes I make a speech,
Of course on Politics,
And when I say a little too much,
I get a shower of bricks. Chorus.

Johnny Morgan Plays the Organ.

The Music of this song is published by White, Smith & Co., 516 Washington Street, Boston Price 35 cents

I'll sing of a band that used to play
Music in the street,
And if you heard it you would say
It was anything but sweet.
They all played different instruments,
The music was the same,
They were all one family,
And Morgan was their name.

Chorus.

Johnny Morgan played the organ,
The father beat the drum,
The sister played the tambourine,
The brother went pom, pom, pom,
pom, pom, pom,
All alone on an old trombone,
The music was so sweet,
They often got a penny,
To go into another street.

They used to say that Johnny was
The smartest of them all,
And round the area windows
He would often make a call,
His music was so lively,
All the latest airs from France,
The servant girls could not keep still,
The music made them dance. Chorus.

Now one day John he chanced to play
Outside a lady's door,
And the lady said she never heard
Such music played before;
It pleased her so, that you must know,
She heavy sums would pay
To John, to stand outside the house,
And play to her all day. Chorus.

John played upon his instrument,
And pleased the lady so,
That when the time arrived to leave,
She would not let him go.
She asked if he would marry her,
Which John did very soon,
Now on the organ, Johnny Morgan,
Plays her many a tune. Chorus.

The Golden Stair.

The Music is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., Price 40 cents.

Put away the little dresses,
That the darling used to wear,
She will need them on earth never,
She has climbed the golden stair;
She is with the happy angels,
And I long for her sweet kiss,
Where her little feet are waiting,
In the realm of perfect bliss.

Chorus.

Angels whisper that our darling
Is in lands of love, so fair,
Angels whisper that our darling
Is in lands of love, so fair,
That her little feet are waiting,
Close beside the golden stair.
That her little feet are waiting,
Close beside the golden stair.

Lay aside her little playthings
Wet with mother's pearly tears;
How we shall miss little Nellie,
All the coming weary years.
Fold the dainty little dresses
That she never more will wear,
For her dainty feet are waiting
Up above the golden stair. Chorus.

Kiss the little curly tresses,
Cut from her bright golden hair;
Do the angels kiss our darling
In the realm so bright and fair?
Oh! we pray to meet our darling,
For a long, long sweet embrace,
Where the little feet are waiting,
And we meet her face to face. Chorus.

Those Laughing Eyes of Blue.

Song and Waltz.

Music Published by L P Gouillat | 46 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Price 4 cents.

I've travelled East and West,
And many countries seen,
Many a girl with teeth of pearl,
And rosy cheeks I ween;
Eyes of black, and eyes of brown,
And eyes of hazel hue,
But all, tho' fair, could not compare
With those laughing eyes of blue!
Laughing eyes of blue, laughing eyes of blue!
Valse: Azure as a limpid mountain lake,
Laughing as the winds
Waves upon them make;
Ever beaming, tender, soft and true,
How I dearly love,
Those laughing eyes of blue.

"*Je t'aimie!*" the black eyes seemed to say
"*Je ne t'aime pas!*" I replied;
"*Io t'amor!*" looked the hazel eyes,
I shook my head and sighed;
"*Ich liebe dich!*" the brown eyes said,
And thrilled me through and through;
But all, though fair, could not compare
With those laughing eyes of blue! Chorus.

If I Only Knew her Name.

The Music is published by O. Ditson & Co. Boston.

'Twas up in Central Park,
One lovely summer's day;
My heart was like a lark,
The sky was bright and gay;
I lingered by the lake
That sparkled in the sun,
And oh! the pretty birds did make,
Sweet music every one.
But soon I saw two eyes,
That fondly glanced at me,
They seemed to wander from the skies,
They looked so lovingly;
A gentle form drew near,
We smiled, was I to blame?
Oh! wouldn't life be dear,
If I only knew her name.
Chorus: If I only knew her name!
If I only knew her name:
Eyes looked sweetest love,
To eyes that looked the the same.
Then twilight softly fell,
Oh! Cupid was to blame,
Oh! I'd give the world,
If I only knew her name!

We saw the swans go by,
Like little silver ships;
I heard the sweetest sigh
From lucious rosy lips!
The stars came out at last,
And yet I could not go;
How quickly then the moments passed,
The heart alone can know!
But soon beside the gate,
We sweetly bid adieu;
For, oh! the hours were growing late,
And birds were dreaming too.
I wonder when we'll meet?
My heart is still the same;
Oh! life were Angel sweet,
If I only knew her name. Chorus.

Take Home a Fry in a Box.

Music Published by Spear and Dehnhoff 717 Broadway.

We men, when we're courting our darlings,
Stick close to the dear little girls;
But after we've won one and wed her,
We oft launch out in pleasures gay whirls;
So I'll give this advice to you fellows,
Its an argument that always knocks;
If you're out late at night at your lodge, boys,
Just take home a "fry in a box!"
Chorus: 'Twill revive all her old love
For you in a trice,
It's an argument that always knocks!
Then she'll kiss you and say,
Oh! darling how nice!"
And she'll go for that "fry in a box!"

Don't pull off your boots in the hallway,
If you do, that'll give you away!
But open the door, go in boldly,
And try to look smiling and gay.
When she says it's "three in the morning!"
Tell her something is wrong with those clocks!
Don't notice the storm then that's brewing,
But, just whip out your "fry in a box. Chorus.

Some men will "knock under," and promise,
To buy a new bonnett or dress;
And some pacify the dear creatures
With a handful of "stamps," more or less!
While some have no tact to do either,
And their feelings oft get many shocks;
But I settle the case with my darling
By a nice little "fry in a box!" Chorus.

New York Girls.

Of Spanih damsels you may talk,
And lovely girls called French,
But none can equal Dinah,
For she is our Yankee wench;
She wins the hearts of every one,
No matter who they be;
Search all the wide world over, still
The New York girls for me.

Chorus.

New York girls, New York girls,
Charming little creatures are the New York girls,
Their saucy smile, they do beguile;
Wicked little things are the New York girls.

When they go out they never pout,
But always look so sly,
As if to say, "Ah, there you are,"
And then they wink their eye.
Of course you follow them, and then
They show their pretty feet,
Which are such tidy little gems
You very seldom meet Chorus.

Still, for all that, my heart will say,
The New York girls for me;
And when I wed, the wife I choose
A New York girl she'll be.
So when I get my brandy nip
And gin-sling in my hand,
I'll drink success to New York girls
And dear old Yankee Land. Chorus.

Fair Aurora, Prithee Stay.

Fair Aurora, prithee stay,
O retard unwelcome day;
Think what anguish rends my breast:
Thus caressing, thus caressed,
From the idol of my heart,
Forced at thy approach to part.

Gilfillen's Goat.

Sung by Wm Scanlan. Air: Mulcahey's gone away.

Come listen to me one an' all,
To what I'm goin' to say,
It's all about a neighbor o' mine,
Who lives across the way;
He's the owner of a big coal cart,
An' he likewise drives the same,
An' he got a great big billy goat,
Who's very much to blame.

CHORUS.

For whin he'd jump, he'd hit you a thump,
Unless you'd quickly slope;
Oh! the terror of the neighborhood—
Is Gilfillen's big buck goat!

I'll tell you of the damages,
That he's done all around,
He wint into Mrs. Higgins' house,
And her Sunday gaiters found;
He began to ate, when she gave a bawl,
Oh! I tell you there was a row,
He sint her rollin' over the stove—
She needs no bustle now. Chorus.

Now it was here this afternoon,
He came into my yard,
While I was plantin' flowers,
And he struck me mighty hard;
He knocked me down, jumped on me,
An' he ate the tail o' me coat,
Blue'd glass have no effect at all
On Gilfillen's big buck goat! Chorus.

Last Sunday week he ate my shirt,
He also ate my hat,
An' he also knocked the shtuffin'
Out of Mrs Maloney's cat;
I'm goin' to get a warrant now,
(For my back is nearly broke,
To have Gilfillen arrested,
And his son of a gun of a goat! Chorus.

Don't be Naughty.

Air: Don't get weary.

Some girls have beaus with lots of cash,
And love them for their coin,
'Tis very well to cut a dash,
But with such I don't join.
I've one young man shares all my love,
Tho' forward in his way,
When he calls me his little dove,
To him I have to say—

CHORUS.

Don't be naughty, don't be naughty, Charley,
Don't be naughty it's not proper, so I won't;
Don't be naughty, don't be naughty Charley,
You tease me so much, that I must say don't.

The place where I first met my love,
Was at my grandma's home,
When I saw his face, thinks I by Jove,
With him I'd like to roam.
When very soon, 'twas not amiss,
In such a gentle way,
He took my arm, then stole a kiss,
When I was forced to say. Chorus.

We journeyed in the garden, when
The question quietly came,
Will you accept me as a beau?
I blushed at once with shame.
Since then he asked me to be his wife,
And name the happy day,
He vows he'll bless me all my life,
And never cause me to say. Chorus.

The Negro.

That lash was kind, it reached my heart
And see the red-blood torrent flows!
I thank thee, Driver, for the smart,
It brings relief to Tanga's woes!

Now white-born tyrant, scourge, whip on!
I scorn thee with my latest breath;
Lash, lash, white fiend, I court the thong;
He sighed, and closed his eyes in death!

The Broken Heart.

Farewell! in despair
I escape from thy wiles;
Thy frowns I can bear,
And even thy smiles:
Take back that dear token
That blessed me before;
The heart you have broken
Can prize it no more.

Now vain were thy favor,
Thy pity more vain;
I am lost, and for ever,
To pleasure, to pain—
Words sweetly spoken
Deceived me before,
But the heart you have broken
Can trust it no more.

Give Me but a Friend and a Glass, Boys.

Give me but a friend and a glass, boys,
I'll show ye what 'tis to be gay,
I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
Nor in loving drive old Time away;
Give me but an honest fellow,
That's pleasanter when he's mellow,
We'll live twenty-four hours a day.

'Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,
But 'tis wine that makes us free,
'Tis woman that makes us blind, boys,
But wine makes us doubly see;
The female is true to no man,
Deceit is inherit to woman,
But none in a bumper can be.

The Day we Left the Ould Dart.

Written by John Sheehan.

In dear ould Ireland we were born,
It's many years ago;
And raised up in sweet Monaghan,
It's the place where we're from, oh.
We came over in the ship called Dreadnaught,
From friends we had to part;
It caused us both to weep and wail,
When we left the Ould Dart.
Chorus: We are poor old Irish green horns,
It was hard for us to part;
It caused us both to weep and wail,
When we left the Ould Dart.

The morning the ship left Liverpool dock,
Our poor mother did say,
"God bless ye, me darling children,
For you're going to America;
You are going across the ocean,"
We thought of it on the spot,
We often sit down and curse the day,
When we left the Ould Dart. Chorus.

A Summer Night on the Pier.

By Chas. B. Fisher. Air: Our Front Steop.

I'm gov'ner of a household
Of seven lads composed,
And my daughters three are angels,
Their wings are not exposed;
When toiling hard all day long,
After tea to the river we steer,
We sit at ease and inhale the breeze of
A Summer Night on the Pier.

CHORUS.

Tra la lee, tra la las,
With my "glim" and a canfull of beer;
If you feel dull and mean you'll "take in" the scene—
A Summer Night on the Pier.

There's chubby Misses Tracy,
Cernelius Sippenson,
The soap-fat boiler Croaker,
Who weighs less than a ton.
Such brilliant demonstration,
Gay Paris has no peer,
Nor its sight compare, with the sport you share of
A Summer Night on the Pier. Chorus.

There's our next door neighbor, Brady,
Whose son plays music sweet,
With a concertina costly,
So charming grand and neat;
With Pompey Sampson's banjo,
The lads and lassies veer—
'Round without halts, in the giddy waltz,
A Summer Night on the Pier. Chorus.

Pat Coffee and Tim Murphy,
Ed Clincy and Joe Prong,
You'll find each evening whiffing
Their pipes on a "string-piece" long,
When steamers shrieking signals,
And the waves with music cheer,
They give an Irish reel, with genuine zeal, on
A Summer Night on the Pier. Chorus.

Strawberries and Cream.

By W. H. Delehanty.

Milk and honey, oh! it's funny—
I cannot keep from dancing;
For I love a girl—she's a pretty pearl—
A lovely little belle supreme—
She's a lolly-pop—sweet forget-me-not—
And her voice is so entrancing,
She's my honey-comb, she's my sugar-plum,
She's strawberries and cream.
Yes, she's a basket full of fruit,
She's my pretty love, she's my turtle dove.
Her voice is like the music of a flute,
And she's just sweet sixteen.

CHORUS.

Milk, honey, strawberries and cream, (sym.)
Like the music of a happy dream. (sym.)
She's a darling! she's a daisy,
She's a lovely plate of peaches,
She's a dandy—'lasses candy—
She's strawberries and cream. [Repeat Chorus.]

I'm enraptured, I am captured,
By a lovely lump of sweetness.
She's an oyster pie, she's a chicken pie,
And she haunts my every dream.
She's a little maid, she's a lemonade,
And the pink of perfect neatness.
She's a box of dates, she's a bunch of grapes,
Oh! yes, she's far too sweet to live,
Is this lolly pop, is this candy shop,
And her loss I know that I would grieve—
Sweet vision of my dream. Chorus.

Fly at Liberty's Call.

Fly at Liberty's call to the field,
Each blade to the battle unsheathing,
Like heroes who're breathing,
To grace the weapons they wield.
On the plain no prouder warrior shall perish,
But the fame of that freeman we'll cherish,
Who died to the yoke ere he'd yield.

Hearts! to bondage that honor has steel'd
Their tribes let our tyrants assemble—
What spirit shall tremble
At death, that's by Liberty seal'd?
On the plain, &c.

A Fenian's Hope: or the Wished for Day.

Oh! I long to see the day arrive,
When we shall take our stand
Beneath the green immortal flag,
To fight for mother land!
To strike, to strike the wished-for blow,
And break the cruel chain,
That holds our own dear mother isle
In bondage, grief and pain.

I trust in God the day will come,
And that before it's long,
When we shall see our country free
From British rule and wrong!
Free from the grasp of British power
Our own dear Isle must be,
Or we will die in the hyly cause
Of Irish Liberty.

The Minstrel's Dream.

Sung by Frank Lewis.

One eve while sitting in my chair
Before my fire so bright,
Its rays dispelled the midnight gloom,
And lighted up the night,
My thoughts reverted to the past,
And brought before my gaze,
The shadowed forms of minstrels great,
The kings of by-gone days.
I saw the people laugh and cry,
As alternately they gave—
The merry pun, the mirthful joke,
The ballad sweet and grave,
They formed a quaint procession,
As they passed before my sight,
The minstrels of our former days,
Thus conjured from the night.

I saw George Christy shake the bones,
Sweet music from them drag,
And how the audience it would roar,
As he told each merry gag,
Saw "Daddy" Rice in ecstasy,
Those legs of his to throw
The father of the minstrels—
He who danced the first "Jim Crow."
Heard Mulligan, with towering form,
Pathetic ballads sing,
When Long John opened once his mouth,
'Twas down the house he'd bring,
Stevie Rogers gave his excelsior clog,
The greatest ever seen,
And other well-known faces
Came to fill my minstrel's dream.

Nelse Seymour showed his giant form,
And passed me by and smiled,
A friend to every one in need,
The minstrel's favorite child,
How oft I've heard his merry laugh,
As he made the night pass o'er,
Give out the joke which ever set
The audience in a roar;
He scarcely disappeared when came
The minstrel king and man,
The glory of the boys in black—
The merry laughing Dan,
As Bryant passed me by,
His face with radiance seemed to beam,
He cast a brilliant halo
Upon my minstrel's dream.

Young Jerry, of the Bryant's, too,
With bones and tamborine,
Recounted every great success
In minstrelsy he'd seen,
Billy Manning, of Chicago fame,
Then passed me swiftly by,
And Unsworth gave his great stump speech,
In which he the world defied;
Jimmy Bradley danced his unequalled jig,
Familiar to us all,
Billy Pastor sang his comic songs,
And was many times recalled,
Eph Horn, the last bright face I saw,
He threw a radiant gleam
Upon the spirits who had gone
To fill my minstrel's dream.

Canada I O.

There was a gallant lady in all her tender youth,
She dearly lov'd a sailor, in truth she loved him much,
And for to get to sea with him the way she did
not know,
She longed to see that pretty place called Canada I O.

She bargained with a sailor all for a purse of gold,
When straightway he led her down into the hold,
Saying, I'll dress you up in sailor's clothes, the
color shall be blue,
You soon shall see that pretty place called Canada I O.

And when the lover heard of this, he flew into a rage,
And the whole ship's company were willing to engage,
Saying, I'll tie your hands and feet, my love,
and overboard you'll go,
You ne'er shall see that pretty place called Canada I O.

Up steps the noble captain, and says that thing
shan't be,
For if you drown that fair maid all hanged you shall be,
I'll dress you up in sailors clothes, the color
shall be blue,
You soon shall see that pretty place called Canada I O.

She had not been in Canada for the space of half a year,
Before the captain married her, and called her his dear.
She does dress in silks and satins, and she cuts a
gallant show,
She's now the finest lady in Canada I O.

Come all you pretty fair maids wherever you may be,
You must follow your true lovers when they are
gone to sea;
And if the mate proves false to you, the captain
he'll prove true,
You see the honor I have gained by wearing of the blue.

Bonaparte on St. Helena.

Bony he is gone from the wars of all fighting,
He's gone to the place he never took delight in,
Oh, there may he sit down and tell the scenes
he's seen, ah!
While forlorn he doth mourn on the isle of St. Helena.

Louisa does mourn for her husband departed,
She dreams when she sleeps, and she wakes
broken hearted;
Not a friend to console her, even those that might
be with her,
But she mourns when she thinks of the isle of
St. Helena.

Come all ye that have got wealth, pray beware
of ambition,
For it is a decree in fate that might change
your condition;
Be ye stedfast in time, for what is to come ye
know not;
For fear ye might be changed, like he, on the
isle of St. Helena.

The rude rushing waves, all around the shores
are washing,
And the great billows heave, and the wild rocks
dashing,
He may look to the moon of the great Moun't Diana,
With his eyes o'er the waves that surround St. Helena.

No more in St. Clouds he will be seen in such splendor,
Or go on with his crowds with the great Alexander,
For the young king of Rome, and the Prince
of Canah,
Says he will bring his father home from the isle
of St. Helena.

The parliaments of England and your holy alliance,
To the prisoner of war you may now bid defiance,
For your base intrigues and your baser misdemeanors,
Have caused him to die on the isle of St. Helena.

The Washington Ball.

Sung by Frank Lewis.

A comical story I am going to tell you,
And I know it will please if you listen to me.
I attended a party in Washington City,
And I'll mention a few of the sights I did see.
It was a ball that was given to Moody and Sankey,
Of which Mayor Wickam the figures did call.
Myself, Governor Tilden, and Barnum's What Is It,
We formed the first set, at the Washington Ball.

We all took a snifter when each dance was over,
'Till getting excited, they quick came to blows.
The British Ambassador went for Dom Pedro,
And received for his trouble a bang on the nose.
Mr. Senator Thurman, he then got entangled
With sweet Mrs. Tilton, while arranging her shawl;
And our great Tony Pastor, he bursted his boiler,
Too fat for to dance, at the Washington Ball.

Vice President Ferry he then did get merry:
He borrowed a dime from a fierce looking chap;
He said from his stealings, he soon would repay it,
When an agent he was made by Mr. Belknap.
Tennie Claflin was seen squeezing Blair in the corner;
Mr. Beecher shed tears as he kissed them all;
Bessie Turner took a cocktail, she said 'twas to
warm her,
And that started the fight at the Washington Ball!

Miss Kate Fields gave a lecture on nursing the baby,
She said Brigham Young was the best of them all;
She grasped Lester Wallack by the tip of his whiskers,
And she shook the black dye from his
moustache and all.
The Congressmen, drunk, they lay under the table
In a knot, tied together, both little and tall;
Mr. Moody gave Sankey a kick in the stomach,
Just to keep up the fun, at the Washington Ball.

Col. Fred. Grant drew his sword for the first time
in battle,
He asked when the fight was going to begin;
He said many a scrimmage he had in Chicago,
When he went there so boldly, his young wife to win,
Boss Sheppard then ran in to stop all the fighting;
Mrs. Marsh, she threatened to blow on them all.
She said she'd report them to the smelling committee!
And that put an end to the Washington Ball.

Man and Woman's First Quarrel.

When time first began,
The first woman and man,
Had a terrible quarrel, I've heard,
To decide even then,
Whether women or men,
Had a right to maintain the last word.

It was early one morn,
They'd been just three days born,
They got up under some peevish planet;
How the storm first arose,
Why, there's nobody knows,
But the world all agree she began it.

Of this quarrel of yore,
I can tell you no more,
Than this—that it lasted till night,
When, as chronicles say,
Eve at last found a way,
To prove to her lord she was right.

Since this, why, men yield,
When they dare take the field,
I fancy I rightly conjecture;
For though gurgling all day,
Men at night all give way,
In dread of a long curtain-lecture.

Putcher Sbare dot Cat.

As sung by Thomas Winnett.

Air: Woodman spare that tree.

Putcher sbare dot cat,
Harm not von single hair,
Mine head vos filled mit sad,
Der grief I don't can bear,
Do see mine kidden cat,
His feed tied mit a rope.
Mine eyes mit dheres vos vet,
I feel like I vill choke.

I've had dot dhomas cat,
More as a gounple of years,
Of gourse I feel me sad,
Und veek mineself mit dheres.
Blease putcher trob dot knife,
Let loose dot kidden's feed,
Dook not a greature's life,
To make your sausage mead.

Ven pud a liddle poy,
Dot cat vas give to me,
Of gource I'll feel me joy,
Ouf you vos led him free.
Vor ven my mudder vos dyedin,
My age id vos just dhree,
She galled me by her side,
Und gave dot cat do me.

She dholt me to feed him,
Dwo or dhree dimes a day,
Or else he vos got slim,
Und der vind blow him avey.
Dhen Putcher sbare dot cat,
Harm not von single hair,
Or I vill got me mad,
So chob him, ouf.

Through the Mill.

By Ben King.

Sir, I see by your talk you were once well off,
But to-day what you are matters not;
Though you are poor, and I have got wealth,
Who knows what may be my lot?
A few years ago you had houses and land,
And servants obeying your will;
But now not a friend can you take by the hand—
'Tis because you have been through the mill.

Chorus.

But though rich, bear in mind, I'm no better than you—
If poor, you're a gentleman still;
You've asked me for help, and I'll see you through,
For the best men have been through the mill.

Poor Man: Your kindness to me, sir, how can I repay?
Rich Man: Don't let that trouble your mind.
Poor Man: You have strengthened my hope,
and there may be a day
When fortune again I will find.
But I'll never forget this kindness to me;
Though years pass, I'll think of it still;
And I hope, sir, a poor day you'll never see—
'Tis my wish, for I've been through the mill.

Chorus.

Adieu, sir, I thank you; if we e'er meet again,
With pleasure I'll pay back each bill:
For you've lifted a weight from my heart that gave pain,
And helped one that's been through the mill.

One moment, my friend, before you depart—
A few words I will have to say:
What I have given, I gave from the heart—
Don't trouble yourself to repay;
For I think it a duty, when a brother's in need.
To help him, and give with a will!
For I know what it is to be poor indeed,
For I, too, have been through the mill.

Chorus.

Though rich, bear in mind, I'm no better than you;
Though poor, you're a gentleman still;
It gives me much pleasure to take by the hand
One who has been through the mill.

Baby on the Brain.

I've often heard it said "it's nice to be a father,"
And have a popsey-wopsey of your own;
But I'd rather be excused from such a little bother—
Experiences of others have I known.
If anything will show more plainly than another
That a man is "off his crunk," the reason's plain:
He's just become a dad, and his wife's become a mother,
And they both have got the baby on the brain.

How proudly does he tell all his friends that
he's a daddy,
And wonders why before they hadn't known;
And he whistles and he sings "with my fol-de-rol
de raddy,"
And "Remember you have children of your own."
"Helen's Babies" have a charm, also "Other
People's Children"—
He's read them over time and time again;
Oh! ain't he got it bad? I'm afraid he won't recover
From that ailment called the "Baby on the brain."

He's tickled most to death when his friends they
all admire,
And say he is the image of his dad;
He's got his nose and chin, and his so forth;
then inquire
If he's troubled with the "colly wobbles" bad.
The youngster doesn't mind the trouble he is making,
He eats and sleeps, and sleeps and eats again—
"He's got the thing down fine," and with baby
mirth he's shaking,
For he knows his pop's got "Baby on the brain."

But the worst thing of it all is the naming of the baby,
Mamma thinks George Augustus would be sweet;
Papa does not agree; you must name it
something shorter;
And to hear the names proposed is quite a treat.
They finally agree, and he's christened plain Augustus;
In about a year they're at it once again:
Another dose like that, I'll bet my life, would
"bust" us—
Deliver me from "Baby on the brain."

The Sad Past and Gone.

Air: Sweet bye-and-bye. By Ed. O'Kelly.

There's a gal that's as fair as the day,
And when near she is not very far,
And her father waits over the way
With a club when I chance to go there

Chorus.

When we meet, with his feet
He'll assist me along to the door,
And I sigh for my eye,
And my nose that is mashed up and sore.

When I stretch out my limbs on the shore,
I will ofteutimes think of the pain
That I had as I left that front door
When I called there to see Mary Jane. Chorus.

To her father in using his boot
I must render my tribute of praise,
And his excellent aim at my snoot
I'll extol to the end of my days. Chorus.

Aint You Got a Cheek?

By Robert McKay.

Oh! I love a maiden! she's fair as can be;
Her hair is nut-brown, and her boot number three;
Her lips are as red as the blossoming rose,
Joy follows her footsteps wherever she goes;
In her is all happiness earth can bestow.
I can't understand why she teases me so,
For when I would kiss her, this sly little puss
On her lips puts her finger, and answers me thus:

Chorus.

"Oh! ain't you naughty to talk to me so!
No, I won't let you; now, please let me go.
I'll be 'mad,' and to you again I'll never speak.
You're horrid, you're awful; ain't you got a cheek?"

It's awful when, for a caress you're inclined,
A maiden should act so unjust and unkind.
This motive alone she can have, I am sure—
The favor received will be valued the more;
And then they're so artful and cunning the elves,
When we know they would like to as well as ourselves;
And so I'm perplexed, and the point I can't see
When Paulina blushes and cries out to me:
Oh! aint you awful, &c.

Some day we'll be married—oh, thrice happy day!—
Then all affections shall be cast away;
Then I shall enfold her in these loving arms,
And shield her forever from earth's wild alarms.
Joy, joy, then shall reign in my bosom supreme,
Life then will be real, not a delusive dream;
I'll kiss her, caress her, do just as I please,
And will not be annoyed by such words as these,
Oh! aint you awful, &c.

Owen Reilly.

Sung by John Sheehan.

Oh, my name is Owen Reilly,
I've got a son that's got me crazy,
He comes home every night wid his blackguard songs,
He said he learned them up at some free and easy:
He wanted his mother for to put on the boxing
gloves wid him,
He broke his little brother's leg wid a poker,
He have an old deck of cards and he wants me to play
Pedro, Sancho, Seven-up and the Joker.
He says he's taking sparring lessons from
Professor John Donovan,
He bate the oldest boy of cross-eyed McGarrity,
He goes prancing around all the dances of the city,
And he have a girl who do be dancing at the
vulgarities.

Oh, he pawned me Sunday pants last week,
To go and lay a wager,
And he brought me down the street that night
For to fight a big black nagur;
There's his cousin Mike a nice young man,
Wid the finest kind of manners,
Night after night they roamed about,
And they called it carrying the banners.
But the two of them got in a scrape,
They stole a Dutchman's pony,
Poor Mike is in the workhouse now,
And Bernard's in Aronagonia.

Oh, he tied a can to our dog's tail,
When we'd gone to church last Sunday,
He got stiff staving tight, and stayed out that night,
And he was up before the judge in the morning;
He have the house turned inside out,
He's gone to the bad intirely,
Be heavens I fear that he'll be hung,
God help you, Bernard Reilly.
He kicked his sister, Honorah in the forehead last week,
He wanted custard pie for his supper;
And he came home wid himself stuffed wid oyster stews,
And threw the corn beef and cabbage in the gutter.

The Injun will cut down the Army oh!

Written by Ed Harrigan.

We're the boys dressed in blue, we stand forninst you
Hearty and well, wid a strong appetite,
Out in the far west where the sun goes to rest,
Sent by the government the injuns for to fight.
The man with two horses and big Sitting Bull,
Nez Perces and Sioux, the woods are full,
They skip it away over to Canada
After they cut down the army, oh!

Chorus.

But Congressmen say, reduce our pay,
In Arizona the blue U. S. A.
Drive us away—what do you say?
The Injun will cut down the Army, oh!

In gulch or ravine on a pickle and bean,
We've waited and waited and watched for poor Lo,
The barber so red that 'ud shave off your head,
Till never a hair or a ringlet would grow.
Wid his scalpin' knife he would aise you of life,
As he'd say ugh-ugh-ugh, and give you the taffy, oh,
Then skip it away over to Canada
After he cut down the Army, oh! Chorus.

There's Joseph the chief, he stole all our beef,
An' horses an' wagons an' blankets an' clothes,
While Howard did pray, Big Joe ran away,
And showed us his heels with his hand to his nose,
You can send out your agents an' fat missionaries,
They'll raze their hair like singing canaries,
Then skip it away over to Canada,
After they cut down the army, oh! Chorus.

The man wid one eye, and white man ate pie,
Wid tall grass an' mule's foot an' cheese it one day,
The roaring cayote, and Chatham street boot
Are Apacha warriors in Arizona.
They have councils of war, when they smoke
the big pipes, you know,
Fixin' the date for the hair of your head to grow.
Then skip it away over to Canada,
After they cut down the army, oh! Chorus.

Chesapeake Bay.

Sung by Sam Collyer.

Jake stood on de deck of an oyster boat,
And he throwed up his hands, and he cried
Good-bye, Liz; when I come back
I'll make you my blooming bride.
Liz stood on de shore, and she waved her
handkerchief,
As de good ship sailed away, a!
And she hollered Jake! fetch me up a mess of clams,
When you get down to Chesapeake Bay.

When da got down de Bay, he commenced to drude,
But a thunder storm came on;
The lightening flashed, and the billows dashed,
And the Pungee was rocked in the storm.
Jake tried to reach de eastern shore,
But he could not do it that day,
And Pungee went down, and the crew was drowned
In de woods on de Chesapeake Bay.

When tidings came by telegraph
That Jake was lost at sea,
Liz pulled off her shoes, when she heard de
dreadful news,
And down on her back she lay;
She cut her throat, with a bar of soft soap,
And she died that very same day,
And her spirit flew to join de crew,
Way down on de Chesapeake Bay.

The City of the Dead.

By H. Alston Darley.

The sun is sinking, sinking Westward,
Flooding sky with rifts of gold,
Hazing earth in amber splendor
As it seeks night's gloomy fold;
Flecking with grace all bounteous nature,
Glittering winding waters deep;
Shedding peace o'er marble mansions
In "God's Acre," where the dead,
With a lustre o'er each head,
Sleep the sweet, unmeasured sleep.

And down the leafy aislets wanders,
Calm in beauty, budding May;
By her side October stately
Treds his lofty solemn way.
And the day's soft dying lustre,
With it's last departing grace,
Mellows May in tender beauty—
Likens all the glossy tresses,
Kisses her lips with fond caresses,
Leaves its beauty on her face.

Wandering onward 'neath the willows
Clothed in foliage graudly green—
Voiceless, lest the softest whisper
Would absolve that hallowed scene—
Passed beyond the graven sentinels
To a tree all steeped in red,
By whose deep, umbrageous shadows—
'Neath a block of grayest stone,
With its column overgrown
With sweet flowers—slept the dead.

Awed by some awakened memory,
Proud October pressed his heart;
Then, with fingers trembling, gently
Rived the twining coils apart;
Swept aside the waving grasses
Growing at the tomb-stone's base,
Showed fair May the faint inscription—
With the letters mossy-veiled,
With their beauty flower-trailed—
"*Here lyeth all of Edmund Grace.*"

"'Tis your father's grave," he said, in
Tones wrung from a frame of steel;
"Look you further towards the base, child—"
She saw that which made her reel;
"*Murdered by a friend who loved him*—"
That she saw with shriek repressed;
Then, in graceful benediction,
She knelt down upon the sod,
Raised her voice and prayed that God
Would put the Cain-cursed soul at rest,

"Child!" October hoarsely murmured,
"Child, revoke the prayers you've made.
See, my hands are stained in crimson—
With the blood of him who prayed
That my *crime* would be forgiven!"
"You!" she cried; "what, *you*? ah! no;
Grief has robbed your mind of saneness—
Draws a film across your sight,
Makes sorrow dark as night,
You could never aim death's blow."

"Would to heaven your words could prove it,
Would to heaven 'twere all a dream!
Listen, and I'll tell the story
While the stars above us gleam.
'Twas a woman, frail and heartless,
Circean-like, with glance and smile
Mild and sweet as rays of Phœbus;
With a voice—whose nameless powers
Sweet as dew culled from the flowers—
That spoke but to coldest hearts beguile.

Neath her blandishments a cloud fell
O'er us like a shroud of Fate.
Watched we jealously each other,
Plucked out Love where born was Hate.
And the temptress smiled enchantment
O'er our hatred newly bred;
Urged, with wanton joy and pleasure,
Swift revenge upon the other—
Urged the man to kill his brother!
There *he* lies *I* shot him dead.

As he fell, his eyes serenely
Lovingly sought out my own,
And my ears but heard forgiveness
From his lips ere life had flown.
But I only laughed—remorseless—
Pushed the chilling form aside,
Left it 'neath the star-lit heavens—
With all cares from life removed
I then sought the one I loved;
Asked her if she'd be my bride.

In a heartless tone she *cursed* me
As she saw my blood-stained hands,
Drove me forth with imprecations,
Placed around *my* heart steel bands.
Oh! the horror of that moment
Ever stands before my sight;
Comes to brand me as his murderer—
Strikes my heart like bolted thunder,
Rends all joy and peace asunder—
Fills all my soul with wordless fright.

You a little prattling cherub,
Found I on your mother't breast,
With your silken hair soft-lying
On the broken heart at rest.
In her hand this paper telling,
Of two hearts that throbbed as one,
Sundered by a heartless Circe;
Robbed of earth's most hallowed treasures,
Shorn of life's unstinted pleasures
By stern death's relentless dun."

Then October, sternly wretched,
Stooped her frugile form to raise:
But what means that shrinking terror?
Why before his eyes that haze?
Ask the grim and silent boatman
Scudding o'er the waters deep;
Ask the soul that soared to glory
Freed from life's unceasing din,
Entering heaven's gate within
Wrapt in death's eternal sleep.

Gas! Gas! Gas!

By G. A. Osborne.

I'm a dacent Irishman
And I live down on the flats;
Me wife she gathers rags,
And I go blocking hats.
We've a son whose name is Dennis,
And he's a bully boy yon bet;
He's working for the Gas Company,
Carrying gas in a basket.
Chorus: Gas! gas! gas!
Don't you want to buy some gas;
I'll sell it to you cheap,
It's the best that can be found,
Take it all, I'll sell to you
For ten cents a pound.
(Repeat first two lines.)

Now every night you'll find him,
Just like any other man,
With his feet upon a stove,
Telling all the lies he can.
But when his turn to go comes,
He jumps up without a word,
And shoulders his old basket
And hops of like a bird. Chorus.

But he says it does not pay him,
And so he's going to try
To invent a new invention,
That will keep the sidewalks dry.
And if that does not pay him,
I know just what he'll do;
He'll start himself in business,
And peddle home-made glue.
(Change the word gas into glue.)

Shove Along, Sing a Song.

Words and Music by H. Alston Darley.

I desire fo' to ask a little question out's you,
Won't ye 'sist me ober into Jo'dan?
I'se a 'tenuated nigger but my failin's is but few,
'Sist dis cullud person ober dar!
De journey am a long one an' de passage am severe,
Won't you 'sist me ober into Jo'dan?
It am sto'my on de water at dis po'tion ob de year,
Sist dis cullud person ober dar!

Chorus.

Shove along, sing a song,
Quick's ye kin—don't ye har me!
I'se a wayward cullud person gwine home.

Refrain.

I'll be dar soon—I'll be dar soon,
Spread yo' wings and fly away to Canaan's Sho.'
Sing and shout, twist about!
Raise yo' voices—don't ye har me!
I'se ben wicked but at last I'se gwine home.

Brothers, take me by de hand, lift up yo'
voices to de sky,
Won't you 'sist me ober into Jo'dan?
I'll meet ye on de cross roads in de "Sweet Bimeby,"
'Sist dis cullud person ober dar.
Ef I gits to heben 'fo' ye, an' ye wants to cum along,
Won't ye 'sist me ober into Jo'dan?
I'll meet ye cross de riber wid a happy angel throng,
'Sist dis cullud person ober dar.
Chorus and Refrain.

I'se gin up diggin' taters, rakin' hay and hocin' corn,
Won't ye 'sist me ober into Jo'dan?
I'se gwine to fly to glory on de dewy wings ob morn,
'Sist dis cullud person ober dar!
I'll hold de fort 'gin Satan 'till Gabriel blows his horn,
Won't ye 'sist me ober into Jo'dan?
I'll make dat fiery debel wish dat him was neber born,
'Sist dis cullud person ober dar!
Chorus and Refrain.

Hop Along Peter.

Sung by J. D. Roome.

If you listen to me just a few minutes,
I'll tell you of a dream I had the other night;
I thought I saw an animal they call the Rackerinns
Sitting on a wood-pile smoking a pipe,
I thought I saw a bull-dog a-rolling a barrel,
A one-eyed owl way up in a tree,
Rats in the cupboard are getting mighty bold
Because they live on Limburger cheese.
Chorus: Hop along Peter, hop along Peter.
Hop along Peter, dress mighty fine,
Never go back on a gooseberry-vine.

'Possum in a hay-loft playing casino,
Big bull-frog singing bass,
Gander and a goose doing double schuffle,
And a weasel washing his face,
Double-headed pigeon throwing flip-flaps,
Squint-eyed cats hunting up mice,
Parrot and a jay-bird having a prize-fight,
Spider in a cob-web throwing dice. Chorus.

Shanghie crowed until 'twas morning,
A black-and-tan pig stood on his head,
A great big monkey was doing a trapeze,
And a little sketer playing off dead,
Cross-eyed grasshopper saying his prayers,
The bees a-singing loud and high,
Kangaroo playing tag with his brother,
And bald-headed spider coaxing in a a fly. Cho.

Wake not my Darlings.

Composed by Matt O Reardon.

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My golden-haired darlings, disturb not their rest,
Sweet Angels have lulled them to sleep on my breast;
O'er their calm slumbers a vigil they keep,
My babes feel no hunger while buried in sleep.
Whene'er they awake, my fond heart, in its dread,
Grows sick in the fear that I cannot find bread
To give to my dear ones, so please let them rest;
While Angels are watching them, slumber is best.

Chorus.

Tread softly, speak lightly, disturb not their rest,
While Angels are guarding them, slumber is best.
Hunger is bitter, while slumber is sweet,
Wake not my darlings, they've nothing to eat.
Lull them to rest! lull thim to rest!
Lull them to rest! lull them to rest!

They say there is plenty and peace in the land,
And that charity gives with a lavishing hand;
Notwithstanding that church spires point to the skies,
Wealth fattens on plenty, while poverty dies!
There's one, by whose aid the sparrows are fed,
And I've prayed unto Him for our daily bread;
I feel that I'm going my Saviour to meet,
Where I'll not see my darlings want something to eat!
Tread softly, &c.

Geraldine.

A TALE OF THE SEA AND THE SHORE.

CHAPTER IV.

Continued.

"Hold, Geraldine!" Sebastian interrupts, "Do not paint me blacker than I am! I never, as Heaven is my judge, once speculated on your wealth; I loved you for yourself alone. I was mad with passion when I forced you to become my wife. Calmly reviewing my past conduct towards you, I freely confess the shame and contrition I feel for that most dastardly of all my wicked deeds, and humbly implore your forgiveness!"

"There are some things that a woman can never forgive," she answers, coldly.

"And the injury I have done you is one of the most unpardonable of injuries? Granted. Well, go into the world, and forget me. But for me there will be no sort of forgetfulness—none. In my heart your image will live forever! time will never efface it thence, or make its lines grow fainter; never! never!

Yet nothing that Sebastian can say or do touches Geraldine in the least degree.

She views the man with abhorrence, and the tones of his voice strike painfully to her ear. She cannot see his manly beauty; her eyes refuse to do so; and the music of his pleading accents sound to her inharmonious and harsh.

The more he shows his love for her, the stronger waxes the hatred she entertains for him. She feels that this man has spoilt all her fair prospects, dashed all her hopes, ruined her happiness, and cruelly crushed her whole future life.

His love has fallen upon her like a pest—a pest heavy, hateful, and terrible, and she is longing for the hour of her release from her bondage. She would rather that he would put her ashore on some desolate island than continue to remain with him as his wife; she shrinks before him, she shudders at his slightest caress.

He rises to his feet once more. You will please to prepare to leave the ship," he says, with enforced calmness of manner.

"Does Mr. Wargrave go on shore with me?" she inquires, eagerly.

"Yes—no, on second thoughts; assuredly not," Sebastian replies.

"And why assuredly not?" Geraldine demands.

"That is my affair," is his cold reply.

"And wherefore yours more than mine?" she asks.

"Do you think I am blind?"

"Blind? I do not understand you!" she says.

"No? That is strange."

"Please to explain yourself."

"The fool loves you!"

"Poor fellow! I hope he does not!" she says, simply. "We have not exchanged words with each other since—since——"

"Since you became my wife," he says, finishing her halting sentence.

"Exactly so," she answers, with a deep-drawn breath.

He looks at her as though his looks would penetrate into her very soul.

"Is it possible you care for him?" he inquires, his searching gaze still fixed upon her face, his accents charged with bitterness.

"Care for him now?" repeats Geraldine, loftily. "Your question is absurd!"

"From a husband to a wife?"

She turns away.

"Pardon my jealousy. I grudge even the passing wind the happiness of kissing your cheek without rebuff! The very deck you tread upon to me seems hollowed by your footsteps! Yet——"

"Peace! I am weary of this talk; it offends me!"

"I have done."

"Not quite. You will be good enough to answer a few short questions I feel myself compelled to put to you."

The Spaniard bows, and she continues.

"You intended to set me ashore unattended?"

"My men of course, will pull you ashore after midnight. I cannot promise you more than that, as I dare not risk their safety in any sort of way. Having landed yourself and your property safely, they must, perforce leave you."

"After midnight, and in darkness, too!"

"No, not in darkness; there will be a moon, you know."

"You will surely never be so utterly heartless as to deny me the companionship and protection of Mr. Wargrave on this occasion?"

"I have said it," the Spaniard returns, coldly. "I can only act in the manner I have named to you. I must look after my own security, and that of my men."

"I perfectly understand that much. And when landed, and left to myself, what am I to do?"

"A quarter of a mile up the little bay from the point where you will land, sheltered under a rock, you will find a score or more of houses—a sort of straggling village—where you will meet with everything you may want for the time being. I know the spot well. As I am situated, I cannot do better for you than send you thither."

"And as I shall no doubt be closely questioned, what tale am I to tell? How am I to account for the appearance there of myself and my luggage? I could not say I had been wrecked and was washed ashore; such a story would be worse than ridiculous. What shall I do?—what can I do?"

"You are determined to leave me?"

"Determined!"

Sebastian reflects for a few moments. His jealous soul will not permit Wargrave to be the travelling companion of this much ill-used lady.

And, for many cogent reasons—at which the reader may readily guess—he dares not venture to accompany her himself. What is he to do, then, in this strait of affairs? He wishes to act kindly towards Geraldine, but he has no notion of risking his life for her on this occasion, now when she is leaving him, and when he may never look upon her face again.

"I will see if the matter can be arranged at early dawn, instead of in darkness, if such an arrangement will be more agreeable to you," he says, presently.

"Thank you; this plan would be more agreeable to me."

CHAPTER V.

TWELVE MONTHS AFTERWARDS.

"A splendid woman, by Jove! Rides magnificently! Who is she, Brodderford?" asks one horseman of another in the Park.

"I should be astonished at your question had you been in London for the last two seasons instead of in South Africa. Who is she? Why, she is one of the handsomest women in England—a big fortune, a romance and a mystery!"

"Phew!" whistles the first speaker, checking the speed of his steed. "And her name?"

"Maur—Geraldine Maur. Father, Sir John Maur, dead—and all that sort of horrid thing, you know."

"And her fortune?"

"A perfect mountain of money, my dear fellow! Don't ask me the figure; I'm bad at arithmetic—always was, as you may probably recolect," yawns Brodderford.

"But the romance?" asks the other eagerly.

"Ah, the romance! Y-e-s! Well, it's too deuced hot just now to trouble one's self with story-telling. I'll tell you all about it some other time, old fellow."

"There's no time like the present. Come, Dick, don't be so absurdly lazy! The romance—the romance!"

"It's too awfully hot to-day for a fellow to remember anything, don't I tell you?" Brodderford returns pettishly. "Wait till I'm in a cooler state, and then I'll string it together for you. I will 'a tale unfold,' as Shelly, or some other chap, says somewhere,"

"Confond it! you first whet my curiosity and then throw cold water on it! That's unfair of you, Dick, old boy!"

"I don't know what sort of rubbish you are talking to me. Cold water and whetting! I never could bother my brain with your far-fetched sayings. I daresay they're meant to be clever, and all that sort of thing, but I don't care to exert myself to understand them.

"Look here, Dick; I'll wager one of my largest African diamonds against one of your coat buttons that you can't repeat this romance, whatever it may be about."

"Done, my dear fellow! A diamond's a thing to stir one up a bit. Now, Donald, since brevity is the soul of wit—By Jove! is that my own or some other fellow's? I've a notion it's one of Dickens's. Well, never mind; it's all the same. Now to commence:—Sir John Maur used to sail about everywhere in his yacht with his daughter (yachting's a great bore, I think!) and they got the yellow fever on board somehow or other (awfully awkward thing yellow fever—knocks a fellow down flat before he knows it!) and first one chap slipped the hooks and then another (gad, yes! I'm not telling you any crammers!) until, as surely as your name is Donald Irvane, they every one in the vessel set sail for another world—yes, except one sailor lad and Miss Maur herself. Then they were about to die, when up comes a ship and saves them both! Yes, saves them, and brings them home to England. There are more particulars, only, as I said before, it's too hot to remember."

"But now for the mystery!"

"You must know that she's had lots of offers, and all that sort of thing; but hang me if she'll look at a man! People, one and all, say that there's a mystery about her, unless she's married already. Here she comes again!"

And, mounted on a superb mare, with a groom behind her, Geraldine appears in all her many charms. She canters past, looking only straight before her.

She is a lovely woman!" Donald Irvane exclaims admiringly, and as if to himself.

"Yes; a regular stunner, is she not?" drawls forth Brodderford.

"I should like to know her," Irvane says, after a pause.

"Would you? Come with me to the flower-show at the Botanic Gardens to-morrow, and I'll present you to her, old fellow. If it don't rain, she's sure to be there."

"I'll go with you, then, Brodderford," returns Donald Irvane. "Why here's a surprise! Who would have dreamed of meeting him here in London, of all places in the world? I left him in South Africa only eleven weeks ago!"

"What fellow?" asks the other. "What's his name?"

"Don Paolo Sebastian, a Spanish grandee, the handsomest man I ever saw; rich as a prince brave, as a lion, generous to a fault."

"Irvane, what a happy chance to meet you here at last!" cries a full manly voice, with a foreign accent mellowing it's rich tones; and following these words, Don Paolo Sebastian reins up his horse by the side of the young Englishman, and stretches out an eager hand of welcome to him.

"Thanks," returns Irvane. "I needn't inquire after the state of your health. Allow me to make you acquainted with my friend here—an old college chum of mine, and a capital fe——"

Saying which, the several names are repeated, and the ceremony of introduction having been performed, the three horsemen ride on together abreast.

Irvane and the Spaniard begin to talk about South Africa with one another. The former has many questions to ask about people there whom they have both known, and the other is full of information respecting them and others.

Now and then Brodderford makes a languid observation; but on the whole he is better disposed to listen than to talk, until Geraldine appears again. Then, as if he could not help it, he cries out, "There's that girl again, Donald! I shall *try* to catch her eye, if I can."

Irvane glances to his left as Geraldine approaches, so also does the Spaniard.

An involuntary start—a start of sudden recognition on the part of the latter—causes him to jerk the reins he holds, whereupon his horse makes a a plunge, and then rears with a snort of alarm.

This little incident attracts the immediate attention of Geraldine, who drops her whip.

"It is some fearful apparation," she thinks, at the sight of the buccaneer captain, who dismounts, picks up her whip, and, with lifted hat, presents it to her.

"Madame, I have the honor," he says in French, as Geraldine, with white cheeks and eyes full of affright, receives from his hand her property.

Thank you," her pale quivering lips strive to

say; but not a sound passes between them—her voice seems wholly suffocated.

Then, with haughty bow, she rides slowly onward, leaving Sebastian a prey to contending emotions—to such as he feels he must hide from everyone.

He remounts his horse, and rejoins his companions, with a light laugh and an air of assumed gaiety.

"By Jove, what a lucky fellow you are!" drawls Brodderford, addressing the Spaniard, who is once more near him.

"How am I so, pray?" Sebastian inquires.

"Why, in having had the happiness, and all that sort of thing, of picking up that lady's whip. Why the deuce didn't you let me do so? You great, tall, handsome fellows are always to the fore, to the disadvantage of those who are ——"

"Slower, eh?" catches up Irvane, with a cheery, good-humored laugh. "Now I myself would fain have been glad to have the chance of doing the same thing, for I really want to know the lady."

"Feeling curious about her, and all that sort of thing?" interrupts Brodderford, "Well, lots of other fellows whom I know are just bothering themselves in the same way about her. What do *you* think of Miss Maur?" he adds, turning to Sebastian with a questioning look. "Isn't she a real stunner?"

"I—I hardly can say, Mr. Brodderford," the other replies. I scarcely looked at the lady."

"You saw that she was handsome, surely? A fellow without eyes might be able to see that, I think," Brodderford says, with a would-be sage nod of his unwise head.

Donald Irvane laughs again very heartily; and the Spaniard, in order to hide his confusion and his troubled state, laughs likewise.

"I must see Miss Maur again before I can presume to pronounce any opinion as to her personal charms, the latter remarks somewhat awkwardly. "I daresay I shall have an opportunity of meeting her somewhere again during my stay in London. I have a lady with me—my cousin—whom I mean to take to every place to which a lady may be taken; at one of these places probably I may——"

"Accompany Brodderford and me to the Botanic Gardens to-morrow, and you will be favored with another sight of her—this time a good one," Irvane interrupts the speaker by saying.

"Thank you; I shall be most happy to join you, with my cousin," Sebastian answers. "But allow me to ask who this Miss Maur is?" he asks, with as much indifference as he can possibly manage to assume.

"Come and dine with Irvane and myself at my club, and you shall hear all I know about her," Brodderford replies.

"Thank you; I shall be most happy to do so," Sebastian replies, eagerly.

CHAPTER VI.

DONNA ISABELLA.

"I have seen her, Isabella, I have seen her once again; looking more lovely than ever!" Sebastian says, as he prepares to seat himself at a breakfast table opposite to a very beautiful woman, much resembling himself, but some years younger.

"You have seen *her*—Miss Maur, Sebastian?" returns the lady, pausing in her task of making tea, and looking anxiously at the speaker.

"Miss Maur, indeed!" repeats the Spaniard. "My wife, you meant to say."

"You know what she is better than I do, Sebastian."

"I do," he answers.

"But the question is as to what she acknowledges herself to be?"

"They tell me that she refuses to encourage a suitor, however high in rank he may be—nay, I am informed that it is currently reported that she is already married,"

"That is strange, is it not?"

"Yes; very strange, indeed, that they should have got hold of the right explanation. I wonder how that is," the Spaniard says musingly. "You should have seen her start of amazement at seeing me! She recognised me on the instant. I will tell you all about it, Isabella.

And he does so; faithfully narrating those particulars with which the reader is already fully acquainted. Isabella listens with deep attention to all until he has finished his recital. She does not interrupt him with even an exclamation or a look until he ceases speaking; then she says, "And now, Sebastian, your future movements; what are they to be?"

"First, we shall go together to the Botanic Gardens to-day, where she is to be."

Isabella nods her head. "I see," she answers, after a moments pause. "What then?"

"We shall see her—you and I together. Shall meet her face to face."

"Farther than that?"

"We will pass her frequently, you by my side, saying with your pair of magnificent eyes, "Sebastian, how I love you!"

"And they will speak the truth—only the truth, as you well know," rejoines the lady resting her gaze upon the Spaniard very affectionately.

"We must not look at her; we must appear so thoroughly wrapped up in our two selves that we do not even seem to see her."

"I comprehend. Go on!"

"She must be led to believe me in love with you; by-and-by, perhaps, I can so manage matters as to have a report set afloat that I am about to be married; that report will be certain to reach her ears through the means I will employ for that purpose."

"Then what farther, Sebastian?"

"I dare not even speculate upon the result of my plans. I can only hope that they may help to bring about that for which I am praying night and day."

"You love her so very dearly, Sebastian?"

"Better ten thousand times than myself."

"And that is saying everything, when a man speaks," Isabella retorts, with a laugh. "And pray how am I to dress for this most important occasion?" she adds betraying a truly feminine interest on this particular point.

"Wear your most becoming dress, your most captivating bonnet, and you will do well," he answered, with a smile, which she meets with another, much resembling his own.

"I will make myself absolutely irresistible," she says.

"You will not have much trouble to do that Isabella."

"You are growing quite complimentary, Sebastian."

"You cannot say I am ungrateful."

"I am afraid flattery is sweet to me."

"My words can never be termed those of flattery, when addressed to you, Isabella."

"You are the handsomest and best man in all creation!" she says enthusiastically.

"Hush!—hush, Isabella! You know what a scoundrel I have been!"

"I know you have done wrong—who does not do so at one time or other during life?—but I will not have you call yourself any ugly names; besides, you are ready to repair the injury you have done this lady; and since you have inherited both wealth and station, you are her equal in point of worldly position."

"No, no, Isabella; I am not her equal in any way, and it would be an impossibility to be made such by either rank or wealth!"

"My darling brother——"

"Isabella, another such word, and you will ruin me!" he cries, reproving. "For the present, you know, it has been arranged between ourselves that we are only cousins."

"Yes, yes; it, was only a slip of the tongue. I will be more guarded for the future, dear Sebastian."

"You must be so, indeed, Isabella, or all my plans will fail. I depend upon your beauty, your tact, for the success of my scheme."

"And you shall not depend upon a broken staff, dear, rely upon me."

"I will rely upon you, Isabella," Sebastian answers, with emphasis.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

An unforseen occurrence prevents Donald Irvane from joining, as it had been arranged he should, the little party of visitors to the gardens; Brodderford, however, accompanies, and acts the part of guide to the two strangers—Sebastian and his so-called cousin, Isabella.

They are not long amongst the lovely flowers here displayed in such glowing profusion, before Sebastian, whose gaze has been wandering restlessly round about, begins to experience a sensation of coldness in the region of his heart, which is quickly followed by a hot flushing of the face.

Geraldine accompanied by an elderly lady, is regarding Isabella with a keen, inquiring look. She does not appear to bestow a single glance upon himself; her whole attention seems to be absorbed in the examination of his fair companion, who, attired to perfection, is looking quite radiant, and attracting the general observation and admiration of nearly all around.

"She is here," remarks Brodderford, in a low voice, and at the same time nudging Sebastian's elbow. "I must go and speak to her. Pray excuse me for a few moments; I will be back again almost directly."

And so saying, the careless young man slips away, and finds Geraldine's side the next instant.

"Miss Maur," he commences, in rather sprightly tones for him; "charmed to see you here amongst the flowers! Hope I see you well? Lovely day—awfully sultry; though nothing perfect in this world; Splendid show of roses—better than last year, over so much. Heard the new singer?"

Then he halted.

Something in the expression of Geraldine's face arrests his voice, and actually makes him forgetful, and at a loss for words.

He looks at her open-mouthed; he fancies she has been taken suddenly ill, her features have become so very white and still, and her eyes have such a strange light in them.

"I beg your pardon," she says, recovering herself with an effort. "I am afraid I have not been listening to you. I am so sorry, Mr. Brodderford; but I was so fascinated by yonder lady's beauty that I could not all at once remove my thoughts from her. Do you know who she is?" She is a foreigner, is she not?"

"She is Spanish; as also is he, her companion," answers the other.

"He?"

"Her companion, Don Paolo Sebastian. The lady is his cousin, to whom he gave me to understand he is engaged."

"Indeed!" Geraldine replies.

"They'll make a magnificent pair, won't they? He's awfully rich—quite a grandee of Spain, they say. I don't quite understand what grandee means, but I suppose it's something in the way of noble."

"A noble of Spain! He?" cries Geraldine.

"Yes; why not? He looks and behaves like one, I am sure," returns Brodderford. "I assure you he's a jolly fellow, Miss Maur; and she's as nice as nice can be."

"No doubt—no doubt at all!" Geraldine answers, stiffly. "I don't feel well; the heat is oppressive, and the perfume of these flowers makes me feel quite faint. Let us go home at once, Mrs. Pendray," she adds, turning to her matronly companion. "Good morning, Mr. Brodderford." And, with a bow to the young man, she sweeps gracefully away.

Brodderford now saunters back to Sebastian and Isabella. There is something of a disappointed and crestfallen look about him that sits ill on his usually good-humored looking countenance.

"Gone home ill," he says, not very lucidly, and with a shrug of his shoulders, as he rejoins Sebastian and Isabella.

"Gone home ill?" repeats the Spaniard. "I am at a loss; of whom are you speaking?"

"Of Miss Maur, to be sure," returns Brodderford. "All of a sudden, and while I was speaking to her, she grew white as a ghost; and, making some sort of an excuse to me about hot flowers and perfumed weather, she bolted away like a shot."

"Miss Maur has, then, left the gardens?" asks Sebastian, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Yes; she has vanished, sure enough," replies Brodderford, with an impatient gesture. "She's awfully handsome and all that but I've got a notion she's got a bit of atemper of her own."

"What do you mean?" inquires Sebastian.

"Well, I think she was feeling a trifle jealous to-day."

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CONTENTS.

Barney's Courtship.....page 386
Beauty and Wine..... 388
Because we were poor..... 389
The Donnybrook Hat..... 388
Dear Old Friends..... 389
For the girl that I adore..... 390
Gliding up the Stream..... 387
How merrily we live..... 386
Hit him again, he's got no friends..... 387
I'm all broke up to-day..... 386
It tickles the ladies..... 387
I leave Ireland and mother because we are poor..... 388
It's Nice..... 389
Jeremiah, blow the fire; or, puff, puff, puff..... 390
Little Cherry Blossom..... 386
My Wash-woman's waiting for me..... 389
My Sweet Mary Ann..... 390
Nancy Lee..... 387
Our back yard..... 389
Oh! why should the Girl..... 389
Pretty Little Blue-Eyed Stranger..... 386
Poor Little Joe..... 388
Princess Suvaroff..... 389
Patrick Quincy Slavin..... 390
The Spielers..... 386
Sparkling Piper Heidsieck..... 386
Soda Head Phil: or the Bridal of Bridget McTuck-it-up-drap-it-down-do 387
Sweet visions of childhood..... 389
Tapping at the Garden Gate..... 387
Things ain't as dey was..... 390
To be continued in our next..... 390
Under the lilacs..... 388
The Wreath you wove..... 387
Wake up Johnny..... 388
Whos Billy!..... 390
You may look, but you musn't touch..... 390

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I'm all Broke up To-Day.

Written by Ed Harrigan.

The Music can be obtained of E. H Harding, No. 229 Bowery New-York. Price 10 cents

I live in Brooklyn, on the heights,
I often cross the ferry,
To Catherine street where I usually meet
My second cousin Jerry.
It was last night, I got so tight,
The divil a penny to pay,
At Maloney's bar we'd beer and cigars,
I'm all broke up to-day.
Chorus: I am not intoxicated,
But slightly elevated
With joy I'm over-heated,
I'm all broke up to day.

From Maloney's we went to Casey's,
It was after twelve o'clock,
We eat hot clams and frys of lambs,
Three barrels of saddle rocks.
Men from Tyrone and sweet Athlone,
Across the Atlantic Say,
Had arguments of consequence;
I'm all broke up to-day. Chorus.

I had an altercation
With Maloney's brother Jack,
We wrestled round the barrels,
I put him on his back;
Then all Maloney's family
They put me on a dray,
And took me to a calaboose!
I'm all broke up to-day. Chorus.

I have framed a resolution,
The pledge I'm going to sign;
Drink Ginger ale, and Double X Pale,
And French Cenandaigua wine.
I'll sober up and shake the cup,
Drink nothing but Coffee and Tay;
I'll soak my head and go to bed,
I'm all broke up to-day. Chorus.

Barney's Courtship;

OR

Dear Mollie Come With Me.

Music Published by White & Goulland 86 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Price 40 cents.

The sun shines brightly, Mollie, dear,
About your cabin door,
And joyous birds are singing clear
Their carols as of yore;
The sunshine that before you floats,
Is dimmed as by eclipse,
And Mollie dear, the bird's sweet notes
Catch music from your lips!
Chorus: I hear the distant silvery bells,
Ring out their dulcet strain,
And I hear the distant silvery bells,
Ring out their dulcet strain,
And something in the glad music
Tells me I may hope again!
Something in the glad music
Tells me I may hope again!

The roses blush along the wall,
And lilies ope their bells:
Your lovely features blend them all,
And pale the flowry dells;
I wear a bouquet on my breast,
'Twas formed by thy sweet art;
You are the flower I'd like best
To wear within my heart! Chorus.

O, Mollie, darling, will you go
With me to distant lands?
You must not, cannot answer "No!"
My joy is in your hands;
I have not wealth, but hope and love
Are richer far beside,
And earth will seem like heaven above,
If you will be my bride! Chorus.

I have your answer, it is "yes!"
'Tis murmured sweet and low:
An angel whisper, sent to bless
The heart of man below;
The roses perfume round us steals,
The birds sing sweetly now;
May heaven bless the kiss that seals
Our heart's eternal vow!

Chorus: After last verse.

The good ship lies out in the fog,
To bear us o'er the sea;
Yes, the good ship lies out in the bay,
To bear us o'er the sea;
Yes, we will go to America,
Dear mollie, come with me!
We will go to America,
Dear Mollie, come with me!

The Spielers.

By J. L. Feeney. Air: Sweet Forget Me Not.

I'll sing about some nobby girls,
I met the other night,
Who are very fond of dancing,
In it they take delight.
They go to parties and soirees,
And almost every ball;
You're sure to find the "spielers" there-
Who take the shine of all.
Chorus: Graceful and so charming,
They glide along so neat,
Enchanted by the music,
They time their busy feet,
Their merry ringing laughter,
Their face with pleasure beams
While dancing in the mazy waltz,
The spielers reign supreme.

They dance the lanciers and glide waltz,
Mazourka and quadrille,
Polka and Virginia reel,
It seems they can't keep still.
They're on the floor at every dance,
All night they're sure to stay,
And when the dawn comes peeping in—
They go home at break of day. Chorus.

There's Mary Ann, and Sarah Jane
Maggie, Nell, and Kate,
Wherever they may chance to go,
It's fun they're sure to make.
From early morn 'till late at night,
They work in stores and shops,
And when the dreary day is o'er,
They go to a ball or hop. Chorus.

Sparkling Piper Heidsieck.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

The Music is published by Oliver Ditson & Co. Boston Mass., Price 40 cents.

Oh! some may sing of sweet Moselle,
Of Topaz, Sherry, Ruby, Port;
For common wines they'll do quite well,
But as for me they're not the sort.
Fill me a bumper to the brim,
Of Piper Heidsieck, sparkling gay,
And every care and shadow dim
Will take the hint and fly away.

Chorus.

Heidsieck, yes, Piper Heidsieck!
That is the wine, boys, bumper divine, boys,
Heidsieck, yes Piper Heidsieck,
That is the wine boys, the wine for me!

For Rhine wine some may have a taste,
And some may fancy other brands;
But as for me, when on the spree,
The wine I drink unrivalled stands.
It softly climbs up to my brain,
And sings for me the sweetest songs;
While all the joys of life again
Come flocking round in fairy throngs! Cho.

Oh! 'tis the wine I love to drink,
It keeps me merry all the year!
What joy to see it's bubbles wink,
Like diamond eyes we love so dear.
Take whiskey, brandy, if you choose,
No pleasure in the draught I see;
But, oh! to drive away the blues,
It's Piper Heidsieck, boys, for me! Chorus.

It makes you every pain forget;
It makes the darkest day so bright;
The only draught I've seen as yet,
To tempt a fellow's appetite.
Tho' "cocktail's" are the style at morn,
When heads are dizzy, very queer,
The drink to take when you feel gone,
Is Piper Heidsieck, sparkling clear! Chorus.

Pretty Little Blue-Eyed Stranger.

By Bobby Newcomb.

The Music, Copyrighted and Published by F W Helmick of No 56 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, (Ohio) can be obtained at any Music Store—Price 40 cents

When the summer breeze was blowing
O'er the land and far across the sea,
I met a little blue-eyed stranger,
As pretty as can be.
Her dress the pink of neatness,
Her walk the height of grace,
Her smile the mould of sweetness,
And such a handsome face,
Chorus; Oh! when the summer breeze was blowing,
O'er the land and far across the sea,
I met a little blue-eyed stranger
As pretty as can be.

Wavy golden ringlets flowing
To the breeze so merry, light and free,
That kissed the little blue-eyed stranger,
As pretty as can be.
Towards her I walked gaily,
While waves rolled on the shore,
I tried to speak, but vainly,
I ne'er felt so before. Chorus.

The sequel to the story knowing,
The end of course you'd like to hear from me,
I've wed this little blue-eyed stranger
As pretty as can be.
We're living in contentment
Just down by the shore,
And another little stranger
Now plays around the door. Chorus.

Little Cherry Blossom.

Copyright, 1878 by E H. Harding. The Music can be had of E. H Harding, No. 229 Bowery. Price 40 cts.

The red, red rose that lovely grows,
And blushes like a maiden,
Keeps nodding to the gentle breeze,
With rosy perfume laden;
To greet a little tiny elf,
For her my heart is yearning;
And lately I am scarce myself,
My heart with love is blooming.

Chorus.

Little Cherry Blossom will you love me?
Little cherry blossom will you wed me?
While the stars are twinkling in the silent dell,
Such a tale of love I'll tell thee!
Oh! little cherry blossom will you love me?
Little cherry blossom will you wed me?
While the stars are twinkling in the silent dell,
Such a tale of love I'll tell thee!

The lily, all proclaim so fair,
She is the queen of flowers;
The rose, they say, conveys true love,
'Mid Cupid's shining bowers;
The pansie says, "Forget me not!"
The laurel crowns with glory,
The one that's fairer than the lot,
The subject of my story. Chorus.

The dew upon the rose is like
The tears that she is shedding,
Impatient for a day to come,
For soon there'll be a wedding;
And from life's garden I shall cull
A fair and fragrant flower,
And keep it blooming all my life,
Within love's happy bower. Chorus.

How Merrily we Live.

How merrily we live that shepherds be,
Roundelays we sing with merry glee;
On the pleasant downs where, as our flocks we see,
We feel no care we fear no fortune's frowns;
We have no envy which sweet mirth confounds.

Hit Him Again, He's got no Friends.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

The ups and downs of this great world,
Would fill a mighty book,
But those in luxury pass by,
And seldom chance to look
On those whom fortune has not blest,
With friendship's pitying eye,
But hear his story with a shrug,
And coldly pass him by (with)—
Chorus: Hit him again, he's got no friends,
Drive him away from the door;
Hit him again, he's got no friends,
What good is a man when he's poor?

A man of wealth may be a lion
In party, club or ball,
Courted by men of high degree,
By ladies great and small;
But speculation's fickle hand,
May sweep away his gold,
What then do men of high degree,
What will the ladies say? (why)— Chorus.

But then the road is very long,
That turns not in its way,
For tides will rise, the cat will mew,
The dog will have his day;
The rich man now may then be poor,
The poor man have his place,
And he who snubs to-day may look
Into the other's face (and say) Chorus.

Gliding up the Stream.

Written by Ed Harrigan.
Air: Gliding down the stream.

One year ago my Willie
Gently took a sail,
As far as Blackwell's Island,
He couldn't find no bail;
He'd been h'isting sour mashes,
Till he got on too much steam,
In a Bellevue ferry vessel, oh!
He glided up the stream.

Chorus.

Gliding up the stream,
Oh! how the snoozers scream,
With bums afloat on a Bellevue boat,
It's a ten day dizzy dream;
Gliding up the stream,
To wear a suit of jean,
Oh! what a gawk, to leave New York,
And go gliding up the stream.

They put him in the baker's—
My Willie pure as snow,
And made him count the raisins,
And stamp down all the dough;
They cut his curly ringlets,
Yes, shaved his head off clean,
To make him look respectable,
After gliding up the stream. Chorus

When Will came from the prison,
He floated in a tank,
He landed in Astoria,
On Long Island's grassy bank;
He fell down on his benders,
So bad his eye did gleam,
Saying, "You'll never catch-ee me no more-ee,
Gliding up the stream." Chorus

Tapping at the Garden Gate.

Sung by Miss Alice Harrison.

Who's that tapping at the garden gate?
Tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate?
Every night I have heard of late,
Somebody tapping at the garden gate.
Why you sly little puss! don't know!
Why do you blush and falter so?
What are you looking for under the chair?
The tap, tap, tapping comes not from there.
Every night about half past eight
There's tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate,
Every night about half past eight
There's tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate.
Oh! you sly little fox you know,
Fidgeting about until you go.
Dropped the sugar spoon! why there it lies,
Bless the girl, where are your eyes?
Were I able to leave my chair,
Soon would I find out who is there;
Don't tell me you think it's the cat,
Cats don't tap, tap, tap like that,
Cats don't know when it's half past eight,
And come tap tapping at the garden gate,
Cats don't know when it's half past eight,
And come tap, tapping at the garden gate.

It Tickles the Ladies.

Sung by Harry Montague.
Music of this Song can be had of Spear & Dehnhoff. 717 Broadway, N. Y.

Fellows may be better looking,
Richer, wiser than myself,
But I've a gift I greatly value,
More than beauty, sense, or pelf:
For I possess a style and manner,
Loved by every girl I see,
A flirting, teasing, pleasing way—that
Tickles them and just suits me.

Spoken; Just my little peculiarity, a style of my own that tickles them. I don't know what it is, you know, but there's something about me they like, because——

Chorus.

It tickles the ladies immensely, you know!
It tickles the ladies, wherever I go;
It tickles the ladies, they like it, and so—
They think I shall marry—but—oh! dear no!

In position quite romantic
With my hand my heart upon,
I sigh, as though I'd lost the power
Of ar-ti-cu-la-ti-on!
Then, in tones as low and gentle
As a cooing turtle dove,
Say—well—something sentimental,
Look—but do not speak my love.

Spoken: That's how it's done, this spooney business tickles them—and they are in no hurry for you to come to the point; they don't care for it to be too soon over for the longer a flirtation lasts, the more—— Chorus.

Though my heart with love may tingle,
I ne'er lose my hand or head,
For I know I must keep single,
I should lose my power if wed.
Though I might be still as pleasing,
Still as youthful, fond, and gay,
I should find the charm was broken
From the fatal wedding day.

Spoken: Yes, it would be all up, the sport would be over, the bird would be caged, and nobody but my better-half would admit, that— Chorus.

Soda Head Phil;

OR

The Bridal of Bridget McTuck-it-up-drap-it-down-do.

Air: Oim ready fur courtin', &c.

Moy name's Phailam Dool, oim a tinkar to thrade,
And minny's the taypot and kattle oive made;
Some think oim a fool, but they're in a mistake,
For Phailam's the towsar that's ivir awake.
Oy loike moy cowl point, an' my mother's the same,
If wather wus porther, she'd coffin a sthrame;
An' whin undirhand oy slip out fur a swill,
The yung bucks roar after me, Soda Head Phil.

Chorus.

Soda Head Phil, Soda Head Phil,
The whilps they roar after me, Soda Phil;
If't wasn't fur lossin' moy mother's cowl swill
Oid dhrown thim fur stoilin' me Soda Head Phil.

Owl' Briggit McTuck-it-up-drap-it-down-do,
Invoited moy mother give me the whid too.
To her widdin' or party, faix ov don't know which;
Thir wos dumplins and thumplins, oy nivir saw sich.
The suppir bin ovir, oy tuk up the groom,
And thundur-an-onuds, thru him in the 'rong room;
We rummil'd and tummil'd till lowd kame the cry,
O, sheep's tripes an' kidneys, you've bunged my squint eye.
Soda Head, &c.

He up in a flurry, an' fell over that—
Well, boys, it's no mattar, oi'll not tell yis what—
It fur the occuzhun was rowl'd up in silk,
Held gunpowdar tay, minus sugar and milk.
He up like owl' Samson and flung me outside,
O, snail-tracks and spidar-webs over the bride:
By jappins oy met not the darlint's caresses,
Fur off came her snowy-black, raven-white tresses.
Soda Head, &c.

The nails of her toes, not bin pair'd fur a year,
My tendar parts havickid—oy whispirid my dear,
Be aisy on Phailam; 'twus Mick thru me in;
Oh, mother o' Moses, she fixed on my chin,
Her agel-like talons: oh, murdur, she roared,
And up the owl' lather the visitors pour'd,
They up lather, down lather, kicked me about,
Like a kid's pantid hippin, or half-funky trout.
Soda Head, &c.

Oh, crabtrees and oyster-beds, don't kill my son,
He is such a foine boy, and I've only got one;
Help! brimstone and bullrushes, cinders and coke,
That chin on your shilcorn moy darlant, is broke.
Here two drunkin bluebottils smuked from their bate,
Nabbed mother an' me by the hair o' the pate,
Fur party expreshuns they run us both in,
And that put an en' to the cursedly din. Chorus.

Nancy Lee.

By E. Weatherly M. A. Music by Stephen Adams.
The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 329 Bowery New-York. Price 10 cents

Of all the wives as e'er you know
Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
There's none like Nancy Lee I trow,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho!
See there she stands an' waves her hands upon the quay;
An' every day, when I'm away, she'll watch for me
An' whisper low, when tempests blow,
For Jack at sea, yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!

Chorus.

The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall be!
Yeo ho! we go across the sea;
The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall be!
The sailor's wife, his star shall be!

The harbor's past, the breezes blow,
Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
'Tis long ere we come back I know,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
But true an' bright, from morn till night,
my home will be;
An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet for Jack at sea;
An' Nancy's face to bless the place, An' welcome me,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! Chorus.

The boa'sn pipes the watch below,
Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho!
Then here's a health before we go,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
A long, long life to my sweet wife, and mates at sea
And keep our bones from Davy Jones, where'er we be,
An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! Chorus

The Wreath You Wove.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Is fair—but oh! how fair,
If Pity's hand had stolen from Love
One Leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,
Dim gems for dew-drops fall,
One faded leaf where Love had sighed,
Were sweetly worth them all.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours—but hopeless love
Must keep its tears for me!

Under the Lilacs.

By H. Alston Darley.

That evening under the lilacs,
Do you remember it, Belle Irene?
Then you were the lobbyists darling,
Society's bower and queen.
We sighed, we caressed and we quoted
From Tennyson, Burns and Byron;
And you said you were "awfully" jealous
Of baby-faced Rosalie Tyron.

She *was* pretty, Belle, now admit it,
But not worth a sound second thought:
Yet, I must confess, I oft wondered
If with her gold I could be bought.
For I stood well the test with the mama's
(Though with papa's my chances were few),
But I run through their gauntlet of smiles and
Came out, like pure gold, true to you.

And the testy old tough in the corner,
How his eyes followed us everywhere.
Once, during the German, you told me
That he was "a perfect old bear!"
And I gave him a terrible deal, Belle,
Which, I'm thinking, he had overheard;
For his eyes vowed a terrible vengeance,
But his tongue spake never a word.

Then we strolled out under the lilacs,
And you raised your soft glances to mine,
And I whispered "I love you, Belle Irene.
Let me ever within your heart shine."
And your lips—set in carmine, and tempting—
I madly—yes, passionately pressed;
Then your head—your lips murmuring something—
Seductively fell on my breast.

There under the lilacs, Belle Irene,
You were just about to confess
That you loved me, when swift on the gravel
Came the footsteps of—well, *you* can guess,
And a shade of displeasure passed over
Your face as you saw, and to me
Said; "Allow me, my friend, Mr. Blank Blank,
My husband, Mr. Dash, M. C."

Old toughy bowed stiffly, I tell you,
And stiffer walked with you away;
At that quaint meeting under the lilacs
I've laughed more than once since that day.
Do you think of that glance full of vengeance
"He" gave me in that long ago;
"He" meant what "he" meant when he gave it,
'Twas "he" put me here—what a go!

They bribed me with $5,000,
But on me all the time was his eye,
And he said, Mr. Blank, that'll give you
Ten years in the "sweet by and bye;"
And it did, but I'm patiently waiting
For you to take me from this place;
You must work up the Cabinet, Irene,
With the charms of your beautiful face.

Let some Cabinet members sue Rutherford
For my pardon, and use well your eyes:
Use your wit to get me out of prison
To seat me in love's paradise.
And next summer in your lovely mansion
I will all my endearings renew
While under the lilacs and moonlight,
And never to you prove untrue.

Poor Little Joe.

Cold, cold was the night, the snow had been falling,
The wind it was whistling so shrill thro' the street,
When on a doorstep a poor lad was lying,
No cap on his head, no shoes on his feet.
The poor little fellow so sadly was crying,
Pitifully sobbing, really as though
His little heart nearly was breaking,
Who wouldn't pity him, poor little Joe.

Chorus.

A poor little fellow sadly was crying,
The tears from his eyes sank deep in the snow,
Alas! there was no one to soothe him when dying,
No one to pity him, poor little Joe.

Colder and colder the night it was growing,
The wind, oh! how bitter, the snow still fell fast,
The poor little lad on the door step was crouching,
It seemed just as if each breath was his last.
This poor little fellow, his form was so slender,
Where were his parents that he should die so,
Alas! they were dead, he too was dying,
Who wouldn't pity him, poor little Joe. Chorus.

'Twas morning when dead on the doorstep they found him,
His cheeks were so pale, his lips, oh! so blue,
The snow like a white sheet lay all around him,
They bore him away, alas! they were few,
To watch where they laid his poor little body,
None shed a tear on the form they laid low,
But now in heaven surely he's resting,
Alas! there are many like poor little Joe. Cho.

The Donybrook Hat.

Composed by G. A. Osborne.

Good evening to ye's one and all,
Yer lookin' well I see;
I'm glad I had the chance to-night,
To tell you who I be.
I just arrived in town to-day,
From way down in the flats;
And so I thought as I was here,
That I'd buy me one of the hats.
Chorus: For, I'm an Irishman,
Remember that,
A jolly old cove,
And a solid Democrat;
I'm one of the boys,
Sure I'm no flat,
And I've got high-toned
Since I've wore this hat.

I put it on to have some fun,
For it was the style I knew;
And the boys did cry as I passed by,
And at me peanuts threw.
I felt so mad I could have broke their head,
Or scratched their face like a cat,
But I feel like a lamb, and as gentle as a clam,
Since I've got a Donybrook hat. Chorus.

I Leave Ireland and Mother Because we are Poor.

By W. J. Grogan.

Farewell! dear Erin, I now must leave thee,
With good heart I'll bear it, if 'tis fates decree;
With a burden of sorrow, an exile I roam,
Through cruel misfortune I'm driven from home.
My aged, lonely mother, I leave in despair,
Who is helpless and feeble from sorrow and care,
Hardship and trouble we long did endure,
I leave Ireland and mother because we are poor.

To reflect on the past it occasions regret,
The days of my childhood I ne'er can forget,
The home that my father left mother and I
We now must abandon, and are turned out to die.
Farewell! to your valley's, and moss-bordered stream,
Your mountains so lofty, and meadows so green,
The place of my birth, darling, sweet Donaghmore,
I leave Ireland and mother because we are poor.

When leaving my mother, she grieved we should part,
The sad separation almost broke her heart;
My blessing be with you, and prosperity attain,
Is the wish of a mother you may ne'er see again.
She filled with emotion, it pained her to speak,
As the large pearly tears coursed down her pale cheek,
With a parting farewell at the old cottage door,
I leave Ireland and mother because we are poor.

Wake up Johnny!

Air: You never miss the water.

I have a wife, the funniest wife,
That ever you did see,
Morning, evening, noon, or night,
There is no rest for me;
Whenever I lay down to sleep,
And try to close my eyes,
My wife she jumps right out of bed,
And this is what she cries—

Chorus.

Wake up Johnny, wake up John,
Wake up Johnny, put your "Sydenhams" on,
The clock's struck six, and the morning's fine,
And this week I want a little bit of overtime.

I'm a very steady chap,
I never take the booze,
But when I've done a hard day's work
I like a little snooze;
Of course I tumbles into bed,
But as sure as I'm alive,
My wife, she shouts it's half-past six,
When it's only half-past five.

Spoken: Talk about the nightmare, she never gives me a chance to have it, for directly I lay my head on the pillow she cries— Chorus.

My wife, she's fond of overtime,
She's got it on the brain,
And when I work twelve hours a-day
She never will complain;
She hates the nine hours movement,
And says "It's all in my eye,"
For man was only made to work,
And that's what makes her cry. Chorus.

I've got three little daughters,
I've got three little sons,
They all keep shouting, "Wake up John,"
As soon as daylight comes;
I'm very sad, I'm nearly mad,
For as I walk along,
The people say "There's overtime,"
And "Won't you wake up John."

Spoken: Yes, it's hard lines when I go out for a stroll on Sundays dressed in my best, fancying I'm Lord Copall or Major Stick-to-it, to hear the lads say— Chorus.

Beauty and Wine.

Air: I dream't I dwelt in marble halls.

Wine hath an influence mystic and rare,
That lightens the care-worn soul;
Swift fly the legions of sorrow and care
As the nectar is quaffed from the bowl.
Beauty's endearments and transcendant charms
Arouse Love's sweet ardours divine;
Awakens the soul to its tender alarms:
All hearts yield to Beauty and Wine.

Wine, like a lava-stream, rolls through the veins,
Illuming the heart with its glow,
Exiling the bitter heart-torturing pains
That revel as pleasure's dark foe;
And laughing Mirth rules o'er the brightened domain,
Then peace, wit, and gladness combine,
Attuning the voice to a soul-stirring strain,
As tribute to Beauty and Wine.

Beauty beams through the dark clouds of the heart,
Like Apollo, when day hath begun;
And rich, matchless halos of bliss doth impart
When the goal of its mission is won.
The flow'rets of Love expand as its beams,
On the fount of the soul's holy shrine.
And mortal, a captive to Cupid's esteems
Yields gladly to Beauty and Wine.

Wine hath the hue that adorns Beauty's cheek—
Fair Venus hath favored the vine,
And given the roseate flushing, unique,
That vies with the summer's decline.
The aspect of Nature—the wild rose's hue,
The Ruby that glows in the mine—
All blended harmoniously tend to imbue
The glories of Beauty and Wine.

Of Beauty and Wine sang the poets of old,
As tunefully sweeping the lyre;
The praises of Bacchus and Venus were told
In eloquent strains that inspire:
The breathings of peerless Anacreon's muse,
And Petrarch's sweet lyrics refine,
Extol, in surpassing Promethean hues,
The raptures of Beauty and Wine.

Our Back Yard.

By J. L. Feeney. Air: Our Front Stoop.
Dedicated to Edward Harrigan.

I'm boarding with my Aunty,
Who lives in Crosby Street;
She has about twenty boarders,
Who pay five dollars a week.
When they come home in the evening,
After toiling all day hard,
When supper is done they go in for fun,
Out in our back yard.

Chorus.

Tra-la-lee, tra-la-la,
We sing the National Guard,
The way we dance, would make you prance,
Out in our back yard.

McGuiness plays the fiddle,
Tim Sullivan plays the fife,
You should hear old Felix McCarthy,
Play a tune on his bag-pipe.
The music sounds so sweetly,
'Tis heard throughout the ward,
For it's our delight, on a summer's night,
To meet in our back yard. Chorus.

My aunty is a widow,
And she's of a high degree,
Her house is well patronised
By high-toned folks you see.
For, there's Alonzo Phelan,
He's a boss on the Boulevard,
We dance quadrille, for we can't keep still,
Out in our back yard. Chorus.

She has four lady boarders,
And lawyers too, besides;
And Doctor Joseph Finigan,
With my aunty does reside.
And there's Cornelius Toumey,
Who is known as the Dublin Bard;
We sing and shout and dance about,
Out in our back yard. Chorus.

My Wash Woman's Waiting For Me.

By J. Gardner.

Air; There's somebody Waiting for me.

I am here in my room, a-waiting my doom,
No chance of escape do I see;
I fear I'll be late, for the boys they won't wait,
And without me they'll go on a spree.
With the greatest delight I would join them to-night,
But a form through the window I see,
Standing out in the cold with her face looking bold,
My wash-woman's waiting for me.

Chorus.

Oh! yes, she is waiting, oh! yes she is waiting,
My wash-woman's waiting for me.

On the carpet I kneel, as my pockets I feel,
Not even a dime can I find,
Nor a cent can I borrow, to ease me of sorrow,
This whole world to me is unkind.
Oh! the money I lent, and the money I spent,
Buying gum-drops for Kate McAffee,
At the door there's a knock, oh! what can I "hock!"
My wash-woman's waiting for me. Chorus.

She is knocking again, I am getting insane,
My life in this world it is hard,
Ah! I see there's no hope, I must quick get a rope,
So to lower myself down to the yard.
While she thinks I am out, or in bed with the gout,
I am making a chance to get free,
My plan's immense, I'll slip over the fence,
Leave my wash-woman waiting for me. Chorus.

Princess Suvaroff.

By Eugene Wipfler.

There came to this country some time ago,
A princess from Russia, she made a great show;
She got her back up about a man of newspaper fame,
Who called her father-in-law a very bad name.

Chorus.

And I tell you what, it was rather rough,
On that poor Princess Suvaroff.
She packed her trunk and swore she would leave
A country that was neither generous or free;
To insult a princess, connected with the Czar,
Who gave her permission to cross Sandy Hook's bar.
And I tell you, &c.

The Czar will send Uncle Sammy a note,
And throw out a hint about a gun-boat;
In case Sammy won't give up the newspaper man,
The Czar will make Sammy dance a can-can.

Chorus.

And I tell you what, when we'll cry out enough,
That will satisfy the Princess Suvaroff.

Dear Old Friends.

Sung by Harry Montague.

Music of this Song can be had of Spear & Dehnhoff, 717 Broadway, N. Y.

I like my share of pleasure, and I'll have it if I can,
I love a loving woman—respect an honest man;
I like to see true friendship in the life that's rolling by,
And such I hope to always find between old friends and I

Chorus.

Dear old friends, jolly old friends,
Clinging together in all sorts of weather.
Dear old friends, jolly old friends,
Give me the friendship of dear old friends.

We've tasted of the ups of life, we've also felt the downs;
Sometimes our pockets were quite full, but sometimes fortune frowns;
And be our drink bright, sparkling wine, or simply good, plain beer,
The grasp of frienpship is the same, through each succeeding year.
Spoken: For we are—— Dear old friends, &c.

It's ever been my motto, and will be to the end,
To help a stranger when I can, and never desert a friend;
And after winning life's hard fight, what sweet reward is found
In a conscience clear, a heart that's light, with dear old friends around.
Dear old friends, &c.

It's Nice.

By Ben Dodge.

Some time ago I loved a girl,
And very strange to say,
Although she claimed to worship me,
She'd a peculiar way
Of acting very shy and strange,
Whenever I was nigh,
And when I asked the reason, then
To me she would reply—
Chorus: It's nice, it's nice,
Don't you think it is so?
It's nice, it's nice,
Now that's what I exclaim;
It's nice, it's nice,
Don't you think it is so?
Most every body says it is,
Of course I think the same.

We're married now, and happy live
As two doves in a nest,
And with a charming family
Our union has been blest;
We've got a pair of bouncing twins—
A lovely girl and boy,
And the pleasures of our married life
There's nothing can annoy.
It's nice, &c.

Now there's my next door neighbor, who
Is known as Deacon Brown,
Supposed by every one to be
The straightest man in town;
But I caught him late last Sunday night,
Doing something wrong I'm sure,
He was trying to kiss his servant girl
Behind the pantry door.

Spoken: I said, "Here, here, Deacon, stop! That's naughty." But he only said, "I know it is, Bobby, but— It's nice," &c.

Sweet Visions of Childhood.

Words by John Keynton Music by Chas. E Pratt.

The Music can be obtained of the well known Music Store of F Blume, 661 Broadway, Price, 35 cents.

Sweet visions of childhood! how bright they appear
When our lives are o'erclouded with care;
How fondly we dream of them, year after year,
And how lovely they are, and how fair!
Oh! blessed are the scenes that I ne'er can forget:
Dearest mother, so kind and so true;
Sweet home that I left with the saddest regret,
How my heart fondly turns unto you!

Chorus.

Sweet visions of childhood re urn to me now,
And I weep for the days that are past;
My fond mother's kiss, and her hand on my brow,
In the days that were too bright to last!

Sweet visions of childhood! how dear to each heart,
Once again by a fair mother's knee
I linger while fast welling tears fondly start,
And the past comes in beauty to me!
Oh! time may destroy all the bright joy of life,
But this bosom will ever retain
Lovely visions of thee, 'mid the world's busy strife,
Bringing bliss to this fond heart again!
Sweet visions, &c.

Because we were Poor.

Words and Music by C. R. Dockstader.

The Music of this song can be had at Krakauer Bros. 40 Union Square.

There's a dear spot in Ireland, that I long to see,
It's my own native birth-place, and it's heaven to me,
Shure my poor widowed mother, lived there all alone,
With my brothers and sister's, 'twas a bright happy home.
Shure we hadn't much money, but my own mother dear,
To me gave her blessing, bade my heart be good cheer,
Then the shadow of poverty darkened our door,
And I left Ireland and mother, because we were poor.

Chorus.

Oh! my thoughts oft go back, to that dear little spot,
To my brothers and sisters, and the little thatched cot,
To my poor widowed mother, I'll ne'er see her more,
"Twas a shame," but I left her, because we were poor,

I will never forget on that bright rosy morn
When old Ireland I left how my poor heart did mourn,
When my blessed old mother said be of good cheer,
Good-bye, Michael darling, farewell mother dear.
Then my brothers and sisters took me by the hand,
And bade me do right, when I left Ireland.
Then I bade them good-bye at our cottage door,
And left Ireland and mother, because we were poor.
Oh! my thoughts, &c.

Since leaving old Ireland, my poor mother's dead,
God bless and protect him, were the last words she said,
And the ring that my father gave, she sent to me,
'Tis a far dearer prize, than bright gems could e'er be.
And my brothers and sisters, I wish they were here,
For I'm longing to see them, but they'll come, never fear!
I've a neat little cot, on America's shore,
Where happy we'll live, yes! although we are poor.
Oh! my thoughts, &c.

Oh! why Should the Girl.

Oh! why should the girl of my soul be in tears,
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the gloom of the past and the sorrows of years
Have been paid by this moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet!
Do they flow like the dews of the love breathing night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set.

Oh! sweet is the tear on the languishing smile,
That smile which is loveliest then:
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again.

Whoa Billy!

Ladies Version of Whoa Emma.

My husband is a Tally man,
He goes out every day,
And folks of him buy prints and silks,
For which they weekly pay.
He's not an idle man, oh, no!
But yet one fault has he,
He with (the truth I'll let you know)
The cup doth make too free.
Chorus: Oh, Billy! whoa Billy!
Do not all the beer drink up,
Oh, Billy! whoa Billy!
Leave a drop within the cup.

If I do not at supper time,
Oft give a sharp lookout,
The deuce a drop should I obtain,
'Tis true beyond a doubt.
What's good for Jack is good for Jill,
At any time of day,
So when the beer's seized by Bill,
I very quickly say— Chorus.

I want no more than what's my share,
But from a pint-and-half,
I do expect at supper time,
An equal dose to quaff;
And so I shall, I tell you plain,
When supper's on the tray,
And Bill will o'er and o'er again,
Hear me these few words say— Chorus.

Things ain't as dey was.

By Jerry Gardner. Air: The good old home again.

White folks I've called around to-night,
To pass de time away;
I once was hapy gay and bright,
But now I am turning gray;
I worked upon de cotton fields,
Whar de bumble bee did buss;
I called around to tole you now,
Dat things ain't as dey wus.
Chorus: Oh! many changes have gone by,
Since I was young and gay;
I tell you white folks with a sigh,
Dis nigger had his day.

I have not got de voice to shout,
De songs I used to sing;
My fingers now won't let me make,
De bones or fiddle ring;
A thousand happy hours I spent,
On ole Virginia shore;
But things ain't as dey wus, and I,
Shall never see them more. Chorus.

Dem good ole niggers Pete and Ike,
Have long done gone away;
Dar fiddle's hanging up to rest,
While dey are neath the clay;
So I must Journey to de end,
I am waiting for de day;
When I will join dat happy band,
Of angels far away. Chorus.

My Sweet Mary Ann.

I am fond of courting, also of sporting,
I often go courting the girl I adore;
Her hair she does crimple, her cheek has a dimple,
Her nose has a pimple five days out of four;
Her first name is Mary, her last name is Cary;
She never gets airy, the dear little sprite;
She's pretty, she's witty, the belle of the city,
And walks like a kitty, with step prim and light.
Chorus: Have you seen Mary, light as a fairy?
Never contrary, sings like a canary,
From old Tipperary, she works in a dairy,
And never gets weary, my sweet Mary Ann.

Her voice is soprano, she plays the piano;
The "Star Spangled Banner" is the song she sings;
Her style would amaze ye, and set ye all crazy,
With the songs of this daisy the neighborhood rings;
Her appearance is dashing, she dresses in fashion,
She's the darling for mashing the boys everywhere;
We're soon to be married, too long we have tarried;
Four years she has carried a lock of my hair. [Ch.

Patrick Quincy Slavin.

By Chris Malone. Air: Bob and Joan.

I have come before you now,
So listen to my ditty;
And when ye hear me rhyme,
On me ye'll cast some pity.
I am the Galway ranger,
Always gay and jolly;
But because I have a great big nose,
They call me "Pretty Polly."
Chorus: So ye'r sompathy I ask,
Ye'r friendship I am cravin;
Then lend a helping hand,
To Patrick Quincy Slavin.

When I come to New York,
The weather being quite warm;
At King street dock I took a swim
Thinking it no harm;
But when I went to dress,
'Twas then I saw my folly,
For the loafer's told me "Chaw raw Beef,"
And they laughed at "Pretty Polly."
So ye'r sympathy, &c.

Next I fell in love,
With a charming little lady,
Who was as gentle as a dove,
And said I was her "Baby.
One hand laid on her heart,
As if from melancholy;
While the other stole a five case note,
From the sucker "Pretty Polly."
So ye'r sympathy, &c.

For the Girl that I Adore.

By J. Gardner.

There is a charmer in this town,
I'd have you understand;
And I would do most anything,
To gain her heart and hand;
I'd ride upon an elephant,
I'd be kicked by a mule;
I'd join a band of lunatics,
And I'd become a fool.
Chorus: I'd lecture seven times a day,
I'd never stop to eat;
I'd convert all the Sheeney's,
There is down in Baxter Street.

I'd stand upon the Brooklyn bridge,
To be shot with cannon balls;
I'd quickly go to Washington,
And answer Hayes's calls;
I'd help old Bergh to look for,
All the crippled dogs and cats;
Between two signs upon Broadway,
I'd advertise Knox's hats. Chorus.

In putting the Broom Brigade to work,
You bet I'd not be slow;
I'd given Bill Tweed his freedom,
Before he himself did go;
I'd fight with Barnum's lion,
It to peices I'd be-tore;
I'd turn a flip flap round the moon,
For the girl that I adore. Chorus.

Jeremiah, Blow the Fire; or, Puff, Puff, Puff.

My name is Jeremiah Jones,
And when I was a child,
I used to play a little game,
Which drove my mother wild;
I'd take the bellows on my knee,
To blow the fire I'd try,
And when the fire began to blaze,
I lustily would cry—

Chorus.

Jeremiah, blow the fire, puff, puff, puff,
Jeremiah, blow the fire, puff, puff, puff,
First you do it gently, then you come it
rather rough,
Jeremiah, blow the fire, puff, puff, puff.

Then when a little older,
To a farrier I was bound.
To learn the art of shoeing,
Which a bootless task I found;
They cancelled my indentures,
For I raised my master's ire,
By shouting out the whole day long,
While blowing out the fire. Chorus.

In time, I loved a pretty girl,
And strange tho' it may be,
The lady in her younger days,
Was just the same as me;
And when I asked her to be mine,
She bowed her lovely head,
And as I pressed my lips to hers,
In artful tones she said— Chorus.

We're married now, I'm proud to say,
And have been many years,
We're very happy, and we've got
A dozen little dears;
They're all of them strong winded,
Which you'd say without a doubt,
If you came into our domicile
And chanced to hear them shout— Chorus.

To be Continued in our Next.

Count Blunder Buster rose one day,
Went to see sweet Lady May,
Lady May was false though fair,
So Bluster found a rival there;
"Yield Caitiff, yield!" he madly cried,
"Oh! you be blowed," his foe replied,
Said Bluster then, "a time will come,
Beware that day, for then by gum!
I'll cook your goose on some pretext"—
To be continued in our next.

He started off armed to the gums,
With pistols, knives, and shells and bombs,
His sword was in his good right hand,
In his good left a blazing brand;
And then in case these things should fail,
A torpedo in his coat tail.
Said he, "with passion now I burst—
With what shall I go at him first?"
In this he was so much perplexed—
To be continued in our next.

Said he, "I'll run him through the chest,
Yet stay! a pistol would be best,
Yet no! there's nitro-glycerine,
Would 'burst his biler' well I ween."
Thus scheming how to kill his foe,
He sat down on the torpedo,
His indecision then was spent,
Up in the air Count Bluster went,
He left this world where he was vexed;
To be continued in our next.

You may Look, but you Musn't Touch.

Sung by Harry Montague

Music of this Song can be had of Spear & Dehnhoff. 717 Broadway, N. Y.

When I was a boy, a mischievous elf,
I'd a very bad habit of helping myself;
My mother put everything out of my way,
And well I remember these words she would say;

Chorus.

You may look, but you musn't touch,
Musn't touch, keep your hands off,
You're inclined to be a little forward,
Now don't be so rude. (Repeat.)

At eight years of age, although not a fool,
I went every day, of course, to my school.
I romped with the girls, and would not let them.
So the school teacher gave the old lecture to me:
You may look, &c.

When I grew a young man, I loved a sweet maid,
And although she loved me, she was rather too staid.
I dared not embrace her, or ask for a kiss,
If I did, the reply from my love would be this;
You may look, &c.

When we were engaged, I said, no one could blame,
So her scruples in that way I soon overcame.
This dear little darling, I married one day,
When I now want a kiss, you will not hear her say:
You may look, &c.

Geraldine.

A TALE OF THE SEA AND THE SHORE.

CHAPTER VII.

Continued.

"Jealous! Of whom?"

"Well, it might not have been exactly that she was jealous; but that she was in an ugly temper about something or other, I feel certain," Brodderford drawls, inwardly feeling vexed at having to say so much in order to explain himself.

"I don't understand you," Sebastian says.

"No, I daresay not; but it's all mere rubbish."

"What is rubbish, Mr. Brodderford?" puts in the sweet voice of Donna Isabella, in broken English, and in very persuasive accents. "What is your story?"

"I will explain it all to you, dearest, by-and-by," Sebastian replies, in lover-like tones.

"Explain it all! By Jove, but that's more than I can do!" Brodderford cries, pushing his hat off his brow with a perplexed air. "I don't usually disturb myself respecting any mortal thing; but, really, Miss Maur behaved so strangely to-day, that I can't help feeling awfully curious as to the cause. It might be that she didn't find herself the belle of the gardens to-day as heretofore, and didn't like sharing honors with another. It must be so, for she was looking at Donna Isabella here in a most extraordinary manner, and asked me ever so many questions about yourself and her, which I couldn't help thinking strange on her part. But she's only a woman, after all," he concludes, with a jerk of his head.

During this somewhat long string of words Sebastian's countenance has undergone many changes. He knows that Geraldine has seen him and Isabella together, and he feels that the presence of the latter has arroused within her a feeling of interest, of curiosity, perhaps of jealousy.

This is all just as he wishes it to be, exactly in accordance with his plans, and he rejoices at the success of these plans.

"And what was your reply to the lady's inquiries concerning my cousin and myself?" Sebastian asks, with an air of indifference.

"Oh, well, I told her all I knew about you," Brodderford returns, frankly, in confidential tones, and with a significant glance in the direction of Isabella. "You understand?"

"Yes."

"You hadn't said that it was a matter to be kept quiet, and all that sort of thing, so I told her the truth."

"Quite right—quite right!"

"Odd that she should be so awfully curious and inquisitive about you, isn't it?" adds Brodderford.

Sebastian smiles and answers affirmatively.

"There! By Jove!" exclaims Brodderford suddenly, and looking straight before him. "Now who on earth can reckon upon what a woman says? See, she's actually still here! Not gone home a bit! She'll meet us in a moment face to face! What did she mean by telling me that she was not quite well?"

Geraldine approaches the trio with unsteady steps, her companion by her side. Her features are white as the whitest flowers in the garden, and her lips are compressed as though with some inward pain, while her eyes shift about in a disturbed manner, resting nowhere for more than a second at a time.

Sebastian preserves a calm exterior, and he walks with his head erect, and with a steady and dignified tread.

A whispered word in Spanish has signified to Isabella's ear the approach of Geraldine, and she is at once prepared to enact the part in which Sebastian has instructed her, and she flirts her black fan, and smiles up into his face, in her most fascinating manner.

At this moment, Brodderford suddenly misses a valuable locket from his watch chain, and turns to retrace his steps, in the hope of being able to find it somewhere in the gardens, where he feels assured he has dropped it.

Sebastian and Isabella are now alone together, and each succeeding instant is bringing them and Geraldine closer to each other.

"I must look well at her this time, Sebastian," Isabella says in Spanish.

"I feel almost tempted to bow to her," he returns, in the same language.

"Sebastian, be prudent! Did she so choose, she might have you seized and flung into prison, and I know not what more besides! Be careful, I entreat, for I am beginning to think you are playing a most desperate and dangerous game with this lady whom you have so wronged."

"Trust me, Isabella; all will be well. Have I not already told you that when I landed her in Crane Haven she gave me a voluntary promise that she would never proceed against me, should she at any future time in life encounter me in her own land or elsewhere? Do not imagine I would venture thus boldly before her were I not quite assured of my own safety. She will never betray me—never injure me; rest perfectly tranquil on that point, dear."

"I tremble, Sebastian, for all that," she answers, timidly.

"My dear child, you will ruin all if you grow faint-hearted now!" he cries, aside to her. Do not let your courage fly away from you just at the moment when it is most needed! Try to be brave, dear!"

Isabella replies that she will do her best and she means to do so.

Face to face they stand at last, the wronged and the wronger. Geraldine's eyes flash as they meet. One glance she bestows upon Isabella, then she fixes a steadfast and accusing gaze upon Sebastian, who impulsively lifts his hat to her.

"How dare you!" she whispers.

And in the next moment she has mixed with the crowd, and has vanished from his view.

CHAPTER VIII.

GERALDINE.

Geraldine reaches home in a state of mind difficult to describe. The sight of Sebastian, when she first met him in the Park, had shocked her considerably; but this second meeting, when she sees him in the company of a lovely woman, has completely unnerved her, and made her absolutely ill. Jealousy is devouring her, and she feels almost distraught when she recalls Brodderford's words in connexion with Sebastian and Isabella.

"He is engaged to marry her!" repeats Geraldine to herself, when she is alone in her chamber. "Marry her! That day shall never arrive for him, if I retain a tongue to speak, a will to act! I am his wife; let him deny me if he can! How handsome he looked; how noble, too! He a grandee of Spain—he, the buccaneer captain! I cannot understand. Some extraordinary turn of Fortune's wheel has brought about this most unlooked-for and marvellous alteration in his worldly position. His cousin!—she? But she is a lady—I cannot gainsay that fact. Does he love her, as once he professed to love me, I wonder?" she adds, with an involuntary and bitter sigh. "What nils me?" she goes on, after a pause. "Why has the sight of this man awakened within me such strange feelings? I once hated him, trembled at the mere mention of his name, and now!"

Then Geraldine shudders, and, bowing her head, covers her face with her hands, and utters a low wailing cry.

That night she finds no sleep—her thoughts banish all repose; and she tosses feverish and anxious, on her pillows until broad daylight, with its golden beams, stares her in the face, and bids her arise.

The image of Sebastian has been before her mental vision during all the hours of darkness and unrest, and it still holds possession of her, still rises up in front of her at every turn. She closes her eyes, yet still she can see him; she opens them again, and there he seems opposite to her, in the same attitude in which she saw him last, with his hat raised high above his head in courteous salutation.

What is she to do? If this man's face and form continue thus to haunt her, she will surely lose her senses. What—what is she to do? Oh, that she could forget him!

She is no child, and this man is a villain—she knows that he is such; and had she not made him a voluntary promise never to injure him, she would instantly call the aid of the law, that it might redress her wrongs in full, and punish her wronger.

Bitter and vengeful she feels at one moment, subdued and tearful in the next. Never had her thoughts and feelings been before in such a state of tumult and suffering.

She is longing to see him again. While she knows him to be near her she will not be able to rest either by night or by day; the strife that is within her soul will not cease, will not even abate. He has evidently ceased to care for her; he has proved as much, since he is actually betrothed to another. He is a greater ruffian even than she she thought him, for is he not ignoring and making a mockery of the sacred ties by which he bound himself to her, and her unto himself?"

Mrs. Pendray watches Geraldine fluttering about in a state of nervous excitement, and wonders what it can mean. Miss Maur has hitherto been so calm and lady-like in her demeanor, that the lady feels at a loss to understand her changed manner—her pale face, heavy eyes, mute tongue, pre-occupied air, countless sighs, involuntary starts, and the shaking of her hands.

But Mrs. Pendray is a prudent sort of person, one who never sees anything that she is not desired to see; and however much she may be surprised at what she may observe taking place around her, her well-trained features never betray a single thought that is passing within her mind—never express either astonishment, or curiosity, or wonder.

"I am not very well to-day," Geraldine at last remarks, leaning her hot brow on her hand. "I think a smart canter in the Park would do me good."

Mrs. Pendray looks up from her book at this, and replies, "You are forgetting that you had arranged to go to Herr Glauchmann's concert at three o'clock."

"No, I had not forgotten it; I have simply changed my mind, that's all," answers Geraldine, with an air of weariness which she makes no effort to conceal.

"Oh!" ejaculates the matron, fixing her attention once more upon the page before her.

"I am sorry if this proves a disappointment to you," Geraldine adds, thoughtfully.

"Oh, I never feel disappointed—never!" Mrs. Pendray says, very sweetly, and with a placid smile on her lips.

"Thank you," the young lady briefly returns.

"I daresay you will meet that foreign couple in the Park this afternoon—I mean those whom we saw at the Botanic *fete* yesterday," Mrs. Pendray, resumes. "I saw them pass the house together just now, in a grand turnout, for all the world like that of some Indian prince. He or she must be enormously wealthy."

"Very likely," answers Geraldine, with apparent indifference.

"They are a very handsome pair, are they not?"

"Yes," answers Geraldine, absently.

"They are cousins—um?"

Geraldine replies not.

Mr. Brodderford, said so, I think, Miss Maur?"

"Perhaps he did; I hardly remember."

"Engaged to be married to each other?"

"Very likely," Geraldine replies, with an impatient gesture. "I think, after all, that I won't ride to-day," she adds. "I really don't feel equal to the effort of doing so. Will you kindly ring, and order the carriage; the Victoria to-day, if you please."

Mrs. Pendray rises with alacrity, and does accordingly to the directions of her superior. The chaperone loves to display herself in the Park during the fashionable hours.

And they drive up and down, backward and forward; but they fail to catch a glimpse of the carriage belonging to the two handsome Spaniards.

The eyes of Geraldine are hot and aching with so much watching; nevertheless she says not a word; she sits unmoved to all outward appearance, perfectly composed and self-possessed. The disappointment of her soul she thrusts out of sight, and endeavors to forget it. She smiles at and nods to her various acquaintances, and no one suspects the pangs that are rending her inmost heart.

Geraldine returns home overwhelmed with many conflicting and painful feelings. She was miserable this morning; this evening she is absolutely distracted.

To the opera she next repairs; here she meets Brodderford, who informs her that the Sebastians

are both gone to a dinner-party at the Spanish Embassy.

This piece of information irritates Geraldine greatly; but she makes no show of her feelings, and no one suspects how she is being moved.

The music she pays no attention to; the crowd she sees not; and the brilliant light seems to blind her.

She must go hence; the heat of the place is absolutely unbearable, she tells her companion.

But the carriage was not ordered until the conclusion of the opera, her companion reminds her.

No matter; she will go home in a cab. Mr. Brodderford will procure one for her Geraldine feels sure.

Mr. Brodderford will of course be delighted to be of any use to Miss Maur. And they all leave the box together, Mrs. Pendray concealing her vexation at leaving the opera unfinished as best she can, and managing to smile as sweetly as usual, and to preserve her old placidity of demeanor in a most astonishing manner.

"You must be ill, my dear," suggests the matron, seeing Geraldine stagger across the pavement towards the cab. "You ought to have accepted Mr. Brodderford's arm; I could have got on quite well enough without it."

"I certainly am not well," Geraldine answers as she steps into the cab, assisted by Brodderford.

"So sorry to hear you say so, Miss Maur!" says the latter. "It's such an awful bore to be ill, is it not?"

Geraldine makes him some inaudible rejoinder, and then leans back in one corner of the conveyance, with her face concealed in the shade. After giving directions to the cab-driver, Brodderford makes his adieux to the ladies, and the vehicle rolls on.

Brodderford is about to re-enter the opera house, when a hand is laid upon his shoulder; and turning round, he sees Paolo Sebastian at his elbow.

"Senor!" he exclaims, well pleased to meet someone who will be likely to chat with him agreeably for a while. "I thought you were elsewhere. I have just been telling a lady that you were gone dining with the Spanish Ambassador."

"Indeed! a lady?" returns Sebastian, in surprise. "The Spanish Ambassador has been taken suddenly ill, and the dinner is postponed in consequence thereof," he adds, by way of information; "hence it is you see me here at large."

"Ill, is he?" returns Brodderford. "Something wrong in the air, I suppose, and all that sort of thing. There is Miss Maur gone home indisposed. I have just seen her into a cab, her carriage not being at hand, you see."

"Miss Maur indisposed!" repeats Sebastian. "Why I saw her only five minutes ago, looking, to all appearance, well enough, but as though she had heard the music of 'Norma' a hundred times at least."

"Yes, she did seem awfully bored about something or other I noticed that, though as a rule I seldom trouble myself to notice anything. You've been inside the house, eh?"

"Yes; but I don't care to return there."

"Neither do I. Listening to music when it is old bores a fellow, quite."

Sebastian laughs at this, while the other familiarly takes his arm.

"Have you any objection to a stroll?" asks Brodderford.

"Not the slightest — in fact, I am just in the humor for one."

"In what direction shall we go?"

"You forget that I am a stranger to London—that either my coachman or my groom always pilots me about."

At this instant a well-know face confronts the the speaker's gaze, and a voice distinctly pronounces his name.

"Captain Sebastian!" cries Prescot Wargrave, eyeing the other steadily and sternly.

The Spaniard regards the sailor with a stare of assumed surprise, and returns, quite calmly "You mistake, sir; I have not the honor of your acquaintance. Good evening;" and lifting his hat slightly, he passes onward with his companion, leaving Wargrave in a state of great surprise and bewilderment at his strange behaviour—at his unexpected denial of himself.

"It was he, and nobody else, I'll swear!" breathes Wargrave, half aloud. "What is he doing here in London, and dressed and looking like a gentleman?" he goes on. "The rascal! the pirate! the horrible ruffian! But deny himself as he may, I'll make him own his true position before long. I don't forget or forgive his saving my life and hers, only to make us both curse our days and hours afterwards. Since England holds him, I'll find him again; and then the strongest prison ever built shall secure the fellow until the law shall decide upon his punishment. He put her ashore in England, but carried me off to that heaven-forgotten spot, Cape Verd. He killed her peace—ruined her life for ever! I'll follow him. Which way did he turn? I must not lose him!"

And the sailor rushes off in pursuit of the buccaneer.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PURSUIT.

Wargrave, fleet of foot and sharp of eye, is not likely to lose his time and opportunity in a useless quest. Like a hound, he seems to scent his prey, which, like a hawk, he will pounce upon as soon as he is able to do so.

He fancies he sees in front of him the form of the Spaniard, and Prescot litterally leaps over the pavement.

He has but one object in his mind at this minute—he has but one thought—namely—Sebastian and his capture.

Along the Strand he follows the Spaniard and his companion; then on and on until they turn into the Haymarket. Now being close upon their heels, Wargrave slackens his pace, and watches them enter the theatre.

After a pause he also pays his money, and follows them.

They enter the drees circle and take their seats there, while he keeps behind, standing in the box lobby. Here he holds communion with himself.

He is certain of his man. He is there within his reach, and Wargrave has but to call a policeman, pronounce a few words to him, and Sebastian, the somewhile buccaneer, will sleep this night under the roof of a prison cell.

If Miss Maur be still alive and in England, she will surely add her evidence to his against this man who made a mockery of a holy ceremony, and forced her, against her will, into a false marriage with him. She will be glad of an opportunity of bringing such a villain to justice, and she will be grateful to him (Wargrave) for having been the happy means of capturing the ruffian.

Such are Prescot's thoughts at this moment, while yet his eyes are fixed on the Spaniard, against whom he feels the bitterest hatred that one human creature can possibly feel for another.

The young sailor would rather have been left to die by the side of Geraldine Maur than have lived to see her become the wife of another, the compelled wife of a robber on the high seas. Prescot clenches his fingers as he thinks, as he recalls the past, with all its many hard trials and sufferings.

He has not forgotten Geraldine—he will never do so; his is not the mind that can be taught forgetfulness; he will remember and love her to the last.

By-and-by Brodderford yawns, whispers in the ear of his companion a few words, to which the other nods assentingly. Then they both rise, put on their hats, and make to quit the box.

Prescot draws back a little, and stands out of sight for a second or two, then once more he is at the heels of the Spaniard.

When they are outside the walls of the theatre, Prescot beckons to a policeman, to whom he hurriedly and briefly explains himself; who he is, and likewise who that tall foreigner is now walking slowly away with another, who is probably as black-hearted a scoundrel as his companion.

Then follow more words between the policeman and the sailor, and now both men together walk quickly after the Spaniard and his companion.

CHAPTER X.

GERALDINE'S TROUBLE.

Mrs. Pendray is gone forth to make certain little purchases for herself, when Mr. Brodderford is announced to Geraldine, who is sitting silent and sad, brooding over the past, to which her thoughts are constantly reverting.

She does not know why, but she feels, as she rises to greet her visitor, a strange presentment that he is harbinger of some sort of unwelcome intelligence to her.

"I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you better—quite recovered?" he says, as he shakes hands with her.

"Yes, I am much better, thank you, Mr. Brodderford," she answers languidly enough.

"I was awfully sorry to see you suffering, I can assure you, Miss Maur. I didn't go back to hear the rest of the opera; I met a fellow whom I did not expect to meet, and he and I made up our minds we would take a stroll together, do you see, Miss Maur? Well, you will be astonished at what I'm about to tell you. As a rule, I'm never astonished at any mortal thing I ever hear or see, but this affair has absolutely shaken me from head to foot. It was such an unexpected event, so astounding and disagreeable; I give you my word Miss Maur, I should not have been half so amazed and apalled had the moon and all the stars together come tumbling down upon me. Talk about romances and all that sort of thing! Wait until you've heard my story, that's all!"

"Pray, what has happened?" inquired Geraldine anxiously, and inwardly feeling vexed at his perplexity.

"What has happened, Miss Maur? An awful lot," he answers, vaguely.

"To yourself or your friend?"

"Well, I can't say he was my friend; a fellow does not call another his friend until he knows him a little time. I believe Donald Irvane and he call one another by that name, though——"

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"I believe of a rogue, Miss Maur——"

"But his name?"

"You'll hardly credit your senses when I tell it you. He is the very last person in the world you would think of in connexion with buccaneering, and all that sort of frightful thing. But the other fellow—his accuser, you know—says it is all true—swears to it, in fact; and I, for one put trust in his words."

Geraldine turns faint with apprehension, but she is able to preserve an outward appearance of calmness. Already she guesses the name which her visitor in his round-about narrative, has thought fit to keep back. She feels that he is speaking of Sebastian, and she seems to understand the rest of his sad tale.

"There was a great deal of statement made that I didn't quite comprehend," continues Brodderford, pressing his brow with the tip of his finger, as if trying to recall something he ought to remember. "I didn't, of course, go with them to the police-station. I had had quite enough of the thing as it was. I gave the police chap my card, or else, I suppose, he'd marched me off with the other. Only fancy that, Miss Maur—being detained all night in some horrible lock-up, and may be in the company of that rascally robber, pirate, buccaneer, or what not!"

"Police-station?" repeats Geraldine, through white lips.

"Yes; I wonder what his cousin will say to all this?"

"His cousin?"

"Yes; she whom the beggar was going to marry, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Are you aware that as yet you have not mentioned the name of this person?" she says in faltering accents.

"No! What an omission! Pray pardon me, Miss Maur. The fellow carried away by the policeman was no other than Senor Paolo Sebastian, and he who gave him into custody was called Prescot Wargrave."

"Prescot Wargrave!" echoes Geraldine, still endeavoring to preserve a composed manner.

"Yes; you have no knowledge of the fellow, I suppose, Miss Maur?"

"What a strange question to ask me!" she returns, evasively, and still struggling with her emotion.

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CONTENTS.

Angels guard thy little bed..... page 394
A message from the poor..... 395
Azrael's Star..... 396
A Celebrated Case..... 398
By, by, Charley..... 395
Beautiful Star..... 398
Billy's Request..... 399
Britannia reigns supreme..... 399
Carrying the Banner..... 398
The Chorister..... 398
The Centre Street Tombs..... 399
The Directory Man..... 394
Don't put the poor workingman down..... 395
Don't mind me..... 395
The Dying mother..... 396
Every one's on the take in..... 399
Fill the cup, all jolly fellows..... 399
The Gowanus Hilderbrandt..... 394
Geraldine—Story continued..... 400
Give me a wag of your tail..... 397
How they do it..... 394
I'm a bachelor gay..... 395
The Isle de Blackwell..... 396
It don't belong to me..... 397
I am waiting, Essie dear..... 398
Little Blue-Eyed Pet..... 396
The Lakes of Cold Finn..... 397
Nancy Free..... 396
The Old friends for the new..... 394
Only an Orphan..... 396
Our Army and Navy of Blue..... 398
Oh! could we meet as once we met..... 399
The Sound Democrat..... 394
Standing in the hall..... 398
The Tramp's Request..... 396
Turn off the gas at the meter..... 399
Up at Dudley's Grove..... 398
Uncle Tom's Lament..... 397
Uncle Joe..... 396
Where have you been to-night, John..... 398
What will to-morrow bring..... 397
You'll forget me by-and-by..... 394

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The Directory Man.

By Eugene Wipfler.

I thought it was a splendid thing,
To go to work for Trow,
To engage as a directory man.
It was a holy show.
From house to house I ran a race,
With my pen behind the ear,
And if I delayed a little too long,
The people said, see here.

Chorus.

Johnny come and hurry, hurry, pooh, pooh, pooh,
Or else I'll am sure I make you sorry, hoo, hoo, hoo,
Write quick my boy—don't be a fool,
Johnny come and hurry, hurry, pooh pooh, pooh.

I met all sorts of people sure,
Some gentle and some tough,
They slammed the door right in my face,
And said get out you rough.
Some didn't know how to spell their names,
I thought it very queer,
But everywhere and no mistake,
Those words would greet my ear. Chorus.

I met old Charley Klingenstein.
Please sir, give me your name,
Vash das, says he, nix kom heraus,
Dash isht mir all the same.
Then I met Jim Lannigan,
He was chock full of beer;
He threw the boot-jack at my head,
And shouted in my ear. Chorus.

Next came a heathen Chinee man,
I produced a bill of fare,
As a proof of my authority,
To ask him for his name.
He wagged his pigtail with a grin,
And looked around in fear,
He drew some squares upon a slate
Which meant to say, see here! Chorus.

And this is my experience,
As a directory man,
If you are wise you'll stay at home,
Get along the best you can.
But if you have the devil's cheek,
I'm sure you need not fear
Because it will be all the same,
If people cry, see here! Chorus.

William Ericksen, or: The Gowanus Hildrebrant.

His name is William Ericksen,
A darling you must know,
He's sure the girls are crazy,
To have him for a beau;
His style is neat, his smiles are sweet,
In his mind he has lots of cash;
Oh! you should see this lovely
When he's out upon the mash.
Chorus: Ha! ha! ha! ha! graft is great,
He must hasten to the lunch bar
Before it is too late;
The suckers all imitate him,
But to catch his style they can't
For he's known all over Brooklyn,
As the Gowanus Hildrebrant.

I tell you he's a Willey,
A swell "a number nine,"
He wears a paper picadilly,
And a necktie that's divine.
At bagatelle he's quite a sell,
He plays for plates of hash;
But you'd take him for an angel
If you'd see him on the mash. Chorus.

He's a wall flower at the parties,
A "John" at picnics too;
The gals they all do shake him
Which makes him feel quite new.
He's as graceful as the birdy
They call the E-le-phant;
And he's known all over Brooklyn,
As the Gowanus Hildrebrant. Chorus.

The Sound Democrat.

Sung by Pat Rooney.

Lads of learning and high-toned people,
Come down ye near and I'll tell ye all,
I was brought up well and educated
And graduated in old Donegal.
I come out here for to make a living,
And I have made a good one at that;
And go where I may, you will hear them say,
There goes Mike McNally, the sound Democrat.
[Repeat two last lines.]

I own the Eight Ward and population,
My influence there they are very great;
The people say at the next election,
They will put me up for candidate.
Th y like my walk and they say I'm handsome,
They say I look like my brother Pat:
And when I pass the way you can hear them say,
There goes Mike McNally, the sound Democrat.
[Repeat two last lines.)

How They Do It.

Words by Charles B. Fisher.

That "they all do it," is wholly true,
But *how* they do it has not been explained;
There are various ways to eschew,
The performances which can't be restrained,
Some do it on the sly and others rash,
Do it publicly and ever pursue it,
But I do not consider it flash,
So I'll tell you a way how to do it.

Chorus.

How they do it, how they do it,
Is a task that can be easily taught;
How they do it, how they do it,
Is a treatise which is eagerly sought.

To be honest people must avoid
Bad company, late hours, and tempting work;
Conduct themselves right and be devoid
Of fray, and let no spite in their hearts lurk:
Had these sins been clipped and checked in time,
By rascals before they fully knew it;
The average peson would not climb,
The grim gallows to see how they do it.
How they do it, &c.

There's Tweed, Gilman, cashiers and *et al*,
Have shown how to become rich and be great-
But I do not wish you to install,
The vices in which they did participate.
They were clever at one time but now,
Happiness into trouble they threw it;
So in jail they must set and often avow,
They are sorry they learned how to do it.
How they do it, &c.

The daily papers are a great thing,
How quickly they get news is a wonder;
Big words and facts they profusely sling,
But received simple by telegraphic transfer;
Their "leaders" on murders and scandals,
Are something grand—a treat to review it,
The more startling the better it sells,
The smart editors know how to do it.
How they do it, &c.

The Old Friends for the New.

Sung by Miss Kate Montrose.

There's many a song with many a motto
Each containing good advice;
Obey their teachings too we ought to,
Tho'great temptations us entice.
To sing a new song I'll endeavor,
And one I hope will please a few.
Make all the friends you can, but never,
Give up the old friends for the new.

Chorus.

Then listen to the motto that I give you,
You'll find a good one it will prove and true,
Make all the friends you can
Always lend a helping hand,
But don't give up the old friends for the new.

You may be poor in life's beginning,
A man you meet just like yourself;
His friendship you succeed in winning,
He helps you on the road to wealth.
And when you've won it do not sever.
The ties that bind him still to you,
He helped you in your need, so never
Give up the old friends for the new.
Then listen to the motto, &c.

To those who may be married,
A word or two I have to say,
By fairer faces be not carried,
Completely off and led astray.
In this age of quick divorces,
Men love their wives a year or two,
Then wander into other courses,
Give up the old wife for the new.
Then listen to the motto, &c.

You'll Forget Me, By-and-By.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by H. P. Danks.
Music published by J. L. Peters, 843 Broadway, N. Y.

You may call me sweet and pretty,
Tell me I am "so refined!"
You may say my disposition
Is the purest of my kind;
You may praise the hue and sparkle
That you witness in my eye,
But your worship will diminish,
You'll forget me by-and-bye.
Chorus: You may call me sweet and pretty,
Woo me with a gentle sigh;
But your worship will diminish,
You'll forget me, by-and-bye.

You may say I am "perfection,"
Say you love to see me smile,
You may tell me that you love me,
Tho' you're jesting all the while;
You may whisper loving pleadings;
Woo me with a gentle sigh,
But your vows like chaff will scatter,
You'll forget me, by-and-bye. Chorus.

You may ask my hand in marriage,
Name, perhaps, the wedding day,
You may say that you will take me
On a journey far away;
You may give me precious tokens,
And my virtues glorify,
But your promises will wander,
You'll forget me, by-and-bye. Chorus.

Angels Guard thy Little Bed.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by H. P. Danks.

Slumber, little darling, slumber
On your pillow soft and white,
Close your eyelids, pretty darling,
For I know you're tired to-night;
Do not think of fear or danger,
But repose your curly head,
And thro' all the darkness, darling,
Angels guard thy little bed.
Chorus: Slumber, little darling, slumber,
Rest your precious curly head,
And thro' all the darkness, darling,
Angels guard thy little bed.

Slumber, little darling, slumber,
It is time you were at rest,
All the birdies, pretty darling,
Now are sleeping in their nest;
Hide your toes within the blanket,
Put your arms beneath the spread,
And until the morning, darling,
Angels guard thy little bed. Chorus.

Slumber, little darling, slumber,
Till the early robin sings,
I will call you, pretty darling,
When the dovelets flap their wings;
Give a good-night kiss to mamma,
Now your evening prayer is said,
And until the day-light, darling,
Angels guard thy little bed. Chorus.

Don't put the Poor Workingman Down.

By Bobby Newcomb.

The Music. Copyrighted and Published by F. W. Helmick of No 50 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, (Ohio) can be obtained at any Music Store—Price 35 cents.

How oft when we hear of misfortune
Befalling a friend or a foe,
If in joy or regrets we express it,
That's the way of the world, you all know.
I thought I would speak of a subject
Interesting each village and town,
That is, iron heeled capital striving
To put the poor workingman down.

Chorus.

Let capital shake hands with labor,
Let the poor have the bread that they earn,
For surely they need every penny,
Is a lesson quite easy to learn.
Remember the poor love their children,
So give them a smile, not a frown,
Live, and let live, be your motto,
Oh! don't put the poor workingman down.
[Dance.]

That money is root of all evil,
Why all of us likely's found out,
The richer class think that the poorer
Should of pleasure know nothing about.
The honest poor always will labor,
They don't ask a title or crown,
Why begrudge them sufficient to live on,
Don't put the poor workingman down. Chorus.

So now in conclusion I'll mention,
That life being dear to us all,
The poorer class must have existence,
So don't push them close to the wall.
Now hope that in future the richer
On the poorer will smile and not frown,
Who ask but enough just to live on,
Don't put the poor workingman down. Chorus.

Where Have You Been To-Night, John?

Sung by Harry Montague.

Music of this Song can be had of Spear & Dehnhoff 717 Broadway, N. Y.

I've just got wed to a darling wife,
We're happy as can be.
There's only one thing causes strife,
Of which we can't agree.
For now and then, like the best of men,
I go out in a jovial way,
And as sure as fate if I come home late.
My wife to me will say:

Chorus.

Where have you been to-night, John?
Where have you been to-night?
You're out so late, and in such a state;
Where have you been to-night, John?
Repeat.

When I go out for an hour or so,
The time it slips by so fast,
It's time to go before I know
A jolly night has passed.
Up-stairs I creep; she's fast asleep,
I think I hear her snore—
What a sad mistake—she's wide awake,
When she says to me once more— Chorus.

At one or two—or it may be three—
I quit the festive scene.
And then my wife will say to me,
Now tell me where you've been.
You're out so late in such a state—
You're not yourself, I vow,
How strange you talk, how queer you walk;
You really don't know how.

Spoken: And just as soon as I got into the bedroom, my wife said to me "this is a nice time to be coming home, isn't it? You thought you'd leave your boots outside in the hall, and sneak in here and I wouldn't know what time you came home; but I'm not such a fool as I look, although goodness knows I was a fool when I married you; but there, John, I didn't want to fight with you or quarrel, so there's a good dear, hurry up and come to bed; and tell me darling— Chorus.

Don't Mind Me.

Some people when they're wanted
Are never near the spot,
While others they are in the way,
When wanted they are not.
Now I am most unlucky,
I'm always in the way,
So I fear it's quiet by accident,
And so I have to say—
Chorus: Never mind me, I can't see,
Don't mind me, I'm not looking,
Never mind me, I can't see,
Don't mind me for I won't look.

Last summer I went in the park,
The place for happy days;
And after seeing all I could,
I strolled into the maze.
I suddenly came on a couple,
Very much engaged,
I fear I spoiled their little game,
For they were quite engaged.

Spoken: Well, of course, there is no harm in a loving couple going in the park; but it's not exactly the place for a gentleman to be caught with his arms round a lady's waist. So I could see that this tender couple felt very much embarrassed at my sudden appearance, so I excused myself, and said to them— Never mind me, &c.

I like a stroll up town, I do,
And so the other day
I lit a weed, and took a walk
Just out of Broadway.
And by a stoop I saw a girl,
The kind of whom we dream,
She had one foot up, and on seeing me,
She blushed and gave a scream.

Spoken: My usual luck, I passed by at the wrong moment, just as the young lady was tying her shoe-string; so I took an extra puff on my cigar and says to her— Never mind me, &c.

My old friend, Peter Henpeck.
Has got a fistic wife,
She bangs her "fives" on his "conk,"
And leads him such a life.
I chanced to stop in 'tother day,
To see what they were at,
She had knocked poor Peter down,
And they were fighting on the mat.

Spoken: Yes, there they were, fighting on the front door mat; well, the fact is, this couple don't get along very well together, and whenever they have one of their "family broils," Peter always comes out second best; now I never like to interfere between man and wife whenever they have any trouble, so I said to this happy pair; "Take it easy, Peter," "jump on his chest, madam." Never mind me, &c.

A Message From the Poor.

Copyrighted by A. J. Fisher.

There's a message from the many,
From the many to the few,
Toiling millions ask for justice
From the rich, which is their due;
Honest workers toiling, sighing,
Crowning hearts as true as steel,
Suffering, starving, groaning, dying,
'Neath oppression's iron heel.
Chorus: Then give to the poor
The hand of free good will,
And help your struggling brother
To climb life's rugged hill;
Truth makes the man,
And not his money bags,
For crime oft stands in broadcloth,
Whilst honesty's in rags.

To the rich the poor are step-stones,
Stepping stones to fortune's dower,
Ever grinding down their wages,
Up they mount to wealth and power;
Oh! ye purse-proud sons of mammon,
Whilst you o'er your riches gloat,
Don't forget that honest people
Often wear a ragged coat. Chorus.

By By Charley.

Behold before you, one and all,
A man of wealth you see;
I'm known by all the ladies,
And they think a lot of me.
I take in all the fancy balls
And picnics of the day,
And when they meet me on the street,
Why this is what they say.

Chorus.

By, by, Charlie, you're a pet of mine;
I'll meet you in the park when the clock strikes nine,
Your walk is so bewitching, it pierced me through and through;
I'll sic you with my spitz dog, and throw blue glass at you.

When I go out upon the turf,
I drive a thoroughbred;
The ladies of our boarding-house,
I kill the poor things dead.
I catch them with my neat cut clothes,
When I go out each day,
And when I play a game of ball
You'll hear the darlings say. Chorus.

I'm a Bachelor Gay.

By Annie M. Curtis.

I'm a bachelor gay—O ladies! I pray,
Don't waste your time lingering near
I've nothing to bother with day after day,
From trials of wedlock I'm clear;
Contented I dwell at the Central Hotel,
My servants are all that I wish;
I am not obliged at the sound of the bell
To be round for my favorite dish.

I go when I can and I come when I please,
I've no one to scold with or fret;
I stay at my club just as late as I choose,
Or stop at the races to bet;
I've no one to ask or to take me to task
For the money I'm throwing away;
I'm a bird that's not easily cornered with chaff;
Don't smile on me, ladies, I pray.

Up At Dudley Grove.

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The young men's social club
They gave a grand excursion;
They had a band
From Manahan,
Two barges and a boat.
The lads were tiptivated
Yes, fit for sweet diversion,
I'd Kitty McGlinn
Away from home
In a linen overcoat.

Chorus.

She played the concertina
As through the woods we'd rove;
I was all alone with Kitty McGlinn
Up at Dudley Grove.

I danced in every set,
In the waltz how gay I'd wheel her,
No pivoter could equal her,
A darling and a dear;
And as we'd spin around
They'd say "ain't she a speeler!"
Then I'd ta-ta up to the bar
For a schooner of German beer.
She played, &c.

You'd ought to hear her sing,
Like a barber shop canary!
I hate to tell just like a bell
She'd reach the upper C.
Ballads are her style;
Like my own, my bonny Mary,
She's a duck, and I'm in luck—
She's the lass that captured me.
She played, &c.

The Isle De Blackwell.

Sung by Harrigan & Hart.
Copyright, 1878, by A. J. Fisher.

Come, gather ye cracksmen
And ganiffs so fly,
Maces and braces,
Shoplifters draw nigh.
I'll warble a ditty,
While the chorus you swell,
Of the blokes doing time
On the Isle de Blackwell.
Chorus: With my one, two, and th..ee four,
Then all in line,
To the shoe shop and quarry,
Each bloke must keep time.
We work like a Turk,
Then back to our cell,
Such a grand institution
Is the Isle de Blackwell.

Oh! there is a darling
Who'd sugar galore,
He hypothecated to
The Canada shore.
The boodle was heavy,
He tripped and he fell,
Singing Moody and Sankey
On the Isle de Blackwell. Chorus.

Oh! there is a baby,
'Tis a pity he's here,
He was nabbed by a hipper
A-shoving the queer.
His people are nobby
On the Avenue they swell,
He's a family skeleton
On the Isle de Blackwell Chorus.

There's Scotty, our keeper,
We all know his snoot,
He collars the old togs
Then hands out a suit
Striped like a zebra;
Then it's good-bye, farewell,
We're regular boarders
On the Isle de Blackwell. Chorus.

Little Blue-Eyed Pet.

Dedicated to Bobby Newcomb.
Words and Music by Charles A. Johnson.

While strolling through a lovely park,
In the sultry month July,
A maiden fair with golden hair,
I there did chance to spy.
She sat upon a rustic bench,
On a book were fixed those eyes
Of heavenly blue, unrivalled save
By heaven's azure skies, oh!

Waltz Chorus.

She is too lovely, far, to live,
This charming little pet;
For her even my soul I'd give,
On her my hopes are set.
I would give the world if she,
The happy day would set,
When she'd become my darling bride,
My little blue-eyed pet. Dance.

I watched her as she sat there 'till
She rose upon her feet;
I my courage then summed up,
And to her I did speak.
I said, "Miss, pray excuse me, but,
I am enraptured quite,
For never has my gaze rested
On such a lovely sight. oh!

Chorus.

You are too beautiful to live,
You dazzling little pet;
To me your heart and hand pray give,
On you my hopes are set;
I would give the world if you,
The happy day would set,
When we'd be wed, and you would be
My little blue-eyed pet. Dance.

She blushed, looked down, was at a loss
For the answer she ought make;
I stepped close to her side, and then
Her little hand did take.
I said, "darling, wilt thou be mine?
I know you'll not say nay;"
She with a soft, sweet, flute-like voice,
The cherished "yes" did say. oh!
First Chorus.

The Dying Mother.

Dedicated to Miss Carrie Powell, Jersey City.
Words and Music by Charles A. Johnson.

Sisters, dear, try make no noise,
Poor mamma's so sick to-day,
Doctor said, when he came here,
That he feared she'd pass away.
Ah! dear mother, could you know
All the anguish our hearts feel,
As at night, by our bedside,
We in prayer unto Him kneel.
Chorus: Sisters, dear, try make no noise,
Poor Mamma's so sick to-day;
Doctor said, when he came here,
That he feared she'd pass away.

Look! dear mamma has awakened,
See! she beckons to us now;
Let us get some nice cool water,
With it, lave her fevered brow.
"Children dear, oh! do not weep,"
Those words, she spoke soft and low,
"I will watch you, guard and keep,
When I with the angels go."
Chorus: "Darling children, kiss me good-bye,"
Those were all the words she said,
Then the gates of Heaven opened,
And our mother's spirit fled.

Only an Orphan.

Air: I wish mamma was here. By A. Zulzer.

I am but a poor orphan boy,
Without either home or friends;
I wander now from morn till night,
My troubles seem not to end.
O! Father in Heaven look down on me,
And keep me from temptation,
For I am a poor orphan boy, Repeat.
And think of my salvation.

My mother died 'tis years ago,
And I was left here all alone;
'Twas you kind lady brought me here,
To share your humble home.
But when I think of this great place,
The greatest of the nation:
Where many poor orphan boy's Repeat.
Are dying with starvation.

Oh! lady, would that I were dead,
For it I have no fear;
I hear the angels coming, hark,
Ah! death does now draw near.
Dear lady I do feel such joy,
My mother I'll meet in Heaven,
Farewell, dear lady I must go, Repeat.
The angels are a waiting.

Nancy Free.

PARODY ON NANCY LEE.

Of all the yarns as e'er I know, oh, ho!
Yeo, ho! a go—a re'glar go
Is that there "Nancy Lee" I trow, oh, ho!
Yeo, ho! lads, ho! ye, ho!
They say that she, upon the quay, bade Jack
"good-bye,"
An' ev'ry day he was away, she piped her eye,
But that be blowed, I never knowed my Nance to cry,
Yeo, ho! lads, oh, no!

Chorus.

A sailor's wife is alwas on the spree,
Yeo, ho! yeo, ho! when Jack's at sea,
For well she knows in every port that he,
Will not without a sweet-heart be.

Oh, my old gal's the gal to go, oh, ho!
The pace—whoa! oh, my Nancy whoa!
She is the warmest one I know, oh, ho!
To give or take a blow;
When I've the tin she's always in to welcome me,
In Tiger bay she spends her pay, but when at sea
She pawns my togs to get her grogs, and laughs at me,
Yeo, ho! lads, that's so. Chorus.

When on the sea the tempests blow, oh, ho!
Yeo, ho! yeo, ho! 'tis well I know,
That she's some other chap in tow, oh, ho!
A way they have I know:
But what care I, I never sigh, for Nancy Free.
A gal in France as good as Nance, will comfort me,
Or one in Spain, will once again come courting me,
Yeo, ho! lads, oh, just so. Chorus.

Then, here's their healths afore we go, oh, ho!
Yeo, ho! for, ho, we never know
How soon as we may go below, oh, ho!
And leave the dears in woe;
Then here's long lives to all our wives,
where'er they may be,
The young, the sweet, the old, the neat,
the staid, the free,
May we in port find just the sort of 'fancy,' she,
A sailor chap should know. Chorus.

The Tramp's Request.

Air: Only be kind. By Willie Wildware.

Trust till next week,
Give me a beer,
A schooner I seek
My heart to cheer;
To the bar go behind,
Give what I seek,
Only be kind—
Trust till next week.
Chorus: Pray, landlord, hear
My tale of woe,
I hope you'll not jeer,
Nor tell me to go;
Wealth I have not,
You look so meek
Pity my sad lot—
Trust till next week.

Trust till next week,
No one is near,
My heart it will break,
For one drink of beer;
Grant me my request,
Give what I seek,
And you will be blest,
Trust till next week. Chorus.

Azrael's Star.

By H. Alston Darley

There stooped a star that fell on none—
Stop! it startled one from dreams afar.

It kissed her lips till they grew cold
As Alpine wold unto their tips;

It touched her heart until it ceased
To throb, and eased its woe and smart;

It touched her soul, the soul so pure
To death sudure, and chilled the whole;

It kissed her hair and wondrous thing!
It formed a ring of glory there;

It raised her high and bore her off
From scorn and and scoff and misery

To heaven's gate. It knocked thereat
Where Peter sat with brow sedate.

And entered in with step elate,
Passed thro' the gate freed of all sin.

It placed a crown upon her brow;
A new star now shines brightly down.

Death was that star; escape it none
None beneath the sun—it walks afar

And gathers deep from earth's domain
The mortal grain God's angels reap.

The man who had a cloud upon his brow has since been mist.

Give Me a Wag of Your Tail.

By Harry Linn.

As we jog on through life through trouble and strife,
Many strange things we see:
But the different greetings when people they meet,
Seems very curious to me;
Some they will clasp you hard by the hand,
And some with a kiss will assail;
But when two dogs meet when out on the stre
They both wiggle-waggle their tail.

Chorus.

Give me a wag of your tail, old dog,
Give me a wag of your tail;
When out on the street and you see the dogs meet,
They say, "give me a wag of your tail."

Some people they meet with a slap on the back,
They wish you a jolly good day;
Others will only touch with the tips,
And some simpering words they will say:
Should you not be in health with you they condole,
Say they're sorry you're looking so pale—
But it's twenty to one there's more friendship expreat
In the wag of your little dog's tail. Chorus.

I love a good dog, I love a good friend,
If the friend should be trusty and true;
A friend when in need is a good friend indeed,
But I'm sorry to say they are few.
When you are prosperous they flatter and fawn,
But soon turn their backs should you fail;
Not so with your dog—he sticks to you like glue,
And you still have the wag of his tail. Chorus.

The Lakes of Cold Finn.

It was early one morning young William had rose,
Straightway to his comrades bedchamber he goes.
Saying comrades, royal comrades, let nobody know,
For it's a fine morning, and a-bathing we'll go.

So they walked right along till they came to Long Lane,
And the first that they met was the keeper of the game.
He advised them for sorrow to turn back again,
For their doom was to die on a watery main.

So young William stepped off and swam the lake round
He swam round the island, but not the right ground,
Saying comrades, royal comrades don't you venture in,
For there's depth in false water, in the lakes of
Cold Finn.

'Twas next morning, next morning, when his
sister had arose,
She straightway to her mother's bedchamber did go,
Saying, mother dear mother, I had a sad dream,
That young William was a floating on a watery stream.

It was early one morning when his mother went there,
She had rings on every finger, and was tearing
her hair,
Crying, murder! oh! murder! was there nobody by,
That would venture their life for my fine darling boy.

So it was early one morning when his uncle went there,
He rode round the island like one in dispair,
Saying, where was he drowned, or did he fall in,
For there's depth in false water, in the lakes of
Cold Finn.

God help his poor mother, she's got reason to mourn,
And likewise his sweetheart, for I'm sure she's
got more,
For every morning he did her salute,
With pink and red roses, and a fine garden flute.

So the day of his funeral there will be a grand sight,
There'll be four and twenty young men all
dressed in white,
They'll carry him along, and lay him on clay,
Saying, adieu to young William, and they'll all
march away.

What are you Going to Have, My Friends.

I little thought when first I asked,
Matilda Snooks to wed,
That sweet angelic looking girl,
Would keep my soul in dread;
But since we two have married been,
There's nothing been but rows,
In short I grieve to own the fact
That I'm a henpecked spouse.

Spoken: I'm more than henpecked—pecked all to pieces—can't keep my pecker at all—nag, nag, nag, snarl, from early morn till dewy eve. What's worse, I unguardedly allowed dear mother-in-law to live with us. That finished me; that elderly party bottled me up never mind, I've got a respite I've sent Matilda and her away for a week, so—

Chorus.

What are you going to have, my friends"
Order what you like.
My Matilda's out of town,
And I'm upon the strike,
Let us have a flare up
And a good go in to-day.
My Matilda's out of town
So hip, hip, hip hurrah!

Once more I'll be a bachelor,
And always live in glee,
And smoke a pipe in comfort,
And indulge in a latch key;
I'll go unto the music halls,
Or out upon the spree,
And come home very tight indeed,
At sometime after three. Chorus.

I'll look up Elogys my jolly friend,
The best old chum of all,
Who by my wife and ma-in-law,
Was not allowed to call;
A festive hansom we will hail,
And laugh advice to scorn,
But fly to have a jolly night,
At famous gay Cremorne. Chorus.

No thought of what my wife will say,
Shall cloud my dreams of joy,
Her mother too had best take care,
If me she should annoy;
If on returning they should "nag,"
Or howl, or tear my hair,
For once man's rights I will assert,
And bottle up the pair,

Spoken: Yes, I've been a slave too long, but the chains are broken, the captive is free, free as air. Ha, ha! I'll put winkle shells into mother-in-laws slippers if she interferes, therefore—

Chorus.

It Don't Belong to Me.

When I was but a little boy,
And used to go to school,
I was so very, very good,
Some said I was a fool,
But no! I'd never claim a thing,
That didn't belong to me,
And now I'm just as honest,
And as truthful as can be.
While walking down the street one day
By a Bobby I was stopped,
Who said, "I think this purse of gold,
From your coat pocket dropped,"
Now as I never carry one,
I've so little L. S. D,
Like an honest man, said I at once,
"It don't belong to me."
Chorus: It don't belong to me,
It don't belong to me,
You'd better enquire of somebody else,
It don't belong to me,
I never saw that purse before
It can't belong to me,
I know nothing whatever about the thing
It don't belong to me.

My wages being very small,
I live in humble style,
But with the girls I lah de dah
And the agony pile,
I tell them almost anything, for
I've got lots of cheek,
They little think I do the swell
On one pound one per week;
One day I bought a "bloater"
Which I popped inside my hat,
For I saw a lady coming along,
Who I knew would stop and chat,
My hat blew off, the "bloater" fell out,
The street boys laughed with glee,
But when they brought it back said I
"It don't belong to me." Chorus.

I occupied a *front* room
In a house at Camden Town,
And in the *back* there lived a girl,
A Miss Jemima Brown,
Where'er I chanced to meet her,
Well, I'd pass the time of day,
And have a little gossip
In a friendly sort of way.
The other night when I got home
Oh! what a dreadful scene,
The landlord, raving, asked of me
"Now what does all this mean?
Miss Brown has gone but left behind
This infant so you see,"
Said I "you quite surprise me
But it don't belong to me." Chorus.

Uncle Tom's Lament.

The Music can be obtained of the well known Music Store of F. Blume, 861 Broadway. Price, 40 cents.

You will miss me darling Chloe, when I sleep
beneath the sod,
Where the summer winds are murmuring
o'er the lea;
You will think of me in kindness, as life's
weary road you plod,
When my spirit rests from pain and sorrow free;
The sands of life are slowly ebbing, darling,
with the tide,
And soon these bones will mingle with the clay;
In the winter of your sorrow you will think of
how I died,
And you'll miss me, Chloe, when I'm laid away.

Chorus.

For Uncle Tom is feeble, and his head is bending low,
The Master calls, he can no longer stay—
For his limbs are getting weary and his eyes
are growing dim,
But you'll miss me, Chloe, when I'm laid away.

You tell our little children that their father dwells
above;
How the angels led him up the golden stair,
You will tell them how I loved them, with a fond
and sacred love;
They must try to meet their poor old father there;
And when the Judge his trumpet sounds from
realms of bliss on high,
And the morning of the great day comes at last,
I will meet you, darling Chloe, and together you and I
Will no longer dread December's wintry blast.
Chorus.

What will To-Morrow Bring.

Air: Sweet Forget Me Not. Written by S. Garvey.

Oh! life is but an idle dream
Like visions floats away.
Leaves behind it memories
Of many pleasant days.
To some it has brought happiness
To others cruel sorrow,
And to-day we cannot say
What will come to-morrow.
Chorus: Beauteous right, brings to light
Visions bright and rare,
Men still keep on building
Their castles in the air.
And if fate decides against them,
Hopelessly they cling,
Yes it's so, no one knows
What to-morrow will bring.

Happy hours have passed away
Since youth reigned supreme;
We love to recall them days
The brightest ever seen.
If suddenly we're called upon
To Him above we'll sing,
So be prepared, ready to share
Whatever to-morrow will bring. Chorus.

So then raise your voices in praise
Try to soothe your fears;
Pray for peace and happiness
Through the future years.
So put up now for days to come
While time is on its wing,
If you're prepared, you need not care,
What to-morrow may bring. Chorus.

A Celebrated Case.

By J. L. Feeney.

I'm known throughout the city,
As a man of high degree,
My family they were noted
For their hospitality.
I'm courted by all the ladies,
Who admired my pretty face,
Where'er I go, I'm known by all,
As a celebrated case.

CHORUS.

For I'm an influential man,
My pedigree you can trace;
And you'll find that I have always been
A celebrated case.

I have become quite famous.
And I've gained notoriety,
I am honored and respected
For my sobriety.
Although I am not a sporting man,
You can see me at every race,
Where I am recognised by all,
As a celebrated case. Chorus.

I associate with gentlemen,
They all think well of me,
My picture has been in the papers,
Also my biography,
There's no one who can say a word,
My character to deface,
For I am a substantial citizen,
I'm a celebrated case. Chorus.

Standing in the Hall.

By J. L. Feeney. Air: Gliding down the stream.

Love is very funny,
It makes you feel so queer,
Especially when your heart is gone,
On a girl you love so dear.
But now a-days when lovers,
Upon their darling call,
She's sure to meet him at the door,
And keep standing in the hall.

CHORUS.

Standing in the hall,
With your sweetheart by your side,
Whispering words of love to her,
How fast the time does glide.
Kissing, squeezing, telling her
You'll take her to a ball,
It's such delight, you could stay all night,
Standing in the hall.

Now I have met a beauty,
With whom I'm deep in love,
Her lips are like the roses,
Her eyes like the stars above,
But her pa is very peevish,
He don't like me at all,
So when I go to see my girl,
She meets me in the hall. Chorus.

I often call to see her,
For her I do adore,
She seldom disappoints me,
But meets me at the door.
We chat away for hours,
I kiss her on the sly,
And when the clock strikes half-past ten,
I then bid her good-bye. Chorus.

Carrying the Banner.

A CITY LYRIC.

By H. Alston Darley.

'Tis midnight! old Trinity wafting
Its hour, dirge-like, to my heart,
Seems a knell with my misery grafting
That is of my life a great part.
But I'm watched by a cop, and he catches
My eye in a curious manner:
While I wonder if he's that wear patches
To-night are carrying the banner.

"Life is vain—all must die," says the poet,
And proclaims it in withering tones:
A crown of all crowns—well *I* know it!—
Is naught but a garland of stones.
Is virtue a sharp blade Damascus
That *sometimes* beheads glaring vice?
If so this cold world would not ask us
To bear our o'er-fraught banner twice.

Is the world at last devoid of pity—
Is charity gone from our land?
If the riches that roll thro' our city
Would only come to our gaunt band,
What a feast we could have for the asking!
How changed would become every manner!
But those in prosperity basking
Never think of our carrying the banner.

I oftentimes glance at the river
As it glides ever noiselessly by,
Then I turn quick away with a shiver—
For I know I am not fit to die—
The while there appears a bright vision
From the walls of a tall stately manor;
I never dreamed in that elysion
Of having to carry the banner.

There was one, robed in Nature's own graces,
Who welcomed my coming at night:
Graven deep on my heart's wall of faces
Is her face that made every care light.
Sang she songs of the heart softly, sweetly,
Or gracefully touched the piano,
Then I lingered in rapture completely—
Now—God help me! I carry the banner.

In the world's thoroughfares there are legions
Who helplessly drift with the flood,
Who sink to the bottom-most regions,
Who, fortune-crushed, die in the mud.
Yet this one joy ever will cheer me:
"Over there" I shall sing the Hosanna,
With the Heavenly Host ever near me
No longer to carry the banner.

I am Waiting, Essie Dear.

The Music is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., Price 40 cents.

I am waiting in the wildwood, Essie dear!
Beside the stream that murmurs sweet and low,
In the nook we've known since childhood, Essie dear,
Where sunbeams on the ripples come and go;
Overhead the birds are singing in the trees,
While their joyous carols echo through the dell;
Where the violets are smiling in the breeze,
There our happy, happy tale of love we'll tell.

CHORUS.

I am waiting in the wildwood, Essie dear!
Beside the stream that murmurs sweet and low,
In the nook we've known since childhood, Essie dear,
Where oft we've met in happy days ago.

Linger not, but haste to meet me, Essie dear!
Down where we roamed in merry days "Lang syne,"
I am waiting here to greet thee, Essie dear,
For I long to hear you whisper, "Ever thine."
Oh! I love you more than all the world beside,
Ever true you've been in sorrow and in pain;
You were the star my weary heart to guide,
How I long to hear your winning voice again!
Chorus.

Beautiful Star.

Beautiful star, in heaven so bright,
Softly falls thy silvery light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.
Star of the evening, &c.

In fancy's eye they seem to spy,
Follow me; come from earth away!
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
To realms of love above the sky.
To realms of ove, &c.

Shine, oh, star of love divine,
May our soul's affection twine
Around thee, as thou movest afar,
Star of twilight, beautiful star.
Star of twilight, &c.

Our Army and Navy of Blue.

Copyright 1878 by E. H. Harding. The Music can be had of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery. Price 40 cts.

List to the music while I sing a lay,
In praise of our flag, boys, that's wav'd for many a day!
It sheltered our soldiers and sailors so true,
It covers our Army and Navy of blue.

CHORUS.

Over heads, boys, flaunting to the breeze:
Up to the peak greeting all lands and seas!
The emblem of Liberty, ever so true,
That covers our Army and Navy of blue.

Peace be our motto, charity our cause,
Faith to our colors, respect for our laws!
Friendship our greeting, our flag as it flew
Inspired our brave Army and Navy of blue.
Chorus.

Uncle Joe.

ORIGINAL.

By Ben King.

It was in Carolina,
Afore de war it broke,
Mong de cane wid Dinah,
I was a happy moke.
I picked upon de banjo,
And drew de fiddle bow;
But dem days hab flown fo' ober
From poor old Uncle Joe.

CHORUS.

Though all my friends hab left me,
I've still dat old banjo:
It fotches back bright memory
To poor old Uncle Joe.

Den dere was de dear old cabin,
Whar I've often sat and sang,
Wid de banjo to accompany
De air wid music rang.
De darkies use to listen,
Fo' de music pleased dem so,
I 'spects dey now am missin'
Poor old Uncle Joe. Chorus.

Wid age I'm almost shattered,
And my hair has turned its shade;
I 'spects dis piece ob nature,
In de ground will soon be laid.
When my time on earth am ober,
And my form dey do lay low,
De grass will mark de resting place
Of poor old Uncle Joe. Chorus.

The Chorister.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Oh! sweet and dim the lights and shade,
Across the minister stealing;
I heard the grand old organ played,
The anthem upward stealing.
One boy's sweet voice above the rest,
I heard so clearly ringing,
The angels must his dreams have blest,
To teach him such sweet singing.

His earnest eyes to heaven were bent,
With yearning pure and lowly;
To follow where his singing went;
And join the angels holy.
No gentle mother's love had he,
But God had comfort given,
For he might sing on earth
And she might hear her child from heaven.

Last night I dreamt of harps of gold,
Heaven's gates were rolled asunder,
I saw the grave sweet face of old,
Upraised in joy and wonder.
He sings among the angels now,
Beside the crystal river,
The light of God is on his brow,
For ever and for ever.

The Centre Street Tombs.

By M. D. Sullivan. Air. The Isle de Blackwell.

Now all ye mug-lifters
And drainers beware,
And fly by night sluggers
You'd better take care,
To keep yourself decent
Or else very soon,
You'll be kicking your heels
In the Centre Street Tombs.
Chorus: Oh! your heart is bowed down,
And the tears fill your eyes,
As they point you the way
'Cross the old "Bridge of Sighs."
For the court-room is swept
With a mighty clean broom,
When Duffy sits there,
In the Centre Street Tombs.

The court-room is open
About ten o'clock,
The tramps and the vagrants
They crawl round the dock,
With their noses as red
As ten cent toy baloons
Up the river they go,
From the Centre Street Tombs. Chorus.

There's the Ganiff from Galway,
A dashing young blade,
Who once went a courting
A big chambermaid.
'Twas there he made love
To her fine silver spoons,
Hold the fort he is singing
In the Centre Street Tombs. Chorus.

Oh! the cop makes a charge,
Drunk and disorderly,
And on a poor woman
They have no pity.
It's to Bellevue you're sent
For to clean all the rooms,
Ten days or ten dollars
In the Centre Street Tombs. Chorus.

It's there you will see
The Bowery train wreckers,
With their nose through the bars
Playing a fine game of checkers.
They howl and they swear,
But it will be many moons
Ere they see the outside
Of the Centre Street Tombs. Chorus.

Oh! Could we Meet as Once we Met!

Copyright 1878 by E. H. Harding. The Music can be had of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery. Price 40 cts.

Oh! could we meet as once we met
In happy hours now flown!
Oh! could my lips, without regret,
Still call thee all mine own!
In dreams I live the saddened hour
That tore thee from my side;
And fate with ever waning power,
Our paths hath severed wide!

Chorus.

Oh! could we but the past forget,
No more of pain to see!
Oh! could we meet as we have met, have met,
How bright, how bright this world would be.

Oh! could we meet as once we met
When life was like a dream!
Ere doubts and cares our way beset,
And fair was hopes pure beam.
Tho' ne'er on earth we'll meet again,
The olden love returns,
And, as the saddened moments wane,
Still fonder, brighter burns, Chorus.

Oh! could we meet as once we met;
Could slighted love forgive,
No weary shadow of regret
Within my heart could live.
But summer past can bloom no more,
Tho' sadly now we sigh;
Nor time, nor place can ere restore
The vows that shattered lie! Chorus.

Billy's Request.

Sung by the Sanfrancisco Minstrels.
Music Published by W. F. Wellman, Jr, 39 East 19th Street.

The expiring lad's last boyish thought is of his "devil's fiddle"—that ingenious fashionable toy, involving a tin mustard-box with a rozined string drawn through a hole in the bottom thereof, which, when dexterously manipulated in a quiet neighborhood, produces imitations of frenzied poultry, exceedingly lifelike and distracting—yet his good little heart can also leave a message of forgiveness for the too irascible neighbor who has thrown things at him from a window, in return for his innocent toy serenade.

Oh! give my "box and string" to brother,
Mama, when I'm dead,
When the Sexton puts me, mother,
In my little bed:
If the job is like to "throw him,"
When the string he jerks,
Let him get some boy to show him
"How the old thing works."

Tell our neighbor that the "tin hen."
Causing all his "rips,"
Didn't finally "cave in,"
When I "passed in my chips."
Tho' your son forgives him, few know
How he "fired" a shelf
Full of things to stop my
"You know how it is yourself."

Give my "chewing-gum" to sister,
I won't need it more,
On my gums it raised a blister,
They were very sore!
Give away my ragged jacket,
Mama, don't you cry!
In the clouds I'll "raise a racket,"
"How is that for high?"

Every One's on the Take-In.

A Banjo Solo. By Ben King.
Air: Pace with the Times.

A song on the times I'll sing to you,
Founded on facts of the day;
Mabe some of them have befallen you,
So listen to what I have to say.
Our country is full of corruption,
Honesty never can win;
We're naturally going to destruction
For every one's on the take-in.
Repeat last two lines.

Each day we are shamefully treated
By those who profess to deal fair,
In all things we buy we are cheated,
Where's the man now-a-days on the square?
Such is the age that we live in,
Fraud seems the motto to win;
"Keep your eye on your stamps and your dollars,"
For every one's on the take-in.
Repeat last two lines.

Each day we have business transactions
With men we think true to their word,
But soon we find out by their actions,
That confidence flies like a bird.
Money is all that they worship,
Daily they practice to skin;
"Beat all ere you fail," is their motto,
For every one's on the take-in.
Repeat last two lines.

Fill the Cup, all Jolly Fellows!

Sung by Tony Pastor.
The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Fill the cup, all jolly fellows,
Pledge around to friendship still!
All the ills of life it mellows,
Bumpers comrades with a will!
Diamonds in the glass are winking,
Care we'll drown within the bowl;
Join us in our merry drinking
Every good and thirsty soul,
Fill the cup, fill it up,
Fill the cup, fill it up,
All comrades gaily meeting,
We'll clasp our hands in greeting;
We drink the health of every one
All comrades here, so gay and dear;
And stars may set and rise the sun,
We'll still be jolly here! all still be jolly here

Fill the cup all jolly fellows,
Bid the joyous measure flow;
Life is full of woes they tell us,
Live the moments while they flow!
Never more may be our meeting,
Clasp each hand before we part;
Memory still will make their meeting,
Dear to every comrades heart.

Turn off the Gas at the Meter.

Music published by S. Brainard & Co., No 203 Superior Street, Cleveland, O.

A worthy old Scotchman was Peter McLean,
In business for several years he had been,
In a shop somewhere out in the Hammersmith road,
Where the neighbors all call him a stingy old toad.
His habits were frugal he lived all alone,
Economy seemed grafted into the bone,
And for fear of a fire ere at night he'd retire,
He'd turn off the gas at the meter.

Chorus.

He'd turn off the gas at the meter,
He'd turn off the gas at the meter,
Every night he would go to the regions below,
To turn off the gas at the meter.

Now as he grew older he took in a maid,
And fifteen bright sovereigns a year to her paid,
She had to attend to old Peter and cook,
And sometimes she read him the news or a book,
Now McLean, who'd a bachelor been all his life,
Began to have thoughts about taking a wife,
For with the old fellow she'd go down the cellar,
To turn off the gas at the meter. Chorus.

So useful his housekeeper to him he found,
He soon raised her wages another five pounds,
He then began spooning and telling such fibs,
While she in return used to nudge his old ribs.
Though sixty, 'twas plain he with Cupid was struck,
He kissed her and squeezed her, and called
her his duck;
But though his love was so hot he never forgot,
To turn off the gas at the meter. Chorus.

One morning they walked off to church all serene,
And the girl after that became Mrs. McLean.
They have'nt a family but he doesn't fret,
But tells his young wife that there's time
enough yet.
They've a cot out of town where for light they've
a lamp,
But he's best pleased when living in town,
For he says it's a lark, going down in the dark
the old scamp,
To turn off the gas at the meter. Chorus.

Britannia Reigns Supreme.

Can any man but a Briton boast?
Can any but the free
Boast of the island of the west,
The islands of the sea
Can any other known land
Say they'll ne'er be slaves;
Can any but Britannia reign
Queen of the bright blue waves.
Chorus: Never, never, never,
Will we conquered be;
Britannia still will reign supreme—
Queen of the bright blue sea.

Our good ships, they are walls of oak,
Our sailors, jolly tars,
Our soldiers they are all well known,
In all our country's wars;
For we will still unconquered be,
We still shall rule the waves,
For 'tis a saying ever true—
Britannia rules the waves. Chorus.

Geraldine.

A TALE OF THE SEA AND THE SHORE.

Continued.

"Well, so it is, now come to think of it," acknowledges Brodderford. "I beg your pardon, but when a fellow has been bothered as I have, he may be excused if he forgets himself a little."

"Certainly! So this Prescot Wargrave gave Senor Sebastian into custody?"

"I believe so. He accused the Spaniard of a whole heap of wrong-doing. I didn't hear half he said. I was so annoyed and upset at finding myself in such objectionable company, that I hardly seemed to comprehend the scene at all. I could not, in fact, believe myself to be in my waking senses. I know, Miss Maur, that I have given you a most confused account of this affair, but when a fellow's not clever at story-telling, you must of course, take the thing as he gives it, and be satisfied. It will be a bad job for me if my old dad gets to hear of my being mixed up in this confounded matter. I wonder how Donald Irvane—who's a most particular chum of mine—came to own the acquaintance of such a scamp! A grandee of Spain! By Jove, what a deuced swindle this chap is! Going to dine with the Spanish Ambassador! What a shameless liar!"

And Brodderford, as if exhausted with so much talking, leans back in his chair, and draws his breath with a sigh of gentle relief.

Geraldine sits like one paralyzed. She looks at her visitor in a dazed sort of manner, not knowing what to do or what to say. She wants to see Wargrave. She must see him, and that, too, as soon as possible. The charge against Sebastian must be withdrawn without delay.

Of what can Wargrave accuse him? He was not injured by the captain of the Vulture; she alone has been wronged by him; and if she chooses to ignore that fact, it is not for another to espouse her cause and drag it before the public.

Bitterly as she has felt towards Sebastian hitherto, now that his liberty is imperilled she is his friend. She is his wife, and she will maintain her rights despite a thousand cousins.

These are something like the thoughts that are darting one after another in quick succession through her brain. But how is she to act? How is she to proceed so as to disentangle Sebastain out of his chain of difficulties.

She has no friend or relative whom she can take into her confidence, whom she can trust to act for her in this delicate affair.

She thinks of her lawyer as the person most suited to receive her confidence; but remembering that that worthy individual is very slow in his mode of transacting business matters, she bestows not another thought upon him.

Brodderford is good-natured enough, but he is not furnished with much wit; and were she to employ his services on her behalf the chances are ten to one that he would fail, or make some great mistake in the work intrusted to him.

But what is she to do—whither can she turn in this strait so perplexing, so painful? She must of necessity solicite the assistance of Brodderford. Her plan of proceeding with him is only half formed, but there is no time for further reflection—she must proceed at once with her task.

The young man shakes off his languor at once, and looks up brightly.

"I need not ask you whether you will render me a service?" she says, sweetly.

"Render you a service, Miss Maur!" repeats he. "Most proud—most happy to do anything in my power for you, I am sure," he adds.

"Thank you—you are very good," she rejoins. "You must know," she continues, after a pause,—"you must know that I am acquainted with this Mr. Prescot Wargrave."

"You, Miss Maur!" the other exclaims, in surprise.

"Yes; he once belonged to the crew of the White Dove, my father's yacht; he was it's second officer," Geraldine explains.

"Is it possible? How extraordinary, to be sure! Who could have thought of such a thing? But a fellow is being surprised from morning until night!"

"Well, I should like to see him," adds Geraldine.

"This Prescot Wargrave?"

"Yes; do you think you could manage to deliver a little note to him from me?"

"Yes; certainly I could."

"I shall be forever obliged to you if you so far serve me," Geraldine says. "It must be delivered to him without a minute's unnecessary delay, remember!"

"It shall be so," Brodderford answers, briskly. "Depend upon me."

"I shall depend upon you, Mr. Brodderford!" she replies, with emphasis.

Then Geraldine retires to the end of the room for a few moments. When she returns to Brodderford's side she holds a letter in her hand. "There!" she says, giving it to him; "lose not a moment in this matter. You do not imagine, and I cannot explain to you, how grateful I am to you for the performance of this service!"

"Don't say another word to me about it, Miss Maur, I beg. A fellow wouldn't be worth a single straw if he couldn't do something or other for a friend, especially when that friend happens to be a lady."

"Good morning. You are very kind," she resumes, with a gesture of dismissal.

And with a brisker step than usual, Brodderford leaves the room.

His cab, which is in waiting at the door, Geraldine, watching from the window, sees bowling away at full speed.

CHAPTER XI.

GERALDINE'S LETTER.

Brodderford keeps his word, and never rests one moment until he finds Prescot Wargrave, whom he discovers at the Bow Street Police Office, where Sebastian is about to be brought up for examination before the sitting magistrate.

There is a great deal of excitement amongst the crowd there assembled, for a murmur has got afloat that a notorious pirate, passing himself off in London as a Spanish noble, has been recognised and arrested and people are feeling anxious to behold him. Brodderford presents his letter to Wargrave, at the same time announcing the name of its writer.

"From Miss Maur!" repeats the sailor, as he tears open the envelope with flushing cheeks and trembling fingers.

Then he reads as follows:

"Do not appear against the prisoner, I implore you. Withdraw the charge, and come to me at once. I am awaiting your arrival with impatience and anxiety. the bearer of this will give you my address, which, for fear of accident, I with-hold here. "G. M."

Wargrave bites his lips meditatively.

At this instant, a police officer approaches, and addresses him.

"Your presence will not be required here until to-morrow, sir," he says. "The case has just been remanded."

Wargrave's heart seems suddenly relieved of a great load.

"All right, my friend," he replies, with a smile and at the same time drawing Brodderford aside with a significent look.

"Miss Maur's address, if you please, sir?" the sailor says to the other.

Brodderford gives it to him.

"Thank you, sir," Wargrave adds, at once rushing away, and hailing a passing cab.

Brodderford looks about him with a puzzled air.

"Surprises day and night! Nothing but surprises!" he cries within himself. "A fellow need have nerves of steel to stand it all!"

The cab containing the sailor dashes on at a swift rate, Wargrave having promised the driver something extra for increased speed, and soon arrives in front of a large house in a fashionable West End square.

Geraldine receives the amazed and perplexed young man in private, she is paler than her wont, and her looks are full of anxiety and dread.

She meets Wargrave with two outstretched hands.

"I am glad to see you—so very thankful, too!" she cries, tremulously.

And then she sinks into a seat, and is almost on the point of fainting.

"I shall be better presently!" she continues. "Pray be seated! Your presence brings the old time back to my memory, My poor father! You withdrew the charge? How good of you! But you were always kind and good to me."

Wargrave seats himself, and prepares to speak. He wears a grave countenance. He does not understand the anxiety evinced so strongly by the lady to shield this man, who has so wronged her.

"I have not withdrawn the charge, Miss Maur," he answers coldly. "I cannot honorably and conscientously do so."

"Not withdrawn the charge!" she repeats with working features. "You cannot honorably and conscientiously do so! What do you mean, Mr. Wargrave?"

"There is no difficulty in understanding my meaning, I should think, Miss Maur," he returns, very calmly, and with much firmness of manner.

"But I say you must withdraw the charge against Captain Sebastian!' Geraldine cries, emphatically.

"Must, Miss Maur?"

"Yes, must. Nothing can be easier to do."

He shakes his head.

"It can be represented as a case of mistaken identity."

"But that would be to tell a scandalous falsehood, Miss Maur."

"What matter about a falsehood in this case—a score of falsehoods, if such be found necessary?"

She flushes angrily.

Wargrave makes no reply, and Geraldine runs on.

"Captain Sebastian must be permitted to go free. You must not, by any word of yours, harm a single hair of his head!

"Miss Maur!"

"You will not act contrary to my wishes—I am sure you will not, Mr. Wargrave!"

"Be sure of nothing, Miss Maur."

"Should you do so. I myself will come forward and contradict your statement before the whole court!"

"You, Miss Maur?" he exclaims looking at her in blank amazement.

"Yes, I—his wife!"

Wargrave starts up from his chair as if electrified,

"His wife?"he cries, scarcely crediting the evidence of his ears.

"Yes; the wife of Captain Sebastian," she returns, firmly.

"I have done!" he answers in broken tones, and sinking back again into his seat with disappointed looks.

"You consent, then, to withdraw the charge?" she eagerly says.

He does not reply for some moments. He appears to be unable to do so until she rouses him by laying her hand upon his arm.

"I shall appear to be a madman!" he murmurs, angrily.

"I should be sorry to cause you suffering in any way," she answers.

"Nevertheless, such, will be the case. I cannot utter a falsehood—so, like a coward, I must fly."

"Fly?"

"Yes; quit England this very evening."

"Surely not?

"You have equally pained and amazed me, Miss Maur!" he adds, looking Geraldine full in the face.

"I have astonished myself," she answers, briefly, and averting her eyes as she speaks. "He will now be allowed to go free?" she says after a short pause.

"Will he not, Mr. Wargrave?"

"I suppose so," he returns, dejectidly, and rising from his chair.

"You are not going away so soon, Mr. Wargrave?"

"Why should I stay here, Miss Maur? You have done with me, have you not?" he answers, in hurt tones. "Besides, I have a journey before me."

"A journey! Why not remain where you are?"

"What! to be pointed at, laughed at, scoffed at? No: I am not made of the sort of stuff that could bear all that. I must go away, since I must let the villain escape a just punishment!"

Geraldine winces perceptibly. What explanation can she offer Wargrave for her strange conduct? she does not like to acknowledge her weakness to him she feels ashamed to confess to him that she has fallen in love with Sebastian, with the man whom she had once despised and hated.

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CONTENTS.

The Americyn National Guard.....page 403
All will come right in the end..... 405
Charley Don't..... 402
Cincinnatti O-ho-ho..... 406
Eileen Mavourneen..... 403
England and her Castles, on the main..... 406
The Five Cent Shave..... 403
Gentle heart be true..... 404
Give bread to the poor..... 405
Gleniffer Brae'a..... 405
Geraldine—Story ended..... 407
Give our working girls a show..... 408
In the grave my Corn's sleeping..... 402
I'll go back to my old love, again..... 402
It's just what I might have expected..... 404
Kissing in the moonlight..... 405
Looked out after nine..... 408
Murphy's little back-room..... 406
New York A. B. C..... 403
Oh! George I can't endure you..... 403
Over the left..... 408
Political situations..... 406
The Raymond Street Jail..... 404
Rollicking Dan, from Ballymena..... 405
Remember that you yourself may yet be old 406
Rose Geranium..... 408
The Sparkling Solitaire..... 402
Sing all is well, oh! trusting soul..... 403
Stay one moment, love..... 404
Sights that I see in New York..... 408
Think of me kindly..... 402
The Tea Rose..... 402
Take me back to home and mother..... 402
That's when you will know who's your friend 404
Uncle Steve..... 406
The Voice of Labor..... 404
We all get Jolly, as the night wears on..... 403
Waiting by the Brooklet..... 402
Will my darling come again!..... 404
When Brown comes rolling home..... 406
We'd better be happy than rich..... 408
You make me laugh..... 405
Your face would stop a clock..... 408

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Charley Don't.

By J. L. Feeney. Air: Charley Flynn.

I'm in love with such a pretty girl,
And she's in love with me;
But she seems to act so funny,
When her I go to see.
I often get bewildered,
At her peculiar way,
For when I go to squeeze her,
Why this is what she says.

Chorus.

Charley don't Charley don't,
You know I do not like such teasing,
Charley don't, Charley dont,
Can't you stop that horrid squeezing;
If my papa he should see;
The way that you squeeze me;
He'd get very angry,
So go way and let be.

I got very angry,
And her words they gave me pain,'
But I puckered up my courage,
And resolved to try again.
So I called one night to see her,
Her folks were away from home,
She seemed to be so merry;
For she was all alone.

Spoken: So I thought it then a favorable opportunity to express myself once more, so I placed my arm around her waist, and pressed her close to my heart, and just as her cheek touched mine she screamed and said— Chorus.

Think of me Kindly.

By J. L. Feeney.

Think of me kindly when I'm far away,
'Tis all that I ask of thee;
Think of me darling when you kneel to pray,
And faithful I ever will be.
Our love will grow constant and pure,
Our vows we never shall break,
No troubles we'll ever endure;
And my darling I'll never forsake.

Chorus.

Think of me kindly when I'm far away,
'Tis all that I ask of thee;
Think of me darling when you kneel to pray,
And faithful I ever will be.

Think of me kindly wherever you go,
Tell me you'll always prove true,
When the tempests rage and the wind doth blow,
I'll be thinking my darling of you.
Where'er I may chance to roam!
Your image I'll wear in my heart,
And darling when I return home;
We never oh! never shall part. Chorus.

The Tea Rose.

By Charles A. Johnson.

As I was walking through a grove,
Not very far from here,
I saw a beautiful flower,
That was to me most dear.
It stood so proudly there, like
A queen of all the rest,
And as I looked, a dew-drop fell
From off its pink-white breast.

Chorus.

Oh! 'twas so fair and bright, [Sym.]
When I saw it my heart grew light, [Sym.]
Of all the flowers that I love,
To this one my heart goes,
It is a gift from Heaven above,
The beautiful Tea Rose.

I plucked it from the bush, and then,
I quickly home did hie,
I greatly feared, that on the way,
It might languish and die.
We reached home safe, I placed it in
A rich deep mold of earth,
It lived it flourished, then to other
Beauteous flowers gave birth. Chorus.

The Sparkling Solitaire.

The Music can be obtained of the well known Music Store of F. Blume, 861 Broadway. Price, 35 cents.

There's one sweet face in all this world,
Whose smile to me is bliss,
One pretty pair of pouting lips
That I would love to kiss;
And this fairy queen is only seventeen,
Her voice is sweetest music as it floats upon the air;
Her style is very neat, and she has such tiny feet,
And on her dainty finger is a sparkling solitaire.

Chorus.

She's deep blue eyes and golden hair,
With dimpled cheeks and face so fair;
She's a queen among the bon-tons,
Is this lovely millionaire;
Upon her dainty finger
Is a sparkling solitaire. (Dance.)

One moonlight night I whispered love
Into her willing ear,
She blushed and nestled to my side,
And brushed away a tear;
While my brain was in a whirl, I kissed this
darling girl,
We sat for hours so happy, and she said my
lot she'd share,
And then we did agree that next week we'd married be,
And on her dainty finger is a sparkling solitaire.
Chorus.

I'll go Back to my Old Love Again.

Copyright 1875 by E. H. Harding.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 239 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

I'll go back to my old love again,
She will smile and forgive me I know,
Every day brings me sorrow and pain,
And I'm weary wherever I go.
While we live thus apart, there's a sigh in my heart,
And I try to be glad, but in vain,
There's a sweet voice that whispers to me,
"You must go back to your old love again.

Chorus.

I'll go back again, I'll go back again,
And remove from my heart all its pain;
In my sorrow no more I shall roam,
I'll go back to my old love again.

Once again I will sit by her side,
And the light of her smile will be mine,
And the love which my absence denied,
Will be brought back in gladness divine.
We will kiss and forgive, and in future will live,
Far away from all sorrow and pain;
Oh! the thought brings me hope and delight,
I'll go back to my old love again. Chorus.

She will sing all the songs of the past,
Which have echoed so long in my heart,
I remember the sweet spell they cast,
All around me that ne'er would depart.
Many years since have fled, but the dream
is not dead,
While I live it will always remain;
There is joy in the future for me,
For I'll soon see my old love again. Chorus.

In the Grave my Cora's Sleeping.

Words by Richard Penrose. Music by M. Lerman.

Music Copyrighted and published by M. Lerman, 97 East 4th Street, N. Y. Price 35cts.

You wonder why I'm sadly weeping,
Why my tears so constant flow,
In the grave my child is sleeping,
Death the mower laid her low.
Here her hair no more entwining—
With the woodbine at the door,
For her absence I'm repining,
She is gone forevermore.

Chorus.

She is sleeping, Cora's sleeping,
Here my lonely vigil's keeping,
O'er her grave I'm sadly weeping,
Cora's sleeping evermore.

She at the close of day was fleeing,
With the sunsets golden glow,
For then death, my love was freeing,
From her loved ones here below.
And her voice so low and sweet,
I shall hear, ah! never more,
And the hastening of her feet,
Ne'er will greet me at the door.
She is sleeping, &c.

Bright were her dreams in life's young morning,
Beautiful, but not to last,
Sweetest flowers her path adorning,
Round our cot their fragrance cast.
Hark! I hear the angels singing,
"Heaven is on the other side,"
Hope within my heart is springing,
We shall meet beyond the tide.
She is sleeping, &c.

Waiting by the Brooklet.

By C. A. Johnson.

I'm waiting by the brooklet, darling,
'Neath the moon's pale silvery rays,
And I am anxiously longing,
Upon you, to rest my gaze.
Hasten to me, little sweetheart,
Let me once more hear your voice,
Cheer me with your presence loved one,
You're my first and only choice.

Chorus.

I'm waiting by the brooklet, darling,
'Neath the moon's pale silv'ry rays,
And I am anxiously longing,
Upon you, to rest my gaze.

Hark! I hear her footsteps falling,
Yes, she's coming now to me;
Hasten, little darling, hasten,
And how happy we will be.
Ah! she is approaching quickly,
Very soon she will be here,
Tender words of love, I'll whisper,
Softly, sweetly in her ear. Chorus.

Take me Back to Home and Mother.

The Music published by John F Perry & Co, 538 Washington Street, Boston. Price 40 cents.

Take me back to home and mother,
I am weary wandering here,
There can never be another spot
On earth that is so dear.
Tho' I roam mid scenes of splendor,
Yet my heart is filled with pain,
And a longing soft and tender,
Whispers take me home again.
Chorus: Take me back to home and mother,
For my heart is filled with pain,
Take me back to home and mother,
Only take me back again.

Take me back to home and mother,
To the happy scenes of yore,
Friends of childhood, sister, brother,
Long to welcome me once more.
I can hear their voices ringing,
In sweet memory's refrain—
To the past my heart is clinging,
Only take me back again. Chorus.

Take me back to home and mother,
Gentle words will greet me there,
For on earth there is no other
Kindness like a mother's care.
Life is but a dream of pleasure,
Sweetest hours must turn to pain.
Home is all I have to treasure,
Only take me home again. Chorus.

Sing all is well, oh! Trusting Soul!

Words by Mrs E M Hickox. Music by M. Lerman.

Music Copyrighted and published by M. Lerman, 97 East 4th Street N. Y Price 35cts

Sing all is well, oh! trusting soul!
God is thy refuge near;
All life goes on 'neath his control,
He never fails to hear;
The weakest cry, the faintest moan,
The lowliest prayer for aid;
Who looks to Him is ne'er alone,
Who trusts to him is ne'er afraid.
Chorus; Sing all is well, oh! trusting soul!
God is thy refuge near;
All life goes on 'neath His control,
He never fail to hear.
Sing all is well, oh! steadfast soul!
Though fiercer storms speed on,
Though angry waves in mountains roll,
And earthly joys are gone;
Sing all is well, though long the way,
And dark and cold the night;
The dreary path will sometime end,
And sure the morning bright. Chorus.

Sing all is well, the watch tower light
Gleams on the further shore,
Across the waste its radiance bright,
Speaks hope, and cheer and more.
Sing all is well, I catch the notes
Above the surges roar;
A welcome here, oh! tempest tossed,
When life's last storm is o'er. Chorus.

We all get Jolly as the Night wears on.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I don't like a fellow who's stingy and close,
And can't bear to part with a crown,
Nor yet do I like him who's stern and morose,
And looks on the world with a frown.
But give me the fellow whoever he may be,
Who cares not for a peasant or king,
Who likes a good spree, that's the fellow for me,
And with him I'll merrily sing.

Chorus.

Drink, boys, drink, and let your glasses jingle,
Drink, boys, drink, and bid dull care begone,
Shout, boys, shout, and let your voices mingle,
We'll all get jolly as the night wears on.

'Tis fine of an evening when business is done,
And the toils of the day have gone past,
To sit in the parlor of some cosy pub,
And drown all your cares in a glass;
Let squeamish teetotlers drink coffee and tea,
And prate oi the coppers they save,
I laugh at their can't, and now they may rant.
I'll sing 'till I'm laid in my grave. Chorus.

Of friends I've a few such a rollicking crew,
And trouble assails us in vain,
We meet every night and often get tight,
On brandy or glorius champagne;
For frolic and noise faith we are the boys,
And then as the hours speed along,
We call in the host, who gives us a toast,
Or sings us this right jovial song. Chorus.

To fall deep in love with a sweet turtle-dove,
Very fine for some fellows may be;
But the exquisite bliss of a woman's sweet kiss,
Has no great attraction for me;
At young Cupid's shrine to kneel I decline,
To Bacchus I'll stick hard and fast,
With a dollar to spend and another to lend,
And gaily I'll sing to the last. Chorus.

New York A. B. C.

By R Houghton.

A stands for the Aldermen who rule this great city,
B stands for Bulls and Bears in Wall Street you will see,
C stands for Centre Street, in which you see the Tombs,
D stands for Dead House to which unknown dead are doomed,

Chorus.

So listen to my ditty, and bye-an-by you'll see,
It's about the City of New York I write my A, B, C,

E stands for the Eagle our emblem as of old,
F stands for Firemen who are so brave and bold,
G stands for Green Street, which is patronized we see,
H stands for Houston Street where idle men are seen.
So listen, &c.

I stands for the Island where hard cases they do hold,
J stands for the Judges, before them lies are told,
K stands for Kings Bridge where sporting men are seen,
L stands for the ladies of this, our great city.
So listen, &c.

M stands for Mad-House, where lunatics you meet,
N stands for the National Guard with uniform so neat,
O stands for Oysters with which our rivers do abound,
P stands for the Police Force their equal can't be found.
So listen, &c.

Q stands for the Queer Sights you'll see about this town,
R stands for the Rivers, you can sail the city round,
S stands for the Steamers which on our rivers ply,
T stands for Trade which seems about to die.
So listen, &c.

U stands for the Union of which New York's the queen,
V stands for the Virgins on our Avenues can be seen,
W stands for Water, may we always have it pure,
X stands for something, but for what I am not sure.
So listen, &c.

Y stands for Yorkville where pretty girls you'll see,
Z is a conundrum, which completely puzzles me,
So now my song is ended, I think you all did see
It was about the City of New York, I wrote my A, B, C.
So listen, &c.

The Five Cent Shave.

Copyright 1878 by E. H. Harding.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Oh! I'm going to tell you, of the troubles I went thro'
In a barber's shop that isn't very far away,
My beard it being strong, I thought 'twould not be wrong,
To go and have it trimmed a bit the other day;
And being short of cash it struck me like a flash,
That five cents was enough to pay in these hard times,
So I went into a place, as I thought it no disgrace
To practice strict economy and save my dimes.

Spoken: Yes, I went into one of these barber shops where they give you a shave for five cents and throw in a chromo. Well, the fellow put me into a chair and took down a small bottle from the shelf and was going to put it to my nose. "What's that?" says I. "Chloroform," says he. "I didn't come here to have my teeth pulled out," says I. "Oh! well," says he, "if you can't stand it I can."

Chorus.

So he lathered me, he slathered me, he bruised me, he abused me,
He tore me and nearly drove me to my grave;
He tickled me, he pickled me, he scratched me, and he patched me,
And I'd rather have the measels than his five cent shave.

I stood it for awhile, I tried in vain to smile,
He talked about the weather as he scratched away,
He took me by the hair and held me in the chair,
I thought my days were numbered and began to pray;
At length I gave a roar, says I, "I want no more;
Here! you can have my pocket-book but spare my life;
Take all that I possess, and finish my distress,
I cannot stand the torture of your slaughter-house knife."

Spoken: You ought to see the way he went about it. The first thing I knew he had his knee upon my chest and was sawing away like a day's work. And then he called out to the fellow that cleans the spittoons. "Here, Emanuel, come and put some grease on the razor, I'm stuck." Well between the two they finally got it out, and I looked in the glass, and by the hokey my face was all marked out in town lots. "What's this you have on my face?" I says. "Oh, well," he says, "we expect our customers to come back, and that's a diagram of the route." "Well," says I, "you may call this a clean shave, but I call it a clean skin and a barefaced one at that," and I'll never go there again because.

Chorus.

Eileen Mavourneen.

The Music is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., Price 30 cents.

Brightly, Mavourneen, the pale moon is shining,
Jewels of dew-drops gem flower and tree,
Nought but the whip-poor-will sadly repining,
Waits with me here while I'm watching for thee.

Eileen Mavourneen, think not of delaying,
Fear not the night nor the shadows that fall;
See how the leaves on the maple trees swaying,
Listen to hear if you come at my call.

Come, e'er the dew drop the daisy adorning
Falls to the ground like a glittering tear;
Come 'ere the moonlight shall fade, into morning,
Hasten Mavourneen, I wait for you here,
Hasten Mavourneen, I wait, I wait for you here.

The American National Guard.

Copyright 1877 by Chamberlain & Wellman, 39 East 13th Steet, N. Y. where the Music may be had.

Oh! bright and gay is the National Guard,
With colors flying free,
We dash along and grandly parade—
Oh! none so proud as we;
Our guns we hold in the prettiest line,
To catch the people's eye,
With our heads upright and eyes so bright
When we go marching by.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp! right about we go,
The stars and stripes above so gallently they flow:
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp! down Broadway,
The ladies wave their little hands to see our grand array

Chorus.

Mark time march, in our uniforms so bright,
The drums and trumpets play, and fill us with delight;
When we march to fight, we take the lead — we do indeed,
The American National Guard.

Oh! still on hand the National Guard,
To meet the nation's foe,
And bright and clear their record so fair,
As all the people know;
We heed the call of the national voice,
And ready lads we are,
At the word command, with heart and hand,
We rally near and far.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp! gleams our banner high
Your heart will beat with pride to see us passing by.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp! gay lads we,
To right-about and in and out parading bold and free.
Mark time, &c.

Then here's success to the National Guard
And may it lead the van.
And always heed the national call
Be ready every man.
Oh! may it ever its powder keep dry
To strike a gallant blow,
While the people love those stars above,
Bright waving to and fro.
Tramp, tramp tramp, tramp! in the van we lead,
The people come from far to see each man and steed.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp! light and gay,
We're always ready rank and file to meet and march away!
Mark time, &c.

Go, George, I can't Endure You.

Go, George, I can't endure you,
You wrong me, I assure you,
I wonder why I love you still.
Are women for no use meant
But merely man's amusement,
To tease and torture us at will?
No, if you loved me true,
Bou'd other means pursue.

That's when you will know who's your Friend.

By Ben Dodge.

It's all very foolish to boast of your friends,
And imagine them faithful and true,
In the hour of misfortune you surely will find
There's no one with friendship for you;
Your child may be starving and crying for bread,
No one has a penny to lend,
To help drive the dread wolf away from your door—
That's when you will know who's your friend.

Chorus.

Then take my advice—it is said for your good—
Bear it in mind I don't wish to offend;
Being saving of cash, and keep plenty on hand,
And you never will want for a friend.

While jogging along through the journey of life,
You are sure to meet sorrow and care,
But fight boldly onward through thick and thro' thin,
And never give up in despair;
Be honest and upright whatever you do,
Your honor at all times defend—
All men will look up to you then with respect,
And be proud to be known as your friend.
Then take my advice, &c.

Will my Darling Come Again?

Words by Arthur W French Music by H. P. Danks.
Music published by Thomas J. Hall, 814 Broadway Agt.

Summer's fingers softly linger,
On the meadows far and wide,
Breezes sighing, daylight dying,
In the hush of eventide;
'Neath the shadows, down the meadows,
Of the little mossy lane;
Someone roaming in the gloaming,
Saying, "will he come again?"
Chorus: Will he come again to meet me?
Some one asks their heart in vain;
Will he come with smiles to greet me,
Will my darling come again?

Moonlight over fields of clover,
Golden tinted dew impearled;
Birdlets sleeping, bright stars keeping,
Watch and ward above the world.
Time is flying, hope most dying,
Down that little mossy lane;
Someone straying, sadly saying,
"Will my darling come again?" Chorus.

Someone parted, happy-hearted,
Yester eve, in joy and bliss,
I will meet you, I will greet you,
Someone whispered with a kiss.
Footsteps falling, someone calling,
One sweet name in glad refrain;
All their sadness, turned to gladness,
"Truly, he will come again!" Chorus.

Gentle Heart be True.

Words by George Cooper Music by M. Lerman.
Music. Copyrighted and published by M. Lerman,
97 East 4th Street. N. Y Price 35cts.

Though clouds may dim thy pathway;
The sun will shine again,
And dawn will surely follow,
Though gloomy night may reign,
So love may seem to wither,
Yet shine with blissful ray;
The darkest hour forever
Is still before the day;
Be faithful yet be trusting;
The stars that o'er thee beam,
With steadfast light are burning
Tho' dim their rays may seem.

Chorus.

Oh! cease thy sad repining!
And calm thy way pursue;
The star of hope is shining,
Then gentle heart be true.

The storm may rend the blossoms
From off their parent tree,
But other springs will greet us,
With bloom and melody.
And birds will sing as sweetly,
Though now they must depart;
And joys enchanting visions
Will linger round the heart,
When from thy life the summer
Is fading in the blast,
Be sure the spring is near thee,
Thy winter almost past. Chorus.

Oh! trusting still ne'er falter;
Thy faith will conquor all;
For storms as well as sunshine,
To every life must fall.
'Tis but thy gift of sorrow,
That makes thy life complete;
The gloomy clouds and tempest
Make sunshine still more sweet,
With trustful eyes look upward,
With true and loving zest.
Be true, oh! fond and dear one,
And leave to heaven the rest. Chorus.

The Voice of Labor.

By Cris Malone. Sung by Johnny Nolan.
Air: Van Dieman's Land.

What means this strane commotion,
That extends throughout the land?
Which makes millionares and railroad kings
To tremble where they stand.
The answer is—"the sons of toil.
With sentiments alike
Can no longer live in bondage
And are out upon a strike." Repeat.

The workingman must have redress
He no longer will be a slave;
We have suffered hunger long enough,
And filled the paupers grave.
For years my boys we've been kept down,
This no one can deny,
So now for our rights we are on a strike,
We'll have victory or die. Repeat.

We are firmly united
From Oregon to Maine,
From New York Town to New Orleans,
Our cause is all the same.
The tyrant's band we will disperse.
And drive them from the soil,
Then peace and plenty will be in store
For every son of toil. Repeat.

It's Just What I Might Have Expected.

By Edward Williams.
Copyright 1878 by E. H Harding.
The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding,
No 239 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—
Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 35 cents.

I'm a very unfortunate man,
By ill-luck I've been always attended,
Since first my existence began.
I suppose 'twill be so till it's ended.
I've ceased to expect any favor
From fortune, or deem I'm neglected,
I say to her cruel behavior,
It's just what I might have expected!

Chorus.

But I long since have ceased to regret,
That I've been by dame fortune neglected,
It is no use to worry or fret,
It just what I might have expected.

Last night I was asked out to dine,
By some friends, and of course I accepted;
The table was certainly fine,
The wine was by no means neglected,
They stole from the room, one by one,
Their little arrangements perfected,
And left me to pay for the fun,
It was just what I might have expected.
But I long since, &c.

I courted a girl for awhile,
And thought if I only could get her
To marry, and on me to smile,
My prospect in life might be better.
At last, I had made up my mind
To ask if her choice she'd selected?
Her answer was well never mind—
It was just what I might have expected!
But I long since, &c.

But now I am married, and still
The cloud o'er my life is no brighter;
My wife has a temper and will,
She's also a great "woman's righter!"
And when I go home late at night,
She says, I look very dejected;
In fact, she insists that I'm tight,
But it's just what I might have expected!
But I long since, &c.

The Raymond Street Jail.

Air. The Isle de Blackwell.

Ye bolks of misfortune
To you I will sing,
The story I'll tell
Many memories will bring,
Of those sorrowful days,
When nought could prevail,
The judges would send you
To the Raymond Street Jail.
Chorus: Then all honor to the jury,
And the judge in the court;
And the men who are paid
To be our escort,
To that grand institution,
Where they never fail
To lock up securely,
To the Raymond Street Jail.

The mode of transit
Is of modern style,
In the grand black-maria
You ride 'bout a mile,
To your sad destination,
Then your courage it fails,
On entering the door
Of the Raymond Street Jail. Chorus.

On entering that building,
The first one you meet
Is the great Sheriff Dagget,
Who smiles on you so sweet.
He says go to work,
Here's a brush and a pail,
Go whitewash the cells
Of the Raymond Street Jail. Chorus.

Stay One Moment, Love.

WORDS AND MELODY by H. ALSTON DARLEY

Stay one moment, love, and hearken
To the tale my heart would tell;
Let not "no" my future darken;
Must it ring hope's funeral knell?
Ah! thou art my heart's sole treasure,
Bliss and rapture without name,
Joy and pleasure without measure,
Will you ever be the same?

Chorus.

Darling, all my being trembles,
While your answer I await;
If it is "no" your heart dissembles,
But it will have sealed my fate.

What were moon and stars without thee,
What the sun on summer's day?
What the brightness all about thee
Chasing shadows dark away?
Would you make my life December,
All bereft of smiling May?
Darling, if you love, remember,
You must love but me for aye.
Darling all my being, &c.

Far beyond where Phœbus lingers
Throwing out its brightening rays,
Stretching down its golden fingers—
We may meet in after days,
If the love for which I speak you
Is unto my heart denied;
There, my darling, I will seek you,
And will claim you as my bride.
Darling all my being, &c.

Locked Out After Nine.

Written by Ed Harrigan.

I'm stopping at a boarding-house
Kept by Misses Doyle;
The rules and regulations
Are forminst 'us all the while.
Two meals a day was all we got,
We set down in a line;
'Twas every man in bed at eight,
Or locked out after nine.
Chorus: There was Slotty McGonigal,
McAllister and O'Burke,
A Scanandavian fisherman,
A Norwegian and a Turk.
The ladies, the babies,
Were crying all the time,
Every man in bed at eight,
Or locked out after nine.

At a rousing demonstration,
Held up in Union Square,
Tammany Hall Republicans
And anti-Tams was there.
Our boarders congregated
To see the sight so fine;
Gilligan wanted it stopped at eight,
We got home after nine. Chorus.

There was Slotty McGonigal
A kicking on the door,
The ladies and the babies
For Miss Doyle did roar.
We woke up all the neighbors,
The tailor Constantine
Turned out the fire department
When we was locked out after nine. Chorus.

There was a row next morning,
Wid all the boarders drunk;
Miss Doyle she got excited
And threw out every trunk.
Hat boxes and valises,
And shirts from off the line,
Came out wid all de lodgers
Bekase we got home after nine. Chorus.

Wid vengeance they did roar;
They rushed for bricks
And heavy sticks
To batter down the door.
'Twas then they got the collar,
Three long months wid a fine,
Was their conciliation
For coming home after nine. Chorus.

Kissing in the Moonlight.

There's many a pleasure spoken of
By all, both young and old—
There's fishing, boating, parties too,
And pic-nics I am told;
But of all the pleasures there is none,
I'm sure you'll say I'm right,
Like strolling with the girl one loves.
And kissing in the moonlight.

Chorus.

She's as handsome as a lily in the summer,
I'm proud to tell you all that I have won her,
Of all the pleasures spoken of,
I'm sure you'll say I'm right,
Like strolling with the girl one loves,
And kissing in the moonlight. [Dance.]

I met her first one Summer eve,
I raised my hat and said—
"I pray, dear Miss, may I beg leave
To ask you if you'll wed?"
She raised her eyes and sweetly smiled,
Which filled me with delight;
I placed my arm around her waist,
And kissed her in moonlight, Chorus.

Her parents have consented,
And she soon will be my bride—
This charming little darling one.
I've oft had by my side;
And now dear friends, if you should meet
A girl you love, at night,
Like me, I'm, sure you won't forget,
To kiss her in moonlight. Chorus.

Give Bread to the Poor.

Sung by Frank Lewis.

I've an object in view I would like to unfold,
It's about this great city that's revelled in gold.
The pride of our nation well tested above,
In Philadelphia's great city of brotherly love.
In the famine of late, though 'tis hard for to state,
The thought of starvation, and sad was the fate
Of the many poor families who had nothing in store,
'Till the cry came from heaven, "Give bread
to the poor!"

Now, there's A. T. Stewart, the New York millionaire,
Who some time ago sought another world's care,
Would it have hurt his kind heart to throw out a dime
To keep our poor sufferers from prison and crime?
He invested, I'm told, in a great institute,
In a matter of business, you bet he was cute;
He was not like Jim Fisk, nor will be any more,
With his lightning express giving bread to the poor.

There's another kind heart, tho' he has been misused,
In South Carolina, where all was confused;
He kept down the riot, gave his office for peace,
While the Rads, in the White House, they sat
at their ease.
In the town of Columbia, which all of you know,
Their suffering was great with hunger and woe;
With his shirt sleeves rolled up, like old Jackson at war,
Stood Governor Wade Hampton giving bread to
the poor.

You Make me Laugh.

Sung by the Sanfrancisco Minstrels.

I'm going to wed a nice young lass,
In beauty none can her surpass;
You may search the country all around,
You'll not find one like Susan Brown.
Oh! I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
We're happier than king or queen can be,
But Sue, you must know, has a curious way,
For when I go to kiss her she will always, say!

Chorus.

Oh! dear me, let me be, get away, do,
Oh, don't tickle me!
Now then, Ted, he, he, he, he,
Oh! you make me laugh!

I never shall the day forget,
The first time I and Susan met,
She was milking on a three-legg'd stool;
I called her duck, she called me fool;
She then gave me such a slap in the face,
But I didn't mind that for I wanted to taste
Her sweet pretty lips, like the roses so red,
But when I went to kiss her, how she screamed
and said;
Chorus.

I said I'll have one kiss, and then
My arm went round her waist again,
She shouted, "oh! I feel so queer,"
She scratched my face and pulled my ear;
But I held fast and declared that I
Would either have a kiss or die;
She said, "well then, Ted, if you'll let me be,
Just take one, duckie darling, but don't tickle me.
Chorus.

I'm married now and settled down,
With my dear darling, Susie Brown;
We are happy as a pair can be,
And toss the babies on our knee.
But when I chance to come home late at night,
She's bound to catch me, and oh! what a plight,
For Susan don't stop to consider my plea,
But with a pair of flat-irons she tickles me. Chorus.

Rollicking Dan, From Ballymena.

Air, Dandy Jim from From Caroline.

I've just arrived from Erin's Isle,
My hair scarce dry since here I landed,
You can plainly see by my style
That I'm none of your second-handed.
I left the town where I was born,
To see if work I could get any,
So, the boy to reap your hay and corn
Is rollicking Dan from Ballymena.

Chorus.

I've left ould Ireland far behind,
Although I'm not worth a penny,
An honest heart you'll always find
In rollicking Dan, from Ballymena.

The darling that I love at home,
She lives near by in a neighboring farm,
Which very soon will be her own,
There we may live quite snug and warm.
She's the only daughter of her dad,
And heiress to every blooming penny,
And it's myself that's the lucky lad—
Yes, rollicking Dan from Ballymena.

So if a bit of a job I get,
On the line, or in the quarries,
I'll work through sunshine frost or wet,
But bear, I don't intend to tarry,
For there's another boy that lives near by,
That's long-backed Pat Delaney,
He'll be trying to put out the eye
Of rollicking Dan, from Ballymena.

And when a few pounds I have saved,
The boat I'll take, and sail for Belfast,
And if my darling has behaved,
My intentions to her I will tell fast.
So, now, I'll have to say good night,
For of singers' we have got so many,
To sing once more would give delight
To rollicking Dan, from Ballymena.

Gleniffer Braes.

Air; You'll remember me.

From proud Gleniffer's lofty braes,
How grand the view around,
When lovely Spring with beaming smile
Adorns each spot of ground.
The shining water in the vale,
Looks like a crystrl sea.
And every little nodding flower
Seems laughing full of glee.

The rushing streamlet in the glen,
Sings as it hurries on,
And cheerful birds in concert sing
Their richest, sweetest song.
Oh! how I wish 'twas always Spring,
And flowers ne'er knew decay,
But like the flowers of paradise,
In beauty bloom for aye.

All will Come Right in the En

Never give way to the cares of this life,
It is folly to sit down and cry,
But, like a man, take your part in the
Let nothing your purpose defy;
For though luck may seem to keep out
And trouble and care round you ben
Believe me, my lads, it is better for a d
All will come right in end.

Adversity tries of what we are made,
And, faith, she tries some rather mr
But a proud fearless spirit, and a stout
Are possessions she never can touch
For a man having these, though crippl
And without one lone shilling or fri
Will fight gaily on—for full well he kn
All will come right in the end.

Then, in love or in war, in pleasure o
Never fear, whatever you do,
But trust in yourself and your own st
And success will soon come to you.
But if points should arise you cannot
Still your efforts cease not to expen
But with Spartan courage close in wi
And all will come right in the end.

nember that You Yourself may yet be Old.

By Stephen Garvey.

Air: Remember you have children of your own.

day as we go along through life's busy throng,
ow many poor old men do we meet,
sadness on their face which time will ne'er erase,
friendless they wander through the street.
ask you to give them a chance to live,
r the few days that they have to remain;
e cold world alone, forsaken they now roam,
their old age they must suffer great pain;
ee them every day, you meet them on your way,
eir miseries have often been told,
ve them what you can, prove yourself to be a man,
nember that you yourself may yet be old.

of those men you see, may have a family,
o desert them, when in need they do stand;
scatter everywhere, and never seem to care,
to what will become of the old man.
ons and daughters, too, alas! it is too true,
ve turned their father out in the street;
reason is soon told, it's just because he's old,
at he's compelled to beg the bit he eats.
God forgive them, to drive these poor old men
t here, to die in the cold;
what can they expect, if they only reflect,
d remember that they themselves may yet be old.

Cincinnati, Oho-ho.

By John Patterson.

me all you lovers, young and old,
And listen to my song,
I'll relate and truly state
he cause of all that's wrong.
I did roam I loved at home
girl named Molly, oh!
now she's gone and left me
a state of grief and woe.
rus: I'm travelling round the country,
And I'm searching high and low;
But she's gone to Cincinnati,
In the State of Oho-ho.

week I went to Brooklyn,
see some boys from Clare,
Michael Ryan, Pat O'Brien.
d a boy named Martin Hare.
said that Molly went out West,
t the place they did not know,
hey think it's Cincinnati,
the State of Oho-ho.
is: Your American country is so large,
Where to go I do not know
And look for Cincinnati,
Or its State of Oho-ho.

if I don't find my Molly dear,
tell you what I'll do:
to Salt Lake City—
n't one I'll have, but two—
f ever Molly finds me out,
ave her for to know
ay go to Cincinnati,
e State of Oho-ho.
s: And if ever Molly finds me out,
I'll have her for to know
She may go to Cincinnati,
In the State of Oho-ho.

Political Situations.

IRISH SONG. BY LEWIS SMITH.

1876 by E. H. Harding. The Music can be H Harding, No. 229 Bowery. Price 10 cts

heard the song of the Boulevard!
there you must get a card;
w the poor man works so hard,
morning until evening.
or a man did vote,
e gave me a bit of a note,
self it was surely wrote,
get me a situation.
For to use shovel and pick
On stone and brick,
And clubs and sticks,
And all such tricks,
They're good for nix,
And I'm heartily sick
Of political situations!

They put a shovel in my hand,
And told me to dig up the land;
Says I to myself, I'll see you hanged
'Fore I work upon the railway.
And this is just what I did say,
I tell you that it does not pay
To work so hard, ten hours a day,
Up in One Hundred and Eighty-ninth Street.
For to use shovel, &c.

At night when I lay down to sleep,
The Yankee bugs around did creep,
And divil a wink they'd let me sleep,
Till daylight in the morning.
And when next morning I arose,
And quickly did slip on my clothes,
Thinks I to myself, well, here I goes,
Up to One Hundred and Eighty-ninth Street.
For to use shovel, &c.

In eighteen hundred and and Forty-five,
When Daniel O'Connell was alive,
At such a job I did not drive,
To keep myself from starving.
And now, although I'm old and poor,
Of one thing I am very sure,
I don't want any sinecure
Up in One Hundred and Eighty-ninth Street.
For to use shovel, &c.

Uncle Steve.

By Ben King.

Dedicated to Milt G. Barlow. Air: Uncle Pete.

It was twenty years ago in old Carolina,
Den I was happy as a king;
Den I used to sing and dance wid Dinah—
Hie golly! how dis nigger's feet would sling!
Den de darkies use to gather round de cabin—
When I think ob it I really hab to grieve—
Yes, I tole you dis heart am dark and sadden—
What's gwine to become ob Uncle Steve?

CHORUS.

Angels am calling ["come along!"]
Angels am calling ["come along!"]
Yes, I know dat soon I must go under;
And when I'm gone I know dat you will grieve,
Kase I see dat you gaze at me and wonder
What's gwine to become of Uncle Steve?
(Voices behind scenes.)

'Twas just two years afore emancipation,
Dat I laid poor Dinah down to rest;
It was den dat her soul took elevation,
To mingle up in heaven wid de blest.
Since dat wench has gone my clothes am all in tatters,
My coat am torn from de neck clar to de sleve;
It's hard fo' to oberlook such matters—
What's gwine to become ob Uncle Steve?
Chorus.

Murphy's Little Back Room.

Written by Ed Harrigan.

Copyright, 1876 by E. H. Harding.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

Did you ever hear tell of Ted Murphy?
He came from the County Mayo,
He kept a bar-room in the city,
In a Democratic ward here below.
His distillery was over in Brooklyn,
In a place they call Irishtown!
You'd get a bucket of ale for five cents,
He'd trust, when you put money down!
You'd get a bucket of ale for five cents,
He'd trust, when you put money down!

Success to my friend Teddy Murphy,
He often gave me two for one:
I've played "forty-fives" at his table,
Drunk his whiskey, his beer and his rum!
I've counted the cracks in the ceiling,
Swept the sand off the floor wid a broom;
I've raffled for many a turkey,
In Ted Murphy's little back room!

There was lab'rer's canallers, and riggers,
Who worked on the docks very hard;
Shovelmen, pipemen and drivers,
Who worked on the big boulevard!
On Saturday night's they assembled,
Wid a fiddler to play up a tune,
And they danced till the break in the morning
In Ted Murphy's little back room!

There was a Dutchman who kept opposite,
Who was jealous of Ted's rushing trade,
He put up a job one fine morning,
For the police to go make a raid.
On the liquors, barrels and glasses,
In the bar-room wid their clubs they wint,
And poor Teddy, without provocation,
To the Island for tin days was sint.

Poor Teddy he lost his influence
In the courts and the grand committee,
He sarved his full time in the prison,
Praying each day to get free.
He took spunk and jumped in the river
To swim to the Long Island shore,
He got a cramp in his leg and his stomach,
He sank to rise up no more.

When Brown Comes Rolling Home!

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

Copyright 1876 by E. H. Harding.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

John Brown he is a married man,
With children four or five;
All day he's deep in business,
And in life he seems to thrive.
But when his daily toil is done,
All around the streets he'll roam,
And sometime after midnight,
You will find him rolling home!
Chorus: When Brown comes rolling home
Oh! then he's in his glory;
He loves to sing a song,
Or tell a jolly story.
But there's a scolding wife,
That waits for him alone;
Oh! there's sure to be an awful row,
When Brown comes rolling home!

He circumvents the excise law
Upon the sabbath day,
And drinks his beer with right good cheer
No matter what they say;
He laves a schooner, tall and deep,
With no great wealth of foam;
A few of these are sure to please
And send him rolling home! Chorus.

At night he wakes his neighbors up,
When pounding at the door;
Sometimes it's two, sometimes it's three,
And often after four.
And where he stays till such an hour,
The fact is never known,
He says "it's business" all the time,
That sends him rolling home! Chorus.

He drinks a keg of lager beer,
He quaffs the wine of mumm;
And if he stands without support,
He's slightly out of plumb!
But Brown heeds not his wavering steps,
He cries out, "come boys, come!
We'll take a drink, a social drink,
Then I'll go rolling home. Chorus.

England and her Castles on the Main.

Should danger e'er approach our coast,
The inbred spirit of the land
Would animate each heart, each hand!
Would bind us in one general host! England!
England, a world within itself, shall reign
Safe in her floating tow'rs, on the main.

Our isle's best rampart is the sea;—
The midnight march of foes it braves;
And heaven that fenced us round with waves,
Ordained the people to be free! England!
England, a world within itself, &c.

Geraldine.

A TALE OF THE SEA AND THE SHORE.

Continued.

"Prescot Wargrave," she begins, hesitatingly, "in saving him from disgrace—probably from something very much worse than that—you preserve my peace, my happiness, it may be my life itself."

He bends his head as a sign that he is listening to her, and she continues in a broken voice. "I have no brother, no kinsman, no friend in whom I can confide. I stand alone in a harsh world."

Wargrave makes the same cold, quiet inclination of his head as before, and Geraldine proceeds; I want a friend, Mr. Wargrave; never stood woman in sorer need of one than I at this moment—than I who now entreat you to be mine!"

"Friend!—How can I befriend you?" he asks, despondently.

"Remain and make me happy!" she cries stretching out her hands to him in an imploring manner.

"I make you happy? I?" he falters forth at a loss to understand the meaning of her words.

"Do not refuse me, I entreat!" she adds.

"What can I do for you, Miss Maur? Tell me; and I give you my word of honor that I will serve you to the utmost of my power!"

"Heaven bless you!" she returns, seizing one of his hands, and impulsively carrying it to her lips.

Then she stands, with her eyes downcast, with flushed cheeks, and voice suspended; words are trembling on her tongue, words that she feels reluctant and ashamed to give utterance to. Yet they must be spoken, so she at length seizes courage and speaks.

"It would not be a difficult matter to find Captain Sebastian, I suppose?" she says, without looking at Wargrave and flushing even deeper than before.

"At present his whereabouts may be easily found.

"I know. But after to-morrow he will be abroad, a free man."

"Thanks to your will and my weakness, Miss Maur," he answers.

She reflects for some moments before she speaks again.

"You must not go away," she says, firmly. "No, Mr. Wargrave, you must remain and withdraw the charge you have made against him, otherwise he will go forth stained with suspicion, his character blurred in the world's eye.

"True, Miss Maur; and that not undeservedly," he returns.

"Granted, Mr. Wargrave. Be merciful to him—be merciful to me!" Geraldine cries, with a burst of frenzied emotion. And, scarcely knowing what she is doing, she falls upon her knees before him in an attitude of humble supplication.

"Rise, Miss Maur; I cannot bear to see you thus," Prescot says, much moved, and assisting her to rise. "Your wishes shall be commands to me, and I will obey them."

"See Captain Sebastian after you have withdrawn your charge against him——"

"See him exclaims the sailor indignantly.

"Yes; and tell him to come to me here."

"I hear you, Miss Maur," he answers coldly.

"And you understand me perfectly?"

"Perfectly, Miss Maur," he replies, as frigidly as before.

"And you will do this?"

"I will, Miss Maur."

"You are indeed kind! How shall I ever be able to repay your services?"

Wargrave sighs deeply.

He has said that he understands her; but he feels that he does not do so—that he is far from understanding her clearly. On the contrary, he is much perplexed by her words and conduct.

In seizing upon Sebastian and handing him over to justice, he had supposed that he was doing that which was right, that which she and all others would applaud.

But lo! he has discovered himself to be in error, and he has promised to undo all that he has done, to swear against the truth, and stamp himself a very liar.

"Tell him his wife summons him!" Geraldine adds, after a short pause.

"I promise to obey," he said turning away with something like contempt. For he was a true gentleman.

CHAPTER XII.

FREE ONCE MORE.

"Withdraw the charge, eh? Mistaken identity?" repeats the sitting magistrate at Bow Street. "Just a sailor's trick! Had taken a glass too much!—saw double!—got somebody else locked up instead of himself! Clever fellow, if the other can only think so. Call the next case!"

Sebastian strides forth into the broad sunlight and the fresh air, a free man once more.

"Mistaken identity!" he repeats as he steps along with brisker tread. "The devil a bit of mistake about it!" he adds, with an inward and exulting chuckle. "But never mind that, I must flee: there is no home for me in England, after this little annoying episode. My dream is at an end now, and she is lost to me for ever!"

At this instant he turns the corner of the street, and passes under the piazza of Covent Garden Theatre. He is at the door of a certain hotel now, about to enter therein, when a hand is laid upon his shoulder, and a voice repeats his name.

Sebastian turns round quickly, and finds Prescot Wargrave at his side.

"You!" ejaculates the Spaniard, starting back with something like a shudder at beholding the sailor who was so lately his accuser.

"You are going in here, senor?" inquires Wargrave, stiffly.

"Yes," hesitates the other. "What do you want with me?" he adds, rather haughtily.

"A few words only, senor, which will, I think, be better spoken within doors."

"What about?" demands the Spaniard. "Speak here."

"I cannot. I am charged with a message to you—a message of importance."

"From whom, may I ask?"

"From a lady?" Sebastian says. "Do I know the fair one, Mr. Wargrave?"

"Yes, senor; I come from your wife," the sailor answers, watching, as he speaks, the face of his companion.

"From my wife?" echoes Sebastian, in blank surprise. "I do not comprehend you, Mr. Wargrave," he continues, his features now relaxing into a calm smile. "Have I a wife?" he asks, dropping dropping his voice to a mere whisper. "Do you not make some great mistake, my good friend?"

"Do you mock the lady, senor?" cries the sailor. "Would to heaven, for her sake, that I were making a mistake!"

"Yes; I remember you would not be a witness to that silly farce I had enacted on board the Vulture. You were right, my good friend, to object to being present at the performance of such a piece of folly! I am sorry it ever took place; but, there, let bygones be bygones!"

"Why, you are not such a cursed rascal as to deny——"

"Softly—softly!" interrupts Sebastian, still speaking low, and still smilingly.

"Why, you villain!" flashes Wargrave, furiously. "By George, were you worth powder and shot, I'd shoot you as I'd shoot a wolf! You ungrateful hound! Why, had it not been for her, I should have stood up in the witness-box like a man to-day, and not like a sneak, have lied as I did, I did for her sake, not for yours!"

"Let us talk within doors, Mr Wargrave," Sebastian says, in changed tones, while the smile fades away from his face, and the color also.

The sailor makes no reply, but follows the Spaniard, who, after a brief conference with a waiter, leads the way into a private room.

"Mr. Wargrave," resumes Sebastian, as soon as the room-door is closed upon them, "will you please to explain yourself?"

"I repeat that I am charged with a message to you from one who is foolish enough to look upon herself as your wife."

"The lady does me honor, I am sure, Mr. Wargrave," the Spaniard rejoins, with a bow. "Well, I am all attention?"

"She desires you to know that she wishes to see you, senor."

"Wishes to see me?" Sebastian cries, joy and triumph overflowing his heart. "On what subject, I pray?" he asks, with an assumption of indifference at variance with all his feelings.

"I know no more than I have told you."

"I will not fail to wait upon the lady."

"I may let her know as much from you?"

"You may, Mr. Wargrave."

"At what hour may she expect you?"

Sebastian here consults his watch.

"At what hour would it be convenient for her to receive me?"

"She mentioned no particular time."

"Then say I will do myself the honor of calling upon her about the hour of three."

"Send your own messenger. There is her address," he added, laying down a piece of paper on which there was some writing.

Then, without another look or word, he turned on his heel and left the room; and neither Sebastian or Geraldine ever saw Prescot Wargrave more

Left to himself, the sometime-buccaneer paces the floor to and fro with excited steps and sparkling eyes. He cannot believe that he is free again; that Geraldine is waiting his coming; that she acknowledges herself to be his wife—his lawful wife. He thinks it must all be a tantalising dream, too pleasant to be real.

However he prepares himself for the approaching interview; and he sends off a telegram to his sister assuring her of his safety, and begging her not to be at all uneasy on his account.

Then Sebastian steps into a hansom, and repairs to the house of the woman he loves, to meet with he knows not what sort of a reception.

No man ever proceeded on a blinder errand than our Spaniard, and no man ever went to meet a lady with such contending emotions of love and fear combined.

He is ushered into her presence without delay. He stands before her hat in hand, like an ordinary visitor; and she is opposite to him looking handsomer than ever, but embarrassed to a painful degree, and mute and still as a stone statue.

He is the first to break the silence.

"You sent for me, madam?

"I did," she faintly replies.

Then there ensues a pause.

"I have the honor to await your commands," he adds, presently.

"Your position is somewhat changed from what it was when last we parted, Captain Sebastian?" she returns.

"It is changed, indeed—for the better, I am delighted to say," he answers, with frankness. "I am no longer Captain Sebastian, and the Vulture lies at the bottom of the sea."

"Doubtless she is gone in search of the White Dove!" Geraldine retorts, with flashing eyes.

"Probably so, madam," the Spaniard replies, calmly, and with the utmost courtesy of manner.

"Your fortunes are altered, truely, senor."

"Yes; the buccaneer has become ennobled—the smuggler is now a man of rank."

"I congratulate you on your improved fortune senor."

"Thank you, madam."

"Pray be seated, senor," Geraldine continues, pointing to a seat, of which he quietly takes possession. "The world says that you are about to marry?" she adds, in slow yet marked syllables, and with an unflinching gaze fixed on his face.

"It is a babbling, meddlesome world, madam, whose sayings are not worth while our paying any sort of attention to." he answers, with calm politeness.

"Then you contradict this report, senor?" she asks, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"I contradict nothing, madam!"

"Nothing?" she echoes, aghast.

"Nothing, madam! Why should I do so?"

She does not answer for a few moments; she is in a state of great agitation.

"What—what can she say to him next?" she asks herself, inwardly. "I would wish to remind you of many things," she manages to articulate, at last.

"Pray proceed, madam."

She hesitates.

"Is it for her to remind this man that she is his wife, and that, instead of regarding him with the old feeling of hatred, she loves him now with all her heart and soul? Can he not guess her feelings towards himself?"

"I am your wife, senor!" she breathes after a mighty struggle with herself.

He bows profoundly. Twice he tries to reply,

ch time he makes the attempt an obstacle ...s to rise in his throat, and he cannot utter a ...d.

"I repeat senor, that I am your wife!" she adds, in louder voice than before, and with anger flashing in her eyes. "Knowing I hated you, you compelled me to become yours!"

"I did you a grievous wrong, lady. I would I could by any earthly sacrifice repair that wrong."

"You professed to care for me once, senor?"

"Once I did!" he replies unsteadily, and without looking at her.

"Was that profession true or false?"

"True, madam!"

"But that love has died out?"

"Why do you ask these questions?"

"That they may be answered, truthfully and honestly!" she rejoins, earnestly.

"I cannot comprehend what gratification you would be likely to derive from my answer on this subject. You hate me as you know!"

Geraldine's head falls forward, and her breast heaves with a subdued sob.

"You hate me even now. I know not wherefore you summoned me hither?" he adds regretfully.

"You cannot guess?" she inquires, looking up suddenly with flushed cheeks.

He shakes his head.

"How can I do so?" he returns, with a calmness which absolutely maddens her.

"You are blind, senor!" she says, almost in tears.

"Blind, madam!" he repeats, a smile quivering under his moustache. "Blind! How so?" he adds, leaning forward in his chair, and peering into the lovely face before him.

She makes him no reply, but silently wrings her hands.

"It is so hard—so very hard—to make him comprehend!" she thinks, with much vexation of spirit.

"I understand her meaning well enough, but she must speak plainer yet, and she will do so if she loves me, as I am vain and mad enough to think she does" he whispers within himself.

"Acknowledge me!" she utters, scarcely above her breath. "You who are my husband—acknowledge your wife!"

"My loving wife?" he asks, with a bright smile, and starting upon his feet.

She covers her face with her clasped hands.

"Geraldine, Geraldine, my beloved! look up, and with your own sweet voice confirm my best and fondest hopes! Are you my wife in heart?"

"In both heart and soul," she answers, looking up at him fondly.

In the next moment, Sebastian has caught her to his breast.

"My own sweet wife! To-morrow the Church shall legally make us one!" he says.

"But your cousin to whom you are affianced?"

"My sister—I have no cousin."

"No cousin? I am glad of that, for I shall be a jealous wife."

"Spain is a land of jealousy."

"Spain! Must we live there?"

"What matter the land in which we live, so long as we abide together?"

"Ah!" she answers, "what matters it so long as we are together?"

THE END.

Sights that I see in New York.

By J. L. Feeney.

I've lately moved in from the country,
In the city sure I now reside,
I live in a quiet neighborhood,
I am located on the east side.
Every night I'm out on a racket,
In the Bowery I do often walk,
And I tell you I'm fairly bewildered,
With the sights that I see in New York.
Repeat last two lines.

There's gin-mills of every description,
They point to the straight road to ruin,
And "dives" for pick-pockets and burglars,
And plenty of concert saloons.
There the thief he does stand on the corner,
The police he often does balk;
But I tell you I'm fairly bewildered,
With the sights that I see in New York.
Repeat last two lines.

The rich man he lives in a palace,
He has the comforts of life to beguile.
While thousands around him are starving,
He heeds not the cry of the poor.
With his money he feels independent,
And of course he can loudly talk;
But I tell you I'm fairly bewildered,
With the sights that I see in New York.
Repeat last two lines.

We'd Better be Happy than Rich!

Sung by Tony Pastor.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

If men to be happy would strive,
What burdens of sorrow they'd shun!
With joy they could each stock their hive,
Dull care leave behind them when done.
Are misers content? no, not they!
Paltry dollars their poor souls bewitch;
They save what they can't take away,
So we'd better be happy than rich!

Chorus.

Some riches bring trouble we're told;
And misers oft die in a ditch!
Then a fig for the dross they call gold,
We'd better be happy than rich!

To pay every day what we owe,
With a trifle to lend or to spend,
As much as will make the mare go,
You'll find plenty stuff, now depend.
Fine feathers make fine birds, no doubt,
I don't value broad-cloth a stitch;
And riches we can do without,
So we'd better be happy than rich. Chorus.

Don't covet the carriage of state,
Nor envy the purse-proud a pin,
Tho' outward they may appear great,
The canker may gall them within.
But push boldly on thro' the crowd,
I prophecy tho' not a witch;
There's a sunbeam behind every cloud,
So we'd better be happy than rich. Chorus.

Give our Working Girls a Show.

By J. L. Feeney.

Much has been said of woman's rights
And women's Suffrage too,
But I'll impress upon your mind,
A subject that is new,
Our working girls are numerous,
And I would like to know,
Why can't our rich employers
Give our working girls a show.

Chorus.

They labor hard from morn 'till night,
For wages very low;
Why can't our rich employers
Give our working girls a show.

Just note the shop girl in the street,
As she merrily goes her way,
Is she not equal to your belle,
Who dresses up so gay.
Her hands are rough with daily toil,
Her heart's as pure as snow,
Then let the rich man strive to
Give our working girls a show.
They labor hard, &c.

Our working girls are everywhere,
They labor all about;
For woman's help you all do know,
We cannot do without.
Our land is full of daily strife,
We must fight against the foe,
Let every honest man now
Give our working girls a show.
They labor hard, &c.

Your Face Would Stop a Clock!

Dedicated to Pat Rooney. By Willie Wildwave.

Pray give me your attention,
And I'll tell my tale of woe;
It's about the young blackguards,
Who tease me where'er I go.
They'll tell me I'm a grave-opener,
And to put myself in the hock;
They always cry when me they espy,
Your face would stop a clock!
Chorus: They tell me to walk 'gainst O'Leary,
And to throw myself off the dock;
But it breaks my heart when the
cry they start,
Your face would stop a clock.

They say the front door was open,
And the wind blew me in;
That I was found in a prize package
Along with Charley Flynn.
They want to see is that thing alive,
And at me they'll shy a rock;
Sure I can't tell why the boys all yell,
Your face would stop a clock, Chorus.

They tell me that I'm a train-wrecker,
And ask if I carry a pop;
And do I take in moonlight picnics,
Or could I dance the polka bop.
They tell me to shoot my "donegals,"
And to take them round the block;
If I walk by they're sure to cry,
Your face would stop a clock. Chorus.

Rose Geranium.

By Bobby Newcomb.

The Music Copyrighted and Published by F. W. Helmick of No 50 West 4th Street Cincinnati (Ohio) can be obtained at any Music Store—Price 35 cents.

A stroll 'midst flora's fairest work,
Each blossom caught my eye;
To pick a flower here and there,
I paused—I knew not why.
To pull a blossom favored most
'Mong all that bloomed so fair,
I pulled a rose geranium
To deck my darling's hair.
Chorus: Flowers sweet my eyes did greet,
Blooming every where,
I pulled a rose geranium,
To deck my loved one's hair,
The flower with its sweet perfume
In ecstacy did stir,
My thoughts that lingered in my heart,
My preference for her.

The gathered throng, they passed along,
A choice of course each made,
But close against my beating heart
A rose geranium laid;
My thoughts I scarce could well define,
I saw her golden hair
Entwined in many tresses round
The flower I envied there. Chorus.

At last we spoke—her smiling face
Looked temptingly in mine,
Between her dainty fingers, she,
A flower did entwine;
I took it from her willing hand,
A white rose, pure as she,
So Rose Geranium, I called her,
And White Rose, she, called me. Chorus.

Over the Left.

I am thine in thy gladness,
I am thine in thy tears,
My love, it can change not
In absence or years,

Were a dungeon thy dwelling,
My home it should be,
Its gloom would be sunshine,
Were I but with thee.

For life has no beauty
Of thee, love, bereft,
I am thine, and thine only,
Thine over the left.

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CONTENTS.

Ain't he a baby.....page 414
The Blue and Gray are sleeping side by side.... 411
Baby Mine..... 412
Captain Spike of the Musketeers..... 413
Cradle Song..... 414
The Dashing U. S Marines, [March.]..... 410
Don't forget me, will you darling?..... 410
Dreaming 'neath the moonlight..... 412
The Day I played Base-Ball..... 416
Ettie Dear 411
The Elegant Ebony Guaads 411
The Emerald flag so Green..... 416
The F. M. G's..... 412
Grease with cash..... 412
God help our suffering poor 414
Has your mother any more like you 411
I know I'm twenty one..... 414
If o'er the cruel tyrant 414
Jolly Paddy 411
Janie Boodh..... 413
Johnny Reel..... 416
Keep pretty flowers on my grave..... 413
Led Astray, or through the dreary streets I wander.... 412
Lullaby..... 414
The Lost Inheritance—Story..... 415
My Grandfather's Socks.. 410
Man of Education..... 411
My Rummy Red Nose..... 416
One sweet kiss before we part..... 410
Only a word, love..... 412
Our happy boyhood days..... 414
O'Brien keep off the grass..... 414
The Pulling Machine..... 413
Pretty Little Primrose..... 413
Sheet Music..... 410
See if I'd get mad..... 411
The True Sons of Erin..... 416
That sweet little cottage near the shady boreen 413
Up in Sing Sing 416
The Vale of Chamouni..... 414
When 'tis moonlight..... 411
Waif of the city..... 412
Wipe off your chin, No 2..... 413
Who'll kiss my little one good-night..... 416
Where art thou now, my beloved..... 412

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ADDRESS, SINGERS' JOURNAL,
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The Dashing U. S. Marines.

Music of this Song can be had of Spear & Dehnhoff, 717 Broadway, N. Y.

Oh! gay and dashing boys are we,
The Bold U. S. Marines,
We march and fight for Uncle Sam,
And eat his pork and beans.
To charm the pretty girls likewise,
We're not at all afraid,
With muskets bright we take their eye.
When out upon parade.

CHORUS.

"Eyes right boys!"
When the fife begins to play,
Stiff as starch we march,
We march away,
With heads thrown back,
In our glory then we're seen,
Oh! how the charmers smile
At the dashing U. S. Marines.

Beneath our starry banner
Boldly on we stride;
Our courage, too, for fighting,
Has travelled far and wide;
It's high upon the maintop,
There we blaze away,
Like gallant soldiers
Foremost in the fray. Chorus.

Oh! when the summons comes to fight,
We bid the girls adieu,
And far upon the stormy seas.
The foe we must pursue.
But in our hearts we fondly keep
The sweethearts we adore.
It's true to them we'll always be
Until we march ashore. Chorus.

"Left foot first!"
We're the boys that have no fear,
"Oh! how sweet!"
Cries each dainty little dear,
They wave their hands
While our gallant ranks are seen,
The pride of all the land
Is the dashing U. S. Marines. Chorus.

Then ladies dear where'er we go,
We drink success to you,
And though we may be years away,
Our hearts will still be true;
Tho' sailor's find a sweetheart fond,
In every port they've seen,
That same is not the case with us,
The bold U. S. Marines. Chorus.

File left, march,
When the drums are beating loud,
Halt! front face!
Oh! we're the boys so proud,
We'll ne'er say die.
Tho' we leave this charming scene,
For light and gay's the heart
Of the dashing U. S. Marines. Chorus.

For love and home and beauty,
We will always fight,
To rally round our banner,
Still is our delight
Amid the cannon's thunder,
In the van are we,
To fight for freedom,
On the stormy sea. Chorus.

With splendid regimentals,
Gloves all lily white.
And full of fame and glory,
Were spoiling for a fight.
It's high upon the maintop,
There we blaze away,
Like gallant soldiers
Foremost in the fray. Chorus,

Don't Forget Me, Will You Darling?

The Music published by D. S. Holmes, 89 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D. Price 35 cents.

Don't forget me will you darling,
Sometimes fondly think of me,
While in foreign climes I wander,
Far beyond the rolling sea
Think of me in quiet moments,
Think of me in hours serene,
Think of me in days of sadness,
Ever keep my memory green.

CHORUS.

Don't forget me, will you darling?
When you kneel to him above,
When you pray for all that love you,
Don't forget me, sweetest love.
Don't forget me, will you darling?
Tho your life be bright and gay,
Tho' your days be passed in pleasure,
Think of me when far away.
Let your soul my love remember,
Let your heart my folly screen,
Let your mind my truth acknowledge,
Ever keep my memory Green. Chorus.

My Grandfather's Socks.

BY F. JEANIE. AIR: GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

My grandfathers socks, were a pleasure to his feet,
So he wore them for ninety years or more;
Their color was doubtful, yet still they looked neat,
When shoeless he used to walk the floor:
When you looked upon their size, it would dazzel both your eyes,
As you saw how well his toes they did hide,
But they dropped off never to be worn again
So the old man cried.

CHORUS.

Ninty years without changing them, oh! ho! oh! ho!
Never disarranging them, oh! ho! oh! ho!
But they dropped off never to be worn again,
So the old man cried.

His feet were as large when but a year old,
As they were when a man he had grown,
So socks he must have to keep out the cold,
So a graceful pair his feet soon did own.
When on, so well they fit, they would not budge a bit,
When to get them off, so hard his mother tried,
But they dropped off, never to be worn again,
So the old man cried. Chorus.

My grandfather said that of socks he could buy,
He would like to see the pair to equal those,
They kept his feet so warm comfortable and dry,
Since the day his feet they first did enclose.
He was in a blisseful maze, when upon them he did gaze,
For they always filled his heart with joy and pride,
But they dropped off, never to be worn again,
So the old man cried. Chorus.

One night sound asleep, and in a pleasant snore,
My grandfather awoke with a start,
For the socks they had parted, and dropped on the floor,
Which sent a dreadful chill to his heart.
When all through the house, which was quiet as a mouse,
Weeping soon was heard on every side,
His socks had dropped off, never to be worn again,
So the old man cried. Chorus.

One Sweet Kiss Before we Part.

MUSIC PUBLISHED BY S. TURNEY, 436 FOURTH AVE.

Darling soothe this aching heart;
One sweet kiss before we part;
One more vow of love from thee,
Ere you say good-by to me.
All the joys thy love revealed,
By this token shall be sealed,
Kiss me darling, once again;
It will soothe the parting pain.

CHORUS.

Darling soothe this aching heart;
One sweet kiss before we part;
One more vow of love from thee,
Ere you say good-by to me.

Darling, when I'm far away,
This fond heart for thee will pray;
When in peaceful sleep I dream,
Thou wilt be my only theme:
But my darling, will you be,
Constant in your love to me?
Speak the word, complete my bliss;
Seal it with a loving kiss. Chorus.

When does a ship express a propensity for climbing? When she runs up her flag.

When 'tis Moonlight.

WALTZ SONG.

MUSIC PUBLISHED BY WHITE, SMITH AND CO, BOSTON.

h, ah, ah. ah, ah, when 'tis moonlight, when
'tis starlight,
will meet thee, and I will bring to thee sweetest
flowers,
rom the woodland, from the woodland o'er the lea,
h, ye birds of spring, tell what joys ye bring,
lerry birds, happy birds, joyous birds. birds of spring,
h, when 'tis moonlight, when 'tis starlight,
will meet thee and I will bring to thee,
weetest flowers from the woodland,
From the woodland o'er the lea.

ong have I waited here for thy coming,
ften in doubt my poor heart sank within me;
lope I must cherish, though life may perish,
'is but a vision of sorrow that never can be.
'is but a vision of sorrow that never can be,
h, when 'tis moonlight, when 'tis starlight,
will meet thee, and I will bring to thee,
weetest flowers from the woodland,
From the woodland o'er the lea, ah, ah, ah. ah, ah,

The Blue and Gray are Sleeping Side by Side.

The Music can be obtained of the well known Music Store of F. Blume, 261 Broadway, Price, 40 cents.

n their low and quiet graves our honored hero braves,
Are sleeping, sweetly sleeping at the last.
hey will wake, oh! never more, to greet the
battle's roar,
Uprising at the thrilling bugles blast.
or a banner of the free waves o'er land and over sea,
While peace has sent her blessings far and wide;
nd where they fought and fell.
For the flags they loved so well,
he Blue and Gray are sleeping side by side

CHORUS.

od bless the boys, the valiant soldier boys,
Who for their country's honor fought and died.
ow the battle's cleared away, and the noble
Blue and Gray,
Are sleeping, sweetly sleeping, side by side.
h! the boys who fought and bled, the brave
and honored dead,
In a land of fadeless beauty far away,
hey were crowned with heaven's light, while
robes of spotless white,
Were given for their coats of Blue and Gray!
h! valiant brave and free through the years
that are to be
In the columns of an army bold and grand;
ith laurels on each brow, that were won in
fields below,
To march forever upward hand in hand!
God bless, &c.

Has Your Mother any More Like You?

SUNG BY JACK CONROY.

Kind friends a story I'll tell to you
Of the corner gang below,
Whose insults I bear on every side
As to my work I go
They wink and nudge each other and say,
"Don't you think he'd make a fine billiard cue?"
But the worst of all is to hear them bawl,
"Has your mother any more like you."

CHORUS.

Shure they shout and cry as I pass by,
"There goes coffin-back McCue;"
But the worst of all is to hear them bawl,
"Has your mother any more like you?"

I delivered a lecture at Hibernia Hall
On a temperate and self-made man.
On the gallery to my right, one shouted all his might,
"Do they feed that on the bread and water plan,
They all began for to laugh and to say,
"Will he ever take a drop and get through?"
But in the rear of the hall a young man began
to bawl.
"Has your mother any more like you?" Chorus.

I started selling apples on a good business street,
And that business was paying me grand.
At last, by opposition I had to succumb,
And sell out to an Italian man.
I then went to cleaning clothes,
And of course at that I "fell through,"
And as I'd pass by the gang they would cry,
"How are you, old coffin-back McCue?"
Shure they shout, &c.

See if I'd get Mad.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 25 cents.

Oh! once I had a charming beau who thought
the world of me,
So very dear was he; so delightful to see,
Such endearing names he'd call me, oh! so happy
I should be,
To know, yes always know that he adored me.
He called on me one day and in a pleasant way,
He begged so hard for just one little kiss,
How could I then refuse, he me would not excuse,
For he said 'twas but a sign of loves sweet bliss.

Spoken: Yes, when he took the liberty of asking me for a kiss, I was greatly offended, of course so I said—

CHORUS.

Such requests are really shameful dear, you
shouldn't talk so bad.
So very bad, very bad, so positively bad,
Still you might just try a little kiss to see if
I'd get mad,
To see you know, if it would make me mad, very mad.

Such delightful walks we'd take in the beautiful
moonlight,
What tender names so sweet, ah! what promises
so bright,
And we'd talk of future happiness when married
we should be;
What sweet content to know he fondly loved me,
He said he'd always love, he swore by all above,
That peace and happiness I'd never miss,
And when we'd say good-night, his eyes would
sparkle bright,
When he'd ask me for a loving parting kiss.

Spoken: Well, I told him that however pleasant good-night kisses might be, they were not exactly proper—therefore I said— Chorus.

The Elegant Ebony Guards.

BY W. H. DELEHANTY.

Soldiers gallant and gay,
Gallant and gay, gallant and gay,
Dressed in a grand array,
Dressed in a grand array.
Oh! how the ladies smile,
The ladies smile, the ladies smile
At our elegant style,
Elegant style and way,
When we are out on the march,
Out on the march, yes, out on the march,
Officers stiffened as starch,
In the elegant ebony guard.
Chorus: Yes, we look grand,
As we march along the street,
The ladies smile,
And wave their handkerchiefs
The men admire,
And say we look so neat,
Colonel and Major,
Of the elegant ebony guards.

Soldiers gallant and grand,
Gallant and grand, gallant and grand,
Fit to obey and command,
Fit to obey and command.
Men with a heart and hand,
A heart and hand, a heart and hand,
True to a nation's demand,
True to a nation's demand,
Those who are willing to fight,
Yes, willing to fight, yes willing to fight,
Nobby with courage and might,
In the elegant ebony guards. Chorus.

Man of Education.

BY BEN COLLINS.

Don't talk to me of your high toned men,
And their fluent conversation;
There's none with me, boys, can compare,
I am the greatest in the nation.
I'm known by all, both great and small,
An Irishman from Donegal,
And the ladies all say, both one and all,
I am a man of education.

CHORUS.

I am an Irishman, both heart and hand,
I have just come over to this free land,
And I will have you all to understand
Im a man of education.

I am never taken for Charley Ross,
I'm a man of solid foundation;
I will tell you, boys that I'm the boss,
And I am proud of my high station.
Of the war in Europe I know all about,
A brass band follows me when I go out,
The boys all lift their hats and shout,
For the man with education. Chorus.

Jolly Paddy.

PARODY ON PRETTY PEGGY.

I love an Irish boy now, Paddy that's his name,
Laughing Paddy, jolly Paddy, he loves me the same,
'Twas a fine summer's night,
And the moon was shining bright,
I met Paddy, my darling, my true one.
He told me that he'd be true,
And I said I loved him too,
Then we commenced to sparking,
Down by the brook at the end of the lane,
Of the future and our love we both were talking.
(Dance.)

About a year has passed, and the time is coming fast,
When myself and Paddy shall be one at last;
Then we'll settle down, in a cot not far from town,
We'll be happy and jolly,
And in quarrelling we'll not be found.
I will ne'er forget the day,
That I heard him say—
Oh! Peggy, I love you,
As he is an Irishman to keep his love I'll try,
He'll keep his vows to Peggy, I'll be bound.

Ettie Dear.

AIR: I AM WAITING ESSIE DEAR. BY S. GARVEY.

I am going away from you, Ettie dear,
I'm going to roam away in foreign climes,
So then give me your blessing right here,
In honor of the happy olden times.
When I am far away from you love,
Your blessing will cheer me on my way,
For its like the light that comes from above,
On my path it will shed a brilliant ray.

CHORUS.

So darling don't be sad and melancholy,
Don't let your loving heart ache with pain,
For you know that I'll keep my promise holy.
To return back to you once again.

I am thinking of the happy days we spent,
As we roamed together thro' the shady dell,
And the places where we always were content,
In my memory they ever will dwell,
Oh! how can I forget you, Ettie dear,
You've been so kind and loving all the while,
Your vision will make my path so clear,
As I wander 'long many weary miles. Cho.

I'll return soon again, Ettie dear,
With the same fervent love I had of yore,
Then my happy tale of love you'll hear.
When we'll meet again to part never more.
Oh! happy and contented we will live,
In the little cottage down by the stream,
Then our praise to him above we'll give,
For the consummation of our youthful dream.
Chorus.

The F, M, G's.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 329 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

I belong to a gay society,
Mysterious and unknown,
We're famous for our piety,
When we are left alone;
Our members all are gentlemen,
Who's object is to please,
And here you have a specimen,
Of the F. M. G's.
Chorus We are the F. M. G's,
All gentlemen of ease,
When at the social fireside
The girls we please;
We are bold and true.
And though we are but few
We'll make a grand society,
Of the F. M. G's.

We travel among the pretty girls,
So festive and so fair,
For as we have such witching ways,
They ask us every where!
In schools of great profundity,
We all got our degrees,
And there we learned the mystery
Of the F. M. G's. Chorus.

We represent a neighborhood
That glories in our name,
We shun the field of politics,
And search for social game:
They say we've a slight propensity
To lager bier and cheese,
But that's a private privilege
Of the F. M. G's. Chorus.

There's Freddy the gay Lothario,
And John the Alderman,
And an ulster coat with whiskers,
Which they call a nice young man
There's several other members
Whom to name would only teaze,
They must remain a mystery
Like the F. M. G's. Chorus.

Waif of the City.

BY DAVID ROACH.

These lines are founded on the real circumstances of a poor news boy who upon one terrible winter's night, barefoot, hungry, homeless, and alone died in the street.

Oh! where is that sad cry, that piteous wailing!
As the fierce howling wind whistles terrific strong,
'Tis a cold winter's night—frost nipping, hailing,
Ah! a sweet voice cried "pity!" yes sure this is wrong,
For, far in the distance of a dark clouded cito,
Through the gloom of night I now plainly see
The form of a poor raged child craving pity,
But alas! death was certain and life must soon flee.

Chorus.

If you have not the heart of a stone, oh, do pity!
Give forth a small mite and never say nay,
Remember the poor ragged waif of the city,
And God with a blessing is sure to repay.

Poor child of this cold world, thy home is not here;
No one on earth hast thou to love,
No one to claim thee or yet shed a tear,
But the Father of all, our great Ruler above—
O, God! can it be that 'mid so many beings
A poor, friendless creature cast in the storm,
Should starve in the city, without care or pity,
Receive the pure soul, it has fled the bright morn.
If you have not, do.

Grease With Cash.

Music Published by White & Goulland. 86 Tremont St, Boston, Mass. Price 30 cents.

At these scenes of murder,
Sir Rowland you are new,
Before you go any further,
Tell me the deed is true.
What will you say if the forest
Hides the gory deed.
Shudder, Sir Rowland,
Tommy at the nose does bleed.

Chorus.

So will your honor please to grease with cash,
Grease with cash, grease with cash.
Yes, I want the cash as you're aware,
Yes, as you are aware,
So just please to settle up,
Make things square, make things square,
Yes, I want the cash as you're aware,
Yes, as you're aware.

All his little molars
I did sacrifice,
Not for fifty dollars,
The deed would I do twice.
The poor little boy did holler,
Pinch, and scream, and scratch,
For infantile choler
Never did I meet his match. Chorus.

Dreaming 'Neath the Moonlight.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY C. A. JOHNSON.

I'm dreaming 'neath the moonlight,
Of my home so far away,
Of the loved ones there awaiting
My return day by day.
As the moon in all her splendor,
Spreads her fair effulgent rays,
Scenes of home forever changing,
Flitter past my longing gaze.

Chorus.

I'm dreaming 'neath the moonlight,
Of my home so far away,
Of the loved ones there awaiting,
My return day by day.

I'm dreaming 'neath the moonlight,
Of the dear ones that I love,
Often in my dreams I see them
Gazing at me from above.
Now I see my dear old father
Sitting in his big arm chair,
And at his side is darling mother,
Oh may joy and peace rest there. Chorus.

Baby Mine.

Music of this Song can be had of Spear & Dehnhoff, 717 Broadway, N. Y.

I've a letter from thy sire,
Baby mine, baby mine;
I could read and never tire,
Baby mine, baby mine.
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming back to me,
He is coming back to me,
Baby mine, baby mine,
He is coming back to me,
Baby mine.

Oh! I long to see his face,
Baby mine, baby mine,
In his old accustomed place,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Like the rose of May in bloom,
Like a star amid the gloom,
Like the sunshine in the room,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Like the sunshine in the room,
Baby mine

I'm so glad I cannot sleep,
Baby mine, baby mine,
I'm so happy I could weep,
Baby mine, baby mine,
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming home to me,
He is coming back to thee,
Baby mine, baby mine,
He is coming back to thee,
Baby mine.

Led Astray: or Through the Dreary Streets I Wander.

The Music published by John F Perry & Co. 538 Washington Street, Boston. Price 40 cents.

Thro' the dreary streets I wander,
Far away from all I love;
E'en the stars are cheerless,
Gazing on me from above.
Gloomy earth must be be my pillow;
'Till the dawn of rosy day;
From my home so bright and loving,
Now my feet are led astray.

Chorus.

Mother, mother, help your darling,
Sad and lonely is my way;
Kindly Heaven look down in pity,
On the wand'rer led astray.

In my dreams I see my mother,
And I hear her sweet good-night;
And I know her heart is praying
Heaven to lead her child aright
Ah! I know she's waiting, watching,
Weeping for me day by day;
Sick at heart I wander onward,
For my feet are led astray. Chorus.

Wildly now the storm is falling,
And my footsteps weaker grow;
Will no gentle heart have pity,
One sweet gleam of hope bestow?
Take, oh, take your child, dear Father,
Lead me to your home I pray!
For I long to rest forever,
Where no feet are led astray. Chorus.

Where art Thou now My Beloved?

The Music of this song is published by L. P Goulland, 86 Tremont Street, Boston.

Where art thou now, my beloved?
Canst thou not come to my call?
Sad is my heart, as the shades fall around me,
Shrouding my hopes in their fall.
Are then the days fled forever,
When by thy side I was blest,
Will there return to me never,
Bliss in a true love confessed.

Chorus.

Ah! where art thou now, my beloved?
Can't thou not come to my call?
Sad is my heart as the shades fall around me,
Shrouding my hopes in their fall.

Faithful to thee, my beloved,
Waiting, I list for thy tread!
Leave me not longer, but haste in thy coming,
Ever my hope shall be fled.
Greetings most fond shall be thine, love!
Kisses are ripe on my lips!
Come, lest in grief I repine, love,
Lest fades my love in eclipse! Chorus.

Only a Word, Love.

SENTIMENTAL SONG.

Music published by S. Turney, 436 fourth ave.

Only a word, love, say you'll be mine:
One little word, love, "yes, I'll be thine!"
Oft hast thou uttered fond words to me,
While this heart fluttered, thinking of thee:
All thou hast spoken I have believed,
Yet not a token have I received;
Speak now the fond vow, love, say you'll be mine;
Whisper it now, love, "yes, I'll be thine!"

Only a word love, "yes, I'll be thine;
Soon as 'tis heard, love, joy will be mine
Two natures blending, two hearts in one;
Love never ending, joy just begun;
Always increasing, faithful and pure;
Rapture unceasing, all shall endure,
Speak the fond vow, love, say you'll be mine,
Whisper it now, love, "yes, I'll be thine."

Captain Spike of the Musketeers.

The Music can be obtained of the well known Music Store of F. Blume, 861 Broadway, Price, 40 cents.

Oh! I'm a noble soldier brave,
Just from the war where the banners wave,
I'll fight as long as I can see,
Or stand behind a barn or tree.
You bet I am a handsome man,
And when I went away,
It nearly broke the ladies' hearts,
But now they often say,
"Oh! my," they cry,
"Oh! who is he?"

Spoken: Don't you know him? Oh! yes, he is—

CHORUS.

I am Captain Spike the musketeer,
The pet of all the ladies dear,
A gallant soldier of renown,
The gayest man in all the town.

Don't speak of Hildebrandt Montrose,
You'll make the red come off my nose,
Hold on, I want to speak to you,
Of something now that is quite new;
I met a charmer the other day,
Outside a Broadway car,
My hat I raised and sweetly asked,
If she was going far;
"Oh! my," she cried,
"Oh! who is he?"

Spoken: Don't you know me?—I am— Chorus.

When I go out upon parade,
I am the pride of every maid,
With sword to flourish and command,
There's not my equal in the land;
I proudly lead the rank and file,
In peace or raging war,
I never look to right or left
But bravely walk before,
And on my way,
I hear them say;

Spoken: Look out! stand back! Here comes, Chorus.

Janie Boodh.

BY H. ALSTON DARLEY, AIR: BABY MINE

I dhink vot I vos dighd,
Janie Boodh, Janie Boodh,
I'fe been drinkin' bier alle nighd,
Janie Boodh, Janie Boodh,
I feel so awful kerveer,
Youst like skadin' on mein ear—
Am I svimmin in weiss bier,
Janie Boodh, Janie Boodh?
Am I svimmin in weiss bier,
Janie Boodh?

I gan drink more bier dhan you,
Janie Boodh, Janie Boodh,
I gan eat more pretzels, doo,
Janie Boodh, Janie Boodh
I gan valk off by mein ear,
I gan drink ein keg ouf bier,
I gan read mein "didle glear,"
Janie Boodh, Janie Boodh
I gan read mein "didle glear,"
Janie Boodh.

I vos so dighd I don'd gan dell,
Janie Boodh, Janie Boodh,
Vedder I vos sick or vell,
Janie Boodh, Janie Boodh,
I'm so drunk I dond gan veeb,
So I lay me down do sleeb,
Und led dhe bug-beds o'er me greeb,
Janie Boodh, Janie Boodh,
Und led dhe bug-beds o'er me greeb,
Janie Boodh.

The Pulling Machine.

SUNG BY JACK CONROY.

To bother you long is not my intention,
I'll bid you good-night and be leaving you soon;
But first let me tell you about an invention
I recently saw in a liquor saloon.

I have met with some things that puzzled me greatly,
And twenty-four years in this country I've been,
But, believe me, I never was caught so completely
As they caught me one night on the pulling machine.

CHORUS.

The villain that first studied out the invention,
Whoever he is must be terrible mean.
I'd give fifty dollars for his apprehension,
And I'd put him to death on his pulling machine.

"See how much you can pull," says a man who stood near me,
"I'll bet you the drinks I can pull more than you."
Then the crowd all around him began for to cheer me,
So I just took hold, to see what I could do.
The bar-tender sent electricity through me.
Such dancing and leaping there never was seen.
My hair stood on end, and I swore I would murder
The man who invented the pulling machine.
The villain that, &c.

The shock that it gave me it near drove me crazy,
It went through my system like needles and pins;
They say that my dancing was graceful and easy,
But some of them got a good kick in the shins.
When the torture was over they called me a gilly,
And they told me that I must be terrible green;
That I ought to know better than be such a sucker
For to dance all my steps on a pulling machine.

Spoken: Says one fellow, "It's only a patent for circulating the blood well." Says I, "I want all the blood I have now." Says he, "Did you never read where Dr. Franklin caught the lightning in a bottle?" "I did," says I; "but if I had the fellow that made that machine he'd catch blazes quicker than lightning. In fact," says I, "I think it's a shocking machine, and— The villain that, &c.

That Sweet Little Cottage Near the Shady Boreen.

BY W. H. DOWNES. AIR: I SAW FROM THE BEACH

I once had a sweetheart her name it was Nellie,
She was lovely and fair as the morning's bright dew,
But now I am parted from my charming fair one,
Who lived in the cottage near the shady boreen.

The days were so pleasant when we were together
Telling our love tales in fond childish glee,
We oft walked hand in hand in the cool shades of evening,
To that sweet little cottage near the shady boreen.

I know she's now pining with grief at my absence
As she oftentimes thinks of the good days of yore,
When her heart was as light as the nightingale singing,
Around that sweet little cottage near the shady boreen.

My heart it is yearning to see you sweet Nellie,
And the fields of old Erin that are always so green,
Or to walk on the paths where we tripped in our childhood,
To that sweet little cottage near the shady boreen.

Wipe off Your Chin.

BY H. ALSTON DARLEY.

Just listen while I sing about a little girl I know,
She was banty-legged, freckled, and
Was cross-eyed in the toe,
She wore double-breasted balmorals cut bias every way—
But when I tried to steal a kiss,
Unto me she did say:

CHORUS.

Wipe off your chin and don't you be so cute
Pull down your vest,
Or I'll bust you in the snoot;
Your facial area's very large the worst I ever heard;
But I'll practice B, sharp on your nose,
If you say another word.

I asked her down to supper one night while at a ball,
And the way she masticated, showed
She had a terrible gaul;
She gobbled ice-cream by the peck, drank whiskey in a stream;
And when I did expostulate
She unto me did scream. Chorus.

I took her out to ride one day upon the Erie road,
We had not been out long before
The boiler did explode.
A flying wheel caught that poor girl
Just by the stern about,
And as she went up through the roof,
I thought I heard her shout. Chorus.

Keep Pretty Flowers on my Grave.

BY S. MONTAGUE. MUSIC BY C. T. FRENCH.

Music of this Song can be had of Spear & Dehnhoff 717 Broadway, N. Y.

List to the angels calling,
Your own true love away,
Oh! keep this pledge unbroken,
This sweet pledge that we make, love, to-day
Let me then live in your memory
As tho' I were still at your side,
'Till in heaven above us,
You shall claim me again as your bride.

CHORUS.

Keep love this pledge unbroken,
The last from thee I crave,
Come to where the cypress shades me,
Come, come and place pretty flowers on my grave,
Come to where the cypress shades me,
Come, come and place on my grave,
Pretty flowers on my grave.

There where your darling sleepeth,
Our love shall be renewed,
And you shall find in heaven, love,
'Twas not in vain that we wooed;
Then do not grieve o'er me, darling,
For I will send down from above,
Tokens of joy and remembrance,
That shall tell that I'm true to my love.
Keep love, &c.

Pretty Little Primrose.

SUNG BY BOBBY NEWCOMB.

Music, Copyright 1877, and published by F. Blume, 861 Broadway, N. Y Price 40 cents.

Oh! in folly and in fancy free,
I strayed one summer morning,
Just as happy as a humming bee,
That wanders 'mid the lovely flowers;
There among the many gems so sweet,
Bright nature's face adorning,
I culled a flower of grace complete,
A primrose bright with dew,
I bore it near my heart all day.
Until a maiden fair
Just chanced to pass along the way,
With another in her hair!
Chorus: Oh! my pretty little primrose, sweetest,
To me of all the flowers,
For thy fragrant breath is ever speaking
Of life's most happy hours!

Now a flower is a token fair.
That gentle love advances?
But with Cupid we begin our care,
So thought I on that summer's day.
Just a pleasant little winning smile
This heart of mine entrances.
And she smiled so sweetly all the while
With a primrose in her hair,
Oh! she was beauteous and divine,
I scarce know what to do;
I long'd to ask her to be mine,
Ere I bade my flower adieu! Chorus.

Then my hat I very gently raised,
Of course, I begged her pardon,
And her beauty and her grace I praised—
'Twas bold indeed I must confess!
So I said, "I think that you and I
Have strolled thro' the same garden,
For your primrose nestling there so shy
Is truly mate to mine."
She took the blossom from her hair,
And placed it near my heart;
I won my pretty primrose there,
And from her I'll never part! Chorus.

Lullaby.

SUNG BY J. K. EMETT.

Close your eyes, Lena my darling,
Fear thou no danger, Lena,
Move not, dear Lena, my darling,
For your brooder watches nigh you, Lena dear,
Angel guide thee, Lena dear, my darling,
Nothing evil can come near,
Brightest flowers blow for thee,
Darling sister, dear to me.

CHORUS.

Go to sleep, go to sleep my baby, my baby, my baby,
Go to sleep my baby, baby, oh, by, go to sleep, Lena, dear.

Bright be de morning, my darling,
Ven you ope your eyes,
Sunbeams glow all around you, Lena,
Peace be with thee, love, my darling,
Blue and cloudless be the sky for Lena dear,
Birds sing their bright songs for thee my darling,
Full of sweetest melody, angels ever hover near,
Darling sister dear to me. Chorus.

Our Happy Boyhood Days.

BY STEPHEN GARVEY. AIR: COLLEGE DAYS.

Oh! hours of youth have passed,
And oft we do look back,
Into those bright and happy days,
When no pleasures did we lack.
Sweet recollections come to us,
As back on those we gaze,
Though past and gone, we'll ne'er forget,
Our happy boyhood days.
Repeat two last lines.

How innocent were our thoughts,
How little did we know,
What trials we in the future,
Would have to undergo.
As through life we journey on
Along our different ways,
We'd like to respect the scenes so sweet,
Of our happy boyhood days.
Repeat two last lines.

We remember well our dear old home,
The scene of happy youth.
Ah! many pleasant days we spent
Beneath the honored roof.
Those memories come up to us,
Wherever we may roam,
We can ne'er forget the day we left
Our happy boyhood home.
Repeat two last lines.

But now as we are growing old,
And life is fading fast,
Sweet visions of our childhood
To us will ever last.
Though we may roam away from home,
And cross the deep blue seas,
Our thoughts they ever wander back
To our happy boyhood days.
Repeat two last lines.

The Valley of Chamouni.

The music of this song can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No 229 Bowery, opposite Prince Street New-York—Elegant Full Music Size Sheet for 10 cents.

When the heart in golden fancies,
To the sway of happiest dreams,
Back to scenes of beauty glances,
Lit by memorys brightest beams;
Then I see that vale of fountains,
Where the alp flowers woo the gale.
Under all the snow-crowned mountains,
Shining o'er that beauteous vale.

CHORUS.

Oh! Chamouni, sweet Chamouni!
Oh! the vale of Chamouni!
Oh! Chamouni, sweet Chamouni!
Oh! Chamouni's sweet vale.

When I hear the alph-horn ringing,
When Mount Blanc fortells the day,
And the breeze of morning bringing,
Mountain chime, and mountain lay;
Then, once more with rapture glowing,
All that mountain land I hail,
But my heart with joy o'er flowing,
Lingers in that beauteous vale. Chorus.

God Help our Suffering Poor.

While the sad cry of hard times resound thro' our land,
Do we give enough thought to the poor;
Are we one and all ready to lend a helping hand,
To drive the grim wolf from the door.
The selfish may think that kind fortune has dealt,
With them and their own to secure,
The comforts and blessings that money can bring,
But God help our suffering poor.

There are plenty we meet who could help if they would,
But the fact is their money is spent;
They're too poor themselves, or they ain't in the mood,
Or some other excuse they'll invent.
But ask yon rich banker how much in his vaults
These men have placed there to secure;
And he'll tell you, if honest, their assertions are false,
They could help our suffering poor.

Can any one tell why those seeking for aid
Always pass millionaires with distrust?
Can it be solemn truth, what I've often heard said,
That the rich seldom give e'en a crust?
But there's the mechanic and laboring man,
Ever ready to share his small store,
For nearly each one knows how 'tis himself,
God bless these true friends of the poor.

Ain't He a Baby.

BY TIM ROGERS.

I am a swell, I lead the style:
I'm not Champagne Charlie nor Tommy Coaloil.
But you can see plain by my winning ways
That I am a man that has seen better days.
But for all that I don't care a straw,
For I m just as lively as ever, ha, ha!
The pet of the girls I meet every day,
And as they pass by me this is what they say.
Chorus: Oh! my, ain't he a baby,
Look at his walk—it's just like a lady,
Oh! dear, I believe it is Grady!
Look at his nice curly hair.

Look at me well do I look green?
I have an eye that can capture a queen.
With my graceful walk I make their heads whirl;
My great Coloradoe the barbers do curl.
I am a gambler at high Jack and low;
I can play seven out and the great casino.
There's no use in talking, now don't I look sweet?
For as the girls pass me you'll hear them repeat.
Oh! my, &c.

O'Brien Keep off the Grass.

BY TONY ADAMS.

Your attention I would ask, my friends
As to what I am going to say;
'Tis all about those scallawags,
Who cry out to me each day.
Whenever I go on the street,
Sure every time I pass,
They make the streets resound with this;
O'Brien keep off the grass. Chorus.

CHORUS.

I don't know what they mane by it,
But every time I pass
They yell out with terrific force:
"O'Brien, keep off the grass!"

Last week I went to Rockaway—
In fact, I often do,;
With Mary Ann McGucken
I danced the tra-la-loo.
While we were eating chowder,
Terry Slattery, chanced to pass;
As he went by he winked his eye
And said: "keep off the grass." Chorus.

I jumped up and cried: "nixy, pard,"
And grabbed him by the coat;
The gang then waltzed all over me—
By gob! it was no joke.
Then someone brought a stretcher—
Sure they handled me like glass—
And as they marched down to the boat
They sang "keep off the grass." Chorus.

I Know I'm Twenty-One.

Written by Ed Harrigan.

Dare's one thing sure keep in your head,
Und don't you be a fool.
Don't go swim where de water's wet,
Don't ride a baulky mule.
Don't cross a funeral in de street,
Or play seven up or dice,
Don't eat turkey mit stuffing in,
Unless you got the price.

CHORUS.

Don't ax me why I know dat
I give it away for fun,
Der older I grows de deeper it snows
I know I'm twenty-one.

Now oof you got a taking way,
Und you go and make a grab,
On overcoats and diamond pins,
Leave town like a shedder crab.
Dey have a platform in der Tombs,
Where you stand still mit a rope,
Und when you say your evening prayer,
You was like a lump af coke. Chorus.

Never fall in love mit any gal,
What's got a mother-in-law,
You don't vas married fifteen days,
Ven she smacks you in der jaw.
Den comes up der separation,
Because two can't be der boss,
I'd sooner have a $1,000,
Den pay for one divorce. Chorus.

Cradle Song.

The Music can be obtained of E. H. Harding, No. 229 Bowery, New-York. Price 10 cents.

Slumber and dream in the morning of life,
Dream of the pathway before thee,
Let not each hour with sorrow be rife,
Happiness too hovers o'er thee!
Happiness too hovers o'er thee!
Life is checquered with sunshine and sorrow;
Dark may the day be, but brighter the morrow,
Then never be impatient,
Then never be impatient.

Slumber and dream of the fresh smiling spring,
Bearing her mantle of flowers,
Nightingales woo their mistress and sing
Strains through the star-spangled hours
Strains through the star-spangled hour.
Time with a gentle wing, by thee is glancing,
Spring like the morning of life is advancing.
Then never be impatient,
Then never be impatient.

If o'er the Cruel Tyrant.

If o'er the cruel tyrant love,
A conquest I believed,
The flattering error cease to prove,
O let me be deceived.

Forbear to fan this gentle flame,
Which love did first create;
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turned to hate.

Then call not to my waving mind,
The weakness of my heart,
Which oh! I feel too much inclined
To take the traitor's part.

The Lost Inheritance.

PROLOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

Had any pedestrain, plodding his dreary way one certain foggy November afternoon, through Chancery Lane, been not sufficiently self-engrossed to raise his eyes to the second-floor at a particular house, he would have seen the reflection of lights upon the dirt encrusted windows of the offices appertaining to Mr. Josiah Biddlecomb, attorney-at-law, money-lender, mining agent, speculator—indeed, it would be difficult to state in which branch his business commenced or in which ended.

Had the aforesaid pedestrain been curiously inclined, and groped his way up the dingy staircase, he would have found Josiah Biddlecomb's clerk—a spare, middle-sized man, not yet thirty, with a worn but keen, countenance, and attorneyish expression—busily engaged upon some law-papers; while had he the courage to pass through yonder door, marked "Private," he would have discovered Josiah Biddlecomb himself, seated before his desk and lost in meditation.

He was certainly not over forty, yet his black, coarse, thin, short hair was well besprinkled with silver. Of middle height, his frame of clumsy build, bespoke wiriness. His physiognomy was lank and dark, also shrewd, yet possessing a wonderfull adaptability for cringing. The eyes were quick, and bright with subtle cunning. The man, like the face, was the essence of vindictiveness, self-cruelty, and remarkable business tact.

Seated back in his chair, his elbows on its arms, and the tips of his fingers gently tapping together, he thought evidently pleasantly, for a smile played over his clean-shaven face.

"At last," he muttered—"at last the hour has come to strike—the hour I have so plotted and schemed for! Is there anything man in this world so untiringly follows up as revenge? Mine has arrived. I have it in my grasp!" And his hands clenched. "Before an hour he shall see the mask plucked off—he shall see the dupe he has been! And why?" His hand involuntarily rose to his cheek. "He shall behold himself ruined in my power. Before a week, I will reign where he has lorded it for so long!"

Reaching a letter from the desk, he perused it with knitted brows, yet satisfied expression.

"I will be with you at half-past four this evening. My difficulties accumulate. I must have money at once. I must risk sacrifice everything for it, or I am ruined, disgraced. For Heaven's sake, hit upon some plan to raise it before I come. Grayling and M'Intyre refuse to renew—demand instant payment, and threaten arrest. Think of that!

Yours, Richard Myddelton Carr."

"Think of that, indeed!" remarked the attorney, with almost an unctuous chuckle. "Grayling and M'Intyre! How ignorant, my dear Baronet, you are of whose hand it is that pulls the strings, of the net you are in!"

He moved the papers on the table, searching for something, then rang the bell sharply.

"Where did you place those notes you brought from the bank?"

"Here—can't you see them?" responded the clerk, morosely, producing the packet from under some letters.

"Had I, I shouldn't have summoned you. Keep a more civil tongue in your head."

"How can a fellow, upon thirty shillings a week? At these times it's only enough to starve upon!"

Mr. Josiah Biddlecomb, in his heart, said, "Starve then!"

"But there were reasons why he had an aversion to changing clerks, so he remarked, aloud, "Have not I told you I'd raise your wages next December?"

"Yes; to guineas. It isn't enough to keep a chap honestly."

"Isn't it? Then."—and the attorney, with a wily smile, leaned over the desk—"I advise you to keep so while in my employ. If I have any more of this I'll discharge you. You may go."

"Discharge me? You'd do that in a brace of shakes if you could only get a fellow who'd do as much as I do for the same money," muttered the clerk, in a low voice, as he prepared to quit the room.

Just then a man's tread was heard in the outer office, the clerk flung wide the door, and, perceiving the visitor, announced "Sir Richard Carr."

As he closed the inner baize door, then the other, he added, mentally. "There goes another fly into the web. But he's an old 'un. I should fancy he's near giving up wings and bones by this time."

Moving quickly to the party wall ornamented by rows of wooden compartments, wherein were ensconced japaned tin boxes, bearing surnames in hard white letters, he removed one at the far end, leaped on an office stool, and drew from the inner wall a round cork like a knot out of wood. This disclosed a hole communicating with the other room—an ingenious contrivance, that not only gave opportunity of seeing, but entirely baffled the precaution of the double doors.

Inserting his head into the square wooden compartment, the clerk applied ear or eye, as necessity required, and not only saw much, but heard every word that passed.

Sir Richard Carr was a tall, slightly built man, of about eight-and-thirty, with well-cut, aristocratic features, full brown moustache, and eyes of the same hue, the expression of which displayed a blending of ingenious frankness and lack of self-confidence.

At the age of twenty, by a chain of events, he had unexpectedly inherited an uncles title, and the ancestral home of the Carrs. Of a generous, gregarious temperment, ready to take all men as they seemed, and not what they were, the young Baronet's life, for the first few years, had been a merry one, through which meandered that extravagant proclivity, horse-racing, a pastime which—how, he could not conceive—had been singulary unfortunate.

At the end of seven years he had been sharply brought up standing by two events—the knowledge that he was deep in debt, necessitating an immediate need of money; and that he was desperately in love with the penniless orphan niece and dependant of an equally penniless lady of fashion.

In his difficulty he applied to one he knew well able to advise in such matters—a certain Captain Henshaw, of shady character, but whose knowledge of the turf made him patronised by the aristocracy of that fraternity. Indeed, in such cases, Sir Richard had relied implicitly on his judgement, a fact that rendered his losses the still more singular.

By the Captain he was introduced to Mr. Josiah Biddlecomb, one whom the gallant officer averred would gladly aid him, and upon whom he might safely depend.

Bright days apparently began for the Baronet. He laughed at his previous gloomy forebodings. He never knew money was so easily com-at-able—or usurers so kind. What matter a slight hitch now and then? That inestimable Josiah Biddlecomb would be sure to pull him through.

By that "inestimable" Josiah Biddlecomb's advice the Baronet gave up horse-racing for speculation. By the attorney's advice he dabbled in shares—in Welsh mines, which one day were to prove an Eldorado.

The descent was as easy as rapid—so rendered by Josiah Biddlecomb's skilful manipulation; and when this story opens the truth had come like a crash upon Sir Richard Carr, that if some desperate means were not resorted to, he was not only ruined, but disgraced.

His bills, as he believed, were crowding the market; their holders growing threateningly importunate. His debts were heavy—debts he must meet, being debts of honor—and the Welsh mine was far from as yet yielding its stores of wealth.

In this emergency, he turned to the attorney, and, worn with despair and desperation, now appeared in Josiah Biddlecomb's office.

The attorney rose slightly from his seat to receive his cliant, motioning him to a chair. The Baronet was too self-engrossed to observe there was a difference in the other's usual urbane courtesy.

Placing his hat and cane on the desk, he said, as he irritably plucked off his gloves, "You received my note, of course, Biddlecomb?"

"Of course, Sir Richard."

"And of course you expected me?" added the Baronet, with a weak attempt at a smile.

Tht attorney inclined his head, slightly raising his shoulders.

"Biddlecomb," said the Baronet, sitting down, and drawing his chair nearer the desk while he spoke in the tone of one assured of sympathy and help, "it's of no use beating about the bush to you. Never was I in so confounded a strait as now. If you do not aid me, I'm a ruined man!"

"Not so bad as that, Sir Richard, surely!" remarked the attorney, suavely, passing his hand across his chin.

"Surely, yes. I can't make it out. It's not to be made out," proceeded the other, still with the sound of irritation and desperation in his tone. "Everything seems to come upon me together, as if it had been some infernal plot!"

The attorney's lips quivered. Was it with a smile?

"To-morrow's pay-day at Tattersall's. I must get money for that—I must by any means. It would never do for Sir Richard Carr to be a defaulter!"

"Oh, of course not!"

"Then," proceeded the unhappy Baronet, "Grayling and M'Intyre's bill falls due on the day after. They vow they'll not renew; and since I wrote you that fellow, Jonas Myers, has written, saying he shall expect payment at the end of the week."

"That's bad—very. Jonas Myers is generally a man of his word," remarked the attorney, his eyes cast thoughtfully down, and still rubbing his chin. "As to Grayling and M'Intyre, I sent to them directly I heard from you."

"Well?" demanded the Baronet, eagerly.

"They would scarcely take the trouble of reading my letter. They say they'll wait not an hour over the time. They will take goods or person."

"But they must wait!" cried the Baronet, starting up. "The money can't be forthcoming!"

"I agree with you, Sir Richard."

The other paused, looking at the speaker. Then, "But, Biddlecomb, if these fellows really intend what they say, it must be forthcoming!"

"Must! How, Sir Richard!

"I know not. It is to discover a means that I am here to consult you."

"But who will advance, when I may say, all your security is already mortgaged?"

"Look here, Biddlecomb!" exclaimed the Baronet, pacing the room excitedly, while the attorney, quitting his seat, stood resting on the corner of the office table, watching him. "You have helped me before you really must do so again; for I tell you, if not, ruin is inevitable!"

"So it seems. Pray what is the sum you require?"

"At present, for my immediate need, five thousand pounds!"

The attorney made a "whew" with his lips.

"For Heaven's sake don't look so lugubrious, man! Why, after the business we have done together, it would not be an excess of generosity were you to lend it yourself!"

"Upon what security, Sir Richard? You are aware an I O U is not negociable, and it strikes me at this moment you have no better security to give. Yes—look here!" proceeded the attorney, his expression changing, while he held up his hand to check his client interrupting. "Listen to me. The time has indeed arrived when, as you say, it's no use beating about the bush with us two. So, first look the present state of matters fairly in the face. You are then a begger!"

The Baronet winced, and his delicate complexion flushed. The attorney proceeded, apparently not seeing.

"For the last few years you have been so, living on bills which is out of your power ever to pay. If you doubt, see for yourself. It is just a rough calculation that I have made of your liabilities."

He passed a paper to his client.

To be Continued.

The Day I Played Base Ball.

SUNG BY ROBERT MCKAY.

My name it is O'Halloher,
I'm a man that's influential,
I mind my business stop at home,
My wants are few and small,
Some blackguards 'tother day did come,
They were full of whiskey, gin and rum,
An' they took me out in the broilin' sun,
To play a game of ball.

They made me carry all the bats.
They nearly drove me crazy,
An' they sent me out in "centre field,".
But I paralyzed them all.
I put up my hands to catch a "fly,"
Holy murther, it struck me in the eye
And they hung me on a line to dry
The day I played base ball.

I took the bat an' hit the ball
I thought to Sanfrancisco,
An' thin around the bases
Three times I ran them all,
But thin the gang began to howl,
An' they said ould man you made a fowl,
An' they rubbed me down with a Turkish towel,
The day I played base ball.

Two reporters begged to know my name,
An' presinted me wid a medal,
An' they asked me for my photograph
To hang upon the wall.
They said that I had won the game,
Though my head was broke and my shoulder lame
An' they sent me home in a cattle train,
The day I played base ball.

Who'll Kiss My Little One Good-Night.

BY ANNIE CURTIS.

When far beyond the radiant west
The golden gates are opened for me,
When softly through the gathering mist
The gleam of angel robes I see,
In pity then whose voice will cheer
My only joy, my heart's delight?
Who'll wipe from rosy cheeks the tear?
Who will kiss my little one good-night?

CHORUS.

Whose voice in tender song will cheer,
When softly fades the days rosy light?
Who'll wipe from dimpled cheeks the tear?
Who'll kiss my little one good-night?

Though safe within the blest retreat
I drop my load of care and pain,
I yet shall miss her smile so sweet,
Her young heart's love, all free from stain
Then, let the world seem cold and drear,
And joy with day's glad beam takes flight,
O watchful angels! ever near,
Bend low and kiss my love good-night.
Whose voice, &c.

Up in Sing Sing.

BY W. LAWLER.

AIR. The Isle de Blackwell.

Come listen ye sneak theives,
And light handed crew,
Pickpockets, bank busters,
I'll sing unto you,
Of a place that is famous,
Old times it will bring,
'Twill recall your first term,
You spent up in Sing Sing.
Chorus: With then get in that bath-tub,
Put on that bright suit,
Give him a close crop,
That sad faced galoot,
Hand him a hammer,
Go make that rock ring,
Oh! such a picnic.
Way up in Sing Sing.

There was a young gussie,
A confidential clerk,
He handled much cases,
To fast for to work,
He skipped with ten thousand,
Was caught on the wing;
He's now pegging brogans,
Way up in Sing Sing. Chorus.

Oh there was a great swell,
On faro he was bent,
He staked all his sugar,
And lost every cent.
He forged his old man's name,
But 'twasn't the thing,
He took an excursion
Way up in Sing Sing. Chorus.

Oh! there is a known chap,
He started to mash,
Was scented by the peelers,
Came down with a crash,
He owned up with sorrow,
The cracks lost their king,
He's enjoying a lifetime,
Way up in Sing Sing. Chorus.

The Emerald Flag so Green.

BY J. T. HUGGARD. AIR: ERIN'S LOVELY HOME.

Now gather round that little flag,
Of the Emerald Isle so green;
In all the nations of the earth,
No prettier can be seen.
For engraved upon it you can find
The harp and shamrock too,
It ne'er will stand to be trodden down
By the Orange and the Blue.

CHORUS.

For engraved upon it you can find,
The harp and shamrock too,
It ne'er will stand to be trodden down
By the Orange and the Blue.

England with her cruel laws,
Is trying to keep it down,
Altho' it being formost in the strife,
And for her has won renown.
They might have been swept from off the earth,
And never more be seen,
But for the boys from Paddy's land,
With the emerald flag so green. Chorus.

The time is now approaching
When that little flag will be
Raised high o'er that Island,
When its people will be free.
Then we'll uphold it evermore,
In spite of Saxons Queen,
And shelter from their tyrany,
That emerald flag so green. Chorus.

The True Sons of Erin.

SUNG BY JACK CONROY.

Don't be alarmed at seeing us here,
We are gents of the very first water;
Our appearance will show we are noblemen too;
And sons of a nobleman's daughter.
Our mother, God bless her, she doted on us,
For all her pleasures we made;
We are commanders now in the army,
In the ranks of the Irish Brigade.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah for the true sons of Erin,
The stout-hearted soldiers who are never afraid;
They are true to the core and dare-devil daring,
The true noble sons of the Irish Brigade.

We marched to the front with nine hundred strong,
In a line thro' the dead and the dying,
We marched gayly on with the fife and the drum;
While the green flag above us was flying,
Yes, high in the air it proudly did wave,
Seemingly not afraid,
For it knew that protection was near,
From the boys of the Irish Brigade. Chorus.

The Irish Brigade is both strong and brave,
For fighting the best in the land,
And if you're in trouble the true sons of Erin
Will willingly extend a hand;
Yes, they will give as long as they live
One-half of which they possess
To the needy and poor who come to their door
With a cry for help in distress. Chorus.

Johnny Reel.

Come all you boys of New York,
And listen unto me;
Likewise pay attention
To the few lines I have here.

For the murder of officer Smithy
I am sorry to the heart,
Which leaves my aged parents
In sorrow for to part.

It's little did they ever think
All in my youth and bloom,
I was reared on First Avenue,
For to meet my awful doom.

It was standing on the corner,
It was my heart's delight,
And it's true that my companions
They always used me right.

Officer Smithy he came up to me,
These words to me did say;
Johnny Reel get off this corner,
Or I'll club you right away.

Drawing my pistol from my pocket
Boys, I shot him through the heart,
Which leaves officer Smithy
And his family to depart.

Running up to thirty second street
Trying to make my escape;
When an officer of the Twenty First Ward,
Soon caught me in my chase.

He took me to the City Tombs,
Where I was condemned to die,
On the twenty-first day of August,
Upon the gallows high.

Three cheers for James McCloskey,
Who done so much for me;
Likewise for James O'Brien,
Who tried to set me free,

Governor Hoffman would not pardon me,
I'll tell you the reason why,
Because I did not vote for Tammany,
This day I am to die.

The day of my execution,
Was a pitiful sight to see,
When four of the twenty-first ward boys,
Took the last farewell of me.

They fell into my arms,
And bitterly they did cry,
Saying my true beloved companion,
This day you are to die.

My song is nearly ended,
I hope I have offended none,
And if I have come tell me,
Before I will be hung.

My Rummy Red Nose.

AIR: MY PRETTY RED ROSE. BY WILLIE WILDWAVE.

Have you heard of my rummy red nose,
As you rambled to-night on the street;
If you haven't—well then I'll disclose,
What the boys so often repeat.
They say that its color is cardinal red,
Well perhaps it is, I suppose,
Many a tear boys I shed, as I heard what they said,
"Oh! look at his rummy red nose!"

CHORUS.

My rummy red nose, my rummy red nose,
'Tis a hard name to call you, my rummy red nose,
Many a tear boys I shed, as I heard what they said
"Oh! look at his rummy red nose!"

They say many a schooner I drank,
Yes, many a schooner of beer,
Enough to fill the Aquarium tank,
And the Central Park one too they fear.
But away with such foolish ideas,
It's impossible every one knows,
Well, well, it appears, many of the beers,
Seem to dwell in my rummy red nose. Chorus.

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CONTENTS.

Alabama Nigs.....page 420
Ballinamuck Brigade.....420
Bright Vision of my Dream.....423
Beautiful Thoughts linger near me.....423
Cruel days before the War.....421
Dreamy Eyes Haunt me Still.....421
Dar am honey on dese lips.....418
Deacon Jones' Collection.....418
Duffy's Opening Night.....419
Don't be so Fly.....421
Down at Manhattan Beach.....421
Darling Listen to my Story.....421
Dear Little Colleen.....422
Deck my Grave with Violets Blue.....423
The Finnegan Brigade. or ; one, two, three.....418
The Farmer's Daughter, or: the Little Chickens in the Garden.....418
Forgive the word in anger spoken.....419
Farewell.....422
The Garden where the praties grow.....418
The Great St. Patrick's Day.....418
Good Times Come Again.....419
Good old Limerick Town.....422
Helen's Babies.....420
If she would be my mash.....421
In his Suite by and bye.....421
Kelly's Boarding House.....420
Kitty's Reply, to, Little Robin tell Kitty I'm Coming.....422
The Little Tin Soldier.....418
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued.....423
Moll McCue.....419
My Mary Ann.....119
Mother's Teeth are pegging out.....420
The Minstrels.....423
Norah Darling.....419
Poor Little Joe.....422
Serg't Bluff of the National Guards.....420
Shades of Erin.....422
Stingy Bill.....422
Sheet Music—New & Popular.....423
That Soft Sweet Waltz.....419
The Winning Hand.....420
Wake Out Serenade—(J. K. Emmet's).....423
Why don't you let Emma alone.....423
When we're on Parade.....422

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The Garden Where the Praties Grow.

BY JOHN PATTERSON.

Have you ever been in love, boys,
Did you ever feel the pain?
I'd rather be in jail, I would,
Than be in love again.
Tho' the girl I love was beautiful,
I'd have you all to know
That I met her in the garden
Where the praties grow.

CHORUS.

She was just the sort of creature
That Nature did intend,
To walk straight through the world
Without the Grecian bend.
Nor did she wear a chignon—
I'd have you all to know,
That I met her in the garden
Where the praties grow.

She was singing an ould Irish song,
Called "Gra gal machree,"
Oh! says I, what a wife she'd make
For an Irish boy like me;
I was on important business,
But I did not like to go,
And leave the girl or the garden
Where the praties grow. Chorus.

Says I, "my lovely fair maid,
I hope you'll pardon me;"
But she wasn't like those city girls,
That would say "you're making free,"
She answered right modestly,
And curtsied very low,
Saying, "You're welcome to the garden
Where the praties grow." Chorus.

Says I, "My lovely darling,
I'm tired of single life,
And if you have no objection,
I'll make you my dear wife;"
Says she, "I'll ax my parents,
And to-morrow I'll let you know,
If you meet me in the garden
Where the praties grow." Chorus.

Now her parent's they consented,
And we're blessed with children three—
Two girls like their mammy,
And a boy the image of me;
I'll train up the children
In the way they should go,
But I'll ne'er forget the garden
Where the praties grow. Chorus.

Dar am Honey on Dese Lips.

Copyright 1878 by E. H. Harding. The Music can be had of E. H Harding, No. 220 Bowery. Price 35 cts.
SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 35 CENTS.

Come and kiss me, Linda, kiss me,
I's a waitin' for you, here,
For I know dat you would miss me,
If dis darkey was not near;
Long I's lov'd you, Linda, lov'd you,
As the bee the flower it sips,
And as true as the stars above you,
Dar am honey on dese lips.

CHORUS.

Long I's lov'd you, Linda, Lov'd you,
As the bee the flower it sips,
And as true as stars above you,
Dar am honey on dese lips.

Come and nestle close beside me,
So I loves you all de more,
For I knows you will confide me
Something neber told before;
While you're lookin from de winda,
Think how soon de ebening slips,
And believe me, darling Linda,
Dar am honey on dese lips. Chorus.

Come and whisper words of pleasure
Tell me if your heart am true,
For you am my dearest treasure,
And, my love, I love but you;
Now, as in the past I feel it,
From my toes to finger tips,
And I wish you'd let me seal it
Wid de honey on dese lips. Chorus.

The Finnegan Brigade, or One. Two. Three.

POPULAR MARCHING SONG. WORDS BY W. H. BREAKELL. MUSIC BY C. A. FULLER. DEDICATED TO MESSRS HARRIGAN AND HART.

Music of this Song published by Spear & Dehnhoff, N. Y. Price 40cts.
SENT BY US, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

A gallant corps in Baxter street,
Have organized of late;
They muster full a thousand men,
The pride of New York State;
They drill so strict the least mistake,
Puts Finn into a rage;
He'll bounce an awkward gossoon from
The Finnegan Brigade.

CHORUS.

Now mind me! one, two, three! shoulder arms!
Plaze howld your chin up, Darby Grady,
Step off free! one, two, three!
What do we care if people stare
At Finnegan's Brigade?

With head erect and shoulders square,
And step so firm and grand;
While down the street the music sweet
Plays "dear old Paddy's Land."
Our colors wave and sabers flash,
Bright in the morning sun,
While bouquets rare are sticking in
The muzzle of each gun. Chorus.

Last Patrick's day we made a hit,
Our friends will stoutly swear;
For keeping time or straighter lines,
No better marching there.
More hearty cheers you never hear
From matron man or maid,
Than went up for the heroes in
The Finnegan Brigade. Chorus.

The Farmer's Daughter, or, the Little Chickens in the Garden.

The Music, published by John F. Perry & Co, Boston, SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

I once did know a farmer,
And he was a faithful soul,
He used to work upon his farm
Around his country home;
He had an only daughter,
And to win her I did try,
And when I asked her to be mine,
The old man did reply.

CHORUS.

Treat my daughter kindly,
And say you'll do no harm,
And when I die
I'll leave you both,
My little stock and farm;
My horse, my cow, my sheep, my plow,
My home my pump, my barn,
And all the little chickens in the garden.

I loved this young girl dearly,
And I thought that she loved me,
And every evening I would go,
Her lovely face to see.
And watch her milk her father's cow,
In it I saw no harm,
And lots of fun I'd always have,
Before I'd left the barn. Chorus.

Her father has consented,
And we two will married be;
We'll own our little country home,
And live in harmony.
No sorrow seems to hover o'er
Our little cottage home,
For all is blithe and happiness,
Although we live alone. Chorus.

The Little Tin Soldier.

THE MUSIC IS PUBLISHED BY WHITE, SMITH & Co, WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CTS.

He was a little tin soldier,
One little leg had he;
She was a little fairy dancer,
Bright as bright could be.
She had a castle and a garden,
He but an old box dim;
She was a dainty rose love,
Far too grand for him.
Refrain: He was a little tin soldier,
One little leg had he,
Bravely shoulder'd his musket,
Fain her love would be.

Once more he sees his rose love,
Still she is dancing gay,
He is worn and faded,
Loyal still for aye.
Then came a hand that swept them
Into a furnace wide,
Parted in life, in dying
They are side by side.
Refrain: Ah! for the little tin soldier,
Ah! for her cruel part,
There lies h rose in ashes,
There his loyal little heart.

The Great St. Patrick's Day.

Words by H. OSBORNE. Air: Emancipation Day.

Old Ireland is our country, God send her liberty,
All of that glorious nation now are exiled far from thee,
But freedom's dawn will some day come,
At least, we trust and pray that in our isle
we'll celebrate
A victorious Patrick's Day.

CHORUS.

With Harp and Shamrock bright,
We'll make a glorious sight.
That emblem once unfurled takes the sway,
We'll join both heart and hand,
Then no tyrant dare disband
The sons of Erin's Isle on St. Patrick's Day.

All honor to the loyal men we mean to mention yet,
O'Mahony, O'Connell, and the patriot Emmet;
Their names last forever, lit with golden ray,
Their shadows mingle with us on
Our great St. Patrick's Day. Chorus.

Deacon Jones' Collection.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, POST PAID, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 35cts.

My time I've spent for forty years,
Until I'm old and grey,
My duty is within the church,
And there I long to stay,
The high the low, the rich or poor,
I watch with jealous care,
For I can tell, ah! who would know,
What hearts are moved by prayer,
For I can tell, ah! who would know,
What hearts are moved by prayer.

I know who come to hear the truth,
Read from that sacred book,
A task not hard for me to tell,
By every act or look,
And as my duty calls me now,
To pass the plate around,
I know who drops a penny in,
And who puts in a pound,
I know who drops a penny in,
And who puts in a pound.

Do not forget the sexton old,
You've seen from childhood's years,
As from the cradle to the grave,
He's shared your joys and tears.
And when his Master from on high,
Shall call him home at last,
How many here will drop a tear, Repeat
In memory of the past.

Norah Darling.

BY A. A. HILL. MUSIC BY C. D. BLAKE.

MUSIC PUBLISHED BY G. D. RUSSELL, & CO, BOSTON. SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40 CENTS.

I am thinking Norah darling,
Of that bright day when the starling
Sang his sweet songs as we wandered o'er the lea;
When the dew was on the clover,
With the blue sky bending over,
And I whispered you were all the world to me;
Oh! the music of the thrushes!
And the roses of your blushes!
As you laid your little head upon my breast;
All the heaven's were full of glory,
As we told the old love story,
While tne golden sun sank slowly in the west,

CHORUS.

Take my blessing, Norah darling,
With your voice so like a starling,
And your pouting lips like cherries ripe and red;
While my fortune I was making,
Sure, my heart it came near breaking,
But I'm coming back to Ireland now, to wed.

Now for me the sweetest bliss is,
The remembrance of your kisses,
As you looked up fondly smiling thro' your tears;
When you vowed you'd true be ever,
That you would forget me never,
And your heart the while, kept thumping' with its fears,
Are you still true to your Barney,
With his love and bit o' blarney,
When he said good-night, and kissed you at the door?
Then arrah love, I'll not tarry,
But I'll hasten home and marry,
For my pockets they are lined with gold galore.
Chorus.

Moll McCue.

BY JOHN PATTERSON.

AIR: WHAT CAN'T BE CURED.

Come all you loyal and true-hearted-lovers,
And lend an ear to my doleful tale,
Shure cruel Cupid has driven me stupid,
And alone I wander through each hill and dale.
My true love's gone and left me behind her;
Arrah, neighbors tell me what must I do!
Oh! search in vain! will I ever find her,
My darling fair one, poor Moll McCue?

When first I saw her 'twas on a Sunday evening,
As through the green fields I chanced to stray,
Where the lark and linnet, more proud than spinnet,
Sang most melodious on every spray.
No haythen goddess e'er looked so modest,
With her curly locks and her eyes so blue.
Your Venetian ladies may go to Brady's,
They're only paper to Moll McCue.

That Soft Sweet Waltz.

BY E. M CONNELLY.

Music Copyrighted 1878 by E H. Harding. SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 35 CENTS.

Ah! that soft sweet waltz, ringing in my thoughts to-night,
How it thrills every nerve with a rapture of delight,
Bringing dreams of pleasure, dispelling all that's false,
Exquisite notes of power rare, that charming soft sweet waltz.
Waves of sweet melody, gently flowing pleasure moving.
Like a dream of contentment so rare,
Ah! that waltz! soft sweet waltz!
Ah! that exquisite beautiful waltz.

CHORUS.

Ah! that soft sweet waltz, ringing in my thoughts to-night.
How it thrills every nerve with a rapture of delight,
Bringing dreams of pleasure; dispelling all that's false;
Exquisite notes of power rare, that charming soft sweet waltz.

Brilliant sparkling beauty and eyes with pleasure meeting,
While the notes gaily float, all a welcome gaily greeting.
Round the dancers glide for gay pleasure never halts,
While all the friends of pleasure sweet, enjoy the soft sweet waltz.
Waves of sweet melody, gently flowing, pleasure moving,
Like a dream of contentment so rare,
Ah! that waltz! soft sweet waltz!
Ah! that exquisite beautiful waltz. Chorus.

Forgive the Word in Anger Spoken.

MUSIC PUBLISHED BY BAKER, GRAVES, & CO.

WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CTS.

Forgive the word in anger spoken,
I did not think 'twould wound thy heart,
Let not the tie that binds be broken,
Oh! loved one, say we shall not part,
For thou to me art purest, dearest,
In all the world so wide,
Then say thou wilt forgive me, darling,
And never wander from my side.

CHORUS.

Forgive the word in anger spoken,
I did not think 'twould wound thy heart,
Let not the tie that binds be broken,
Oh! loved one, say we shall not part.

Thou know'st well how fond I love thee,
My heart is thine and thine alone,
And while the stars shine bright above thee,
Say, wilt thou ever be mine own?
How sad would be my life without thee,
Hope and joy would then depart,
Oh! let me fold my arms about thee,
And press thee closer to my heart. Chorus.

Oh! smile again my fondest treasure,
And let not sorrow dim thine eye.
For all thy life shall be a pleasure,
Then darling loved one, do not sigh.
Oh! well I know 'twas wrong to chide thee,
And my words have caused me pain,
Oh! darling, let me sit beside thee,
And take me to thy heart again. Chorus.

Good Times Come Again.

SONG AND DANCE. BY WILL S. HAYS

MUSIC PUBLISHED BY J. E. DITSON & CO.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

String de banjo, git de bones,
Play de fiddle too,
Gwine to have de good ole times,
Plenty work to do.
Git out in de cotton field,
Hoe de sugar-cane,
Hunt de possum and de coon,
De good time's come again.
Chorus: We gwine to pick de cotton,
An' hoe de sugar-cane;
Dance all night, till broad daylight,
When de good times come again.
Dance.

Darkies rolling cotton fast
Down the river bank,
Steamboat waiting for it dar,
Take it on de plank.
See dem fore de fiah doors,
Hear 'em singin' plain,
Bless my soul I feel so good,
De good times come again. Cho, & Dance.

Plenty ham an' tater now,
Couldn't ax for more,
No excuse for darkey say,
Hungry, week an' poor.
Go into de corn-field dar,
Git to raising grain,
Plow an' mow, an' reap an sow,
De good times come again. Cho. & Dance.

I'se gwine back to Alabam,
Gwine dar to stay,
Git back in de cotton-field,
Never come away.
Don't care wat de odders do,
No cause to complain,
Tings ain't like dey used to be,
De good times come again. Cho. & Dance.

My Mary Ann.

BY TIM ROGERS.

I've got a sweetheart, she looks like a queen
Her hair it is red, and her age is sixteen,
She's from Kildare, she's not very green,
She's one of the fairest your eyes ever seen,
She sings "Eilleen Allanna," plays on the piano,
With a voice soprano, that's cosy and sweet,
But when she sits down to play "Lakes of Killarney,"
She frightens the children off of the street.

CHORUS.

You should see Mary, she's light as a fairy,
Sings like a canary, from ould Tipperary,
She is not airy, she attends to the dairy,
She's never contrary, my own Mary Ann

I took lovely Mary one night to a ball,
To a massacred hop, down to Walhalla Hall;
She swung the side quadrille the best of them all,
But get her to dance, faith I couldn't at all.
Says I, lovely Mary, will you waltz the next quadrille?
Says she, excuse me, Levi, I'm losing my health.
Her corns they did ache her, she took off her shoe,
And in two minutes time she had the ball to herself.
You should see Mary, &c.

When the dancing was over some man sung a song,
And in popped a nagur, and struck a big gong,
He shouted out fire, and she flew straight along,
She fell down the steps, and I thought she was gone;
I caught her and convinced her the gong went for supper,
She sat down to the table, and done it up brown,
The fruit that she eat was onions and garlic;
The perfume from her breath would knock a man down.
You should see Mary, &c.

Duffy's Opening Night.

SUNG BY JACK CONROY.

Did you ever hear tell of Pat Duffy?
He come from the County Mayo.
Last week sure he started a bar-room
Down in the Fourth Ward Below.
There was lager, free, lunch and whiskey,
Faith, indeed, 'twas an elegant sight;
But the boys, one and all, they got frisky
On Duffy's grand opening night.
Chorus: Ah! but Duffy sold horrible liquor;
It would knock you up high as a kite,
And the bar I'm sure never looked sicker,
Than on Duffy's grand opening night.

Poor Duffy sent out invitations,
And invited his neighbors to come.
He told them he'd treat them all decent,
And give them their fill of good rum.
They came there in droves and by dozens,
And got into a terrible fight.
They broke all the doors and the windows
On Duffy's grand opening night. Chorus.

They stole all the stock that he had there,
And drank all his whiskey so sweet;
They took both his clothes and his money,
And threw him out into the street.
They scattered his family, and left him
To roam in a terrible plight.
Poor Duffy now lives on free lunches
Since he gave the grand opening night. Cho.

The Winning Hand.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

In life I'm certain to succeed,
Tho' tricks I do disdain;
I know just how to do things brown,
No matter what's the game.
In business or society,
Good luck I can command;
I show them all that I am right,
For I hold the winning hand.

Chorus.

I hold the winning hand, boys,
The fates I can command;
In love or strife, and all thro' life,
I hold the winning hand.

I sailed upon the stormy seas,
And heard the billows roar;
The ship was sinking down with me,
So I thought I'd swim ashore.
One man began to shout and pray,
He could not reach the bank;
"Farewell," said I, "my Christian friend,
I hold the winning hand!" Chorus.

I heard those saintly gentlemen
In Barnum's Music Hall,
With all their might and sense of right,
For sinners they did call.
I heard them singing "Hold the Fort"
And "Come and Join the Band!"
But I belong to Plymouth Church,
And I hold the winning hand! Chorus.

I fell in love, of course you know
All mankind is the same;
My sweetheart was a charming girl,
McGuinness was her name.
I thought she was the fairest flower,
That bloomed in all the land.
Like Cupid's dart she pierced my heart,
For she held the winning hand. Chorus.

But soon there came another chap,
Who wears much finer clothes;
He introduced himself to her
As "Hilderbrandt Montrose!"
His baby words and "crochet work,"
My ears could never stand,
So I bounced him out, and showed him then,
That I held the winning hand. Chorus.

Ballinamuck Brigade.

SUNG BY JAMES O'NEIL. AIR: EMANCIPATION DAY.

I'll never forget the day, boys,
We went out on parade:
Dressed up in uniform so gay
Two soldiers for a day.
With the green flag flying o'er our heads,
The color that never fades,
When we went up to the National Park—
In the Ballinamuck Brigade.

Chorus.

We march away so neat,
With new shoes upon our feet,
Of the Hoolahan Musketeers we're not afraid;
And we look so neat and grand,
With our muskets in our hand,
While marching in the Ballinamuck Brigade.

The shooting commenced at the National Park
In the afternoon at four,
Tim Hoolahan won a barrel of coal,
And Murphy a barrel of flour;
Jim Casey won a new black hat,
Dressed out with a white cockade,
To turn out on St. Patrick's day
In the Ballinamuck Brigade. Chorus.

And when we got home at night, my boys,
We dressed up for the ball;
We invited all the regiments,
The Mulligan Guards and all.
And during intermission
When we drank our lemonade,
We gave an exhibition drill,
In the Ballinamuck Brigade. Chorus.

Kelly's Boarding House.

SUNG BY JACK CONROY.

My name is Darby Mulligan;
I came from Wicklow;
I reside down in Cherry street,
In the ould Fourth Ward below.
I live with Mrs. Kelly
And her husband, Crooked Joe,
And if I say a word to her,
Now, this is how she'll go.

Chorus.

Stop your grumbling, Darby, dear,
Don't make Cornelius cry,
Don't you say another word;
To-morrow you'll have pie.
I suppose you'd like to live upon
Turkey, quail, and grouse;
We can't supply no gentleman
At Kelly's boarding-house,
Do you mind?

When I sit down to the table
The grub it tastes so nice;
The tea is just as white as milk,
And the coffee hot as ice;
The corned-beef and butter
They are strong enough to talk,
And be me soul if they had legs
I'd take me oath they'd walk. Chorus.

Serg't Bluff of the National Guards.

MUSIC PUBLISHED AND COPYRIGHTED BY G. MOLLINEUX, 44 FOURTH ST, BROOKLYN.
WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CTS.

I knew a handsome gentleman,
His name is Sergeant Bluff,
As a member of the National Guards,
A proof that he's no muff.
I saw this gay young Sergeant
When marching down Broadway,
As I was out a shopping
One pleasant Summer's day
As he cried to his men.

Chorus.

Steady there on the left
By the right flank march,
March on, march on, march on,
March on, march on, march on.
I know a handsome gentleman,
His name is Sergeant Bluff,
A member of the National Guards,
A proof that he's no muff.

His dark eyes are as sparkling as
The dew drops on the trees,
And when he wears his soldier's clothes
The ladies he doth please,
As down Broadway they gaily marched,
Flags and banners flying,
He touched his cap and gaily smiled,
While to the column crying, Chorus.

I saw his bow so full of grace,
The glance of his bright eye,
It sent the blood into my face,
Although I knew not why;
But one short month has scarcely fled,
And I'm to be his bride,
I'll ne'er forget that happy day,
When to his men he cried. Chorus.

Helen's Babies.

MUSIC PUBLISHED BY G. MOLINEUX. 44 FOURTH ST, BROOKLYN.
SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40 CENTS.

When telling that same ancient story,
That's new since the days of the ark,
That soul thrilling moment of pleasure,
That gleam of love's light thro' the dark,
Our hopes and our fears are all waiting,
One word from a fair maiden's lip,
If "no," all the world is a desert,
If "yes" life's best nectar we sip.

Chorus.

Our hopes and our fears are all waiting,
One word from a fair maiden's lip,
If "no" all the world is a desert,
If "yes" life's best nectar we sip.

A blessing, just then is a baby,
Who comes as if sent from above,
To say to our sweetheart that really,
"What we call 'espect, he calls love;"
And when the sweet damsel surrenders,
Excuse for the most exquisite bliss,
The quiet remark of the young one,
"Whoever I love, why, I kiss." Chorus.

"Ah! babies, though mar-plots, you're jewels,"
If one has the talent to take
The proper amount of advantage,
Of all the queer blunders you make;
And many a lover has reason,
To bless for the whole of his life,
The infant whose timely intrusion,
Compelled him to ask for his wife. Chorus.

Mother's Teeth are Pegging Out.

Music of this Song published by Spear & Dennhoff
THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, POST PAID, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 35cts.

"Silver threads among the gold,"
We all know that air;
Lots of jingles, new and old,
Strung on locks of hair.
Other subjects can't they seek?
How I'd love to shout!
Father's knees are growing weak,
Mother's teeth are pegging out.

Chorus.

Gaze upon that sunken cheek,
Life is gliding on, no doubt.
Let us cheerful subjects seek,
Let us join and shout.
Father's knees are growing weak,
Mother's teeth are pegging out!

Little shoes are all run down,
"Darling's" had their day;
Father's bald upon the crown,
How would that do? say,
Sentiment is what folks seek,
Fun is up the spout,
We the tender truth will speak,
Mother's teeth are pegging out. Chorus.

Mother songs have had their swing,
Give old dad a show;
Something tender let us sing,
Let the top-knot go.
Tenors and sopranos speak,
Don't you like to shout?
Father's knees are growing weak,
Mother's teeth are pegging out. Chorus.

Alabama Nigs.

BY J. L. FENNEY. AIR: BIG FAT RANCH.

Now white folks we're from Alabama,
Where you can see de orange blossom;
Dar you'll find de ripe banana,
And de sly old coon and possum.
Dar was fun on de old plantation,
When our massa set us free;
We gave three cheers for the Yankee nation,
For Alabama nigs are we!

Chorus.

We're de nigs dat's fond ob dancing,
Cast your opties at our feet;
Watch us now as we go prancing,
You bet us darkeys can't be beat.

Our massa was cruel-hearted,
He wal'op us nigs 'till we were sore;
But now from him we have departed,
And cruel slavery days are o'er.
Now we're free and we're contented,
And as happy as can be;
We'll show you some steps that we invented,
For Alabama nigs are we Chorus.

If She Would be my Mash.

SONG AND DANCE. BY T. F. COEN.

While strolling down the street one day,
The sun was shining bright;
A charmer on the other side
Suddenly took my sight.
She smiled as she gazed upon me,
And didn't she cut a dash,
Oh! I thought I would go crazy,
If she would be my mash.

Chorus.

Pretty little feet a treading lightly, [Sym.]
Blue eyes a shining brightly, [Sym.]
Oh! oh, she was really pretty,
And didn't she cut a dash,
I thought I would go crazy,
If she would be my mash.

I walked up gently by her side,
Her hand I took in mine,
And gladly did I talk about
The happy coming time,
When her and I would pleasure see,
And if in our love there be no crash,
I was overwhelmed with happiness,
When she said she'd be my mash. Chorus.

Next eve I went to see this Miss,
As she told me the day before;
But ever will I remember her,
For my back was rather sore,
Her father with a hickory stick
Made a terrible splash,
And I never, never again did go
To see my pretty mash. Chorus.

Cruel Days Before the War.

BY JERRY KENNEY. SUNG BY H. WOODSON.

Oh, listen to the words
Of a poor old colored man,
Whose heart am filled with misery and woe;
And a story I will tell,
That you all do know full well,
Of them cruel, cruel days of long ago.
In dear old Tennessee,
I lived so happily,
The thoughts do make my old heart feel sore;
When I think of days gone by,
The tears come to my eyes,
Them tyrannizing days before the war.

Chorus.

Them cruel days am gone,
Let us pray both night and morn,
That they again may never come no more;
In my memory it am new,
The sufferings we went through,
In them tyrannizing days before the war.

I remember well, I know,
It am very long ago,
When I used to sit around my cabin home;
With my children around my knee,
They would play so merrily,
Until that woeful bitter day did come.
The white man came one day,
Took my little ones away,
Oh! can it be I'll never see them any more
It's taken then were we,
And sold into slavery,
In those tyrannizing days before the war.
Them cruel days, &c.

My companions are no more,
They have gone unto that shore,
And their journey through this life now am done;
They will find that all am love,
In that happy land above,
In that bright and peaceful happy home
But always we will pray—
Yes, every night and day,
That them cruel times may come no more
For our sufferings they were great,
How terrible our fate,
In those tyrannizing days before the war.
Them cruel days, &c.

Dreamy Eyes Haunt Me Still.

Far away in memories valley,
Steals my heart in sweet delight
To my little sweetheart Allie,
Who was once my life and light.
She has left me sad and lonely,
Tears unbidden come at will,
She has left no token, only
Dreamy eyes that haunt me still.
Chorus: She has left me sad and lonely
Wandering down life's rugged hill,
She has left me nothing, only—
Dreamy eyes that haunt me still.

Life seemed long and light before us,
Swiftly did the moments go,
Soon a cloud came gliding o'er us,
Turning happiness to woe,
And my pathway once so cheerful,
Strewn with flowers on every side,
Now is lonely, sad, and tearful,
For I've lost my heart's sweet pride. Chorus.

Star of hope above me beaming,
Smile upon me in your pride,
Of the lost I'm sadly dreaming,
Since affections roses died.
Years may come and years may vanish,
Still my heart with pain will fill,
I can never, never banish,
Dreamy eyes that haunt me still. Chorus.

Don't be so Fly.

BY WM. LAWLER. SUNG BY BILLY ROWLAND, BANJOIST.

Some fellows they are awful fresh,
At least they imagine so,
They think because they wear fine dress,
There's none like them you know,
I met a chap the other night,
My girl was by my side,
He winked at her, I went for him,
And flogged him until he cried.

Spoken: Then when I thought I gave him enough I let him up and said, look here, next time.

Chorus.

Don't be so fly now, don't be so fly,
You imagine you're funny, there's no green in my eye,
You'd better go drop, your funny ways stop,
And pass people by and don't be so fly.

While walking along the other day,
I met a friend of mine,
Says he "I've got a job for you,"
Oh! my eyes began to shine,
Says I, 'tis what I'm looking for,
Oh! tell me where to go,
Says he, "it is a regular sinecure,
No work to do you know.

Spoken: But, said I, what kind of work have I to do? "oh!" says he, "the work is very simple indeed, all you have to do is to walk along the Elevated Railroad track and wake up all the 'sleepers,'" I turned away actually disgusted singing. Chorus.

So now kind friends a few words more.
And then I will be through,
If ever you should meet a friend,
And he stands to talk to you.
If he tries to get you on a string,
Why don't let him have his own way,
But tell him that you think he's awful fresh,
And this to him do say. Chorus.

Down at Manhattan Beach.

Dedicated to Stephen Garvey, by Willie Wildwave.

'Twas on a summer's day,
I went to Coney Island,
I dressed as fine as possible,
With cane and gloves in hand.
The railroad cars were thronged,
You could hear the engine screach.
As nobly they tugged—the heavy cars lugged
Down to Manhattan Beach.

Chorus.

For crowded are the steps,
And crowded are the aisles,
From every mouth you'd hear the shout,
"Are you going to Coney Isle?"

Grafulla discourses sweet music,
His playing, it's immense;
The crowd that surround the stand,
Make a tremendous audience.
Appreciative too, are they,
Where'er his strains reach,
For all on hand, praise the band,
Down at Manhattan beach. Chorus.

The lovers stroll along the sand,
Upon every starry night,
And vow by the heaven's above,
To be true—till out of sight.
Whispering the sweet nonsense,
By every art of speech,
Of course you know all the belles and beaux,
Go down to Manhattan Beach. Chorus.

But the principle place of mention,
Is the bathing pavillion,
Which accomodates the many crowds,
Perhaps half a million.
Surf bathing it is very fine,
Doctors on the subject preach,
So on hot days just haste away,
Down to Manhattan Beach. Chorus.

In His Suite By and By.

Air: In the sweet by and by.

There's a place that is darker than night,
And i' faith preachers say 'tis all fire:
Satan sits there and grins with delight,
For a "beak" will soon join his empire:
In his suite* by and bye,
Ermined shysters he'll have by the score;
Petty tyrants he'll fry
When he meets them on that burning shore

No cool grottos will be on that shore,
Though there certainly will be one dell;
Round which hot waves will rage evermore,
And no ocean their fury can quell.
In his suite by and bye,
Beelzebub will enlist a whole corps
Of such shysters as try
To strain "statutes" to injure the poor.

They can't sing on that fiery shore
The refrain† they sang here with delight;
They cant' torture the weak any more,
Nor send poor men to prison for spite.
In his suite by and bye,
Beelzebub will have many a score
Of such shysters to fry
Or to roast on that caloric shore.

*Pronounced, Sweet.
†Ten collors or ten days.

Darling Listen to My Story.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, POST PAID, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40cts.

Darling, listen to my story,
Turn not coldly thus from me;
I've repented truly, darling,
Angry words I said to thee.
Dry your eyes and cheer up loved one,
Smile upon me once again;
And I'll promise, little darling,
Never more to cause you pain.
Chorus: Whisper, whisper, whisper,
Sweet, the words I crave;
And you'll ne'er regret it, darling,
That to me your heart you gave.

Darling, listen to my story,
Cast aside those falling tears;
Down the stream of life together,
Let us count the passing years.
Let me be your shield in danger,
And thro' life your faithful guide;
Say that you'll forgive me, darling,
Whisper sweet, you'll be my bride. Chorus.

When we're on Parade.

POPULAR MARCHING SONG.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

Music of this Song published by Spear & Dehnhoff,

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

Oh! we're a gallant regiment,
The glory of the state,
When duty calls us to the front,
You'll find we're never late.
We love to hear the martial drum,
Likewise the cannonade,
A great sensation we create,
When we are on parade.

REFRAIN.

Hear the band so softly playing,
Marching on before;
See the ladies fondly gazing—
Soldiers they adore.

CHORUS.

Hear, hear the people cheer,
As we march away;
Bum, bum, the martial drum,
Beating all the day.
Proudly the banners fly,
Music sweet is played;
We are the people's pride,
When we are on parade.

Our uniforms are gay and bright,
We're valiant and we're brave;
We'll march and Fight by day and night,
Our country's flag to save.
In shooting at the Creedmoor range,
Good records we have made;
But then we always look our best,
When we are on parade. Refrain & Chorus.

We have our grand receptions and
Our festive little sprees,
At which there is a grand "lay out"
Of lager beer and cheese.
The ladies join us in the fun,
They never feel afraid,
They can't forget how nice we look
When we are on parade. Refrain & Chorus.

Shades of Erin.

Dedicated to Fanny Wentworth Osborne, by D. Roche.

Erin, lonely shades of Erin,
With thy flowers and bowers decay,
Mothers weeping, children calling
Father dear where dost thou stay.

CHORUS.

Then fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Differant creeds and Orange knaves,
Pull together loose each other,
Hail for freedom, who would be slaves.

Then Ireland, glorious, arise victorious,
Thy shamrock plant on freedom's mast;
Sail for Mitchell and O'Brien,
Smash the chains that bind them fast. Chorus

Stingy Bill.

Banjo Solo, by J. L. Feeney. Sung by J. D. Roome.

Old Stingy Bill was a miser,
He never got enough to eat,
He lived on bread and water,
He never knew the taste of meat.
His hat was old and tattered,
His coat was ragged and torn,
His pants and vest were as old as himself,
For he had them since he was born.

CHORUS.

Old Stingy Bill, old Stingy Bill,
He never was known to have his fill,
He would steal a horse or tap a till;
Old Stingy Bill was a miser.

Old Stingy Bill got married,
And settled down for life,
He wished that he had tarried,
For he could not support his wife.
He fed her on wind pudding,
She worried and she cried,
She got so awful skinny,
So she laid down and died. Chorus.

Old Stingy Bill got frightened,
When he saw what he had done,
So he went and got some powder,
And he borrowed a big shot gun,
He took a dose of poison,
Then he laid upon the bed,
He put the gun into his mouth,
And then blew off his head. Chorus.

Poor Little Joe.

MUSIC PUBLISHED BY G. D. RUSSELL, & CO, BOSTON.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40 CENTS.

My jacket is torn, my shoes are all worn,
I am wandering out in the street since morn,
I go to each door no kind face I meet,
If I ask for a crust or for something to eat,
They call me a beggar and turn me away,
And that is the pity I get every day,
I've no place to sleep and no place to go,
For no one cares for poor little Joe.

CHORUS.

Poor little Joe, poor little Joe,
Ragged and hungry and no where to go,
They call me a beggar and turn me away,
And that is the pity I get every day.

Because I am ragged, I'm scorned by them all,
I'd willingly work, but they say I'm too small,
So what shall I do? the night will be cold,
For over and over my sad tale I've told,
Yet no one will listen or sympathy feel,
They say I'm an outcast and surely will steal,
But angels have pity and welcomes I know,
They'll care for the wanderer, the poor little Joe.
Chorus.

Dear Little Colleen.

Irish Ballad. By George Cooper.

Music published by Spear & Dehnhoff.

WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CTS.

Soon you'll be sailing, o'er the wide ocean,
Leaving old Erin to see it no more,
Tears that are falling, speak my devotion,
Dear little Colleen, 'tis you I adore.
Oh! bring me my darling to bless and to cheer me,
One sweet bit of shamrock from over the sea,
Fondly 'twill whisper when you are near me,
Whisper dear colleen of home unto me.

CHORUS.

Oh! bring me my darling to bless and to cheer me,
One sweet bit of shamrock from over the sea,
Fondly 'twill whisper when you are near me,
Whisper dear colleen of home unto me.

Weary I've waited, most broken-hearted,
Dreaming of days when we strayed side by side,
Life has been lonely, since we were parted.
Dear little colleen, my treasure and pride.
Oh! bring me my darling to bless and to cheer me,
One sweet bit of shamrock from over the sea,
Fondly 'twill whisper when you are near me,
Whisper dear colleen of home unto me.
Oh! bring me, &c.

Good Old Limerick Town.

By W. H. Downes. Air: Nightingale Sing.

My heart is quite sorrowful since I left Erin's shore,
And my spirits are not so joyful as they were
in days of yore,
For the days I spent in Ireland with pleasure
they were crowned,
As mirth and happiness did then exist in good
old Limerick town.

The treaty stone is smaller now, since on it I did gaze,
The wind mill it is crumbling fast, and deserted
are the quays.
No more the boys and girls do meet on the strand
to saunter down,
And the stalwart men of Boherbuoy are far
from Limerick town.

Farewell to you dear Roches Street where the
flute plays used to stand,
Farewell unto the monument of the invincible old Dan,
No more I'll drink XX porter in the store of
Mrs. Brown.
And never again will I walk the streets of good
old Limerick town.

But now I'm in a foreign land far from my native home,
Yet my spirits oft in joyous thoughts across
the ocean roam,
My brain is toiling hard all day, but at night
when I lay down,
I imagine that I am once again in good old
Limerick town.

Kitty's Reply.

Answer to Little Robin tell Kitty I'm Coming.

Music published by S Brainard & Co. Cleveland. O.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, POST PAID, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 30cts.

Little Robin return him this message,
He is waiting you say in the dell,
Oh! my heart how with joy it is beating,
I will meet him for sure you will tell;
How sweetly is nature now blooming,
Round the brooklet so pretty and clear,
Whilst away thro' the gloom in the distance,
Comes tidings to me that are dear.
Whilst away thro' the gloom in the distance,
Comes tidings to me that are dear.

CHORUS.

Then Robin return him this message,
He is waiting you say in the dell,
Oh! my heart how with joy it is beating,
I will meet him for sure you will tell.

Little Robin return him this message,
For I'm waiting and watching to see
His loved form come down by the meadow,
In the shade of the evergreen tree;
How long seem the moments to linger,
Whilst waiting to greet him once more,
And tell him the old love as ever
Is still burning pure as of yore,
And tell him the old love as ever
Is still burning pure as af yore. Chorus.

Little Robin return him this message,
I'll await him way down by the stream,
And whisper him Robin, just whisper,
I will then my last promise redeem;
Farewell little birdie, bon voyage,
Oh! do not delay on the way,
Fly quickly the moments are precious,
I will meet him for sure, you will say,
Fly quickly the moments are precious,
I will meet him for sure, you will say. Cho.

Farewell.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 35 CENTS.

My love I love thee with a love undying,
But love so fraught with sorrow,
That my heart weary of waiting for a bright to-morrow,
Will say for thy sweet sake, dear love we part!
For thy sweet sake, dear love we part.

Farewell, my darling, yes my own forever,
Where'er I go by land or sea my star,
My star to guide me, to guide me ah,
Oh! never can we forget although we're sundered far,
Can we forget although we're sundered far!

Have pity God! oh! hold her in thy keeping,
Upon her way I pray Thee shed Thy light,
Farewell, one kiss, oh! cease thy bitter weeping!
Farewell farewell! I go into thy night,
Farewell, farewell!

Why Don't You Let Emma Alone.

Wherever one goes there's nought heard but "whoas,"
Prefixed to the Christian name Emma.
Some folks stare aghast, as the joke's on them passed,
Some frightened, and all of a tremor,
Stand with puzzled look, and think they're mistook,
As the cry still pursues them, 'Whoa Emma.'
"Whoa Emma, Whoa Emma, Whoa Emma, Whoa Emma,"
As the cry still pursues them, 'Whoa Emma.'

CHORUS.

Why don't you let Emma alone?
Why don't you let Emma alone?
Wherever one goes there's nought heard but 'whoas,'
Why don't you let Emma alone?

On the bridge 'tother day, for a walk being that way,
I witnessed a funny dilemma,
A couple were doing some 'biling and cooling,'
When a chap called out loudly, 'Whoa Emma,'
It chanced 'twas her name, she was not to blame,
For stopping and looking around,
But with jealousy fired, her sweetheart desired
To fell the young man to the ground.
Why don't you, &c.

He seized the chap's collar, Lor'! how he did holloa.
As the kicks and the blows thick were showered,
While the lover called, "mind what you're about,"
And keep to your own girl you coward!"
My advice then of course is, don't treat girls like horses,
By calling 'gee-up' and 'gee-whoa,'
Don't kick o'er the traces, remember their graces,
And in future respect to them show.
Why don't you, &c.

Bright Vision of my Dream.

The Music is Published by Cory Brothers, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

When sweet slumbers chain hath bound me
When the long, long day is o'er,
Brightest visions float around me,
Of lost lov'd ones gone before;
Radiant faces linger near me,
Thro' the stillness of the night,
Forms of lov'd ones come to cheer me,
Clad in robes of virgin white.

CHORUS.

Come again with soft eyes beaming,
Come bright vision of my dream,
Come with radient faces gleaming,
Mild as waning stars soft beams.

Faithful vigil nightly keeping
The bright vision of my dream,
Hov'ring o'er me while I'm sleeping,
Like a benediction seems;
Bringing to me fond caressings,
Of dear friends who've gone before;
Show'ring on me brightest blessings
Wafted from the golden shore. Chorus.

Brightest vision of my dreaming,
Beaming mild as Bethlehem's star,
Bright effulgent rays are streaming,
Of the glory from afar;
Loved and lost ones floating near me.
I am weary let me come;
Bow your wings and gently bear me,
Bear me to my heavenly home. Chorus.

Beautiful Thoughts Linger Near Me.

Music published by Cory Brothers.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

Beautiful thoughts linger near me,
Sweetest of visions appear,
Bearing their gladness to cheer me,
Every bright day of the year;
Velvety voices are bringing,
Tidings delightful to hear,
Heavenly angels are singing,
Beautiful thoughts linger near.

CHORUS.

Beautiful thoughts linger near me,
Sweetest of visions appear,
Bearing a gladness to cheer me,
Every bright day of the year.

Beautiful thoughts linger near me,
Fairest of maidens I view,
Coming with roses to cheer me,
Kisses so tender and true;
Bluest of eyes are a peeping,
Slyly and careless of fear,
Blushes in cheeks are a sleeping,
Beautiful thoughts linger near. Chorus.

Beautiful thoughts never leave me,
Always be ready and near,
For you can never deceive me,
All is so charming and dear.
While the days quickly are flying,
Skies will be cloudy and clear,
And when all others are sighing,
Beautiful thoughts linger near. Chorus.

Deck My Grave With Violets Blue.

Music published by D. S. Holmes, Brooklyn.

WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CTS.

Oh! deck my grave with violets blue,
They cymbal thy sweet love for me;
They'll speak the faith so fond and true,
They'll breathe thy life's fair purity!
What matter tho' the heartless throng
Neglect the dust where I shall lie
Thy gift shall wake the sweetest song,
Which o'er my grave the breezes sigh!

CHORUS.

Oh! deck my grave with violets blue,
They cymbal thy sweet love for me,
They'll speak thy faith so fond and true,
And breathe of days once shared by thee!

Oh! deck my grave with violets blue,
And think upon the joys we've known;
Tho' other hearts are fond and true,
Forget not one, once all thine own!
One single gift is all I crave,
When life is past with all it's care;
Oh! deck with simple flowers my grave,
And pass one little moment there! Chorus.

Oh deck my grave with violets blue,
And dream one loving thought of me;
When falls the twilight's gentle dew,
My spirits sigh I'll waft to thee!
Tho' friends my memory shall forget,
Be thou forever fond and true;
Think, think of days when first we met,
Oh! deck my grave with violets blue. Chorus.

Wake Out Serenade.

Sung by J. K. Emmet.

Music published by J. Church & Co. Cincinnatti.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40 CENTS.

Wake up, my sweet, wake out my love,
De moon was shining from above,
Wake out your eyes, un dough it's late,
I'll make you out a serenade.
I'll make you out a serenade.

CHORUS.

For your blue eyes, dem don't shine ven you'm asleep,
So please get vakey pooty soon,
Vell any way make loose your ear,
And try to saw my little tune,
Wake out! wake out!
De ground was dampy wet;
Oh! wake out! wake out!
For dare vas no good place to set.

Oh! say, you sleepy head up dere,
Vake out and saw if you can here,
From dem bed clothes you'm among—
De little song I'm going to sung,
De little song I'm going to sung. Chorus.

Vat is dat ust my lungs I waste,
A sunging out a serenade;
For she sleeped like a dunkey mule,
Un I looked stooped like a fool.
Un I looked stooped like a fool. Chorus.

The Minstrels.

Italian Song and Dance. Ded. to Van and Gus Henshaw, by C. A. Johnson.

We be too streety moosik mans,
We came from ober de sea,
From de lofely lander vere ve pe porn,
From us own sweeter I-tal-ee,
Ve come on de big, great sailer boat,
He go "puff, puff, puff," all de vay
And dat ees de only reason dat
You sees us here to-day.

CHORUS,

As ve go through de street,
Ve play so nice and sweet,
Dat de people come outer we to see,
But now we muster go vay,
For we canner no longer stay,
Because we must go back to our own sweeter Napolee.
Dance.

Ven ve first lander in 'Merrikay,
De people seem s'prise we to see,
Pietro, Fillipo and me go outer von day,
A man trow stones at we.
We no likey dat, so knockey him down,
De policer man takey us vay.
Ve go on boat off from de town,
And no geter back for tener day. Chorus.

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The Lost Inheritance.

PROLOGUE. CONTINUED.

"Great Heaven, it can't be!" cried the horrified Baronet, as his eyes beheld the awful array of numerals.

"If you think so, make the estimate yourself."

With a groan, the Baronet dropped into a chair, burying his face on the back.

"To proceed," continued the attorney, his hard tones growing gradually harder, "I say it is impossible that you can ever pay. If the holders of the bills refuse to renew, nothing but beggary, disgrace, await you—must be yours, in fact, you see, before to-morrow night!"

"Good Heaven, man!" cried the wretched client, to whom every word had been as a goad, starting erect; "did I not say so? Did I not come here for your aid, for you to find some means to save me?"

"And I have done so. I have found the means, the only means."

"You—you have!" stammered the Baronet, amazed; then with the gratitude of a man who has been rescued from shipwreck, he cried, hastening forward with outstretched hands, "Biddlecomb, my friend indeed, how can I thank you?"

"Stop!" said the attorney, again raising his hand, "First hear what the means is. Your estate is entailed!"

"It is," replied the client, wondering.

"But it is in your power to break the entail."

"It is!"

"Then that is the means. Sign this paper consigning your whole estate to me, Sir Richard, and not only are you free of debt from this moment, but I promise, during your life-time, to make you an allowance of two hundred a year. You may live quietly on the Continent with such an income!"

For some seconds the Baronet could not speak, from astonishment and indignation. His color went and came, he breathed short. Finally he cried, "Josiah Biddlecomb, are you mad?"

"Never more sane, Sir Richard—as sane as any man who at last grasps what he has spent his whole life to attain. I want your answer—absolute ruin, or the entail destroyed!"

"Never!" ejaculated the Baronet. "By Heaven, never! Have I not done harm enough to my boy, my heir—that I should do him more?"

That is sufficient," remarked the attorney, placidly folding up the paper. "I can—I will do no more!"

"This is madness. Why the estate well husbanded, will pay every debt!" exclaimed the Baronet. "You never would advise——"

"I do advise," broke in the attorney, fronting his client, and no longer wearing a mask, "because I have sworn it. I will rule and lord it in your estate. It shall be mine, and from my hand you shall receive your daily bread. I vowed to ruin you, to track you down, Sir Richard Carr, and I have succeeded. Glory in your rank, your title, your social position; haughtily crush others into the mud with your scorn! You have been my dupe, my tool all along!"

The Baronet had regarded the white face, quivering with malicious anger, in alarm. The change had been so sudden he could not realize the words. Had the man gone mad?

"Biddlecomb," he exclaimed, "are you bereft of your senses?"

"I repeat, No! You want a meaning for my words, Sir Richard? It is here! Do you remember this?" And with his finger the attorney indicated a large long mark from the temple to the cheek—a mark blue and livid from comparison with the muddy pallor of the other portions—a mark the Baronet had already been looking at. "Sir Richard, do you recollect Josiah Bloxham, your fellow-pupil at Springfield Academy?"

"Great Heaven! And are you he?" ejaculated the Baronet, retreating a step in amaze.

"No other. Now, if you want a reason for this day, carry your mind back to that one when at your hands I received this. You in your proud and noble spirit taunted me as 'the son of a low, pettifogging attorney!' You said I was unfitted for the society of gentlemen—that my actions were mean, low!"

"Low!" broke in Sir Richard, who had, indeed, so carried his mind back to the past as to forget the present. "You lent money to boys at usurious interest; you craftily led the little fellows into doing wrong, then held them under your thumb to do your mean will! Out of fear that you'd tell of them, you—you——"

"Yes, yes; go on; it is all true."

But the Baronet stopped. The sight of that vindictively smiling face, the hands being passed one over the other, as if in gratification, recalled to him his position, and he was silent.

"Yes, it's all true, and your noble spirit rose against it," went on the attorney. "You summoned a council of the boys when there was no chance of the master's interfering. You said a gentleman's hands would be defiled by touching so despicable a hound as I—you see I remember the very words—so you horsewhipped me, in the struggle giving me this scar. Then you stood by, and let the rest have their will of me, though a word from you would have stopped them. You laughed as they drew me through the horse-pond; you laughed as they hustled and kicked me from the playground. The masters consulted; you were witness against me, and I was expelled. But as the academy doors closed on me, boy as I was, I swore to devote my whole life to be even with you. I never lost sight of you. Inheriting my uncle's business and name, made my task easier. I spared no expense. I had many men under my thumb. I placed them about you, with one purpose in view—your ruin. They so well succeeded that you came to me—me, your enemy—the man who had vowed to humble you to the dust—to bring you to your knees—for help! Now, Sir Richard Carr, do you understand the meaning of this day, and that the signing of this paper's your only loophole of escape?"

"Villain!" cried the Baronet, as, maddened, infuriated by the diabolical plot he perceived had been woven about him, he leaped at the attorney's throat.

"Stop! We are no longer boys, Sir Richard, but men, when assaults are actionable," said the other, as, quickly stepping to the table, he pressed a gong. "If you intend anything of that sort, my clerk may as well be a witness."

The door opened with remarkable promptitude, and the clerk entered.

"Ring, sir?" he inquired.

The attorney glanced towards the Baronet, who had striddento the window, a prey to fierce anger and bitter despair. He knew there was no hope for him. He was ruined, disgraced. All nerve seemed to desert him. His eyes grew humid, a choking ball rose in his throat as he thought of his young wife and child. Yet the keenest sting was the feeling of how he had been made the plaything, the dupe of this scoundrel.

"I did want you," said the attorney; "but you may go. Only, should I ring again, come at once."

When the door reclosed, he said in the same hard, imperturable tones, "Sir Richard. I await your answer—two hundred a year, or beggary?"

"Sooner than assign the estate to you," exclaimed the wretched client, swinging round on his heel, "I surrender all to my creditors."

"Your creditors! You have but one, Sir Richard!" laughed the attorney. "Grayling and M'Intyre are my agents, so is Jonas Myers, so are all the holders of your paper. I repeat, I am your sole creditor, consequently you may imagine"—and perhaps involuntarily his hand went up to his cheek—"what pity you may expect."

The Baronet's hands gripped spasmodically, While the contraction of his mouth showed how fierce was the struggle to keep his passion under control.

"Great Heaven!" he ejaculated with bitter intensity; "a man would be justified in murdering you!"

The attorney shrugged his shoulders.

"That is not the question," he said,

"If you infer you are still waiting my answer," remarked the Baronet, taking his hat and cane, "it is this. Do your worst to-morrow. I accept ruin and disgrace. I declare myself bankrupt. No willing act of mine shall minister to your low attorney pride or revenge."

With that he quitted the office.

The clerk, in the outer one, rather confusedly engaged among the tin boxes, saw him down the stairs.

When he returned, he found the door of communication closed, and a slip of paper, yet wet with writing on his desk.

It was to this effect;—

"You can go. I shall remain here to-night. I expect Sir Richard Carr back."

So the attorney believed. He imagined him too much in the toils to escape—too proud to accept disgrace, ruin.

The clerk, reading the paper, left it where it was, and, taking his hat, departed.

Gloomily he made his way through the fog to Islington.

He arrived at his street door with the postman, who gave him a letter. There was a look in it—a touch that sent a thrill through the clerk's heart.

Going back to the pavement, he hurried to the corner of the street, and by a gaslight, tearing the blue envelope open, read.

It was a reminder that a certain bill became due the next day—a bill for fifty pounds; and payment was expected, or proceedings would be taken.

The attorney's clerk had his troubles, even as the Baronet.

"Fifty pounds!" he muttered—"and till next Saturday I haven't as many pence!"

Pulling his hat over his brows, his hands thrust fiercly into his empty pockets, he plunged on through the fog, but taking a different direction to that which led to his domestic hearth.

CHAPTER II.

MORNING.

According to the vagaries of the English climate, the foggy night had heralded in a bright, almost genial morning of sunshine.

Even Gray's Inn looked cheerful, as Josiah Biddlecomb's clerk, at the usual hour, traversed it on his way to the office.

His brow was moody, his aspect that of a man who had slept but little the previous night.

Without doubt, the bill due that day laid heavy on heart and brain.

Entering the outer office, he hung his hat on its customary peg, then, his eyes on the door marked "Private," stood passing his hand through his hair.

Had Josiah Biddlecomb gone, or was he still there?

When engaged on pressing business, or desiring to be early in town, he had the means of sleeping in his office.

The clerk made a step forward, then hesitated.

Perhaps he feared a sharp reprimand did he disturb the attorney.

Approaching nearer, he listened.

All was still.

Finally he knocked.

No answer. He must have gone.

Apparently so believing, he turned the handle, pushed open the door, and looked in.

Two seconds after he was rushing madly to the other offices, entreating their occupants to come with him, for Josiah Biddlecomb lay in his room, dead—"Murdered, I fear!" remarked the ashen-faced clerk, for there is blood on the floor."

Murder! What a power the awful word possesses!

In an instant, all those summoned were following the clerk back to the apartment.

In the outer office they slackened their haste.

All knew the attorney—by sight, at least. Most had seen him alive yesterday. Now he was within there, dead.

"Come, come!" exclaimed the clerk. "See—isn't it murder? It must be! He's not likely to have done it himself! It's murder, and I think I can guess who done it!"

While speaking, he had approached the open door, and the others crowding behind, gazed into the apartment.

To be Continued—Commenced in No. 152.

NUMBER 154. VOLUME. 11.

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CONTENTS.

Among the Sugar Cane.....page 432
Angel Gabriel..... 429
The Anderson's..... 426
Behind the Plow..... 428
Bold Robin Hood..... 430
Cora May..... 429
Cards of the City..... 430
De Gospel Raft..... 429
Dancing in the Barn!..... 432
De Gospel Car..... 432
Eileen Mavrone..... 428
Grandmother's Clock..... 429
Grandfather's Lunch Route..... 427
Good-Night, and Happy Dreams..... 428
The Greenback Alderman..... 430
The Game of Bluff..... 432
I Trust you will Excuse..... 430
The Little White Cot by the Mill..... 426
The Lager Keg..... 427
Long Ago..... 427
Lillie Dean..... 428
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 431
Maggie Darling, now Good-bye..... 426
My Dear Savannah Home..... 426
The Murphy Chowder Club..... 427
My Sunny Southern Home..... 427
My Lovely White Rose..... 429
My Mother's Hands..... 429
Major Majolica..... 430
Mary Ann..... 432
Never too Late to Mend..... 430
Only a Letter from Mother..... 427
Our Back Stoop, or ; My Sweet Maria..... 428
Och! Gilhooley, you're a Lad!..... 432
Poor Old Jesse's Blind..... 427
Sheet Music &c..... 426
The Singers' Journal..... 428
Sweet Thoughts of Home..... 429
Sergeant McGee of the N. Y. M. P..... 430
Stop it, Tommy!..... 432
Two Acrobatic men of Dublin Town..... 426
Two Bad Men..... 428
When the Flowers Fall Asleep..... 432

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39 & 41 Chamber Street.

Two Acrobatic Men of Dublin Town.

Song and Dance, by Kelly and Coon.

Watch us close while we're here,
For we are two solid men
What lately came from Erin's Isle,
A Circus to begin.
We were two great actors
In the play called "Led Astray,"
But we played it in a country
Where bricks were far away.

CHORUS.

Arrah, don't you think we're warriors,
By gob! we neither tarriers, (Sym.)
We always like to do the best we can. (Sym.)
For this world is large and round,
We're as powerful as steam,
And as smart as ever seen,
Two acrobatic men of Dublin Town.

We've sung and danced before the Queen,
And lived with her many years,
When we were going to leave her,
Sure her eyes did fill with tears.
We sung watch on the Rhine in twenty different ways,
And were presented with a crown,
And a company of soldiers escorted us to the boat,
To leave sweet Dublin Town. Chorus.

We're going to see Garvy O'Sullivan,
The President of the United States,
Sure himself and us for twenty years,
Has been old comrades.
He'll make us both two congressmen,
Oh! that's as true as you're born,
And we'll both live in peace and harmony,
Until Angel Gabriel blows his horn. Chorus.

Maggie Darling, Now Good-Bye.

By C. A. White.

Sung with great success by the Freeman Sisters.

MUSIC PUBLISHED BY WHITE, SMITH AND CO, BOSTON.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

BARNEY.

Maggie darling, now good-bye,
To America I go,
'Twill nearly break my heart to leave you,
And still I cannot live here so.
'Twill nearly break my heart to leave you,
Yet I must from old Ireland go;
The old folks they are growing gray, Maggie,
The farm it won't support us all,
I cannot stay and see them suffer,
So I must go where duty calls.

DUET.

BARNEY. Maggie dear, Maggie dear,
Oh! should I never see thee more,
My fondest hope is that you'll love me,
When I have left old Ireland's shore.
MAGGIE. Barney, dear Barney, Barney, dear Barney,
Oh! should I never see thee more,
My fondest hope is that you'll love me.
When you have left old Ireland's shore.

MAGGIE.

Barney, what will come of me,
When you're gone far o'er the main?
The birds will only sing in sadness,
The sun will ne'er shine bright again,
The birds will only sing in sadness,
Till Barney comes back home again.

BARNEY.

Oh! Maggie, Barney feels 'tis hard to part,
To leave his home and country too,
But times are getting hard here, Maggie,
And I must now find work to do. Duet.

BARNEY.

Maggie, do not shed one tear,
Barney's heart to you is true,
And when he finds some work to do,
He'll send to Ireland's shore for you.
Now Maggie shed no bitter tears,
For Barney's heart is true to you;
Now Maggie, go and cheer my poor old folks,
And don't let want o'er cross their door,
And with God's help I'll work and strive hard
To make a home on Freedom's Shore. Duet.

(To be sung after third verse only.)

BARNEY. Good-bye, Maggie, now good-bye.
MAGGIE. Good-bye, Barney, now good-bye.

Fourth verse to be used only in case of an encore.

MAGGIE.

Barney, let me go with you,
To America's bright shore,
I'd rather die than live here, Barney,
When you have left old Ireland's shore.
I'd rather die than live here, Barney,
When you have left old Ireland's shore.
The old folks ne'er shall come to want, Barney,
We'll help them as we've done before,
And with God's help we'll work and strive hard,
To make a home on Freedom's shore. Duet.

My Dear Savannah Home.

Words by S. N. Mitchell. Music by H. P. Danks.

The Music, published by John F. Perry & Co, Boston,

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40 CENTS.

Whar de balmy air is sighing,
And de roses catch de dew,
And de mocking bird am singing in de trees,
Dar's a charming lubly city,
And I'll ober hold it true,
I was bro't up 'mong its butterflies and bees;
In de pastures and de fields,
I lived de whole day long,
But from all of dem I's been obliged to roam,
And when I think of happy times,
De merry dance and song,
I long to see my dear Savannah home.

CHORUS.

I long to see you once again, and feel de scented breeze,
And thro' dose sunny streets I long to roam;
I long to hear de mockin' bird a singin' in de trees,
Dat grow around my dear Savannah home.

All de sweet magnolia blossoms
Dat was blooming in de lanes,
And de gardens dat was loaded with perfume,
All am dearer to dis darkey,
Dan de long and lebel plains,
And dar I always had enough ob room;
When de shining moon at night,
Was looking from de skies,
And we pushed de flat-boat from de ribber side,
And down de rippling waters whar—
De Fort Pulaski lies,
Our jolly dancing parties used to glide. Chorus.

But dose happy days are ober now,
De boys hab gone away,
And de collud gals are scattered o'er de land,
Oh! de times ain't as dey used to be,
When massa had his say,
And each plantation had its nigger band;
Near dat little cabin home,
De place whar I was born,
Dar's a quiet, lubly spot, I'd like to see,
'Tis whar dey laid my mudder down,
One pleasant summer morn,
While songsters sang a sad and plaintive glee. Cho.

The Little White Cot by the Mill.

Words by Roselinda. Music by C. A. White.

THE MUSIC IS PUBLISHED BY WHITE, SMITH & Co,

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 40 CENTS.

The little white cot by the mill,
Where the water-wheel is heard all the day,
Back to childhood our thoughts will return,
Though our home may be far, far away.

Oh! this was the home of my childhood's bright dreams,
Here I've played on the meadow and hill,
Now my heart heaves a sigh when I think,
Of the little white cot by the mill.

CHORUS.

The little white cot by the mill,
Where the water-wheel is heard all the day,
Back to childhood our thoughts will return, return,
Tho' our homes may be far, far away.

Ah! many a change has been there,
Since I left that joyous, bright, happy home,
And the glad hearts that once used to greet,
Are now silent and laid in the tomb.
The last was a mother, now she too, is gone
To the loved ones who passed long before,
And no more shall I see her dear face,
As she stood by the white cottage door. Cho.

There's many a bright spot in life.
Where our happy thoughts unfettered will roam,
But there's none that our hearts hold so dear,
As the dear little cot once our home.
The joys of that home they have now passed away,
And the water-wheel lies silent and still,
As I visit the place once my home.
The little white cot by the mill. Chorus.

The Anderson's.

By David Roche. Sung by Mike Hannity.

Air: F. M. G's.

In this land of society and of freedom's precious mould,
Where Jew, Italian, Greek and Turk in union we behold,
America's the nation, let her praise with joy be sung,
To cheer each solid member of the Andersons.

CHORUS.

The Anderson's for sparkling wit and puns,
Friendship, truth and valor in each heart sojourns,
They are gay and free and full of jollity,
Then hip hurrah, hip hurrah for the Anderson's.

The propensities of its members to me are very clear,
There's George Wash, the lady masher, who also loves good beer,
But with all his minor failings, he's unlimited in fun,
And is proud to claim that honest name, your friend, John Anderson.
Chorus.

There are several other members whom to mention it would please,
There is Cob, the mighty butcher, the young girls he can tease,
I'll use a little prudence now, and mention the last one,
Our honored friend, let each voice send, a hurrah for Anderson.
Chorus.

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I have on hand the full line of E. H. Harding's publications, over 1,500 in number, of which I will send any piece, post paid, on receipt of marked price. I also keep on hand the publications of all other Music Publishers in the Country. Hoping to receive the favor of the Musical world in general, I remain respectfully,

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The Murphy Chowder Club.

By D. F. L. Air: Up at Dudley's Grove.

The Murphy Chowder Club
Had a grand excursion,
And went away at break of day,
From Maloney's big hotel.
Their faces looked so jolly,
The boys all looked so gay,
As in a stage they started,
Down to Sheeps-Head Bay,

CHORUS.

If you had only seen them,
Upon that sunny day,
With music sweet, they left Pearl Street,
And started for Sheeps-Head Bay.

They enjoyed themselves immensely,
As they whirled to the ferry.
Some drank "booze" and read the news,
And every one was merry.
Tom Daley sang Grandfather's Clock,
McCarthy, St. Patrick's day,
And Dennis O'Brien fell asleep,
On the way to Sheeps-Head Bay. Chorus.

At last the horses stopped
At their destination;
The boys all got out
For the day's recreation.
Foley started for the river,
To enjoy a swim,
Shure Grady threw him overboard,
And Fitzgerald fell in. Chorus.

At last the dinner-bell sounded,
All started for to dine;
Kennedy and Dougherty
Eat enough for nine,
Then Murphy with his blarney,
Made a speech on Kearney;
And his argument that day,
Was excellent and fine. Chorus.

When the time came to start home,
The boys we've titivated,
McFaddin as usual played his pranks,
While Burns remonstrated.
The stage-bells jingled sweetly,
And the urchins cried, hooray!
And cheered the Murphy Chowder Club,
Coming home from Sheeps-Head Bay. Cho.

Poor Old Jesse's Blind.

Words and Music by J. T. Rutledge.
Music published by William A. Pond.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40 CENTS.

Yonder stands de cabin home whar I was born,
Whar I hoed de cotton an' de yellow corn,
Dar my good ole massa was so kind to me,
But he's gone to heaven whar I longs to be.

REFRAIN.

Hear de darkies singing down among de cane,
How dey make me feel dat I am young again—
But I'se ole and feeble, blind, I cannot see,
Massa is in heaven, no one cares for me,
Pity poor old Jesse, then,
He was always kind,
Massa used to love him,
An' now poor old Jesse's blind,

CHORUS.

(To be sung behind the scenes after the refrain.)
Pity poor old Jesse, then,
He was always kind,
Massa used to love him,
And now poor old Jesse's blind.

Dar my wife am sleepin' neath de willow tree,
Angels took her spirit to dat land so free,
How I long to meet her in dat home above,
Whar dar is no sorrow—all am peace and love.
Refrain and Chorus.

All my days am numbered, soon I'll have to go,
Soon I'll leave de sorrow of dis earth below,
Dey will lay me gently whar de willows wave,
But dar's none who'll shed a tear on ole Jesse's grave.
Refrain and Chorus.

My Sunny Southern Home.

By Stephen Garvey. Air: The cot where I was born.
Dedicated to Willie Wildwave.

I am thinking of the past and gone,
Those pleasant days of yore,
When youthful pleasures reigned supreme,
Around our cabin door.
It makes me sad to recall the past,
Those happy times have flown,
I was content, in the days I spent
In my sunny southern home;
I was content in the days I spent,
In my sunny southern home.

That dear old place I knew so well,
Where nature's beauty grew,
There everything was as lovely
As the morning's bright dew,
Those visions they appear to me,
Though far away I roam;
I can't but regret the day I left,
My sunny southern home.
I can't but regret the day I left,
My sunny southern home.

When the cruel war broke out there,
It caused us all to leave
Behind us those pleasant scenes,
And forever to grieve.
To wander about the world,
Dejected and forlorn,
I roam to-day, yes, far away
From the place where I was born,
I roam to-day, yes, far away
From the place where I was born.

Those sweet enchanting scenes of
My dear old native place,
Let come what may, they never will
From my memory be erased,
Those happy times have passed away;
The brightest I have known,
As back I gaze, I sing in praise
Of my sunny southern home,
As back I gaze, I sing in praise
Of my sunny southern home.

Grandfather's Lunch Route.

Sung by Ed. Burton.

My grandfather's route was all over the town,
And oe'r it he went every day;
Reading free lunch in every saloon up and down,
With as little as possible to say.
The old man was admired, and had all that he desired,
The tomato can was always by his side;
And the keg-drainers' lost their most brilliant gem—
When the old man died.

CHORUS.

Ninety years he'd been living on (tick, tick, tick, tick.)
His tongue was most always (thick, thick, thick, thick
But it stopped short—never to wag again—
When the old man died.

My grandfather always came in when it rained,
Or the snow was to thick on the ground;
And when he was short the price of his bed,
In the station-house frequently was found.
With his can full of beer, he was always of
good cheer,
And the island always he shied;
But the drainers' now shed many a tear—
Since the old man died. Chorus.

In waiting the "copper" patrol to and fro,
Many hours had he spent with annoy;
When the blue coat around the corner did turn,
His heart gave a leap with joy.
Then each keg he would try, and shun those
that were dry,
His business to none would confide;
But the can's lost—never to be filled again—
Since the old man died. Chorus.

The Lager Keg.

By S. Bertrew. Air: The Watermill.

Listen to the lager beer all the live-long day,
Buzzing in its little keg, mad to get away,
Rushing reckless in the glass when you turn the peg,
Never coming back again to that lager keg;
Then this reckless lager beer comes to grief at last,
The keg will never buzz again with the lager
that has passed.

Many are the schooners now, Johnny, you and I,
We have got away with, oh, when our lips were dry,
And the happy times we've had with our friends so gay,
Shaking for this lager beer and seeing who should pay;
But those happy times are gone, I am broke at last,
The keg will never buzz again with the lager
that has passed.

Take this lesson to yourself, every one of you,
Always look before you leap, that's the way to do;
Don't be like the lager keg, rushing to the brink,
Gobbled by some Dutchman then thirsting
for a drink;
When you've got a good thing, now keep it
close at it fast,
The keg will never buzz again with the lager
that has passed.

Long Ago.

Music published by Spear & Dehnhoff.

WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 50 CTS.

O sea, billow on and sigh as of yore,
O'er the dead in thy depths below,
On thy silvery, stranded, shell-ribb'd shore,
I wait and list to thy breaker's roar,
As the bright waves ebb and flow,
As the bright waves ebb and flow,
For a barque sailed out with my life one day,
And carried my beautiful treasures away,
A barque sailed out with my life one day
In the far off long ago, in the far off long ago.

O river run far! O river run fast!
O weeds float out to the sea.
For the sun has gone down on my happy past,
And the hopes that like bread
on thy waves I cast,
Have drifted away like thee,
Have drifted away like thee!
Well the day it is dead, and the dream it is done,
But I'll ever remember the name of one
Who will never come back to me,
Who will never come back to me;
The day it is dead, and the dream it is done,
It will never come back to me! to me!

Only a Letter From Mother.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, POST PAID, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40cts.

'Tis only a letter from mother,
So full of kind words unto me,
In all this wide world there's no other,
So kind or so loving could be.
It breathes of the fondest devotion,
To me, her dear wandering boy;
And wakens the sweetest emotions,
No absence or time can destroy.

CHORUS.

'Tis only a letter from mother,
Sweet message from over the sea,
In all the wide world there's no other,
Like mother, dear mother to me.

Yes, only a letter from mother,
I've read it so many times o'er;
Of all my heart's treasures no other,
Was ever so precious before.
Her words they are fraught with affection,
Advice, and the holiest prayers,
I'll keep them in fond recollection,
In all of this lifes many snares. Chorus.

'Tis only a letter from mother,
Whose heart fondly clings unto me;
I never can find such another,
Wherever my footsteps may be.
She sends me a heavenly blessing,
Sweet wishes, bright hopes as I roam—
Afar from her gentle caressing,
And all the sweet faces of home. Chorus.

Our Back Stoop, or: My Sweet Maria.

Words and Music by W. Denovany.
Music published by Spear & Dehnhoff.

WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CTS.

'Twas on my back stoop dozing,
One evening very late;
A strange noise roused me quickly,
'Twas at the garden gate.
I listened just a moment,
Perhaps 'tis Jeremiah,
A coming to spend the evening,
A-courting my Mariar!

Spoken: 'Twas but a minute, when I heard a tapping and a scratching at the garden gate, and then a long and melancholy voice began wailing—

CHORUS.

Me-yow, me-yow, Mariar,
It surely said Mariar,
Me-yow, me-yow, Mariar,
I'm sure it's Jeremiah.

I heard the window raising,
Me-yow! away! you brute!
And then a voice cried louder,
Old boy, you'd better scoot.
I looked around, when wildly,
Another voice screamed "fire!"
When boot-jacks and old boots flew near me,
Me-yow, me-yow, Mariar.

Spoken: And all this hub-bub for a litter of cats I say, Mariar, where is Jeremiah? Let us murder all this feline family, and then in the language of the immortal Ulysses, we'll have peace, and no more of this; Chorus.

I jumped beneath the arbor,
Oh! how my dander rose;
The cats lined all the fences,
In black and snarling rows.
My coat, my hat, my boots I threw,
I yelled for Jeremiah,
But all the mad music that I heard,
Was, me-yow, me-yow, Mariar.

Spoken; It seemed the whole world was a wilderness of cats, cats of all colors, shapes, and sizes, some with swelling tails, and some with no tails at all, were scampering over the fences, scratching, spitting, and swearing vengeance, all ending in an infernal chorus of— Chorus.

Good Night, and Happy Dreams.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by J. R. Thomas.
Music published by William A. Pond.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 35 CENTS.

When glowing stars have sweetly told,
The parting hour is nigh,
And gentle hands our own enfold,
While sadness dims the eye;
Then loving lips repeat the words,
That fall like sunny beams,
And linger like the song of birds,
Good-night, and happy dreams.
Good-night, good-night!
Good-night, and happy dreams,
Good-night good-night,
Good-night, and happy dreams.

Oh! long we linger by the door!
The fleeting hours we chide,
For when love fondly tells them o'er,
On wings of light they glide
The rosy lips again we kiss,
Beneath the silver beams,
And bless the whispered words of bliss,
Good-night, and happy dreams.
Good-night, good-night!
Good-night and happy dreams,
Good-night, good-night!
Good-night and happy dreams.

Behind the Plow.

By William Lawler. Air: Behind the scenes.

When a little boy was I, oh! how the time does fly,
I used to work upon my father's farm,
From morning until night I'd toil with all my might,
No matter if the day was cold or warm.
I used to cut the hay and stow it all away,
I used to milk the good old brindle cow,
I'd do all the chores, run to the country stores,
Oh! happy days were those behind the plow.

When my day's work was through, I'd find
something else to do,
I'd take my book and study while I could,
I'd sit down by the fire, and seldom would I tire,
Of reading to my mother, oh! so good.
There's plenty of men too, the same thing
they did do,
Some of our great men that are living now,
They used to hoe the corn all the whole day long,
Yes, our greatest men they worked behind the plow.

How my memory oft does roam to that dear
old country home,
Where I spent many a happy day,
And the old oak tree in my vision I can see,
As underneath its branches we would play.
I can see the old man too, as when his
day's work was through,
He'd totter home the sweat upon his brow,
But now he is at rest, he is roaming with the blest,
Yes, he spent his youngest days behind the plow.

Eileen Mavrone.

Words by H. Percy. Music by R. Buckholtz.
Music published by Brainerd & Sons, Cleveland.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, POST PAID, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40cts.

Eileen my darling, 'tis now we must part,
Be strong, acushla, don't let the tears start;
I go to a country that's far o'er the foam,
Still loving my darling, and Erin's green home,
Oh! Eileen my darling, my heart it is breaking
To leave you behind, acushla machree,
But soon I'll return to Erin's green valleys,
And Eileen my darling, I'll love none but thee.

CHORUS.

Oh! Eileen my darling, 'tis now we must part,
The ship it is waiting, one kiss I'll impart,
When crossing the ocean, acushla machree,
I'll pray for old Erin, and Eily for thee.

Eileen my darling, when out on the deep,
Such sweet loving thoughts of you ever I'll keep,
I'll think of the bright days together we've passed,
In Erin's sweet isle, that were too sweet to last.
At night in my slumbers, I'll dream of you Eileen,
At dawn my first wish will be longing for you,
Where'er I may wander in strange lands, Eileen,
Your Shamus will ever be constant and true.
Oh! Eileen, &c.

Eileen my darling, my cushla machree,
Cheer up, for I must go to cross the blue sea;
So dry your eyes darling, your tears give me pain,
Smile Eileen, once more, we will soon meet again,
Give Godspeed my darling, the ship is now ready,
The white sails are flowing, and waiting for me,
God bless you, my darling, my Eileen Mavrone,
I'll soon come back, darling, to you and
old home
Oh! Eileen, &c.

Singers' Journal.

Dedicated to Messeiurs Wildwave and Garvey.
By W. H. Downes.

In glancing o'er the Journal,
Sweet songs they catch my eye;
The compositions are so grand
You cannot pass them by.
One writers name is Wildwave,
Whose songs are everywhere known,
One of his latest made a hit.
It is "My Rummy Red Nose."

The days seem very pleasant,
When the Journal it is near,
To read and sing that spicy song,
Its name is Ettie Dear.
The author's name I now will tell,
As it appeared on Journals many,
And to its readers he is known well,
As good natured Stephen Garvey.

Long may the Journal flourish,
To make our hearts feel light,
And for ever we will cherish
Its columns grand and bright.
And through its Editor it will shine
Both here and o'er the sea;
For ever dear to this heart of mine
Will the Singers' Journal be.

Two Bad Men.

Sung in the "Babes of the Wood.
Music Copyrighted, 1877, by L. P. Goullard.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Oh! its two bad men we are,
From the West we come afar,
And we beat our way right here upon the train,
But when they found us there,
They put us off with care,
And went in search of the conductaire.

CHORUS.

With our bowie knives in belt,
Our presence may be felt
By the odor of the crime that from us shoots.
Of us two it may be sung,
That if we should not be hung,
You can bet we'll both die game in our boots.
With our—(Dance.)

When we stop a traveller,
We most expeditous are,
If they don't give up, we simply cut their throats;
We of pistols have a score
And knives as many more,
Which we carry in our pantaloons and boots.
With our bowie knives, &c.

Yes, we are two dreadful scamps,
But you musn't call us tramps,
For the walking is so bad it never suits,
And besides we'd have no peace,
For we should meet the police,
Who would quickly shoot us prowlers in
our boots.
With our bowie knives, &c.

Lillie Dean.

Sung by Bobby Newcomb.
Music published by Geo. Willig & Co.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 30 CENTS.

Down in a flowery dell,
Where feathered songsters dwell,
Lives the sweetest little fairy ever seen,
And the secret I'll impart—
She's the idol of my heart,
And her pretty name is little Lillie Dean.

CHORUS,

Little Lillie, darling Lillie Dean,
Sweetest, dearest, fairest ever seen,
Oh! she's going to Marry me,
And so happy I will be,
With my rustic little beauty, Lilly Dean.

This little woodland elf,
Is a treasure in herself,
With her no belle of fashion can compare,
She's so artless in her ways,
And so frank in all she says,
She won my heart before I was aware. Chorus.

She's a blonde with eyes of blue,
Waving hair of golden hue,
And she's just about the age of sweet sixteen.
Oh! I bless the day I met
This charming little pet,
That bears the pretty name of Lillie Dean. Cho.

Grandmother's Clock.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.
Music published by Spear & Dehnhoff.

WILL BE SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CTS.

Before my old grandmother died,
She left as a keepsake to me,
The old-fashioned clock on the shelf,
Its equal you never can see.
It runs every day, and it never goes astray,
True as the bright shining sun;
Tick, tick, tick it goes, tick, tick, tick,
And its work is never done.

CHORUS.

Grandmother's clock is dusty and old,
But it runs every day thro' heat and cold
Tick, tick, tick it goes, tick, tick, tick,
And its work is never done.

It brings me sweet memories of old,
To me 'tis a treasure most dear,
A life-tale it seems to uphold,
'Tis something to love and revere.
It shows well its age, and it seems a written page;
Faithful hands creep around,
Tick, tick, tick it goes, tick, tick, tick,
With the same unceasing sound. Chorus.

The days and the years may roll on,
But true to my charge I will be;
The old clock I'll keep in my care,
As long as there's life left in me.
My grandmother said, as she lay upon her bed,
"Take care of the old clock, my son,"
Tick, tick, tick it goes, tick, tick, tick,
And its work is never done. Chorus.

Cora May.

Words and Music by T. B. Kelly.
Music published by William A. Pond.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40 CENTS.

I love to linger at your side,
My darling Cora May;
I love to press your hand in mine,
And hear you fondly say—
That you will love me evermore,
And be my heart's delight,
Your smile will cheer me every day,
And make our future bright.

CHORUS.

Beautiful Cora May,
Bright as the dawn of day,
Ever to you my heart will be true,
My beautiful Cora May;
Beautiful Cora May,
Bright as the dawn of day,
Fondly I prize the bright blue eyes,
Of beautiful Cora May!

I love the songs you sing so sweet,
They make my heart rejoice.
And cheerful mem'ries oft repeat,
The murmur of your voice;
'Tis sweet to whisper words of love,
And kisses fondly share,
And watch the roses come and go,
Upon your cheeks so fair. Chorus.

I'll bind a wreath of fairest flow'rs,
To place upon your brow,
I'll come at twilight's peaceful hours,
And sing love's trusting vow;
The moon will glow, the stars will shine,
And charm our cares away,
While fondly I shall call you mine,
My darling Cora May. Chorus.

My Lovely White Rose.

By C. A. Johnson. Air: My Pretty Red Rose.

Strolling through a bower, one day,
Of flowers, the richest and rare,
That did all their beauty display,
Oh! fair were the sights I saw there;
'Twas there that I saw a flower most sweet,
To me 'tis the fairest that grows,
My heart gave a leap as my gaze did it greet,
My lovely, my pretty white rose.

CHORUS.

My lovely white rose, my lovely white rose,
It is the most beautiful flower that grows,
My heart gave a leap as my gaze did it greet,
My lovely, my charming white rose.

They say 'tis but a common flower,
One of the most common that grows,
But I think that in Flora's bower,
The loveliest is the white rose.
When sleep's gentle lips doth soft press my eyes,
The tide of mem'ry to me flows,
The soft zephyr sighs as before me doth rise,
The form of my lovely white rose. Chorus.

Angel Gabriel.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 30 CENTS.

Oh! my soul! my soul!
I'm a-gwine for to rest
In de arms of my Angel Gabriel!
I will climb on de hill,
An' I'll look toward de west,
I will cross over Jordan to de Lamb,
I'll sit me down in de ole arm-chair,
An', bretheren, I will never tire,
Ole Satan may sneeze,
But I will take my ease,
An' warm myself by de holy fire.

CHORUS.

We'll shout, we'll dance,
We will wake up so early in de morn,
An' when I arise, I will rub my sleepy eyes,
When ole Gabriel am a blowing on his horn.

Oh! I shan't weep long,
When I'm going for to leave,
So I'll pack up my band-box and go;
My bretheren, now hearken,
Don't you ever grieve,
'Cause I'm going up to glory very slow,
I will eat my meals juss three times a day,
And you can bet your life I won't be late,
An' we'll have lots of fun,
When you, my bretheren, come,
'Cause I'm gwine to take de tickets at de gate.
We shout, &c.

My Mother's Hands.

By T. Brigham Bishop.
Music Copyrigh ed 1879, by T. Brigham Bishop,
Music published by Spear and Dehnhoff.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CENTS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're neither white nor small,
And you I know would scarcely think
That they are fair at all;
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me!
Those beautiful, beautiful hands,
My dear mother's beautiful hands.

CHORUS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
Tho' heart-sore, weary and sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on,
That I might e'er be glad;
Those beautiful, beautiful hands,
My dear mother's beautiful hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark,
On hands, on heart and brow;
Alas! alas! the morning time,
And the sad, sad day to me;
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
Those hands will folded be!
Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
My dear mother's beautiful hands. Chorus.

Those beautiful, beautiful hands,
Where all is bright and fair;
I know full well those dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear!
Where crystal streams thro' endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young and fair;
I'll clasp my mother's hands,
Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
My dear mother's beautiful hands. Chorus.

De Gospel Raft.

By F. Dumont. Sung by Tom Warfield.
Music published by F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, POST PAID, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40cts.

I am gwine to cross de river on de gospel raft,
Like Noah in de good ole ark,
Keep your candles all a burning,
Keep 'em burning all de time;
You'll lose yourself and stumble in de dark;
Get your baggage on de craft,
Don't forget to get a check;
You's got to pay your passage right to-day,
Be sure de money's good, for de captain's eye is sharp,
You can't sneak aboard and hide away.

CHORUS.

Hide away! hide away!
Dar's no use trying to hide away;
Get your baggage on de raft,
Don't forget to have it checked,
You can't sneak aboard, you'se got to pay.

Now take warning, little children,
Don't get fooled about de raft,
For de opposition boat is running too,
But she is liable to bust de biler any time at all,
And you niggers will be cooked into a stew.
I'se got a private box and an opera glass to see
You sinners a trying to buss in at de door,
But dey will kick you down de stairs
If you haven't got de grass.
If you come back dey will slap you in de jaw.
Hide away, &c.

Let me tell you 'bout de army Mr. Pharoah did command,
When he followed ole Moses long ago,
They were drowned in de water
With their life-preservers on,
And de fishes had a jubilee below,
Dar was Jonah was a fool, and as stubborn as a mule,
But de whale he made him quickly disappear;
Jonah den pulled out a razor
And he cut de whale in half,
And he floated to de shore on his ear.
Hide away, &c.

Sweet Thoughts of Home.

By Willie Wildwave. Dedicated to J. K. Johnson.

I'm far away from my home to-day,
In foreign lands I roam;
I sit and ponder, and often wonder,
Do they think of me at home?
'Tis many a year since I dropped a tear,
But one has fallen to-day,
Thinking of mother, sister and brother,
Who are many miles away.

CHORUS.

Sweet thoughts of home—my beautiful home,
That I left when but a child;
I think of the caress of dear tenderness,
Of mother, so gentle and mild,

Those scenes so dear will soon be near,
For, I'll return on the morrow,
With heart full of joy—once more a boy,
With never a thought of sorrow.
To see the old place—my dear mother's face,
And the many friends of yore,
It gladdens my heart, no more will I part
From my own native shore. Chorus.

The Greenback Alderman.

By T. F. Brosnan. Air: Longshoremen's Strike.

My name is Mike McCormack,
In the Fourth Ward I belong,
In politics I'm a Greenback,
Me "pull" in the ward is strong;
Just wait 'til next election day,
I'll monopolize the gang,
Clear the way, you'll hear them say,
For the Greenback Alderman.

Chorus.

Early and often vote, me boys,
And lend a helping hand,
He'll have full sway, on election day,
This Greenback Alderman.

I was with the gang the other night,
I was told to "chuck up my hat,"
I took it off, threw it out of sight,
They were quite delighted at that;
I said I was a thoroughbred,
Tho' their "lingo" I didn't understan'
Now you'll hear them strike for beer,
From this Greenback Alderman. Chorus.

I brought the gang to Syracuse,
To a hotel went in a troop,
A Blair-eyed Butler asked me if
"I'd have some Madd-ox Shupe,
I told him I was no "galute,"
An' gave him to understan'
Tho' Cooper by trade, me fortun's made
When a Greenback Alderman. Chorus.

I Trust You will Excuse.

By W. H. Delehanty.

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Will you please to give me your attention,
For just a little while,
'Till I with pleasure mention her,
The belle of Am-ber-ile;
She's the neatest and the sweetest maiden
My heart could ever choose,
And if I now sing and dance for joy,
I trust you will excuse.

Chorus.

Oh! when I hear the music play,
I feel so happy I could throw myself away,
Yes, I feel so good I can't help singing,
My joy it is profuse,
And the heel-taps will keep ringing, but
I trust you will excuse. (Dance.)

I shall ne'er forget the moonlight picnic,
They gave at Amberile;
How the pleasures were ecstatic, for
The best of "bon-ton" style;
It was there I met my heart's best treasure,
Sweet idol of my muse,
And when I begged to waltz with her,
She said, "I can't refuse." Chorus.

Just the other night I popped the question,
Said she, "I can't decline,"
So a cottage on the Hudson's banks,
Will be her home and mine;
I invite you all to call and see us,
And hope you won't refuse,
Then if kindness fails to please you there,
I trust you will excuse. Chorus.

Never too Late to Mend.

By Jack Haggerty. Air: Stokes Verdict.

Slang phrases and by-words,
Are now all the rage,
Here's one that I've had in my view,
I know it is old but as solid as gold,
At least you'll admit it is true.
If a man be cast down,
Why on him don't frown,
But a halping hand to him extend;
If he looses his grip don't, send him adrift,
For it's never too late to mend.

Chorus.

So always act honest,
Be upright and square,
You'll find it will pay in the end;
We've all had our share of grief and despair,
And it's never too late to mend.

There's many a good man sir, in this land to-day,
By the vile tongue of slander held down,
His doings and acts are stated as facts,
And at last he's the talk of the town.
His friends on the street, pass him by as they meet,
To him the cold shoulder extend:
That's not the way to treat him I say,
For, it's never too late to mend. Chorus.

A man may be cruel, stern-hearted, unjust,
But strive for to help him along,
At first you may fail, but I will go bail,
In time he will surely reform.
And give him a show, in this world as we go
There is nothing so dear as a friend,
And to him be kind, always bear in mind,
That it's never too late to mend. Chorus.

Don't judge a man by the clothes that he wears,
For poverty, boys is no crime,
A man's just as human in tatters and tares,
As a prince in his palace so fine,
Then go through this world happy,
Stare fate in the face
Misfortune to it never lend,
Always make haste to be first in the race,
For it's never too late to mend. Chorus.

Bold Robin Hood.

Oh! bold Robin Hood is a forester good
As ever drew bow in the merry greenwood;
At his bugle's shrill singing
The echoes are ringing,
The wild deer is springing for many a rood;
It's summons we follow,
Through brake, over hollow,
The shrilly-blown summons of bold Robin Hood.

And what eye hath e'er seen
Such a sweet maiden queen
As Marian, the pride of the forester's green?
A sweet garden flower,
She blooms in the bower
Where alone to this hour the wild rose hath been.
We hail her, in duty,
The queen of all beauty!
We will live we will die by our sweet maiden queen!

And we've a gray friar,
Good as heart may desire,
To absolve all our sins, as the case may require;
Who with courage so stout,
Lays his oak plank about,
And puts to the rout all the foes of his cheir;
For we are his choristers,
We merry foresters,
Chorusing still with our militant friar:

Robin and Marian! Robin and Marian!
Drink to them one by one, drink while you sing!
Robin and Marian! Robin and Marian!
Long with their glory old Sherwood shall ring.

Sergeant McGee of the N. Y. M. P.

Character Song. Sung by Pat. Rooney.

Music Copyrighted, 1878, by E. H. Harding.

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Good avenin to ye's one and all,
I hope ye's are quite well,
I've just come out to sing a song,
And me troubles for to tell;
Of course ye's don't know who I am,
But wait a bit and see;
Then I'm the famous Sergeant sure,
And me name it is McGee.

Chorus.

Yes, I'm Sergeant McGee, McGee, do ye's see,
Of the N. Y. M. P. M. P. do yes see,
Sure me number 'tis five-forty-three, forty three,
And the handsomest man on the force, that's me.

Me clothes are made at Bennett Bro's,
Me hats I get from Knox;
Me clubs are "ligum-vitey,"
And I wear the best of socks.
I've ten or twelve gould medals sure,
For saving people's lives:
And I never kiss the servant girls
Or other fellows' wives. Chorus.

If ever there's a fire sure,
Or row upon the street,
'Tis there you'll find the Sergeant bold,
If it happens on me beat;
I never have been "broke" by gob,
Or suffered e'er a loss;
And all me fellow coppers, sure,
They say that I'm the boss. Chorus.

Cards of the City.

By David Roche. Air: Stokes Verdict.

Your attention, kind friends, I will ask for a while,
I'll describe noted hard cases and cards;
Just give me the time to draw them up in line,
The good and the bad of the sards.
Take a walk for the first, down to Avenue C,
There you'll meet a young man on the lay;
A red shirt, a black tie, a slouch hat and black eye,
Those words, also, what dye soy-eh-hoy.

Chorus,

That man is a tough, yes, his looks are enough,
And whenever he goes on a spree,
He will yell out with might,
Say, I'm looking for fight,
So, let any one here come for me!

The next introduced is a poor wretched bum,
For a keg on the sidewalk he'll steer;
A can 'neath his coat, he will jump like a goat,
For to empty the dregs of the beer.
Now if fortune is well, he will not leave a smell
For his brother and chum across the street,
But his shoulders he'll rub, then devour some grub,
While the other calls out, oh! you beat!

Chorus.

In the winter they choose Blackwell's Isle for their seat,
In the summer the gay rustic park,
Where they sit and they think, with a nod and a wink,
On a bench while of sun there's a spark.

Major Majolica.

Marching Song. Words and Music by Bobby Newcomb.

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In martial array, we see each day,
Our soldiers on parade,
With music sweet, and tramping feet,
Bright uniforms arrayed!
But I know a soldier fair,
Who is handsome brave and gay,
The ladies faint with love's complaint,
When he gets in their way.

Chorus,

Major Majolica, he is a rollicker,
Brave and handsome, dashing and gay!
He is a stifler, and such a trifler,
The Major is "mashing" the ladies all day.
Yes, Major Majolica, he is a rollicker,
Brave and handsome, dashing and gay!
He is a stifler, and such a trifler,
The Major is "mashing" the ladies all day.

When cannons go off he gives a laugh,
Says—load 'em and go it again!
When bullets are thick, he always is quick—
To escape any danger or pain!
He draws his sword, says—onward, boys!
And then goes to the rear;
The girls would die, or else they'd sigh,
If they lost the Major dear. Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED

There, face downward on the carpet, his arms flung out, his hands gripped, laid the attorney.

A gleam of sunshine, made sickly by the dirt-encrusted window it had to penetrate, fell upon the motionless figure, revealing a stream of blood that had flown from his head to the floor, and coagulated there.

"It's no good standing like this," exclaimed one, pushing his way in, and being instantly followed by the rest. "Murder or self-murder, something must be done. Who'll fetch a policeman?"

"I will," said the clerk. "It's murder! I'd take my oath it's murder!"

Seizing his hat, he leaped down-stairs into the lane. But to search for a guardian of the streets, and find one, are not natural sequences. He had to go into Fleet Street, under the Bar, and as far as St. Clement Danes, before he discovered what he sought.

A few low, hurried words informed him of the matter, and they hastened back, the nucleus of a crowd at once forming in their wake.

"You're sure the gentleman's dead?" remarked the policeman, ascending the stairs.

"Quite—quite. He must have been laying there for hours. This way."

So speaking, the clerk taking the lead, forced his way through the crowd, which had much increased in the office. Then he uttered a cry—almost a yell of terror—leaping back the while with alarm, for a hand had suddenly been laid on his arm, and a face looked into his.

The hand and face were Josiah Biddlecomb's.

He was not dead; life had been found still in the attorney. They had raised him on to a chair, bathed his face while sending for a neighboring chemist, and Josiah Biddlecomb had come back to consciousness as he did from sleep, with all his wits about him.

His eyes still on his clerk, standing thunder-struck and speechless, he said, "This is my clerk, gentlemen, and I think he'll confirm my words. Don't look so scared, my good Timothy. I'm not murdered, as the villain who assailed me believed!"

"Thank Heaven!" involuntarily ejaculated the clerk.

"Yes—yes; I have cause to be thankful; also that I have every reason to think I know who was my would-have-been assassin."

"You do?" ejaculated the clerk, while every head was craned forward.

"Doctor," said the attorney, "I thank these gentlemen for their sympathy, but I feel faint. Can't the room be cleared? The communication I have to make must be to the policeman and my clerk alone."

"Reluctantly the rest withdrew; then his tones getting weaker despite his efforts to maintain his strength, Josiah Biddlecomb, who had never once let go of his clerk, said, "Policeman, I desire the arrest of Sir Richard Myddleton Carr, as my would-have-been murderer!"

"Sir Richard Carr?" gasped the clerk.

"Yes. They tell me you said you thought you know the man, my dear Timothy. Who did you suspect?

The clerk hesitated; then, with apparent reluctance, answered, "From the scene that occurred here, sir, I suspected the Baronet, too."

"Upon what grounds do you make the charge? Did you see him? interrogated the policemen.

"No; the murderer came on me unawares. But the Baronet is the only enemy I have, the only man my death could benefit. Listen, policeman. Sir Richard Carr, as my clerk knows, if I live, will to-day be proclaimed a ruined, a disgraced man—a bankrupt—a defaulter. My death would have been his salvation. I bid you arrest Sir Richard Myddleton on suspicion, as my murderer—for—for—I'm not out of the wood yet Timothy—dont leave me—there's a good fellow—I'll ——"

The words died on his lips, and the attorney dropped back in a swoon.

Summoning the doctor, the clerk and the policeman, withdrawing, had an earnest conversation. The former told of that stormy scene between the Baronet and the attorney; how he had been rang for, then dismissed, yet bidden to come instantly if rang for again; how he had seen the Baronet out, and never beheld anyone's expression like his—so fierce, so full of anger. Then taking the official to the desk, he showed him the paper, still upon it, wherein the attorney had stated his intention of remaining at the office, as he expected Sir Richard Carr to return.

All this convincing evidence, surely—at least, for gravest suspicion. So conceiving, the official, departing, procured a warrant for the Baronet's arrest on suspicion.

But where was Sir Richard?

The officers proceeding to his residence learned that since he had left the previous morning, he had not returned—nor, owing to a telegram received by Lady Carr, was he expected.

The officer requested to see that telegram, and her ladyship wondering but not suspecting readily gave it.

It ran thus:—

"Dear Wife—

Important and immediate business will prevent my being home to-night. It is possible I may have to leave London, Probably England, for a time; so hold yourself prepared for sudden departure."

More convincing evidence, in the official mind, as he courteous to the poor lady, withdrew, leaving a detective in plain clothes on guard. To watch the nest was the sure way to trap the bird.

But days passed, and no bird came, or even any intelligence to the now alarmed Lady Carr. Meanwhile Josiah Biddlecomb, in the bosom of his family, was rapidly recovering from the fever the blow he had received had occasioned.

As they had prepared to take him from the office home, consciousness had, for a brief period, returned.

Raising himself in his bearer's arms, he cried, excitedly, "The paper—the paper! Is it safe? Has the villain robbed me of it?

Being questioned as to what paper he referred, he directed them to a small safe, so concealed in the wall as not easily to be detected at the far end of the apartment.

Search being made the paper was found.

The attorney received it with an exultant laugh, and hugged it to him.

"This is what he did it for!" he cried. "He wanted to rob me of it; but, thank Heaven! he couldn't find it! It's some compensation for my losses. It makes me——"

The last words were inaudible.

The doctor insisted upon his being calm; and, closing his eyes, he permitted them to carry him to the cab waiting.

For a week the medical attendant pronounced the attorney too ill to see anyone, or be questioned.

During this time, his clerk, naturally much concerned, went frequently to the house.

At the end of that period, Josiah Biddlecomb, though not yet declared out of danger of relapse, was able to make his deposition.

He told how the Baronet, being much embarrassed by debt and difficulties, had years ago, come to him for aid. How he had aided professionally, though seeing well, from Sir Richard's extravagance and mania for horse-racing and speculating, how it must ultimately end. How it had ended in ruin irretrievable. How the Baronet had come to him on the afternoon of the attempted murder, imploring him to raise money for him by some means that he might honorably meet his racing debts on the morrow. How he had declared it utterly impossible, Sir Richard having no security to give. Whereupon his cliant had acted like a madman, and that, fearing personal injury, he had rung for his clerk.

After that he had grown calmer, and listened to the only means the attorney could propose with safety to himself—that he should destroy the entail of his estate, when the attorney himself would not only procure him the money he needed, but try to make a compromise with his other creditors.

The Baronet had withdrawn in a violent passion, yet hinting that he might return. He had done so, signed the necessary paper, and received from him Josiah Biddlecomb, four thousand pounds in notes, which his clerk had fetched from the bank that day.

Believing Sir Richard gone, the attorney had put the paper carefully away in his secret safe, and was collecting some letters together, preparatory to quitting the office, when he was stunned by a severe blow from behind, and, falling to the ground, remembered no more.

Terribly condemnatory evidence this, not only to the officials, but to the public generally—to all but the distracted wife, who passed the days and nights of sleepless agony by the bed of her sole surviving child—a bright, handsome boy—for whom she in her mother's heart, had wreathed so happy, so proud a future.

Now he was to go forth with the inherited stamp of an intending assassin upon his brow. One to be pointed at—to have his sad tale whispered as he passed.

"But it is not true; I will never believe it of you, Richard, my love—my husband—the father of my boy!" cried Lady Carr, distractedly, as she clasped the wondering child to her bosom, and bathed his bright golden head with her tears. "Richard Carr never would be a murderer even in heart! It is a cruel falsehood—a base plot! Oh, Richard, Richard, where are you? Why do you not come and boldly refute these cruel accusations?"

But the wretched wife's appeal met with no response. The absent man gave no sign.

The public, not blind to the fact that the business transactions between the attorney and his client were somewhat after the one-sided fashion of the spider and the fly, yet could not put the faith in the Baronet's innocence that Lady Carr did.

A man, desperate and mad at the moment, no doubt, and with possibly good ground for being so, nevertheless guilty.

Thus Sir Richard Myddleton Carr was declared to the world a bankrupt, a defaulter, a would-have-been murderer, for whom the law was still searching; and Sir Richard Myddleton Carr made no sign to refute the charges.

END OF PROLOGUE.

The Story.

CHAPTER I.

THE HIDDEN LISTENER.

It was close upon sundown. The sun, like a huge red luminous shield, hung just above the horizon, scorching everything within its fierce glow. The oldest inhabitants in Australia declared such a summer had never before been seen or felt.

Nearly all the creeks were dry. The cattle were perishing for want of water; the vine-shoots were cut off by the heat as by frost; cherries and gooseberries were literally roasted; while the hot winds cleared all the trees of blight.

The thermometer stood at ninety-five degrees all night. Sleeping was out of the question. Australia had an universal want—shade, a cool breeze, and rain.

In a sitting-room of a pretty considerable cattle-station, some fifty miles from Adelaide, were two young men, gazing out over the arid landscape.

The glass doors opening on the verandah were thrown wide to admit any wandering breeze, and one of the men laid languidly on a couch, drawn close up to the window.

He was by a few years the elder of the two, and from the gray pallor of his face it was evident that the hand of death was gathering him gently but surely home.

Not so with his companion, leaning against the door-frame, his arms folded on his chest. Health was in every move of the well-built, graceful figure; in the clearness of the large, frank, honest eyes, and fair handsome face.

A brief silence had ensued during which each gazed out at the distant bush—the sick man with that vague hungry glance as of farewell; the other meditatively, with slightly contracted brows, as if his ideas had wandered far away.

It was the sick man who broke the silence

To be Continued—Commenced in No. 152.

When the Flowers Fall Asleep.

Words by T. W Hanshew. Music by E. G. B. Holder.

Music Copyright 1877. and published by F Blume.

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Where the water lillies grow,
And the zephyrs gently blow,
Where the waters softly flow,
Meet me, darling Annie.
When the whippoorwill doth call,
And the dewdrops softly fall,
While the moon shines over all,
Kiss me, darling Annie.

CHORUS.

When the flowers fall asleep,
And the moon shines o'er the deep,
Tell me I your heart may keep,
Then, my darling Annie.

Hearken to the turtle dove,
Cooing from his nest above,
List'ning to the tale of love,
Whisper'd unto Annie.
How he envies me the bliss,
Pressing such a form as this,
How he wishes he might kiss
Your sweet lips, my Annie. Chorus.

While the little stars do shine,
Place your snowy hand in mine,
Whispering softly "I'll be thine,"
Now, my darling Annie.
From the clouds the moonbeams break,
Showering silver o'er the lake,
List'ning to the vows I take,
From you darling Annie. Chorus.

Stop it. Tommy!

Sung by Fred D. Harris.

I courted once a lovely maid,
Her name was Susan Green,
And Susan was the greatest girl,
That I have ever seen.
She had an aunt, an old maid,
Who said she should not wed,
So every time I tried to steal
A kiss, Miss Susy said,

CHORUS.

Stop it Tommy, stop it, now,
Or I shall tell my aunt;
You really should not do it so,
When you know so well I can't.

Now that was not encouraging
For me you will allow,
And on that maiden aunt's account,
We often had a row.
But one night sitting by her side,
She very loving seemed,
When suddenly the gas went out,
And Susy once more screamed. Chorus.

She tried hard to persuade me
To get up and light the gas,
I wouldn't, so with talking, we
An hour did quickly pass.
When Sue saw something in the gloom,
Then loosed hold of my arm,
And as her aunt came in the room,
She whispered in alarm. Chorus.

Och! Gilhooley, You're a Lad!

By H. Burns. Air: My son Charley.

I take this upperthunity
To tell you this is me,
Fur fear you moight by some mistake
Be making rather free.
I'm sacret sarvice offussur,
The chafe of all the clan,
And if there's any munny made,
Gilhooley he's the man.

CHORUS.

Och! Gilhooley, you're a lad:
Look at the chances you have had!
You moight been President, egad!
And here you are, Gilhooley.

Parkwusites we heve none attached,
But divil a bit we care;
We make a note of everything,
And always come out square.
The thiaves are not so bad at all,
But civil, so to spake,
For if my min act cautiously,
Of coorse we get a rake. Chorus.

Now let me whuspur in your ear,
But faith you must not squeal.
Fur if old Comsthock finds it out,
Be gob! he'd raise the de'il.
My min they have a faro bank
On the corner of Sivenih and Pinn,
Just give three taps upon the dure,
The byes will let you in. Chorus.

The force, of coorse, it's jealous they are,
To see me doing so foine,
For me and my son Dinnis hev
Tin shares in a silver moine.
You see my great success in life
Was playing my smartest cue,
So hoping that I've plased you all,
I'll wush success to you. Chorus.

Among the Sugar Cane.

Way down in Carolina,
In good old Dixie's land,
All among the sugar cane,
A good old darkey band.
There we'd join together,
Old Massa he would bring
Kind Missis and de little ones
To hear de darkies sing.

CHORUS.

I never shall forget old Auntie Dinah,
The sport we had in old Carolina.
You may talk about your jubilee,
I wish they'd come again,
We'd roll around upon de ground
Among the sugar cane.

When the sun was boiling hot,
Like gravy in de pan,
Oh! I could tote de sugar cane
Like any other man.
But when de work was over,
To my Julia I would skip,
She'd put her arms around me
And would kiss me on de lip. Chorus.

Dancing in the Barn.

Music by T. Turner. Words by A. McKee.

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MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 40 CENTS.

Oh! we'll meet at de ball in de evening,
Kase I love to pass de time away,
Wid Clemintina Consitina
And my Angemima Mina May.
Den we'll balance all to one another,
Like de ship dat's going round de horn,
Dar we'll meet you, yes we'll greet you,
While dancing in the barn.

CHORUS.

As we move so gracefully, we're happy as can be,
Den swing your partners all together,
Kase now's the time for you to learn,
Music, singing, niggers singing and dancing in the barn.

Den we's off to work in the morning,
Singing as we go out to the field,
Picking cotton, all else forgotten,
Except to see how much de ground do yield.
De black folks are happy while together,
It's funny for to hear them tell a yarn,
About a lover with kisses smother,
While dancing in the barn. Chorus.

The "Game of Bluff."

To Pat. Rooney, By T F. Brosnan.

Air: The Game of Baseball.

Sung with great success at Harry Miner's.

I am a dacent Irishman,
I have two sons named Mike and Dan,
They go with a mob called the "Poker" gang,
Who use me rather rough!
When I ask me boys where they go,
It's "Cheese it, Cully; you're too slow;
"His skull is thick," or he would know,
We're to play a game of bluff!

The other night the gang they came,
Into my house to play a game,
I tried to speak—it was in vain,
They yelled, "stop the tarrier's guff!"
They asked me for to take a hand,
Though the game I did not understand,
Saying, "you'll be the boss-player of the land
In the game that they called bluff!"

The cards were dealt, I took me hand,
I was told to "chip" in like a man,
When down my pockets my fist I ran,
To see if I had enough!
I put the money down, now mind!
A blackguard said "He'd give me a 'blind,'"
Or might "straddle" me, if he felt inclined,
The night that I played bluff!

To please the gang I did my best,
All my spare change I did invest,
When broke, I was told to "take a rest,"
Or they'd "grind me up for snuff!"
I threw the cards unto the wind,
I busted their 'antes, straddles, and blinds
Straights, flushes, and pairs of all kinds,"
And I never since played "Bluff!"

De Gospel Car.

Sung by J. C. Davis.

Dat gospel car is a-coming,
Is a-coming frough dis land;
I hear dem car-wheels a-moving,
And straining every hand.

CHORUS.

Den git on board, little child'en,
Git on board, little child'en,
Git on board, little child'en,
Dar's room for many more.

Dem cars is a-coming,
Coming round de curve;
Da drawing in sight every minute,
And straining every nerve. Chorus.

I hear dem cars a-coming,
Da drawing near in sight;
Oh! sinner have your ticket,
And your soul will be all right. Chorus.

Mary Ann.

By Thomas Ford, Jr. Air: Sweet Aleen,

I am waiting here this evening, Mary Ann,
I am waiting here this evening, Mary Ann,
As I stand be the alley door
Can you tell me—are you sure—
That the old man's not within, now, Mary Ann?
Mary Ann, Mary Ann.
Are you sure he's getting his whiskey, Mary Ann?
I'll tell you true my sweet,
You're the belle of Jackson Street,
Oh! yes, indeed you are, dear Mary Ann.

I am waiting here this evening, Mary Ann,
I am waiting here this evening, Mary Ann,
Would yer holler thro' the hall
If there's any show at all,
And I shall soon be with yer, Mary Ann,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann,
Are you sure I won't be collared by the old man,
I'll tell you true my lass,
No angel can surpass
My gushing, little rosy Mary Ann. Chorus.

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CONTENTS.

The Apology to O'Reilly.....page 434
Answer to the Fire in the Grate 438
The Beauty of Limerick..... 434
The Bummer's Hotel..... 436
The Casey Social Club..... 435
Chicago was the Queen 437
Captain of the Gallant Greys..... 440
Dar's no Place Like de Old Home 434
Dance Me on Your Knee..... 436
The Day I Walked Against O'Leary..... 437
De Place where I used to Dwell..... 438
Down by the Mill..... 440
Farewell, Lovely Limerick, will I ever see you more..... 440
Gliding through the Waltz..... 435
Gone !..... 436
Help those Needy Sufferers in the South... 436
If you Give a Girl the Chance. 434
I will Wait for you my Darling..... 435
The Irish Aldermen..... 440
The Killarney Fusileers..... 438
Little Cherub Come to Mama..... 434
Loving Eyes that Answer Thine 436
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 439
McCormack the Copper..... 435
Mother is the Old Home Lonely 437
Men of Education 440
Nellie Lost and Found..... 438
One Glance From Those Merry Blue Eyes.. 440
The Poultry Dealer..... 437
Rally Round Dan Bradley, Boys..... 434
Ring Down the Curtain..... 437
Remember the Poor Sufferers in the South 438
Slavery Before the War..... 435
Sheet Music, Valentines, &c. Notice..... 434
The Summer of Love..... 436
The Sign on the Door..... 437
Such an Education has my Mary Ann..... 438
To Bless the Old Man's Heart..... 435
There's Always a Seat in the Parlor for you 440
Will Mother Know me in the Sky 435
Where was Moses when the Light went out 437
When the evening Shades are Falling..... 440

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If You Give a Girl the Chance.

Sung by Jennie Hughes.

Words by W. R. Watts. Music by C. T. French.

Music published by Spear & Dehnhoff.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 40 CENTS.

Since first this world created was,
The greatest power of mind
Is wielded by the gentle sex,
That lord it o'er mankind.
Since mother Eve to Adam gave
The first sweet taste of sin,
The husbands and the sweethearts have
Been always taken in.

CHORUS.

These charming little creatures win
Your heart with but a glance,
You're surely to be taken in,
If you give a girl the chance.

Don't talk to me of mighty deeds
Upon the battle field,
Of soldiers and of statesmen great,
Of men that would not yield.
There never was produced a man
Who did so brave become,
But that a girl whene'er she liked,
Could twirl him round her thumb. Chorus.

A lady in the days of old,
Did Sampson's whiskers shave,
And Mrs. Jinks in modern times,
Did Butler's vengeance brave,
Miss Walker wears the pantaloons
Her watch-word is advance,
And each sweet girl would do the same,
Could she but get the chance. Chorus.

Little Cherub Come to Mama.

Air: On the banks of that lone river. To D. S. Wambold, by Comet Social.

Little cherub come to mama,
Lay your little head at rest,
Tell me baby are you mortal,
From the realms of those that are blessed.
Smiles of joy no cares of sorrow
Cast their shades upon thy brow,
Tell, oh! tell me little cherub,
Will you come to mama now.

CHORUS.

Smiles and joy may hover o'er thee,
Peace and happiness be thine,
Tell, oh! tell me little cherub,
Are you mortal or divine.

Little cherub come to mama,
Give your papas smile of yore,
He of angels now in heaven,
Your protector never more,
Tell, oh! tell me little cherub.
Of sparkling eyes and golden hair,
Will you always think of mama,
Of her love and gentle care. Chorus.

Dar's no Place Like de old Home.

By William Harris.

Far away down South, among de cotton fields,
Is de place dat I ever long to see;
Oh! dat dear sunny clime whar I was bred and born,
It's mem'ries are ever dear to me.
Dar de mocking-bird sings on de trees close by,
While far from dat spot I roam,
In dis wide, wide world, wherever I may go,
Dar's no place like dat cabin home.

CHORUS,

Oh! gib me dat home on de old Pee Dee,
For, darkeys. I love it still,
I dream night and day, and long to see again,
Dat ole cabin home upon de hill.

Oh! where are the friends who lingered at my side
In the happy times of long ago?
No smiles do I see or hear their merry voices,
My heart is sad where'er I go;
When I think of the past then the tears will flow,
For I love that old place still.
Oh, take me home to that sunny land—
To the old cabin home on the hill. Chorus.

Oh! the ones that I love are sleeping neath the sod,
While I am passing fast away,
And my heart grows sad, I'm longing to return
Whar de ole man ever ought to stay,
For de magnolias bloom round de old cabin door,
Oh! den I turn wid a sigh;
I'll trabble back again—back to dat cotton land;
In dat old cabin home let me die. Chorus.

The Apology to O'Reilly.

Not a hundred yards from where I stand,
In this our glorious Union land,
Is kept a first-class liqur stand,
By a man whose name's O'Connor.

There's a man who's known both near and far,
Who attends to Mike O Connor's bar;
Who in our late war received no scar;
And his name it is O'Reilly.

Beneath our banner's starry wave,
There's not a man fought half so brave,
Or half the money for whiskey gave,
As did McDermott.

O'Connor's bar-room blazed with light
On that eventful, bloody night
That McDermott had the fearful fight
With O'Reilly.

With sleeves rolled up McDermott stood,
And vowed he'd die before he would
Say the slightest word that could,
In any manner be misconstrued
Into an apology to O'Reilly.

With a frowning brow and flashing eye,
O'R itly collared a glass of rye,
Which he devoured without a sigh,
Then turning to McDermott, said,
"You alcoholic vat, you drunken loon
You've no more sense than a gossoon!"
"Be Heavens! I'll make you change your tune,"
Says McDermott.

McDermott went for O'Reilly's nose,
And on it planted fearful blows,
Till o'er his eye a shanty rose,
Erected by McDermott.

O'Reilly fell into a swoon,
With his head jammed in a big spittoon,
And dreaming of Barnum's big balloon,
The police came in and collared the gang.

The Beauty of Limerick.

By E. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

I sing of my loved one, an idol to me,
Though parted we are by the deep rolling sea,
My thoughts gladly wander to Erin's green shore;
Where dwells my treasure, mavourneen astore.
By the side of a brooklet, a clear running stream,
I fancy I see her, my Irish colleen.

CHORUS.

Oh! there's no girl fairer nor lovlier than she,
My beauty of Limerick, Acushla Machree.

I sigh when I think of our farewell good-bye,
How you strived for to keep the sad tear from yor eye,
Saying, Paddy, God save you, and send you safe home,
To the heart that is melting for you all alone;
Sure don't I remember the promise I gave.
How I'd go back to Ireland when money I'd save.
Oh, there's &c.

Rally Round Dan Bradley Boys.

Air: Man of Education. By W. H. D.

I'm a Brooklyn man of great renown;
And that I tell you straight boys,
I can run the wards of all that town,
And will prove to you the same, boys.
I'm a Democrat you know right well,
But not the McLaughlin grade boys,
For a paltry sum I never sell
My vote on election day, boys.

CHORUS.

So rally round Dan Bradley, boys,
No liquor man could buy us,
We'll go to the polls like solid men,
And the ring tool leave behind us.

A Democrat Independent I am
Of rings or bribed politicians,
The workingman's friend is the man for me,
And that's the man we'll elect, boys,
An honerable man then we'll elect
To represent us squarely,
And we'll have that man as sure as death,
In our neighbor Daniel Bradley, Chorus.

The Casey Social Club.

By E. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.
Music Copyrighted, 1878, by E. H. Harding.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CENTS.

Oh! there was a social party,
Of Repubs and Democrats;
Met at Michael Casey's,
And put away their hats.
One ticket gave a lady
Admittance and her grub;
Invited by the Committee
Of the Casey Social Club.

CHORUS.

There was President McAlarny,
And Secretary Duff,
For the ladies sociability
They couldn't do enough,
There's Mary here and Rosy there,
With Bridget, Kate and Nance,
To forward four and welt the floor,
With Casey in the dance.

Oh! the room was decorated
With the flags of every land,
The gents were elevated,
Malone he couldn't stand.
Canaries in their cages
With flowers in a tub,
Stood on the piano,
At the Casey Social Club. Chorus.

There was Treasurer McIntire,
Vice President McAfee;
With all the politicians,
From Washington, D. C.
'Twas Mary here and Rosy there,
With Bridget Kate and Nance;
To forward four and welt the floor,
With Casey in the dance. Chorus.

Mike Casey got excited,
He fell in a spittoon;
The ladies got affrighted,
And hurried from the room.
Some fellow blew the gas out,
Sez Mike, "come out, you cub,
I'll expell every member
Of the Casey Social Club." Chorus.

Now it's President Michael Casey,
And he's secretary too;
He's so awfully parlimentary,
He knows it through and through.
It's Mary here and Rosy there,
With Bridget, Kate and Nance;
To forward four and welt the floor,
With Casey in the dance. Chorus.

Slavery Before the War.

By William Harris.

Oh! don't take her from me and leave me alone,
For dreary this poor old man's home it will be;
I'll have no one to cheer me as old age creeps on,
Oh! pity us, massa, and take me along.
You'll take her away where I'll ne'er see her more;
Perhaps she may die among strangers alone,
With no one to cheer her deserted she'll be,
Oh! pity us, massa, and leave her with me.

CHORUS.

God bless you, kind sir, for this good deed,
You'll find that we'll try to do all that you need;
In heaven above you'll find your reward,
For not separating these two loving hearts.

Oh! let him go with me, I beg of you do;
We'll work for you daily, and pray for you too;
We'll try to repay you as well as we can,
Oh! don't separate me from this poor old man.
Just think of your mother in days long gone by;
How she would have suffered if she had to die,
Away from your father without any home,
Oh! pity us, massa, and take him along.
God bless you, kind sir, &c.

Will Mother Know Me in the Sky?

Words by G. Cooper. Music by C. E. Pratt.
Music published by Spear and Dehnhoff.

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The snow was falling wild and fast,
And dreary night was closing round;
Amid the chill and raging blast
I heard a sad and pleading sound:
A little beggar at my feet,
With ragged form that made me sigh,
Looked up and said in accents sweet—
"Will mother know me in the sky?"

CHORUS.

No home to-night, no home to-night!
No friends in all their world have I!
Dear angels in that home so bright,
"Will mother know me in the sky?"

I took her hand within my own,
I whispered words of hope and cheer:
But cold and pale her cheeks had grown;
I saw that death was drawing near.
"I hear the angels call me there;
To earth," she said, "I bid good-bye!
I'm changed so much by want and care,
Will mother know me in the sky?" Chorus.

The spark of life had flown away!
Amid the city's life and glare,
She perished with the dying day—
Poor child of want and pain and care!
Oh! still her words are in my ear,
And still I hear that pleading sigh,
In Summer's bloom and Winter drear,
"Will mother know me in the sky?" Chorus.

Gliding Through The Waltz.

By C. H. Jonnson. Dedicated to Miss E. Leonard.

It was on a calm evening,
The moon was beaming bright,
When our feet were moving
To music gay and light.
The silv'ry stars were twinkling
In heavens azure vaults,
When my heart was captured,
While gliding through the waltz.

CHORUS.

Music soft and sweet,
Did time our gliding feet,
None of the steps we made could be called false;
We felt so light and gay,
That the time swift flew away,
While gliding through the mazy, dreamy waltz.

The waltz too soon was over,
I to supper out did go,
And had for my chaperon,
My ever gallant beau.
For my hand and heart he soon did sue,
I could not answer false,
So to him, gave both heart and hand,
While gliding through the waltz. Chorus.

I will Wait for You My Darling.

Words by R. E. Timoney. Music by H. P. Danks.
Music published by R. E. Berge.

WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CTS.

When the sun has set in splendor.
In the glowing western sky,
And the shadows falling longer,
Tell the trysting time is nigh.
I will wait for you my darling,
At the old oak by the wall,
Listening for your welcome footsteps,
When the brown leaves softly fall.

CHORUS.

I will wait for you my darling,
At the old oak by the wall,
Listening for your welcome footsteps,
When the brown leaves softly fall.

Many months have passed my darling,
Since we met beneath the shade
Of those grand wide spreading branches,
Where so joyous since we've strayed;
Ah! our love has deeper meaning,
Than our lips can e'er impart,
Since the wish for those dear meetings,
Comes from faithful loving hearts. Chorus.

I will fold my arms around you,
I will whisper words of love,
For the years will ever find me
Constant as the stars above;
We will linger fondly darling,
Since I have your promise, dear,
To be mine, and mine forever,
Ere the green leaves shall appear. Chorus.

McCormack the Copper.

By W. Scanlan.

Why do I smile? well I will tell,
My heart is filled with joy,
I'm a dandy copper on the Broadway Squad,
And a brave one at that am I.
If there's a murder or a fight about,
You'll always find me near,
And as I pass the ladies say,
Ah! isn't he a dear.

CHORUS.

I'm a darling, ain't I charming,
And the ladies all say as I pass them by,
Ain't he purty! ain't he lovely!
Dan McCormack the copper am I. (Repeat)

I visit all the collar shops,
About three times a week,
In one of them my sweetheart works,
And of love I always speak,
I acquaint her with all the acknowledgements,
Which from the public I receive,
And tell her how they'll sigh and sob,
When the force I'd have to lave. Chorus.

My antecedents were high-toned,
Respected everywhere;
My father could whip an elephant—
My mother could whip a bear,
My sister could toss a camel,
My brother could fight a fly,
They could stand a rhinoceros on his head,
And sing the Swate by-and-bye. Chorus.

To Bless the Old Man's Heart.

By T. M. Hengler.

When a boy at school, I improved each hour,
And wrought and strove from morn till night,
So little by little increased my store,
And found my prospects getting quite bright. (Sym
At last I bought a stock and farm,
Successful was, got a wife and home,
Then I began to feel home's charm,
And vowed no more again I'd roam. (Sym.)

CHORUS.

My wants are small, my farm is large,
I bid my cares depart.
I've a happy wife and children three,
To bless the old man's heart. Repeat.

Youth, they say, will have its fling,
And social joys we love to share;
But let prudence always be the thing
To keep the morrow free from care. (Sym.)
And to be healthy, wealthy and wise,
Remember, if translated right,
Is early to bed and early to rise,
And don't stay out too late at night. (Sym)
My wants are small, &c.

Of trouble each man gets his share,
And to avoid it we should try—
Endeavor to make the least of care,
And lose no time in such employ, (Sym)
Now you young folks keep this in mind,
Aim for success and noble ends.
And when you're old, then both combined
Will bring you bliss and faithful friends. (Sym.)
My wants are small, &c.

Help Those Needy Sufferers in the South.

By J. C. Dillon. Sung by Miss Susie Dillon.

Air: Remember you have children of your own.

We've been singing about politics
And men of great renown,
And all the leading topics of the day,
Now let us change the subject,
For it's known in every town,
Attention, and list to what I have to say.
I sing of those poor souls,
Who are suffering, so I'm told,
In Grenada, Memphis and Orleans,
The suffering there is great,
'Tis to cruel a thing to state,
O, God! look down upon that scene,
There are thousands every day
To the grave have passed away,
There are hundreds, too, who live from hand to mouth,
If you've got a dime to spare,
Just wrap it up with care,
And give it to the sufferers in the South.

There's the Reverend Doctor Stone,
Who from New Orleans left his home,
Voluntarily to Memphis he did go,
While other doctors fled,
Doctor Herndon he lay dead,
The hero of the scourge as you all know.
They are starving there, 'tis true,
Won't some rich man take in view,
And listen to the cry of great despair,
Now to show your good deeds,
For those sufferers are in need,
Pull out your purse and give to them a share.
You may some day go to rest,
With your hands upon your breast,
And for your past events you have to vouch,
So donate what you can spare,
And give it in with care,
To help the starving sufferers in the South.

Dance Me on Your Knee.

By J. Cohan.

When I was very young how fond I was of childish joys,
I loved to play among the girls, but better with the boys;
It was pussy in the corner, tag and ineminie,
And when my ma put me in bed I would steal out on the sly.
I dared not make the slightest noise when getting back in bed,
The biggest boy would boost me in my window overhead;
I would go to sleep and dream I was a lady young and gay,
And when my ma would take me up to her I used to say.

Chorus.

Dance me on your knee, mother,
Dance me on your knee;
Clasp your arms around my waist,
It won't hurt me.
Hold me tight, don't let me fall,
I won't be afraid at all,
Dance me, mother,
Dance me on your knee.

But when I wore long dresses first, the little boys I shook,
As my ideas developed the bigger one I took.
Instead of childish games it was parties, social balls and drives,
Where'er I went I had my favorite escort by my side.
But when I tire of one young man, another soon I take,
For there's a way of knowing how to give the boys a quiet shake.
And when I wish to call one back a smile would win the day,
I need but look upon his face and coaxingly this say.
Dance me on your knee, &c.

I want to find a lover that will undertake the task,
And understand just what I want and never have to ask.
If such can recommend himself I pray don't backward be,
But be sure you're brave and strong enough to dance me on your knee.
There's many a wish a young girl has she don't like to express,
There's many a time we answer no and heartily mean yes.
I always warn the fellows when we are sitting all alone,
Be sure don't rumple up my clothes and keep your hands at home.
When you dance me, &c.

Loving Eyes That Answer Thine.

ANSWER TO DREAMY EYES THAT HAUNT ME STILL.

Music published by H. Bolman, St. Louis.

MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

Do not murmur dearest loved one,
Though my absence gives thee pain,
Soon you'll meet your sweetest Allie,
With her dreamy eyes again.
May thy life be bright and cheerful,
Let the future brightly shine,
With the thought that here above thee,
Loving eyes will answer thine.

Chorus.

May thy life be bright and cheerful,
Let the future brightly shine,
With the thought that here above thee,
Loving eyes will answer thine. (Repeat.)

When you think of her departed,
From your love and tender care,
Do not grieve because we parted,
We shall meet each other there.
When thy heart with joys emotion,
And thy soul with love sublime,
Then shall greet with fond caresses,
Loving eyes that answer thine. Chorus.

Oh! what joyful happy meeting,
We shall with each other share,
When on earth life's journey's ended,
And we meet each other there.
Let my dreamy eyes still haunt you,
Like two stars that brightly shine;
They will ever safely guide you,
Loving eyes that answer thine. Chorus.

The Summer of Love.

By W. Carleton. Music by O'Reardon.

Music Copyrighted, 1878, by E. H. Harding.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 40 CENTS.

We sat alone one night,
The stars were bright above,
Altho' the air was cold,
Our hearts were warm with love;
Autumn leaves were strewn,
Around us where we sat,
Our love made summer of the scene,
No cold could conquer that.

Chorus.

Her bright eyes were my summer stars,
Her fond arms were my prison bars.
As we sat alone that night,
Her eyes were bright with love,
I felt no cold, believe me, then,
Tho' the stars looked cold above. (Dance.)

Love's mantle 'round us thrown,
What care had we of cold,
Her rosy lips were close to mine,
Her lovely head of gold,
Was pressed close to my heart,
And in a fond embrace
I dared the chilly autumn air,
Thro' the summer of her face. Chorus.

The Bummer's Hotel.

Air; The Isle de Blackwell.

By J. Richmond. Sung by Pat Rooney.

Copyright 1878 by A. J. Fisher.

Oh! my name is Mike Duffy, I came from Galore,
I have a large family so I opened a store.
I hired the whole house and the gang knew me well,
And the name that they gave it was the Bummer's Hotel.

Chorus,

'Cause it's one cent for coffee, it's two cents for bread.
It's three cents for a steak, and it's five for a bed,
The breeze from the gutter brings a salt water smell,
To the political guests of the Bummer's Hotel.

Oh! there is fat Kate O'Grady puts your name on the book,
She is head chambermaid and chief pastry-cook,
She makes fine rat pies, like hot cakes they do sell,
On the European plan is the Bummer's Hotel.
'Cause it's one cent, &c.

Oh! we have ninety-one boarders, we are packed to the door,
They pay five cents and then spit on the floor,
They fetch in stale lager, of murders they tell,
Delmonico's is no where near the Bummer's Hotel.
'Cause it's one cent, &c.

Oh! there is John James McGovern a fine German man,
Juggles beer kegs on the gutter with an old oyster can,
He was collared last night, looked up in a cell,
He will be bailed out by the committe of thee Bummer's Hotel.
'Cause it's one cent, &c.

Gone!

In memorium of Florence Clayton.

By her Father. Music by Harrison Millard.

Music published by W. A. Pond.

WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 60 CTS.

Gone in her youth and beauty,
Gone in her morn of life;
Freed from each earthly duty,
Flown from its toil and strife!
Gone where the tried and trusted
Are hailed with song and joy;
'Mid scenes of fadeless beauty,
Undimmed by earth's alloy,
Mid scenes of fadeless beauty,
Undimmed by earth's alloy.

Gone from all pain and sorrow,
Safe from all stain and sin:
Gone where care for the morrow,
Never can enter in!
Gone where the brave cross bearer
The precious charge lays down,
The pure, the white-robe wearer
Receives a deathless crown!
The pure, the white-robe wearer
Receives a deathless crown!

There in the choir seraphic,
Her sweet glad voice to raise;
The grand Te-de-ums singing,
Songs of the Master's praise;
God grant me royal mercy,
The boon to reach that land,
Be welcomed at the portal
And led by her dear hand!

Gone where the virgin lilies,
Bloom by celestial streams,
Where every view out-rivals,
The splendors of our dreams!
To see with joy the Master,
Whom here she lov'd so well,
Oh! happy bright hereafter,
In thy fair courts to dwell!

Chicago was the Queen.

Air: She's got the money too.
By Andy McKee.

You may talk about your cities,
Chicago was the queen,
In all the western country,
The fairest ever seen.
She suffered that October,
'Twas by the burning flame,
To build her up the people seem,
To have it on the brain.

Chorus.

Jump high, shake yourself, (Sym.)
Were the boys to have the wealth, (Sym.)
Although we've lost our property,
Our nerve is just the same,
In one more year, you'll
See we'll have our Chicago back again.

Now just before I leave you,
To the ladies I would say,
If my song has pleased you,
Just cast a smile this way,
For I'm about to go away,
And bid you all good-bye,
You'll know me when you see me;
By my dark bewitching eye. Chorus.

The Day I Walked Against O'Leary.

By J. Richmond. Sung by Pat Rooney.
Air: Base Ball.
Copyright 1878 by A. J. Fisher.

My name it is McGinty, yes,
I live on ham and flour,
With O'Leary, the walker, I came here,
For to walk a mile an hour.
About half past twelve o'clock last night,
A gang gave me a terrible fright,
They woke me up and set me tight,
For to walk against O'Leary.

They took me to a great big field,
And with alcohol set me crazy,
They stripped me clothes off to the skin,
And it made me feel so lazy;
It was then the gang commenced to talk,
Saying who is the terrier going to walk,
And they said they would hang me if I'd baulk
When I walked against O'Leary.

The first mile I walked my legs were weak,
And the gang commenced to holler,
They sprinkled salt upon the track
And hit me with an iron dollar.
All the other walkers were ahead,
Eating sponge cake, pie and bread,
O heavens, I wish that I was dead,
When I walked against O'Leary.

I walked until I catched the cramps,
Around and around the track,
All the ladies threw bouquets at me,
There was a corn on my back;
The judge told me it was time to stop,
As around the track like a chicken I'd flop,
For the want of a whiskey I thought I'd drop,
The day I walked against O'Leary.

Where was Moses When the Light went out?

Music published by E. H. Harding.
WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 10 CTS.

When but a child I used to go
To bed at eight each night,
The nurse used to frighten me
When she'd put out the light.
She'd talk of ghosts and goblins,
In a very awful way,
She'd then put out the candle,
And to me she used to say.

Chorus.

Where was Moses when the light went out?
Where was Moses what was he about?
Now my little man tell me if you can,
Where was Moses when the light went out?

Now Moses being my Cristian name,
I used to feel afraid,
And dreading something awful,
I for hours awake have laid.
Sometimes I'd cry myself to sleep,
But horrid things I dreamed,
For naughty ghosts at my bedside,
Glared at me while they screamed. Chorus.

Upon the nurse I split,
And she was kindly asked to leave,
But Moses Muggins married her,
For which we did not grieve.
I met her in the street
When she had just two days been wed,
And didn't she warm my jacket,
When I innocently said. Chorus.

Some twenty years passed by before
I heard the phrase again,
Alone with a young lady
I was riding in the train,
We rushed into a tunnel
And when all was pitchy dark,
My lively little lady friend
Gave vent to this remark. Chorus.

Now when once more the light of day we saw,
To her I said,
As you've wakened up old memories,
You're the girl I'd like to wed.
We're married now and six fine boys
Amuse us every night,
And sing this jolly chorus
When their pa put's out the light. Chorus.

Mother is the Old Home Lonely?

Words by A. W. French. Music by C. D. Blake.
Music published by W. A. Pond.
MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

Mother is the old home lonely,
With no children left you there,
And no one to guard thee only
Him who hears the humblest prayer?
Do you miss the many faces,
Miss their love-kiss on thy brow—
Loving hearts and warm embraces—
Is the old home lonely now?

Chorus.

Is the old home lonely, mother?
Lonely, to you night and day?
With your children, one another,
Wandering so far away.

Mother is the old home lonely,
With no voices hushed in prayer,
And no little footsteps only
Making music everywhere?
Happy hearts that lived too cheer you,
And your cup of bliss to fill—
They may never linger near you,
Is the old home lonely now? Chorus.

Mother, is the old home lonely,
As you think of other days,
When kind hearts around thee only
Lingered still to speak thy praise?
You are growing old and weary.
Marks of sorrow on your brow;
And the days must be so dreary—
Is the old home lonely now. Chorus.

Ring Down the Curtain.

Words by G. Cooper. Music by C. E. Pratt.
"It's no use—God bless you all."
The above were the last words uttered by the dying actor, H. V. Montague.
MUSIC PUBLISHED BY C. H. DITSON, N. Y.
MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 40 CENTS.

Ring down the curtain, the last act is o'er,
The sad play of life now is past;
One more is nearing the dark, unknown shore,
The moments are waning so fast!
Far from the burden, the tumult and strife,
While tears dimmed each sorrowing eye;
Sad was the whisper, the last words of life;
"It's no use, God bless you! good-bye!"

Chorus.

Ring down the curtain! oh! sweet be the sleep
That waits the kind-hearted on high!
Fondly this memory the heart now will keep;
"It's no use, God bless you, God bless you,
good bye!"

Ring down the curtain! no more we shall see
The sweet smile so kindly and true;
Dim are the eyes that once sparkled with glee—
The hopes that were bright as the dew
Dear is the vision that memory recalls,
To hearts that forever must sigh;
Sad is the echo that lingering falls;
"It's no use, God bless you! good-bye. Cho.

The Sign on the Door.

By D. F. L. Air: Over the hill to the poor house.

No beggars or peddlars allowed here,
Is a sign hung inside of the door;
The poor no more are admitted
To stand on the rich merchant's floor.
God above help the poor people,
Who to sell their wares enter the store
Of the merchant who in tones of anger,
Says, look at the sign on the door.

Chorus.

The poor peddlar footsore and weary,
His honest heart stung to the core,
Is told by the merchant in broadcloth
To look at the sign on the door.

The young clerks in suits of fine broadcloth,
Who know where to get their next meal,
Have fun at the expense of the beggar,
While for them no sorrow they feel.
The beggar might once have been wealthy,
Although he's now hungry and poor,
Then the merchant would welcome them inside,
Instead of showing them the sign on the door.
The poor peddlar, &c.

How different the merchant behaves
To ladies who come to the store,
In coaches with liveried servants,
Who bow as they open the door.
The merchant comes out on the sidewalk,
And asks can he do any more
For the lady, but to the beggar,
He shows the sign hung on the door.
The poor peddlar, &c.

The Poultry Dealer.

By Frank Dumont.

My name is Simon Cloverseed,
I deal in poultry eggs;
I've every kind of chickens
That ever walked on legs.
Such cackling you have never heard,
There's the dickens all to pay
When the roosters first begin to crow,
At the early dawn of day.

Chorus.

Such flapping, cackling, crowing, fussing,
Feathers flying far and near;
Mister Rooster flaps his wings (Crows)
When daylight doth appear.

The guinea-hen talks politics—
I tell you 'tis immense;
They have some funny arguments
While sitting on the fence.
The bantam struts about and flirts,
With the pigeons in the cage,
The turkey turns black in the face,
And the gander's in a rage. Chorus

The ducks are tattling all the news,
'Bout the shanghae's little brother;
The pea-hen put her glasses on,
And went and kissed her mother:
The chickens cackled loud with joy,
One to the other said;
"Miss Malay's proud as Lucifer—
Her first egg she has laid." Chorus.

Answer to the "Fire in the Grate."

By Stephen R. Gildersleve.
Air: Fire in the Grate.

A song they sing of grandpa,
And the fire in the grate;
Now I will sing of grandma,
How she would stop up late,
A-waiting for the young folks,
To a ball or party gone;
Would anxiously be listening
To hear their returning song.

Chorus.

Now she has gone to heaven,
No more will she return;
We miss her bright and happy face
By the fire that brightly burns.
She would tell us of her young days,
When grandpa neat and gay—
Came to her house a courting,
Now they both have passed away.

She would teach us to be upright,
And to all our wants attend;
Would teach the little ones to pray,
Kiss them when the prayers would end.
Would watch us in our slumbers,
And to her it pleasant seemed
To see us roll and tumble,
While at play out on the green. Chorus.

We always shall remember
Her kind and winning way;
Our home was always pleasant,
We miss those happy days.
When around our fireside gathered,
And we think of grandma gone,
We will breathe a silent prayer for her
In her bright and happy home. Chorus.

Remember the Poor Sufferers in the South.

Air: Remember you have children of your own.
By C. R. Fisher.

When the news it came from far,
And then struck us with a jar,
That our people in the South were stricken down;
By the yellow fever fiend,
Who in all its power seemed
A morbific, deadly bane with haughty crown.
In the dismal marshes low,
Where the wind did foully blow,
And clothed the people in a filthy dress;
Put them sickly into bed,
While the ravage it did spread,
And scattered death and illness to excess.
When the scourge it wildly leapt,
And in every dwelling crept,
The horrid news it passed from mouth to mouth;
Then the pleading call it fled,
And o'er the wires sadly said;
Remember the poor sufferers in the South.

When the call flashed wild and swift,
And a veil of trouble lift,
That showed a tale of misery and woe;
Then each city did its best,
And the North, the East, the West,
Joined hand in hand their sympathy to show.
While the patients lingered 'tween,
Dear old Life And Death so keen,
And one by one were dying in the street,
Men and women all in one,
Children, babes, they tried to shun,
The fiend who robbed their many friends so sweet.
All the faithful doctors mild,
Try to soothe the calm, the wild,
Their cheerful work was told from mouth to mouth,
But our city did not crawl,
When it heard the plaintive call:
Remember the poor sufferers in the South!

May the noble work ne'er fade,
And the kindness naught degrade,
What the people did who were exempt from pain,
Let the churches praise the toil,
And the donors bless the soil,
Upon which sick and dying poor had lain.
Our theaters ne'er forget,
That they showed their deep regret,
And helped to aid the many in distress.
Our actors 'though oft spurned,
Have shown their feelings turned,
And to the land their power did impress.
Let this sad and mournful tale,
Show a moral in its scale,
And let it be oft passed from mouth to mouth;
Some day the South will try,
To memorize that cry:
Remember the poor sufferers in the South!

Nellie Lost and Found.

Words and Music by H. C. Work.
Music published by Brainerd & Sons, Cleveland.
MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 30 CENTS.

Ten o'clock! the rain begins to fall,
And Nellie still from home!
Vainly now her loving name we call,
Oh! whither does she roam?
Can it be she wanders from the street,
Thro' the wood to find her lonely way,
Bless the child! I fear her little feet
Have carried her astray.

Chorus.

Wake the boys to look for Nellie,
Stay not for the dawn:
Who shall sleep when from the mother's fold
One little lamb is gone?

Eleven o'clock! the little brothers wait,
Still hoping her return;
Peeping through the lattice of the gate,
Their darling to discern.
Weary now, they turn them to the door,
While their tears, for lips that now are dumb,
Ask the question often asked before,
Oh! mother, will she come? Chorus.

Twelve o'clock! and in the forest wild,
What terrors rule the hour!
Who can tell what foes surround the child,
Or shield her from their power?
Storms to face, and torrents to be crossed,
Beasts of prey that in the darkness roam;
Would to God that only I were lost,
And Nellie safe at home! Chorus.

One o'clock! methinks I hear a voice,
With tidings in its tone!
Does it bid this trembling heart rejoice,
Or sorrow makes it known?
Still I hear that midnight echo stirred,
Surely too it bears a joyful sound:
Praise the Lord! a mother's prayer is heard,
The darling one is found!

Chorus.

Thro' the wood the midnight echoes
Bear a joyful sound;
Praise the Lord! a mother's prayer is heard,
The darling one is found.

The Killarney Fusileers.

By C. Connelly, for Miss Georgie Kaine.
Music published by E. H. Harding.
SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40 CENTS.

Sing about your regular troops!
Your guards and all your soldiers;
None to beat the Fusileers,
Joy and pride of all beholders!
With their grand and rollicking style,
Which pleases and endears;
Famous in the army
Are the Killarney Fusileers.

Refrain.

Tramp, tramp, away they go!
Rattle the drums, the bugles blow!
Proud and fierce these soldiers gay,
The Killarney Fusileers!
Tramp, tramp, tramp away.

Chorus.

Oh! sing about your regular troops,
Your guards and all your soldiers;
None to beat the Fusileers,
Joy and pride of all beholders;
With their grand and rollicking style,
Which pleases and endears;
Famous in the army
Are the Killarney Fusileers.

They're the boys for gallantry, sure,
The terror of the army;
Hearts of steel for enemies, all,
Hearts so soft for woman's blarney.
They're the boys so steady and firm,
That know no fright or fears,
On they go in gallant array!
The Killarney Fusileers. Refrain & Chorus.

Such an Education Has My Mary Anne.

By E. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.
Copyright 1878 by A. J. Fisher.
Music published by W. A. Pond.
SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

My Mary Anne's a teacher in a great big public school,
She get's one thousand dollars every year,
She has charge of all the children, you'd never find a fool,
For Mary gives them all the proper steer,
Oh! she's studied Greek and Latin, real French and Timbuctoo,
German, Spanish, Turk and Hindoostan,
Portuguese, Irish and Jerusalem Hebrew;
Such an education has my Mary Anne.

Chorus.

She's a darling, she's a daisy,
She's a dumpling, she's a lamb;
You should hear her play the pi-an-a,
Such an education has my Mary Anne.

My Mary Anne's a lady, no contemptible coquette,
When I see her sure my heart goes in a drame;
She is thoroughly conversant wid the art of etiquette,
And at cards she'd beat old Hoyle himself a game.
Oh! she'd play you whist or cribbage, forty-fives or casino,
And she'll dale the cards just like a gamblin man,
Poker or peaknuckle, or Sanky oh Pedro,
Such an education has my Mary Anne. Chorus.

My Mary Anne's a dancer in the art of terpsichore,
You should see her forward four and alamandi;
She'd break up all the lumber that you'd put down on the floor.
Such a heavy stepper is my Mary Anne.
Oh, she'd dance you the mazourka, a polka or quadrille,
Reel or jig or shuffle in the sand, schottishe or the German
You couldn't keep her still,
Such an education has my Mary Anne. Chorus.

De Place Where I Used to Dwell.

By Thomas Ford, Jr.

Chilun I'll hab you all to know
'Tis here I used to dwell.
Aldough it's many years ago,
Yet I remember well.
Oh! how I lub de dear ole spot,
Oh! my, yes, neber could tell,
Yer don' know haw my heart goes out,
To de place whar I used to dwell.

Chorus.

Dis was de dear ole home ob mine,
Dis home here in de dell,
It's whar we had de good ole time,
Dis place whar I used to dwell.

It's no more what it used to be—
'Tis changed in ebery place;
No well-known landmark can I see,
No ole pathway can I trace.
Ole massa'd let us rove aroun'
And sing and dance and yell,
Oh! I could kneel, kiss de groun'
Ob de place whar I used to dwell. Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

"What a fierce, unpitying December it is!" he said, wearily. "Do you know, Dick, I don't think I should have been so suddenly struck down if it hadn't been for this intense heat, which takes all strength out of a fellow. But what's the good of saying what it might have been?" he added, with an invalid's petulance, while he passed his hand over his eyes; "I'm done for—past cure; that's enough."

"No, no, dear Charlie," exclaimed the other, instantly quitting his reverie, and, crossing over to his friend, taking a chair near his couch. "I will not admit that—I will not think it; neither must you, old boy. Why, you are better to-day—a little better, and that is everything."

"Do you fancy so?"

"Yes; do not you? You could scarcely talk or move at all yesterday. Sickness is a bitter enemy, but, with the better spirit we strive to resist her clutch, the less dangerous she proves."

"I wish I could think as you, Dick, but I can't." said the invalid, with a tremor of the lips. "It seems so hard to die out here. You don't know what I would give to see my good, kind mother and my only sister, pretty Rosebud. Dick, old fellow, you—you will not mind taking the news to—to them yourself. It is an unwelcome— a sad office, I know; but I'd like them to hear it from you best, and for them to learn I wasn't alone—I had you by me to the last. You can't tell how grateful I am for that. We haven't known each other over long, yet our friendship has grown apace,"

"True, Charlie," said Dick Hepburn, swallowing a certain thickness in his throat, and blinking a certain moisture from his eyes; "and to prove the sincerity of mine, if you continue to talk like that, I shall march off from this station and not return for a week. I tell you, you are getting better—will get well; and it's that news I shall take to England with me."

The invalid smiled sadly—incredulously, but said, "well, well, let us hope so, Dick; in which case, I'll go back with you. Now let us speak of yourself. When do you intend to sail?"

"When," smiled the other, "I can be the bearer of the good news I spoke of. A mail or two makes no difference to me, now the work I came upon is well completed; and I won't leave you until you are yourself again."

Charles Walden pressed his friend's hand in silence.

Five years previously these two had become acquainted on board an emigrant ship bound for Adelaide.

Charles Walden's purpose was to start, and realize a fortune in Australia, having ample means almost to ensure success.

Richard Hepburn was merely going out on business for his uncle, a very well-to-do importer.

A great friendship had sprung up between the two young men, which was maintained on land for five years, when the malady consumption had displayed itself in Charles Walden, brought on, the doctor affirmed, by exposure in the bush, when after bushrangers.

It had struck him down like a blow, and despite his cheerful speech and protestations, Richard Hepburn was only delaying his departure that his, and no unsympathetic hands, might close the eyes of his unfortunate friend, and perform the last sad duties to his remains.

"In any case," proceeded Charles Walden, yet harping on the same string, "you will promise me to visit my mother?"

"Certainly, old fellow."

"I should like you to see Rosebud, too. I'm sure you will like her, Dick; and—Heaven bless their gentle hearts!—they will be so delighted to have someone to talk of me."

"Trust me, Charlie," said the other, now very solemnly. "Whatever occurs, you have my promise to see them. Let your mind be at rest on that point, dear lad. As to liking them, I love them already for your sake."

The invalid laughed.

"Supposing, Dick," he said, "you should chance to love Rosebud for her own? Men in my precarious state are permitted to make confessions; and I own nothing would give me greater pleasure than to know you my Rosebud's husband."

A violent spasm contracted Richard Hepburn's previously bright face. A shadow of intense pain settled upon it.

"That could never be! I cannot promise you that, Charlie," he rejoined hoarsely. "The more I loved Miss Walden, the more I admired her, and that I am sure to do, the more necessary I should find it to fly her presence. I can never—must never marry, for I am a man accursed!" concluded Richard Hepburn, dropping his face in his hands with a groan.

The invlid regarded this sudden change in amazement, His friend was quite pale, and shaking with agitation.

"Good heavens, Dick!" he cried, apologetically; 'what have I done? What painful memories recalled? I would have sooner bitten my tongue out than pained you, dear boy."

Richard Hepburn making him a sign to stop, muttered, "I know it. Don't blame yourself for Heaven's sake! Don't speak! Give me time to recover a bit."

Rising he paced the room. The invalid remained silent, watching the other compassionately through the fingers he had placed over his eyes.

The sun had nearly sunk now. It was almost twilight, and neither of them perceived the figure in the road, coming towards the station. His clothes were but rags, his feet showed through his ragged boots, his arms were crossed, his fingers gripping his jacket sleeves as if hugging himself together, and he walked with a limp and a slouch.

Had either of the two seen him, they would have declared him a "sun-downer."

Reaching the gate standing to the left of the verandah, he paused, and turned his sun-bronzed face to the house. Everything was still. The men were all in the out-buildings, or engaged elsewhere. Yet the man hesitated, as in doubt, or doing battle with some mental desire, and wistfully eyed the side view he obtained from the window. Hunger was marked on every feature.

Finally, with the air of desperation, he determined to run a risk. he entered the gate, and limped noiselessly to the verandah. Growing near was a thick cluster of flowering shrubs, which hung their handsome blossoms almost into the room. This the man sun-downer or whatever he might prove, was skirting, when voices fell on his ear. He started, and cowered, as might the hare when it hears the hounds; then inclining forward, he listened. The next moment dropping on to the ground, he wriggled himself like a snake through the bushes, until close to the open doors, in a position that he could hear and see all, himself unseen.

Coming back from pacing the apartment, and confronting the invalid, his hands resting on his chair, Richard Hepburn spoke.

"Charlie, I swear to you, you are the only true friend I have on earth; to prove it, I am about to confide to you what I would not to any other living being. But I am assured both of your trustworthiness and sympathy; and Heaven knows how much my heart craves the latter."

"It is yours, my dear Dick, before——"

"Yes, yes, I am certain of it; but please let me proceed. I said just now I was a man accursed. I am so, being the son of a man guilty of murder, for it was not his will that his victim escaped."

"Good heavens!— you!" ejaculated Charles Walden.

"Yes, I—the son of an intending assassin and robber! But, no!" he exclaimed abruptly, throwing up his handsome head—"what am I saying?—rather the son of a supposed criminal—for I will take my oath my father was neither. I will tell you all. But I do not ask you to be yourself the judge of his innocence, being aware how fearfully appearances condemn him. Still, I will ask your judgement here. Does that look the face of one who could commit such a base crime? Yet if it prove he did, I'll swear he had sufficient provocation!"

Taking out his pocket-book, he drew from it a miniature, which he passed to the invalid, who regarding it, exclaimed, "No, Charlie, you are right: I would never believe sin lurked behind so frank, so ingenuous a face."

"Yet crime is attached to his memory, and the sin of the father is visited upon the children. But listen."

Whereupon, leaving the pocket-book on the table, for Charlie was still contemplating the miniature, Richard Hepburn related all that the public knew of the transactions between Sir Richard and the attorney,

"Thus," he proceeded, after displaying much emotion, "the verdict was given against my father upon Josiah Biddlecomb's and his clerk's evidence, and a warrant issued for his arrest. In that, however the law never succeeded. From that day to this he has never been heard of."

"Most singular!" remarked Charles Walden.

"Worse than that, most condemnatory," responded Richard Hepburn. "Charlie, I cannot divest my mind from the conviction that he has been the victim of foul play—perhaps of these very men, this attorney and his clerk; and I return to England to carry out my one purpose in life, to elucidate this mystery, and, as I believe I shall be able, to clear my father's name from cruel disgrace. But to continue," said Richard Hepburn, too occupied to observe a rustling of the bushes outside.

"My mother was, of course, left penniless, and with me to support, for I was scarcely three years old at the time. She had not a friend, for all the world turned against her, and she was almost succumbing to despair, when she received a letter from a maternal uncle, Amos Hepburn. He had been discarded by his family, who were as poor as church mice, but proud as Lucifer, for entering into trade. It had prospered with him; he was a bachelor, and rich; and he now wrote, having heard of our distress, to offer my mother to come and keep his house; also to propose to bring me up as his own son, on one condition—that my mother should adopt her maiden name, and never inform me of my father's, nor his sad history.

"What could my mother do? To abandon the name of the husband she loved seemed like abandoning that love itself; still, for my sake, she consented, and we both found a real and affectionate friend in the despised trader, Amos Hepburn. So fourteen years went by, for me very happily, when one day, while at the London business house, I received a message to go home instantly, as my mother, who for long had been in delicate health, was seriously ill.

"In less than half an hour I had reached Greenlands. Amos Hepburn's private house, in Kent. Entering the hall, I was met by my mother's new lady's maid and companion; for though Mr. Hepburn himself scouted all things fashionable, he generously persisted in his niece enjoying the luxuries to which she had been accustomed.

"I don't know why, but I did not like the woman. I was never at Greenlands but I was stumbling over her, or finding her large, pale-blue, sleepy eyes fixed on me.

"Thus I was hurrying past her to my mother's room, when she laid her hand on my arm.

"'Oh,' she exclaimed, in her gasping tones of humility, 'how glad I am you have come, Mr. Richard! How good of you to come so quickly!"

"Good! I echoed. Did not the message say my mother was seriously ill, Miss Daggett?'

"True. I sent it by your dear mother's orders, and tried to word it as gently as I could. She is, indeed, very seriously ill, Mr. Richard, and I took the liberty of stopping you just to say the doctor's orders are that Mrs. Hepburn must on no account be excited—on no account!—or it will be fatal. Now, please come."

"Turning her dreamy eyes from me, she led the way with noiseless step up-stairs. I did not need her escort. But this was her way. Notwithstanding all her humility, she had a fashion of taking a position, and maintaining it. A few moments, and I was clasping my poor mother in my arms.

To be Continued—Commenced in No. 152.

VALENTINES.

Our Valentines are acknowledged, by all parties to be the FINEST and CHEAPEST in the Market.

Captain of the Gallant Greys.

Words and Music by Fred Byron.
Music published by F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati.
WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CTS.

I am captain of the gallant grey's,
I have such stylish ways,
You know well I'm a swell,
And I've been so all my days.
We look so very gay.
When we march down Broadway,
And merrily we sing,
As the birds sing in their lays, for I'm—

CHORUS.

Captain of the gallant greys,
I always show my stylish ways,
Ring the bell, the swell, the swell, he comes,
The captain of the gallant greys.

Then all the people shout,
Whenever we turn out,
A thousand eyes admire us,
Whene'er we march about,
I captivate the girls,
With my glossy, raven curls,
And with my silky moustache,
I all the rivals rout, for I'm— Chorus.

There's Always a Seat in the Parlor for You.

By W. Scanlan.
Music published by F. W. Helmicick.
SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

The subject to-night of my song is love,
Something quite heavy to bear,
When that being you love to you proves untrue,
For none else in the world do you care.
The lady I love is an angel divine,
And with her my life I would share:
But whene'er I go to her house her to see,
There is always somebody there.

Spoken: I explained the matter to her the other evening, and when I had finished, she looked into my face this way, and said, that's nothing—

CHORUS.

There's always a seat in the parlor for you,
No matter how many are there;
There's always a seat in the parlor for you,
A sofa, a stool, or a chair.

I went to her house one evening last week,
You may easily judge my surprise;
I was just going to enter the hallway when
I met that which opened my eyes.
For there stood a man both tall and stout,
Who said what do you wish here?
Grabbed me by the neck, threw me out on the walk,
And the last words I could hear while there, was,

CHORUS.

There's always a seat in the gutter for you,
No matter how many are there;
There's always a seat in the gutter for you,
When you come around here have a care.

Now the young men I go with all gave me the laugh,
My troubles to them I have told;
They say I am foolish to speak to her,
Because I've been so often sold.
No matter how often I have or may be,
My love I shall never expel,
I'll follow her, yes, both day and night,
And my burdensome tale I will tell.

Spoken; Yes, I shall haunt her day and night, if it's only to hear her say—

CHORUS.

There's always a seat in the parlor for you,
No matter how many are there,
There's always a seat in the parlor for you,
A sofa, a stool, or a chair. Chorus.

The Irish Aldermen.

As Sung by Harry and John Kernell.

Two Irish Aldermen are we,
Our education it is fine;
Elected by a majority,
As orators we both do shine;
Solid Democrats are we,
Working for the people's cause,
Selected for our elegance
To regulate the city laws.

CHORUS.

We dress so neat it is a treat
To see us marching hand in hand;
Heads erect—you can't expect to see
A sight again so grand;
With a brand new shirt free from dirt,
We're the finest in the land,
With a brand new dice we look so nice,
We are Irish Aldermen.

Our influence is powerful
Throughout the city and state;
We can put you in the park
To keep the flies out of the gate:
Our wardrobe is fastidious,
Cut out in the latest style,
We captivate the ladies, and they always
Greet us with a smile. Chorus.

Men of Education.

Sung by Harry and John Kernell.

Don't talk to us of your high-toned men,
With their fluent conversation,
For with us boys none can compare,
We are the greatest in the nation;
We are known by all, both great and small.
Two Irishmen from Donegal,
And we'll have ye know, both one and all,
We're men of education.

CHORUS.

We are Irishmen both heart and hand.
We have just come here to this free land,
And we'll have you all to understand
We are men of education.

Now the mayor of the town he is our best friend,
And we drink with him every day;
He is going to run us for Congressmen,
And you bet we'll make it pay;
Muldoon is envious of our fame,
And Roger O'Malley has changed his name,
And the ladies are wanting to know the names,
Of the men of education. Chorus.

One Glance From Those Merry Blue Eyes.

Words by S. N. Mitchell. Music by H. P. Danks.
Music published by W. P. Shaw.
SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 40 CENTS.

One glance from those merry blue eyes,
And I will be happy again,
'Twill call back the bright summer skies,
When we were alone in the lane;
How oft neath the shade of the trees,
We sat in the warm summer days;
And heard the soft sigh of the breeze,
The songster's melodious lays.

CHORUS.

One glance from those merry blue eyes,
And I will be happy again;
'Twill call back the bright summer skies,
When we were alone in the lane.

One glance from those merry blue eyes
And I will be happy again,
'Twill call back the bright butterflies.
The fields that we used to adore;
How oft 'mid the clover so sweet,
Together my darling we strayed;
And under the tread of our feet,
The bright purple blossoms were laid.
One glance, &c.

Farewell. Lovely Limerick, will I Ever See You More!

Air: Bold Trainor O. By W. H. Downes.

Farewell to the groves around the river Shannon,
And the pond near the road where I often did bathe.
Farewell to the house wherein I was born,
And the old elm trees that are long since decayed.
Farewell to the fields where I often did roam,
When little I thought I should leave my loved home,
But alas I was exiled from Erin's loved bosom,
Farewell, lovely Limerick, will I e'er see you more!

'Twas little I thought when I lived in Ireland,
That ever I'd be forced to leave its green shore.
But no mercy was shown by the Saxon invaders,
Who banished many valiant hearts from their home.
Where is the hedge where the music oft played,
Or where is the grove where my parents are laid,
Alas! I am banished a poor foreign stranger,
Farewell, lovely Limerick, will I e'er see you more!

Farewell to the fields where the boys used to hurl,
The cross on the road near the bright purling stream.
Farewell to the green flag that I often did unfurl,
And my own darling girl of whom I often did dream,
But the time it is near when I'll tread Erin's shore,
And in old Limerick town I will sport as before.
I am anxiously waiting for the fine summer season,
And then, lovely Limerick, I will see you once more!

When the Evening Shades are Falling.

Words by G. Cooper. Music by J. R. Thomas.
Music published by Spear and Dehnhoff.
MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 40 CENTS.

When the evening shades are falling,
Dreams of the day appear;
Gentle voices sweetly calling,
Wake the past so fond and dear.
Loving hands again caress me,
Loving eyes look in mine own;
Oh! the pleasant thot's that bless me,
While my days are dark and lone!

When the evening shades are falling,
Childhood's days are mine once more;
Echoes on my heart are calling,
Every joy they now restore,
So, when life's hour is declining,
And our cares and joys depart,
Lovely stars of joy are shining,
In the twilight of the heart.

Down by the Mill.

Words by Frank Dumont. Music by E. Fox.
MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

At night when the shadows are falling,
On the meadow, the vale and the stream,
And the nightingale softly is calling,
And nature's preparing to dream;
Then, darling, remember your promise,
I'll wait for you down by the mill,
I'll watch for your coming, so hasten,
When the moon rises over the hill.

CHORUS.

To-night, when the shadows are falling,
I'll watch for you down by the mill;
I'll wait for your coming, so hasten,
When the moon rises over the hill.

To-night, when the the whippoorwill's calling,
I have something to whisper to you,
'Tis a secret I long to impart, love,
I promise each word shall be true;
I'll kiss you to keep it a secret,
And, darling, I'm sure that you will,
It only concerns you and I, love,
So hasten down to the mill. Chorus.

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CONTENTS.

A Happy New Year.....page 446
Always speak a kind word when you can.. 442
Aaron Glaices..... 443
Bring back the old folks, Willie Darling!... 442
Cousin Susan..... 443
The Cotton Fields in Tennessee..... 447
Dar's a meetin' here to-night..... 442
Don't let us meet as Strangers..... 445
The Drunkard's Dream..... 446
The Firebells are Ringing..... 442
Fat Mickey..... 445
Gallant Captain Brown..... 446
Just Over..... 443
Jubilee..... 445
Kissing through the railing..... 447
Liberty Volunteers..... 445
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 447
Magic Circles..... 445
Mary Ann McLaughlin..... 445
Massa's ole Barn Floor..... 446
The Matinee Brigade..... 446
The Old Log Cabin by the Stream, or Uncle Joe... 442
Over the River, my Darling..... 443
Only a Dream..... 444
Oh! Moses..... 444
Pretty Little Dark-Eyed Beauty..... 446
The Pretty Blue Forget-me-not—Music..... 448
Such an Elegant Spieler is my Mary Ann.. 443
The Skipper and his Boy..... 444
Sunshine of my Heart..... 445
Stolen kisses are the sweetest..... 446
True as Steel..... 443
Toddling thro' the Lanciers..... 443
Take my arm the other side..... 444
We're Jewels of Fashion and Fun..... 444
The Yankee Girls..... 443

VALENTINES.

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The Fire-Bells Are Ringing.

Words and Music by H. C. Work.

THE MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CENTS.

One, two, three, hark, hark, boys! one, two, three, four!
The fire-bells are ringing, this wild wintry night;
They ask aid for district thirty-four.
There somebody's riches are now taking flight;
On flame wings away, away they soar, but, hark!
With shriek and wail, how raves the gale!
Like demon steeds it speeds—
Like galloping gangs from Pandemonium hurl'd.
Yet, fire-men, take courage! did valiant deeds avail,
Then you were the victors of the world.

CHORUS.

Ring the bells again! wake the electric wire!
And flash abroad the warning words, "Fre, fire!"
God save the city! for man's devices fail,
When fierce flames with wintry winds conspire.
But hark! with shriek and wail, how raves the gale!
Like demon steeds it speeds—
Like galloping gangs from pandemonium hurl'd!
Yet, firemen, take courage! did valiant deeds avail,
Then you were the victors of the world.

One, two, three—hark, hark, boys! one, two, three, four!
The firebells are ringing an urgent appeal;
The engines go dashing by the door.
All safe here, my children, no fear need we feel;
But God help in district thirty-four, what's that?
Look there! look there! a lurid glare
Lights up the sky—aye, aye!
And columns of red devouring, flame appear.
And see for departure our neighbors now prepare;
Perchance there is danger even here. Chorus.

One, two, three, hark, hark boys! one, two, three, four!
The fire-bells are ringing a last grand alarm;
How vast must the conflagration be!
Our own roof is blazing! yet where free from harm,
Oh, where shall we with our treasures flee?
let's haste!
'Twill fail! 'twill fail—that granite wall;
I see it crumbling, tumbling!
Fly for your lives, from out this fiery grave!
Laid low, crushed, and buried are some beyond recall;
But thank God! my little flock I save. Chorus.

The Old Log Cabin by the Stream, or: Uncle Joe.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 40 CENTS.

Oh! they call me Uncle Joe,
I was bred and born you know,
In a pleasant spot not far away from here,
When I think of days gone by,
It almost makes me cry,
For my birth-place that I've always loved so dear,
I used to play the banjo, just beside the cabin door,
And watch the children dancing on the green;
But them days are passed and gone,
And they never will return,
Since I've left my old log cabin by the stream.

CHORUS.

Will I hear the darkies voices
As I used to years ago,
Yes, we're waiting to receive you Uncle Joe,
Oh! it seems to me a dream,
Hark! list to the tambourine
Oh! the sound comes from my cabin by the stream.

Oh! I know I soon shall die,
And it almost makes me cry,
When I've got to leave the spot where I was born,
I have traveled far alone,
Just to see my dear old home,
But I thought that all the color'd folks had gone,
But now I think I'm wrong,
Yet I'll sing my little song,
For every thing to me seems like a dream,
When the darkies hear my voice,
It will make their hearts rejoice
For I've come to see my cabin by the stream. Cho.

Dar's a Meeting Here To-Night.

By Pete Devonear.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CTS.

If I had a wife and a little baby,
Dar's a meetin' here to-night,
I would support her like a lady,
Dar's a meeting here to-night;
Oh! the sweetest thing in the whole creation,
Dar's a meetin' here to-night,
Is a pretty yaller girl in de wild goose nation,
Dar's a meetin' here to-night.

CHORUS.

Get you ready, dar's a meetin' here to-night,
Come along, dar's a meetin' here to-night,
I know yer by yer daily walk,
Dar's a meetin' here to-night.

Pompey Smash and Billy Acre,
Dar's a meetin' here to-night,
Is de two best men in the human nation,
Dar's a meetin' here to-night;
Dey hop in de creek and roll in de river,
Dar's a meetin' here to-night;
Dar's two overseers to one little nigger,
Dar's a meetin' here to-night. Chorus.

All de way from de Injun ocean,
Dar's a meetin here to-night,
Dar's a big corn-crib on de little plantation,
Dar's a meetin' here to-night;
If my wife dies I'll get another,
Dar's a meetin' here to-night,
A pretty little yaller gal just like tother,
Dar's a meetin' here to-night. Chorus.

Bring Back the Old Folks, Willie Darling.

By Macy.

THE MUSIC, SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 30 CENTS.

Bring back the old folks, Willie darling;
Tell them I've waited till my heart can wait no more:
Only this favor, Willie darling,
When at last you reach the far-off shore.
'Tis years since I left my dear old mother,
Since she gave me her blessing with a tear;
But bring back the old folks, Willie darling;
Tell them I long to meet them here.

CHORUS.

Bring back the old folks, Willie;
Tell them I long to meet them hene:
Promise you'll not forget it, darling,
When you're far away, Willie dear.

Say you'll remember, Willie darling,
Give them this letter when you're far across the sea,
Warm hearts will greet you, Willie darling,
For you've always been a friend to me.
There's one who can tell you how I love her,
And soon she will meet me here, I know;
But bring back the old folks, Willie darling;
God bless you wherever you may go. Chorus.

Write me a letter Willie darling,
When you are happy in the dear old home once more.
I shall be dreaming of you, darling,
Sitting in our little cottage door;
And then, oh, how gladly will I greet you,
For the old folks are coming back to me;
But give me your hand, oh, Willie darling,
I love you wherever you may be. Chorus.

Aaron Glaices.

Respectfully dedicated to Frank Bush.

Words by Solon Berrick, Air: Johnny Morgan.

I'm going to dell of a boy dot sells
Shoelaces in de streed,
Und uf you saw him you would yell—
Say, go und hide your feed.
He used to go from door to door,
His face would make you laugh,
Und if you could dell vot it vas,
I'm sure I'd give you half.

CHORUS.

Aaron Glaices sells shoelaces
Down in Chatham Streed,
He has a sister who sells fish,
She always looks so nead—so nead;
Und den his fader sells segars,
His mudder peddles socks;
He also has a brodder, who
Is suffering mit small-pox.

Now Aaron vas a boy dot's known,
In all parts of de state;
He's always up at five o'clock,
He's never dere too late;
His grys are heard by every von,
You'll nefer find him pout,
Und uf you vant to look for him
He's always on his route. Chorus.

Not long ago Aaron vas seen,
Vay down in Baxter Streed.
He dought dot he had found a blace,
Vere some von he could bead.
But ven he found out his misdake,
How he began to sigh,
Den he vent back to his old blace,
Und bawled out dot same gry. Chorus.

Now Aaron dinks of giving up
His business to a friend,
He vant's to be a dailor's glerk,
On him you can't debend,
He vent to vork for shoust von veek,
Und earned but two "cases,"
Und den vent back to his bizness,
Of selling shoelaces. Chorus.

Always Speak a Kind Word When You Can.

Sung by Will H. Morton.

New sayings are all the rage, on the street and on the stage,
And many a glorious maxim you may find,
But there's one more than the rest seems to linger in my breast,
And often comes a floating o'er my mind,
I will tell you here to-night this motto true and bright,
A lesson it conveys sublime and grand,
To the beggar at your door, to all people rich or poor,
Always speak a kind word when you can.

Now if perchance you meet an old friend upon the street,
He is poor and all the world may sneer at him,
Oh! do not pass him by in despair to live or die,
But remember that his poverty's no sin.
Then help him with a will, show that you respect him still,
Welcome him and grasp him by the hand,
Do not turn your head away, but remember what I say,
Always speak a kind word when you can.

There's many and many a man who no riches can command,
Yet he may be the noblest of them all,
Many a glorious deed he's done, many a victory he has won,
Yet his honors and rewards are very small,
But when he's dead and gone, his loss they deeply mourn,
He's a monument of friends on every hand,
And his praises they relate when they know it is too late,
For they never speak a kind word when they can.

An Irishman, showing off before a stay-at-home countryman, boasted that when he lived at Dundee he could always get a cup of tay for nothing.

'Tis well enough for an attractive wife to have a repulsive husband The rose isn't quite complete without its thorn.

The Yankee Girls.

Rearranged by Chris Malone. Sung by Little Diamond. Child Artist.

'Twas down to Major Parsons house,
The girls gave a quilting,
Just for to show their pretty looks,
And have a little jilting.
There was Deacon Slowboy's daughter Sal,
Squire Jones' daughter Mary.
And Hezikiah's youngest gal,
Who looked so like a fairy.

CHORUS.

Those Yankee girls they are the universal earth bewitching,
They are good and true, and handsome too,
in parlor or in kitchen.

There was cousin Hildie, Nancy Jane,
And grandma's niece Lucinda,
Corintha Ann, Matilda Brown,
And Ichabod's Elvina,
And while we were a whirling plate,
And playing hunt the slipper,
Jerushia Parsons went to get
Some cider in a dipper. Chorus,

But just as she had left the room,
And got out in the entry,
She gave a scream! and stood stark still,
Just like a frozen sentry.
We all went out and there I swow,
A kissing like creation,
Miss Carthwright and Sam Jones were there,
A hugging like tarnation. Chorus.

Oh! such a laugh as we set up,
You never heard a finer,
Says I "I think that kissing's cheap.
Don't you Miss Carolina?"
You'd ought to see Miss Carthwright blush,
She looked as though she'd painted,
She said she had the colic,
And in Sam's arms she fainted. Chorus.

So now a moral I'll sing to you,
Just to complete my ditty.
And if it does not profit prove,
The more will be the pity.
All you young gals who quilting go,
Just for a little frolic
Don't let your fellows kiss nor hug
Unless you've got the colic. Chorus.

True as Steel.

Serio Comic Song. Sung by Miss Kate Montrose.

Peyple we meet every day;
That are very prone to say,
This world is everywhere devoid of truth,
But trouble, care and strife,
And a dissapointed life,
Will make skeptics of the old man and the youth,
But to-night, my friends,
The object of my song,
Is to prove such sayings altogether wrong,
There are men among the best,
That have nobly stood the test.
For we tried them, and we found them true as steel,

In the days of seventy-six,
In our country's awful fix,
When the British sent their minions to our shore,
And the little patriot band,
Fighting hard for fatherland,
Felt the rigors and the sufferings of the war;
And when every heart
Was sinking with dispair,
There was one who nobly faced the battle's glare,
Till the victory was won,
'Twas brave General Washington,
Yes, we tried him, and we found him true as steel.

Toddling thro' the Lanciers.

THE MUSIC, SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Of all the pleasures sweet that serve,
To drive dull care away,
I most enjoy to trip
"The light fantastic toe" so gay;
And one I most enjoy of all,
The dance's light and free,
To trip around in quiet ease,
The lanciers give to me.

CHORUS.

Toddling thro' the lanciers,
Merry, happy Lanciers,
Gayest of all dances,
Best of all to me;
Toddling thro' the lanciers,
Merry happy lanciers,
Gayest of all dances,
Best of all to me.

Some like the polka's jolly step,
The galop some admire,
While others of the Deux Temps, or
Mazurka never tire.
But all of these though good enough,
Are not the thing you see,
For perfect ease and pleasure sweet,
The lancier's give to me. Chorus.

What sweeter pleasure can there be,
Than thus to freely glide,
To music sweet and with a charming
Partner at your side;
What conscious bliss and pleasure, such
Sweet happy moments bring,
Contentment crowns us for the while,
And cares and griefs take wing. Chorus.

Over the River, My Darling.

Words by A. W. French. Music by G. W. Persley.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CTS.

Weary of wandering here,
Never to meet or to greet you,
Never your sweet voice to hear,
Shadows around me are falling,
Longer my feet cannot roam;
Say! are you waiting my darling,
Waiting to welcome me home?

CHORUS.

Over the river my darling,
Over, just over the tide,
Say are you waiting, my darling,
Waiting my footsteps to guide?

In the bright mansions of gold,
Ever I long to be sitting,
Close by your side as of old,
Say are the pearly gates open,
Is there a place left for me?
Will I be welcome among you,
When from this earth I am free? Chorus.

Nothing could chill our fond love;
Dearer and brighter it groweth.
As I draw near you above,
Waiting the spirit's last bidding,
Calmly death's coming I bide;
Soon I will meet you, my darling,
Down by the lone river side. Chorus.

Such a Graceful Speiler is my Mary Ann.

By S. Garvey. Air: Such an Education.

I have a daughter Mary Ann. her age it is sixteen,
She is the greatest dancer in the town.
And at every pic-nic she is sure to be seen,
In the mazy waltzes going up and down.
She can keep the time to the music so sweet,
Herself and her darling young man,
There is none in the city with her can compete,
Such a graceful speiler is my Mary Anne.

CHORUS.

She's a lady, such a baby,
In the fashions she's in the van;
You'd go in a trance, if you saw her dance,
Such a graceful spieler is my Mary Ann.

It's reading story papers that she's doing all the day.
And at night she prepares for a ball.
And in the latest fashions she dresses up so gay,
That you'd hardly recognize her at all.
She appears in the ball-room like a queen in disguise
Her walk is so stately and grand,
When she begins to dance you'd think she'd touch the skies,
Such a graceful speiler is my Mary Ann.
Chorus, She's a lady, &c.

My Mary is admired for her "par excellance style,
Oh! she is proficient in art,
Upon her loving face you can always see a smile,
That comes direct from the heart.
Such a reputation why she's known far and wide,
For she's as gentle as a lamb;
Upon a slack wire she can go the famous glide,
Such a Graceful speiler is my Mary Ann.

Cousin Susan.

By E. Fox. Sung by Goss and Fox.

THE MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

HE.

The railroad cars am ready,
The mule done eat his hay,
I've done and packed my handbox,
To travel far away.
I'm going to leave the hoe cake,
The possum, meat and corn,
I'm going to live on honey,
As sure as you are born.

CHORUS.

HE. Good-by cousin Susan,
SHE. Come and kiss me on the brow,
HE. Good-by cousin Susan.
SHE. Come and kiss me on the brow,
HE. Go tell all the people that
I'm gwine to leave here now.

HE.

I've done wid all my fooling,
So yellow gal take care,
I've got cology water sprinkled
On my hair.

SHE.

Now, Ike, don't go and leave me,
Or I will surely cry,

HE.

Cry away, I'm bound to leave,
But I'll come back by and by. Chorus.

Just Over.

Sung by Miss Flora Moore.

I came from Tiperary,
A few short months ago,
With spirits light and airy,
I'm an emigrant you know,
Pray let me ask yer pardon,
Smile on me if yer please,
For I came from Tiperary,
So far beyant the seas.

CHORUS.

For I'm just over, just over,
Just over from the old country,
Just over, just over,
But I'll soon go back again.

But now I'm going to leave ye,
I'm going far away,
I'm going to leave the land I love,
That's dear America.
I'm going back to my birth-place,
In that little Isle so green,
The home of all true Irish,
And the best place that I've seen. Chorus.

VALENTINES.

Our Valentines cannot be surpassed in Richness of Material, Elegance of Design, and Extent of the Variety, by those of any other House in the trade. They have always been acknowledged to be the Finest and Cheapest in the Market.

The Skipper and His Boy.

By Michael Hurley.

The sea ran high and the wind was wild,
When a skipper called to his only child,
My boy if fears assail thee now.
Go pray in silence down below.
Fear! cried the boy, I know no fear,
Father when thy right hand is near,
No it's merrily over the waves so high,
We will ride together my father and I.

Mother will watch at the door and pray,
For us both dear father when far away,
And her eye will be the first when her prayer is done,
To catch sight of our sail neath the morning sun.
Yes, yes, cried the skipper brief and stern,
To-morrow will see our bark's return,
On the green waves neath the morning sky,
We will ride together my boy and I.

She's watching, watching, but nevermore,
Will that gallant skipper return to shore;
The boys black handkerchief lies on the strand,
It was tied round his neck by a parting hand.
And all of the skipper that does remain
Is the compass he never will use again,
But she knows that now on the Jasper sea
They ride together her boy and he.

Take my Arm the Other Side.

By E. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 40 CENTS.

I know a little fairy,
Delicious little dove,
No flirting in this matter,
It's a case of sweetest love.
On Sundays we go walking,
It costs so much to ride—
She whispers, "darling Darby,
Take my arm the other side."

CHORUS.

So then I skipped the gutter,
And lovingly did utter—
"I don't know what's the reason-
The side-walk's very wide.
Says she, "let's lardy dardy.
It's the proper caper, Darby,
That when you turn the corner,
Take my arm the other side,"

I took her on a picnic,
Where we could gently flirt,
And listen to the music
On board of the steamboat;
Now getting on the vessel
In the water I did slide—
Because my pet asked me to
"Step just on the other side." Chorus.

She took me up to view the stars,
Top of a tenement brick,
Says she I'll show a fellow, oh!
You'll know him very quick;
Let's promenade around the roof—
I took her arm she cried—
The man in the moon is looking,
"Just get on the other side." Chorus.

Only a Dream.

THE MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

Last night I dreamed, what could it mean,
I was your heart's love you were my queen,
And thus I came, and thus I knelt;
Dare I repeat to you all that I felt?
Start not my darling, if wild my word seem,
'Twas but a dream, love, only a dream.

Last night I dreamed, oh! were it true!
I was your lover, mine sweet were you.
On your dear lips kisses I prest,
Drew you all willingly close to my breast.
Start not my darling, tho' wild my words seem,
'Twas but a dream, love, only a dream.

We're Jewels of Fashion and Fun.

By C. R. Fisher. Sung by Fisher & Berrick. [Solon.]

In their fastidiously select and exquisite entertainment, entitled: "Senility, Adolescence and Juvenility."

Characters—HE: BERRICK. SHE: FISHER.

HE.

In the gay *beau-monde*, I'm an elegant type,
Renowned are my title and shape:
Jean Godfrey, Sir Ebert, La Monte de Fype,
From sweet honeyd lips ne'er escape.
Exquisite in style, pellucid of voice,
To the people an angel undone,
Their darling, their bon-ton, their prettiest choice,
A jewel of Fashion and Fun.

Spoken: Yes, by the embalmed body of the once popular Beau Brummel, I'm a natty favorite among my friends; in fact, without exhibiting the least show of exaggeration, I can say that the entire universe have bowed before me, and still continue to do so, with all deference and affection. The ladies—angelic, docile, fawn-like creatures that they are, especially display to me in very gushing manners, their indications of love and homage; why debarring the irrefutable fact that I am a veritable pattern of a dainty ladies' man, I've known the time when I was tucked, oh! so delicately under the chin, by the soft, bediamonded fingers of a bewitching young virgin, who was the very realm of opulence and aristocracy, and whose paternal owned no less than twenty-four handsome edifices, was the esteemed and honorable president of three banks, haughtily drove his "four-in-hand" every day, and subsisted diurnally in a life of ease and felicity. Truth, these statements are no spurious ones, but possess all foundations of verity. Come to think of it! I very nearly neglected to mention the all important occurance, that happened to me last week, while perambulating leisurely down broadway—I was walking unconcernedly down that pleasant thoroughfare, as I said before, in a sort of dreamy, listless way, when suddenly a fairy-like phantom—all silks, ribbons and perfume—rose up majestically before me. For the moment I was seemingly petrified, stunned shocked! and this cherubic creature appeared to me like some wood-land nymph, so sweet, so pure, so lofty and—why! 'pon the respected name of my sister, Tulip, here she comes now.

SHE.

In bright social straits, I'm a charming young belle,
My figure is never unknown;
Pearl Lilly, fair Annie, De Minnie La Felle,
In friendship and folly is shown.
Entrancing in ways, trancendant in charms,
Pert rivals or equals I've none;
I've suiters, I've idols, the daintiest balms—
For a jewel of Fashion and Fun.

Spoken: Now, is'nt it truly a pity that I wasn't born poor and not half as good-looking as I am? Women who are born with pretty faces are perpetually haunted persons, upon this sinful world. Horrid, is'nt it? A female—simple, unprotected, like myself—must be endowed you know, with an abundance of endurance and presence of mind. If I venture out after sun-down to take an aimless stroll, I tremble with susceptible fear, expecting every minute to be set upon bp a piratical gang of abducters, and carried off to be the bride of some barbarous picaroon chief. Blood-curdling to think of it, isn't it? Then again, how often I am bored and bothered by receiving silly letters, from infatuated young men, who are partly deranged at the sight of my physical embellishments. How frequent are the visits of enterprising managers of well known theatres, beseeching - nay, on bended knees supplicating me to adopt the dramatic stage as a profession, and appear as an invidious "star" in the theatrical firmament. But alas! until a week ago I eschewed all male company, you know, as you are well aware, that, were I to keep strictly amorous alliance with some handsome young fellow, the business would either cause a suicide of some emulous maiden of me or perhaps destroy the handsome young fellow's life, if I rejected his hand in matrimony. But it shakes my precious diamonds to think of these obnoxious things. Fact! 'Twas last week as I remarked before, and as I was rambling idly down Broadway, viewing the beautifully decorated showcases and windows, I casually met a most exquisite chap, with a rapturous little spec on his eye, a face so enchanting and smiling, and a suit of the most critical and elegant cut, that the sudden appearance of his petite natty figure, startlingly deprived me of my feeble inhaling proclivities for a brief time. Oh! he was transporting; ravishingly sweet! Such a—oh! (Turning to left and discovering Solon) Why by the innocent elves of fairyland, there he is now! (Coughs lightly and insinuatively. Solon reciprocates the cough)

SHE. ASIDE.

Cautious, ladies, I'll see whether he is an advocate of "Fashion and Fun" (Walks towards Solon, passes him, and naively and intentionally drops her fan and is about to stoop to pick it up, when Solon intercedes picks it up, and politely hands it to her with a suave bow. Oh! thank you, sir, I am so grateful to you for your over-cyurteous services. What would loving mama and dear papa say, were they to witness your kind act of gallantry? Rest contented, sir I shall never forget you.

HE.

Do not mention the trivial duty I have so agreeably rendered you, dear madam, and if there is anything more in my power to perform for you, I would be most delighted to do it.

SHE.

Thank you, sir, I shall always remember your generous proposition, and if perchance we should meet again, we may recognise each other—

CHORUS.

HE; By the mode of our gait,
SHE; And the smiles we evince,
TOGETHER; The droll way our language is spun,
HE; My air of a prince,
SHE; My dress will convince,
TOGETHER; We're jewels of Fashion and Fun.

HE.

At merry Long Branch, I'm resplendent in dress,
The elite of fine fashion I stur;
At parties, when yachting, in pleasure excess,
Great damage to eyes I incur.

SHE.

So piquant in mirth, so polished in wit,
Vulgar quibbles are never begun,
I schottische, I warble, to croquet submit,
TOGETHER; We're jewels of fashion and fun. Chorus.

HE.

At the grand race-course, I'm a brisk brilliant light,
At betting I oft show my pluck;
With rifle, at billiards, to drama invite,
I wait not to venture my luck.

SHE.

For keen-eyed of sight, of manners quite tart,
As a butter-cup under the sun,
I sparkle, I envy, I pierce to the heart,
TOGETHER; We're jewels of fashion and fun. Chorus.

Oh! Moses.

Sung by Frank Bush. Air: Whoa Emma.

One day I had a thought,
A little yacht I bought
To take my family down to Coney Isle;
But as I neared the beach,
A gang began to screech,
But I did only turn around and smile.

Spoken; Yes, I didn't mind the boys, but just as we were making for a hotel, I heard them all holler out.

CHORUS.

Oh! Moses, oh! Moses!
Look at them sheenies,
Oh! ain't they got noses,
Oh! Moses, oh! Moses!
Dot's what they cry at me morning and night.

My wife felt very bad,
And said dose boys are mad.
And asked me if I could the reason tell;
I said I did not know.
But home we'd better go,
And as we started they began to yell: Chorus.

We got into a boat,
And when we were afloat,
A rotten goose-egg hit me in the eye;
It spoilt my bran new clothes,
And stuffed up all my nose,
And then to make it worse they all did cry; Cho.

Fat Mickey.

Words by G. G. Hart. Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 10 CENTS.

My name it is McDonough,
I'm a son of Erin's soil;
At seven in the morning, sure,
Begins my daily toil;
And all the day, thro' the heat and cold,
I pick and dig away,
And lay the trap block pavements,
On a street they calls Broadway,
At home I have a family,
A wife and three big boys,
They nearly drive me crazy,
Wid their fightin' and their noise:
There's Roger, and "Fat Mickey,"
And big Dan that makes the three,
But of all the gang "Fat Mickey," sure,
He looks the most like me.

CHORUS.

Now there's Dan, handsome Dan,
Sure he's the ladie's man;
And Roger he's the divil,
Wid his dancin' and his noise,
But of all the boys we've none,
So fond of jolly fun,
As Mickey, darling Mickey,
He's the best of all the boys.

He's as broad as he is lengthy,
And he weighs two hundred pounds;
At atein' or at slapein',
Sure his like cannot be found;
At snorin' he's the divil,
Now believe me whin I say,
You can hear him sure from Tubbyhook,
Across to Dublin Bay.
And he can ate his size in mate,
Or pack the grub below;
At drinkin' Irish whiskey sure,
Egad, he is not slow,
When he comes home at four o'clock,
Chock full of old benzine,
You can bet your bottom dollar then,
Some lively sights are seen. Chorus.

He joined the "Doherty Fusileers,"
They put him in the squad;
He could not hold a musket,
So they gave him many a prod;
He could not march into the ranks,
Bekase he was too fat,
So says the Irish Sarjint,
"Mick I'll bounce you out of that!"
They made him carry the target thin,
And march up in the rear,
And on the street on Patrick's Day,
You'll see him every year,
He walks along the Boulevard,
So proudly and so gay,
And whin the girls observe him,
Sure you'll always hear them say. Chorus.

They say at Philly-del-phia,
They're going to have a fair,
And all the curiosities
They tell me will be there;
I think I'll take "Fat Mickey" there,
And enter him for style,
I know his fat appear-u-ance
Will cause 'em all to smile.
And if they give a premium
For "Lads that are not quick,"
I think he'll get the medal, sure,
The boy we calls our Mick.
For sure he is no good at all,
He never worked a day,
And if you say a word to him,
His mammy's sure to say. Chorus.

Liberty Volunteers.

Respectfully dedicated to Captain John Fitzgerald, and Members of Liberty Volunteers. By T. F. Brosnan.

Of a merry crew, I'll sing to you,
That parades out every year,
In barouches gay, they drive away,
From old time Franklin Square.
It's a reunion of the fire-hose "boys,"
Whose memory is kept dear,
By those who join with heart and hand,
In the Liberty Volunteers.

CHORUS.

On each Thanksgiving Day,
In fantastical array,
Our "boys" they meet, on every street,
With spirits light and gay;
And as they pass along,
Reviewed by old and young,
A shout and cheer, you'll ever hear,
To the Liberty Volunteers.

How well we feel, when the hearty meal
Of refreshment hour is through,
Each strains his eyes to draw a prize,
Tho' blanks there are but few;
Our voices ring, as we sit and sing,
And think of by-gone years,
Saying "God bless those, who run the hose,
Of the Liberty Volunteers. Chorus.

The day is spent, we're well content,
And now invite you all,
To enjoy the fun, if you will come
To the Squareback Rangers Ball.
Where with our might, we'll all unite,
And give three rousing cheers
As a tribute to the memory of,
The Liberty Volunteers. Chorus.

Mary Ann McLaughlin.

Song and Dance. Sung by Murphy and Morton.

In a cosy cottage painted green,
About three miles from here,
There lives a pretty Irish queen,
To me she does prove dear;
Her mother takes in washing,
And the girl helps to keep up the trade;
Sunday when I go for to see her,
These words to her I'd say.

CHORUS.

Mary Ann McLaughlin, dont you cry,
Take that apron from your eye;
Don't you let the neighbors hear you sigh,
And we will married be by-and-bye.

Now soon I'm going to married be,
Of course I'll settle down:
I'll buy a house also a farm,
A little way out of town;
Oh! then it will be joyful,
When as cosy as a mouse;
To see the young O'Malleys,
Playing tag around the house. Chorus.

Don't Let us Meet as Strangers.

By Saul Sertrew. Air: Must we then meet as strangers

Must we then meet as strangers,
After all our vows,
And fights we've had together,
And many hard struck blows.
Life without them were awful,
To separate from thee,
No more to fight or quarrel,
Would be the death of me.

CHORUS.

Oh! hit me with a hammer,
Do anything that's mean,
Don't let us meet as strangers,
My darling Imogene.

How oft your smiles and glances,
Have given me the cramps,
How oft when playing "poker"
You've won from me my stamps,
Must we then stop our fighting
Because I struck you foul,
And always keep your back up,
And never have a growl. Chorus.

I'll love you in the morning,
I'll love you noon and night,
I'll love you all my lifetime,
And never quit your sight,
I'll fire you out of the window,
I'll pitch you down the stairs
If you don't stop your "kicking"
And putting on your airs. Chorus.

Jubilee.

By Ned Goss. Sung by Goss and Fox.

Now if you want to have some fun,
Come down in the valley to the jubilee,
And see Clorinda and I made one,
Way down in the valley at the jubilee,
We're going to be married to-night,
Down in the valley at the jubilee,
Come, or you'll miss a funny sight,
Down in the valley at the jubilee.

CHORUS.

Then, oh! what fun,
With niggers prancing, singing, dancing,
Oh! what fun down at the jubilee. (Repeat.)

We'll have a band of music there,
Down in the valley at the jubilee,
The sweetest music I declare,
Down in the valley at the jubilee,
A left handed fiddle and a yellow clarionet,
Down in the valley at the jubilee,
A banjo, guitar, and a dizzy cornet,
Down in the valley at the jubilee. Chorus.

Magic Circles.

Written and composed by F. Sharpe.

THE MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

Round and round in magic circles,
Lovingly we glide,
Eyes that meet smiles so sweet,
Waltzing side by side;
Round and round in magic circles,
She could not be false,
Oh! the bliss of a kiss,
In the mazy waltz.

CHORUS.

Music sweet,
Music floating on the air,
With the joy of dancing
Nothing can compare.
Time flies so sweetly
On love's golden wings,
For the magic circle,
Naught but pleasure brings.

Round and round in magic circles,
Hearts with joy are beating,
In the dance, all by chance,
Lips so fondly meeting.
Round and round in magic circles,
I could dance forever,
Round we go, to and fro,
None our love can sever. Chorus.

Sunshine of my Heart.

Sung with great success by Little Florette.
Music published by Spear & Dehnhoff.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

A maiden fair, with golden hair,
Has led my heart astray,
Her winning grace and pretty face
Haunt me by night and day,
When by her side in happy pride,
How soon the hours depart,
With loving bliss I've named her this;
"The sunshine of my heart."

CHORUS.

Oh! my pretty little fairy queen,
From her I'll never part,
But with a kiss, I tell her this;
"You're the sunshine of my heart!"
But with a kiss I tell her this:
"You're the sunshine of my heart." Dance.

We meet at night when stars shine bright,
Down by the garden gate,
And fond lips meet in kisses sweet,
Until the hours grow late.
I whisper then to her again,
Oh! may we never part!
She says to me I'll always be
"The sunshine of your heart." Chorus.

Happy New Year.

Dedicated to Master Moncrief, by Mickey Moody.

Come neighbors and kinsmen
Wheather great or small,
Along with me on New Years day,
And give my friends a call.
If you'll take my directions
You'll not be led astray;
We'll meet with grand receptions
The coming New Years day.

CHORUS.

We're welcome all at every home,
They'll greet us with good cheer,
We'll make a call to wish them all
A happy, happy New Year.

We commemorate this noble day
As our father's did before;
It cools the thirst for vengeance,
Of enemies by the score.
We'll toss a glass with friendship,
Most truly and sincere,
With hope and resolutions,
We'll begin the happy year. Chorus.

The sweetest songs we'll warble,
Whether new or old;
As homeward we're returning
We never heed the cold.
Now all my jolly comrades
Enjoy it while it's near,
We'll drink and we'll be merry,
It comes but once a year. Chorus.

The Matinee Brigade.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

I'm going to tell you what I know,
Of a nice society,
The ladies, almost every one,
Declare they are N. G.
But you're expected at your post
At every dress parade,
To stand outside the theatre door
With the Matinee Brigade.

CHORUS.

There on the mash, stuffed with hash,
Cheeks as hard as rocks!
There on the street from morn 'till night,
And never change their socks.
All in a line, rain or shine,
These rosebuds all parade!
They stand for ladies to admire
In the Matinee Brigade!

Jawdge, and Chawles and Jerome are there,
Got up with wondrous skill;
And when they wink their naughty eye
It never fails to kill.
With ten cent canes and dizzy suits
By a sheeny tailor made,
The choicest plums in all the land
Are the Matinee Brigade. Chorus.

They always strike an attitude
To give themselves a tone,
They live on love and Dutch free lunch,
And smell of bad cologne!
I'll bet two cents if the truth was known,
Their wa-h-bills wasn't paid;
But nobody knows how hard they mash
In the Matinee Brigade! Chorus.

Pretty Little Dark-Eyed Beauty.

By Willie Wildwave. Air: Pretty little blue-eyed stranger.

As I strolled out one evening
In the merry, merry month of May,
I met a little dark-eyed beauty,
Who stole my heart away.
She had a pair of roguish eyes,
That pierced me like a dart,
And from that very moment
I knew she had my heart.

CHORUS.

For her smile is so entrancing, (Sym.)
She has set my heart a dancing, (Sym.)
For I love this dark-eyed beauty,
If she'd only promise me
To be my life-long treasure,
How happy I would be.

Many a time have I met her
Since that eventful happy day,
And I never, never can forget her
Sweet bewitching way.
Her smile was like an angel's,
Her like I ne'er have seen,
And I wish I only could possess,
This charming little queen. Chorus.

She was dressed in the pink of fashion,
Such grace and charming modesty,
That at once I formed a passion
For this little dark-eyed beauty,
I hope that soon she'll name the day,
When wedded she'll be to me;
My heart is filled with rapture,
I'm as happy as can be. Chorus.

Stolen Kisses are the Sweetest.

By Frank Dumont. Music by J. E. Stewart.
Music published by J. L. Peters.

SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CENTS.

Now some may call me bashful,
But I'll prove that I am right;
We girls should ne'er give kisses,
Don't treat the matter light;
I love my Charley dearly,
For in my heart I feel it,
But if he asks me for a kiss—
I make him try to steal it.

CHORUS.

Stolen kisses are the sweetest,
When they're taken on the sly;
Often you may steal another,
That is, if there's no one nigh.

I often go to parties,
Where I'm sure to be the belle,
I listen with attention,
To the tales of love they tell;
And when the ball is over.
They see me to the door,
Then there's a chance to steal a kiss—
I wish they'd steal some more. Chorus.

The Drunkard's Dream.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 30 CENTS.

Dermont you look so healthy now,
Your clothes are neat and clean,
I never see you drink about,
Come, tell me where you've been,
Your wife and children now are well
You once did treat them strange,
Oh! have you kinder to them grown,
How came this happy change.

My poor wife's form did waste away,
I saw her sunken eye,
My babes on straw in sickness lay,
I heard their wailing cry,
And yet I laughed with drunkards glee,
While Nellie's tears did stream,
And like a beast I fell asleep,
And had this warning dream.

It was a dream, a warning voice,
That Heaven did send to me,
To keep me from a drunkard's curse,
Crime, want, and misery,
My wages were all spent in drink,
Oh! what a wretched view,
It almost broke my poor wife's heart
And starved my children too.

One night I thought I staggered home,
There seemed a solemn gloom,
My wife not there, where could she be?
And strangers in the room?
Poor thing, she's dead, the people said,
She led a wretched life,
For grief, and want had broke her heart,
To be a drunkard's wife.

I saw my children, crying around,
I scarcely drew my breath,
They kissed and pressed her lifeless form,
Now ever stilled in death.
Oh! father, come and wake her up,
The people say she's dead,
Oh! make her speak and smile once more,
We'll never cry for bread.

Oh! she's not dead! frantic cried,
And rushed to where she laid,
And madly pressed her once warm lips,
Now ever cold as clay.
Oh! Nellie, Nellie speak to me,
I'll ne'er more give you pain,
Nor ever grieve your loving heart,
Or ever drink again.

Oh! Nellie speak, 'tis Dermont calls,
And so I do, she cried:
And sure enough my poor wife's form,
Was kneeling by my side;
I pressed her to my loving heart,
While both our tears did stream,
And ever since I've heaven blessed,
For sending me that dream.

Massa's Ole Barn Floor.

By J. Keenan. Sung by Conners and Keenan.
Air: Two Ole Virginia Nigs.

If you gib us your attention,
We'll sing for you a song,
About de ole plantation
And we won't detain you long.
Way down in Mississippi,
De place whar I was born,
We used to pick de cotton,
And sometimes hoe de corn.

CHORUS.

We're two Mississippi niggers, (Break.)
From Mississippi shore, (Break.)
And now we'll show you
How we danced,
On massa's ole barn floor. [Repeat] (Dance.)

At ebening when our work was done,
Den to de barn we'd go,
Den we both would sing and dance,
To de tune of de banjo,
I nebber can forget dem days,
Dey neber some no more,
When we used to sing and dance
On massa's ole barn floor. Chorus.

Gallant Captain Brown.

Words and Music by C. A. Johnson.

Before you stands a soldier,
Valiant and true,
To the flag I dearly love,
The Red, White and blue.
When my country calls,
To war I gladly go,
To meet and conquer
My country's foe.

CHORUS.

To the war, to the war!
I gladly march away.
When on the battle-field my prowess I display,
Though very young, I have won renown,
Ever formost on the battle-field,
Is Gallant Captain Brown.

I love the scene of action,
To me 'tis pure delight,
To see the glittering sabres
Flash before my sight.
I lead my noble company.
Fiercely on their foes,
As rifle shot and cannon ball
Plough furrows in their rows. Chorus.

Kissing Through the Railing.

Words by J. L. Feeney. Music by Sam H Speck.

THE MUSIC, SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 30 CENTS.

It beats them all so far I've heard,
Yes e'en a moonlight, walk
To sit beside a pretty girl,
While love to her you talk.
I see a girl most every night,
At that I'm never failing,
And when I go to take my leave,
I kiss her through the railing.

CHORUS.

It beats a ride in Central Park,
Or on the lake a sailing,
The sweetest thing I've known so far,
Is kissing through the railing.

She has such a bewitching smile,
Her voice is soft and and low,
And I was deep in love with her,
I want you all to know.
I popped the question on the lake,
While we were out a sailing,
And now I've got the sweetest wife,
For kissing through the railing. Chorus.

Young man don't you be bashful,
When young girls you go to see,
But pop the question quickly,
And be happy gay and free.
You'll do the same as wife and I,
We often without failing,
Act o'er the scenes of love's young dream,
By kissing through the railing. Chorus.

The Cotton Fields in Tennessee.

By G. Raymond. Air Old log cabin on the hill.

Now far away from here,
Is a land that I love dear,
'Tis a place where the old folks used to be.
And the young they do roam
Round the dear old happy home,
Where the cotton blossoms grow in Tennessee.
The banjo rings its round,
And I sometimes heave a sigh.
For those happy hours that are so very dear.
But I will sing this song,
And the day perhaps will dawn,
When the cotton fields will be my home again.

CHORUS.

Now the children are a-leaning
On the old window sill,
The dog am barking at the do'
And the whistle that I hear,
Comes from the whip-poor-will,
In the cotton fields way down in Tennessee.

When darkness has fled,
And the sun it's beams do shed,
And the faces that light up with a thrill.
Their smile I'll see once more;
From behind the cabin door;
When I tread the dust-worn path upon the hill.
My eyes have almost failed,
And I long for to see,
The sunny fields so far away,
Oh! I will form the band.
In that glorious sunny land,
In the cotton fields way down in Tennessee. Cho.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

"Thank Heaven you have come, my dear boy!" she exclaimed. "I have much to tell you. and have my uncle's permission to do so.' Then perceiving the companion standing by, she added, 'Miss Daggett, leave us awhile; I have to speak to my son in private.'

"When we were alone, she told me, Charlie. all I have told you, bidding me take notes, which I have here in this pocket-book—and he placed his hand upon it,though they're ineffaceably printed on my brain. Concluding, she made me kneel, and swear that I believed in my father's innocence, and would leave no stone unturned to sift the mystery thoroughly. Readily I took the oath, Charlie, and it was to the dying, for my mother did not survive that night."

There was a brief silence after he concluded, The invalid broke it.

Extending his thin hand, he said, "I cannot express how much I feel for you, dear boy? Would I could help you! What course are you going to pursue?"

When I arrive in England, I shall be almost my own master, and I shall commence first by tracking out this Josiah Biddlecomb's clerk, who has quite disappeared. At least, I have failed as yet to get information of him."

"And what do you imagine was the fate of your father?"

"I cannot possibly divine. All I know is he must be dead; for living, be he both murderer and thief, he never would have deserted his wife and child!"

Just as he concluded, heavy steps were heard on the verandah. A moment after, one of the stockmen appeared at the open doors.

"If you please, Mr. Walden, he said, I hope I ain't disturbing you, but I thought you'd like to know the bush is on fire"

"The bush, Johnson? It's this intense heat!" exclaimed the young master, "In which direction isit?

"Deadman's Flat, sir—north of Mount Lofty,"

"Is there any danger of it's coming this way, Johnson,"

"No sir; it beats in south-easterly direction. It's blazing like mad!"

"It must be," said Charles Walden. "See, the reflection is already beginning to light the place! It's long since we've had a fire in the hills. Dick, lend me your arm, now yours, Johnson. I'd like to have a look at it; I may never again"

Supporting him carefully, they stepped out on to the verandah, and proceeded to the east side of the house.

Here procuring a seat for the invalid, they watched one of the grandest sights conceivable, a bush fire.

The night was now dark, but beginning to glow and throb with the reflection of the mighty flames rushing skyward, or along the sun-baked flats, and up the hill-sides, leaping and rejoicing, as it seemed, in the ruin and havoc it occasioned.

"Is it likely Johnson, to cause much damage?"

"I think not, sir. If it ll only keep to the hills, it'll but burn the scrub that nobody wants. I'll warrant they're busy enough at Second Creek, for it lays just in the track."

"How grand it is," said Richard Hepburn, as he leaned against the trellis.

Meanwhile, the crouching figure in the bushes, had risen noiselessly erect, and parting the boughs, looked forth.

The others were out of sight. There was not a soul to watch him. He paused one second, and looked skyward. It was evident the raging fire, would not long give-him the security of darkness.

The next moment he had glided swiftly on to the verandah and into the sitting-room.

With the rapidity of thought he had clutched the pocket-book, concealing it in his rags. Then he emptied a plate of biscuits into his cap, slunk down the steps, and fled swiftly into the night,

For an hour the three had watched the fire, when the silence was broken by the quick beat of horses' feet coming along the road.

"Who can that be, Johnson?" asked Charles Walden.

"I'll see, sir."

In a second he returned.

'It's the mounted police, sir, and they are coming here!"

"Here! Learn what they want."

The stockman again departed. When he came back this time, the chief of the police was with him.

"Sir," said the latter, "we are in search of an escaped convict. We've tracked him to this station, and know we are close on his confounded heels. A pretty dance, though he has given us!

"You want to search the station, eh? Do so, by all means. My people will help you ,sir, tho' I'm sure he isn't here. Dick, old fellow!" continued Charles Walden, as the officer hastened away, "I'll go in now—I'm tired!"

Scarcely had Richard Hepburn got his friend back to his couch when the officer reappeared.

"Well, what success, sir?" asked Richard.

"Not as good as we could wish, sir; still not bad. He has been here. We have his tracks up to these bushes, then from them over those flower-beds to the road. We can't fail to run him down within the hour, for we know he hasn't a farthing to bless himself with, and must be nearly starved out. Good night!"

He ran off and sprang on his horse, exclaiming, "Now, lads, try your beasts' metal, and we'll have him!"

The following moment, the beat of horses' feet was heard retreating down the road.

Just then Richard Hepburn turned to the table, upon which a light had been placed, in search of his pocket-book.

It was gone. The empty biscuit plate told him how. It was the convict.

"Good Heaven, I have been robbed, Charlie," he cried, in alarm. My pocket-book——'

He stopped, arrested by the expression on his friend's face. Its paleness was almost luminous.

His eyes were bent on the opposite wall—a sweet happy smile was on his lips.

A sudden awe seized Richard Hepburn. Approaching softly, he bent down, and asked, "What is it, dear old fellow? Do you see anything?"

To be Continued—Commenced in No. 152.

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CONTENTS.

A Happy New Year, 1879.....page 451
The Advertising Agent..... 451
A Lover's Request..... 452
Answer to a Lover's Request..... 452
Barbara Frigerator..... 450
Big Pound Cake..... 452
Brightly Beam Thine Eyes, Love 453
Brightest Roses Fade and Die 454
Colleen Dhas Machree..... 450
Carry me Back to Old Virginney..... 452
The Clothing Man..... 452
Don't Forget to Dream of Me..... 450
From our Home the Loved are Going..... 453
Giddy Loving Dancer..... 450
Get Thee Gone, Girl 451
George Constantine McKeown..... 454
The Haley's From Hallinger..... 451
Is There a Heart in Erin's Isle..... 451
The Irish Invitation..... 453
Kiss Me, Would You?..... 450
Knights of St. Patrick..... 453
Kiss me Good-Night, Mother..... 453
Leetle Baby Mine..... 453
Little one Kiss me Good-Night..... 453
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 455
Love—Words and Music for Banjo..... 453
Mollie Dear, Come Then With Me..... 451
Neath the Oak Tree..... 454
On a Sleigh Ride..... 450
Only Three Words, I Love Thee..... 453
The Old Plantation's Lonely..... 453
Once upon a Time..... 454
Pensylvania Tramp..... 453
Parade of the Guards..... 454
Shadows on the Floor..... 450
Son of a Gambolier..... 451
Sweeter Than Marmalade..... 454
Twilight Bears my Thoughts to Thee 452
Why Should we Live as Strangers..... 454

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NEW-YORK NEWS COMPANY,
18 Beekman Street.

Barbara Frigerator.

By Charles P. Mark, Inscribed to Rapp and Taub.

It was in dot place of Fredrick-town,
Dot Jimmy Johns der streed vent down,
He vas looking out from under his hat
Ven he sait, "ah! vat is dat!"

He saw an American flag stick oud,
From Barbara Frigerator's moud;
He vas so mad he vas going to shout,
Because dat American flag did float!

Halt! stop! load! he cried.
"We have loaded," they all sighed.
"Den, fire!" he vonce more did holler,
As he turned arount unbuttoned his paper collar.

Oh! my! dere vas a derrible noise,
As de guns vere fired by der boys,
Dat American flag vas knocked oud,
From Barbara Frigerator's moud!

But, yust so soon dat flag fall down,
Barby picked it up, pinned it on her night-gown,
Und den she hit Jimmy on der head,
Und "Save your country's flag," she sait.

"Whoever shoots a hair of dat bait heat,"
Jimmy Johns, the rebel sait,
"I'll kick him so dat for life he'll be lame!"
Und he threw a chew tobacco at a poor olt man,

Den der boys got up und moved avay,
Und leaved Fredrick-town dat same day.
Barbara she hat won der renown—
Vat's dat! der people are pulling her down!
Yes, und if I rightly did hear,
Dere are going to dreat her to a schooner of beer.

Shadows on the Floor.

Words and Music by H. C. Work.

THE MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CENTS.

Saturday night! Saturday night!
The last hope that lingered has taken its flight;
From morning 'till evening the weary week through,
In vain has he battled for something to do.
Poor man! empty-handed how can he return
To those whose fate hangs on the pence he may earn,
How can he reply to his questioner sweet—
"Did papa bring papa's dirl somefin to eat?"

Chorus.

Out of employ! out of employ!
Distress in the cottage where once there was joy,
How frightful the shadows that fall on the floor,
When want and starvation appear at the door.

Wasting away! wasting away!
His poor wife grows paler each sorrowful day,
Yet suffers in silence, and never complains,
Reserving for others the crust that remains.
His fearful forebodings he seeks to disguise;
But now the child's prattle brings tears to his eyes:
"If ma doze to Heaven den I must do too;
But, pa, I'll frow down bread and butter for you."

Chords.

Struggling for life! struggling for life!
In spite of his courage borne down in the strife;
Had not he the wife and the baby to save,
How willingly would he lie down in the grave!
Reflections more bitter creep into his mind—
The promise is false, "If ye seek ye shall find?
What was it his dear little innocent said?
"Deb Dod fordits us when he bakes his daily bread."

On A Sleigh Ride.

Dedicated to Miss Addie Daly, Boston.
By C. A. Johnson.

The guests have all now gathered,
And with much delight,
Anticipate a sleigh ride
Out in the moonlight night
The merry horn is winding
The joyous sounds around,
The whip snaps, and the horses feet,
Go flying o'er the ground.

Chorus.

On a sleigh ride, on a sleigh ride,
On happy New Year's night,
We cheer the way with many a lay
From hearts both gay and light,
Hear the sleigh bells, hear the sleigh bells,
Pealing silv'ry chimes,
'Tis happy New Year, happy New Year,
Happy New Year Time.

Our sleigh is swiftly gliding
Across the frozen ground,
Fair Luna sheets of silver,
Is spreading all around;
Outbursts of joy and merriment,
Are heard on every side,
As we glide so gay along,
On this most joyous ride. Chorus.

Colleen Dhas Machree.

By W. E. McNulty. Music by Miss Fannie Beane.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, POST PAID, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 35cts.

The shadows fall,
And low the sun is sinking,
His last rays tinge
With gold the waters blue;
And of you Kate Alanna,
I am thinking,
Tho' waves divide us,
Still I know you're true.
I'll ne'er forget, we parted,
Love, in sadness;
In tears I left you
At your cabin door;
But now your letter
Fills my heart with gladness,
In ecstacy
I read it o'er and o'er!

Chorus.

Tho' distant far, and waves between divide us,
By night and day I'll ever think of thee;
I will be true, whatever may betide us,
My own sweet darling, Colleen Dhas Machree.

Tho years may pass
Before I'll be returning,
To clasp you to my breast,
Love, as of old,
Yet while I came to thee
With hopes high burning,
And claim my treasure
Better far than gold,
And when my bark is proudly
Homeward dashing,
Oh! let your eyes
My brilliant beacon be;
There keep the love-light
Always brightly flashing,
My own sweet darling,
Colleen Dhas Machree. Chorus.

Giddy Loving Dancer.

Written and Sung by Solon Berrick,
Inscribed to Miss S. Costa. Air: Cherry Blossom.

A sylph-like form, a smile so warm,
Red lips as sweet as honey,
Eyes vivid with the winsome spark,
Of joyous gleam so sunny.
A hand so downy, tender touch,
To kiss it long I linger,
For barely can I sleep for such—
Wild dreams of love I bring her!

Chorus.

Giddy, loving dancer, when I met you,
Merry, laughing prancer, when I pressed you,
How the time went rushing in the mellow glare,
On a floor of glass to bear you!
Giddy loving dancer, when I met you,
Merry laughing prancer, when I pressed you!
How the time went rushing in the mellow glare,
On a floor of glass to bear you!

The music sweet, caused us to fleet
Long through the night till morning;
Her heaving breast stirred up my sense
Of rapture rashly fawning!
The ardent waltz inflamed our hearts,
We glided slow to ravish!
Love urged us on, our breath gave starts!
Our spats of love were lavish! Chorus.

But soon the sun its folds undone,
Then o'er the park its faintness;
The bold-faced moon sank out of view,
The shadows played their quaintness,
The gloom had passed, the dew was flecked
O'er lawn and tree and grasses,
Her hands I clasped her face I decked,
With kisses fond in masses! Chorus.

Kiss Me, Would You.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POSTAGE FREE, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CTS.

Shame upon you, robin, shame upon you now,
Kiss me! would you, with my hands milking the cow
Kiss me! would you, with my hands milking the cow
Daisies grow again, kingcups blow again,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me, kissed me well I vow,
Cuff him, could I, with my hands milking the cow,
Cuff him, could I, with my hands milking the cow,
Swallows fly again, cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Come, robin, robin, come and kiss me now;
Help it, can I, with my hands milking the cow?
Help it, can I, with my hands milking the cow?
Ring doves coo again, all things woo again,
Come behind and kissed me milking the cow,
Come behind and kissed me milking the cow.

Don't Forget to Dream of Me!

Words by A. W. French. Music by Brockway.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 40 CENTS.

Little darling, when you're dreaming,
Fast asleep within your bed,
When the silent stars are gleaming,
Far above your golden head,
'Mid the visions sweet of slumber,
Floating round you bright and free,
Keep me ever in their number,
Don't forget to dream of me!

Chorus.

Little darling, when you're sleeping,
In the happy dreams that be,
One sweet thought of me be keeping,
Don't forget to dream of me,
Don't forget to dream of me,

When the morning sweetly breaking,
Tells the starry hours are gone,
And the sleepy flowers waking,
Ope their eyes to greet the dawn,
When the south wind stirs the flowers,
Like the wavelets of the sea,
Thro' the happy, sunny hours,
Don't forget to dream of me! Chorus.

When you linger in the gloaming,
By the little cottage gate,
Watching, waiting for my coming,
And the shadows whisper "late,"
While the night winds softly sighing,
In their sweetest melody,
Sing the praise of daylight dying,
Don't forget to dream of me! Chorus.

VALENTINES.
COMIC AND FANCY
60 Chatham St.

A Happy New Year, 1879.

By H. Alston Darley.

To the Patrons of the SINGERS' JOURNAL.

Kind friends, one and all, we greet you,
And wish you "A Happy New-Year;"
And may clouds of prosperity gather,
To drive from your hearts every fear.
Though the days now gone may have resulted
With disaster to money and trade,
We trust that the year now incoming,
May end leaving all undismayed.

"There are spots on the sun," says the poet;
So, if clouds gather over our head,
We should strive to dethrone their influence,
And cast off all feelings of dread.
Look above, there is One who will aid you
To dispel all sad feelings at heart,
With joy he will guide your lost footsteps—
All your cares will be riven apart.

If your children who languish for pleasures,
Tender unto their wants every care,
And seek to embellish their childhood
With amusements you even may share.
If you've a sweetheart, a wife, or a husband,
Teach that one a new lesson of love;
Then joy to both hearts will be welcomed,
And new grace be received from above.

Have you an old father or mother,
Who soon may be part of the past,
Let your care of their years be more precious,
Remember they'll not always last.
Unto all be as kind as the promise,
1879 gives to all here,
And say unto every new comer—
As we say—A Happy New-Year.

The Haley's From Mullingar.

Words and Music by W. J. Grogan.

We are two Irish emigrants
Just from across the sea;
In the steamship "Adriatic,"
Of the White Star Line, came we,
At the Battery Park we landed,
Bag and baggage here we are—
Dan Haley and his wife Buddeen—
From the town of Mullingar.

CHORUS.

We're honest, though poor,
Hard toil we'll endure;
Be the pay so little, we are
Eager for work, and from it ne'er shirk,
The Haleys from Mullingar.

We were forced to leave our neat little home,
It was poverty drove us away!
They deprived us of our piece of land,
When the rent we could not pay,
They took our pig and praties,
And our cow sold at the fair!
Which grieved and almost broke the hearts
Of the Haleys from Mullingar. Chorus.

To seek a living we find it hard
In this free and distant land,
Without a friend or relative
To lend a helping hand,
The old women can wash and iron in style,
While I can handle a spade or a crow-bar;
So if you hear of a job just please to inform
The Haleys from Mullingar. Chorus.

Son of a Gambolier.

THE MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CENTS.

I'm a rambling wretch of poverty,
From Tipperary town I came,
'Twas poverty compelled me first,
To go out in the rain;
In all sorts of weather
Be it wet or be it dry,
I am bound to get my livelihood,
Or lay me down and die.

CHORUS.

Then combine your humble ditties,
As from tavern to tavern we steer,
Like every honest fellow,
I drinks my lager bier,
Like every jolly fellow,
I takes my whiskey clear,
I'm a rambling wretch of poverty,
And the son of a gambolier,
I'm the son of a, son of a, son of a,
Son of a gambolier.



I once was tall and handsome,
And was so very neat,
They thought I was too good to live,
Most good enough to eat;
But now I'm old, my coat is torn,
And poverty holds me fast,
And every girl turns up her nose,
As I go wandering past. Chorus.

I'm a rambling wretch of poverty,
From Tipperary town I came,
My coat I bought from an old jew shop,
Way down in Maiden Lane;
My hat I got from a sailor lad just eighteen years ago,
And my shoes I picked from an old dust heap,
Which every one shunned but me. Chorus.

Mollie Dear, Come Then With Me.

Sung by Miss Maria Pasco.

The clouds have dispersed,
And the moon shines so clear,
The face of the heavens
Is bright now, my dear,
My heart whispers true
There is joy yet for thee,
So Mollie dear, Mollie dear,
Come then with me!

CHORUS.

Come, come, come then with me!
Mollie, Mollie, come then with me,
Come, come then with me,
Mollie dear, Mollie dear, come then with me.

The ship's in the offing,
The anchor is weighed,
It is but for you, love,
That I have delayed,
We're bound for Columbia,
The land of the free,
So, Mollie dear, Mollie dear,
Come then with with me! Chorus.

I know your heart's sore,
To leave your own home,
And over the wide waste
Of waters to roam,
But with truest friends, darling,
There we will be,
So, Mollie dear, Mollie dear,
Come then with me! Chorus.

At my mother's neat cabin
Adown the boreen,
Ould Father Maguire
For these two hour has been,
And I've got the ring,
So Cushla Machree,
Mollie dear, Mollie dear,
Come then with me! Chorus.

The Advertising Agent.

Sung by Chris Malone.

Behold in me a curious man,
To be conspicious is my plan,
'Tis long ago since I began
As an advertising agent.
I'm known on every thoroughfare,
From Bowling Green to Union Square,
No other attraction can compare,
With the advertising agent.

CHORUS.

So the business men of every grade,
Has me to advertise their trade,
And they conclude that money is made,
Thro' the advertising agent.

I'm always ready to earn a stamp,
Let the weather be dry or let it be damp,
No matter how far I have to tramp
I never get tired or weary.
As a walker I have gained great fame,
I'm never lazy late nor lame,
Pedestrians, to me are tame,
Begobs I'd beat O'Leary.

Spoken: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I can beat O'Leary, and I will tell the reason why, it is this, I get my shoes made by Houlihan the "Boss" shoemaker of 184 Bowery, and I can assure you, young men, I don't care whether you are troubled with rheumatism or gout, if you get a pair of Houlihan's shoes you will be able to walk 600 miles in six days.

Chorus.

The ladies say I am "bon-ton,"
Because my clothes are number one,
For they are made by that jolly man,
Nicol the king of the tailors,
My hats are made by Callahan,
140 Bowery is his stand,
He makes hats for the rich and grand,
For soldiers and for sailors.

Spoken: So now me spring bottom friends if you want to make "Charlies" out of yourselves, you must first go to Nicol the Tailor, and get one of his "nobby" twelve dollar suits, then go right across the street and buy one of John Callahan's new style hats, and from that moment out you will have all the girls "mashed" and their hearts in fragments.

Chorus.

Get Thee Gone, Girl.

By R. Dockstader, for J. D. Boome.

Copyright Secured, 1878.

Oh! a horrible story of late I've been told,
My heart ceased to pulsate, my blood's chill and cold;
It's about a young damsel with a face full of sears,
Who fell in love with a driver on the Third Avenue cars.

The driver was rich, and he worked in disguise,
And the gal was a villain, though blue were her eyes;
Whene'er she'd go near him he'd yelp loud and strong,
Get thee gone, girl, get thee gone, girl—but the girl wouldn't get thee gone.

Oh! she tortured him daily and hung on like glue,
He wasted away till his clothes he fell through,
He rented a yard and he slept in a shed,
But the maiden hung on till his reason had fled.
She'd crawl through a knot-hole and roost by his side,
With a piece of blue ribbon his ankle she tied;
He'd awake from his slumber, in a tragic voice say,
Get thee gone, girl, get thee gone, girl, but the girl wouldn't get the way,

Oh! she followed him up till one morning he died,
He opened his mouth and his breath he let slide;
In an alley they laid him to sleep his last sleep,
Where Thomas cats fight and the oyster cans weep.
She fixed herself up with a new Ulster coat,
With a glue pot his age on a shovel she wrote;
Now she gets billing full and a voice to her shouts,
Get thee out, girl, get thee out girl, but the girl won't get thee out.

Is There a Heart in Erin's Isle.

Is there a heart in Erin's isle,
Whate'er his creed or cast may be,
So cold and callous, base and vile,
As not to wish its country free?
Is not our land surpassing fair—
Our own green Eden of the west?
Then why should discord taint the air,
And strive to lacerate her breast?

E'er glorious smile beams bright on all,
No matter at what shrine we kneel;
The peasant's hut the princely hall,
Must ever share her woe or weal.
Oh! then, why will wretched pride,
A foolish color—turn astray
Some souls that should be on the side
Of justice and our rights to-day?

Leetle Baby Mine.

Sung by George Knight.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

So help me gracious! ef'ry day
I laugh me vild, to saw der vay,
My small, young baby dry to blay,
Dot funny leetle baby.
He looks so awful cunning dhere,
Mit curly eyes und bright blue hair,
Und his dimpled knees so fat und bare,
Oh! yah, dot vas my baby.

CHORUS.

Ah! dear leetle baby mine, baby mine,
Mit eyes so fine;
Oh! dear leetle baby mine,
Bless you, my leetle baby, baby.

Ven I look at dem leetle toes,
Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
Und heard der vay dot rooster crows,
I shmile like I vas crazy;
He kicks my nose und pulls my hair,
Und crawls me ofer, ef rywhere,
Und shlobbers me, but vat I care?
Dot vas my leetle baby. Chorus.

Sometimes dhere comes a leetle squall,
Dot's vhen der vindy vind vill crawl,
Right in his leetle stomack small,
Dot's too bad for der baby;
Dot makes him sing at night so sweet,
Und "gorry-barrie" he must eat,
Und I must jump, spry on my feet,
To help dot leetle baby. Chorus.

Und vhen I hear der real nice vay,
Dem beobles to my vife dey say,
"More like his fader ef'ry day!"
I vas so broud like blazes.
Around my neck, dot leetle arm,
Vas squeezing me so nice und varm,
O may dhere neffer come some harm
To dot shmall, leetle baby. Chorus.

A Lover's Request.

By Willie Wildwave.

When far away I am from thee,
Mid strangers in a foreign land,
Say will you while you yet are free,
A thought of me your heart expand.
And when perhaps soft music a strain
At even fills the house with joy,
When every heart forgets each pain,
Will you forget your roving boy?

On our old time-favorite seat reclining,
Where the streamlet ripples by so merrily,
When you see the bright stars shining,
Pray then of me think tenderly.
When the lark from its home on high,
Chants his matins loud and clear,
I hope for the absent one you'll sigh,
And for his return you'll drop a tear.

Though far away he roams to-day,
Still every thought is for thee,
For over his heart you hold full sway,
No matter where you chance to be.
Pray breathe on high a heavenly hymn,
And say you wish that he were here,
Yes, breath to heaven a prayer for him,
For his has been a heart sincere.

Answer To A Lover's Request.

By Willie Wildwave.

Could I forget, could I forget
That day beneath the clover?
Could I forget when first we met,
My ever faithful lover?
Could I forget the pleasant hours,
I passed whilst with thee,
That seemed if spent in fairy bowers,
And do you question me?

Could I forget, could I forget,
Could I ever do it?
Could I forget the sun has set,
And say I never knew it?
Could I see the bright stars shining,
Dancing in their joyous glee,
Could I ease my heart's repining,
One more glance of you to see?

Could I forget, could I forget,
Where'er you chance to be?
Could I forget my cheeks are wet
With tears shed for thee?
Could I forget, don't ask me,
To doubt me 'twould be a shame,
For every moment I think of thee,
To heaven I breathe thy name.

Carry Me Back to Old Virginney.

Words and Music by James Bland.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POSTAGE FREE, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 35 CTS.

Carry me back to old Virginney,
There's where the cotton and the corn and
tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the
spring-time,
There's where the old darkey's heart am longed to go,
There's where I labored so hard for old massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

CHORUS.

Carry me back to old Virginney,
There's where the cotton and the corn and
tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the
spring-time,
There's where this old darkey's heart am longed to go,

Carry me back to old Virginney,
There let me live 'till I wither and decay,
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,
There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.
Massa and missus have long gone before me,
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,
There's where we'll meet and we'll never
part no more.
Chorus.

Big Pound Cake.

By J. T. Kelley.

Hallelujah, blow your horn,
Let all hands begin to play,
Shout out loud and laugh with glee,
To-morrow is our holiday. (Sym)
There's going to be a jubilee,
A dandy walk to see who'll take
A golden ring with a ribbon on
In Aunt Jemima's big pound cake.
Play the music, see us walk,
Hear the old folks, how they talk;
See them wenches how they shake
To see who'll take that big pound cake.

CHORUS.

Laugh—sing—dance—shout. (Sym.)

Play the music, see us walk;
Hear the old folks how they talk!
See the wenches how they shake
To see who'll take that big pound cake.

There is Jasper Green and Liza Snow,
Pompey Moore and old Aunt Chloe,
Misses Pink and Misses Brown
With dandy coons are coming down. (Sym.)
Oh! how them niggers they will roar,
When they see us take the floor.
For with styles their hearts will break,
We are bound for to take that big pound cake.
Chorus.

Knights of St. Patrick.

By E. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

THE MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

The Knights of St. Patrick,
All sons of Ireland.
Benovelent, brave Irishmen,
With charity in each hand,
The principle of right,
Determined to maintain,
And hand it down unto our sons,
To wear our worthy name,

CHORUS.

Cheer boys! gaily,
Let the glasses ring,
With mirth and jollity
We'll laugh and talk and sing.
So banish sorrow,
Drive it from the door;
The jolly Knights of St. Patrick,
Hip, hip! hip, hip! hurrah!

Grand fellowship our aim,
Were brothers one and all;
So swift we start with eager heart,
When charity makes a call.
Just like our Patron Saint,
We follow on his plan,
To do good to humanity,
And help our fellow man. Chorus.

So while the world goes round,
We keep in friendships track,
And look ahead with steady tread,
From charity ne'er turn back.
The goal is happiness,
Endeavor to do right;
There's a vacant place for ev'ry face
Of each St. Patrick Knight. Chorus.

Twilight Bears My Thoughts to Thee.

Words by J. A. Bartley. Music by H. P. Danks.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 40 CENTS.

Twilight bears my heart to thee,
When I am afar,
While within the silent sea
Shines the star;
Now I feel the pictured bliss,
Of each bygone hour!
And I own and bless in this
Mem'rys heavenly power.

While the darkness grows apace,
Stars shine bright above,
Thus when joy to grief gives place,
Burns the flame of love.
Think not, sweet, I can forget
Days are doomed to care;
When the twilight stars have met,
These my homage bear.

The Clothing Man.

My name is Patrick Levy,
I'm from Jerusalem;
The people like to deal with me,
An honest clothing man.
My store is down in Baxter Street,
One hundred and twenty-two,
So if you'll call I'll suit you all,
In nice clothes old and new.

CHORUS.

Old clothes, old clothes I'll sell to you,
Remember the number, one, twenty-two,
Old clothes, old clothes to suit you I'll try,
Or my name is not Patrick Levy.

I'll sell to you those skintight pants,
Spring out pants too as well,
Fine undershirts and overalls,
From new you cannot tell.
Old stove-pipe hats and actors clothes,
No cheaper can be found.
I tell you I'm a thoroughbred,
So boys, please, come around. Chorus.

Little One Kiss Me Good-Night.

Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

Oh! where are the old faces gone,
That once were so dear to my youth?
Their kind smiles I oftimes recall,
As they taught me the pathway to truth.
But life's floated by like a dream,
And their dear forms are gone from my sight,
Yet fancy oft brings back their lullaby sweet,
Little one, kiss me good-night.

CHORUS.

Little one, kiss me, little one, kiss me,
Little one, kiss me good-night,
Sleep till the morning, wake with the dawning,
Little one, kiss me good-night.

Oh why did I leave my dear home,
Across the wide ocean to stray?
Oh! why did I hopelessly mourn,
For the friends that have long passed away?
Fond memory can never forget
The days of my childhood so bright,
And oft thro' night's stillness a voice whispers low,
Little one, kiss me good-night. Chorus.

Pensylvania Tramp.

By P. J. Downey. Air: Big Fat Nance.

There I am, a lonely stranger,
All the way from Pennsylvania,
When I work my life's in danger,
Ladies come and pity me—hi yah!
I have traveled this world over,
In my pockets not a stamp,
My name's a terror to this nation,
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp—hi-yah!

CHORUS.

Measuring flags, my occupation,
Hunger gives me many a cramp,
Work and me is no relation,
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp—hi yah!

From New Haven to Weehawken,
That's the road, boys, don't be talking,
On my back an army walking,
I have a noble sinecure—hi yah!
Barn or wood-shed that's my bed-room,
When the weather's cold or damp,
Robbing hen-coops that's the racket,
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp—hi yah. Chorus.

I am one that's never greedy,
Rob a clothes line if I'm needy,
You will never find me seedy,
I'm an old professional—hi yah!
I am on the hunt for money,
Poverty's my brightest lamp,
A maid with stamps, that's the honey,
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp—hi yah! Chorus.

The Old Plantation's Lonely.

Words and Music by James Bland.

THE MUSIC, SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 35 CENTS.

Oh! the old plantation's lonely
Now, to what it used to be,
And the place is just as silent as a tomb,
Where we used to hear the mocking-bird
A-singing in the tree,
In the land where the sweet magnolia's bloom.
But no longer do you hear
The darkies sing ing in the cane,
As they used to do in happy days of yore,
For old massa's gone and left us
In this weary world of pain,
And he'll never hear the darkies sing no more.

CHORUS.

But no longer do you hear
The darkies singing in the cane,
As they used to do in happy days of yore.
For old master's gone and left us
In this weary world of pain,
And he'll never hear the darkies sing no more.

Oh! the old plantation's lonely
Now, to what it used to be,
Still I can't forget the place where I was born,
But before old master passed away
He set us darkies free,
And we work no more among the growing corn,
You can never hear the dinner horn
A-sounding when 'tis noon,
You will never hear old massa's voice no more,
You will never see us hunting
For the possum and the coon,
As we used to do in happy days of yore.

Chorus.

Kiss Me Good-Night, Mother.

Words and Music by James Bland.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POSTAGE FREE, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 30 CTS.

Kiss me good-night, mother,
When morn dawns, I'll see you;
Soon will the roses and flowers decay,
Soon will the birds cease to warble
their sweet notes,
Soon will the summer days all pass away,
Mother forget not the promise I've made you,
For we must part for a number of years,
I'll return to thee some day unexpected,
Mother cast off all sorrow and fears.

CHORUS.

Kiss me good-night, mother,
Kiss me good-night,
Soon will the roses and flowers decay;
Soon will the birds cease to warble their
sweet notes,
Soon will the summer days all pass away.

Kiss me good-night, mother,
Soon must I leave you:
Soon will I roam in a far distant clime,
Tell all the little ones that I will meet them,
Although it may be a matter of time,
Mother think of me and look for my coming,
If we are spared, we will soon meet again,
Then will the birds sing so sweet in the
wildwood,
Then we'll be happy and free from all pain.

Chorus.

From Our Home the Loved are Going.

Words by A. W. French. Music by Harry Percy.

THE MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

From our home the loved are going
Out upon life's stormy sea,
And our hearts are sad in knowing
We shall ever parted be;
They are seeking other pleasures
Far across the ocean's foam,
Finding other hearts and treasures,
Loved ones going from our home.

CHORUS.

From our home the loved are going
One by one like leaves that fall;
Ever going, softly going,
Far away from our recall.

From our home the loved are going,
Leaving us alone to sigh,
And our eyes are dimmed with weeping,
As we bid them all good-bye;
Laughing eyes and sunny faces
From us evermore depart—
Loving lips and warm embraces,
How we miss them from our heart. Chorus.

The Irish Invitation.

Words and Music by Tim Rogers.

THE MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

Good-evening, neighbors all. I've come to make a call,
I'm going to give you all a little warning,
I haven't been this way for a week or so to-day,
And now I've come to see my little darling.
She's the sweetest ever seen, with her flounces
trimmed in green.
She's the primrose of Ireland, and her age
is seventeen,
It will be on next Sunday night when I wed
that little queen,
And I'm going to give you all an invitation.

CHORUS.

We will dance, (sym.) and we will sing, (sym.)
And we will raise the very divil in the nation,
Now, laddies, don't you fail, we will have a
keg of ale.
When I celebrate my Irish Invitation.

How happy I will be, when my Mary marries me?
Then I will drive away all care and aggravation,
Happy as the days are long, I will sing a little song,
And I'll be the happiest man in all the nation;
I will give a hearty cheer, and I'll take my glass
of beer,
I will drive away all trouble when I wed my little dear,
Now don't forget to come, for I'm sure we'll
have some fun,
When I celebrate my Irish invitation. Chorus,

Brightly Beam Thine Eyes Love.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 40 CENTS.

Brightly beam thine eyes, love,
Brightly beam thine eyes,
Brighter than the stars, love,
That glitter in the skies,
When I first beheld them,
Shining full on me,
Then my heart took wings, love,
Took wings and flew to thee.

Brightly beam thine eyes, love,
Brightly beam thine eyes,
When the soft-winged twilight
Falls gently from the skies;
When we wander free, love,
'Neath the moon's pale light,
Then, oh! then thine eyes, love
Are filled with beauty bright.

Brightly beam thine eyes, love,
Brightly beam thine eyes,
Every earthly form, love,
To cherished mem'ry dies.
But those happy moonbeams,
That thine eyes display,
Linger 'round my heart, love,
And never fade away.

Only Three Words, I Love Thee.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 30 CTS.

Write me just three loving words,
Those you whispered once to me,
As we walked upon the sands,
Close beside the deep blue sea.
You have gone and left me here,
And your form no more I see,
Still, those words I hear them now,
Whispering softly, "I love thee."

Oh! those words of love so dear,
As they came from you to me;
Every wave and bird and flower
Seemed to whisper, "I love thee."
Tho' you're in a foreign clime
Where the maids are fair to see,
Yet you'll ne'er forget to write
This one message, I love thee."

I am waiting for the day
When you'll sail across the sea,
Never more to part on earth,
Always true and dear to me.
Yes, my heart is full to-night
For the joy that is to be,
And all nature seems to say
Only these words, "I love thee."

Why Should we Live as Strangers?

Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

MUSIC SENT BY US POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 10 CENTS.

Why should we live as strangers,
And cherish our pride and pain?
Speak but a word of kindness,
And we shall be friends again.
Think of the days so bright, love,
That brighter still would be;
Think of our old delight, love,
When your heart was all for me.

CHORUS.

Why should we live as strangers,
And cherish our pride and pain?
Speak but a word of kindness,
And we shall be friends again,
Speak but a word of kindness,
And we shall be friends again.

Why should the spell be broken,
That left us from sorrow free?
Gladness is love's best token,
Forever, with you and me!
Say that your pride is dying,
Forgive and forget the past;
Hear me and heed my sighing,
Let this parting be the last. Chorus.

Ever my heart is pining
To whisper its love to thee,
Angels of peace combining,
Are sighing its fondest plea,
Think of my pain and weeping,
And the hopes that still remain,
Say that thy love's but sleeping,
And will wake for me again. Chorus.

Brightest Roses Fade and Die.

Words by J. T. Rutledge. Music by H. P. Danks.

THE MUSIC, SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. 35 CENTS.

Brightest roses fade and wither,
Flow'rs of beauty fall away,
Chills of autumn hasten hither
Clouding o'er the sun of May;
Fading, sighing, falling, dying,
On the ground they thickly lie,
Flow'rs of beauty softly sighing,
Brightest roses fade and die.

CHORUS.

Brightest roses fade and wither,
In their pride they softly sigh,
Soon the autumn hastens hither,
And the roses fade and die.

Life is sweet! but not forever
Is it strewn with sweet perfume,
For some chilling frost will sever
It from beauty, peace and bloom;
Casting it on Times dark river—
On Time's dark and rolling tide,
Leaving it to drift and shiver,
Losing all its joy and pride. Chorus.

Fraught with hopes for but to-morrow,
It will be a happy day!
When it comes, it brings but sorrow,
Casting all our hopes away;
In the future see a gleaming
Of a happy bye and bye,
When it comes, 'tis but a seeming:
Brightest roses fade and die. Chorus.

Sweeter Than Marmalade.

Arranged expressly for Mrs. J. C. Williamson, (Miss Maggie Moore.) By Harry West.

THE MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POST PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

Some get into debt, into trouble some get,
While others may think they're in love,
And get awfully stuck, on some sweet little duck,
Whom they think is all others above.
Through a sweet pretty face, that's exactly my case.
And up to my eyes I am
In love with a neat little, sweet little treat,
Such a nice little bit of Jam.

CHORUS.

She's real jam, all jam,
Sweeter than cham. nicer than lamb,
Real jam, jammy jam, jam,
Sweeter than Marmalade.

The face of my love all bouquets is above,
Her cheeks like the sweetest blush rose,
And the honey I sips from her blooming "tulips,"
'Neath her dear little sweet little nose.
Her bright eyes are as blue as the wildest
blue bells,
Her golden hair's not a sham,
In fact she's so sweet I'm afraid I shall eat,
My nice little bit of jam. Chorus.

We call women angels and say they're divine,
And sometimes we wish they had wings,
Sometimes they will please and sometimes
they will tease,
And sometimes do all sort of things,
But take woman away and what is the world,
Why only a blank, a sham,
I look upon life as a slice of dry bread,
And woman she is the jam. Chorus.

George Constantine McKeown.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 10 CTS.

A dandy and a lady's man has come before you now,
A man of taste and culture, for 'tis written
on my brow;
In Irish circles I'm the pet of all the ladies fair,
And I always meet with favor and a hearty
welcome there.
The reason must be obvious, I don't make use
of slang;
I use well chosen language, which surprises all
the gang.
You'll often hear the ladies say, "Now hasn't he
the tone
He ought to be a counsellor, George
Constantine McKeown.

I'm in the book and picture trade. I canvas every day;
And tho the times are very hard, I always
make it pay.
The literature of Ireland I have at my command,
And when I'm talking up a trade my style is
great and grand;
I tell them how brave Sarsfield fought
and kept the foe at bay,
And how the women held the fort at Limerick
town that day;
I get them all excited, for I am no dunce or drone;
You'll hear them cry, "I'll take four books,
George Constantine McKeown."

You ought to hear me make a speech about
election time;
I overflow with eloquence, with anecdote, with rhyme;
My attitudes are picturesque, and I can plainly show
That I'm the Irish orator, the Celtic "Cicero."
Some say to imitate me, but their show attempts
are vile;
They cannot catch my lofty tone, my grand
imperious style.
Let spurious imitators fail, for equals I have none;
I the great original, George Constantine McKeown.

Once Upon a Time.

THE MUSIC SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

Once upon a time there lived a maiden,
In a little cottage by the sea;
Twining round about it heavy laden.
Grew a honey-suckle fair to see;
And the maid a watched the blossoms daily.
Heard the bees about it as it grew;
Bent above it singing ever gaily,
Every bud and every blossom knew.
When the wind a leaf blew down,
Came a sudden dainty frown;
Jealous was the maid I trow,
Greater love she did not know,
No! greater love she did not know,
Know, know, know, know.

To the maiden came one day a lover,
Tall and brave and full of manly grace;
Whisp'ring tender words he bent above her,
Stooped and kissed her sunny smiling face;
Underneath the honey-suckle walked they,
But her eyes were cast demurely down;
Seeing not, as softly, sweetly talked they,
How its leaves were turning sere and brown,
Withered now its tendrils twine,
Bird and bee have left the vine.
Careless is the maid I trow,
Greater love hath learned to know,
No! greater love hath learned to know,
Know, know, know, know.

Parade of the Guards.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 CENTS.

Of martial subjects now I sing,
So brilliant, light and gay;
Of gallant friends, both one and all,
In the military way;
With glittering guns and bayonets,
And brightly flashing swords,
As thro' the street we go so neat,
Mhe parade of the dashing guards.

CHORUS.

With colors flying proudly,
As they march, they march, they march
to music soul-inspiring;
Warm friends cheering loudly,
At the parade of the dashing guards!
Onward, quick advancing,
As they march, they march, they march
to music soul-inspiring;
Warm friends cheering loudly,
At the parade of the dashing guards.

The music sounding loud and clear,
All in the morning air,
With eager eyes doth haste to see
A sight so grand and rare!
The pets of all the ladies fair,
Are these gay dashing cards,
And everywhere a welcome greets
The boys of the dashing guards. Chorus.

Neath The Oak Tree.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT BY US TO ANY ADDRESS, POSTAGE FREE, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 30 CTS.

I'm sitting 'neath the oak tree, Mary,
On the moss-bound rustic seat,
I made for you long years ago,
'Twas here we used to meet;
I'll ne'er forget that eve in June
When sitting by your side,
I told you that I loved you Mary,
You said you'd be my bride.

CHORUS.

Blithesome fairy, darling Mary,
Joyous were the songs we sung:
Happy were the days, dear Mary,
When you and I were young.

I'm sitting 'neath the oak tree, Mary,
I am dreaming love of thee,
How dreary seems the world's gay scenes.
How sad is life to me.
The setting sun in crimson hues
Its radiance casts around,
Through tears I see hallowed light
On yonder little mound. Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

Charles Walden started slightly, as one from slumber. The words had aroused him, though he was unconscious he had heard them.

"Dick, he said, I think you were right about my being better. I really feel very much so, and so pleasantly tired, I'm sure I shall enjoy a long sleep. Good-night, dear old boy!"

His fingers slid from his friends hand; his eyes closed; his head fell a little on one side; his lips softly murmured, "Mother—Rosebud!"

Then the chest was heaved by a long sigh, and Richard Hepburn, dropping on his knees, wept, for he perceived the sleep which Richard Walden slept was that which has no waking in this earth.

CHAPTER II.

"PLEASE, THE DOCTOR'S WANTED."

Nearly five months have slid away. The woods and orchards of Devon are changing their spring attire for the more gorgeous hues of summer.

Each day the sun does more successful battle against the north wind, and the moon is beginning to cast shadows upon the earth with less an appearance of their having been bitten into it like acid in steel.

On that particular evening to which we would refer, the latter luminary shone with almost a July softness of radiance. It was nearly at full, and poured its white light over Daisy Bank Villa and its flower gardens, situated within three miles of Exeter, like a silver veil.

Lamps had been lighted in the drawing-room: but only the lace curtains as yet veiled the French windows permitting a full view of the interior—a pleasant appartment, luxurious somewhat, and bright with light, books, pictures, and graceful statuettes.

The furniture was not costly, but bespoke the selection of a refined judgement. In a word it was one of those rooms which puts a visitor at once at hrs ease, and destroys any feeling of being in the way. Doctor Abercorn, as he stood, tea-cup in hand on the hearthrug, to the left of the fire—what is more hospitable than a coal fire?—and beamed on the scene before him, certainly looked very much at his ease, and not in the least an encumberance.

Doctor Abercorn was of middle height and middle age. There was just a suspicion of pursiness about his figure; his complexion was florid; his expression as genial and light-hearted as a boy's, while his grey eyes shone with merriment and kindness. The doctor was admired by all his patients, rich and poor. Either, in their distress, were equally ready to make him their confident, and equally assured of his sympathy.

Within a few feet of him, on a low chair, sat a fair handsome lady, of near fifty, attired in black silk, with white, soft lace about her throat, and falling over her slender, delicate hands; while a cap of the same material, held by a knot of marabont feathers, rested on her hair, streaked slightly with silver. She, too, held a teacup; also a dainty wafer of bread and butter, for it was the hour of tea-time.

The urn hissed musically on a small table to the right of the fire-place, and, presiding over it and the teacups, the fair dispenser of the fragrant beverage was a young girl of about eighteen, with a lithe yet well-moulded figure; soft cheeks, tinted with a warm, rose damask; silky nut-brown hair, possessing wondrous shadows in its thicknesses; a clear, white forehead, and large, brown, velvety, lustrous eyes, which slumbered under the long lashes, or flashed up at the beholder with so dazzling a brightness and vivacity that they instantly held him enthralled.

A glance showed she was a true, innocent-hearted girl with—as an Oxford freshman, who had been deeply smitten and driven into rustication by those eyes, had declared, "not a bit of nonsense about her."

"Yes, my dear madam," remarked the doctor, slowly stirring the remains of his tea, and proceeding with a conversation previously began, "I think we may expect a more than usually gay summer at Westerin—indeed, a very gay summer. Miss Alice what magic have those bright eyes of yours been working upon the Chinese herb. I never drink such tea anywhere as I do at Daisy Bank; but to-night it excels all other nights. If the shade of Doctor Johnson were present, how he would envy me this enjoyment of his favorite beverage.

"Make the shade, then, doubly envious, doctor," laughed the girl, poising the teapot in her little hand, "by taking another cup. If you do not, I shall regard your praise as false flattery. Besides, no admirer of the great lexicographer should imbibe less than half-a-dozen at least."

"No, no, Miss Alice; you shall not inveigle me into dyspepsia. Shame, thus to treat so old an admirer! Great tea-drinking, like great after-dinner drinking, are things of the past. One more cup, and one only."

"Pray leave the lexicographer in peace, my dear Alice," broke in the elder lady; "and you, doctor, state upon what grounds you promise us a gay summer at Westerin?"

"First, then, dear madam, Roseden, I hear is let to a most charming family, who take possession at once. Also the Briars to a young widow lady and her daughter, whose beauty, indeed," smiled the doctor, still dallying with his tea-spoon, "has sent our amorous little house-agent wild, and his wife jealous."

"What is their name, doctor?" asked the girl, glancing round.

"Melville. Ah, ah, Miss Alice, are you not all curiosity to see them? Tell one pretty woman of another, and she'll rest neither night nor day until she can herself be posted as to the rival's attraction."

"Fie, doctor! I could not have put enough sugar in that last cup of tea, you are so spiteful," laughed the girl. "If you grow satirical, I'll have no more to do with you.

"Then from henceforth I will judge the world only by its surface, Miss Alice. But surely my other piece of news can be, as Pat would say, no news."

"Let us decide that point, my dear doctor," remarked the elder lady, removing imaginary bread crumbs from her slender fingers with her handkerchief.

"Why, then, that the family has returned to the Hall to-day, intends passing the summer there, owing to the Squire having the gout or something of that kind. Yes, here they have come, papa and daughter-the-grand, the dashing, the gorgeously attired Miss Sidonia, with her portmanteau, her bonnet-boxes, lady's-maids and companions, all so great and graciously condescending. Miss Alice, excuse me making the remark, but a lady's wardrobe is a puzzle to me. How can one woman wear the contents of those vast mails I met the railway van staggering up with?"

"Doctor, there are some mysteries men should never pry into," laughed Alice, gaily; "it might prove dangerous. Pray do not expect information from me. I will not turn Queen's evidence, and betray my sex's vanity. But what more, for this is news to us?"

"Why nothing more. The family is here, for Master Ned is, I hear to follow—the resplendent cousin, and as some whisper, the heir—when the Hall will be thrown open, and balls, and parties of all kinds, croquet, garden, &c., &c., will set Westerin alive. By the way, Miss Alice,"—and a merrier twinkle than ordinary came to the doctor's eyes—"I wonder you have never thought of that Adonis in modern attire, the Squire's nephew. You'd be sure to win him, and be the envied of all your sex."

"That is speaking but very poorly of my sex, doctor. What can make you so cynical to-night? I would not wed such a man as the Squire's nephew though it made me mistress of that dear old Hall itself."

"What! not with all its messuages, tenements, crofts, and onthouses?" laughed Doctor Abercorn.

"I trust, doctor, as I am sure you do, that Alice is too sensible a girl to look to the wealth before the man in her selection of a husband," said the mother.

"True, my dear madam," continued Doctor Abercorn, who this evening seemed in a perverse mood. "But what is there wrong in the young fellow? Miss Alice, I do verily believe that you judge every young man by the same standard."

"And that, doctor?"

"Your brother Charles."

A sigh broke from the mother's lips.

"Is it not strange, speaking of Charley," she said, that the Australian mail is in and brought no letter? Never has he missed one before. He always writes to Rosebud, as he calls her, the dear, affectionate boy! I am the more anxious because, in his last letter, he hinted that he was not very well, having caught cold while camping out when in pursuit of bushrangers."

"Don't be anxious, and don't be distressed, dear mother," said Alice, as, crossing the room, she bent down and kissed her parent's cheek. "You know, we must not expect dear old Charley to be always so regular. We must recollect he is very, very busy, increasing his station every month—and, oh, making such a fortune, when he will come back! Fancy, mamma, what joy it will be when he arrives, the dear, dear fellow! Oh, doctor, you can't can't imagine how delighted I shall be!"

She looked up as she spoke, and the doctor thought he had never seen so pretty a picture of happy maidenhood.

Alice Walden's hands hung clasped before her, her small head was raised, her bosom heaved, her breath appeared poised on her red lips, her eyes sparkled with tears—all the exuberant effect of that great expectant joy to see Charley again.

The slight silence which had ensued was interrupted by a rather loud ring at the gate.

"Perhaps, it's for me," remarked Doctor Abercorn. "I have observed, my dear Miss Alice, how frequently when I'm here, some obstinate patient is sure to fall ill and want me. Yes, surely here comes your maid to summon me, I do not doubt," he added, as, the door opening, the servant entered.

"What is it, Hannah?" asked Mrs Walden, turning to the girl.

"Please, the doctor's wanted, m'm."

"There, I told you so! My patients might have a little more consideration. It's my man, I suppose, Hannah?" remarked Doctor Abercorn, a trifle testily.

"No, please, sir, it's Jim, the under-gamekeeper at the 'All. As he com'd along the road, he found just outside, a gentleman throw'd from his horse, and insensible. So he rang for help, and hearin' you were here, sir, thought you would see him."

"See him?—of course! Dear, dear me—thrown from his horse! I hope he is not seriously hurt!" exclaimed Doctor Abercorn, bustling out. "Where is my hat? Thanks, Miss Alice!"

"Open the hall-door, Hannah," said Mrs. Walden, who had followed. "Doctor, if the poor gentleman be much hurt or not, he must be shaken; therefore, pray bring him here."

"I accept your generous hospitality in his name, my dear madam," replied Doctor Abercorn, as he ran down the steps, at the foot of which he was joined by Jim, when together they proceeded to the scene of the accident.

It was not many yards off. Soon they reached the gentleman, lying face upwards on the wayside grass to which Jim, the keeper, had thoughtfully dragged him, and which his horse was quietly cropping by his side.

"A young man, Jim." remarked Doctor Abercorn, as he kneeled down to feel the pulse of the stranger I wonder how he could have managed to stumble."

"It's my 'pinion, sir, it's them there darned poachers, and that this 'ere haccident was intended for the Squire."

"What do you mean, Jim? interrupted Doctor Abercorn still busy with his examination.

"Why, look you, sir, the Squire's mortal hard with the poachers, and gives it 'em warm when he grabs 'em. Well, do you see how dark the swelkin' trees make this here part, sir? And do you see that there chunk of tree trunk in the middle of the road? It's my 'pinion, then, that that's what's caused the accident, and that it were intentioned for the Squire, whose carridge will be by in a hour's time for he's dinin' with Sir John Buckstraw. He's alive, then, sir," added Jim, as a low groan issued from the injured man.

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CONTENTS.

The Banks of the Potomac..... page 458
Bound for Germany..... 462
Can you Love me ever Darling?..... 462
The Dutchman's Wife..... 459
Evangeline..... 461
Hours of Pleasure..... 462
The Hungry Man From Harlem,
Music for the Banjo ... 464
It's Only the way that it's Done..... 459
I won't see old Ireland run down..... 459
Just to please the boys..... 459
Kitty the Sweet Flower Girl..... 459
Kick me Again..... 460
Keep in de Middle of de Road..... 460
Little Nell..... 460
Let the Angels in..... 462
The Lost Inheritance - Story continued..... 463
Mr. Johnny Dougherty..... 459
McSwegan from Mayo..... 460
Marna May..... 461
Pretty little Tommy with a Squeak..... 458
Pretty Whilhelmina..... 461
The Outcast..... 462
She vos so Sweet..... 458
Skating on One in the Gutter..... 458
Sweet Little Rose of the Lea..... 459
Sheeny Glazier..... 460
Sweet Echo Dell..... 461
Softly o'er the Gentle Wavelets..... 461
Take it Bob..... 458
Take it Easy..... 461
Take Me Back Home Once More..... 462
There's no one to welcome me home..... 462
Ven I Visale, den I'm Sad..... 461
Valentine Notice..... 458
Won't you buy my pretty flowers..... 460
When the Turks are Going to Drill..... 460
You never will be grubstruck
till the grub runs out.... 458

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She vos so Sweet.

Song and Dance. By Watson & Ellis.

I vonder where my Katrina vos,
She promised to meet me here;
I vos waiting here for a couple of hours,
Und still she don't come here.
Dere something must the matter vos,
'Cause she would not stay away,
For I have not seen her frying-pan face
Sines dree weeks ago to-day.

CHORUS.

Oh, my! my love she vos so sweet,
Mit her turnip nose and great big feet,
My true love she was so handsome,
Und I know she can't be beat;
She smiled so sweet when we did meet—
Oh, my! she vos so sweet.

Dear Honnos, you must occhse me,
Cause I couldn't come around last night,
My uncle he vos on a drunk,
Und he come home awful tight.
But I will meet you in Central Park,
So Honnos, don't say no,
'Cause I expect in a couple of weeks
To be your little frow. Chorus.

Take it Bob.

Sung by Miss Alecia Jordan.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

I'm a jolly young miller, Bob Bell is my name,
And in my own village I m well known to fame;
I've a dear little sweet-heart, a nice little lass,
I'm fond of her too, and I'm fond of my glass.
Perhaps I'm too fond they say that may be,
I try to be merry and am as you see;
But if I attempt to refuse drinks a day,
I fancy the wheel of my mill seems to say—

CHORUS.

Take it Bob, take it Bob, take it Bob, take it Bob,
That's what I fancy my mill seems to say;
Take it Bob, take it Bob, take it Bob, take it,
Take it Bob, take it, it's better than tea.

I dreamt 'tother night that Bob Bell was no more,
He died at the age - well, say twenty-four,
And I heard the folks round me say, "drink's done its worst."
And although I was dead I was dying with thirst.
A bottle of brandy close by I could see,
"I was meant for the mourners, it wasn t for me,
And as on my bed still and silent I lay,
In the distance distinctly I heard my mill say—
Take it Bob, &c.

Now I'm only up here for a bit of a spree,
My pa thinks it's business between you and me,
But you know the old saying that never deceives—
What the eye doesn't see, the heart never grieves.
I must toddle at once, so good-by to you all;
Perhaps soon again I'll give you a call;
Now don't ask me to drink before I go away,
Or I'm certain to fancy I hear my mill say—
Take it Bob, &c.

Pretty Little Tommy With a Squeak.

By Ben Dodge.

One afternoon as down the street I rambled,
My attention was attracted by a crowd
Of people, who with open mouths were list'ning
To some language which to me seemed very loud.
It issued from a chap upon the corner,
A fellow who was overstocked with cheek.
He'd a little rubber toy which he was selling,
And he said it was a Tommy with a squeak.

Spoken; He pulled a string, causing the little rubber toy to move its arms and legs in a ridiculous manner, and at the same time to utter a very peculiar little squeak; then the gentleman would round to his audience and say—

CHORUS.

Will you buy a little Tommy with a squeak, squeak, squeak,
Pull it for a week it will squeak, squeak, squeak,
Buy a little Tommy with a squeak, squeak, squeak,
Pretty little Tommy with a squeak.

I purchased one, it was so very funny
That I couldn't keep it hidden out of sight,
At home we had a little boy in trowsers,
Who had suffering been, and crying all the night;
And the cause, I found, of all this youthful sorrow,
Was, he'd had the stomach-ache for near a week,
But he laughed so loud, the pain at once departed,
When I let him take the "Tommy with a squeak.
Will you buy, &c.

For some time I have sojourned in the city,
And of course I have been looking out for fun,
I've desired with the girls to get acquainted,
But they turn me the cold shoulder, every one;
There is one by whom I have been captivated,
And though to gain her notice I did seek,
She somehow frowned on all of my advances,
Till I showed the little Tommy with a squeak!

Spoken: That broke the ice, for she turned with an angelic smile and murmured— Chorus.

Now advice in this matter I will give you,
And I'm certain you will find it true indeed,
If you try, and cannot win a girl's affections,
Buy a little rubber toy, and you ll succeed.
For if when to please your cause you would endeavor,
Should the lady blush and hang her head so meek,
She'll quickly smile and whisper yes, so sweetly,
When you show the little Tommy with a squeak,
Will you buy, &c.

The Banks of the Potomac.

By Ed. Harrigan.

On the banks of the Potomac,
I am lonely here to-night,
Sure I'm waiting for the enemy
To come out here and fight;
Arrah, when the war is over,
Oh! I will bless the day;
Let me be dead or living,
I'd praise America.
But sure I can't help thinking
Of the girl I left behind,
A rosy Irish lassie,
So loving and so kind;
My dear old gray-haired mother,
I left there all alone,
I'd feel like young Napoleon,
When I go marching home.

Oh! a soldier's life is tedious,
When he's laying loose in camp
We never have excitement,
Unless we're on a tramp;
A short life and a merry one,
Is generally our lot,
Till we get our life-long furlough
From the enemy's heavy shot.
If a soldier's never kilt,
Oh! he a smothered up in luck,
Should he lose an ear or finger,
Or be with a bayonet stuck:
He can get a pair of crutches
From the doctor, it's well known,
And feel like the King of Persia,
When he goes marching home.

It's a pleasure to the soldier,
To look up in the skies,
And see the stars a-blinking,
Like a pair of roguish eyes,
A-winking and a-twinkling.
Just as if they'd say—
You may kiss me if you catch me
Before I get away,
For to hear the wind a-howling
And moaning through the trees,
It's enough to make you shiver,
And tremble in the knees;
But I must do my duty,
If I petrify to stone;
I'll feel like Julius Cæsar
When I go marching home.

Skating on One in the Gutter.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

When I was a boy I was brimful of fun,
For all sorts of tricks I was noted;
From morning and evening I never was done,
On rollicking pleasure I doted.
I tried every game, and when winter-time came,
With joy I was all in a flutter;
Then, out on the ice, O, I tell you 'twas nice—
I went skating on one in the gutter!

CHORUS.

Skating on one, skating on one!
O, boys, there was never such glorious fun,
All other pleasures of youth I would shun,
And go skating on one in the gutter!

I beat all the boys with my far-fetching stride,
In fact I was never artistic;
While backward and forward so graceful did glide,
I thought every motion majestic.
I cared not to skate on the rink or the park,
You may believe it's the truth which I utter,
The best of all pleasures from daylight till dark,
Was skating on one in the gutter! Chorus.

To join in the sport I would loiter from school,
And gain the great wrath of my master;
Sometimes on the ice I would get a great fall,
And go home for a piece of shin-plaster.
And oft thro the day I would steal soft away,
With a hungry boy's balm, bread and butter,
To meet my companions so noisy and gay,
And go skating on one in the gutter, Chorus.

You Never will be Grubstruck 'till the Grub Runs Out.

By P. J. Downey. Air: You never miss the water.

When a boy in Pensylvania,
With a rounder on a tramp,
A short and truthful lesson
On my memory he did stamp.
One day while I was eating pie,
I threw some cake away,
He turned his foggy eyes around,
And this to me did say.

CHORUS.

Pick it up again, John, pick it up I say,
Roll it in your handkerchief for a rainy day,
To you it will be useful, of this I have no doubt,
For you never will be grubstruck till the grub runs out.

One day while stealing chickens,
A farmer fired a shot,
Dave whispered softly in my ear,
It's time to take a drop;
We ran through mud up to our eyes,
I threw a duck away;
Once more he turned his foggy eyes,
And this to me did say. Chorus.

Now Dave is on the Island,
A serving out a year;
When thinking of his hungry face,
I have to drop a tear.
And when I'm passing by the place
Where he has got to stay,
I have to think of hungry Dave,
And what he used to say. Chorus.

VALENTINES.
COMIC AND FANCY
60 Chatham St.
BRANCH; 28 & 30 ATLANTIC
STREET, BROOKLYN.

Just to Please the Boys

Sung by Miss Ella Mayo.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Some people have peculiar ways,
And I have some I know,
I don't like swell society,
Restraint I cannot go.
I've done and will do as I please,
Keep still or make a noise,
I love to please the ladies—but,
Prefer to please the boys.

Spoken: Oh! well, ladies never appear perfect in each other's eyes, there's always some little fault, whether caused by envy, jealousy or otherwise, so on this occasion I waive female opinion and intend—

Chorus.

Just to please the boys,
Just to please the boys.
I always meant with grave intent,
To try and please the boys.

I love to sing, to sail and race,
I love to skate and dance,
I love all social parties where they
Give a girl a chance.
My lady friends find fault because
They cannot share my joys,
And tell me I'm too forward, when—
I try to please the boys.

Spoken: Yes, whenever I try to entertain the gentlemen, I hear such exclamations as these; "ain't she awful!" How exceedingly fresh!" "She will never catch a sensible husband!" And all this because I try Chorus.

Some people call me fickle,
Just because I change my beau,
And don't keep one man to myself,
And let all others go,
Now that I think would be unkind,
For no one more enjoys,
To give good-looking men a chance,
And try and please the boys.

Spoken: Lord! I'm not fickle, I do like one man. The other evening a gentleman kissed me just because I let him. He repeated the act and then wanted an encore. I refused. He said, "Ella, they all do it." He didn't mean me. I have a few kisses left, and when I distribute them it will be— Chorus.

Sweet Little Rose of the Lea.

Copyright, 1878. By T. B. Kelly.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I'll wait for you under the willow,
When the twilight creeps over the dell
You know how I long to be near you,
Sweet tales of affection to tell.
I'll whisper a lover's devotion
To one who is dearest to me;
Oh haste to the willow and meet me,
My Sweet little Rose of the Lea.

Chorus.

I'll wait for you under the willow,
Oh! come and be happy with me,
I long for the light of your glances,
My sweet little Rose of the Lea.

I'll wait for you under the willow,
Where oft I have met you before,
We'll walk by the brookside together,
And promise to love evermore.
The moonbeams will brighten our pathway,
The night-birds will warble in glee,
The breeze will be laden with murmurs,
My sweet little Rose of the Lea. Chorus.

I'll wait for you under the willow,
And sigh 'till your sweet voice I hear;
Each moment is weary without you,
No sorrow can live when you're near.
In rapture I'll fondly embrace you,
For ever my darling you'll be,
Oh! come and repeat our old pleasure,
My sweet little Rose of the Lea. Chorus.

It's Only the Way That it's Done.

Air: That's where you make the mistake.

Sung with great success by Harry A. Turner, at Tony Pastor's Opera House.

I want you to listen to me for awhile,
And a song I will sing that is new,
And I'll show you the differance,
You can judge for yourself,
And you'll say that my song it is true.
By chance you might meet—
A friend in the street,
Who for money would talk you most dumb,
You must never take mind
If a man talks you blind,
For it's only the way that it's done.

Chorus.

'Tis the same on the stage if you fly in a rage,
Now or make up yourself as a bum,
And the song that I sing applause may not bring,
If it was not for the way that it's done.

As I sat in the opera one evening quite gay,
Just beside a young girl and her beau,
For it seemed very queer as this girl she drew near,
And at me sly glances did throw,
As she moved close to me,
Now my heart beat with glee,
When he called me a thief and a bum,
Now I said don't get mad there a good little lad,
It's only the way that it's done.

One evening when I came home from my work,
It is queer, but there's many strange things,
When I saw my dear wife,
Yes I did upon my life,
Was nursing a pair of young twins,
Then the doctor he came
And a bill he did claim.
And of money he wanted a sum,
So I'll tell you quite plain
That I can do it again
For it's only the way that it's done. Chorus.

Kitty the Sweet Flower Girl.

By Wm. Lawler. Air: Biddy the Ballet Girl.

Oh! I am a poor working man,
I've a charming young daughter named Kitty,
She sells bouquets on the street;
As the people pass they say, ain't she pretty!
The young swells they wink as they pass,
But Kitty the darling don't mind them,
And then while they're walking away,
They'll turn for to look behind them.

Chorus.

On the street she's the belle of the city,
And the people call her charming Kitty,
She brings home the money and gives it to me,
And large presents too, most beautiful to see.
For she is the pride of her mother,
Her father and sister and brother,
On the piano she plays after selling bouquets,
Oh! there's none that could equal my Kitty.

When the holidays are near at hand,
She makes the wreaths and the roses;
And I build her a neat little stand,
Then her fair face to the cold she exposes.
She's in love with a young dry goods clerk,
And he takes her to picnics and parties,
They are going to be married next year,
His name it is Jerry McCarthy. Chorus.

Last week while she was selling bouquets,
A young chap stepped up for to buy one,
Says he, "oh you dumpling you lamb,
A kiss, love I'd like for to try one,"
Just then Jerry he happened along,
Then the gussie began for to stutter,
But Jerry caught him under the ear,
And landed him out in the gutter, Chorus.

I Won't see Old Ireland Run Down.

Written and sung by Henry Carney.

There's a dear little spot called the Emerald Isle,
And there one fine day I was born.
So that is the reason my blood always boils
When people speak of it with scorn;
Her sons and and her daughters are gallant and fair,
And the country itself is so grand
That I cannot imagine why people should speak
In dispraise of my dear native land.

Chorus.

So hurrah for old Ireland, the land of my birth,
Her sons have gained famous renown,
'Tis known as a glorious picture on earth,
So I won't hear old Ireland run down.

I'm sure that no Irishman ever need be
Ashamed of those heroes gone by,
Who fought like true Irishmen only can do,
When foes of their country were nigh.
And in modern times, when for England
they fought,
They were foremost and first in the fray,
And at the Crimea, when danger was near,
Pat never kept out of the way. Chorus.

The names of O'Connell, and all such as he,
Should make every Irishman proud;
They were Ireland's heroes and showed that
they were,
With wit and with wisdom endowed;
They spoke for their country, as every man should,
No matter what country or creed;
So we never need be ashamed of Ireland's sons,
For they proved true in thought word and deed.
Chorus.

The Dutchman's Wife,

By Charles T. Ellis. Air: Perhaps she's on the Railway.

Now here I vos a poor Dutchman
Vot hasn't got one cent;
For I get kicked and knocked around
Most everywhere where I went.
My wife she run away from me,
But when she does come back,
And when I catch a hold of her,
I'll kick her away up in the back.

Chorus.

Perhaps she's in a beer saloon,
Washing towels out;
Perhaps she's in a barber shops,
Making sauer krout,
Perhaps she is perhaps she ain't,
For I can't tole you why,
But when she says I vos no goor
I know dot vas a lie.

My wife she vas so beautiful,
I can't forgot her face,
She's got a bunion on her ear,
And corns all over her face.
Her hair vas red and her eyes vas blue,
And when she'd go to laugh,
I'm a son of a gun, and I hope to die,
If she didn't look like a calf. Chorus.

Mr. Johnny Dougherty

You've all heard of the solid men,
And men of great renown;
But if you'll listen for a while,
I'm certain you will own
That I'm the most respected man
In this great town; and why?
It is because when I walk out
You will hear the people cry—

Chorus.

I'm Mr. Johnny Dougherty, the tailor,
A man of great renown;
And everybody knows that to make a suit of clothes
I'm the very best you'll find in all this town.

I've heard them say a tailor is
The ninth part of a man;
Let them get up and knock me
Into nine parts if they can.
Devil a one would ever dare
To box me for a foe,
For I can box as well as stitch,
As very well they know. Chorus.

Sheeny Glazier.

Sung by Frank Bush. Air: Josephus Orange Blossom.

Good-evening, friends, I'm Solomon Bulenrinsky,
I came here all the way from Ludlow street;
You bet I am a bully little sheeny,
At glass puteen, you bet I can't be beat.
My route is right through Ludlow to the Bowery,
And from Bowery down to Avenue A,
When the loafers on the corner do insult me.
I only turn around to them and say;

Chorus.

Butsky (sym) Vutzsky, (sym),
They re Irish and they don't know what I mean,
That's the only way I fool dose loafers.
For I'm a bully sheeny glass puteen.

Now the other day a loafer on the corner,
Come up and asked me if I was alive.
And with a club he hit me on the shoulder,
And for the nearest store I made a dive.
The man that owned the store he chased me quickly,
And with his fist he hit me in the eye,
Then I told him for to nemt, a, missnmashinna,
And at the dirty loafers I did cry. Chorus.

Now another loafer standing on the corner,
Says there's going to be a big wind out to-day;
You better strap your business to a lamppost,
And hold on or you will both get blowed away.
He said he know a place they wanted monkeys,
To carry signs for sixty cents a day,
And I asked him then, why he was not working,
And I nearly drove him mad when I did say.

McSwegan From Mayo.

By Ed. Harrigan.

Oh! it's lately I've missed her,
Sure I mane me sister;
She a strong as a bull,
And she strikes a hard blow.
Her cheeks they are rosey,
And nate as the posey;
At the big Castle Garden
She landed below

Chorus.

Oh! say have you seen her,
To you I'd describe her—
She wears a red petticoat,
And a hat on her head;
She moves whin she's walking,
She spakes whin she's talking;
An her petticoat is marked
O, P, Q, X, Y, R, Z.

She comes out wid my cousins,
I count them by the dozens;
I'm forced for to think
They have led her astray.
For some information
I'd suffer starvation;
Swear off against whiskey,
Drink nothing but tay. Chorus.

On her cheek there's a dimple,
On her nose there's a pimple;
Her fut s very small—
Sure she wears No. 10.
She was the lady
That fought Mrs. Brady,
At home in Mayo
She could whip all the men. Chorus.

She'd sing like a fairy,
Or any canary.
She never was standing
Whinever she set.
Like old Neptune's daughter
She'd fall in the water,
She'd come out like a herring,
She'd never get wet. Chorus.

She was sober when drinking,
When asleep she was thinking;
She was delicate and soft
As the wild buffalo;
She'd a hand like a sailor
On board of a whaler;
Her name was McSwegan,
From the County Mayo. Chorus.

Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers.

Words by A. W. French. Music by W. S. Mullaey.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents.

Underneath the gaslights glitter
Stands a little fragile girl,
Heedless of the night-winds bitter,
As they round about her whirl.
While the hundreds pass unheeding,
In the evenings waning hours,
Still she cries with tearful pleading,
Won't you buy my pretty flowers?

Chorus.

There are many sad and weary,
In this pleasant world of ours,
Crying every night so dreary,
Won't you buy my pretty flowers?

Not a living word to cheer her,
From the passers-by is heard,
Not a friend to linger near her,
With a heart by pity stirred.
Homeward goes the tide of fashion,
Seeking pleasure's pleasant bowers,
None to hear with sad compassion,
Won't you buy my pretty flowers? Chorus.

Kick Me Again.

Parody on Kiss Me Again. Sung by A. Collum.

I sat down one night on an old cellar door,
Around the corner in front of a Dutch grocery store,
Thinking of home, and my clothes all in hock,
When suddenly I experienced a terrible shock,
The door gave away and unlucky I fell,
I bursted my pantaloons and undergarments as well,
I struck on my head on the hard cellar floor,
And the proprietor bounced me up through the door.

Chorus.

He kiekek me again in the bosom of my pants,
Which made my stomach feel queer,
He kicked me again and because I complained,
Out on the sidewalk I walked on my ear.

Kicks are a thing that all bummers can get,
If they hang around saloons and cigar stores you bet,
They are always given freely and don't cost a cent,
And the place that you get them are sure to be bent,
If once you get landed out in the street,
You hardly would care the dose to repeat,
Boot toes have nails in and make you feel sore,
And always are ready to kick you once more. Cho.

When the Turks are Going to Drill.

Words and Music by A. Whelan. Ded. to L. Reynolds.

What means this bugle calling,
The drums all beating loud,
The banners they are waving,
And gathering a crowd.
The boys they all are shouting,
We cannot keep them still,
We know it now, we hear them say—
The Turks are going to drill.

Chorus.

Mark time, boys, and hold your head ereet,
In marching shure, the prize we take you bet,
Drums and trumpets, sounding loud and shrill,
We gaily march, as stiff as starch,
For the Turks are going to drill.

Our captain was a hero,
He fought all through the war,
He lay upon the battle field,
And never got a scar.
To see us out upon parade,
I tell you it's a treat,
In full regalia we're attired,
On the day we celebrate. Chorus.

At night we have a supper,
Our praises then we sing,
We have a band of music,
And the boys all have their fling.
Such shouting and such bawling,
An opera troupe we'll kill,
For it's our delight to dance all night,
When the Turks are going to drill. Chorus.

Little Nell.

By Miss C. Young. Music by Geo. Linley.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

They told him gently she was gone,
And spoke of Heaven and smiled,
And drew him from the lonely room,
Where lay the lovely child.
'Twas all in vain, he heeded not,
Their pitying looks of sorrow,
Hush! hush! he said, she only sleeps,
She'll wake again to-morrow!
Hush! hush! he said, she only sleeps,
She'll wake again to-morrow!

They laid her in a lowly grave,
Where winds blew high and bleak,
Tho' the faintest summer breeze had seemed
Too rough to fan her cheek:
And the poor old man would watch,
In strange and childish sorrow,
And whisper to himself the words,
She'll come again to morrow!
He'd whisper to himself the words,
She'll come again to morrow!

One day they missed him long, and sought
Where most he loved to stray,
They found him dead upon the turf
Where little Nelly lay;
With tott'ring steps he'd wandered there,
Fresh hope and strength to borrow,
And e'en in dying, breathed the prayer,
Oh! let her come to-morrow!
The old man dying breathed the prayer,
Oh! let her come to-morrow.

Keep in de Middle of de Road.

Words and Music by Will, S. Hays.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I hear dem angels a callin' loud,
Keep in de middle of de road;
Dey's a waitin' dar in a great big crowd,
Keep in de middle of de road.
I see dem stand roun' de big white gate,
We must trabble along for we git too late,
Fo' 'taint no use fo' to sit down and wait,
Keep in de middle of de road.

Chorus.

Den, chil'ren keep in de middle ob de road,
Den, chil'ren keep in de middle ob de road,
Don't you look to de right, don't you look
to de left.
But keep in de middle ob de road.

I ain't got time fo' to stop an' talk,
Keep in de middle ob de road;
Kase de road am rough, an' it's hard to walk,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
I'll fix my eyes on de golden stair,
An' I'll keep on a gwine till I git dar,
Kase my head am bound fo' de crown to w'ar,
Keep in de middle ob de road. Chorus.

Come an' join in de weary ban'
Keep in de middle ob de road;
Kase we bound fo' home in de happy land,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
Turn your back on dis world ob sin,
Knock at de door an' dey'll let you in.
Kase you'll nebber git such a chance ag'in.
Keep in de middle ob de road. Chorus.

Dis world am full ob sinful things,
Keep in de middle ob de road;
When de feet gits tired, put on de wings,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
Ef you lay down on de road to die,
An' you watch dem angels in de sky,
You kin put on wings and git up an' fly,
Keep in de middle ob de road. Chorus.

Sweet Echo Dell.

Words and Music by H. C. Work.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Three sons of a New England widow had long toiled in the land of gold, when the message reached them; "Come and see your mother before she dies!" They started immediately, but while crossing the Sierra Nevada, the youngest became ill, and in a few hours breathed his last. He was buried in a lovely spot near the summit. The mother lived long enough to greet her surviving sons; but her mind wandered, and she never fully realized that Willie had gone before.

Three there were that left my cot,
Two are here, and one is not;
Why does Willie linger, say, can you tell?
He was weary by the way;
When we came he could but stay
In the shady grove at sweet Echo Dell.

Chorus.

Echo Dell! Echo Dell!
It was there we softly said "farewell!"
And the towering granite crest,
Nobly guards his place of rest,
Near the lovely lake of
Sweet Echo Dell.

Is he laden well with gold?
Does he bring me wealth untold?
Why then does he linger, say, can you tell?
"All his treasures are above,
All he sent you was his love,
With a whispered prayer from sweet Echo Dell."
Chorus.

Coming homeward, does he sing
Like a lark upon the wing?
Why then does he linger, say, can you tell?
"Naught is heard but rippling waves,
Warbling birds, and shouting braves;
Silent is his voice in sweet Echo Dell. Chorus.

Is he coming by-and-by?
May I bless him ere I die?
Why then does he linger, say, can you tell?
"Mirrored in that mountain lake,
Heaven is near, and he will wake,
Never elsewhere than in sweet Echo Dell. Chorus.

Would you crush my only joy?
Surely I shall meet my boy;
Why then does he linger, say can you tell?
"Never will his weary feet
Travel more, yet may you meet
When your soul floats over sweet Echo Dell. Cho.

Ven I Vissle, Den I'm Sad.

Mine heart dot's full mit grief,
Dot's busded ub mit voe;
I don'd kin got relief,
No madder vere I go;
I somedimes hade mineself
Jusd 'cause I feld so bad—
Der oney ding dot I kin done
Vas vissle ven I'm sad.

Chorus.

Yes, dot's der reasons, you musd know;
Now, vasn'd dot doo bad?
Der oney ding dot I kin done
Vas vissle ven I'm sad.

I nefer owned a dog
Or liddle kidden cad
Dot didn'd died in bound dree days,
Vent grazy or got mad;
I nefer dou'd found anyding
Dot dried to made me glad—
So dot's der reasons alvays I
Do vissle ven I'm sad. Chorus.

I've heerd boud beebles round,
Dot's alvays light und gay,
Bud I nefer didn'd knew der dime
Ven I did feld dot vay.
I'm subabby all der vile,
No comford I kin had;
So dot's der reasons alvays I
Do vissel ven I'm sad. Chorus.

Take it Easy.

Sung by Miss Kate Montrose.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

How many people rush through life,
And at a lightning pace,
Each pushes 'tother one aside,
All strive to win the race.
But such a style don't do for me,
It wouldn't suit, you know;
I like to take my time to things,
So I say boys, go slow.

Chorus.

Take it easy, take it easy,
What's the use of rushing matters!
Take it easy, take it easy,
You'll get along, boys, just the same.

I've heard some common people say,
The proverb does affirm,
That the young bird that rises soon,
Secures the early worm.
But come to think the matter o'er,
The worm got up too soon;
He'd been alive, no doubt, if he
Had laid abed till noon. Chorus.

Then other people worry so,
About a simple thing,
And worrying about affairs,
Will surely trouble bring.
Don't follow in their footsteps too,
And always try and be
A jolly girl like me, and so,
Take this advice from me. Chorus.

Marna May.

By Ella D. Cheek. Music by R. B. Mahaffey.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Soon upon the ocean's foam,
Far away from friends and home,
Far in distant lands I roam,
Angel Marna May;
What are home and friends to me,
If they are not shared by thee?
Only with thee I would be,
Angel Marna May.

Chorus.

Angel Marna, Marna May,
Guard me lest I go astray!
Angels leave the gates ajar;
I'll meet thee, Marna May.

Ah! the parting hour is here!
Can I hide the falling tear?
I will trust and never fear,
Angel Marna May;
I will trust in Him above,
He will guide me in His love,
Through my life, where'er I rove;
Farewell, Marna May. Chorus.

Softly in the valley there,
Daisies pale and lilies fair
Bloom above your sunny hair,
Angel Marna May;
And you softly, sweetly sleep,
While the stars their vigils keep,
And I lonely sit and weep
For my Marna May. Chorus.

Evangeline.

Song and Dance by the Daley Bros.

In the summer when the birds begin to sing,
And the pretty notes from their yellow throats,
Make the valley and woodland ring,
Down by a little woodland stream.
In a neat white cot down in a shady dell,
There lives a fairy queen;
She is the fairest maid, there is beneath the sun,
Is my Evangeline.

Chorus.

In the summer when the birds begin to sing,
And the pretty notes from their yellow throats,
Makes the valley and the woodland ring,
I'll wed my sweet Evangeline.

Now of all the sweetest creatures in the land,
Ever the sweetest one, yes, the dearest one;
And I'll happy be whene'er I gain the hand,
Of my pretty sweet Evangeline.
For she is such a belle, and always looks so well,
And mine she'll surely be,
I'm as happy as a king, or a bird upon the wing,
And I sing and dance with glee. Chorus.

Softly o'er the Gentle Wavelets.

By C. A. Johnson.

Softly o'er the gentle wavelets,
Steal sweet strains of melody,
Tales of love to me they're bringing,
As I list in rhapsody,
'Tis the voice of my sweet Angel,
Of my beautiful Lillie,
'Tis a song of love she's singing
As she is waiting for me.

Chorus: Softly o'er the gentle wavelets,
Steal sweet strains of melody,
Tales of love to me they're bringing,
As I list in rhapsody.

Sweetly o'er the gentle wavelets,
Still those sounds are borne to me,
Darling Lillie, I will hasten,
And I soon will be with thee.
Gaily o'er the rippling water,
My boat dances light and free,
The gentle breeze hastens me onward,
Soon, my love I'll be with thee. Chorus.

Pretty Whilhelmina.

Song and Dance, by Mrs. J. C. Williamson. Miss Maggie Moore.

Copyright, 1878, by W. A. Pond.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 30 cents.

Dere's a nice young man's, und he love me true,
Und he says dot his heart's in flames;
His eyes vos red, his nose vos pine,
Und Schneider vos his names.
He all de time come round mine house,
Und he vill not goes avay,
Und ven I told him vat he vants,
He only smils und say.

Chorus.

Pretty Whilhelmina vos you love me true,
Does you love your Schneider as he loves you?
Mine heart's in on der fire,
Oh! put it out mine dear, or
I'll throw mineself right out of de house,
Und die mit lager bier.

Somedimes to keep him leedle quiets,
I leds him walk me out;
Und of love und other tings,
He talks so nice about.
He say he'd like me for his vrow,
But if I vos say "nien,"
He'll right away home und take his life,
Und then he come take mine. Chorus.

If I don't marry dis young mans,
I guess dere'll be some bodder;
Und I suppose dot von young man's
As goot as any oder.
Und so next time I meets him,
I'll drow mineself away,
Und den ve'll go to de parson man's
Und Schneider no more vill say. Chorus.

VALENTINES.
COMIC AND FANCY
60 Chatham St.

Bound For Germany.

By P. Hunsicker, for Charles Konollman,
Copyright, 1878 by Charles Konollman.

Goot evening, hallo!
I kom to say good-bye to you,
I am going to leave,
New York here for a while.
So mind me vat I'm going to say;
Vor here no longer I will stay,
Aber friends, you know I vas
Off for Germany.

CHORUS.

Den I'm bound for Germany,
On de next steamboat vat goes off,
Vor a drip across dot ocean sea,
So if you doo see anyone
Dot says he did me know,
Vhy, dell him dot I was bound for Germany.

Aber, mine friends,
De time ye know has kom,
Und I must leave you
Now here vor a while.
Und ven I vil be on my vay.
I hope you don't forgot dot day
Dot dis here Deitchman, vas,
Bound for Germany. Chorus.

Can You Love Me Ever Darling?

By T. J. Towsey. Music by Frank L. Martyn.
Sung by Dan Nash.
Copyright, 1876, by T. J. Towsey.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Can you love me ever, darling?
Love me when my hair is gray?
Love me when the world forsakes me,
And I can no longer stray?
Can you love me ever, darling?
Or is this the love of sin?
Why do I fear to think you true, love,
Oh! shall that misery o'er begin?

Chorus.

Can you love me ever, darling?
Love me when my hair is gray?
Love me when the world forsakes me,
And I can no longer stray?

Can you ever drive me from you?
When you know my vigor's gone?
It's then you'd be my only comfort,
Can you leave me love, forlorn?
Oh! it breaks my heart to think
That this clay is growing old.
It would kill me sure to know,
That your love will o er grow cold.

Take Me Back Home Once More.

By Andy Radcliff. Music by Prof White.

Take me back once more to my childhood's happy home,
Just once more before I pass away;
Take me back once more and I'll never never roam
From de place whar I used to play.
Many times I've sat on my poor old father's knee,
Outside our little cabin door,
Dem were de times when my heart was gay and free,
Oh! take me back home once more.

CHORUS.

Take me back, take me back to my childhood's happy home,
Let me step on de ole cabin floor,
Take me back once more and I never more will roam,
Oh! take me back home once more.

Take me back once more to my childhood's happy home,
Let me see de cotton fields again,
I'm getting too ole to wander about alone,
And my poor ole heart is full of pain.
Often I've thought of de days dat am passed
When dis ole heart was never sore,
I thought dat dem days was always gwine to last—
Oh! take me back home once more. Chorus.

Take me back once more to my childhood's happy home,
Let me hear de old church chimes,
I think I hear de watch-dog bark and moan,
As I did in dem ole, ole times.
But my journey's most done and I'se gwine above,
And I'll rest on dat beautiful shore,
But before I go to dat land whar all is love—
Oh! take back home once more. Chorus

There's No One to Welcome Me Home.

Words and Music by M. H. McChesney.
Copyright, 1869, by C. J. Whitney.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

In the deep twilight I wander alone
Thro' the old house as of yore,
But the dear home friends my childhood hath known;
Are gone to return never more.
Wayward and careless, I left hearts of gold,
A stranger the wide world to roam,
Gone are the dear ones who loved me of old;
There s no one to welcome me home.

CHORUS,

There's noone to welcome me home,
There's no one to welcome me home,
Gone are the dear ones who loved me of old,
There's no one to welcome me home.

Cold is the hearthstone, deserted the hall;
Once filled with gladness and joy,
Father will ne'er again answer my call,
Or welcome his wandering boy.
Aged and bending he sank to the grave,
With prayers on his lips for his son,
Though in its mercy Heaven answered to save,
There's no one to welcome me home. Chorus.

Oh! how forsaken and lonely and cold;
Everywhere darkness and gloom,
Will ye not come to me dear ones of old,
And welcome your wanderer home?
Mother and sister and brother's all gone-
I wrote you I surely would come,
Naught do I hear save the wind's plaintive moan.
There's no one to welcome me home. Chorus.

The Outcast.

By David Roche.

The gloom of night fast disappearing,
Another morn had just set in,
The golden sun through dark clouds peering,
The bustle of life will soon begin.
When—lo—a ragged woman started—
As through the street she slowly trudged
Helpless, lonely, broken-hearted—
Sighing, weeping, harshly judged.

Oh! what pangs this dreary life had,
To this weary burd ned soul,
Beauty, youth combined yet so sad,
Beseeching God, to call death's roll,
But hark, she hears a voice now calling,
Her, in whom sin reached the core,
It was a voice from heaven falling
To the lonely creature rent and tore.

Staggering forward, falling, lying
In the snow and cold wind blast,
Breathing life's last breath and crying,
Ah! God! forgive the poor outcast.
Oh! Father dear the world hath wronged me,
My prayer to Thee hath meaning vast,
Oh! let my spirit to Thy heart flee,
I am Thy child the lone outcast.

Yes, dying, now, I do believe,
For all my sin and shame now past,
My father, mother, would receive
And forgive me as it is my last.
But, oh! the villain who I cannot name,
Through him my life has ended thus;
Oh! God! he surely is to blame,
And must abide with the accursed.

Nothing on earth I have to cherish,
To me the world's a wilderness;
Sinful, wretched, here I perish
In agony sorrow and distress.
Oh! God! Thy judgement I surmise,
On those who wronged —— this said,
Then gasping faintly closed her eyes,
And in the snow-drift she lay dead.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Years had past and yet no elew,
A father had despairing grew,
Yes, brothers, sisters wept and cried,
The poor old mother grieved and died.
But ah! the messenger of death had come
To bear a tale of grief and woe,
To tell how sad life's fate had run,
With her who perished in the snow.

Let the Angels in.

Words by Miss Allen. Music by H. P. Danks.
Copyright, 1867, by C. W. Harris.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Open wide the door, mother,
And let the angels in;
They are so bright and fair, mother,
So pure and free from sin.
I hear them speak my name mother,
They softly whisper, come!
Oh! let the angels in mother,
They wait to take me home.

CHORUS.

I hear them speak my name, mother,
They softly whisper, come!
Oh! let the angels in, mother,
They wait to take me home.

I know that death has come, mother,
His hand is on my brow;
You cannot keep me here, mother,
For I must leave you now
The room is growing dark, mother,
I thought I heard you weep!
'Tis very sweet to die, mother,
Like sinking into sleep. Chorus.

Hours of Pleasure.

Words and Music by W. Carroll.
Copyright, 1878, by Geo. Molineaux.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

'Twas at a ball I first met my girl,
The fairest in the land;
She had pearly teeth and a dimpled chin,
And a little slender hand.
She skipped around in mazy waltz,
As graceful as a fawn;
When the dance was o'er I asked Irene,
To walk out on the lawn.

CHORUS.

We sat by the brook and the stars shone bright,
And we whispered words of love on that summer night,
So we walked and talked till it grew quite late.
but I know she has my heart,
Then I'll bless the day when we get wed,
And From her I'll ne'er part.. [Dance]

Next eve we met, near a running stream,
And I walked close by her side;
I told her then how I loved her so,
And she said she'd be my bride.
How happy I'll be all the while
When Irene is my wife;
We will have a cot by a bubbling brook,
And we ll settle down for life. Chorus

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

"Yes, Jim, he is alive. He has a bad bruise on the temple, and I fancy his shoulder is dislocated. Lend a hand, my man, and we will carry him to Daisy Bank. I suppose the horse will follow."

"I'll just slip his bridle over my arm. There, sir, now I'm ready."

Raising the horseman, who was breathing heavily they conveyed him back to the villa, whose mistress with hospitable forethought, had already had a room prepared.

"Is he much hurt, Doctor Abercorn?" inquired, Alice Walden, anxiously, as she met them in the hall, her cheek divested of its rosy bloom.

"No, Miss Alice, I think and hope not, but the best will be to get him to bed at once."

"Certainly, doctor. Mamma has had the gray room prepared. Hannah, hold the light."

She drew back to let them pass. As they did so the strangers eyes opened, and fixed themselves upon her. A light seemed to leap into them. His lips moved for a second. Then he turned his head aside, groaned, and lapsed into insensibility.

The stranger having been put to bed, Doctor Abercorn found the injuries received to be as he had stated, and promised the inconvenience attendant thereupon would be but a matter of two or three days, unless fever sets in.

To guard against this, and there being only ladies present very inexperienced in such affairs, he proposed, if Mrs. Walden could make him up a bed in the adjoining dressing-room, to remain at Daisy Bank all night—a proposal that was gladly accepted

Almost hourly the good-hearted doctor examined his patient, and found as morning dawned he had fallen into a heavy sleep, and all danger of more serious consequences was past. With this news he descended to the breakfast room, leaving the cook in charge.

Having rendered that meal very cheerful by his jests and playful badinage, declaring that no sooner had he looked on the handsome young fellow upstairs, than something whispered him he was doomed to prove another victim to Miss Alice's bright eyes, and questioning whether the mysterious stranger at all came near her ideal, he rescended to the sick room.

Dismissing the cook, he approached the bed. Drawing aside the curtain, he found the invalid's eyes open and fixed on him.

"What does all this mean!" murmured the stranger. "I have been hurt, haven't I? My horse——"

"Yes, yes, my dear friend," interrupted Doctor Abercorn, good-naturedly, and with one of his irresistible genial smiles. "We know all about it. It might have been much worse. Now things couldn't be going better if you will only keep quiet, and not talk. You may accept my word, young gentleman, for I'm an authority. I am a doctor!"

"A doctor! Then I suppose I must obey you?" said the stranger with a smile. "But please tell me where I am, and whose generous hospitality I am enjoying?"

"First, young sir, you are in bed with a dislocated shoulder. Secondly, you are enjoying the 'generous hospitality,' as you very rightly put it, of two of the kindest, best, and most charming ladies in Westerin. They being old friends of mine I have foundation for the statement."

"I would not gainsay it for a moment. Pray let me know how I may call them?"

"Mrs. and Miss Walden."

"What!"

Despite his injured arm, the stranger had started upright in bed in his amaze.

"Am I indeed under their roof, partaking of their hospitality? I—I——" And putting his hand before his face, he groaned.

Doctor Abercorn was astonished, perplexed.

And why not you, sir?" he asked.

"Why not—why not?" And the stranger lifted up his white, agitated face. Then catching the doctor's arm, he added, excitedly, "You say you have known these ladies long. For Heaven's sake help me to break the truth to them! You—you will manage it better than I. I feel I have neither the courage nor the strength. The news is so—bitter!" And his voice broke with a sob.

"Great Heaven!" gasped Doctor Abercorn; "what news—what pain are you about to give this kind family?"

"Doctor," said the young man, with tremulous lip, "I have just arrived from Australia. I bring a message to this house, a message from the dead!

"The dead?" whispered the good-hearted doctor.

"Yes. A few days before I left, my dear, my only friend, Charles Walden, died in these arms. For the love of heaven help me to break the intelligence to his mother!"

There was no need—Mrs. Walden had learned it already. Receiving no reply to her knock, she had opened the door softly not to disturb the invalid, when the last melancholy sentences fell on her ear.

Uttering a piercing cry that echoed through the the house, she rushed wildly forward.

"My son—Charles—my boy—dead! No, no; it can't be!" she cried, piteously ringing her hands. Oh! whoever you are, if you have ever felt a parent's love say this is not true! Doctor, doctor, it can't be, dead! My boy, my boy!"

She staggered blindly and would have fallen, had not Doctor Abercorn caught her, fainting, in his arms. Hardly had he placed her on a chair, than Alice Walden alarmed by that cry of maternal agony, ran in.

"Mamma, dear mamma, what is the matter?" she exclaimed, advancing quickly, and bending over her. "Doctor Abercorn, she is insensible—she is ill! In mercy, tell me what has occurred?" And she directed her scared, inquiring gaze upon the two.

Doctor Abercorn averted his face, too overwhelmed with grief and pity for the poor child to be able as yet, to answer; while Richard Hepburn with bowed head, shrank, like a guilty man, from the glance of those beautiful large brown, questioning eyes.

CHAPTER III.

CHARLIE'S FRIEND.

"Surely you will not leave us yet, Mr. Hepburn? You must not, really, until you are quite recovered, Mamma and I would both be sorry!"

"But I am nearly recovered now, Miss Walden thanks to your kind hospitality, upon which I fear farther to intrude."

"Intrude!—you, Mr. Hepburn—you, Charlie's friend? You will never be regarded as an intruder at Daisy Bank!"

She raised her eyes as she spoke, and they swam in tears, the dews of a recent grief.

They were standing amid the flowers in the conservatory, he with his arm in a sling, and she attired in deep mourning that gave extra brilliancy to her complexion, which was as dazzling as a jewel resting on a cushion of black velvet.

A week had passed since the conclusion of the last chapter; and that morning, in reply to an interrogation, Doctor Abercorn had confirmed his own feeling that he, Richard Hepburn, was quite strong enough now to return home.

Thus the young man, dreading to be a burden, spoke against his desire; and, taking the opportunity of being alone with Alice, had told of his proposed departure on the morrow, which had elicited her above reply.

"You are, indeed, kind, Miss Walden," he said, with some emotion, looking down at her as she stood by his side. "Yet how could I expect other in the mother and sister of my dearest, my only friend?"

"Yes, yes—that is it," rejoined Alice, quickly. "You were dear Charlie's friend, therefore are ours, Mr. Hepburn."

"How singular!" he remarked. "Do you know, Miss Walden, I imagined that the sight of the bearer of such sad news as I had to bring must for ever be hateful to you?"

"You could not have consulted your own heart, or placed yourself in our position Mr. Hepburn, when you so reasoned," answered Alice, in a low voice, while her tears began to fall. "Did you not perform a generous, noble office? Were you not as a brother to mine—ay, to the last, letting no strange hands approach? Can you not see, then, how we must regard you?—that it is joy to us to have someone to whom we can speak of Charlie?—that, of all our friends, you will ever now be the dearest?"

Both were agitated.

Richard Hepburn, taking her little hand, pressed it reverently to his lips.

"Miss Walden, I could not express, if I tried, the happiness your words give me!" he murmured. "Only those who are so utterly alone in the world as I can appreciate the value of the friendship you offer."

"Alone!" she repeated. What! have you no father, mother, brother, nor sister?"

Of the latter, I never had any. My father"—and a flush passed over his cheek—"died nearly twenty years ago; my mother followed him some years later; and the first news I received, on my landing in England, was the sudden demise of a second uncle, who had adopted, and been, indeed, as a father to me. Thus I found myself, as it were, homeless, friendless in my native land"

"How sad—how very sad!" said Alice, with an expression of sympathy which thrilled him pleasantly. "Your sorrow must equal ours. Truly all have their griefs. But"—and she tried to banish the gloom the conversation had produced with a smile—"since you have no home Mr. Hepburn, you can more easily, unless your inclinations run counter, make Daisy Bank your residence for a while longer. If you do not know Devonshire, I think I can show you scenery pretty enough to reward you."

"Nay; if I follow my inclination, it will not need the inducement of Devon's dales and woods to make me remain here, Miss Walden!" he laughed.

"I am so glad! Then it is settled. I will go and tell mamma. Afterwards I will order the pony carriage, and drive you, as you must not walk too far yet."

She flitted away in her soft noiseless draperies, and Richard Hepburn seated himself on one of the conservatory seats, waiting her return.

All this was very pleasant to him. He was glad they desired him to stay—glad they so regarded him.

The style of life was new and fresh. It suited his ideas of home; and, as he said, his inclination ran with his consent to remain.

"But only for a few days; it must not be more," he soliliquized, positively delightfully ignorant of the rosy fetters a certain pair of brown eyes were riveting, unconsciously to their owner, about him. "I must not Hannible-like, become enervated by Capua. I have a duty to perform—a duty to the dead." His brows contracted. He sat a space silent. Then, "At my mother's death-bed I swore to renounce all thought of happiness—that which constitutes a man's happiness here on earth—love, wife, home, children, until I had cleared my father's name from disgrace; but, oh, Heaven, if my search should end in a confirmation of his guilt!"

Almost with a groan, he buried his face in his hand. The possibility was maddening, yet was it not possible? Of all those who knew the crime, was it not only he and his mother who believed in the Baronet's innocence?

Biassed opinions surely, yet who better able to judge the husband and father than the wife and son?

"Should I, however, prove my father maligned," ejaculated Richard Hepburn, with bitter fierceness, "should I discover he has been the victim of some foul plot, laid by this villainous attorney, who alone has benefited by his death, if the law refuse me suitable retribution, by Heaven I will exact it with my own hands!"

He was aroused by wheels in the drive. It was Mrs. Walden's little pony carriage. At the same moment, Alice appeared outside, ready attired.

Not to keep her waiting, Richard Hepburn took up his hat, and advanced to the conservatory door.

He halted, however, perceiving her in converse with a gentleman of about his own age, who his gloved hand resting on the top of the iron garden-gate was leaning from the splendid horse he rode towards the girl.

To be Continued—Commenced in No. 152.

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CONTENTS.

Au Revoir Fritzy	469
A Warrior Bold	470
Baby Feet	470
The Coast of Barbary	468
Dot Makes 14	466
The Days that are to come	467
Darling I will come again	468
Don't Fly Your Kite too High	470
From Sligo	466
The Flower in the Dell	466
Good-bye, Lize	467
Hannah Beasley	466
Kiss Me Mother ere I Leave You	470
The Last Whistle	469
The Lover's Wooing	469
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued	471
My Mary Ann	467
The Meyer Brothers	467
My Dark-Eyed Southern Queen	468
The Mystic Veil	468
McCarthy's Boarding House	469
Mary Ann Kehoe	469
Oh! how Delightful	466
Oh! Dar's But Little Consolation	466
Owen Slattery	467
Oh! How I Love Thee	469
Pity the Poor	466
Pretty Eveliner	468
Please God Make Room for a Little Boy	470
The Sweet Long Ago	469
Somebody's Mother	467
The Speilers on our Block	467
Susannah McManus	468
Slam Your Foot—Music For Banjo	472
Who is it at My Bedroom Window? or: The Silver Dagger	470
When I Left my Home in Erin	468
Wait for the Sunlight	469

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Oh! Dar's But Little Consolation.

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Sung by Schoolcraft and Coes.

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SUSANNA.

Lord bless you Pompey,
Come tell me where you've been,
Ever since you left me,
I've been like a crazy hen,
I really thought I'd never more
See your face again
In our once happy home in *Alabama*.

CHORUS.

Oh! dar's but little consolation,
Ever since emancipation,
For de colored population,
In de good old state of *Alabama*.

POMPEY.

I went up to Washington,
To see what I could see,
De nigger's round de capitol,
Dey're most too proud for me,
Dey all want an office,
And dere was no chance for me,
So I trabbled back again to Alabama. Cho

SUSANNA.

Oh! here I want to live,
And here I want to die.
De North ain't no place Pomp,
For either you or I:
Better days must come;
I hope de time is drawing nigh,
For de good old state of *Alabama*. Chorus.

POMPEY.

I thought that de white folks
Would take me by de hand,
And Pompey would be welcome
To de freedom of de land;
But dey shook me, and why,
I couldn't understand,
So I trabbled back again to Alabama. Cho.

Dot Makes 14.

By Gus Williams,

I remember ven a leetle boy
I used to go to school,
Und in my class I beat them all,
Indeed I vos no fool;
At reading, writing, und all dot,
I did beat all de rest,
But ven it came to ritmatics,
Dey saw me all my best.

Spoken: In vulger or decent fractions I vos de boss. I could beat dem all. I had a new style of figuring dot no vone else had. It vent something like dis:

CHORUS.

Put down 6 und 7—13 dere vill be,
Add 5 to dot—18 ve vill see;
Take 6 away—12 will remain.
Add 2 to dot, und it makes 14.

As I grew up to be a man,
I ne'er forgot my sum,
Und ven mit men I used to deal,
I puzzled every vone.
I met a charming girl vone day,
So rich like she could be;
Ven I proposed she said dot I
Her farder first must see.

Spoken: I vent to see her farder. He said: "Young man, have you got a character?" I told him I had de rheumatism. Den he vanted to know if I vos good at figures. I told him I vos, und I von his daughter from him by simply showing him de sum of— Chorus.

Ve married vere, und since dot time
Much happiness I've seen,
Mit children growing up so nice,
Und always looking clean.
Dere's Fritz und Adolph, 'Lena, too,
Mit Heinrich, Casper, Mount,
Adela Gretchen, Otto, und
De twins—but dey don't count.

Spoken: No, dey don't count, 'couse vone is dead. Dere vos two of dem—Max und Chris. Vone of dem died, und now ven I speak to de oder vone I don't know of I'm talking to de vone dot's living or de vone dot's dead. Dot mixes me a leetle. Ven my wife's relatives visit us in de summer, den we have a nice family to feed. Let me see how many dere is. Chorus.

The Flower in the Dell.

Song and Dance, by John Hogan.

I know a little maiden fair,
Who lives in yonder lane,
And she is such a darling,
She is sweet as sugar cane.
Her eyes are like a solitare,
A dazzling ray of light,
Her style and grace is charming,
So beautiful and bright.

CHORUS.

Oh! she's as lovely as a rose, (Sym.
That in yonder garden grows, Sym
She's just as sweet as honey,
And her name I will not tell,
For soon I hope I'll married be,
To this flower in the dell. (Dance.)

When the sun is in its splendor,
In the beautiful blue sky,
I'll wed this little beauty,
And it won't be on the sly.
Her parents they gave their consent,
For in love with me they fell,
And they knew (of course) 'twas my intent.
To wed this little belle. Chorus.

We're married now, I'm proud to state,
And we're happy as can be;
There's nothing mars our pleasure,
So life glides on merrily,
So now my story I have told,
How in love with her I fell,
And I'm happy for she's all my own,
This flower in the dell. Chorus.

Oh! How Delightful.

Words by A. Sketchly. Music by J. L. Molloy.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

Oh! how delightful, oh! how entrancing,
From this drear thraldom soon to be free,
With wildest joy, then, my heart is dancing,
Dancing so gaily now with glee.
From morn till night imprisoned here,
Pass'd we our days in gloom and tear
No joys to cheer us, no delight,
All was dreary, nothing bright,
Now how delightful, now how entrancing,
From this drear thraldom soon to be free,
With wildest joy, then my heart is dancing,
Dancing so gaily now with glee.
Ah! ah! my heart is dancing now with glee,
Ah! ah! my heart is dancing now with glee.

Oft when dark shadows are o'er us creeping,
And check the throbbing of youthful hearts,
Hope like a sunbeam watch near us keeping
Breaks thro' the gloom and joy imparts.
No longer shall we droop and pine,
In dreary hours our lives away,
When clouds are darkest, oft doth shine
Softly and brightly hope's cheering ray.
Yes, how delightful, yes, how entrancing,
From this drear thraldom soon to be free,
With wildest joy, then, my heart is dancing,
Dancing so gaily now with glee.
Ah! ah! my heart is dancing now with glee,
Ah! ah! my heart is dancing now with glee.

Hannah Beasley.

Sung by J. D. Roome.

Good folks listen, and listen to me right,
I'm chock full of trouble from morning until night,
Fell down stairs with my head full of bother,
If I'd fell another step. I'd fell a step farther,
Sisters won't you come and join our band,
Brothers won't you come there too,
Come and join us without a boot or shoe,
For nobody knows, not even to you.

CHORUS.

Nobody knows what trouble I see,
Nobody knows in the world but me,
Nobody knows what trouble I see,
Nobody knows nobody but me.

Skeeter and a bed bug kept a hotel,
Had twenty boarders doing mighty well,
Business got bad, hotel went to smash,
Skeeter and the bed bug smothered in the hash,
Had a crate of chickens and they flew so
mighty high,
One of them flew in the skeeter's eye,
Chickens got sick all laid up with the croup,
Skeeter and the bed bug drowned in the soup.
Nobody knows, &c.

Went to the ball at the other end of town,
Down in the celler on the bare ground,
Do a double schuffle just as I please,
Dog was a dancing, so was the fleas,
Went to the meeting and they axed me to knee.,
In come Dinah with a square toed heel,
Head in the house and heels in the street,
And the preacher said, well Dinah, now
I'm glad you brought your feet.
Nobody knows, &c.

From Sligo.

By Dockstater, for Miss Flora Moore.

Oh! how do you do kind people,
I am glad to see you all,
I just came here from Ireland,
In a ship from Tarn's Hall.
Sure I left my friends behind me,
'Twas hard for us to part,
For when I left it grieved me sore,
I thought 'twould break my heart.

CHORUS.

When I left Sligo, sweet Sligo, and if you ever
should go
To Lantrom, or Dandtrom, or any other part
Of Ireland, old Ireland, among her hills and mireland,
You'll see them dancing jigs and reels at
home in the old dart,

Oh! there is capers cut in Ireland,
'Twould make you laugh to see,
For the girls and boys have loads of fun,
In Sligo I tell ye,
Sure in my dreams I see them,
And when I wake my heart,
Seems longing for the happy times,
I had in the old dart.

CHORUS.

I'm going back to Sligo, sweet Sligo, and if
you ever should go,
To Lantrom, or Dandtrom, or any other part
Of Ireland, old Ireland, among her hills and mireland,
You'll see them dancing jigs and reels at
home in the old dart.

Pity the Poor.

By C. D. Foulkes.

I pity the girls that go out to work,
In weather both rainy or cold.
So scantily clad, on their backs scarce a shirt,
Pray! what will they do when they're old.
'Tis hard for them now to make both ends meet,
For the wages they get are so small.
When I think of their trials, it makes my heart beat,
And I feel with compassion for all.

CHORUS.

Then render assistance to those that may come,
By giving a nickle or penny.
Though a nickle may seem, like a very small sum,
It will help gladden the hearts of many.

I pity the widow in her distress,
With fatherless children so small;
For something to eat she must pawn her last dress,
By hunger drove close to the wall.
Deserted by friends, and this is a fact,
Which I'm sorry to say oft proves true,
That ministers come and hand the poor but a tract,
While to Heathens, they hand money too. Chorus.

Somebody's Mother.

Author unknown. Recited by Gus Williams.

The woman was old, and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Come happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep,
Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop,
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go?"

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were young and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor and slow;
And someone, some time, may lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand?—
If ever she's poor, and old and gray,
And her own dear boy is far away."

"Somebody's mother," bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But Heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.

Owen Slattery.

By David Dillon.

Sung in the Irish Sketch, "The Ash Box Inspectors."

My name is Owen Slattery, I am a cobbler by trade,
By mending your shoes me money I made.
I have a devils own wife, I wish she was dead;
She can sing trialoo, and she stands on her head.
It was only last night that me daughter Kate Ann,
Invited to supper a handsome young man.
When asked his name, he said it war Spoons,
Recommended by Barnum for juggling spittoons.

Me fine laddie buck, says I, march out here,
Or be the ghost of old Foley, I will bite off your ear,
He made a rush for the door, with a lump on his skull.
He thought I was Ajax, or else Sitting Bull.
Me wife in a flutter, seized hold of a brick,
And called me a slugger and a flannel-mouth Mick,
"Tearanouns," says I, "Ellen, don't give me a guy,"
I made a short stop on the ball of her eye.

There's Pat McNamara, from sweet Donegall,
The ash box inspector, elected last fall;
He wears a gold watch and chain, and a scented bouquet,
I wish that the devil may with him fly away.
It was only this morning he sent me a card
To fresco the alley, and whitewash the yard,
Bad luck to the sucker if I had him here,
I would play seven-up on the edge of his ear.

The Meyer Brothers.

By Harry Morris.

On a ship from Germany we came,
Three weeks ago last Thursday;
Dis country we are liking pretty well,
Wen were coming from de ship out,
De both of us was laughing,
Ven we're hearing the music of Castle Garden bell,
Chorus.
All say—efery day,
Dot we are getting healdy.
Und dot you can't tell us from one another,
Und of any one aske you who we are,
Why of course den you can tell dem
Dere is Jakey Meyer und de oder one is his brudder.

Ven we are walking Sundays out,
De girls dey say we're mashers;
But we are understanding dis language not.
Aber wen dey smile und wink dree times,
We walk den proud like peacocks.
Und put on all de style dot we hafe got. Cho.

The Speilers on our Block.

By Willie Wildwave, Parody on, Babies on our block.

The pride of all the nation
For jovial merriment,
To be found in any station
Is our big tenement.
To spend a pleasant evening,
If at the door you knock,
You're introduced to one and all—
Of the speilers on our block.
There's the Brady's, sweetest ladies,
On the east side of the street,
The handsomest of daisies,
I'm sure they can't be beat,
Dancing the Mazourka
Till the twelfth stroke of the clock,
Playing little Sally Waters
For the speilers on our block.

Chorus.

Little Sally Waters,
A-sitting in the sun,
Crying and weeping
For a young man.
Rise, Sally, rise,
Wipe your eye out with your frock,
That's played by Professor Flynn
For the speilers on our block.

At all the picnics in the summer,
At the excursions too,
You'll find them well attended
By this bold undaunted crew;
They're the pride of the Eighteenth Ward,
They come from first class stock,
None around could dare compare
With the speilers on our block.
Sure there's Handly, who with Stanley,
Traveled Africa's sunny shore;
For telling stories off-hand, he
Could beat any on the floor;
Sweet music lowly sounding,
Like the ticking of the clock,
Playing gravel, greeny, gravel,
For the speilers on our block.

Chorus.

Gravel, greeny, gravel,
How green the grass grows,
For all the pretty fair
Young maidens I see.
Green gravel, green,
Wipe your eye out with your frock,
That's played by Professor Flynn,
For the speilers on our block.

It's always a good-evening,
And a pleasant word for all,
In the march they take the shine,
At party, soiree or ball;
All dressed in handsome broadcloath,
Fresh as a fighting cock,
The envy of the other wards
Are the speilers on our block,
There's John Powers who for hours
With Jack Treanor he could talk.
Easy on their number twelves,
And as light as any cork.
Sociably and neighborly,
Round Timoney's they flock,
Playing little Sally Waters
For the speilers on our block.
Chorus: Little Sally, &c.

Good-bye, Liza.

By Harry Woodson,

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

O, come my love and go with me,
O, fare you well;
I'se gwine to take you to Tennessee,
Ah, fare you well;
O, I make my coffee and drink my tea,
O, fare you well;
See that yellow gal a winking at me
O, fare you well.

Chorus.

Then good-bye, Aunt Liza,
I'll never see you again;
I'se gwine back to Dixie's land,
Where they hoe that sugar-cane, bom, bom, bom.

O, there's tar on heel and kidney in the foot,
O, fare you well;
You want to see the nigger wench shout,
O, fare you well;
O, they're climbing up the mountain for to catch the sky.
O, fare you well;
Nigger shake off your slumbers and then arise.
Chorus.

My Mary Ann.

By Ed. Harrigan. For Kitty O'Neil.

Oh! my Mary Ann is an artizan,
In a factory way down town;
She makes umbrellas for the high-toned fellers,
And she lives six stories from the ground.
In a brick tenement, where they cut up divilment
Every night in the week and every day.
My sweet Mary Ann walks out upon the sand,
Ev'ry summer at Rockaway.

Her big brother Dan is a laboring man,
On the pipes he's a civil engineer;
His feet are as large as a picnic barge,
He wears gum drops in his ears.
He has a voice like a thrush, and he feeds on mush,
He's fond of his sister they say,
Sweet Mary Ann walks out on the sand,
With her big brother Dan at Rockaway.

Sweet Mary Ann plays the grand pian,
She never studied notes from the book,
The music clear lays all in her ear,
As she rattles it off with her hands.
Sunday night, when the parlor's full,
And dear Camelia May will you give me a welcome here?
Then sweet Mary Ann walks out upon the sand,
Every summer on the beach at Rockaway.

The Days That are to Come.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

The days that are to come, dear love,
Shall brighter be by far,
Than these that shadow o'er our lives,
And full of sorrow are.
A cloudless morn oft ends in tears,
While duller ones grow bright,
So may our early doubts and fears,
Change to an age of light.
So may our early doubts and fears,
Change to an age of light.

There is a love that lives for age,
Though youth and bloom be past,
'Twill sweeten life, 'twill grow with age,
No brighter first than last.
Then brave the storms of life while young,
Still happy and content
If we at last find peace and rest,
From having life well spent,
If we at last find peace and rest,
From having life well spent.

Susannah McManus.

By Oofty Gooft. Sung by James O'Neil.

I once had a fine purty lump of a girl,
Susannah McManus be name;
She's gone to the divil entirely now,
And played me a dirty mane game.
It's over and over I tould her me love,
She pledged me her heart and her hand;
But now she has fled with a villainous scamp,
That played in a minstrel band.

Chorus.

Oh! sorra's the day for Susannah she left;
Forget her I'll try if I can:
But the divil got into her head so it did,
When she met with that minstrel man.

Susannah McManus, sure that was her name,
And a fine dacent girl, be the way,
Till that nagur minstrel came into the town.
Bad cess to that very same day!
Meself and Susannah we went to the show,
Which caused me a dollar to spend,
And Susaunnah was struck with the fellow that played
On the tambourine there on the end. Chorus.

The curtain wint down, and thin it wint up,
And that very same divil came out,
With a grin and a kick and a slap of his fist;
Like a monkey he wriggled about.
He straddled a chair with a quare-looking thing;
He called it a bingo I think;
He sang and looked at Susannah, he did,
And gave her an ould-fashioned wink. Chorus.

She packed up her duds on the very next day,
And straightway she wint from her home,
And she sent me a letter and said she was gone,
Wid this minstrel man for to roam.
I'll gouge him! I'll fight him! I'll kick him!
I'll bite him!
I'll smash him as flat as a pan,
For taking Susannah McManus away,
That ould nagur minstrel man. Chorus.

The Coast of Barbary.

By G. F.

'Twas from a port in England two jolly ships set sail,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
The one the Queen of Prusia, and the other
the Prince of Wales,
Sailing down on the coast of Barbary.

Go aloft, go aloft, our jolly captain cried,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
Look ahead, look astern, look a-larboard o'er the lea,
Look along on the coast of Barbary.

I see nothing astern, I see nothing astern,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
But I see something towards the windward,
like a lofty ship on sea,
Sailing down on the coast of Barbary.

Hail her, oh! hail her, our jolly captain cried,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
Oh! perhaps she is a man of war or privateer said he,
Sailing down on the coast of Barbary,

I am no man of war or privateer said she,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
But I am a jolly pirate, that's seeking for my fee,
Sailing down on the coast of Barbary.

So broadsides to broadsides, these jolly ships they lay,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
Till at length the Queen of Prusia shot the
pirates mast away,
Sailing down on the coast of Barbary.

For quarters, for quarters these jolly pirates cried,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
But the quarters that we gave to them, we sunk
them in the sea,
Sailing down on the coast of Barbary.

Pretty Eveliner.

By J. H. Craft. Air: Pretty Peggy.
Sung by Craft and Buchanan.

I'm in love with a fair young girl,
She is the sweetest ever seen.
Her eyes are dark, teeth like pearl,
Oh! she is my sweet Eveline.

Chorus.

She's the prettiest in all the village,
Oh! Eveliner, little darling,
Oh! Eveliner, pretty daisy,
Why she's like the little flowers that bloom
in May.

When she is mine how happy I'll be,
I'll sing and dance most all the day,
And with sweet Eveline by my side,
Oh! won't I feel so grand and gay. Chorus.

Oh! the day is not very far away,
When I will make this colleen my bride,
And the boys and the girls they will dance and sing,
When they know sweet Eveline is mine. Cho.

My Dark-Eyed Southern Queen.

Song and Dance.

Words by Jim Campbell. Music by J. Schwenseck.
Music pub. & Copyright 1878, by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Down where the wild bee loves to roam,
'Neath sunny southern skies,
There dwells the one I call my own,
The one I dearly prize.
In a cottage hid 'neath roses,
In a valley bright with green,
This fairy there reposes,
My dark-eyed southern queen.

Chorus.

'Tis she that holds the magic wand,
Bids my soul in rapture stand;
In the sunlight of her smiles I bask,
Her bright eyes magic gleam.
In fascination holds me fast,
My dark-eyed southern queen.

Her raven tresses black as night,
Wave in the balmy air;
Her dark eyes flashing loves own light,
From a face of beauty rare;
Her form with grace all beaming,
Like a goddess fair doth seem;
Of her I'm ever dreaming,
My dark-eyed southern queen. Chorus.

When I Left my Home in Erin.

Copyright, 1878, by G. D. Newhall.
Words and Music by Will, S. Hays.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

The evening shadows gathered,
And the sun had gone to rest,
The nightingale was singing
To the cuckoo in its nest.
The moon in all her beauty,
Like a monarch leaped the sky,
When I left my home in Erin,
And I kissed them all good-bye.

Chorus.

Oh! I long to see the loved ones,
And I think of them and sigh,
To see my home in Erin,
And the ones I kissed "good-bye."

I care not where I wander,
I can see my mother's face.
And my poor old gray-haired father,
As I go from place to place.
I can see them as we parted
With a tear-drop in each eye,
I left my home in Erin,
I kissed them all good-bye. Chorus.

It is years since last we parted,
And I crossed the deep blue sea,
And I often often wonder
If they have forgotten me.
I would give the world to see them
Once again before they die,
At my dear old home in Erin,
Where I kissed them all good-bye. Chorus.

Darling I Will Come Again.

Words by A. W. French. Music by C. M. Pyke.

Copyright, 1876, by C. W. Harris.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Darling I must part from thee,
With a sweet voice of farewell!
Tho' a little while it be,
Sad it is to break the spell.
Give me now your sweetest kiss,
Keep no thought of grief or pain!
Only hear me promise this—
Darling I will come again!

Chorus.

When the stars of heaven shine,
On the roses in the lane,
Don't forget this promise, mine,
Darling I will come again.

You are all in all to me,
None can love thee as I do;
Parted tho' from you I be,
Still believe my heart is true.
Now that all your love is mine,
Hear me with a sweet refrain,
Whisper neath the stars that shine,
Darling I will come again. Chorus

When I linger by thy side,
Life seems fairest unto me,
And the moments sweetly glide,
Sweet as ever sweet can be.
Dreaming of the hours of bliss,
Could I long from thee remain,
So I tell thee with a kiss;
Darling I will come again. Chorus.

The Mystic Veil.

Words and Music by H. C. Work.

Copyright, 1876, by C. M. Cady.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

When the shadows take their nightly places,
When departing light is faint and pale,
Then in my chamber gather phantom faces,
Gazing thro' the mystic veil.
One there is with features so familiar,
Glimpses of her give my pulse a start;
Oh! tell me tell me truly, is it you, love,
Come to cheer my lonely heart.

Chorus.

Come one step nearer, one shade clearer!
Breathe one word before we part;
And tell me, tell me truly, is it you, love,
Come to cheer my lonely heart.

When my song in lonely notes ascending,
Vainly bids my saddened soul rejoice,
Methinks I hear a murmured alto blending,
Is it really your sweet voice?
Answer now, if only by a whisper:
Rend the veil, the mystic veil apart,
And tell me, tell me truly, is it you, love,
Come to cheer my lonely heart. Chorus.

Waking while the denser darkness lingers,
Someone seems to stand beside my bed;
I can but think I feel your fairy fingers,
Softly laid upon my head.
Silently why does the vision vanish!
Dream I yet, or is it magic art,
Now tell me, tell me truly, is it you, love,
Come too cheer my lonely heart. Chorus.

Au Revoir Fritzy.

By Solon Berrick. Air: By-by Charley.

Oh! here I am a Dutchman, yes,
Now look me inside oud,
De girls around de doun do say
Dot I am getting stoud;
Dey say dot I'm de sweedest man
Dot ever dey did see,
Und every time I visit dem,
Dey all say unto me.

CHORUS.

Au revoir! Fritzy, don'd you go avay,
I'll be a beau of yours, if you an hour stay,
You're looking very nice to-nide,
I scarce know vot to say,
I'll throw to you a pleasant smile,
As you pass dis vay.

Somedimes dey call me "Souerkraut,"
Dot gets me awful mad,
Und ven I dell dem of de faed,
Dey say dot dey are glad.
Now, I'm going to haf it stopped,
At leasd I'm going to dry—
But ev'ry dime dey see me oud,
I'm greeded mit dot gry. Chorus.

Mary Ann Kehoe.

By T. E. Powers. Copyright, 1878, by Thomas E. Powers. Music published by Mrs. Pauline Lieder 60 Chatham St, N. Y. Sent post paid, on receipt of price 40 cents.

I have a daughter Mary Ann,
Mary Ann, my daughter;
She fell in love with hump-back Dan—
Mary Ann Kehoe.
She'll not work at all, at all,
Mary Ann, my daughter,
But flirts all day below in the hall—
Mary Ann Kehoe.

CHORUS.

Such sparking and larking,
Mary Ann, my daughter.
Faith, all day in the hallway,
Mary Ann Kehoe. (Repeat.)
Ho, ho, ha, ha! Ough!

Ev'ry morn, at break of day,
Mary Ann, my daughter,
She rises up for to drink her tay,
Mary Ann Kehoe.
Summer's day, when it's very hot,
Mary Ann, my daughter,
She goes to sleep on the childer's cot,
Mary Ann Kehoe.

CHORUS.

Such roaring and snoring,
Mary Ann, my daughter;
I'm crazy, she's lazy,
Mary Ann Kehoe. (Repeat.)
Ho, ho, ha, ha! Ough!

Every night when supper is done,
Mary Ann, my daughter,
In the yard she meets Burke's blackguard son,
Mary Ann Kehoe;
Red-headed Burke's an accordeon player,
Mary Ann, my daughter,
And they dance to the tune of "Slobbery Days,"
Mary Ann Kehoe.

CHORUS.

Such reeling and speiling,
Mary Ann, my daughter.
With a hop, skip, and a do dip,
Mary Ann Kehoe. (Repeat.)
Ho, ho, ha, ha! Ough!

McCarthy's Boarding House.

By T. E. Powers. Copyright, 1878, by Thomas E. Powers. Music published by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham St. N. Y. Sent post paid, on receipt of price 40 cents.

Denny McCarthy lives in Cherry street,
McCarty's boarding-house;
He keeps a boarding-house, clean and neat,
McCarthy's boarding-house.
Five dollars a week to him we pay,
McCarthy's boarding-house,
We get three square meals every day
In McCarthy's boarding-house.

CHORUS.

There's the Clearys and Learys,
McLiuns and Flynns,
Denny Regan, and Fagin,
In McCarthy's boarding-house. (Repeat.)

I tell you, boys, they feed us high
In McCarthy's boarding-house,
On lobster salad and lemon pie,
In McCarthy's boarding-house.
Quail on toast, eggs and ham—
McCarthy's boarding-house—
Corned beef and cabbage and Italian jam,
McCarthy's boarding-house.

CHORUS.

There is cobblers and nailers,
Tailors and weavers,
Tiny butchers and bakers,
In McCarthy's boarding-house. (Repeat.)

McCarthy bought a new piano,
For McCarthy's boarding-house,
For his elegant daughter, big Johanna,
In McCarthy's boarding-house.
And she's the girl knows how to play
In McCarthy's boarding house,
She'd drive your appetite away
In McCarthy's boarding-house.

CHORUS.

Johanna, alanna,
Loves Nailor, the tailor,
And faith they'll be married
In McCarthy's boarding-house. (Repeat.)

The Last Whistle.

By G. F.

Whether sailor or not for a moment avast,
Poor Jack's mizzen topsail is nailed to the mast,
He will never turn out, nor will more heave the lead,
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot ahead.
Yet tho' worms knaw his timbers and his vessel's
a wreck,
When he hears the last whistle, he'll jump
upon deck.

Secure in his cabin, he's moored in the grave,
Nor hears any more the loud roar of the wave,
Pressed by death he is gone to the tender below,
Where the lubber and seaman must everyone go,
Yet tho' worms knaw his timbers, and his vessel's
a wreck.
When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon deck.

With his frame a mere hulk, and his reckoning
on board,
At length he dropped down to mortality's road,
With Eternity's ocean before him in view,
He cheerfully cried out, oh! my mess-mates adieu,
For tho' worms knaw my timbers and my vessel's
a wreck,
When I hear the last whistle, I'll jump upon deck.

The Lover's Wooing.

Copyright, 1878, and pub., by Spear and Dehnhoff.
Words by C. P. Schell. Music by W. H. Rieger.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Tell me darling, tell me truly,
Do you love me as of old!
Only give to me that sweet pledge,
Fervent love that ne'er grows cold!
For whenever you are near me,
Those sweet smiles entrance my heart!
No! I never more can leave thee,
Never from thy side depart.

You alone can make me happy,
Only speak "three little words!"
Whisper softly, none will hear you,
But the pretty little birds.
Though life's tempest I will help thee,
For a better lot to gain.
No! I never more can leave thee!
Ever, love, with thee remain.

When the pretty flowers have faded,
And the birds have ceased their lay;
Then the angels will protect us,
When all else has passed away.

But the gentle, tender throbbings
Of two hearts that beat as one,
They can never be forgotten,
Till the sands of life are run.

The Sweet Long Ago.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

There's a mystic golden shore,
Where the surges evermore
Break in music on the strand, soft and low,
And I hear the ceaseless hymn,
I can see the head-lands dim,
'Tis the golden shore of sweet long ago;
There are countless hopes and fears,
There are shades of vanished years,
Where those sounding surges sweep to and fro;
There are buds and garlands fair
Bound with threads of auburn hair,
On the golden shore of sweet long ago.

CHORUS.

Long ago, sweet long ago,
On the golden shore of sweet long ago,
Long ago, sweet long ago,
On the golden shore of sweet long ago,

There are kisses fond and sweet,
Pressed by lips no more to meet,
There are scepters, there are crowns fallen low;
And the mem'ries of the past,
All too fair and bright to last,
Through the golden shore of sweet long ago;
Oh! the mystic golden shore,
Where the surges evermore
Break in music on the strand as they flow,
All the pleasures of to-day,
One by one soon glide away,
To the golden shore of sweet long ago. Chorus.

Wait for the Sunlight.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Wait for the sunlight when storm clouds appear,
They will soon vanish, tho' hovering near;
In life's darkest moments the sunbeams are bright,
Only have courage, and dare to do right,
Soon will the clouds pass away from your life,
Soon will we end all our sorrows and strife;
Don't be discouraged, you're not waiting in vain,
The clouds cannot last, we'll have sunlight again.

CHORUS.

Wait for the sunlight, wait for the sunlight,
Don't be discouraged, you're not waiting in vain;
Only have courage and dare to do right;
The clouds cannot last, we'll have sunlight again.

Hearts that are weary of life and its cares,
Wait for the sunlight and never dispair,
Gone are the dreams that we knew could not last,
So trust in the future, and forget all the past.
Roses will bloom but they wither and fade,
Like hopes that we cherished, and castles we made,
Life is a journey, and oft on the way,
We're cheered when beholding a bright sunny ray.
Chorus.

Oh! How I Love Thee.

I love thee, I love thee, but what does it matter,
The world still moves on, and the stars shine above,
There is sunshine and shadow, music and laughter,
Nothing is changed, dear, because of my love,
Each of us quietly tread our own pathway,
No one is wronged by my loving you so,
Sometimes we meet, but our cold, careless greeting,
Scarce stamps us friends, and yet each of us know.

I call you my darling, ah! what does it matter,
I whisper it softly, tender and low,
Down deep in my heart, such love words are hidden,
None but myself and the angels can know,
And the angels in heaven don't blame me my darling,
My life is so dreary so loveless and cold,
I cant help but cherish one little blossom,
To brighten my life with its sweetness untold.

Who is it at my Bedroom Window?
or: The Silver Dagger.

This song is one of the most popular songs in the United States, the air is known by thousands, but the song has to our knowledge never as yet been published, we herewith publish it by the request of thousands of our subscribers.

Who is it at my bedroom window?
Who is it mourns so bitterly;
'Tis I, 'tis I, your own true lover,
'Tis I that mourns so bitterly.

Oh Katy dear go ask your mother,
If you my wedded wife may be,
And if she says no return and tell me,
Then I no more shall trouble thee.

Oh! Willie dear, I dare not ask her,
For she intends to keep me in;
So Willie dear, you go and ask her,
If I your wedded wife may be.

Oh! Katy dear, go ask your father,
If you my wedded wife may be,
And if he says no, return and tell me,
And I no more shall trouble thee.

Oh! Willie dear, I dare not ask him,
For he lies on his bed of rest,
And by his side lays a silver dagger
To pierce the young man that I love best.

So Willie took that silver dagger,
And pierced it through his own true breast,
Saying adieu to father, adieu to mother,
Adieu sweet Katy for thee I rest.

So Katy drew that bloody dagger,
And pierced it through her lily-white breast,
Saying adieu to father, adieu to mother,
Adieu sweet Willie with thee I rest.

So dig my grave both long and deep,
Place a marble stone at my head and feet,
And on my breast a turtle dove,
To show the world I died for love.

A Warrior Bold.

Words by E. Thomas. Music by S. Adams.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

In days of old, when knights were bold,
And Barons held their sway,
A warrior bold with spurs of gold,
Sang merrily his lay, sang merrily his lay,
My love is young and fair,
My love hath golden hair,
And eyes so blue, and hearts so true,
That none with her compare,
So what care I tho' death be nigh,
I'll live for love or die.

So this brave knight, in armour bright,
Went gaily to the fray,
He fought the fight, but ere the night,
His soul had passed away, his soul had passed away,
The plighted ring he wore,
Was crushed and wet with gore,
Yet ere he died, he bravely cried,
I've kept the vow I swore,
So what care I tho' death be nigh,
I've fought for love and die.

Baby Feet.

Words and Music by T. B. Kelly.

Copyright, 1878. By T. B. Kelly.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Tripping lightly round the room,
Like a little fairy;
With her cheeks of rosy bloom,
And her step so airy.
How they dance and prance around,
Those little baby feet!

Baby feet, baby feet,
Running to and fro;
Joyous cries, beaming eyes,
They set my heart aglow.
See the little baby feet,
Tripping round the floor;
Glances bright and smiles so sweet,
Greet me at the door.

Jumping gaily on my knee,
Loving and caressing;
You are such a joy to me,
Such a little blessing.
There's grace in every motion of
Your little baby feet!
Baby feet, baby feet,
Little chubby toes;
Fairy grace, smiling face,
Sweet as any rose.

See the little, &c

Happy little baby heart,
You can know no sorrow;
You have never cloud or sigh,
Caring for the morrow,
Merry, joyous, laughing child,
Pretty baby feet!
Baby feet, baby feet,
Light as any bird;
Prattling sweet, 'tis a treat,
Listening to each word;

See the little, &c.

Kiss Me Mother ere I Leave You.

By T. W. Darling. Music by Fred ter Linden.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

Kiss me, mother, ere I leave you,
Kiss your darling child once more,
Ere I leave this world so dreary,
For that bright and happy shore.
For the doctor says I'm going,
Says my life is ebbing fast,
Says I cannot live the night out,
And my days on earth are past.

CHORUS.

But, dear mother, kiss your darling,
Kiss your darling child once more,
Ere I leave this world so dreary,
For that bright and happy shore.

If it were not for you, mother,
And the tears I know you'll shed,
When your darling child has left you,
And is numbered with the dead.
Then I'd hail with joy the verdict
Which the unwilling doctor gave,
And with outstretched arms would welcome,
God's own home beyond the grave. Chorus.

What is life that we should prize it!
Life at most is but a day,
One short day of preparation,
Ere we're hurried hence away;
Therefore weep not when departing,
From its tenement of clay,
This poor soul is wafted upwards,
Angels bearing it away. Chorus.

Don't Fly Your Kite too High.

By Frank Sharpe.

Music pub. & Copyright 1878, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

I'm a fellow that's ever kind-hearted,
And sometimes I've plenty of cash;
But a fool and his money's soon parted,
For he's happy when cutting a dash;
But of one thing I wish to remind you,
When for sporting and drinking you sigh.
Your best friend you keep in your pocket,
And don't fly your kite too high.

REFRAIN.

Then don't fly your kite too high boys;
Don't fly your kite up too high.
Your best friend you keep in your pocket,
And don't fly your kite up too high.

If you go to a friend to assist you,
He'll say that his money's played out,
But when he was down, you to help him,
Put your hand in your pocket, no doubt;
But this world it is cruel and cold boys,
Though good times may come bye-and-bye,
Your best friend you keep in your pocket,
And don't fly your kite up too high. Refrain.

There's many a good-natured fellow;
That's been ruined by just what I say,
For if he'd a "five" in his pocket,
He'd feel like a richman to-day.
Just listen to me what I say boys,
If you've money, put some of it by,
When you're out keep your friend in your pocket,
And don't fly your kite up too high. Refrain.

Please God Make Room for a Little Boy.

By Dexter Smith. Music by Sidney Graves.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

In memory of Young Americus.

The above were the last words of Americus, the well-known child violinist, seven years of age, who expired very suddenly during the night of January 10th, 1874, in Boston. So quietly did his spirit take its flight, that his father who occupied the same room, although hearing his son make the foregoing exclamation, thought the boy was talking in his sleep, and was horrified to find the little child cold in death in the morning.

Good-night, father! said our darling,
As he sank to sweet repose;
Like a bird his gleeful music,
Died away at twilight's close.
And a smile came o'er his features,
Radiant with holy joy,
As if angels came to whisper
Tidings to our little boy.
Good-night, father! said our darling,
As he sank to sweet repose;
Like a bird his gleeful music
Died away at twilight's close.

CHORUS.

Good-night, father! said our darling,
As he sank to sweet repose;
Like a bird his gleeful music
Died at, died at twilight's close.

When night draped her sable curtain,
Hanging folds upon each star,
Came a halo soft and lustrous,
Streaming o'er the window bar;
And we heard our darling murmur,
As the brightness lit his face,
Please God, make me room in heaven!
Make your little boy a place!
Good-night, father! said our darling,
As he sank to sweet repose,
Like a bird his gleeful music
Died away at twilight's close. Chorus.

He was weary of the struggle,
Discord's jarred upon his soul;
And his gentle spirit left us,
Wafted to the heavenly goal;
He has room among the angels,
He is freed from sin and care;
God, who watcheth o'en the sparrow,
Answered little Jimmie's prayer.
Good-night, father! said our darling,
As he sank to sweet repose;
Like a bird his gleeful music
Died away at twilight's close. Chorus.

SHEET MUSIC.
60 Chatham St.
NEW YORK.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

He was dressed in the heighest style of dandyism. Not a wrinkle could have been detected in his well-fitting clothes. His linen was spotless as new-driven snow.

Why did Richard Hepburn's face cloud as he beheld him? Why did that sense of wrong, of injury pervade his senses, also that uneasiness, as he noted the two talking so familiarly together?

"Who the deuce is he?" he muttered. "By Jove, what a cad! See how he smiles, and smirks, and ogles her! Whatever can a sensible girl like Alice Walden see in such a conceited puppy to speak to?"

Apparently, to his sati-faction, she did not much, for soon nodding farewell, she quitted the gate, and approached the conservatory. The nearer she came, the more the cloud lifted from Richard Hepburn's brow, until the feeling had entirely disappeared when he took his place by her side in the pony carriage; and the neat little groom springing into his seat behind, they dashed off down the pleasant country Devon road. Before a quarter of an hour, he had forgotten the fop's existence.

It was, however, not the last time they were to meet.

These drives in the Devon lanes gave place to as equally pleasant walks to lovely spots, inaccessible to all but pedestrians.

The days went quickly by, yet Richard Hepburn was still a guest at Daisy Bank, wrapped about by a glorious blinding halo of delusive happiness.

Once or twice he had repeated his assertion that he must take his departure, but had consented to stay a few more days, upon Mrs. Walden's begging him, if his business elsewhere would permit, to take pity on them and remain.

"Mr. Hepburn," said Alice one morning, as they sat at breakfast "do you fish?"

"Well, no, Miss Walden," he smiled. "I was never given to such exciting sport."

"I am glad of that. When the word 'sport' is applied to it, it ever recalls to me the fable of the boys and the frogs. But, at least you may admire a trout-stream?"

"Certainly."

"Then I think I can show you one of the prettiest to be seen in any country. If you like, we will go there this morning."

"I should be delighted," truthfully answered Richard Hepburn, who no longer wore his arm in a sling.

"My love, do you not think it too far?" interposed Mrs. Walden. "It is three miles off at least."

"True, mamma; but you know the prettiest way is through bridle-paths, where the chaise cannot go.

"I beg your pardon," said Richard Hepburn, pausing in buttering some toast; "but did I not understand you rode, Miss Walden?"

"Yes; whenever I have the happy chance," smiled the girl. "I love no exercise better. Like the man who bought a saddle, because at one time he might possibly have a horse, I have a riding-habit for any occasion when a friend can give me a mount."

"Oh, if you have the habit," laughed the guest, "the thing, perhaps, is easy. The hotel where I procured the horse which treated me so ill—though 'twas no fault of his, poor brute—seemed to have some excellent mounts. If you will allow me, I'll visit the stables, and should I find one safe for you to ride, Miss Walden, we will take equestrian instead of pedestrian exercise to day."

Alice would have demured, but her face was incapable of hypocrisy, and it betrayed her delight. Nothing she liked better than a canter.

So Richard Hepburn departed on his mission; and an hour later, two saddled horses, with a mounted groom in attendance, ornamented the carriage-drive at Daisy Bank.

A moment later, Alice tripped down the stairs. She possessed a figure that well become a habit, and its dark hue, with the crape hat so sombre in its lack of color, did but enhance the girls clear, ivory-like complexion.

Richard Hepburn gazed upon her with unfeigned admiration.

"Poor Charlie, I can well understand your loving such a sister—your little Rosebud," he thought; then, sighing, added, "Ah if I had such a sister! Yet why?" (And then the shadow again settled upon him.) "That her name should be disgraced—a thing to hide—even as mine? Better as it is—to live and die, if need compel, alone."

In the presence of Alice Walden, he could not long yield to such gloomy reflections. Having assisted her into her saddle, he threw himself lightly over his own, and they set out for the trout-stream, though it must be owned that Richard Hepburn was sufficiently happy as to be indifferent as to which direction they took.

They had ridden about half an hour, when Alice, reining in her horse, drew her companion's attention to a distant part of the landscape."

"Do you see yonder hill, Mr. Hepburn?" she asked, pointing to it with her whip.

Yes, he did see it—that is, just saw it. Saw that it apparently rose with abruptness from the valley, and its side was dotted with bright-hued gorse and heath, presenting a rich bit of coloring. But the girl's halting had attracted his attention to her, and he cared not to look elsewhere. He mentally asseverated that he had never seen anyone so beautiful.

The exercise had brought a warm, brilliant flush to the pale cheek—for since the news of Charley's death it had been very pale; daily tears washed it when the mother and daughter were together, or when, in the silent night-watches, the two women thought of the son and of the brother—her eyes were dilated and animated, her soft brown hair waved about her throat, through the whiteness of which the pink blood faintly glowed; and she sat her horse with a firm and graceful seat,

"Well, if we ride to-morrow——"

"Which we will if you wish," he interpolated, his eyes wandering to the tiny hand grasping the rein. "I should like it."

"So should I," she smiled. "Then let it be so, and we will ride to the crest of the hill, which commands one of the loveliest views in the country, with the blue sea blending with sky for a background. Now we must turn our horses into this lane, and, dismounting, having them in charge of the groom until we come back, for the place is a picturesque wilderness which no quadruped can better penetrate."

Having complied with her directions, Richard Hepburn lifted her lightly from her saddle, thrilling rather as his hands touched the slim round waist, and passing through a gate in the hedge, found himself and his companion on a sweeping incline of sward, grown well over and shadowed by various trees, and covered at foot with lovely ferns and many-hued wild flowers, growing in such profusion that their blended tints and arrangements produced a wonderful effect.

"This is fairyland, indeed!" exclaimed Richard Hepburn with unconcealed admiration.

"I thought you would be pleased. I am so glad," said Alice, with genuine delight.

Richard Hepburn's heart beat.

"I always bring every one of our visitors here."

Richard Hepburn chilled. Somehow, the idea that others had enjoyed what he was enjoying scarcely pleased him.

"But you must take care," proceeded Alice, "the grass is very slippery, through being rarely trodden upon."

This recalled him to himself, and he at once offered his arm. Alice accepted it, and, gathering her skirts in her other hand, they passed over the flowery sward, among the trees, through which the bright sunlight fell in patches, down to the trout-stream.

Reaching the bank, standing side by side, Richard Hepburn owned that in England and abroad he had never seen so charming a spot. It seemed like a painter's ideal, plucked and collected together from Nature's choicest haunts.

With musical murmur, the silver stream, sun-flecked, pursued its way beneath the arching trees, while in the cool clear shadows the speckled trout hovered, maintaining almost a motionless position, like a boat at rest on a calm bay, by a lazy wave of their fins.

A silence fell on the two. There was something softening in the scene—a sense of awe at Nature's wonderful beauty, which held the tongue mute.

As they thus stood, watching the flowing river, two figures passed along among the trees, far up the opposite bank—a young lady in a most elegant morning toilette, and one a little older, who appeared in attendance.

Those two under the other trees on the other bank, coming into view, the lady stopped with a start and raised a gold eye-glass to her eye.

"Good gracious!" she remarked, with a languid drawl; "there's that Alice Walden over there! But whoever is it with her? What a handsome man, and so distinguished! I'd vow he's a gentleman, by the look of him, and none of your make-believes. Wherever could that girl have picked him up? Can he be an inmate of Westerin? My dear Maria, I wish you would attend to what I am saying,"—with irritability—"and leave that book for a time. Recollect you are reading it to me, and I do hate any one knowing the end before myself."

"What is it, Miss Sidonia?" replied the other, raising her eyes from an open book she carried.

"Why, who is that gentleman over there with Miss Walden? Does he live at Westerin? Do you at all know him?"

The other standing a little back, carelessly followed the direction of Miss Sidonia's delicately-gloved finger.

Richard Hepburn was uttering some pleasant conceit, with his head bent over Alice, but just then he raised his face, to look at the sky above.

The monosyllable "No" was on the woman's lips, but as she beheld the features clearly it hung there unuttered.

Her complexion went pale, then red. A startled expression, which gave place to one of joy, appeared in her eyes. She trembled, and put her hand quickly to her side.

"Well, do you know him?" petulantly. "Why ever, Maria, can you not speak?"

"I was thinking, Miss Sidonia," rejoined the other. "No; I do not know him. I do not fancy I have seen him before."

"I fancy not,"—sharply somewhat—"for if you had, I don't imagine such a face is soon to be forgotten. It isn't like the common herd."

The other gave a quick, strange glance at her.

"It is so distinguished. If he do live in Westerin I must get Edmund to procure an introduction."

The young lady moved on slowly, her eyes fixed very admiringly, not on the pretty picture those other two made, but upon Richard Hepburn alone.

Her attendant, walking a little behind, appeared no less interested; but there was a lowering, almost fierce light in her eyes as she turned them upon Alice.

Miss Sidonia only dropped her eye-glass when an intervening clump of bushes hid the object of her interest from view.

As the other was on the verge of the bushes, her expression suddenly changed to one of fierce anger.

Her lips contracted, her hands tightly gripped the book she carried. She seemed as though she would have paused had not the sharp tones of her companion summoned her on.

What had caused that expression? Simply this.

Alice had exclaimed to Richard Hepburn, "See how delicate are the lichens, and how low they hang from the trees! One can gather them."

So speaking, she raised her arms upwards to carry out her words; but her foot slipping on the velvety grass, she would have fallen had not her companion promptly thrown his arm round her waist and saved her.

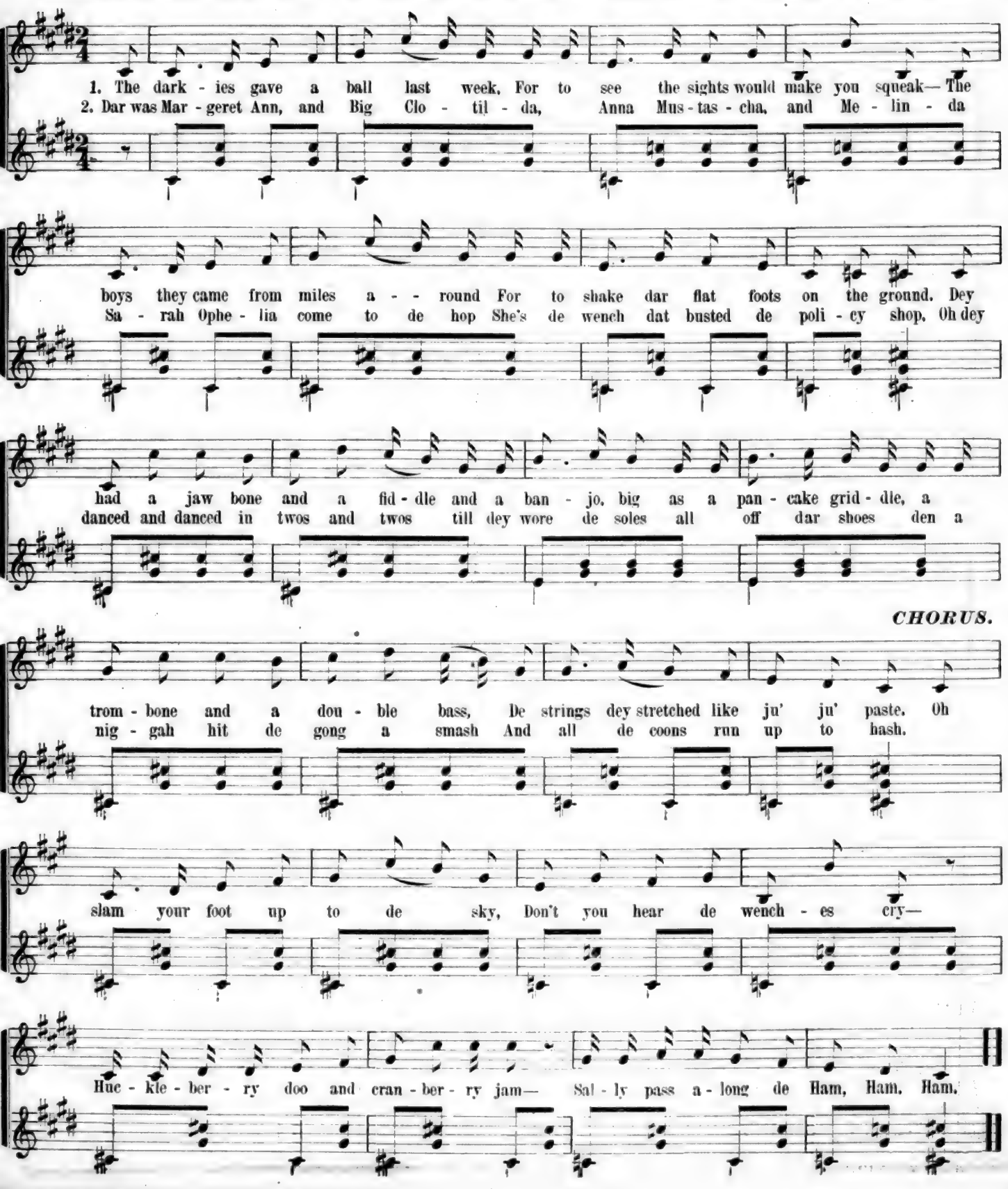
The action necessarily brought them very close together. Their eyes met, and as they did so Richard Hepburn read his heart as a book.

He knew that Alice Walden was dearer to him than anything else on earth; that he loved her with all his soul; and yet, oh, Heaven, that she must ever be as nothing to him, even did she respond to his affection!

To be Continued—Commenced in No. 152.

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CONTENTS.

A Quiet Little Home.....page 476
Arm in arm let's wander, love..... 478
Beautiful Pink and White Roses..... 474
The Careful Man..... 475
Dancing on the Green..... 476
Do Your Duty Well..... 474
Faces we never Forget..... 476
Four-Eleven-Forty-Four..... 477
Gabriel's Horn..... 477
Here's a Health..... 474
Happy Bygone Days..... 475
I've got fifty thousand dollars in my mind.. 477
The Late Sligo Election Song..... 478
The Little Match Girl..... 478
The Lost Inheritance..... 479
McCarthy's Boarding House, and Mary Ann Kehoe—Notice..... 474
Mac O' Macorkity..... 474
My Son Moses..... 475
My Easy Style..... 476
My Bonny Laboring Boy..... 477
The Old Wooden Rocker that stood by the wall 474
Old and only in the way..... 475
Oh! I'll meet you dar..... 475
One Sweet Little Smile..... 478
Oh! My Jennie! oh! Sweet Jennie!..... 478
Parody on See That My Grave's Kept Green 476
The Pretty Little Daisy..... 477
Plunk, Plunk Music for Banjo or Guitar 480
Skinny Tight Pants..... 474
Solomon Isaac Musketeers..... 475
Sally, Bless my Soul..... 476
Somebody's coming when the dew-drops fall 477
Shannon Grove..... 478
Tiddle-a-Wink the Barber..... 476
Two in One..... 478
Where was Solomon Isaacs when the Loafers Stole the Geese..... 475
Yes we all will be there..... 477

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The Old Wooden Rocker That Stood By The Wall.

Copyright, 1879, by Harrison Millard.

Written and Composed by Florence Harper.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

There it stands in the corner, with its back to the wall,
The old wooden rocker so stately and tall!
With naught to disturb it but the duster or broom,
For no one now uses that back-parlor room;
Oh! how well I remember in days long gone by,
When we stood by that rocker, my sister and I,
And we listened to the stories that our grandma would tell,
By that old wooden rocker we all loved so well.

Chorus.

As she sat by the fire she would rock, rock, rock,
And we heard but the tick of the old brass clock;
Eighty years had she sat in that chair grim and tall,
In that old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

If this chair could but speak oh! the tales it could tell,
How poor aged grandpa in fierce battle fell;
'Neath the stars and the stripes he fought bravely and true,
He cherished his freedom, the red, white, and blue!
It could tell of bright days and of dark ones beside,
Of the day when dear grandma stood forth as a bride,
This is why we all love it, this old chair grim and tall,
The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

Chorus.

But poor grandma is gone, and her stories are done,
Her children have followed her, yes, one by one,
They have all gone to meet her in the "sweet by-and-bye,
And all that is left is dear sister and I,
Never more will we hide her gold specks or her cap;
Never more will we tease her while taking her nap;
Never more will she slumber in that chair grim and tall,
The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

Chorus.

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P. S. The words of the above songs are published in No. 159 Singers' Journal.

Skinny Tight Pants.

Written and Sung by M. Thompson.

Good-evening to you one and all,
I am glad to see you well;
If you listen to me a little while,
My troubles I will tell.
It's all about my blackguard boy,
I'll tell while I've got a chance
How he has gone to the bad entirely,
Since he wears the skinny tight pants.

Chorus.

He's out all night till broad daylight,
At every picnic and dance;
He's gone to the bad entirely
Since he wears the skinny tight pants.

He came home here the other night,
And loudly began to bawl,
Saying, "Mother, come give me my supper quick,
For I am going to Wallahalla Hall."
I says, "What's going to be there to-night?"
"Don't you know," says he, "there's a dance!"
Indeed, I needn't expect anything else
When you're cleaning your skinny tight pants.
He is out all night, &c.

Now I am told he carries a pop,
And dances the trallaloo;
You ought to see him when he's all dressed up,
Promenading the Avenue.
The girls are all dead mashed on him,
And with him they love to dance,
For his legs look like a pair of clothes pins
When he has on his skinny tight pants.
He is out all night, &c.

Now I'll bid you all good-by,
As my song is at an end;
If there's anybody here with skinny tight pants,
I hope none of you I did offend.
Now, if you are going to a party,
A picnic, or a dance,
Take my advice, if you want to look nice,
Don't wear any skinny tight pants.
He is out all night, &c.

Mac O' Macorkity.

Words and Music by H. C. Work.

Copyright, 1876, by C. M. Cady.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Plase, Biddy! plase have yez got some cold vittles?
Yer door's badly tinded to, sure'n I rang twoice,
Doon't faitch me sthale bread, fill me baskets and kittles,
With something what's aitable, something what's noice.
One of our boorders is jist about lavin';
Of roast bafe and sich loike he can't git his fill,
But fruit cake is what me poor mither is cravin'
And there's our great fattin' pig squailin for swill,
There's our great fattin' pig squailin' for swill

Chorus.

Some people manage to get through this world,
The Mac O'Macorkities probably will;
Yet they have their trials, and they have their troubles—
Do hear that great fattin' pig squailin' for swill,
Hear that great fattin' pig squailin' for swill!

Come, Biddy, come now, yer Missus is able
To send something better than lavin's and scraps;
We boordin-house kapers must sit a foine table,
Or else we moight jist as well pack up our traps.
Faith and we had togit mate from the butcher,
And he had the impertence to sind in his bill!
As if we'd spind cash that's laid up for the future,
While there's our great fattin' pig squailin' for swill,
There's our great fattin' pig squailin' for swill. Cho.

Hush, Biddy hush! git ye done with yer blarney;
An ould Oirish family ours is, ye know,
Along the hoighway forninst Castle Killarney,
We rode in our donkey vans ages ago.
Bad loock it is with the loikes of us livin'
On soup-bones and praties, no chickens to kill,
No turkey at all, at all—not since Thanksgivin'
And there's our great fattin' pig squailin for swill,
There's our great fattin' pig squailin for swill. Cho.

Say, Biddy, say! wud ye kape dinner waitin'?
To day is the barrel-bung makers parade;
Me faythor is one, and it's him ye're belatin';
Be jabers! it's twilve o'clock now, I'm afraid.
Off on the sthroike is he, thinkin' it's risky
In sich toimes as thase to kape on at the mill;
He's nadin' tib-backy, he's noigh out o' whiskey,
And there's our great fattin' pig squailin for swill,
There's our great fattin' pig squailin' for swill. Cho.

Beautiful Pink and White Roses.

Words and Music By W. H. Delehanty.

As the merry birds that warble in the trees,
Or the wild flowers that scent the summer breeze,
As I wander hereand there, without a thought of care,
My happiness does every hour increase.
How sweet to love and be loved in return,
When modest maiden cheeks begin to burn,
And eyes of diamond light outshine the glare at night
To wake from blissful dreams at early dawn.
Oh, dear! the tender passion love,
How beautiful bewildering you seem!
Like a boon descending from above,
Elisium the rapture of a dream.
Oh! bright and merry pass the hours away,
And time but makes the moments glad and gay,
As I wander through the grove to sing of her I love,
And like the birds I carrol forth my lay.

Chorus.

Beautiful pink and white roses.
Culled from a garden of posies,
Lovely verdant gem so rich and rare,
How sweetly you deck my darling's hair;
You linger in my mind as something good and kind,
Because you make my darling twice as fair,

There's an ivy covered cottage in the lane
With its rustic little portico so plain;
A charming little spot, a lovely garden plot
Where every kind of flowers bloom amain;
But the pride of all the garden is the rose,
Which here and there in great profusion grows,
The lovely violet and fragrant mignonett,
There is none of them such beauty can disclose.
But fairer far is Flora's face to see,
It pierced me into my very soul,
The day she pulled those pretty flowers for me,
And pinned them in my button-hole.
Oh! since that time I placed them in my book,
Where now and then my eyes with rapture look;
They make my heart rejoice to know they were her choice,
The roses pink and white from her I took. Chorus.

Do Your Duty Well.

Sung with great success by Harry Montague.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

There's a maxim I can give,
Simple, clear, and true,
Teaching you the way to live,
Showing what to do.
Stand by this where'er you may go,
Wheresoe'er you dwell,
Be your station high or low,
"Do your duty well."

Chorus.

If you would from care be free,
Every grief dispel,
Let your motto ever be
"Do your duty well."

If you rule yourself aright,
If you persevere,
You may make the future bright,
Though the past be drear;
Every man must play his part,
Sorrow comes to all,
But a light and cheerful heart,
Makes the trouble small. Chorus.

Don't let envy fill your mind,
If upon the road,
You should meet a friend and find,
His a lighter load.
Though you have more hardly faired,
Lessons you will learn,
Which will make you well prepared.
When the tide shall turn. Chorus.

Here's a Health.

Here's a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round.
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For with them true joys are found.

The Careful Man.

Written and Sung by Harry Montague.
Music sent, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cts.

There was a man who boasted that
From trouble he could keep;
He always followed out the motto—
"Look before you leap;"
He took such strong precautions
That the people soon began
To own there never was or could be,
Such a careful man.

CHORUS.

He was a careful man; he was a careful man;
Where'er he went 'twas his intent
To be a careful man.

In June he wore an overcoat,
To guard against the storm,
And left it off in winter,
In case it should turn warm.
He never rode in coach or cab,
For fear the horses kicked;
He always sewed his pockets up,
To stop their being picked. Chorus.

He always eat quite sparingly,
For fear that he'd get stout,
And had his bed made on the floor,
For fear that he'd fall out;
He never knew the time of day—
It may appear a silly thing—
And he never would wind up his watch,
In case he'd break the spring. Chorus.

You'd never see him smoke at all,
Neither day nor night,
For fear while puffing his cigar,
He'd set himself alight;
He never goes to balls or parties
Anywhere in town,
Because one night by chance he slipped
And pulled his partner down. Chorus.

He rarely lived in one place long—
His nature was to roam;
At last he went to Brooklyn,
And has since made that his home.
He joined a local vestry,
Which pleased his friends so much,
They soon induced him to become
The parson of their church. Chorus.

He preached on every topic,
And it was his constant aim,
To astonish his congregation,
And earn himself a name.
Now not long since he thought he'd go
And see New York by night,
So he took two detectives along with him,
To show him all the sights. Chorus.

He saw so much of loveliness,
And of beauty frail but fair,
And a handsome young creature made love to him,
A blonde with golden hair;
But for fear that he'd be led astray
He went down upon his knees
Beside this lovely damsel,
And—began to say his prayers! Chorus.

Where was Solomon Isaacs when the Loafers Stole the Geese.

Written and sung by Dave Howard.

I'm a quiet Hebrew man,
My business I know well,
And if you wait a little while,
My troubles I will tell.
It's about a gang that hangs around,
And me they always tease;
And if I only turn my head,
From the cellar they steal my geese.

CHORUS.

Where was Solomon Isaacs
When the loafers stole the geese?
Where was Solomon Isaacs
When the loafers stole the geese?
What was he about when they—
Cracked him in the snout?
Where was Solomon Isaacs
When the loafers stole the geese?

They kicked me all around the place,
Until my head was sore;
They wasn't satisfied with that,
They want to give me more.
My wife went almost crazy then,
From hollering out "Police!
There goes a gang of robbers there,
They stole my husband's geese!" Chorus.

To the court next day I went,
My wife Rachel and I;
The judges says "What's your business here,
What makes that woman cry?"
I said, oh! judge, good Mr. Judge,
Just listen if you please;
A gang of giraffes hangs round my store,
And they always steal my geese." Chorus.

Old and Only in the Way.

By P. J. Downey. Air: Behind the Scenes.

As we walk through the street, how very often we meet
Some poor old man whose life is nought but woe,
With age his form is bent, in his pocket not a cent,
And for shelter they do not know where to go.
With relations by the score, who keep them from the door,
And meeting on the street they pass them by,
If you ask them why it's done, they answer you and say:
"We're poor, we're old and only in the way.

CHORUS.

So let us cheer them on, they won't be with us long,
Don't let us sneer because they're old and gray,
And remember while we're young, the days to us may come,
When we'll be old and only in the way.

There was a time I hear, when the young were not so queer,
But since that time there's come an awful change,
Young men in health and might their old parents they will strike,
It happens every day, it's nothing strange.
Take this poor wreck of toil, his children him do spurn,
For death I'm sure he oftentimes does pray;
Himself and faithful wife, after toiling all their life,
When old they find that they are in the way.
So let us cheer, &c.

My little song, I'm sure, is for rich as well as poor,
For take a rich man when he's growing old;
His friends will shake his hand, his relations 'round him stand,
Awaiting him to die they want his gold.
Then let us from this hour do all that's in our power
To make the road for old folks light and gay,
And if they trouble on us cast, why let this be our last,
To say that they are old and in the way.
So let us cheer, &c.

My Son Moses.

Sung by Frak Bush. Air: My Son Charley.

The boy I'm going to sing about,
He is a son of mine;
He's working in a clothing store,
They use him for a sign;
He looks the image of myself,
Although he's not so stout,
And I use him for a walking stick,
Whenever I go out.

CHORUS.

My son, Moses, he is the boy,
I dress him like a five-cent toy,
And you knowing lady joy
Is my son, Moses.

My Mosey is a tough young man,
He wears his hair like me,
His nose and chin they both do meet,
And he looks like a Chinee.
The girls they call him darling Mose,
For he dresses up so fine,
And he says he'll put me in his place,
For I'd make a better sign. Chorus.

Happy Bygone Days.

By Fred Huber. Sung by Harry Woodson.

How sadly sweet the memory
In summer's silent nights,
Of moments squandered thoughtlessly
In innocent delights.
Of pleasure flown forever,
Of dear friends far away,
Of hearts that broke to sever,
And hearts that bled to stay.

How sadly sweet memory
As tender feelings roam,
Of merry hours together spent
In childhood's happy home.
Of joy we knew ere sorrow
Had drained the burning eyes,
Of hopes that saw each morrow,
In cloudless beauty rise.

How sadly sweet the memory,
As down life's troubled stream,
We swiftly glide from day to day,
'Tis then we love to dream
Of eyes that gazed upon us,
When youth's gay life was dear,
Of loving hearts that won us,
In those happy bygone years.

Oh! I'll Meet You Dar.

Sung by Goss and Fox.

Go tell all the white folks in the town,
Oh! I'll meet you dar,
Go tell all de colored folks for miles around,
Oh! I'll meet you dar,
Go tell 'em dat we're gwine to have a grand jubilee,
Oh! I'll meet you dar,
Dat de old man has come home, and happy we will be.
Oh! I'll meet you dar.

CHORUS.

Go tell Uncle Snow and old Zip Coon,
To come and dance by the light of the moon,
Don't tarry long, but come back soon,
Oh! I'll meet you dar. (Repeat.)

Away over yonder on the horse shoe bend,
Oh! I'll meet you dar,
Yonder comes a gunboat, full of nigger men,
Oh! I'll meet you dar,
There's meat upon the turkey, and there's marrow in the bone.
Oh! I'll meet you dar.
Just show me a yellow gal, and I will see her home,
Oh! I'll meet you dar. Chorus.

Solomon Isaac Musketeers.

Written and Sung by Dave Howard.

Just look at us Hebrew soldiers now,
And you will plainly see
We only joined a regiment
About two weeks or three.
We march in style and the ladies all smile,
And call us their little dears,
When we get out upon parade
With the Isaac Musketeers.

CHORUS.

You should see us on Broadway when we do march so gay,
The people shout and holler out we are queers;
But we don't care for that, for we are getting fat
Since we've joined the Solomon Isaac Musketeers.

Now when the fighting time does come,
We'll show what we can do;
We'll destroy a thousand matzes
In less than an hour or two.
We'll put them down without a frown,
And then we won't look queer;
'Tis the only thing to stimulate
The Isaac Musketeers. Chorus.

SHEET MUSIC.
60 CHATHAM STREET.

Tiddle-A-Wink The Barber.

Sung by Tony Pastor, in his Burlesque, "The Canal Boat 'Pinafore.'"

Now Mr. Tomkins had a son
Who kept a barber shop,
And being queer, could not go there,
So a note to his son did drop.
Said he, young knave I want a shave,
I also really think—
There is not one shaves like my son,
Whose name is Tiddle-a-Wink.

Chorus.

Tiddle-a-Wink, Tiddle-a-Wink,
Tiddle-a-Wink the barber;
Tiddle-a-Wink, Tiddle-a-Wink,
Went to shave his father,
But he made a slip and cut his lip,
Which made the father roar,
The father knocked poor Tiddle-a-Wink,
Bang upon the floor.

The blood then flowed from Tomkins mouth,
And very soon he found,
Where he used to put an ounce of meat
There was room to put a pound.
The doctor he was quickly fetched
To sew it up did try;
He looked so queer they were all in fear
When the doctor said he must die. Chorus.

Said he I think this Tiddle-a-Wink
Has caused his father's death;
Then Tiddle-a-Wink with fear did blink,
Could scarcely catch his breath.
The father died, the son he tried
Some poison then to take,
But this they stopped, and on him dropp'd
For making this sad mistake. Chorus.

Next morn before the Magistrate,
Poor Tiddle-a-Wink they took,
There his hist'ry to relate,
And like a leaf he shook.
His solicitor he soon set him free,
And when the people they
Asked how the old man met his death,
Others they would say.

Spoken: Oh! haven't you heard? don't you know? Why! Chorus.

Faces We Never Forget.

Copyright, 1878, by White, Smith & Co.

Words by T. D. C. Miller, M. D. Music by W. W. Bentley.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

There are faces we never forget,
Of those who are loving and true,
There are friendships we love to recall,
And smiles once the kindest we knew,
Though the furrows of time may be there,
The hearts purest bliss lingers yet.
In their constancy, virtue, and love,
There are faces we cannot forget;
In their constancy, virtue and love,
There are faces we never forget.

There are faces we never forget,
Enshrined in the hearts deepest cell,
Whom we love with the heart's purest love,
With tenderness words cannot tell.
There are faces that never grow old,
Where youths blissful Charms linger yet.
In the sorrows and pleasures of life,
They come and we cannot forget,
In the sorrows and pleasures of life,
They come and we cannot forget.

There are faces we never forget,
Of those who have bid us adieu,
And whose deeds of affection will last,
Whose hearts were so noble and true.
There are others who come to our call
With smiles of pure love beaming yet,
And we know they are truest and best,
Whose faces we never forget,
And we know they are truest and best,
Whose faces we never forget,

Parody on See That My Grave's Kept Green.

Composed and sung by J. McVoy.

When I've passed in my checks, little rosebud,
When I'm six feet under the turf;
I forgive you, but you played me for a sucker,
And worked me for every nickle I was worth.
You said I might look but I musn't touch,
Which put me in such a dilemma,
Oh! there's one little favor I ask you, will you,
See that my grave is whitewashed every summer?

Chorus.

Oh! the days will come to your prison face;
Think of how you back-capped me when I was living.

Spoken: There's one little thing we've to take up between us, darling.

Sing: See my grave is whitewashed every summer.

Don't get cranky when I ask you to remember
When you used to give me taffy on a stick,
And with your funny gags you'd paralize me,
Oh, but pards, you cannot say I ever kicked.
I will meet you in the happy land of Canaan,
Tra-la-la-lee, skip the gutter, for you're my baby.

Spoken; Take a lock of my hair, put it in my snuff box, and save it for me, darling.

Sung: Will you, and decorate my grave with turkey-bones Thanksgiving.

Chorus.

Oh! my name will be Dennis, sweet Avangeline,
Whenever I had a nickle I shared with you.

Spoken: Oh! there's hard times coming, gentle Annie, and don't forget what I tell you.

Sung: See that my grave's kept red, white and blue.

A Quiet Little Home.

By Charles Buckley. Sung by Ned Barry.

Copyright 1879, by G. D. Newhall & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

I lead a very lonely life,
In a quiet sort of way,
I like well to enjoy myself
And not feel over gay;
Gay life does not agree with me,
At any time or place,
I've traveled nearly through this world,
At quite a quiet pace.

Chorus.

A quiet little home, in a quiet sort of way,
A quiet little wife, sitting quiet all the day,
A quiet little parlor, a quiet cup of tea,
A life of peace and quietness,
And that's the life for me.

I love to hear my children sing,
I love the little lass,
I love my wife, I love my friend,
With whom the time to pass.
A reasonable hour to rest,
An early hour to rise,
Will make a man both healthy,
Wealthy, prosperous and wise. Chorus.

So now my friends take my advice,
And do the best you can,
To earn a name that will become
An honest workingman.
Study the comforts of your home,
And very soon you'll find,
A life of peace and quietness,
Best suited to the mind, Chorus.

Sally, Bless My Soul.

Song and Dance. By Wayne and Lovely.

I should like to know the reason why
As I go down the street,
There is a twinkle in the eye
Of every girl I meet.
I ask'd my cousin Sally once,
Why it was she smiled so sweet?
She says I am a perfect dunce—
They're laughing at your feet?

Chorus.

I blushed and bowed my head with grief,
My anguish to control;
And said, when I could catch my breath,
Oh! Sally, bless my soul!

Of all the talent I possess,
Those feet they are my pride;
They are good size, and cost me less
To walk with than to ride;
They always take me out of town
As fast as I can go!
And Sally fills me with alarm,
By talking to me so. Chorus.

Now I've resolved to search this town,
Some smaller shoes to try;
That will not draw the glances down
Of every passer by.
I'll get a smaller pair, I vow,
And dress up in the style;
And when I meet my love, I'll bow
And raise my Harvard tile! Chorus.

My Easy Style.

Song and Dance. Sung by Charles Diamond.

Oh! you've heard about my dancing,
And easy style and grace;
The girls are always glancing,
With a smile upon my face.
Just watch me now, you'll not regret,
For staying a little while,
I'll please you all, and again you'll call
When you see my easy style.

Chorus.

Just watch my easy style, (Break.)
For I make the ladies smile, (Break.)
So just now pay attention
To my quiet and easy style.

I spend my time so happy,
Down in the fields and flowers,
In singing, dancing, all day long,
I enjoy such pleasant hours.
So now good night to one and all,
May you all now wear a smile,
And give me a welcome every time,
When you see my easy style. Chorus.

Dancing on the Green.

Copyright, 1879, by Geo. Molineaux.

Words and Music by Tommy Turner.

Dedicated to the Four Aces, Tierney, Cronin, Lester and Allen.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Oh, way down in South Carolina,
Where the cotton and the sugar cane grow,
It is funny 'mong the honey,
For to see the niggers laugh and crow!
We'll get up early in de morning,
And to work we singing all do go,
Always singing, voices ringing,
I tell you we're not slow.

Chorus.

Oh! we do have our fun, on a holiday we feel so gay,
And this is what we do; (Break.)
And den we play upon de banjo de bones and tambourine,
In morning or the evening, while dancing on the green.

Ev'ry month we do have a party,
Where the niggers and their ladies all go;
Aunt Jemina, from Car'lina,
Comes along with funny old Jim Crow!
Dare's ole Josephus Orange Blossom,
With sweet gal Ann Eliza Jane,
Sister Mary, so contrary,
Had dancing on the brain.
Oh! we do have our fun, &c.

My Bonny Laboring Boy.

As I roved out one morning,
Being in the blooming spring,
I heard a lovely maid complain,
And grieviously did sing;
Saying, cruel was my parents,
That did me so annoy,
And would not let me marry
My bonny laboring boy.

Young Johnny was my true love's name,
As you shall plainly see,
My parents they employed him
Their laboring boy to be,
To harrow, reap and sow the seed,
And plough my father's land,
But soon I fell in love with him,
As you may understand.

My mother thought to have me wed
Unto some lord or peer,
I being the only heiress
For ten thousand pounds a year.
I placed my heart on one true love,
And he was my only joy,
This nation I will ramble
With my bonny laboring boy.

His cheeks are like the roses red,
His eyes as black as sloes,
He's mild in his behaviour,
Wherever that he goes.
He's manly, neat and handsome,
His skin as white as snow,
And in spite of my parent's malice,
With my bonny laboring boy I'll go.

I courted him for twelve long months,
But little did I know,
That my cruel parents
Would prove my overthrow.
They watched us close one evening,
Whilst in a shady grove,
Pledging our vows together,
In the constant bands of love.

My father he stepped up to me,
And seized me by the hand,
And swore he'd send young Johnny
Unto some foreign land.
He locked me in my bedroom,
My comforts to annoy,
And kept me there to weep and mourn,
For my laboring boy.

My mother came next morning,
And unto me did say,
Your father he's intended
To appoint your wedding day.
I nobly made answer,
With him I'd ne'er comply,
But single would I still remain,
For my bonny laboring boy.

Says the daughter to the mother,
Your plan is all in vain,
Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
Their riches I disdain;
I'd rather live an humble life,
My time I would employ
Increasing nature's prospects,
With my bonny laboring boy.

Fill your glasses to the brim,
Let the toast go merrily round,
Here's health to every laboring boy,
That ploughs and hoes the ground,
And when his work is over,
To his home he will go with joy,
Happy is the girl that gets
A bonny laboring boy.

Yes We All Will Be There.

Words & Music, by W. Bray, Sung by Johnson & Bro.

I am going to take a trip down home,
I hope to see you all there;
I'm gwine to get married by de light of de moon,
Oh! yes, we all will be there.
Old Bob Ridley, and Zep Coon,
Said that dey would be there;
Don't tarry long, but come right soon—
Oh! yes, we'll all be there.

Chorus.

Oh! yes, we'll all be there!
We will come there!
We will meet there—
Oh! yes, we will sing there,
And dance by the light of the moon.

We will have both mince and pumpkin pie,
I hope to see you all there!
We'll sing My Gal and Old Shoe Fly;
Yes! we all will be there.
Old Aunt Jemima—so cantrary—
Said that she would be there;
And she would Carry the News to Mary!
Yes! we all will be there. Chorus.

Miss Eliza Jane, and Susan Brown,
Said that they would be there;
Coming all the way from pepper town;
Oh! yes, we all will be there.
If they don't come then I don't care;
But I wish they all will be there—
So long as they send me a lock of their hair.
Yes! we all will be there. Chorus.

4—11—44.

Sung by Fred Huber with great success at the Jackson Opera House, New Brunswick, N, J,

I am a young Virginny Nigger,
You musn't think I'm green;
I use to work on a steamboat,
On the Mississippia-stream,
I use to tote the cotton bales
And heave the plank ashore,
And often spend my money on
4—11—44.

Chorus.

I am a lightning colored moke,
From ole Virginny shore,
But now I show how to play
4—11—44.

I once did love a yaller gal,
Dinah was her name;
Her lips was red as roses,
And sweet as sugar cane.
But now she's gone with some other nig,
I never see her more,
Because she struck ten dollars on
4—11—44. Chorus.

I've got Fifty Thousand Dollars—in my Mind.

By Willie Wildwave, Air: Baby Mine.

I've got fifty thousand dollars—
In my mind—in my mind;
The grave robbers I have collared—
In my mind—in my mind.
It was my happy lot,
I know the precise spot,
And the money I have got—
In my mind—in my mind,
And the money I have got—
In my mind.

I'm the greatest man on earth—
In my mind—in my mind;
Half a million I am worth—
In my mind—in my mind.
I could tell you where I've been,
Of the many sights I've seen,
If only I were green—
In my mind—in my mind,
If only I were green—
In my mind.

I'm the man struck Billy Patterson—
In my mind—in my mind;
I exposed the frauds of Anderson—
In my mind—in my mind.
I'm the author of Emma Whoa—
Also of Beautiful Snow,
Also High, Jack and Low—
In my mind—in my mind,
Also High, Jack and Low,
In my mind.

Somebody's Coming When the Dew Drops Fall.

Copyright, 1878, by S. Brainard.
Words and Music by J. C. Macy.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Somebody's coming when the dew drops fall,
Somebody's coming for a twilight call;
He will be welcome to the best of all,
So I'll keep a little kiss for him!
We are happy as the day is long,
And no one shall ever make us sad;
For he's coming, coming quickly,
And I will meet him when the dew drops fall.

Chorus.

Somebody's coming, coming quickly!
Coming when the little dew drops fall, darling,
You will be welcome to the best of all,
I'll keep a little kiss for you.

Somebody's coming when the stars grow bright,
Somebody's coming with a smile to-night;
Roses will listen for his footsteps light,
And the nightingale will sing to him,
I will meet him at the garden gate,
To tell him the secret once again;
For he's coming, coming quickly,
And I will meet him when the dew drops fall.

Chorus.

Somebody's coming with a heart so true,
And he will whisper in the twilight, too,
One little story that is ever new,
Tis the one I always love to hear.
Hark! he's coming, for I hear his song,
The sweetest, the gayest of them all!
For he's coming, coming quickly,
And I will meet him when the dew drops fall.

Chorus.

Gabriel's Horn.

Song & Dance, Sung by Seamon and Somers.

When we meet in de evening we pass de time away,
As none but us culled folks can do:
And it's on de kitchen floor we dance forever more,
Coupled off with Hanna, Jane and Sue.

Chorus.

And we sing and dance,
And wake up so early in de morn;
We'll rise and shine before the break of day,
When Gabriel blows his horn,

When de day it am breaking and de work it hab begun,
How I'd like dem good old times again to see,
For we were happy den with our good old Massa Ben,
In dat good old home way down in Tennessee.
And we sing and dance, &c.

The Pretty Little Daisy.

Ded. to C. McKiernan, Words & Music by C. A. Johnson.

Whilst wandering thro' a bower
Of flowers fair and bright,
A charming little flower
Did greet my willing sight.
Its pretty head hung sadly,
Quite close unto the ground,
As though ashamed to be gazed upon,
By the gaudy throng around.

Chorus. (WALTZ)

The pretty little daisy,
So charming and so neat,
Blooming in sweet simplicity,
My enraptured gaze did greet.
The charming little flower,
Shyly hid midst the grass,
The choicest gem in Flora's mine,
None other can it surpass.

I culled a lovely bouquet
For my love so fair,
And midst the other flowers,
A daisy nestled there.
And when I gave it to her,
She gave a gentle sigh,
In the group there was a flower,
On which did rest her eye. Chorus.

The Late Sligo Election Song.

Rejoice! rejoice you men of Boyle,
And listen to my song,
While I indite these lines I write,
I will not keep you long.
It's of a noble hero,
I mean brave Captain King;
Hurrah, my boys, we'll fear no noise,
His praises we will sing.

It was in the County Sligo,
He was elected there,
Without any opposition,
Most triumphant in the chair,
The biggest crew he will subdue,
For Home Rule he went in,
Which makes me raise my feeble voice
In praise of Harman-King.

In Boyle they did assemble
In a most harmonious gang,
Thousands they did greet him
As he did pass along,
With cheers for Home Rule,
Our Parliament he'll bring o'er—
Then we'll have good times in Erin
As our fathers had of yore.

As he came along that gallant throng
Hailed him with delight,
While he did gaze the hills did blaze
Around him on that night,
At their grand illumination
Each feature seemed to smile,
To welcome him, brave Captain King,
To the town of Boyle.

With great delight upon that night,
As he came into town,
With his noble son and lady
Of honor and renown;
Each echoed voice did reach the skies
In a loud hurrah,
Its memory can't be forgot,
It was a grand display.

As he stood up in his carriage
And none could him control,
He did address his people,
And spoke upon Home Rule,
And likewise did his lady gay,
With loving features smile
And greeted by the fair sex
As she came into Boyle.

Then came the brave MacDermot,
A man of noble fame,
With honor to brave Harman-King
He did uphold the same;
With a brave cade-meli-faltia
Our member he is to be
To crush our country's tyrants,
And from bondage set us free,

Now to conclude and finish,
Long live our Clergymen,
Likewise our noble Bishop,
As I will resign my pen,
Success to each true member
Whose courage will not cool,
But join their hands in union bands
And fight for Home Rule.

Arm in Arm Let's Wander, Love.

Words and Music by Chas Connolly.

Music pub. & Copyright 1879, by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Arm in arm, love let us wander,
Thro life's varied, changeful ways;
Sharing joys and griefs together,
In the bright or gloomy days;
Let us share each other's troubles,
And thus lighten grief or woe,
Let our hearts united be,
As arm in arm thro' life we go.

Chorus.

Arm in arm, love, let us wander,
Thro' life's varied, changeful ways,
Sharing joys and griefs together,
In the bright or gloomy days.

Joys will gain a sweeter flavor,
And possess an added charm;
Troubles will appear much lighter,
If we but go arm in arm;
So contented we will wander,
In our hearts no thought of strife,
And sustaining one another,
Arm in arm we'll go thro' life. Chorus.

Shannon Grove.

By W. H. Downes. Air: Meeting of the waters.

There is not in all Limerick—
A place half so sweet,
As beauteous Shannon Grove
Where the boys and girls meet,
Where the Shannon flows gently
Around the old quay,
And the evergreen bushes
In blooming array.

'Tis not for the river or the groves
That I mourn,
It is not for the quay hill
Tho' now it's forlorn.
'Tis not for the boys,
Tho' their hearts were once light,
But for a charming young girl,
Who was my heart's delight.

I oft think of the time
When I was a boy,
When I'd roam in the green fields
With innocent joy.
When I'd go to the goal
With my hurley in hand,
Or to walk with my darling
On Ringmoylan strand.

Tho' from Limerick I am parted,
My heart on it is set,
For the days I have spent there
I can never forget.
I remember with pleasure,
When I was at home,
Oh! my heart is in Limerick,
Where ever I roam.

The Little Match Girl.

A Recitation. By W. Lawler.

'Twas a cold winter night the snow it fell fast,
The streets were deserted not a soul passed,
Crouched in a corner shivering with cold,
Was a poor little match girl twelve summers old.
"No matches sold where shall I go?
My feet they are numb, oh! how it does snow,"
She drew her shawl closer, a sigh that was deep,
Her fair head drooped forward her eyes closed in sleep.

The lone policeman as he passed by,
Heard not that deep and mournful sigh,
"Mother I see you, soon I'll be there,
Angels guard o'er me, beautiful and fair."
Her hair damp and matted hung loosely around,
The matches she held dropped to the ground:
Lower and lower then came her breath:
Soon it did cease, her eyes closed in death.

The morning dawned, bright shone the sun,
It shed its beams on that little one.
Crouched in a corner now cold in death,
The beautiful face pale a sweet smile there yet.
The people gazed at her a tear filled their eyes,
"God bless the poor darling left there for to die,
In the little churchyard she peacefully sleeps,
The poor little match girl no longer weeps.

Oh! My Jennie! Oh! Sweet Jennie!

Oh! my Jennie! oh! my Jennie,
Time flies quickly by;
Sure the lanes will have their turnings,
Tho' the travellers die.
Mark the swallows flight, oh, Jennie,
Pointing to the sky—
Waiting as my love waits, Jennie,
Till the clouds go by,
Looking like my love looks, Jennie,
Till the clouds of care go by.

Chorus.

Oh! my Jennie! oh, sweet Jennie,
Time flies quickly by;
Bear with me in patience, Jennie,
Till the clouds go by,
Bear with me in patience, Jennie,
Till the clouds of care go by.

As the dew is to the flowers,
E'er the sun at morn
Kisses off its magic power,
And leaves the rose forlorn,
So am I without thee, Jennie.
Heavy comes the sigh,
But prayer will lighten sorrow, Jennie,
Till the clouds go by;
Joy will come to-morrow, Jennie,
When the clouds of care go by. Chorus.

Two in One.

Words and Music By W. H. Delehanty.

Oh! listen to me—no, listen to us he means,
Because we are a we!
I, myself and me! And O, we us are one.
And we are friends; yes, we are friends of course,
As you can plainly see,
I, myself and me! And O, we us in fun.

Chorus.

And we sing and dance quite merrily.
For to pass the time right cheerily;
While we may chaff, yes, and we laugh, ha, ha!
From morning until night;
Although we're two, we rank A. No. 1.

There is a gal—yes, there's a gal loves me!
No, me!—No, me!—Us both—
That's the easiest way to settle all disputes.
And we are off—yes, we are going now—
This yellow gal to see;
For to find out which of us her fancy suits.

Chorus.

There we'll tell our love tales over,
And find out which may love her;
And if it's me—of course
We'll bow to fate's decree,
And we'll greet you still with smiles and chaste salutes.

One Sweet Little Smile.

Words and Music by Frank Lavarnie.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

One little smile, darling, grant me,
One tender look at your eye;
One loving pressure pray give me,
Your sweet face has oft caused a sigh.
Your ways are so winsome and winning,
With grace like the fawn all the while,
The favor I ask you in friendship
It's only one sweet little smile.
One little smile darling grant me,
One tender look for awhile,
One loving pressure pray give me,
Grant me one sweet little smile.

Chorus.

One little smile darling grant me,
One tender look for awhile,
One loving pressure pray give me,
Grant me one sweet little smile.

This little favor pray grant me,
I'm happy whene'er you come by,
One winning smile darling give me,
I m lonesome unless you are nigh.
I'm going far over the ocean,
From whence I'll return in a while,
While watching the billows rough motion,
I'll think of that sweet little smile. Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

Somehow the charm of the place was broken—its beauty had departed; and when, soon after, they returned to their horses and rode back to Daisy Bank, there was a constraint in his tones he exerted every effort to conceal.

Did Alice perceive it, ? Did she divine the reason?

Meanwhile, still pondering over Alice Walden's distinguished companion, Miss Sidionia reached home; and the other, finding herself at liberty, hastened to her own room, which (having locked the door) she began to pace excitedly, her bosom heaving apparently with blended pleasure and pain.

She was a handsome woman of possibly thirty, though she looked no more than twenty-five. Her complexion was brunette, her hair and arched brows almost black. Her features were large but regular, and bespoke a strong will, intellect, and power. Her full graceful figure, shown to advantage in her tight-fitting dress, habitually possessed the slightest suspicion of a stoop, as of one who acknowledges a humble position. Now, however, drawn erect, it was queenly, commanding.

Finally plucking her handkerchief with her nervous fingers, she broke silence, exclaiming, "It was he; I am sure it was. It is impossible, as that upstart girl said, that I could be mistaken or forget such a face once seen! Richard Hepburn here! Oh! how kind is Heaven! But did I not know he would come? Was I not certain? Still, that Alice Walden,"—and her tones grew hard and concentrated—"how has he become acquainted with her? What did he mean by that glance? Nothing—it must have meant nothing."

She paused as though reasoning upon the doubt; then added, her small hands clenched:—

"It shall mean nothing! Richard Hepburn, I have given you my love; if you reject it, I will disgrace you before the whole world!"

CHAPTER IV.

RICHARD HEPBURN IS DETERMINED.

Richard Hepburn did not for a second believe that Alice Walden cared for him more than as "Charlie's friend, who had tended him when he died." He was no egotist, but he knew something of the human heart, and saw to what this pleasant familiar intercourse between Alice and himself might lead.

Owing to that past, she already felt, he knew, a more than common friendship towards him. Indeed at Daisy Bank he was treated rather as a son—a brother. With that passionate love in his own breast, might he not, during some unguarded moment, awaken in hers—give birth to hopes that never could be realized? He shuddered at the possibility of bringing such misery on the gentle girl by his side.

Never could he forgive himself were that to happen. Yes; better, perhaps, for her sake, as his own that he should delay his departure no longer.

In his room that night, while leaning out of the lattice window smoking a cigar, he came to this resolve—the day after to-morrow he would take his leave. He could not very well go the very next day, having arranged that ride to see the "loviest view in Devon." But he would not remain twenty four hours after. Yes; able to read his sensations now, he was sure it would be the wisest.

The worst was the telling them of his intention. They always looked so sorry, and were so earnest in their entreaties that he should prolong his stay; and he began to feel very weak and cowardly before Alice's pleading eyes.

Still it must be done. He was proving false to his oath by loitering his time here. Was he forgetting it?

"Never—by high Heaven, never!" he ejaculated, earnestly, bringing his hand down on the sill, and rustling the ivy leaves. "As I have sworn, so I will perform. I will not rest until I have cleared up this mystery one way or the other, if it be in the power of man. Nothing in this world shall stand between me and it—nothing! My uncle's unexpected death, and his making me his heir, has removed the worst obstacle. I am my own master, with more than sufficient means to prosecute my search. If I could only place my hand on Josiah Biddlecomb' clerk!"

That, however, appeared a thing by no means easy to do.

For an hour longer Richard Hepburn remained at the window thinking, his gaze upon the moonlit landscape.

For the hundredth time he had put his father's history into every phase, even to that of his really having attempted the attorney's life to repossess himself of the paper he had signed destroying the entail.

In that case where was the Baronet?

Was he a wanderer in the land, with Cain's stamp upon his forehead? Or, on some alien shore, did a nameless grave cover him?

The clock striking twelve, Richard Hepburn, rising, was in the act of closing the lattice, when his eyes were arrested by the figure of a man coming along the road, hard, white with moonshine.

The figure advanced slowly, as if footsore. This was more apparent as he drew nearer; also, that his clothing, of a rather heterogeneous description, was of the shabbiest.

The pedestrian, tramp, or whatever name best suited him, stopped as he reached the gate of Daisy Bank, and threw his eyes over the villa, Richard Hepburn watching him curiously.

Then suddenly, across the intervening space of garden, the eyes of the two met. For an instant they stood thus, making no move.

After the tramp pulled himself together as it were, with folded arms, limped and slouched on towards the village.

"Poor fellow!" muttered Richard Hepburn, closing the window, and preparing for bed. "I couldn't have disturbed the house by going down to give him something. He looked wretched enough! Yet, after all, my pity may be misplaced. How frequently in our ignorance do we load the unworthy with sympathy, and leave the deserving to starve!"

And with that remark, which was not without its share of truth, he fell asleep, and dreamed of Alice, Josiah Biddlecomb, and his clerk.

When Richard Hepburn rose the next morning, he was as firmly bent upon leaving Daisy Bank as he had been the previous night. Indeed he was more anxious to do so. His evening reflections respecting the wrong he fully believed had been worked upon his father, had re-aroused all his indignation and energy. He was eager to commence his character as a detective, even though it took him from Alice.

He arranged to tell her of his departure while they were out riding, then the next day he would start for London, his first plan being to find the clerk.

"If," thought Richard Hepburn, "he knows anything, and has been paid to hold his tongue, he may also be paid to loosen it."

When, however, in Alice's presence, cantering by her side in the pleasant spring air, Richard Hepburn found that announcement of his going far from as easy as he had imagined.

Frequently were the words on his lips, but some speech of hers, a smile, or a glance at her fresh beauty always drove them back, and the foot of the hill was reached without his having spoken.

"Now, in a few minutes, Mr. Hepburn" said Alice Walden, lightly touching her horse's flank with her whip, "I will show you one of the prettiest views I am sure you have ever seen, either in England or Australia. I do not say grandest, mind—I would not be so bold; prettiest."

"And in the latter respect," rejoined her companion, "I believe, taken altogether, no country can surpass England."

The horses were good though hired, and the exercise, as yet, had only freshened them; thus, they took the incline well, and, in a few minutes, the riders drew rein at the top of the hill, when words of genuine admiration broke from Richard Hepburn's lips.

The expanse disclosed was extensive. Far away to the south was the sea glistening in the sunshine; to the west, the rugged land of Cornwall shut in the horizon: while at the beholders' feet extended a vast stretch of pure English pastoral scenery—valleys and dells, waving uplands and woodlands, the whole dotted with flourishing homesteads, tiny villages—picturesque at a distance—and large estates.

It was upon one of these latter that Richard Hepburn's gaze finally rested.

It was a large square roomy building, somewhat after the Tudor style of architecture. The walls were gray and ivy-covered, bespaking a long date. A bright pleasance surrounded it, which finally merged into park-land and meadow.

"Now Mr. Hepburn," broke in Alice Walden's musical tones, "did I over-praise my favorite view?"

"No truly. If it be no rudeness to say so, I should say I to lip, however eloquent, could do that. What handsome estates there are about here!" And, with a strange, wistful expression, his glance wandered over the landscape, as one who sought some spot in particular. "I suppose, Miss Walden," he added, suddenly, "you are acquainted with the names of all?"

"No, indeed; my country geography does not extend that length," laughed the girl. "You have no idea the miles we are looking over. But I'll tell you what I know. That red house far away there which you can just see through the trees," she proceeded, pointing with her riding whip, while he, leaning over his horses neck, gave singular attention, "is Sir Marmaduke Deveril's. It is called The Pines. That smaller estate, nestling in the shadow, is Rosedeu. Who lives there can be of little interest. That yonder with the slate roof is The Hawthorns, that Granby Manor, that The Grange, that The Alders—the river runs quite through the grounds; and this," added the girl, directing her whip to the estate her companion had noticed at their feet, "is the last I know—the last, and the handsomest—the best, in my eyes. Is it not handsome?—and doesn't it bear antiquity on its old gray walls?"

"It does look ancient," he answered; "a place where you would expect to find a picture gallery of ancestors in ruffs, hoops, chain armor, and visored helm."

"And that's just what is there, Mr. Hepburn," rejoined the girl, delightedly. "But they are not the ancestors of the present possessor. Oh, dear, no!"

"It has then passed into other hands?" remarked Richard Hepburn, with a suppressed sigh.

"Yes, years ago; before I can remember."

"And its name?"

"Is Carnyston Hall, the property of Mr. Josiah Biddlecomb—its present owner, I mean," she added, smilingly correcting herself. "Those who were the first owners, and whose ancestors are there were called Carr; the last who lived in it was a Sir Richard Myddleton Carr."

A great whirl seized Richard Hepburn's brain. A sensation of blended pride, joy, and sorrow pervaded his being. He felt hot, then cold, and his fingers gripped the reins tightly.

Yonder handsome old estate, then, was Carnyston Hall, the ancient home of his ancestors: and should have been his to hand down to his children in his turn, but for that fatal paper.

Truly it would have come to him cumbered with debt—would, indeed, have had to be carefully husbanded and nursed, while he toiled at some profession to pay his father's creditors. Still, he would have paid them, and the old place would have ever been his.

It was a bitter thought, and he who had been robbed of his inheritance felt his throat swell with deep emotion.

When Alice Walden had spoken, Richard Hepburn had involuntarily exclaimed, "Carnyston Hall!"

"Yes," she repeated, fortunately not looking round. "Do you know it?"

"Know it?" he rejoined, hastily. "No; I have only heard the name and knew it was in Devonshire; but I had no idea it was so close to Westerin."

"That is likely, for when spoken of it is always said to be in Heatham, the village yonder to the left."

To be Continued—Commenced in No. 163.

PLUNK, PLUNK. (Banjo Song.)

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.

1. I'll sing you a song, And it's not ve - ry long, 'Bout a girl, and her name it was Sal-ly; She
2. I spent all my cash To try and cut a dash, For to win my fair charm - er's hand; But I

lived with her mother, Her sis-ter, and her brother, In a ten - e - ment house up an al-ley; She
found ve - ry soon That I was a loon, For no chance in the game did I stand; Each

gave me the shake, For a fel - low named Jake, In a man - ner that was - n't so slow; She'd
night he was there, And I was no - where, With the fel - low with the ban - jo, you know; So I

list - en each night, With the great-est de - light, As he played on his old ban - jo.
had to take water, While I found he had caught her While playing on his old ban - jo.

CHORUS.

With his plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, Nip up in de dooden day, And that was the mu - sic that he used to

play, With his plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, And I had - n't no show, While he played on his old ban - jo, plunk, plunk.

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A Catalogue of 10.000 Songs will be sent to any address on receipt of return postage.

Each Number will contain from 40 to 50 of the most Popular Songs sung in the Theatres, Opera Houses and Concert Rooms of the United States and Great Britain.

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The Singers' Journal is published Monthly, Single Copies will be sent by Mail on receipt of 5cts, Subscription 50cts per year.

Mrs. Pauline Lieder, Successor to **Henry de Marsan,** Publisher of the Singers' Journal, Comic and Sentimental Valentines, Songs, Song-Books and all kinds of Toy-Books, Motto Verses, Motto Cut Paper, House Bills, Writing Books, Shelving and Ceiling Paper, A, B, C, and Playing Cards, Tissue Paper, and all kinds of Stationery.

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I keep constantly on hand the Sheet Music of all the Songs Published in the Singers' Journal from No. 1, to the last issued, also all other Sheet Music, of which I will send any piece, Post Paid, on receipt of Price.

CONTENTS.

Alone and Forsaken.....page 485
Beautiful Blue Bells..... 485
Brannigan's Pup..... 483
The Colored Grenadier..... 486
Call me Darling Once Again..... 485
The Day I Bought the Fish..... 486
Dinglebender's Mule..... 484
De Huckleberry Picnic..... 484
Daffney do you love me, or bar de news.... 483
The Electric Light..... 482
For I had but Fifty Cents
Music for the Banjo and Guitar.... 488
First of May in New York..... 484
German Fun at Union Hill..... 482
God Save Ireland..... 483
Heaven is on the other side..... 484
Happy Little Nigs are we..... 485
I love to think of the days when I was young 486
Keep it Dark..... 485
Little Sweet Lips Keep Your Kisses..... 483
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 487
My Darling Sweet Louise..... 483
Murphy's Coffee House..... 486
The Old Homestead has Changed..... 483
Oh! Take Me to Thy Heart again..... 484
Only a Rose From Mother's Grave..... 486
The Prodigal Son, oh! when wilt thou return... 485
Remarks on Popular Songs..... 482
Somebody's Coming when the Bill falls due 484
That Kid of Mine..... 482
Tell Me Where My Eva's Gone..... 484
Tiny Hands..... 486
Tibbie Dunbar..... 486
When My Ship Comes in..... 482
Water on the Brain..... 483
The Wax-Work Show..... 485
You Promised to Write Me a Letter..... 484

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I am Manufacturing for the coming season the Finest and Cheapest Stock of Sentimental Valentines, Sheets, Boxes, Caskets, &c, in the Market. Hoping to receive a call from the Wholesale as well as the Retail Trade,

I remain respectfully yours,

Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
39 & 41 Chamber Street.

NEW-YORK NEWS COMPANY,
18 Beekman Street.

The Electric Light.

Sung by Tony Pastor with immense success.
Music pub. & Copyright 1879, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

The time is coming when no one
Can tell the day from night,
And that will be when we shall see
The new Electric Light.
Then gas will have to vanish,
As all gassy subjects should,
And the "Yankee Triumph" it will shine
Upon the bad and good;
The bold policeman on his beat,
Can never go to sleep.
While all our ball room beauties,
Who now look so nice at night,
Will not seem quite so charming
By the new Electric Light.

Chorus.

There's some of us will welcome,
And some will hate the sight
Of the latest, greatest wonder,
That's the new Electric Light.

The light will show our loving wives
If husbands come home "straight,"
And all the "spooney" pairs at night
A-kissing at the gate!
'Twill show the rich man just the way
To help the starving poor,
And the way to keep the prowling wolf
From honest labor's door!
'Twill show the road to "good old times,"
Now specie payment's here,
And how long Murphy's converts
Will abstain from gin and beer!
'Twill show us how our sweethearts
Keep their curls so long and bright,
We'll see what makes their blushes
By the new Electric Light. Chorus.

This light will show us how to get
The cash from broken banks,
And why them bold directors
Are allowed to play such pranks,
'Twill show us why policemen
Club the helpless and the old,
When the banks are robbed in broad daylight
By burglars stout and bold!
'Twill help a girl to ferret out
What tints her sweet-heart's nose,
And why her dashing neighbors
Wear such fine expensive clothes;
'Twill show us if those "cyphers"
That we read of were all right,
We'll find our honest statesmen
By the new Electric Light.

This light will show the honest man
Beneath a ragged coat,
And why our "Little Johnny"
Wouldn't let the people vote.
'Twill guide the Reverend Talmage
On some other vice to speak,
And will show him clearly, some are "frauds,"
Who hear him twice a week.
'Twill show who write the personals,
And what they all may mean,
And why the girls with "navy busts"
When dressed so stout are seen?
Why someone found a baby
On his door-step one fine night,
Will soon look quite apparent
By the new Electric Light. Chorus.

German Fun at Union Hill.

By Charles Konollman, for Gus Williams, Star Comique.
Air: Skidmore Fancy Ball.

You have heard de songs in de Mulligan Guards,
Und de Skidmore Fancy Ball,
But now I'll sing to you off one
I'm sure dot beats dem all;
It ish abound our German friends
Vot goes oud every year
To de Shutzen Park at Union Hill,
To enjoy demselves so dear,
Dere dey're dancing, dere dey're singing,
Drinking lagerbier und wine,
Mit dere vifes und all dere shildren,
I tell you dey have a bully time.

Spoken: Ven dey're—

Chorus.

Dancing de dot musick sweed,
All around dot hall,
I tell you now "yooh hey"
I'm sure dot beats dem all,
Vor German fun und lager bier,
I'm sure you'll git your fill
So if you want to have some fun,
Shust kom by Union Hill.

Ven I gid dired dancing,
Den I valk around de Park,
Und mit som pretty Deitcher girls,
I den kommence do spark;
I treat her mit some Ice cream,
Und ve ride de Karrossell,
Den I ask her how she likes dot,
Und she says, oh! pooty vell,
German dancing, German singing,
Drinking lagerbier und vine,
Mit dere vifes und all dere shildren
I dell you dey got a bully time. Chorus.

Den ven it is getting nide,
I go back by Ney Yorick,
Und mit my little deitcher girl
I go oud vor a valk.
Ve go by de Atlantic Garden,
Und dere ve drink our bier,
I dell you now de Germans are
De happiest beobles here. Chorus.

When My Ship Comes In.

Words and Music by Joe A. Gullick, Arranged by Macy.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

When the little birds begin to sing,
And the silvery notes from their yellow throats,
Make the valleys and the woodland ring,
With their music soft and sweet,
I love to wander down beside the sea,
In the twilight's ray so dim,
And I watch each night by the moon's pale light,
For I'm waiting till my ship comes in.
Ship ahoy!

Chorus.

When the little birds begin to sing,
And the silvery notes from their yellow throats,
Make the valleys and the woodlands ring,
Then I'm waiting till my ship comes in.

Oh! my love has gone across the sea,
For he sailed on a summer's day,
And he took my loving heart from me,
With his uniform so bright,
He sailed away with heart so light and gay,
In a ship so neat and trim,
And no joy I'll see till he comes back to me,
So I'm waiting till my ship comes in.
Ship ahoy!
Chorus.

Oh! they say he'll be a captain bold,
And will have command of a ship so grand,
But I'm waiting, too, for something more
When my love comes back to me.
For then I shall be dearer far to him,
Than the rank he strove to win,
And my heart beats light as I watch to-night,
For I'm waiting till my ship comes in.
Ship ahoy!
Chorus.

That Kid of Mine.

Words by Harry Campbell. Sung by Johnny Roach.
Air: Baby Mine.

Oh! he's a most outrageous boy,
That kid of mine—kid of mine;
And he ain't his mother's joy,
That kid of mine—kid of mine.
He likes his beer and ale,
He just come out of jail,
Shure I took him out on bail,
That kid of mine—kid of mine,
Shure I took him out on bail,
That kid of mine.

Oh! he goes with a terrible gang,
That kid of mine—kid of mine;
And he's singing lots of slang,
That kid of mine—kid of mine.
Oh! he's got a terrible gaul,
He told me to go hire a hall,
I can't make him out at all,
That kid of mine—kid of mine;
I can't make him out at all,
That kid of mine.

Oh! he's got a fancy for the stage,
That kid of mine—kid of mine;
And his songs are all the rage,
That kid of mine—kid of mine.
I'll drown him in the dock,
I'll hit him on the head with a rock,
If he sings "Grandfather's Clock,"
That kid of mine—kid of mine;
If he sings "Grandfather's Clock,"
That kid of mine.

Remarks on Popular Songs.

By Calnon.

Little Robin, tell Kitty I'm Coming,
With a Sweet Forget-me-not,
A Pretty Red Rose, and
Open Violets Dipped in Dew,
To fullfill my promise to Sweet Aleen,
Who said—See that My Grave is Kept Green.

The Man of Education was seen
Going In Dot Little Side-door,
With the Lackawanna Spooners,
To Toss the Turk
At O'Reilly's Raffle.

It was Muleahy's Sister Kate who said—
Take this letter to my Mother,
When the Flowers Fall Asleep,
And get for me A Look of my Mother's Hair.

The Bold Hibernia Boys
Have come Across the Raging Waters
With The Happy Irish Pair,
And are now rejoicing
The Day they Left the Old Dart.

Muldoon's Brother Pat
Sits on Our Front Stoop
Every Sunday Night when the Parlor's Full,
To hear Dundreary O'Donnell
Sing The Day I Played Baseball.

The Hungry Man From Harlem
And Charley Flynn have been found out to be
The original Muleahy Twins.
But now travel as The Seldom-fed Brigade.

"Mary Ann Kehoe" while Listening to the Band,
Met the German Waiters
Who were on their way to see
The Vatsburg Volunteers,
Who were Bound for Germany.

The Alabama Blossoms
Are known in The Sunny Land
As the Nimble Mokes,
And they are Gwine to take de Tickets at the Gate.

The Hoolahan Musketeers
And The National Guards have consolidated,
And hereafter will be known
As the Timid Awkward Squad,
And will meet once a week
At "McCarthy's Boarding House."

McCARTHY'S BOARDING HOUSE,
AND
MARY ANN KEHOE.

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Mrs Pauline Lieder.

God Save Ireland.

High upon the gallows tree,
Swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom,
But they meet him face to face,
With the spirit of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
God save Ireland! said the heroes,
God save Ireland! said they all,
Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battle field we die,
Oh! what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!

Girt around with cruel foes,
Still their courage proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and near,
Of the millions true and brave,
O'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland, ever dear.
God save Ireland! said they proudly,
God save Ireland! said they all,
Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battle field we die,
Oh! what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!

Climbed they up the rugged stair,
Rung their voices out in prayer,
Then, with England's fatal cord around them cast,
Close beneath the gallows tree,
Kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home, and faith, and freedom, to the last.
God save Ireland! said they, proudly,
God save Ireland! said they all,
Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battle field we die,
Oh! what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!

Never till the latest day,
Shall the memory pass away,
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
But on the cause must go,
Amidst joy, or weal or woe,
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
God save Ireland! say we proudly,
God save Ireland! say we all,
If upon the scaffold high,
Or the battle field we die,
Oh! what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!

Daffney do You Love Me, or Bar de News.

Sung by Dave Reed.

Copyright, 1878, by White, Smith & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price. 40 cents.

The wind was calm and the sun was set,
Oh! Daffney do you love me yet?
When me and black-eyed Daffney met,
Oh! Daffney do you love me yet?
She wore a red rose on her head,
Oh! Daffney, do you love me yet?
And to my sweet one thus I said,
Oh! Daffney, do you love me yet!

Chorus.

Bar de news, bar de news,
Bar de news, for I am coming;
Bar de news, bar de news,
I'll meet you by-and-bye.

Oh! Daffney, love, will you be mine,
Oh! Daffney, do you love me yet?
And join me in the temperance line?
Oh! Daffney, do you love me yet?
My love and sweet one thus replied,
Oh! Daffney do you love me yet?
To-morrow, I will be your bride,
Oh! Daffney, do you love me yet? Chorus.

Oh! Daffney, love, we're hitched for life,
Oh! Daffney do you love me yet?
And friends she is my loving wife,
Oh, Daffney, do you love me yet?
I've married her, and we've settled down,
Oh! Daffney, do you love me yet?
And all my friends can call around,
Oh! Daffney, do you love me yet? Chorus.

Brannigan's Pup,

Sung by Johnny Roach.

Now old Mickey Brannigan had a bull-pup,
He was bred of rale elegant stock;
For seventeen hours a battle he fought,
He did, by my soul, by the clock.
His tail was a neat little bit of a stump,
Bow-legged and two crooked eyes,
One look at his ugly looking mug was enough,
He was the divil himself in disguise.

Chorus.

Bow-ow-ow, what a pup to be sure,
For fighting he'd never give up;
There never was known such a wonderful dog,
As Mickey Brannigan's pup.

He tore the tail off Maloney's best coat,
Ate the bustle of Mary Ann Flynn,
And run between young Kitty Mulligan's legs,
Now wasn't that truly a sin.
He caught up the Dutch shoemaker's dog,
And shook him around like a rat,
He murdered Tim Finnegan's beautiful goat,
Ate the tale of McManus's cat, Chorus.

An Italian came around with an organ one day,
And a monkey tied fast to a string;
And when the pup saw them he yowled with delight,
And made a most wonderful spring.
He upset the monkey, grinder and all,
And bursted the organ inside;
And he jabers he tried to swallow the monk,
But he choked on his tail and he died. Chorus.

Water on the Brain.

By Pete Cannon, presented to J. F. Fields.

I've always been a drinker,
Since the day that I was born;
I never could resist it,
Though it caused me much pain.
My head is swelling lately,
And I'm broken up completely,
And all my friends imagine
I have water on the brain. [Repeat last two.

I went into a porter house,
To get a glass of porter,
When a man came up to stab me,
And I thought he was insane;
He made at me some frightful blows,
I knocked them off and broke his nose,
Oh! to see me fight you'd not suppose
I had water on the brain. [Repeat last two.

My wife is home and in her bed,
And sleeping very quietly,
She says that I'm a drunken brute
And that I treat her mean;
She calls me a loafer,
And a good-for-nothing toper,
Says it's whiskey, and not water, that
I've got upon my brain. [Repeat last two.

And now I must be going
For to get a glass of liquor,
My throat is in a fever,
And I'm getting dry again;
A doctor told me I must take
Some whiskey for my stomach's sake,
For whiskey on the stomach
Beats the water on the brain. [Repeat last two.

Little Sweet-Lips Keep Your Kisses.

Words by A. W. French. Music by Phil P. Kell,

Music Copyright 1878, and pub. by P. P. Kell.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Little sweet lips keep your kisses,
Each and every one for me,
Keep them all for one who misses
Them so far away from thee.
Mine the only right to gather
All that sweetness full and free,
So while parted I would rather
Have you keep each kiss for me.

Chorus.

Little sweet-lips keep your kisses
Keep them every one for me,
Till my heart no longer misses
All their sweetness full and free.

Little sweet-lips keep your kisses,
It will not be very long,
Let none steal away the blisses
That you know to me belong.
Do not sigh because I wander
Just a little while from thee,
Absence will but make me fonder,
Of the kisses kept for me. Chorus.

Little sweet-lips keep your kisses,
And to me be always true,
None my heart so truly misses
As each little kiss and you.
Soon again to you returning,
I your sunny face shall see,
Then how sweet to me the learning,
Every kiss is kept for me. Chorus.

The Old Homestead has Changed.

Words by J. L. Feeney. Music by Samuel H. Speck.

Music Copyrighted 1878, by C. H. Ditson & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

The old homestead is altered,
To ruins it has gone,
The place once bright and cheerful,
Looks dreary and forlorn.
The windows all are broken,
And things are disarranged,
It brings the tears into my eyes,
The old homestead has changed.

Chorus.

When e'er I see that dear old place,
My eyes are filled with tears,
The homestead has altered
In these few passing years.

How often have I rambled,
Upon the bright green grass,
And sat beneath the shade trees,
The happy hours to pass.
When I recall those days of pleasure,
To me it seems so strange,
My boyhood days are over,
The old homestead has changed. Chorus.

The old oak stands like in days of yore,
My remembrance it recalls,
It has braved the wind and tempest,
But now it soon must fall.
Beneath its spreading branches,
I have played so many games,
My youthful days have vanished,
The old homestead has changed. Chorus.

My Darling Sweet Louise.

Dutch Song and Dance.

By C. A. Johnson. Ded to Barney Reynolds.

I lofe a gharming leedle Deitcher gal,
De fairest auf der land,
Dot vos so gendle und briddy,
She's promised me her hand.
Such deep blue eyes und golden hair,
Und a vay dot's shure to blease,
A sweet leedle moud dot infites a kiss,
Has my gharming sweed Louise.

Chorus.

Ve med in de moonlide ad dar rifer side
Vere de murmuring wavelets kiss de shore
Und dere ve solemnly blighted our vows.
To be drue to each oder efermore. [Dance.]

Dis chendle maiden has a nice mudder,
Bud her fader—ceh! vat a Turk!
In gaddering brig bads, to bald ad my hed,
Dwelf hours in der day he does vork.
Bod in spide of all dese hard drials,
My sweed Louise I vill wed.
Und ad de olt man my fingers I vill schnab,
Ven his daughder do de alder I have led. Cho.

First of May in New York.

First of May, clear the way!
Baskets, barrows, trundles;
Take good care, mind the ware!
Betty where's the bundle's,
Pots and kettles, broken victuals,
Feather beds, plaster heads,
Looking-glasses, torn mattresses,
Spoons and ladles, babies, cradles,
Cups and saucers, salts and castors?
Hurry, scurry, grave, and gay,
All must trudge the first of May.

Now we start, and mind the cart!
Shovels, bedclothes, bedding;
On we go, soft and slow,
Like a beggar's wedding!
Jointed stools, domestic tools,
Chairs unbacked, tables cracked,
Gridiron black, spit and jack,
Trammels, hooks, musty books,
Old potatoes, ventilators,
Hurry, scurry, grave or gay,
On we trudge the first of May.

Now we've got to the spot,
Bellows, bureau, settee;
Rope untie, mind your eye,
I'my be careful, Betty!
Lord! what's there? Broken ware!
Decanters dashed, china smashed,
Pickles spoiled, carpets soiled,
Sideboard scratched, cups unmatched,
Empty casks, broken flasks,
Hurry, scurry, grave and gay,
Devil take the first of May.

Tell Me Where My Eva's Gone.

Copyright, 1879, by Geo. Molineaux.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any Address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I had a dream, a happy, happy dream,
I deramt that I was free;
And in my own dear far off distant home,
I liv'd so fancy free!

Chorus.

Eva, Eva, tell me where my Eva's gone,
She has left here to sigh and to mourn,
Can't you tell me where my Eva's gone! [Repeat.

And in this that seemed a happy dream,
I was so proud and brave;
And when I woke and found 'twas but a dream,
I found myself a slave! Chorus.

I long to dream that happy dream again,
To see my home so fair;
For now I roam where all is sad and drear,
And life is full of care. Chorus.

Heaven is on the Other Side.

Words by Emily Clare. Music by M. Lerman,

Copyright 1878, and published by M, Lerman.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

"Just across life's flowing river
Just beyond its stormy sea,
Where the slanting moonbeams quiver,
Darling I will wait for thee."
Fear not love to stem the torrent,
Though its waves are dark and wide,
Angel hands will bear you over,
Heaven is on the other side!
Angel hands will bear you over,
Heaven is on the other side!

Chorus.

Fear not, love, to stem the torrent,
Tho' its waves are dark and wide,
Angel hands will bear you over,
Heaven is on the other side!

All of love and life and wisdom
Ripens on that unseen shore,
Fairest, sweetest, fadeless flower,
Bloom in beauty evermore.
Linger not for fearful parting;
Swift!.. flows death's turbid tide,
Launch thy bark upon the current,
Heaven is on the other side!
Launch thy bark upon the current,
Heaven is on the other side! Chorus.

Softly plies the unseen boatman,
As the ripples wanton past,
Sadly, in the voiceless silence,
Till the shore is reached at last.
Then a smile of saintly beauty,
On the cold lips seems to hide,
Whispering in their peaceful quiet,
Heaven is on the other side!
Whispering in their peaceful quiet,
Heaven is on the other side! Chorus.

Dinglebender's Mule.

By Gus Williams.

I keep a stable vay up town, und I have horses rare,
De finest teams in all de vorld I'm sure you vill find dere;
Among de many who have got deir horses in my place
Is Dinglebender, and he owns a mule vot runs a race.

Chorus.

Of a'l de droubles dot I've had since first I vent to school,
I don't dink anyding's as bad as Dingelbender's mule,

Of I go in his stall at night he knows me right avay,
Und for his broder dree miles off he loudly den vill bray,
Dot vakes up all de horses den, und such an awful noise
As dey vill make, 'twould drive you mad but I am vone of de boys.

spoken: He is vone of de nicest mules, sound und kind in harness—of you can only get id on him—dot dere is in de country. He vos an awful kicker dough; he can kick de barn into kindling wood in about two seconds. I took him to a fair vonce, de judge vos going to give him de first prize; de mule made a kick—ve found a collar button; ve haven't seen de judge dough; I dink he vos somevere; he'll come down after a vile. He ain't much of a saddle mule, not dot he vould trow his rider, but de saddle itches his back, und he has a habit of going up alongside of a house, und rubbing a fellow's leg off, und dot ain't very pleasant. Dot's de reason I say— Of all de droubles, &c.

You Promised to Write Me a Letter.

By R. C. Wilson. Music by Rosabel.

Music pub. & Copyright 1877, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

You promised to write me a letter,
My darling, when last we did part
And our lips in love's ecstacy lingered,
And sad was my sorrowing heart.
Oh the days have been lonely since then, love,
And gloomy sagh care-laden night;
I wait, vainly wait for a letter,
Remember, you promised to write
I wait, vainly wait for a letter,
Remember, you promised to write.

Chorus.

You promised to write me a letter,
My darling, when last we did part,
And our lips in love's ecstacy lingered,
And sad was my sorrowing heart.

You know I will answer it, gladly,
So dearest, my anxious mind ease,
And write me the fond words you whispered,
Then all my heart's doubting's will cease.
I long so to hear from you, darling
Oh! why will you keep me in pain?
Write, write me a long loving letter,
And I will be happy again.
Write, write me a long loving letter,
And I will be happy again. Chorus.

Somebody's Coming When the Bill Falls Due!

Written and Sung by L. J. Kohlmann, [Lew Cole] Clown Comic.

Somebody's coming when the bill falls due,
Somebody's coming for a quiet interview;
He will be welcome to the best I can do,
So I'll keep a little club for him!
I was happy as the day is long,
And no one shall make me feel blue;
For he's coming, coming along,
And I'll meet him when the bill falls due.

Chorus.

Somebody's coming, coming surely,
Coming when the little bill falls due, darling,
You'll be welcome to the blow of all,
Of the little club I have for you.

Somebody's coming when the purse grows light,
Somebody's coming with a dun to night;
The stars he'll see will look to him so bright,
When my little billy swings to him,
I will meet him at the garden gate,
And the meeting he will surely rue;
For he's coming, coming surely,
And I'll meet him when the bill falls due.

Somebody's coming with a bill now due,
And he will try to whisper in my ear, too,
One little story that is never new,
'Tis the one I always hate to hear.
Hark, he's coming, for I hear his tread,
The lightest, to his dunning nature true,
For he's coming, coming surely,
And I'll meet him when the bill falls due. Cho.

Oh! Take Me to Thy Heart Again.

Music by M. W. Balfe. Words by Jessica Rankin.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Oh! take me to thy heart again,
I never more will grieve thee;
All joys are fled and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.
Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken;
I did not dream those cherished chords,
So lightly could be broken,
Oh! take me to thy heart again,
I never more will grieve thee;
All joys are fled and hopes are dead,
If I indeed must leave thee;
If I indeed must leave thee.

I think how very sad and lone,
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known,
Are closely twined about thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly,
And be once more the gentle guide,
Who smiled on me so kindly,
Then take me to thy heart again,
I never more will grieve thee;
All joys are fled and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee;
If I indeed must leave thee.

De Huckleberry Picnic.

By Frank Dumont. Sung by Goss & Fox.

Copyright, 1879, by J. F. Perry & Co, Boston.

Music sent, by us post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cts.

I'm floating along on the wings of peace,
I feel just as slippery as axel greese,
Go tell Ulysses to fetch along Saul,
Dar's lots of room for short and tall. (sym.)
We'll pass you in twon't cost a cent,
No landlord round to collect de rent,
It's free to all to examine de ground,
But don't dodge the hat when it's passed around.

Chorus.

Come join de huckleberry picnic,
It's gwine to take place to-day;
I'm on the committee and invite you all,
But I ain't got time to stay. Repeat.

De wicked stand in a slippery place,
But de good man always holds an ace,
Cross de riber put on your gown,
Swim like a fish or you'll surely drown, (sym)
A policeman's like a wicked sin,
If you don't look out he'll scoop you you in,
Denounce dishonesty of every sort,
But steal like an artist, don't get caught. Chorus

The Wax-Work Show.

Sung by Tony Pastor. Air: Behind the Scenes.

I've commenced a little show of wax figures in a row,
The men and women that are known to fame,
Each figure you shall see, for my wax-work show is free,
And the best in all this country I do claim.
I've an imported blonde putting paint and powder on,
I've captivated the old chaps in the pit;
And Harriet Beecher Stowe kicking up a mighty row,
Because her summer pants they would not fit,
I've got George Francis Train! in senses once again,
And little Mac, in Jersey all the go,
A policeman was so good, to tell a lie he never would,
The finest figure in my wax-work show.

I've an honest bank cashier, no depositor need fear,
He never stole a dollar in his life;
A widow who 'tis said, with a rich man would not wed,
And did prefere to be a poor man's wife;
I've the famous Sitting Bull, pulling Queen Victoria's wool,
An Indian trader who was not on the beat,
A parson who don't know all about the world below,
A temperance man who once was known to treat,
I've got Lydia Thompson's bust, by Count Johannes crushed,
Gordon Bennett as he stood and shot the foe,
Some whiskey Babcock took, the back hair of Sheridan Shook,
You'll find them all in my great wax-work show.

I've tears shed by Jim Blaine, the great senator from Maine,
When he was unto Conkling reconciled,
I've Parson Beecher's smile, when his pews sold for a pile,
A Philadelphia poem wrote by Childs.
A receipt how to win, made when Hayes was counted in.
The man who said he liked his mother-in-law,
Miss Claflin's waterfall, the eyeglass of Oakey Hall,
A girl insured her life one dime could draw.
I've a Massachusetts man, who to make believe you can,
That Boston is not Heaven here below.
A picture that took, of Talmage seeing the Black Crook,
You'll find them all within my wax-work show.

I've got the legs of Sunset Cox, with Sammy Tilden in a box,
I've got a politician who liked to work,
I've the brain of Baldy Smith in a nutshell to be safe,
And a piece of Russia's mercy shown the Turk;
The hat John Kelly wore, when from Ireland he came o'er,
The singing bump of Sankey newly tuned,
The skull of Thurlow Weed, the confession of Boss Tweed,
And the last free lunch that General Grant consumed.
I've the groan which Shakespeare made, when by Dr. Landis played,
The gout won't leave Magician Heller's toe,
A cat old Berge did save, from a sad and early grave,
They'll all be found inside my wax-work show.

Keep it Dark.

Sung with great success by Harry Montague.

The sun was shining at twelve at night!
Keep it dark!
When this individual first came to light,
Keep it dark!
My mother deserted me, how could she do it?
My father he landed me one with his boot;
Some are brought up by hand—I was brought up [by foot,
Keep it dark!

You can safely believe every tale that I tell,
Keep it dark!
For I never tell truth if a lie does as well,
Keep it dark!
At school my romancing got me in a mess,
For I was so untruthful, I blush to confess,
Schoolmaster advised me to write for the press.
Keep it dark!

The ladies wear dresses remarkably tight,
Keep it dark!
Their beautiful forms are developed to sight,
Keep it dark!
If they took my advice you'd certainly find
They'd wear them much looser before and behind,
For the very best way to bamboozle mankind,
Keep it dark!

I'll let you off easily, just for a treat,
Keep it dark!
And I'll tell you some news the next time we meet,
Keep it dark!
If you don't quite agree with the things that I say,
With my rhymes on the times in my topical way,
I can easily alter them some other day,
Keep it dark!

The Prodigal Son, Oh! When wilt Thou Return?

Music Copyrighted 1877, and published by W. Hamilton.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Oh! when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?
Still at thy father's board,
There is kept a place for thee,
And by thy smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be, shall be,
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Chorus.

Yes when the prayer is said,
For thee, kind bosoms yearn,
For thee fond tears are shed,
Oh! when! oh! when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wandered long,
From thy home without a guide;
And thy native woodland song,
In thine altered heart hath died;
Still hath thy mother's eye,
Thy coming step to greet,
A look of days gone by,
So tender and gravely sweet, gravely sweet,
So tender and gravely sweet. Chorus.

Happy Little Nigs Are We.

Sung by Johnson & Bruno.

Happy little nigs are we,
Just as gay as gay can be,
Always laughing, never sighing,
Twist our heel and wink our eye.

Chorus.

That's our notion, [Break.]
Watch our motion. [Break.]
Happy little darkies,
And we want you all to know,
With the scientific movement
Of the heel and toe.

When at night our day's work's done,
That's the time we have our fun;
Then we're merry, light and free,
Sorrows never trouble we. Chorus.

Alone and Forsaken.

Words by Mrs. L. L. Tucker. Music by E. H. Benedict, Copyright, 1875, by E. H. Benedict, Music published by J. W. Smith Jr. & Bro.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Oh! land of the stranger, the last link is broken,
That binds me to scenes that are distant and bright,
No voice bids me welcome, no kind word is spoken,
Alone on your shore treads the wanderer to-night.
Though forms that are fairest around me are thronging,
They smile but for others, they care not for me.
And vainly for loved ones my sad heart is breaking,
While deep rolls between us the dark restless sea.

Chorus.

Sick and disheartened, weary I wander
Far from the dear ones who gather at home,
There's no one to pity and no one to cheer me,
The shadows are falling and I'm all alone.

Oh! home of my father's, I dream of the bowers,
And fair clustering vines that the hillsides adore;
I drink of the pleasure in life's sunny hours,
But sorrow returns with the dawning of morn.
No more with the music of murmuring fountains,
Shall mingle the tones of my childhood's glad song,
No more whisper love words and hear in thy mountains,
The clear ringing echoes that bore them along.
Sick and disheartened, &c.

Call Me Darling Once Again.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. E. Pratt.

Music Copyrighted 1876, by O. Ditson & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Call me "darling" once again,
Let the past be all forgot!
Smile like sunlight after rain,
Dearest one, oh! chide me not!
Sad my heart is while you frown,
Sweet to me your loving smile!
Hope and joy my moments crown,
Dreaming of you all the while!

Chorus.

Call me "Darling" once again,
Let the past be all forgot!
Smile like sunlight after rain,
Dearest one, oh! chide me not.

Call me "darling" once again,
Ev'ry angry word forgive!
While you frown in weary pain,
Evermore my heart must live!
Think of joys that we have known—
Turn me not in pride away!
Whisper I am still your own,
Dear as in life's happier day! Chorus.

Call me "darling" once again,
Bid my heart no more repine!
Dreary must my life remain,
Till your sweet eyes look in my mine!
Clearer beam the skies above,
When the angry storm is past;
Dearer, fonder be our love—
For the clouds that do not last. Chorus.

Beautiful Blue Bells.

Words and Music By W. H. Delehanty.

Beautiful blue bells, wet with morning dew,
Emblems of you, dear, fair and pure and true-
Proofs of affection which I feel for you—
Beautiful blue bells, wet with morning dew.
That's the sweet epistle which I sent to-day
To my little sweetheart, Annie, over the way.
Then there came an answer, loving kind and true-
Thanks for those sweet posies, blue bells wet with dew.

Chorus.

That's the way I won her, (Symph.)
It is, upon my honor. (Symph.)
My life is blissful since I sent to-day,
Those pretty flowers to Annie o'er the way.
But she is sweeter, fairer far than you,
Beautiful blue bells, wet with morning dew.

Now, every evening you can find me there,
In that little cottage with my love so fair,
Wooing and cooing like two little doves—
Pleasure pursuing, while exchanging loves.
Then if you had seen her sitting by my side,
When I asked the question, "Will you be my bride?"
How she blushed and trembled, and her eyes so blue,
Looked just like those flowers, blue bells wet with dew.
That's the way, &c.

Tiny Hands.

Copyright, 1878 By T. B. Kelley.
Words and Music by T. B. Kelley.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.
Sung by the Sanfrancisco Minstrels,

Come, my bonny baby girl,
And sit upon my knee;
Laugh and prattle all you please,
You fill my heart with glee.
Shake your pretty flaxen curls,
Whisper your sweet commands.
Twine around me lovingly,
Those tiny dimpled hands.

Chorus.

Tiny hands around me twining,
Little bright eyes fondly shining,
Oh! I love to take you on my knee,
And press those tiny hands.

Tell me of your childish play,
And sing your baby songs;
Did you ramble out to-day,
Among the busy throngs?
I love to hear your gleeful voice,
To me it sounds divine;
Oh! kiss me sweet, my little one,
And clasp your hands in mine. Chorus.

Love and happiness you bring
To cheer our pleasant home;
To my heart you'll ever cling,
No matter where I roam.
Sweet and charming baby girl,
Dearer than wealth or lands;
With joy and peace the hour is blest,
When I press your tiny hands. Chorus.

Murphy's Coffee House.

Words by Thomas E. Powers. Author of the Hoolahan Musketeers, Mary Ann Kehoe, McCarthy's Boarding House, Sung by James O'Neil, Lew Smith and Jack Conroy.
Air: Casey's Social Club.

When we rise up in the morning,
Down to the yard we go,
With a towel and bar a of soap,
To wash ourselves you know.
While Murphy pumps the water
Into a big wash-tub,
All the boarders stand around,
And then begin to rub.

Chorus.

Take your elbow out of the way,
Says Mike to Dan O'Day,
Who the deuce has stolen the soap!
Cries Larry Boyle the moke.
Throth they use a scrubbing brush,
On "Yaller Pete," the lush,
And comb his hair with a one arm chair,
In Murphy's coffee house. (Repeat.)

When we all get thro' our washing,
At the table, we sit down,
Each man gets a wash bowl of soup,
Made by the cook Magown.
A plate of fine cut cabbage,
Oyster pie with three years crust,
And a glass of fresh buttermilk,
You'd drink it till you'd bust.

Chorus.

Charles Henry Mickey Shay,
Likes sugar in his tay,
Hand me down your empty plate,
I'll fill it with cold mate.
Muggins man, don't you be shy,
Slap mustard on your pie.
Ate a plate of crame, 'twill make you drame,
Of Murphy's coffee house. (Repeat 1st Chorus.)

At night on the front piazza,
We smoke our cigarettes,
Then go to sleep on the fire-escape,
Beneath misquito nets.
If the eve is warm and sultry,
We'll have an ice cream lunch,
And if it's cold and dreary,
We'll drink a hot rum punch.

Chorus.

Take yer cold feet off me back,
Sheldon says to Andy Mack,
You ought to hear O'Hern snore,
Sounds like the cannon's roar.
On an ould straw bed we lay,
And sleep till the break of day,
When we wake again, we're drenched with rain,
In Murphy's coffee House. (Rep't 1st Chorus.)

The Colored Grenadier.

Words and Music by J. Carroll. Arr. by Ned, Straight.
Music pub, and Copyright 1879, by White, Smith & Co,
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Now gaze on me and you can see,
A warrior staunch and true.
With my white cockade I'm out on parade,
And to sing and dance for you.
Ah! all the other nigs are jealous;
And of me they have great fear,
But the ladies smile at the dashing style,
Of the colored Grenadier.

Chorus.

I'm the colored Grenadier,
I have no dread or fear,
To please you all to-night it is my glory,
When the bands begin to play,
I gaily march away
And vanish all the foes,
That come before me.

My style and regimentals are
The talk of all the town,
And my rivals stare, for they're all aware,
I'm a nig of great renown.
Ah! and the ladies when I'm passing,
For me they all give a cheer,
Throwing kisses sweet, and bouquets so neat,
At this dashing Grenadier. Chorus.

The Day I Bought The Fish.

Written and Sung by Dave Howard.

I walked around the street one day,
To buy some fish without any pay;
You get them very fine, they say,
But I don't care for that.
The first thing that attracted me,
Was the name of Isaac Boronofsky,
To say the name it puzzled me
The day I bought the fish.

I asked him the kind of fish he had,
Pike, pickerel, suckers, smelts or shad.
You say that again you make me mad—
'Twas then I got afraid.
'Twas then he struck me with a stiff,
And called me a regular Hebrew thief;
On my left eye I put some beef
The day I bought the fish.

He threw some water on me quick,
And tried to make me then to speak,
And he put some ice around my feet—
He thought he killed me sure.
When all at once I made a leap,
And struck Boronofsky in the teeth;
His wife hollered out "police! police!"
The day I bought the fish.

I run so quick I couldn't stop,
When all at once I made a flop;
Into croton water I took a drop,
I thought he had me sure.
When all at once he made a jump,
To snatch a croton water pump,
And he struck me right square on the konk
The day I bought the fish.

SHEET MUSIC.
60 CHATHAM STREET.

I Love to Think of the Days When I was Young

Sung by Frank Lum, the Character Specialist, in his Portraitures of the old Southern Negro, at the London Variety Theatre, Sung also by Charley Howard and James B. Radcliff.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Oh! I love to think of the days when I was young.
And it don't seem so very long ago;
Although my hands do shake, my eyes am
wide awake,
And I think this was the way I used to go.
I could shout until the brakin of the morn,
I could dance just as long as I could stand,
I was handsome, I was happy, I was gay,
As any other nigger in the land.

Chorus.

Oh! I love to think of the days when I was young,
And it don't seem so very long ago;
Although my hands do shake, my eyes am
wide awake,
And I think this was the way I used to go.

I love to think of the days when I was young,
And the little piccaninnies just so high;
It was where the cotton grows, my eyes first unclosed,
Then I was the apple of my mother's eye.
I can see her as she'd pat me on the head,
And called me her darling little child,
And kissed me and put me in my little bed,
And she said she thought that I was spoiled.
Oh! I love to think, &c

Only a Rose From Mother's Grave.

Copyright, and pub, 1878, by W. A. Pond.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Only a rose from mother's grave,
That I planted long ago,
Pulled from the stem, it used to wave
Where the winds were soft and low.
Only a flower white and fair,
That she used to love so well,
Sweet the perfumes that fill the air,
Round her grave down in the dell.

Chorus.

Only a rose, a fragrant rose,
That bloomed so sweetly on mother's grave,
Peace to her soul and blest repose,
Where the bright roses above her wave.

Only a rose from mother's grave,
The flower she loved when she was here,
Press it away in a book and save
It through never ending years.
Mother was like this snow-white rose;
Gentle at heart and lovely, too,
Soon came the twilight with repose,
Angels made her bed anew. Chorus.

Only a rose from mother's grave,
Kissed by dew from heav'n above,
Over her form it used to wave,
In its tenderness and love.
Only a rose, but, though the years,
Keep it in some hallowed shrine,
Often our eyes will fill with tears,
Gazing on this flower divine. Chorus.

Tibbie Dunbar.

Air: Johnnie McGill.

O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar,
O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar;
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in in a car,
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordly;
But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

Don't fail to get the music of McCarthy's Boarding House and Mary Ann Kehoe.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

"Heatham!" thought Richard Hepburn. "Yes, that was the name my mother said."

He continued to gaze at the old Hall, a prey to many and contending sensations. What would he not give to traverse those rooms where his parents had lived, where he as an infant must have played? How he longed to see that gallery containing the portraits of his ancestors! How his blood boiled as he remembered they were now the property—the stock furniture of Josiah Biddlecomb!

It may be judged surprising that Richard Hepburn had not had the curiosity of visiting his lost ancestral home before; but more than one reason had prevented.

First he had not known of its existence until the eve of his mother's death.

Secondly, no sooner had her funeral been performed than Amos Hepburn, nervous that his adopted son knowing his history, and firmly persuaded of his father's innocence, might be perpetrating some extravagance, and rousing up the whole matter in the public mind, had dispatched him at once to Australia on business to one of the branch houses of his concern.

On his return Amos Hepburn's death had held him awhile in London, after which he had started for Westerin with his melancholy news, intending on quitting there to pay a flying visit to Heatham.

"Mr. Hepburn, remarked Alice Walden, looking round at him, and breaking a silence which had fallen on them both, "I fancy the sight of beautiful scenery must affect you as it does me. It produces 'a sadness not akin to pain'—a feeling of reverential awe and gratitude, caused by the sense of our own littleness before the grand handiwork of the Creator."

"You are right, Miss Walden. Scenery does so touch me," replied her companion, glad to find so ready an excuse for his distrait humor; "yet you must have gazed on this too often to feel its influence now."

"True. But I am always depressed when I look upon Carnyston," she answered. "It seems so sad that the old, old race should be banished, and that it should go into the hands of strangers."

Richard Hepburn drew nearer. How he loved her for those words!

"Perhaps, Miss Walden, it was the 'old, old race's' own fault that they lost it?' he said, looking earnestly at her.

"Perhaps," she rejoined. "I have heard that the last Baronet was wild, extravagant—speculated or something of that sort, so got into debt, and lost the Hall. But if he did, why should all the Carrs yet to come suffer because of one? Fancy now, supposing there had been a son, as there might have been, Mr. Hepburn, what must be his feelings to look upon that grand old place and know it ought to have been his—to think of that handsome picture-gallery of his ancestors, and be aware he has no right to gaze upon them? Oh, it is very sentimental—very foolish—false sentimentality, perhaps," she added, smiling, "to build up and grieve over suppositious sorrows which may never exist; yet if there is a son, I feel I could weep for him."

"Heaven bless you, Miss Walden, for that speech!" exclaimed Richard Hepburn, fervently; adding, however, rapidly, also forcing a smile, "Pardon my fervor, but sentiment now-a-days is so giving place to the practicle, that a sentimental personage like myself feels lifted above prosaic earth when he meets a congenial spirit. The graphic picture you have drawn of the disinherited heir, as we might call him, has won him all my fullest sympathy, as if the case were my own."

"If there were such a son, Mr. Hepburn," said Alice Walden, turning her brown expressive eyes on her companion, "do you know what I would do, were I he?"

"No, Miss Walden; but I am aware what I would!"

"What? she asked, curiously.

"Move heaven and earth to win back my old home!"

Alice Walden's countenance grew radient. Dropping her reins, she clapped her hands in delight, and cried, "So would I—so would I! I would toil night and day. Do you know, dear Charlie and I"—here her tones grew sad—"used often to sit here and speculate upon how we would act were it his case. We used, for fun, to imagine it was. Now," she added, brushing the tears from her eyelashes, and trying to assume a lighter tone, "I will try to imagine it yours."

Now if it had only been debt—if there had been no accusation of attempted murder and theft, at that moment Richard Hepburn would have taken the beautiful girl into his confidence, and told her his history, as he had her brother.

As it was, he began to feel his position dangerously perilous to the resolve he had formed, and, making a jesting reply, moved his horse from the brow of the hill.

The sight of Carnyston had had one effect on him—the confirming him in his determination to quit Westerin the next day, and set instantly to work. He saw he must no longer delay making the announcement to Alice, if he intended to do so before the ride was over.

Reaching the level road, Richard Hepburn prepared to speak. The opening sentence was on his tongue, when it was arrested by the sound of horses' hoofs, and his companion exclaiming, "Here comes the heiress of Carnyston, Mr. Hepburn—Miss Biddlecomb—Miss Sidonia Biddlecomb. Did you ever hear such a grand name?" laughed the girl. "But everything must be grand to suit that young lady!"

Her companion started violently at the gay speech. Raising his eyes quickly, he perceived advancing towards them from a side road a lady on horseback, attended by two gentlemen, one of whom he recognised to be the same he had seen talking over the gate to Alice Walden.

At the present moment he paid him little heed. All his attention was concentrated upon Miss Sidonia, Josiah Biddlecomb's daughter, and heiress of Carnyston, his property.

She was about two-and-twenty, rather over middle height, and with a figure that, but for the subtle skill of a West End dressmaker, would have been slightly hard and angular. Hair of a rich bronze red, confined by a blue ribbon, fell from beneath her hat to her waist. Her features were small, and, like her fair complexion—even to freckles—of that style which usually accompanies hair of that hue. Her eyes were of a pale, washed-out blue-gray. Her expression supercilious, arrogant, patronising.

"What kind of persons are the Biddlecomb's, Miss Walden?" inquired Richard Hepburn, still regarding the heiress.

"Well," responded Alice Walden, hesitating, "they are strange people. Mr. Biddlecomb, I believe, is a 'self-made' man. Remember, Mr. Hepburn, there are two orders of the species—one to be honered, one despised."

"And pray which is the—which is Mr. Biddlecomb?"

"Judge for yourself," she laughed. "They are rich. Money is their only hold upon society; consequently they like its golden glitter to flash forth through all their surroundings. I have a notion that it would be impossible to find a dull, comfortably-bound book—which like a plain face, often contains a store of wealth in its heart—in their library. Every volume would be gold-backed and gilt-edged. In conclusion, when I say they are the kind of people to whom, were you trying to make them admire a painting, you would not expatiate on the marvellous coloring, but upon the guineas it cost, I fancy you have a fair discription of them?"

"Indeed, yes! And her attendants?"

"The one to the left, with the dark moustache and insinuating smile, is Captain Grant. The one to the right is her cousin. Rumor has said Mr. Biddlecomb will make him his heir, to perpetuate the name; but that's all nonsense," laughed the girl musically. "Fancy, perpetuating 'Biddlecomb!"

"Certainly it is not very mellifluous," answered Richard Hepburn, forcing his features into a smile, for his brain was busy with a by no means mirthful subject.

The idea had suddenly possessed him whether it would not be better, instead of going to London, to obtain an entrance into Carnyston Hall, which possibly he might do by getting an introduction to the heiress.

Alice Walden at the same time was wondering whether, seeing her accompanied by a stranger, Miss Biddlecomb would pass on with one of her grahdly gracious bows which so amused the girl, when Miss Sidonia—who, for some little time, with fluttering, flattered heart, had been conscious of Richard Hepburn's gaze—by a move of her horse's head showed it was her intention to halt and speak.

Riding a little in advance of her cavaliers, she came forward, almost gushingly.

"My dear Miss Walden," she exclaimed, "how de-lighted I am to have met you! Ah,"—and her languid eyes rose a second to the other's crape-trimmed hat—"you can't tell how sorry we were—so sad, my dear! I was really going to call on you to-day. But we have been so busy since we arrived with family matters. How is dear Mrs. Walden?"

Alice answered that her mother was pretty well, considering.

"I am de-lighted! Very sad, very sad!" And the young lady sighed. "Still it is some months back now, and time is the great healer, you know."

"True; but, Miss Biddlecomb," remarked Alice, hardly able to prevent her lips smiling at the other's speech, despite the subject, "you must remember the news but recently reached us."

"Ah, of course—I see. By the way,"—and her eyes again, as they had frequently, glanced furtively under her bronze-red lashes at Richard Hepburn,—"there is no need, I believe, to introduce Captain Grant to you."

The hint was too palpable to be passed, so Alice, though wondering somewhat at Sidonia's extraordinary friendship that morning, after greeting the Captain, and being complimented by a little speech, said, "Miss Biddlecomb, permit me to introduce to you Mr. Richard Hepburn, a very dear friend of my poor brother's."

"Not poor in that respect—the having such a friend," responded Sidonia, quietly, with a gracious smile at the gentleman, as she inclined her head.

And Richard Hepburn, with a flush on the cheek which the lady read after her own fashion, bowed to his enemy's daughter.

"You have been in Australia, then, Mr. Hepburn?" proceeded Miss Sidonia, instantly devoting her attention to him.

"For a few years, Miss Biddlecomb."

"How delightful! There's no place under the sun I like to hear about so much. Everything grows there different to what it does in Europe, doesn't it? The bush isn't bush, and the creeks haven't any water, eh?"

"Well, that is true," smiled Richard Hepburn, despite himself.

"What a very peculiar country! May I ask if you remain long in Devon? If so, I must beg and entreat Miss Walden to invite me to Daisy Bank, when you must really be generous enough to tell me all about the antipodes."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," answered Richard Hepburn; "though the subject would be rather vast for one evening."

"Very good! very good! So you will give me two?" laughed Miss Sidonia, with an arch air, intended to be coquettish. "That's very kind of you! My dear Miss Walden, are you going home?"

"Yes, Miss Biddlecomb," answered Alice, who was being drenched with the conversation of Mr. Edmund Biddlecomb.

"Then, if we shall not be in the way—mind, not in the way—be frank now," languished Miss Sidonia "we'll join company for a little way. We are only out for a ride, and Mr. Hepburn is telling me about Australia."

What could Alice do but nod and smile assent, still inwardly much perplexed by the heiress's unusual affability!

So, somehow, Miss Sidonia's horse got ranged by Richard Hepburn's, and the two rode on together, the gentleman's brain filled with much thinking, while the three followed

When they reached the point where they separated, Miss Biddlecomb, very animated for her, addressed Alice.

To be Continued in No. 162—Commenced in No. 152.

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CONTENTS.

Aristocratic Nigs ..... page 493
Down Amongst the Blue Bells 491
Dan and Teddie's parting 491
Down where the Dixies Grow 491
Dreamy Eyes Have Gone to Sleep 492
The Dancing Clogists 493
Don't Believe Them Ever, Darling 494
Flirting on the Battery 490
The Gates Ajar 490
God Bless Our Native Land 492
The Hibernian Ballet Dancers 493
Here she Goes and there she Goes 493
I'll be all Smiles to-night: or I'll Deck my Brow With Roses 490
The Irish Emperor 493
I Don't Like a Cur at my Heels 492
Katy Ann O'Brien 490
Killarney by the Lakeside 493
Lay my head Beneath a Rose 493
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued 495
Murphy's Dream 490
My Good Ole Southern Home 491
My Dollie's Song 491
No Smoking Allowed 491
NO WORK 492
Never Bet Your Money on de Shanghai Music for Guitar or Banjo 496
Out far out to the Penitentiary 492
The Rattle for the Stove 490
Riding on the Elevated Rail-Road 491
The Solid Sons of Rest 490
Those Haunting Eyes 494
Two Lonely Widows are we ! 494
This Red Head of Mine 494
The Villain Still Pursued Her 492
Waiting ! 492
Where is my Boy To-Night ? 494
Will you keep one sweet kiss for me darling 492
You're Getting it up for Me ! 494

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18 Beekman Street.

The Raffle for the Stove.

Written and sung by J. B. Murphy, of Murphy & Mack.
Music pub. & Copyright 1879, by E. H. Harding.
Music sent by us to any address, price 25 cents.

Last Wednesday I attended a raffle for a stove,
In aid of the wife and family of Timothy J. Cosgrove;
O'Kellys, Hogans, and O'Briens, all came in a drove,
To take the dice and shake them nice, and try
and win the stove.

Chorus.

Forward four, Allaman left, while the music it did play;
'Twas grand delight to see the sight of those
Irishmen so gay,
I never laughed so hearty in the course of all my life,
Looking at Plug McCarthy, pivotin' with his wife.

At nine o'clock precisely, the raffling it begun,
Tom Kelly he jumped ten feet high, when
sixty-four was flung;
O'Brien yelled out murder, with a brick his eye
was closed,
On that night I had to fight, while raffling for the stove,
Chorus.

At six o'clock in the morning the raffling it was o'er,
Tom Kelly he got staving drunk, and stole away
the door;
O'Clancy with a bottle, sure he all the windows broke;
When Cosgrove grabbed him by the neck, and
boys I thought he'd choke.
Chorus.

I'll be all Smiles To-Night.

I'll deck my brow with roses,
The loved one may be there,
The gems that others gave me,
Will shine within my hair.
And even them that know me,
Will think my heart is light;
Though my heart will break to-morrow,
I'll be all smiles to-night.

Chorus.

I'll be all smiles to-night, love,
I'll be all smiles to-night;
Though my heart will break to-morrow,
I'll be all smiles to-night!

And when the room he entered,
The bride upon his arm;
I stood and gazed upon him
As if he were a charm,
So once he smiled upon her,
So once he smiled on me;
They know not what I've suffered,
They found no change in me. Chorus.

And when the dance commences,
Oh! how I will rejoice;
I'll sing the song he taught me,
Without one faltering voice.
When flatterers come around me,
They will think my heart is light,
Though my heart will break to morrow,
I'll be all smiles to-night. Chorus.

And when the dance is over,
And all have gone to rest;
I'll think of him dear mother,
The one that I love best,
He once did love, believe me,
But now has grown cold and strange;
He sought not to deceive me,
False friends have brought this change. Cho.

Flirting on the Battery.

Air: Sailing on the Lake.

Oh! how charming in the summer
When the stars are shining bright,
To stroll down on the Battery Park
Each pleasant Friday night.
And hearken to the music,
So beautiful and grand;
Flirting with the pretty girls,
And listening to the band.
Chorus: Flirting on the Battery,
With music sweet to charm;
Strolling through the shady paths,
With a fair girl on your arm.

Pouring loving nonsense
In whispers soft and low,
Glances sly, flash from each eye
Until it's time to go.

Johnnie's there from Harlem,
With the Babies on our Block.
And the Hallway Door's deserted,
From everywhere they flock.
With Charley in his lavenders,
A rosebud in his hand,
The girls all give him "Taffy,"
While listening to the band. Chorus.

And when the time for parting comes,
And the band has ceased to play,
Then arm in arm together
They stroll up gay Broadway.
To "Hudnuts" then for soda,
Of course you understand,
Then part 'till Friday evening,
To hear again the band. Chorus

The Gates Ajar.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by J. R. Thomas.
Music published and Copyright 1870, by O. Ditson.
Music sent, by us post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cts.

Gone beyond the darksome river,
Only left us by the way;
Gone beyond the night forever,
Only gone to endless day.
Gone to meet the angel faces,
Where our lovely treasures are;
Gone awhile from our embraces,
Gone within the gates ajar!
Quartette. There's a sister, there's a brother,
Where our lovely treasures are;
There's a father there's a mother,
Gone within the gates ajar.

One by one, they go before us,
They are fading like the dew;
But we know they're watching o'er us,
They the good, the fair, the true.
They are waiting for us, only,
Where no pain can ever mar;
Little ones who left us lonely,
Watch us thro' the gates ajar! Quartette.

Gone where every eye is tearless,
Only gone from earthly care;
O! the waiting, sad and cheerless,
Till we meet our loved ones there.
Sweet the rest from all our roving,
Land of light and hope afar;
Lo! our Father's hand so loving,
Sets the pearly gates ajar. Quartette.

Murphy's Dream.

By G. Murphy. Sung by George and John Murphy.

George and John Murphy stayed out a whole night
And the truth is they drank too much beer,
And when they got home they both were so tight.
That both of their heads felt quite queer.
Let's sit down and rest ourselves, George said to John;
"Let's try and recollect where we've been;"
So they sat down, but, oh, in a minute or two,
They were asleep and beginning to dream.

Now dreaming is funny—your mind wanders away—
Some dream they are a king, some a goat,
Why, I dreamt t'other night, peculiar to say,
I was an engine on the elevated railroad.
But the Murphy's they dreamed that in Paris they were
Looking for a first-class hotel,
In their valises was gold, but how it got there
Neither of the Murphys could tell.

They dreamt George was a Dutchman, and
that his name was Jake,
With his clothes tore, and bald-headed at that,
That John was an Irishman and from jail he did break,
That his name wasn't John, but 'twas Pat;
Among lunatics surely they thought that they were,
Who they tried to kill, strange it did seem;
That they were arrested and caught in a snare,
This the Murphy's all saw in their dream.

They dreamt to the gallows they both had to go,
As their sentence was they had to die;
That they mounted the scaffold, John quickly,
George slow,
And that neither attempted to cry.
They dreamt that hanging them wasn't severe,
But imagined that it would cause lots of fun;
That the soldiers and sheriffs all stood quite near,
To make sure that the murderers were hung;
They dreamt that the trap fell and that they were dead
How strange the sensation did seem,
But the truth was the beer had got into their heads
And caused such a ridiculous dream.

The Solid Sons of Rest.

By R. J. Pigott. Air: Skidmore Fancy Ball.
Respectfully dedicated to the Hardly Able Club.

We represent the members of,
The Solid Sons of Rest,
For work or toil of any kind,
We never go in quest;
We all assemble in the Park
At 9 A. M, each morn;
We talk of everything but work,
And that we treat with scorn.
But when old Gaffney does appear,
With shield upon his breast;
He yells aloud, "get out o' here
Ye Solid Sons of Rest.

Chorus.

Tra, la, la, la, the daisies chirp,
As we go through the street;
I tell you boys, we make a noise,
But never miss a treat.
You ought to see us at a ball,
The way that we are dressed;
With blackened boots, oh! there's gay galoots,
In the Solid Sons of Rest.

Most all our dads are millionaire,
And we of course, live high;
In Irish flats up near the roof,
Where we can see the sky.
And when we want a suit of clothes,
We ask our dads so kind;
And down to Nicoll's then we go,
And get 'em—in our mind.
We never smoke a bad segar,
But always buy the best;
'Twould make one smile to see the style,
Of the Solid Sons of Rest. Chorus.

Whene'er we take a pic-nic in,
We go for merriment,
And never scramble o'er the fence,
But plank down every cent.
And when we go out on the floor,
All eyes are turned on us,
Because we dance so very neat.
And never make a fuss.
Then when we all go marching home
Each one sticks out his chest,
The ladies say, hip. hip, hurrah,
For the Solid Sons of Rest. Chorus.

Katy Ann O'Brien.

Copyright, 1879, and pub. by Geo Molineaux.
Sung by Murphy and Morton.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price. 40 cents.

In a tenement house on Stanton street,
We've seen some happy times,
In the family of a longshoreman,
Whose name is Mike O'Brien.
It was there with his daughter, Katy Ann,
An Irish girl divine,
That I kept company and loved
Sweet Katy Ann O'Brien.
Chorus: Katy Ann O'Brien,
Say that you'll be mine;
Arrah, tell me that you will be true,
Sweet Katy Ann O'Brien.

We went to school with Katy Ann,
When we were children small.
And of all the girls I thought she was
The fairest one of all.
There's going to be a party,
And you will have a jolly time,
If you will come with Dan and me,
To Miss Katy Ann O'Brien. Chorus.

No Smoking Allowed.

Sung by Ned Barry.

Music sent, by us post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cts.

The poets have sung about women and wine,
But smoke is the theme of this ditty of mine,
I look on my pipe as a trusty old friend,
Who's faithful whatever luck fortune may send;
Wherever I travel, north, east, west or south,
I've always a pipe or cigar in my mouth,
For when I am smoking I'm up in a cloud,
But of course never go where no smoking's allowed.

Chorus.

No smoking allowed, what a terrible sell,
When they put out my pipe I am put out as well,
No smoking allowed, what a terrible sell.
When they put out my pipe I am put out as well.

One day by express on the Great Eastern line
I started to visit an old friend of mine,
I'd lighted my pipe and was watching the curl
Of the smoke when there popped in a pretty young girl.
I cried smoking car, the train was just off,
Of course I could not make the dear creature cough;
So I put down my pipe and submissively bowed
To my fate which I felt was no smoking allowed.

I looked at the ceiling, I fear with a frown,
Then looked at the lady, of course she looked down,
I offered the paper, of weather I spoke,
And talken about steam, though I thought about smoke.
So charming a damsel I'd ne'er seen before,
But soon I admired her fifty times more;
One small remark proved she with sense was endowed,
Said she, go on smoking, sir, smoking's allowed.

In comfort the rest of the journey was passed,
I'd met with a sensible woman at last,
And now we are married, I oft say in a joke,
Our doubts and our sorrows have ended in smoke,
She knows that those ladies who smoke cannot bear,
Have husbands who takes pipes and glasses elsewhere,
So ladies pray try to get used to a cloud,
And don't join the cry of no smoking allowed.

My Good Ole Southern Home.

Sung by Frank Lum, the Character Specialist, in his Portraitures of the old Southern Negro, at the London Variety Theatre.

I have been trabblin night and day to that land so far away,
Whar de yellow corn and sugar cane do grow;
Oh! how happy I would be if the old home I could see,
And listen to de music of de ole banjo.
'Twas dar dat I was born, and did work from early morn
Till de stars began to gadder in de sky;
Oh! what great consolation, for to reach de ole plantation,
And see de ole home once afore I die.

Chorus.

I'll keep trabblin' on, yes, keep trabblin' on,
An' I hopes for to git dar by-and-by;
Oh! what great consolation to reach de ole plantation,
And see de ole home once afore I die.

Dem was happy days for me, afore dey set me free,
An' I left my home and friends far behind,
Dar was good ole Aunty Chloe and de Missus an' Massa Joe,
Who to dis ole darkey were forever kind.
Dar was all de gals an' boys, full ob fun an' noise,
Dat used to gadder round de ole man's door;
Dey'd play de ole banjo, and shake de heel an' toe,
But I spects dey's all gwine to dat happy shore. Cho

Still I'll totter right along, dough my limbs ain't very strong,
An' my hair am turning white like de snow,
For I wan't once more to see my ole home in Tennessee,
Dat spot I left so many years ago.
Oft in my dreams I hear the voices of those so dear,
An' dey tell me dat de happy day am nigh;
Den I journey on de road neber weary wid my load,
For I want to see de ole home fore I die. Chorus.

Riding on the Elevated Rail Road.

Copyright, 1878. By T. B. Kelley.

Words and Music by T. B. Kelley.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Upon the elevated train,
I often take a ride;
Along the second story rooms,
The blinds are open wide;
Of course when I am looking out,
Some curious things I see;
And now I'll try to tell of those
That interested me.

Chorus.

Riding on the Elevated Rail-road train,
In a cosy little seat beside the window pane,
Many things I see of interest to me,
While riding on the Elevated Rail-road train.

Now there's a little dwelling place,
The folks are going to dine;
I see the table thickly spread
With every thing that's fine,
And here's a man with eyes intent
Upon the morning news;
And there's a fellow lies in bed,
As if he had the blues. Chorus.

Now here's a woman washing clothes,
With all her might and main;
And there's a pretty sewing girl
Who glances at the train.
Oh! there's a grand piano,
And a lady seems to play;
While near her hangs a little bird
To sing its merry lay. Chorus.

Oh! there's a woman holding up
A baby very small;
And yonder sits a tailor,
With his back against the wall,
While just beside, two idle men
Are seated playing cards;
And people here are drinking beer,
With "mutual regards." Chorus.

I see a picture of distress,
A barely furnished room,
Three little ragged children,
With their faces full of gloom.
So many and so varied
Are the sights that come to view,
I'm sure I'd try your patience,
If I told them all to you. Chorus.

Down Amongst the Blue Bells.

By Tony Williams, for La Petite Florence.

Down where the blue bells grow
In a peaceful sunny glade,
Where the soft and gently rivers flow,
In sunlight or in shade.
'Twas there I met a maiden,
Eyes jet and breast like snow,
'Twas there I sought to gain her love,
Down where the blue bells grow.

Chorus.

'Twas there I sought to gain her love, (Break)
Down where the blue bells grow. (Dance)

Then when I sought her hand,
She started like a fawn,
And blushed like light that o'er this land,
Spreads at the early morn.
Oh! say one word, wilt thou be mine?
She slowly answered no,
And left me standing all alone,
Down where the blue bells grow. Chorus.

Dan and Teddie's Parting.

By C. R. Dockstader for Hurley & Marr.

Sung by Devlin and Tracy.

I am bidding you good-bye, Dan, dear,
I m going far away,
I'm leaving Ireland far behind,
Going to America.
Thin you be good to mother, Dan,
And little Patsey, too,
I'll get work in America,
And send for all of you.

Chorus.

Good-bye Daniel, dear,
Teddie, are you leaving?
Let your heart be of good cheer,
And try and not be grieving.
Bear this parting like a man—
Teddie, I will try,
Good-bye, Daniel, farewell, Teddie,
Daniel—Ted—good-bye.

Our home will be a sad one,
Whin you have gone away,
And we will watch until a letter
Comes across the sea.
And mother says her prayer shall be,
God speed her own son Ted.
Yes, you'll be always in our mind,
Each day we break our bread. Chorus.

So now I must be leaving you,
But, oh! it won't be long,
I'll save up every cent I earn,
For I am young and strong.
And whin I reach America,
I'll be soon sending home
The money for my brother Dan,
To come accross the foam. Chorus.

My Dollie's Song.

Composed for and dedicated to Baby Belle Nellson, by F. Korbay. Copyright, 1879, by F. Korbay.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

On Monday I wash my dollie's clothes,
On Tuesday smoothly press them;
On Wednesday mend their little hose,
On Thursday neatly dress them.
On Friday I play they're taken ill,
On Saturday something or other;
But when Sunday comes, I say - lie still!
I'm going to church with mother."

Down Where the Daisies Grow.

Words and Music by T. P. Westendorf.

Copyright, 1876 by H. S. Stedmann.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

Down where the daisies grow,
Near the shining stream,
Let us wander as we ponder
O'er love's happy dream,
Where the softest zephyrs blow,
When the day is sinking low,
And the shadows come and go,
Thro the shady dell.

Chorus.

Down where the daisies grow,
Near the shining stream,
Let us wander as we ponder
O'er love's happy dream.

Come in thy beauty, love,
Do not longer stay;
Moments flying, daylight dying,
Bids us haste away.
To the pathway long and old,
Where our loves have oft been told,
'Neath a sky of burning gold,
Let us wander now. Chorus.

Glad will our meeting be,
Mid the blooming flowers;
Love's repeating, fond hearts beating,
Bringing happy hours,
Sweetest tales of love to tell,
In the realms of joy to dwell,
Every thought of care dispel,
As we wander on. Chorus.

No Work!

Words by Berger & Amon. Music by Ned Straight.

Copyright 1879 by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.
All rights reserved.

The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents. Also, The "No Work Waltz, price 40 cents.

I am hard up, you don't know me,
For my clothes are tat'r'd and torn,
My parents died when I was young,
I'm forsaken, disliked and forlorn.
I trav'l'd this country thro' and thro',
On the road and on the rail,
My limbs are getting stiff and cold,
For the want of a warm meal.

Chorus.

They say why don't you go to work!
When they know there's none to be had,
They slam the door in front of your face,
If you ask them for a bite of bread.

Some tramps they beg from door to door,
And they ask for char-i-ty,
They say they've children ten at home,
And they can't support their family,
But place a nickle in their hand,
To some grog shop they will run,
A poor man's money they will take,
And they spend it all for rum.

Chorus.

Now that's the kind that want no work,
For they're weak and sick is their plea,
When they get bread, they'll throw it away
From a workingman's poor family.

'Twas at an humble cot I call'd,
And I rapp'd at the back door;
A man asked me what would I have,
I told him I was hungry and poor.
Said he come in and take a seat,
And he gave me bread and tea,
He was a son of Erin's Isle,
Toiling for his fam-i-ly.

Chorus.

I shook his hand so hard and tough,
And the tears roll'd fast down my face,
May Heav'n protect his good family,
For you're welcome always at his place.

Dreamy Eyes Have Gone To Sleep.

Words and Music by John T. Rutledge.

Music pub. and Copyright 1878, by J. Church & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price. 35 cents.

How my heart in golden fancies,
Takes me back to other days,
When sweet eyes, with loving glances,
Used to cheer me with their gaze;
In a cool and shady valley
Where the flowers softly creep,
Rests my little sweetheart, Allie,
Dreamy eyes have gone to sleep.

Chorus.

Mid the daisie's golden maizes,
O'er her form I sadly weep,
And the song birds sing her praises,
Dreamy eyes have gone to sleep.

Star of hope that shone above me
Faded like a blissful dream,
I have no one left to love me,
Allie sleeps beside the stream;
And I wander lonely hearted,
Since my little sweetheart died;
I'm so sad since we were parted,
Allie was my heart's sweet pride. Chorus.

Dark the cloud that glided o'er us,
Taking all the sunlight's glow,
Years so bright that lay before me
Faded to a dream of woe;
Now love's golden chain is broken,
And my heart is pained, I weep,
Nothing left but one sweet token—
Dreamy eyes have gone to sleep. Chorus.

Waiting.

Words by Ellen H. Flagg. Music by Harrison Millard.

Copyright, 1876, by Harrison Millard.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

The stars shine on his pathway,
The trees bend back their leaves
To guide him to the meadow,
Among the golden sheaves,
Where stand I, longing, loving,
And listening as I wait,
To the nightingale's wild singing,
Sweet singing to its mate,
Singing,—singing,
Sweet singing to its mate.

The breeze comes sweet from heaven,
And the music in the air
Heralds my lovers coming,
And tells me he is there,
And tells me he is there,
Come for my arms are empty!
Come, for the day was long!
Turn the darkness into glory,
The sorrow into song.

I hear his footfall's music,
I feel his presence near,
All my soul responsive answers,
And tells me he is here.
O stars shine out your brightest!
O nightingale, sing sweet,
To guide him to me, waiting,
And speed his flying feet,
To guide him to me, waiting,
And speed his flying feet.

The Villain Still Pursued Her.

Written and Sung by Tim Rogers.

I'll sing about a beauty,
Who in Irishtown does dwell,
With her father and mother
In a boarding-house hotel.
There is a villain wanted to marry her,
Before he ever knew her;
She left her home and run away,
And the villain still pursued her.

This girl left her home,
Likewise her native place;
One day while walking through the park,
She met the villain face to face.
He grasped her by the lily white hand,
And he popped the question to her,
She seized the tongs and wrenched his breath,
And the villain still pursued her.

She traveled on for miles,
At last she drew a pop,
And shot him four times through the heart;
And still he would not stop.
She drew a sword, and cut him right and left,
When he came to her
She killed him dead and away she went,
And the villain still pursued her.

I Don't Like a Cur at My Heels.

Words and Music by Fred Boulard. Sung by Ned Barry.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

I like honest pluck in this warfare of life,
No matter whoever I meet;
I like a man boldly to say what he thinks,
And not fill me with hollow deceit.
It may not be pleasant at all times to hear
The truth plainly told in your ear;
Yet 'tis better to know you're prepared for the worst,
Than tremble like children with fear.

Chorus.

I do like a man that will boldly stand up,
And tell me at once what he feels,
I can fight with the lion that roars in my face,
But I can't bear a cur at my heels.

I like to be told of my faults like a man,
And I ne'er knew the man who had none;
Hard words may be used, but I like him the most,
Who has pluck all my faults to make known.
If wrong I can cure the foul slander at once,
And destroy every venomous part;
Yet I reel when a Judas, who smiles in my face,
Gives a stab at my back in the dark. Chorus.

So behind a man's back always mind what you say,
If you can't do him no good, do him no harm;
If you don't like back-biting, don't do it yourself,
And your good name will spread like a charm.
We all have to live, so let's try and make life
A good open field for the race,
And if you have cause of complaint 'gainst a man,
Go tell him right straight to his face. Chorus.

Out far out to the Penitentiary.

By P. J. Downey. Air: Simple Simon.

Come, come every one listen to my story,
Don't be backward, that will never do;
Pay strict attention to what I will mention,
Take the home that I will give to you.
Go to this home, I know you will like it,
There's a hundred living out there to day,
It's free to all, big and small, curly-headed and baldy,
Out far out to the penitentiary.

Chorus.

Nation, religion we make no distinction,
The best of living you never will see,
Like birds of a feather we can all fly together,
Out, far out to the penitentiary.

There's new faces every day, go there in glory,
Men out there don't have much to say;
They all live high on one-eye turkey,
Mush and molasses once every day.
When they dirty clothes, women they wash them,
Oh! how happy they must be,
Rich men and poor men all drink boot-leg,
Out, far out to the penitentiary. Chorus.

There's white birds and black birds mixed up with blue bells,
Midnight sparrows that beer won't kill,
With crumbs and straw and leather blankets,
Build their nests out on Crow Hill.
Duck-foot ladies grey-head babies,
Accomodations free, as you may see,
Nice young maidens don't wear pull-backs,
Out far out to the penitentiary. Chorus.

God Bless Our Native Land.

Copyright, 1878, by Harrison Millard, Music published by Spear & Dehnhoff.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents.

United ever in heart and hand,
Strife now has vanished throughout the land!
As brothers dwelling peaceful and free,
We stand the bulwark of liberty!
No more shall war's angry tocsin alarm us,
No more the bugle shall call us to die;
Peace with her trophies alone now can charm us,
Discord no more our hearts and courage try:
Ever shall freedom be found 'neath our skies,
Hope's beacon light on our mountains shall rise;
Tho' Kingdom's falter, firm we will stand!
Our cry shall be "our native land! our native land!
Our native land! God bless our native land!"

All now are equal, the bond set free!
'Twas Nature's longing, 'tis her decree!
One people ever, one ancestry,
Our homes the temples of Liberty!
Refuge is here for the sons of oppression,
Hands that are willing have wealth for their toil;
Pride in our birth-right, our dearest possession,
Fair shines the star of Peace o'er Freedom's soil!
Long may our banner, victorious and bright,
Vie with the colors of Heav'n's choicest light;
O'er us still waving, from strand to strand,
Our cry shall be "our native land! our native land!
Our native land! God bless our native land!"

The Hibernian Ballet Dancers.

By John T. Kelly. Sung by the "Bards of Tara," Kelly and Ryan.

I see ye all laugh at us and wonder who we are,
Like all the rest you think that we are French;
For we're styled an the bills Mons and
Millie Cham de Marr,
But our real names is Mike and Mary Lynch.
My father was an Irishman, but he led a
German band,
Her father was a bum with lots of gaul;
At a very early age they whipped us on the stage,
Now as ballet dancers we can teach them all.

Chorus.

As around the stage we go, on our light fantastic toe,
When we appear, the ladies cheer,
And say, oh! ain't they spry;
They call us ducks and daisies,
We set them all half crazy.
With our winning smile and elegant style,
We're the bosses they all cry. [sym.]
For we're going to be at the head of the ballet,
The king and queen of the ballet,
Like a fairy, so airy, [sym.]
Oh! don't we look grand in the ballet,
We mash all the boys in the gallery,
Like a fairy, so airy, we throw our gains about.

We are the greatest attraction that ever played
in town,
No matter what we ask for, it is ours;
We have a room at home where we hardly can
sit down,
For all around is nothing else but flowers,
Oh! myself and Mary Ann, we're the original Can can
Before the curtain every night we get a call;
They sell our photograph for two dollars and a half,
We somehow catch the people one and all.
As around the stage, &c.

The Dancing Clogists.

By John A. Kemmer. Sung by Smith and Banker.

Don't think it queer because we're here;
In our quaint attire,
The ladies smile at our style,
Our walk they do admire.
From early morn 'till coming dawn,
We while the time away,
In singing, dancing, shouting, prancing,
With hearts light and gay.

Chorus.

Oh! you should hear us sing,
List to our voices ring,
And be charmed by the dancing clogists,
Oh! it is a treat for to hear such sweet
Music in the air.

Our only aim is to win fame,
And take the house by storm,
We dance and shout, and prance about,
From sunrise in the morn.
In clog or reel, at home we feel,
In our charming style.
Essence or jig, and king high kick,
Doth our time beguile. Chorus.

Here She Goes and There She Goes.

Sung by Ned Barry.

When Tom declared his ardent love
For Miss Amelia Brown,
They asked papa to give consent,
But he only gave a frown;
Now Tom and his Amelia said
That they'd elope to town,
And married be, although it was
Against the wish of Brown;
The very morning of their flight,
Old Brown at home would stay,
I know they only wished for
Some good chance to run away.

Spoken: I know the boy loved the girl, and the old man didn't love the girl worth a cent. The old man wore a kind of sporting coat, and so I says, Brown, old boy, I want to lay you a wager. What is it? says Brown. I want to bet you five dollars you can't swing your arm with the pendulum of that clock five minutes. Done! says he, I take What have I got to do? All you have got to do is to follow me and go like this—

Chorus.

Here she goes and there she goes,
Bib-a-de-bob, bib-a-de-bob,
Here she goes and there she goes,
And that is the way to do it.

Old Brown he set to work at once
And soon began to puff,
I cried old Brown, I think that you'll
Soon say you've had enough;
I never laid a bet, said he,
But what I mean to win,
I'll bet another ten, said he,
That I will not give in.
Old Brown was fat, the weather warm,
And never once he stopped,
And there upon his heated face
There stood the shining drops.

Spoken: And I stood in the corner laughing; and old Brown kept up the same old game—
Here she goes, &c.

Mrs. Brown who heard me laugh,
Came into the room to see,
Oh! goodness gracious, Brown, said she,
What can the matter be?
Why, Brown, you must be going mad,
Of that there is no doubt,
To stand in front of that old clock
And swing your arm about;
I'll go and fetch the doctor, Brown,
If you go on this way,
But all they could get out of Brown,
And this is what he'd say. Chorus.

Old Brown he won the wager,
But lost his daughter by the game,
She married Tom in town that day,
And back for forgiveness came;
'Twas useless when the job was done
For Brown to then say nay,
So he took the joke, my friends,
In quite a jolly way;
He gave a party to his friends
And oftimes tells with glee,
While sounds of laughter echo from
The jolly company.

Spoken: Yes, says the old man, I shall never forget the time I went— Here she goes, &c.

Lay My Head Beneath a Rose.

By Ned Straight, Composer of Josephus Orange Blossom, The Colored Grenadiers, No Work, &c.

Darling, fold me to you closer,
As you did in days of yore;
Press your lips upon my forehead,
Ere I see the golden shore.
Life is from me fastly fleeting,
Soon, I'll be in sweet repose;
When I am gone I ask this favor,
Lay my head beneath a rose.

Chorus.

Lay me where sweet flowers blossom—
Where the dainty lily grows;
Where the pink and violets mingle,
Lay my head beneath a rose.

Darling one, when first I met you,
When I pledged you hand and heart,
There were roses on your cheeks, love,
And we vowed we ne'er would part.
One more kiss, for I am going
Far beyond all earthly woes;
Let my grave be like your cheeks, love,
Covered with the blushing rose. Chorus.

Killarney by the Lakeside.

Sung by C. P. Hyland.

When I left dear old Ireland,
On a bright sunny morn,
And parted there on dry land,
The place where I was born;
I landed here in the middle of the year
Just off the Battery;
And made my trip on a great big ship,
And come to America.

Chorus.

For I come from sweet Killarney by the lakeside,
Where the pretty little ducks and drakes ride;
For my name is Mr. Carney
From the Lakes of Sweet Killarney,
In the land where the floury praties grow.

As soon as ever I landed,
My friends wanted to know
How things were in old Ireland,
Where the floury praties grow.
They told me I was welcome,
And took me by the hand,
Then we danced and sung till morning light,
In praise of Paddy's Land. Chorus.

So now I'll say good evening,
I can no longer stay;
I've done my best to please you,
And it's time I was away.
So now I must be leaving,
And just before I go,
We'll give three cheers for Erin,
Where the floury praties grow. Chorus.

The Irish Emperors.

Sung by Favor and Shields.

Here we are a pair of Irish Emperors,
From the Emerald Isle across the raging sea;
In a steamship we crossed the briny water,
And sailed here to America.
When we landed down at Castle Garden,
There was no one there to take us by the hand;
But now sure we don't care a farthing,
We're the happiest little Paddies in the land.

Chorus.

Here we are a pair of Irish Emperors,
From the Emerald Isle, across the raging sea;
In a steamship we crossed the briny water,
And sailed here to America.

We sailed from the town of Tipperary,
In the land where the shamrocks grow;
Mighty soon we got up and dusted,
For we knew very well we had to go.
We came here to get a situation,
And you bet your life we got one mighty soon;
For they found that we could do almost anything,
So they called us the Irish Cocoons. Chorus.

Aristocratic Nigs.

By Al Horton for the Fergusons.

We are two aristocratic nigs from Alabama,
And the white folks call us Pomp and Sammie.
And the yellow gals say that we're quite dandy,
And dear old Alabama that's our home.
When massa put us on the old plantation,
We was so gay and very captivating,
That the yellow gals' hearts we kept a-breaking,
Did those aristocratic nigs from Alabama;
For oh! you see we are always gay. (Break.)
Singing, dancing all the day. (Break.)

Chorus.

Yes, we are always gay,
No matter where we roam,
And we're going back again,
To our Alabama home. (Dance.)

At night, when old massa he is sleeping,
And the pretty little stars are a-peeping
Down the green lanes you will find us creeping,
To sing and dance with the gals of Alabama;
But now kind friends, as we will have to leave you,
We'll go back home; we hope it will not grieve you,
For we have done our best to try and please you,
Has these aristocratic nigs from Alabama;
For, oh! you see, we're always gay. (Break.)
Singing, dancing all the day. (Break.) Chorus.

Where is My Boy To-Night.

Words and Music by Robert Lowry,
Music pub and copyright 1879, by Biglow & Main,

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Where is my wandering boy to-night,
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?
Oh! where is my boy to night?
Oh! where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows;
Oh! where is my boy to-night?

CHORUS.

Oh! where is my boy to-night?
Oh! where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows;
Oh! where is my boy to-night?

Once he was pure as morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee;
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none was so sweet as he.
Oh! where is my boy to-night?
Oh! where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows;
Oh! where is my boy to-night? Chorus.

Oh! could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time,
When prattle and smile made home a joy,
And life was a merry chime!
Oh! where is my boy to-night?
Oh! where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows;
Oh! where is my boy to-night? Chorus.

Go for my wandering boy to-night;
Go search for him where you will;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.
Oh! where is my boy to-night?
Oh! where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows;
Oh! where is my boy to-night? Chorus

Will you Keep one Sweet Kiss for Me Darling?

Copyright, 1877, by Harrison Millard.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price 40 cents.

Will you keep one sweet kiss for me darling?
Just one sweet little kiss till I come?
Oh! I know that your fond heart is sighing
For my step in your bright little home;
There the flowers in the trellis are blushing,
And the birds warble, dearest, of you!
Oh! 'tis there you've been watching to greet me,
Since the hour that I bade you adieu,
Till I come, till I come,
Keep one sweet little kiss till I come!

Will you keep one sweet kiss for me, darling,
Tho' another may flatter and smile?
In the days that are weary and lonely,
Are you dreaming of me all the while?
Mid the beautiful hush of the twilight,
Like fair angels my thoughts fly afar;
To the one that I love fondly waiting
'Neath the glow of the first evening star,
Till I came, till I came,
Kept one sweet little kiss till I came!

You're Getting it up for Me.

A very unfortunate fellow am I,
My story you'd never believe,
No matter to please one how hard I may try,
The harder they try to deceive;
Friends think it a lark to make me a mark,
Tho' done in a jocular way.
And strangers the same indulge in the game,
Which often compels me to say.

Spoken: Look here, look here old fellow—

CHORUS.

You're getting it up for me,
As nicely and neat as can be,
But mind how you go, be careful you know,
You're getting it up for me.

A beautiful creature, the fairest I've seen,
While dancing, I met at a ball,
Of nature's creation I thought she was Queen,
And I the most favored of all;
The dance it was o'er, then home to her door,
I saw this sweet star of my life,
But my eyes opened wide, as a man out did stride,
And said, "After you, sir, with my wife."

Spoken; Said I, "My dear sir, I beg pardon, but really"—"Oh! Charles," she cried "Don't believe a word he says, I've only been to my friend Miss Brown's, and this fellow has been following me home." Said I, "All right, go on."

CHORUS.

You're getting it up for me,
As nicely and neat as can be,
Now don't act so sly, or he'll black my eye,
You're getting it up for me.

The husband said "look, sir," in angry tones,
"You've brought a nice crowd round my door,
Apologise now or I'll break all your bones,"
A policeman came up "Ninety-four;"
Said I to the throng, were I in the wrong.
I'd make all amends in my pow'r,
When a voice rather shrill, said, "Let it go Bill,"
Then bang came a large bag of flour.

Spoken; Oh! dear, oh! dear, fairly smothered, enough for a pudding. I said Bobby, my dear Robert—

CHORUS.

They're getting it up for me,
As nicely and neat as can be,
Oh! Bobby I'll kill her, look I've copped the miller,
They're getting it up for me.

Then thrown from the door, on the Bobby I fell,
The flour made him wild by the by,
We struggled, which made it a hard job to tell,
Which was the policeman or I;
'Tho' never in fault, next day for assault,
Five pounds and the costs I'd to pay,
He swore hard of course, it took twelve of the Force,
Before he could get me away.

Spoken; Said the Magistrate, "What have you to say? Said I, "It is useless to say anything, the word of a policeman is always taken," but turning to him I said, "You false swearing king of the kitchen,"—

Those Haunting Eyes.

Words by Caroline Norton. Music by Harrison Millard.
Copyright, 1878, by Harrison Millard, Music published by Edward Schuberth & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

In the hour I first beheld thee,
Soft thy kindly glances fell,
And my heart bowed down before thee,
As beneath a magic spell;
Since that time like some sweet phantom,
In my home thy form doth rise,
And where'er my sad gaze wanders,
There I meet thy haunting eyes!
Haunting eyes! there I meet thy haunting eyes!
Haunting eyes! there I meet thy haunting eyes!

Oh! those eyes! their lovely shadow
Stole the light of life away,
And my heart in languid dreaming,
Idly pines from day to day.
Vain the evening's dewy coolness,
Vain the calm of midnight skies,—
E'en with darkness round me closing,
Still I see those haunting eyes!
Haunting eyes! still I see those haunting eyes,
Haunting eyes! still I see those haunting eyes!

Two Lonely Widows Are We.

Sung with great success by the Russells.

Good evening, kind friends, one and all, (Music.)
We came for to sing you a song, "
We'll try our best for to please you, "
And we promise we'll not keep you long. "
We came a great way across the ocean, "
Your kind faces all for to see, "
To tell you of all our misfortune, "
For two lonely widows are we. "

CHORUS.

Ho—ho— "
All alone! "
For two lonely widows are we. (Dance.)

If any of you want for to marry, (Music.)
And settle completely for life, "
Now it's Michael or Dennis or Larry— "
Come step up and pick out your wife "
We'll cook and we'll do all the scrubbing, "
Boil your eggs and your coffee and tea, "
We'll be easy and quiet and loving, "
For two lonely widows are we. Chorus.

Don't Believe Them Ever, Darling.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by W. F. Wellman Jr.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Don't believe them ever, darling,
When they tell you I'm untrue!
Like the river to the ocean,
All my being flows to you!
Don't believe them when they whisper
Idle words of doubt or blame,
For the heart that loves you fondly,
Evermore shall love the same.

CHORUS.

Don't believe them ever, darling,
Though I wander far away;
Should they tell you I'll forget you,
Don't believe a word they say!

Don't believe them ever, darling,
Envy's tongue may do us wrong!
Be your gentle life forever
Like some sweet and tender song!
Don't believe them, for they only
Seek to win you from my side;
Idle words have darkly severed
Hearts that were both true and tried. Chorus.

This Red Head of Mine.

By Charles Dockstader. Sung by Fannie Beane.

I frankly own with pleasure,
That I have a charming beau,
He's my idol and my treasure,
And the dearest one I know.
With brighter light than stars above,
He says my blue eyes shine,
But then I know he's deep in love,
With this red hair of mine.

CHORUS.

He dotes upon my singing,
My voice with laughter ringing;
He says my form is faultless,
And my dancing is divine,
To love me I have taught him,
Oft he wonders how I caught him;
But the secret I will tell you—
'Twas this red hair of mine.

Though I try my best to please him,
To be jealous he's inclined,
He says I like to tease him
Just to hear him speak his mind,
I'm shortly to become his wife,
None can my joy define,
For I know 'twill be his pride through life,
This little head of mine. Chorus.

SHEET MUSIC.
80 CHATHAM STREET.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

"My dear Miss Walden, I tell Mr. Hepburn that he positively mustn't leave Devonshire without seeing Carnyston. It would be a downright shame, you know. It's one of the oldest estates in the country, and has such a picture gallery."

"Containing the portraits of your ancestors, I suppose, Miss Biddlecomb?—something, indeed, to be proud of!" remarked Richard Hepburn quietly.

Miss Sidonia colored slightly; while Alice, who was, however, not so much behind the scenes as she believed, shot from her brown eyes a whimsical glance at the speaker.

"N-o-o," responded the lady, a trifle confused; "but those of the family who had Carnyston before us—a very old race—so old that it had run to seed, and got out at elbows, as my dear papa says. But you really must come. Look here, Miss Walden; pray bring Mr. Hepburn to-morrow—really do and oblige me. We can have a match at tennis in the evening. Ah, yes"—as Alice glanced at her dark dress—"I am aware you can't go into society yet. It wouldn't do, of course; but this will only be just those who are now present."

"Do come, Mith Walden," lisped Mr. Edmund Biddlecomb. "By Jove! I've quite given up tennith thince I played with you. You've made me dithguthted with all other partners."

Alice glanced at Richard Hepburn, then said, smiling, "Though Mr. Hepburn is our guest, his time is his own. 'Tis he who must decide."

"In that case," answered the gentleman, "If it does no violence to your feeling—I am sure you understand what I mean, Miss Walden—I shall be delighted."

"Very well, then, you may expect us, Miss Biddlecomb."

"De-lightful! Good afternoon, Mr. Hepburn. I shall have the pleasure of being your guide over Carnyston myself.

Richard Hepburn murmured some thanks. His end—to enter the Hall—had been attained; but to be led over his own inheritance by strangers was bitter experience.

The atmosphere seemed purer and more breathable when Sidonia and her friends were gone, and he was sauntering once more by Alice's side.

"Well, Mr. Hepburn," asked the girl smiling up at him, "if it's a fair question, what do you think of the heiress of Carnyston?"

"Do you want my real opinion, Miss Walden?"

"Yes."

"She is insufferably vulgar."

Alice laughed lightly. Perhaps she felt herself repaid for Sidonia so cavalierly carrying off her cavalier. Poor Alice, fate has destined she was not always to laugh when thinking of the rich Miss Biddlecomb.

"You are severe upon the heiress," she said.

"But just. By the way, Miss Walden" (he said it jestingly, though it was his heart that spoke), "pray do me a favor. Do not call her the heiress of Carnyston. It always recalls to me that probably disinherited heir whose feelings you so graphically portrayed, and it makes me miserable."

The talk drifted into a lighter vein, and so continued till they came in sight of Daisy Bank.

As they approached the carriage gates, the shadow of a cloud passing over the sun fell accross the road, and floated slowly forward, as if to meet them. Richard Hepburn could not have told why, but it suddenly recalled to his mind the tramp of the previous night. Neither could he have told why, as the shadow enveloped him, he shuddered.

CHAPTER V.

HIS RICHARD LOOKS UPON HIS ANCESTORS.

It was with mingled feelings of pride, humiliation, and bitter pain, that, on the next day, Richard Hepburn drove through the stately lodge-gates, and up the magnificent avenue of ancient beeches to Carnyston.

His heart swelled as he thought that his ancestors had walked and driven beneath them, while his lips quivered at the remembrance that he gazed upon them as a stranger, an alien.

Unconsciously he had lapsed into silence, letting the ponies' reins hang loose; for now his arm was well, Alice, his present companion, was too sensitively woman to drive while a gentleman sat by her side.

His eyes, with a mournful, hungry gaze, rested on the brown and mossy trunks, each a separate picture, and upon the rich park lands seen between, his rightful inheritance.

Struck by the cessation of lively talk, Alice Walden raised her head, and became conscious of her cavalier's pre-occupation.

"You are thinking of our hero—the imaginary defrauded heir of Carnyston—I am sure you are, Mr. Hepburn," she said, half in jest, half seriously. "You, as I often am prone to, reflecting as you look upon those trees, so suggestive of manorial antiquity, what his feelings would be in your position."

"Or were I in his?" rejoined her companion, recovering himself with a start. "You are certainly a witch, Miss Walden," he smiled, as he touched up the ponies, and concealed his true feelings under a mask of gaiety, for had he not his part to play here, and must not create suspicion even in Alice's sympathetic breast? "That unfortunate young man had indeed, possession of my brain."

Alice broke into a peal of laughter.

"I am so glad I have won your interest for my poor suffering imaginary hero, Mr. Hepburn," she said, pleasantly.

"You have, indeed, I confess I feel almost as though I were his double. No wonder. How could I fail to be interested in anything, that interests you, Miss Walden? Suppose," he continued lightly, "that we continue our castle-building, and conceive this unhappy heir starting into life, claiming his own birthright, and banishing Carnyston's present possessor's?"

"If you please," laughed Alice, as, the pony carriage turning the sweep of the avenue, they came in sight of a smooth, velvety tennis-lawn, occupied by several players, "we will choose another time for that supposition, Mr. Hepburn, the present possessors being now before us, and we being their guests."

The party on the lawn had already descried them, and Sidonia, in perfect toilette, advanced, with Edmund Biddlecomb, towards them.

By Alice's suggestion, Richard Hepburn assisted her to alight, and having surrendered the reins to the little groom, they went to meet the two approaching.

Sidonia was evidently in the highest spirits this afternoon, and on the *qui vive* for a flirtation.

"How kind of you to come, and how good of you to be here so early!" she exclaimed, embracing Alice with eagerness, though her eyes, from beneath their bronze-red lashes, darted a killing glance at her companion. "Edmund," she laughed, "has been quite ill-tempered, knocking the ball in any fashion in his impatience for your arrival."

"Gad! Miss Walden can't be suwpwised at that, remarked the gentleman, with a languishing expression,—"she tennises so divinely!"

"Really, Mr. Biddlecomb," laughed Alice, "I never knew there was anything divine in lawn tennis.

"Isn't there though," responded the other, with an insinuating whisper, leaning over her, "when a divinity plays it?"

"If I am the divinity, I fear I am a most earthly one," remarked the girl.

Edmund Biddlecomb had ranged up to Alice's side, while Sidonia had quietly taken possession of Richard Hepburn, as if it had so been pre-ordered.

As Miss Biddlecomb had promised, the tennis party consisted but of themselves, with the addition of a young lady invited to make an equality of sides.

These had already been arranged; Sidonia, Richard Hepburn, and Miss Cissy Locke—a blonde, insipid nonentity, but a skilful handler of the bat—against the rest.

Richard Hepburn fully verified his avowal that he was a shockingly bad player. Australia, he averred, was not the land where one would naturally become proficient in fashionable recreations.

But never could he have had a partner more good-temperedly lenient to his faults.

The fair Sidonia, indeed, kindly offered to become his instructress—and what better occasion for coquetry than that?

A young lady of a self-willed, determined character, she had buckled on her armor, and entered the lists to win Richard Hepburn, and too radiant in her own riches, as fascinations, to doubt success.

She saw him already at her feet.

Certainly Richard Hepburn's behaviour did not prove a detriment.

He met the open glances of the heiress with others that made hers fall.

When their hands touched there was a daring, lingering pressure in his; his voice whispered endless compliments into Sidonia's ear.

In a word, he lifted the gauntlet the heiress had cast openly down, and surrendered himself, apparently, heart and soul to a dangerous flirtation.

"By Jove!" lisped Edmund Biddlecomb to Alice, as he stood beside her, "If Austwalia can't teach a fella to play tennis, it seems it can to flirt! Shouldn't have thought Mr. Hepburn the sort of fellar, you know! By Jove! they're having all the wunning! Gwant, old boy, you're nowhere! Cut out, egad!"

Alice raised her eyes at this not very refined speech, and looked at its cause.

Fair Sidonia was with much interest, instructing her pupil. She was leaning rather forward, her face turned back towards him; while he bent over her listening, apparently, as much with his eyes as his ears.

The two seemed to have no thought but for each other, and a cold sensation crept about Alice Walden's heart.

Richard Hepburn had declared Sidonia Biddlecomb to be insufferably vulgar. Yet was it possible he could drift into loving her? Things quite as incongruous had occurred. Besides, was she not heiress of Carnyston?

Alice's fair cheek flushed, as might do that of one who has done an injustice.

No; she had not, she could not have misread Charlie's friend. Richard Hepburn might love, but he would never sell himself.

But Alice Walden's enjoyment had gone from her. Never before had she felt so convinced that lawn tennis was a stupid game.

In truth she could not keep her eyes and her attention from those two. More than once Sidonia detected this, and, with a true woman's instinct, guessing something of the truth, exulted in her proud triumph of having attracted Alice Walden's handsome guest from Alice Walden's side.

The greatest zest a woman can have in her love is the knowledge that she is envied by another—that another yearns for that which she possesses.

But Alice's eyes were not the only ones that watched that flirtation.

At a window commanding a view of the tennis lawn sat Maria Daggett.

Her face was bent close to the glass. Her dark brows were contracted; there was a fierce, feline expression in her pale blue eyes.

"The low-bred outcome of vulgarity!" she muttered between her white teeth. "What open love she makes at him! There is no difficulty to read her cards; but his—his—what are his? He'd never stoop to win back his birthright at such a price! Love her? Bah! he's playing his game; that's why he's here. If he like, I will help him; if he refuses,"—and the long, white, strong fingers gripped the palm—"I'll denounce and ruin him!"

She paused awhile, her chin on her hand, her eyes yet fiercely devouring the scene before her.

"How handsome, brave, and manly he looks among them all!" she proceeded, after a while. "A woman could die for such a man! She could sacrifice all—everything—for his love; only it must be with his love! I must see him—I must! But how? I dare not risk declaring myself before others; I do not care for my past to be known, any more than he does. And, when seeing him, what hopes have I of success?"

She was seated in Sidonia Biddlecomb's dressing-room, and now rising, approached a handsome cheval glass draped with lace, in which she contemplated her figure drawn to its full height.

To be Continued in No. 163—Commenced in No. 158.

NEVER BET YOUR MONEY ON DE SHANGHAI.

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 205 Bowery, New York.



3 Now good evening white folks, I tell you I must go—
I'll come again anoder time wid de old banjo—
Chicken in de bread tray picking up de crumbs,
He don't care a bit when de Shanghai comes.

CHORUS:—Never bet your money on de Shanghai, &c.

NUMBER 163. VOLUME. II.

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CONTENTS.

Brown Eyes Close to the Window.....page 499
Broken of de Day..... 501
Bidalia McCann..... 502
Can you give me back my heart?..... 498
The Colored Embassadors..... 500
De Kuglewalder Twins..... 502
The Famous Regiment..... 498
Fair Moon to thee I sing..... 500
Finger Prints upon the Pane..... 501
The Girlsens on our Block..... 499
God Bless my Boy at Sea..... 502
The IRISH VOLUNTEERS..... 498
If we part forever..... 499
I've a Baby in Kalamazoo..... 501
Judge and Downing Club..... 500
Klum..... 501
Little Buttercup..... 501
The Lost Jewel..... 502
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 503
Laughing Song—
Music for Banjo and Guitar.... 504
Mollie Avourneen..... 502
The NIGHT I LEARNED TO SWIM..... 498
Now Give Three Cheers..... 501
One More Drink Before I go..... 499
President McMullen..... 500
Parody on "Pinafore"..... 501
Sweet Brookhill..... 498
She stood at the gate welcoming him in.... 499
She died on the street..... 500
Still they come..... 500
Thy voice is near..... 498
This little boon that I ask..... 499
Tell the Folks I'll soon be Home..... 500
Tell me Darling you'll be True..... 501
The Twilight Coterie..... 502
The Two McMullins..... 502
Up at Jones' Wood..... 499
When the Birds Have Gone to Sleep..... 502

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The Irish Volunteers.

Words and Music by Thomas E. Powers.
Copyright 1879, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.
Sung with immense success by James O'Neil.
The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Oh! we landed in this country,
At the time of the great big draft,
We walked the town in search of work,
Faix we did seek for graft.
We met a sergeant on the street,
He treated us to lager beer,
And enlisted us next morn, boys,
In the Irish Volunteers.

Chorus.

We felt so gay as we marched away,
With thoughts of ould Erin's Isle,
Our guns shone bright, in the clear sunlight,
Oh! the captain he did smile.
In suits of blue, we marched two by two,
The girls gave hearty cheers,
For ould Erin's boys, brave soldier boys,
In the Irish Volunteers.

They dressed us up in soldier clothes,
And faith drilled us three times a day,
Received orders from head-quarters,
To the war we marched away.
To fight the red-skin Indians,
And the "Nagur" fusileers;
The knapsacks were shot off our backs,
In the Irish Volunteers. Chorus.

They threw us in a baggage car,
And shipped us to New York City,
The neighbors gathered in and said,
It's a shame and a pity.
They covered us with bread and soap,
From our toes clean to our ears,
We resigned our post of honor,
In the Irish Volunteers. Chorus.

Can You Give Me Back My Heart.

By Willie Wildwave.

Can you give me back my heart?
Say can you ease it of its pain?
Can I forget where'er thou art,
The very thought drives me insane.
I meet the old, I meet the young,
And some are fair to look upon;
Can I forget the songs we've sung,
In those jovial days long gone.

Chorus.

Can you give me back my heart?
Say, can you ease it of its pain;
Can I forget, where'er thou art,
The very thought drives me insane.

Can you give me back my heart?
You I ask, in truthful strain;
Once I thought nothing could part,
But united we'd remain.
Tho' to me thou wert false-hearted,
I shall try—try to forget,
Those happy days—long departed,
And the time when first we met. Chorus.

Can you give me back my heart?
You will surely want it not;
Many miles are we apart,
Yet unhappy is my lot;
I can't forget the first love token,
When your heart to me was true;
But now, alas! all ties are broken,
Spite of all that I could do. Chorus.

The Famous Regiment.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. T. French.
Copyright, 1879, by Chas. T. French.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Oh! bright and gay we march away, when
drums are beating loud,
The stars and stripes above, we follow
where'er they're sent,
With heads erect, and perfect line, we pass
the cheering crowd;
The people admire, with martial fire
the famous regiment!
How proud are we on dress parade,
When trumpets sound and banners wave;
Oh! then our dashing boys are always true
to meet their country's call,
And under the red, the white the blue,
to conquer or to fall!

Chorus.

Oh! bright and free we march away, when
drums are beating loud,
The stars and stripes we follow
wherever they're sent,
With heads erect, and perfect line, we pass
the cheering crowd,
The people admire, with martial fire, the
famous regiment!
The famous regiment, the famous regiment!

With rank and file we lead the van, where
fame and glory wait,
We're gallant comrades all, and ready to
conquer or die;
With perfect drill and steady step, and
every heart elate,
We always obey and march away, neath
freedom's glowing sky!
Our flashing guns in steady line,
We hold with joy in every eye;
For with our grand array, and martial air,
the ladies we do charm.
We're ready to save our nation fair, from
insult and from harm;
With steeds so gayly prancing,
And freedom's flag about us bent.
Along the line the crowd keep glancing,
While they cheer the famous regiment!
Our colors gayly flying,
To keep the line each eye intent,
Oh! how the ladies' hearts are sighing,
For they love the famous regiment. Chorus.

Oh! may we still be first in line, if war
should dim the sky;
With hearts so bold and brave, to follow
the colors we love;
And may that flag in glory bright, forever
o'er us fly,
While marching are we to victory, 'neath
freedom's sky above!
In gallant style we take the lead,
When duty gives the stirring call;
Oh! our fame is known everywhere, to march
'tis our joy and pride,
True comrades in war, or peace so dear,
we're marching side by side!
The drums are gaily sounding,
With music of the trumpet blent,
With what joy all hearts are bounding,
When they see the famous regiment. Chorus.

The Night I Learned to Swim.

Words and Music by Thomas E. Powers.
Copyright, 1879, by Thomas E. Powers.
Sung with immense success by James O'Neil.
The Music of this song is published in elegant lithographed title page, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

One summer's night ten years ago,
The gang and brother Jim,
Brought me down to the dock you know,
To learn me how to swim
They tied a rope around my waist,
And then they heaved me in,
To tell the truth, I was nearly drowned,
The night I learned to swim.

Chorus.

Swim out says Pete, arrah kick your feet,
Go over-hand, says brother Jim,
The gang did shout, as they dragged me out,
The night I learned to swim.

Oh! "chaw roast-beef, the beef is tough,"
The gang sung out to me;
They daubed my face with lumps of tar,
I looked like a Chinee.
I made back-dives, and sommer-saults,
Along with Shorty Tim;
Both my feet were cut with copper nails,
The night I learned to swim. Chorus.

I was chock full of salt water,
Brought to a liquor-store,
There they rolled me on a barrel,
For two long hours or more.
Sure they made me drink some brandy,
I had the jim-jam-jims,
I'll ne'er forget, as long as I live,
The night I learned to swim. Chorus.

Sweet Brookhill.

By M. Heraghty. Air: The Harp that once.

I remember well that ancient tower,
That stood in sweet Brookhill,
I think I see the ivy bower,
Beneath it on the hill.
I remember well the days of old,
When I was gay and young,
Beneath that bower, in the evening hour,
I heard sweet music sung.

My heart would sink in grief to think,
That I should leave Brookhill,
But I could not help, to have thee left,
My heart is with thee still.
The lilly white swan, on yonder pond,
And the thrush singing in the tree,
The holly green, on the verdant lea,
Are sweet thoughts to me.

The scenes are there, beyond compare,
And of nature's artistic skill,
You could scan the hills beyond the rill,
And lakes of waters still.
Her delicious fields of evergreen,
Enhance the magic scene,
The sun's golden ray on the glittering spray,
Thus ornaments her stream.

I bade adieu in the month of June,
To that fairy scene,
The hills were green, and the flowers in bloom,
The like I have never seen.
The warbling sweet, my heart did greet,
As the birds sung in the morning,
The lark was high in the azure sky,
As the day was dawning.

Thy Voice is Near.

Words by Mrs. Aymer. Music by W. T. Wrighton.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

Thy voice is near me in my dreams,
In accents sweet and low,
Telling the happiness and love;
In days long, long ago!
Word after word I think I hear,
Yet strange it seems to me;
That tho' I listen to thy voice,
Thy face I never see,
Thy face I never see,
Thy face I never see,
That tho' I listen to thy voice,
Thy face I never see.

From night to night, my weary heart
Lives on the treasur'd part,
And every day I fondly say;
He'll come to me at last!
But still I weep, I watch, and pray,
As time rolls slowly on,
And yet I have no hope but thee,
The first, the dearest one,
The first, the dearest one,
The first the dearest one,
And yet I have no hope but thee,
The first the dearest one.

Brown Eyes Close to the Window.

Wods by J. C. Macy. Music by Rosabel.
Copyright, 1879, by S. Brainard.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Sweet little brown eyes close to the window,
Waiting for papa to come from the town,
Laughing so loudly, talking so proudly,
Never a tear-drop in bright eyes, so brown!
Hark! he is coming up from the gateway,
Open the window, and fling wide the door!
Voices so silvery echo the welcome,
Dear little "brown eyes" is happy once more!

Chorus.

Brown eyes, watching, watching for papa,
Smiling sweet welcome for me,
Open the window and fling wide the door,
Papa is coming, bright eyes to see.

Close by the window somebody watches,
While come the twinkling stars, one by one,
Heaven protect our darling forever.
From all life's dangers, when papa is gone!
Ah! every moment, throughout the wide world,
Someone is praying that peace may be giv'n—
For little faces go from the windows,
Little ones wait by the gateway of heav'n!

The Girleens on our Block.

Words by Thomas E Powers. Sung by Sheldon & Mack. Jim O'Neil, Jack Conroy, Lew Smith, Jack Wilson.
Air: Babies on our Block.

If you want an hour's devarsion,
In seeing funny tricks,
Walk over with me silently,
To Casey's row of bricks;
There you'll see Paul Casey,
A cradle he does rock,
Surrounded by young "gamons,"
And the girleens on our block.
There's the Casey's and the Laceys,
From the devil knows where,
Throwing packs of firecrackers,
Neath grandfather's rocking chair—Snow—
Sitting round the yard at night,
Drinking rye and rock.
Singing ring a ring a rosy,
With the girleens on our block.

Chorus.

Ring a ring a rosy,
A bottle full of rye,
My darling is a posy,
And lives on lemon pie.
Casey cries all hands around,
The cradle we will rock,
Is sung by the girleens,
A-boarding on our block. [Repeat.]

Of a warm night in the summer,
On the roof we try to sleep,
The blackguards from the corner,
On their hands and knees they creep;
They have a big stuffed bladder,
They "crib" us an awful sock,
Which creates a roar of laughter,
From the girleens on our block.
There's the Ryan's and the Bryans,
Men of sensibility,
Dancing jigs and reels with ease,
And gentility—Snow—
All the neighbors childer'
Playing duck upon a rock,
A fireman for me is sung,
By the girleens on our block.

Chorus.

A fireman, a fireman,
A dirt-cart man for me,
And if ever I get married,
A fireman's wife I'll be.
Casey cries all hands around,
The cradle we will rock,
Is sung by the girleens
A-boarding on our block. [Rep 1st Cho.

Oh! good morning, Paudeen Murphy,
Yer head is swelled to-day,
Go tell your wife, 'tis her turn,
To scrub the "walleyway;"
Buy softsoap in the Dutchman's,
And a lump of salt rock,
My wife she will assist her,
So'll the girleens on our block.
Faix, we scrubbed and we rubbed,
'Til the sun went down the West,
At ten o'clock that night,
We sat down to take a rest—Snow—
Casey cries all hands around,
The cradle we will rock,
Is sung by the girleens,
A boarding on our block.

Chorus.

Ring a ring a rosy,
A bottle full of rye,
My darling is a posy,
And lives on lemon pie,
Casey cries all hands around,
The cradle we will rock,
Is sung by the girleens
A-boarding on our block. [Repeat.]

She Stood At The Gate Welcoming Him In.

Written, composed and sung by Gus Williams.
Copyright, 1878, and pub. by White, Smith & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Vile dinking of my younger days,
Vich vos some years ago,
I dought of many boyhood tricks
Vich do not happen now;
Of games ve played, of fun ve had,
Vich now has passed away,
Of Sentences they used to give,
So difficult to say.

Spoken; De sentences vos,

Chorus.

She stood at the gate welcoming him in,
She stood at the gate welcoming him in,
She stood at the gate welcoming him in,
I dink you'll find it difficult to say.

"The-op-olis This-tle," it was hard,
And "Peder Piper," too,
"De road de ragged Ruffian ran,"
"Time tries tricks tough and true."
But dese I overcome mit ease,
As older I became,
And many harder vones I fought,
But it remained de same.

Spoken: Somehow or anoder, I never could say, "She stood at de gate welcoming him in;" any oder sentence vos easy; und so I suppose I vill go all my lifetime trying to say. Chorus.

One More Drink Before I Go.

Words and Music by J. S. Slocum.
Sung by the Kenmare Glee Club.

One more drink before I go,
Oh! sweet spirit hear my prayer,
A little stimulents you know,
Often drives away dull care.
Brandy, bourbon, gin or beer.
Give me anything you choose,
O'er your grave I'll drop a tear,
When I recover from the blues.

Chorus.

One more drink before I go,
This request will be my last,
Though I've often told you so
All my drinking now is past,

One more drink before I go,
My poor throat is filled with dust,
I feel bad from top to toe.
Have another drink I must.
Foamy beer to me tastes fine,
Fancy drinks I don't dislike,
Eternal blessings will be thine,
Don't refuse me, please don't Mike. Chorus.

Up At Jones' Woods.

Words by J. L. Feeney. Air: Up at Dudley's Grove.
Ded. to Neil C. Malone.

Myself and Lizzie Rodgers,
Who is my steady company,
Attended a moonlight picnic,
Of the Peerless Coterie.
The girls with smiling faces,
Where in a happy mood,
And every one went in for for fun,
Up at Jones' Wood.

Chorus.

We danced and waltzed together,
And Lizzie was so good,
I kissed her and caressed her;
Up at Jones' Wood.

The music was delightful,
It kept them in good cheer,
And their merry ringing laughter,
Could be heard both far and near.
The stars were brightly shining,
The time did quickly glide,
I was in a fit of ecstasy,
With Lizzie by my side. Chorus.

The girls were captivating,
You could not keep still,
They danced the merry lanciers,
Also the gay quadrille,
To please the charming creatures,
The boys done all they could,
But they got on their ear a-drinking beer,
Up at Jones' Wood. Chorus.

This Little Boon That I Ask.

By John J. McGonigle. D. d. to Miss Tessie L. Hayden.

Ah! Nature's fair daughter,
Now come drink with me;
You can see it's not water
That I offer thee,
No, no, it's cham-pag-ne,
And we drink it so free,
That again will I ask thee,
Wilt thou not drink with me.

What! still you refuse
This little boon that I ask,
Never mind, sure I know
It's not a very hard task,
And again when I invite thee,
To sip from my glass,
Then, please, little darling,
Do not let it pass.

Ah! thanks to thee, darling,
You are very kind,
You've granted my wish,
I am yours for all time.
Although I'm not selfish,
But I still have a wish,
And that is at parting,
One sweet little kiss.

If we Part Forever.

By De Witt C. Sprague. Music by Franz Abt.
Copyright, 1876, by Mrs. J. M. Hall.
Music sent by us to any address, price 30 cents.

And thus you speak of parting,
It will be light, you say,
And you will soon forget me,
When you are far away;
Shall we the tie now sever?
Ne'er, ne'er to meet again,
Have we lost all forever?
Were all our hopes in vain?
Have we lost all forever?
Were all our hopes in vain?

This world was once a Heaven,
For us of love and bliss,
We could not think another,
Were happier than this;
But if we part forever,
And if you go from me,
My faithful heart will follow,
And e'er remain with thee,
My faithful heart will follow,
And e'er remain with thee.

Judge and Downing Club.

Dedicated to Judge and Downing, of Brooklyn, L. I, by L. Buckley. Air: Casey's Social Club.

There was a social party of bachelors old and new,
Met at Judge and Downing's in Myrtle Avenue;
There was no tickets of admission, or charge
for seats reserved,
But you will find them none the less good
fishmen true and tried.

Chorus.

There was president Thomas Flaherty and
secretary Buck,
For the gents conviviality they could not do enough,
It was Charley here, and Barney there, the
Doctor, John and Dan,
And arm in arm came Downing with the great
big chowder man.

The room was decorated with flags of every land,
The gents got elevated. Pat Rooney couldn't stand;
There were pogies in their cages, and lobsters in a tub,
Laid under the extension in the Judge and
Downing Club.
There was president, &c.

There was treasurer Barney Owens, vice-president
John Devin,
And several politicians from New-York and Brooklyn.
It was Larry here, and Charley there, with
Thomas, John and Wot.
To fall in line and take your turn to chowder
rich and hot.
There was president, &c.

There was Doctor Murphy of Spiritualistic fame,
Attended by his valet Monsieur Scully of Notre Dame.
To Spiritualize Tom Flaherty, was more than
they could do,
So the Spirits from his pocket, his handkerchief
they drew.
There was president, &c.

Now my song to finish, let this, boys, be our toast;
Success to Judge and Downing our genial
generous hosts,
May they never want for warm friends, whose
wit and humor most,
Make piscatorial epicures of their biralves freely boast.
There was president, &c.

She Died on the Street.

Written and sung by P. J. Downey.

Dark was the night and the snow it was falling,
Streets all deserted, the wind bleak and chill,
Those who were happy were silently sleeping,
Death in its mantle could not be more still.
Hark to a noise—heavens, some one is crying!
Some one to-night is suffering, I fear;
"Help me, oh! help me! O! Lord I am dying!
Must I die friendless, is nobody near.

Chorus.

Starving and crying, friendless and dying,
Wandering about but no friend could she meet;
Cold winds a-teasing, her poor heart a-freezing,
Heaven relieved her, she died on the street.

Once I was young and as pure as a dew-drop,
Often my parents were asked for my hand;
Oh! no—no, never, they could not part with me,
Mother thought I was the best in the land.
When they were dying, for me they were praying,
Heaven have mercy, I cannot help cry,
I sent them both to their grave broken-hearted,
Now on the street a poor outcast I die. Chorus.

Where, oh! where—oh! where is my Mary?
Long years have gone since I parted from thee;
Why did I leave you in grief and temptation,
Death come to me and my mind will be free.
Man, go away and sit down to repentance,
To see your poor Mary 'tis no use to grave,
She now roams in Heaven where God will protect her,
Her body lies deep in a lone pauper's grave.
Chorus.

President McMullin.

Sung by J. E. Murphy, of Murphy & Mack.

I am a politician of integrity and fame,
I'm a candidate for the President, and McMullen,
that's my name;
I'm the talk of all the city now, it's well I
know my fate,
Four dollar cigars will not be smoked when
McMullen rules the state.

Chorus.

I'll give you my idea, that is, I'll give you some,
Of what McMullen intends to do when he's
there in Washington.
(Repeat.)

I'll raise the laborers' wages, politicians' I'll reduce,
Soap and sugar I'll give away, and all kinds of produce;
All Chinese must emigrate, and go back home again,
And when I'm there in Washington I'll stick
to Senator Blaine.
I'll give you my idea, &c.

No crooked men in office, stealing money from the poor,
Politicians will have no graft or any sinecure;
The world will be rejoicing, and my friends
will propagate,
And they'll all find money in the street when
McMullen rules the State.
I'll give you my idea, &c.

Fair Moon to thee I Sing.

From the Celebrated Opera, "Pinafore."

Fair moon to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?

I have lived, hitherto,
Free from the breath of slander,
Beloved by all my crew—
A really popular commander.

But now my kindly crew rebel,
My daughter to a tar is partial,
Sir Joseph storms, and sad to tell,
He threatens a court martial!

Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens.

Still They Come.

Sung with immense success by Harry Montague.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

I'm a victim of fate, now my woes I'll relate,
You'll really be sorry for me,
For when sorrow I sup, next day I get up,
Then I have it for dinner and tea.
Some folks take their ills, one by one, just like pills,
But I usually swallow the box.
First it rains then it pours misfortunes by scores,
And calamities follow in flocks.

Chorus.

Still they come, still they come—
Troubles and bothers, one after the other,
Still they come, still they come—
There's nothing but trouble for me.

I wish I'd been dead on the day I was wed,
'Twould have saved me a terrible life,
For nobody knows what I could disclose
Concerning the friends of my wife—
There's my mother-in-law, and her sisters a score,
And relations a wonderful share.
They come, and they stay, and they won't go away,
For no matter how many are there. Chorus.

Chorus.

Still they come, still they come—
Uncles and cousins, and aunts by the dozen.
Still they come, still they come—
Boarding and lodging with me.

I once thought I'd enjoy, a sweet baby boy,
To cheer me, and cause me delight.
I didn't mind two, and with four I could do,
And I thought that with six I was right;
I put up with my fate when the number was eight,
But the tenth brought me sorrow and woe,
For now she begins—just think! to have twins,
Although I may try all I know.

Chorus.

Still they come, still they come—
Doctors and nurses, and babies; I cusses,
Still they come, still they come—
A very large family for me.

The Colored Embasadors.

By C. R. Dockstader, for Hines and Blossom.

We are two colored swells from South Car-lina,
Two highly educated Senators:
On our way to Congress we have stopped to see you,
Our minds to fame doth soar.
We set the public crazy, such speeches you
never heard,
And we will have our way, and fix things up
in Congress,
For we are two thoroughbreds,
Oh! yes, we are thoroughbreds,
(sym,) Senators, (sym)

Chorus.

Then, its, oh! my, we're number one,
Our way we'll have when we reach Washington,
Our style will turn their heads,
And we'll show them that we are
thoroughbred Senators.

Now there isn't two more nigs in South Car'lina
Like us two highly educated coons;
And we'll show them when we reach the Legislature,
They must just dance to our tunes.
And when we reach the White House,
And get within its doors,
We'll show them that we are two thoroughbreds,
Two highly educated Senators. Chorus.

Tell the Folks I'll Soon be Home.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. T. French.

Copyright, 1877, by Chas, T, French.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price 35 cents.

Oh! tell the old folks I'll soon be home,
My heart is dreaming of them all!
I sigh for them each hour while here I roam,
And every word of kindness recall,
Far away my steps have roamed for years,
Longing to see them once again;
The memories of the past have brought me tears,
My heart has known in absense, weary pain.

Chorus.

Bless the dear ones that I long to see,
I think of them where'er I roam;
Oh! give them all one loving kiss from me,
And tell them that I'll soon be home!
Tell them that I'll soon be home!

I see in dreams, my mother sweet!
I hear e'en now her words of love!
Upon her knee, my lips the prayer repeat
That seemed to fall from angels above!
Father, sisters, brothers, ne'er forget,
Fondly I'll clasp them to my heart!
What hallowed joys have c'ustered round the spot,
Oh! dreams of home ye never can depart.
Bless the dear ones, &c.

Oh! tell the folks I'll soon be home,
Their love has been my guiding star!
Tho' truant thoughts have led me o'er the foam,
I'll leave no more the dear ones afar.
Do they keep one little kindly place
Deep in their gentle hearts for me?
I long to look upon each loving face,
And hear again their voices merry glee!
Bless the dear ones, &c.

SHEET MUSIC.

60 CHATHAM STREET.

Any piece of Sheet Music, no matter where published, will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of marked price.

Tell Me Darling, You'll Be True.

Words by J. T. Rutledge. Music by H. P. Danks.

Copyright, 1879, by J. F. Perry & Co, Boston.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Twine your arms around me, darling,
Let your swbet eyes beam on me,
Say you'll never doubt me, darling,
As we wander o'er life's sea.
Only say you'll not deceive me,
Proving ever kind and true,
Tell me that you still believe me,
None can love you as I do.

CHORUS.

Let your sweet eyes in their splendor,
Speak their love as I love you,
Whisper softly, sweet and tender,
Tell me darling, you'll be true.

How could I forget the blessings,
You have bro't from day to day,
With your tender sweet caressings,
Driving all my cares away.
Though I roam 'mid scenes of pleasure,
Though my heart should know regret,
You are still my only treasure.
One I never can forget. Chorus.

Years may bring you pain and sorrow,
Time may bring you joys unknown,
But the coming of to-morrow,
May bring all you'd care to own;
With my heart so wildly beating,
I can only think of you,
In the moments swiftly fleeting,
Tell me, darling, you'll be true.

Parody on "Pinafore."

By Thomas O. Davis. Sung by Kelly and Ryan.

When I was a lad I had served a term,
As a latherer of mugs in a barbers' firm;
As a five-cent barber I soon got sore,
So I got drunk one night when I wrote "Pinafore."
I wrote "Pinafore" so successfullee
That it's sung by all the snides in the country.

As a great composer, I made such a mark,
They made me inspector of the tramps in the park;
So for fear small-pox would destroy their gaul,
I had them vaccinated with a cobbler awl.
And by doing this job so "Komikally,"
They paid for my ferry over to Jersey.

Between writing and shaving I made such a name,
The Widow Oliver's lawyer I soon became;
Then I gambled in a clothing store with an old galoot,
That by turning five aces I won the suit.
Oh! it fit me so quick and looked so seedy,
That I sold it for a dollar in a hash foundry.

By smoking old stumps I paralyzed my jaw,
Then I went to rag-picking and a hand-cart did draw;
I drawed so well and became so smart,
I soon became the owner of a big ash-cart.
Now, I bored you all to-night so frightfullee,
I'd better rig my "Pinafore" and skip away to sea.

I've a Baby in Kalamazoo.

By Charles Glidden. Sung by Goss and Fox.

I've a baby in Kalamazoo,
Baby mine—baby mine;
He can skip the tra-la-la-loo,
Baby mine—baby mine.
He swings on our back ga'e,
Tackles peaches by the crate,
On a fishball he can skate,
Baby mine—baby mine,
He can eat a barrel of cake,
Baby mine.

He makes faces at the women,
Baby mine—baby mine,
In a soup bowl he goes swimming,
Baby mine—baby mine.
Out of the ash-pan we do yank him,
In his high chair we do plank him,
Oh! heavens how we spank him,
Baby mine—baby mine,
His face would cave a bank in,
Baby mine.

At the table he is queer,
Baby mine—baby mine;
Stuffs the pan-cakes in his ear,
Baby mine—baby mine.
Rubs molasses on his nose,
Spills the mustard on his clothes,
He jabs the hash between his toes,
Baby mine—baby mine,
And we wash him with a hose,
Baby mine.

Broken of de Day.

Sung by Goss and Fox.

I had some fun de other night,
De broken of de day done come at last;
And made de niggers all run away wid fright,
De broken of de day done come at last.
I'll tell you how it was I was crossing de field,
De broken of de day done come at last;
When a rattlesnake bit me on de heel,
De broken of de day done come at last.

CHORUS.

Oh! Jonah! ah! Jonah! ah! Jonah!
De broken of de day done come at last.
Repeat Chorus.

They took me home, put me on de bed,
De broken of de day done come at last;
And de niggers all thought that I was dead,
De broken of de day done come at last.
De wenches dey begin to cry,
De broken of de day done come at last,
And sing dat song of de "Sweet-by-and-by,"
De broken ob de day done come at last.
Chorus.

Klum.

DUTCH SONG AND DANCE.

By George Murphy. Sung by Murphy and Shannon.

We will introduce ourselves to you as Karl
und Ludwig Klum,
We are both from Germany, as you can tell.
We are wirking in a crocery shtore, for a man
named Louis Schlum,
Und we like de situation puty well.
But de only fault we have to find is de loffers
in de street,
Dey pull a wooden pistol und say bum!
Und whenever we go out, de whole of dem will shout.
Say, fellers, dere's dem animals dey call Klum!
K-l-u-m, Klum, (Break."
Karl und Ludwig Klum. (Break.)

CHORUS.

We can skip de tra-la-li-lu very well,
We can piffed, und dey say we do de glide.
Now while we got a chance we will do a little dance,
Und we'll piffed und we'll waltz to-morrow night.
(Dance.)

We landed here two months ago in de German
ship Berlin;
Yust imagine we was four weeks on de sea.
You can judge yourselfs how glad we was when
de steamer did come in,
To a place we dink dey called it Battery.
We took our trunk und walked away so nice
und quietly,
Till we reached a shtreet on de lamp-post was Broome;
When at once we turned around und twenty
bootblacks found,
Who were standing on deir hands und shouting Klum.
K-l-u-m. Klum, (Break.)
Karl und Ludwig Klum. (Break.)
We can skip, &c.

Now Give Three Cheers.

I am the monarch of the sea,
The ruler of the Queen's Navee,
Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants.
And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
All: And we are his sisters, and his cousins,
and his aunts!

When at anchor here I ride,
My bosom swells with pride,
And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts;
All; And so do his sisters, and his cousin's,
and his aunts!
And so do his sisters, and his cousin's
and his aunts!

But when the breezes blow,
I generally go below,
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants!
All: And so do his sisters, and his cousins,
and his aunts!
And so do his his sisters and his cousins
and his aunts!

His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts!

Little Buttercup.

From the Celebrated Opera, "Pinafore."

Hail men-o'-war's men—safeguards of your nation,
Here is an end at last of all privation;
You've got your pay—spare all you can afford
To welcome little Buttercup on board.

For I'm called litle Buttercup—dear little Buttercup
Though I could never tell why;
But still I'm called Buttercup—poor little Buttercup,
Sweet little Buttercup, I.

I've snuff and tobacey, and excellent jacky;
I've scissors and watches and knives;
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.

I've treacle and toffy, and excellent coffee,
Soft tommy and succulent chops;
I've chickens and conics and pretty polonies,
And excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup—dear little Buttercup,
Sailors should never be shy;
So buy of your Buttercup—poor little Buttercup,
Come, of your Buttercup buy!

Finger-Prints Upon the Pane.

Words by G. M. Vickers. Music by T. P. Westendorf.

Copyright 1879, by J. W. Shaw.

The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I had opened wide the shutters
Of the long deserted room,
And a flood of golden sunshine
Chased away the dreary gloom.
'Twas while gazing round with tenderness
Where baby last had lain,
That I chanced to see its finger-prints
Upon the window-pane.

CHORUS.

How the silent tear-drops started,
Foolish tears I knew were vain,
As I kissed away the tiny
Finger-prints upon the pane.

Still the empty crib was standing,
In its old accustomed place.
But from neath the little blankets
Peeped no precious infant face—
How I longed to clasp its angel form,
One more sweet kiss obtain,
From the rosy lips that oft had pressed,
Against the window-pane.

Oh! my heart seemed almost breaking
As I gathered from the floor,
Here a shoe and there a stocking
That my darling one had worn,
And I could not, tho' I loved the more,
One moment more remain,
Where those snowy hands had left their prints
Upon the window-pane. Chorus.

The Lost Jewel.

Written and composed H. S. Blunt.

Copyright 1870 by H. S. Blunt.
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The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents. Also, The "No Work Waltz, price 40 cents.

Thou'st gone far away from me darling,
I've lain thee in yon silent tomb;
Yet mem'ry recalls thy sweet presence,
To cheer me where'er I may roam.
I think of the day we were parted,
The heart-broken friends that stood by;
Death came and it severed that tie love,
Thy spirit did mount upon high.

Chorus.

Thou'st gone far away from me darling,
I've lain thee in yon silent tomb;
Yet mem'ry recalls thy sweet presence,
To cheer me where'er I may roam.

I've thought of our home in the west love,
Of friends and kindred so dear;
Alas! death has entered that home love,
And robbed it of all that can cheer.
I think of thee ever, my loved one,
How hard it was from thee to part;
And while I have life and have hope love,
I'll cherish thee dear to my heart. Chorus.

I'll come to thee soon, my dear darling,
And never again from thee part;
The sun then will shine with that brightness,
And pleasure return to my heart.
Then life shall be sweet as before love,
And gladness reecho with joy;
To meet thee above in that realm love,
Where death ne'er again can destroy. Chorus.

God Bless My Boy at Sea.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by T. Brigham Bishop.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

The waves were beating on the shore,
The rain was falling fast,
The beacon light upon the rock,
Shown bright amid the blast;
Within the fisher's lone'y cot,
The hearth-fire danced in glee,
And there a weeping mother prayed,
"God bless my boy at sea,"
And there a weeping mother prayed,
"God bless my boy at sea."

All night the warring of the waves,
Was loud along the shore,
And many a sailor lad afar,
Came to his home no more.
And still the mother watched and prayed;
"My trust I place in Thee!
And if it be Thy holy will,
O! bless my boy at sea!"

The morning dawned in rosy light,
The winds were lulled to rest;
The waves were rocking peaceful'y,
As on a mother's breast!
"Safe home to me! safe home to me!
I knew, what'er would be,
That God would heed my earnest prayer,
And bless my boy at sea!"

The Twilight Coterie.

Words and Music by Donly.

Music pub. & Copyright 1879, by E. H. Harding.

Sung by J. E. Murphy, of Murphy & Mack.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Our club is always noted for its larking and sparkin'
Such dancin', and singin' and jolly sport have we;
Our pic-nics bate them all without denial, a trial
Would set you wild with pleasure at the
Twilight Coterie.

It's dance and prance, and catch the motion easy,
And in a whirl, swing your girl, now we re off
in style you see,
And still the fiddles and the horns are soundin'
while boundin'
Are the merry spielers of the Twilight Coterie.

Chorus.

Then it's on a summer's night in the park, my boys,
Where the merry girls are singin' light and free,
Hands around and round, and round, oh!
what a lark, my boys,
How the spielers prance, at the moonlight
dance, of the Twilight Coterie.

There's honored delegations from the "Starlights"
and "Skylights,"
"The "Ours" and "Yours" and other coteries,
Together with their friends and their ladies, the daisies,
Invited guests whose hearts are blessed
with all the beer they please;
It's skip and dip, and sachez round in glory.
Oh! Kate asthore! bang the floor, that's the
style of girl for me,
And so around we balance, and each daisy is crazy
Wid great hilarity, all at the Twilight Coterie.
Then it's on a summer's, &c.

Bidalia McCann.

Words and Music by Donly.

Copyright 1879, and published by E. H. Harding.

Sung by J. E. Murphy, of Murphy & Mack.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price 35 cents.

There is a girl of famous note,
Among the upper nine,
Considerably comilfo,
Or something in that line;
When but a child she answered to
The sudden name of "Nan,"
But now her high-tuned monnygram
Is Bidalia Jane McCann.

Chorus.

Bidalia Jane McCann, the elegant Miss McCann,
There's none so sweet as her, no girl so neat as her,
Peggy or Julia Johanna or Kate, like Bidalia
Jane McCann,
The elegant Miss McCann, I'm sure there's not wan,
That can bate the bon-ton of Bidalia Jane McCann.

Her education's wonderful,
She spells and writes by ear,
She plays the "Maiden's Prairie,"
And sings "Beloved Ear."
She says, "I feel so fatigayed
I don't know what to do,"
Says I, "Bidale, some grub and ale.
Might help your fatigu." Chorus.

She gives a "German" every week,
And "Irish" too as well,
She says a cork would shade my face.
So I could tend the bell;
She sings duetts all by herself,
She talks French like a man,
She's very au-revore indeed,
Is Bidalia Jane McCann. Chorus.

Mollie Avourneen.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. M. Pyke.

Music published and Copyright 1877, by O. Ditson & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 30 cents.

Mollie avourneen, the rose of my heart,
Sad is the day, love, when we two must part,
Soon must I wander afar o'er the sea,
Soon I'll be pining in sorrow for thee,
Bright was the morning, when first love, we met,
Dark be the day when your love I'll forget,
Think of me still, dear, when far o'er the sea,
Mollie, avourneen a-cushla mochree.

Chorus.

Dearest and truest wherever I stay,
Brightest and fairest 'till life's latest day,
Oh! how I sorrow to wander from thee,
Mollie Avourneen a-cushla mochree.

Mollie avourneen the star of my night,
Gleam in thy beauty, thou jewel so bright,
Soon shall I clasp thee in joy to my heart,
Soon shall I meet thee on earth ne'er to part,
Gaze on me fondly with loves gentle glow,
Keep to each promise those sweet lips bestow,
Give me a kiss, love, to take o'er the sea,
Mollie avourneen a-cushla mochree. Chorus.

When the Birds Have Gone to Sleep.

Words and Music by W. A. Huntly, Author of "Take me back to home and mother."

Music sent by us to any address, price 40 cents.

When the roses bud and blossom
By the rippling river side,
Where they gently nod and listen
To the music of the tide.
While the early stars are shining,
In the far-off azure deep,
Come to meet me dearest darling,
When the birds have gone to sleep.

Chorus.

Come to meet me, dearest darling,
Where the shadows softly creep,
In the calm and peaceful twilight,
When the birds have gone to sleep.

How I long to hear you whisper
All the story of our love,
With nobody very near us
Save the leaflets up above.
Sweetest words to thee addressing,
Loving arms around me creep,
Could we evermore thus linger
When the birds have gone to sleep. Chorus.

The Two McMullins.

Sung by Murphy and Mack.

We are the two McMullens,
As ye all do know,
A little Irish dancing
To ye we're going to show.
We landed in this country
Just fifteen years ago,
And for making money
You bet we are not slow.

Chorus.

It was in the garden I met you, darling,
Where the shamrock grows,
It was there you stole my heart, dear Barney,
Just twenty years ago.
Is that so? It is so.
Oh! yes, it is so.
Is that so? It is so.
Oh! yes, it is so.

So now we're going to leave you,
We bid you all farewell,
And of us two McMullens
We hope you will speak well.
We have to toil and labor
Our apples for to sell,
And when he gets elected
To you he'll quickly tell. Chorus.

De Kugelwalder Twins.

By George Murphy. Sung by Murphy and Shannon.

Hello every one, we will make a little fun,
Und your attention we will ask while we're here.
You see we are too fat for to tirn a somersat,
Und too heavy for to walk off on our ear.

Chorus.

But if we get a chance you can bet dat we can dance,
We will dance yust when de music it begins.
Und almost every day you vill hear somebody say,
Dere's de happy German Kugelwalder Twins.

We are looking for a place where we can show
our face
To de public, und where we can have some fun.
Every instrument we play, und we do not ask
much pay,
At de dirst we see A number one. Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

"I am handsomer than that pretty Alice Walden, and I should not compare myself with Sidonia Biddlecomb. At least I have beauty enough, and with my woman's wit my love should beget love; also, what power I have in the possession of his secret! I must—I will win!"

Returning to the window, she found the game was over, and the players divided into groups.

Alice Walden was seated on the marble edge of a fountain, listlessly toying with water lilies, while Captain Grant leaned over her, talking.

Edmund Biddlecomb had strolled off with the nonentity who had a dowry of twenty thousand pounds. The ingenious youth believed himself passionately in love with Alice, but deemed it wise to have two strings to his bow.

Sidonia still monopolized Richard Hepburn, whose eyes, however, had, since the termination of the game, wandered more than once in the direction of Charlie's sister.

Whether the heiress perceived this, and dreaded desertion, or whether for the purpose of ensuring a longer conversation, placing her hand on his arm, she said, "Mr. Hepburn, I promised to show you over Carnyston when you came. Shall we go now?"

He started somewhat a flush rising to his brow. He had longed for the moment when he should enter his ancestral home, and now it had come. As a stranger he was to tread those rooms where once his baby feet had run, innocent of pain, ignorant of the gloomy future to be his.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," he responded.

"Come, then, we will not disturb the others," smiled the heiress, shaking out her rustling skirts. "They seem too agreeably occupied by far."

At the remark, Richard Hepburn turned quickly towards the pair at the fountain. Captain Grant had evidently hit upon some subject of interest to his companion, for her face was lifted to his, a smile on her lips. She was conversing with much animation.

A second he seemed to hesitate. At least, so the heiress, watching him keenly, thought. The next, he had rejoined, with a carless laugh as he extended his arm, "You are right, Miss Biddlecomb. We may desert them without rudeness. They will miss us as little as I am sure I"—and he inclined his head meaningly to his companion—"shall miss them.

It is not necessary to explain the sensations which possessed Richard Hepburn as entering the house by a conservatory, Sidonia Biddlecomb led him through the handsome suit of rooms, whose soft antique splendors had been so cruelly eclipsed by the gaudy wealth of the present owner.

Suffice that his eulogies of the grand old hall were sufficiently earnest to delight his companion. By no means given to underate her personal attractions, she was wise enough to be aware that her being heiress to such a place considerably added to them in a matrimonial point of view.

So they proceeded, each alike ignorant of the woman with eagar, envious eyes who cautiously dogged their steps.

Finally turning to the left at the western wing, the heiress, opening wide a carved oak door, said, "Here is one of the chief sights of Carnyston, Mr. Hepburn—the family picture-gallery. I suppose it is very grand to be able to have so many generations of likenesses?"

With a trembling at the heart, Richard Hepburn crossed the threshold, and with a flushed cheek and quickened pulse, looked upon the portraits of his ancestors—he the last scion of the race.

Truly the last, for unless he could recover his own—unless he could remove the stain dimming the fair honor of his family—solemnly had he forsworn wedlock.

As he regarded with a thrill the sweet faces of the Carnystons, rendered immortal by the pencil of a Lely, Kneller, or a Reynolds—as he thought, his lips resolutely compressed, "But I will recover all this; I feel my hand is destined to remove this stain," he little imagined how a pair of eyes, covertly watching him through the half closed door, understood the expression of pride—ay, read his very thoughts and wondered.

"How will he recover his own? Surely never by accepting such an incumbrance as Sidonia Biddlecomb?"

Almost in silence, Richard Hepburn permitted his companion to explain and relate the names of the different portraits. Indeed, occupied by his own reflections, he scarcely heard her. At last he interrupted almost abruptly.

"I believe I understood that you were unacquainted with the late family of the Carrs?" he said.

"Perfectly. I wasn't three years old when we came here."

"Do you know what became of the previous owners?"

"Not I, Mr. Hepburn, and I am not curious. Papa, I suppose, knew; indeed, he says 'they went to the dogs as they deserved.' He rarely will speak of them, and when he does, he always is sarcastic and bitter."

"He knew them, then?" remarked Richard Hepburn, growing interested.

"Yes, I believe so, but I don't know how much!" was the heiress's response, in a tone which showed the subject was of no interest to her.

"And you became possessed of Carnyston," persisted her companion, pursuing the scheme, "by, I suppose——"

"Purchase—good money down for good money's value. The best and fairest way, to my thinking."

The voice had proceeded from behind them.

"Oh! 'pa, how you frighten one" ejaculated Miss Sidonia, turning sharply.

Richard Hepburn had done so too, and knew, with a sensation of loathing and shrinking antipathy, that he was in the presence of his father's enemy—the man to whom he could not but attribute his father's ruin and mysterious disappearance—Josiah Biddlecomb. The "ci-devant" money lender was gorgeously apparelled so far as jewellery and necktie went; also the luxuries of wealth had evidently agreed with him. Good living had filled out the hard lines and mellowed the complexion; nevertheless, the cruel crafty expression of the eyes was the same as the hard savage mouth, and Josiah Biddlecomb was not a man to win admiration at the first glance.

He stood before the guest, with his hands in his pockets and a defiant glance, as if challenging him to gainsay his declaration.

At least, so Richard Hepburn felt, and, instantly girding himself as one in the presence of an enemy, whose cunning could only be met by similar weapons, said, bowing, "Mr. Biddlecomb, I believe. Certainly you are right, sir. Purchase in good coin is the safest form of possession. Nothing can refute such transactions. My surprise is that the first owner of such an estate could let it go to the hammer."

"When those kind of people take the bit between their teeth they let everything go," responded Mr. Josiah Biddlecomb. "Well in my opinion, it is the proper thing that money should change hands."

"The money possibly; but there is more than money here—birth, and ancient name and race!"

"Birth, race, be blowed!" ejaculated the money-lender, with a growl. "What is the good of either when it can't keep the owner out of a debtor's prison?"

"Then Sir Richard was a bankrupt?" said the son carelessly.

Josiah Biddlecomb shot a quick glance at the speaker from under his shaggy brows.

Long years had passed since the period when he had accused the unfortunate Baronet with intent to murder. Nevertheless, the money-lender was nervously suspicious of the topic of the Carr family, and avoided it.

"Yes," he said shortly, "he was a bankrupt. He died, and left his wife and child to starve. He was my bitterest enemy, Mr. Hepburn; but he was the last of a long line. But he is dead, so we won't rake up the mud of the past. Let him and his sins rest in peace."

Richard Hepburn's eyes kindled, his teeth bit his lips in anger, still he controlled himself enough to reply, "It is kind of you he having been, you say, your enemy. I wonder what became of his child?"

"She died I believe, with its mother, if the subject interests you, sir."

"Not in the least," answered the latter, with a smile. "Only in such matters idle persons are apt to indulge in idle surmises. For instance, if you had not already informed me, I should have been speculating whether the child was a boy or a girl."

Again that keen furtive glance which Richard Hepburn had before detected and carefully noted.

"It was a girl," replied the money-lender, drily. "So, Mr. Hepburn, you may be saved the trouble of speculating. It was that brought Sir Richard to the dogs. Sidonia, my dear, don't you think your guests will feel themselves neglected? Mr. Hepburn will excuse my saying so."

"Nay, I must ask a thousand pardons for so selfishly imposing upon Miss Biddlecomb's kindness, and thus monopolising her," said Richard Hepburn, pleasantly; then, presenting his arm, "Miss Biddlecomb shall we return?"

As they passed along the corridor, Maria Daggett still hovered about them. Once, from the room wherein she had sought concealment, she could have extended her arm and touched Richard Hepburn, but she dared not.

As to Richard Hepburn himself, his brain was busy with reflection. He could not think the day lost. He had discovered three things.

First, that the subject of his transactions with his father was distasteful to the money-lender, who avoided it.

Secondly, that he concealed the real manner by which he had become possessed of Carnyston

Thirdly, that wilfully he misstated the sex of Sir Richard's child.

If there was nothing to conceal, why make these false statements?

"No," reflected the guest, with an elation of spirit; "I feel I am on the track, and, be the consequences what they may, I must pursue the plan I have laid down. I must flatter this vain girl; I must become a familiar guest at this house, for here I am convinced, shall I discover the clue to the mystery."

On their descending, they found a dinner "a la Russe" prepared, to which succeeded coffee; then, several guests dropping in, a dance was proposed.

Alice, willingly using her mourning toilet as an excuse, sat apart, with a calm countenance but aching heart, watching the progress of Richard Hepburn's flirtation.

How she had misread him! How openly Sidonia showed her preference! How readily did he accept it! Save for one or two kindly words as they chanced to meet, had he once thought of her, his old friends sister?

Never did an evening draw its long course so slowly out; and she was very heartsick when a soft, deep, musical voice whispered in her ear from behind the couch on which she sat.

"How tired and weary you look! What a brute I am! I ought to have remembered that all this gaiety can hardly be congenial to you, dear Miss Walden. Forgive me! Shall we go home?"

The penitent, sympathetic tones thrilled the girl like sweet music; yet a spasm shot through her heart. The words, "I ought to have remembered," proved how utterly, as she had known, she had been forgotten.

Poor Alice! could she have told the true meaning of those syllables! Nevertheless, she answered, pleasantly, "Pray, Mr. Hepburn, do not tear yourself away on my account!"

He laughed lightly, as he returned, "It really will be no hardship—indeed, it will be a kindness. Please let us go away."

The ride home was not a very chatty one. Both seemed thoughtful; and Alice was thankful for the darkness, which hid the tears in her eyes.

That night she had read her heart, and knew that Charlie's friend was even dearer to her than Charlie himself. But the knowledge had come attended by another—that the man she loved was surely drifting beyond her influence, and being absorbed by her rival

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CONTENTS.

A Maiden fair to see.....page 506
The Bummers on our Block..... 507
Barney come back to old Erin..... 508
The Blue and Gray are united at last 510
Baby Farming Song..... 510
The Cats in our back yard..... 506
The Devil's in New Jersey..... 509
Don't Leave Grandmother, now she's old.. 506
Farewell, my own..... 507
Fairy Forms in dreams I see..... 508
Father Bring Home Your Money To-Night 510
The Girl I wish to see..... 509
Hebrew Politicians..... 509
The Hod Carriers..... 509
In Dancing we excell..... 506
In the Highlands..... 508
I'm going back to Alabam to die..... 510
Kiss me while I'm sleeping..... 507
The Little Flower you gave me..... 508
The Lost Inheritance—Story Continued..... 511
My Daughter Julia..... 507
My Last Cigar; or, 'twas of the Blue Canaries....508
'Neath the maple by the mill..... 509
Nearer my God to Thee..... 509
The Nightingale Song..... 510
Out in the Street..... 507
Pat Rooney's Pinafore Parody..... 506
PENNILESS AND POOR..... 507
Put the Tarrier in a Cage..... 507
The Piccadilly Club..... 508
The Poor Old Tramp..... 508
Parody on Baby Mine..... 509
Poor Little Joe..... 509
Pity the Homeless one To-Night..... 510
Ring, Ring, the Banjo—[Music]..... 512
SILVER BELLS ARE RINGING AWAY UP IN DE SKY..... 510
Sorry Her Lot..... 510
Sheet Music Notice..... 506
When McCormick Rules the State..... 506
When I was a lad I served a term..... 506

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When McCormick Rules the State.

By James Richmond, Sung by Pat Rooney, the father of all Irish comedians, for one hundred nights.

I am an Irish politician, yes.
A man of integrity and fame,
I am your candidate for next president,
Jerry McCormick that's my name.
I am one of the Idle Labor Party,
And it's well I know my fate,
I'll make politicians carry the hod,
When McCormick rules the state.

Chorus.

There'll be no smokes Italian congressmen,
The Chinese must emigrate,
There'll be no four dollar segars to smoke,
When McCormick rules the State.

I'll have the White House painted green,
Coal and wood I'll give away,
There'll be money found upon the street,
I'll raise the laborer's wages to three dollars a day,
I'll bounce Grant's friends from office,
Then no more rail-roads they'll elevate,
There'll be a bridge from New York to Ireland,
When McCormick rules the state. Chorus.

The Cats in our Back Yard.

By James Richmond, for the great Slugger Comedian, Pat Rooney.

I live in a brown-stone tenement,
With green shutters painted white,
There's a family of cats lives in the rear,
They play Pinafore every night.
They sing something about Maria,
And the times are very hard,
Oh! they'll chew tobacco, and spit in your eye,
The cats in our back yard.

Chorus.

Tra-la-lee, tra-la la,
For the cats in our back yard. (Repeat.)

They hold camp meetings every night,
Have walking matches on the fence,
I threw seventy bricks at a Thomas,
And he has never bothered me since.
They'll sing all night and sleep all day,
They aught to be feathered and tarred,
They are worse than Haverly's Minstrels,
Yes, the cats in our back yard. Chorus.

A Maiden Fair to See.

From the celebrated Opera, "Pinafore."

A maiden fair to see,
The pearl of minstrelsy,
A bud of blushing beauty;
For whom proud nobles sigh,
And with each other vie
To do her menial's duty,
All. To do her menial's duty.

A suitor, lovely born,
With hopeless passion torn,
And poor beyond concealing,
Has dared for her to pine,
At whose exalted shrine
A world of wealth is kneeling!
All. A world of wealth is kneeling!

Unlearned he in aught
Save that which love has taught,
(For love had been his tutor,)
C—. pity, pity me—
Our captain's daughter she,
And I that lowly suitor!
All. And he that lowly suitor!

Pinafore Parody.

By James Richmond, Sung by Pat Rooney,
Air; Ruler of the whole Navee,

When I was a kid I went to a German school,
Because I was a China-man, they thought I was a fool,
I learned the African grammer and I got so smart,
That now I am conductor on a big ash cart,
I stole the cash to treat Frank Lum to wine,
And to the Queen of Ireland I sold the river Rhine,
And for being so fresh she rewarded me,
By making me the Ruler of Germany.

I got a job washing dishes in a dry-good's store,
I sang tenor through my nose, till my lungs got sore,
I went to work in a bank they made me cashier,
And I busted up the bank in less than a year.
Then I went to be jailor in a prison down South,
I got drunk the first day and all the prisoners got out;
Then the Princess of Hunters Point got mashed on me,
And I am the Ruler of Germany,

A hundred years before that I used to dance
the can can,
I done a triple clog with the King of Japan,
They tried to use me for a dummy, Billy Robinson
was my pal,
But I left to paint the tide on the Erie Canal,
I went over to England, I beat Weston and Brown,
Because I was a Spaniard they made me a present
of the town,
Then I swam over the Atlantic with Lena Aberle,
And now I am the ruler of the Tivoli.

In Dancing we Excell.

By James Richmond. Sung by the Sparks Brothers.
Air: The Cabin Floor.

Oh! when we were young about sixteen,
Upon old Erin's shore,
We used to dance in wooden shoes
Until our feet was sore,
We learned the famous English style,
And the Irish style as well,
Now we'll show to you what we can do,
For, in dancing we excell.

Chorus.

From our work we used to steal, (Break.)
To practice on the toe and heel; (Break.)
Our parents would chastise us,
Then from home we'd run away,
Together with the boys and girls,
We'd practice all the day,
When dancing we were happy boys,
So to you we're going to tell,
About the boys from Ireland, who in
Dancing they excell.

In learning the steps of Lancashire,
Sure our feet would never tire,
And the reels and gigs of Erin,
Which all the Yankee's do admire,
To our native home we'll soon return,
So to you we'll say farewell,
For we are the boys from Ireland,
Who in dancing does excell. Chorus.

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Don't Leave Grandmother, Now She's Old.

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The white apple blossoms are falling in showers,
The rose bushes bloom in the sweet summer air;
Enjoying the calm of the bright sunny hours,
Grandmother sits in her old easy-chair.
She reads in her Bible of cities fair,
Whose walls are of jasper and gold,
And waits for the angels to carry her there—
Don't leave poor Grandmother, now she is old.

Chorus.

Don't leave poor grandmother, now she's old,
White silver locks now have displaced the gold.
Don't leave poor grandmother, now she's old,
White silvered locks have now displaced the gold.

Ah! well we remember when poor mother died,
They laid her to rest where the green willows wave,
How grandmother comforted us when we cried,
Tenderly led us away from the grave.
How patient and gentle and kind she's been,
Her love for us ne'er can be told;
Oh! may her life's evening be calm and serene,
Don't leave poor grandmother, now she is old.
Don't leave, &c.

The old village school-house that stands on the hill.
The quiet village churchyard where tall grasses grow
The swift running stream near the old water-mill,
Bring back the mem'ries of long, long ago.
These may be forgotten, but grandmother's care,
Her tenderness richer than gold,
Shall ne'er be forgotten, our home she shall share,
We'll not leave grandmother, now she is old.
Don't leave, &c.

When I was a Lad I Served a Term.

From the celebrated Opera, "Pinafore,"

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an attorney's firm;
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up that handle so carefullee,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
Chorus: He polished, &c.

As office boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.
I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big, round hand;
I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
Chorus: He copied, &c.

In serving writs I made such a name,
That an articled clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a bran new suit,
For the pass examination at the Institute.
And that pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee!
Chorus: And that pass examination, &c.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip,
That they took me into partnership.
And that junior partnership, I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
Chorus: But that kind, &c.

I grew so rich that I was sent,
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
I thought so little, they rewarded me,
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
He thought so little, &c.

Now, landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule;
Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,
And you all may be the rulers of the Queen's Navee!

Penniless and Poor.

Words by Thomas E. Powers Music by Younker.

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The Music of this song is published in elegant lithographed title page, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents,

The winter has come on, the summer's past and gone,
The streets and the squares are covered with ice and snow,
The people are wearing heavy woolen clothes,
To keep themselves warm as they walk to and fro.
It is easy for the rich that can afford it,
To keep a warm carpet on their floor,
In a soft cushioned chair by a bright fire they sit,
And never once think of the Penniless and poor.

Chorus.

So every wealthy man, give charity when you can,
And never turn away a poor begger from your door,
But give him a bit of bread, and a place to lay his head,
A blessing you'll receive from the penniless and poor.

There's the poor working-man who works hard all the day,
And supports his family by the sweat of his brow,
He tries to save a few shillings from his pay,
To "lay in" coal and flour if his means will allow.
Bright and early each morn to his work he does go,
Toils with a will to keep the wolf from the door,
Stout-hearted he trudges along thro the rain and snow,
For he knows what it is to be Penniless and poor.
So every wealthy man, &c.

And there's a poor widow who lives in a garret,
Who goes out poor thing to wash and scrub all the week,
With her small basket she visits the market,
To buy food cheap for the little ones she loves.
She toils early and late to make up the month's rent,
So the landlord will not turn her out the door,
For that is what he'd do if she owed him one cent,
No feeling has he for the Penniless and poor.
So every wealthy man, &c.

The Bummers on our Block.

By C. A. Johnson. Air: Babies on our Block.

Should you seek for some excitement,
Or want a little fun,
Just come with me, boys, one and all,
And around the block we'll run,
I'll show you there the bummers
With their beer cans in their hand,
For used up kegs, in front of the saloon,
They in a group do stand.
There's the "azure flush," the "purple rush,"
The gangers of the gang,
All "gabbing," and all "chinning,"
As around the corner they hang;
You never see them working,
In such a thing they take no stock,
An elephantic nuisance are
The bummers on our block.

Chorus.

Hanging around the beer saloons,
You'll ever find them there,
Patiently waiting,
For a well-drained keg of beer,
When out comes a good keg,
They all around it flock,
Then comes the grand fight for possession,
Among the bummers on our block.

The police runs them off the corner,
But it's only to return,
That it is useless labor
The "coppers" soon do learn.
A crowd of shop girls comes along,
At whom the gang does howl,
Find they've made a mistake when one gets smashed,
And then begin to growl.
Walking along comes a fellow,
Whose acquaintance they do make,
And then in to have a drink,
They try hard to make him take;
They coax him and they chin him
Full an hour by the clock,
But it's "no go" for he knows they are
The bummers on our block. Chorus.

Kiss Me, While I'm Sleeping.

Words by Will Edgerton. Music by Konrad Treuer.

Composed for and sung by Miss Laura Harris.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 30 cents.

At thy feet once more I rest me,
Casting every care away;
You are come my watch is ended,
Night is turning into day;
Oft in dreams thy voice has cheered me,
Often have I sat as now,
With thy kind eyes smiling on me,
And thy hands upon my brow;
Oh! how sweet once more to slumber,
With your loving eyes on me.
Kiss me, dearest, while I'm sleeping,
Let me dream again of thee;
Kiss me dearest, kiss me, dearest,
Let me dream of thee.

In the deep'ning of the twilight,
That has closed each daily scene,
I have seemed to hear thee singing,
Though the ocean rolled between;
Friends have chided me for loving,
Thee too tenderly, my own,
But they knew not that my fondness
To idolatry had grown;
Still I'm weary, and would rest me,
With your loving eyes on me.
Kiss me darling, while I m sleeping,
And my dreams shall be of thee;
Kiss me, darling, kiss me darling,
While I dream of thee.

Sing again that tender love-song,
That you taught me long ago,
Folds your gentle arms around me,
'Tis the sweetest joy I know.
For to long apart we've wandered,
Let us vow to part no more;
I am thine, thine alone, beloved,
All my loneliness is o'er.
But I'm weary, let me slumber,
With your loving eyes on me,
Then you'll kiss me, when I'm sleeping,
And I'll fondly dream of thee;
Then you'll kiss me,
And I'll fondly dream of thee.

Out in the Street.

By W. McNamara. Air: Poor Little Joe,

Sung by E. Kellogg.

One cold winter's night, when the snow it fell fast,
And the trees they were shivering 'neath winter's cold blast;
The benighted pedestrians had long since gone home,
There were none on the streets save the poor and forlorn,
When a shrill plaintive cry was born out on the night,
From in front of a mansion so cozy and bright,
It came from the lips of a poor homeless boy,
Shoeless and ragged and this was his cry.

Chorus.

Oh! what can I do, I have no place to go,
For surely I'll perish out here in the snow!
If you don't give me shelter or something to eat,
Oh! God must I perish, out here in the street.

But the inmates inside who were pleasant and warm,
Heard not the childs cry from the midst of the storm,
And the laughter and wine glass went round as before,
With him cold and hungry outside of the door,
Oh! God can it be that the rich are so great,
While the poor they are left to meet poverty's fate,
Devoid of life's pleasures they look up above,
And expect help alone from the God of all love.

Chorus.

They are shivering and cold, and their lives pass away,
In the midst of dread poverty, day after day;
They have no place of shelter, and nothing to eat,
Depending on charity, out in the street.

It was long after midnight, the snow still came down,
And covered the earth with a lily-white gown,
The streets were deserted the city was quiet,
And the wind whistled mournfully as if in affright,
For he's gone to his rest, he is now with the dead,
With no kind friend near him to pillow his head,
The heart in his bosom had long ceased to beat,
He died of starvation, while out in the street.

Chorus.

Lift him up tenderly, guard him with care;
The angels they watch him while no one is near.
And the snow fell and formed his last winding sheet,
He's gone to a better place, out of the street.

Put the Tarrier in a Cage.

By James Richmond, Sung by Pat Rooney.

The troubl s of an Irishman,
I am going to tell to you,
I landed from Ireland, here, last May,
And my name is Mike McCue.
The blackguards do make fun of me,
And say I look like an Irish pege,
But it breaks my heart to hear them bawl,
Put the tarrier in a cage.

Chorus.

At a picnic party or a ball,
They'll put me in a terrible rage.
All over the hall you will hear them bawl,
Put the tarrier in a cage.

The other night I came home from work,
I went to get a pint of ale,
A blackguard by the name of Charley Dun came,
Stabbed me with a ten penny nail,
He nearly broke the spine of me back,
Said I'd make a good scene shower on the stage,
As I tripped and fell, the gang did yell,
Put the tarrier in a cage. Chorus.

Farewell My Own.

From the celebrated Opera, "Pinafore."

RALPH. Farewell, my own.
Light of my life, farewell!
For crime unknown,
I go to a dungeon cell.
ALL. For crime, etc.
JOS. In the mean time, farewell!
And all alone
Rejoice in your dungeon cell!
ALL. And all, etc.
SIR JOSEPH. A bone, a bone,
I'll pick with this sailor fell;
Let him be shown
At once to his dungeon cell.
ALL. Let him, etc.

My Daughter Julia.

Copyright, 1879, by Louis P. Goullard,

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I have a daughter, named Julia,
She's seventeen,
And I'm told by all the neighbors,
That she is like a queen.
At all the balls and parties,
My Julia she is all the rage,
In the ballet she's a star,
When my daughter leaps out on the stage.

Chorus.

Dancing round on her toes,
To the music around she goes;
Oh! waltzing around with Julia,
My Julia she is all the rage,
In the ballet she's a star,
When my daughter leaps out on the stage.

When the music's playing,
How the people all shout;
On the stage they throw bouquets,
When my daughter does come out.
She dresses like a fairy,
At it she's engaged;
She looks like me in the tra-la-la-leg,
When my daughter leaps out on the stage.
Dancing round, &c.

My Last Cigar: or 'Twas off the Blue Canaries.

Words by a student of the Harvard University.
Composed by J. M. Hubbard.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 30 cents.

'Twas off the blue Canaries,
A glorious summer day,
I sat upon the quarter deck,
And whiff'd my cares away;
And as the volum'd smoke arose;
Like incense in the air,
I breath'd a sigh to think in sooth,
It was my last cigar,
'breath'd a sigh to think in sooth,
It was my last cigar.

I leaned upon the quarter rail,
And looked down in the sea,
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke,
Was curling gracefully,
Oh! what had I at such a time,
To do with wasting care,
Alas the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my last cigar. (Repeat last two lines.

I watched the ashes as it came
Fast drawing toward the end,
I watched it as a friend would watch,
Beside a dying friend.
But still the flame crept slowly on,
It vanished into air,
I threw it from me, spare the tale,
It was my last cigar. (Repeat last two lines.

I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distance dim,
I've watched above the blighted heart,
Where once proud hope had been.
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When off the blue Canaries,
I smoked my last cigar. Repeat last two lines.

Barney Come Back to Old Erin.

Words and Music by J. H. Rutledge.

Music Copyrighted 1877 and pub. by A. E. Blackmar,
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Barney, come back to old Erin,
Come back across the blue foam.
Why should the ocean divide us?
Come back again to your home.
For your Alanna's so lonely,
Watching and waiting for you,
Come back again to old Erin,
Then I will know you are true.

Chorus.

Barney, come back to old Erin,
Why should you longer remain?
I am so lonely without you,
Come back to Erin again.

Barney come back to old Erin,
Come to Killarney's fair dell,
Come where a true heart is beating,
And the "old story" we'll tell,
How can you linger, dear Barney,
From your Alanna and home,
Come to the dear land of shamrock,
Come o'er the ocean's blue foam. Chorus.

Barney, come back to old Erin,
Kisses are waiting for you,
Do you not miss your Alanna,
And is your heart still as true?
Hours, love, grow lonely and dreary,
Time brings my weary heart pain,
Naught but your presence will cheer me,
Come to old Erin again. Chorus.

The Piccadilly Club.

Words by J. L. Feeney Air: Raffle for the Stove.
Sung by Frank J. Martin.

Talk about your raffle,
It can't compare at all,
With the Piccadilly jamboree,
Down at Cogan's Hall.
I received an invitation,
And I thought I'd take it in,
So I dressed with care, and just got there,
As the music did begin.

Chorus.

Hands around, mind your eye,
Or you will get it closed,
Strike right and left and hold your breath,
Don't have your jaw exposed.
I never saw such fighting,
As when they dealt out the grub,
Sure meself was kilt intirely
By the Piccadilly Club.

They all wear stand up collars,
And sure they take delight,
In drinking beer and getting drunk;
So they can have a fight.
And when they get excited,
Just look out for your eye,
For here and there, and everywhere,
The bricks begin to fly. Chorus.

Tom Welsh the worthy president,
And Secretary Dunn,
Did superintend the whole affair;
They had the best of fun.
They fought all night, with all their might,
Until the break of day,
And then they got so staving drunk,
On the floor they had to lay. Chorus.

The Little Flower You Gave Me.

Words and melody by J. C. Macy Arr. by J. E Stewart.
Music pub and Copyright, 1873, by Roe Stephens.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

I've been thinking, darling thinking,
Of the days now past and gone,
When I met you down beside the dear old mill:
How you told me that you loved me,
And your heart was all my own,
I'm thinking, darling thinking of you still!
And in the shades of evening,
Tears will fill my eyes,
I'm sad and lonely all my journey through;
And the little flower you gave me,
It is all I've left to prize;
I'm thinking darling, dreaming most of you.

Chorus.

I've been thinking, darling thinking,
I've been thinking of thee, fond and true;
And the little flow'r you gave me,
It is all I've left to prize;
I'm thinking, darling, thinking,
I'm thinking now of you.

I've been thinking, darling, thinking,
Of our childhood's happy home,
Where the drooping willows kiss'd the running streams,
And old memry's cluster round me,
For no matter where I roam,
Your sunbright face is ever in my dreams.
Sweet angels guard my darling,
Angels bright and fair
We'll meet again beyond the Jasper sea;
For the mem'ries of the old home,
Ever linger with me now,
I think of you wherever I may go. Chorus.

The Poor Old Tramp.

Words and Music by Will L Thompson.

Music pub. and Copyright, 1877 by W. L. Thompson & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I'm only a poor old wanderer,
I've no place to call my home;
No one to pity me, no one to cheer me,
As friendless and sadly I roam.

Chorus.

Only a poor old wanderer,
I've no place to call my home;
No one to pity me, no one to cheer me,
As friendless and sadly I roam.

I tramp, tramp along, tho' I'm weary,
No rest thro' the long, long day,
Thro' the rain and the snow, I must tramp to and fro,
For I've no place in shelter to stay. Chorus.

How I wish for a place by the fireside,
For the night is so dark cold and damp;
Vacant places I see, but there's no room for me,
For I'm only a poor old tramp. Chorus.

Long ago I was peaceful and happy,
With dear loving friends ever near;
But now they are gone and I'm left all alone,
With no one my pathway to cheer. Chorus.

In the Highlands.

Words by Wesley Sisson. Music by Eduard Holst.

Music pub and Copyrighted, 1878 by the Chicago Music Co.
Music sent, by us post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cts.

In the highlands blooms the heather,
In the highlands lies my heart,
Stormy winds and wintry weather,
Drifted me from friends apart;
Still the Scottish chimes come ringing
Changes sad on early days,
Saddened mem'ries ever bringing,
Vain regrets for wandering ways,
Ah! absence makes our love grow stronger,
Parting makes our greeting sweet,
Weary heart, the way seems longer
Which we press with homeward feet.

Chorus.

In the highlands blooms the heather,
In the highlands lies my heart,
Stormy winds more wintry weather,
Ne'er can drift my soul apart.

In the highlands dwells a maiden,
Pure as breath of mountain air,
Bright as blue-bells dew-drops laden,
Fairest of the bonnie fair;
In her gentle breast a sorrow,
In her eye a tear for me;
Will he come again to-morrow?
Will he cross the moaning sea?
Oh! I shall see thy sad face beaming,
Bonnie brown-eyed loving Bess,
I shall see thy dark braids streaming,
I shall joy in thy caress. Chorus.

Fairy Forms in Dreams I See.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by C. D. Blake.

Music sent by us to any address, price 40 cents.

When the darkness falls around us
And all nature seems at rest,
Then a peaceful sleep o'ercomes me,
Bringing in some welcome guest.
Faces that I fondly cherished
Come again to smile on me,
And until the morning dawneth,
Fairy forms in dreams I see.

Chorus.

While I slumber sweetly slumber,
Life seems as it used to be,
And till morning without number
Fairy forms in dreams I see.

Some have golden tresses falling
Round about their shoulders fair,
While the others pert and sprightly,
Have a wealth of raven hair.
Some will sing a song of childhood,
Others some familiar glee,
And until the morning breaketh,
Fairy forms in dreams I see. Chorus.

Often now and then a maiden
With the sweetest eyes of blue,
Whispers of the hearts I've broken
That were once so kind and true.
Then some roguish beauty tells me
Of our ramble o'er the lea,
And until the morning cometh,
Fairy forms in dreams I see. Chorus.

Hebrew Politicians.

Written and sung by Dave Howard.

Here we are two Hebrew politicians,
When we run for office we got terrible opposition
From every creed that is known in existence,
We are the Hebrew politicians of the day.
When election time does come, lots of promises
we do make;
You should see them Hebrew voters how our
money they do take,
To go and cast their ballots, 'cause they know
we take the cake,
We're the Hebrew politicians of the day.

CHORUS.

When we go out we dress up nice and neat,
We eat a piece of garlic, to make our breath
smell sweet;
And the gang upon the corner holler.
"Sheeney's, float your feet,"
We're the Hebrew politicians of the day.

We are going to run for Alderman upon the
next election;
Cast your eyes upon us—do you think we'll
pass inspection?
And if you want to vote for us, we won't have
no objection,
We're the Hebrew politicians of the day.
And when we are elected we will do the best we can,
We'll give a good day's wages to every working man;
And the people all will say, "for them
sheeneys hip, hurrah,
They're the Hebrew politicians of the day." Cho.

Parody on Baby Mine.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Oh! I'm waiting for your sire,
Baby mine—baby mine;
But he's such an awful liar,
Baby mine—baby mine.
He was coming at nine o'clock,
But he's up on the Dutchman's block,
Getting full of Rye and Rock,
Baby mine—baby mine,
And his ulster is in the hock,
Baby mine.

Oh! your dad's a terrible booger,
Baby mine—baby mine,
He's a whiskey-soaked old snooger,
Baby mine—baby mine.
If he comes home drunk, I swear
I'll dissect his jaw with care,
And demolish him with a chair,
Baby mine—baby mine;
With a brick I'll part his hair,
Baby mine.

The Hod Carriers.

Sung by the "Bards of Tara," Kelly and Ryan.

We are two Irish boys so frisky,
None better sure you can't find,
To twirl the twig or drink strong whiskey,
Or bate a big foe, do ye mind;
If the four-leafed shamrock we could get now,
All bare-footed cripples would be shod;
No poor needle woman would sit down;
But be gay like the boys that carry the hod.

CHORUS.

Drink success to Irish labor,
Just now over from the sod;
All we want is laborers' wages,
For we're the boys that carry the hod.

We'd have no shifting politicians,
But every man would honest be;
Old starvation, he'd have no relation,
And ould Ireland would be free.
We'd have Saturday night three times a week,
Fine roast beef, and less salt cod;
Then everyone would happy be,
Just like the boys that carry the hod.
Drink success, &c.

The Devil's in New Jersey.

Written and sung by P. J. Downey.

Last Sunday morn I rose up,
And I feeling kind of merry;
Says I I'll have a good time,
So I crossed the Jersey ferry.
But never will I do the same,
The consequence was frightening;
But what can you expect of one,
Filled up with Jersey lightening.

CHORUS.

Oh! you talk of this you talk of that,
You talk of places nosey,
But by the—no, I will not swear—
The devil's in New Jersey.

I ran through mud up to my eyes,
I never yet was lazy;
A big policeman scooped me in,
And swore that I was crazy.
I was surrounded in the cell,
By mosquitos a-flying,
When morning came, from loss of blood,
I thought I was a-dying. Chorus.

When morning came, before the judge,
He looked on me with pity;
Says he, young man, the sentence is,
One hour to leave the city.
I did not wait to hear the rest,
You bet I wasn't noisy,
When I arrived in York I cried:
May the devil shoot New Jersey. Chorus.

When I got home, my wife along
With a great big club was waiting,
She said to lay a hand on me
Her tender heart was breaking.
We had it up and down the floor,
At last I cried for mercy,
She yelled you fool, go anywhere,
But keep away from Jersey. Chorus.

'Neath the Maple by the Mill.

Sung by R. G. Little.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Where the moon is softly beaming
O'er the cabin and the wildwood,
And the birds have gone to rest among the trees;
Where the sturdy woodman's stroke
Has ceased to echo through the forest,
And the milkmaid's songs come floating on the breeze.

When the old church bell is chiming
The soft hour of evening prayer,
I shall look for your light footsteps down the hill;
I shall be impatient, Nellie,
Till I hear your steps beside me,
And we're sitting 'neath the maple by the mill.

I'm sitting by a little mound,
Beneath the maple shadow,
Where it's leafy branches o'er me gently wave;
There beside me sleeps the treasure,
While the sweetest autumn flowers,
Are all blooming in sweet fragrance o'er her grave.

When the wintry winds are sighing,
Among the leafless forest trees,
And the flowers lying withered cold and still,
I shall bid farewell to earth.
Could I sleep beside my darling,
In the grave 'neath the maple by the mill.

Poor Little Joe.

Written and Sung by Mr. Fred J. Mackley,

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

While strolling one night through the city's gay throng,
I met a poor boy who was singing a song;
Although he was singing, he wanted for bread,
Although he was smiling, he wished himself dead.
I spoke to this poor boy out in the snow,
He'd no place of shelter, nor nowhere to go:
No mother to guide him—in the cold grave laid low,
Cast on this cold world was poor little Joe.

CHORUS.

Cold blew the blast and down came the snow,
No place of shelter, and nowhere to go;
No mother to guide him—in the cold grave laid low,
Cast on this cruel world was poor little Joe.

The lights had gone out, and the clock had struck one,
When home came a policeman whose duty was done;
And it seemed by the tramp of his dull heavy tread,
As though he was seeking the dying or dead.
"Oh! what is this?" the policeman then said,
It was poor little Joe—on the steps he lay dead;
With his face turned to heaven all covered with snow,
Dead in the cold streets laid poor little Joe. Cho.

Nearer My God to Thee.

By E. H. Winchell,

Music pub and Copyright, 1878 by the Chicago Music Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Nearer my God to thee
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer to Thee,
Nearer, my God to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
Nearer my God to Thee!
Nearer to thee!

Quartette: Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee! Quartette.

The Girl I Wish to See.

Song and Dance, by C. Wilson.
Sung by Walker and Wilson.

There is a girl of sweet sixteen,
She loves me that I know,
As I was walking down the street,
She said that I'm her beau.
I really don't believe it,
For I think she's fooling me;
I will have to come here often,
For the girl I wish to see.

CHORUS.

Oh! yes, she is my pretty little dear. (Break.)
How I wish that she was here. (Break.)
I never can forget her.
For she's all the world to me,
You bet I'll come here often
For the girl I wish to see. (Dance.)

She lives right down in yonder cot,
Where the pretty flowers grow,
There's where I chanced to meet her,
My lovely blue-eyed Joe.
Oh! yes, she is my darling,
And she's all the world to me,
You bet I'll soon be married
To the girl I wish to see. Chorus.

SHEET MUSIC.

Any piece of Sheet Music, no matter where published, will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of marked price.

Father, Bring Home Your Money To-Night.

A NEW TEMPERANCE SONG,

Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Music by W. F. Sherwin.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 30 cents.

Oh! father, dear father, don't stay away late,
Come home when your day's work is o'er;
For mother'll be watching for you at the gate,
Don't grieve her poor heart any more.
She's weary with sewing to keep us in bread,
And her face is so haggard and white,
For you know, father dear, that we all must be fed,
Then bring home your money to-night.

CHORUS.

Then bring home your money to-night!
Oh! bring home your money to-night!
For you know, father dear, that we all must be fed,
Oh! bring home your money to-night!

The old tavern keeper is rich I am sure;
His acres spread out far and wide,
While father, dear father, you know we are poor,
And needy and hungry beside.
Don't give him your hardly earned dollars, I pray,
For the drinks that will madden and blight,
But in manliness turn from the tempter away,
And bring home your money to-night! Chorus.

Oh! father, dear father, don't stay away late;
'Twill be Saturday night as you know,
The beautiful Sabbath might dawn, if you wait,
And find us in sorrow and woe.
No bread in the pantry, no comfort in store,
And nothing to make our home bright,
Good-bye now, dear father, don't drink any more,
But bring home your money to-night! Chorus.

The Blue and Gray are United at Last.

Air: Old Log Cabin on the Hill, By S. Garvey.

In this land of the brave and free, to-day we all see,
A people united heart and hand;
Who a few years ago, were the deadliest of foes,
And waged a great war in our land.
Some on the battle-field a mighty sword did wield,
While others nobly clung to the mast,
But we have lived to see our nation once more free,
For the blue and gray are united at last.

CHORUS.

While united we stand, together heart and hand,
Let us try and forget the past,
We hope to hear no more, the dreadful battle roar,
For the blue and gray are united at last.

Peace now reigns supreme, everything is serene,
Prosperity is seen on every hand;
Those days are gone by, when that fearful battle cry,
Resounded throughout all our land,
These heroes bold and free, to-day are so happy,
Because the die of peace has been cast;
They roam together now, with laurels on their brow,
The blue and gray are united at last. Chorus.

Foreign nations stood amazed, when forth our cannons blazed,
They thought as a nation we were lost,
But we showed them as they see, that we still loved liberty,
And preserved it, though at a great cost.
Many have fought and died to save our country's pride,
But to-day it is a pleasant contrast,
To look back on those days, can we now but sing in praise,
For the blue and gray are united at last. Chorus.

Pity the Homeless One To-Night.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. E. Pratt.

Copyright, and pub, 1878, by W. A. Pond & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price 30 cents.

Torn from home, I'm sad and weary,
Far from scenes that once were bright;
Wand'ring neath the sky so dreary,
Pity the homeless one to-night!

Darkly dawns for me the morrow,
Coldly now the stars look down;
Nothing left me but my sorrow,
I'm beneath misfortune's frown!

CHORUS.

Torn from home, I'm sad and weary,
Far from scenes that once were bright;
Wandering 'neath the sky so dreary,
Pity the homeless one to-night!

Gone for me the sounds of gladness,
Gone the joys that once I know;
Help, oh! help me in my sadness,
Kindly hearts so good and true!
Lonely in the cheerless city,
Storms around me fiercely blow;
Who will on me now take pity,
While I wander to and fro? Chorus.

Beam no gentle smiles to cheer me,
Once I gazed in eyes so fair!
Dear and loving ones were near me,
Now I've nought but wild despair!
No soft mother-hands to bless me,
No fond kiss at close of day!
No wee darlings to caress me,
Homeless, helpless, now I stray. Chorus.

Silver Bells are Ringing Away up in the Sky.

Words by Thomas E. Powers Music by F. Younker.

Copyright 1879, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.
The Music of this song is published in elegant lithographed title page, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents,

We rise at de early morn,
To work in de field all day,
At the sound of massa's horn,
Den we lay de spade's away.
Silver bells are ringing,
Away up in the sky,
Little angels singing,
Dar sweet bye-and-bye.

CHORUS.

Bress de children, bress de children,
Peter, bress de children,
We'll be dar bye-and-bye.
Open dat gate, oh! good Peter,
Open dat gate, oh! good Peter,
Gwine to dwell on de bright golden shore.

At night when de work am done,
Darkies gather round our door,
They sing and dance, oh! such fun,
We love to hear children roar.
Silver bells are ringing
Away up in de sky,
Little angels singing,
Dar sweet bye-and-bye. Chorus.

We bid you all sweet adieu,
We are gwine to dwell above;
Day and night we'll watch o'er you,
Little children dat we love.
Silver bells are ringing,
Away up in de sky,
Little angels singing,
Dar sweet bye-and-bye. Chorus.

Baby Farming Song.

From the Celebrated Opera, "Pinafore."

A many years ago,
When I was young and charming,
As some of you may know,
I practised baby-farming.
ALL. Now this is most alarming,
When she was young and charming,
She practised baby-farming,
A many years ago.
BUT. Two tender babes I nussed,
One was of low condition,
The other upper crust,
A regular patrician.
ALL. (*explaining to each other.*)
Now this is the position;
One was of low condition,
The other a patrician,
A many years ago.
BUT. Oh! bitter is my cup!
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it.
ALL. However could you do it?
Some day no doubt, you'll rue it,
Although no creature knew it,
So many years ago.
BUT. In time each little waif
Forsook his foster mother.
The well-born babe was Ralph,
Your captain was the other!
ALL. They left their foster mother,
The one was Ralph our brother,
Our captain was the other,
A many years ago.

Sorry Her Lot Who Loves Too Well.

From the celebrated Opera, "Pinafore,"

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
Sad are the sighs that own the spell,
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

Sad is the hour when sets the sun—
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,
When to the ark the wearied one
Flies from the empty waste of waters!
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

I'm Going Back to Alabam' to Die.

Words and Music by J. T. Rutledge.

Music pub, and Copyright, 1878 by W. L. Thompson.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I want to see the dear old home again;
I want to see the cotton fields once more,
And the dear old cabin 'way down in the lane,
And the little children playing round the door.
I want to see my dear old southern home,
When I think of it the tear-drops dim mine eyes,
I can almost hear old massa whisper "come!"
So I'm going back to Alabam' to die.

CHORUS.

Oh! do the darkies know that I'm a-coming?
And will they meet me in the by-and-by?
In the by-and-by;
I'm going where the birds and bees are humming,
I'm going back to Alabam' to die.

Long years I've wandered from the dear old farm,
The place mine eyes first saw the cotton grow;
To me there's nothing else that has a charm,
And I like to use the shovel and the hoe.
And then the roses bloom so sweetly there,
In the dew and gentle sun of summer's sky;
And the orange blossoms scent the balmy air,
So I'm going back to Alabam' to die. Chorus.

I'm weary now of roaming round the earth,
And I want to see my friends before I go;
Yes, I want to see the old home of my birth,
For, I have'nt long to tarry here, I know.
And when my spirit takes its home above,
There'll be some one there to breath a gentle sigh,
There'll be some among the many that I love,
So I'm going back to Alabam' to die. Chorus.

The 'Nightingale Song.

From the celebrated Opera, "Pinafore."

The nightingale
Loved the moon's bright ray,
And told his tale
In his own melodious way!
He sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"
ALL. He sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"

The lowly Vale
For the mountain vainly sighed,
To his humble wail
The echoing hills replied.
They sang, "ah, well-a-day!"
ALL. They sang, "ah, well-a-day!"

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VI.

ALICE WALDEN'S SECOND SORROW.

It must not be thought otherwise than that it was with the utmost reluctance that Richard Hepburn had recourse to the plan which he had adopted.

To enter any man's house, even though he had reason to believe that man had secretly worked him wrong—to partake of his hospitality, while harboring against him an injury—was keenly repugnant to his sense of honor.

Yet when he took into consideration that it was for the purpose of clearing his father's name from a cruel disgrace, he could not but hold the act justifiable.

He had learned sufficient of the case to know that, even were Sir Richard guilty, he had been urged to the crime by the money-lender's craft and bitter usurious terms—indeed the Baronet had been the dupe of the other's low-born avarice. Hence he, the son, was not called to feel much pity for him.

Again the question stood—what had become of Sir Richard? An affectionate father and husband, surely, had he died he would have prepared some message to his family, without he had been prevented? If the latter, who had prevented him? If not the latter, could he be still alive?

Where was Josiah Biddlecomb's clerk? To Richard Hepburn, his disappearance was also a mystery, as well as a bitter anxiety; for, elated by his few crumbs of observation, he began to warm to his work, and he felt much would rest on the discovery of that man.

He thought over it all night, and the next morning, rising early, rode to the railway-station before breakfast, and dispatched a telegram to a certain ex-detective of Scotland Yard, requesting to engage his services.

On Richard Hepburn reaching the station he came upon a shabbily-attired man, with a bearded, and by no means clean, face, who, lounging against the wall, was consuming a large piece of bread and cheese, which he cut with a huge dangerous-looking clasped-knife.

At the sound of the horse's hoofs, he had raised his eyes with the idle curiosity of an idler. On, however, beholding the rider, his first instinct apparently, had been to pull his peaked cap over his brows, and slink away.

A moment's reflection apparently caused him to alter his purpose. Drawing himself together, while he thrust the remainder of the bread and cheese into his pocket, he came forward, and touching his cap as he looked the other straight in the face, said, "Want a chap to hold your horse, sir?"

"Yes, my friend," answered Richard Hepburn, shortening rein, as he recognised the tramp he had watched a few nights previously slouching past Daisy Bank; "if you want a job."

"I shall be awful glad of one. When a chap's so out of collar as me, he ain't particular what he does for a meal, as long as it a honest."

"Well, I suppose not" rejoined Richard Hepburn, springing off. "There, you need not walk him up and down; he's not heated, and I shall not be long. I have but to despatch a telegram."

He crossed to the station door, then glanced back. A certain shiftiness he had noted in the man's expression had made him doubt whether a sense of honesty would be a great deterrent to a desire of acquisition.

There appeared no fear of this in the present case. The tramp, leaning against his charge, was quietly resuming his breakfast.

It is a question whether he would have done so had he known the others thoughts. Neither would Richard Hepburn so calmly have despatched the telegram had he been aware that he had left his horse in the care of the escaped convict who had visited Charles Walden's station on the night of the bush fire.

But all this was as yet wrapped in the mists of the future; and on Richard Hepburn's issuing from the telegraph-office, he found the animal safe.

Springing into the saddle, with a word of thanks and a good-natured hope for a change for the better, in the man's circumstances, he gave him a florin, and galloped off.

The other stood a while in the road, looking after the rider, and turning the coin in his palm.

"Well," he muttered, "It's generous to say the least of it. My davy, if he only knew! Humph, he seems, too, in capital feather. Now,"—and he scratched his cranium meditatively—"I wonder if it would wash to——"

He stopped, and shook his head negatively.

"No, it won't do; I daren't risk it. There's a heap too much against you, Tim. There's only one card it's safe for you to play, and that shall be trumps. But I wonder why he is in this part of the country?"

While speaking he had lifted his hand to the breast of his tattered coat-pocket, wherein reposed a packet of hard substance.

Becoming abruptly aware that he was being curiously inspected by a railway porter who had lounged to the door, the man stretched his arms with a lazy yawn, then said, "I say, old fellow, can you tell a chap the way to Heatham?"

The "old fellow" was able to give the information, and, being a good-natured "old fellow," took particular pains to do so.

"There is a place called Carnyston Hall near there, isn't there?"

"Yes. Got any acquaintances there?"

"If I had," responded the man, with a grin, glancing at his attire. "I fancy they'd not be proud to own the relationship. The road to the right, I think you said? What precious hard times it is!"

And with that grasp and pull of the shoulders which seemed a habit, the tramp slouched down the road, a shambling blot on its brightness.

His boots were cracked, and the dust getting in made his feet sore.

"Never mind, Tim," he reflected, philosophically; "it's better than the bush, at any rate; and food, drink, with gold galore, will soon be yours for the asking."

Meanwhile, Richard Hepburn had ridden at a quick pace back to Daisy Bank. The sense of at last doing something in the life-task he had set himself, caused his spirits to be high and buoyant.

Man, taken as a whole, is naturally, but unconsciously, selfish.

Thus, Richard Hepburn, occupied by that one all-absorbing and unselfish idea, was so self-engrossed as to fail to observe many little events which otherwise would have claimed his attention and interest.

Consequently, when, bright and fresh, he entered the pleasant breakfast room of Daisy Bank, though he could not help remarking Alice Walden's pallor, he was far from divining the real cause—one that would have set his pulses beating with exquisite joy overweighted with regret—and readily accepted the excuse she gave, that it arose from a slight cold caught the previous evening.

Poor Alice, in her turn, to what could she attribute their guest's more than usually gay spirits, but to the fascination of Miss Sidonia Biddlecomb?

All doubt upon the point was removed from her mind when, upon Mrs. Walden questioning their visitor as to how he had enjoyed the afternoon at Carnyston, and what, upon further acquaintance, he thought of the heiress—Alice, who was observing him furtively but eagerly, detected the blood slightly mount to his cheek, as, with a little hesitation, he replied that, on the whole, Miss Sidonia improved, he thought, on acquaintance. At least, the family tried to make their guests comfortable.

Had Richard Hepburn only guessed the pain this trifling speech occasioned the young girl seated before him, he would have bitten his tongue out rather than have uttered it. But he had no such idea, and was too manly and honorable not to shrink from laughing at the girl he was forced, by the cruelest though most imperative of circumstances, to deceive.

He had flirted to desperation with the heiress; he must continue to do so, if need be, to the end of the chapter, which was to bring him failure or success, and for that very reason he held her sacred from his ridicule.

How he would have acted could he have read the secret of the heart which fluttered the bosom of Alice's muslin morning dress, is impossible to say. But he had no idea he had been so honored above men, and, had he the knowledge, as it has been shown, it would have caused the acutest pain.

Thus, when they rose from the table, and Alice Walden, still using the plea of her cold excused herself from either riding, driving, or walking that morning, Richard Hepburn, totally ignorant of the effect of his words, said, that being the case, he thought he would gallop over to Carnyston with some sketches of Australia which he had promised to show the heiress.

Alice's pearly teeth tightened, her lip quivered, at her desertion, and the apparent triumph of her rival. Nevertheless, she forced herself to say lightly, though a suspicion of bitterness was in her tone, "I really fancy, Mr. Hepburn, that you have become enamoured with Sidonia's lovely eyes."

Richard Hepburn, for secret reasons—reasons that by no means would have offended his companion—started, and for a second looked pained at the charge. Then, with a careless laugh, he said, as he took his hat, "Not quite so bad as that, Miss Walden. But I promised her a sight of the sketches of the country she pretends to be so interested in, and I may as well go. She appears very good-tempered."

Alice could have said such was not the general opinion of Miss Sidonia Biddlecomb. However, she did not. Yesterday she would have done so without hesitation. Now she felt the remark would savor of malice, and spite was foreign to the girl's nature.

So, with a smile and civil message, she saw Richard Hepburn depart. Then, returning to the bay window, with hands drooped listlessly before her watched him riding down the long country road.

But the smile had vanished now. An expression of intense suffering contracted her small lips, a mute agony, alone in her large brown, lustrous eyes,

Finally she dropped upon a chair, with a sob, burying her pale face in her hands, resting on a small table, murmured, "He loves her—or he will love her! He will marry her.

A few brief seconds, and she was startled by a fond hand placed on her shoulder.

She glanced up, scared, and met Mrs. Walden's kindly, handsome countenance bent wistfully upon her.

"Alice, my child—my darling!—what is this?" she whispered.

"Mother!" murmured the girl shrinking away, her cheeks dyed with painful blushes.

"Yes, dear, your mother—your truest, best friend! Alice, darling, you are my only child now, there should be no secret between us two!"

"Secrets!" The trembling lips could pronounce no more.

"Alice,"—and the maternal voice vibrated with fondest sympathy—"you love Richard Hepburn, our Charlie's friend?"

With a faint cry, Alice threw herself in her mother's arms, her burning cheeks hidden in her bosom.

"Mother!" she whispered. "I do! Do not be ashamed of me, for none shall ever discover it save yourself. My love is not so great, but—but that I have pride enough to conquer it."

As if to belie the brave avowal, scarcely had Alice Walden uttered the last words than, with a quivering sigh, she fainted.

Alarmed, Mrs. Walden placed her on a couch, and sought means to restore her,

She summoned no aid. Her daughter's secret was sacred.

Could it be that the man to whom their hearts had so yearned as "Charlie's friend," was doomed to bring dire misery to the child she loved so dearly?

Alice soon recovered, and, indignant at her weakness, tried, by an assumption of cheerfulness, to reassure her parent.

Mrs. Walden wisely accepted the effort as better for the girl, though it did not blind her to the canker brooding in the gentle breast.

To be Continued in No. 165—Commenced in No. 153.

If you commence to carry an umbrella in a storm you must keep it up.

RING, RING THE BANJO. (Banjo Song.)

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.



3 Once I was so lucky my massa set me free,
I went to Old Kentucky to see what I could see;
I could not go no farder, I turn to massa's door,
I lub him all de harder, I'll go away no more.

CHO:—Ring, ring de Banjo, &c.

4 Early in de morning of a lubly summers day,
My Massa sent me warnin he'd like to hear me play
On de banjo tapping I come wid dulcem strain,
Massa fell a napping, he nebber woke again.

CHO:—Ring, ring de Banjo, &c.

5 My lub I'll have to leave you while the ribbers running high,
But I nebber can deceibe you, so don't you wipe your eye;
I'm gwine to make some money but I'll come anodder day,
I'll come again my honey, if I have to work my way.

CHO:—Ring, ring de Banjo, &c.

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CONTENTS.

A Flower from my Angel Mother's Grave.. 516
A Little Cot in Erin's Isle..... 515
The Babies on our block..... 517
Dancing around with Charlie..... 515
Do you love me, Ida Darling..... 518
Dancing Blue Eyes..... 518
The Leedle German Home upon the Rhine..... 514
Hanging round the Liquor Store..... 514
The Hardback Family..... 515
The Hallway Door..... 516
I'm Going Abroad With Pa..... 515
Lay me where the Lillies grow..... 515
The Life Saving Corps..... 516
Let's Give three Cheers for a Sailor's Bride 518
The Lost Inheritance—Story Continued..... 519
My Little Song Bird..... 515
My Alecia, who's sweet sixteen..... 517
My Daughter Rachael..... 517
Music..... 517
NEW YEAR'S DAY..... 514
No Jews allowed in here..... 514
Oh! swiftly Flows the Stream 514
Put by the old man's cane..... 514
Poor Thing—Music for Guitar or Banjo.... 520
Sheet Music Notice..... 514
The Silent Banjo..... 515
The Skidmore Fancy Ball..... 516
Sheeny Glazier's Ball..... 516
SWEET AMERIKAY..... 517
Strolling midst the roses..... 517
Stem the Tide..... 518
Sheenies in the sand..... 518
Up in a Mulberry Tree..... 513
When the roses come again..... 515
When Moses Donohoe is Mayor..... 516
We'll all have a home by-and-by..... 517
Will You Listen to me, Annie?..... 518

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New-Year's Day.

Words by Thomas E. Powers Music by F. Younker.

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Early in the morn we started,
With spirits light and gay,
Shure the boys were all light-hearted,
For it was New-Year's Day.
We hired a new buffalo robe,
And a big wash-tub sleigh,
With an old lame mule inside the shafts,
To make calls on New-Year's Day.

CHORUS.

Faix, up and down, all thro' the town,
In a great big wash-tub sleigh,
We'd sing a song as we drove along,
Making calls on New-Year's Day.

The very first call that we made,
On "Mary Ann Kehoe,"
Mary Ann was scrubbing the stairs,
It was her turn you know.
When she saw the delegation,
She raised the pail that way,
Threw suds and soap on Burke's white duck vest,
With compliments of the day. Chorus.

On Dan "McCarthy's Boarding House,"
The second call we made,
He treated us to whiskey sours,
Snow-cake and lemonade.
We ate a seven pound turkey,
Each man drank a bowl of tay,
Buried Dan's wife to her neck in snow,
In the yard on New-Year's Day. Chorus.

We visited all our old friends,
At moonrise we were tight,
We could not tell our own sur-names,
We were near frose that night.
Worst of all the last call we made,
The mule he ran away,
Oh! we walked home on our hands and knees,
And that wound up New-Year's Day. Chorus.

No Jews Allowed in Here.

By Wm Lawlor. Air: No Irish wanted here.

Oh! I am a Jewish peddler,
Around New York I sells mine goods;
Sometimes I sells in the country's—
Und sleeps out in de woods.
Ven I goes to dem Irishmens,
Day catch me by mine ear,
Und shout as they gife me a kick,
No Jews allowed in here.

CHORUS.

You might think mine friends I'm fooling,
But vot I dells is drue;
I dries to earn mine living. I am an honest Jew,
The day vill come, I hope, mine friends—
Ven ve need have no fear—
Und not be told where'er we go,
No Jews allowed in here.

Last Saturday vos very warm,
I vent to Coney Isle,
I stepped out on dot great big pier,
Ugh! friends I had to smile.
I valked up to dot big hotels,
Und called for yust one beer,
Ven the vaiter points to the door und says,
No Jews allowed in here!

I vent vonce to Saratoga,
For to try und sell some stuff,
But vere'er I vent, I dell the truth
Dem peoples use me rough;
I try to got me lodgings—
But the peoples at me did jeer;
Und slam the door, und shouted out,
No Jews allowed in here. Chorus.

Oh! let us go where'er we like,
Und not be trodden down;
Let us valk along de street,
Und not be met with a frown.
Let us join hands, now none und all,
Und be to one and other dear,
Und not be told vere'er ve go,
No Jews allowed in here! Chorus.

Put By The Old Man's Cane.

Words and Music by R. A, Barnes.

Copyrighted 1879, and pub, by Frank A. Dreee.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Put by the old man's cane my boy,
Oh! handle it with care,
Sad mem'ries linger while I gaze
On what he used to bear.
His tott'ring frame bent low with age,
But now whose spirit's free,
And we must cherish that mute friend
Made from his favorite tree.

CHORUS.

Put by the old man's cane,
A relic of the past,
And though we part with many things,
Make sure it be the last.

How well I recollect the time
He sprightly moved about,
And proudly walked with vigor then,
Whilst hearty was his shout.
And when he told us of his youth
That were with pleasure fraught,
We could not comprehend nor feel,
The lesson that it taught. Chorus.

We're babes to-day and as the years,
Go rolling swiftly by,
We're men and women, oh! how soon
Old age comes creeping nigh.
The canes we use will be forgot,
While others come the same,
Cheer up, my boys, for such is life,
'Tis but a fleeting name. Chorus.

Hanging Around the Liquor Store.

By F. J. Ward, Air; The hallway door.

I live in Brooklyn City,
In Van Brunt Street close by,
Every Saturday night I look for fight,
And receive a fine black eye.
There's all Duke Cackenack's gang,
Sitting on the cellar door,
They drink the beer and get on their ear,
Hanging round the liquor store.

CHORUS.

They wink and blink and begin to think,
Let every go in the door,
Every Saturday night they are full of fight,
Hanging around the liquor store.

My head is full of pain,
But it I cannot help,
I am always struck upon the head,
By some unknown young whelp.
With sweet Katy Ann O'Brien,
For what now are you crying,
One drink more at the hour of four,
As they stand in the liquor store.

CHORUS.

They sing the Wearing of the green,
And the Hat my father wore,
All in a bunch eating free lunch,
As they hang around the liquor store.

They struck me with some cabbage,
Taken from a barrel of garbage,
Of course it was the crowd,
I dare not say a word.
It was no use they had an excuse,
If I brought it to the law;
Mind what I say I'll keep away—
From that old liquor store.

CHORUS.

They sing Patrick's day in the morning,
And the shamrock don't be scorning,
It's one drink more as we had before,
As they go home from the liquor store.

The German Home Upon the Rhine.

Written and sung by Dave Rose,

My dear old German home dot stands upon de Rhine
I am thinking of you, and it breaks my heart;
I left you long ago when I was a leedle boy,
I never thought that from you I would part.
My fader used to smoke his pipe und mudder used to knit,
Side by side by dot flower-covered door;
But der wheel by de mill now has turned de oder way,
Und dose happy days vill come to me no more.

CHORUS.

My dear old German home dot stands upon de Rhine,
Oh! vat fond recollections you bring back to me;
But ven I'm old und feeble, den bring me dere to die,
In my leedle German home across de sea.

I remember ven my poor old father took me on his knee,
He kissed me und he told me not to cry,
Dot de place vould soon be sold, for de soldiers dey vould come,
Und soon after dot my parents dey did die.
Yah! vot I said vos true, sure de soldiers dey did come,
Und dey took my dear old home away from me,
But ven I'm dead and gone, den lay me by dere side,
In my leedle German home across the sea. Cho.

Oh! Swiftly Flows the Stream.

By Bernard J. Kelly.

Oh! swiftly flows the stream,
Its waters will not stay,
They glide like pleasure's dream,
Away, away.

The laughing ripples flash,
With many a silver ray,
But light as love they dash
Away, away.

The eddies, clear as glass,
Like ling'ring lovers play,
But soon like lovers pass
Away, away.

But often waves as bright,
Along these banks will stray,
Then let them speed their flight
Away, away.

The Silent Banjo.

By Jonn C. Stein. Air: Tara's Hall.

The banjo that thro' Dixie's land,
Awoke the minstrel band,
Now hangs behind the cabin door
As if it reigned no more.
So slumbers what in by-gone days,
Aroused the minstrel's lays,
And the soul of song now seemes dead,
As if it's voice were fled.

Oh! Banjo, why art tho' so still?
Thy voice has fled the rill,
All silent seems thy sacred spell,
And dead the loved minstrel.
Then rouse once more thy charming strains,
That conquer mortal pains,
And let thy voice, as in olden times,
Enchant all earthly climes.

My Little Song Bird.

Words by Albert A. Hill, Music by C. D. Blake.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 30 cents.

There's a dear little birdie that comes every day,
And sits on the cherry tree's tallest spray,
And dandles, and flutters, and blinks all day long,
While flooding the air with his sweet little song.
His little round breast is as red as can be,
And his song sweeter far than the wee chick-a-dee:
His back is soft brown, with a slight shade of blue,
He's the "goodest" and "bestest" bird ever I knew.

Chorus.

Who sends you, dear birdie, and what is your name,
Pray tell me about the bright place whence you came?
And where do you go when at sunset you fly,
Far away towards the beautiful blue of the sky.

I guess birdie's lonesome and that makes him sing;
He knows his sweet warbling his fond mate will bring;
But when he gets weary he takes a short rest,
And smoothes down the feathers so red on his breast.
It must be God sends him, to tell of His love,
And at sunset he flies home to heaven above:
For his song is the sweetest that ever I heard,
And, oh! he's the nicest and best little bird. Chorus.

A Little Cot in Erin's Isle.

By Will Solomon.

From a little cot in Erin's Isle,
Us Irish lads did come,
For to earn our living by the sweat of our brow,
And I hope we are welcome.

Chorus.

Whene'er we think of Ireland,
Our hearts they do grow sad,
Whene'er we think of the green meadows,
In that consecrated land.

When at Castle Garden we landed,
We had no place to go,
No friends or relatives to shield us,
No person did we know. Chorus.

From sunrise till the evening fall,
We wandered to and fro,
But no one had for us a place,
Or anywhere to go. Chorus.

At last kind fortune smiling,
It's wheel did turn for us,
And now we are quite wealthy,
And so we leave you thus. Chorus.

I'm Going Abroad With Pa.

Written by Ed Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Music copyrighted and pub, 1878, by G. W. Hagans.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

My pa is a banker extensively known,
We live on the avenue in a mansion of stone,
We have all the comfort that wealth can afford,
And to finish my studies I'm going abroad.

Chorus.

I'm going abroad with pa, ha, ha!
My Charlie, my sweetheart and me;
Oh! dear, across the wide sea
To visit Paree,
I'm going abroad with pa.

Now London we visit, likewise Italy,
And call on King William, take in Germany,
Up the Mediterranean with a Duke or a Lord,
With my Charlie so near me when we go abroad.
I'm going, &c.

I declare I've a letter, post-marked Canada,
Now bless me how stupid, it must be from pa,
My dearest Miranda, you must stay at home
with Maud,
I'm a bankrupt, I'm ruided, so I can't go abroad,

Chorus, to be sung after third verse. (Sobbing:)

I can't go abroad with pa, ha, ha!
My Charlie, my sweetheart and me;
Oh! dear I must stay at home
All grieving alone,
I can't go abroad with pa.

Dancing Round With Charlie.

Copyright 1878, and published by C. M. Connolly.
Written and composed for Miss Alice Harrison by C. M. Connolly.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Dancing round with Charlie,
At the gay soiree,
Ah! so sweet, strangely sweet,
Thus to dance the hours away,
To a joyous measure,
Whirling light and free,
Ah! a pleasure dear, to have
Charlie dance with me;
Round, round with nimble feet,
Glide we to music sweet, ah!

Chorus.

Dancing round with Charlie,
At the gay soiree,
Ah! so sweet, strangely sweet,
Thus to dance the hours away.
To a joyous measure,
Whirling light and free,
Ah! a pleasure sweet, to have
Charlie dance with me.

Gliding round together,
In a whirl of grace,
Whispering soft words of joy,
While in loving fond embrace,
In a maze of beauty,
Light and melody,
Charm of thrilling power to have,
Charlie dance with me.
Round, round with nimble feet,
Glide we to music sweet, ah! Chorus.

When the Roses Come Again.

Words by A. W. French. Music by G. W. Persley.

Music pub. and Copyright 1874, by J. Church & Co

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

'Neath the shadows down the meadows,
Dead leaves lie on every side,
By the river, flowers shiver,
Fading, dying in their pride;
Someone's straying, long delaying,
Sad the parting down the lane.
I must leave you someone's saying,
"Till the roses come again."

Chorus.

When the roses come again,
When the roses come again,
I will meet you, I will greet you,
When the roses come again.

As I wander I will ponder,
On a happy by and by,
Of a summer over yonder,
Fraught with joy to you and I;
Do not borrow grief or sorrow,
In the hours that yet remain,
We shall know a glad to-morrow,
When the roses come again. Chorus.

Sunshine over crimson clover,
Blossoms on the meadows wide,
Summer's fingers sweetly linger
Ev'ry where on every side;
Someone's roaming in the gloaming,
Happy hearts that feel no pain,
All their sadness turned to gladness,
Now the roses come again. Chorus.

The Hard-Back Family.

Written and composed by Edwin French.

Copyright, 1879, by Louis P. Goullard,

Music sent by us to any address, price 35 cents.

I went to see my love one night,
She was there when I arrived,
I'm getting along fast in love you bet,
It is a great surprise.
I ask her for her coal-black hand,
Be mine forever more,
I tell you de family flew at me,
And chased me from de door.
I'm going away to leave you,
I can't stop on de way,
Clear de track, and don't pester me,
For I can no longer stay.

Chorus.

I'll drive the locomotive engine,
I'll drive her through the land,
Swing on the golden chariot,
In that far off happy land, (Dance.)

I took my love to de engine house,
To see de fire-machine,
Her hair flew back on de top of her head,
She looked like a Dutch May queen.
Her dress was white, and her smile was bright,
Her figure gaunt and lean;
She was brigadier gen'ral of a market store,
Sold hammers, turtles and cream.
I'm going away to leave you,
I can't stop on de way,
Clar de track, and don't pester me,
For I can no longer stay. Chorus.

Lay Me Where the Lillies Grow.

By Little George. Air: Roses underneath the snow.

Darling, will you come and see me?
E're I leave this world of woe;
For my heart grows sad and weary,
As the moments come and go.
Soon with angels I'll be numbered,
Free from care, from toil and woe—
E're I go I'll ask this favor,
Lay me where the lillies grow.

Chorus.

Lay me near the weeping willow;
Where the gentle zephyre blow,
Where the fragrant flowers are blooming,
Lay me where the lillies grow.

Little darling, when I met you,
When I pledged to you my love,
Then the little stars were shining,
In the heaven's far above.
Then we vowed we'd love each other,
Through all trouble and all woe,
Therefore grant this little favor;
Lay me where the lillies grow. Chorus.

Do not weep for me my darling?
When I'm gone to heaven above,
Where the angels now await me,
And they say that all is love.
Hark! I hear the harps a-ringing,
Gentle notes so soft and low—
But you'll grant this little favor?
Lay me where the lillies grow. Chorus

The Skidmore Fancy Ball.

Written by Ed Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.
Copyright, and pub, 1879, by W. A. Pond & Co.
e Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.
Don't fail to see the Mulligan Guard Chowder.

Oh! here we go so nobly, oh!
De colored Belvederes:
A number one—we carry a gun,
We beat de Fusileers.
Talk about your dancers,
When we hear de cornet call,
We wing and wing, de dust we sling,
At de Skidmore fancy ball.
Den right and lef'—hold your breff,
We're bon ton darkies all,
Fat and lean, get in and scream,
At de Skidmore fancy ball.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! glory, oh!
Balance down de middle,
I tell you what, que hay it's hot,
Like gravy in de griddle.
Forward four, hold on de floor,
Spread out frough de hall,
Every coon's as warm as June,
At de Skidmore fancy ball.

The supper served at One G. M.
By Brown, de caterear,
Fat turk and goose, oh! cut me loose,
Just lem me in de door,
Chairs reserved for ladies,
Umbrellas in de hall,
Dar's ettiquette in every set,
At de Skidmore fancy ball.
Hands around keep off de ground;
We're bon ton darkies all,
Get in and sail—hold your trail,
At de Skidmore fancy ball. Chorus.

Oh! every hat dat they get at,
Dis colored coterie;
Will cost a half—you needn't laugh,
Oh! help de Mil-lish-she.
We're gwine down to Newport,
Just next summer in de fall,
So foller suit and contribute,
To de Skidmore fancy ball.
Oh! waltz away—mazourkay;
We're bon ton darkies all;
Sweet caledone, it gives a tone,
To de Skidmore fancy ball. Chorus.

The Life Saving Corps.

By J. H. Ryan. Dedicated to Nan the News Boy.
Air: The Hallway Door.

Good-evening to ye, gallant lads,
How are you all to-night,
To be among you with my lobsters,
Sure it gives me great delight;
But where is Nan, the newsboy?
That chip of the "rale ould stock,"
He has a good record but no reward
For his services along the docks.

Chorus.

Then hurrah for Nan the newsboy!
And may blessings on him pour:
Ed. Kelly, Gil. Long, the swimmers so strong,
And the brave Life Saving Corps.

When some poor old man falls overboard,
Or perhaps some rich man's wife,
They never shrink, or of danger think,
But will save each human life.
They swim out right, with all their might,
And brave the ocean's shock;
Many a life they've borne—though fatigued and worn—
In safety to the dock. Chorus.

It's a shame in New York State,
Where so many rich folks live,
That to those boys so brave and great
They would not a trifle give.
And our City Comissioners,
Who have got the power,
Encouragement would not be mis-spent
To the brave Life Saving Corps. Chorus.

Then here's long life to each brave boy
Of this Life Saving Corps,
And may their memory never die,
But live forever more.
And when they live to be old men,
And to each other talk,
May they look back with pride to the day they tried—
To save lives along the dock. Chorus.

The Hallway Door.

Words by Ed. Harrigan, Music by Dave Braham.
Copyright 1879, and published by W. A. Pond, &co,
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I live in an Irish flat,
In Mott street here close by;
I come home at night a little tight,
And to get in the house I try.
There's Misses Grady's daughters,
Rose and Leonore,
Mary and Nell the Rockaway Belle,
Singing at the hallway door.

Chorus.

They sing the tra-a-la-la,
And kick and welt the floor,
They wake the block with Grannys Clock,
A singing at the hallway door.

My head when I'm in bed,
Is bursting with the pain,
Grady's boys they make a noise,
At the Puss-in-the-corner game,
Wid Mary Ann McLaughlin,
Lord Harry I'll get the law;
I'll holler cop and tell them to stop,
The noise at the hallway door.

Chorus.

They sing tra-a-la-la,
They kick and welt the floor,
It's Baby Mine all out of time,
They sing at the hallway door. Repeat.

You guy, you are N. G.,
They say it up in me face:
I call police to give me peace,
And come and pull the place.
Wid a string across the entry;
Oh! how it cut me jaw,
Whin like a calf they yell and laugh,
Behind the hallway door.

Chorus.

They sing tra-a-la-la,
And kick and welt the floor,
It's put on style on Blackwell's Isle,
They sing at the hallway door.

Sheeny Glaziers' Ball.

By Jack Quinlan for Frank Bush.
Air: Skidmore Fancy Ball.

Oh! last veek I vas invited
To attend a Hebrew ball,
Vich come off last night vitout a fight,
At Levy's Sweatbox Hall.
De music vas by Rubenstein,
In Hebrew he did call,
De lanciers and round dances,
At the Sheeny Glaziers' Ball.
Den here and there and everywhere
Were Sheeney's large and small,
All on their ear from drinking beer,
At the Sheeny Glaziers' Ball.

Chorus.

Hust vie arra gasone gesicht,
Forward to the bar;
Misses vill drink some wine,
Paist—give me a fine segar;
Say, don't forget to fill that set,
Balance Rosenthal;
Every Jew as soft as glue,
At the Sheeny Glaziers' Ball.

When intermission came around,
Dey found me in a box;
Dey commenced to shout and pulled me out,
And tore my Pinafore socks.
It's then I got my Hebrew up,
And said I'd vip dem all,
Dey said all right, but dey vouldn't fight;
At the Sheeny Glaziers' Ball.
Den after awhile I commenced to smile,
And got solid vit dem all.
And I danced all night till broad daylight,
At the Sheeny Glaziers' Ball. Chorus.

When Moses Donohoe Is Mayor.

Written and Sung by Frank Bush.

I am a Sheeny politician from Hester street,
I am a hundred and thirty-five;
All the Rabbi politicians
Think I am the smartest man alive.
I control a hundred thousand Sheeny votes,
I am going to burn down Union Square;
I'll have motzers raised to one dollar a ton,
When Moses Donohoe is Mayor.

Chorus.

I'll have Sheeny's turn out on Patrick's Day,
To interfere the Irish won't dare;
I'll give Sheeny crackers for Christmas rackets,
When Moses Donohoe is Mayor.

I'll stop the East River from running then,
The Brooklyn Bridge I'll raffle off;
There'll be a chromo with every custard pie,
You'll get a dollar every time you cough.
I'll build a fence around New York,
You'll get ten years if you go on a tare;
You'll have to walk on your hands to save your shoes,
When Moses Donohoe is Mayor.

Chorus.

I'll have Christmas three times every month,
Then you'll see the Sheeny's stare;
There'll be houses on the Elevated Road,
When Moses Donohoe is Mayor.

A Flower From My Angel Mother's Grave.

Words and Music by Harry Kennedy, Ventriloquist,
Music Copyright 1878, by William H. Kennedy.
No, 128 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

I've a casket at home, that is filled with precious gems;
I have pictures of friends dear to me,
And I've trinkets so rare, that came many years ago,
From my far distant home across the sea.
But there's one sweet little treasure that I'll ever dearly prize,
Better far, than all the wealth beneath the wave;
Tho' a small faded flow'ret, that I placed in childhood's days,
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

Chorus.

Treasured in my memory like a happy dream,
Are the loving words she gave,
And my heart fondly cleaves to the dry and withered leaves—
'Tis flower from my angel mother's grave.

In the quiet country church-yard they laid her down to sleep;
Close beside the old home she's at rest.
And the low, sacred mound is enshrined within my heart,
By the sweet ties of love forever blest.
In the still and silent night, I often dream of home again,
And the vision ever tells me to be brave;
For the last link that binds me to that place I love so well,
Is the Flower from my angel mother's grave.
Chorus.

My Alecia, Who's Sweet Sixteen.

By Willie Wildwave. Air: My Daughter Julia.

I have a girl named Alecia,
She is just the age,
Admired by all the speilers,
Who swear she is the rage.
Oh! you ought to see her,
She's the prettiest ever seen.
She's the toast of all the neighbors,
My Alecia' who's sweet sixteen.

Chorus.

Dancing the Society Waltz, (Sym.)
You will never find one step false, (Sym)
My Alecia she's a jewel,
Like a fairy queen,
The pride of all the neighborhood,
My Alecia, who's sweet sixteen.

At the "Merry's" ball in winter,
At the "Andrew Reilly's" too,
Alecia shines preeminent,
In style she's always new.
She always leads the fashion,
In "Irving" often seen,
I'm told by all she's the belle of the ball,
My Alecia, who's sweet sixteen. Chorus.

Sweet Amerikay.

Words by Thomas E. Powers Music by F. Younker.

Copyright 1879, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

The Music of this song is published in elegant lithographed title page, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

My name it is Magown,
From dear old Wexford town,
'Tis there that I was bred and born;
Where the grass grows so green.
Fine sights are to be seen,
On a beautiful summer's morn,
But I wanted to roam,
And leave my good old home,
The passage my parents did pay,
Shure they did sob and cry,
When I bid them good-bye,
And sailed for sweet Amerikay.

Chorus.

In the ship "Erin's Isle,"
I left my native soil,
On the twenty-first of May;
Shure my spirits were bright,
Tho' my pockets were light,
When I landed in sweet Amerikay. (Dance)

They put me in a bunk,
No larger than a trunk;
'Tis there I slept the nights away,
I got good food to ate,
Warm pratics and corn'd meat,
Three meals they gave me ev'ry day,
On board was O'Reilly,
And his large family,
An uncle of Shamus O'Day,
And jolly Rody Moore,
MacMullins by the score;
All bound for sweet Amerikay. Chorus.

It's in this big city,
I have an aunt Kitty,
She's married to Darby McQuade,
She lives on the first floor,
Has a bell to her door,
Her husband is tailor by trade,
She is a sweet craythur
So full of good-naythur,
At her house I intend to stay,
And happy I will be,
In the land of the free,
My blessing to sweet Amerikay. Chorus.

Music.

Copyright, 1879 by A. J. Fisher, 34 Vesey Street.

Written and Sung by W. J. Scanlon.

In Scotland, France and Germany,
Music you will hear,
The Italian loves to play the harp,
He plays so soft and clear.
Sweet music always charms my ear,
Wherever it may be,
I love to hear Tom Moore's sweet songs,
They have such harmony.

Chorus.

I love music, I love singing,
I love dancing—it's entrancing,
I love babies, I love ladies.
Yes they are all the world to me.

The Irish songs are soft and sweet,
They harmonize so well,
The Meeting of the Waters,
Or the Emigrant's Farewell.
There's Bobby Burns, the great Scotch poet,
Whose memory shall reign
In Scotland where he lived and died,
And honored was his name. Chorus.

In speaking of our poets great,
There's one now whom I'll name,
His praise is sung both far and near,
He's well known for his fame.
'Tis of William Cullen Bryant I speak,
Who Americans will adore,
His works are read throughout this world,
From this to foreign shore. Chorus.

My Daughter Rachael.

By James Richmond, for Frank Bush.
Air: My Daughter Julia.

I have a daughter named Rachael,
She has nearly broke my gaul,
She goes on the stage singing Highland flings,
Down in Actors Hall.
She dances a clog on a motzer,
As an actress she is all the rage;
She sang the Sweet by-and-by last 4th of July,
When Rachael came out on the stage.

Chorus.

She waltzes around upon her ear,
She dances the ballet on a schooner of beer;
Waltzing around with Rachael,
She looks like an Irish page;
She stands on her toes and sings through her nose,
When Rachael leaps out on the stage.

Her photograph twelve for a quarter,
Of the queen of Ireland christening Jews,
She went to Australia for a million a week,
To support Edwin Boots or Shoes.
She can walk to Scotland on a wire,
She sleeps in an iron cage;
They throw iron medals and wooden cheese,
When Rachael leaps out on the stage. Chorus.

The Babies on our Block.

Written by Ed Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Copyright, and pub, 1879, by W. A. Pond & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Don't fail to see the Mulligan Guard Chowder.

If you want for information,
Or in need of merriment;
Come over with me socially
To Murphy's tenement.
He owns a row of houses,
In the First Ward near the dock,
Where Ireland's represented
By the babies on our block.
There's the Phalon's and the Whalen's
From the sweet Dunocudee,
Sitting on the railings
With the children on their knee,
Gossipping and talking
With neighbors by the flock.
Singing little Sally Waters
For the babies on our block.

Chorus.

Little Sally Waters a-sitting in the sun,
Crying and weeping for a young man,
Rise, Sally, rise, wipe your eye out with your frock,
That's sung by the babies a-living on our block.

Of a warm day in the summer,
When the breeze comes off the say,
A hundred thousand children
Lay on the Battery.
They come from Murphy's building;
Their noise 'ud stop a clock,
There's no perambulator
With the babies on our block.
There's the Cleary's and the Leary's
From the sweet Blackwater side,
Dozing on the Battery,
Gazing at the tide;
All royal blood and noble
Of Dan O'Connell stock,
Singing Gravel Greeny Gravel,
For the babies on our block.

Chorus.

Gravel, greeny gravel, how green the grasses grow,
For all the pretty fair young maidens I see;
Green gravel green, wipe your eye out with your frock,
That's sung by the babies a-living on our block.

It's good-morning to you, landlord,
And how are you to-day?
When Patrick Murphy, Esquire,
Walks down the alleyway
With his shining silken beaver—
He's as solid as a rock,
The envy of the neighbors, boys,
A-living off our block.
There's the Bannon's and the Gannon's,
Far Down's and Connaught men,
Airy wid the shovel,
And quite handy with the pen,
Neighborly and friendly,
With relations by the flock,
Singing Little Sally Waters,
For the babies on our block. Chorus.

We'll all Have a Home Bye-and-Bye.

Sacred Song. Words by J. L. Feeney.

In that beautiful land of happiness,
Where the children of God never die;
We shall meet where the angels sing so sweetly,
We'll all have a home bye-and-bye.

Chorus.

We'll all have a home bye-and-bye.
And we'll gather at the throne on high,
We shall sing where the angels sing so sweetly,
We'll all have a home bye-and-bye.

The light of heaven will be shining,
When the children of our Father draw nigh;
And the gates will be opened to the weary,
We'll all have a home bye-and-bye. Chorus.

We shall have no care or sorrow,
We shall dwell with the Lord on high;
And the path of virtue will be guarded,
We'll all have a home bye-and-bye. Chorus.

Strolling Midst the Roses.

Written and Sung by John A. Kemmer,

Strolling midst the roses,
Feeling light and gay;
Yonder she reposes,
Where the fountains play.
I aked her for a kiss, just there;
But retreating back—
Says she, "Oh! John, don't try it on,
Others may hear the smack.

Chorus.

She's as pretty and as graceful as a fawn, (Break.
And as charming as the birdies in the lawn. (Break.
Eyes divine, color of mine,
Charming azure blue. Dance.

Beneath yonder shaded bower,
I espied this queen;
'Twas twixt a noonday hour,
This maiden first I seen.
I plucked a rose from her hair,
Amidst its silken bed;
With her hair it did compare,
A pretty pinkish red, Chorus.

Stem the Tide.

Words by Ed. Harrigan, Music by Dave Braham.
Music copyrighted and pub. 1878, by G. W. Hagans.
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The brave and stalwart boating boys,
All jolly lads and gay,
So merrily they row along,
O'er wave and foaming spray,
All bending down with sweeping stroke
While tugging at the oar—
Each pretty face at every race
Huzzas them from the shore.

Chorus.

Let every man be ready sure.
When he hears the word to start,
Then take the lead with lightning speed,
So strong of arm and heart.
When we sit in we row to win;
Each man his time employs,
All toiling for the victory,
Our jolly boating boys.

A joyous welcome to our friends
We give with heart and hand.
Come join us in our pleasure trip,
We'll do the honors grand.
Let mirth and music reign supreme,
And merry laughter ring,
While the brave and stalwart boating boys,
Their favorite chorus sing. Chorus.

What noble sport it is to row,
And stem the water blue,
O'er wave and swell we pull our shell,
Each jolly boating crew.
We treat our rivals manfully,
Our motto is fair play,
And when we row we row to win,
And strive to gain the day. Chorus.

Up in a Mulberry Tree.

Written expressly for, and sung by Miss Annie Pixley in the popular drama, "M'Liss." By E. H. Winchel.
Copyright 1879, and pub by S. Brainard's Sons.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I'm a daughter of Eve, I would not deceive,
So please to think kindly of me,
I'm not plain to view, but I'm looking at you,
Up in a mulberry tree.
Half hidden in leaves, one barely perceives
A bonny big baby called me;
A sweet little girl, with her hair all a-curl,
Up in a mulberry tree!

Her small finger-tips are stained, and her lips
Are purple as purple can be;
'Twould tell tales to kiss such a merry young miss,
Up in a mulberry tree.
I firmly believe in the daughter of Eve,
This dimpled young damsel named me,
Would tempt one with fruit, and then kiss
him to boot,
Up in a mulberry tree.

Let's Give Three Cheers for the Sailor's Bride.

From the celebrated Opera, "Pinafore."

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride
Who casts all thought of rank aside—
Who gives up house and fortune too
For the honest love of a sailor true!

Chorus.

For a British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird;
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word!

His foot should stamp, and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl,
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude.
For a British, &c.

Will You Listen to Me, Annie?

By Willie Wildwave.

Will you listen to me, Annie?
Listen to the vow I make;
For I long have kept it secret,
But I feared my heart would break.
Had I done what my heart prompted,
I'd have told you long ago,
Must I then depart, dear loved one?
For I fear your answer no!
Must I then depart, dear loved one?
For I fear your answer no!

Will you listen to me, Annie?
Will you say the sweet word, yes?
I have ever loved you fondly,
You could ease the bitterness
Of a misspent life of folly,
Of a life of bitter woe;
Tell me, darling, if you could, love,
Tell it to me soft and low.
Tell me, darling, if you could, love
Tell it to me soft and low.

Will you listen to me, Annie?
I have waited many a day,
With a single thought to cheer me,
With a hope that you would say—
That you would make my life brighter,
That you'd try and ease its woe;
Will you promise, gentle Annie?
Or from you to-night I'll go.
Will you promise, gentle Annie?
Or from you to-night I'll go.

Will you listen to me, Annie?
Will you greet me at the stile?
May I trust you little darling,
And believe that winning smile;
Oh! those gentle loving glances,
Oh! that look of rapture coy;
God grant that they may ever,
Cause you happiness and joy.
God grant that they may ever,
Cause you happiness and joy.

Dancing Blue Eyes.

Composed by W. S. Mullaly. Sung by D. S. Wambold.
Copyright, 1879, and published by F. W. Helmick.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

As lonely I sit near a murmuring stream,
And gaze on the bright stars above;
The clouds seem dispersed as I tranquilly dream,
Of my darling, my treasure, my love.
She's fairer to me than the flowers in spring,
And as pure as the dews from the skies,
Each thought of my darling some new pleasure brings,
As I look in those dancing blue eyes,
As I look in those dancing blue eyes!

Chorus.

Beautious orbs that sweetly shine,
Swiftly each thought flies
To the hour when I may call them mine,
My darling's bright dancing blue eyes.

There's a void in my heart when those blue eyes
I miss,
I'm sad when my loved one's away;
I think of those promises sealed with a kiss,
And I try to be happy and gay.
She told me she loved me, she'd be mine,
My sadness I try to disguise,
There's no star above that to me seems to shine,
Like my darling's bright dancing blue eyes,
Like my darling's bright dancing blue eyes,

Do You Love Me Ida Darling?

Words and Music by Lieut Howard Linley Smith.
Dedicated to Miss Bertha B. Wolfe, of Boston.
Music pub, and Copyright 1879, by White, Smith & Co,
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price 40 cents.

Do you love me, Ida darling?
Is your heart forever mine?
For my own with pulses quickened—
Beats in unison with thine.

Age has faded, Ida darling,
Time has auburn locks turned gray,
Yet our hearts are gay, my darling,
For we chase dull care away.

Chorus.

Do you love me, Ida darling,
Is your heart forever mine,
For my own with pulses quickened—
Beats in unison with thine.

Ever shall we love each other,
Ever shall our hearts beat true;
Time and sorrow shall not harm us,
As we tread life's journey through.
Loving hearts entwined with myrtle,
Happy, blythe, so gay and free,
Decked with roses, bright encircled,
Happy shall we ever be. Chorus.

Sheenies in the Sand.

By Frank Bush. Air; Babies on our block.

If you want some recreation during the heated spell,
Come down to Coney Island, to Corbin's big hotel;
He owns the bathing houses, the baloon
and Gilmore's Band,
Where Israel's represented by the Sheenies in the sand.
There's the Oppenheims and the Pappenheims,
and the dealer in old clo,'
And all the glass-put-in men a-sittin' in a row.
The Isaacs and the Levys, and the Steins, a jolly band,
Singing with Austin Corbin, for the Sheenies
in the sand,

Chorus.

Little Cornet Levy a-blowing with all his might,
All the tribes with noses around him every night,
Toot, Levy, toot, drown the blasts of Gilmore's Band,
And play as once at Jericoh for the Sheenies in the sand.

Of a warm day in the summer, when the Island
you will reach,
One hundred thousand Sheenies may be seen
upon the beach,
Ahey come from Corbin's building, with their
babies hand in hand,
Oh! what a show of noses, among the Sheenies
in the sand.
There's the Rubenstein's and the Hildeheins,
from the temple Emanuel
And Moses and his family, from Corbin's big hotel,
All the tribes of Benjamin, likewise old Aaron's band,
With the B'nai B'rith and Ahawath Chesed,
'mong the Sheenies in the sand.

Chorus.

Shereth Iseiel Isaacs, and how you vas ma tear,
It makes me feel so nice and goot for to see you here,
Blow, Levy, blow, take your trumpet in your hand,
And toot for all the lost tribes, the Sheenies in
the sand.

It's good morning Meester Myers, and how
you vas to-day,
Ven I vant to get my vatch oud, how much,
ma tear, I pay.
Excoose me, sir, I vish no bath, dot bathing
house all bosh,
Ve vent to de Red Sea, even there the jews don't wash
Ven the vaters see us coming, they part themselves
and run,
And we pass over on dry land, dat Pharaoh's
host to shun,
We come now to Manhattan Beach, as to the
Promised Land,
Enjoy ourselves and save our money, for the
Sheenies in the sand,

Chorus.

Little Julius Levy, a-blowing with all his might,
All the tribes with noses around him every night,
Blow, Levy, blow, add your lungs to Gilmore's band,
And toot for all the lost tribes, the Sheenies
in the sand.

SHEET MUSIC.
60 CHATHAM STREET.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

A cloud had fallen over Daisy Bank—a cloud ast in all ignorance by Richard Hepburn, who, hile those two sad-hearted woman were bravely eeping up the farce of cheerful conversation, was anoing attendence on the heiress's steps, or irting desperately as he leaned over her chair.

When Richard Hepburn rode back to Daisy ank to dinner, he found a telegram awaiting him. It was from the ex-detective of Scotland Yard. It stated that a personal interview would be ecessary, which might take place at once if Mr. lepburn could run up to town; but otherwise im-ortant business would prevent Mr. Slyeum from uitting London for at least a week.

"My dear Mrs. Walden," said the young man, s he took his place at the dinner-table, "this tele-ram summons me to town on a matter of the most ital importance. I trust you will not think me ude if I ask permission to start this evening?"

The intelligence was not calculated to cause Mrs. Valden regret; but she cast an anxious glance at llice. The girl was a shade paler, perhaps, but omposed. Naturally she was glad at his getting ut of the range of the heiress's influence.

"You have so kindly yielded to our frequent invi-tations to prolong your visit, Mr. Hepburn," she aid, graciously, "that we could not be so selfish as o press you further, especially as it is business hat summons you."

"Very, very important business," he answered ravely. Then, in a lighter tone, "But do not hink you are going to lose me altogether. Your enerous hospitality, your friendship to a friend-ess man, have so endeared Westerin to me, that enceforth"—did his eyes wander to Alice?—"in l the world I shall esteem no place like it."

"Then you are not going for good Mr. Hep-urn? You purpose returning?" said Alice, toy-ng with the fish on her plate, and keeping her nes steady.

"For good? This would be the saddest moment ever spent, Miss Walden, if I thought I were not oming back," he responded, earnestly. "Indeed, I ke the place so well, that I fear you will have too uch of me."

"Let us be the judge of that," she managed to y, laughingly; though to herself she whispered, Before he knew Sidonia he was always saying he ust go; but he never hinted at coming back."

That Richard Hepburn should not miss the train e dinner was hurried, and immediately after his orse was brought to the door.

The rich glow of sunset was melting into the soft urples of twilight when the young man, standing y his horse ready to mount, and holding Alice's and, said, in farewell, "In all my life I am unable o recall happier moments than those passed beneath is hospitable roof, Miss Walden. You'll try not o forget me?"

His honest, hazel eyes looked into hers as he oke.

"I am sure not to do that, Mr. Hepburn," she aid, with forced gaiety. "There will be no effort o 'try' needed.

"Thank you—thank you much! You will lways remember me as Charlie's friend?"

"Always!" she murmured, a sharp spasm at her eart; for she recognised the words to imply that e desired her never to regard him in a dearer ashion.

"Thank you," he said again. Then, with a Good-bye," he pressed his lips to the small hand e held, released it, sprang into the saddle, and as gone.

He dared not risk a longer gazing into those eautiful, womanly eyes.

"I wonder," thought Alice Walden, with a pang, how he said good-bye to Sidonia? Perhaps it is or her sake that he intended to return."

CHAPTER VII.

A DETECTIVE AT FAULT.

Mr. Jonas Slyeum's residence was a six-roomed villa" at Peckham. It possessed a garden, bright with flowers in which Mr. Jonas Slyeum took much delight, when, after the toils of the day, he retired to the comforts of his domestic life.

But Mr. Jonas Slyeum's office was in a certain street not a stone's throw from the Strand; and it was to the latter that Richard Hepburn repaired the morning after his arrival in London.

The detective, whom he fortunately found at home, was a middle-sized, clean-shaved man, with a military air, so far as an uprightedness and a button-upedness went. His manner was sharp and decisive when it was not insinuating and confidential.

"Mr. Hepburn—ah—of Westerin," he remarked, as his client was ushered in. "Sorry Mr. Hepburn, that I couldn't come to you, but business—profes-sional business—ties me by the leg to the metropolis at present."

"It does not signify, Mr. Slyeum," replied Richard Hepburn taking the chair which had been placed. My time is my own, and I have plenty to spare. As yours, I am sure, is valuable, you will, I know, prefer me making no delay in stating my case."

"Exactly," bowed Mr. Slyeum. "It's just with such gents as you, sir, we detectives like to deal."

Inclining his head as an acknowledgement of the compliment, the visitor proceeded. "I must ask you to carry your memory back, if possible, to a case which occurred nearly twenty years ago."

"It is possible, sir. I've been in my profession, sir, exactly five-and-twenty years."

"Then you will not fail to recollect the case of Sir Richard Carr."

"Sir Richard Carr? I recollect it as plain as if only yesterday. It was a supposed murder and a mysterious disappearance?'

"Just so. But you say supposed murder. Are you of an opinion that—that Sir Richard was in-nocent?"

"I can't go so far as that," replied the detective rubbing his chin. "It was a strange affair alto-gether. Josiah Biddlecomb was as hard a usurer as you could come across; and it is pretty certain he got the Baronet into a hole. There may have been a struggle—a fight for that there deed. At least, I fancy a case might have been made if Sir Richard hadn't so mysteriously disappeared."

"Mysteriously indeed," remarked Richard Hep-burn. "Whatever could become of him?"

"If I'd only known that, sir, it would have been two hundred pounds in my pocket, for that's the sum Biddlecomb offered for his apprehension, and I was one of the detectives employed."

"Yes sir—not by Biddlecomb, but by the Govern-ment. But none of us ever got any further clue than that he had been seen that night on the plat-form of the Great Western. But whether he went away by any train, or whether he didn't, wasn't known."

Richard Hepburn a moment rested his head thoughtfully on his hand, then he said, in a different tone, resolving as yet not to trust the detective with the whole of the case, "It is strange, very. Still, it is not to trace Sir Richard Carr I desire your services."

Mr. Slyeum nodded evident approval.

"I wish to know if you can discover for me whe-ther the clerk who was then in Josiah Biddlecomb's employ is alive or dead?"

Before answering, the detective looked sharply, keenly at his interrogator. Then an expression—it might have been the vaguest ghost of a self-satisfied smile passed over his lips, as he responded, "I don't fancy that'll be a difficult matter. His name was Brindley."

"You know that?" exclaimed Richard Hepburn, eagerly.

"Yes, Mr. Hepburn, and a little more too," an-swered Mr. Slyeum, becoming confidential. "Look here, sir; if you had some internal complaint you wanted a physician to cure, would you tell him half your symtoms, or all of 'em?"

"All, of course."

"Then, sir," with a touch of dignity, "why don't you do the same in this case? Jonas Sly-eum's either to be trusted, or he ain't. But I say he is; also that he knows about as much as any man of this case, and will help you as far as he can, although he can't give you much hopes."

The first sensation of offence which seized Richard Hepburn, gave way before the genuineness of the detective's manner, and he only exclaimed, "What do you mean?"

"Rather, sir, say, what do I know, and give me permission to say it."

"Certainly. There can be little objection in that."

"Then I've the honor of addressing Sir Richard Carr, sir, and you are taking up the case in hopes to remove the blot on your family."

The visitor's brow reddened, but he replied at once, "You are right, help me to do this, to sift this mysterious affair to the bottom, and you shall find me generous in my reward."

"I'll try, Sir Richard."

"Stay; avoid my name," interrupted the other quickly. "Until it is cleared from disgrace, I shall never resume it!"

"Very good, Mr. Hepburn. Well, I'll try to help you; though, straightforward, I don't see success, unless you've brought any new par-ticulars."

"I fear I have not," remarked the young man, gloomily. "Still, I will tell you one or two trifling words, which, though trifling, in my opinion lend some little weight to my belief that my unhappy father met with foul play from this man and his clerk."

Thereupon, after giving a rough outline sketch of his life, he recounted his visit at Carnyston.

"Biddlecomb's concealing how he got the 'All ain't much," remarked Mr. Slyeum at the con-clusion. "He's a gentleman now, and wants to forget the usurer. But his giving a wrong sex to the child is what I may call valuably suspicious. It proves he fears an heir."

"That was my idea," broke in Richard Hep-burn, excitedly. "Also it's my idea to find this clerk, Brindly. He may know something—he may suspect; and if he's been paid to keep his tongue quiet, he may have his price to loosen it."

"That's true; and, as I said, I don't fancy the tracing of him would be difficult. Clerks of his discription, when they take root in the city, stick there. How long do you intend stopping in London?"

"As long as my presence is neccessary. I am staying at the 'Langam.'"

"Very good," remarked Mr. Slyeum, rising. "I'll call upon you about ten to-morrow, sir, and some time to-day I'll look up my notes in the Carr case."

"You still have them, then?" said Richard Hepburn, surprised.

"We detectives rarely destroy any of a case which ain't had a successful termination. We don't know, you see, when it may crop up again. As to finding Brindley, of that, sir, you may make sure."

Mr. Jonas Slyeum spoke as positive as if he had never heard of the proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

His assurance, however had a good effect on his client, who quitted the office well satisfied with the detective and the apparent smoothness with which things were going.

The next morning, however, ten o'clock came, but not Mr. Slyeum. A note rather unsatisfactory, arrived in his stead.

It stated that Mr. Jonas Slyeum was actively employed in Mr. Hepburn's interest—too much so to spare time for an interview in which he should have little to relate; but he would for certain be with him the following morning, when he expected to have important intelligence.

To say in what spirit Richard Hepburn passed those long intervening hours is unnecessary. He lounged about London, finding no interest in any-thing.

He could think of nothing but the morrow; he had built so much upon discovering Josiah Biddle-comb's clerk.

He fretted with impatience, and anathematized Mr. Jonas Slyeum for not having hinted what the important news would be.

Would he come the next morning, or would he again disappoint?

To be Continued in No. 165—Commenced in No. 152.

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CONTENTS.

Brighter Days are Coming, Dearest...page 526
Barbara Frietchie..... 524
Boys From Mulingar..... 524
Blue-Eyed Joe..... 524
Do not Leave me, Darling..... 523
Darkies Fancy Ball..... 523
Delia on the Trapeze..... 524
The Dougherty's..... 525
Faces we Love in our Album, so dear..... 523
Gallant Irishmen..... 526
How is that for High..... 522
Hot Corn—Music for Banjo or Guitar..... 528
In the Morning by the Bright Light..... 523
Isaac Marks..... 524
If I catch the man who taught her how to dance..... 526
The Lost Inheritance—(Story Continued)..... 527
My Sugar Plum..... 522
Miss Jennie Johnston..... 524
The McGluggens..... 526
McCarthy's William Goat..... 526
The Neighbors on our Block..... 525
Oh! Charley!..... 523
Oh! Joy! oh! Rapture!..... 524
Parody on Baby Mine..... 525
The Party for the Little Widow Brown..... 526
Pinafore..... 526
The SWEETEST OF THE SWEET..... 522
Sally Mackenally..... 522
Sunny Land Beyond the Sea..... 522
Sheet Music—Latest Out..... 522
Sparking at the Door..... 523
Sweet Maggie, or Peggy Gordon..... 523
Sweet Peaches and Honey Plantation..... 524
Teddy's Farewell..... 523
Tho' Rich I'm no better than you..... 525
Things are seldom what they seem..... 525
Those Slavery Days gone by..... 525
They've Faded Like the Rain..... 526
The Wedding Day..... 525

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The Sweetest of the Sweet.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. E. Pratt.
Written for, dedicated to, and sung by Little Miss Jennie Yeamans.
Copyright 1879, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.
The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

While roaming by the river,
Where the lilies love to grow,
I saw the brightest pair of eyes,
And rosy cheeks aglow.
'Twas just exchanging glances,
By chance they always meet;
And like a bird she caught my heart,
The Sweetest of the Sweet. Oh!

CHORUS.

Her cheeks were fair as the rose,
That's dimpled o'er with dew;
We roamed where butterflies repose,
Her words were kind and true.
The birds they warbled in glee,
Her praises to repeat,
No rosebud there that could compare
With my Sweetest of the Sweet!

Her hands were like twin lilies,
And her tresses, bright and fair,
Were in the waving, changeful light
Like golden sunbeams there.
A gentle arm was twining
Around a waist so neat,
While loving lips just called her there,
The Sweetest of the Sweet. Oh! Chorus.

The summer day was waning,
When we fondly bade adieu;
I dream of her where'er I go,
I know her heart is true.
The bells will soon be ringing,
To make our lives complete;
Oh! she is all the world to me,
The Sweetest of the Sweet. Oh! Chorus.

Sunny Land Beyond the Sea.

Words by A. W. French. Music by Harry Percy.
Copyright, 1878, by C. M. Cady.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 30 cents.

Sunny land beyond the sea,
Home of childhood's happy days;
How you wander back to me
Thro' the mists of mem'ry's haze.
Smiling valleys em'rald green,
Rivers winding to the lea,
In the sunlight's golden sheen,
Sunny land beyond the sea,
In the sunlight's golden sheen,
Sunny land beyond the sea.

CHORUS.

Land of pleasure, home of mirth,
Fairer than the lands of earth,
Still I sing in praise of thee,
Sunny land beyond the sea.

Sunny land beyond the sea,
'Mid the skies so bright and fair,
Mem'ry often will recall
Days of youth without a care.
Hill and dale in beauty decked,
And the air so pure and free,
Could I once more see again,
Sunny land beyond the sea,
Could I once more see again,
Sunny land beyond the sea. Chorus.

Sunny land beyond the sea,
As I wander to and fro,
Happy thoughts oft bring me back
To the days of long ago.
When I wandered light and gay,
Happy as a child could be,
In that home of sweet delight,
Sunny land beyond the sea,
In that home of sweet delight,
Sunny land beyond the sea. Chorus.

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60 CHATHAM STREET, N. Y.

NO WORK,

BY NED. STRAIGHT.

No person should fail to get the words and music of this beautiful song and chorus, is they have not already got it, also the—

NO WORK WALTZ.

This song and waltz have only been before the public a few months, and by the immense sale of the First Edition, I was forced in an incredible short space of time to issue the

SECOND EDITION.

And now, (thanks to the musical public in general) I am already obliged to issue the

THIRD EDITION.

It is now being performed by the various orchestras in and out of the city, and being sung by quite a number of our leading vocalists with immense success.

The "No Work Waltz," was played the balance of the summer months ever since its issue at the

SURF PAVILLION, Rockaway Beach,

By Prof. J. Carbery and Orchestra, and elicited the kind comments of an appreciative public. Which we can only say it merited. The music being one of the finest melodies which the old, and well known, immensely popular NED STRAIGHT has composed.

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My Sugar Plum.

Words and Music by T. M. Hengler.

I'm over head and ears in love,
The truth I tell, with a turtle dove;
She ought to be in the skies above,
An angel she should be.
Her laughing eyes, with a dimpled chin,
Her face so white and fair;
Her look so neat and so complete,
With a mass of silk like hair—oh!

CHORUS.

Prettily she dances on her little toes,
Looks as sweet and neat as a little tube rose,
Charms all the people as up the street she goes.
She's my sugar plum.

This lucious little sugar plum
Was introduced to the one you see,
At a masked ball, where I had such fun,
Everyone was in full glee;
This joyous night my heart felt light,
With gleams of future bliss—
When parting at the dawn of day
I was wrapt in happiness—oh!
Prettily she dances, &c

Sally Mackenally.

Words and Music by W. H. Delehanty.

Attention, please, while I relate to you,
Of how I met my love;
'Twas in a lane I was walking through,
The moon shone bright above.
A lovely maiden, all alone,
Was walking leisurely,
When I made bold to ask this little one
If she would walk with me.
Sally Mackenally,
That is my charmer's name;
And she lives up in our alley,
With her sister Susan Jane,

CHORUS.

Yes, 'deed I do, I love Miss Sally— (Sym)
(Umph), Lots of fun up in our alley, (Sym)
Oh, yes she is a pretty little girl,
As ever you did see;
Her eyes are bright, her teeth are like the pearl
That is found down in the sea. [Dance.]

I took my darling to a fancy ball,
And danced all night and day;
And Sal she was the gayest of them all,
And I was just as gay.
The music played then I cut loose,
The darkies all did bawl,
They laughed and shouted give that nigger room,
And they near broke down the hall.

CHORUS.

Yes, she is a pretty little girl,
As ever you did see;
Her eyes are bright, her teeth are like the pearl,
That's found down in the sea.
I just saw Sal. Oh, my!
She's my gal. Is that so?
She loves me. You bet,
Yes, indeedy, honey, and we're gwine to meet to-night.

DUET.

Down upon the flowery meadow,
When the moon shines bright;
Rambling in the twilight shadows,
With my love to-night. (Repeat.)

Sal loves me. Oh! my!
She's all mine, Give us room,
She's my pie. Oh! I'll die,
Yes, indeedy honey, and we're gwine to meet to-night.
Dance.

How is That for High.

Song and Dance. By the French Twin Sisters.

We all do like the pretty girls,
We see them day by day,
And as they stroll along, my boys,
They always pass our way.
A charming girl, the other day,
Came gaily passing by,
And as she turned around she said,
Oh! how is that for high?

CHORUS.

Then, oh, my, I love her so. (Break)
Don't I wish she was my beau. (Break.)
She's the prettiest little charmer in all this town,
Sweet sixteen so shy.
And as she turned around she said,
Oh! how is that for high?

Faces we Love in our Album, so Dear.

By S. Garvey. Air: Little green leaf in our bible.

Hand down our family album,
Now near worn out with age;
With reverence we'll gaze,
On each and every page.
On faces of our loved ones,
Whom once we cherished here;
Tho' gone from our sight, they'll ever look bright,
In our album so dear.

Chorus.

Those tokens of love,
From the dear ones above,
Ever faithful we'll cherish them here.
While silent they sleep,
We'll sacredly keep
Their forms in our album so dear.

Each picture is a token
Of affection dear and true;
The ties remain unbroken,
In all the years through.
When in deep meditation,
We often shed a tear
Over a face, we only can trace
In our album so dear. Chorus.

Keep this little treasure,
Lay it up with care;
In toil or in pleasure,
We'll breath a silent prayer,
In sweet fond remembrance
Of visions bright and clear,
That ever will shine, bright and sublime,
In our album so dear. Chorus.

Teddy's Farewell.

Sung by Roche & Brady, at S. Batchelors Music Hall.

I'm going far away, dear Kit,
I'm going to cross the sea;
To leave old Ireland far behind,
Going to America.
Then you'll be kind to mother,
And to little Patsey too,
While I get work in America,
And send for both of you.

Chorus.

ROCHE. Good-bye, Kitty dear,
BRADY. Teddy are you leaving,
Let your heart be of good cheer,
Try and don't be grieving,
Bear this parting like a man.
ROCHE. Kitty dear, I'll try—
Farewell Teddy,
Good-bye Kitty.
BOTH. Teddy—Kit—good-bye.

Our home will be a sad one Ted,
When you are far away,
And we will watch until a letter
Comes from America.
And mother says our prayer will be,
God bless our own boy Ted;
And you will always be in our mind,
When o'er we break our bread. Chorus.

Oh! Charley!

By Tommy Tucker. Air: Oh! Girly, Girly!

I once had a girl so fine,
Who I met every night about nine,
Her fingers I'd squeeze,
Yes, do as I please,
For didn't she say she was mine,
It was down to the Battery Park,
Every evening we would go after dark,
And when I would say,
I must go away,
Why this is what she would remark.

Chorus.

Oh! Charley, oh! Charley,
Now please don't leave me so soon,
But a little while wait,
For it's not very late.
And we can stroll by the light of the moon.
(Repeat.)

I took her one night to a ball,
I believe at Pythagoras Hall;
When the places we took,
I found I was shook.
For I could not get dancing at all.
It seems that she met an old flame,
I don't quite remember his name;
But he bunged up my nose, and tore all my clothes,
And into my ear did exclaim. Chorus.

I went round to her house next day,
To see if I was in the way,
Her pa came to the door,
Knocked me on the floor,
And used me like a lump of clay.
While this angel looked down from above,
On the fellow she said she did love,
And as I walked off,
She gave a queer cough,
And this is what she did say. Chorus.

In the Morning by the Bright Light.

Words and Music by James Bland, of Haverly's Minstrels.
Sung by him with immense success.

Copyright, 1879, by J. F. Perry & Co, Boston.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I'm gwine away by the light of the moon,
Want all the children for to follow me;
I hope I'll meet you darkies soon,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!
So tell the brothers that you meet,
Want all the children for to follow me;
That I will travel on my feet,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

Chorus.

In the morning, by the bright light.
Hear Gabriel's trumpet in the morning!

Go get a match and light that lamp,
Want all the children for to follow me;
And show me the way to the Baptist camp,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!
We'll have beefsteak and spareribs stew,
Want all the children for to follow me;
And nice boiled onions dipped in dew,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah! Chorus.

I'll take my old banjo along,
Want all the children for to follow me;
In case the boys should sing a song,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!
For no one has to pay no fare,
Want all the children for to follow me;
So don't forget to curl your hair,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah! Chorus

Sweet Maggie Gordon.

Arranged by Ned Straight.

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I wish my love and I was sailing
As far from land as far could be,
Far, far across the deep blue water,
Where I'd have none to trouble me.

Chorus.

Sweet Maggie Gordon you are my bride,
Come sit you down upon my knee,
And tell to me the very reason,
Why I am slighted thus by thee.

The sea is deep I can't swim over,
Neither have I the wings to fly,
But I will hire some jolly sportsman,
To carry o'er my love and I. Chorus.

I wish I had a glass of brandy,
The reason I will tell to thee,
Because when drinking, I am thinking,
Does my true love remember me. Chorus.

Sparking at the Door.

By Bernard Greiner.

Sparking at the door at night,
Sparking at the door at night,
Pleasant passes time away,
Sparking at the door at night,

I behold a happy pair,
Talking, laughing, side by side,
Whispering from ear to ear,
Sparking at the door at night. Chorus

Both are making vows of love,
And repeat them o'er and o'er,
Full of happiness and joy,
Sparking, sparking at the door. Chorus

Kisses follow, lip on lip,
Fond caressing, o'er and o'er.
Gladness is within their hearts,
Sparking, sparking at the door. Chorus

But the time is going fast,
Soon their happy hours are o'er,
And the loving pair must cease
Sparking, sparking at the door. Chorus

It is after ten o'clock,
We must part from side by side,
Darling we will meet again,
Sparking, sparking at the door. Chorus.

Do Not Leave Me, Darling.

By W. J. Scanlon. Sung by Scanlon & Cronin.

You say you're going to leave, me, love,
Farewell if we must part;
To see my darling go from me,
I know 'twill break my heart.
God knows I loved you better than life,
For what is life to me,
When you are gone and I m alone,
A poor outcast I'll be.

Chorus.

Do not leave me, darling,
Do not leave me here,
We've happy been, we'll happy be,
So do not leave me here. (Repeat.)

When I fail to see your face,
My heart will ache with pain,
From mine eyes the tears will drop,
Like the heavy falling rain.
And when you cease to think of those,
Whose love for you did burn,
There will come a day that you'll repent,
Then to me you'll return. Chorus.

Darkies Fancy Ball.

Sung with Arnold Brothers Novelty Troupe.

The colored folks the other night,
They gave a fancy ball,
We were all invited, both short, long and tall,
The Mulligan Guards and Skidmore's,
They all took up the rear,
And when the ball was over,
They skipped off on their ear.

Chorus.

Get away, get away,
Get away, get away,
Get away you saucy nigger,
Get away from that window my love and my dear,
Get away from that window do you hear,
Come around to-morrow night,
There's going to be a fight,
And there'll be razors flying in the air.

And when the ball was over,
We all went merrily home,
To the ringing of the banjo's,
And sound of many tunes.
There was old Aunt Jemimah,
A-doing a highland fling,
Along with old Aunt Chloe,
A cutting the pigeon wing. Chorus.

Barbara Frietchie.

By J. G. Whittier. Recited by the great Von Boyle.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Fredrick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-trees fruited deep,
Fair as the garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished Rebel hord.

On that pleasant day of the early fall,
When Lee marched over that mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Fredrick town.
Forty flags with silvery stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her four score years and ten,
Bravest of all in Fredrick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that ONE HEART was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right he glanced
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast;
It shivered the window, pane and sash—
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatches the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window sill,
She shook it forth with a loyal will.
"Shoot if you must, this gray old head,
But spare your country's flag," she said,
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life at Barbara's deed and word.
"Who touches a hair on yon gray head,
Dies like a dog! March on," he said.

All day long through Fredrick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet—
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of that rebel host;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell,
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more;
Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier,
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below at Fredrick town.

Isaac Marks.

By J. L. Feeney, for Frank Bush. Air: Captain Cuff.

I'll sing of a Hebrew masher,
And Isaac is his name,
He dresses in the latest style,
And wears a watch and chain.
He tries to mash the pretty girls,
But him they all dislike,
And he gets very angry,
When they call him Sheeney Ike.

CHORUS.

Isaac Marks, Isaac Marks,
Wears a monstrous picadilly,
Isaac Marks, Isaac Marks,
The girls all say he's very silly.
For he tries to cut a dash,
With very little cash,
So they all cry, as he goes by,
There goes Sheeney Ike.

His father is a tailor,
And he keeps a clothing store.
And Isaac calls in customers,
While standing at the door.
And when you see him on the mash,
With his picadilly collar,
You'd think he was a millionrire,
Worth fifty thousand dollars. Chorus.

Delia on the Trapeze.

By W. J. Scanlon. Sung by Scanlon & Cronin.

I have a charmer, she's my alarmer,
Oh! what a pleasure to have such a treasure,
I call her baby, she calls me deary,
We pass all our time in a most pleasant way.
When we're out for a walk the young men do say,
As we pass them by in the street,
Look at Lynch and his mash, don't they cut a dash,
Don't his darling look charming and sweet.

CHORUS.

But you should see Delia,
When on the trapeze,
She'll stand on her head,
And she'll fall on her knees,
She's a daisy, sets them all crazy,
They laugh and they shout 'till you'd
think they would burst.
(Repeat.)

I brought my brother, his wife, and her mother,
To the theatre so they could mate her,
When she came out you'd think they would ate her,
They shouted and yelled in a horrible way.
When poor Delia heard it she looked with surprise,
From the trapeze I thought she would fall,
She turned a flip-flap bounced around on her back,
Ah! my, how the people did bawl. Chorus.

Sweet Peaches and Honey Plantation.

Sung with Arnold Brothers Novelty Troupes.

Here we are a happy pair, as you can plainly see,
Glory, glory, hallelujah.
Old massa gave us a holiday to have a jubilee,
All you little niggers come and shine on,
The bones and fiddle, banjo and tambourine,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Then we will have the greatest time that yet was seen,
All you little niggers come and shine on.

CHORUS.

For I'm going to have all the peaches and honey,
I'm going to climb de golden ladder,
I'm going to eat at the welcome table,
All you little niggers come and shine on,
All you little niggers come and shine on.

Boys From Mulingar.

Written and sung by Reilly & Nyich.
Air: Irish Regiment.

Kind friends just cast your eyes on us,
Two solid men are we;
We have come here this very night,
To sing a song for ye.
We'll sing in praise of Arin,
For its noble sons we are,
There's none so gay or full of play
As the boys from Mulingar.

CHORUS.

For we walk the street like soldiers
Though we are no way great or grand,
And if we chance to meet a friend
We shake him by the hand.
We have a drink together,
And then smoke a cigar,
If you want for friends just call upon
The boys of Mulingar.

Now if you want for fun or pleasure,
Why just join our company,
John and Pat, two Irishmen,
That's always gay and free.
We'll treat you, yes, like gentlemen,
At every public bar,
There's none you'll find so true and kind,
As the boys from Mulingar. Chorus.

Blue-Eyed Joe.

By E. W. Lanigan. Air: True as steel.

It was a lovely summer's night,
And the moon was shining bright,
I thought that a rambling
I would go.
Just for to have a lark,
I rambled to the park,
To go rolling down the hill
With blue-eyed Joe.
Repeat four last lines of each verse.

When I got to the park,
I found it was very dark,
And in groping around,
I tripped and fell.
What to do I did not know,
I was afraid I would miss Joe,
And I could not go a-rolling
Down the hill,

I fell into a dream,
And was wakened by a scream,
But where it came from
Sure I did not know.
But as I looked around,
My little Joe I found,
So I took her and went
Rolling down the hill.

But now she is my wife,
And we are settled down for life,
We are living in a cottage
By the hill,
But I never can forget,
The night that we first met,
And together we went
Rolling down the hill.

Miss Jenny Johnston.

By G. Woods, for the American Four.

Oh! we once loved a yellow gal, her name was
Jenny Johnston,
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny—come along with me;
She was so fat and greasy she weighed about a ton,
Did my hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnston. (Break.)
We courted her for many a long year,
Until one day she acted rather queer,
She told us to git and walk upon our ear,
Did my hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnston.

CHORUS.

Hi, Jenny; ho, Jenny—come along with me,
Hi, Jenny; ho, Jenny, you shall be free,
Free as a bee on a huckleberry tree,
My hi, Jenny; ho, Jenny Johnston.

We went next day when the weather it was fine,
Hi, Jenny; ho, Jenny—come along with me,
We treated her to cider, hoe cake and wine,
Hi, Jenny: ho, Jenny Johnston. (Break)
We took her to a ball, she slid around the floor.
She up with her foot and slammed us in the jaw.
Then there was a fight which busted up the ball,
About hi, Jenny; ho, Jenny Johnson. Chorus.

Oh! Joy! oh! Rapture!

From the Celebrated Opera, "Pinafore."

O joy! oh! rapture, unforseen!
For now the sky is all serene,
The god of day, the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above.
The sky is all ablaze.
With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along,
And if { I find / we find } the maiden coy,
{ I'll / We'll } murmur forth decorous joy,
In dreamy roundelays!

SHEET MUSIC.

Any piece of Sheet Music, no matter where published, will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of marked price.

The Wedding Day.

Written and sung by J. E. Murphy, of Murphy & Mack.

Music pub. & Copyright 1879, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

When I landed at Castle Garden,
About ten years ago,
I made my home in a tenement house,
In Cherry street below.
'Twas there I got acquainted,
Wid a German girl so gay,
It was only six months after,
She nam'd my wedding day.

Chorus.

Ring a wreath of roses,
We'll ring a wreath for thee;
All the little children,
Sang so sweet to me;
Ladies came in carriages,
With presents and bouquets,
To little Michael Callihan,
Upon his wedding day.

It was on a Saturday evening,
With laugh and merry shout,
The boys and girls in the neighborhood,
So gaily did turn out;
The old folks dressed their very best,
And had funny things to say,
To Mike and Lena Callihan,
Upon their wedding day. Chorus.

There was August Schmitt and Kunkel,
And Henry Cieelmyer,
With all my wife's relations,
And Cohn the old-clothes buyer.
My brother's Pat and Danny,
Wid the ladies danced the glide;
But the Germans tried to kill them, when
They tried to kiss the bride. Chorus.

Tho' Rich, I'm No Better Than You.

Words by Ben, King. Music by G. W. Persley.

Copyright 1877, and pub by S. Brainard's Sons.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 30 cents.

What care I to-day, for the world and its way,
I smile when the poor man does frown,
Though rich I have grown, there's no one can say,
The poor man I ever put down.
I help him along when I find him in need,
What more would you ask me to do,
But this is what I would impress on your minds,
Though rich, I'm no better than you.

Chorus.

Though you see me to-day in costly array,
Who knows what I yet may go through,
So you'll find as far as equality goes,
Though rich, I'm no better than you.

Last night in the street a poor man I did meet,
Who asked me if aid I would give,
I extended my hand, at the poor man's demand,
Yes, says I, my friend you must live.
I gave him assistance, he thanked me and said,
It's hard sir, but what can I do;
Says I, let that be as it may, my dear friend,
Though rich I'm no better than you. Chorus.

In conclusion I'll state, though your lot may be great,
Don't think yourself better than all,
But bear this in mind for it's truth you will find,
The greatest of men have a fall.
The poor may want, and the rich may have,
There's one thing I know to be true,
Let death come a-knocking at either man's door,
Though rich, I'm no better than you. Chorus.

Things are Seldom What They Seem.

From the Celebrated Opera, "Pinafore."

But. Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim-milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent-leathers,
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.

Capt. (puzzled.) Very true,
So they do.

But. Black sheep dwell in every fold,
All that glitters is not gold.
Storks turn out to be but logs,
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

Capt. (puzzled.) So they be,
Frequentlee.

But. Drops the wind and stops the mill;
Turbot is ambitious brill;
Gild the farthing if you will,
But it is a farthing still.

Capt. (puzzled.) Yes, I know,
That is so.

Capt. Though to catch your drift I'm striving,
It is shady, it is shady;
I don't see at what you're driving,
Mystic lady, mystic lady.
(Aside.) Stern conviction's o'er me stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.

But. (aside.) Stern conviction's o'er him stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.

Both. Yes, I know—
That is so.

Capt. Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that forever;
Once a cat was killed with care,
Only brave deserve the fair.

But. Very true,
So they do.

Capt. Wink is often good as nod,
Spoils the child who spares the rod;
Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers,
Dogs are found in many mangers.

But. Frequentlee
I agree.

Capt. Paw of cat the chestnut snatches,
Worn-out garments show new patches;
Only count the chick that hatches;
Men are grown up catchy-catchies.

But. Yes, I know,
That is so.

(Aside.) Though to catch my drift he's striving,
I'll dissemble—I'll dissemble;
When he sees at what I'm driving,
Let him tremble—let him tremble!

Ensemble.

Though a mystic tone { I / you } borrow
{ I shall / You will } learn the truth with sorrow,
Yes, I know—
That is so!

The Neighbors on our Block.

By Wash Favor, for Favor and Shields.

Now I'll try for to tell ye me troubles,
And what I'm going to relate
It happens to me almost daily,
In this unfortunate unlucky state.
I have a large family of children,
And they nev r wore shoe nor sock,
But they all kick up the very divil
With the neighbors that's on the same block.

There's Cornelius, the youngest of eleven,
He's a twin to his brother Gile,
That's left him and went off to heaven,
To spend six years upon the Isle.
And Patsy, the bum, as they call him,
Was hauled in for picking a lock,
And Mickey got licked like the divil,
By the neighbors that live on our block.

Now there's Polly, my only daughter,
Who's just turned twelve years of age;
She's skipping and dancing the tra-la-lu,
The same as they do on the stage.
But the rest of the boys have me crazy,
For on every one's door they do knock;
And I'm sure they'll be sent to the Island
By the neighbors that's on the same block.

Those Slavery Days Gone By.

By Alex McCafferty.

Our memory to-night dear slowly wanders,
To the time when we were bound in slavery,'
But emancipation gathered o'er this nation,
And broke de chains dat set dese niggers free.
No more we'll wear dose slavery ties of bondage,
No more with tears of sorrow wet our eyes
We'll bless de day that gave us niggers freedom,
When we think upon those slavery days gone by.

Chorus.

We are parted now from ones, we love so dear,
To think of days now gone 'twould make us sigh,
Our slavery days, oh! thank de Lord am ended,
No more we'll see dem slavery days gone by.

Beneath the clay in sunny Alabama,
We laid the ones we cherished ever dear,
They are sleeping now de sleep dat knows no waking,
While we are slowly waiting to appear.
Already in de distant clouds up yonder,
De angels seem to beckon from on high,
It's there we're near the last we still remember,
De times we had in slavery days gone by.
We are parted, &c.

Oh! very soon de bugle will be sounding,
When every one will have to make a start,
De summons of de Lord will be descending.
Den one and all together we must part.
A few more years will end our weary waiting,
Oh! de times is very slowly drawing nigh
Den with de Angels, we'll be wrapt in glory,
Forgetting all dose slavery days gone by.
We are parted, &c.

Parody on Baby Mine.

By Billy Robinson, for Favor and Shields.

Oh! my wife she is a slugger,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Like a trotting horse we rub her,
Baby mine, baby mine.
Oh! she hit me with a brick,
But my head it was too thick,
So you see I broke the brick,
Baby mine, baby mine.
But I'll hit her and knock her sick, baby mine

Oh! the babies on our block,
How they bawl, how they squall
For their fathers and their mothers
At the Skidmore's fancy ball.
I'll meet you in the hallway door,
Something I never done before,
But the villain still pursued her,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Get thee gone, get thee gone, baby mine.

She has chin whiskers on her nose,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Oh! heaven's! how it grows,
Baby mine, baby mine,
She was a pastry cook,
Her mother and me she shook
For to dance in the Black Crook,
Baby mine, baby mine.
Forty dollars from me she took, baby mine.

The Dougherty's.

We stand here two strangers, we view the place round,
We're highly delighted with music's sweet sound,
Our bold inclination, is always to please,
And for singing or dancing you'll find us at ease.

Chorus.

We are Irish you see,
For we left the ould dart and we crossed o'er the sea,
We are met open handed wherever we go,
We're the Dougherty's, the wrestlers, from
the County Mayo.

We defeated the Foleys, the Manahan's and Quinns,
We have been declared the champions
wherever we have been,
But we crossed the broad ocean to this great
land of fame,
And if we don't beat the Yankee we're not much to blame

The Party for the Little Widow Brown.

Parody on The Little Widow Dunn. By S. Garvey.

There was a social party,
Got up the other night,
The invitations were sent all around,
For the neighbors all to gather
And give their little mite,
To try and help the little widow Brown,
There was no distinction,
It was come one, come all,
Let every man put his name down.
Oh! what a crowd assembled,
Up in Walhalla Hall,
At the party for the little widow Brown.

Chorus.

They were dancing, so entrancing,
Music playing all around,
There was spieling, jig and reeling
At the party for the little widow Brown.
Repeat.

Such a lively party
Was never seen before,
It was the talk all over the town,
The old men and the women,
Were jigging round the floor.
At the party given for the little widow Brown,
When the time did come
To go up to the table,
Every man and woman there was found,
With an open heart,
They gave what they were able,
For the benifit of the little widow Brown.

Chorus.

There was the Grady's, and the Brady's,
Michael Clancy and McGowan;
Yes, everyone had lots of fun,
At the party for the little widow Brown. (Rep.

All the high-toned people,
Were assembled there,
Among them were men of great renown,
It was our noble Alderman,
Who occupied the chair.
At the party for the little widow Brown.
Oh! she's a charming lady,
She's known near and far,
Upon her face you'd never see a frown,
For she's always smiling sweetly,
Just like a little star,
Oh! everybody likes the little widow Brown.

Chorus.

'Twas in the morning, at early dawning
They wound up with a break-down;
Then strong and brave, they all gave,
Three cheers for the little widow Brown. (Rep.

Brighter Days are Coming, Dearest.

Words and Music by J. T. Rutledge.

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The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Brighter days are coming, dearest,
Soon our sorrows will be o'er,
Bringing days that we will cherish,
Bringing back the clouds no more.
Oh! we'll be so happy hearted,
Joyous when we meet again,
Never more will we be parted,
In the sunlight or the rain.

Chorus.

Brighter days are coming, dearest,
Soon I'll come to you again,
And our hearts will fondly cherish
All the hours that yet remain, that yet remain.

Brighter days are coming, dearest,
May they fly on wings of time,
Till I meet the heart that's nearest
In love's sweet and tender shrine.
Oh! the days have been so lonely,
Since I strayed afar from you,
Loving, dreaming of you only,
Dearest heart so fond and true. Chorus.

Brighter days are coming, dearest,
Giving thee to me at last,
Soon I'll claim the heart that's nearest
In love's shrine forever cast.
I have been so sad without you,
Trusting you for all in all,
Surely I could never doubt you,
And I'm coming at your call. Chorus.

They've Faded Like the Rain.

To Stephen Garvey. By Willie Wildwave.

'Tis sweet to sit at eventide
Beside the cottage door;
'Tis sweet to tell the romances
Of happy days of yore.
I often sit and ponder o'er
Some old school-boyish strain,
And think with sadness of the friends,
Who've faded like the rain.

Chorus.

But 'tis too late, they're past and gone,
And though I oft would fain
Preserve mementos of my youth,
Theyv'e faded like the rain.

The old church tower on the hill,
Has fallen to decay,
A more pretentious one, indeed,
Lies just across the way.
I gaze around o'er hill and dale,
While strange thoughts fill my brain,
I can't forget the old landmarks—
Though faded like the rain. Chorus.

The school house, when a little boy,
I went to with the rest
Of youthful playmates, who like me,
In knowledge went in quest.
Seems strangely out of place, just now,
Old fashioned, quaint and plain,
A relic of old by-gone days,
That's faded like the rain. Chorus.

McCarthy's William Goat.

By T. A. O'Conner. Air: Mulcahey's gone away.

McCarthy had a William goat,
And he was black as jet,
He followed him around all day,
And liked him you just bet.

He went with him to the store one day,
But Frank Grimes kicked him out,
For it made the club boys grin you know,
To have the goat about.

But after Grimes had kicked him out,
Yet he still lingered near,
He waited just outside the door,
Till Grimes he did appear.

Then William run to meet his man,
He run his level best,
And he met Grimes from behind you know,
Down just below the vest.

Grimes turned a sommersault,
The goat stood on his head,
And McCarthy laughed himself so sick.
He had to go to bed.

Grimes has a warrent now,
For his back is nearly broke,
To have McCarthy arrested,
And his son of a gun of a Billy goat.

If I Catch the Man who Taught Her how to Dance.

By W. J. Scanlon. Sung by Scanlon & Cronin.

I've got a daughter I talk to all day,
But the divil a word will she mind what I say,
In spite of advice she'll go far away,
Sometimes she cannot be found.
If I stay at home, begorra she'll get mad,
She'll call me an ould tad, say I've got them bad,
Inside of an oyster I ought to be clad,
To a nannie goat I ought to be bound.

Chorus.

Ah! but if I catch the man
That taught her how to dance,
The la-de-da dance, the tra-le-la dance,
On the top of his nose I'll make my fist prance,
And twist off the both of his legs, ha, ha!
(Repeat.)

At night she'll put on her fol-de-lol-lols,
Then she'll skip off to her picnics and balls,
Then on the neighbors she'll make her grand calls,
Borrow all the clothes that she can.
For a bustle she'll wear my coderie pants,
My chin-chilly vest, or anything by chance,
But if I catch the laddie-buck that taught her how to dance,
I'll twist off the both of his legs. Chorus.

Pinafore.

By John Pettingill, of the American Four.

When I was young and had no sense,
I went to a picnic and beat the fence,
I had just dropped over and hid in the grass,
When a copper hauled off and struck me in the neck,
And for beating that picnic so carefully,
I got six months in the penitentiary.
(Repeat last two lines.)

When I arrived at eleven or more,
I stole all the sweet-potatoes from the grocery store,
I stayed out late at nights and wouldn't go home,
Just look at me now I'm nothing but a bone,
But I stole those potatoes so carefully,
That now I am the owner of a grocery.

The McGluggens.

So now we are here, we bid good cheer
To all our new-made friends,
And sing a song it won't be long,
And we wish your kind amends.
We've been here but a day or so
From that Emerald Isle so grand,
We are the two McGluggens
From dear old Ireland.

Chorus.

Then sing it aloud and let the people know,
Give us a hold of your hand;
We are the two McGluggens
From dear old Ireland. (Repeat.)

And now, kind friends, we must away,
For work now we must try,
And should good luck fall in our way,
To the Green Isle we will fly,
It's the country true and noble,
Where they'd shake us by the hand,
And bid welcome to the McGluggens
Back to old Ireland. Chorus.

Gallant Irishmen.

My friends come listen one and all,
And I will a story relate,
Of a crowd of gallant Irishmen,
Which nothing on earth could bate.
They walk in line, and they all keep time,
Whenever there's any parade,
To see the Sixty-Ninth on St. Patrick's day,
Would make your heart feel glad.

They all have come from first class stock,
And of their nation they are proud,
And hope to see it free one day.
And all the Brittishers cleared out.
And when they are called to arms, my boys,
They will answer readily,
And I hope I may live to see the day,
That brave old Ireland is free.

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The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

The clock was on the stroke of ten, and Richard Hepburn was just putting the above mental interrogation for the hundredth time, when the waiter announced the expected visitor.

"You have news?" exclaimed the young man, unable to control his impatience, directly the door had closed on the waiter.

"I have, Mr. Hepburn," replied the detective, taking a seat, and placing his hat on the ground; "but I wish to say it ain't as satisfactory as I could wish."

"Then you haven't found this Brindly?" ejaculated Richard Hepburn, his heart sinking.

"No sir; and I fear it won't be easy to do so!"

"Yet during our first interview you seemed so certain!"

"Which, excuse me, sir, shows nobody, even detectives, in this world should be certain of anything!" remarked Mr. Slycum, philosophically. "But if you'll allow me, I'll just inform you how matters stand."

Taking a note-book from his pocket, and finding the right page, he read in sharp decisive sentences, while Richard Hepburn flung himself back on his chair, terribly disappointed—

"Timothy Brindley, clerk to Josiah Biddlecomb, usurer. On the retirement of his master, Brindley seemed for a time in high feather. In two years, however, he was in the employ, as clerk, of Amos Kildar, money-lender, Austin Friars. Three years later was dismissed. Got engagement at Andrew Milbanks and Co., where he was arrested for embezzling his employers' money. Was tried, convicted, and sentenced to twenty-one years' transportation."

"Twenty-one!" interrupted Richard Hepburn, quickly. "Why, the time couldn't have yet expired?"

"No, it ain't; but, sir, wait just a bit!" responded the detective. "Early in last December, Brindley, with another convict, succeeded in eluding the wardens, and, by a most cunningly devised plan, effecting their escape. The other was retaken. But after nearly a week's hot pursuit of Brindley through the bush, and tracking him, close on his heels, to Walden's Station, all clue was suddenly lost, and it is supposed that he either perished in the bush fire that was raging, or made it a means to throw his pursuers off the scent."

At the mention of Walden's Station, Richard Hepburn had set erect in his chair, his countenance full of amaze.

"Good heaven!" he cried; "why I was there when the police arrived in search of him, then! It was he—who stole my pocket-book!"

"Stole it? repeated the detective.

Richard Hepburn rapidly explained.

"And what, may I ask, did the pocket-book contain?" inquired Jonas Slycum.

"A sum of money, and numerous notes relating to this case."

The detective's eyebrows rose.

"And did he know who you were, sir?" he asked. "Was he aware that you intended to sift this mystery concerning Sir Richard to the bottom?"

"I do not know—yet now I remember, not ten minutes before the theft took place, I was relating my history to my dying friend, and the police said they had detected the convict's footprints on the soft ground just outside the verandah."

"In that case, he may have heard all?"

"If he were there, he must have done."

Jonas Slycum emitted through his lips a prolonged "whew!"

"Then, sir," he exclaimed, "if there has been foul play on the part of these two, as you suspect, against your worthy father, be on your guard, for it's certain they'll be on theirs. Timothy Brindley's the fellow to make money out of such an affair as this; and the orange he can and will squeeze is—Josiah Biddlecomb."

"Probably," exclaimed Richard Hepburn; "but I can assure you Mr. Biddlecomb has not the least suspicion of who I am."

"Not at present," replied the detective, confidentially. "But, then, Timothy Brindley may not have succeeded in reaching England."

CHAPTER VIII.

RECOGNISED.

On the whole, Richard Hepburn did not regard his interview with Jonas Slycum as satisfactory.

Certainly it was better to be on your guard against a threatened danger, than blind to it, and the danger now menacing was his denouncement to the ex-usurer by Brindley.

A circumstance that would annihilate his chance of elucidating the gloomy mystery which enveloped his father's memory.

"If, sir, you fancy you can get any information at Carnyston," had remarked the detective, "which is just possible, there ain't a moment to be lost. All you do must be done before that clerk puts in an appearance, for then the game will be pretty well up in that direction."

Following which advice, more earnest in the work than ever from the probable obstacle, Richard Hepburn, leaving full liberty with Jonas Slycum to follow any course which might lead to the desired end, returned forthwith to Westerin.

He felt, though, that however much his inclination bent that way, that he dared not further impose upon Mrs. Walden's hospitality by making Daisy Bank his home.

Another reason against it was, that he ought to feel himself under no restraint or observation. It would be dangerous to have his actions commented upon even by disinterested persons.

Had he not already so decided, a little incident which occurred would have made him do so.

On alighting from the train at Westerin, the first person he saw was Doctor Abercorn.

A strong friendship had sprung up between these two, and when the latter, warmly shaking the younger man's hand, offered him a seat in his chaise that was waiting, Richard Hepburn readily consented.

"And how are the ladies at Daisy Bank?" he inquired as the spirited little cob was carrying them rapidly over the country road.

"Mrs. Walden is getting herself again," replied the doctor. "I wish, Mr Hepburn, I could say the same of my favorite, Miss Alice."

"You do not mean that she is ill?" asked his companion, with an interest that made the good-natured doctor, under the cover of the darkness, indulge in a smile.

"Oh, dear me, no; not ill," he rejoined. "But she doesn't seem in her right spirits of late—pale and languid, that's all. Wants rousing. It's the shock, I suppose, of her brother's death."

Doctor Abercorn didn't in his secret mind, suppose any such thing. Consequently he was annoyed by his companion's ready acquiescence.

"I suppose so. Poor dear old Charlie! How he loved her!"

"Loved her, sir? Where's the man who could help it? She's the sweetest, best, and prettiest girl the most critical of men could discover in—in—a life-time—there! He will be a fortunate fellow who wins her for his wife!"

"He will, indeed, doctor!" responded Richard Hepburn, with an involuntary sigh. "One to be envied."

Doctor Abercorn hearing the sigh, cast a sharp, inquisitive glance at the speaker.

"If I weren't so old," he said, "by George, I'd enter the lists myself!"

"And if I were only a marrying man, doctor, so would I."

Doctor Abercorn dropped the reins on his knees, and looked at his companion.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Mean what?"

"That, Mr. Hepburn, you are not a marrying man?"

"Most surely I do!" And this time the sigh was suppressed.

"In that case, do you know my opinion?" remarked the little doctor, going straight out of his affection for Alice, to the point, at the risk of offence.

"No, doctor. How possibly could I? I should like to."

"Then my young friend, you have no right—mind, this is in confidence—you have no right to make so long a stay at Daisy Bank; you've no right to fly off to London, then come flying back as if the place were your own."

Richard Hepburn could but jump at one conclusion from the speech. His face went as pale as death, though his heart beat fast, as he cried, in some agitation, "Heaven's, doctor! you can't mean that Miss Walden—that I have been so unfortunate—"

"To win Miss Alice's favor?" broke in Doctor Abercorn, loudly, and with a short laugh of scorn. "Lord bless me—no! Mr. Hepburn, I should never have taken you for such a confounded coxcomb!"

"Thank Heaven, I misunderstood you!" remarked his companion, with a fervor that again brought the others eyes on him. "I am no coxcomb, believe me; but your words misled me."

"They did, most considerably, Mr. Hepburn," said the doctor with marked emphasis. "As far as I know, Miss Alice is fancy free. But in a village like this—for such was my meaning—idle people are apt to gossip about other people's concerns rather than their own; and—well, why hide it?—I am aware that your long stay at Daisy Bank, your rides with its young mistress have been commented upon, and loving Alice Walden as a daughter, I hold myself justified in telling you this, Mr. Hepburn, it does not do to have her name thus coupled."

His companion caught his hand in a grateful grasp.

"A thousand thanks, Doctor Abercorn!" he exclaimed. "I am, indeed, indebted to you! I would sooner, I swear, lose twenty years of my life than bring sorrow on Mrs. or Miss Walden. I would"—another sigh—"matters could have been different with me; but, there, it is impossible! I was never egotist enough to regard my stay at Daisy Bank in the light you have placed it; but I had no intention, believe me, of again having the selfishness to make it my quarters. On the contrary, I propose staying, while I am here, at the inn; and I will ask you kindly to set me down there, as it is too late for me to pay my compliments to Mrs. Walden to-night."

"That is well, Mr. Hepburn. You have not taken offence at my remarks?" queried Doctor Abercorn, as he drew up at the "Golden Corn Sheaf."

"Offence? I thank you most heartily!" replied Richard Hepburn, again shaking his hand before he sprang to the ground. "And—pray don't think me a coxcomb."

The doctor, making a pleasant rejoinder, drove briskly off. He soon slackened his pace, falling into a reverie.

"So, then, there's nothing in it, after all," he reflected, regretfully. "I was rejoicing in the idea it would be a match. Poor Rosebud! my professional eye tells me she loves the fellow with all her pure, fond, gentle heart! What a prize he's casting away! What the deuce did he mean by sighing? I did right to speak. For Alice's sake, he mustn't be hanging about her. I'm sorry; he's such a capital young fellow—just suited for her."

As to Richard Hepburn, he entered the inn, much pleased with the late conversation; for he was now sure, from Doctor Abercorn's behavior and words, that Alice Walden had never regarded him with a kindlier feeling than that natural to bestow upon Charlie's friend.

When he walked over to Daisy Bank the next morning he was conscious of feeling glad that he found only Mrs. Walden at home.

Why he scarcely knew; but he felt nervous of stating his intention of taking up his abode at the inn, and leaving Daisy Bank before Alice.

With the elder lady it was different. He spoke frankly, how charming their friendship had made Westerin to him, that he was unable at present to tear himself away, so had taken rooms at the inn, as he could not longer impose upon their kindness.

Mrs. Walden's manner, while it did not reveal the secret pleasure she felt for Alice's sake in this arrangement, made his task easy.

To be Continued in No. 167—Commenced in No. 152.

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CONTENTS.

ANGEL MOTHER WATCH FOR ME....	533
Bright Eyes.....	530
BABY DIED ONE YEAR AGO TO-DAY..	531
Crank.....	530
Don't Forget to write me, Darling.....	531
Don't you be so rude, George.....	531
The Growler's filled to-night.....	533
Haley's Piebald Horse.....	532
I am the Captain of the "Pinafore".....	534
Kadarina Bimpel.....	531
Little Maggy Ann.....	530
Levi Kassiday.....	530
The Little old house on the Rhine.....	532
The Lost Inheritance—(Story continued)	535
Latest Sheet Music (Notice).....	534
The Micks are out to-day.....	530
My Grandpa is a Bummer.....	532
The Merry Coons.....	532
The Murphy Sangerbund.....	533
McGunnigan's Christening.....	534
The OLD BENCH NEAR THE MILL.....	532
Oh! dem Golden Slippers.....	532
Oh! what we seen on the Sands.....	534
The Primrose Family.....	530
The Picnic Barge.....	531
Pat Rooney's "Pinafore".....	533
Roll out, Heave That Cotton.....	530
The Rank and File.....	531
Roll on Jordan.....	533
Tell me in a loving kiss.....	534
Under the Gaslight.....	532
Uncle Ned—Music for Banjo or Guitar....	536
Under the Maples long ago	531
Waltz with me	533
We sail the ocean blue.....	534
You were false, but I'll forgive you.....	533

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The Micks are out To-Day.

By R. J. Pigott. Parody on The Skids are out to-day.

Open wide yer flannel mouths,
And give yer ears a chance
To listen to the patter of
Our hoofs as we advance,
Sure, whin in line, faith we look fine,
We're fed on oats and hay;
Go tell the Skids and all the kids,
The Micks are out to-day.

CHORUS.

Latest styles in ancient tiles,
Chase us, boys wid bricks;
Raise yer hats ye Dimocrats,
And mealy-mouthed Micks.
Ta-ta duisies,
Don't we all look gay;
Flap your ears and give three cheers,
The Micks are out to-day.

REFRAIN.

They played the concertina,
As we strolled through the grove;
All alone with Kitty Malone,
Up at Dudley's Grove.

Pat-ri-cio McFadden,
Is the captain of this crowd;
With sword in hand, sure he looks grand,
And of him we are proud.
He throws his shoulders backward,
And he gives his feet full play;
Whoop, shout and yell, yer neighbors tell,
The Micks are out to-day. Chorus.

REFRAIN.

Mary Ann McLaughlin don't you cry,
Take that apron from your eye,
Don't you let the neighbors hear you sigh,
And we will married be by-and-by.

We all wear chest protectors,
And we never fear the cold;
Our clothes and everything we wear,
Are bought before they're sold,
And if yees think that we're N. G,
Why step ye out this way;
And see how we'll lambaste ye all —
The Micks are out to-day. Chorus.
Refrain, same as first.

Crank.

Methought I'd found a soul
Congenial to my own;
I bent to thy control,
I cherished thee alone.
No thought disturbed my mind,
That you couldst faithless be;
Ah! what plea canst thou find,
For such inconstancy? W.

Roll out, Heave That Cotton.

Words and Music by Will S. Hays.

Music Copyrighted 1878, by J. E. Ditson & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price 40 cents.

I hear dat bell a-ringin'
I see de captain stand,
Boat done blowed her whistle,
I know she's gwine to land.
I hear de mate a-callin'
"Go git out de plank,
Rush out wid de headline,
And tie her to de bank."

CHORUS.

Roll out, heave dat cotton,
Roll out, heave dat cotton,
Roll out, heave dat cotton;
Ain't got long to stay.

It's early in de mornin'
Before we see de sun,
"Roll aboard dat cotton,
And git back in a run."
De captain's in a hurry,
I know what he means,
Wants to beat the Sherlock
Down to New Orleans. Chorus.

I hear dat mate a-shoutin',
An' see him on de shore,
Hurry boys! be lively,
Aint but fifty more,
We aint got time to tarry,
Here at dis cotton pile,
We gwine to git another,
Below here forty mile. Chorus.

We don took on de cotton.
Shove out from de shore,
Sailing down de river,
We gwine to land for more.
When you hear de whistle,
And de big bell ring,
We gwine to land for cotton,
Roll out, boys, an' sing. Chorus.

Little Maggy Ann.

IRISH COMIC SONG.

Words and Music by Donly.

Music pub. & Copyright 1879, by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I know a little rosy bud,
A light weight of sixteen,
Wid hair where warmest colours blaze,
And heart where truth do beam.
She have a cheek where freshness dwells,
She'd spoil up any man,
A lump of carrot gold is she,
This little Maggy Ann.

CHORUS.

This little Maggy Ann,
This rosy Maggy Ann,
She'd strike you blind dumb,
This sweet little plum,
This slick, and entirely bewilderin' young girl,
They call little Maggy Ann.
This rosy Maggy Ann,
A Vayuus is she,
Whatever that may be,
Is little Maggy Ann.

She used to be a working-man,
Down in a laundry fine,
And wrestle wid discouraged shirts,
Till wid new life they'd shine,
But she bekem high-tony, as
Would any other man,
And now a rale pure Irish nurse,
Is little Maggy Ann. Chorus.

The babies all she washes,
And then Irons them out well,
And fetches them a lively slap,
If out of time they yell.
A fancy night-cap then she wears,
This French Hiberniun,
Then to the Park wid all the babes,
Glides little Maggy Ann. Chorus.

Levi Kassiday.

Sung by J. E. Murphy, of Murphy & Mack.

Words and Music by Donly.

Copyright 1879, and published by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Now list ye to my classic lay,
Politely harken loudly, while
I sing of Levi Kassiday.
A blazin' star of solid style;
From Cooney Isle to Zululand,
From sweet Co-ho-ho-hose to Newfoundland,
Roam where you will a man you'll never find,
Like Levi Kassiday. For—

CHORUS.

He's a man, understan' wid a very fine
Eye for a nice young girl,
And a prime judge of Dublin wine,
And a creamy cream of the style, do you mind,
Wid a rose like his nose,
Of a color as bright as the red blue say,
Oh! it's on the street, there's few you'll meet
Like Levi Kassiday.

Adown the street wid stately tread,
And style that dislocates them all,
Meanders he, enveloped in
A brand new fresh spring suit of gaul;
Upon his arm hange Julie Ann,
Sweet lady-bird of this daisy man,
A Don Juhannes in his mind is he,
This Levi Kassiday. Chorus.

When voices sweet were handed round,
Levi was not behind the door,
An overstrung bass voice has he,
He sang the "mast" in "Pinafore,"
From Asiah to Kalamazu,
From Can-a-daw to San Francisco,
Another one of it you'll seldom meet,
Like Levi Kassiday. For— Chorus.

The Primrose Family.

By Joe Pettingill, of the American Four.
Music by Charles Dockstater.

We got a day off to see our girls,
They live in yonder cot,
The number on the door
Is one hundred and forty-four,
And the place we've not forgot,
'Tis Master Johnson's birthday,
And the nigs have got a spree,
With a band of music playing,
We'll dance out on the green.
Come out here Cloey Primrose,
Come out you little queen,
Come out here Cloey Primrose
And dance upon the green.

CHORUS.

We'll drive de gospel engine,
We'll drive dull care away,
We'll sing and dance with hearts so light,
While the band does sweetly play.

When we go out to promenade,
We make the white folks smile,
Arm in arm we go along,
You bet we put on style.
Down on the green where we'll be seen,
We'll make the leather shake,
Hand in hand we lead them all
A-walking for the cake.
Put on style Cloey Primrose,
I'll do just as I please,
Put on style Cloey Primrose
And we'll dance here on the green. Chorus.

Bright Eyes.

By F. Young, Jr.

Fair Essie's eyes are dark and bright,
When they are near there is no night
They do outshine the brightest star,
That hath its sphere in Heaven so far.

Could they be placed with stars to shine,
Their lights together would combine,
And so illume the sky with their bright ray,
That birds would sing, thinking it were day.

When at early dawn I awake,
And of a genial wash partake,
Even through the water smilingly,
Fair Essie's dark bright eyes I see.

When at night I seek repose,
And my weary eyelids close,
In dreams which Heaven sends to me,
Fair Essie's dark bright eyes I see.

'Tis said beauty's charms like flowers fade,
Those eyes will not their beauty lose,
'Till death on them his cold hand has laid,
And God their owner for his own does choose.

But soft! those wondrous eyelids close,
Now let all nature seek repose,
For when those eyes are prisoned from our sight,
Then indeed we have the night.

Don't Forget to Write Me, Darling.

Words arranged by T. F. S. Composed by Lettie Launder.
Music published and Copyright 1877, by O. Ditson & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price. 40 cents.

Don't forget to write me darling,
Write, if only but a line;
Just a word to cheer me, darling,
Tell me that you still are mine.
Pray don't keep me waiting, darling,
I can ne'er endure the pain;
God knows only how I love you,
Darling write to me again.

Yet I'll trust you ever, darling,
Though you're far away from me,
And the heart I gave you, darling,
Ever beats alone for thee.
For its throbbing tells me truly,
I shall not have long to wait;
Oh! the joy that thrills me darling,
For the post-man's at the gate.

Still you love me, yes, I knew it,
Ere I read the precious line;
Ere your words so true and noble,
Told me that you still were mine.
And I'll never, never doubt you,
Lovingly I wait the day,
When you will be with me, darling,
Never more to go away.

The Rank and File.

Waltz Song, Words and Music by Bobby Newcomb.
Copyright 1879, and published by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

We've oft sung of the Major,
And of the Captain too,
But now I've chosen for my rhyme,
A subject new to you.
'Tis of our gallant soldier boys,
All honor them the while,
Our boys in blue, and s ilors true,
Who belong to the rank and file.

CHORUS.

Eyes right! steady, boys! merrily we cheer,
Under the starry flag that ever we hold dear,
Gaily the music plays the ladies love to smile,
Upon the throng, a thousand strong, who
belong to the rank and file.

In the tented field of honor,
We hold our lives but small,
And bravely clan together,
At the bugle's martial call.
We greet the shouts of victory,
With cheers and saddened smile,
And sigh for slaughtered comrades,
Who belonged to the rank and file. Chorus.

When in the days of "seventy-six,"
Our country plunged in war,
And peril ev'ry where beset,
Our foe invaded shore.
Bold, sturdy men were needed then,
To win proud viet'ry's smile.
So while we're here let's give a cheer,
For America's rank and file. Chorus.

Baby Died One Year Ago To-Day.

By S. J. R. Composed by M. O'Reardon.
Author of Marriage Bells, My Dream of Love is o'er, Little Roguish Eyes, &c.
Copyright 1879, by M. O'Reardon.

The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Deep sadness fills my aching heart,
And tears unbidden flow,
For on this day my infant died,
This day one year ago.
A tender bud so beautiful,
So fragile, pure and fair,
Its fragrance far too sweet to waste
On earth's sin-tainted air.
Through many sad, long hours of pain,
My precious darling lay;
Then God in sweet compassion took,
My little one away.
As cold and rigid in my arms,
His lifeless form was placed,
Such agony of soul then felt,
Can never be effaced.

CHORUS.

Baby died one year ago to-day,
Baby died one year ago to-day,
Baby died, baby died,
Baby died one year ago to-day.

In meek submission low I bowed
To God's all-wise decree,
He only took unto Himself
The one He gave to me.
And yet I never see a babe,
But scalding tears will start,
And longingly I crave to clasp
My lost one to my heart.
If I my future home could choose
In realms where glory reigns,
I'd ask to dwell with angel babes,
Ever singing heavenly strains;
For sadness fills my aching heart,
And tears unbidden flow,
For on this day my baby died,
This day one year ago. Chorus.

The Picnic Barge.

SERIO COMIC SONG.

Words and Music by Donly.
Music pub. & Copyright 1879, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

In all the festive glory
Of gay flags and banners bright,
The merry picnic barge is drifting,
Thro' the starry night;
And borne across the waters
Come sounds of music sweet,
And merry laugh, and joyous shout,
And pat of tripping feet, oh!

CHORUS.

On the picnic barge they dance,
In the moonlight soft they dance,
Down the river gliding free,
To rich music's melody;
'Round the deck the merry feet,
In a jolly measure beat,
Whirl and glide, as down with the tide,
On the barge they lightly dance.

A vision of rare beauty,
Floating gently down the stream,
Thro' plashing waters silvered
By each brilliant moonlight beam.
A time for joy and pleasure,
For merry dance and song,
A time to tell love's sweetest story,
While we drift along. Chorus.

Kadarina Bimpel.

By Louis Seipel. Air: MARY Ann Kehoe.

I have a nice young girl,
Her name is Kadarina Bimpel,
She vas de fniest in de land,
Kadarina Bimpel.
She come from Frankfort on de Rhine,
Kadarina Bimpel,
Aber I tell you she looks fine,
Kadarina Bimpel.

CHORUS.

She's lazy, I'm crazy,
Dot Kadarina Bimpel;
She's loonish, I'm foolish,
Dot Kadarina Bimpel,
Pimp, pimp.

Every night ven ve go out,
Kadarina Bimpel,
That's de time de boys do shout,
Kadarina Bimpel;
Such deep red eyes und blue hair,
But for dot I do not care,
Kadarina Bimbel.
Kadarina Bimbel

CHORUS.

She's a speiler, und a squealer,
Dot Kadarina Bimpel,
She can dance a quadrille und Schottische,
Kadarina Bimpel,
Pimp, pimp

But soon we will married be,
Kadarina Bimpel,
Then ve vill go back to Germany,
Kadarina Bimpel,
Oh! dere ve vill have a bully time,
Kadarina Bimpel,
Ve'll have plenty of lager und Rhine vine.
Kadarina Bimpel. Chorus.

Don't You be so Rude, George.

Words and Music by Harry Cavella.
Copyright, 1877, by Mrs. J. M. Hall.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

My love he is a charming beaux,
So sweet, so young, so fair.
With eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearls,
And lovely curly hair.
And every evening I go out,
This young man for to see,
And if perchance he steals a kiss,
Or gently squeezes me—
Spoken: I always say—

CHORUS.

Don't you be so rude, George,
Don't you be so rude,
Wicked George, saucy George,
You're acting very naughty George.
Don't you be so rude, George,
Don t you be so rude,
I shall have to call mama,
If you will be so rude.

He is one of the oddest beaux,
That ever you did see,
That lovely form, those jet black curls,
Just make a fool of me.
Above all others he's my taste,
I'm spoons on him you see,
And if his arm slips round my waist,
I blush and simply say. Chorus.

Under the Maples Long Ago.

Song and Chorus, by Collen Coe.
Copyright 1877, and pub by S. Brainard's Sons.

Music sent, by us post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cts.

Do you remember that time long ago,
After the sweet hay was made?
Dear ones so happy were singing so low,
Under the maple tree's shade.
And that was so long, so long ago,
That you never may think of it more!
Yet, I shall remember those bright, sunny days,
'Neath the maples that grew by the door.

CHORUS.

Under the maples sweet voices we heard,
Never again those sweet songs shall we know,
Dear ones with faces so sunny and fair,
'Neath the maple trees long ago.

Darling, sweet Bessie, and roguish Jeannette,
Blue-eyed Marie, and dear Jane!
Robin so brave, and my own gallant Ned,
Never to greet me again.
I sit in twilight, dreaming now,
For I'm growing so old and so gray!
Yet I shall remember the dear ones that played,
'Neath the maples that bright summer day.
Chorus.

My Grandpa is a Bum.

By Little George. Parody on Fire in the grate.

My grandpa is a bummer,
He never looks for work,
But hangs around the ginmills,
With the boys that "Tossed the Turk."
He tells them funny stories,
His hours to beguile;
If he don't look out, he'll get about
Two years on Blackwell Isle."

Chorus.

We never let him come in
Near the "Fire in the grate,"
But yell out of the window,
Old man you are too late!
He always says I'm weary,
And awful tired to-day—
When he gets on his ear from drinking beer,
He gives himself away.

You can see him every morning
Before the break of day,
Draining out the beer kegs,
Ere they take them all away.
He takes them very careful,
And dumps it in a pail,
It tastes so sweet it can't be beat,
The lager that's so stale. Chorus.

He was elected captain
Of the "Lusher Corps,"
And then commenced drinking,
Much more than he drank before.
He's now upon the Island,
Where he has got to work,
He'll hang no more 'round the corner store,
With the boys that "Tossed the Turk." Cho.

The Old Bench Near the Mill.

Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.
Author of Big F. t Nance, Take me back to my dear old Southern Home, &c.
Copyright 1879, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.
The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

How often have we lingered,
There together you and I,
To one another told our love,
When no one else was nigh.
Ah! those happy days have fled,
Like the waters of the rill,
That glided by with merry song
The old bench near the mill.

Chorus.

The miller long has gone to rest,
The clanking wheel hangs still,
For everything has gone to ruin,
But the old bench near the mill.

Old winter's snows have come and gone,
Spring hath decked with beauteous flow'rs,
The trysting place where you and I
Have passed such happy hours.
Now I wander there alone,
Yet fancy oft doth fill
The spot where I have held thy form,
On the old bench near the mill. Chorus.

They tell me thou art gone my own,
To a home beyond the skies,
Gone, where the stars are shining gold,
Where friendship never dies.
When the messenger doth come,
To bid this heart be still,
May we find in heaven another spot
Like the old bench near the mill. Chorus.

Haley's Piebald Horse.

By D. T. L. Air: McCarthy's Boarding House.

Tim Haley owned a lazy nag,
Haley's piebald horse,
Who always liked to slowly lag,
Haley's piebald horse,
One day a funeral he did beat,
Haley's piebald horse,
By a length in a straight heat.
Haley's piebald horse.

Chorus.

He's a pacer, a racer, of trotters the boss,
He's a flyer, never tire would Haley's piebald horse.

He's beat the great chesnut Parole,
Haley's piebald horse,
Running around a free lunch bowl;
Haley's piebald horse,
His Jockey's name was Mickey Day,
Haley's piebald horse,
He's fed on hock and gilded hay.
Haley's piebald horse. Chorus.

Talk about great pedigrees,
Haley's piebald horse,
The likes of his you couldn't see,
Haley's piebald horse,
He was sired in Timbuctoo,
Haley's piebald horse,
And lamented by every one he knew.
Haley's piebald horse. Chorus.

At last the poor piebald is dead,
Haley's piebald horse,
His ailment was not being fed,
Haley's piebald horse,
The stable door he tried to eat,
Haley's piebald horse,
And a sudden death did meet.
Haley's piebald horse. Chorus.

Under the Gaslight.

Words and Music by C. M. Connolly.
Copyright 1879, and published by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price 40 cents.

Under the gaslight, neath the bright gaslight,
Visions of joy and misery gleam;
'Neath its bright glare; pleasure and care,
Blend in the rays of each glistening beam.
In the ball-rooms warmth and glow,
Perfume sweet, and music low,
Life's bright, joyful side doth show,
Under the gaslight.

Chorus.

Under the gaslight, 'neath the bright gaslight,
Visions of joy and misery gleam;
Neath its bright glare, pleasure and care,
Blend in the rays of each glistening beam.

Under the gaslight, 'neath the bright gaslight,
Peace and unrest in strange fellowship pass;
Wealth for joy reaches, Need low beseeches,
On strangest scenes shines the light of the gas,
In the darksome gloomy streets,
Want its story grim repeats;
White-faced sorrow, sad entreats,
Under the gaslight. Chorus.

Oh! dem Golden Slippers.

Written composed and sung by James A. Bland.
Copyright, 1879, and pub. by J. F. Perry & Co, Boston.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Oh! my golden slippers am laid away,
Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em 'till my weddin' day.
An' my long-tail'd coat, dat I loved so well,
I will wear up in de chariot in de morn;
An' my long white robe dat I bought last June,
I'm gwine to get changed kase it fits to soon,
An' de ole gray horse dat I used to drive,
I will hitch up to de chariot in de morn.

Chorus.

Oh! dem golden slippers!
Oh! dem golden slippers!
Golden slippers I'm gwine to wear,
Because dey look so neat;
Oh! dem golden slippers!
Oh! dem golden slippers!
Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear,
To walk in de golden street.

Oh! my ole banjo hangs on de wall,
Kase it ain't been tuned since way last fall,
But de darks all say we will hab a good time,
When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.
Dar's ole brudder Ben and sister Lucy,
Dey will telegraph de news to Uncle Tobacco Juice,
What a great camp-meetin' der will be dat day,
When we ride up in de chariot in de morn. Cho.

So, it's good-bye, children, I will have to go,
Whar de rain don't fall or de wind don't blow,
And yer ulster coats, why, yer will not need,
When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn.
But yer golden slippers must be nice and clean,
And yer age must be just sweet sixteen.
And yer white kid gloves yer will have to wear,
When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn Cho.

The Little Old House on the Rhine.

By Alex McClafferty. Air: The old brown cot on the hill.

I remember the days that are now past and gone,
When a child how I once loved to play,
By the side of the mill that stands close by the stream,
Where for pleasure I often would stray.
But now I've grown old and quite feeble you see,
And so has my poor Katharine,
But I sigh when I think of my once happy days,
In that little old house on the Rhine.

Chorus.

It was lonely and cold and in winter 'twas drear,
For the wind would assail it at times,
Still there's no place on earth to my memory more dear,
Than that little old house on the Rhine.

Now the old school house stands just the same as before.
With the church and its spires so grand,
Where fond stories of love to each other we'd tell,
As together we'd walk hand in hand.
It was there where the old folks for pleasure would stray,
And bask neath the old shady vine,
How they'd watch us at play when from school we'd return,
To that little old house on the Rhine. Chorus.

They are both dead and gone and they sleep side by side,
In the grave by the end of the vale.
Where the birds sweetly sing on a bright summers eve,
And play in the moonlight so pale.
Good-bye dear old home fare you well for awhile,
You've sheltered me many a time,
Oh! I'd love to return to my old fatherland,
And that little old house on the Rhine. Chorus.

The Merry Coons.

By J. J. McGonigle. Dedicated to Budd & Gleason.

Kind friends now come and list to us,
Unto dis our little song;
And what we're gwine to sing about,
Will not detain you long.

Chorus.

We'll sing and dance, and dance and sing,
And merrily jump about;
We'll surely make de banjo ring,
Or else we'll raise a shout. Repeat.

Mose.

Now dere am Sam as you can see,
He's black as black can be;
He's de libeliest nigger in dis yer town,
And always full of glee. Chorus.

Sam.

Now dere am Mose dat great big nig,
Dat's standin' ober dere;
You can always tell him by dat rig,
For he wears it ebery where. Chorus.

Encore Verse.

And now we hope we've pleased you all,
Wid dis our little song;
And hope you'll kindly think ob us
Oh! after we are gone. Chorus.

Waltz With Me.

Words and Music by C. M. Connolly.

Copyright 1879, and published by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price 40 cents.

Waltz with me, love, with me,
Thro' the dance of life and glee,
Thrill our hearts with pure delight,
Thro' the brilliant happy night.
Come let's dance, gaily dance,
Ev'ry joy it will enhance,
Thro' the spell of witchery,
Come, love, waltz with me.

Chorus.

Close, love, ah! clasp me fast,
Would it could ever last;
Ah, yes! waltz with me, love, with me.
Thro' the dance of life and glee,
Thrill our hearts with pure delight,
Thro' the brilliant happy night,
Come let's dance, gaily dance,
Every joy it will enhance,
Thro' the spell of witchery,
Come, love, waltz with me.

Waltz with me love with me,
Hand in hand our dance shall be,
Pleasure's brimming cup we'll drain,
While it holds its joyful reign,
In your arms circling round,
Love's sweet mystery may be found,
Dance of Cupid may it be,
Come, love, waltz with me. Chorus.

Angel Mother Watch For Me.

Composed by C. E. Pratt.

Author of The Sweetest of the Sweet, Song and Waltz, and She's Just a Sweet Bouquet.

Copyright 1879, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

Sung with great success by Mr. William Raymond of the San Francisco Minstrels.

The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

On that bright and shining shore,
Just beyond the waters dark;
Watch for me sweet angel nun,
When the boatman lands his bar
Watch for me, for soon I'll come,
With the boatman pale and cold;
Watch to catch the first pale gleam,
Of the sails white fluttering fold!

Chorus.

Bright and lovely is that land,
Where God's crowned people be;
There upon that shining shore,
Angel mother watch for me!

Wilt thou be so dazzling bright,
Robed in heavenly garments fair,
That thy child may know thee not,
Know thee not, thou art there?
Oh! among that countless throng,
Just beyond that darksome sea,
When the boatman lands his bark,
Angel mother watch for me. Chorus.

The Growler's Filled To-Night.

To the Knights of the Can. By Willie Wildwave.

Sung by John F. McGuire, the silver toned vocalist.

Air: The Skids are out to-day.

Oh! freshen up your thirsty throats,
Come gather everyone,
Go tell the merry spellers
To be prepared for fun.
The solid sons in glory are,
Their spirits gay and light.
Hear them dance, see them prance,
For the growler's filled to-night.

Chorus.

Girls winking, glasses clinking,
Kids enjoy the race;
Watch that boy, see the joy
Beaming in his face.
Shout! shout! daisies!
Shout with all your might,
Shake your shoes, spread the news,
The growler's filled to-night.

Refrain.

Ring a wreath of roses,
We'll ring a wreath for thee:
All the little children
Sang so sweet to me.
Ladies came in carriages,
With presents and bouquets,
To little Michael Callahan,
Upon his wedding day.

The can is overflowing, boys,
The nights are getting long,
Pigott and the solid sons
Awake the block with song.
They've been ejected from the park,
And now with all their might
They wake the town with the "Widow Brown,"
For the growler's filled to-night,

Chorus and Refrain.

There was dancing so entrancing,
Music playing all around,
There was spieling, jig and reeling,
At the party for the little widow Brown.

Go join the grand procession,
There's room for many more;
Watch that individual
Holding up the door.
Go call in all the members,
No party must us slight,
Get in and cheer for Timoney's beer,
For the growler's filled to-night.

Chorus and Refrain.

We danced and waltzed together,
And Lizzie was so good,
I kissed her and caressed her
Up at Jones' Wood.

Hot buns we have for supper,
When we take in a ball,
Celebrated everywhere,
Because we treat them all.
We're always treated with respect,
We're never in a plight;
Here's our toast, here's our boast,
The growler's filled to-night.

Chorus and Refrain

Ring a ring a rosy,
A bottle full of rye,
My darling is a posy,
And lives on lemon pie.
Casey, crys all hands around,
The cradle we will rock,
Is sung by the Girleens
A-boarding on our block. (Repeat Chorus.)

The Murphy Sangerbund.

Sung by J. E. Murphy, of Murphy & Mack.

Words by Donly.

Music pub. & Copyright 1879, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Behold the breezy vocalists,
Wid music in both ears,
And when we warble our sweet song,
You'll dry up in great tears.
Our leader has a music cane,
Likewise a decent fund,
To purchase all the latest snaps,
For the Murphy Sangerbund.

Chorus.

Then hear the melody grand, we roar,
They say we have broken the heart of Gilmore,
For style—could any wish for more,
When we sing our little tra-la-la-la,
Tra-la-la-lay, tra-la-la-lum-tum,
When we sing our tra-la-la-lee,
In the Murphy Sangerbund.

We rub our voices wid bay-rum,
To make them strong and tough,
And when we all sing for-tay,
Why on weak tin ears it's rough.
We sing "Grand father's on our block,"
And "In the Sweet by-bye."
Wid such wild sweetness, that you'd love,
To lie you down and die Chorus.

You are False, but I'll Forgive You

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Copyright 1880 by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

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The Music of this song is published in elegant litho grayed title page by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Fare thee well, for once I loved you,
Even more than tongue can tell,
Little did I think you'd leave me,
That we'd ever say farewell.
You have wrecked the heart that loved you,
You have doomed me day by day,
You are false but I'll forgive you,
But forget you I never may!
You are false, but I'll forgive you,
But forget you I never may!

Chorus.

Oh! true love is ever constant,
Not one spark ere fades away;
You are false, but I'll forgive you,
But forget you I never may!
You are false, but I'll forgive you,
But forget you I never may!

When I saw your eyes in virtue,
I could scarce believe my own,
When I heard your voice in anger,
It was death in every tone
They have told you some false stories,
You believe them all, they say;
You are false, but I'll forgive you,
But forget you I never may!
You are false, but I'll forgive you,
But forget you I never may! Chorus.

One more word and all is over!
Why are you unkind to me?
Tell me why you do not love me?
Turn aside, how can it be?
You have left me for another,
You have turned from me away;
You are false, but I'll forgive you,
But forget you I never may!
You are false, but I'll forgive you,
But forget you I never may. Chorus.

Roll on Jordan.

Written and sung by W. O. Hughes.

My soul, my soul, I'se gwine to rest,
Keep in de glory of the Lord;
I'm gwine to heblen wid de blest,
Keep in de glory of the Lord.
My sins will all be washed away,
Keep in de glory of the Lord,
Oh! won't dat be a happy day,
Keep in de glory of the Lord.

Chorus.

Roll on Jordan, roll on Jordan, roll on Jordan,
Roll dat rock away. Repeat.

Come on sinners, come wid me,
Keep in de glory of the Lord,
Pray, oh! pray dat light fo to' see,
Keep in de glory of the Lord.
I see dem angels standing dere.
Keep in de glory of de Lord,
They were waitin' fo' me at the golden stair,
Keep in de glory of the Lord. Chorus.

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"Sweet Amerikay,".....Younker.
"The Old Bench near the Mill.....Speck.
"Mary Ann Kehoe".....Powers.
"Take me Back to my Dear Old Southern Home....Speck.
"Angel Mother, Watch for me,".....Pratt.
"The Night I Learned to Swim".....Powers.
"Lay My Head Beneath a Rose,".....Straight.
"The Lost Jewel,".....Blunt.
"Penniless and Poor,".....Younker.
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"McCarthy's Boarding House,".....Powers.
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SECOND EDITION.

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We Sail the Ocean Blue.

Opening Chorus. From the Opera of Pinafore.

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.
When the bells whistle free over the bright blue sea
We stand to our guns all day;
When at anchor we ride on the Portsmouth tide,
We have plenty of time for play.

I am the Captain of the Pinafore.

From the Celebrated Opera, "Pinafore."

CAPT. I am the Captain of the "Pinafore!"
ALL. And a right good captain, too!
CAPT. You're very, very good,
And be it understood,
I command a right good crew.
ALL. We're very, very good,
And be it understood,
He commands a right good crew.
CAPT. Though related to a peer,
I can hand, reef and steer,
And ship a selvagee;
I am never known to quail
At the fury of a gale,
And I'm never, never sick at sea!
ALL. What, never?
CAPT. No, never!
ALL. What, never?
CAPT. Hardly ever!
ALL. He's hardly ever sick at sea!
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the hardy Captain of the "Pinafore!"
CAPT. I do my best to satisfy you all—
ALL. And with you we're quite content.
CAPT. You're exceedingly polite,
And I think it only right
To return the compliment.
ALL. We're exceedingly polite,
And he thinks it only right
To return the compliment.
CAPT. Bad language or abuse,
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though "bother it," I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D—
ALL What, never?
CAPT. No, never!
ALL, What, never?
CAPT, Hardly ever!
ALL, Hardly ever swears a big, big D—
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the well-bred Captain of the "Pinafore,

Tell Me In a Loving Kiss.

Words by J. Keynton. Music by C. E. Pratt.

Copyright 1879, and published by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price 35 cents.

Do you linger sad and lonely,
While I wander far away,
Are you dreaming of me only,
Little Rosebud won't you say?
There's a way for love to answer,
And your thoughts I'll never miss;
If you blush to tell the secret,
Tell me in a loving kiss,
If you blush to tell the secret,
Tell me in a loving kiss.

CHORUS.

Little rosebud little rosebud,
Will you fondly answer this,
Do you love me, love me only,
Tell me in a loving kiss!
Little rosebud, little rosebud,
Will you fondly answer this,
Do you love me, love me only?
Tell me in a loving kiss!

Are you watching sad and weary,
While the stars are in the sky,
Is the world so bright and cheery,
Little rosebud, when I'm nigh?
Ah! you sweetly blush to answer,
And your gentle words I miss,
But your pretty lips they tell me,
Tell me in a loving kiss!
But your pretty lips they tell me,
Tell me in a loving kiss! Chorus.

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Oh! What we Seen on the Sands

A Medley Song and Dance.

By J. J. McDermott, for the Dashington Brothers.

While sauntering by the sea-side,
Where the wavelet kissed the shore,
And the moonbeams gayly dancing,
Heeded not the ocean's roar,
My attention whose dainty hand
Had traced out in fancy letters is
Oh! what we seen on the sand.

CHORUS.

A. D. and J. the letters K,
Forever they will stand
Like diamonds treasured in my heart,
Oh! what we seen on the sand.

For she's as sweet as any rose, (Break)
As fair as any flower that grows; (Break)
She is the jewel of my heart,
The belle of all the land,
I'll never regret the night I met,
Oh! what we seen on the sand. (Dance)
A, D, and J, &c.

One evening in the ball-room
I beheld a beauty proud,
In her handsome silks attired,
She was mingling with the crowd,
And while in the mazy polka,
On a kerchief in her hand
I espied the same A, D, and J,
The letter K, I and S
What we seen on the sand. (Dance)
A, D, and J, &c.

McGunnigan's Christening.

By F. J. Ward. Air: Raffle for a stove.

Last Sunday I attended a christening,
I just got there in time
To eat the cake that was newly baked,
And drink my fill of wine
The Keegan's and McSweegan's,
They all cam there by dozens,
And invited all both great and small
Their sisters, aunts, and cousins.

CHORUS.

Right and left, hands all around,
The fiddler he did play,
It was a sight on Sunday night
Of the boys and girls so gay.
Oh! how I did enjoy myself
I tell you it was grand,
Listening to Pat McGunnigan
Giving imitations of a band.

At nine o'clock that night.
A keg of beer came in,
The landlord he was on the stoop,
And said it was a sin
To disturb all the neighbors
While they were in their bed,
You son of a gun, we're full of fun,
For whiskey is in our head. Chorus

The company asked Tom Brophy
For to sing a song,
I will, says he, with pleasure,
Although it won't be long.
I'll sing a pretty ballad,
If ye will only listen;
Arrah! close your mouth, and never shout
At McGunnigan's christening. Chorus.

Ladies and gents, says Rafferty,
Here I have a big cent,
Save it says Jane Lafferty,
It will help to pay the rent.
Will ye boys stop your noise,
The neighbors they are listening,
Take your ease and go as you please
At McGunnigan's christening. Chorus.

If there is anything we hanker after when we have a cold, it is a handkerchief.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

She received the information rather as a matter of course. With all her habitual agreeability, she expressed her gladness that they were not to lose sight of him altogether, then turned the subject.

Richard Hepburn, looking at the handsome, placid face, never dreamed that he had lacerated the heart beneath with a suffering as keen as had the loss of her son.

"I had almost forgotten to say there is a letter for you Mr. Hepburn, from Carnyston," remarked Mrs. Walden, breaking off from another topic.

"For me" exclaimed the young man, flushing somewhat, as his thoughts flew to Timothy Brindley.

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Walden, reading his eagerness and change of color after her own fashion, as she handed him the missive. "It is an invitation, I believe, for this evening."

"Many thanks," remarked Richard Hepburn, intensely relieved on hearing the nature of the delicately perfumed note. "I will answer it at once, and apologize for not having done so before. I hope"—and he looked quickly up—"I shall have the pleasure of escorting Miss Walden?"

"Not this time," smiled the mother. "She has refused, feeling as yet scarcely fitted for such amusements."

"I can appreciate her sensation," said the visitor, gravely, "and honor it, though it makes me a loser of a great pleasure."

Mrs. Walden regarded him furtively. How solemn and disappointed he looked!

If anyone had been a puzzle to her, it was Richard Hepburn. Having his letter to Carnyston to write, the visitor soon rose to take his leave. Mrs. Walden did not seek to stay him.

"Though no longer beneath your roof, you will not banish me from it?" smiled Richard Hepburn, as he held her hand and gazed into her face. "I may come very often, may I not?"

Mrs. Walden, as she met that frank kindly glance, felt her lip tremble and her heart yearn to the speaker.

Into those clear eyes her son had last looked. On that broad chest his dying head had been fondly pillowed. She forgot all but that, and murmured, as her soft fingers clung round his hand. "Come when you will Mr. Hepburn. You will always be more welcome than anyone to me. How could it be otherwise, for when I see you I seem to see my dear boy again? Do you think I could ever forget your kindness to him? Heaven bless you!"

There was a sweet, maternal cadence in the voice that moved the listener. Stooping, he kissed the hand he held.

"Dear Mrs. Walden, I loved Charlie too well to regard what I did as a debt. Rather have I felt myself creditor for the dear fellow."

"Thank you and naturally as a mother might she bent forward and kissed his cheek, then moved quickly away.

Richard Hepburn would not intrude upon her sorrow. Softly he quitted the room. There was a bitter pain at his heart. There were tears in his eyes, as he hurried back to the village

"Oh! what a cruel fate is mine!" he groaned. "But for this fatal dowry of a father's shame might I not seek and win a happiness which, in my mind, could have no equal?"

He had not left Daisy Bank ten minutes, and Mrs. Walden had barely recovered composure when Alice entered the sitting-room.

"Is it true, mamma?" she said. "I hear Mr. Hepburn has returned?"

"Yes dear; he has but just left. As he intends to make a rather long stay at Westerin, he has taken apartments at the inn."

The girl's lips were compressed.

"It is better," she said, quietly. Did—did you give him the note from Si—from Carnyston?"

"Yes, love," answered Mrs. Walden, as carelessly as she was able, but keeping her eyes from her daughter.

"And he is going? He knows I am not, mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

A shiver ran through the slight frame. The brown lustrous eyes were dimmed with an acute pain.

"Alice, my child!" cried Mrs. Walden, noting the changing color.

"Do not fear, mamma. I can be—I am strong!" replied the girl, making a violent effort. "It—it would be different were she worthy of him, you know, but she is not!

Then her strength gave way. The pretty head drooped on the pink palms, and Alice Walden exclaimed, in a voice of intense suffering. "Oh, mamma, mamma, what would I not give never to have seen him!

Before Mrs. Walden could reply, there was a sound of wheels, and she perceived Doctor Abercorn driving up the road

On learning of his approach, Alice in no humor to meet even her old friend, fled, leaving her mother alone to receive him.

He remained nearly an hour. When he left, Mrs. Walden knew that there was no chance of Alice's love being reciprocated.

Ignorant of the ideas concerning himself rife at Daisy Bank, Richard Hepburn despatched a messenger with his answer to Miss Biddlecomb, and at the proper hour, dressed with unusual care, drove to Carnyston.

The guests already arrived were numerous. The glass doors of the handsome reception rooms were opened on the terrace, showing within sociable little card parties; while in the larger, or the ball-room, dancing had commenced.

Richard Hepburn had not been able yet to subdue the bitterness and anger that ever possessed him on first entering his family's old home.

He was there to play a part; but for some few moments, looking round upon the grand old place, he found it impossible to play it.

Thus he drew aside into the embrasure of a window until he could sufficiently recover himself to seek either his host or his host's daughter.

He had remained thus a brief space, unaware of the observation he was attracting, when he was startled by the sound of verses conversing in a low tone behind him. Turning, he found the talkers were on the terrace from which the rich velvet curtain concealed him. His first instinct was to withdraw; but the recognition of the speakers, and the utterance of his own name, held him to the spot.

"I thought that fellow Hepburn was to be here to-night, Sidonia?" drawled Edmund Biddlecomb.

"So 'that fellow' is to be" was the lady's sharp retort. "I received his note this afternoon. He has been in London, or he would have answered before."

"That was it, was it?" I say, Sidonia, what despewate love you make at him. The Captain feels himself nowhere."

"I never knew, so far as regards myself, that Captain Grant was anywhere else!"—contemptuously.

"Come now, you could flirt fast enough with him, you know, until this chap turned up! Is he much of a catch?"

"In my eyes, yes, for he has, I suspect, that which money can't buy—birth. He's a gentleman; not one of a tailor's manufacture."

"Thanks. That's a dig at me. I suspect," laughed her cousin, regarding complacently the exquisite cut of his nether garments. "Well, if you can't buy birth, I suppose you're going to buy him?"

"I shall try, most certainly."

"Oh! it is purchase, then? You do not west entirely on the strength of your own personal charms, fair coz?"

"I am not such an idiot, coz, to be blind to the advantages of being heir to such a place as this," was the rejoinder. "If you were its heir, Master Edmund, you'd find you might have that smooth-faced girl, Alice Walden, for the asking."

"Gad, I reckon so I may now, coz, especially if you cawwy off the Austwalian chap."

This reference to Alice, and the insulting tone, made the listener's face flush crimson, while his strong white fingers gripped themselves ominously.

"The confounded puppy!" he muttered in a rage.

"I think I shall go in for the wunning," proceeded the other gentleman, supercilliously. "She's dooced pwetty, and has this advantage over our set—she's a lady; not one of a milliner's making. By Jove!—ah, ah, ah, I had you there!"

Richard Hepburn caught the angry swirr of a lady's garments, accompanied by a scornful rejoinder.

"There, coz, it's wight to pay your debts, you know. We'd better be fwiends than foes. I'll be good, and help you to land your fish by keeping all the other pwetty girls out of the water. But look here, I want you to tell me who the dooce Hepburn is like."

"Like! Who should he be like?"

"I don't know. But I can't help fancying I've seen his face before, and so does the governor.

Richard Hepburn's teeth bit his lip. He felt like a sailor coming suddenly upon a perilous rock.

Though mostly favoring his mother, he yet in something resembled his father. He had forgotten that when he had introduced himself so fearlessly into Carnyston.

Until this moment he had been longing to kick Edmund Biddlecomb; now he would have liked to have annihilated him.

Their voices coming nearer, fearful of detection, he slipped from the window embrasure back into the ball-room.

Here he had been scarcely five minutes when he felt his arm lightly tapped by a jewelled fan. Turning, he found himself looking into the heiress's pale, grey eyes, now lighted by a most flattering expression of welcome.

Could she have suspected that the "fish" she intended to purchase with Carnyston had overheard that conversation, there possibly would have been some constraint in the arch smile she gave him.

"'Better late than never,' Mr. Hepburn, is an adage I most certainly hold with on this the present occasion." She smiled, giving play to her eyes. "I never knew you were in London. How good of you to return the very day, and to come!"

A second the young man drew back, metaphorically, with a sensation of repulsion, but a remembrance of why he had been in London, and the deep, important game he had to play, caused him to fling aside all scruples.

Bowing with consummate grace, he rejoined, "Believe me, Miss Biddlecomb, I hold myself more fortunate than I can express in having returned. As to coming, how possibly could I have kept away? My sole hope is that I have not arrived so late as to find you engaged for every dance."

"Not quite," coquetted the heiress, consulting her card, "I have reserved one or two."

"How kind of you! This waltz ——"

"I am disengaged."

"Then may I have the pleasure"

And the next moment the two were whirling round the room with the dancers.

It was the dance before the supper-dance, when Richard Hepburn, having seen the heiress safe with Captain Grant, strolled out upon the terrace.

The night was moonless, but the extensive grounds had been lighted with colored lamps.

Heated and weary, anxious to get a few moments repose, he descended the steps to the lawn, and, crossing it entered one of the deserted alleys.

He was tired and impatient, unable to see to what his visits here might lead. Everything seemed so indefinite. To make the heiress talk was easy, but then it was evident she knew nothing of the past.

Besides if anything were to be done it must be before the clerk, Brindley's arrival in England.

Did he once reach Carnyston, Richard Hepburn could expect immediate discovery, and the disgrace of having entered his enemy's house as a spy.

Who could tell? Timothy Brindley might even then be in England—in Westerin.

Yet on the other hand, he might have fallen a victim to the bush fire, in which case he, Richard Hepburn had no one else in the world to fear.

Hardly had this thought, as he strode impetuously down an alley, many of the lamps in which had gone out, flashed across his brain, then he felt his whole being turn chill as death.

To be Continued in No. 168—Commenced in No. 152.

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CONTENTS.

A LITTLE PLACE WITHIN THY HEART 539
All my troubles am done away..... 538
Almonds dipped in cream..... 540
The Broken stringed banjo that hangs on the wall..... 540
Come und kiss de baby..... 539
De Golden shore am a mighty far way..... 538
Dem Silver Slippers..... 539
The Dance at the Battery Park 540
Frank's Trunk..... 538
Grandmother's Chair..... 538
Going to the ball..... 539
The Great Men that Ireland has seen..... 540
I am the Gawk from New Jersee..... 539
I'm so glad..... 540
Jonah in de whale..... 539
Jubilee Singers..... 541
The Kicking Mule—Music for banjo & guitar... 544
Leave not your Kathleen..... 541
The Lost Inheritance—(Story continued) 543
Mother take me home again..... 539
Norah Johanna McCarthy..... 540
On Saratoga Lake 538
The Old Log Cabin by the Stream..... 540
Put on my long white robe 538
Sound dat barnjo..... 541
Somebody's Darling—Recitation..... 541
Since I got on the police 542
Sheet Music (Notice)..... 542
TAKE ME BACK TO MY DEAR OLD SOUTHERN HOME.. 542
The Two Eccentrics..... 542
What is it..... 541
Valentine Notice..... 539
WALTZINGHAM McSWEENEY THE GAY CAVALIER..... 541
Why art thou so strange to me..... 54
Work with a will..... 54

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Sung by Ned Barry with immense success.

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My grandmother she at the age of eighty-three,
One day in May was taken ill and died,
And after she was dead, the will of course was read,
By a lawyer as we all stood side by side.
To my brother it was found, she had left a
hundred pounds,
The same unto my sister, I declare,
But when it came to me, the lawyer said, I see,
"She has left to you her old arm chair."

Chorus.

And how they tittered, how they chaffed,
How my brother and sister laughed,
When they heard the lawyer declare,
Granny had only left to me her old arm chair.

I tho't it hardly fair, still I said I did not care,
And in the evening took the chair away;
The neighbors they me chaffed, my brother
at me laughed,
And said it will be useful John some day.
When you settle down in life, find some girl
to be your wife,
You'll find it very handy, I declare,
On a cold and frosty night, when the fire
is burning bright,
You can sit in your old arm chair. Chorus.

What my brother said was true, for in a year or two,
Strange to say I settled down in married life;
I first a girl did court, and then the ring I bought,
Took her to church and when she was my wife,
The old girl and me were as happy as could be,
For when my work was over, I declare,
I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night
would stay at home,
And be seated in my old arm chair. Chorus.

One night the chair fell down, when I picked
it up I found,
The seat had fallen out upon the floor;
And there to my surprise, I saw before my eyes,
A lot of notes, two thousand pounds or more.
When my brother heard of this, the fellow I confess,
Went nearly mad with rage, and tore his hair,
But I only laughed at him, then said unto him, Jem,
Don't you wish you had the old arm chair.
Chorus.

De Golden Shore am a Mighty Far Way.

Written and sung by J. A. Kemmer.

'Twas away down dar in yonder dell,
Ole massa's southern home;
Down whar de chillun play,
Dar I lub to roam.
De scene am changed, and I'll see no more,
Kind ole massa 'fore de door,
He am gone to de golden shore,
Ober dar to Jordan.

Chorus.

All yon sinners come and be baptised,
De golden shore am a mighty far way
Your boat am gwine to be capsized,
'Fore you reach dar at break ob day.

Well I remember de time gone before,
A many years ago;
When I w'har wont to husk de corn,
With my black-eyed Chloe.
I'se lonely on de ole plantation,
Ever since emancipation:
Dar am no consolation,
But my black-eyed Chloe. Chorus.

Up dar Peter hab' de gates wide open,
When you see me come;
Gather all de chillun 'bout me,
My lease ob life am run,
I'se gwine to climb de golden stair,
Who will for my Chloe now care,
While I'se trablin ober dere;
Gwine to get dar by-and-by. Chorus.

On Saratoga Lake.

By Chas, F. French, to the Champion Four of America.

Air: My last cigar.

It was down on Saratoga Lake,
One glorious summers day,
Our first appearance we did make,
And brought the prize away.
And as we left those eastern crews,
With wonder they did stare,
And those that bought Atlanta pools,
They did most loudly swear.

Chorus.

They did most loudly swear,
Most awfully they did swear,
They breathed a sigh to think in sooth,
Atlanta couldn't get there.

And when we rowed our "Final Heat,"
And with the "Shoes" did foul,
The people all along the shore,
With agony did howl,
And when they sent us off again,
They thought we couldn't stay,
But we "hit her up to forty eight,"
And led them all the way.

Chorus.

They thought we couldn't stay,
But we led them all the way,
"We hit her up to forty eight,"
And led them all the way.

And now we are at home again,
With honors thickly crowned,
And as the "champions" we are known,
To all the country round.
We don't forget our early friends,
So all walk up and shake,
And give us joy for laurels won
On Saratoga Lake.

Chorus.

On Saratoga Lake,
You bet we took the cake,
So give us joy for laurels won
On Saratoga Lake.

Put on my Long White Robe.

Words and Music by Sam Lucas.

Copyright, 1879, and pub. by White, Smith & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

De gospel trumpet am sounding loud,
Put on my long white robe,
See all de children a slipping proud,
All up and down de road.
When dey get near de pearly gate,
Put on my long white robe,
You can go inside if you ain't too late,
And den how happy you'll feel.

Chorus.

Oh! wait till I put on my long white robe,
My starry crown and my golden shoes,
I pass through the gates of de golden city,
Den I carry de news.

When de last trumpet in de mornin' shall sound,
Put on my long white robe;
On de right hand I want to be found,
Den how happy I'll feel.
De goats on de left, and de lambs on de right,
Put on my long white robe;
We'll have mighty singin' and shoutin' dat night,
And den how happy I'll feel. Chorus.

We'll have a mighty dinner of milk and honey,
Put on my long white robe;
You can come up and eat if you ain't got
any money,
Den how happy you'll fell.
I gwine to have a seat in de promise land,
Put on my long white robe,
So come along brother and join our band.
And den how happy you'll feel. Chorus.

Frank's Trunk.

Sung by Frank Lum, the great Negro Delineator.

CANTO PRIMUS.

Pete was a tip-up baggageman, he run on
number four,
Where the tears and groans of travelling folks
unflinchingly he bore.
He cared not how the women wept, or strong
men raved and swore,
While he mutilated sample cases, desolated Saratogas, annihilated ordinary luggage, immolated carpet-bags, exterminated band boxes, and extinguished traveller's outfits by the score,
This fine old railway baggageman, one of the
modern time.

CANTO SECUNDUS.

But Thursday afternoon there came a modest
travelling man,
Who smiled and watched how ruthlessly the
baggage Pete did slam;
Then, as he pointed out his trunk for him to
smash and jam,
He said, "Dear friend, my worldly possessions are few and humble; silver and gold I have none, but such as I have are in that trunk. Handle it tenderly, for it is frail and I am poor, and if there's a man travelling who watches and weeps and prays over his baggage, then that's the kind of a man I am." (Chorus the same as before.

CANTO TERTIUS.

But Peter seized his shabby trunk with
snorts of wrath and scorn,
And in two seconds both the handles from the
ends had torn,
And heedless of the pleadings of the passenger forlorn
He banged the trunk down on the platform, and then threw it over the top of the car and let an omnibus run over it, and then whacked it a bumper, and then threw it off the end of the bridge, and shot in it with his revolver, and finally hugged it in his arms, took a flying leap into the baggage-car with it, and lit on it in a corner with his heels, head and stomach, and mashed it into more pieces than there are hairs on a dog's back, and the next second that baggage-car was just alive with one interested baggageman and more crawling, squirming, wriggling, rattling, coiling rattle-snakes than you would believe had ever been born.
(Chorus as previously, but with more feeling.)

CANTO QUARTUS.

In vain the muse essays to tell how Pet the
smasher swore,
And yelled and shrieked and howled and roared
and raved and ramped and tore,
And scratched and slashed and sweat and
struck and scrambled for the door,
And turned blue as indigo, and swelled to nine times the size of a double-decker saratoga trunk, and died in two minutes after he got out of the car, while the modest traveller, viewing the exaggerated remains smiled sadly, and said, "he never knew a baggageman so found of snakes before.
(Chorus ad lib.)

All My Troubles am Done Away.

End Song. Sung by Billy Hines.

My knee-bones am aching,
My body am racked wid de pain;
I'm going to glory by-and-by,
Heaven it is my aim. Repeat.

Chorus.

Then all my troubles am done away,
Come along, done away,
All my troubles am done away,
I'll meet you when I get there. Repeat.

White man put his hand on my head,
And said I belonged to him;
Take the little nigger, throw him over yonder,
Never see dis little coon again. Repeat.

I'm waiting for de chariot to come,
And den I'll go up on high,
Get in a baloon, and say good-by,
And fly up to the sky. Repeat.

Mother Take Me Home Again.

Words and Music by C. A. White.

Music pub. and Copyright 1879, by White, Smith & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Mother, all alone to night,
I have sat and thought of thee;
At times I thought I heard thy voice,
But, alas! that cannot be.
And when I think of childhoods days,
The bitter tears they fall like rain;
My heart then calls for home and mother,
Take me back a child again.
Then my he rt calls for thee, mother,
Oh! take me home again.

Chorus.

There's not a place on earth like home,
Home where our brightest hopes remain,
Oh! my heart calls for thee, mother,
Take me back a child again.

Years have passed dear mother, now,
Since you kiss'd me sweet good-bye,
With quivering lips a blessing asked,
Of Him who dwells on high.
Dear mother, I am still thy child,
Thy image on my heart remains;
Though years my once fair brow have wrinkled,
Oh! take me home again.
Though years my brow have wrinkled,
Oh! take me home again. Chorus.

Can I forget when gathered round
The bright hearth of home for prayer,
How mother rocked me in her arms,
And soothed my every care.
I little knew, perhaps 'twas well,
The world was filled with care and pain;
No home on earth to me like mother's,
Oh! take me home again.
No home on earth like mother's,
Oh! take me home again. Chorus.

Come und Kiss de Baby.

Sung by G. Murphy, of Murphy & Shannon.

Copyright, 1879, by A. J. Fisher.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Oh! dear, I don't know what to say,
Mit joy I'm nearly wild,
Why wouldend I? You see this day
Is de christening of my child.
I insvided all de neighbors,
Und dey'll all come to my house,
To drink my heald,
Und wish success
To leedle Rudolph Krause.

Chorus.

Come und kiss de baby, it will cause its parents joy,
Come und kiss de baby just for fun,
Insend he a daisy? Yes, a leedle bouncing boy,
Come und kiss de baby, every one. (Repeat.)

It looks like Genesal U. S. Grand,
But it's got his fader's feet,
And such a puddy leedle hand,
Und a double sets of teeth,
Its moud looks like its mudder dear,
Wich I noticed when it shmiled,
I would like to dreat you all to beer,
In honor of de child. Chorus.

A Little Place Within Thy Heart.

Words by George Cooper. Music by May H. Cooper.

Copyright 1879, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

A little place within thy heart,
Oh! sacred keep for me,
When we must linger far apart,
And days must weary be.
Though other smiles and joys are thine,
One thought of sad regret,
I'd have thee evermore enshrine
Of days when first we met!
Though Fate may hold us far apart,
And days may lonely be.
A little place within thy heart,
Oh! dearest, keep for me!

A little place within thy heart,
Oh! keep until the last!
When weary, sad and lone thou art,
And I from earth have past!
One simple little flower, oh! keep,
To tell of happy days;
When 'neath the dewy grass I sleep,
Oh! speak one word of praise!
Though here no more, we meet or part,
Though life may lonely be,
A little place within thy heart,
Oh! dearest, keep for me!

Going to the Ball.

Composed and sung by Boyd & Sarsfield.

Copyright, 1879, by A. J. Fisher.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I'm here to take my girl to the dance,
Oh! fa' you well,
She's as pretty and as handsome as big fat Nance,
Oh! fa' you well,
When the floorman calls out all promenade,
Oh! fa' you well,
She leaves all de other gals in the shade.

Chorus.

Then come along, Ann-Liza,
We'll go down to the ball,
We'll dance and sing, and we'll cut a pigeon wing,
And you bet we'll beat them all.

Now, we're going down to the ball,
Oh! fa' you well,
In dancing we can beat them all,
Oh! fa' you well.
And when we hear the music play,
Oh! fa' you well,
We'll dance and sing de time away,
Oh, fa' you well. Chorus.

Dem Silver Slippers.

Words and Music by Sam Lucas.

Copyright, 1879, and pub. by White, Smith & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Dar's a mighty camp-meeting in de wilderness,
Of all denomination, with the Methodists,
The Babtists an' de Presbyterians
All together with the happy little ones;
Dar was old Aunt Jemima an' Uncle Gabriel,
Singin' and shoutin' Hallelujarum,
And Jemima got happy an' cut de pigeon wing,
An' this am the song we she did sing.

Chorus.

Just let me put on my silver slippers,
Just let me put on my silver slippers,
Just let me put on my silver slippers,
And I'll never turn back any mo'.

One brudder said de Lord delivered Daniel.
One sister in de corner said yes he did,
Anoder brudder said whar was Immanual,
Dat he wasn't delivered up too,
He was down by de water wid brudder Moses,
Huntin' de chillen's ole closes,
An dis am de song he did sing.

Chorus.

An' I'll never turn back no mo'
An' I'll never turn back no mo'
I'm a ridin up in de chariot,
It's so early in de morning,
And I'll never turn back no mo'.

Jonah in de Whale.

Sung by Goss and Fox.

Jonah ran away, he went to sea, de ship got wrecked upon de coast,
De captain and de mate had trouble on de mind,
De captain and de mate said dey better draw straws,
So straws were drawn Jonah were casted.
Jonah was casted in de bottom of de whale,
For three long days and three long nights,
Jonah, he lay in de bottom of de whale,
Live humble, live humble, humble yourself to me, sir,
Glory in de honor, praise King Moses,
Glory in de honor, bress de lamb.
(Repeat last two lines.)

Now de whale he commanded de Lor's right hand,
To cast brudder Jonah on de innocent land,
To heave brudder Jonah on dry sand;
And de moon shone down on de promised land,
Now dat ain't all dere's besides.
Take a little nigger to a new burying ground,
New burying ground open all de time;
Dat put a frown on Jonah's crown.
Live humble, live humble, humble yourself to me, sir,
Glory in de honor, praise King Moses,
Glory in de honor, bress de lamb.
(Repeat last two lines.)

VALENTINES,

COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL.

My stock of Valentines this season in Cashets, Sheets, Comics, &c, will be the finest I have ever before offered the public. In richness, beautiful designs, adaptable verses suitable for everybody, they will not be equaled by any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive the favors of the wholesale as well as the retail trade,

I remain the public's obedient servant,

Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

I am the Gawk From New Jersey.

By the great Van Beyle.

I am the gawk from New Jersey,
But you can't give me no taffy,
Though I'm full of hay-seed, as you can at a glance,
Cousin Sheeny.
And we are his sisterses, and his cousinses,
and his aunts.

Chorus.

And we are his sisterses, &c.

And every summer tide,
Down the river on a log I glide,
And I takes in every picnic, every moonlight dance—
Cousin Sheeny.
And so do his sisterses, and his cousinses,
and his aunts,

And when the breezes blows,
I generally blows my nose,
In a scientific manner, on a great big bandanna,
And I eat so much that I bust my pants—
Cousin Sheeny.
And so do his sisterses, and his cousinses,
and his aunts.

SHEET MUSIC.

Any piece of music will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price,

Address, Mrs. Pauline Lieder,
Publisher of Sheet Music, Singers' Journal, &c.
No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y.

The Great Men That Ireland Has Seen.

Sung by Ned Harry

Now since I appear here, before you once more,
I'll endeavor to gain your fair smile,
Tho' years now have passed since I left the old shore,
I still cling to the dear native isle.
And I'll sing of old Ireland, the land of my birth,
I will sing of the great men that's been,
Whose deeds of renown, shall shine round each heart,
They were great men that Ireland has seen.

Chorus.

Then here's to the sons of old Erin Go Bragh,
May the memory of their names still be green,
On sea, or on coast, let us drink off this toast,
To the great men that Ireland has seen.

O'Connell you know, as all history does show,
Was a statesman, whose equal was few,
At the great Parliament, he did often represent,
That the wrongs of old Ireland were true.
And Emmet the martyr, he fought for our cause,
Like a laurel his name it keeps green,
He died for his country and Liberty's laws,
Those were great men that Ireland has seen.

Chorus.

And then we had Sarsfield who conquered each foe,
And never was known for to yield,
The foeman would quake, aye, and tremble and shake,
When his war horse would enter the field;
And then as for poets there is no land I'm sure,
Where such brilliant genius has been,
There was Grattan and Lover, and famous Tom Moore,
Those were great men that Ireland has seen.

Chorus.

But though those great men have now passed away,
Old Erin shall not be alone,
We have men that would die for their country to-day,
And a parliament wish of their own;
But may God guide and guard them to do
what is right,
May they harbor no rancour or spleen,
But when honor demands them, they valiantly fight,
Like the great men that Ireland has seen. Cho.

The Dance at the Battery Park.

Sung by J. E. Murphy, of Murphy & Mack.

Copyright, 1879, by A. J. Fisher.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

For fun, for sport and merriment,
After working hard all day,
Go down to the Battery, that's the place
To drive dull care away.
They have a band of music there,
Where the boys and girls have a lark,
It's better than Newport or Long Branch,
The dance at Battery Park.

Chorus.

You'd split your sides a laughing,
To hear Crook's Concert Band,
The boys play concertina's,
And the girls they look so grand;
They dance around like fairies,
And then commence to spark,
It's better than Newport or Long Branch,
The dance at Battery Park.

You never saw such a happier lot
In the course of all your life,
Young men of twenty with their girls,
The working-man and his wife,
They're happy as if they were kings and queens,
They're bound to have a lark,
Would set you wild, the music would,
The dance at Battery Park. Chorus.

All classes are represented there
Every Tuesday and Friday nights,
The best of order is maintained,
And not a single fight.
It is always crowded, yes,
From six till after dark,
The pivoters and spielers are always there.
To dance at Battery Park. Chorus.

Almonds Dipped in Cream.

Song and Dance, by J. A. Hogan.

While strolling out one summer evening,
The moon shone clear and bright;
I met a pretty darling,
Whom I thought did please me quiet.
She was meandering through the garden,
And when she caught my eye,
She blushed and smiled so sweetly,
Oh I thought I'd really die.
Yes, she's the idol of my heart,
This darling little fairy,
And the secret of love I will impart,
To this luscious little queen.

Chorus.

Peaches, honey, jam and cream, (Sym.)
Is this pretty little fairy queen, (Sym.)
She's the neatest and the sweetest,
The fairest one I've seen;
She's the prettiest and the wittiest,
She's almonds dipped in cream. (Dance.)

Next evening by appointment,
I called to see this daisy,
To ask her if she'd wed me,
And share my happy dreams.
When I told her that I loved her,
And asked her to be mine,
She smiled and answered quickly,
Oh! yes, I'm truly thine,
Yes, she's far too sweet to live,
This pretty little beauty,
And any day my heart I'll give to her,
She's my almonds dipped in cream. Chorus.

Norah Johanna McCarthy.

Written and sung by P. J. Downey.
Air: Mary the pride of the dairy.

I received an invite to attend a large party,
The Ladies Choice Social, up at Stella Hall;
I put on my best clothes, white necktie and collar,
Plug hat, with new gaiters to dance at the ball.
Of girls I had plenty to go along with me,
They said I was always gay and free;
I took Miss McCarthy, so young and so pretty,
She swore at the party the belle she would be.

Chorus.

Oh! Norah Johanna McCarthy,
She swore she'd be belle of the party,
If any would alight, she was ready to fight,
Was Norah Johanna McCarthy.

The fun it commenced with a two hand kertillion,
Norah went at it with hop, step and jump,
Killfeather he tripped her, oh! boys what a ruction,
Norah's poor body received a great bump.
Her legs they flew up, she had on striped stockings,
She bounced off her bustle, her head hit the wall,
Oh! boys, she's a ripper, cried old Paddy Coldwell,
You lie, said O'Brien, she's the belle of the ball.
Chorus.

Come, boys, cried out Norah, it's time for the supper,
Hold on, said Miss Dunn, you're an hour too soon;
Oh! boys, cried out Norah, to me she's dictating,
Look out, and I'll gouge her eye out with a spoon,
It's then that the Connelly's, O'Brien's and Donnelly's,
Fagan's the Hagan's for help they did call;
With sleeves to the muscle, she pulled off her bustle,
Oh! boys, cried out Paddy, she'll murder us all.
Chorus.

The Old Log Cabin by the Stream.

Music published, and copyright, 1877, by R. A. Saalfield.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

There is a little cabin by the stream where I was born,
A home I never more again may see,
'Twas there the lark and robin told their love's
at early morn,
And life was all a dream of joy to me.
The laughing stream went singing on its merry
joyous way,
It seemed like distant music in a dream,
The rose and lily twined their leaves,
the birds sang all the day,
To glad my humble cabin by the stream.

Chorus.

The laughing stream went singing on its merry
joyous way,
It seemed like distant music in a dream,
The rose and lily twined their leaves,
the birds sang all the day,
To glad my humble cabin by the stream.

'Tis many years ago I lived in my dear old cabin home
When youth and pleasure danced upon the lea,
Those days have faded long ago, while far away I roam,
In lands that have no pleasant scenes for me.
The flowers may bloom the birds may sing
my heart is lone and sad
The golden sun in radiant beauty beams,
But memory turns to early days to make the
bosom glad
The lowly cabin by the laughing stream. Chorus.

Let scenes of joy come shining on, they have
no charms for me,
My heart still dwells on old forgotten days;
No more I'll see the roses blooming on the sunny lea,
Or hear the wild bird's sweet and gentle lay.
Oh! let me soon return to meet my friends of long ago,
Their voices come like music in a dream,
The clouds of sorrow on my heart hang heavy and low,
Oh! give me back my cabin by the stream. Cho.

The Broken Stringed Banjo That Hangs on the Wall.

By Willie Wildwave. sung by John McGuire, the silver toned vocalist, and Master Frank Gordon.

There it hangs in the corner the last nail on the wall,
The broken-stringed banjo idolized by us all,
Tho faded and useless it now may appear,
Still in fond memory, 'tis held ever dear,
Reminding us of one who has now passed away,
Dear darling grandpa, so merry light and gay,
And tho' left all alone, 'tis cherished by us all,
The broken-stringed banjo that hangs on the wall.

Chorus.

As he'd sit by the door the banjo he'd bang,
Awakening the plantation with his
twang, twang, twang,
Many happy hours our spirits he'd enthrall,
With the broken-stringed banjo that hangs
on the wall,

If that banjo could speak it would call for the hand
That woke it to life in a sunny southern land,
It would tell of the songs of old it used to play,
At eve, when the darkies quit work for the day.
It sang the praise of Dixie and good old Tennessee,
It taught the colored people that yet they
would be free,
But the hand that woke its echoes is gone
past recall,
The broken-stringed banjo that hangs on the wall,
Chorus.

I'm so Glad.

Camp meetin song by Harry Kernell.

I am so glad, I am so glad,
When old ship Zion was passing by,
I am so glad, oh, you will land on de Canaan shore
You rise up in de morning,
And you look up yonder in de sky;
And there you see the eagle's nest,
And yar de young ones cry;
I am so glad you git to glory by-and-by.

If you get over to Jordon,
And you don't see me over dar;
Send me a ring for a token of you love;
Likewise a look of your hair.
I look way over yonder,
And what you 'spect I see?
A great big angel on de boom of a ship,
A beckoning along to me,
I am so glad,
You get to Jordan by-and-by.

Leave not Your Kathleen.

By A. G. Chase. Music by Frank H. King.

Copyright 1879, and published by D. P. Faulds.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price. 40 cents.

Oh! leave not your Kathleen, to cross the dark sea,
For she will be lonely, she cares but for thee,
The scenes that were bright will fade from her view;
Oh! say you'll not leave me for scenes that are new,
Oh! why do you leave the land of your birth,
The sweet land of shamrock, the home of your youth,
'Tis an emerald that glistens in the bright
sunlight's gleam.
When away you'll forget her and your darling Kathleen

Oh! leave not your Kathleen, your own Colleen Bawn,
She'll be broken hearted when from her you regone,
Her eyes will grow dim, the smile lose its beam,
The blush on her fair cheek will lose its soft gleam.
Oh! stay by her side and pass the sweet hours,
Together will wander in Killarney's green bow'rs,
Oh! think not from Erin there's a far brighter scene,
And leave not her shores and your darling Kathleen.

Oh! have you forgotten your dear Colleen Bawn,
And the days when we strolled on the beach
and the lawn;
'Twas then you first told me of loves winning pow'rs,
When beside the still stream we plucked the
wild flowers.
And now you would leave me to wander afar,
And forget your own Kathleen and Erin go Bragh;
No kind heart will cheer her if now we must sever,
When you part from your Kathleen we're
parted forever.

Waltzingham McSweeney the Gay Cavalier.

Words by Jim Campbell. Music by Chas Dockstader.

Sung with immense success by James O'Neil.

Copyright 1879, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.
The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs Pauline Lieder, 40 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I'm Waltzingham McSweeney,
A man well known to fame,
I'm a shining light at all the clubs,
I'm a man of pluck and game.
I'm the best known man on Broadway,
On account of my form and face,
And the stylish way I carry myself,
With a walk of air and grace.
I'm the one you can't help notice,
I'm a man of splendid parts,
I've a high-born education,
I'm decomplished in all the arts,
I can swim like Captain Boynton,
I can walk a Highland fling,
I can pull a boat with Hanlon,
I'm a crack shot on the wing.

CHORUS.

Waltzingham McSweeny,
That's the cognomen I bear,
The ladies admire my pretty shape,
And aristocratic air,
The swells they all get jealous,
When the dashing girls at me lear,
For my graceful glide in the ballroom,
I'm called the gay cavalier.

I'm a great pedestrian walker,
My record dates far back,
I'd be sure to beat O'Leary,
If thbye'd let me on the track.
I'm known at all the races,
My bets are all the boast,
I can always name the winding horse
Before he leaves the post.
All politicians seem to know me,
They shake my hand with pride,
For they know my great influence
In elections turn the tide.
All the Congress men and Senators,
Admire me everywhere,
And Waltzingham McSweeney,
Some say will be your Mayor. Chorus.

At Rockaway or Long Branch,
I'm great Mogul of all;
And the landlords of the big hotels
They fight to have me call.
And all the bathers upon the beach,
They watch me do the grand,
And the Lords and Dukes and ladies fair
Feel proud to shake my hand.
When I walk out in my bathing-suit,
And step upon the beach,
The opera-glasses are levelled at me,
As far as the eye can reach,
And your Lords and Dukes are known when,
Like a flower they fade away,
When Waltzingham McSweeney,
Steps into the boiling sea. Chorus.

Sound dat Banjo.

PLANTATION JUBILEE SONG.

Words and Music by Donly.

Copyright 1879, and published by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Music floating round the room,
Sound dat barnjo;
Spees it am a serafume,
Sound dat barnjo, chill'en!
Brudders open wide de do;
Sound dat barnjo!
Hal-le-lu for evermo',
While dey sound de old barnjo.

CHORUS.

Sound dat barnjo! beat dat barnjo!
Pompey pick a jubilo on de old eremanya,
Sound dat barnjo!
Let me slide way on to glory,
Hannah swar you love me,
To de sound of dat barnjo!

Dis yar joy will bruise me dead,
Sound dat barnjo!
Spees I'se haunted in my head,
Sound dat barnjo, chillen!
I is eatin' golden cream,
Sound dat barnjo!
I is dreamin' diamond dream,
While dey sound de old barnjo. Chorus.

Shout de old plantation song,
Sound dat barnjo!
I can't hold to pieces long,
Sound dat barnjo, chillen!
Troo' my head der sperits whiz,
Sound dat barnjo!
Don't remember who I is,
While dey sound de old barnjo. Chorus.

What is It.

COMIC CHARACTER SONG.

Words and Music by Donly.

Music pub, & Copyright 1879, by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

It's very strange indeed, to me,
That go where'er I may,
So many remarks I hear
About me every day.
'Twas but last night upon the street,
My style the boys did quiz,
And one says "you can have it, pards,
If you guess what it is!"

Spoken: As soon as they saw me, they shouted, "Here it comes!" and as I approached they all began to sing,—

CHORUS.

'Twas in the park, a lively mob
At me did talk and stare,
"I wonder if it's loaded, and
If that's all it's own hair."
If lives, it breathes," one chap did say,
Its pulse is all serene.
Approaching me, "old krank" says he,
I'll see that you're kept green!"

Spoken: Yes, and when I say a word back, they shout, look out for it, it's teethin'!" and then again comes the conundrum— Chorus.

They asked how long I walked alone,
And say "when were you canned,"
And hint, I'd look much better if
Upon my head I'd stand;
And as around the square I walk,
With glove and cane and pipe,
I hear them whisper ev'ry where,
"I wonder if it's ripe!"

Spoken; Yes, and they want to know if I'm natural or artificial, and how many of me there are in a bunch, and wether I'm good raw! But above all, they wildly ask— Chorus.

Somebody's Darling.

A Recitation. By Terence B. O'Brien.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold.
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold,
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face,
Brush every wandering silken thread,
Cross his hands as a sign of grace,
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer so soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take,
They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there,
Was it a mother's soft and white;
And have the lips of a sister fair,
Been baptised in those waves of light.

God knows best, he was somebody's love,
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome brave and grand,
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart,
There he lies with the blue eyes dim,
And the smiling child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lie's buried here."

Jubilee Singers.

Words and by T. M. Hengler.

Dedicated to the Big Four Minstrels.

We're the jubileers, and we come from Tennessee,
(sym.)
We're on the skirmish to see what we can see, (sym.)
We'll dance and sing, and cut de pigeon wing, (sym.)
Now all of you shout and make your voices ring.
(sym.)

CHORUS.

Yes, we're the jubilee singers,
From Tennessee, from Tennessee,
As happy as can be,
The lively nightingale warblers,
Just arrived from Tennessee.

We're gwine to be married bright and early
in de morn,
(sym.)
Now raise your voices and blow de bugle horn, (sym.)
Tell all de colored folks dat you can see, (sym.)
To come and join de wedding of de grand jubilee.
(sym.)

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"Sweet Amerikay,".....Younker.
"The Old Bench near the Mill.....Speck.
"Mary Ann Kehoe".....Powers.
"Take me Back to my Dear Old Southern Home....Speck.
"Angel Mother, Watch for me,".....Pratt.
"The Night I Learned to Swim".....Powers.
"Lay My Head Beneath a Rose,".....Straight.
"The Lost Jewel,".....Blunt.
"Penniless and Poor,".....Younker.
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"NO WORK,"

BY NED. STRAIGHT.

No person should fail to get the words and music of this beautiful song and chorus, if they have not already got it, also the—

NO WORK WALTZ.

This song and waltz have only been before the public a few months, and by the immense sale of the First Edition, I was forced in an incredible short space of time to issue the

SECOND EDITION.

And now, (thanks to the musical public in general) I am already obliged to issue the

THIRD EDITION.

It is now being performed by the various orchestras in and out of the city, and being sung by quite a number of our leading vocalists with immense success.

The "No Work Waltz," was played the balance of the summer months ever since its issue at the SURF PAVILLION, Rockaway Beach, By Prof. J. Carbery and Orchestra, and elicited the kind comments of an appreciative public. Which we can only say it merited. The music being one of the finest melodies which the old and well known, immensely popular NED STRAIGHT has composed.

Sent post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents each.

Since I got on the Police.

By J. L. Feeney, Sung by Sheehan and Jones.

I am officer Terrence Malone,
I'm known as the brave policeman,
I'm known to the thieves, and their plans I deceive,
They keep out of my way if they can.
I'm honest and true, and my duty I do,
A prisoner I never release;
Your attention I crave, I have become brave,
Since I got on the police.

Chorus.

With my new derby hat and brand new cravat,
A big piccadilly of course;
My friends they all say, whom I meet every day,
I'm the best looking "cop" on the force.

I'm spoken with praise, and soon shall be raised,
A captain some day I will be;
And I want you to know, wherever I go,
I'm received with great courtesy.
I'm never afraid to make a raid,
My bravery seems to increase;
And the boys, do you see, all skip 'way from me,
Since I've got on the police. Chorus.

I'm as solid as I can with the Alderman,
He'd do anything for my sake;
And the Commissioners all agree, whom I know personally,
That I a fine Superintendant would make.
I'm known by them all at the City Hall,
My influence will never decrease;
When I get in a row, I'm somebody now,
Since I got on the police. Chorus.

Work With a Will.

Motto Song. Words and Music by Harry Percy.

Copyright, 1878, by C. M. Cady.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 30 cents.

We've many bye-words of the day,
Of course you'll not deny,
As most of them have been in song,
To find one more I'll try.
A tho't! I have it right away,
You see my mind's not still;
My new bye-word is simply this,
"Work on, work with a will."

Chorus.

Work, work, work with a will,
Never despair, never keep still,
But work, work, work with a will,
Striving to get up the hill.

You've seen "the little busy bee,
Improve each shining hour,
In gath'ring honey all the day,
From ev'ry op'ning flower,"
It never fails to find employ,
Is ne'er known to be still,
See, there's a good example, boys,
So work, work with a will. Chorus.

Now there's the little spider too,
Weaving its web alone,
So diligent in work it is,
It ne'er acts like the drone.
But in its home thus self-prepared,
Its mission to fulfill,
Its motto also, ever is,
"Work on, work with a will." Chorus.

Perhaps upon the road of life,
You oft a man will find,
Who needs more courage for the strife,
Tho' not to sloth inclined.
Speak to him a few cheering words,
For kindness ne'er can kill,
Your words will have some good effect,
He'll work, yes, with a will. Chorus.

Take me Back to my Dear old Southern Home.

Song with echo chorus. Dedicated to T. Watt of Harlem. Sung with great success by Ike Wilson, the popular old negro delineator.

Words by Frank Ashleigh. Music by Samuel H. Speck.

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The Music of this song is published in elegant lithographed title page, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Give me back my dear old home
That I used to love so well,
In the dear old sunny south so far away,
Where the breeze is softly sighing thro' the trees every night,
And the mocking-bird sings sweet the live long day.

Take me back, oh! take me back to that old familiar spot,
And thro' the cotton fields, oh! let me roam;
For I'm old and feeble and before I leave this land,
Let me see once more my dear old southern home.

Chorus.

Take me back, take me back,
Take me back to my dear old southern home;
Take me back, take me back,
Take me back to my dear old southern home.

They were happy, happy times, at the old plantation home,
When at night we would play the old banjo;
I was a picaninny and my heart was light and gay,
But the days tho' short they seem are long ago.
I've traveled the wide world o'er, and in distant lands have roamed,
But the dear old sunny south I love the best,
Take me back and leave me there in my dear old southern home,
In the dear sweet sunny south lay me to rest.
Chorus.

We may never meet again, for my time is drawing near,
When I'll have to leave this earth for evermore;
So then take me back to die in the dear old sunny south,
Where my wife and children have been laid before.
Old massa and old Missus they were always kind to me,
But they've both gone to that better land I know,
Where no care, no grief, nor pain, comes to cloud their aged brow,
To that bright and happy land I long to go.
Chorus.

Why art Thou so Strange to Me.

By Frank J. Martin, to my friend Edward Bunger.

Won't you tell me why so sad, love!
Tell me has your heart been wronged,
Smile once more and make me glad, love,
That smile for which I oft have longed.
Am I from your heart now banished,
Or am I still the same to thee;
Has your love for me all vanished,
Why art thou so strange to me.
(Repeat last two lines.)

Chorus.

Won't you tell me why so sad, love!
Have I been unkind to thee;
Answer dearest, make me glad, love,
Why art thou so strange to me.

Why that frown upon your face, love;
Why those tear-drops in thine eye,
Once to me you made a vow, love,
In those happy days gone by.
Thinking of thee, I am ever,
I can love none else but thee;
Must these ties of friendship sever,
Why art thou so strange to me.
(Repeat last two lines.)
Chorus.

The Two Eccentrics.

Sung by Manchester and Jennings.

Good evening to you one and all,
We're glad to find you well;
Coincidences will happen,
And of one we're going to tell.
We were slaves once in the sunny South,
But the war has set us free;
We're now elected congressman,
From the state of Tennessee.

Chorus.

Oh! yes, we are, (Sym.) as you can see, (Sym.)
Us two elected congressmen from the State of Tennessee,

An invitation we've just received,
Extended by the Sam,
To address a large assemblage
Along with Pat McCann.
We're stopping at the Fifth Avenue,
The government pays the fee,
For us two elected congressmen
That comes from Tennessee. Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

Out of the darkness a voice had seemed to issue, a voice low and suave, which had addressed him thus—"Good evening, Sir Richard Carr!"

He swung round on his heel. Then, as his eyes rested on the face of the person who had so silently followed him, he fell back a step, exclaiming, in an alarm he could not at the moment control, "Great Heaven!—Maria Daggett!"

CHAPTER IX.

TWO INTERVIEWS.

Richard Hepburn's outward show of consternation was but momentary. Speedily indignation at the impertinence of his late mother's companion thus addressing him took its place.

Never had the woman been a favorite of his; and now, with sternness of tone and expression, he said, "Miss Daggett, pray by what right do you accost me thus?"

More rapidly than his had the companion's bearing changed. The triumphant gleam of conscious power in her eyes gave place to an expression of apologetic humility. The erect back assumed the slight stoop indicative of the humility of a dependant.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Mr. Hepburn," she murmured, with contrition. "I ought to have been more cautious. I should have remembered that of course you would not wish your right name to be known here."

"Here!" repeated Richard Hepburn, his brows contracting, but the dangerous consequences of this unlucky encounter stealing back upon him. "May I ask how you know the name you have used to be mine?"

"How?"—and Maria Daggett raised her brows in the most innocent surprise. "How could I, Mr. Hepburn, but from your dear mother? She was very kind to me. I was an orphan, friendless, relationless, and she honored me with her confidence."

"My mother told you?" ejaculated the young man in surprise, and looking at the speaker steadily.

His gaze was not as steadily, as Maria Daggett murmured, in a low, flute-like voice, the one word—"Everything!"

Richard Hepburn drew back. He was overwhelmed with amazement.

Not for a moment did he believe the companion's assersion. He jumped at once at the truth.

This woman, whom he had ever mistrusted, had played the eavesdropper, and heard his mother's recital made to him.

He never doubted this, for Lady Carr had declared that only her uncle knew who they were besides themselves, and the declaration had been made on her death-bed.

The inclination was strongly upon him to accuse Maria Daggett with this dispicable act of baseness, but he recollected in time that by whatever means she had learned his history it equally placed him in her power.

The thought was not agreeable. The danger he had feared from one source was here close to him from another.

Richard Hepburn was quick at perception. He saw at once it would be false move to deny his identity. He must discover whether the woman was friend or foe, why she was here, and if she had kept his secret up to this moment.

These reflections had passed rapidly through his brain, and now, with a change in voice and manner he responded frankly.

"In that case, Miss Daggett, if my mother held you worthy of confidence, I have no fear at your possessing mine. I was ignorant you were—a guest at Carnyston."

A vivid flush passed over the other's face. With a slight erection of her head, and a bitterness of tone in which was no acting, she answered, "The world has not treated me as well as you imagine since we parted, Mr. Hepburn, if you conceive me a guest of Miss Sidonia Biddlecomb. I am but her humble companion."

The tone conveyed more even than words, and gave the listener a valuable insight into the speakers sentiments.

"I see, then, Miss Daggett," he remarked, smiling, "I am not the only one the world treats harshly—may I say unfairly? We have each to complain, as fellow sufferers."

The eyes of the companion shone with a softer light. Her bosom heaved. With a wild, impulsive, uncontrollable passion she loved the man before her, and his words of sympathy moved her much.

"The question, Mr. Hepburn," she said, regarding him fixidly, "is whether our natures are so tame as to quietly accept the lot the world bestows on us. In your case, I would not; neither do I think such is your disposition."

Richard Hepburn started, and regarded her doubtfully a moment in silence, then, on guard, said, "Pardon me, I scarcely catch your meaning!"

The companion smiled.

"Scarcely, but almost, Mr. Hepburn," she rejoined, "or you would not be here, I fancy, under Josiah Biddlecomb's roof. You would win back that of which you have been robbed. Is it not so?"

"Robbed?"

"Robbed—tricked—cheated!" exclaimed Maria Daggett, energetically. "Did I not tell you your mother confided to me everything?"

"My poor mother," remarked the young man, shaking his head sadly, "was devoted to her husband, and could believe no ill in him."

"And do you? Do you, Mr. Hepburn, believe him guilty of ruining the son he loved—of committing the crime of which he was charged?" she demanded, with singular force and energy.

For a moment she had forgotton herself in him. Her tall, full figure was drawn erect. There was a power in her features and bearing that dominated him—bore him away with it, and fervently he rejoined, "No, Miss Daggett. I hold him guiltless, and it is the purpose the prayer of my life to prove him so!"

"And to win back Carnyston, your lost inheritance?" she interrupted, rapidly seizing his hand, and bending towards him. "I knew it. I was sure of it. I was proud of it. It is a sin and a shame to see these upstarts in your place," she proceeded, her sleepy gray eyes waking into fire as they met his. Then abruptly softening into a singular tenderness, her voice sinking into a low, pleading cadence, she murmured, "Mr. Hepburn, the mouse you remember, once helped the lion. Let me help you. I will—only trust me—only"—her voice seemed to shake—"be as your mother was—a friend to one who is friendless and alone!"

The generous nature of the man she addressed was not one to let such an appeal, expressed in most plaintive accents, pass with indifference.

Neither was it with any idea of ulterior benefit to himself that he returned the pressure of the companion's hand, while he answered, "As to being a lion, my dear Miss Daggett, I am none; and could you assist me, I feel you would be no mouse, save in the ultimate success. In regard to friendship, you were my mother's friend—therefore, are mine."

"Thank you—thank you much," murmured the companion, stooping, and, before he was aware, raising his hand to her lips. "But," she added, quickly altering her tone, as she felt him draw away his fingers, "are we not losing valuable time in thus wandering from the point? It is our object to discover how you have been defrauded of your own?"

Richard Hepburn hardly liked the rapid assumption of the plural pronoun; all he said, however, was, "If I have been defrauded, as I suspect, Miss Daggett——"

"Exactly," she smiled confidently. "You are beginning to search. I have been searching for some clue ever since I entered Carnyston, soon after Lady Carr's death."

"You?—why?" inquired Hepburn in surprise.

"Because"—and, after one glance, the companion dropped her eyes—"Lady Carr so aroused my symphthy by the story she recited that I could not but feel a deep interest in your future. Was I wrong, Mr. Hepburn?"

"Even were you, 'tis not I who could blame," he answered, fervently. "On the contrary, I experience a sense of great indebtedness. May I ask what success has attended your search?"

The companion slightly elevated her shoulders, sighed.

"I grieve to say, but little," she remarked. "I have learned that no one at Carnyston is aware of the true way in which Mr. Biddlecomb became its owner."

"That much I, too, have ascertained."

"Also by chance, I found a portion of a letter, a mere fragment, whose only service might be a clue to a clue."

"A letter!—from whom?" inquired the young man, eagerly.

"Mr. Biddlecomb."

"To whom?"

Maria Daggett paused a moment before she replied.

"That I do not know. It is but a fragment."

"And the contents?"

"It is to this effect, for the sentences are broken, it is an inquiry, as to where lady Carr and yourself were, while, after a long hiatus, it presses upon the receiver the truth of the axiom that 'Silence is golden.'"

"And you have this paper?" ejaculated Richard Hepburn.

"I have—I preserved it."

"Thank Heaven! May I see it?"

"Certainly. Any time you appoint, Mr. Hepburn, I will meet you and bring it—only, for both our sakes, we must use caution."

"For your sake, before my own, Miss Daggett, I will remember that," he exclaimed, fervently. "If we could only discover to whom the letter was sent, it might be most valuable," he proceeded excitedly. "Miss Daggett, how can I show my gratitude? What can I do to prove it?"

She stood before him trembling, her eyelashes lowered.

Abruptly she raised them, and the glance of the eyes beneath, in his excitement, thrilled to his soul. Never would he have believed their sleepy beauty capable of such fire, such feeling.

Extending her white hands half-jestingly, as one who would conceal internal emotion, half-humbly she answered in a tremulous tone. "Have I not said, Mr. Hepburn? Give me your friendship. Do I ask too much."

"Too much! Miss Daggett, you request that which is already bestowed," he replied, sincerely. "How could I regard other than a dear friend one who takes so generous an interest in my concerns?"

He kissed her hand as he ended, and, at the contact of his lips, Maria Daggett's countenance went white and red. Every nerve vibrated like a stricken cord. Truly in this their first interview she had advanced far.

"Mr. Hepburn," she remarked, "you shall find me a real friend, without you of your own accord reject, discard me. Write when you would see me, make your own appointment, and I will bring the letter."

"A thousand thanks!" he answered, not heeding what he promised. "Before to-morrow is over you shall hear from me."

"Very good. Now, had we not better separate? you will be missed, and it may create suspicion."

"Heaven's, yes! I am engaged to Miss Biddlecomb for the supper dance. She will be waiting. *An revoir*, my dear Miss Daggett, for the present!"

"*Au revoir*!" she rejoined; then, quick, almost sharply, she added, as he passed, "Tell me; do you love this girl—I mean the heiress to your inheritance?"

"Love her!" exclaimed the young man, starting and colouring somewhat, "What makes you think so?"

"I don't think so; only I have seen you together and——"

"Been mistaken. Flirtation does not signify love, Miss Daggett!" laughed Richard Hepburn. "Believe me, while taking Miss Sidonia into supper, my thoughts will be with you. Good-night.

To be Continued in No. 100—Commenced in No. 186.

THE KICKING MULE. (Banjo Song.)

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.



3 He bit a thomas cat in two and pulverized a hog,
He disected seven chinamen and mashed a yaller dog
He kicked the stuffin from a goose and broke a niggers back
He stopped every rail road train and kicked it off the track,

Chorus.

His shoes they were rusty, His temper was crusty
His tail it was dusty, His eyes they were musty,
His shape would disgust you, He'd kick till he'd bust you
He was dusty and musty and crusty also.

4 He stopped a steamboat with his head and kick it out of sight
He kicked a boarding house apart at 12 o'clock at night,
The boarders in their short stop suits they stood and held their breaths
When he rammed his hind leg down their trough he kicked himself to death.

Cho:—This mule he was spunky he'd climb like a monkey and bray like a donkey you bet he was hunkey although he was chunkey no fool nor no flunkey, take him for a monkey or a donkey, oh no.

P. S.—Write to Mrs. PAULINE LIEDER, No. 60 Chatham St., N. Y. for anything in the musical line.

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CONTENTS.

Answer to "Take this letter to my mother." 548
The Clang of the Wooden Shoon 550
Dew-drops on the Rose 547
Do not cast him down 548
Drifting with the Tide 549
The Family group 'round the fire 549
Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance 548
Good-bye, we'll meet again 549
Good-bye, Sister Hannah 546
Hurrah, rah, rah 546
Hogan's Hop 546
Kentucky Rose 548
The Kind Loving Faces at Home 550
The Little Wooden Stool 547
Little Brown Jug 549
The Latest Sheet Music (Notice) 550
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued 551
My Mother's Wedding Ring 548
McGuinness Wind the Clock 547
My Friend From Chicago 548
Michael James 549
Mickey Duff 549
My Blue-Eyed Dan 550
Only the way it's played on the stage
Music for Banjo and Guitar 552
Pompey Little Pig-Tailed Chinaman 548
Pretty Blue-Eyed Maiden 548
The PITCHER OF ALE 549
The Rounders on our block 547
Save your kisses all for me 546
Singing on the roof 547
Strolling on the Battery 547
She threw me a kiss from the window 550
Turkish Regulars 546
Tell me Love, will you remember 550
Valentine Notice 551
While the good old folks are here 549
You may Take a Paddy's Word 546

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Hurrah, Rah, Rah.

By Denny O'Neill, to Tony Pastor.

When out at nights to see the sights,
In Gotham's great expanse;
A score you meet of jolly boys,
You'll know them at a glance.
There's the nabob from the avenue,
The poor clerk from the store;
It's all the same, you will exclaim,
They're all on a hurrah!

CHORUS.

Then, hurrah, hurrah,,
We'll give them just one more;
Go where you will, the cry is still,
Hurrah, rah, rah!

Now why all this hurrahing,
When election time comes 'round;
The candidates are fleeced by turn,
Wherever they are found.
And he who has the dollars,
If he never ran before;
Will find he's out of pocket,
When the boys all shout hurrah. Chorus.

The college boys at foot ball,
A boat race or a walk,
A bycalist or actor,
May give the town a talk.
But they who are the victors
At any play or score,
Are bound to get a welcome,
And a three times three hurrah. Chorus.

Save Your Kisses all for Me.

Words and melody by F. Lavarnie. Arr, by T. J. Adair.
Music Copyright, 1877, and published by W. A. Frey.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Come nestle beside me, my darling,
And listen to what I've to tell;
It's one little favor I'd ask you,
And hope you'll remember it well,
I am always so happy when near you,
Your sweet face I so like to see;
So when I am gone little darling,
Save your kisses all for me.
Come nestle beside me, my darling,
Your sweet face I love so to see;
It's one little favor I'd ask you,
Save your kisses all for me.

CHORUS.

Come nestle beside me, my darling,
Your sweet face I so love to see,
It's one little favor I'd ask you,
Save your kisses all for me.

I know in the days of our childhood,
Such favors were easy to ask;
At your cottage home in the wildwood,
Pray think it a trust-worthy task,
And when I have left you and roaming,
And am far o'er the deep blue sea,
I'll write and remind you, my darling,
Save your kisses all for me.
Come nestle beside me, my darling,
Your sweet face I so love so to see,
It's one little favor I'd ask you,
Save your kisses all for me. Chorus.

You may Take a Paddy's Word.

By Paddy Riley.

I will sing a song in praise of ould Ireland's happy way.
Some foreigners may boast of their country so fine,
By my soul, what land is there, with old Erin can compare,
For beauty and courage, and love for the fair,
And as for the comforts of life, them we ne'er dread,
We have our cruiskeens of whiskey to drink with our bread.
And the girls never take our flirtations amiss,
We kiss who we please, and we please who we kiss.

CHORUS.

You may take a Paddy's word, he's as happy as a bird,
With his dudeen in his mouth, and his cruiskeen of whiskey;
In a reel or jig, sure he doesn't care a fig,
For you'll always find him happy and frisky.

Should you ever have the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
Sure an Irishman all in his glory is there,
With whiskey in his head, and his shillelah in his fist,
In a reel or a jig, sure he is ready for a twist,
At a wake or a fair, they're the boys in a fray,
Until they're murdered quite, they would never run away,
With the girls he's the devil, for he makes their feelings smart,
For with love and blarney, how he bothers their hearts.
Chorus.

I'm sure you all must know if to Ireland you go,
Some kind little favor on you they will bestow,
You can see wid half an eye, no matter who apply,
Kind feelings from his heart, with his whiskey will flow,
And true hospitality you'll find there galore,
He will never turn a stranger away from his door,
His buttermilk and pratees he'll share with him with joy,
For you'll find those are the feelings of an Irish boy.
Chorus.

Long life to St. Patrick, tho' now he's no more,
For he drove every monster and plague from our shore,
But his spirit is still with us to protect us to advance,
Against foreign foes—we will make them dance,
And as for myself, with my twig in my hand,
For ould Ireland I'll fight while I'm able to stand;
For oh! dear ould Erin, yourself it is my toast,
The land of my birth, and for ever my boast.
Chorus.

My Mother's Wedding Ring.

By Francis J. Ward.

Air: A flower from my angel mother's grave.

I've a relic at home that is all the world to me,
Yes one that I look upon with pride.
From a kind hearted mother that I dearly loved,
For I never can forget the day she died.
But there's one little gift that fills my heart with grief,
A burden that I often try to bear,
To my heart it will ever cling, this precious littlering,
'Tis the wedding ring my mother once did wear.

CHORUS.

Forever in my memory 'tis a precious little gift,
A token that was left in my care,
This ring to me she gave, though now she's in her grave,
'Tis the wedding ring my mother once did wear.

Her quiet pleasant face in my dreams I think I see,
Telling me to be cheerful and true,
And the advice to me she gave is always in my mind,
When from our midst she bade us adieu,
In our neat and quiet home, we are silent and alone,
Where her picture on our wall seems so fair,
With it I could not part, for her love is in my heart,
'Tis the wedding ring my mother once did wear.
Chorus.

Good-Bye, Sister Hannah.

Written and sung by W. O. Hughes.

Sister Hannah light my lamp,
Place it in de sky;
I want to see de holy throne,
Way up on high.
Up on high I see it now,
De light am shinin' brite,
Sister Hannah good-by,
Gib me my robe of white.

CHORUS.

In de mornin', in de mornin',
In de mornin I will meet you,
I'll meet you where de sunrise in de mornin.
(Repeat.)

Don't cry, sister Hannah,
Ise gwine far away;
De angels dey will summon me
At de broke ob day.
I hear de blessed music now,
Playin' sweet an' low;
Good-by sister Hannah,
I am called an' I must go.

CHORUS.

In de mornin', in de mornin,
In de mornin' I will leave you,
I'll leave you where de sunrise in de mornin'.
(Repeat.)

Hogan's Hop.

Irish comic song. Sung by Murphy & Mack.
Copyright 1879, and published by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

The learned Professor Hogan
Wore his brains down in his feet,
The light fantastic heel he taught,
Exceeding fine and neat;
Of pupils he had plenty,
His style was so tip-top,
And every week he gave his Turke
A free and easy hop.

CHORUS.

"Partners for the Dublin Glide!"
Hogan loud would call,
Then his fiddle and his foot,
Would echo thro' the hall.
In the glide they glode with ease,
Till each one had lost their breeze,
Oh, how they'd dip, and trip, and slip!
At Barney Hogan's Hop.

In Hogan's mob it's fun alive,
And not great style they prize,
No satin trains to pulverize,
Nor "jools" to blind the eyes,
The etikat is easy, too,
At any girl you pop,
Her belt you grip, and then you trip,
Around in Hogan's Hop. Chorus.

Bidale McCann and Kassiday
So grandly took the floor,
And jigs and round quadrilles were danced,
As never danced before.
They tackled then a German waltz,
Alas! they danced no more.
It's haythen dialect had sprained
Their glide forevermore, Chorus.

Turkish Regulars.

Sung by Dick Sands.

I am a decent Irish woman,
As you can plainly see;
My husband he has left me
And gone across the sea.
Now if he don't come back to me
And his fourteen little dears,
We'll all hire out as soldiers
In the Turkish Regulars.

CHORUS.

Oh! driven, driven, oh, oho!
Oh! driven, driven, delish agra,
Oh! driven, driven, oh, oho!
Why did you go and leave your darling.

Some say he's gone to Turkey,
The army for to join;
Others to the Black Hills
Looking for gold mines.
Now if he don't come back to me
And his fourteen little dears,
We'll all hire out as soldiers
In the Turkish Regulars. Chorus.

The Little Wooden Stool.

By Dick Simmons. To Miss E. Donohoe.
Air; Old Wooden Rocker.

I remember, yes plainly, the days when a boy,
At my dear mother's feet, it was my greatest joy,
On that little wooden stool I would listen to her sing,
And often her songs, to my eyes tears would bring,
I remember her kind face, and voice was so sweet,
And the snug little room which she always kept so neat;
And when I would come home in the afternoon from school,
I would sit by her side on the little wooden stool.

Chorus.

As I sat by her side, I would laugh and chat,
And lay my head on my dear mother's lap,
But those days have gone by when I used to go to school,
Anp listen to her sing on that little wooden stool,

One summer's eve while sitting by her side,
My hand clasped in her's she said I was her pride,
She asked me would I leave her when I'd get big and strong,
Or would I get married and leave her forlorn.
Round my good mother's neck, my little arms I threw,
And said I would not leave her but to her would prove true,
And when she would get old I would prove myself a jewel,
And sing to her at night from that little wooden stool,
Chorus.

But now I have no mother, she's been taken from me,
I'm left all alone. no happiness I see,
When my days toil is o'er, I go to my home,
But a home without a mother, is as cold as a stone.
No kind face to greet me, no voice do I hear,
That voice which was music falling on my ear,
To be left in this cold world I think it is cruel,
Myself and companion, the little wooden stool.
Chorus.

Dew-Drops on the Rose.

Words by T. W. Henshaw. Music by Rollin Howard.
Music Copyright, 1877, and pub. by A. W. Fischer.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 30 cents.

While wandering thro' the glen last eve,
With one I dearly love,
And walking 'mid the moonbeams bright,
That showr'd from above.
Her sunny head drooped lower,
As love I did propose,
She answered "yes," with upturned eyes,
Like dew drops on the rose.

Chorus.

Yes, she is my fairy love,
I'll fold her to me close,
Oh! yes, she is my fairy love,
I'll fold her to me close,
And gaze into those sparkling eyes.
Like dew-drops on the rose. (Dance.)

Her voice is like the zephyrs soft
That whisper thro the dell,
I kissed her, and I said again
You are my fairy belle.
She said I've lovers plenty,
But you of all I choose,
Then turn those sunny orbs on me,
Like dew-drops on the rose. Chorus,

Now we're wed and merry are,
Our life is like a dream,
And ev'ry day, with new-born joy,
And happiness does teem.
We have one little darling,
Who sweetly coos and crows,
Whose eyes reflect her dear mamma's,
Like dew-drops on the rose. Chorus.

The Rounders on our Block.

Air: The Babies on our Block.
Respectfully dedicated to the Sports of Chicago, by John Cooper, of the Boston Hotel, Brooklyn.

If you want for information,
Or to go upon a spree,
It beats a grand excursion
On the Hudson or the sea.
It's with a gang of sports,
That's living at the dock,
And the name that I will give them,
Is the rounders on our block.
There is that big John Cooper,
Of the Boston House Hotel;
He is our presiding officer,
And your head he'll try to swell.
He is upright with the owner,
And the cash does never knock,
The boss of all the lushers,
And the rounders on our block.

Chorus.

Little Jerry Remsen,
The spokesman of the crowd,
Whispers like Dan Webster,
Not altogether loud.
You can hear them both on politics
From Clark street to the dock;
They tried to run the city once,
And the rounders on our block.

On a warm night in the summer,
When the boys they do prevail;
If you could see those rounders,
They could tell a fearful tale.
They trace and wrangle gin-mills
For the charming rye and rock,
They carry sway and hold the day,
The rounders on our block.
There's Brown and Charley Wheling,
The bouncers for the gang;
They're men of honest mottoes,
And they never use the slang.
They are good in any gin-mill,
From Clark street to the dock;
With their wits they give them fits,
The rounders on our block. Chorus.

Good-morning to you Andy Scott,
And how are you to-day,
Says little Danny Dixon,
When he has no dust to pay.
I am dry and I am busted,
I have been under key and lock,
And very nearly murdered by
The rounders on our block.
There's Jammy Grant and Johnny Coates,
Two solid men from here,
Can hold their own with any man
Drinking kegs of beer.
You may hear their voices nightly,
From State street to the dock,
They will reinstate and elevate
The rounders on our block. Chorus.

Singing on the Roof.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.
Copyright 1879, and published by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

There's sixteen decent families
In the house where I reside;
On summer nights to cheer ourselves
All pleasures we have tried.
But on the roof it's best of all,
To hear us would be proof,
We make the neighborhood resound,
All singing on the roof.

Chorus.

Singing on the roof,
The boys and girls together;
We play the concertina,
Likewise the sweet banjo.
The Murphys and O'Neills
Come up to see the weather,
We're highly elevated
But if we go below.

Now up comes Mistress Hoolahan,
With the baby in her arms,
With pleasant conversation then,
Sure every one she charms,
There's Rosy Dunn and Reiley's son,
And a Russian named O'Goofe,
With voices loud, they join the crowd,
All singing on the roof. Chorus.

Young Roger Flynn got up to dance,
With a lady from next door,
"Come welt the tin," says Roger Flynn,
"It's like a ball-room floor."
Then one by one they joined the fun,
Sure, none could hold aloof,
It was a sight that summer night,
To see them on the roof. Chorus.

Now that's the place to spend the night,
And feel the pleasant breeze,
Take up your pipe and stretch yourself
In an attitude of ease.
The boys and girls will gather round,
And fill the air with glee,
When singing on the roof at night,
As happy as can be. Chorus.

Strolling on the Battery.

By Tommy Tucker. to Tony Pastor.

Don't talk to me of Harlem, Yorkville or Coney Isle,
Williamsburg, Hoboken, they're no place for me,
When you mention Brooklyn, you cause me for to smile,
The only place I enjoy myself is on the Battery.

Chorus.

Strolling on the Battery, gazing at the tide,
Watching all the lovers there, beneath the trees they hide;
Listening to the music which Crook dispenses free,
You can bet your sweet life, there's nothing can beat the Battery.

How pleasant on a Friday eve, for to take your sweetheart,
One that loves you truly, and with you likes to talk;
If you wish to stroll with her, and press her unto your heart,
The Battery is the proper place for to take a walk,
Chorus.

McGuinness Wind the Clock.

By Tommy Tucker. Dedicated to Sheehan & Jones.

My name is Mike McGuinness,
In the Seventh Ward I reside;
'Twas only about a month ago,
I took to myself a bride.
The loafers gathered round my door,
My modesty they did shock,
For they all commenced to yell and roar,
McGuinness wind the clock.

Chorus.

They yell out Mike you've made a strike,
We'll sweep you off the block;
But they set me crazy, when they yell—
McGuinness wind the clock.

I asked my cousin John Kelly,
What do the blackguards mean;
He says, why don't you know that yet,
You must be very green.
Go out and buy a keg of beer,
Of Jacob Ruppert's stock,
And set the gang upon their ear,
That's winding up the clock. Chorus.

So now dear friends, before I go,
I've got one word to say;
I'm going to run for Alderman,
On next election day
I want you all to vote for me,
And round the polls to flock,
And when the election's over, boys,
You can bet I'll wind the clock. Chorus.

My Friend From Chicago.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.
Sung by Tony Pastor.

Copyright 1879, and published by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

I was after the play the other night,
When on my homeward way,
I chanced to meet some of the boys,
And with them long did stay.
I stayed so long it was half past two,
Just as I reached my door,
My wife came down in a big night-gown,
And said it was half-past four.

Spoken: And all I could say was, that—

Chorus.

I met an old friend from Chicago, (hic)
From Chicago, (hic) from Chicago, (hic)
And if I did a little too far go, (hic)
It was thro' my friend from Chicago.

She took me gently by the ear,
Her voice was loud and stern,
"Ain't this a pretty time," says she,
"For a married man's return?"
I told her it was an accident,
That I really couldn't avoid,
You know how it is yourself, my love,
When one gets overjoyed. Chorus.

I wakened all the babies up,
And danced them on my knee,
I felt so funny, I couldn't keep still,
I was in for a jamboree.
My wife on scolding would insist,
I let her have her way,
I never contradicted her
Except sometimes to say— Chorus.

Do Not Cast Him Down.

Sung by Johnny Gibbons motto vocalist.

As through life we stroll, of what misery we find,
What sorrow some has to endure;
With trouble and labor, misfortune and woe,
'Tis strange how they live I am sure.
There is many a man a-begging to day,
To the poor he'd a chance to attend;
On swells of the day he threw money away,
And now he's not got a friend.

Chorus.

Do not cast him down because he done wrong,
His poor, weary heart try to mend;
The time may come soon, there are plenty of room,
When some may to poverty bend.

There is comfort in riches if used the right way,
And sorrow I'm sure by the score;
If men are worth millions, you'll find that they are,
Afraid to walk out their own door.
The time flies around, all chances are gone,
Their past faults they all try to mend,
It's then I am sure when woe they endure,
They'll find that they have not got a friend.
Do not cast him down, &c.

Kind friends here to-night do from me take advice,
It is simple and short you will find;
As long as you live, if you've nothing to give
To the poor, always try to be kind.
The day it may come, but I hope it will not,
When on help you may have to depend;
When out in the street, without nothing to eat,
'Tis then you will know who's your friend.
Do not cast him down, &c.

Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance.

Sung by Johnny Gibbons with great success.

My name is McNamara and I came from County Clare
In that darling little isle across the sea;
Where the mountains and the hills, the lakes
and rippling rills,
Are singing sweetest music all the day.
Our little farm was small, it would not support us all,
So one of us was forced away from home;
I bid them all good-bye, with a tear-drop in my eye,
And I sailed for Castle Garden all alone.

Chorus.

I am an honest Irish lad, of work I'm not afraid,
If it's pleasure to you I will sing or dance;
I'll do anything you say if you'll only name the day,
When they'll give an honest Irish lad a chance.

When I landed in New York, I tried hard to get work
And I traveled through the streets from day to day,
I went from place to place, with starvation in my face,
But every place they want no help they say.
And still I wandered on, a hoping to find one
That would give a lad a chance to earn his bread,
But then it's all the same, for I know I'm not to blame,
And oftentimes I wished that I was dead. Cho.

But I know I've one kind friend, who a helping
hand will lend
To a poor boy, and to help him on at home;
I will bring my mother here, and my little sister dear,
And never more again from them to roam.
I will try to do what's right, I will work both
day and night,
Yes, I'll do the very best I can.
And God will bless the heart that will take
a poor boy's part,
And make an honest Irish lad a man. Chorus.

Kentucky Rose.

Words and Music by Walter Bray.

Oh! the rose of Kentucky and me,
Long ago old massa set us free;
I'll tell you what did happen in her good old
mother's cabin,
To the rose of Kentucky and me.
On the banks of the Ohio River,
Where the winters are so cold the darkies shiver;
One night about eight, we joined the married state,
The rose of Kentucky and me.

Chorus.

On the banks of the river, the old muddy river,
She lived on the banks of the river;
And one night about eight, we joined the married state,
The rose of Kentucky and me.

When they tried to win my Rose away from me,
My wife alone she said she'd be;
Yet their vanity she flattered, and their hearts
she always shattered,
When they tried to play the game on me, you see,
Her voice filled this darkey full of glee,
She's as merry and as busy as a bee;
I love when I look at her, she's black, but
that's no matter,
She's just the shade I'd have my darling be.
On the banks of the river, &c.

Since I took Kentucky Rose for my wife,
We have lived together, free from care and strife;
And it's natural to suppose, we had a little Rose,
For so sweetly flowed the summer of our life.
Yet the winter of our days will come, alas!
When spring, summer, and autumn, too, will pass;
Hand in hand we'll glide away, and I'll bless
the happy day,
When I took Kentucky Rose for my wife.
On the banks of the river, &c.

Pompey Little Pig-Tailed Chinaman.

Written and sung by the great Von Boyle.

Oh, Hop Sing, he's a Chinee, and keeps a
washee shop.
He make a tousand dollah evely yeah;
He gittee plenty cushtom, 'cause washee
tippee top,
And you bet he chargee plenty heapee deah.
He git thlee cent fo' one collah, starchee
plenty heapee stiff,
And ten cent fo' one shilt you un'erstan';
Cuffee ten cent, sockee five cent, thlee cent fo'
one chankecief,
Such a smaltee little pig-tailed Chinaman.

Chorus.

He's a darling, he's a Chinee,
He's a dumplin', he's a lamb,
You should see him sclub on his washee tub,
He's a pompey little pig-tailed Chinaman.

Oh Hop Sing he live cheapee, on one dollah
evely week,
He can live in stylee 'muchee plenty nice,
He's gottee twenty lat-tlap, you b'lievee what
me speak,
And he catch 'em allee lat and allee mice,
Then he makee pussy soupee, and flickazee bow-wow,
And he cuttee uppee Tom cat in a pan;
Allee late and mice he bakee twice—makee
velley nice chow chow,
Fo' that pompey little pig-tailed Chinaman.

Chorus.

He's a darling, he's a Chinee,
He's a dumplin', he's a lamb,
He feels velly nice, when he's full of mice,
He's a pompey little pig-tailed Chinaman.

Answer to Take This Letter to my Mother.

By E. A. Dempsey.

Blessed letter from my darling,
It has crossed the dark blue sea,
Joy and sunshine travelled with it,
Willie sometimes thinks of me.
Says, "she wept when last we parted,"
Ah! 'tis God alone can know
How my days are passed in longing,
And my nights in sleepless woe.

Chorus.

Tiny letter! precious missive!
Messenger of peace and love!
God direct my darling's footsteps,
Till we meet in joy above.

Priceless letter, will you read it
Once again?—my eyes are dim;
Long ago they shone for some one,
Now they're dull and moist for him.
Oh! my Willie, all that's left me!
Last leaf on a withered tree;
Birds and summer both departed
Death impatient waits for me. Chorus.

Bear the answer o'er the ocean,
It will cheer my absent boy,
Though words are feeble, cold and meagre,
To express such speechless joy.
Trembling is the hand that pens it,
Blotted is its page with tears,
Yet 'twill speak the same old story,
Of a widowed mother's fears. Chorus.

Pretty Blue-Eyed Maiden.

By John A. Hogan. Air: Little Cherry Blossom.

A maiden fair with golden hair,
I met one summer morning,
She was a flower of paradise,
With grace and beauty charming,
She smiled as I approached her,
Oh! my heart with love is laden,
For there's none so rare that can compare,
With this pretty blue-eyed maiden.

Chorus.

Pretty little maiden do you love me,
Little blue-eyed maiden will you wed me,
For we will be happy as the day is long,
Lots of pretty things I'll give her. Repeat.

When the pansies and the roses sweet
Are blooming in their glory,
'Tis then I'll wed this little pearl,
The subject of my story.
We'll dwell in yonder pretty lane,
Where the flowers with dew are laden,
And I'll talk of future happiness,
To this pretty blue-eyed maiden. Chorus.

SHEET MUSIC.

Any piece of Sheet Music, no matter where published, will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of marked price.

Little Brown Jug.

My wife and I live all alone
In a neat little cot we call our own;
She loves gin and I love rum,
I tell you what we have lots of fun.

Chorus.

Ha, ha, ha! you and me,
Little brown jug don't I love thee.

'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes,
'Tis you that makes my friends my foes.
Here she is beneath my nose,
Tip her up and down she goes. Chorus.

When I go toiling to my farm,
I take little brown jug under my arm.
I put her under a shady tree,
Little brown jug don't I love thee. Chorus.

If I'd a cow which gave such milk,
I'd clothe her in the finest silk;
I'd feed her on the sweetest hay,
And I'd milk her forty times a day. Chorus.

The rose is red, my nose is too,
The violet's blue, and so are you;
And yet I guess before I stop,
I'd better take another drop. Chorus.

The Pitcher of Ale.

By Thomas Ford Jr. Air: Pitcher of beer.

I'll sing you a song of a friend true and strong,
The same time I'll strive to be brief—
Although 'tis a fact, he is often quite cracked,
Yet to him you'll go for relief.
No word has he spoken, no word has he spoken,
It does seem a curious tale,
Though filled every night, he never gets tight,
I speak of the pitcher of ale.

Chorus.

Each day in the week, while too full to speak,
Each morn and each night without fail—
With hearts free from care, stong friendship we'll swear,
As we drink from the pitcher of ale.

The richman he goes to Delmonico's
And orders his bottle of wine,
'Neath chandeliers bright, he sits late at night,
In the parlor so spacious and fine.
He sits at his ease and drinks as he please,
Of champagne to wash down the quail,
Though seeming quite gay, yet this I will say,
I'd as leave have the pitcher of ale. Chorus.

I think with a sigh of the days now gone by,
When gathered around in a group,—
We'd make the air ring, with the songs we would sing,
While seated upon some front stoop.
The cool summer breeze blew calm 'neath the trees,
The planets shone softly and pale,
When as a wind-up, we'd pass 'round the cup,
Filled from the pitcher of ale. Chorus.

Good-Bye We'll Meet Again.

By John F. Murphy. Ded. to Miss Kitty Burns.

Farewell Nora, fare thee well,
I must leave you, Ere Mochree,
Duty calls me, love, do tell,
Say you will be true to me.
For Ireland's honor Ireland's sake,
I must cross the raging main;
Others went, love be content,
Good-bye, good-bye we'll meet again.

Chorus.

Think of the sire noble soldiers,
Who died where bullets fell like rain;
Cheer up loved one, God's will be done,
Good-bye, good-bye, we'll meet again.

Why weep, Aroon, a soldiers daughter,
Fie, for shame, love dry your eyes,
Erin should be free as water,
I with others seek the prize.
'Mid carnage, shell, and cannon's roar,
We'll read the bonds of British chain,
Violate the laws for a righteous cause,
Good-bye, good-bye, we'll meet again. Cho.

Others fought and fell before me,
Brave as lions to meet the foe,
Where'er I be, I'll still adore thee,
So smile Machree and bid me go,
The Shamrock green, sweet Erin's emblem,
Hid for years from sun and rain,
Will wave once more, adieu astore,
Good-bye, good-bye, we'll meet again. Cho.

The Family Group 'Round the Fire.

To the Clarendon Literary Union of Brooklyn.
By Stephen Garvey. Air: The old brown cot on the hill.

These cold winter nights brings back to my mind,
The dear recollections of yore,
The many bright moments now left far behind,
And the vision of friends who're no more.
I often do think of my once happy home,
And of mother and our old honored sire;
Of sisters and brothers who on those nights would,
Make up a group 'round the fire.

Chorus.

It was a picture to see, of loving unity,
It was one that you could but admire;
To see us at night, in our parlor so bright,
All in a group 'round the fire.

How happy we'd be in our parlor so warm,
Where all was so pleasant and gay;
That room did always seem to have a charm,
That would oft make us long for to stay.
Old times we'd recall and tales we would tell,
To fill our aching desire,
Oh! bright were the forms that we loved so well,
In that family group 'round the fire. Chorus.

But where are they now—they have all passed away,
And I am left here all alone;
To gaze on the embers now silent and cold,
That once sparkled bright in our home.
I'll never forget those bright happy hours
Of dreaming of those I ne'er tire.
For often again in my dreams I do see
That same loving group 'round the fire. Chorus.

Drifting With the Tide.

Words and Music by Will L. Thompson.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

We are floating on the ocean,
Drifting, drifting with the tide;
Far from home and far from kindred,
O'er the boundless sea we ride.
Giant waves like wondrous mountains,
Rise and fall with noisy sound;
On we glide thro' foaming fountains,
On we're drifting, ocean bound.

Chorus.

We are floating on the ocean,
Drifting, drifting with the tide;
We are drifting on the ocean,
Floating away, away;
Refrain: We're drifting with the tide.

We are floating on the ocean,
Drifting, drifting with the tide;
Not a ray of cheering sunlight,
Not a friendly hand to guide.
Driving winds with notes of terror,
Sweep across the maddened wave;
Soon we'll sink with plunge and quiver,
For no earthly hand can save. Chorus.

We are floating on life's ocean,
Drifting, drifting with the tide;
But a loving hand above us,
Deigns our floating bark to guide.
Waves of trouble rise before us,
But our boat goes safely o'er;
Trusting in our worthy Captain,
Soon we'll reach the other shore. Chorus.

Michael James.

Shure I'm happy as can be, there is divilment in me;
I'll tell ye's every one,
When I got home from work last night,
I found I was the father of a son.
Ten years I'm married this very day,
And we never had a chick or child,
The thought of this brings me such joy,
Take my word for it, it's nearly got me wild.

Chorus.

He've a puggy little nose,
He have dimples on his toes,
And we're going to give a party and a ball;
Shure we'll name him Michael James,
Have his picture put in frames,
And we'll hang thim in the parlor on the wall.

Whin a man he grows you see, the president he'll be,
Shure I wouldn't let him run for alderman,
I'll buy a horse and drag and I'll drive him every day,
And I'll show he have no equal in the land.
You see whin I was very small,
To the finest college I was sint,
And they educated me so fine,
I was a nobleman—a regular Irish gent. Cho.

While the Good Old Folks are Here.

Words and Music by Connolly.

Music pub. & Copyright 1879, by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

When on the downward hill of life,
With its story almost told.
Oh! welcome then each gentle word,
And kindness to the old.
The grace of loving tenderness,
To them a blessing dear,
Will their hearts with sweetest joy,
While the good old folks are here.

Chorus.

Then cheer the old folks with kind words
Thro' each declining year,
And let them live in pleasant peace,
While the good old folks are here.

Let us smooth their path while drifting on,
To bright eternal day,
Ere life's uncertain, weary light
Doth gently fade away.
Long time together have they toiled,
And as the end they near,
We'll soothe their hearts with dearest words,
While the old folks are here. Chorus.

Mickey Duff.

By Harry Clark. Air: Charley Fitzs.

My friends I am not putting on airs,
When I stand up here to-night,
But I leave it to every one of you,
If I'm not a handsome sight.
For I wear the finest kind of clothes,
And I always have a dollar,
With a pair of latest style of shoes,
And a great big paper color.

Chorus.

Mickey Duff, Mickey Duff,
You will know me by my collar,
Mickey Duff, Mickey Duff,
My curley hair is yaller.
You can see that I'm in style,
As my Henry Clay I puff,
Clear the way, what do you say,
For here comes Mickey Duff.

Now there's my friend John Hogan,
Says that I'm too bran new,
He will hire me for an elephant,
To go with Barnum's show.
And all the boys they laugh at me
Whenever I go by,
But I don't care a snap for that,
And I say go away, shoo fly. Chorus.

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"Take me Back to my Dear Old Southern Home....Speck.
"Angel Mother, Watch for me,".....Pratt.
"The Night I Learned to Swim".....Powers.
"Lay My Head Beneath a Rose,".....Straight.
"The Lost Jewel,".....Blunt.
"Penniless and Poor,".....Younker.
"Silver Bells are Ringing away up in de Sky.....Younker.
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This song and waltz have only been before the public a few months, and by the immense sale of the First Edition, I was forced in an incredible short space of time to issue the

SECOND EDITION.

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Sent post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents each.

She Threw me a Kiss From the Window.

Copyright, and pub, 1878, by W. A. Pond & Co.

Words and Music by John T. Rutledge.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

I strolled out at twilight, one evening,
To idle an hour away,
Enjoying a fragrant Havana,
And the balm of the flowers of May.
I passed by a vine-covered cottage,
That stood at the foot of the lane;
Two bright eyes peeped out from the window,
A sweet face was pressed 'gainst pane,

CHORUS.

She threw me a kiss from the window,
Which filled me with joy and delight;
I knew 'twas my darling Lucinda,
Dhat made earth to me seem so bright,
so bright.

She ran to the gateway to meet me,
And asked me to linger awhile,
She smiled as she came near to greet me,
And love lingered under each smile,
We stood at the gateway and chatted;
The moon chased the stars in its flight;
The swift hours had flown ere we missed them,
And now we must whisper, good-night. Cho.

She said she'd be mine ere I left her,
I vowed I'd forever be true;
And strolled on my way happy-hearted,
If you had been me, would not you?
Half turning, I looked over my shoulder,
To catch just another sweet glance;
She threw me a kiss from the window,
That filled me with love's dreamy trance. Cho.

The Clang of the Wooden Shoon.

Words and Music by W. L. Maloy.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price 35 cents.

Oh! the clang of the wooden shoon,
Oh! the dance and the merry tune,
Happy sound of a bygone day,
It rings in my heart for aye.
When the boat came in,
With the sailors all aglow,
And the moon shone down
On the glistening tide below.
Oh! the clang of the wooden shoon,
Oh! the dance and the merry tune,
Happy sound of a bygone day,
It rings in my heart for aye.

"Now, my lads, with a merry will,
Up with the hatch and the baskets fill;
Winsome lassies above ye stand,
Ready with eager hand."
Then the sails came down,
And all was taut and clear,
And a wild, glad dance,
Lit up the wooden pier.
Oh! the rush of the tripping feet,
Oh! the lightsome hearts that beat,
Wild and sweet the merry tune,
And the clang of the wooden shoon.

But they are gone a weary while, ah! me,
And he, my own came home no more from sea,
The sea looks black,
Tho waves have all a moan,
And I'm left to sit and dream alone,
To sit and dream alone.
Still I see them on the pier,
All the kindly faces near,
Hear the wild and merry tune,
And the clang of the wooden shoon.
When the boats came in
With the sailors all aglow,
And the moon shown down
On the rippling tide below,
Oh! the clang of the wooden shoon,
Oh! the dance and the merry tune,
Happy sound of a bygone day,
I ringe in my heart for aye—for aye.

The Kind Loving Faces at Home.

By R. S. Dwyer. Music by Henry Maylath.

Copyright 1877, by G. P. Benjamin.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I am thinking to-day of the home of my youth,
Near the brooklet that runs thro' the glade,
The green grassy lawn, and the orchard so dear,
Where oft in my childhood I have strayed.
'Tis many a year since these scenes I have left,
Through far distant countries to roam!
But wherever I wander I still long to see
The kind loving faces at home!

CHORUS.

And though we are parted, yet ever to me,
Sweet thot's of my loved ones come;
And wherever I wander I still long to see
The kind loving faces at home!

How oft in my dreames have my thoughts wandered back,
To my mother so kind and so true,
Who whispered good-bye, and God bless you my boy,
When I bade her and father adieu.
E'en now, in my fancy, I once more can feel
Her warm loving kiss on my brow!
And sigh when I think that 'tis naught but a dream,
For I'm wand'ring far from her now! Chorus.

My dear sweet sister with whom I have played,
So oft in our childhood at home,
Has sent to me many a message of love,
To cheer me wherever, wherever I roam,
My father is waiting to meet me again,
When my long weary journey is o'er;
And soon we meet at the old fireside,
To part on this earth never more. Chorus.

Tell Me Love, Will You Remember.

Sung by the Whitney's, with great success.

Tell me love, will you remember
When I'm far away from thee?
Will you still be true, my darling.
When I'm sailing o'er the sea.
Keep the vows of love we plighted
When we bade our last farewell,
That you'll keep me in remembrance,
Tell me, darling, only tell?

CHORUS.

Whisper softly, sweetly, darling,
Say I will be true to thee,
Though for years we may be parted,
Promise to remember me.

Tell me, love, will you remember
When the roses cease to bloom?
And December, bleak and dreary,
Takes the place of gentle June.
Though we may be parted, darling,
By the cruel hand of time,
Promise that you will be true, love,
'Till I come to call you mine. Chorus.

My Blue-Eyed Dan.

Oh! my heart is filled with joy,
I scarce know what to say
About my darling blue-eyed Dan,
I think of night and day.
'Twas on last Sunday that we met
Among the sweet grape vines,
And the little birds were singing forth
Their sweet, harmonious rhymes.

CHORUS.

And I feel just as happy as a little red rose
That blooms down in the shady lane,
The sun shines from the sky so bright,
On my pretty darling little blue-eyed Dan.

He dresses neat, his voice is sweet
As the sound of a silvery bell,
And often-times I run away,
To meet him in the dell.
He met me at the orchard gate
Last Sunday eve at nine,
And whispered love tales in my ear,
And I'm sure he will be mine. Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

She answered "Good night!" and stood gazing after him as he disappeared down the alley.

Then she raised her arms upward in rapturous triumph as she whispered, "He is mine! I will win him from them both. I am useful to him; he thinks only of the inheritance, and that shall be his at any risk—at any sacrifice to others—on one condition. He is not likely to reject it; for is he not in my power?"

Too excited to support the confinement of her own room, Maria Daggett, buried in thought, proceeded further down the alley.

She was heedless in what direction it led. She only knew it took her further from the house, its bright lights, and the monotonous time of the dance music which had been driving her to madness all the evening.

She had at last played her card with, in her opinion, success, and wanted quiet to meditate on her next step.

The alley continued almost to the boundary of the grounds, where, to shut out the stubble-land beyond, trees had been thickly planted, about the base of which grew long grasses and delicate fern fronds.

From the latter, a man, who had been lying there, either for concealment or rest, rose cautiously up on his elbow at the sound of the companion's tread.

His first intention seemed a noiseless retreat further into the bushes, but this purpose was evidently changed after a second glance at the intruder upon his solitude.

An expression of intense astonishment overspread his countenance, and slowly rising to his feet, after a rapid inspection around, he stood under the shadow of the trees, waiting.

Had Richard Hepburn been present at the moment he would have recognised in the man the tramp he had first seen on the moonlit road.

With head depressed, Maria Daggett came on, so buried in reflection that she would have passed the other unseen, had he not taken a step forward, accosted her.

"Why 'Ria," he exclaimed, in a low but familiar tone, "you're never going to cut a fellow like this, are you?"

The companion raised her head, uttering a startled cry of alarm. Then, as her eyes rested upon the features of the man standing close by her, she went as pale as death. Falling back from him, she exclaimed involuntarily, and with evident fear, "Great Heaven!—you, Timothy?"

"Yes, 'Ria; Timothy," he laughed, "once again in England."

She was trembling violently, but evidently was making a terrible effort to recover composure.

"I—I thought——" she began.

When he broke in, "I know—that I wasn't due yet. But, you see Australia didn't suit me, so, as I had an opportunity of giving the authorities legbail, I gave it them. You don't blame me?"

"No."

The negative came mechanically.

"Nevertheless, old girl, you don't seem over and above rejoiced to see me."

"Rejoiced! How can I be?" exclaimed the companion, the idea of her own peril through this man's appearance bringing her strength and words. "You have ruined yourself! You will ruin me! Why are you here? What harm have I ever done you, Timothy, that you should disgrace me?"

"Come, come, 'Ria," he answered, leaning his back against a tree and facing her, "don't cry before you're hurt. Who said I intended to disgrace you? If I've been an enemy to myself, I haven't been a bad brother to you. Who gave you the education to follow the line of business you took to?"

"You," she answered, quickly. "But if I'm only to climb the ladder—and it's been hard enough—to be thrown off of it, I'd better never have climbed."

"Grateful to the—last," remarked the convict. "But I repeat, who said I intended to disgrace you? I didn't come to Carnyston to see you; and you are the last person I should have dreamed of meeting here, for you didn't trouble me with many affectionate letters while I was abroad. I should exaggerate if I put down one as the number."

Maria Brindley, alias Daggett, was silent. She recognised the truth of Timothy Brindley's remark.

Suddenly raising her eyes to his face, she inquired, "Why are you here?"

"That, 'Ria, is my business."

"You need not trouble; I know it!"—with a slightly imperious toss of her head. "You have come to see Josiah Biddlecomb, to obtain money. You were his clerk, and hold secrets which he must pay you to keep!"

Whether the shot was a random or well-prepared one, it equally took affect.

The convict's countenance expressed a surprise almost amounting to alarm, as he ejaculated, "who the deuce told you that?"

"Not Josiah Biddlecomb, you may be sure," she answered with a loud laugh. "It is none the less true, for all that."

"Your bolt was a random one, 'Ria," remarked Timothy Brindley; "whether it's true, that's as it may be. But look here. We've been parted for many years—and what I did, many a gentleman's done before me—why, now we meet, should we act like two tom-cats in a garret? I never did you but good; it isn't on my cards, at present, to do you harm. As to being ashamed of me, you needn't be that when I get new togs. I shan't then be the same-looking chap. And I shall get 'em—swell ones—for by chance you've hit the right nail on the head. I have come to get money from Josiah Biddlecomb, and I've a card to play he'll pay heavy for."

He had while speaking, laid his hand on her arm, and leaned nearer, sinking his voice to an earnest whisper.

She did not move, only, regarding him steadily, said, "Well?"

"Well, why not assist me in the game? You shan't be a loser. You are living here, of course?"

"Of course. I am Miss Biddlecomb's companion."

"Whew!" whistled the convict. "That may prove a trump, 'Ria!"

"According, I suppose to my idea?" she responded coldly. "What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing at present; only keep an eye on the game, and"—he hesitated—"and give me some information about the guests who visit here—one in particular."

The companion started—if the term may be allowed—mentally, for there was no motion of the arm on which the convict's hand yet rested.

She instantly guessed who was this particular guest, and, and in accordance with her daring, fearless spirit, as instantly adopted a bold, reckless course of action. She had little to dread. Was not this man an escaped convict, and in her power.

"I understand," she said, calmly. "You refer to Mr. Richard Hepburn."

Again Timothy Brindley was taken aback.

"Confound it!" he ejaculated; "how much do you know, 'Ria?"

"Sufficient," she replied, "to make yours the wiser policy to tell me all, if we are to work together?"

The convict hardly at the moment seemed to think so. He took two or three paces away, as in doubt, then returning, demanded, "'Ria, do you know who this young chap is?"

"Yes," was the composed response.

"You do! Who?"

One second she paused, then risked it.

"Sir Richard Carr."

"The deuce!—who told you?" he cried.

"That is my business. But I think I have proved, Timothy, half confidences will be worthless. There!" she proceeded, with defiant recklessness, encouraged by her two last successes; "you have nothing to confide. I am aware of all. Old Sir Richard Carr was innocent of the crime imputed to him. This estate of Carnyston—how I do not pretend to say, for I do not know—Josiah Biddlecomb has acquired by foul play, and you are aware of it, Timothy. You are here now to extort money from the knowledge, also to be paid for the valuable information that the son of the man he ruined is a visitor beneath his roof under a false name!"

As Timothy Brindley listened to the above, spoken in a tone of such firm assurance, there was more fear than astonishment on his countenance. It turned livid; his lips pressed fiercely together.

"How in the name of all that's amazing," he hissed, "did you learn this, I repeat?"

"I repeat, that is my business. But look here, Timothy. You must keep Richard Hepburn's secret, or it will be the worse for you."

The words were marked and decisive.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"This—that you may extort what money you please from Josiah Biddlecomb, but not mark me, at the sacrifice of Mr. Hepburn. Timothy, I'll show you my appreciation of full confidence by taking you into mine. We each have a game to play; judge which is the best."

Still reliant on the bold course she had adopted, also urged by the knowledge that all her plans were *nil* if her brother were against her, she briefly and clearly told him everything after her own fashion.

"What!—and would he marry you, 'Ria?"

"It is my purpose to make him," was the rejoinder. "He will consent, when Carnyston is the price."

"But how can it be?"

"By your turning your coat, Timothy—by your turning traitor to Josiah Biddlecomb. Be sure Sir Richard in gratitude, will exonerate you from blame, and reward you better than this mauser."

The convict glanced sharply, furtively at her. In all the world, he held he had no more dangerous an enemy.

"Well, what do you think of my plan?" she asked.

"Its cleverness is worthy of you," he replied; "but it takes a chap by surprise. It wants thinking over."

"Think over it, then; only remember, if you follow your own course, you have me as well as Richard Hepburn against you."

The convict was silent, meditativaly scratching his whiskers.

Abruptly he inquired, "As you know so much, 'Ria, p'r'aps you know where old Sir Richard is?"

"No"—shaking her head. "Do you?"

"Not the slightest conception."

"Does he?"—indicating the direction of the house.

"Not that I am aware."

"Suppose he was suddenly to appear one day!" laughed the companion; "how different things would be here."

"I don't fancy there's much probability," with another furtive, suspicious glance. "But I say, 'Ria, I may see Biddlecomb!"

"Certainly if you like; only you must be true to Richard Hepburn if there is to be peace, not war, between us two."

To be Continued in No. 170—Commenced in No. 152.

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NUMBER 170. VOLUME. II.

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CONTENTS.

A New Year's Greeting ..... page 554
A Bit of my Mind 554
The Bottle of wine 558
The Boys from where the grass grows green 558
Douglas Reply 555
Don't you forget it 558
Emmet's Cuckoo Song 555
Emmet's Castle Bells, "Bells are ringing," 557
Good-bye, Lovely Lou 557
The German Waiters 557
Gas House Explosion 557
Handsome as a Handcart 558
I know what love is 554
I COULDN'T HELP IT MA 555
If my glances have betrayed me 556
I'm waiting for a letter, love 556
I will meet you in the twilight 557
Kadie I love you 556
The Love of the Shamrock 556
The Latest Sheet Music (Notice) 557
The Laboring Man for me 558
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued 559
LITTLE ROGUISH EYES 554
MUSIC AND DANCING 554
My Southern Home 554
My Beautiful Kate 555
The Old Broomstick that leaned against the wall 556
One wide river to cross 556
Over there in Ireland 557
Put the right man at the wheel 555
The Patent Rubber Bustle — Music for Banjo and Guitar 560
Prince Patrick 558
The REASON WHY I WAS ELECTED 555
SONGS UNSUNG 554
SO WEARY AND SAD TO-NIGHT 555
The Skids are on Parade 556
Valentine Notice 555
WHEN THE FLOWERS ARE DREAMING 556

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AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
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NEW-YORK NEWS COMPANY,
13 Bookman Street.

I Know What Love Is.

Music pub. and Copyright 1879, by J. Church & Co
Music by J. K. Emmet and sung by him in Fritz in Ireland.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Come kiss me, darling, I know what love is!
Two pretty little arms that 'round my neck entwine,
Two ruby lips, my love, that warmly kiss, my love!
Two pretty eyes of azure blue like thine!
Then kiss me, darling, and say you love me,
And arm in arm to-gether we will glide along,
Sweet music sounding, light hearts are bounding,
While merily I sing your song.
Sweet! my own, oh! come into my arms!
Here alone, secure from ev'ry harm!
Not a care, free as air!
Come, my love, and gaily dance around,

Oh! come, my darling, 'tis just the hour,
When moonbeams dance o'er all the happy earth and sea,
We too will dance, my dove! while star beams gleam, my love,
Oh! scorn not moments made for love and thee.
Then kiss me, darling! and say you love me,
And arm in arm together we will glide along,
Sweet music sounding, light hearts are bounding,
While merrily I sing your song.
Sweet! my own, oh! come into my arms!
Here alone, &c.

A New Year's Greeting.

To the SINGERS' JOURNAL, by one of its Agents.

Days roll on days, and weeks to weeks succeed,
Still I neglect to write that you may read;
But now in hand I take my rusty pen,
Call up my thoughts and bid them to attend,
Oh! for the ink-horn of an immortal Pope!
There to insert my pen and vainly hope,
By chance to catch a ray of light divine,
That o'er my soul in lustrous power would shine;
Reveal to me the hidden paths of light,
Whence streams of glory shine, regardless of the night,
Or for a Thompson's, who fore're displays
A magic power of thought o'er all his lays;
Whose all immortal song so fraught with truth.
Charms all who reads—at least it should—forsooth,
But hold! digression, this is far too deep,
And much I fear to sing you off to sleep,
Besides, this is not what I meant to say,
For other thems should constitute my lay.

'Tis now of the New Year I would write,
Which has come in all its glory,
Leaving the old away in the van,
All wrinkled wan and hoary.

And so as we welcome new eighty with joy,
Let us hope for a far better year,
For, trade, than old seventy-nine could boast,
For to me it so seems to appear.

The glad new-years greeting I send you,
Fondly hoping the above may prove true,
For if it does not, I'm sure I can't tell,
What the dickens I ever shall do.

You may send by the first fast express—
Just to keep the old ball in motion,
The Journals that I shall hereafter name,
They'll be named in accord to my notion.

My bill as you see is getting quite large,
And the cash remains low in the till;
But nevertheless if you say the word,
I'll settle at once the whole bill.

A Bit of my Mind.

Originally sung by David Roche.

When I see a young man with more money than brains,
Dressed out in the finest of clothes,
At some laboring man with true blood in his veins,
Look scornful, and turn up his nose.
Then I say though my arm is hard to restrain,
From knocking the idiot blind,
My exquisite duck, you're a fool that is plain,
And give him a bit of my mind.

When I see a poor seamstress in garret or room,
At midnight incessantly stitch;
And know that consumption is really her doom,
While her wealthy employer grows rich.
If that man that grows fat on the blood of the poor,
Were to my tender mercies consigned,
I might not assult him but really I'm sure,
I'd give him a bit of my mind.

When I see a young swell in fine feathers arrayed,
With a moustache so daintily curled;
Insult a poor girl of the fellow afraid,
And perhaps with no friend in the world,
Though not fond of a riot, and hating a din,
Just to teach him good manners inclined,
I'd like to pitch in, but before I begin,
I'd give him a bit of my mind.

There is Cuba as yet in the terrible grasp,
Of the merciless minions of Spain;
It's time that America took up the task
Of ending their tyranies reign.
But our government heeded not liberty's cry,
To their blood thirsty doing seem blind,
But I'd like to see Grant on the subject, and then,
I'd give him a bit of my mind.

Little Roguish Eyes.

SONG AND DANCE.

Words by Wm. R. Watts. Music by M. O'Reardon.
Sung with great success by Miss Jennie Yeamans.

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Sweetly in the twilight dancing,
Fairy-like with form entrancing,
Cunning elf with mischief glancing,
Little roguish eyes;
O'er the dew with lightness creeping,
While the glow-worm soft is sleeping,
And the bright stars forth are peeping,
Peeping with surprise.
As she wanders thro' the dell,
Hushed is every birdie's song,
For each songster knows full well,
She rules the warbling throng.
Brighter seems the day declining,
As with sunlight still combining,
Where her gleam o'er all is shining,
Little roguish eyes. (Dance.)

Blithely in the early morning,
Summer-day is gently dawning,
Lifting night's be-darkened awning,
Little roguish eyes;
As she wades the brooklet flowing,
Moves amid the violets growing,
Not a thought on one bestowing,
Which around her lies.
May her future life be pure,
May her sweetness never fade,
May grim sorrow ne'er secure,
My own dear mountain maid.
Joy o'er all my darling flinging,
Hear the lark her praises singing,
For to all sweet mirth she's bringing,
Little roguish eyes. (Dance.)

Music and Dancing.

Words and Music by C. M Connolly.

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Music and dancing,
What charms ye have for me,
Twin sisters sweet, whom always I greet,
And welcome wherever I see;
Sweet aids to gladness
And comforts can ye be,
May pleasure's bright rays attend ye always,
And crown us with bright jollity.
What tho' my skies be o'ercast,
And troubles and cares ever near be,
I'll grieve not if there but be left,
Sweet music and dancing to cheer me!

CHORUS.

Ah! music and dancing,
What charms ye have for me,
Twin sisters sweet, whom always I greet,
And welcome wherever I see.
Sweet aids to gladness,
And comfort can he be,
May pleasure's bright rays attend thee always,
And crown us with bright jollity.

Moments so blissful,
And fraught with sweet content,
How swift they pass at the merry dance,
When all on bright pleasure are bent,
Moving like wavelets, a happy, joyous band,
Enchanting sight, so dazzling bright,
A vision of fairy land.
So life's distresses have not
Of every joy yet bereft me,
No more shall I idly pine,
While music and dancing be left me. Chorus.

Songs Unsung.

Words and Music by M. C. Vandercook.

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There are songs unsung in ev'ry heart,
Some beautiful memory hidden,
That nestles alone in its resting place,
By sorrow and tear-drops hidden.
Some sad, sad hope, that once did bloom,
When life was gay and young,
But now it faded and withered and dead,
Oh! beautiful songs unsung.

CHORUS.

Beautiful songs unsung,
Sorrowful songs unsung,
Oh! nestle alone in thy secret place,
Oh! sorrowful songs unsung.

There are songs unsung, there are tales untold,
Whose memory never can perish,
For the hearts that know them are hearts of gold,
And they keep them to love and to cherish.
Tho' some are sombre, and sad, and drear,
To the lives of the saddened they're clung,
They are set in tears, and never can die,
Oh! sorrowful songs unsung. Chorus.

There are songs unsung, there are words of love,
That in kindness and truth were spoken,
But now are the links of a glad wild dream,
Cherished and loved yet broken.
And, oh! to the heart that knows them so well,
They've the sweetest of thoughts among,
For they seem like a life that was kiss'd by death,
Oh! sorrowful songs unsung. Chorus.

My Southern Home.

Written and Sung by W. O. Hughes.

I am gwine away down south,
To see my dear ole wife,
An' children that I left behind,
De blessings ob my life.
My days on earth are nearly done,
But I hope once mo' to see
Dat dear ole place so far away,
My home in Tennessee.

CHORUS.

Food-by, (sym) Good-by, (sym)
No mo' will I roam,
I'm gwine back to whar I used to libe,
To my happy southern home.

I've wandered very far away
From de place dat I call home,
But when I reach de ole corn fields,
I never more will roam.
What merry joyous times we'll have
How happy will I be,
With banjos ringing, children singing,
In my home in Tennessee. Chorus.

My Beautiful Kate.

By Robert P. Rowan. Air; Raffle for the stove.

One New Year's night I went to see
A lady friend of mine;
Her mother keeps a boarding-house,
And the number it is nine.
Way down on the old Bowery,
Where everything is cheap;
My beautiful Kate at the front gate,
Me every night did meet.

Then with sweet caresses,
Arm in arm we go;
Talking of our love affairs,
And telling me what she knows.
Oh! when we are married,
A different story will she tell,
When some beautiful night I come home tight,
And yank at our door bell.

One night to a party I took her,
Intent on having fun,
For there was to be a walking match,
Also a twenty mile run.
My Kate she had entered,
And me she did surprise,
For she walked in that race until black in the face,
But she won the beautiful prize.

Oh! now we are married,
And are as happy as can be;
We have six bouncing little boys,
And they all take after me.
Except little Jimmy who after Kate does take,
For every night he raises a fight,
And I have to give him a shake.

Put the Right Man at the Wheel.

Words and Music by Will S. Hays.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

The time-honored ship of our country,
Is drifting about on the sea;
If some one don't take hold and stop her,
A fearful bad wreck she will be.
And there's only one thing that can save her,
For now she's beginning to reel,
'Tis to throw overboard her bad pilot,
And put the right man at the wheel!

Chorus.

Then let us as sailors stick to her,
As long as she holds to her keel,
For it will not be long till the people
Will put the right man at the wheel.

Uncle Sam is yet proud of his vessel,
As she ploughs the political seas,
And Columbia bids him stick to her,
With the stars and the stripes to the breeze.
It won't do to trust her to strangers,
The American Eagle would squeal;
So we'll wait, and we'll watch for our chances,
To put the right man at the wheel! Chorus

Let peace and good will rule the nation,
And then let the flags be unfurled,
With an honest crew bravely to man her,
She'll be the flag-ship of the world.
If Washington only could see her,
And the way she now looks, he would feel,
That prosperity never will bless her,
'Till we've put the right man at the wheel.
Chorus

So Weary and Sad To-Night.

Words and Music by C. M. Connolly.

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The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

So weary and sad to-night,
So little of joy in my heart,
So ready my brain to throb,
So quick my tears to start.

Alone with all my vain regrets,
No loving presence near,
So longing for some tender soul,
With words of sweetest cheer, ah!

Chorus.

So weary and sad to night,
So little of joy in my heart,
So ready my brain to throb,
So quick my tears to start.

So weary my lone cheerless heart,
Sweet peace can it ever regain,
The present for it hath no joy,
And memory bringeth but pain
In vain I try to break the spell,
The cloud of gloom to clear,
The thoughtless jest ends in a sigh,
The smile turns to a tear, ah! Chorus.

I Couldn't Help it Ma!

Words and Music by C. M. Connolly.

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The Music of this song is published in elegant lithographed title page, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents,

I sang in praise of kisses,
As a soft and gentle hint,
And soon upon my lips, my love
A greeting did imprint;
But while intoxicated
With its measure deep of bliss,
Alas! my mamma witness was,
Of our delicious kiss.
"An explanation I demand,"
I heard to my dismay,
And in such trembling accents then,
I ventured this to say.

Chorus.

I couldn't help it, ma,
I really couldn't, ma;
He spoke so sweet, and said
I was his guiding star.
He show'd kisses fast,
When no one else was nigh,
I couldn't stop his kisses, ma,
And didn't care to try.

Of kisses of all sorts and kinds,
I've surely had my share,
From formal kiss of friendship,
To love's salutation rare;
But of them all I'm free to own,
The sweetest one by far,
Was that first kiss of love which ope'd
The eyes of my mama.
Her voice how quick our dream did change,
From pleasure unto pain,
Ah! how I faltered, when in tears,
I softly did explain. Chorus.

Douglas Reply.

Words and Music by Harrison Millard.

Copyright 1879, by Harrison Millard,
Published by Spear & Dehnhoff.
Music sent by us to any address, price 50 cents.

Thou hast called me Douglas true,
Thou hast said "adieu, adieu,"
Truest thou of mortals fair.
Faithful even in despair,
Tho' the silken cord be frayed,
Tho' Death's hand were on me laid,
In that moment dire did I
Breathe my love with my last sigh,
Now from Heaven I lean to thee,
Loving still——Eternally!

I am with thee everywhere,
In thy every thought and prayer,
Thou hast been too true to me,
Thy heart grieved too constantly,
Were I living I would press
Thy warm lips, but now I bless,
Tho' sad tears thy heart relieve,
I am sad if thou but grieve,
Let no more thy soul repine,
I am thine and thou art mine.

Emmet's Cuckoo Song.

Music pub. and Copyright 1879, by J. Church & Co
Music by J. K. Emmet and sung by him in Fritz in Ireland.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Oh! hear the cuckoo call!
Oh! hear him calling now!
Cuckoo! cuckoo!
I hear you call, I hear you call,
Hear the cuckoo call,
Oh! hear, he's calling now!
Oh! sadly the cuckoo is calling now,
I hear him far up in the ruins so gray;
And softly the moonbeams are falling now,
O'er slumbering blossoms of May.
Soft lilies and the rose,
Wave in the valleys green,
Sad spirits yearn for their lost love,
While beautiful shamrock grows,
Oh! sadly the cuckoo is calling now,
I hear him far up in the ruins so gray!
And softly the moonbeams are falling now,
O'er slumbering blossoms of May.
The blue birds do sing with a merry trill,
Their glad notes sound clear through the
green woodland bowers,
But the cuckoo's call is so sad and still,
It comes in the twilight's lone hours.
Soft lilies, &c.

The Reason why I was Elected.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

The music of this song is published in elegant lithographed title page, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder 60 Chatham Street, will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents,

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The 'lection now is over,
And the boys are getting sober,
And now I'm going to dignify my station,
When I was nominated, faith all the gang I treated,
I believe I paid for nearly all creation;
I made 'em all feel frisky, wid illigent cuild whisky,
The result of course, was just as I expected,
The boys took my advice,
And they mostly voted twice,
And that's the reason why I was elected. Dance.

They said I'd be defeated,
But my plans were all completed,
So I ordered wine for the association,
They said it was the plan to run me for alderman,
Because of my superior education,
I commenced my demonstrations,
By daling out potations,
And soon all my arrangements, were effected,
For as cunning as a fox, we stuffed the ballot box,
And that's the rason why I was elected. (Dance.

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Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

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Address, Mrs. Pauline Lieder,

60 CHATHAM STREET, N. Y.

The Old Broomstick That Leaned Against the Wall.

By J. J. Gallagher. Air; Old wooden rocker,

There it stands in the corner,
Leaning 'gainst the wall,
That old battered, splintered broomstick,
So stately and tall;
With naught to disturb
In that sky parlor room,
For no one now uses
That old splintered broom.
Oh! how well I remember
In days long gone by,
How that broomstick made grandpa
Hop round very spry:
And we listened to the cadence
Of the brooms monotonous fall
On grandpa's polished cocoanut,
Whene'er there was a squall.

Chorus.

As she sat by the fire,
She would rock, rock, rock,
And she'd wipe the tears away
With the old man's sock;
Eighty years he had worn them,
But they dropped off at last,
Their pungent aroma
Was unequaled, unsurpassed.

If that old broom could speak,
Oh the tales it would tell,
How poor aged grandpa
In fierce battle fell,
'Neath the strips of sticking-plaster
He fought bravely and true,
But the old woman walloped him,
'Till he was black and blue.
It would tell of great bumps,
Of bruises and knocks,
'Till his poor old shoulders
Looked like the soles of his socks,
But now he's gone and left us,
But the old broom's still afloat,
That old battered, splintered broom'stick,
'Tis old enough to vote. Chorus.

But poor grandma has gone,
And her stories are done,
Her children have followed
Her example every one,
At least the female portion,
What enthusiasts they are,
To walk in the same pathway,
Trod by their old grandma.
Never more will we stand
With open mouths and eyes,
Never more will we wonder,
What made grandpa despise
That old battered, splintered broomstick,
That made him hop so spry,
When grandma got her "dander" up,
In the days long gone by. Chorus.

If my Glances Have Betrayed Me.

Words by T. W. Robertson. Music by E. Mollenhour.

Copyright 1866, by J. Schuberth & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

If my glances have betrayed me,
Ask me no more,
For I dare not tell thee, lady,
Whom I adore.
She is young, and tall and slender,
Eyes of deep blue;
She is sweet and fair and tender,
Like unto you.
Unless my lady will me,
I'll not reveal,
Though the treasured secret kill me,
I'll not reveal,
Though the treasured secret kill me,
I'll not reveal,
The love I feel,
The love I feel.

When the Flowers are Dreaming.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

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The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Meet me when the flowers are dreaming,
When the zephyrs fan the air;
When the evening stars are gleaming,
And the skies are soft and fair.
Come then love and we will wander
Where the stream is smooth and bright,
Love by moonlight grows the fonder,
Meet me in the grove to-night.

Chorus.

Meet me when the flowers are dreaming,
When the moon looks down so bright,
Let your eyes with love be beaming,
Meet me in the grove to-night.

Meet when when the flowers are dreaming,
Silence reigning 'round above;
When the drowsy world is sleeping,
Then I'll tell you of my love.
Breathing words of sweet devotion,
We will know no pain or blight;
Hark! love to my hearts devotion,
Meet me in the grove to-night. Chorus.

The Love of the Shamrock.

Music pub, and Copyright 1879, by J. Church & Co
Words by Wm. Carleton.
Music by J. K. Emmet and sung by him in Fritz in Ireland.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Three little leaves of Irish green,
United on one stem;
On Irish soil are often seen,
They form a magic gem.
One leaf is truth, and valor, one,
The other one is love;
And these three magic leaves are wet
By dew-drops from above.
Oh! the shamrock, the shamrock,
The shamrock immortal and green,
By ev'ry nook and every brook,
Grows shamrock so green.
Oh! do you love, oh! say you love,
The shamrock, emblem of love,
Oh! say you love the shamrock so green.

When Irish soil received the plant,
The Elfin kings can tell;
Love, Truth and Valor wandered there,
And liked the soil so well,
Each left an emblem in a leaf,
And these together grew,
Sustained by heaven's warmest beams,
And nurtured by the dew.
Oh! the shamrock, &c.

To thee I give the triple leaf,
As emblem of my love;
I only hope the modest gift,
May not unwelcome prove.
A flower of more pretentious worth,
Could not more plainly tell
The tripple faith I have in thee,
Thou shamrock of the dell. Chorus.

I'm Waiting for a Letter Love?

Words by A. W. French Music by C. D. Blake.

Copyright, and pub, 1878, by W. A. Pond & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I'm waiting for a letter, love,
A missive sweet from thee,
To cheer me as I wander, love,
Afar upon life's sea;
So send me now a message sweet,
From home, and all, and you.
And in its pages oft repeat,
That still your heart is true;
And in its pages oft repeat,
That still your heart is true.

Chorus.

I'm waiting, I'm waiting
A message sweet from thee;
I'm waiting, I'm waiting,
Why don't you write to me?

I'm waiting for a letter, love,
With sad and aching heart;
I've learned to love thee better, love,
Since we have strayed apart;
Then send me now a word of cheer,
To comfort my lone way,
For I have longed from you to hear,
Many a weary day;
For I have longed from you to hear,
For many a weary day, Chorus,

I'm waiting for a letter, love,
That joyfully shall tell,
How many times you've tho't of me,
Since last we said farewell;
So quickly send a missive sweet,
To gladden my lone heart,
And in its pages oft repeat;
That we shall never part;
And in it's pages oft repeat,
That we shall never part. Chorus.

One Wide River to Cross.

Words by C. B. Music by Blackman. Arr, W. S. R.

Music copyright 1877, and pub by G. H. Moulton & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 30 cents.

We'll chase the devil around the stump,
There's one wide river to cross!
We'll chase the devil around the stump,
There's one wide river to cross!

Chorus.

One wide river, one wide river to cross!
One wide river, one wide river to cross!

When duty calls us to the field,
The order we'll obey,
If to defend our native land,
We'll mingle in the fray! Chorus.

And by our camp-fires burning bright,
We'll have a jolly spree,
We'll tell our jokes and sing our songs,
And laugh and shout with glee! Chorus.

I love to hear the stirring drum,
The cannon's booming roar;
To be a soldier is my joy,
I ask for nothing more! Chorus.

And when our battles all are o'er,
A joyous place to come
To meet our comrades side by side,
It is the "Soldiers Home." Chorus.

We'll float together, we'll float together,
There's one wide river to cross!
We'll float together, we'll float together,
There's one wide river to cross! Chorus,

N. B. Repeat first verse to close.

Kadie I Love You.

Copyright, 1879, by A. J. Fisher.

He. Kadie, you're a little dove,
She. Oh! stop dat tickling me,
Fritzy, you're my only love.
He. Kadie, I love you,
Kadie, will you be my wife?
She. Oh! stop dat tickling me,
Will you be loving all your life?
He. Kadie, I love you.

Chorus.

Oh! how happy I would be, dear Kadie, (Fritzy),
If I only had your hand,
Oh! so happy and contented.

He. Kadie. She. Fritzy.
Both. Very soon we'll be made one. Dance.

Good-Bye, Lovely Lou.

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Copyright, 1879, by Louis P. Goullard,

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

'Twas early in the month of May,
I said to my girl Lou;
As I am going far away,
I'm going to ask if you
Will constant be while I'm at sea,
She bowed her lovely head.
Then placed her tiny hands in mine,
And I to her then said.

CHORUS.

"Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye lovely Lou,
Think of me when I'm at sea, and I will think of you,
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye lovely Lou,
Think of me when I'm at sea and I will think of you.

She said, to you I will be true,
To do the same I ought;
Tho' I am told you sailors
Have a wife in every port.
I said, "now Lou, don't look so blue,
Or think me so unkind,
I never could forget
The girl I left behind." Chorus.

I've one thing, Lou, to tell to you.
Before the seas I roam,
And that is of the presents
I am going to bring you home.
An Indian shawl, a parasol,
A tiny kangaroo;
A monkey and a parrot, yes,
And they are all for you. Chorus.

I bid adieu to lovely Lou,
We parted on the shore,
And something seemed to tell me
I should never see her more.
When I returned I quickly learned,
That she had gone away;
So now, as Lou has proved untrue,
Why I can only say. Chorus.

Over There in Ireland.

SONG AND DANCE.

Sung by Murphy and Morton.

Music Copyright 1879, and pub. by Geo. Molineaux.

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Over there in Ireland,
That's where we belong;
Home of the Irishman,
Land of fame and song.
Where the apple praties grow,
The finest ever seen,
In County Clare, where over there,
Hurrah for the Shamrock green.

CHORUS.

When the daisies grow in summer,
Down by Teddy's old shebeen,
And the mocking thrush is singing,
There the boys and girls are seen.
Dancing Irish reels and lilts,
While the pipers their tunes do play,
That's the place where we were born,
Over there in Ireland.

REFRAIN.

At our old Irish home,
Our old Irish home,
The land of our birth, boys,
Where strangers do roam. Repeat.

We had two pretty colleens,
Their names were Jane and Kate;
They always looked like roses,
They dressed so nate and swate.
Their eyes they shone like diamonds,
Their teeth they were like pearl.
Their style was something grand to see,
Our pretty Irish girls. Chorus.

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"Mary Ann Kehoe".....Powers.
"Take me Back to my Dear Old Southern Home....Speck.
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"The Night I Learned to Swim".....Powers.
"Lay My Head Beneath a Rose,".....Straight.
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"Penniless and Poor,".....Younker.
"Silver Bells are Ringing away up in de Sky.....Younker.
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I will Meet you in the Twilight.

Words by Theo D. C. Miller. Music by H. P. Danks.

Music copyright 1879, and pub by J. M. Stoddart & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

I will meet you in the twilight,
When the shades of evening fall,
And the purple glow of beauty
Smiles in sweetness over all.
While the pretty stars are sailing,
Through the fleecy clouds on high,
I will meet you in the gloaming,
When no prying eyes are nigh.

CHORUS.

I will meet you, darling, meet you,
Where the fairy brooklets flow,
When the shades of evening gather
In the purple twilights glow.

I will meet you in the twilight,
When the rosy hues of day—
'Neath the snow-capp'd western mountains—
In their beauty fade away
You must wait my coming, darling,
For no purer bliss I know,
Than the meeting one I cherish,
In the purple twilights glow. Chorus.

I will meet you in the twilight,
For I long to hear you speak,
For the smile that brings me pleasure,
For the roses on your cheek.
And I feel that love the purest
Our fond hearts will ever know,
While we whisper words so tender,
In the purple twilights glow. Chorus.

The German Waiters.

By G. Murphy, Sung by Murphy & Shannon.

Oh! good evening to you, one und all,
You can plainly see we are two German waiters;
We are ready for any one to call,
De bill of fare is stewed hats mit kadatere.
We wirk for diedy cents a day,
Down in a restaurant;
Und if dere is no peeeness,
Den we do not get a cent.

CHORUS.

In Germany we was shoemakers,
But when we come here we learnt to be waiters.
(Repeat, then dance.)

Oh! de first time we waited on de table,
Dat was de day you ought to see de fun;
You would laugh yust so loud as you was able,
When we'd bring in dings dat wasn't done.
De fellows used to order dings,
Only for us to tease,
Und call out for burnt bootlags,
Mit a lump of dry-good cheese. Chorus.

Emmet's Castle Bells. "Bells are Ringing."

Music pub, and Copyright 1879, by J. Church & Co

Written by J. K. Emmet and sung by him in Fritz in Ireland.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

The castle clock has tolled the hour,
The last faint gleam of parting day
Still lights the hills and gilds the tower,
Ere night lets fall her mantle grey.
Softly, slowly sweetly,
The bells are ringing
Over the forest and lea;
Softly, slowly, sweetly,
Glad tones are flinging
Far o'er the slumbering sea.

The castle clock has tolled the hour,
The birds fly homeward to their nest,
And night comes on with magic power
Hushing the world to dreamless rest.
Softly, slowly, &c.

The castle clock has tolled the hour,
And soon again morn's rosy beam,
Will fall on tree and dew-kissed flower,
Waking the wood, and mount, and stream.
Softly, slowly. &c.

Gas House Explosion.

Copyright, 1879, by A. J. Fisher.

Written by the Sparks Bros. and sung by them with great success, in their original sketch, entitled "The Gas House Explosion."

Good-evening to you, one and all,
We just come out for to sing to you a song;
It is all about when we landed in America,
And we won't detain you long. (Break.)
When we first landed in America,
We were hired for a dollar a day,
Shoveling smoke down in the gashouse—
And all the Irish boys would say.

CHORUS.

Come all you boys and join together,
Hands all round, and we'll all say shake,
Balance all and swing your partners,
All the Irish boys would say.
(Repeat Chorus.)

When we first landed in Castle Garden,
We went uptown to buy us some flutes,
And we went over on the Bowery,
And all the boys said we were galutes. (Break.)
And now kind friends, we must be going,
For with you we cannot stay;
We must go back to the gas house
Where we get our dollar a day.
Come all you boys, &c.

Don't You Forget It.

By Tommy Tucker. To Jack Conroy.

Slang phrases are quite common,
They're getting all the rage,
You hear them in the parlor,
The pulpit, on the stage.
Last New Year's eve I got so drunk,
I wandered to and fro';
A policeman I did run against,
And stepped upon his toe.

Spoken: He says, young man, I'm an officer of the law, and if you don't get off my beat I'll run you in, and —

Chorus.

Don't you forget it, don't you forget it,
For if you do I know you'll regret it,
Your tongue runs too fast and you shouldn't let it,
I caution you sir, not to forget it.

I knewh maid that lived up town.
Who I did try to wed;
Instead of smiling, she would frown
At everything I said.
While seated in her parlor
One night I did propose;
Instead of saying she'd be wire,
She turned up her nose.

Spoken': She wanted me to distinctly understaud that when she wished my attentions she would let me know, and said— Chorus.

Of course I saw it was N. G.,
I took my hat and left;
Since then I got another girl,
So I ain't much bereft.
Our ropes do splice so nicely,
I'm happy all the day;
And when I do make love to her,
You never hear her say. Chorus.

The Bottle of Wine.

By Willie Wildwave. To W. H. Downes.
Air; The pitcher of beer.

I'm cheerful and jolly,
I leave melancholy
To those who think fun a sin;
I work hard all the week,
Recreation I seek,
When the end of the week's ushered in.
On each Sunday night,
With spirits quite light,
Just as the old clock strikes nine,
I've a friend in my glass,
With a sweet musome lass,
To help break a bottle of wine.

Chorus.

On each Sunday night,
With spirits quite light,
Just as the old clock strikes nine,
I've a friend in my glass,
With a sweet musome lass,
To help break a bottle of wine.

When my week's work is done,
I go in for fun,
To drive away dull care I strive;
The theatre or ball,
I'm known at them all.
As the happiest mortal alive.
I've found it the best,
And drink it with zest,
It's something I never decline,
So then while I live,
True praises I'll give,
To my favorite bottle of wine. Chorus.

So list' what I say,
Be merry and gay,
You don't know how long you may live,
Enjoy life while you can,
Be you boy or man,
To sorrow a moment ne'er give.
Then let wine be my rhyme,
It makes feelings sublime
Course thro' this body of mine;
So heed what I say,
And shout out hurra!
For our favorite bottle of wine. Chorus.

Handsome as a Handcart.

Copyright, 1879, by A. J. Fisher.
Words by James McEvoy, for the Sparks Bros, and sung by them with great success.

Oh! my heart is gone but my gall remains,
A charming girl went through me;
She took my cash, for I was too fresh,
And she gave me a terrible skin.
I was on the booze, I lay down to snooze,
The first time she beheld me,
And she worked the fake, for the graft was great,
And I seen her in my dreams.

When she went through me; (sym.)
And she knew me! (sym.)
She worked me for my wealth,
And didn't leave a nickle! (sym.
She surprised me! (sym.
She paralyzed me! (sym.
And she played me for a gilly all the while.

Chorus.

That Italian gal, no I never shall,
Forget the day she worked me.
I will let her be for she roasted me—
I'm just as fresh as she. (Dance.)

Oh! that poison face got me off my base,
And she played me for a gilly;
And said I was no good, and my name was mud,
Tra-la-lee, George, look for work.
Then I pulled a pop, and she took a drop,
Then she did not seem so giddy.
She winked her eye and gave me the guy,
And she tickled me under the chin.

She's as handsome (sym.
As a handcart! (sym.
With her head stuck in an ash barrel
Picking cinders! (sym.
She's a daisy! (sym.
She's terrible lazy! (sym.
And she played me for a gilly all the while.
That Italian gal, &c.

The Boys from where the Grass Grows Green.

By Wm, Scanlon, to the Sparks Brothers.

Oh! here we are two Irishmen,
As you can plainly see;
We never weakened in the field,
Wherever we may be.
And with our swords in our hands,
We rush unto the foe—
We're known to come out second-best
Wherever we may go.

Chorus.

For we're warriors bold from where the grass grows green,
You can bet your life she's the best that ever was seen.
When the cannons loudly roar we rush into the foe,
We're the boys from where the grass grows green.
(Repeat Chorus.)

They say no Irish need apply,
But that we can't understand,
For what would the American's do
If it wasn't for Paddy's Land?
And when we go into the battle
We're never known to win,
Unless the ranks are well filled out
With the best of Irishmen. Chorus.

The Skids are on Parade.

Dedicated with respects, to Harrigan and Hart,
By James Barrett.

Oh! behold de noble Skidmore's,
We're on parade to-day,
Wid gaudy colors, muskets bright,
An' uniform so gay.
De Union flag above our head,
De Stars and Stripes array'd;
Hear de cry as we pass by;
De Skids are on parade.

Chorus.

Now face about! right shoulder shift!
Attention! forward march,
All in line, keep de time,
Darkie's stiff as starch.
De people view wid wonderment,
Dis ebony brigade;
Hip! hip! shout hurray!
De Skids are on parade.

Of all de cullud sojers,
Dis regiment am de pet,
Our appearance fascinating,
We're de favorites you bet.
De white folks all admire us
In our uniforms arrayed;
De children shout, when we turn out,
De Skids are on parade. Chorus.

Wid bouquets on our musket tops,
We parade in brilliant style,
Darkey gemmen shout an' cheer,
An' cullud ladies smile.
Men from every nation,
View dis ebony brigade;
De people cry, when we pass by,
De Skids are on parade. Chorus.

Prince Patrick.

By Tom Harper. Copyright 1879, by A. J. Fisher.

Kind friends, if you will listen
A song to you I will sing;
It's of that great country
Where my father was king.
It's of dear old Ireland,
Where the shamrock grows green,
And the boys and the girls, sure,
Are the bravest ever seen.

Chorus.

For I'm singing and dancing
From morning 'till night,
I'm a gay Irish lad,
And full of delight.
The girls the dear creatures,
Do all of them swear
They're in love with Prince Patrick
The pride of Kildare.

You've heard of my fathers,
In days that are passed,
Were famous for fighting,
And never were surpassed.
And I'm their descendant,
And this you'll agree,
For a true Irish prince,
Plaise behold one in me. Chorus.

The Laboring Man For Me.

Written and sung by the Murdochs.

Don't talk to me of kings or earls,
Wearing crowns and coronets,
The men who snub our boys and girls,
But never pay their debts.
But give me those who work and strive,
To gain success at last,
The man who labors hard to thrive,
And never lives too fast.

Chorus.

Then cheer him on! cheer him on!
The laboring man for me,
Cheer him on! cheer him on!
The man of honesty.
Cheer him on! help him on!
The free-born man of toil,
The laboring man for me, boys,
The honor of our soil.

Give him a place among the great,
With those whose names are stainless,
He'd be a blessing to the state,
How he'd bounce the brainless!
Their hands are rough their hearts are pure,
They're down on tyranny,
The man I'd like, though he be poor,
The laboring man for me. Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

"I must think over it. One thing more. Money I must have at once, for my health, as well as respectability's sake."

"Of course; but take my advice—don't try to see the usurer to-night. There, that may serve you for a time. You had better go now—that is, I must. When you have decided, write and inform me."

She had emptied her purse into his readily outstretched hand, and now, bidding him good-night, left him.

"Who'd ever have thought of this turning up?" muttered the convict, looking after her gloomily. "Her plan is a bold, a daring one, like herself; but as for my going in for the same running—ah! she doesn't know all. I must be cautious, and temporize, for she evidently loves this fellow, and it wouldn't do to have her for an enemy. What a precious lot could be made of the sex if they'd only give up the one idea—matrimony!

With that philosophic conclusion, Timothy Brindley, rattling the coins in his pocket, quitted Carnyston, and went down to Heatham village.

CHAPTER X.

JEALOUSY.

The unexpected event of the previous evening gave Richard Hepburn a restless night. Even the satisfaction of finding in Maria Daggett a friend in lieu of an enemy scarcely compensated him for the annoyance of having his actions understood by another.

He felt the part he acted to be necessity; nevertheless he held it derogatory, and blushed that from it even the companion should form a false opinion of his sense of honor.

"In the name of Heaven, let me get the affair over quickly," he muttered, "for I can't support it much longer. The worst is that I may be debasing myself to no purpose. Still, he added, with a return of his old spirit, "I have put my hand to the plough, and to the sacrifice of all will not turn back. My oath to my mother forbids it."

His breakfast concluded, he sat down and wrote a full account of his interview with Maria Daggett to Mr. Jonas Slyeum. He relied much on his own perspicacity, but not so egotistically as to despise the advice of so astute a brain as the detective's.

In the letter he built much on the fragment of writing the companion had promised him. Hence, on concluding the one letter, he dispatched another to Maria Daggett, cautiously worded; indeed, rather after the fashion of a telegram.

"Will be at C. in the main road, near where the ring fence joins it, at eight this evening. Will wait an hour. I hope to see you. "R."

Having ordered his horse, he rode over to a town two miles distant, and posted both letters. Then, riding slowly back, asked himself how he should pass the next few hours.

It was a question that had been answered before even put. He yearned to be at Daisy Bank.

All this excitement and acting was wearing, exhausting, and he longed for the restorative which Mrs. Walden and her daughter's pleasant, graceful, refined society would bring.

If he could not wed Alice, he saw no reason, since he had heard from Doctor Abercorn that she was "fancy free," to renounce her presence altogether. In fact, it was not in his power. She was ever in his thoughts. He would have found the task he had set himself far easier had he never seen her.

There was another reason why this morning he turned his horse's head in that direction. The conceited speech of that "contemptible puppy," Edmund Biddlecomb, had fretted and angered him, and he wanted but a sight of Alice Walden to confirm his assurance of the contempt, if not mirth, with which she would give such a suitor his *conge*.

So, diverging from the road to the village, he took that to Mrs. Walden's villa.

Before he reached there he had settled it with his conscience that it would have seemed neglect to them to have stopped away; also that it would be right not entirely to renounce those rides which had given Miss Walden such pleasure.

What excuse can man not find to dally about the candle that burns his wings?

He had settled all this satisfactorily to himself as he emerged from a by-lane into the road within fifty paces of Daisy Bank.

Looking towards the latter, his brows contracted into a frown, while something very like an oath escaped his lips as he beheld no less a personage than Edmund Biddlecomb, with all the self-sufficiency derived from a perfect toilet and a mount that cost over two hundred, entering the iron-wrought carriage gate.

A moment Richard Hepburn drew rein, hesitating.

But, with a "No, by Jove, I'm not going to retreat before such a cad as that!" he proceeded rapidly in the other's wake.

Before he arrived, Edmund Biddlecomb had given his horse in charge of his servant, and entered the villa.

Richard Hepburn, fuming with impatience and anger, had to wait until Mrs. Walden's little groom came and took his.

The ladies were not alone when the gentlemen entered.

Doctor Abercorn had dropped in just a few minutes before, and, standing on the hearth-rug—his usual place—was chatting with his customary genial good temper.

As the new visitors were announced, Mrs. Walden cast a rapid anxious glance at her daughter.

This was the first time she had met Richard Hepburn since his return. The mother wished no others had been present. The proud, fond, self-possessed look Alice sent back reassured her.

If the girl had a scared heart she would not show it.

She received Richard Hepburn with a smile and welcome perfectly easy and unconstrained, then resumed her conversation with Edmund Biddlecomb.

Doctor Abercorn felt as much relieved and proud of his favorite as did Mrs. Walden.

Richard Hepburn, secretly boiling over with what he termed justifiable anger against the scented coxcomb drawling his lisping inanities into Alice's pretty ear, considered himself ill-used.

Taking a chair by Mrs. Walden, he entered into conversation with her and the doctor.

His share was not brilliant. His mind wandered to those two by the window.

The gentleman's milk-and-watery commonplaces disgusted him; the lady's reception of them, and occasional musical laugh, made him wince.

He had fancied Alice like her brother. How deceived he had been!

Charlie wouldn't have listened to such thrash for five minutes. Most certainly he would not have enjoyed it as she evidently did.

Richard Hepburn moved his chair so that he could see as well as hear them, ignorant that he himself was being watched by the keen, kindly, gray eyes of Doctor Abercorn, who was getting more perplexed than ever.

"Could it be," he asked himself, "an illustration of the old Scotch song, only the sex of the parties reversed?

> How it came let gossips tell,
> Ah, ah! the wooing 'ot,
> He grew sick as she grew well.

The idea caused him to chuckle and rub his hands with infinite satisfaction. He began to think the young fellow was conceited, and that Alice was treating him as he deserved.

Poor Richard Hepburn!" If the doctor had only known the truth, how his good-natured heart would have pitied!

If he had only been aware that the man who was a puzzle to him loved, worshipped his favorite with all the sincerity of a pure, strong affection—felt, too, that did he choose to try he might win the prize he coveted, but that for her sake he refrained the barrier parting him and her being a possible disgrace and crime!

The conversation between Edmund Biddlecomb and Alice apparently grew more absorbing. Their tones had sunk too low for the listener to catch but syllables here and there.

The gentleman leaned, with a studied idea of his own graceful appearance, over her chair. She did not speak much, only occasionally a smile hovered over her lip.

At last, evidently in response to a request from her companion, she arose, and they passed into the conservatory beyond.

Richard Hepburn's impatience and suffering was almost at a height to be unbearable.

"Is he going to have the confounded impertinence to propose," he reflected.

He should liked to have got up and taken his leave but it was out of his power. Those two figures of whom he caught a sight now and then between the flower-stands had a fascination over him he could not resist. He felt he could not go until they came back, and from some sign, he might discover the result of that conversation.

So he sat still, talking, even with seeming interest of London and other matters to Doctor Abercorn and Mrs. Walden.

Just then the doctor started a fresh topic. He commented upon a recent desperate poaching affray at Heatham, wherein a poacher and gamekeeper had nearly lost their lives.

"For my part, said the worthy doctor, "though by no means of republican ideas, I say the Game laws should at once be abolished."

"They are a disgrace to any country!" exclaimed Richard Hepburn, carried away by a subject on which he felt a keen interest. "The Legislature punishes crimes of its own creating. A selfish monopoly has given birth to an evil which otherwise would have had no existence. In my opinion, the poor man is not to blame, though, I confess, his motive is not always actuated by a sense of rightful justice."

"Are you talking about those confounded yaachers? Egad, I'd shoot every one of the scoundrelly lot!"

The words were lisped forth by Edmund Biddlecomb. He had returned, unperceived, with his companion from the conservatory. Richard Hepburn looked round quickly, the flush on his face deepening. There promised a passage of arms between him and his rival. He was delighted. His spirit for the verbal contest died out, however, as his eyes fell upon Alice Walden.

Standing by Edmund Biddlecomb, she was arranging a rosebud, a spray of stephanotis, and a frond of maiden's hair into a button-hole bouquet.

Glancing up at the last speaker, as he ended, with a smile, she said, "I see, Mr. Biddlecomb, you are a disciple of that Jewish code, only you would have it the life of a man for the life of a hare. For shame! You scarcely deserve this bouquet you solicited."

And she extended the flower to him.

He received them with a bow and the following rejoinder: "My dear Miss Walden, ewedit me your words cannot increase my own sense of my unworthiness, nor my deep appweciation of your gift."

Richard Hepburn turned short round, and continued his conversation with the doctor, about the mobile muscles of whose mouth a strange expression was quivering. He feared to leave abruptly, lest he should create suspicion, and lay himself open to ridicule. Besides, he remembered Miss Sidonia and was aware, did he intend to continue visiting Carnyston, he must be on friendly terms with the man he so despised.

To be Continued in No. 171—Commenced in No. 152.

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3 The boys yelled loud, and then a great crowd
Soon gathered around poor Hannah;
A policeman flew at Hannah McGlue,
And used her in a very rough manner.
But she made one step, and broke from his grip,
After having given quite a tussle,
She bounded out of sight, like a little paper kite,
The gal with the patent rubber bustle.

4 When Sam saw Hannah had vanished out of sight,
He yelled and he screamed out loud,
He made him a bustle twice as big as hers,
And swore he'd meet her in a cloud,
O he jumped from the top of an undertaker's shop,
And bounded from the ground with a rustle,
That was the last seen of Sam who sold clams,
And invented the Patent Rubber Bustle.

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CONTENTS.

... Dream of the Dance.....page 562
A Trip to California—Music for Banjo and Guitar..... 568
Back from the parade..... 562
Call me your darling again..... 564
The Conductor with the patent bell punch..... 565
Drinane Dhun..... 566
Delia Clancy..... 566
Floraline..... 565
General Grant's trip 'round the world..... 568
Guess what it is..... 564
I Dreamed That Old Ireland was Free 565
In the Gloaming..... 562
Johnny Shockeny the Hatter..... 566
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 567
Many happy returns of the day..... 562
MULLIGAN'S SURPRISE..... 563
My Country's Flag of Stars 563
The Mill will never grind again with the water that has passed..... 565
The Mule stood on the vessel deck..... 564
Mrs. Driscoll's Party 565
Now the girls have got a chance..... 564
Old Love Letters..... 562
The Old Man ain't what he used to be..... 563
The Oarsmen of our Land..... 564
One hundred years to come..... 566
Pretty Little South Carolina Rose..... 562
Pesock the Pawnbroker..... 562
Rudolph and Ricka Klein..... 562
Skating on the Lake..... 565
Sheet Music Notice..... 563
There's Silver in Your Hair, Jessie..... 563
Till the clouds go by..... 564
Two Lads From Lancashire..... 565
The T. Shovel 566
The Tramp..... 563
Tired of single life 566
Walking through the snow..... 564

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Old Love Letters.

Music Copyrighted 1878, by J. E. Ditson & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

A day, a week, a month has passed,
Another year is by;
Beside her on the opened desk,
His old love letters lie.
She reads them till the daylight fades,
And 'neath the moonlit sky,
She sleeps at rest, for on her breast
Those old love letters lie.
Ah! me! ah! me!
Ah! me! that those who meet in smiles,
So soon in tears should part;
Ah! me! that those who meet in smiles,
So soon in tears should part.

He loved her well, a warrior brave,
He sought the deadly fray,
But ere her first love letter came,
His soul had passed away.
A flower she gave, a pictured face,
A tress of golden hair;
And death that chilled his warm heart,
Found those old love letters there.
Ah! me! ah! me! ah! me!
That those who meet in smiles,
Ah! me! that those who meet in smiles,
Should part, should part in tears,
So soon in tears should part!

Pretty Little South Carolina Rose.

Words and Music by James Bland.

Music pub. and Copyright 1879, by White, Smith & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I'm in love with a charming colored girl,
Who's as pretty as the flowers of spring,
She is happy gay and free, and is always full of glee,
And just like a little birdie she can sing.
She came from South Carolina,
The old Palmetto State,
I soon will marry pretty little Rose,
Before it is too late.

Chorus.

For she's my pretty little South Carolina Rose,
Pure as the summer wind that blows,
Handsome as can be, and is all the world to me,
Is charming little South Carolina Rose.

She's so fair and as proud as she can be,
There's none in all the land that can compare
With my charming little Rose, with her
pretty Roman nose,
And her lovely long and curly silken hair,
Oh! she's so gay and handsome,
That everybody knows,
There's not a girl in all the neighborhood,
Like South Carolina Rose. Chorus.

A Dream of the Dance.

By Willie Wildwave.

We met in the ballroom, there was music,
The odor of garlands so sweet;
There was loving and cooing in corners,
And the patter of joyous feet.
I asked for a dance it was granted,
Whirling we went through the hall;
I clasped her close to my bosom,
Envied I knew by them all.

Her's was a pretty girlish face,
Two cheeks of burning red;
A rosebud mouth, with golden hair,
You wonder what was said!
Ah! well, 'tis the olden story,
Need I repeat it here?
My fate I met on that evening,
Remembrance now is dear.

* * * * * * * * *

We meet sometimes, but she shy,
Whilst I—I dare not speak;
Though other maidens quite as fair,
My company should seek,
The memory of that evening,
When I am old and gray,
Will pursue me like a phantom,
E'en to the Judgement Day.

Many Happy Returns of the Day.

Words by Eliza Cook. Music by John Blockley.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

Merry words, merry words, ye come bursting around,
Telling all that affection can say;
'Tis the music of heart chords that dwells in
the sound,
Many happy returns of the day.
The red cheek of the child is more rich in its glow,
And the bright eye more swift in its ray.
When the mates hail his birth, in their holiday mirth,
And drink happy returns of the day.

But if midst the greetings there's one that we miss,
And that one was the dearest of all;
'Tis then we feel lone in a moment like this,
When our loudly hailed birth-day shall fall.
What would we not give if the hour could restore,
The dear form that is far far away.
If the voice of that loved one could wish us once more,
Many happy returns of the day.

The old man may smile while he listens and feels,
He hath little time longer to stay,
Still he loveth to hear from the lips that are dear,
Many happy returns of the day.
Then a garland a bumper a dance and a feast,
Let the natal tide come when it may,
Be it autumn or spring, a gay chorus we'll sing,
Many happy returns of the day.
Be it autumn or spring a gay chorus we'll sing,
Many happy returns of the day.

In the Gloaming.

Words by Meta Orred. Music by Annie F. Harrison.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

In the gloaming, oh! my darling!
When the lights are dim and low,
And the quiet shadows falling,
Softly come and softly go.
When the winds are sobbing faintly,
With a gentle unknown woe,
Will you think of me and love me,
As you did once long ago.

In the gloaming, oh! my darling!
Think not bitterly of me?
Though I passed away in silence,
Left you lonely set you free,
For my heart was crushed with longing,
What had been could never be.
It was best to leave you thus, dear,
Best for you and best for me.
It was best to leave you thus,
Best for you and best for me.

Pesock the Pawn-Broker.

By Jack Edwin, for Frank Bush.

I suppose you all know me, of course you do well,
You've seen me before and of me you've heard tell;
I am a pawnbroker, my name is Pesock,
The boys call me "Uncle," and my shop's
called a "Hock."
Now you can't miss my place, it's next door
to a "Fence,"
Three balls on the door which looks simply immense,
And the money I loan on the goods can't be beat,
By any other pawnbroker who keeps on that street,

Chorus.

So if you have any clothes for the hock,
Just come right down, to me;
My store's in the Bowery,
One hundred and thirty three.
It's the best place on the street,
And my prices can't be beat.
I'm the squarest one you ever yet did see.
My customers come from all over the States,
Because they all know I give the best rates;
I receive honest goods now, no matter what kind,
And I'll tell you the truth and not give you a blind,
Now if there's any one here that's got
something to soak,
Let him come down to me and he'll never be broke.
I will give you a loan on a safe or a look,
And give what it's worth, or my name's not Pesock.
Chorus.

Rudolph and Ricka Klein.

By Harry Morris. Sung by Morris and Fields.

We're a high-toned German swell und bell,
Our clothes are made in style;
Whenefer we walk out on de street,
It makes de people smile.
But we care nodding at all for dot,
We're habby all de time,
De German fashion leaders are
Rudolph und Ricka Klein.

Chorus.

Oh! German ladies,
Look here once, ain't he fine?
You nefer can find two Germans like
Rudolph und Ricka Klein. (Repeat.)

We are not Low Dutch, understand,
Don't trik mit dem at all;
Efery Thursday night we go to a dance,
To de German Turner Hall.
We dance the cowdrille und polka,
Our waltzing is divine,
De medal of chesse is presented to
Rudolph and Ricka Klein. Chorus.

Back From the Parade.

By C. A. Burke. Sung by Campbell and Burke.

Music pub and Copyright 1877, by C. H. Ditson & Co.
Music sent, by us post paid, on receipt of price, 40cts.

We're back from the parade, my boys,
With banners in our hands,
Forninst the people we did drill,
A gay and gallant band.
'Twas Uncle Sam, our own true friend,
Who greeted one and all,
And blessed the gallant Irishman
Who answered to the call.
As we marched along the street,
All the people us did greet,
They called us their bold laddie bucks,
And said we looked so neat;
They said we were their pets,
And upon us they made bets,
That we could outbate any squad,
Whoever took a step.

Chorus.

As we marched around, around, around,
The captain gave command,
That all the boys who were in sound,
Should join our gallant band,
So we marched abreast, like all the rest,
Where heroes congregate
Sure Irishmen will ne'er forget,
The story we relate.

Now there was Mulcahey and Muldoon,
Arrayed in grandest style,
With bran new suits, just like a groom;
They marched along for miles.
With eyes to the front, the music played
Their martial airs so grand,
Right shoulder shift arms, the order comes,
We quickly obey the command. Chorus.

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Mulligan's Surprise.

By R. J. Pigott to John Sparks, of the Sparks Brothers.

In Mott Street close beside the ferry,
Dwells an Irishman, his name
Is Daniel Mulligan, from Kerry,
Twenty years ago he came.
Sunday evening he invited,
All the girleens and the b'yes,
All were welcome, none were slighted,
To attend his grand surprise.

Chorus.

Fiddles, harps and bagpipes had he,
Playing music soft and sweet;
Each and ev'ry lass and laddie,
Said they thought it was a treat.
And the supper—such a daisy!
Apple, plum and custard pies;
We're demolished, folks went crazy,
Over Mulligan's surprise.

O'Kelly in the gay quadrille, he
Cut a caper with his niece;
His new plug hat and picadilly,
Never showed a single crease.
Round and round the boys cavorted,
Naught was heard but shouts and cries.
Every pretty girl was courted,
Down at Mulligan's surprise. Chorus.

"Corkey" Gordon paced the floor,
Up and down with Biddy Fay;
To the tune of Pinafore,
Until nearly break of day.
Then a fight began—O'Kelly,
Blackened Mulligan's two eyes,
Both were pounded into jelly—
Busting up the grand surprise. Chorus.

There's Silver in Your Hair Jessie.

Words by C. E. Dudley Music by George Hastings.

Music pub, and Copyright 1876, by J. Church & Co
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

There's silver in your hair, Jessie,
One little shining thread.
But your face is still as fair, Jessie,
As when we first were wed.
The years seem very short, Jessie,
Since I wooed you in the glen;
Though time its change has wrought, Jessie,
You're dearer now than then.

Chorus.

There's silver in your hair, Jessie,
One little shining thread,
But your face is just as fair, Jessie,
As when we first were wed.

There's silver in your hair, Jessie,
That binds me near to thee;
Through years of toil and care, Jessie,
You've been so true to me.
Your cheeks may pale and fade, Jessie,
Your eyes may lose their glow,
But I'll ne'er forget the maid, Jessie,
I courted long ago. Chorus.

The silver in your hair, Jessie,
Grows deeper day by day;
But the gold still lingers there, Jessie,
Blending with the gray.
Together side by side, Jessie,
Through the world we've strayed;
And so we shall forever, Jessie,
Till side by side we're laid. Chorus

Gen. Grant's Trip 'Round the World.

By Billy Kearney. Air: True as steel.

If you listen for awhile I'm sure I'll make you smile,
For my head is always getting in a whirl,
I'm captain of this land, and you bet I'll take command,
For my name is Grant and I've been 'round the world.
To England I have been and there I met the Queen,
A Marquess, a Duchess and an Earl,
I spoke for twenty-four hours, drank all the whiskey sours,
For my name is Grant, and I've been all round the world.

Chorus.

O'Leary's shoes upon my feet, a cigar between my teeth,
I'm the darling, the pet with every girl;
I'm travelling in disguise and fed on custard pies,
For my name is Grant, and I've been round the world.

I then went over to Cork 'twas only for a lark,
And the Council shut the doors fast in a whirl,
I then skipped over to Spain, and was told to come again,
For, I'm Gen. Grant, and I've been 'round the world,
In Germany and France they learned me how to dance,
And in Italy I kissed Alfonso,
In China I eat rice and in Africa eat mice,
For my name is Grant and I've been round the world,

Chorus.

I then went back to France was a committee on finance,
But I got drunk and had to fight an Earl,
Of course I had to skip on board a government ship,
For my name is Grant and I've been 'round the world.
But now in my native land and you bet I'll take command,
For the politicians say that I'm a furl,
But you bet I've got to spuirm if I want another term,
For I'm the immortal Grant for I've been round the world,

Chorus.

The Old Man ain't what he used to be.

Words and Music by C. A. White.

Copyright, 1874, and pub. by White, Smith & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

No, the old man aint what he used to be,
He aint what he was years ago;
And he can't shake de hoof like he used to do,
But still he likes to hear de ole banjo,
He's always happy there, for it makes him feel so young,
He feels as tho' he was but sweet sixteen;
But he can't shake de hoof as he used to do,
As when he danced by moonlight on the green,

Chorus.

Oh! my! shoo fly!
There's life to move the old man still, you see,
But he can't shake de hoof as he used to do,
The old man ain't now what he used to be.

No, I can't forget all de happy days,
I had in de ole cabin home;
And the tears sometimes start when I think of them,
As now alone around the world I roam.
The good ole times seem changed, but I 'speck it's kase I'm old,
And soon the old man he'll be called away;
But I ain't going to mourn for the other days,
So let the fiddle and de banjo play. Chorus.

I is ole Uncle John from Car'lina State,
I ain't much to brag on, you see,
But my heart's just the same as it used to was,
But still I ain't now what I used to be.
I tell you children's all, and it ain't no more'n the truth,
The boys was scarce could throw themselves like me;
But I can't sling de hoof like I used to do,
The old man ain't now what he used to be.

Chorus.

My Country's Flag of Stars.

Music pub, & Copyright 1865, by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price. 30 cents.

I've roamed for many a lengthen'd mile
Upon the stormy seas;
I've seen some twenty banners float,
Full proudly on the breeze.
That standard too, Great Britain's pride,
The boast of England's tars,
Yet none could thrill my heart like thee,
My country's flag of stars,
Yet none could thrill my heart like thee,
My country's flag of stars.

Brazile's gay flag of gorgeous dyes,
The banner of old Spain,
E'en Gallia's bunting as it flies,
Is not undimmed by stain.
Their lustre has been sullied oft
At home by deadly jars,
But thy bright azure fold is pure,
My country's flag of stars.

In some fam'd foreign port I've seen
The ships of half the world,
To celebrate some gala day,
Their bunting all unfurled.
With eager heart, I've glanced my eye,
Along their tap'ring spars,
Until my gaze has fixed on thee,
My country's flag of stars.

And as thy stripes and star-speck'd field,
Broke my eager sight,
My heart beat strong, my bosom thrilled
With unalloyed delight.
I hailed thee as the cynosure
Of true Columbian tars;
The banner of the brave and free,
My country's flag of stars.

Oh! where's heart, possessing but
One spark of freedom's zeal,
That does not, gazing on the folds,
A patriot's spirit feel.
What veteran too, as he looks down,
Upon his deyr bought scars,
That does not hail thee with delight,
My country's flag of stars.

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Price, 60 cents each.

The Oarsmen of our Land.

By Billy Kearney. Air; Vision of a Dream.

This world contains some gallant men,
And men that's known to fame,
And in my song I'll mention them,
And give you all their names;
There is a man in Canada,
The first one in the pan,
His name is Edward Hanlan,
And an oarsman of our land,
At the city of Philadelphia
In the great centennial year,
He proved himself an oarsman
That all others were to fear,
For he gained the name that gave him fame,
As the world do understand,
He is the noted king of scullers,
And an oarsmen of our land.

There is another oarsman
That is also known to fame.
From the great State of New York he hails,
Charles Courtney is his name.
Though defeated by Ned Hanlan
At the great course of Lashane,
He has a noble record
That is plainly to be seen;
They talk about his selling out,
But on talk you can't depend.
For he has a name and one—
That he always must defend;
He has rowed in many races,
And won them understand,
Which proves he is the
Second noted oarsman of our land.

But Barton had an oarsman
They will miss forevermore,
His name will be remembered
By all that take an oar,
Poor Patsey Regan, dead,
And his name we can't forget,
He soared on high above the sky,
And has passed in his check,
With Jarkner for a partner,
They made a gallant team,
Against Englands boasted champions,
There was Thomas and Green,
They were great men of honor,
As the world do understand,
But Pat did die and soared on high,
As an oarsman of our land.

The Mule Stood on the Vessel Deck.

Music by G. Operti.

Copyright 1879, by G. D. Newhall & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

The mule stood on a vessel deck,
The land, the land, he would not tread,
They put a halter round his neck,
And whacked him o'er the head.
Yet firm and steadfast there he stood,
As though he was to rule,
A critter of heroic blood,
Was that there cussed mule.

They cursed and swore, he would not go,
Until he felt inclined;
And though they piled their blow and blow,
He would not change his mind.
The deck hand stood ashore and cried,
This mule is bound to stay,
But still upon that critters hide,
With lash they fired away.

Some mulish loafer standing near,
Said that ere mule's a stunner;
Now suppose you chaw his ears a bit,
I think that that will dunner.
His master from the shore replied,
The ship, the ship's about to sail.
Now as every other means you've tried,
Suppose you twist, suppose you twist his tail.

I think that this will make him land,
Then a deck hand brave though pale,
Approached him with an outstretched hand,
To twist that there mule's tail.
Then came a sudden kick behind,
The man, oh! where was he?
The man, oh! where was he?

Ask of the softly blowing winds,
The fishes in the sea;
Ask of the softly blowing winds,
The fishes in the sea.
For a moment there was not a sound,
But as that mule winked his eye,
As though to say to them around,
Well, how's that for high.
Cut that mule's throat right away,
The captain did, the captain did command,
The noblest critter killed that day,
Was the fearless brave deck hand.

Call Me Your Darling Again.

Words and Music by Henry C. Wyatt.

Copyright, 1879, and pub. by White, Smith & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Call me your darling again,
Your former affection restore,
Say that I plead not in vain,
But give me the love I implore,
I dream of the past and of thee,
And know I have given you pain,
I beg of you now to forgive me.
And call me your darling again;
Come to my side and caress me,
And call me your darling again.

Chorus.

Mother awake from your sorrow,
And give me the love that I claim;
Oh! come to my side and caress me,
And call me your darling again.
Come to my side and caress me,
And call me your darling again.

Whisper you love as of old,
And banish all thoughts of the past,
Do not me further reprove;
My love shall be true to the last.
Dear mother awake from thy sorrow,
And grant me the love that I claim,
Say there is joy for the morrow,
And call me your darling again,
Come to my side and caress me,
And call me your darling again, Chorus.

Guess What It Is?

Written and composed by Harry Lloyd.

My friend I am in trouble,
Why, I soon will tell;
Because I dress up stylishly,
And try to cut a swell.
There's a gang upon the corner,
Who when e'er I pass them by,
Call me by a pet name,
And "what is it," is the cry.

Chorus.

What is it, what is it, oh! kill it with a stick,
Strike him with a tomato, or hit him with a brick,
Say tell me is it alive, oh! stab him with a pickle,
Squash him with a rotten egg or brain him with a nickle.

When e'er I show my face outside,
Or walk upon the street;
Each corner that I turn, why—
The gang I'm sure to meet.
They holler "bye-bye, Gussie dear,"
You're looking mighty fine.
Oh! stag his jewels, get on to his nibs,
Say there goes baby mine. Chorus.

I will have them all arrested
If they do not stop it quick;
I never have a moments rest,
They say I make them sick.
Last night one of them said to me,
I'll strike you with a card,
Another said go bag your head,
And drown yourself in lard. Chorus.

Now the Girls Have got a Chance.

By Tommy Tucker.

Now ladies please attention pay,
To these few words I've got to say,
Every dog has got his day,
And yours has come at last.
The leap year it has just began,
And those girls who do want a man,
Should get up some practical plan,
But they ought not go too fast.

Chorus.

Now the girls have got a chance,
Which they should take advantage of,
By playing philopene with some fellow that is green,
Or else a young man that they love.

Now every girl that has a beau,
Should try to let them fellows know,
That if they were axed they wouldn't say no,
But would like a married life.
Old maids should dress themselves with care,
Put plenty of ribbons in their hair,
To make themselves look bright and fair,
And try to become a wife. Chorus.

All ladies should look with a loving glance,
On every man they meet by chance,
And try their beauty to enhance,
But don't let it be overdone.
Your chances you must closely watch,
If a husband you would catch,
Try all you can to make a match,
Before eighteen eighty one. Chorus.

Till the Clouds Go By.

Words by James A. Greason. Music by J. M. North.

Music sent, by us post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cts

Oh! my Jamie, oh! my Jamie,
Bide the time a wee;
Surely lanes must have their turning,
Ere the travelers dee.
Bide the time wi' patience, Jamie,
Looking to the sky,
Waiting like my love waits, Jamie,
Till the clouds go by.
Waiting like my love waits, Jamie,
Till the clouds go by.

Chorus.

Night always precedes morning,
Hope springs from a sigh;
Wait my darling, wait my Jamie
Till the clouds go by.
Wait my darling, wait, my Jamie
Till the clouds go by

Oh! my Jamie, oh! my Jamie,
Time goes quickly by,
Grief must have its end, my Jamie,
Sure as moments fly.
In thy arms thou'st held me Jamie,
Oft when dread was nigh,
Lean thou on my love now, Jamie,
Till the clouds go by.
Lean thou on my love now, Jamie,
Till the clouds go by. Chorus.

Walking Through The Snow.

One afternoon in winter when the snow was falling fast,
In turning down a street there a maid I chanced to pass;
Her cheeks they looked quite ruddy, at least I thought them so,
I turned around and spoke to her, while walking in the snow.

Chorus.

Walking in the snow, boys, not going very fast,
I found it very pleasant, and time so quickly passed.
I love this little darling, I'd have you all to know,
I'll ne'er forget the day I met her, while walking in the snow.

A year or more we courted, without having any strife,
I asked this darling creature if she would be my wife,
She said to me, my dearest, anon I'll let you know,
But if I do, I'll ne'er forget our walking in the snow.

Mrs. Driscoll's Party.

By the Three Rankins for Sheehan and Jones, and sung by them with great success.

We're going to have a party,
Down ot Concordia Hall;
We'll have lots of fun and dancing,
For we give a darling ball.
When the band begins their music,
The Micks will never stop,
'Till they show their great ability
At Mrs. Driscoll's Hop.

Chorus.

With winging and singing,
Without fear of any cop;
We'll do the pivoter slide,
Down at Mrs. Driscoll's hop.

You can easily imagine
When you look upon us here,
That we're gentlemen of nobility,
And hail from County Clare.
The lady now in question's,
Not broke at all, at all,
But so very near to busted,
That we're giving her this ball. Chorus.

Two Lads From Lancashire.

By Wm. Carney. Air; Give an honest Irish lad a chance

Good evening to you all,
We thought we'd make call,
And try and tell you who we are,
We left old England's shore,
We may never see it more,
For America the land of stripes and stars.
We would not cross the foam,
But times were hard at home;
As you all can plainly see us at a glance.
That's the reason that we're here,
And in costume do appear,
To show to you a Lancashire song and dance.

Chorus.

With our clogs upon our feet,
You bet we can't be beat,
That's the reason that you see us over here;
And in our own peculiar way,
Our dancing we display,
For we are two happy lads from Lancashire.

In the foundry or the mines,
You can listen to the chimes
Of the hammer and the anvil all the day,
And when our work is done,
It's then we have our fun,
For the boys of Lancashire are always gay.
Our dancing it is neat,
Our steps they are complete,
As you can plainly see now at a glance;
In a horn-pipe, jig or reel,
We are at home we feel,
As we are doing this Lancashire song and dance.

Skating on the Lake.

By S. Garvey. Air; Violets dipped in dew,

"The ball is up," is the joyous shout,
That we hear all around;
Then to the Park let us go,
Where pleasure does abound.
Just for sweet recreation,
And all ill feelings shake;
We'll pass away the time so gay,
A skating on the Lake.

Chorus.

Oh! yes, it's beautiful, (Sym.)
To pleasures call we're dutiful,
For that we can't forsake.
While the stars are brightly shining,
Let us all our pleasure take,
On a winter night it's our delight,
To go skating on the Lake.

Fair Lunar sheds her silvery rays
Down on the glittering ice;
Revealing all the flitting forms,
So graceful and so nice.
The scene is so enchanting,
The heart for it does ache;
Of pleasures sweet, none can compete,
With skating on the Lake. Chorus.

When homeward we're returning,
We're as happy as little bees;
Our merry joyous laughter,
Is ringing through the trees,
Our hearts are as light as fairies,
The leaves with music shake.
There are lots of joys for girls and boys,
Returning from the Lake. Chorus.

I Dreamed That Old Ireland was Free.

Written and sung by Johnny Gibbons.

One night as I slumbered in sweet, peaceful rest,
Tired out from a long day of toil;
My thoughts, like a bird, o'er the ocean's white crest,
Wandered back to my own native soil.
But a great change had come, since the time when a boy
I played round my old mother's knee,
And my heart seemed to leap in my bosom with joy,
For I dreamed that old Ireland was free.

Chorus.

The days of her freedom at last had a word,
The time that we all long to see;
For which our great ancestors nobly had strove,
I dreamed that old Ireland was free.

I thought the chains that had bound her were broke,
And the dear little Isle of my birth;
At last from her slumbers of years had awoke,
And again was a power on earth.
The green flag of Erin was proudly unfurled,
O'er the Emerald isle of the sea;
And loudly announced to the wondering world,
At last dear old Ireland was free. Chorus.

I awoke and I found that 'twas only a dream,
A dream that had fled with the night,
For when through the window the morning sunbeam,
Shone in, my visions took flight.
I sank on my knees by my bedside to pray,
That the time may not far distant be,
When my vision shall come in the broad light of day,
And will welcome old Ireland free. Chorus.

The Mill will Never Grind Again with the Water That has Passed.

By Billy Kearney.

Last night I dreamed of home and friends and
when I was a boy,
I thought I lived in scenes I had of yore,
I thought I heard my mother's voice in accents
soft and low,
It sounded sweeter than it ever did before.
I went with father to the mill, as often I had done,
And watch the wheel go 'round so smooth and fast,
He placed his hand upon my head, and said to me,
my son,
The mill will never grind again with the water
that has passed.

Chorus.

Those dear old scenes I can't forget wherever I may go,
For in my memory they will ever last,
And as I journey on through life there's
something whispers low,
The mill will never grind again with the water
that has passed.

As years rolled on I grew to be a wild and
reckless boy,
Not caring what I done or where I went,
I grew to be a drunkard, I who was my mother's joy,
And on the road to ruin I was bent;
My money gone, I sat me down to think what
I had done,
And the tears rolled down my cheeks so thick
and fast.
And as I sat I thought I heard my mother say
"my son,
The mill will never grind again with the water
that has passed."
Chorus.

So then and there I did resolve to change
my mode of life,
And shun the road to sin that I had passed;
I went in business, settled down, and now I
have a wife,
And peace and joy around our hearth is found.
We try to make the days go by as happy as can be,
And hope and pray that they will ever last,
And now I teach the little ones that prattle 'round
my knee,
The mill will never grind again with the water
that has passed.

Floraline.

Words and Music by W. H. Delehanty.
Music sent, by us post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cts

When the daylight darkened into dusk,
And the stars peeped out above,
While the moon showered down its silver light,
I wandered with my love.
The wild flowers breathed a scent of love,
As if to greet their queen, oh!
And the goldfinch sang an evening hymn,
To welcome Floraline

Chorus.

Oh! my, there's such a charm about her. [sym.]
And I cannot live without her, [sym.]
Oh! her presence makes life one long day,
Of happiness serene;
And I could not say too much in praise,
Of my sweet Floraline.

Oh! they say there is no romance now,
That love is growing old.
That pleasure has a business face,
And joy is made of gold.
Bu I must say in simple faith,
No matter what has been, oh!
I only know I live for love
Of my sweet Floraline. Chorus.

Oh! the days will come, the days will go,
But hope will hold its power,
And righteousness will guide away,
To bless each passing hour.
And I'll love her while she loves me;
And when she's sweet sixteen, oh!
I will place the gold ring on the hand
Of my sweet Floraline. Chorus.

The Conductor with the Patent Bell Punch.

Written and composed by Sam Devere.

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He seems such a nice polite young man,
He's known both near and far,
He carries in his hand a patent bell punch,
He's conductor on a Flatbush car.
Such nice curly hair, and a blonde Mustache,
And he's got such a captivating eye,
When he helps the ladies to a seat in his car,
They blush and say, oh! my.

Chorus.

As he goes through the car to collect his fares,
Of stamps he carries a bunch,
And he never was known to knock down a cent,
For he carries a patent bell punch.

He says as he waltzes through with a smile,
Your fares, now, if you please,
Then he plays you a tune on the patent bell punch,
And he makes your change with ease.
He always keeps his weather eye peeled,
For the people that he thinks will ride,
For he's always got the same old cry,
There's plenty of room inside. Chorus

Move right up, there's plenty of room
Inside, he says with a yell,
And he packs you in like an old sardine,
Then he gives another yank on the bell.
They say it's a fact, and upon my word,
You hardly would believe,
He carries a punch for the railroad company,
And another for himself in his sleeve. Chorus.

Drinane Dhun.

Of late I'm captivated by a handsome young man,
I'm daily complaining for my own darling John,
I'll be roving all day until night does come on,
And I'll be shaded by the green leaves of the
Drinane Dhun.

Next fair day I'll get a fairing from my
handsome young man,
Twenty bright kisses from darling my own John,
Confuse them, consume them that say I'm not true;
Through green groves and lofty mountains
I'll rove with you.

My love is far fairer than a fine summer day,
His breath is far sweeter than the new mown hay:
His hair shines like gold when exposed to the sun,
He is fair as the blossom of the Drinane Dhun.

My love he is going to cross over the main,
May the Lord send him safe to his virtuous love again;
He is gone and he's left me in grief for to tell,
O'er the green hills and lofty mountains
between us to dwell.

I wish I had a small boat on the ocean to float,
I'd follow my darling wherever he did resort
I'd sooner have my true love to roll, sport, and play,
Than all the golden treasure by land or by sea.

I'm patiently waiting for my true-love's return,
And for his long absence I'll ne'er cease to mourn,
I'll join with the sweet birds till the summer comes on,
To welcome the blossoms of the Drinane Dhun.

Come all you pretty fair maids get married in time,
To some handsome young man that will keep
up your prime;
Beware of the winter morn cold breezes come,
Which will consume the blossoms early of the
Drinane Dhun.

The T. Shovel.

Sung by the Dockstaders.

Down on the dock they had a row,
On the foretop deck of a Pinafore scow;
Oh! jolly sailors, come, tell me true,
Is my bran new T. shovel..
Is my bran new T. shovel on board with you,
Is my bran new T. shovel on board with you?

Chorus.

Oh! then, jolly sailors, come, tell me true,
Is my bran new T. shovel—
Is my bran new T. shovel on board with you,
Is my bran new T. shovel on board with you?

Oh! the captain on the deck then stood,
He was covered all over with muck and mud,
Oh! jolly sailor, I tell you true—
Pat Blaney broke—
Pat Clancy broke your bran new T. shovel in two,
Pat Clancy broke your bran new T. shovel in two.

Oh! the sailor raged, he cursed a swore—
He never was so mad before;
Oh! then, jolly sailors, I tell you true,
It was for the breaking—
For the breaking of his brah new T. shovel,
For the breaking of his bran new T. shovel in two.

One Hundred Years to Come.

By Billy Kearney.

You have heard of the great MacCaulley,
And the great Zealander too,
Thats coming here in a hundred years,
The whole of us to view.
I'll give you my ideas,
At least I'll give you some,
And I'll tell you how you'll find things
In a hundred years to come;
They'll come from Sanfrancisco
In penny steamboats all the way,
I don't know how they do it
But they seem to say it will pay,
And when they land in this town,
They'll find a place somehow,
To get a dinner good and cheap,
That's what they can't get now.

Chorus.

So I'll give you my ideas,
At least I'll give you some;
And tell you how you'll find things
In a hundred years to come.

There's the White House now at Washington,
With a notice on the gates,
For all the recruits they want
For the far and Western States.
I would like to see in a hundred years
If of life I had a lease,
The reds and whites sit down together
And smoke their pipe of peace.
And if you go to Ireland,
A Fenian you will see,
It's not the kind we read about,
They never more will be;
Old Ireland will be bright again,
And shine beneath the sun,
God bless and prosper Ireland,
In a hundred years to come. Chorus.

I'm glad to hear that Uncle Sam
No tyranny does nurse,
He has done away with the cat-o-nine,
Which was a soldier's curse;
But a man with kindness
Don't beat him like a brute,
And you'll always have good soldiers
When you're going to recruite,
Give him plenty rations,
Likewise a decent pay,
Don't let him in the poorhouse,
Like a pauper waste away,
Give him plenty rations,
Likewise a decent pay,
And the Union will be twice as strong,
In a hundred years to come. Chorus.

Johnny Shockeny the Hatter.

By Billy Kearney. Air; Johnny Dougherty.

I'm here to-night with spirits light of music I am fond,
I left the old dart years ago, to come across the pond;
I am Shockeny, the hatter, and if you want a tile,
Call down to my establishment and I fit you
out in style.

Chorus.

For I'm little Johnny Shockeney the hatter,
And I'm here at your command;
And if you want a tile, I will fit you out in style,
I'm the greatest in the land. (Repeat.)

(You all have heard of that wonderful tile,
The hat me father wore,) and how they searched
all around,
But could never find no more,
'I was made by the Shockeney Brothers and
billed as stiff as starch,
It carried the day as we marched away on the
17th of March.

The Tramp.

By Billy Kearney. Air: True as steel.

How many men there are that ride in Fortune's car,
And bolt and bar the door against the poor,
Because they have lots of gold, their hearts
turn icy cold,
They ought to be condemned for it, I'm sure.
Now speaking of the race that tramp from
place to place,
There are some of them who are men from top to toe,
So if they are in need, of this circumstance take heed,
And remember that the poor tramp has to live.

Chorus.

So if you meet a tramp that bears misfortune's stamp,
If he is worthy of your aid why freely give,
Give him a hearty grip wish him luck upon his trip,
And remember that the poor tramp has to live.

I lately saw a tramp whom people called a scamp,
And upon him set their dogs lest he might steal,
And as he turned away, I saw him kneel and pray,
And I know that God above heard his appeal,
For little do we know as he tramps through
rain and snow,
That once he was as happy as a king,
'Till Fortune's cruel dart had pierced his manly heart,
And took away his home and everything. Chorus.

I once heard a tramp relate the sad story of his fate,
And how he was an outcast shunned by all,
He lived a happy life, had a loving child and wife,
But, alas, like Eve, this woman had to fall,
For she proved weak and frail, there's no need
to tell the tale
How she turned his manly heart to sad despair,
He never since has smiled on that handsome
wife or child,
But sadly now he tramps from place to place.
Chorus.

Tired of Single Life.

Written for, and Sung by Miss Lottie Grant.

You see before you a nice young girl,
Whose heart is nearly breaking;
Who wants a beau to love her so,
All other girls forsaking.
Now do me take, for goodness sake,
You'll never find another
Who'll be more true than I to you,
If you'll take me from my mother.

Chorus.

I'm tired of single life,
It's misery and strife;
I'm looking for a nice young man,
To be his little wife.
To marry is my plan,
So take me while you can,
Don't sit there and at me stare,
But speak out like a man.

Now there's a young man sitting there,
You see he's at me winking,
Oh! yes you were, for I could see
Your eyes they were a blinking.
Now, kind sir, don't angry get,
At my bold advances;
We'll married be to-morrow if
You'll only take the chances. Chorus.

Delia Clancy.

Written and sung by J. E. Murphy.

Music pub, & Copyright 1880, by E. H. Harding.
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I will tell you of a lady,
'Tis one I love so well,
Bonnets and ribbons she does sell;
On the Bowery she owns a store,
She has "Milliner" on the door,
Augustine Delia Clancy is the belle.
It's every Monday night,
Oh! 'tis my heart's delight,
To go up town Miss Clancy dear to see;
A piano she plays so fine,
To me she is divine,
And all these lovely songs she sings to me.

Chorus.

She sings, she sings "Sweet bye and bye,"
Oh! go to sleep, My Baby Mine,
She sings, she sings such lovely tunes,
The girl I love I'll marry soon.

There is Owen Smith and Brady,
The Misses Scott and Doyle,
Sitting in the parlor all the while;
Sure Smith so queer does talk,
And has such a funny walk,
Wid pleasure every one begins to smile.
When Miss Clancy does appear,
Such curious things you hear:
"Miss Clancy dear, you're looking all serene!"
She smiles and bows her head,
To the piano she lightly treads,
And all these pretty songs she sings to me.

SHEET MUSIC.

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The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

Nevertheless, he felt he could bear no more, and must effect his escape as speedily as he was able. This was not easy, for Dr. Abercorn had him by the button-hole, and, inwardly, he was chafing under the worthy doctor's restraint, when, to his infinite delight, he heard the other making his adieu; in which case he might wait and have, perhaps, one word with Alice Walden.

"Shall we wide together as far as our woads go, Mr. Hepburn?" asked Edmund Biddlecomb, with a supercilious airiness.

"Thanks; I regret to decline," rejoined the other, in a tone which, for the life of him, he could not deprive of all coldness; "but I am not going to Carnyston to-day."

"No? I am sorry to be the bearer of intelligence that will be so unwelcome at the Hall," laughed Edmund Biddlecomb, with a meaning glance, for which Richard Hepburn would have much liked to have kicked him. "Talking of monopolies, egad, Mr. Hepburn can pwactise it in some cases. Ask Captain Grant his opinion. Ha, ha! Good morning—'au revoir.'"

"The insufferable puppy!" muttered Richard Hepburn, consumed with a rage he dared not show.

The speech was overheard by both the doctor and Alice Walden. The former burst out laughing, while the latter arching her brows, remarked, "Do you think so? Mr. Biddlecomb may have faults, as we all have but it is well for him everyone is not of your opinion."

Her bolt shot, Alice moved a little away, and sat down by her work-basket. The young man bit his lip. She had pained him infinitely, but he loved her too dearly to feel anger. Indeed, he would bear anything now the air was cleared by "that conceited idiot's" absence.

Not only did he resume his seat, but readily accepted Mrs. Walden's invitation to luncheon. In a short space all would have drifted back to a resemblance of those happy days first spent at Daisy Bank, if Alice would have been as once she used to be.

Instead, she worked sedulously at her embroidery, and hardly joined the conversation. The truth was, that she had played her little game of indifference, and was bitterly offended that Richard Hepburn had let her do it, instead of disputing the pleasure of her conversation with Edmund Biddlecomb. What better proof could she have that he cared nothing about her?

The luncheon-table, however, compelled her to be more sociable and talkative. Also she found herself falling again under Richard Hepburn's influence. She was mortified with herself that it was so, but she could not help it Her heart yearned to the man seated opposite her, and she laughed the more gaily to conceal it.

She not only deceived its object, but her mother and her old friend the doctor. At what a cost! A mental agony that was on the verge of rendering her hysterical. The guest and she were two of the wretchedest persons in the world at the moment.

Rising from the luncheon table, Richard Hepburn, preparing to take his leave, found himself standing apart with Alice. Stooping, he whispered, in accents he tried to make it steady, "Miss Walden, in what way possibly could I have offended you? You have made me suffer a martyrdom by thus tabooing me!"

The girl's lip trembled; but, with a brave effort, steadying it, and calmly meeting his glance, she said, in assumed surprise, "Tabooed, Mr. Hepburn? I do not catch your meaning."

"All the while Mr. Biddlecomb was here you gave me no word—scarcely recognised my presence."

"Your conversation with Doctor Abercorn and mamma seemed far too engrossing for me to venture to interrupt," she laughed. "Mr. Biddlecomb flattered me by preferring mine. Ought I not to have been grateful?"

"Rather, you were generous, in devoting so much time and attention to such——"

"Stay, Mr. Hepburn," interrupted the girl, gravely. "Recollect, Mr. Biddlecomb was a visitor beneath this roof when you were yet a stranger.

"And the place he held in your favor, Miss Walden," rejoined the young man, with a dash of bitterness, "even Charlie's friend must not aspire.

"Mr Hepburn!"—and her beautiful eyes met his with an expression of dignity, pain, and reproof. "I confess you possess great power over me in that; but is it gentlemanly to use it?"

"For Heaven's sake forgive me!" he cried, contritely. "I knew not what I said."

The look of intense agony, of humility, even of deep entreaty, that swept over his features, startled and moved her. She could not understand it, only that he was suffering acutely. Her firmness threatened to give way, her lip was trembling, she dared not trust herself. Hastily she said, forcing a laugh, "This little war of words is foolish between us two, Mr. Hepburn. If you seek forgiveness, so do I. We are. I trust, too sincere friends to quarrel. I repeat what I have said before. In friendship none will be nearer and dearer to me than Charlie's friend."

"The words "in friendship" struck coldly on his heart; but he must be satisfied, for he dared seek no more. Raising the little hand she had extended to his lips, he said, fervently, "Thank you. You give me courage to prefer a request I came to make. which is, that, though I am no longer an inmate of Daisy Bank, the rides we so enjoyed shall not be wholly renounced. May I have the pleasure of acting again as your cavalier—say to-morrow?"

And Alice, against her better judgement answered "Yes."

"That yonng fellow loves her—I vow it!" reflected Doctor Abercorn, as he returned home that afternoon. "Nay, I'd bet a hundred to one. Why, he was as jealous as could be of that conceited donkey Biddlecomb this morning. He could hardly command either his speech or his glances, especially after the flower episode. Then where is the mystery? Can he be going, as I already hear hinted, to lay seige to the heiress—to win Carnyston? It may be young people are so mercenary now-a-days, in which case he isn't worthy my pet!"

As Richard Hepburn rode homewards, his soliloquy ran thus.

"I think I could bear her loving any other man, a true man, one worthy of her. But such a cad, such a puppy, whom she cannot possibly either love or respect! But now-a-days girls scarcely think of that. They sell themselves for an establishment. And I suppose this fine product of a fashionable tailor is considered an excellent chance!"

There is a species of temper common to the human brain, which is stated to resemble a bear with a sore head.

Richard Hepburn certainly to-day was afflicted with the disease. He was restless, irritable, angry with himself, angry with everybody else, which he displayed by finding fault with everything.

He had scarcely recovered his humor when he set forth for Carnyston.

The night was dark, the country roads deserted, consequently he had no fear of recognition. As he had reached the spot he had mentioned as a rendezvous, a clock struck the hour. Almost simultaneously he caught the sound of a gentle cough at the other side of the hedge. It was interrogatory and he coughed in response.

The branches rustled, and a whisper came to him through them.

"Twenty paces down by the meadow, there is a gap anyone might pass."

Taking the hint, Richard Hepburn proceeded in the direction indicated, found the gap, and passed through. It landed him in the preserves. A second later, Maria Daggett stood by his side.

"Thank you much for coming, Miss Daggett," he whispered, as he pressed her hand. "I hope it has not put you to any inconvenience—that you have run no risk?"

"None that I would not willingly run again to serve you, Mr. Hepburn," was the soft reply of the flute-like voice. "See, here is the paper. It is in this envelope. It is too dark for you to peruse it now."

Again warmly thanking her, he placed it securely away in his breast coat pocket. Then through a topic skilfully suggested by the companion, they paced up and down the narrow path under the dark branching trees, talking in whispers.

Suddenly they were alarmed by advancing feet crushing the falling twigs.

"It's the gamekeepers," whispered Maria Daggett, quickly. "You must go, Mr. Hepburn. Leave me; I can easily avoid them. Good-night. Heaven bring you success!"

Aware of the danger of discovery, he did not hesitate to obey, and soon was safe in the high-road, The companion had darted down a side-path—not however, before the two keepers had caught sight of her fluttering skirts.

"Darn me, Jim, if it ain't a woman!" ejaculated one, whistling his dog to heel.

"It's some servant gal from the 'All, coortin" rejoined Jim. "I'd swear I saw something precious like a man fly in the opposite direction."

"I'll tell 'ee what jim—the fee-male was darned more like Miss Sidonia's companion."

"Go along with yer, Dick! Though an' it were why shouldn't she have a sweetheart like any other gal? Come along. Down, Snipper! We are been spoiling other kind o' sport to-night. I reckon, than poachers. Ha, ha, ha!"

Panting, breathless, Maria Daggett reached the Hall in safety.

"I wonder," she gasped, pressing her hand to her side, "whether they saw—or, rather recognised me? What does it matter much if they did? Indeed, it might be better. It would give me another hold. Should certain circumstances arise, these assignations might be made to serve my purpose.

Meanwhile, Richard Hepburn had hastened back to the inn eager to read the fragment of letter that had been given him.

On entering his room he found a telegram awaiting him, which he tore eagerly open. It bore the initials of Jonas Slycum, and was as follows;

"D may be a valuable ally, but don't be sanguine Might also be dangerous. Fancy there's something hidden and suspicious. Will communicate more fully by post. Send this to urge caution. On no account write any communication to D. Be sure of this."

Richard Hepburn regarded the telegram in silence. The advice came too late. He had already written.

CHAPTER XI.

TIMOTHY BRINDLEY COMENCES THE GAME.

Whether Josiah Biddlecomb had obtained the Carnyston estates by sharp practice, or, as Richard Hepburn suspected, by fraud, the matter no longer seemed to give him any uneasiness.

So many years had gone over quietly, that either he had ceased to fear having his right contested, or put no belief in retributive justice.

His sole desire now was to see his daughter well married, and that before he died he should know there were heirs to Carnyston.

His first idea had been that she should wed her cousin Edmund, that his name might be perpetuated, but this Sidonia had advanced a decided negative,

Altogether Josiah Biddlecomb did not disagree with her.

Aware after what fashion his wealth had been accumulated, he was not so proud of being a self-made man. Consequently he had decided with his daughter that a gentleman of three or four generations standing would be better than the hard cash of a mushroom claimer of that title.

To form an alliance with any of the old families about Heatham he soon saw was impossible. Most of them had known Sir Richard Carr, and, though they blamed his faults, nevertheless he was of an old stock like themselves, and they held coldly aloof from his plebeian successor.

However, within those many years a new race had cropped up at Heatham, a race that knew nothing about Sir Richard, and cared less.

A race that had marrying sons and marriageable daughters, and to whom the prodigal hospitality practised by the *ci-devant* nabob was very pleasant and welcome.

To be Continued in No. 172—Commenced in No. 168.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA. (Banjo Song.)

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.

1. I've just got back from the land of gold and 'ill tell you all a - bout my jour - ney, I crossed the plains as a travel - ler bold on the road to Cal - i - for - ny— A Chi - na - man was the first I saw A rid - ing on a don - key, Then a In - jun and a great big squaw With a pap - poose like a mon - key.
2. I saw a man with a fife and drum and an eye like Booth's I - a - go, He was look - ing for his run - a - way wife who had left him in Chi - ca - go— There came a wo - man most strange to see She was nei - ther fair nor hear - ty, But she hailed, she said, from Mil - wau - kie, And be - longed to the woman's right par - ty.
3. But the strang-est sight that I did see That fill - ed my eyes with won - der, Be - sides it look - ed so queer to me, It made me laugh like thun - der; It was a re - venue man collect - ing tax With eyes like pick - led on - ions, And his ears were like two big flap jacks, And his nose all covered with bun - ions.

1

CHORUS.

I've just got back from the land of gold and 'ill tell you all a - bout my jour - ney, I crossed the plains a travel - ler bold on the road to Cal - i - for - ny.

P. S.—Write to Mrs. PAULINE LIEDER, No. 60 Chatham St., N. Y. for anything in the Musical line.

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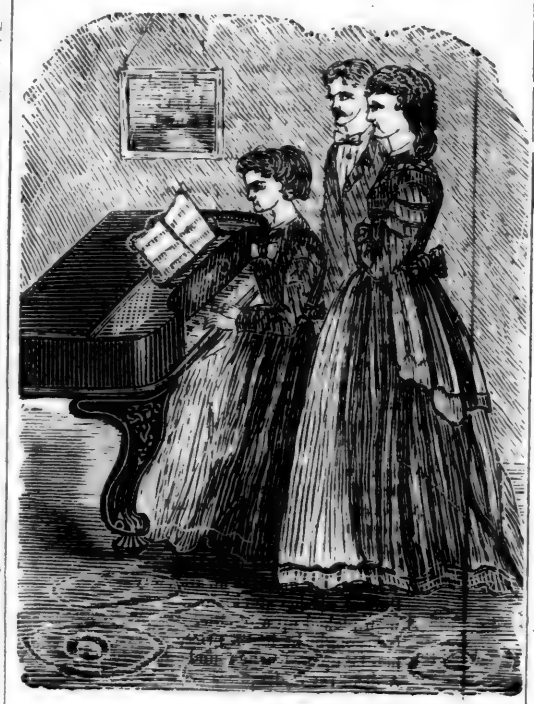
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CONTENTS.

Alas!.....page 572
A Rev-a-ree..... 573
Be Civil and always Polite..... 570
Bring the one I love to me..... 571
The Brooklyn Fire..... 571
The Christening of the child..... 572
Courting in the Starlight..... 573
The Drum Corps..... 571
Diamond Dust..... 573
Down where the blue bells grow..... 574
Echoes from our Agent at Boston..... 572
Hush, my darlings, do not weep..... 573
Here From Athlone..... 573
It is the flavor from a two-cent Chinese butt..... 571
I'll bet you a dollar you don't..... 573
The Johnsons..... 574
Love me, hug me..... 570
Lost and Found..... 570
Let my name be kindly spoken..... 571
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 575
Mr. and Mrs. McGrew..... 574
My Wife Betty..... 574
No. 2..... 572
OPEN UP DEM DOORS..... 570
Old Mr. Klunkel and his wife..... 571
Oh! Susannah—Music for Banjo and Guitar..... 576
Put Away That Straw..... 572
Rise it, Riley..... 573
Solid Gang..... 570
Sheet Music Notice..... 574
When the Purple Lilacs Blossom..... 570
The Wolf at the Door..... 570
What a blessing it is to have money..... 571
We have met, loved, and parted..... 572
Why did They Dig Ma's Grave so Deep..... 573

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Be Civil and Always Polite.

As we journey along in the pathway of life,
We should try to live peaceful with all;
But, to keep ourselves free from trouble and strife,
Your attention a moment I'll call.
I'll sing of a motto I recently heard,
If you try it you'll find it all right,
Tis a virtue, I'm sure, to the rich or the poor
To be civil and always polite.

Chorus.

Politeness is cheap, we should all bear in mind,
Though practised by only a few;
So be civil, obliging, and always polite,
As the world you go travelling through.

Encouragement helps to lift a man up,
Kind words we should never begrudge;
A man may be honest, although he is poor,
From appearances we should not judge.
If we meet with a man who's load is too great,
To assist him should be our delight,
For you know we have all got our burdens to bear,
So be civil and always polite. Chorus.

But now I'll conclude with a word to you all—
I hope I have pleased you to-night;
Thanks for your attention, I cannot complain,
For to me you have all been polite.
If my motto you try you ne'er will regret—
'Tis a very good maxim for all—
To be civil obliging and always polite,
And help lift a poor man from the wall. Chorus.

Love Me Hug Me.

By C. R. Dockstader. For Quilter & Goodrich.

Tell you a story, oh! my glory!
Bow your head, and lend an ear,
Something funny, tell you, honey,
One I know you'd like to hear.
At a party Friday evening,
Aunt Sophelia shouted so
All de neighbors an' de people
Gathered there to see de show.

Chorus.

Throw your arms about me, honey,
Closer come, an' tell me, Miss,
Bow your head down in submission,
Love me, hug me—take a kiss.

Ole Miss Swaller cry an' holler,
Made de people laugh and shout;
Den we two began a-singing,
Ole brack deacon turned us out.
Popy Rucker came to meeting
On a mule that jess could hop;
Threw his hoofs among de niggers,
Bust de meeting on de spot. Chorus.

When the Purple Lilacs Blossom.

Written and sung by W. A. Huntley.

Music sent, by us post paid, on receipt of price, 40cts.

When the purple lilacs blossom,
Shall we, dearest, meet again?
Will the robin and the blue-bird
Greet us with a sweet refrain?
In the soft and gentle twilight,
Where we often, love, have met,
You will tell me, little darling,
If you dearly love me yet.

Chorus.

In the soft and gentle twilight,
Where we often love have met,
You will tell me little darling,
If you dearly love me yet.

When the daisies dot the meadow,
Shall we, dearest, meet again?
Will the summer zephyr kiss us
When we wander down the lane?
Long ago we met and parted
In the golden pastures bright,
And since then my little darling,
Time has quickly taken flight. Chorus.

When in Heaven with the angels,
Shall we, dearest, meet again?
Will we climb the hill together
To the land that knows no pain?
In that home no wail of sorrow
Breaks the pure and loving heart,
And I hope my little darling,
There we'll meet to never part. Chorus.

Lost and Found.

Written and Composed by Harry Lloyd comic vocalist.

When travelling on the railroad,
Just the other day,
Reading the daily paper,
To pass the time away.
Heedless of the rate at which
The train sped o'er the ground,
I was deeply interested in—
The column "lost and found."
A lady lost her pocket-book,
Another lost a ring,
A gentleman lost his watch and chain,
And a handsome diamond pin,
A boy had lost a terrier,
And a book that was well bound,
These are the funny things I read
In the column "lost and fonnd."

A cow was lost or stolen,
A lady lost her hair.
A girl had found a pair of socks,
That were not fit to wear;
A boy had found a dirty shirt,
I don't know what it cost.
A lady when taking a little walk,
Her bustle she had lost;
A dressmaker when on a drunk,
Had lost a bran new dress,
Which cost about five dollars,
A little more or less,
A gentleman when out hunting,
Had lost a large blood-honnd,
These are the funny things I read,
In the column "lost and found."

A man had found a freight car,
Standing on the street:
A Seargeant found a policeman
Sleeping on his beat,
A father lost his little son,
It really was quite shocking,
A woman was found in an alleyway
Pulling up her stockings.
A man picked up a bundle,
He thonght he had a prize,
When he opened it he found
A dead rat in disguise.
A man had lost his brains.
In mind he was not sound,
These are the fnnny things I read
In the column "lost and found."

The Wolf at the Door.

By A. A. Walls.

O God! has it come to my turn to see
The wolf at the door—sighed poor Nora Magee—
With those five little orphans, Pat, Mickey and Joe,
Poor Kitty, sweet Mitty, turned out in the snow.

Chorus.

With those five little orphans, Pat, Mickey and Joe,
Poor Kitty, sweet Mitty, turned out in the snow.

But the bailiff had come with the landlord so grand,
They seized on our cabin and small piece of land,
The cabin which Nora once gazed on with pride,
It was there Paddy woo'd her, alas! where he died.
Chorus.

But you are gone Paddy, darling, you have
left us alone,
Shure myself and your orphans will pray for
your soul,
We will pray that the angels will bear us to thee,
And join you in Heaven, Acushla Machree. Chorus.

Cold, ragged and hungry they stood on the street,
Poor Kitty was rubbing her bare little feet:
Oh! mother, cried Mickey, shure last night you said,
Great ships on the ocean are coming with bread. Cho.

How in New York could I kneel down to pray,
And think of Parading on St. Patrick's day;
At the great City Hall could I hold up my head,
While thousands in Ireland are crying for bread.
Chorus.

Shure it cannot be true what I hear people say,
That banners and bands will be seen on Broadway,
That drummers and fifers will play Garryowen,
While the wolf is at the door with our dear ones
at home.
Chorus.

Oh! Saint of my nation, I will not you mislead,
To the great Agitator my donation I will send,
This will give you more pleasure than parading
I know,
It may help the poor orphans safe out of the snow.
Chorus.

Open up dem Doors.

Great Shout Song, sung by Haverly's, Sanford's and other celebrated minstrels.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

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The Music of this song is published in elegant lithographed title page, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I'se gwine to write a letter,
To my great Jehovah,
I want to know de time
When de boat am going over.
I'se got a quill from an angel's wing,
'Twas sent to me by de great good King,
An angel dropped a tear in my hand,
'Twas silver ink at de King's command,
For a sheet ob paper a cloud he sent,
So I'll write Him a letter and get His consent to—

Chorus.

Open up dem doors,
Oh! break off de hinges,
Open up dem doors,
Keep 'em open, O! Lord.
Fling dem doors wide open,
For I want to get a glimpse inside;
Fling 'em open for,
I want to get a glimpse inside.

Dat tear turned to a ribber,
Down de mountain flowing,
I'se gwine to build a raft,
On to Jordan I am going,
So from de cloud I will make a boat,
And down de stream I is gwan to float,
De silver quill I'll take for a mast,
I'll blow my horn wid a Gabriel blast,
Den I'll done go butcher my fattest calf,
And I'll send to de Ruler a quick telegraph to—
Chorus.

Solid Gang.

Written by the Hon. Michael Bradley.

We're voters in Manhattan Isle,
The wards we represent;
We must have our sling in the rake
Of money that is spent.
To elect the Governor,
On us you kin depen—
When there's a kick in your district,
Call on the solid men.

Chorus.

Then all fall in, put your shoulder to the wheel,
Vote with us, not a penny would we steal;
We call the turn in the corner where we hang;
We're the mob who never rot, we're the solid gang.

We carry the State for our candidate,
You can bet he can't be beat;
He's bound to win when we set in
To vote and to repeat.
He must put up for all of us,
From a dollar up to ten;
When he's around he must come down
To these 'ere solid men. Chorus.

What a Blessing it is to Have Money.

Sung by Lizzie Conway.

What a blessing it is to have money,
It is always a friend and a crony;
In a palace you dwell,
And your name is known well,
That is if you have plenty of money.

Of course for office you are perfection,
Your name is of great weight at election,
It will give you the day,
For they know that you can pay;
But it is not for yourself, but your money.

You have friends by the score who will greet you,
Take you by the hand when they meet you,
Say lend me a ten,
I will pay you again,
And that is the last of your money.

It is a very nice thing to have money,
It is always a friend and a crony,
With no fear of the law,
You may make use of your jaw,
It will clear you from trouble with money.

But at racing and cards you've been simple;
Drank wine 'till your nose is a pimple.
In some prison or jail,
With no one to go bail,
Then you will wish once again for your money.

Bring the One I Love to Me.

Words and Music by W. H. Delehanty.

Happy be thy dreams, dear Charley,
When you're out at sea;
While you're on the raging ocean
I'll be true to thee.
Yet dearly as I love thee, Charley,
Or as you love me,
Some other one may take my hand
While you are off to sea.
Father wants me for to marry
Some one that I hate;
Hurry, Charley, do not tarry,
Save me from that fate, oh!
Powers above, do guide my Charley
Safe across the sea,
And take away the one I hate,
But bring my love to me.

Chorus.

Oh! yes, I will be true to Charley,
While he's out at sea.
Oh! take away the one I hate,
And bring my love to me.

Charley's eyes are bright as diamonds,
Laughing all the while,
And he is so brave and noble,
I should rather smile;
You should hear him play his fiddle,
As round the room I'd go,
To chasses up and down again,
And then he'd coein his bow.
But oh, the gawk that comes to see me
Every night at eight—
And I'm compelled to go and meet him
At the garden gate.
Oh! hurry, Charley, hurry, darling,
It's you I long to see.
Oh! take away the one I hate,
And bring my love to me. Chorus.

The Drum Corps.

Words and Music by Donly.

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The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Oh! talk of all your music,
And ev'ry famous band,
From Gideon's down to Brannigan's,
From Crook's to Dodworth's grand;
For tunes that all mean business,
And are always to the fore,
We claim the honors always for,
Our rattling gay drum corps.

Chorus.

With our tap, tap, tap,
And our wild artistic bang,
Oh! our tap, tap, tap,
So devotedly we whang,
There's a sound of tramping feet,
From the people on the street,
Keeping time to the
Drum Corps tap, tap, tap.

No matter where are others,
Always ahead are we,
In solid line with drums at rest,
Our sheepskin band you'll see;
But soon the Major's signal,
Warns us that soon some more
Sweet racket is expected of,
Our rattling gay drum corps. Chorus

Now tho' we're square and honest,
We're always on the "beat,"
And on the "strike" whene'er we go,
Parading thro' the street.
And though we're straight yet very oft,
We all "roll" o'er and o'er,
And tho' in "tune" we often "drag,"
In our rattling gay drum corps. Chorus.

Let My Name be Kindly Spoken.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by H. P. Danks.

Copyright, 1879, by W. Shaw.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Let my name be kindly spoken,
When you're far away from me,
And although the vows are broken,
I will fondly speak of thee.
All the scenes of days departed,
I'll endeavor to forget,
And if you are broken-hearted,
Think not of the days we met.

Chorus.

Let my name be kindly spoken,
When you're far away from me,
And although the vows are broken,
I will fondly speak of thee.

In the past we loved each other,
Loved each other fond and true;
And I'll never find another
That can take the place of you.
Tho' I wander on for ever,
Seeking lands beyond the sea,
Well I know that I shall never,
Never find the like of thee. Chorus.

If the fate should bid me meet you
At some far-off distant day,
I would fondly kiss and greet you
In the old familiar way.
Tho' the binding link is broken,
It is sweet to part as friends,
And the farewell word that's spoken
To the heart a sweetness lends. Chorus.

It is the Flavor from a Chinese Two-Cent Butt.

Written and sung by Dave Roche.

Air; A Flower from my Angels Mother's Grave.

I've a basket at home that is filled with
precious butts,
Butts that were shot long ago,
In the bar-room or the street those dizzy butts
you'll meet,
Lying scattered altogether in a row.
But my rout will soon be done for, and the
harvest will be o'er,
Those two cent butts lay slumbering 'neath
the snow,
But the last link of pleasure is that heap I've
got in store,
Dried and seasoned for to smoke where'er I go.

Chorus.

Oh! those dizzy snipes with lots of old clay pipes,
To smoke them is better than to chew,
And my heart fondly cleaves to those dry and
withered leaves,
Oh! how I love the spot where'er they grow.

In a quiet country bar-room I lay me down to rest,
Close beside a good fire I may sleep,
And now as I am broke, those two cent butts
I'll smoke,
While pleasant visions o'er my mind would creep,
In the still and stormy winter naught on earth
can make me mad,
At all care I laugh hearty, and why! taut!
For my heart is contented when I gaze upon
my stock,
Of clay pipes and many a butt, butt. Butt.
Oh! those dizzy snipes, &c.

Old Mr. Klunkel and His Wife.

By G. Murphy. Sung by Murphy and Shannon.

Both—You see before you a jolly old pair,
We are as happy as happy can be,
When hard times comes well for dat we
don't care,
As you can plainly see.
He— I'm sixty-two. She—Und I'm fifty-one,
Und to please everybody we strive.
Und we would like to see any son of a gun
Would trouble old Klunckel und wife.

Chorus.

We are old Mr. Klunckel und wife,
Old Mr. Klunckel und wife,
We go out each day, und de young folks all say,
Dere goes old Mr. Klunckel und wife.

She— To-morrow our Katie united will be,
De wedding I know will be grand.
He— It puts me in mind of de day my dear wife,
When first I did ask for your hand.
She— How happy we was. He—Dey'll yust
be the same.
I hope so for all of their liefe.
He— But I bet you they never will play de
same game,
Both— Like old Klunckel und wife. Chorus.

The Brooklyn Fire.

Written and sung by the Murrays.

Oh! sad and dismal is the tale
I will relate to you:
'Tis of the Brooklyn Fire, and
The souls that perished, too.
You all have heard their awful fate,
The old, the young the gay;
That ill-starred band, by Heaven's command,
Are dead and passed away.

They left their homes so gay and free,
With joy on every lip.
And in their blithest moment, ah,
There came that fatal slip.
The demon fire raged around,
Not one to check its sway;
All fear and strife once full of life,
Are dead and passed away.

But blame to none, it was Heaven's shaft
That struck that happy throng,
The king of terrors wakened where
He slept so deep and long.
The poor souls in the gallery, who
Enjoyed that fatal play.
They little thought their lives were sought—
They are dead and passed away.

There are some of those departed ones,
Are well known to you all:
Harry Murdock and his partner
Met death within those halls.
In years to come we'll not forget,
Though feeble, old and gray,
Their souls bereft they would have left,
They are dead and passed away.

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We Have Met, Loved, and Parted.

Words by Elmer Ruan Coates. Music by Eastburn.

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We have met, we have loved, we have parted,
As others have done oft before;
And I ever will prove as true-hearted,
As when we were pledged in the yore.
Joys of the world cannot sever.
The links that have bound thee to me,
And the smiles of another can never,
E're vanish my dreaming of thee.

Chorus.

Hoping, longing and dreaming,
Heeding not the joys around;
But I see in the future a gleaming,
And light o'er my pathway is found.

How many in silence are grieving,
How many the trials unknown,
I was sad when my idol was leaving,
And sigh that I now am alone.
Often I seem to be cheerful,
I smile and they think I am gay;
But alas! I am gloomy and tearful,
Because of the one far away. Chorus.

We have met we have loved we have parted,
And dearer thou art than before;
I have tried thee, and know thee true-hearted,
And now from my soul I adore.
Hope is my great consolation,
I'm trusting the time that's to come,
And the woe of our long separation,
Will make us forever as one. Chorus.

Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave So Deep?

Music published, and copyright, 1880, by R. A. Saalfield.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Poor little Nellie is weeping to-night,
Thinking of days that were full of delight,
Lonely she sits by the old kitchen grate,
Sighing for mother, but now 'tis too late.
Under the daisies now covered with snow,
Rests the fond mother, away from life's woe;
Nellie is left now to murmur and weep,
Why did thy dig ma's grave so deep.

Chorus.

Why did they dig ma's grave so deep,
Down in the clay so deep,
Why did they leave me here to weep,
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep?

Only sweet memories of gladness and love,
Came to the child of the dear one above,
Shadows are creeping around the lone room,
Early and late there's a feeling of gloom.
Out in the church-yard the wild breezes blow,
Seeming to echo her heart's grief and woe;
Softly she murmurs, while chills o'er her creep,
Why did they dig Ma's grave so deep. Chorus.

Poor little Nellie in slumber's sweet rest,
Dreams all the night of the mother so blest,
Sees her again in a vision of light,
Praying, God bless little Nellie to-night!
Smiling upon her with glorified face,
Calling her home to that bright resting place;
Poor little Nellie oft sighs in her sleep,
Why did they dig ma's grave so deep. Chorus.

Echoes From our Agent at Boston.

The two following poetical letters were written by a gentleman at the "Hub," who has been an agent for our publications for the last 30 years.

Another month, how soon they roll,
Into the shadowed past,
It seems almost but yesterday
Since I ordered Journals last.

But nevertheless, the time has come,
And I must not delay,
For if I should get out of stock,
The deuce would be to pay.

Oh! the swift and onward flight of time!
What lessons doth it speak
To us in unmistaking terms,
Beware of what we seek.
While here upon our earthly course—
For treasures ever far more great,
Than worldly ones will count at last,
When in the future state.

Our life is checkered here on earth,
As every one should know;
First bathes in sunshine on the hill,
Then in the valley low.
Whose shadows fill our souls with gloom,
'Till the turning of the wheel,
Which suddenly reverses all,
And we much better feel.

Now if I could but moralize,
As many a wight can do,
I'd launch out here in glowing verse,
With maxims good and true.
But as I am now so confused,
Can't moralize or rhyme,
I guess I'll put the whole thing by,
Until some future time.

But still I do so hate to stop
When I get under way,
I often feel compelled to write,
With not a word to say.
And words sometimes are simple things,
The less of them the better,
Unless they're wove up into sense,
More than is in this letter.

So now I bid farewell to verse,
For the time this is enough;
And when again I try to rhyme,
'Twill I hope be better stuff.
Send if you please of Journals new,
The numbers named below,
And everlasting thanks my friend,
I will on you bestow.

No. 2.

The car of time speeds swiftly on,
The vernal spring draws near;
When feathered minstrels by their song,
Our willing hearts will cheer,
Though biting frosts have held their sway,
And piercing winds have blown;
They'll soon to genial warmth give way,
When Spring asserts her throne.

To this fair maid I fain would sing—
In most melodious strain—
A cheering song to usher in
Her, and her enchanting train.
But, ah! alas! my gifts are small,
My 'muse' is almost dead,
The midnight hour strikes loud its call,
And summons me to bed.

I know not if 'tis the approach of Spring,
But Journals better sell,
And every one seems bound to sing—
The cause I cannot tell.
Unless they're feeling good to know
That soon the flowers will bloom,
And what is left of frost and snow,
"Old Sol" will soon consume.

But what so e're the cause may be,
I must at once prepare,
By getting stock—as you may see
There's need of special care—
In case the rush should be so great
I should not have enough;
For to be out I really hate,
Besides it would be "tough."

Then, that I may be sure, you know,
To have all numbers I can sell,
Please send what I shall name below,
And do them up right well.

Send by express for that is best,
When bundles are quite large,
But great or small your mind may rest,
They don't forget to charge.

Of rhyme I think this will suffice,
I guess you think so too,
So when I rest my weary eyes
In prose I'll put it through.
And now with haste it shall be done,
The quicker, much the better,
For hark! I hear the clock strike one,
And thus, I end my letter.

The Christening of the Child.

Written by Mark Murphy, for Lottie Grant.

Patrick Murphy was presented,
With a bouncing little boy,
He's a week and one day old,
He is his father's joy.
To night they are going to call him
Denis Kearney Sampson Boyle,
Sing and dance to the tune of the band,
At the christening of the child.

Chorus.

The band played Patrick's day, boys,
Or the roving Irish blades,
So heart and hand with big Dutch bands,
At the christening of the child.

Patrick Murphy wants ye all, me boys,
To come and make a call
On this eventful glorious night,
And hear the young one bawl.
There's the Casey's and the Donohue's,
And the O'Connell's all combined,
There will be whiskey punch and turkey lunch,
At the christening of the child. Chorus.

Alas!

Music by Harrison Millard.

Copyright, 1874 by Harrison Millard.
Published by Spear & Dehnhoff.
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Alas! how easily things go wrong,
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again!
Is never the same again!
And life is never the same again!
Ah, me! ah, me!

Alas! how rarely things go right;
'Tis hard to watch on a summer's night;
For the stars will fade, and the sigh will stay,
And the summer night is a winter day!
For stars will fade away,
And make the summer a winter's day!
Ah, me! ah, me!

Put Away That Straw.

Sung by the Dockstaders.

We used to know a pretty yaller gal,
You ought to hear her laugh,
When she would smile you could hear her a mile,
Her face most split in half.
To hear her laugh de coons would come
For miles and miles about,
We'd tickle her jaw wid a piece of straw,
And dis am de way she'd shout.

Chorus.

Quit your tickling—quit your tickling,
Dog gone, I wish you'd put away that straw,
Quit your tickling, quit your tickling,
Ain't you ever going to put away that straw.

We took de gal to a circus show,
Jes' to see what she would do,
She begin to laugh when de show begin,
An' she never did get through.
She laughed so long, so loud, so strong,
In her mouth she got a fly;
She lost her breath, fly tickled her to death,
And she laughed until she died. Chorus.

Hush, My Darling, Do Not Weep.

Words by John Keynton. Music by C. E. Pratt.

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Hush, my darlings, do not weep!
Better days are coming near,
Sails a ship across the deep.
And I know 'twill soon be here.
Oh! it brings to Erin's Land,
Help and food for us galore!
Gift to us from Freedom's hand,
May Heaven bless it evermore!

Chorus.

Raise your little hands in prayer,
Bless the kind hearts o'er the sea,
May our Lord from famine spare
Those who succor mine and me.

Oh! how bitter was our woe
When we heard our children cry,
And we saw them hungry grow,
Beg for food, and, pleading, die!
Then our mother-hearts they bled,
And our anguish who can speak?
'Till from Freedom's land there sped
Store of bounty for the weak. Chorus.

Bless the willing hands of gold,
That have given bread to mine,
Grant them happiness untold—
May the sun for them o'er shine.
Could they see our children dear,
Clap their little hands in glee.
Oh! 'twould ever glad and cheer
Freedom's daughters o'er the sea! Chorus.

Courting in the Starlight.

Words and Music by Bobby Newcomb.

Then sun and the dew parted,
And the day was nearly done,
For an evening walk I started,
Impell'd by thoughts of fun.
As I chanced to turn a corner,
To a street quite strange to me,
I almost stumbled, but beg pardon—
She was fair to see!

Chorus.

We met and the vows were spoken,
While the shades of night drew near,
Each slumbering thought was 'woken,
She was like a startled deer
We wandered then in dreamland,
And we lived in fancy's flight,
'Twas like a story told by fairy's
Courting in the starlight!

The moon shed her light softly,
From the silent skies above,
'Twas the 'witching hour of twilight,
With whispering winds of love;
The sun has gone in glory,
And the moon with borrowed rays,
Cast her pale beams o'er us softly,
A-listening to our praise! Chorus.

The waves of light departed,
I bid her soft adieu;
But just before we parted,
She whispered "I love you!"
We met again next evening,
Our vows were plighted o'er,
And the stars they twinkled brightly,
As they did before! Chorus.

Rise It Reilly!

Music pub. & Copyright 1880, by E. H. Harding
By C. M. Connolly. For Sheehan and Jones, and sung by them with great success.
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The tallow dips in beauty,
Shine bright upon the scene
Of pleasant gay commotion,
As grand as ever seen;
A kitchen full of dancers,
In a famous, frisky rout,
Who lift the very roof itself,
With this mysterious shout.

Chorus.

Rise it, Reilly! all the jolly dancers sing out,
Rise it, Reilly! show your power and motion,
Looney now they fly about, lazy feet had better g'out,
When in the chorus wild they shout; Rise it Reilly!

'Tis they who never weaken,
They'd scorn to love the flure,
Their feet have vowed that never
They'd make a record poor;
The "Rocky Road" is startin',
A tune they love so well,
'Tis now the ruction boomin' grows,
As wildly still they yell. Chorus.

A few nate words of blarney,
To some bright buxom lass,
A few clean swigs of poteen,
Widout the aid of glass.
And soon the shrieks of music,
Their notes a warning ring,
When up and at once again,
They dance and wildly sing. Chorus.

Diamond Dust.

Song and Dance.

By James Maas. for C. Redmond & Georgie Blake,

In waking hours thy smiling face I see,
And when I sleep I'm dreaming still of thee;
Thou art the star that gives me on my way,
Sunlight gleams, sparkling streams dashing silver spray.

Chorus.

Naught with you can compare,
Pretty Lucy! charming Lucy!
Like a bird that's in the air,
Pretty Lucy mine.
For in you I place my trust,
For you're as good as Diamond Dust.
Repeat last two lines.

Oh! if the time were only here to-day,
As you are my own I'd carry you away.
Buds and blossoms are all aglow,
Down the tide ripples glide, singing as they go.
Chorus.

Fair the roses, pale the daffodil,
Droops the willow bending by the rill,
Opening flowers blushing by the lea,
Sweet sunlight, eyes are bright, sparkling love for me.
Chorus.

A Revaree.

By Oofty Gooft.

Der rain dot had fell, der boet arose,
He bassed by der down und oud of der shdreet,
A lighd vind blowed from der gades of der sun,
Und vafes of shadow vent ofer der veat;
Und he sot him down in a lonesome place,
Und shounded a melody vild und shweet,
Den he quiedly dook off his shdockings und shoes,
Und valked to de rifer und gargled his feet.

Der shwallow he shdobbed as he hunded der bee,
Der snake shlibt under a shbray,
Der jay-hawk shdood mit her down on his beak,
Und shdared mit his foot on der brey;
Und der goekadoo doughd, "I hafe sung many songs,
Bud nefer von so gay!"
Den der rifer rose ub und der shdockings und shoes
Dem floaded forefer avay.

I'll Bet You a Dollar You Don't.

Sung by Edwin Barry,

Does any one know what I'm going to say,
I'll bet you a dollar you don't.
If I lose the wager, will any one pay,
I'll bet you a dollar you don't.
Gay bachelors say they shall never take wives,
For as each in his way to be happy contrives,
They mean to keep single the rest of their lives,
But I'll bet you a dollar they don't.

Find an Irish election without any row,
I'll bet you a dollar you don't,
Or a girl who objects to a mistletoe bough,
I'll bet you a dollar you don't.
Some years of experience teaches me this—
That from seven to ninety both Mrs. and Miss
May refuse you this ancient excuse for a kiss,
But I'll bet you a dollar they don't.

You may see vaccination a thing of the past,
I'll bet you a dollar you don't.
And a heavy taxation abolished at last,
I'll bet you a dollar you don't.
You may see old John Bull dwindle down to a calf,
And his provender nothing but foreigner's chaff.
You may see all the ladies too quiet by half,
But I'll bet you a dollar you don't.

Some ignorant croakers wear visages long,
Will you bet me a dollar they don't?
And say that to visit amusement is wrong.
Will you bet me a dollar they don't?
Though to succor distress they can never afford,
Above human vices they always have soared,
Still somehow they know every move on the board,
Will you bet me a dollar they don't?

A married man often tries to prove cock-o'-the-walk,
But I'll bet you a dollar he don't.
If he tries to sleep when his wife wants to talk,
I shall bet him two dollars he don't.
So all you young girls, please attend to this verse,
And go and get married for better or worse,
And two little armfulls you may have to nurse.
Won't bet you a dollar you don't.

Here From Athlone.

Sung by Murphy and Morton.

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Here we are an Irish pair,
As you can plainly see;
We took a skip aboard the ship,
And came across the sea.
Bridget Welsh, an Irish girl,
And her sister Maggie, sweet,
Came over here a year ago,
And this is where they will meet.

Chorus.

And soon we'll see their smiles again,
Like the blush of rosy morn,
We'll take them back with us again,
When the bloom is on the corn,
We know that they will smile with joy,
When they see the two Mahons,
And they will greet the Irish boys,
Just came here from Athlone.

We parted from the folks at home,
The day we sailed away;
We left behind our kindred, kind,
Came to America.
I'm sure you'd laugh if you could see
The didoes on the ship;
We danced and sung from early morn,
We'd sorrows not a bit.

Chorus.

For we could see two pair of eyes,
Of laughing Irish blue;
And knew that we'd be welcomed by
Two Irish colleens true.
And this day week we're going back,
Across the sea of foam;
It won't be long before we'll be
In a place they call Athlone.

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Mr. and Mrs. McGrew.

By C. H. Dockstader, for C. Redmond & Georgie Blake,

Far over the sea from the Emerald Isle,
Just twenty years ago,
We sailed one day from Dublin Bay—
Its Ireland we came from, Na-ho!
They called us greenhorns when we came,
But that's in days gone by,
Now I'll wager there's not a couple can dance,
Like my old man (old woman) and I.

CHORUS.

For I'm forty-one next Friday week,
And he's just forty-two, Na-ho!
Sure a jollier couple you never have met
Than Mr. and Mrs. McGrew.

On the street when we meet the girls and the boys,
They shout, hey there, how de do?
Oh! don't they look neat from their head to their feet,
Look at Mr. and Mrs. McGrew!
We've a boy and girl that wears elegant clothes,
At the theatre now they're engaged,
And there's holes in the floor and no lock on the door,
Since the two of them went on the stage. Cho.

The Johnsons.

Copyright 1879 by, Clinton T. DeWitt.
By C. Carroll. Sung by Harris and Carroll.

We go by the name of the Johnsons,
We're happy and gay as can be;
We work all day long and don't grumble,
And have a nice chat after tea.
I sit by his side while he's smoking his pipe,
And sing them old songs that we sung,
While working away in the cotton fields,
In them days when we were young.

CHORUS.

Then we'll join hands together,
Let the darkey's shout and sing,
Join us in our jubilee,
And make the banjo ring. [Repeat.]

It's forty long years we've been married,
And I've never been sorry one bit,
I remember the cool summer evenings,
When under the shade trees we'd sit.
The boys and the girls in their innocent fun,
Would come to our cottage each day,
It would make us old darkey's feel young once more,
To look at their innocent play. Chorus.

Down Where the Blue Bells Grow.

Words and Music by Bobby Newcomb.

I know a spot in fairyland,
At least it seems to me.
That magic fingers must have placed
Each budding flower and tree.
For all is hushed and quiet there,
Except the brooklet's flow;
The merry bird in song is heard,
Down where the blue bells grow.

CHORUS.

I wandered and pondered,
Listening to the brooklet's flow,
'Mid bright bowers and sweet flowers,
Where the blue bells grow.

Of course 'twas in the summer time,
When Love one he shot,
An arrow at this heart of mine,
I think this is the spot;
Where Cupid aims his feathered darts,
At least this much I know,
I met by chance, loved at first glance,
Down where the blue bells grow. Chorus.

Soon summer went and winter came,
No longer then I strayed
A-down the meadows and the fields,
To meet my little maid.
For she had promised ever true,
Through this wide world to go,
When she's my own, we'll often roam,
Down where the blue bells grow. Chorus.

My Wife Betty.

Written and Sung by Harry McEvoy.

Now I have got a little wife,
She's sweeter far than life,
But oh! she plagues me all day long—
She's the torment of my life.
You'll always hear her singing sweet,
She never can keep still,
Her voice is heard in every room,
It is so loud and shrill.

CHORUS.

I love Betty, when she's singing;
I love Betty, she's tormenting;
She's my darling, she's my treasure;
Why, she's all the world to me. [Repeat.]

She is an Irish girl so sweet,
And I loved her so well;
We met 'twas by the river,
And our tales of love did tell.
I asked her then to be my wife,
Of course I will, says she,
We're married now and well content
In this land of the free. Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

Among these the heiress had many suitors, with whom she was coquetting, unable to make her choice, when Richard Hepburn had appeared on the scene, putting all their chances to flight.

Her partiality was so marked, that even Josiah Biddlecomb, who, save when the duties of hospitality made it imperative, seldom mixed much with the younger guests, beheld it, and not at first with much satisfaction.

That Richard Hepburn was a "born gentleman" there could be no doubt, neither that he had an ample income. But who was he? He never referred to his family, and his wealth evidently had been made in Australia, possibly from a lucky "find" at the gold diggins.

"I wonder what the deuce was his family?" exclaimed the usurer, on one occasion, when *tete-a-tete* with his daughter.

"When he proposes to me, papa, which he has not done yet, but I expect very soon will," responded the heiress, unperceivously, "it will be time enough for you to inquire and him to answer."

"When a man doesn't speak of his family, it's a sign he's ashamed of it!" growled Josiah Biddlecomb, no doubt speaking from personal experience.

"That's not always proof, papa," exclaimed Miss Sidonia. "It may have been poor, but the stock must have been good. Mr. Hepburn's style, both of features and manner, is born with a man—never acquired."

"How learned you seem on the subject, my dear!" sniggered the usurer. "Well, then, do you mean, if he proposes, you'll accept him?"

"Certainly, papa—with," she added, your approval; and, of course, if on inquiry you find nothing to prove an obstacle."

"Humph!" growled Josiah Biddlecomb, not at all satisfied, but knowing his daughter's temper. "Well the bird ain't netted yet, Sidonia."

And, with a chuckle, the *ci-devant* money-lender thrust his hands into his breeches-pockets, and walked off to the library.

The time was evening, and the evenings were cold; so a glorious coal-fire burnt in the grate sending a rich glow upon the fine oak carvings and painted ceiling of the vast and handsome apartment.

A table, on which stood a decanter of port and one or two glasses, was placed as if by order in front of the fire, while a warm cushioned chair was drawn near.

Into the latter Josiah Biddlecomb threw himself, and, with an air of enjoyment, extended his feet to the blaze. If any man had a right to feel comfortable, he considered he had.

Filling a glass with port, he sipped and meditated until he dropped into a light doze.

He was aroused by the entrance of a footman, who announced that a person desired to speak with him.

"What's his name?" demanded the money-lender.

"He said, sir, it didn't signify."

"Doesn't it? Ask him what's his business? I'm busy."

Speedily the footman returned.

"Well?"

"'E says, sir, as 'ow he can't send it. Hif you're busy 'e'll call again, honly 'e must see you."

"Confound him! There, show him in."

In a few minutes the footman introduced the person, placed a chair at a respectful distance from his master, and withdrew.

The "person" was attired in a rather heavy overcoat the collar of which was turned slightly up. His hair was close cut, his beard and moustache were carefully trimmed, something after the apostolic fashion, while he yet wore a tourist hat drawn over his brows.

"Well," interrogated Josiah Biddlecomb, shortly as he scrutinized the stranger curiously; "you desired to speak to me. What's your business?"

The other did not at first answer. Moving the chair near the table, he stood, his hand on the back, then taking off his hat, he said, with a laugh,

"Memory is a short and treacherous thing sometimes, Mr. Josiah Biddlecomb, but I don't quite think I'm ever likely to slip out of yours."

The money-lender leaned quickly forward, examining the visitor's features. Only a second, with a violent start, he drew back, his cheek a trifle paler, as he ejaculated, involuntarily, "Heavens! Timothy Brindley!"

"Exactly," remarked the latter, coolly, as he sat down. "Late clerk to Josiah Biddlecomb, money-lender, Aldgate."

"Hush, fellow!" exclaimed the usurer, almost fiercely, as he threw an alarmed glance around.

"True, walls have ears," was the response; "so with your permission, sir, for reasons you won't find it difficult to understand, my name is John Playfair."

"Your time isn't up," said Josiah Biddlecomb, with a thickness of utterance he couldn't prevent. "Have you got a ticket of leave?"

Timothy Brindley paused, then, with a peculiar laugh, replied, "You've hit it. I was such a good boy over there, and promised never to do so any more, that they could not help but give it, and, sir, I've come back to my friends in old England, to live respectable, and like a gentleman."

"I'm glad of it," said the other, drily.

He was beginning to recover from the shock he had received, and array himself for the battle, readily divining from the manner of the man before him that it would be necessary.

"Thank you, sir. But, as you must be aware," —and Timothy Brindley swept his eyes round the handsome apartment,—"living like a gentleman is expensive work."

"No doubt!"—still drily.

"To realize a sufficient capital would necessitate a man's working long and hard."

"And that isn't much after John Playfair's taste."

"Rather, Mr. Biddlecomb, he thinks he's done quite enough to make further work on his side unnecessary. What is your opinion?"

As he spoke, he leaned forward, a hand on each knee, and his eyes—in which was a familiar smile of half defiance—fixed on the other's countenance.

It was an expression which said as plainly as could be, "It's no good beating about the bush. We two perfectly well understand each other. All this is tomfoolery and loss of time.

Certainly, Josiah Biddlecomb, whose prosperity had not destroyed his acuteness, so read it.

"My opinion is that you have some purpose in this visit," he retorted, coolly. Whether it's based upon firm or false foundations, I request you to name it, and not thus, as you remark, waste time."

"Very good. Here's to begin," said Timothy Brindley, drawing his chair to the table, upon which he placed his arms. "To live like a gentleman, a man requires at least five hundred a year. That five hundred, Mr. Josiah Biddlecomb, I have come to ask and expect at your hands."

"Mine!" And the money-lender, throwing himself back in his chair, indulged in as genuine a laugh as he was capable.

"All right. Glad you find it so amusing. I thought you'd cut up rough and be offended," remarked the other, placidly. "I fancy I have named a rather low figure, considering."

"Considering what, pray?"

"What I could claim."

"Claim! I can assure you, Mr. John Playfair, you might have made it thousands, and get it quite as easily as the sum you have mentioned!" smiled the ex-usurer, carelessly toying with his glass. "Help yourself to wine."

"Thanks!"—and the convict filled a glass. "I perfectly agree in your first statement, but my natural modesty made me say hundreds. Now, sir, what's your answer—yes or no?"

"Have you any doubt?"

"Not the slightest. You were always so generous a master, Mr. Biddlecomb, that I know you will feel delight to reward me for my past services."

"Your past services!" cried the ex-usurer, not quite so cool now, for the calm assurance of the other had effect on one who was no bad reader of character. "Good heavens! you've been paid sufficiently high for them, I imagine."

"High!—not sufficiently. That money's gone, and, Mr. Biddlecomb, I want—I must have—I ought to have more. This"—and he looked round with a meaning laugh—"is a jolly fine place, and can afford it."

"It won't, then!"

"It will."

"Why, fellow!"—and the ex-usurer's cheek was growing flushed—"do you know what you owe me already? A word of mine, and I could send you—"

"Stop that!" interrupted Timothy Brindley, almost fiercely, he, starting erect, he leaned across the table, his clenched hands upon it. "There's a saying about glass-houses and stone-throwing, you know! If you could send me, where could I send you? If I'm in your power, you're in mine. Recollect, Josiah Biddlecomb, I'm no longer your half-starved, half-paid clerk.

"No you are a convict!" said the other, his lips trembling with passion.

"True; and there's no place like a convict-prison to sharpen a man's intellect. One day you may put my words to the test, for, help me Heaven, if you rifle the high horse with me, or reject my claims, I will pull these walls in the shape of ruin on your head!"

The words were not loud, but deep, passionate, and concentrated, like those of a man who made no empty threat.

The ex-usurer's cheek paled, his lips trembled with fear as well as rage, but he managed to master with a scoffing laugh, "You must show me wherein your power lays, Mr. John Playfair, before I consent to extortion!"

"Very well I have no objection, if you want to know. Then, Sir Richard Carr's son and heir—heir, mark me——"

"Heir to a bankrupt's schedule—ha, ha, ha!"

"Lives" concluded Timothy Brindley.

"Lives!" ejaculated Josiah Biddlecomb, unable in his alarmed surprise to control either his tongue or the violent start he gave.

"Yes, lives. Within twenty-four hours I could put my finger on him."

The ex-usurer drew a long breath, caused by a superhuman effort at self-control. It was successful, and he rejoined, calmly, "Well and if he be alive, what is that to me? What could he do?"

"Nothing of himself, perhaps; much if, as his alive I turned Queen's evidence," laughed the other.

"So by such poor threats you hope to win your purpose?"

"I more than hope—I'm sure!" answered the convict, emptying his glass. "There, sir, I'll play with cards on the table only. As walls have ears, I'll come a little closer."

Approaching Josiah Biddlecomb's chair, stooping over it, he said something in a whisper.

"It's true," he concluded, rather louder. "I was in the room all the while, and saw it done."

A livid pallor had spread over the ex-usurer's face. He laid back mute apparently helpless. His breath came short and quick.

Suddenly he leaped up, and sprang at the other's throat.

"Villain!" he cried hoarsely.

With ease the convict flung him back into the chair.

"That's enough, governor!" he said, threateningly. "Recollect that's a game two can play at, and victory goes with the most muscle. You now know my cards."

"It's a lie!" gasped the ex-money-lender.

"All right. When the case is heard you can employ first rate counsel, and prove it so, of course," remarked the convict, quietly arranging his necktie as he returned to his former place.

Half an hour later Timothy Brindley took his departure from Carnyston.

The ex-usurer had come to a compromise. He had asked time for reflection, but in the convict's breast coat-pocket were carefully stowed away bank-notes to the value of fifty pounds.

"It hasn't been a bad evening's work," he reflected, with satisfaction. "And as to the other, he must yield; he can't help it. He's under my thumb. It would be a 'lifer' for him. This will pay better than Maria's plan, but as yet I mustn't let her know; while, should the old fellow prove rusty, I might fall back on that, after all."

To be Continued in No. 173—Commenced in No. 152.

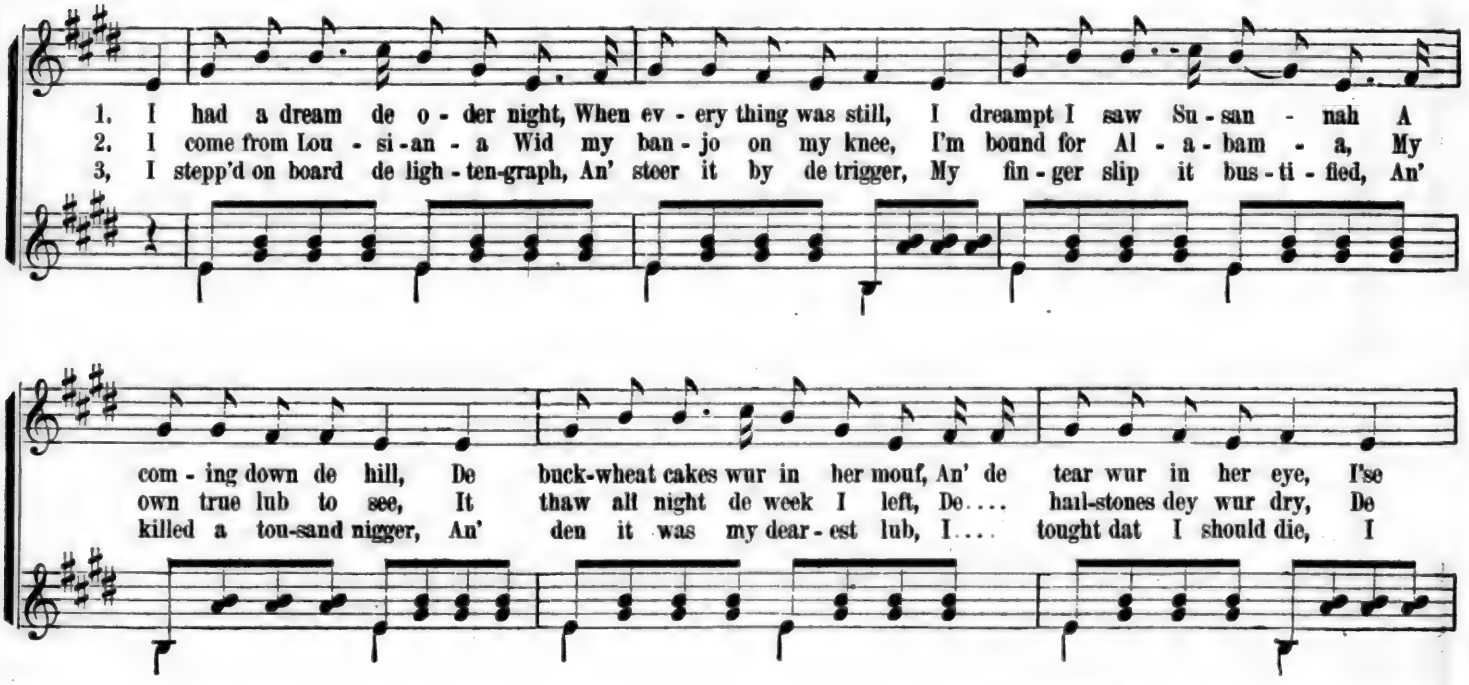
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Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, NewYork.

INTRODUCTION.

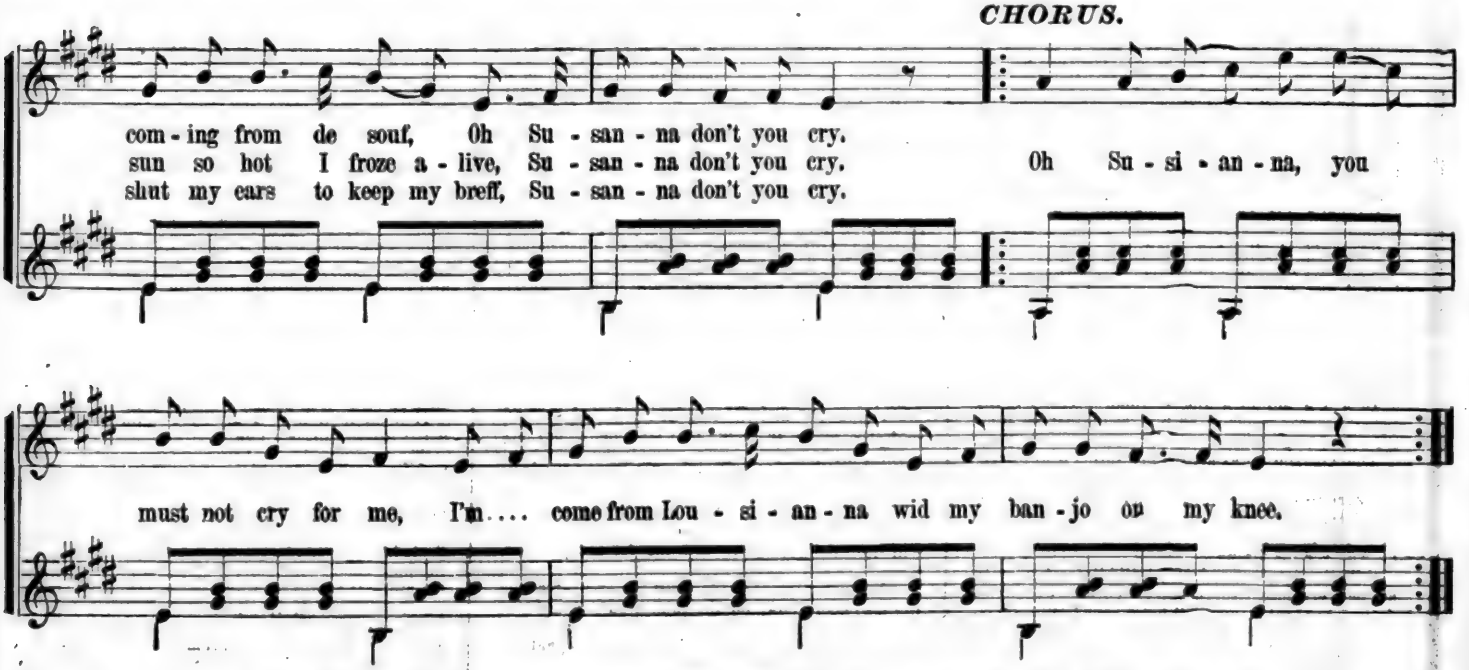


1. I had a dream de o - der night, When ev - ery thing was still, I dreampt I saw Su - san - nah A
2. I come from Lou - si - an - a Wid my ban - jo on my knee, I'm bound for Al - a - bam - a, My
3. I stepp'd on board de ligh - ten-graph, An' steer it by de trigger, My fin - ger slip it bus - ti - fied, An'



com - ing down de hill, De buck-wheat cakes wur in her mouf, An' de tear wur in her eye, I'se
own true lub to see, It thaw all night de week I left, De.... hail-stones dey wur dry, De
killed a tou-sand nigger, An' den it was my dear - est lub, I.... tought dat I should die, I

CHORUS.



com - ing from de souf, Oh Su - san - na don't you cry.
sun so hot I froze a - live, Su - san - na don't you cry. Oh Su - si - an - na, you
shut my ears to keep my breff, Su - san - na don't you cry.

must not cry for me, I'm.... come from Lou - si - an - na wid my ban - jo on my knee.

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CONTENTS.

A message from mother.....page 579
The Blue Bells of Scotland, Music for Banjo and Guitar... 584
The Bismarck Guard..... 579
Bolivar Blues..... 582
The Boarding House Piano..... 581
Courting in the Dark..... 582
DOWN BY DE RAINBOW 578
Donovan's Dance..... 580
Fanny Lucinda..... 581
Good-bye Jakey..... 578
The Germania Shutzen Bund..... 580
The Golden Wedding..... 580
Going from de Cotton Fields..... 581
Hash..... 580
Hannah, you're too soon..... 581
I'SE UNCLE POMPEY STILL..... 578
I Have Tried the Trousers, oh!..... 578
If my dreams would all come true..... 579
I'M JUST TURNED SIXTY-THREE..... 581
Ike Zachariah..... 581
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 583
McGuire Please Come Off..... 579
My Charming Kate..... 579
Mother-in-Law's Away..... 580
Nick Murphy's Cousin Jerry..... 578
OLD TIMES ROXY, or; TROUBLE IN DE KITCHEN.... 578
Rosey Posey..... 579
Rafferty's on Parade..... 580
SETTLE DAT BILL..... 578
Sheet Music Notice..... 582
That's where I'd like to be..... 580
Two Black and Tans..... 581
TIMES OF LONG AGO..... 582
Uncle Isaac Green..... 580
The Way we march..... 579
The Wild Irish Rovers..... 579

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Settle dat Bill.

Negro Song and Dance.
Words and Music by Ned Straight.
Respectfully dedicated to Gus and Pop.
Copyright 1880 by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.
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The music of this song is published in elegant lithographed title page, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder 60 Chatham street, will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Oh! my ears am bending forward,
For to listen to de horn
Ob Uncle Gabriel, Uncle Gabriel,
For den we'll take a journey
As sure as you are born,
To Uncle Gabriel, Uncle Gabriel,
For when dat horn is sounded,
It's tones will be so shrill,
'Tis den dat de day ob de reckoning will come,
'Tis den you must settle dat bill.

Chorus.

I want you for to settle dat bill,
I tell you dar's gwine to be trouble,
You needn't climb high on a hickory tree,
Kase I wan't you for to settle dat bill. Dance.

Oh! 'tis den you'll be scar'd to deff,
And all of you'll be crying,
Uncle Gabriel, Uncle Gabriel,
And all you wicked sinners,
From judgement will be flying,
Uncle Gabriel, Uncle Gabriel,
De first time you got trusted,
I put it on de slate,
'Twas den dat you told me you hadn't got a cent,
'Twas den you did fabericate. Chorus. Dance.

I'se Uncle Pompey Still.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.
Respectfully dedicated to Joe Buckley.
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The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

When I was a young pickaniny,
Down in Alabam,
Dey said I was de smartest chile
Ob any in de land,
I was captain ob parade ob dem,
And de boys and girls did drill,
So dey named me Uncle Pompey,
And I'se Uncle Pompey still,
I showed 'em how to dance and sing
De Alabama style,
For dem was de accomplishments
Dat suited dis yere chile.

Chorus.

But I'se an old centenarian now,
And I'se going down de hill,
Yet when I think of Alabam,
I'se Uncle Pompey still.

But when de war commenced,
I had a wife and family,
Four little boys and girls all mine,
I trotted on my knee,
But old massa went off to de war,
Neber to come back again,
And de children all were happy when
We heard dat he was slain.
I came up norf, and struck de game,
Four-leben-forty-four,
So now I'se broke, I'se going back,
To Alabam once more. Chorus.

Good-Bye, Jakey.

By J. E. Murphy. Sung by Murphy & Mack.

Good-bye, Jakey, don't forsake me,
Say to me that you'll be true,
We have murdered, robbed and plundered,
I will die with you.
You promised me that you'd be true,
No matter where we roam,
It's hard to be condemned to die
So far away from home.

Chorus.

Good-bye, Jakey, don't forsake me,
Say to me that you'll be true,
We have murdered, robbed and plundered,
I'll never part from you.

Good-bye, Paddy, you're the laddy,
You're the one led me astray,
Now you see both you and me
Are to be hung to-day.
Oh! how I wish that I was home,
Oh! how sadly I feel,
You will never die alone,
Because I'll never squeal. Chorus.

Good-bye, mother, sister, brother,
To this world we bid adieu,
Do not know us, but disown us,
We throw no shade on you.
If we had done as you advised us,
From bad company staid away,
Do not cry, we now must die,
For us we hope you'll pray. Chorus.

Down by the Rainbow.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.
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When we get back to Georgia State,
Down by de rainbow,
Dar'll be a fire in de grate,
Down by de rainbow,
We'll welcome there as sure's you're born,
Down by de rainbow,
We'll be in time for de dinner-horn,
Down by de rainbow,
We all will hab a jubilee,
Everything in harmony,
Song and dance and melody,
Down by de rainbow.

Chorus.

Going back to Georgia,
Going back to Georgia,
Going back to Georgia,
Down by de rainbow.

We speck de boys we all shall meet,
Down by de rainbow,
De color'd gals will us greet,
Down by de rainbow,
We'll hab an old time barbecue,
Down by de rainbow,
We'll dance all night wid de girl dat's true,
Down by de rainbow,
We'll sound de bones and tambourine,
Double shuffle on de green,
Cake and hon'y and ice cream,
Down by de rainbow. Chorus.

Old Times Roxy, or Trouble's in de Kitchen.

Negro Song and Dance.
Words and Music by Ned Straight.
Written expressly for, and sung by Haverley's Georgia Minstrels.
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Dar's trouble in de kitchen, oh-ho, oh-ho,
Dat banjo sounds bewitching ah-ha, ah-ha,
To dance we now must hitch in, oh-ho, ah-ha,
For old times Roxy, has just come back again,
Old Roxy, Old Roxy,
When he plays upon de fiddle,
Old Roxy, old Roxy,
We'll chasser down de middle,
For old times Roxy, has just come back again,
Old Roxy, old Roxy, has just come home again.
Dance.

De banjo he am picking, oh-ho, oh-ho,
De gals dere heels am kicking, ah-ha, ah-ha,
Somebody stole a chicken, oh-ho, ah-ha,
For old times Roxy has just come back again.
Old Roxy, old Roxy,
When he plays upon de fiddle,
Old Roxy, old Roxy,
We'll chasser down de middle,
For old times Roxy, has just come back again,
Old Roxy, old Roxy, has just come home again.
Dance.

We'll hoe de corn to-morrow, oh-ho, oh-ha,
To-night away with sorrow, ah-ha, ah-ha,
No trouble will we borrow, oh-ho, ah-ha,
For old times Roxy, has just come back again,
Old Roxy, old Roxy,
When he plays upon de fiddle,
Old Roxy, old Roxy,
We'll chasser down de middle,
For old times Roxy, has just come back again,
Old Roxy, old Roxy, has just come home again.
Dance.

I Have Tried the Trousers, Oh!

Parody on "I'll wear the trousers, oh!"
By Stephen Garvey.

Experience great I will relate,
Of my domestic life, sir;
Then you will see, my family
Is full of worldly strife, sir.
My wife and me cannot agree,
Around the house, oh!
Ever since I commenced
To wear the trousers, oh!

Chorus.

I have tried to wear the trousers, oh!
I tried the trousers, oh!
But it was no use, it was all abuse,
Since I tried the trousers, oh!

Night and day, the same way
Are our domestic battles;
Her strength to show, at me she'll throw
The pots the pans and kettles.
I'm cut and bruised and badly used,
My blood arouses, oh!
But what can I do, I'm black and blue,
Since I tried the trousers, oh! Chorus.

I'm nearly dead with a broken head,
Both my legs are lame, sir;
Take my advice, you'll find it nice,
Let the woman keep the claim, sir.
For all claim I'll give up while I live,
I'll be like a mouse, oh!
For at any loss, she will be boss,
And wear the trousers, oh! Chorus.

Nick Murphy's Cousin Jerry.

Ded to Col John McKenzie.
By James Richmond, for Joe Sparks.

Jerry Rosenfeldt it is my name,
I am a pedestrian of note;
I was eighty-nine the 4th of May,
My brother is a billy goat.
I'll beat O'Leary, Hazael or Merritt,
My Cousin Nicolas or Theodore Bliss,
At Hoboken Park in a six days' walk,
I made six hundred and thirty miles.

Chorus.

I'll walk two hundred miles in twenty hours—
Don't think I'm crazy, for I am a loon,
I've sent a challenge to Blower Brown,
To walk around the world and steal the moon.
I got seventy pine wood medals home,
To take the belt and cake I'll try;
I walked with my wife on my back to Texas
And never ate nothing but Sampsonian pie.

My eldest son Patrick Joseph,
Learned Hanlan how to row;
He sent him seventy cents from Canada
About seven months ago.
I got a mare sired by Hambletonian,
I use her drawing bricks and coal,
Give her fifty points in a game of pool or billiards,
And I'll bet she'll beat Parole. Chorus.

A Message From Mother.

By C. R. Dockstader. Dedicated to Norman. L. Rowe.

I got a message from mother this morning,
It filled my sad heart with joy;
It brought me glad tidings from home and
from loved ones.
She's not forgotten her boy.
She says they are lonely and watch for my coming,
Back to the old home again;
She says they will greet me the same as of yore,
That they all love me the same.

Chorus.

I got a letter from mother this morning,
It filled my sad heart with joy;
It brought me glad tidings from home and
from loved ones,
She's not forgotten her boy.

I got a message from mother this morning,
And all the loved ones at home
Ask me to come to the homestead once more,
Never again from it to roam.
Often my heart turns to the scenes of my childhood,
Bright happy days of my youth,
To the old church and school on the hillside,
Where I was taught love and truth. Chorus.

Rosey Posey.

By Miss Kate Castleton.

Music copyright 1879, and pub by E. D. Russell.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

The other night I had a dream,
In a garden I did seem,
Bright about the moon did beam,
And I stood all alone.
But as I stood, why, some one came;
One that I knew well by name,
And I heard a voice exclaim—
"Oh! art thou not my own?"

Chorus.

Rosey posey, will you be mine?
You know I'm thine, and love's divine;
And while the moon so brightly does shine,
Rosey Posey, say that you'll be mine.

I seem to feel a little shy,
Gave a sort of tender sigh,
Saying, wait, perhaps by-and-by
My answer you may know.
But, oh! said he, my Rosey dear,
Don't be foolish, no one's near,
Let me then your answer hear.
Come tell me e're I go. Chorus.

A change at last came o'er my dream,
Sunshine all around did beam;
I a bride in white did seem,
And at the alter stand,
The church was crowded, friends were near,
Wedding bells were ringing clear,
And the bridegroom did appear,
Who came to claim my hand. Chorus.

The Way we March.

By J. E. Murphy. Sung by Murphy & Mack.

Good-evening to you, one and all,
We ask your kind attention;
The subject of our song 'tis one
To you all now we'll make mention.
It's about a day that's not far away,
Though it comes but once a year,
That's the time we all feel gay,
On St. Patrick's day in the morning.

Chorus.

The bands will play, and the fifes will play,
As down Broadway we'll march away;
That's the time we all feel gay,
On St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

Now if on that day we should meet,
We hope you won't get offended,
For what we say and do that day
It never was intended.
When we march out we know what we're about,
That's the time the boys will shout;
And before it's night we are kicked out
Of the barrooms in the city. Chorus.

We learned our marching in the war,
We fought with George McClellan;
We was high private in the rear,
This is the truth we're telling.
And when we're out upon parade,
We throw all others in the shade;
We march along in the Fenian Brigade,
On St. Patrick's Day in the morning. Chorus

The Wild Irish Rovers.

Sung by Murphy and Mack.

We've just come down here for to sing you a song,
And we tell you we're not going to keep you too long,
If you think that we are, you'll see that's
where you're wrong,
For we have to go home in the morning.
My name is Tim Doolan—and my name is Pat,
If you want to see dancing, just stand out of that;
We're both Irish boys, from the crowns of our hats,
And old Ireland is the land we were born in.

Chorus.

For we're the boys the shillelah to whack, (break.)
All over Cork County, to Limerick and back,
We're known as the wild Irish rovers.

We traveled to Connaught, from that to Tyrone,
And we walked all the way to the bridge of Athlone,
Through Dublin and Kerry and Wexford alone,
We roamed all around through the clover.
We sailed over to France, from that into Spain,
And we're going to America by the next train;
So we'll bid you good-bye, but we'll come back again,
And we'll still be the wild Irish rovers. Chorus.

McGuire Please Come Off.

By Tommy Tucker.

There is a gang of ruffians,
That on the corner hang;
When I pass by, they yell and cry
At me the latest slang.
Whenever I try to talk to them,
They always laugh and scoff,
And if I don't shut up they'll say,
McGuire please come off.

Chorus.

They tell me to go squeeze myself,
And drink out of a trough;
When I walk out you'll hear them shout,
McGuire please come off.

They tell me that I am too soon,
And ask when I am ripe;
They say they'll get me a picnic job,
Walking six days through a pipe.
Sometimes they ask me for my face,
If I ask the reason why,
It's they've been invited to a wake,
And they want it for to cry. Chorus.

Last week I thought I'd take my girl,
To Tony Pastor's show,
As I passed the corner one did yell,
Say Mickew, stag the crow.
'Twas then my dander did get up,
I slugged a bloke named Gough;
And as I pounded him they cried,
McGuire please come off. Chorus.

If My Dreams Would all Come True.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

Copyright 1879, and published by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Last night I had such happy dreams,
The world seemed bright and fair,
My dearest wish was granted me,
Joy soothed my every care.
But when I woke the scenes of bliss
All faded from my view;
How happy I would be to-night,
If my dreams would all come true!

Chorus.

How happy I would be to-night?
I'd feel life's joys anew,
My heart would know no pain or blight,
If my dreams would all come true.

My old sweetheart would smile again,
As radiant as of old;
For lack of love I'd ne'er complain,
Or seek the glow of gold.
In sweet content would life be spent,
And love lit eyes of blue
Would be my sunshine evermore,
If my dreams would all come true! Chorus.

The Bismarck Guard.

Dutch Soldier Act.

By George Murphy. Performed by Murphy & Shannon.

We are two German mens,
We yust arrived to-day,
Und while we've got a chance,
Addention to us pay.
We're a part of the Bismarck Guard,
Und of bier we get our fill;
Und before we're going to schtart
We're going to have a drill.

Chorus.

One, two, three, four,
Now watch us when we pass dat door.
Oh! de girls say we look nice,
Of course we don't doubt that,
Und we'd long ago have a prize
If we was only fat.
We're a part of the Bismarck Guard,
Und of bier we get our fill;
Und before we're going to schtart
We're going to have a drill.

In Germany we was grand,
Dat's where we got good bier;
We was sometimes Litunant,
Und somedimes Offizier.
But soon we will return,
Und leave you here alone;
For you know dat our hearts does burn
To see our German home. Chorus.

My Charming Kate.

Written and Sung by Wm. Scanlon, in "Preparing for the stage."

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price 40 cents.

Have you ever been to the opera,
When the darling young ladies were there,
It was there I met one evening
A lady so charming and fair,
Her eyes were as bright as the stars
That twinkle and shine up above,
And I'll ne'er forget the evening
That first I met my love.

Chorus.

She's as fair as a lily, gentle as a dove;
Looks like a little star twinkling up above,
I love her dearly, I'd die for her sake;
There is none in this wide world like my
love Kate.

If you ever should see this young lady,
In love with her you'd surely fall;
She's always dressed up in fashion,
In size she's not small nor yet tall.
She is just as pretty as a picture,
You'd travel for miles to see,
And I don't mean to flatter myself, but
She's awfully gone on me, Chorus.

If it's my luck to marry this creature,
For ever how happy I'll be;
To sit at home of an evening,
With a nice little boy on my knee.
To hear him call me his papa,
Well, enough I think I have said,
The rest I shall tell you some evening
After Kate and I are wed. Chorus.

Mother-in-Law's Away.

Parody on "Grandmother's old arm chair."
By J. K. Gibbes. Dedicated to Harry Williams.

My mother-in-law she, at the age of ninety-three,
Took a notion once to go to Coney Isle;
So she grabbed me by the head, and thus to me
she said,
Whilst o'er her wrinkled face there stole a smile,
Now Mr. Benjamin Bone, before I leave you alone,
You must promise that the children you will mind,
So I vowed that I would not sleep, but good
care of the kids would keep,
And on her return they'd be all safe she'd find.

Chorus.

How they snivelled, how they roared,
How I banged them soundly with my
smoothing-board,
When I heard the passers-by all say—
"Bone is having a jolly time for
mother-in-law's away,

Now master Julius Bone, my youngest one I own,
Was the finest little glutton you ever saw,
It took a ton of jam and half a barrel of ham,
When he was feeling hungry to fill his jaw.
And I got so awfully wild a-minding this
gorging child,
That with it in disgust I wiped the floor,
When the others gathered round, and in a
voice profound,
Yelled, won't daddy catch it from his
mother-in-law.
Chorus.

Then Johnny Fresh, my third, got hold
of the canary bird,
And began to teach it airs from Pinafore,
Which got me in such a rage that I smashed
the poor things cage,
And threatened to kick them all out of the door.
But 'twas not of the slightest use, they only
called me a goose,
And I could not for the life of me keep them quiet,
Whilst the gossips of the town, took pleasure
in running round,
Saying that "Bone was drunk and kicking
up a riot."
Chorus.

Then Jimmy, my number two—now would
you believe it true—
Tried for to take a swim in our water pail;
But I picked him out quite quick, and dried
him with my yard stick,
Which made the others gather round and yell.
Oh! it turned my head completely, I could
hardly keep my feet,
And I raved and wildly tore my head and swore,
That I'd suffer any pain rather than mind
the kids again,
During the absence of my dear mother-in-law.
Chorus.

Now when the day had most sped, and I'd
most lost my head,
My mother-in-law I saw a-coming back;
So I made a rush for the door to get rid of the
children's roar,
But I found the old lady a-blocking up the track,
One glance did her suffice, she seized me in a trice,
And reached for the broom which lay by
on the floor,
I will not tell the rest but will leave it to be guess'd,
Only I wish I never had any mother-in-law.
Chorus.

The Germania Shutzen Bund.

By Charles Konollman, the popular Dutch Comique, for Manhattan Company 48, of the G. S. B. (W. R.) and sung by them with immense success.
Air: Full Moons.

The object of this order is,
To help our comrades true,
No matter what our nation is,
We are all of us "true blue."
Our uniforms they look so gay,
And with a shining gun,
The pride of all the nation is
The Germania Schutzen Bund.

Chorus.

Attention all, forty-eight,
Now then carry arms,
All right dress, look out on the left,
Be careful every one.
Now then front, heads up straight,
You see we're never late,
The pride of all the band it is
Manhattan's forty eight.
When the Schutzen's are all marching,
All around the park so gay,
Then you'll hear the people shouting
Manhattan Company's coming clear the way,
Repeat last four lines.

Sharpshooters are most everywhere,
But this I'll tell to you,
There is none that do compare
To the German's dressed in blue,
At every picnic or a ball,
You'll never find us late,
Then if you wish to have some fun,
Go with Manhattan Forty Eight. Chorus.

Rafferty's on Parade.

Written and sung by J. E. Murphy.

Rafferty Blues, attention all,
Our captain boldly calls,
With music sounding loud and clear,
Is heard both near and far.
What eager eyes does hasten
To a sight so grand and rare—
The ladies wave their handkerchiefs
As we pass Union Square.

Chorus.

Rafferty Blues are on parade to-day,
With all in line don't we look fine
When marching down Broadway.
There the people all do shout and say,
All so fine when we go on parade.

Our regiment for uniform
And style they can't be beat,
You talk about excitement,
When we go on the street,
The ladies, heaven bless them,
I tell you what, it's fun,
Whenever we go on parade,
To see us how they run. Chorus.

That's Where I'd Like to Be.

Old Man's song. Sung by Archie White.

There's a spot in the sunny South,
Where the orange blossoms grow;
Where the mocking bird sings in the trees,
And the glistening waters flow.
My heart longs for that paradise,
And in my dreams I see,
The cotton fields as white as snow,
Oh! that's where I'd like to be.

Chorus.

Oh! take me back, I want to go,
My childhood's home to see,
In Alabama's sunny land,
That's where I'd like to be.

I remember when I left that place,
'Twas many years ago,
I thought to find a fairer spot.
But sad my heart does grow.
I'm all alone, no loving words
Are spoken now to me.
My dear old friends are far away,
Oh! that's where I'd like to be. Chorus.

The Golden Wedding.

By C. R. Dockstader, for Gorman and Romar.

Shust fifty years ago to-day,
Since you became my wife;
Und yet it seems but yesterday,
So bright has been our life.
Hard working, too, we both have been,
Und now in our old age,
Vere going back to Faderland,
Dot's vere ve'll end our days.

Chorus.

Dis is our golden vedding day,
De bright time of our life;
It don't seem fifty years ago,
Since you became my wife.

Together through life we have gone,
Und ve've kept side by side,
It don't seem fifty years ago
Since I became your bride.
A family, too, of boys and girls,
So good and true ve've raised,
Ve're going back to Faderland,
Dot's vere ve'll end our days. Chorus.

Donovan's Dance.

Written and sung by Dan McCarthy.

I was down last night to Donovan's dance,
Where the boys and girls did sing and prance;
Such a noisy gang I never did see,
And never in my life had I such a spree,
Old Donovan himself was managing the floor,
And old Casey the piper, was sitting at the door,
When Mrs. Moriarty, while peddling out the beer,
Run against old Casey and knocked him out
of the chair.

Chorus.

There was lots of fun for all the boys,
And lots of rum and lemon pies,
There was pipes, tobacco, punch and tea,
And we danced like the devil until the break of day.

There was one-legged Dougherty a sitting on a barrel,
With long Gill Riley and cross-eyed Farrell,
And Miss O'Rooney's sister Jane
Was dancing a jig with Daniel Kane.
Then one-legged Dougherty—he got tight,
Hopped on the floor and wanted to fight,
And we fired him out before he had a chance,
Sure we had the devil's own time at Donovan's dance.

Uncle Isaac Green.

By John T. Kelly. Sung by M. H. Foley.

A happy colored man am I, just three score
years I've seen,
I am known about the village here as Uncle Isaac Green.
Though old in years, my heart is young; it
won't be long before
The gospel train will come along bound for the
other shore.

Chorus.

I'm Uncle Isaac Green, just three score years I've seen;
Though old in years I'm young at heart, I'm
Uncle Isaac Green.

When the horn does blow the work am done,
the niggers they all throng
To our cot down in the lane to hear a good old song,
But Gabriel soon will blow his horn, and tell us
all aboard,
How happy we will be that morn' in the army of the Lord
Chorus.

Hush.

Sung by Pettit & White.

Gather around me brave and bold,
If my song is new it can't be old,
And if it's short it can't be long,
And as it's right it can't be wrong,
And as it's small it can't be tall,
Of course there's more so that ain't all.

Once there lived a colored man,
And when he walked he never ran,
When he was born his life began,
And Mary's lamb it was a ram,
He never drinks so he don't get drunk,
And he has no clothes so he don't need a valise.

Now when I'm happy I never fret,
If your eyes are dry they can't be wet,
For when you laugh you doesn't cry,
If that's the truth it ain't all a lie,
When I am wrong I'm never right,
I'll sing you some more to-morrow evening.

Hannah, You're too Soon.

Words and Music by James W. White.

While walking out one evening,
And strolling down Broadway,
I met a charming yellow gal,
Who stole my heart away.
She looked at me, I looked at her,
This charming gay quadroon;
I said when I could catch my breath:
Hannah, you're too soon.

Chorus.

I'll ne'er forget when first I met
This charming gay quadroon;
I said when I could catch my breath,
Hannah, you're too soon.

I called on her one evening,
And sat close by her side,
I asked her if she would become
My own dear little bride.
We are married now and settled down,
And got a little coon,
And all this little rooster says is;
Hannah, your're too soon. Chorus.

Two Black and Tans.

Written and sung by the Barlow Bros.

We just came here from sunny Alabam,
Our names are slippery Dick and Charles Sam,
On the light fantastic toe,
I can tell you we're not slow;
We're two India rubber, gum shoe—
Black and tans.
We're happy when the music it does play,
And we always try to drive dull care away,
And with us you will agree,
When our movements you do see,
We're two India rubber, gum shoe—
Black and tans.

In the morning when we rise, we feel so gay,
That we both commence to dancing right away,
When the people underneath,
They commence to grit their teeth,
But they hate to tell us for—
To go away.
For they know that we are always full of fun;
If they try to catch us, off we both do run,
But we'll bid you all adieu,
Before we go we'll shake a shoe,
We're two India rubber, gum shoe—
Black and tans.

The Boarding-House Piano.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

Copyright 1879, and published by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

There's a boarding-house not far from here,
Where lately I did dwell,
The way I suffered in that place,
It's hard for me to tell.
I could not rest to do my best,
My nerves are not so strong,
The boarding-house piano, boys,
They play the whole night long.

Chorus.

First of all there's Miss McCall,
She plays the "Maidens Prayer,"
Then there comes a fancy gent,
With some new fancy air,
Then there's an overture,
By Josie or Johanna,
They bang it strong, the whole night long,
On the boarding house piano.

When tea is over all get up,
And into the parlor go;
And then begins the terrible din,
That aggravates me so;
They pound away with all their might,
They've music on the brain;
It's enough to "make the angels weep,"
Or drive a man insane. Chorus.

I love to hear good music played,
To me it's quite a boon.
But that disorderly instrument
Is always out of tune.
The neighbors all around the block,
Are just the same as me;
They hear at night, with no delight,
The boarder's revelry. Chorus.

I'm Just Turned Sixty-Three.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Respectfully dedicated to McAndrews, The Watermelon Man.

Copyright 1880, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.
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The Music of this song is published in elegant lithographed title page, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

For many years I've labored hard,
In lands far, far away.
My wife and children all de time.
Down in de Souf did stay.
But now my birth-day has arrived,
I'll hab a Jubilee,
I'se gwine to gib 'em a surprise;
I'se just turned sixty-three.

Chorus.

I've saved my pennies all de while,
I know 'twill make Rebecca smile,
Oh! den I'll be so happy,
Wid de children on my knee,
I've got a present for 'em all,
For I've just turned sixty-three

I don't feel quite so lively as
I did when I was young,
Dese joints am rather stiffened,
And my nerves somewhat unstrung,
De thoughts ob meeting all de folks,
Restores my energy,
I cannot meekly realize,
I've just turned sixty-three. Chorus.

Fanny Lucinda.

By Jas. J. White. Sung by Pettit and White.

I fell in love with a saffron-colored girl,
And I think the day I'll rue—
She's freckled, she's squinted, and her hair is red,
And her eyes are Paris blue.
She's a little bald-headed, but that's no sin,
She looks just like a crane—
With mouth like a tunnel, and nose like a funnel,
And I'll tell to you her name.

Chorus.

Why, it's Fanny Lucia Lucinda,
Fanny Lucinda that's her name. (Repeat.)

She's a darling, she's a daisy, I know she'll drive me crazy;
She's as playful and as lively as a goat.
Her feet are like a camel's, went six months without water,
And her breath is strong enough to pull a boat.
She's the champion high kicker, there's no one can lick her,
She's a sort of a go-as-you-please.
She's worth a million in her mind, her likes you'll never find,
And you bet your life that she is just the cheese.
Chorus.

Going From de Cotton Fields.

Words and Music by Thomas P. Westendort.

Copyright, 1879, by W. F. Shaw.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

I'se going from de cotton fields,
I'se going from de cane,
I'se going from de ole log hut,
Dat stands down in de lane;
De boat am in de ribber
Dat hab come to take me off
I'se gone and jined de "Exodus,"
Dat's making for de norf
'Day tell me out in Kansas.
Dat's so many miles away,
De colored folks am flocking,
Cause dey're getting better pay;
I don't know how I'll find it dar,
But I is bound to try,
So when de sun goes down to-night,
I'se going to say good-bye.

Chorus.

I'se going from de cotton fields,
And oh! it makes me sigh;
For when de sun goes down to-night,
I'se going to say good-bye.

But Dinah she don't want to go,
She says were getting old,
She's fraid dat she will freeze to death,
The country am so cold;
De story 'bout de work and pay,
She don't believe am true.
She's begged me not to do the thing
Dat I am bound to do,
And so I'se sold de cabin,
And de little patch of grown
Dat good ole massa gave us,
When de Yankee troops came down,
My heart am awful heavy,
And de tears am in my eye,
For when de sun goes down to-night,
I'se going to say good-bye. Chorus.

It grieves me now to leave the place,
Where I was born and bred,
To leave de friends dat's living,
And de graves of dem dat's dead,
De flowers dat grow where massa sleeps
Will miss my tender care,
No hand like mine will ever go
To keep dem blooming there,
But den de times hab got so hard,
And I is old and poor,
De hungry wolf am looking in,
And snarling at my door;
I'se got to help de children some,
Before I comes to die,
So when de sun goes down to-night,
I'se going to say good-bye. Chorus.

Ike Zachariah.

By James D. Roome. Sung by Pettit & White.

In pig's eye holler there lived a man,
Who money had a plenty,
His beautiful daughter Mehitable Jane,
Was ag-i-ed only twenty,
Now there was a young man in love with her,
Whose name was Ike Zachariah,
But the old man threatened if she spoke to Ike,
She should face his dreadful ire.

Now Mehitable Jane wrote a letter to Ike,
For to meet her in the wood shed,
So he hired a squire and at midnight went,
For to get mar-ri-ed,
But Mehitable's old man did get wind,
Of the whole affair,
So he armed himself with a big stuffed club,
And he captured the lively pair.

Now Ike and the squire in wild despair,
Fled to parts unknown,
Now Ike was found shot with a big sausage,
And the squire stabbed with a bone,
Next day the old man went to Mehitable's room,
But he found her there stone dead,
The heart broken had cut her throat,
With a loaf of big Dutch bread.

Then anguish filled the old man's heart,
And sorrow pierced his brain,
So he drowned himself in a dry fish pond
And suffered most horrible pain.
Now I have told you the whole of the tale,
No more can you desire,
That's the end of the old man and the squire,
Jane and Ike Zachariah.

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Boliver Blues.

Words and Music by Donly.

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Oh! here we comes, with bang of drum,
De pets, de "Bolivar Blues,"
Gay warriors from South Avenue V,
De brunette corps, de boss are we;
Besides de gun and rifled sword,
It's razors we can use;
De pop of cannon's music
To de trusty "Bolivar Blues."
Dress right! mark time!
Johnson, keep your hoofs a-movin',
Guide right! wheel her around!
My! but ain't dis movement soothin'!
'Bout arms! halt! face!
Keep de captain always shoutin!
Heels out! toes in!
As we tramp along.
(Repeat first eight lines for Chorus.)

Just watch de pace, observe de grace,
Of every "Bolivar Blue,"
De "Skids" and "Gingers" can't compare,
Dey bust dem ranks in black despair;
Jest see de gait of Captain Slate,
A sight dat's bad to lose;
And hear him shout, "fall in and out,
My trusty "Bolivar Blues!"
Heads up! eyes out!
Wonner what dem gals are sayin',
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Dat's de tune de band's a-playin'!
Forward, march!
Although we're shinin' and perspirin'!
Present! shoulder feet!
In de trusty Blues, Chorus.

Courting in the Dark.

Words by R. E. O'Brien. Sung by Will. H. Morton.

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Winter twilight fades away,
Darker grows the shadows,
Sweetly falls the sun's last ray,
On the distant meadow.
Seated close by Harry Vane,
Watching days' declining,
Faces pressed against the pane,
For each other pining.

Chorus.

Courting in the twilight,
Courting in the park;
Neither one can equal,
Courting in the dark.

Mother turns the lamp up bright,
And to rest retires,
But I think it isn't right,
Gently dim it's fires;
Soon it burns with fainter ray,
Dimmer still and dimmer,
But for fear of what "they say,"
There's the slightest glimmer. Chorus.

Mother shakes her wise old head,
With a merry meaning,
When on rising from her bed,
She the lamp is cleaning;
But I vow my handsome beau,
Left at half-past seven,
Mother fancies, doesn't know,
It was near eleven. Chorus.

Times of Long Ago.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Respectfully dedicated to Milt Barlow.
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There's many moments I have seen,
That an hour seemed to me,
When I was in de cotton-fields,
Before dey set me free.
But months seemed just as short as days,
When I was Chloe's beau,
When in de cabin oft we met,
In times of long ago.

Chorus.

But now my form is wasted,
My cheeks have ceased to glow,
I look with pleasure back upon
The times of long ago.

How oft we sat on cotton bales,
And such pretty songs she sung,
It makes me feel so good to think
Of times when we were young.
I'd welcome back dose slabery days,
I'd bear de whip and chain,
And be a willing slabe to bin
My Chloe back again. Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

Josiah Biddlecomb, aged more in that last half-hour than ten years could have aged him, in silence watched his retreating enemy until the door closed.

Then, staggering to his feet, one hand resting on the table for support, he shook the other, clenched, at the place where Timothy Brindley had disappeared.

"You ungrateful villain!" he muttered, in a voice hoarse with a passion that choked him and distorted his pale, haggard features; "but I'll be even with you some day. Before I give you this money you shall prove to me beyond a doubt that this boy does live. If I only knew you had broke prison, instead of got a ticket-of-leave, I'd find some secret means of putting the authorities on your confounded track!"

He dropped back into his chair, yet grasping the table. His brain swam, the room seemed going round; instinctively he filled his glass and drank off the wine.

For a space it cleared his brain, and crossing to his writing-desk, he began to write.

The letter was a recital of those leading points of the case which—to the world—had made him master of Carnyston. It told of Lady Carr and her son's disappearance, and contained a request that no expense should be spared secretly to trace out the son, and find what had become of him.

Folding it, and enclosing a ten pound note, Josiah Biddlecomb addressed it to Mr. Thomas, Jackman Street, Tottenham Court Road.

Entering the hall, he himself placed it in the letter-bag.

Then he returned; but the work he had done evidently had added, with the port, to the fullness in his brain.

CHAPTER XII.

MARIA DAGGETT TURNS NURSE.

It was a dull evening at Carnyston.

Edmund Biddlecomb had ridden over to Daisy Bank. No visitors had as yet dropped in, and the heiress was left to her own resources.

Gregarious of disposition, she always found her own society most wearisome; consequently, in default of better companionship, she summoned Maria Daggett.

"There's nobody here to-night, Maria, and I want you to read to me. It is so dull," said Sidonia, in a languid drawl, as, leaning back in a chair, the soft cushions of which swelled up around her figure, she placed her feet on an ottoman by the fire, and half closed her eyes.

Without replying, the companion, searching among some novels newly sent from Mudie's, sat down near the table, and began to read.

The book had small interest to her. It was one of that class where not one of the characters, save the footman, holds lower rank than a baronet, and the pages are filled with fashionable twaddle and bad French.

Before the first chapter was ended, Maria Daggett's mind had drifted away into channels to which the supercilious, proud girl opposite her gave rise.

The person whom the companion favored most with her intensest hate and contempt was the heiress; and, even had not her love actuated her, she would yet probably have been Richard Hepburn's ally, if only to see her she had to call mistress humbled to the dust.

But this humbling did not seem easy to arrive at. Eavesdropping, spying brought her no information, for it was apparent that any secret that existed was held alone by Josiah Biddlecomb.

Hence, however, much as she had feared and resented her convict brother's appearance on the scene, she began to build her chief hopes upon him.

It was evident that he knew the ex-usurer's secret. If he could but be got to reveal it! There was only one certain plan to lead to that issue—the making it worth his while.

More than once Maria Daggett had half resolved to confide everything to Richard Hepburn, who was rich enough to make a bid the convict would scarcely refuse.

This, however, she had resisted, as it would at once crush her own power over him, and, the game in his own hands, though he might be grateful to the woman who put it there, would it be to that extent of asking her to share his wealth?

No! At least, not at present. She must be patient.

Her principal anxiety now was Timothy's silence. Save a few words stating his inability to manage a second meeting yet, she had no news from him.

The idea more than once had occurred that he might betray her to the money-lender; but a second, and she laughed at the thought. Did he prove traitor, without an instant's hesitation she would inform against him to the police authorities, and she was aware Timothy Brindley knew well she would do this.

Her meditations were interrupted by a sudden discovery that she was reading the fashionable novel as some persons write letters, without the slightest punctuation, but proceeding monotonously from line to line.

Glancing up hastily, wondering her carelessness had not been noticed and rebuked, she perceived the heiress yet in the same attitude, as if she had fallen asleep. If so, the cessation of the companion's voice aroused her. Half opening her eyes, she said, seemingly continuing some mental thought, "Maria, what is your opinion of Mr. Hepburn?"

The other's face flushed somewhat, and then a malicious smile quivered about her firm mouth as she replied, "I think he is handsome, and a perfect gentleman, born and bred."

"It does not need two pair of eyes to see that!" smiled the heiress, condescendingly. Then, after a brief pause, with affected indifference, "I should imagine all the household of Carnyston, even to the kitchen-maid, would be of the same idea."

"I believe they are enchanted with him. Of all the guests, certainly Mr. Hepburn has made the deepest impression. His good looks and kindly, affable ways have won favor everywhere. The household will rejoice to have such a master!"

The tone gave point to the speech. The heiress colored but with evident satisfaction.

"You don't mean to say, Maria——" she began.

"That servants are as quick-sighted as other people, Miss Biddlecomb? Yes, I do. Besides seeing servants will talk also, you know; and the other morning, while passing the domestic offices, I heard one of the housemaids surmising whether you would have the hard heart to reject 'that duck, Mr. 'Epburn,' as you had so many suitors."

The young lady laughed heartily. She was highly flattered and amused. Never had she thought Maria Daggett such pleasant company; never had Maria Daggett enjoyed such malicious delight as in thus flattering the girl's egregious vanity.

"Servants do not always read appearances rightly, Maria."

"The exception makes the rule, Miss Biddlecomb," smiled the companion. "They are not, often out, and reading here is not difficult."

"Reading of what?" asked the heiress, with feigned ignorance.

"That Mr. Hepburn loves you to desperation."

"Do you truly fancy so?" And Sidonia Biddlecomb's eyes, opening wide, regarded the speaker eagerly.

"Could anyone doubt?"

"Then,"—and, as involuntarily her secret irritation passed her lips, her brows contracted—"why does he not propose?"

With an effort the other prevented her amusement being seen. Succeeding, she replied, gravely. "You see, Miss Biddlecomb, the greatest dread a highly sensitive nature, such as Mr. Hepburn's, has in these matters is a refusal. Though well off, you are yet the heiress of Carnyston, a prize for even suitors of higher rank."

"Can it really be fear of that which restrains him? How absurd!"

"You should not term that absurd which is a compliment to your worth, and a proof of the esteem in which he holds you," remarked her companion while her short lips curled with scorn.

"That is all very well, Maria," said the heiress; "but a timid lover is as irritating as a too presuming one."

"Not so. The kindness of your manner will soon assure him of your preference, and encourage him to speak. Hark!" she added, interrupting herself; "there is someone coming."

Sidonia Biddlecomb sat quickly up in her chair. She hoped it was the object of their conversation, and was already building upon the pleasant prospect of a close conversation, when the door opened, and a footman with a scared expression entered hurriedly.

"Who is it, Beeton?" demanded the heiress.

"If you please, Miss," answered the man, "don't be frightened, but I think Mr. Biddlecomb is ill!"

"Ill!" ejaculated Maria Daggett, rising up. "What is the matter?"

"I don't know, miss; but I went just now into the library to put coals on the fire, and there master sat in the chair in a faint, for he doesn't move or speak."

The heiress, giving a shriek, ran forward. Maria Daggett caught her by the arm.

"Don't give way," she said, "he may only be asleep. I will go with you and see."

Even the brief space of crossing the hall the thought swept through her brain, "If this man die, how will it effect the elucidation of the Carr mystery?"

The first glance at Josiah Biddlecomb showed that his was no sleep.

He sat in a heap on his chair, his arms dropped by his side, his head bent forward, his face of a bluish, purplish white, and the veins like cords on the temples.

Screaming with terror, the daughter cast herself by her side.

"Papa, papa!" she cried, "speak to me! What is the matter?"

Maria Daggett, meanwhile, with calm promptitude, placed the money-lender's head in an easier and less perilous position, while she said in a tone of command all obeyed, "Send a groom instantly for Doctor Abercorn, and some of you"—for one or two other servants had ventured in—"bring me ice. I shall risk opening a vein in the arm if the doctor is not soon here. Pardon me, Miss Biddlecomb, but at such a moment calmness and self-possession will better serve your father than tears!"

The voice was so short and decisive, that involuntarily the heiress, even as the domestics, permitted the companion to keep the chief position she had assumed.

They bowed to nerve and presence of mind, and obeyed her orders without dissent.

In the hurry of the moment, Maria Daggett had made one oversight. She had sent for Doctor Abercorn, the family's medical attendant, when in a case of such emergency, the Hexham apothecary would have been soone summoned.

Before she recollected this, the doctor must be on his way, and arrive first.

She was vexed at the error she had made, for the ex-usurer gave no signs of life, and she was unable to decide whether his death might not be disastrous to her plans.

Eagerly she watched the livid face, and, growing frightened by its immobility, resolved to try to open a vein. Summoning the housekeeper, with her aid she pierced the arm of the sick man with a sharp pen-knife. The effect was magical. Josiah Biddlecomb opened his eyes.

"Lor' bless your heart, miss!—you've saved his life!" ejaculated the housekeeper, clasping her hands in admiration. "And here's the doctor, when he ain't a bit of use!"

Maria!" exclaimed the heiress; "I'll never forget this!"

"For a week!" commented Maria Daggett, mentally; as, with a sensation of relief, she drew back, making way for Doctor Abercorn.

The worthy doctor had not to examine his patient long to learn his malady. His pleasant gray eyes, perhaps unconsciously, travelled to the port decanter as he said, "A case of apoplexy."

"Is there danger?" questioned Maria Daggett; while the heiress, pale and trembling, clung to her for support.

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In what clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad,
In what clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad,
His bonnet of the Saxon green and his waistcoat of the plaid,
And its oh, in my heart I love my Highland lad.

4.

Suppose and suppose that your Highland lad should die,
Suppose and suppose that your Highland lad should die,
The bag-pipes should play o'er him and I'd sit me down and cry,
And its oh in my heart I wish he may not die.

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CONTENTS.

Adam's Awake.....page 588
Barnum's Caliope..... 587
Black and tan Gossoons..... 590
Come and Join Me..... 587
Close dem Windows..... 588
Christening of the child..... 589
Dat gay old Nigger Ball..... 586
Five Pound Pig..... 588
From Ireland..... 588
Go Blow de Horn..... 587
GOLDEN CHARIOT..... 589
Hungry Boarding House..... 590
HAB YOUR LADDERS READY..... 590
Hebrew Marriage Fete..... 586
High Born Liver Daniel..... 588
In the Sweet Summer Land..... 587
It's really my Uncle, now make no mistake 587
The Influential Men..... 587
I Married Biddy McCarthy..... 588
The Italian Girl, or; the Brigand's Daughter.. 589
If They Steal the Clothing From my Store 589
It's Easy Enough When You Learn How... 588
Keep the Horse-Shoe Over the Door..... 586
The Lively Men From Mullingar..... 587
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 591
McDonnell's Old Tin Roof..... 591
Oh! What a Beauty..... 586
Only a Coin..... 588
Phœbe Walker..... 587
Pettingill's Request..... 587
The ROSEBUD IN YOUR HAIR..... 589
Sheet Music Notice..... 590
Strew the Flowers..... 591
Till Ireland's Wrongs are Righted..... 586
The Unfortunate Galoote—
Music for Banjo and Guitar.... 592
Watchman tell us of the Night..... 586
Where Pretty Violets Grow..... 589
WHEN McGUINESS GETS A JOB..... 591

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By Tommy Tucker. For Hen Graham.
Air; Citron wedding cake.

Oh! come along you Sheenies, you Jews of
East Broadway,
From Hester, Ludlow, Baxter street, come
without delay,
There's going to be a wedding at Rabbi Wise's house,
He'll there unite in wedlock tight, Sol Cohn and
Rachael Strauss.

Chorus.

Oh! won't there be jolly fun, the Sheeny girls
and boys,
With big tin cans a-rattling, you bet they'll make
a noise,
The music is by Levy, his playing can't be beat,
He'll play the latest waltzes at the Hebrew
marriage fete,

Spell away Sheenies so gay,
Balance your partners what do yer say,
Hester and Rachel, sweet Rebecca,
Dance all the night long until break of day.

The bridesmaids they'll be dressed up in clothes
the latest style,
Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons you bet they
cost a pile,
And when the bridegroom weds her, he'll steal
a kiss so sweet,
Be envied by the bachelors at the Hebrew
marriage fete.
Chorus.

The supper will be splendid, describe it now I can't,
But you'll be sure to find there most anything you wan't,
They'll have the Hebrew Glee Club to come
from Bayard Street,
We won't go home till morning from the
Hebrew marriage fete.
Chorus.

Till Ireland's Wrongs are Righted.

Words by Capt Tho's Fergus. Music by J. R. Mundugh.
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We've built our alter in the west,
Our battle torch is lighted,
We consecrate our brave and best,
Till Ireland's wrongs are righted.
Till men shall see o'er Ireland free,
The green flags scintillation,
And floating wide o'er land and tide,
The emblem of a nation.

Chorus.

Though we may fail, right will prevail,
However spurned and slighted,
Then will be seen our flag of green,
And Ireland's wrongs be righted.

We raise our green flag in the west,
Where arms are strong to bear it,
By hate of wrong that fires each breast,
Our native land shall wear it;
By Blood of brave,
Who fell to save,
And to make this land united,
Who prayed to see,
Their own land free,
And Ireland's wrongs all righted. Chorus.

Our hearts grow warm at Ireland's name,
We love her for her beauty;
We'll have no cause to blush for shame,
If we but do our duty.
Has Fontenoy,
No pulse of joy,
Or all the deeds of glory
That binds her name,
With wreaths of fame,
The bravest land in story. Chorus.

We wait the great tide brave and strong,
We wait the bugle's calling
The gathering of the armed throng,
To tyrants so appalling.
We seek the sword,
We wait the word,
Our battle torch is lighted,
Give heart and hand,
For native land,
Till Ireland's wrongs are righted. Chorus.

Watchman tell us of the Night.

Music copyright 1880, and pub by G. D. Russell.
By A. F. Cleveland.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 30 cents.

Watchman tell us of the night.
What its sign of promise are,
Traveller! o'er yon mountains height,
See that glory beaming star,
See that glory beaming star,
Watchman, does its beauteous ray,
Agent of joy or hope fortell,
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends,
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman will its beams alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth,
Traveller, ages are its own!
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn,
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn,
Watchman let thy wand'rings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home,
Traveller, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Keep the Horse Shoe Over the Door.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.
Music Copyright, 1880, and pub, by S. Brainard's Sons.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

We journey along quite contented through life,
And try to live peaceful with all,
We keep ourselves free from all trouble and strife,
And we're glad when our friends on us call.
Our home it is happy and cheerful and bright,
We're content and we ask nothing more,
And the reason we prosper, I'll tell to you now—
There's a horse-shoe hung over our door.

Chorus.

Keep the horse-shoe hung over the door,
It will bring you good luck evermore,
If you want to be happy and free from all care,
Keep the horse-shoe hung over the door.

The horse-shoe is lucky, that's what they all say,
It keeps out the spirit of wrong,
It brings in the fairies at night and at day,
As a guardian 'tis simple but strong.
When you come home at night it will keep you
from fright,
It brings to you blessings galore;
Where'er you may dwell you will always do well,
When the horse-shoe hangs over the door. Cho.

If you're starting life with a sweet little wife,
And want to be happy and gay.
Just get an old horse-shoe to hang on the wall
And keep all the witches away.
Then safely you'll sail o'er life's stormy sea,
And land on a rose-covered shore,
Tho' strange it may seem, everywhere you will see,
The old horse-shoe hung over the door. Cho.

Oh! What a Beauty.

Words by Gus Williams. Music by J. Reid.
Music Copyright 1880, and pub, by G. D. Newhall & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Jake Dyer loved a handsome girl,
Maria was her name,
And took her once to see New York,
The country was so tame,
And when she saw the Brooklyn bridge,
Which was way over head;
She ope'd her eyes with great surprise,
And this is what she said.

Chorus.

Oh! what a beauty, oh! what a beauty,
This is what Maria, said unto Jake Dyer,
Oh! what a beauty, oh! what a beauty;
I never saw the like before,
Maria she did say.

He took her then to Central Park,
The different things to see,
The lake the hall the statues,
And the great Me-na-ge-rie.
And when she saw the bear stand up,
And lean upon a cane,
She grabbed his arm in great alarm,
And to him did exclaim. Chorus.

He took her then to Jerome Park,
To see the races there;
The grand stand it was filled with men
And women oh! so fair.
And when she saw the tally-ho-coach,
It nearly turned her head;
And when they jumped the hurdle gates,
Why this is what she said. Chorus.

Now Jake felt awful when he found,
That his girl was so gaeen,
And started ere the race was over,
For to catch a train.
The people saw the hay seed sticking
In Ma-ri-a's head,
They laughed and stood up in their seats,
And this is what they said.

Chorus.

Oh! what a beauty, oh! what a beauty,
This is what they hollered in a voice so solid,
Oh! what a beauty, oh! what a beauty,
I never saw the like before,
The people they did say.

Dat Gay Old Nigger Ball.

Sung by Joseph P. Skelly.
Music pub, & Copyright 1875, by E. H. Harding.
The music of this song can be obtained at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music Store, No, 60 Chatham St, N. Y. Or will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, 25 cents, in postage stamps.

I went to de ball wid Angeline,
She wore a dress of gingham green;
We danced till de morning light was seen,
Way down in Hyers Hall.
Dere was Susie Sims and George and Pete,
And all de boys from Wooster street,
And Maria Jane she looked so sweet,
At de gay old Nigger ball.

Chorus.

O golly! what a high old time!
Ann such a noise wid all de boys,
O golly! what a high old time,
At de gay old Nigger ball!

We heard de music gay and sweet,
It put de shivers in our feet,
We laughed and we jumped in joy complete,
Till on de floor we'd fall.
Dere was "Poppy Horace" wid his "lamb,"
De people wonders who she am;
She looked just like a big smoked ham,
At de gay old Nigger ball. Chorus.

De belle of de ball was Angeline,
And I, of course, was "bellgerine,"
But she was so fat and I so lean,
We could not dance at all,
When de morning came we all was tight,
And some got sick, and some did fight—
O my! it was a rich old sight,
At de gay old Nigger ball. Chorus.

Come and Join Me.

Written for Jimmie Young, by John J. McGonigle,
Air: Gabriel's Horn:

Here I am a poor ole nig
Come to try an amuse you,
I'll pick upon de banjo, and rattle de bones,
And make dese yere ole shoes go.
Oh! I was happy as de day was long,
Down on de ole plantation,
We'd sing and dance when de work was done,
De happiest in all creation.

CHORUS.

Come and join me in the chorus, come and join me,
And don't forget to treat dis ole man kindly.
(Repeat.)

You white folks couldn't let us be,
When we were happy,
Oh! no, from bondage you set me free,
An' how much better are we,
Wife and Children dey am gone,
An' I dunno where to,
Soon my life's work will be done,
And Jordan's land I'll go thro'.

Chorus.

Oh! yes, come join with me, oh! yes come join with me,
Oh! yes, come join me in de chorus. (Repeat.)

Go Blow De Horn.

Sung by Flora Moore.

I went down de river to cross over Jordan,
Gwine to meet you.
The river was too deep and I couldn't ford 'em,
I'm gwine home.
Got me a lot of timber and I'll build a boat
Gwine to meet you.
And over to Jordan I will float,
I'm gwine home.

Chorus.

Gabriel, go blow de horn! Gabriel go blow de horn!
Gabriel, go blow de horn! I'm gwine home.

Went to a Nigger ball last night,
Gwine to meet you dar,
Saw two wenches have a fight,
I'm gwine home.
One wench kicked the other in de shin,
Gwine to meet you.
Go way, gal, don't you do that again!
I'm gwine home. Chorus.

4-11-44—Gwine to meet dar!
If de numbers come I'll work no more,
I'm gwine home.
3-11-33—Gwine to meet you dar,
Go way, Nigger, let me be,
I'm gwine home. Chorus.

In the Sweet Summer-Land.

Words and Music by Martin S. Blacklock.
Music pub. & Copyright 1880, by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

From the pine woods came never a murmur,
The moon shone in splendor above,
By the marge of a stream as I wandered,
I whispered sweet words to my love.

CHORUS.

By the marge of a stream as we wandered,
I whispered sweet words to my love.

Never dreamt we that life was so fleeting,
That Love's rosy wreath could decay,
As together our full hearts were beating,
Beneath balmy clusters of May. Chorus.

Now 'tis winter, the streamlet is frozen,
All hushed is its musical flow,
And my blue-eyed, my beautiful Mary
Lies sleeping beneath the pure snow. Chorus.

Though this cold world can charm me no longer,
I've visions of rapture in store.
In the sweet summer-land I shall meet thee,
My true-hearted Mary, once more. Chorus.

Phœbe Walker.

Written and sung by the American Four.

We just arrived in town to-day,
In a bran new yellow cart;
We met two wenches on the street,
They had like to break our heart.
The mule kicked high as they went by,
The wagon to overthrow;
But the wenches laughed, we raised our hats,
And made the mule go slow.

CHORUS.

Oh Phœbe Walker and Chloe,
You bet you are the girls;
Skin as black as charcoal,
Teeth as white as pearls.
Gwine to ask your hand in marriage,
Hope you won't say no;
And we'll see old Parson Simkins,
And to Abraham's church we'll go. Dance.

When we are joined in holy bonds,
And the preacher makes us one;
We'll give you a wedding reception,
Won't all the wenches have fun.
The colored nigs we'll make them sing,
You bet they won't be afraid
To tackle supper when they see
The sponge cake and lemonade. Chorus.

Barnum's Caliope.

Words and Music by A. W. Filson.

One day Barnum's show arrived in town,
And I took my Sally Ann to see the sights,
There was animals and birds from foreign climes,
And acrobatic tumblers dressed in tights;
Oh! she seemed to enjoy it with delight,
She laughed when the clown would tell a joke,
But the one she admired the most of all—was
The man who played Barnum's Caliope.

CHORUS.

Now, my friends, I know you'll sympathize with me,
For I've had a sad misfortune you'll agree;
Next month we both would wed if from me she had not fled—
Now my Sally Ann I never more shall see.

I remember the day when first I met
This female who had torn from me my heart,
And when I asked her if she'd share my lot,
She vowed from me she would never part.
Oh! I told her of the presents she should have,
For in fact she was my only hope,
But she left me one lovely summer's day—for
The man who played Barnum's Caliope. Cho.

Now all young men take my advice,
And never take your girl to see the show,
Or perhaps with some chap she'll run away
And leave you in misery and woe.
But if I ever meet the villain in my path,
I'll go for him and seize him by the throat,
For stealing the one I dearly loved—and
Taking her with Barnum's Caliope. Chorus.

Pettingill's Request.

By Joe Pettingill, dedicated to Jac. Aberle.

Mamma, stab me with a peanut,
Get three good numbers to play—12, 9, and 7.
Buy a wig and a pair of whiskers,
I must get two encores on my jig in Heaven.
I'll learn the angels to throw flip-flaps,
I'll dress them in whiskers and overalls,
I'll paint their cheeks with lemon gum-drops,
I'll break them up doing funny falls.

Tell my sister to marry the butcher.
And stop chewing tobacco and eating gum,
And if papa don't stop sampling beer kegs,
He'll surely be a first-class bum.
Give my sealskin pants to baby,
I've got the fever and chills,
Put a pool table in my coffin,
A box of cigars and some limber pills.

The Lively Men From Mullingar.

By J. M. Williams. Sung by the American Four.

Oh! if you will cast your eyes upon us,
You can tell by our style who we are,
We came across the ocean from old Ireland,
We're the two lively men from Mullingar.
When first we arrived in New York,
They told us for to pull down our vests,
But we soon got a fine situation,
We are the editors of the Chinese Gazette.

CHORUS.

Oh! watch this break, (sym.) it takes the cake, (sym.
We wonder whether Stewart's body will be found,
Or if a conundrum will give you the colic,
Or will General Grant ever wear a crown.

We wonder whether Owney Geoghegan has a license
To sell crooked whiskey in a can,
And whether a Hebrew clothes dealer,
Can beleader of an Irish band.
But, kind friends we must now leave you,
We can no longer stay,
We got to appear at the Varieties,
To do our act with a bale of hay. Chorus.

It's Really My Uncle, now Make no Mistake.

Ded to Alf, McDowell, by A. W. Filson.

I am an unfortunate man and my troubles I'll you,
About the girl I married whom I thought was true;
But the way she deceived me was dreadfully awful,
And the scheme that she practiced I'll now show to you.
Last Wednesday night, when I went to my dwelling—
I had been to the club and got home rather late—
As I entered the door a young man stood before me;
My wife to explain, says "allow me to state."

CHORUS.

"Now, my dear, don't get huffy; it't only my uncle;
Don't let this small matter keep you awake;
Don't work yourself up to a pitch of excitement,
For it's really my uncle, now make no mistake."

She says that her uncle has a very large fortune,
And that when he dies she'll inherit her share;
But his being at my house that time in the morning
Don't look right to me, now, it don't, I declare.
Now, when her dear uncle said, "I must be going,"
He kissed her three times ere he went on his way;
I jumped to the door determined to kill him,
But my wife soothed my passion, as to me she did say.
Chorus.

All the next day I felt very uneasy,
I did nothing at all but sit down and I moped;
But when I got home I had good cause for action,
For my wife and her uncle they both had eloped.
I rushed to my room, I was perfectly frantic,
To see if some trace of her I couldn't find;
But instead of that I there found a letter,
And in it were written the following lines. Cho.

The Influential Men.

By G. H. Edwards.

Oh, here you see before you now,
Two influential men,
We both work in the City Hall
Catching bags of wind.
We both are of one family,
And we landed here last spring,
And the politicians they do fear
The influential men.

CHORUS.

And as we walk along the street,
The people do begin,
They say there goes the O'Donovans,
They are influential men.

Every morning at ten o'clock,
Sure we go down to work,
And the blackguards on the corner say,
Will you gun the dizzy turks.
They say look at the walking tanks?
They are full of dead house gin,
But they cannot get a sinecure
Like the influential men. Chorus.

From Ireland.

Written and sung by Flora Moore.

Oh! here I am before you now,
I landed just two weeks ago,
At Castle Garden there beyant,
From old Donnegal.
And your pardon now I'm asking
For the liberty I m taking,
Sure I meant no harm at all,
But I just thought I'd call.

Chorus.

For I'm from Ireland, old Ireland,
From Ireland I'm just over,
And sure I meant no harm at all,
But I just thought I'd make a call,
To tell you all how I got on,
Since over here I landed.

Oh! I came over for a year,
To try and make my fortune here,
Then back to Ireland I will go,
The best place of them all
And the only favor I will seek,
Is that in your memory you will keep
A kind remembrance of the girl
That came from Donnegal. Chorus.

High Born Liver Daniel.

Sung by Flora Moore.

Satan tempted Eve,
Eve tempted man,
Hadn't been for de mercy of the Lord,
We'd all been cursed in the land.
Nigger man he picks cotton,
Little bees sip the honey,
Colored man he work all day long,
And white man gets the money.

Chorus.

Case he's a high born liver Daniel,
Daniel, Daniel,
He's a high born liver Daniel.
I'm going to the promised land.

Talk about good eating,
Your oysters and your clams,
If you want something good for to eat,
Just get hold of a sweet ham.
Talk about good buckwheat cakes,
If you want them good and done.
Just slap 'em on to a nigger man's heel,
And hold 'em up to the sun. Chorus.

Adam's Awake.

Sung by Pettit and White, in the interior of Cuba.

If I had de wings of de Jypsum Jews,
Adam's awake in me to-day—
I'd use that language that the angels use,
Adam's awake in me to-day—
Den I'd frow by my sister, for she didn't
use me right,
Adam's awake in me to-day—
Come down to my to-morrow night,
Adam's awake in me to-day.

Chorus.

Adam's awake in me, Adam's awake in me,
Adam's awake in me to-day—
Adam's awake in me, Adam's awake in me,
Adam's awake in me to-day.

I'll argue wid de fader, I'll chatter wid de son,
Adam's awake in me to-day,
I'll tell you 'bout de world dat I come from,
Adam's awake in me to-day.
Den turn dem hoe cakes round and round,
Adam's awake in me to-day—
Make dat coffee good and strong,
Adam's awake in me to-day. Chorus.

It's Easy Enough When You Learn How.

Written and sung by Ben Dodge.

Did you ever consider some time when you've tried
To accomplish some purpose or aim,
With which unfamiliar you happen to be,
That it oft proves a difficult game;
But it's useless to grumble or growl at your lot,
Or let ill-temper ruffle your brow,
Keep on with good courage, you'll surely succeed—
It's easy enough when you learn how.

Chorus.

If you cannot accomplish the object in view,
There's no use in raising a row,
Though at first unsuccessful, you surely will find,
It's easy enough when you learn how.

If with some charming young girl you are
deeply in love,
And her hand you are trying to win,
You are anxious your feelings for her to disclose,
But you scarcely know how to begin;
You stammer and mumble, grow red in the face,
While your love you are trying to vow,
Till at last it slips out and the question you pop—
It's easy enough when you learn how. Chorus.

Now although we've been married for several years,
My wife discontented has grown,
To think while our neighbors with children are blest,
We have none we can claim for our own;
I should feel very sad if I thought throughout life,
It would always be as it is now,
But perhaps in the future it may come out all right,
It's easy enough when you learn haw. Chorus.

Close Dem Windows.

Words and Music by James Bland.

Sung by Flora Moore.

Music pub, and Copyright 1879, by White, Smith & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

De colored ball takes place to-night,
Close dem windows,
And all de gals we will invite,
We'll have a happy time on de inside,
And Sal will do de Hilan' fling,
Close dem windows,
And Pomp will cut de pigeon wing,
We'll have a happy time on de inside.

Chorus.

Children, close dem windows,
Children, close dem windows,
Children, close dem windows,
We'll have a happy time on de inside.

De gals will walk for de hoe-cake,
Close dem windows,
And slap-jacks we will surely bake,
We'll have a happy time on de inside.
Dar's ole Pete Snow will be dar too,
Close dem windows,
He's gwine to wear his gospel shoes,
We'll have a happy time on de inside. Chorus.

Oh! we will dance and we will sing,
Close dem windows,
And we will make dat fiddle ring,
We'll have a happy time on de inside.
Just wait and see ole Hester Moore,
Close dem windows,
A dancing on dat kitchen floor,
We'll have a happy time on de inside. Chorus.

Only a Coin.

By Bobby Newcomb.

Broke, by Jingo! No! here's a dime,
Well, that's lucky, What's the date?
Eighteen forty-nine;
That sets me thinking, see how the coin's worn,
It came from the mint the same year I was born,
'Twas started in life, like me, in May,
And has just reached my hand, I'm thirty to-day!

This coin most likely a murder has caused,
And with it a child in the toy shop has paused;
A family's starvation it might have alieved,
And over its loss a gambler has grieved.
Has bought for the suicide a potion of death,
Been blessed by a miser with his last earthly breath,
And now it's reached me, and I wanted it bad,
Only a coin, and the last one I had.

Only a coin! but what potent power,
It buys men's soul and empires will lower,
The babe in the cradle at the metal will clutch—
In death it is nothing, in life, oh, how much!
"Well man, what's the matter? not eaten to-day?
Here, take this money, go rejoicing away;
So then, reflection comes quick to an end,
The coin at last proved to be an enemy and friend!

Five Pound Pig.

Respectfully dedicated to James D. Roome.

Music by G. F. Moore. Words by J. W. White.

Sung by Pettit and White.

I went up to Jackson's house, he met me at the door,
Says he now look here Mister Mann, you
needn't come here no more,
Says I, now Mister Jackson, I don't care a fig,
I've just come down to try and sell, a little
five pound pig.

Chorus.

Pass the bottle all around,
Pass the bottle all around,
Pass the bottle all around,
For the pig only weighed five pounds.
I don't think there's any body hurt,
I don't think there's anybody cut,
I don't think there's anybody hurt,
For the pig only weighed five pounds.

I sell my meat the whole day long, and when
at night I'm done,
I dress myself all in my best, and then go out for fun.
The white folks shake their heads at me, and
say I'm mighty big,
But I tell them that it came from that
little five pound pig.
Pass the bottle, &c.

I Married Biddy McCarthy.

By Ned Talbot, for J. E. Murphy, of Murphy and Mack.

I went down to Goerck street,
To a nice little surprise party,
And the charmer that I met there was
The darling, Biddy McCarthy.
Now Biddy was the finest girl,
And the amusement of the party,
Says I, I'm surely dead in love
With the darling, Biddy McCarthy.

Chorus.

With me tra-la-lee, now don't you see,
I'm gone on Biddy McCarthy. (Repeat.)

We danced the polka "mazourka,"
Likewise the dizzy lanciers,
And as we moved around the floor,
We were two darling dancers.
Says Biddy, sure I feel afraid
That I'll have to shake the party,
I says, wait awhile until I smile,
And I'll go home with you Biddy McCarthy.
With me tra-la-lee, &c.

As I went home to Biddy's house,
A laughing, talking, chatting,
I met her father at the door
All out of breath, and panting.
Says he, now Biddy where did you get this,
Did you get him at the party,
Oh! yes, your honor, was the reply
From the darling Biddy McCarthy.
With me tra-la-lee, &c.

I am happy now, I have a cow,
Likewise a pig and daughter,
I live in a cot in a shady spot
Away across the water.
My mother-in-law she calls on me,
She is a roaring tartar,
Her husband as well is like a bull,
But I love Biddy McCarthy.
With me tra-la-lee, &c.

The Italian Girl: or, the Brigand's Daughter.

Written composed and sung by Alf Shaw.

Music pub, and Copyright 1880, by White, Smith & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

There's a pretty little maiden,
That I ever shall adore,
In Italy that bright and sunny land;
My life would be a pleasure,
I would wish for nothing more,
If she would only share my heart and hand;
Her father is a brigand
On a lonely mountain pass,
And with him on the mountain she does dwell;
There is no titled lady
In all Europe can surpass
That dear Italian girl I love so well.

CHORUS.

Though her father is a brigand on the mountain,
She's as gentle as the daughter of an Earle;
And although she set me free,
My heart will ever be
A captive to that dear Italian girl.

While roaming lovely valleys,
'Neath the blue and sunny skies,
A band of sturdy brigands bold and strong,
Did capture me, and helpless,
With a bandage o'er my eyes,
A victim, I was quickly led along,
Five thousand pounds as ransom,
They demanded I should pay,
But that I was not rich enough to give,
And only for the pleadings
Of that little mountain maid,
They would not have permitted me to live.
Chorus.

They put me in a dungeon
Where I thought that I should die,
And while the brigand chief with all his band,
Were plundering poor travellers,
This lovely girl came nigh,
In gloomy night and by my side did stand;
She tore my bands asunder,
Bade me rise and quickly fly,
And from her father's coffers gave me gold.
And while the tears of love and pity,
Glistened in her eye,
The secrets of our hearts were plainly told.
Chorus.

I bid her then to fly with me,
And be my darling bride,
Although her love for me was plainly shown,
Her duty she declared,
Was by her outlawed father's side.
And so to America I returned alone,
But I cannot live forever
In this free and happy land,
To Italy I'm going to return,
To seek with love, and try to win,
If only for awhile,
That girl for whom my heart will ever yearn.
Chorus.

The Christening of the Child.

By P. F. Duff, Jr. Air: Raffle for the stove.
Respectfully inscribed to my friend, Charlie Lewis.

Cosgrove's babe was christened,
Upon last Sunday night—
I was master of the ceremonies,
And of course I got quite tight;
I waltzed around with the ladies,
With whiskey I went wild,
When Barney O'Gig struck up a jig,
At the christening of the child.

CHORUS.

Form your dances,
The round and the square;
Take for your partner
That girl with the banged-up hair,
Come skip the light fantastic,
And don't ye be too mild;
For didn't ye come to have some fun
At the christening of the child?

The parlor floor was covered
With a coating of goose-grease,
To let the dancers glide
Over it with ease.
The piano in the corner,
To keep it from being "spiled,"
It was here and there and everywhere,
At the christening of the child. Chorus.

McCarthy with a gander.
Came bouncing through the door,
His feet they slipped beneath him,
And he fell down through the floor.
His wife, she nearly fainted,
All the women went wild,
Sure they stole the stove off old Cosgrove,
At the Christening of the child. Chorus.

The Golden Chariot.

Popular Negro Song. Ded., to Chas O. White. Detroit.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

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The Music of this song is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs. Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Oh! children don't you want to ride,
In dat golden chariot,
De good folks sitting side by side,
In dat golden chariot.
For now's de time your 'counts to square,
In de golden chariot.
I hope you'se all gwine to be dar,
In de golden chariot.

CHORUS.

Den hustle up honey's wid your tickets,
Kase I tell you if you miss de train,
Dat you'll all be dead and buried,
'Fore de chariot will make a trip again.

Dar's many vacant seats I see,
In dat golden chariot;
Dar's plenty room for you and me,
In dat golden chariot.
You soon will hear dat trumpet call,
In de golden chariot;
I'se got free passes honey's for all,
In dat golden chariot. Chorus.

The Rosebud in Your Hair.

Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly.

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I never can forget that night,
With all its memorys sweet,
When we, my pretty sparkling pearl,
So joyously did meet;
Your eyes with love were radiant,
Your face was fresh and fair,
And yet still more did I admire
The rosebud in your hair;
And yet still more did I admire
The rosebud in your hair.

CHORUS.

The rosebud in your hair,
The rosebud in your hair;
You'll wear upon our wedding-day
A rosebud in your hair.

'Twas simple, and as beautiful,
As ever I have seen,
With little buds of myrtle
And a spray of evergreen.
When fate is kind and gives to me
That little face so fair,
How fondly we'll remember, love,
The rosebud in your hair.
How fondly we'll remember, love,
The rosebud in your hair. Chorus.

If They Steal the Clothing From my Store.

Air; Never take the horse-shoe from the door,
By Tommy Tucker, for Frank Bush.

Good evening, friends, my name is Morris Cohen,
My brother Abraham keeps a hook;
The store and business they are all my own,
But the loafers they do try to steal my stock.

CHORUS.

Now I give them corner loafers all fair warning,
Never shall I tell them any more,
I'll have them on the Island in the morning,
If they steal the clothing from my store.

Where'er I go, I'm sure to be insulted,
The loafers holler at me, Pinafore;
Sometimes when I'm in bed, they yell out, fire!
So they can steal the clothing from my store.
Chorus.

With Captain Williams I am pretty solid,
And if he catches them young rowdies once,
He'll quickly run them in, and then the judge will,
Give them ruffians every one six months. Chorus.

Where Pretty Violets Grow.

SONG AND DANCE.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by Chas T. French.

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'Twas in the golden summer days,
We met beside the brook;
The birds were singing happy lays
In every shady nook.
But sweeter far than songs of birds,
The gentle voice that fell
And what was told in whisper'd words,
I should not care to tell.

CHORUS.

Oh! the birds were warbling every where,
In summer's rosy glow,
And lovely lips were meeting there
Where pretty violets grow.
Down beside that silvery stream,
Have we lingered in happy dream,
The birds were warbling every where,
In summer's rosy glow,
And lovely lips were meeting there
Where pretty violets grow. (Dance.)

The birdies heard our secret fond,
But they would never tell;
The brooklet bore it far beyond,
To fairy vale and dell;
We cull'd the flowers at our feet,
Each moment seemed divine,
And melting eyes so bright and sweet,
Were speaking love to mine. Chorus.

The twilight shades were in the sky
Before we bid adieu,
I heard a tender little sigh,
And knew one heart was true,
The little birds had gone to sleep,
Soft dew-drops kissed the flow'rs,
And never stars began to peep
On happier hearts than ours. Chorus.

The Unfortunate Galoote.

I'll make her give back them teeth,
And everything I bought her,
She trys to be gay, she's old enough to chew hay,
Besides she's a fisherman's daughter.
She ought to go peddling fish,
And then live on pump water,
She won't have any teeth to chew up her hash,
And I don't think that she oughter.

So when she meets this peanut man,
She can tell him what we done,
If he comes around here, I'll bite off his ear,
And we'll have lots of fun.
The best thing that she can do,
Is to start for Salt Lake City,
I'll give her a dollar a week and all she can eat,
If she'll kill herself out of pity.

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The Hungry Boarding House.

By James McEvoy, for O'Neil and Conroy.

In a Broadway house across the street,
Where all the hungry boarders eat,
At noon they open wide their gash,
To make short work of their soup and hash.
At nine o'clock they slip out of bed,
And fly down stairs for to be fed;
They clean the table as slick as a mouse,
In the hungry, starving boarding house.

CHORUS.

Nobody knows what the boarders eat—
Pass no remarks about the meat—
Just keep mum and close your mouth
In the hungry, starving boarding house.

The cooks they sleep on the second floor,
With a padlock hitched on every door,
So the hungry boarders can't get in.
Where was Moses when they douced the glim?
They make them sleep [illegible]
And all night long they [illegible];
They give the chambermaid the run,
And chased her out with a Gatling gun. Chorus.

A week ago a boarder skipped,
Faith, out of the window he fired his grip;
He lowered his trunk down with a rope,
And then for the freight train he did slope;
Next morning when they called the roll,
The landlord blessed his darling soul;
His daughter squealed out, "oh, laws!
He's given us the finger for three weeks board.
Chorus.

The Black and Tan Gossoons.

By P. J. Drahcir. Air: Full moons.

Just cast your peepers on this gang,
And watch our graceful style;
It makes no difference where we go,
We always win a smile.
We leave the "Skids" way in the shade,
And paralyze the "Moons;"
Our green cravats and ancient hats,
Look well on us gossoons.

CHORUS.

When we march out the people shout,
And little children crow,
Our collars high, point towards the sky,
And tops us off we know.
We ladies pets, smoke cigarettes,
Which breaks the hearts of coons;
There's none so neat, nor half so sweet,
As the black and tan gossoons.
As we march along the street my boys,
Fife's a-playing German tunes;
The ladies raise their hands to greet, my boys,
The double-breasted black-and-tan gossoons.

On Paddy's day when we parade,
In uniforms brand new;
The ladies stare, and all declare,
We are excelled by few.
Then in the evening, to the ball,
We march like bold dragoons;
Then prance about, and yell and shout,
Hurrah, for the wild gossoons. Chorus.

If we should ever come across,
The "Skids" while on a lark;
We'll put our "barkers" to their heads,
And knock 'em stiff and stark,
You bet we'll make 'em show their heels,
And yell for "Quarter Moons;"
To come and aid their black brigade,
To whip us wild gossoons. Chorus.

Hab Your Ladders Ready.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.
Respectfully dedicated to A. B. Straight.
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Oh! hab dem ladders ready,
Hab dem dar in time,
When de blast comes from de bugle,
We all will hab to climb.
Get all your things together, -
For de journey's long and dreary,
'Fore you get up to de top round
You'll done be dreffal weary.

CHORUS.

Den brace—ah—up, oh—brace, ah—up,
Be-lubbed cullerd children,
Be ready for to trabble, firm and steady,
And when you hear de toot
From de horn ob Uncle Gabe,
Oh! hab your ladders ready.

Put beeswax on dem slippers,
Bar's grease on your hair,
Tell your brudders and your sisters,
Dey's got no time to spare.
Dar's anger in de heaben's,
And de clouds am getting madder.
When you hear dem thunders rolling,
Be ready wid your ladder. Chorus.

Strew the Flowers.

Decoration Day Song, sung by the Posts of the G. A. R.
Words and Music by S. W. Straub.
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Here upon this hallowed ground,
We bring our off rings rare,
While holy incence, breath of flowers,
Is borne upon the air.
Here we come in memory
Of the honor'd and the brave,
Who fought our dear and lovely land
From tyranny to save.

Chorus.

Bring the choicest flowers of Spring,
Strew them o'er their graves,
Where they rest in calm repose,
Chant your sweetest lays.

When darkest clouds our sky o'erspread,
And war's dread thunders roll'd,
When our benuteous flag was waving low,
And treason's hand grew bold.
'Twas then these sons of liberty,
Went forth with sword in hand,
To shield their lov'd ones and their homes,
And guard fair freedom's land. Chorus.

While thus so peacefully they sleep,
And dream of wars no more,
The flag they lov'd, the stripes and stars,
Is waving as of yore.
And while our banner floats in pride
On land and on the sea,
Oh! may it wave forever on,
The ensign of the free. Chorus.

McDonnell's Old Tin Roof.

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In summer time, when all is fine,
And the trees and grass are green;
When the boys are drinking lager beer,
And everything's serene.
On Tom McDonnell's old tin roof,
The boys do dance at night,
With Kitty Malone and Mary Shea,
Who sing with all their might.
They have a big accordeon—
The music it is grand;
You'll hear them shout for miles away,
Faith they never will go home,
While they can have a tune,
And Tracy on his instruments will play.

Chorus.

It's polkas, waltzes, quadrilles all the night;
'Tis finer than the Op'ra Bouffe;
If you don't believe I'm right,
Call around there any night,
And you'll find us on McDonnell's old tin roof,

They call themselves the midnight owls;
They dance by light of moon;
To start for home at two o'clock,
They say it is too soon.
They keep the folks awake all night,
They never have their rest,
To sing their songs and play their tunes,
They do their level best.
The music it is charming—
It really is divine;
'Tis finer than the Op'ra Bouffe.
When they the Boston dip,
Faith the house rocks like a ship;
Oh! there's no place like McDonnell's old tin roof.
Chorus.

Across the street from where I live,
A German keeps a store;
He is a baker man by trade,
He's worth a thousand or more.
He keeps about five men at work—
Of course they're up all night.
But when they hear the music play,
They shout with great delight.
About the time the bread is bak'd,
The boys and girls descend:
They don't stop till they've reached the door.
Then they'll skip across the street,
And the bread they'll nip so neat;
Oh! you ought to hear the bakers how they roar.
Chorus.

When McGuiness Gets a Job.

Sung by O'Neil and Conroy.
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Last winter was a hard one, Mrs. Reily, did you say,
Well, 'tis myself that knows it, for it's many's the day
Your husband wasn't the only man sat behind the wall,
There's my old man McGuiness didn't get no job at all;
The politicians promised him work on the Boulevard
To handle a pick and shovel and, throw dirt on the cart.
Ah! six months ago they promised him work he'd shortly get,
But believe me, my good woman, they are promising him yet.

Chorus.

Then cheer up, Mrs. Reilly, don't give way to the blues,
You and I will cut a shine, new bonnets and new shoes;
As for me, I'm done crying, no more will I sigh or sob,
I'll wait till times gets better, when McGuiness gets a job.

The Italians, divil take them, why didn't they stay at home,
Sure we had plenty of our own class to ate up all our own;
They come out like bees in summer time and sworn for to stay;
The contractors they have hundreds for forty cents a day,
They work upon the railroad, they shovel snow and slush,
But there's one thing in their favor, Italians they never do get lush,
No, they always bring their money home, taste no gin or wine,
And that one thing I'd like to say of your old man and mine.
Chorus.

Ah! the spring-time now is coming we'll all have plenty work,
McGuiness will go back to his trade, shure he's handsome clerk.
You should see him climb the ladder as nimble as a fox,
Faith he's the boy can handle the ould three-cornered box.
The boss is always bawling, Hi! there don't you stop,
Keep your eyes upward, don't let no mortar drop,
Ah! the old man he is always careful, nothing he lets fall,
The divil a word you'd hear him say to my old man at all.
Chorus

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

There would have been but for your wisdom and promptitude, young lady!" replied the doctor, admiringly. "In all probability Mr. Biddlecomb owes his life to you. As it is, the fit has been a severe one, and the utmost care and attention must be observed. The paitent must be got up-stairs."

With the assistance of two of the footmen, Josiah Biddlecomb was conveyed to his chamber, and put to bed.

There was no immediate peril, but he seemed to have fallen into a heavy sleep, and was breathing stertorously.

"I'll take the prescription to the village myself," said Doctor Abercorn; "but I confess as much almost depends upon the careful watching and nursing of the patient as my medicines. The orders I will leave I desire to be strictly carried out.

With that he proceeded to state his directions.

Maria Daggett, with the humble air of not wishing to assume, had drawn back, leaving the old house-keeper and the heiress to receive them. A tetty expression in Doctor Abercorn's tones, and a scared, helpless, pleading glance from Sidonia Biddlecomb, made her step forward.

"I don't like seeming presumptuous, having too poor an opinion of my own capabilities," she said, quietly; "yet, if I could be of service I should be so happy. I am excellent at keeping awake, while I have been a little accustomed to sickness."

Dr. Abercorn turn'd towards her with marked satisfaction. The heiress's helpless inanity, and the housekeeper, an old woman who would break in with reminiscences of, and remedies used, in illness she remembered, had nearly driven him wild.

"If Miss Biddlecomb has no objection to institute you as nurse, Miss Daggett, I shall be delighted," he said.

"Oh! I am sure she will not," smiled Maria. "Her ignorance of a sick-room is not her fault. Miss Biddlecomb has been reared delicately, as becomes her birth and position, while I have had to fight my own battle, which inures one to fatigue."

Sidonia, with a sob, pressed her companion's hand.

The reference to her birth and delicate rearing pleased her vanity much.

The doctor's keen eyes glanced sharply at the speaker's handsome face. The impression he drew from it was not flattering.

"The girl is as full of deceit as an egg is full of meat," he thought. "Well, in the present matter, that doesn't concern me. He may sleep as he does now for hours," he proceeded aloud. "He may become restless, even talk much in his slumbers, from the pressure on the brain."

"I know, I have seen a similar case, unfortunately," was the quiet remark. "I am not to disturb him, but keep the cool application constanty to his head; and should he wake, give him the medicine?"

"Exactly. I see you will make an excellent nurse," responded the doctor, warmly pressing her hand. "Good night; all is going as well as it can be now. I will be here early to-morrow."

Why had Maria Daggett, who really felt no interest at all in the ex-usurer, taken upon herself the onerous task of nurse and watcher?

If the acute reader has not already divined the cause, two sentences spoken above will make it clear.

"He may even talk much in his sleep."

"I know. I have seen a similar case."

The utterances of delirium are generally of a very disconnected, wild, unintelligible description—unintelligible, that is, to those who have not the clue. Those who have, at times find no difficulty in piecing the broken sentences together.

This was Maria Daggett's thought and hope. Already she had learned that a stranger had been closeted with the ex-usurer before his seizure; and, though the discription scarcely tallied with that of her brother, she knew the latter well enough to feel sure it was he.

From that conclusion it was easy to arrive at the other—that the interview had been in reference to the past, and been the cause of Josiah Biddlecomb's sudden illness. Hence—so argued the companion—what more likely then, if he spoke at all in his sleep it would be upon that subject, the shock of which must have produced the fit?

Thus, when about midnight, she had induced the heiress, who was thoroughly wearied out, to go to her own room, under the promise of being summoned instantly, if needed, and persuaded the old housekeeper who had persisted in sitting up, to wrap herself in a thick shawl, and sit in a warm chair by the fire, from whence she was soon breathing profoundly, the companion took her place behind the bed-curtains; and, her note-book and pencil concealed in her lap, sat waiting.

To be Continued in No. 175—Commenced in No. 173.

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CONTENTS.

A Handful of Sand..... page 599
The Best Little Wife in the World..... 594
Bernard McGee..... 595
Beautiful world on high..... 596
Charles Fredrick Horace O'Brien..... 598
DO IT AGAIN..... 594
ERIN'S GREEN ISLE..... 594
Escape of the Catalpia Six..... 595
FAREWELL TO IRELAND..... 594
From Middletown to Watertown..... 596
I'LL NAME THE BOY DENNIS, OR, NO NAME AT ALL. 595
Led Astray..... 596
Love Letters..... 597
Lively old Couple..... 597
The Latest Sheet Music..... 598
The Last Inhabitant. Story continued..... 599
The Little Babe was Saved..... 596
The Moons are out to-night..... 598
Never Turn a Poor Man From Your Door 596
New York to 'Frisco..... 597
Over Where the Shamrock Grows..... 595
Oh! Pipe her off..... 596
Razors in de air..... 597
SONS OF ERIN'S ISLE..... 594
Sing Low, Sweet Children..... 594
Since I saw de Cotton Grow..... 594
Shamus O'Brien—Recitation..... 596
She Danced Like a Fairy Music for Banjo and Guitar.... 600
Two Flowers From Paddy's Land..... 595
Tell Me Where my Eva's Gone..... 597
The Turnpike Gate..... 597
Tom Kerrigan the Irish Piper..... 596
Valter, Valter, Hot Potatoe..... 598
What I love..... 597

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I am Manufacturing for the coming season the Finest and Cheapest Stock of Sentimental Valentines, Sheets, Boxes, Caskets, &c, in the Market. Hoping to receive a call from the Wholesale as well as the Retail Trade,

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Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

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18 Beekman Street.

Sing Low Sweet Children.

By W. H. Delehanty.

I took a stroll one afternoon,
Sweet children hear dis tale,
'Twas in the latter part of June,
Children mark dis tale.
I sat me down beside a stream,
Children hear me thro'
I somehow seemed to sleep and dream,
That dream I'll tell to you.

Chorus.

Sing low, sweet children,
The angels soon will come,
Sing low, sweet children—
They're coming to take me home.

This an angel said to me,
We're coming to take you home,
Where all are happy, all are free—
Coming to take you home.
A golden chariot then came down,
Children mark dis tale.
And dere was angels white and brown,
Sinners mark dis tale. Chorus.

Angels twined about my hair,
Flowers wet with dew,
A wreath of roses fresh and fair,
Sweet children hear me thro,'
Soon they robed me all in white,
Oh! the blessed lamd,
They set me in the chariot bright,
Beside the blessed lamb. Chorus.

Since I saw de Cotton Grow.

By Frank Dumont. Sung by Harry Woodson.

I'm far from de land where I first saw de light,
I long to return oh! just once again;
Down in sweet Dixie's land, 'tis de place of all;
When I think of de past I'm in pain.
I miss de ole friends dat I loved so well,
I miss de cotton buds and de happy darkies mirth,
I don't want to stay from de sweet sunny South,
It's de only bright spot on dis earth.

Chorus.

It's long long ago, since I saw de cotton grow,
To Dixie's land I want to go before it is too late;
De angels are calling, and say I must come,
Oh! dey won't have much longer time to wait.

Near de banks of de stream, whar de wild flowers grow.
And de white-washed cabin stands on de hill;
Dar de white folks would oftimes sit by de door,
Oh! I see dem in memory still.
But de green grass grows where de old folks sleep,
And my time's coming soon I know,
Take me back, back to the South, let me see it again,
For it's long since I saw de cotton grow. Cho.

The Best Little Wife in the World.

Words by A. W. French. Music by T. B. Kelly.

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The music of this song can be obtained at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music Store, No. 60 Chatham St, N. Y. Or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address on receipt of price, 40 cts, in postage stamps.

From the world's busy scenes I've a dear little nest,
Where I haste when the days toil is o'er,
For its there that I find sweetest comfort and rest,
When I enter its low humble door.
Now of course I delight in my home warm and bright,
And the room by the fire-glow impearl'd;
But for there I'd not care, were I not welcom'd there,
By the best little wife in the world.

Chorus.

Such a dear little wife, she's the joy of my life,
And in life's busy cares as I'm whirl'd,
It is many a day that I lovingly say,
She's the best little wife in the world.

Oh! no king is more proud as he sits on his throne,
Than I am in my own cosy nest;
Where, like music to me is my wife's merry tune,
As she gives me a loving caress.
She is gentle and kind, like an angel I find,
When life's cares o'er my pathway are whirl'd;
She is winsome and sweet, and so loving and neat,
Yes, the best little wife in the world. Chorus.

As I sit by the fire, with her close to my side,
Oh! I think of the many to-day,
Who have no loving heart for their comfort and guide,
As they journey o'er life's troubled way.
Take a lesson from me, ye who single may be,
Let your bachelor banners be furl'd;
Find a girl who will make, without any mistake,
You, the best little wife in the world. Chorus.

Erin's Green Isle.

Words by Eddie Haley. Music by Paddy Murphy.

Arranged by Ned Straight.

Sung with great success by Paddy and Ella Murphy.

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There's a dear spot of land far out on the sea,
And its known as fair Erin's green Isle;
Sure it's there I was born, on a bright sunny morn,
And with joy my relations did smile.
My father and mother, my sister and brother,
Were pleased, to-be-sure, all the while,
They shed tears of joy, for their bright Irish boy,
That was born on fair Erin's Green Isle.

You may talk about France, of England or Spain,
Of their beautiful maids and great men;
But the whole world does know, that fair Erin can show,
Nobler sons, truer daughters than them.
Such names as O'Connell and Moore I will mention,
And brave Duke of Wellington, while
King Brian Boroghue, and our bold Emmett too,
Saw the light on fair Erin's Green Isle. Chorus.

There's the Killarney Lakes on Erin's Green Isle,
They're so lovely, enchanting and fine,
Sure the valley's and mountain's are second to none,
For their beauty is really sublime
There grows in profusion, the dear little shamrock,
Encouraged by Nature's sweet smile,
Dear land of my birth, garden spot of the earth,
You're my idol, fair Erin's Green Isle. Chorus.

Farewell to Ireland.

Words by Myles Morris. Music by Paddy Murphy.

Arranged by Ned Straight.

Sung with great success by Paddy and Ella Murphy.

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Good evening, kind friends, I'll sing you a ditty,
It's of dear old Ireland, the sweet land of song,
I will sing you of heroes, of men Iron-hearted,
Of brave ones, and of true ones, to Ireland belong,
For the day we are longing, when we'll see Erin free,
And all sons of Ireland strike for liberty,
For storved and oppressed, they re stricken with awe,
They're driven from Ireland, and Erin go Bragh.

Chorus.

Then farewell to Ireland, the place I was born in,
Farewell to Erin, the fairest of earth,
Farewell till liberty on us is dawning,
Farewell to Ireland the land of my birth.

The sweet girls of Erin, are hopeful yet weeping,
They're sighing for freedom, which to them belong,
And the heroes of Ireland whose name I will mention,
Whose fame in Irish hist'ry is marked very strong,
There was Daniel O'Connell a well known hero bold,
And brave Robert Emmett, we're always been told,
They fought for old Ireland were true to the core,
They loved that dear shamrock and Erin go Bragh.
Chorus.

Sons of Erin's Isle.

Irish Marching Song.

Words by Johnnie Patterson. Music by Paddy Murphy, Arranged by Ned Straight.

Sung with great success, by Paddy & Ella Murphy.

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We've heard martial songs, and songs of the sea,
Comic songs, and love songs, but they don't suit me,
We love to sing of Ireland sweet land of our birth,
I'm Paddy her son, and she's my mother earth.
Oh! Erin, my country, it grieves us to see,
Our enemies prosper, and yet were not free,
We fight for other countries as through life we roam
When half of our fighting would free our old home.

Chorus.

Then hurrah for the sons of Erin's Isle,
Hurrah for the daughters, who on us do smile,
A fig for her foes wherever they may be,
Three cheers for old Ireland and sweet liberty.

Arise sons of Erin, and prove to the world,
The sunburst of freedom is once more unfurl'd,
United all like brothers, we'll join hand in hand,
We'll drive the proud Saxon, away from our land.
The land is the people's, and who dare dispute,
The word of our Maker, for He spake the truth,
Then descend from the hill, and arise from the glen,
And once more the battle of freedom begin. Cho.

Do It Again.

Sung with great success by Miss Emma Rice,
Words and Music by Ned Straight.

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The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Last night I met my Charlie,
While walking down Broadway,
He seemed so glad to see me,
And bought me a bouquet.
We had ice cream and pea-nuts;
The circus and the clown,
And many wondrous sights we saw,
Whilst strolling thro' the town.

Spoken: Oh! didn't we have fun. we saw the walkers, the runners, the dancers, the singers, the elephants, the monkeys and donkeys, and had such a pleasant time, and we arrived home, and Charlie was saying such sweet things to me, and put his arm around my waist, he gave me such a jolly good squeeze that I couldn't help saying.

Chorus.

You can do it, do it, do it, do it, do it again,
What's the use of the name, if you don't have the game,
So he did it, did it, did it, did it, did it again,
And it really was so nice.

Next day we had a carriage,
All through the park we went;
And there he pop'd the question,
To wed was his intent.
We sat down in a grotto,
And there he stole a kiss,
He wouldn't give me any rest,
Until I answered, yes.

Spoken: Of course, I didn't like to, until I had consulted mamma, so I pretended to feel grieved, and put my kerchief to my eyes, he said he was sorry he had wounded my feelings, and asked me to kiss and make it up, well, the kiss he had stolen before was so nice that I couldn't help saying.
Chorus.

Vaiter, Vaiter. Hot Potatoe!

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

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I've always fancied dot I'm sharp,
Und know my way about,
Aldough I am a German,
I'm mistaken I find out,
For every time I got a start,
I seem to miss my way.
Und every business I get in
Is certain not to pay,
I've been clerk in a barber shop,
Vere vork is not so slow.
I've kept all kinds of little sdores,
But nothing seems to go,
I run an elevator vonce,
Dot did go up und down,
Und now I am a vaiter
In a restaurant up town,
Spoken; Yes, und all day long dey are hollering at me.

Chorus.

Vaiter, vaiter, hot potato,
Vaiter, now den, vaiter,
Vere's dot lamb, vere's dot lamb,
Ven's dot mutton coming, vaiter,
How's about dot veal und ham, veal und ham,
Fried eel, oat meal,
Toast bread, calf's head, blue fish,
Warm dish, saurkraut, stir about,
Dat's de vay de holler at me,
Ev'ry moment mit a frown,
Hurry, flurry, me dey worry,
At de restaurant up town.

At night dere's clearing dings away,
Und picking up de corks,
At morning setting tables,
Und a cleaning knives und forks,
De boss he will have everything,
Look neat as any pin,
Und he is always grumbling
Till de customers come in,
Ve get some funny customers
I tell you, now und den,
Dere's some dot cannot eat at all,
Some vant to come again.
Some spend two dollars on a meal,
Some vant it for a cent,
Some get a check, get near de door,
Und den quick out dey vent.
Spoken: Und I cannot run after dem, de people are hollering. Chorus.

I dink I'll leave dis business,
For to stand it now I can't,
I never vos intended
To work in a restaurant,
I'll start a lager bier saloon
In some plach dot is near,
Give chromo's to de man vot drinks
A keg of lager bier.
To be a vaiter und vork hard,
I tell you is no fun,
My legs, my shoulders, und my joints,
In fact are overdone,
I might get in a valkins match,
And skip de tra-la-la,
In fact I could stand anything,
'Cept dey yell at me. Chorus.

Over Where the Shamrock Grows.

Sung by Frank Dumont.

The sunset, my darling, is now on the waters,
The hour is nigh when from you I must go;
But true to my colleen I'll come o'er the ocean,
Back to the land where the shamrock does grow.
Keep back your tears, love, and whisper your kind words,
Soon we'll be parted, but, darling, I know,
You ne'er will forget me, tho' waves roll between us,
Your image will follow wherever I go.

Chorus.

You never will forget me, though waves roll between us,
Your image will follow wherever I go;
But true to my colleen I'll come o'er the ocean,
Back to the land where the shamrock does grow.

When o'er the ocean 'mid strangers I wander,
Think of my sadness I felt day by day;
That you cannot cheer me, for you can't be near me,
But time, then, my darling, must soon pass away.
Then with my heart throbbing wildly with pleasure,
Safe in your arms, love, again ne'er to go;
Then will our days be the bright days of sunshine,
Safe in the land where the shamrock does grow.
You never will forget me, &c.

Bernard McGee.

Written by Ben Collins. Sung by John Reilly.

Copyright, 1874 by A. J. Fisher.

I am Bernard McGee, you've heard of me,
I have just come over the ocean;
To see the sights of this free land,
In my head I've took the notion.
I never care for politics,
But all the people say,
I'll be Senator Bernard McGee,
On next election day.

Chorus.

Then I am Senator McGee,
The world is proud of me,
My talent is wonderful,
I am a beauty, as you see.
The band will proudly play,
As I march so grand and gay,
To take my seat in Washington,
On next election day.

My friends they are quite numerous,
Of wealth they've got a pile,
I ride around in my barouche,
And wondrous in my style.
I will regulate the 17th of March;
Give the workingmen their pay,
When McGee goes in for Senator,
On next election day. Chorus.

The Escape of the Catalpia Six.

Words by Thos Maguire. Sung by Dan McCarthy.

Come, gather kind friends, and listen,
And a story to you I will tell,
You, no doubt, have heard of Erin's great heroes,
Who in the latest of battels have fell.
But the greatest of things that have happened,
And may never happen no more,
Is the escape of the six Fenian prisoners,
Away from Australia's shore.

Chorus.

Let us hope then the day is not distant,
When the Irish shall rise up in bands,
And sever the bonds that unite them,
And make of themselves a free land.

When these good men were senteneed in Ireland,
Their country for trying to save
They were sent to the shores of Australia,
And there made the proud Saxons' slaves.
And they served out ten years of their life time,
And vowed that they would serve no more,
So they escaped on the good ship Catalpia,
And sailed for America's shore. Chorus.

When the good men escaped on the whaleship,
The authorities thought them to stay,
So they sent out their warship Georgetta,
Before they had time to away.
"Now we want you to deliver those prisoners,
Or on you we'll fire if you lag."
And they answered, "If on us you fire,
You will insult our American flag." Chorus.

Two Flowers From Paddy's Land.

We are two honest emigrants,
Just landed on your shore,
We left our friends and home behind,
And we may not see them more,
We've travelled all this wide world through,
From Cork to the Isle of Man,
And we sing and dance from morn till night,
We're two flowers from Paddy's land.

Chorus.

He— My shillalah I can twist with ease
Wherever I may go,
She— And for courting pretty girls, me boys,
I tell you he's not slow.
Both— For singing or for dancing too,
Just bate us if you can,
Where e'er we go we always show
We're two flowers from Paddy's land.

Ould Ireland is a garden fair
Where many flowers grow,
One of them, "Hospitality,"
As all the world does know.
And we're two more from Erin's shore,
We travel hand in hand,
And we grow in coil with honest toil,
We're two flowers from Paddy's land. Chorus.

I'll Name the Boy Dennis, or; no Name at all.

Irish Comic Song.

Sung by Kerrigan & McCarthy, the Irish Pipers.

Words by Fred Hatfield. Music by John Small.

Arranged by Jos. Schwaneck.

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I'm bothered, yes, I'm bothered,
Completely perplexed;
I'm the father of a little boy,
I'm not happy, but I'm vexed.
I have ninety-nine relations,
And they nearly drive me wild,
Both one and all, both great and small,
They want to name the child.

Chorus.

My wife she wants him Michael,
Her sister wants him Matt,
Her brother wants him Charlie,
Whilst her aunty wants him Pat.
Whilst my mother wants him Shamus,
And my father wants him Paul,
I do declare, I don't know what
I'll name the boy at all.

'Twas only here this morning,
My brother came from Troy,
He swore by this, he swore by that,
That he would name the boy.
Says my wife's brother Darby,
He be hanged if that would do,
And they jumped together on the floor,
And had a bold set-to.

Chorus.

My wife she said it'll be Michael,
Her sister said it'll be Matt,
Her brother said it'll be Charlie,
Whilst her aunt said no, it'll be Pat.
Whilst my mother wants him Shamus,
And my father wants him Paul,
By heavens sure I don't know what
I'll call the child at all.

Next Sunday is the Christening,
And I tell you by the way,
I'll have none of their connivings,
I'm bound to have my say.
They may call him this, and call him that,
I don't give that, for their call,
I'm bound to call him Dennis,
Or he'll have no name at all.

Chorus.

My wife may want him Michael,
Her sister may want him Matt,
My brother he may want him Charlie,
Whilst her aunt may want him Pat.
Whilst my mother wants him Shamus,
And my father wants him Paul,
I'm bound to call him Dennis,
Or he'll have no name at all.

Led Astray.

By W. H. Delehanty.

Oh! let me speak departing soul,
E'er gone to ne'er return;
That I may tell my wicked life
To whom it may concern.

It may, perchance, do some one good,
And no one any harm;
But block the road that leads to ruin,
Wrought by fair woman's charms.

The maiden pure in innocence,
Unknown to care and strife,
May learn what comes of ignorance,
To blast an holy life.

And find a moral in this tale;
For I was once as pure
As snow that scarce of heaven fell;
But I am pure no more.

I never knew a mother's love,
Nor felt her tender care;
For she did give her life for me—
Ne'er blest me with a prayer.

Though I was reared religiously,
Was educated well,
And moved in high society,
Of which I blush to tell.

Blush, said I? not blush, oh, no,
I hat that with my name;
And now but feel a justly throe
As one deluged in shame.

I heard him promise faith and love,
To share my life as well.
In ignorance I sealed my fate,
And so, alas, I fell.

My father turned me from his door,
And cruel words he said;
My sisters dared not speak to me,
So from the right I fled.

Oh! curses on the promises
That brightened all the way;
And palsied be that honeyed tongue
That sweetened me astray.

MORAL.

Oh! innocence! oh! ignorance,
Oh! youth! beware, beware!
The path of love is beautiful,
But ever hath a snare.

E'en though 'tis decked with roses,
The light of love adorns;
Remember, where the flowers are,
There's sure to be some thorns.

Oh! Pipe Her Off.

By J. T. Kelly, for Miss Flora Moore.

I came from dear old Ireland friends,
A few short weeks ago,
In a great big ship I crossed over,
To Castle Garden below.
And feeling very home-sick,
With my friends so far away,
I sat on my chest to take a rest,
When I heard some young lads say.

CHORUS.

Oh! pipe her off, just pipe her off,
She has got a regular tarrier's face,
Oh! pipe her off just pipe her off,
Now ain't that a disgrace.

In Fifth Avenue I'm working,
In a Yankee family,
I'm going to save my wages up,
And bank them all you see.
I'll go back to old Ireland,
And it's there I intend to stay,
For here the blackguards drive me mad,
When e'er I hear them say,
Oh! pipe her off, &c.

Shamus O'Brien, Recitation.

Jist after the war in the year ninety-eight,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'Twas the custom whenever a peasant was got,
To hang him by trial—barrin' such as was shot,
There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial law hangin' the lavins by night.

It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon—
If he missed the judges he'd meet the dragoon;
An' whether the sogers or judges gave sentence,
The divil a much time they allowed for repentance;
An' the many a fine boy was then on his kapin',
With small share of reatin', or sittin' or sleepin',
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullit;
Unsheltered by night and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge
for their pay.
An' the bravest an' honestest boy of thim all
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall;
His limbs were well set, an his body was light,
An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth
half as white;
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of
the red;
An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,
For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye.
So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depths of the night;
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the elegantest dancer that ever was seen.
In fencin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,
An' in jumpin' he gave Tom Maloney a fut;
For lightness of foot there was not his peer,
For, by heaven, he almost outran the red deer.
An' his dancin' was such that the men used to stare,
An' the woman turn crazy, he did it so square;
An' shure the whole world in to him there.
An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it's often he ran, an' it's often he fought;
An' it's many the man can remember quite well,
The quare things he did, an' it's oft I heerd tell
How he frightened the magistrates in Cahirbally,
An' escaped through the sojers in Aherlo valley;
An' leathered the yeomen himself, agin four,
An' stretched the four strongest on old Galtimore,
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild
deer must rest,
An' treachery prey on the blood of the best;
An' many's an action of power an' pride,
An' many a night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers, an' toils overpast,
In darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now Shamus look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon;
An' take your last look at her dim, misty light,
That falls on the mountain and valley to-night.
One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the sheltering far-distant wood;
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of
you still.

Never Turn a Poor Man From Your Door.

By F. J. Ward, Dedicated to and sung by J. J. Fox.

The motto of my little song to-night, friends,
Is about how hunger makes our poor deplore,
And how they will fall into crime and misery,
When we turn those poor creatures from our door.

CHORUS.

So on the poor and helpless don't be scorning,
And if for your help they will implore,
Remember, sorrow on them is dawning,
So never turn a poor man from your door.

There's many a person died from starvation,
No money or food they had in store,
There—they died lonely and dreary,
Not a friend to let them enter in their door.
So on the poor, &c.

You all have heard what happened of late
in Ireland,
The famine stricken on old Erin's shore,
This was caused by tyrranical landlords,
Who turned the poor people from their door.
So on the poor, &c.

To the poor it is a great vexation,
They try to do all that they can,
To go through this life without begging,
And bear all the hardship like a man.
So on the poor, &c.

This world is full of pride and temptation,
Some day from it we all must withdraw,
So think of this motto and be liberal,
Never turn a poor man from your door.
So on the poor, &c.

Beautiful World On High.

Comic Irish Refrain. By Dan McCarthy.

Oh, sinners stop your wickedness,
Come join our band and pray,
In this beautiful world on high.
If you don't the Lord will burn you up,
On our next judgement day,
In this beautiful world on high.
Now, Hell, you know, is deep, and Hell is wide,
In this beautiful world on high.
It ain't got no bottom, and it ain't got no sides,
In this beautiful world on high.

CHORUS.

Oh, I'll be dar, yes, dar,
Oh, I'll be dar,
And victory's crown of glory I'll be sure to wear,
In this beau iful world on high.

Oh, Henry Ward Beecher is getting cracked,
In this beautiful world on high,
He carries Plymouth Church around on his back,
In this beautiful world on high.
Yes, and he wears his shirt outside his coat,
In this beautiful world on high,
And he buttons his pants around his throat,
In this beautiful world on high. CHORUS.

From Middletown to Watertown.

Written and sung by Dan McCarthy.

Oh, from Middletown to Watertown
Is fifteen miles,
And from Watertown to Mibdletown
Is fifteen miles.
Oh, from Middletown to Watertown,
And from Watertown to Middletown
Yes, from Middletown to Watertown,
Is fifteen miles.

CHORUS.

At the battle of the Nile,
We were fighting all the while.
All the while we were fighting,
At the battle of the Nile.
Yes, at the battle of the Nile
We were fighting all the while,
All the while we were fighting
At the battle of the Nile.

The Little Babe was Saved.

Words by Sam Weston. Music by Morris Weston.

It's of a dark and wintery night,
A sad tale I will tell;
Of a mother and her child,
The night, I remember well.
The wind did roar like the ocean wave,
And the snow was falling fast,
She buried her child in her arms,
And prayed for her last.

She strove with all her might and soul,
Her little babe to save;
To have her life and sorrows told,
When she was in her grave.
She suffered with the cold and hunger,
Until her strength did fail,
She fell asleep to wake no more,
But her little babe was saved.

Tell Me Where My Eva's Gone.

Sung by Frank Lum, Motto and Topical Vocalist, with great success.

I had a dream a happy dream,
I dreamt that I was free,
And in my own far off distant home,
I lived so happily.

Chorus.

Eva, Eva, oh! tell me where my Eva's gone,
She has left me here to weep and to mourn,
Can you tell me where my Eva's gone,

The mocking bird sung on the sweet magnolia tree,
I felt so proud and brave,
And with my darling Eva how happy I seemed to be,
But I woke and I found myself a slave.
Eva, Eva, oh! tell me, &c

I long to dream that happy dream again,
To see my home so fair,
For now I roam forsaken and alone,
With no one my troubles for to share.
Eva, Eva, oh! tell me, &c.

Love Letters.

Song and Dance.

By Bobby Newcomb.

Music pub, & Copyright 1860, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

On a bright summer morning I pursued my way,
As happy as a robin when he trills his lay,
That morning such a letter from my true love came,
Commencing with "My dearest," and
concluding with her name.
Such a pretty letter, with its perfume sweet,
Cupid's with their arrows loving hearts to meet,
Lots of blots for kisses, and a seal of blue,
Meaning that my love is true to you

Chorus.

For on a bright summer morning I pursued my way,
As happy as a robin when he trills his lay,
That morning such a letter from my true love came,
Commencing with "My dearest," and
concluding with her name.

Now who the letter came from I of course must tell,
A charming little maiden and her name was Belle,
She's just as sweet as honey, and she writes to me—
You see that we are parted, she is far across the sea,
If you've ever been in love, of course you'll understand
The feelings of my heart, when loving letters reach your hand,
How you'll stand and wonder what your sweetheart she has said,
As I did, with the one that I have read.
For on a bright summer, &c.

Of course I'm going to answer in a true love strain,
And ask my little darling to return again.
And soon a ship that's sailing o'er the dark blue sea,
Will bring me such a letter, from my sweetheart it will be.
Then when we are married, I will write you the news,
Tell you how we get along, and never have the blues,
What a little treasure wife I got from o'er the sea,
Our letters then will spell L-O-V-E.
For on a bright summer, &c.

New York to Frisco.

By W. K. Scott.

It was in New York Bay,
Our noble ship did lie,
At anchor ready to weigh,
And pass the Narrows by.

Chorus.

Oh! blow winds, keep blowing,
Blow high, winds blow,
To 'Frisco we are going,
Blow high, winds blow.

We soon set all our sail,
And run the Narrows through,
All stowed we were ready to haul,
For we had a gallant crew. Chorus.

The sun shone bright with a blue sky,
There was not a drop of rain,
When we sailed Sandy Hook by,
Into the Atlantic's Main. Chorus.

We soon got on the ocean blue,
Where the weather was in no way fine,
Ploughing the "rough thing a" through,
Before we reached the "Line." Chorus.

Over the Equator we sailed soon,
Flying the colors of Liberty,
In the kingdom of Neptune,
Who is the ruler of the sea. Chorus.

Next we got to Cape Horn,
Where rough weather on ships does tell,
There are then such raging storms,
That it is known as "Neptune's hell."

We soon left the cape behind,
Then on the calm Pacific sailed,
Where merchant vessels we did find,
All of which we hailed. Chorus.

Being then to the North'ard bound,
We crossed the line once more,
When sudden squalls they are found,
And the tempest it does roar, Chorus.

The Farallones next came in view,
Our pilot on the quarter-deck did stand,
On the fore-castle-deck was the crew,
Cheering at the sight of land. Chorus.

The Farallones pa-soon sailed by,
Next through the Golden Gate,
Then before 'Frisco we did lie,
Which is in the Golden State. Chorus.

Razors in de Air.

Tom Scanlon's Version.

Catfish running down de stream,
Yes, my love, I'll meet you,
Turtle ask him what he mean,
I'll meet you by and by.
Turtle caught him by de mouth,
Yes, my love, I'll meet you,
And turned his jacket inside out,
I'll meet you by and by.
Den hoe dat corn, hoe dat corn, Moses,
Den hoe dat corn, I'll meet you by and by.

Chorus.

Get away from that window, my love and my dove,
Get away from dat window I say;
I'll be here some other night,
Kase dar's gwine to be a fight,
Dare'll be razors flying in de air,
Get away, (sym.) get away, (sym.)
Get away you sassy nigger. (Repeat Chorus)

I went down to Shilam town,
Yes, my love, I'll meet you,
Bull-frog kicked all de houses down,
I'll meet you by and by,
I buy my bread and eat my crumbs,
Yes, my love, I'll meet you,
Rabbits bit off both of my thumbs,
I'll meet you by and by.
Den hoe dat corn, hoe dat corn, Moses,
Den hoe dat corn, I'll meet you by and by.

Get away from dat window, &c.

Lively Old Couple.

Written and sung by the Daytons.

Good-evening kind friends, we are much pleased to meet
With so many good smiling faces to-night;
To sing for you, now to be sure is a treat,
Our old hearts are always well filled with delight.
So merrily, cheerfully, the hours are driven,
And we are a jolly old couple you see;
For forty years past together we've thriven,
And now we are both residing in glee.

Chorus.

Hurrah for my old wife, crummy and merry! ha! ha!
We're lively old cock you can see, ha! ha!
Together for years we have roamed side by side,
We're known as the lively old couple, ha! ha!

Now we sing every day of the times that are passed,
For many a year of happiness we've seen,
But the older we grow just so happy we seem,
So let the world in its ways roll around,
It's just the same to my old wife, [illegible]
Joyfully, merrily [illegible] along,
[illegible] seventy-three.

Harry Jones, &c.

The Turnpike Gate.

Sung by Reynolds and Walling.

I am thinking of the day when but a little child,
I wandered o'er the meadows to the hill,
Where the sweet flowers grew and forever growing wild,
And the stream a'er flowed by the mill,
But the old mill house has gone to decay,
I loved it and so did darling Kate,
And the miller he lies sleeping where the gentle breezes blow,
And we played 'neath the Turnpike gate.

Chorus.

For the Turnpike gate is the pride of my heart,
I loved it and so did darling Kate,
When she sits beside me now, there's a smile upon her brow,
That reminds me of the Turnpike gate.

And the old school house has gone to decay,
Where the schoolmaster heard us recite,
And those happy, happy days have faded from our view,
When our little hearts were filled with delight,
And when the school was out we would wander to the spring,
Where I drew for you pictures on your slate,
And those happy childhood days they'll came again no more,
When we played on the Turnpike gate. Chorus.

What I Love.

Sung by Bonnie Runnells.

I lobe to roam in de bright green fields,
I like to live on a farm,
I love to stroll where de primroses grow,
For a country life is a charm.
I lob to wander drough de old farm yard,
Round by de old hay stack,
And listen to de chicks, as dey cackle, cackle, cackle,
And the pooty little ducks quack, quack.

Chorus.

Quack, quack, goes the pooty little ducks,
Den hen's cackle is a warning,
When de old cock crows every body knows
Dere's eggs for your breakfast in de morning.

I lobe to gaze on de ripe yellow corn,
I lobe to roll on de grass,
I lobe to romp on de new mown hay
Along with a pretty Dutchar gal.
I long to wander by de old mill stream,
And catch every breeze dat blows,
And I lobe to see de lambs as dey rumble in de fields,
In de morning when de old cock crows.

Quack, quack, &c.

I lobe my home at de little white farm,
Where de ivy entwines round de door,
And I lobe to hear de lark, as he flies on high,
And I love to hear de old bull roar.
I love to hear de milkmaid's song,
And listen to dat little busy bee,
Well, you can have your cities and you can have your towns,
But a German country life for me.

Quack, quack, &c.

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"The Rosebud in Your Hair.....Skelly.
"When the Flowers are Dreaming.....Skelly.
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The Moons are out To-Night.

Air; Full Moons. By Stephen Garvey.
To the Full Moons of Brooklyn.

Come gather every member
Of the Full Moons one and all,
You hear the proclamation,
For to meet here in the hall.
To make our preparations
For a grand and glorious sight,
Let the people know where'er we go,
That the moons are out to-night.

Chorus.

Get in line, dress up fine,
Every member true;
Out on the walk hear them talk
As they stand and view.
All in a row, away we go,
With hearts so gay and light.
The people are astonished
When the Moons are out at night,
When our neighbors are a-sleeping,
Our sister Luna shining bright,
Along the walk you'll see us creeping,
For the people know when the
Moons are out at night.

Salvation Army's coming,
You'll hear the people cry
With their heads out of the windows,
As we are passing by.
With wonder they do stare at
The procession grand and bright,
You should hear us pray, along the way,
When the Moons are out at night. Chorus.

What means this great commotion,
What is all this fuss about,
The people are excited,
The police are ordered out.
To guard and save the city,
From a red and gory fight,
But don't be afraid, it's only a parade,
The Moons are out to-night.

Tom Kerrigan the Irish Piper.

To my friend, Tom Kerrigan, by Dave Roache.

Good evening to you one and all,
I just come here to tell
Of a true-born son of Erin's Isle,
Whose lilts of music swell
The hearts of every Irishman
That left the shamrock shore;
Which makes us think of days gone by,
We will not see any more.

Chorus.

Yes, I mean Tom Kerrigan the Irish piper,
Whose playing is immense,
Whose pipes they are so grand,
Yes, as fine as Gilmore's band,
He is quite par excellance. (Repeat.)

Now if you should to battle go,
And be where it is said
The bullets storm and fly around,
The dying and the dead.
One lilt from those old Irish pipes,
Our friend Tom to the front
Would make the fearless Irish rise,
The enemy to hunt. Chorus.

Charles Frederick Horace O'Brien.

By James Richmond, for Joe. Sparks.

The is a young man in this city,
Whom I met one afternoon;
He is a darling dry goods clerk,
And he is on the verge of ruin.
The girls say he is a charmer,
His father married Baby Mine;
The admiration of the girls is
Charles Fredrick Horace O'Brien.

Chorus.

For his form is like an umbrella,
His looks are very bold,
His feet would go in a thimble,
His necktie is solid gold.
His eyes they are imported,
His age is twenty-nine,
The first man played "Ralph Rackstraw,"
Was Charles Fredrick Horace O'Brien.

Last summer he beat his boarding house,
And skipped to a country farm,
When he met Matilda Agnes Jowels,
She was a young school marm.
He got her on a rope and gave her chewing-gum,
And says, "Baby thou art mine."
And her brother fired cannon balls
At Charles Frederick Horace O'Brien.
For his form is like, &c.

He left and sailed for Europe,
Where he calls himself a Prince;
To the Queen of Dublin he made love,
Said his money was counted in mints;
The Mayor of Russia calls him Begus,
And he got tripped up so fine
That the Duchess of Italy gave ten years to
Charles Frederick Horace O'Brien.
For his form is like, &c.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

The minutes slipped on however, without any promise of her hope's realisation.

The sick man laid still, breathing heavily. Save that, nothing broke the wearing stillness except the measured beat of the time-piece, and the loud nasal respiration of Mrs. Twiddy, the housekeeper.

Suddenly as the clock had just struck two, Josiah Biddlecomb moved in the bed.

So silent had everything been before, that it made Maria Daggett start. Recovering herself, she bent forward.

From where she sat, she could see the ex-usurer's features. They were agitated; the brows were bent; the lips moved

Would he speak?

Yes, low; more like a muttering, yet distinct.

As they fell from the sick man's lips, the companion noted them down.

"It's false!" I repeat.

Silence awhile, a restless toss, then, "If the boy is alive, what is that to me? You nor he can't do anything?"

Silence.

"Your proof!—your proof! Defaulter!—beggar!"

Here ensued another silence, so long, that the listener began to think the patient had relapsed into a heavier sleep.

Abruptly, with a sharp cry, however, he started erect in bed, his eyes wide and staring, his hands clutching the air.

"Villain!" he almost shrieked. "Would you dare turn upon me? It's false! Who'd take a convict's word?"

The last sentences had only been gasped forth as Josiah Biddlecomb dropped back exhausted upon his pillow.

That cry had echoed through the apartment, and aroused the housekeeper. Before, however, she could bring together her scattered senses, Maria Daggett was by the bedside, and motioned her to keep back.

"What is it? What is all this?" gasped the man, hoarsely.

"You have been rather ill, sir—a fainting-fit, that's all!" replied the companion, gently.

"There, there! I know," he broke in; "apoplexy. I remember, I felt it coming on. The"—with a sharp glance at the girl—"port wine did it. Ought to keep to claret. I was dreaming"—with an eagerness he tried to hide. "Did—did I say anything aloud?"

"Nothing, sir. You were sleeping as calmly as a child until you gave that cry which awakened you."

"Ah, I was dreaming! You can sit down, Miss Daggett. I'll go to sleep again. You—you are quite sure I wasn't talking?"

"Quite," smiled the companion. "Had you, sir, I must have known."

Satisfied, Josiah Biddlecomb, having drank the draught given him, composed himself again for slumber, while Maria Daggett returned to her chair reflecting on what she had heard.

"Shall I tell Mr. Hepburn this?" she meditated. "Surely it confirms his suspicions. Still, I must not let too many good cards go out of my own hand."

Soon the sick-room resumed its former stillness, which was not again disturbed until morning.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DOCTOR'S SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED.

Josiah Biddlecomb's constitution was a strong one; consequently, when Doctor Abercorn arrived next morning, he found him considerably better, which he did not fail to contribute in a measure to Maria Daggett's nursing, though now he said there would be no further need of her thus burthening herself.

The household, recovering from its shock, fell into it's usual ways, and the order that no visitors would be received was countermanded by the heiress.

Thus, when about noon Richard Hepburn rode over, he was at once shown into the drawing-room where Sidonia sat interestingly pale, and most becomingly dressed.

"The footman informs me that your father has been taken suddenly ill, Miss Biddlecomb. I trust it is nothing serious," remarked the visitor as he advanced.

He spoke earnestly, for the thought had immediately occurred to him, as to Maria Daggett, how far the usurer's demise would affect his purpose.

"Not now, I pray—I hope!" responded the heiress, throwing a plaintive tremor in her voice. "But if it hadn't been for Maria's fortunate presence of mind, Carnyston would by this time have no master, and I should have been an orphan. Oh, Mr. Hepburn!" And apparently overwhelmed by such a prospect, the heiress, covering her face with her cambric handkerchief, sobbed hysterically.

The companion's words were in her memory, that Richard Hepburn, loving her desperately, yet needed encouragement; and what better opportunity to give it then when grief excused the non-observance of some of the conventional barriers?

The young man was embarrassed. He recognised the awkwardness of his position in conversing at such a moment with a girl who so openly showed her preference for him.

The last words had been uttered with a touching appeal to his sympathy he could not mistake, and heartily he prayed someone would enter and free him from the difficulty.

"I am rejoiced, Miss Biddlecomb," he said, approaching not a step nearer, "that such a misfortune has been averted. You seem ill. No doubt past anxiety has exhausted you. I will not be so thoughtless as to intrude at such a moment. First let me ring for your attendant."

"No, no; please, no. It has passed. Naturally I slept but little last night, and morning has found me stupidly weak and nervous. Will you lend me your arm? I will go to the window; it will revive me."

Perforce, Richard Hepburn had to obey. Fiercely he bit his lips with vexation.

The heiress hung heavily on him, and, when they had reached the windows, which not only commanded a large extent of the Carnyston grounds, where some gardeners were engaged sweeping the lawn, but a portion of the high road also, she made no movement to relinquish his support.

Only that morning a chance overheard conversation at the inn where he was stopping had unpleasantly informed him that his name and the heiress's were being already coupled together.

How a simple open flirtation could lead to this he was unable to divine, not being aware that Edmund Biddlecomb, out of a desire to aid his cousin's views and thus to remove a dangerous rival—for here he was keener-sighted than Hepburn—from his own path, had made it a special duty to insinuate everywhere a marriage at Carnyston at an early date was not impossible.

After what he had heard, though he could not forgo his plan, he had resolved upon a more cautious action. Yet, here he stood, with Sidonia leaning on his arm, as if they were really engaged lovers.

He would have laughed, had he not seen the perilous entanglement it might get him into, to free himself from which, though he had committed himself in no way, might prove detrimental to his honor. What—and there, in fact, lurked the sharpest stab—would *Alice* Walden, so pure and noble, think of him?

While these ideas flashed with the swiftness of electricity through his mind, the heiress, clasping her hands over his arm, murmured, pathetically, "Poor papa! What wonder I was overcome? To imagine, Mr. Hepburn, being left an orphan and friendless, with such an estate as this to see to alone! I never could do it;"

"Not friendless, I hope, *Miss* Biddlecomb," remarked her companion, doubtful what to answer.

"Well, perhaps, not entirely. You. I know, would be generous enough to give me your sympathy. None should I so highly value; but"—with a little nervous laugh—"how could I ever dare trouble you with my affairs, though into no one's hands would I more fearlessly confide them?"

The words were accompanied by a glance which Richard Hepburn purposely failed to see.

"I thank you for the high compliment you pay me, Miss Biddlecomb," he responded, inwardly irritated past endurance. "Still, you have your cousin, a very good business man, I should think. Confound the fellow!" added the young man, in a low voice, with something very like an oath, as he beheld one of the gardeners, who, presumably to attend to a flower-bed close to the window, had approached, and was watching them with considerable relish.

"My cousin!" laughing nervously. "As a married man, he'd be too busy with his own concerns."

"Married!" ejaculated Richard Hepburn, with a start for the life of him he could check. "I was not aware——"

"That Edmund intended marriage? Oh, yes, very shortly."

"I congratulate him," said her companion, finding it difficult to get his teeth wide enough apart for clear articulation. "And the lady—do I know her?"

"Know her? Ha! ha! Why, from what Edmund says, matters must be so plain that I should have imagined the question unnecessary. Alice Walden of course.

Richard Hepburn felt himself go white to the lips.

"Miss Walden has accepted him, then?" he contrived to remark.

"I do not know whether she has yet right down said 'Yes,' but it's been sufficiently implied to make Edmund possess no fears of the reply he will receive."

"It's a confounded falsehood, and piece of egotistical presumption on his part, the puppy!" thought Richard Hepburn, drawing a long breath of relief on hearing the irrevocable affirmative had not been pronounced by Alice's lips.

The sensation the heiress's statement had produced, however, made him resolve not to prolong this uncomfortable interview.

As politely as he could, he disengaged himself, saying, "Seeing, Miss Biddlecomb, you are happily now quite recovered from your faintness, I will take my leave. Indeed, I hold myself to blame for having kept you so long from your father, in whose sick-chamber I am sure you are anxious to be."

Raising her hand to his lips, he saluted it, and moved to the door.

Sidonia had no excuse to detain him, so she only said with a languishing melting look, "You will come again, Mr. Hepburn? You will not desert me in my trouble? Papa's illness is not so severe that we should banish our best friends from Carnyston!"

"Of course I will come, Miss Biddlecomb. How could you doubt it? I shall make daily inquiries, believe me. Good morning." And he passed from the room.

To be Continued in No. 176—Commenced in No. 159

A Handful of Sand.

By Bobby Newcomb.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

A child on the beach stood watching the waves,
As they rolled to her feet in glee;
"Go back!" she'd say, "come on," she'd cry—
'Twas a seraph defying the sea.
Then a tiny white hand was soon filled with sand,
That slipped through her fingers so sly;
She stood in a maze, with wondering gaze,
And thoughtfully marvelled why.

A man thus stood in the midst of life,
Opportunity thrown in his way;
The golden ball thrice has rolled to his feet,
But he listlessly kicked it away.
When in after life, with toil and strife,
Fickle fortune had left him to strand,
He pondered and said "How my money has fled,
Like the child with her handful of sand.

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SHE DANCED LIKE A FAIRY.

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.



1. I'll relate to you pub - lic the source of my woes, They're worse than hard blows for no - bo - dy knows; When in
2. The first time that I saw her 'twas at her pa's shop, I out - side did stop, then in - side did drop; Half a
3. But Montague you see got clothes from the same shop as me, And soon I could see with me 'twas U. P. He made

Love your young heart like a cau - li-flow'r grows, And the girl don't care two-pence for you. The case it is mine, I am
sov - er - eign bright in her lit - tle hand drop Said I have you got a suit that will fit me. She show'd an as- sort-ment, Hats,
friends with her Fath - er, and with them took Tea, And he sung them his last com - ic songs. His soft win - ning ways her af -

sor - ry to say, When I think, oh! my heart how it heaves; Her I taught to dance in an ex - quis - ite way, And
coats, boots as well, After a while I choose these like a man; She said I looked handsome, in love with me fell, From
fec - tion did win, And then he took her feel - ings by storm, He then took her out and he thus took me in, For

CHORUS.

sing twice as well as Sims Reeves.
that time our court-ship be - gan. Oh, she danced like a Fai - ry, she sung like a bird, She did on my word, but
with him she now does per-form.

rath - er ab - surd, She do - ted on Mon - ta - gue, a man that you've heard, And so she ske - dad-dled from me.

P. S.—Write to Mrs. PAULINE LIEDER, No. 60 Chatham St., N. Y. for anything in the Musical line.

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CONTENTS.

APRIL SHOWERS.....page 602
Ask me Again, and I will not say "No."..604
A Lady's "No" means "Yes.".....606
BREATHING SWEET WORDS AT THE GATE...603
The Banjo now Hangs Silent on the Door 603
Biddy Ann McCarthy.....603
Come ye Disconsolate.....602
Close the Blinds Gently, Do Dear.....604
Dan McCarthy's Advice.....603
Down by the Watermill.....604
Darkies on the Levee.....604
Don't Blame Me, for I Didn't do it 605
DEUCED GOOD FELLAH.....606
Dat Wicked Bee.....606
The Exile of Erin—Recitation.....605
Go to Sleep my Little Darling.....602
Golden Hair.....605
Git Away From dat Window: or, Sassy Nigger 603
I Must Go.....602
Just as I am.....603
Jernsalem the Golden.....604
Johannah Louisa McGuire.....605
Love Not.....602
LUCK LAYS OVER BRAIN.....604
Latest Sheet Music. (Notice.).....606
The Lost Inheritance.....607
Mighty Day.....603
McGowan the Fiddler.....603
Murphy Anchor Your Feet.....605
Sleeping Where the Cotton Plant Doth Grow 603
Skedaddle.....605
TAKE ME BACK TO MY DEAR OLD SOUTHERN HOME Music for Banjo & Guitar 606
TAKE THINGS AS THEY COME 602
WAITING FOR de SETTING ob de SUN 603
Water and Air; or Tanner's Bill of Fare...604
Whist the Policeman.....605

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Waiting for the Setting ob de Sun.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate, etc, etc.

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The Music of this song is published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps

I done gwine back to good old Tennessee,
And I'll meet Aunt Susy in de evening,
It's a long time since I seed de family,
Waiting for de setting ob de sun.
Won't dey be glad to behold Uncle Steben,
Meet Aunt Susy in de ebening,
Dey'll know it's me, for seeing is believing,
Waiting for the setting ob de sun.

Chorus.

Oh! ain't I glad to get back
To de dear old home again,
Oh! yes, and we'll dance from de morning
'till de ebening,
Waiting for de setting ob de sun.

I'll play dis tune and make 'em feel so good,
And I'll meet Aunt Susy in de ebening,
Den I'll say "good-day, I hope I don't intrude,"
Waiting for de setting ob de sun.
We'll dance all night, while de moom am rising,
Meet Aunt Susy in de ebening,
We'll hab warm times or it will be surprising,
Waiting for de setting ob de sun. Chorus.

Go to Sleep My Little Darling.

Published by Collins & Buxton. Portland. Me.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Go to sleep, my little darling,
Rest on mother's loving breast,
And the angels will protect you
When within your cradle rest.
Far above the starry heavens,
They are looking down on you,
So repose, my precious darling,
Close your tiny eyes of blue.

Chorus.

Go to sleep my little darling,
Rest your head on mother's breast,
And the angels will protect you,
When within your cradle rest.

Far a-down the dewy meadow,
All the daisies are asleep,
And the birdies in the branches
Also are in slumber deep.
But in Eden far above us,
Angel eyes are open wide,
And you are safe my darling,
As if they were at your side. Chorus.

In the early morning, darling,
Little robin in the tree
Will awake you from your slumber,
When he sings his merry glee.
Then I'll take you to my bosom,
Till the glimmer on the plain
Tells us that the sun is shining,
And the day has come again. Chorus.

April Showers.

By Joseph West Sherman.

The "Ides of March" have flitted past,
Its blustering winds swept by,
And April with its moist embrace—
Is coming on the sly—
To give to us variety
In many sunny hours,
That now and then are want to gleam,
Between its threatening showers.

Hail, heart of spring! we welcome thee,
As part of Nature's law;
Although we growl when on our heads
Thy mighty waters pour.
With such majestic force, that when
We get our house within,
We find that thou relentlessly
Hast wet us to the skin.

But we would fain forgive thee this,
Cruel though it may be—
When by the moisture thus bestowed
The budding fruits we see;
And then the gorgeous flowers of May
Are subject to thy will,
For blooming—by thy waters fed—
Our hearts with joy they fill.

As the bright sun doth often break
Through thine o'er darkening showers,
And these the swelling buds create
Which bloom to summer flowers.
So then through sorrows darkest gloom
There breaks a gleam of joy,
Which joy expands until its light
The clouds of gloom destroy.

Pour down thy waters if thou will,
Drench every hill and field,
Soak all the meadows through and through,
That they the more may yield.
Refresh the country far and wide,
Rich harvests will we see
In golden days of Autumn time
Proceeding all from thee.

Who would find fault with April showers,
Knows not what guilt he bears—
Without their moistening aid we'd have
No apples, plumbs, or pears.
The grain would fail, and pumpkins too,
And lots of other things,
While we would almost starve to death,
I really think by jings.

Now what, I pray, has this to do
With the business at hand—
Demanding full attention—
Which you doubtless understand
To be the ordering of Journals
For my usual monthly store,
Including with the numbers now,
Odd numbers less or more.

It was just that and nothing else,
Which I sat down to do,
So now without much more ado,
I'll try to put it through,
And tell you of my wants this time,
In figures down below—
Which will not be so very large,
But all that I can go.

Kind friend, I hope you will excuse,
My silly show of wit,
My verse and rhyme, and waste of time,
And lack of solid grit!
If you will now thus lenient be,
I'll promise to do better,
And never more afflict you thus,
With such a foolish letter.

Take Things as They Come.

Motto Song.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate, etc, etc.

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The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Many songs are made from bye-words,
Many jokes are turned to rhyme,
Wrongs are done without intention,
Hasty words oft lead to crime;
Then let us all be careful,
And not be quarrelsome,
'Twere better far to think and learn
To take things as they come.

Chorus.

Take things as they come,
Take things as they come;
'Twere better far to think and learn,
To take things as they come.

Let's be kind to one another,
Good for evil lets return,
Help a friend when he is needy,
A mean action always spurn.
Don't wound a poor friends feelings,
Tho' he be troublesome;
'Twere better far to think and learn,
To take things as they come. Chorus.

Come ye Disconsolate.

From Caraffa, Arranged by W. W. Keys.

Copyright 1877 by W. W. Keys.

The music of this song can be obtained at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music House, No, 60 Chatham St, N. Y. Or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address on receipt of price, 40 cts, in postage stamps.

Come ye disconsolate where'er you languish,
Come at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow, earth has no sorrow,
That Heaven cannot heal.
Where'er ye languish,
Come at the mercy seat fervently kneel,
Here bring your wounded heart,
Here tell your anguish.
Earth has no sorrow, no sorrow,
Earth has no sorrow Heaven cannot heal.
Earth has no sorrow, no sorrow,
Earth has no sorrow Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow, earth has no sorrow,
That Heaven cannot heal.
Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow, earth has no sorrow,
Heaven cannot heal Heaven cannot heal.
Earth has no sorrow, Earth has no sorrow,
Heaven cannot heal, heaven cannot heal.

I Must Go.

By Tom Searles. Air; Baby mine.

Oh! I can't stay here no longer,
I must go, I must go,
To my home away up yonder,
I must go, I must go;
I must bid farewell to all,
For I hear de angels call,
To my home away up yonder,
I must go, I must go,
So I can't stay here no longer,
I must go. (Repeat last six lines.)

My old Massa's gone before me,
I must go, I must go;
And I see him beckon for me,
I must go, I must go;
Oh! my children weep an' cry,
When I bid dem all good-by,
To my home away up yonder
I must go. I must go,
So I can't stay here no longer,
I must go. (Repeat last six lines.)

Love Not!

Love not! love not! ye hapless sons of clay;
Hope's gayest wreath's are made of earthly flow'rs,
Things that are made to fade and pass away
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! the thing you love may die,
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky
Beams on its grave, as once upon its birth,
Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! the one you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not! love not!

Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate, etc, etc.

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On these soft and balmy evenings,
When the stars are shining bright,
To be wand'ring with your sweetheart,
Is a source of great delight.
Just one kiss and then another,
For she must not stay out late,
Oh! those moments are so blissful,
Breathing sweet words at the gate.

Chorus.

Oh! delicious hours of courtship,
Loving smiles intoxicate,
Rosy lips all ripe for kissing,
Breathing sweet words at the gate.

Sitting quiet in the arbor,
Now a blush and then a sigh,
Not a word above a whisper,
Lest some prying one is nigh.
Thro' the vines papa is peeping,
And he could not help exclaim,
Let the dear young ones enjoy it,
For I once did just the same. Chorus.

Dan McCarthy's Advice.

If you listen to me I will sing you a song
Of something that happened to me,
I went to the theatre a short time ago,
All the pretty girls for to see.
Now, the first that came out on the stage,
Was a young girl in her teens.
And she wore spangled clothes,
And went around on her toes,
And she roped me behind the scenes.

Chorus.

So now, kind friends, take my advice,
And keep away from the girls in their teens,
For you will find them old enough to chew hay,
When they get you behind the scenes.

It's the divil's own place, as you will find,
But that's as you may think,
Where the girls will tickle you under the chin,
And it will cost you a dollar for a drink.
Yes, and they use all kinds of circus slang,
"Stag the terrier with the striped jeans."
Oh! they roped me in with the rest of the gang,
When they got me behind the scenes. Cho.

Git Away From dat Window, or Sassy Nigger.

Sung by Lawell & Drews.

Hop along, sister Mary, hop along,
Hop along, hop along.
Hop along, sister Susie, hop along,
And we'll get dar just in time.
See de sunset in de evening
Up in de field ob corn;
Oh! niggers do take warning
When Gabriel blows his horn.

Chorus.

Git away from dat window, my love and my bride,
Git away from dat window, now I say,
Call around some other night,
For dere's gwine to be a fight,
Dar'll be razors flyin' through de air.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six,
Glory hallelujah!
The year I got my jaw-bone fixed,
Glory hallelujah!
I hung my jaw-bone on de fence,
Glory hallelujah!
I haven't seen my jawbone since,
Glory hallelujah! Chorus.

Mighty Day.

By C. H. Scheffer. Sung by Foley & Scheffer.

As I was a-crossing yonder field,
A snake he stung me on de heel;
Turned right around to do our best,
Slapped our foot in a hornet's nest.

Chorus.

Wasn't that a mighty day,
Wasn't that a mighty day, little children;
Wasn't that a mighty day,
When us two nigs was born.

What kind of shoes does the angels wear?
They don't wear any, for they walk in the air;
They walk in the air until somebody knocks,
Then we put all the niggers in the missionary box.
Chorus.

Sleeping Where the Cotton Plant Doth Grow.

Sung by Harry Woodson.

Dem folks I left in old Virginny,
Many years ago,
When but a little picaninny,
Helping wid de cotton and de hoe.
I long to hear dere loving voices,
Ever so kind,
And how my poor old heart rejoices,
When dere darling faces cross my mind.

Chorus.

Hark! I hear dem now a-calling,
But my heart is filled with woe,
For now I know they're pas' recalling,
Sleeping where de cotton plant does grow.

I have no home, I have no mudder,
All are gone;
My father, sister and dear brudder,
For their loving presence I often mourn.
Dat little cabin near de wildwood,
Whar I was born,
It looked so bright and gay in childhood,
Now it stands neglected and forlorn. Chorus.

The Banjo now Hangs Silent on the Door.

Written and composed by Jerry D. McCarthy.
Sung by Dick Little.

Oh! the old home is now sad and dreary,
The darkies sing about the place no more,
They have all gone from the old plantation,
The banjo now hangs silent on the door.
Oh! it's all that remains of the children,
Of the ones that cherish me so dear,
And no more will I hear their voices singing,
The good old songs my heart rejoiced to hear.

Chorus.

Oh! the old home is now sad and dreary,
(Bass alone) Sad and dreary, for
The darkies sing about the place no more,
They have all gone from the old plantation,
(Bass alone.) And the banjo.
The banjo now hangs silent on the door.

Oh! but the times makes me fondly remember,
At evening when the toiling day was done,
How the folks used to sing and play the banjo,
For trouble in those good times we had none;
But their forms in the grave now lie sleeping,
So dear to me in happy days of yore,
And I'm left here alone all day weeping,
The banjo now hangs silent on the door.
Oh! the old home, &c.

Now, old age has come on, and I'm weary,
The few looks that are left me are quite gray;
Round the farm every day I'm wandering,
Yes, wandering, for I soon must pass away.
So you'll please listen now and remember,
When the poor colored man shall be no more,
Take good care, kind friends, and part with never
The banjo hanging on the cabin door.
Oh! the old home, &c.

Just As I Am.

Sacred Quartette.

Composed by Francis J. Barrett.

Music published, and copyright, 1878, by E. A. Stanfield

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Duet.

Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Solo.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Quartette.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown,
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

McGowan the Fiddler.

Words by and Music by J. E. Murphy,
Of Murphy and Mack.

Copyright, 1874 by A. J. Fisher.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Tom McGowan is a fiddler,
And owns a small sheebeen
Over here in Mott street,
Number seventeen.
He has three lovely daughters,
Bridget, Kate, and Nance,
And every Saturday evening
At the house he has a dance.

Chorus.

Waltzing round with great fun and glee,
What a sight to see, come and go with me
Lads and lasses dancing gay and free,
If you want to see fun with me come,
Around to McGowan's dance.

There's lovely Kate and Mary,
Bridget, Kate and Nance,
Every Saturday evening
They assemble at the dance.
Purty Tom McCarthy,
Lew and Dick McGee,
Every Saturday evening
The girls I go to see. Chorus.

Biddy Ann McCarthy.

Words and Music by Raymand & Murphy.

Copyright 1879 by A. J. Fisher.

I know a pretty little girl,
She lives just down the street,
If you see her when she's out walking,
You'll say that she is sweet.
Her mother keeps a grocery store,
Her brother drives a dray,
Her father is a longshoreman,
And she tends store all day.

Chorus.

Her name is Biddy Ann McCarthy,
Her eyes are blue and she is hearty,
She takes the prize at every party,
And we call her Biddy Ann, that's her name. (sym.

We'll married be in a short time,
What pleasures we will share,
We'll raise a little family up,
They'll be our only care,
We'll move outside the city,
Myself and little wife,
And with our children, ever near,
Be happy all our life. Chorus. (sym.)

Ask Me Again, and I will not say No!

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by Harrison Millard.

Pub, and Copyright, 1874, by Spear & Dehnhoff.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price 40 cents.

Don't look so sad when you're passing me by,
Don't hang your head and so wearily sigh;
What if I told you I could not "yes,"
Now does that prove that I love you the less?
Maidens don't always say just what they mean,
"No," oft is "yes," if its meaning be seen!
Don't let a word such gloom o'er us throw,
Ask me again, and I will not say "no!"

CHORUS.

Ask me again, and I will not say "no!"
No, no, no no, no, no—no, no, no, no, no, no!
Ask me again, and I will not say "no!"

If I should own that my mind was perplexed,
If I should say that I somehow was vexed—
Would you excuse me and smile once again?
Who would think one little "no" gave such pain
Some hearts may hide all the love they feel,
Some lips their joy never fully reveal;
Look in mine eyes, with the dear old-time glow,
Ask me again, and I will not say "no!" Chorus.

Surely one "no" will not drive you away!
Ah! you will find me more pleasant to-day;
Maidens are only too willing to tease,
Tell me I'm loved, and I'll say what you please.
Hearts easy won are not easy to keep,
Love easy told is not lasting or deep!
So when you're wooing, ask twice ere you go,
Ask me again, and I will not say "no!" Chorus.

Water and Air: or, Tanner's Bill of Fare.

By J. V. Barrett. Air: Blue Glass.

The greatest discoveries in science,
In our city has lately been made,
It holds all the arts at defiance,
And throws every thing in the shade.
The wonder, the great Doctor Tanner,
Beyond all scientific compare,
Who has unfurled the anti-food banner;
And lives upon water and air.

Such science we'll hold as a keepsake,
When our mortals won't relish their meal,
For I'm sure if deprived of their beefsteak,
That the most of our mortals would squeal.
We could live cheap as fish in the water;
Or the insects that fly in the air.
I'm certain and sure that we ought to;
But we never could relish such fare.

'Twould be joy to the boarding-house keepers,
They then could economize cash,
And charge just as much to the sleepers,
As if they were eating the hash.
Hotels would adopt the same manner,
They'd abolish the grand bill of fare;
And compel you like grave Dr. Tanner,
To live upon water and air.

Such dainties from fare should be stricken,
As petrified steak and salt ham,
The ten-year old tender spring chicken,
The nanny-goat mutton and lamb.
No more would we crave a grand dinner,
Or sigh for a "solid" or "square;"
'Twould make every sinner grow thinner;
To live upon water and air.

Down By The Watermill.

By C. H. Duncan.

Music published, and copyright, 1860, by R. A. Saalfield
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

Some think that life the most jolly
Is found in a smoky town,
But give me the glorious country,
Where one can get healthy and brown.
I like it now better than ever,
I'll tell you the reason why—
If you think I am blind, perhaps I am,
For I've got a sweet girl in my eye.

Chorus.

Down, down by the old water mill,
Close by the side of a rippling rill,
In a dear little cottage just under the hill,
That's where I met my darling.

She showed me the ducks and the drakes,
She showed me the cocks and the hens,
She showed me the shovels and rakes,
And the dear little ba's in their pens.
She showed me the birds and the bees,
And likewise the pigs and the sows,
She showed me the butter and cheese,
And also the bulls and the cows. Chorus.

The ducks they would waddle to greet her,
The geese made a terrible row,
The cocks and the hens raced to meet her.
And merrily grunted the sow.
She feeds them from out of her apron,
Her kindness to all never fails,
Whenever she passes a bull or a cow,
They're sure to waggle their tails. Chorus.

Close the Blinds Gently, Do Dear.

Written and sung by Charles H. Duncan.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents.

I've a lady acquaintance, her name is McGee,
She lives on the east side of town,
As fair a young creature as ere you did see,
Her family's one of renown,
I called to see her a short time ago,
Her affections to win I did try,
When I begged that she'd give me one sweet little kiss,
The darling made me this reply.

CHORUS.

Close the blinds gently, do dear,
Close the blinds gently, do dear;
Oh! the neighbors are queer,
I trust you will hear,
So close the blinds gently, do dear.

She wears her hair very peculiar indeed,
In a knot on the top of her head;
She declared no man ever could fool her and vow'd
That no giddy man would she wed.
She curled up her lip like a duchess at court,
When my arm it encircled her waist,
And yelled with a terrible falsetto voice
As her sweet ruby lips I did taste— Chorus.

A silence came o'er us, a shrill voice was heard,
"Matilda!" it yelled, "Ten-o'clock!"
I grabbed coat and hat, then rushed for the door,
But oh! I received such a shock.
I met her last Sunday, we're married, and now
Together through life we will glide;
But the very first night, when I put out the light,
Charlie, my darling, she cried— Chorus.

Luck Lays Over Brain.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate, etc. etc.
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A lesson now I've surely learned,
Deny it if you can,
However honest you may be,
It's money makes the man.
No matter if you're white or black,
Or handsome, rough, or plain,
I've got the problem figured out,
That luck lays over brain.

CHORUS.

An honest man may labor hard,
The rich do him disdain,
And so, I have made up my mind,
That luck lays over brain.

'Neath ragged coats beat honest hearts,
Aristocrats may shun.
There's many diamonds in the rough,
That sparkle like the sun.
Your education may be great,
You seek for wealth in vain,
The only certainty you have
Is luck lays over brain. Chorus.

Jerusalem the Golden.

By M. F. H. Smith.

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The music of this song can be obtained at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music House, No. 60 Chatham St, N. Y. Or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address on receipt of price, 40 cts, in postage stamps.

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy con-tem-pla-tion,
Sink heart and voice oppress'd.
I know not, oh! I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

QUARTETTE.

And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints,
They stand, those walls of Zion,
Con-ju-bi-lent with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

There is the throne of David,
And there from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast.
And they, who with their leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.

QUARTETTE.

Oh! sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh! sweet and blessed Country,
That eager hearts expect
Jesus, in mercy bring us,
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father,
And spirit ever blest

Darkies on the Levee.

By Billy Welch. Sung by Johnson & Cooper.

Happy darkies working on the levee,
Waiting for the steamers to come down;
All the cotton in the bales are ready,
We hope they haven't sunk or run aground.
Oh! what lots of fun to load the Natchez,
Or the steamer Robert Lee;
Tote de cotton from de banks,
All de time singing merrily.

CHORUS.

What's that we hear? (sym)
Whistles loud and clear, (sym)
We think it am the Natchez or the Robert Lee,
Come along water dogs and merrily we'll be.
(Repeat.)

When de boats arrive we'll hab some fun,
And all de darkies shout aloud with glee;
Hop about skip about and run,
Just as happy as can be.
When our work is done we get our pay
From the captain of the boat we know,
Then up the street a little while so gay,
On a jamboree we surely go. Chorus.

The Exile of Erin.

ESSAY.

By Florence Mau.

I landed a week ago Saturday night,
And drank in the gin mills until blazin' tight,
When a big Yankee policeman as tall as a mast,
Says, you son-of-a-gun, I have caugh you at last.
I says I'm a stranger, and hope you'll excuse,
I confess I have taken too much of the "booze."
When he says you're a sucker, I know by your tongue,
And I'll get you six months too, if only for fun.
I was brought to a house with green lamps
at the door,
When I thought I had landed in Erin once more,
It seemed like a dream, but alas it was true,
For they showed me down stairs to my room No. 2.
Oh! land of my birth! oh! Erin, I cried,
To-morrow at ten in the Tombs I'll be tried,
Tried—if convicted—then sentenced I'll be,
In the land of the brave and the home of the free,
Oh! Ireland, my country, oh! Ireland, I say,
For your freedom my dear land, I always will pray,
I'll sing, and I'll give you a smile for a smile,
While wearing my life away on Blackwell's Isle,
And if I can raise enough when I'm set free,
I'll fly back, oh! Erin, dear Erin to thee.

Whist the Policeman.

Written and composed by F. J. Ward.
Air: Whist the Bogie Man.

Oh! listen to me every one,
That is near and far;
For I belong to the police force,
And I feel so light and gay,
It's lately I got the office,
So don't think I'm a sham,
For I often hear the people say
Here comes the policeman.

CHORUS.

Oh! whist, whist, whist, here comes the policeman,
Now get off the corner ye fellows every wan;
Oh! whist, whist, whist, he'll catch you if he can,
All the jolly sporting boys run from the policeman.

When I am out on duty,
There often is a fight,
It's with my club I give them a rub,
Then put them all to flight.
It's with their little brothers
Sure they do all they can,
When in a crowd they yell out loud,
Here comes the policeman. Chorus.

While on my post the other night,
A strange noise I did hear,
I rushed up stairs in a tenement,
Of course I had no fear.
While I was going in the door,
Sure they struck me with a ham,
It's then I heard a woman say,
Troth it's a policeman. Chorus.

Not very far down in this little town,
There was a sad affair,
Two women were a-fighting,
Pulling one another's hair.
I walked up to them easy,
But they slipped, skipped and ran,
It's then I heard the neighbors say,
Here comes the policeman. Chorus.

McGunnigan's gang I know them well,
I know every laddy-buck face,
They yell at me when in the street,
They think I'll give them a chase,
But I swear if ever I catch them,
They'll get a ride in the van;
The town then will be clear of them,
And so will a good policeman. Chorus.

Skedaddle.

By Tom Heath. Sung by McIntyre & Heath.

I am looking for a gal,
She's a stunner, she's a bouncer,
Her given name is Sal,
And she wears a balmoral.
I met her at a ball,
She couldn't dance at all,
Wasn't she a fine gal,
With a waterfall.

CHORUS.

Then, oh! oh! I must find her,
I must find her;
Oh'! oh! I wonder where she lives,
Yonder, yonder is her father's house,
And that's where she lives.

I'm looking for my Pete,
He's a coming, he's a coming,
I seen him down the street,
Oh! don't he look sweet.
He's always been in time,
And dresses up so fine,
All the gals in town
Thinks he cuts a shine. Chorus.

Murphy Anchor Your Feet.

By Ed. Talbot, for Murphy & Mack.

An Irishman, as you can see,
I'm known both far and wide;
Since I've been in this country
I've been the people's pride.
When first I landed in New York,
It filled me with conceit,
The kids say, "Murph, for digging turf,
You have the real elegant feet.

CHORUS.

For the other day I heard them say
That me nose looked like a beet,
Then all the gang with vulgar slang,
Roared, Murphy, anchor your feet.

My Delia Clancy, that's the girl I love,
Sure I called on her the other night,
And swore by all the clouds above,
For there was none out that night.
Says I, "My darling charming Delia,
My heart is yours complete."
Says she, "I won't have any funny business,
Oh! Murphy, anchor your feet. Chorus.

Sure it's President they say I'll be,
If it wasn't for this hullabaloo,
If my head was only the size of my feet,
And of course that's very true.
You might know I'm a prominent man,
For every one I meet as I stroll along,
You'll hear the gang shout, "Hollca,
Murphy, anchor your feet." Chorus.

Don't Blame Me for I Didn't Do It.

Words and Music by Paddy Murphy.

The music of this song can be obtained at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music Store, No. 60 Chatham St, N. Y. Or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address on receipt of price, 40 cts, in postage stamps.

Some time ago, as you must know,
I met a charming girl,
She looked so very pretty
That my brain got in a whirl.
She wore a small shell bonnet,
That became her well indeed,
But when she slipped down on the ice,
My heart for her did bleed.

CHORUS.

Don't blame me, for I didn't do it,
Don't blame me for I didn't do it,
Don't blame me for I didn't do it,
I am not to blame.

She begged that I'd excuse her,
Which of course I quickly done,
She handed me a scented card,
The charmer I had won.
She stated that her father was
A very peculiar man,
Was training for a prize fight,
And his name was Reckless Dan.
Don't blame me, &c.

I stuck to her just like a leech,
We're married most a year,
On good terms with her father,
And have nothing now to fear.
We've got a baby it's a girl,
She is her mother's joy,
But I'm not fond of girls at all—
I'd rather have a boy. Chorus.

Johanna Louisa McGuire.

IRISH COMIC SONG.

Written and sung by Charles Duncan.

Copyright 1880, and published by G. D. Newhall.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

There's a girl of high degree upon whom I'm
always stuck,
She dances in the ballet, while her father
drives a truck;
Her mother she peddles lemonade, her brother
he slings hash,
Yet the neighbors say most every day,
Johanna's on the mash.

Chorus.

Johanna Louisa McGuire
Is a girl that you all could admire,
She's a voice like a bell,
Though I never could tell
Where she got it or how,
Yet you all do allow
That Johanna Louisa McGuire
Has something that you all would desire,
For she's awfully gay on St. Patrick's day,
Is Johanna Louisa McGuire.

She inhabits a little sky parlor up an alley
where everything's snug,
Her furniture's very antique, a table, three
chairs and a jug,
I one evening at the window sat as her invited guest,
From the alley below some young divil did
throw a cud of Jackson's best.

Spoken; It stuck the girl bang in the eye, the old yellow Jack molasses tobacco. I was about to sympathise with her, when one of these young devils yelled—

Johanna Louisa McGuire, &c.

Golden Hair.

Song and Dance, by T. M. Hengler.

As I strolled out one evening,
The sun had just gone down;
While pleasantly meandering
A little way from town.
I there beheld a damsel
With eyes the baightest blue
Beneath her dark eyelashes,
Like viloets dipped in dew.

CHORUS.

She smiled so sweet upon me, (symph)
That moment she had won me,
'Twas love the first I knew.
There some sweet charm entrancing,
With this dear girl so fair,
A sosy soft expression,
With a mass of galden hair.

Now, I followed on behind her,
I think she knew it well,
And as a sweet reminder,
Her handkerchief it fell.
I raised the scented linen
From off the grassy ground,
Her name in letters crimson,
On one corner then I found. Chorus.

At length I did approach her,
And ventured in the task,
By asking her permission
To join her lonely walk.
She blushing, frowning, smiling
Said, oh! I think you rude,
But those blue eyes beguiling,
Seemed to say, I wish you would, Cho.

Deuced Good Fellah.

SWELL SONG.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate, etc, etc.

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I'm a deuced good fellah, they say,
I follow the styles of the day;
The girls I amaze, when at them I gaze,
And my beautiful form I display.
I love the dear creatures so well,
That they don't my attentions repel,
I've got a rich dad, who keeps me well clad,
And in a brown-stone front I dwell.

CHORUS.

Law de daw, law de daw,
With the girls let me live and die,
For they are such charming creatures,
Much sweeter than kokenut pie.

I'm the pet of my mamma, also,
I'm courted wherever I go,
I've plenty of wine, that's really fine,
That I keep in the cellar below.
Sometimes I go out on a spree,
And then Sarah and I disagree,
I talk to her sweet, her pardon entreat,
I'm soon trottiong her on my knee. Chorus.

A Lady's No Means Yes.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by Alfred G. Robyn.

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The music of this song can be obtained at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music House, No. 60 Chatham St, N. Y. Or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address on receipt of price, 40 cts, in postage stamps.

Ah! do not frown my little one,
And turn your head away
You know I love but you alone,
I've said this ere to-day.
I only ask a word from you,
That word you well may guess;
Oh! tell me darling, is it true,
A lady's "no" means "yes?"
Oh! tell me darling, is it true,
A lady's "no" means "yes?"

I've told your name to every star,
And to the roses fair;
I've worship'd you both near and far,
I've known true-love's despair.
Tho' you say "no," and frown and frown,
I cannot love you less;
Oh! all my hopes and wishes crown,
Do say your "no" means "yes!"
Oh! all my hopes and wishes crown,
Do say your "no" means "yes!"

One little word is all I ask,
'Twill make me happy quite;
Oh! speak, it 'tis a simple task—
To bring my heart delight.
You do not frown and turn away,
Your loving eyes confess
What loving lips would sweetly say—
A lady's "no" means "yes!"
What loving lips would sweetly say—
A lady's "no" means "yes!"

Dat Wicked Bee.

By Ed Harrigan, Music by Dave Braham.

Look way yonder, see dat bee, (sym.)
He's mighty livlier dan de flea. (sym.)
Crawl right easy on your knee,
We's done gowine cutch dat bee.
Chorus: He's flew away,
Dis sun-shiny day,
Take care you darkies,
He'll bother us you see.
He's full of honey juice,
He flies around so loose,
He'll sting you, he'll harm you,
Dis wicked bumble bee.

Look way yonder, dar he comes,
Lord how sweet his music hums, (sym.)
He will bite you on the thumbs,
Done gowin cutch dat bee. Chorus.

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I'll Name the Boy Dennis, or no Name at all,	Kerrigan & McCarthy	40
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She's so Captivating	Sargent	40
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The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DOCTOR DISCOVERS HEPBURN'S SECRET.

No sooner had the door closed on Richard Hepburn, than the heiress's expression changed.

Throwing herself back in a chair, and angrily tapping the floor with her foot, she exclaimed, "Can Maria be right? Surely I gave him encouragement and opportunity enough to speak to-day! Why didn't he take it? He won't have an estate like this offered to him very often, I'm thinking. The Captain would have gone down on his knees for gratitude."

Meanwhile, as Richard Hepburn crossed the large hall of Carnyston, the library door opened, and Maria Daggett came out.

Bowing, not venturing on the familiarity of shaking hands, a footman being present, she said, "You have heard how ill poor Mr. Biddlecomb has been, Mr. Hepburn?" meekly advancing a step or two closer.

"I have. I hope it is nothing serious?" he rejoined with a glance, the meaning of which the companion read easily.

"Oh! dear me, no. Doctor Abercorn says he will be himself again in a day or two." Then, preserving the same meek, amiable expression of feature, she hurriedly whispered, "Meet me to-night at nine at the same place. I have something to tell you. Good-morning," she added, aloud, as, sweeping a low curtsey, she passed up the broad staircase before he could reply.

When Richard Hepburn reached the main road, and felt himself secure from observation, his countenance hardly looked pleasanter than had the heiress's. His mind was full of Alice Walden.

He even for the moment banished Maria Daggett and her welcome intelligence from his thoughts.

Though he told himself a hundred times that Alice could not love Edmund Biddlecomb, consequently was too virtuous to sell herself because it was "a good match," an unpleasant sensation, created from what his own eyes had seen at Daisy Bank, whispered him there might be some foundation in what he had heard.

Poor Sidonia! If he had made the announcement in the belief that, by showing him his hopes in that quarter were useless, she would rivet her chains the more securely, she had produced quite the contrary effect.

He almost hated her, he certainly despised her. Who of us ever loves the one who brings disagreeable news? Besides, her behaviour of that morning, the openness in which she had shown her hand, revolted, disgusted him.

He could feel no pity for her, aware she was incapable of true affection, and that a disappointed, unrequited attachment would, putting wounded pride aside, affect her as little as one cankered bud hurts a plant able to put forth bloom after bloom.

Richard Hepburn had, after the fashion of lovers who court the pain that tortures them, half-determined to proceed at once to Daisy Bank, when he heard the clatter of wheels coming rapidly up behind him.

Moving from the road to the path, he looked over his shoulder at the advancing vehicle, when, to his great delight he beheld the occupant to be no other than Doctor Abercorn. If any man was acquainted with the sayings and doings at Daisy Bank, he was and Richard Hepburn, coming to an immediate halt, waited for him.

"I thought it was you," said the doctor, reining in his cob and extending his hand. "I spied you as I came over the hill. Shall I offer you a seat? Are you going my way?"

"I am going to Westerin," answered Hepburn.

"And I am going within half a mile of there, so pray get up."

Expressing his thanks the other obeyed. When the cob had once more started off at a brisk pace, the young man said, "I have just been up to Carnyston. Is Mr. Biddlecomb very ill?

"Not now; he'll soon be right again. You see, Mr. Hepburn, these cases all depend upon the promptitude with which they are treated. That girl, with her calm presence of mind, saved his life."

"How so?" questioned the other, with surprise.

"Didn't they tell you? Well, it was thus."

"It was then, apoplexy?"

"Yes; from too free use of port wine. Mr. Biddlecomb's isn't the constitution to stand it.

"It was fortunate the footman chanced to enter the library."

"It was indeed. He said about an hour before he had admitted a man, a stranger to his master. Hearing no sound as he passed soon after, he fancied both had left the room. He ventured to knock, and getting no answer, went in, when he found the old gentleman in a fit

"It would not quite have done for him to have died just now," remarked Hepburn, returning to the subject that galled him.

"Well really, I don't see why not at this present time as any other," exclaimed Doctor Abercorn, placidly. "Do you know any reason, my friend?"

"Why, there may possibly be a marriage there soon, said the latter, with a laugh, that, despite himself, was confused and nervous.

The doctor cast a quick glance up at him.

"I have heard a rumor to that effect, certainly," he remarked, drily, flicking the cob's ears.

"Ah! but rumors are not always true; and if this had any foundation, you, Doctor Abercorn, would have been the first to know it, and knowing it, as such an esteemed friend of the family, you would never permit it He is not worthy of her! He is," proceeded the young man, excitedly, "an egotistical fool! You could never allow such a union—she would be wedded to misery!"

"In the name of goodness, my dear sir, to what do you refer?" cried the doctor, involuntarily checking the cob's speed.

"To the rumor that Miss Walden and Mr. Edmund Biddlecomb are engaged," blurted out his companion.

"Alice!" began the worthy doctor, his pleasant face showing signs of a loud fit of laughter coming; but suddenly, after a furtive, sly glance at the young man,, he said, with the utmost gravity, "Well, I don't know that it's a bad thing. The fellow is considered an excellent match about here, and Alice would have twenty or more to envy her good fortune."

"Good fortune! Do you call such a sacrifice of all that is pure and high-thinking to all that is petty and vain, good fortune?" cried the other.

"Come, come, Mr. Hepburn," smiled the doctor; "because you cannot gather the grapes yourself, why should you envy another's doing so?"

"Because of the kindness I have experienced at their hands—because of my love for her brother. I take too keen an interest in Miss Walden to see her thus throw herself away. Because—because—because I am the most miserably unfortunate being under the sun, and such wretched company to-day, that I am sure, sir, you will feel grateful for my relieving you from it."

And before the other was aware, he had jumped out, and was striding rapidly on ahead.

"Well, this is one of the drollest things I ever came across!" ejaculated the doctor, as he sat alone in the chaise. "As I thought—he loves Alice to desperatfon; is jealous of every other man; yet it's rumored he's going to marry the Biddlecomb girl. It isn't money—no, I'd swear it isn't."

Driving quickly on, he overtook Richard Hepburn, and stooping forward, placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Mr Hepburn," he said, "don't take what I'm going to say as an impertinence. Remember I'm an old man, and one who takes much interest in you. You are laboring under some great trouble. Will you make me your confidant?"

"Would to Heaven I could!" answered the young man, fervently, raising his pale, agitated face; "but I cannot—I dare not! Yet I may one day, whether soon or late, I know not; but, thanking you deeply for your kindness. I may not now."

"Very well my dear boy; forget I mentioned it: only I imagine, with perfect safety, I can give you this information, whoever Alice Walden marries, it will not be Edmund Biddlecomb."

"Heaven bless you, doctor!" and Richard Hepburn, seizing the other's hand pressed it warmly. "You have my secret, sir, but I know it is safe with you. You will never let it reach her ears, for I can never ask her to be my wife."

So ending, he sprang over a stile near which he stood, and hurried away across the fields.

On reaching the inn, the waiter announced that a gentleman from London was waiting to see him.

Richard Hepburn hurried to his sitting room, and, as he half expected, found seated there Mr. Jonas Slyeum.

"You have news?" he exclaimed, directly he had closed the door.

"Yes, Mr. Hepburn. It's better, I reckon, this time," rejoined the detective, rising. "Timothy Brindley is in England. About two months ago he landed at the London Docks."

CHAPTER XV.

ALICE WALDEN'S SECRET DISCOVERED.

Mr. Jonas Slyeum's news was little more than that which concluded the last chapter. He had discovered that Timothy Brindley had landed in London, but had failed to track him further.

Nevertheless, he had not been long in jumping to the conclusion that the clerk would be in need of money, and, did any secret exist between them, would assuredly seek it from Josiah Biddlecomb.

"Consequently, Mr. Hepburn. I've came down myself to beat about the neighborhood," he concluded, "leaving the beating-up of London to a pal of mine, with whom I often work."

"One I hope you can trust?" said Richard Hepburn rather nervously.

"No fear of that sir. Honor among thieves, you know," responded the detective, joeosely. "Cesides, where sir, would be his inducement to break faith. Mr. Biddlecomb is the only one who'd be interested in buying the little I've been compelled to tell him, and he no more knows that gent than he does Adam. So I think, sir," with a wink, "that Thomas Jackman can be trusted. Now, if you've no objection—for it won't do for me to be seen often in your company—I'd like to learn how you've got on?"

In a few brief sentences his client informed him, ending with, as he observed Mr. Slyeum dubiously scratching his chin, "You seem to mistrust this Miss Daggett?"

"I mistrust every woman, sir, until I can get a sight of her cards. What interest has she in this?"

"Interest" repeated Richard Hepburn, "None but friendship. As I told you, she was my mother's confidential attendant."

"Ah!" murmured Mr. Slyeum, meditatively, as as he looked at the handsome young fellow before him.

"Is she young?"

"Yes;"

"Pretty?"

"Very!"

"Humph!" and Mr. Slyeum contemplated the carpet. After a second, raising his eyes, he remarked, in his former tone, "I can guess what she has got to tell you, sir. The old gentleman's was a fit of aperplexy, and she sat up with him."

"She did."

"Then he's been talking in his sleep."

"Do you really think so?" cried Richard Hepburn, leaning forward in his anxiety.

"I don't doubt it. But, you see, I'm not certain how far this would go in evidence.

"Still you would advise me to keep the appointment she has made?"

"By all means; though I don't fancy I'd better be one of the party. If I'm not mistaken, the young lady's one who likes to carry things out her own way." smiled Mr. Slyeum; "and p'raps I'd scare her. Now, Mr. Hepburn, I'll be off to beat up the neighborhood for Mr. Timothy Brindley, Esquire!

He rose and took his hat.

To be Continued in No. 177—Commenced in 183.

TAKE ME BACK TO MY DEAR OLD SOUTHERN HOME.

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CHORUS.



2 They were happy, happy times at the old plantation home,
When at night we'd sing and play the old banjo;
I was a picaninny, and my heart was light and gay,
But the days, tho' short they seem, are long ago.
I've traveled the wide world o'er, and in distant lands have roam'd,
But the dear old sunny south I love the best;
Take me back and leave me there, in my dear old Southern home,
In the dear sweet sunny south lay me to rest.—Cho.

3 We may never meet again, for my time is drawing near,
When I'll have to leave the earth forever more;
So then take me back to die in the dear old sunny south,
Where my wife and children have been laid before.
Old massa and old missus they were always kind to me,
But they've both gone to that better land, I know,
Where no care, no grief nor pain comes to cloud their aged brow,
To that bright and happy land I long to go.—Cho.

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CONTENTS.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE..... 612
Answer to the Little Green Leaf in our Bible 613
The BEAT BILLY GORDON..... 610
Cheese it, Jimmie, Cheese it..... 611
Cottage in the Dell..... 612
Chiming Bells of Long ago..... 613
Solomon Levy..... 613
The Drunken Growler Club..... 612
Falling Leaves..... 612
Finnegan and his Flute..... 613
Farewell, Sweet Jane..... 613
HIGH WATER PANTS..... 610
I've Gathered Them in, or; The old Grave Digger 612
Irish Nightingale..... 612
Jesus, Lover of my Soul..... 611
Latest Sheet Music. (Notice.)..... 614
The Lost Inheritance- Story continued..... 615
MY SAFFRON COLORED BEAUTY MARY JANE 614
MICKEY FLAHRITY..... 614
THE MESSENGER BIRD..... 611
The Old Willow Cradle That Rocked us to Sleep.... 613
Poor Pat Must Emigrate..... 610
Praise the Lord..... 611
ROMPING IRISH LASS..... 613
Sons of Irish Dukes..... 611
SWEET MAGGIE GORDON— NOTICE.... 610
TERRY DUGAN'S NIECE..... 610
There Never was a Coward where the Shamrock Grows 611
The TICKING OF THE CLOCK..... 611
They Say That I would Lie..... 612
TIMES OF LONG AGO Music for Banjo and Guitar.....616

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High Water Pants.

By Jim O'Neil & Jack Conroy.
Arranged by Ned Straight.

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My name is O'Brien from Harlem,
An Irishman as you can see.
I can sing like a thrush or a starling,
Or the little bird up in a tree.
But the gang that stands there on the corner,
Are trying the steps and the dance.
And they shout out whenever I'm passing,
There's O'Brien with his wat, pants.

Chorus.

They tell me to go over to England,
And pay a short visit to France,
And there to bring out my new fashions,
And call them the high water pants.

Last week I went to the theatre,
Along with my first cousin Dan,
We hired a seat down in the parquette,
Behind the big man in the band,
When a nager came out with a banjo,
He played up a high-land clog dance,
And he gave out a gag and con-nun-drum,
'Bout O'Brien with his high-water pants.

Chorus.

One night as I strolled down the Bowery,
Along with a friend Paddy Brock,
We tho't we'd just drop into Geoghan's,
To try some of his rye and rock.
When the gang all cried there's Dan O'Leary,
The bar-tender shot me a glance,
"Hould your tongues" then said he to the loafers,
That's O'Brien with his high-water pants.

Chorus.

The Beat, Billy Gordon.

By R. J. Pigott.
Air: Sweet Maggie Gordan.

Copyright 1890, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder,

I wish my pal and I were sailing,
By a schooner-house, where we;
Could sniff at saturated bungs, sir—
'Twould fill my aching heart with glee.

Chorus.

The "beat" Billy Gordon, he's dead and gone,
His 'ganging" can is buried too:
At night, while sleeping on a clothes line,
I think of him so staunch and true.

When summer came, we'd leave the city,
And walk on wires to Sulcher Springs;
Where we, for months would cast our anchor,
And live as happy as two kings. Chorus.

But when the weather it got colder,
We'd "pot" for home with hurried gait;
To take a sail 'way up the river.
And have our board paid by the State. Cho.

Poor Pat Must Emigrate.

Fare you well, poor Erin's Isle; I now must
leave you for awhile:
The rents and taxes are so high I can no
longer stay.
From Dublin's quay I sailed away and landed
here but yesterday;
My shoes, and breeches and shirts now
are all that's in my kit.
I have dropped in to tell you now the
sights I have seen before I go,
Of the ups and downs in Ireland since
the year of ninety-eight.
But if that nation had its own her noble sons
might stay at home;
But since fortune has it otherwise poor
Pat must emigrate

The divil a word I would say at all, although
our wages are but small,
If they left us in our cabins, where our
fathers drew their breath,
When they call upon rent-day, and the
divil a cent you have to pay,
They will drive you from your house and
home, to beg and starve to death.
What kind of treatment, boys, is that to give
an honest Irish Pat?
To drive his family to the road, to beg and
starve for meat?
But I stood up with heart and hand, and
sold my little spot of land;
That is the reason why I left and had to emigrate.

Such sights as that I've often seen, but I saw
worse in Skibbareen,
In forty-eight (that time is no more) when
famine it was great,
I saw fathers, boys, and girls with rosy cheeks
and silken curls,
All a-missing and starving for a mouthful
of food to eat.
When they died in Skibbareen, no shrouds
or coffins were to be seen;
But patiently reconciling themselves to
their desperate horrid fate—
They were thrown in graves by wholesale
which caused many an Irish heart to wail,
And caused many a boy and girl to be
most glad to emigrate.

Where is the nation or the land that reared
such men as Paddy's land?
Where is the man more noble than he
they call poor Irish Pat?
We have fought for England's Queen, and
beat her foes wherever seen;
We have taken the town of Delhi—if you
please, come tell me that.
We have pursued the Indian Chief, and
Nena Sahib, that cursed thief,
Who skivered babes and mothers, and left
them in their gore.
But why should we be so oppressed in the
land of St. Patrick blessed?
The land from which we have the best—
poor Paddy must emigrate.

There is not a son from Paddy's land but
respects the memory of Dan,
Who fought and struggled hard to part
that poor and plundered country,
He advocated Ireland's rights, with all his
strength and might,
And he was but poorly recompensed for all
his toil and pains.
He told us to be in no haste, and in him
for to place our trust,
And he would not desert us, or leave us to our fate,
But death to him no favor showed, from the
beggar to the throne;
Since they took our liberator, poor Pat
must emigrate.

With spirits bright and purses light, my boys,
we can no longer stay,
For the shamrock is immediately
bound for America,
For there is bread and work which I
cannot get in Donegal.
I told the truth by great St. Ruth, believe
me what I say.
Good-night my boys with hand and heart,
all you who take Ireland's part,
I can no longer stay at home, for fear
of being too late.
If ever again I see this land, I hope it will be
with a Fenian band;
So God be with old Ireland, poor Pat
must emigrate.

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Terry Dugan's Niece.

PARODY ON "MARY KELLY'S BEAU."
By Richard J. Pigott.

Copyright 1890, and pub by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

Come gather round ye laddy-bucks,
An' let yees hould yer whist;
While I describe a pretty lass,
As sweet as e'er was kissed.
The mashers whin she walks abroad,
Around her flock like geese;
With lots of cash, to try and mash,
Ould Terry Dugan's Niece.

Chorus.

She weighs a hundred an a spike,
And hits a powerful blow;
She'll lick her weight in pratee-bugs,
At least they tell me so.
She's travelled 'round and 'round the globe—
Is known from here to Greece;
'Twould turn your pate, to see the gait,
Of Terry Dugan's Niece.

She's such a lovely dancer, too,
She'd break a fellows heart;
The way she Knickerbocker's 'round,
In such a manner "tart;"
Her Montague's beneath her hat,
Are plastered on with grease;
I'll bet me hat, there's nothing that,
Compare's with Dugan's Niece. Chorus.

Sure Terry keeps a bucket-shop,
And owns a block or two;
Of tenements in cherry street,
Excelled in style by few.
Sure whin he dies, his Niece and I
Will married be, and peace
And comfort we'll enjoy forever,
Mesilf and Dugan's Niece. Chorus.

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You are false but I'll forgive you.
When McGuinness gets a Job.
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Sweetest of the Sweet—Song and Waltz.
Widow Clancy's Party.

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The Messenger Bird.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate, etc, etc.

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Oh! my pretty little mocking bird,
I'm going to set you free;
But you must promise, birdie dear,
That you'll soon return to me.
I will tie this ring around your throat,
With a tiny little string,
You're to take it to my sweetheart,
With the fleetness of your wing.

Chorus.

Sing, birdie, sing,
Just once before you fly,
And sing the same to my sweetheart,
So birdie dear, good-bye!

Pretty birdie fly towards
The twinkling evening star,
It's only twenty leagues away,
And I'm sure that's not so far.
You will find him on the battle-field,
Oh! so wearied with the fight,
You must bring me tidings of my love,
And hasten back to-night. Chorus.

There Never was a Coward Where the Shamrock Grows.

Sung by Harry and John Kernell.

Let cowardly slanderers say what they may
Against the dear land of my birth,
But I will maintain, in spite of all foes,
It's the dearest green spot on this earth.
Some say we are cowards and fit for naught else
But drinking our home-made potheen.
But I'll throw back the villainous lie in their face,
We're as brave as the shamrock is green.

Chorus.

Pat may be foolish and very often wrong;
Pat's got a temper which don't last very long;
Pat is full of jollity, as everybody knows,
But there never was a coward where the shamrock grows.

Tho' oppressed and insulted for hundreds of years,
By the foe who once conquered them, they
Have left us the courage our forefathers had,
For that they cannot take away.
They kept learning from us, stole all we held dear,
And crushed us till others cried shame;
But in spite of it all we have struggled to learn
That courage and wit are the same. Chorus.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Sacred Song and Chorus.

Words and by Music by J. R. Thomas.

Copyright, and pub, 1866, by Wm A. Pond & Co.

The music of this song can be obtained at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music House, No. 60 Chatham St, N. Y. Or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address on receipt of price, 40 cts, in postage stamps.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last—receive, receive;
O receive my soul at last.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm af life is past,
Safe unto the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last receive,
O receive my soul at last, receive,
O, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none.
Hangs the helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust in Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing the shadow, shadow,
With the shadow of Thy wing.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing, the shadow the shadow,
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Cheese it, Jimmie, Cheese it.

By Ed Talbot. Sung by Pat Rooney.

Air; Bogie man.

The boys hanging round the public baths,
How patiently they wait,
The policeman tries to keep them quiet,
And pass them in the gate.
They push and pull to sneak in twice,
And get another swim,
But the copper drops, and tells them,
Young fellow that's too thin.

Chorus.

Then cheese it, Jimmie, cheese it,
Now lay bones for your chance,
Don't you see the copper will sneak,
And slug you in the pants.
Then cheese it, Petey, cheese it,
I tell you he will drop,
Now go and dry your hair now quick,
Now sherry here is the cop

They put seventeen boys in a little room,
About as big as a dry-goods box.
You'll hear them say my clothes is wet,
I wonder where is the rocks.
They put on their shoes upon the dock,
Buy a bolivar if they've got tin,
Then dry up their hair and watch the police,
And work the bath again. Chorus.

Praise the Lord.

Words by Dr. W. J. Wetmore, Music by G. Rupes.

Copyright, 1876 by S. T. Gordon, & Son.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Deep sounding sea, green vales and blooming flowers,
Mountains and hills, and storms that darkly lower;
Wild winds that blow, and th fierce driving showers,
Forests that bend to the tempests mighty power!
All speak of His might and His love,
'Tis His voice we ever are hearing,
And His love the sad heart is cheering.
Praise the Lord, praise His name, praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, our Creator above.

Bright shining stars whose light is ever glowing,
Bathing the earth with its radiance divine;
O sacred night, in beauty ever showing,
From cloudless skies, orbs in splendor that shine,
They speak of His power and His love,
'Tis His voice we ever are hearing,
His love that our sad heart is cheering,
Praise the Lord, praise His name.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Praise the Lord, our Creator above.

Prostrate we fall in gratitude before Thee,
Thy love and power our hearts will ever obey;
For Thy dear Son, we ever will adore Thee!
His precious blood can wash our sins away
We'll sing of His power, and His love,
His voice we ever are hearing.
And His love the sad heart is cheering,
Praise the Lord, praise His name.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord our Redeemer above.

The Ticking of the Clock.

Motto Song.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate, etc, etc.

The Music is published in elegant lithographed title page by Mrs Pauline Lieder, 60 Chatham Street, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price, 40 cents.

What wondrous things do happen,
While the clock keeps ticking on;
And it leaves us looking back upon
The pleasures that have gone,
We also gaze on sorrows,
Which do our senses shock;
But still the world goes jogging,
At the ticking of the clock.

Chorus.

Tick, tack, tock,
The pendulum does swing,
While flowers are blossoming,
And birds so sweetly sing;
Dame Fortune smiles while Fashion,
Dresses in her gaudy frock;
They all must fade and wither
At the ticking of the clock.

The moments fly so swiftly,
Many hairs are turning gray;
Many limbs are getting palsied,
Scores of dear friends pass away.
Yet youth's so full of bright hopes,
The future blindly mock;
But, oh! their years are numbered,
At the ticking of the clock. Chorus.

Sons of Irish Dukes.

Words and Music by Chas, Connolly.

Music published, and copyright, 1879, by E. H. Harding

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

Here we are in all our style,
Two fine brilliant pleasing buffers,
Place good faith in all we do,
We're no frauds, nor are we fluffers.
We're the daisies in all there is to do,
We never drop or make bad flukes,
You can tell by our air,
We are something rather rare,
For we're nothing less than sons of Irish Dukes.
Aye! dukes, reg'lar dukes,
Pure Irish dukes.

Chorus.

So watch each noble daisy passing on,
With the XX style of a perfect gentleman,
Oh! we're the daisies in all there is to do,
We never drop or make bad flukes,
You can tell by our air
That we're something rather rare,
For we're nothing less than sons of Irish dukes,
Aye! dukes, reg'lar dukes,
Pure Irish dukes. (Dance lively.)

We can trace our pedigree,
Long before old Adam was born;
Columbus was wan of our clan,
Whin he discovered the Cape of Good Horn;
Our Pa's were Knights of the Golden Fleas;
They travelled greatly on their looks,
We ourselves are block-heads,
From the same old ship ye see,
For we're nothing less than sons of Irish dukes,
Aye, dukes, reg'lar dukes,
Pure Irish dukes. Chorus & Dance.

REMEMBER.

Any piece of Sheet Music, no matter where published, will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of marked price.

A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.

MOTTO SONG.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate, etc, etc.

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While sitting in an old arm chair,
And thinking of the good olden times,
When we were all schoolmates together,
And used to sing Old Grimes,
When mother mended my old clothes,
In the good days of old Lang Syne,
And she every day told all us boys and girls,
That a "Stitch in time saves nine."

CHORUS.

Golden hours pass away,
So make hay while the sun does shine,
And remember the adage so often told,
That a "Stitch in time saves nine."

Then as you work with might and main,
For where there's a will there's a way;
And never put off till to-morrow,
What should be done to day.
Make most of all your youthful days,
Ev'ry hour nearer brings decline,
Save the pennies, and dollars will soon be yours,
For a "Stitch in time saves nine." Chorus.

Falling Leaves.

SONG AND DANCE.

By Bobby Newcomb.

Music published, and copyright, 1880, by E. H. Harding.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

'Twas autumn, and the leaves were falling,
Down the old lane I was straying,
The birds in glee were gladly calling,
As the sun with purple tinged the woody dell.
In fancy free my heart was bounding,
While I wandered and I pondered,
An old song broke upon the stilly air,
'Twas a sweet voice that I remember well.

CHORUS.

Falling leaves in music gently rustling,
While the breeze brings cadence to the ear,
Sweet perfume from flower and tree are blending,
While feathered songsters warble their notes soft and free.

The song so sweet I gently answered,
'Twas a love call and I whispered,
The old words, while she gently murmured,
That the falling leaves were listening to our lay,
We wandered on in sweet communion,
Vows were plighted, and delighted,
She answered "yes," and said she would be mine,
And there and then I quickly named the day. Chorus.

The autumn passed, and winter changing
Ev'ry leaflet still was ling'ring,
Near the old lane clad in white surroundings,
And falling snow instead of leaves I find.
But love like summer sun ne'er changing,
And a sweet face gently smiling,
Recalls fond mem'ries ever dear to me,
For she is gentle, loving and kind. Chorus.

They say That I Would Lie.

Written and Sung by Ned Lockwood.

Just listen to my story, and
I'll not detain you long,
I came all the way from Baxter street,
To sing this little song.
It's all apout the loafers and
The Sheenies on my block,
They break my glass, and fight with me
And hit me with a rock.

CHORUS.

Solomon Levi, they do cry—(break.)
In front of the store they all pass by—(break.)
They break my nose, and steal my clothes,
And say that I would lie.

Last Saturday night a week ago,
I went down to the ball,
They took and pulverized my wife,
And run me in the hall.
They hit me with some rotten eggs,
Which made my whiskers smell,
And then told me go sell my clothes,
And do my business well. Chorus.

Cottage in the Dell.

By John A. Kemmer. Air: Fire in the Grate.

Poor Nellie now is weeping
In the cottage in the dell,
Some shadows gently creeping—
Of coming sorrows tell.
Her mother has departed,
The one she loved so well,
Her soul took fright the previous night,
In the cottage in the dell.

CHORUS.

Those days that once were happy,
Have vanished like a dream,
O'er all is cast a shadow,
Where joy had reigned supreme.
Listen to the prayer
Of blue-eyed orphan Nell,
Take me, ma, to that land so far,
From my cottage in the dell.

She wanders lone and weary,
Through the path of life,
The dear face gone forever—
Freed from earthly strife.
'Round the ivy-covered cottage
Now is cast a spell;
Nellie, once glad, now is sad
In the cottage in the dell. Chorus.

Those happy days and hours,
Now beyond recall.
Are like the withered flowers,
Break from their bush and fall.
What is home without a mother?
What pleasure's now to Nell?
She turns a leaf from joy to grief,
In the cottage in the dell. Chorus.

I've Gathered Them in, or the old Grave Digger.

Words and Music by C. A. White.

Copyright 1873 by C. A. White.

The music of this song can be obtained at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music House, No. 60 Chatham St, N. Y. Or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address on receipt of price, 40 cts, in postage stamps.

I've gathered them in, from the rich and the poor,
I've gathered them in, still there's room for more.
The tolling bell tells me now they come,
I've dug it deep, and my duties I've done.
I've dug them deep thro' the snow and rain,
Death comes and goes, and comes again;
My spade and pick thro' the church-yard have been,
And still I'm left to gather them in.

REFRAIN.

I have seen the widow's tears
Rolling down her cheeks so thin,
And the father, gray with years,
Still I'm left to gather them in.
I'm here! I'm here!
I'm here to gather them in.

Chorus.

Tolling the bell, for all now is well,
Angels are watching, toll now the bell.
I've gathered them in, now they lay side by side
The father, the mother, the child, the bride,
Yes, all soon will come to the grave-digger's inn;
The rich and poor, he will gather them in.
I've dug them deep, and I've well been paid,
Ah! many souls to rest I've laid;
My spade and pick thro' the church-yard have been,
And still I'm left to gather them in.

REFRAIN.

Oh! I've seen the orphaned child,
Murmuring only for its kin,
Weeping, praying, nearly wild,
Still I'm left to gather them in.
I'm here! I'm here!
I'm here to gather them in. Chorus.

Irish Nightingale.

By Ed. Talbot. Music by Dick Devlin.
Sung by Devlin and Traby.

I heard the nightingale's voice the woodland's tufts among,
Yet sweeter were the tender notes of Miss Kelly's song.
So soft into the ear they steal, so soft into the soul
The deep'ning pain of love they soothe and sorrow's pang control.

CHORUS.

Singing merrily, soft and cheerily,
Merrily, cheerily, soft and merrily,
Singing cheerily, merrily, cheerily,
Through the woodlands all day long.
(Repeat.)

I look upon the pure brook that murmured through the glade,
And mingled in the melody that Miss Kelly made,
Yet purer was the residence of Miss Kelly's heart,
Above the reach of pride and guile, above the reach of art.
Chorus.

The Drunken Growler Club.

By James Wilson. Air; Casey Social Club.

There was a drunken party,
Of bums and dock-rats,
That met in Johnson's barber store,
To put away their hats.
The ladies bought their tickets,
And furnished their own grub,
Of all the leading members
In the growlers drunken club.

CHORUS.

President Michael Reilly,
And Secretery Brown,
To get his drink of the growler,
He always is on hand.
It's whiskey here and lager there,
Pigs feet, tripe, and hams,
And forward four, and welt the floor,
And Johnson in a dance.

The store was decorated
With flags of every land,
Chinese, Jews, and Irish,
And Hottle's tin first band.
There was supper served out on the plate,
With a half a loaf of grub;
And the boys all eat a hearty meal
At the growlers drunken club. Chorus.

After intermission, the fighting it began,
McGee he got his keg full
Of Martin Burns's rum,
He tried to dance mazourka,
And fell into a tub,
And Owens done the copper up,
At the growlers drunken club. Chorus.

At three o'clock in the morning,
The house was in a roar,
The band went through the window,
And the girls went through the door
A copper peeped his head in,
And got hit with a loaf of grub,
And Johnson he got taken in
At the growlers drunken club. Chorus.

Romping Irish Lass.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate, etc, etc.

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Hurrah! my boys, lets all be gay,
There's sense in jollity;
Then let us drive dull care away,
And have a little spree.
In laughing sure there is no harm,
A smile and then a glass,
The sentiments just to a charm,
Of a Romping Irish Lass.

Chorus.

Bedad, I'm Irish, you all can see,
I'd never for a French girl pass,
America is good enough for me,
I'm a Romping Irish Lass.

The day I started over here,
It nearly broke my heart;
'Twas only for my mother dear,
To think that we must part.
But twenty pounds to her I sent,
She quickly came to me,
God bless her, and she is content
In our dear America. Chorus.

Answer to the Little Green Leaf in our Bible.

By Charley Donohue. Air; Little Green Leaf.

Oh! father, when you leave us,
To join our mother dear,
And leave this leaf behind you,
We'll hold it ever dear.
We will take another flower,
From off that dear old spot,
Its name will be, to remind us of thee,
A sweet forget-me-not.

Chorus.

Dear emblem of grief on one bible leaf,
Sweet-forget-me-not on another;
Our bible will be a reminder of thee,
And also of our dear mother.

You said she died in spring-time,
When the flowers were in bloom:
For you plucked this leaf we sung of
From off her sacred tomb.
You must kiss her for her darlings,
And watch us kiss the spot
Where you both sleep, and where I plucked
The sweet-forget-me-not. Chorus.

Chorus.

Dear emblem of grief, on one bible leaf,
Sweet-forget-me-not on another,
We'll treasure them dear, we'll save them don't fear,
It's our only friend left the bible. Chorus,

Farewell Sweet Jane.

By John Mahon. Air; The Fairy Boy.

Farewell! ah, is it thus we're parting,
Smarting with despair and grief?
Tears unto my eyes are starting,
But they bring me no relief;
No! the parting words are spoken
Broken is my heart in twain
No more I'll receive a token
Of thy love. Farewell, sweet Jane.

Though my tears fall in abundance,
One glance of thy bright blue eye,
In my heart would make love's sun dance,
And his rain-bows span its sky.
Ah! say was it well to blind me,
Bind me with love's silken chain,
Then depart and leave behind thee
A bleeding heart? Farewell, sweet Jane.

How I loved thou hast no notion;
Ev'n the place thy dear foot pressed
Worshipped was with deep devotion,
Only equalled by the blest.
Those fond moments hailed so gladly,
Sadly followed are by pain;
For, I loved thee fondly, madly;
But that's past. Farewell, sweet Jane.

I shall miss thy light step bounding,
Sounding soft as falling dew;
Or as angels strains resounding
Softly o'er the waters blue.
But farewell, my soul's bright treasure,
Pleasure woos me now in vain;
No more shall I tread Love's measure
By thy side. Farewell sweet Jane.

Chiming Bells of Long Ago.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. F. Shattuck.

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Like a dream ye come to cheer me,
Round me echoed soft and low,
Still your mem'ries linger near me,
Chiming bells of long ago!
Sweetly fall your silv'ry numbers,
Down the still and fragrant air;
Wake my soul from gentle slumbers
List'ning to your echoes fair!
Friends and hopes of happy childhood
Blest me in their purest glow;
Softly rang o'er grave and wildwood,
Chiming bells of long ago!

Chorus.

Sweet chiming bells, sweet chiming bells,
Ye murmur soft and low;
Sweet chiming bells, sweet chiming bells,
Sweet bells of long ago.

Happy visions rose before me,
Brightest that my heart could know;
Still your spell is ling'ring near me,
Chiming bells of long ago!
Sweetly now your notes are falling,
O'er my heart so sad and lone;
Mem'ry from the past is calling
Dreams that once I called my own;
Visions of my dear ones only
Bless me now at evenining's glow;
Oh! ye cheer my life so lonely,
Chiming bells of long ago. Chorus.

Solomon Levy.

Air; All among the Roses.

I'm a bully Sheeny,
I come and sing and dance to you,
To please you if I can.
I got a little clothing store,
Way down in Ludlow Street,
And all among the Hebrew men,
They say I dress so neat.
So help me, Jiminey Moses, (Break.)
Hos-de-ger-sind-der clothes, (Break.)

CHORUS.

Hos-de-ger-sainder kinder,
Ger-sainder by der vinder,
Ger-sainder, hos go ger-sainder,
Hod-der-ger-sainder. (Repeat Chorus.)

Now if you want to buy a suit,
Just call around to me;
I keep way down in Ludlow Street,
One hundred and forty-three.
My wife her name is Rachal,
Und she never lets me be,
She clubs me 'round from morning till night,
And that's the way with me. Chorus.

The Old Willow Cradle That Rocked us to Sleep.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by W. H. Rieger.

Copyright, 1879 by W. H. Rieger.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

It stands in the garret, deserted and lone,
All dingy and broken, with webs over-grown;
The hands that have rocked it, how quiet are they,
The smiles that have beamed o'er it have faded away,
A sweet angel mother once lean'd o'er its side,
And sang to her baby, her darling and pride;
Oh! sad mem'ries gather, and tears downward creep,
That old willow cradle once rocked us to sleep, ah!

Chorus.

'Twas rocking, still rocking, at twilight's sweet fall,
And rocking, still rocking, when night covered all;
A mother's fond prayer begged the angels to keep
Sweet watch o'er the cradle that rocked us to sleep.

A dear baby brother its pillow has pressed,
While angel-sweet lullabies sang him to rest;
Oh! sad were the tear-drops when empty it stood,
And gone was that brother so gentle and good!
His wee broken playthings lay near it that day,
When angels had borne him so softly away!
Oh! long o'er thy pillow a mother did weep,
Dear old willow cradle that rocked us to sleep, ah!

Chorus.

It stands in the garret, deserted and lone,
All dingy and broken, with webs overgrown;
And years have departed since I was a child,
And over my pathway my loved ones have smiled.
Yet oft in the pauses of world weary strife,
The sweet early mem'ries will dawn on my life;
They bind to my heart with affection so deep,
The old willow cradle that rocked us to sleep, ah!

Chorus.

Finnegan and His Flute.

Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

Music published, and copyright, 1880, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

I live with widow Higgins,
In her famous boarding house,
Which used to be before my time,
As quiet as a mouse.
But with my sweet accomplishments,
And style so very cute,
There's lots of fun for every one
With Finnegan and his flute.

Chorus.

Tootle-e-toote, I play the flute,
So lively and so gay,
I charm the neighbors all around,
And pass the time away.
My tootle-e-toot so sweetly played,
Would charm the savage Ute;
The boarders are enchanted quite
With Finnegan and his flute.

Some say I'm quiet distracting,
And I ought to be suppressed,
They threaten me with lynching,
If I don't give them a rest.
But on I play, without dismay,
Tho' they call me a "galoote,"
They must not dare to interfere
With Finnegan and his flute. Chorus.

I don't belong to Gilmore's Band,
Nor any band at all,
But play for sociability
At many a private ball.
'Twas at Maloney's raffle
There was such a great dispute,
And down the stairs they threw at once
Both Finnegan and his flute. Chorus.

I charm sweet widow Higgins,
And her daughter Rosy Jane;
We dust on the piano
With such a sweet refrain,
And if she does not smile on me,
Or her sweet voice is mute,
I go into the parlor, and
I charm her with my flute. Chorus.

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60 CHATHAM STREET, N. Y.

And 49 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn.

My Saffron Colored Beauty Mary Jane.

Americanized Edit on of "Scotch Lassie Jean."

By R. J. Pigott.

Copyright 1880, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

In a little whitewashed shanty situated on the rocks'
In that charming district known as Harlem Flats;
Where the monkey-tamers music doth
commingle with the strains,
Emanating from the throats of Thomas cats.
'Tis there my charming loved one lived—and
there they say she died,
I'll never see her ugly mug again;
Some say that she was false, but I'll swear
it was the hair,
Of my saffron-colored beauty Mary Jane.

CHORUS.

Oh! Jane, oh! Jane, the Sweetest of the Sweet,
I'll never see your ugly mug again;
Some say that you were false, but I'll swear
it was your hair,
My saffron-colored beauty Mary Jane.

How well do I remember when I went to see her first
We'd hoist the earthen "growler" night and day
While her daddy in the corner would be
choking with the thirst,
My Jane and I would put the beer away.
And when her dad would take a skip
and leave us all alone,
We'd hug and kiss and sing some sweet refrain;
But now, that she is dead and gone, why all
I do is moura,
For my saffron-colored beauty, Mary Jane.
Chorus.

And now as she is dead and gone, I'm left
without a friend,
I cannot hoist the "growler" as of yore;
My name you'll find on all the slates in all
the morgue's around,
But alas! I cannot string 'em up no more.
The only one whom I revere, I carry neath my coat,
And that's the little can with which I drain;
So when I die I hope they'll place that can
and me beside,
My saffron-colored beauty Mary Jane.
Chorus.

Mickey Flahrity.

IRISH COMIC SONG.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate, etc, etc,

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Mickey Flahrity is a terrier,
He's a lad just to my style,
He's educated illegant,
And he came from Erin's isle.
He likes the girls, with their flowing curls,
And I think he's gone on me;
His ways are like some Duke or Lord,
He's a darling Flahrity.

CHORUS.

He plays the "cordion,"
And the Harmonicon,
On the old bag-pipes he's as lively as a flea,
And the jigs do spin, from his violin;
He's a thoroughbred with side whiskers,
Is my Mickey Flahrity.

Mickey took me out for a ride one day,
In an Irish jaunting car,
He drank so many whiskey slings,
He was per-pan-dic-u-lar.
Says he more drink, 'twas a bottle of ink,
And he swallowed it with glee,
"I'll lick the man" says he,
Who put vinegar in that whiskey."
Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance

CONTINUED.

"Where and how shall I address you?"

"If imperatively, write to John Roydon, 'The Plough,' Heatham, but don't without it's necessary sir. These country inn-keepers are as curious as the child who wants to see the inside of a drum. As to your to-night interview, I'll meet you between here and Carnyston as you come back."

This arranged, Mr. Slyeum took his leave, and Richard Hepburn prepared to kill the time between that and nine o'clock as best he could.

The remark which the detective had made, that evidently Josiah Biddlecomb had talked in his sleep, had naturally rendered him more impatient to see Maria Daggett, though he was able to bear the delay far more philosophically, owing to Doctor Abercorn's words.

Up to this time he had regarded himself rather as a dog in a manger. He could not wed Alice himself, and desired no one else to do so.

Now, whether owing to the detective's visit, and the feverish excitement created by action, he seemed to feel hopeful of the future.

Could he only prove that which he hoped, he might yet enter the lists to win Charlie's sister; and did he enter them, was it egotism that whispered him he might prove the fortunate recipient of her favor.

Even before the time, Richard Hepburn was at the rendezvous. He did not at this time wait in the main road until summoned, but proceeded at once into the preserve.

After peering through the gray gloom to see that no keepers were abroad, he began pacing the narrow path bordered by ferns, impatiently waiting Maria Daggett.

The night was still and calm, so that his ear soon caught the rustle of a lady's dress over the grass.

Swinging round on his heel, he beheld the companion advancing quickly. In a few minutes she had reached him, and stood, her hand extended.

"You have come, then, Mr. Hepburn?" she said, returning his warm pressure.

"Did you doubt my doing so, dear Miss Daggett, after what you said this morning?"

"No. You still hope, Mr. Hepburn?"

"I do most firmly, Miss Daggett, in myself and in you!"

"You shall not be deceived—indeed, you shall not!" she rejoined, with sudden fervor. "If—if only——" She stopped, with abruptness. "No," she added, "not yet. To business. Mr. Hepburn, under the plea of headache, I have been able to leave the house while Mr. Biddlecomb sleeps. Since last night, whenever he wakes, he wants me near him. He says I am so admirable a nurse. I think it is an excuse for watching me."

"Watching you! In Heaven's name, why?"

"When you hear, perhaps you will be able to judge. First," and her gray eyes, from under the long lashes furtively fixed themselves on his face, "have you any enemy—do you know of anyone likely to inform Mr. Biddlecomb who you are?"

Richard Hepburn could not control starting at the query, for his mind instantly reverted to the convict, and according to the frankness of his nature, he was about to reply in the affirmative, when he recollected Jonas Slyeum's much impressed advice.

"Hear all you can, but tell nothing. Don't show your trumps yet."

"An enemy, Miss Daggett!" he said, in affected surprise. "None that I know has any right to be. No one but yourself, my mother's friend and confidant, is aware who I am?"

"I expected your reply, Mr. Hepburn; nevertheless I fear such an one exists. Listen!"

Forthwith, she recounted the events of the previous night, making, however, some alteration in the words. As her companion heard, he had no doubt who was the ex-usurer's informer. The clerk Timothy Brindley, was in Devonshire, and had communicated with his late master. The knowledge filled him with an alarm and anxiety he found it difficult to control.

Maria Daggett was by this time too interested in her recital to notice him.

"Yes," she continued, "such were his words; 'It is false! If the boy lives, what's that to me? Your proof—your proof! Villain, would you turn upon me?'"

"And he said no more?" questioned Richard Hepburn. He fancied he perceived that as yet, at any rate, the convict had only revealed his existence, but not his assumed name.

"No more. The cry he gave awakened him. But his anxiety to learn if he had spoken in his sleep, confirmed, in my opinion, the importance of his utterance."

"Indeed, yes," answered Richard Hepburn. "And why should he wish to deny my existence unless he feared me alive?"

"You are right. What will you do?"

"At present, try to be patient," replied the young man with a faint smile. "We must take no rash step. These words, after all, were the outpour of dilirium, and, though convincing to us, might fail to convince a jury. But, however matters turn, how shall I ever show my gratitude to you, dear Miss Daggett?"

He involuntarily held out his hand. He was indeed grateful, and emotion made his voice tremble.

The companion for a moment did not let go her grasp. She appeared almost to have forgotten that his hand was in hers, but stood, her head bowed so low in thought, that the lace shawl she wore over her head perfectly hid her features.

Abruptly she looked up, and, with a quick gesture, threw back the light covering. Her face was pale. Her eyes was dilated, and possessed an expression of determination.

"Mr. Hepburn," she said rapidly, "I have done something for you. I might do more—I would do more. I could, I believe make you again owner of Carnyston; but—but it would have to be on one condition."

"What condition?" he demanded, astonished. "I entreat you let me hear it."

She paused, evidently undergoing some violent mentle struggle. Then her whole manner changed. She grew hurried and and nervous.

"No, no; not now; it is not a fitting moment I have no time, for I must go—I shall be missed. But I will see you soon again; until, think the best of me as I will of you. Farewell—or, rather, good-night."

Without even waiting his return of the greeting, as if fearful of herself, she drew her shawl about her, and spread rapidly through the trees.

Amazed at a proceeding so singular, Richard Hepburn yet lost no time in pondering over it. The fact that Timothy Brindley was evidently, in communication with the ex-usurer, and had the power of denouncing him whenever he choose, usurped all his thoughts, and quiting the preserve he proceeded quickly down the main road, anxious to bear his intelligence to Jonas Slyeum.

The detective was waiting where the Carnyston road divided into two, one to Westerin the other to Heatham.

As Richard Hepburn approached, Mr. Slyeum, making him a rapid sign, turned into the Western road The action was accounted for by the advance of a third party down the Heatham road.

Richard Hepburn took the hint, and did not recognise the detective, permitting the other pedestrain to pass first. As he did so he threw a glance at the young man, which the other carelessly returned, seeing a middle-sized personage with the collar of his coat drawn somewhat high, and wearing a rather apostolically cut beard.

One glance apparently did not satisfy the stranger. Turning he looked after the other; then taking the road at a slant, he looked again, himself shielded by the hedge.

The Westerin road was broad and straight, rarely diverging, hence the stranger could command it for some distance

With considerable interest he appeared to watch the two figures upon it until when, about fifty yards down, the one ahead stopped, and the other joined him.

"That meant caution! We two ain't to be seen together," muttered the man with the apostolic beard. "What's up?"

He certainly determined for to know, for, dashing across, he scaled the opposite hedge into a large, many-acred meadow, which extended parallel to the Westerin road.

Running along this, swiftly but noiselessly, owing to the short, velvety grass, he succeeded in coming up with the two; but only within a few feet of a transverse hedge, which divided the meadow from a second.

This he dared not risk climbing, yet the few words, and the name that fell on his ear, appeared to suffice him.

He stopped short; a cold perspiration started out on his forehead, while as if unconsciously, he crooked his leg, that his hand might rub his ankle.

"Whew!" he muttered. "Slyeum, the detective! What's he here for, and with that young chap? Is it for him? It can't be for me—though I reckon it'd be all the same if I came across his path? Tim, my boy, you must make yourself scarce; self-preservation is the main law of nature."

Saying which, he retraced his steps; not however to Carnyston, but back to Heatham.

The intelligence Richard Hepburn brought was considered very valuable by the detective, who rubbed his hands at the chance of speedily laying the convict by the heels.

"Once, Mr. Hepburn," he said, "he's in our clutches, the game's ours, if there's a game to win? for, as he's the law's property already, he may be persuaded to turn Queen's evidence, to get his term shortened."

"True. But what could Miss Dagget mean by her aiding me one condition?" queried his companion, perplexed.

"I'd rather not state my surmise at present, sir; but I'm beginning to think she knows a sight more than she owns to. Still, we must be as patient as cautious. One thing we may congratulate ourselves upon. We've got Timothy Brindley, for he can't have the least suspicion I'm on his track. Now, by your leave, I'll go no further. Caution is the mother of safety, and the making of us detectives."

"Good night, then," said the young man; and they separated.

Richard Hepburn slept little that night. He tossed restlessly from side to side, praying for morning, that he might be again at work. Inaction was really growing terrible now, for hope seemed rising bright and golden upon the horizon of his future, and the joy it brought was not so much the becoming master of Carnyston and resuming his name and title, and the idea that it would remove the cruel barrier that kept him from Alice Walden. Indeed, he began to regard it already in so crumbling state, that, no longer with a feeling of painful restraint, but rather that of the pleasant, familiar sensation that had marked their first intercourse, he prepared immediately after breakfast the next morning to walk over to Daisy Bank.

Reaching the villa, why he could not tell, save that it arose from his happy elation of spirits, he followed his old way when a guest beneath the roof, of entering the house unannounced.

Crossing the velvety lawn, he passed through the open glass doors of the conservatory, which led to the drawing-room. Here, however, he halted abruptly, fearing his intrusion would be considered rudeness, as strangers, visitors, were evidently present. Noiselessly he prepared to withdraw, when the sentences he heard rooted him to the spot.

"No, really," floated towards him in the sweet voice of Alice Walden. "I have heard nothing about it."

"Well, you do surprise me, dear," chimed in another voice. "It's all over Heatham. I should have fancied Mr. Hepburn would have named it to you before any other, being such friends."

Richard Hepburn, divining the subject of conversation, grew scarlet. Savagely he bit his lips, and made a step forward, but restrained himself. He must not make a scene. Worse, in the state his affairs now stoood, he dared not deny this assertion before such a gossip-loving "old hareidan" as the guest.

"You'll be one of the bridesmaids, I suppose, dear?" proceeded the latter insinuatingly.

To be Continued in No. 178—Commenced in 152.

BANJO OBLIGATO.

Words and Music by NED STRAIGHT.

Andante.

1. There's ma - ny mo - ments I have seen, That an hour seem'd to me;..... When I was in de cot - ton fields, Be - fore dey set me free..... But months seem'd just as short as days, When I was Chlo - e's beau;..... When in de ca - bin oft we met, In
2. How oft we sat on cot - ton bales, And such pret - ty songs she sung;..... It makes me feel so good to think Of times when we were young... I'd wel - come back dose slab - ery days, I'd bear de whip and chain;.... And be a will - ing slabe to hab My

CHORUS.

times of long a - go..... But now my form is wast - ed, My cheeks have ceased t
Chlo - e back a - gain.....

glow;..... I look with plea - sure back up - on The times of long a - go.....

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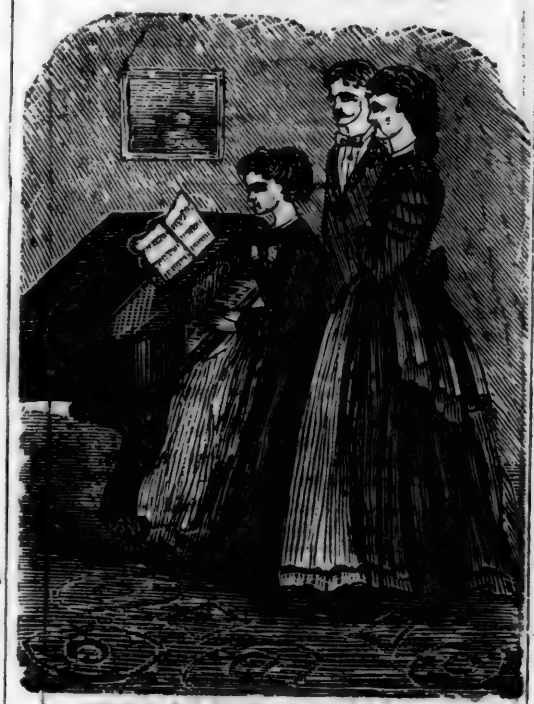
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CONTENTS.

Assist those in need..... page 620
A little more faith in Jesus..... 621
CASEY'S BALL LAST NIGHT..... 620
The Chinaman must go..... 622
Dancing on de kitchen floor..... 618
Go to sleep, my little darling..... 618
The Gas house bells are ringing..... 621
Hold the fort for James A. Garfield..... 620
I have not got the heart..... 618
Is my darling true to me..... 618
Jack and Jill..... 618
KITTY McNISH..... 620
Lardy Dah! or; the City Toff..... 621
Little Nellie O'Brien..... 620
Latest Sheet Music. (Notice.)..... 622
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 623
Merry Moke..... 618
McGUINNESS'S GOT A JOB..... 620
MARY ANN O'HOLMAN DOWD..... 620
MY HOME BY THE DEEP ROLLING SEA 621
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord..... 619
OLD TIMES ROXY, or; TROUBLES IN DE KITCHEN Music for Banjo and Guitar 624
The PETTICOAT BRIGADE..... 621
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot..... 619
SHE'S SO CAPTIVATING..... 619
SWEET MAGGIE GORDON—NOTICE.... 622
THROWING PEBBLES IN THE STREAM 619
WHEN THE MAGNOLIA'S BLOOM..... 618
When Hancock's at the White House..... 618
WAKE BONNIE BESSIE..... 619
WHERE ARE THE COPS TO-NIGHT? 619
WIDOW CLANCY'S PARTY..... 621

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When the Magnolia's Bloom.

Words and by Music by Samuel H. Speck.
Author of Take me Back to my Dear old Southern Home, The old bench near the mill, &c.

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I love a pretty little dark-eyed beauty,
O'er the deep blue sea,
When I breathe the perfume of magnolias,
Happy I shall be.
She promised me her hand,
Oh! happy is my heart,
Soon will I be with her never more to part,
Anxiously I'm waiting for the promised time,
Then she'll be forever mine.

Chorus.

When the magnolias bloom,
When the magnolias bloom,
Come back to me from o'er the sea,
Dispel all my sorrow and gloom,
When the magnolias bloom,
Come back to me from o'er the sea,
When the magnolias bloom. Dance.

We'll live together in a cozy cottage,
Love shall there abide,
Surrounded by the sweetest of magnolias,
Emblem of my bride.
Oh! happy joyous time,
When blessed we will be,
Haste, oh! haste the day when she will marry me,
Come, oh! come, bright spring and
open up the flowers,
Bliss will be forever ours. Chorus & Dance.

I Have Not Got The Heart.

By R. J. Pigott.

I'm over head and heels in love,
I know not what to do;
If she who stole my heart away,
Proved false instead of true.
I'm captivated with her style,
And laughing roguish ways;
But if I ask her for a kiss,
Why this is what she says;—

Chorus.

I have not got the heart, dear George,
I have not got the heart;
You must excuse, your darling Suse,
I have not got the heart!

But as I dearly love the "tease,"
I dare not rouse her ire;
For if I did I know that she,
Would leave me in the mire.
And if I ever again essayed.
To win this little miss;
I know unto a certainty,
Her answer would be this. Chorus.

I well remember asking her,
If she would be my bride;
One summer eve as leisurely,
We wandered side by side.
She hung her head a moment then;
She gave a little start;
And laughingly she answered me,
I have not got the heart. Chorus.

When Hancock's at the White House.

Air; In the morning by the bright light.

We're bound to win with our Hancock so true,
Come honest voters, won't you follow us!
The White House gates we're sweeping thro'
Hal-le, hal-le, hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah!
Our Hancock's fighting for the right, now,
Come honest voters, won't you follow us?
He cries, come on, prospects are bright,
Halle, halle, halle, halle-lu-jah!

Chorus.

In the morning, in the morning by the bright light,
We'll march into the White House in the morning.

Their Garfield stock it is falling so low—
Come honest voters wont you follow us!
His record is bad the people know—
Halle, halle, halle, halle-lu-jah!
A figure head of thieving bands,
Come, honest voters won't you follow us!
What is their ticket but a sham!
Halle, halle, halle, halle-lu-jah! Chorus.

Belknaps and Babcock's happy then will be,
Come, honest voters, won't you follow us!
But to Salt River they must flee,
Halle, halle, halle, halle-lu-jah!
Office-holders would much rejoice—
Come, honest voters, won't you follow us!
Hancock is the nation's choice.—
Halle, Lalle, halle, halle-lu-jah! Chorus.

They try with slanders to tarnish his name.—
Come, honest voters, won't you follow us!
But well we understand their game,
Halle, halle, halle, halle-lu-jah!
That which we fought for, we will keep,
Come, honest voters, won't you follow us!
And "faction" to the winds we sweep!
Halle, halle, halle, halle-lu-jah. Chorus.

Merry Moke.

Sung by S. S. Pettit,

There's a funny little darkey that I know, know, know,
And he don't live far from bow, bow, bow.
He plays on the fiddle all day long,
And laughs with his haw, haw, haw.

Chorus.

With his ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

This merry little, funny little joker,
He is such a terrible little toper—
He would laugh all day, and at night he'd play,
And he'd laugh with his ha, ha, ha. Chorus.

At night when he'd go to his bed, bed, bed,
On his pillow he'd lay his head, head, head.
He'd laugh himself to-sleep every night in the week,
And he'd wake with his haw, haw, haw. Chorus.

Go to Sleep My Little Darling.

Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by Frank L. Collins.

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Go to sleep my little darling,
On mother's loving breast;
And the angels will protect you
When within your cradle rest.
Far above the starry heavens,
They are looking down on you,
So repose, my precious darling,
Close your tiny eyes of blue.

Chorus.

Go to sleep, little darling,
Rest your head on mother's breast.
And the angels will protect you,
When within your cradle rest.

Far away down the dewy meadow,
All the daisies are asleep;
And the birdies in the branches,
Also are in slumber deep.
But in Eden far above us,
Angel eyes are open wide;
And you are as safe, my darling,
As if they were at your side. Chorus.

In the early morning, darling,
Little robin in the tree,
Will awake you from your slumber,
When he sings his merry glee.
Then I'll take you to my bosom,
Till the glimmer on the plain,
Tells us that the sun is shining,
And the day has come again. Chorus.

Is My Darling True to Me.

Sung by Eva Bryon.
Words by Geo Cooper. Music by Chas E. Pratt.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Little birdie sweetly singing,
In the warm and azure sky,
Have you seen my little sweetheart,
Have you watched her roaming by?
Will she meet me in the twilight,
Shall I then my darling see?
Tell me, tell me, little birdie,
Is my darling true to me?

Chorus.

Birdie tell me, birdie tell me,
With your voice of melody,
Tho' the world should all forsake me,
Is my darling true to me?

Little darling, you will know her,
By her sunny eyes;
Oh, she is the fairest blossom,
You could find beneath the skies.
Bear to me her loving message,
O'er the sweet and rosy lea;
Whisper, whisper, none will hear you,
Is my darling true to me? Chorus.

Jack and Jill.

By Ned Straight.
Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate. etc, etc.

Perhaps you've heard of jumping Jack,
Now this is me I'm sure.
I've brought along my dancing gal,
And she's a perfect cure.
For when we hear good music played,
We never can keep still,
For I am a happy jumping Jack,
And she is dancing Jill.

Chorus.

Den look out, honey,
Dare's mischief brewing.
De boiler'll soon be bustin';
So keep off the track.
Things are getting warmer,
So get aboard the bulgine.
For I am happy jumping Jack,
And I am dancing Jill.

Perhaps you've seen de museum,
And perhaps the hump-back camimile,
But here's de Jack and dar's de Jill,
Dat cause you all to smile.
And when de circus come to town,
We tumble down de hill,
For I am happy jumping Jack,
And she is dancing Jill. Chorus.

Dancing on de Kitchen Floor.

Song and Dance.
By Tom Searles. Sung by Searles Brothers.
Air; Big pound cake,

Oh! here we are, as you can see,
Two mokes dat's always gay and free,
We are happy all de day,
We dance to drive dull care away,
Laugh, shout, sing, dance, (sym.)
It makes old massa feel so gay
To see us tumble in de hay.
To make old missus laugh and roar
We sing and dance on de kitchen floor.

We pick de cotton all de day,
We sing to pass de time away,
And if old massa he get mad,
Dis is de way we'd make him glad;
Laugh, shout, sing, dance, (sym.)
So now, kind friends, we must away,
But we'll come back some other day;
If you'd be happy evermore,
Sing and dance on the kitchen floor.

Wake Bonnie Bessie.

BEAUTIFUL SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Dr. Theo D. C. Miller. Music by W. W. Bentley.

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Oh! wake, Bonnie Bessie, the bright morn is breaking,
The sweet flowers are blooming o'er mountain and moor,
The sunbeams are falling on mossy crown'd heather,
And glinting the ivy that creeps round your door.
How fair is the heath with the newly mown clover,
Where song birds are singing their sweet notes of glee,
And up in the highlands fond echo is calling,
Oh! wake, bonnie Bessie, the bright morn to see.

CHORUS.

Oh! wake, bonnie Bessie, while dew-drops are nestling,
In heart of the roses so fragrant and fair,
The lad of the highland is wooing his lassie,
Then wake bonnie Bessie, such true love to share.

Oh! wake bonnie Bessie, the day dawn is fleeting,
The horn of the hunter is heard o'er the moor,
Afar from the highlands and roaming the lowlands,
Is one true heart yearning to enter your door.
So fair is the valley in sunshine and gloaming,
Yet lonely I wander my true love to see,
Oh! I am so weary of watching and waiting,
Then wake bonnie Bessie, with sweet smiles for me.
Chorus.

Oh! wake, bonnie Bessie, my fond heart is calling,
O'er heath and o'er heather it echoes afar,
Oh! come to my arms in the calm of the gloaming,
And list to my song neath the bright evening star.
How fair are the sunbeams but fairer the shadows,
Which bring fondest dreams of thy pure love to me.
Amid the sweet bloom of the heath and the heather,
Then wake bonnie Bessie, the fair stars to see
Chorus.

Nobody Knows the Trouble I See, Lord.

JUBILEE SONG.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Nobody knows the trouble I see Lord,
Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows like Jesus.
Brothers will you pray for me,
Brothers will you pray for me,
Brothers will you pray for me,
And help me to drive old Satan away.

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows what trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus.
Sisters, will you pray for me,
Sisters, will you pray for me,
Sisters will you pray for me,
And help me drive old Satan away.

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord
Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows the trouble I see.
Mothers will you pray for me,
Mothers will you pray for me,
Mothers will you pray for me,
And help drive old Satan away.

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows the trouble I see.
Preachers will you pray for me,
Preachers will you pray for me,
Preachers will you pray for me,
And help me drive old Satan away.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

JUBILEE SONG.

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I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

CHORUS.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home;
Tell all my friends I'm coming, too,
Coming for to carry me home. Chorus.

The brightest day that ever I saw,
Coming for to carry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home. Chorus.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home,
But still my soul seems heavenly bound,
Coming for to carry me home. Chorus.

She's so Captivating.

SONG AND DANCE.

Words and Music by Harry S. Sargent.

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The sweetest one in all the world,
I met some time ago,
And with this darling little girl,
My heart did quickly go.
I never shall forget her style,
It was so trim and neat,
For then I called her all the while,
My captivating, sweet; Eviline, fairy queen.

CHORUS.

She's my captivating sweet,
No damsel with her can compete,
Oh! she's the only girl I love,
Her style it can't be beat,
So captivating sweet. Dance.

I meet this darling every eve,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
And if I'd tell you'd not believe,
How sweet she is to me;
I never loved in all my life,
And kind friends I entreat,
I long to make this girl my wife,
My captivating sweet; Evaline fairy queen. Cho

I went with her the other night,
Down to her house to dine,
And while the stars were shining bright,
She promised to be mine;
'Twas then to her I quickly said;
"Forever now we greet,"
And soon kind friends I now shall wed,
My captivating sweet; Evaline fairy queen. Cho

Throwing Pebbles in the Stream.

Words by Dr. Theo D. C. Miller. Music by W. W. Bentley.

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Down a blissful, charming valley,
Daisy wandered by my side;
And her cheeks were red as roses,
With the joy she could not hide.
Till beside a laughing brooklet,
Fair as poets sweetest dream,
With a smile she said she'd beat me
Throwing pebbles in the stream.

CHORUS.

Laughing, blue-eyed, blushing Daisy,
Fairer than my fondest dream,
Beat me on that summer morning,
Throwing pebbles in the stream.

There we sat beside the brooklet,
Flowing onward to the sea,
And my heart first learned its secret,
Daisy was so dear to me.
Then I saw her blue eyes speaking,
With a happy blissful gleam,
And I knew my love would beat me,
Throwing pebbles in the stream. Chorus.

Oh! those blissful passing moments,
Not a charm do I recall,
But that one sweet vow which gave me,
Daisy's purest heart, 'bove all,
Then the hours seemed like those treasures
Which make dear our fondest dream,
While in joy we sat together
Throwing pebbles in the stream. Chorus.

Where are the Cops To-Night?

By Ichneumon.

Air; Where is my boy to-night?

Copyright 1880 by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

What meaneth this rude awakening,
From my calm and refreshing rest?
What meaneth this startling alarm
Which rushes upon my breast?
What hideous sounds are rising,
Just under my window pane—
What worse than barbarian orgies—
Yes, worse than of those insane!

CHORUS.

Oh! where are the "cops" to-night?
Oh! where are the "cops" to-night?
In hallway dark, in gin-mill bright;
Aye, there are are the "cops" to-night.

But list to the roundsman's locust,
As its echoes charge the wind;
Surely, here is a "kettle of fish"
For the "cop" we couldn't find!
Nay, not so fast my worthy friend;
Kind offices are not lost
Of sentry on guard, for now the "cop"
Raps signal—he's at his post. Chorus.

It is no child's play, I grant you,
To deal with the "roughs" so queer;
But then it is not to small children
We pay twelve hundred a year.
Besides, there is no hoodwinking
Of what "cops'" duties consist
When on joining the "force" their titles
Are entered upon the list. Chorus.

But they are oftimes courageous,
And do not distinction lack,
When the youngsters rude must be scattered,
Or sight-seers should "fall back."
Then at fires and, on parade days,
How neatly their "sticks" they use,
Cudgelling those who have gathed round
To increase their stock of news. Chorus.

And mark how efficient they prove,
When dealing with some lone wretch,
Just turned out of doors by their patrons
For drinking rather too much!
How deftly the lignum-vitæ
Will ply upon his poor head,
Until, like the Jericho trav'ler,
He is left almost for dead. Chorus.

Now, lest this rythmic sketch of mine,
Should prove wearisome from length,
I'll just close by showing how you may
Resist with victorious strength
These feather-bed fancies in blue,
Who fatten on civic pelf;
When carousing, proceed in "trios,"
But travel not by yourself. Chorus.

Apply for and receive a full catalogue of the most popular songs contained in the Singers' Journal, from No. 1 to the last issued. Free.

McGuinniss's Got a Job.

By J. E. Gibbes. Dedicated to O'Neil & Conroy.
Air: When McGuinness gets a Job.
Copyright 1880 by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

How are you, Mrs Riley, I thought I would
just drop in,
And have a chat 'bout our old men, and
taste a little gin;
Sure the times have now got better since
the election days has come,
And our old men have both got work and
need no longer bum.
The Politicians have proven true, since work
they both have got,
And now for toil and trouble we need not care a jot;
For Garfield your old man will vote, for
Hancock mine will fight,
But divil a bit we care who wins, so long
as he treats us right.

CHORUS.

So rise up Mrs. Riley, be aisy for a while,
No more we'll be agrieving, but at misfortune smile.
Sure our old men have both got work, on the
best I'll live, begob!
For times they have got better, and
McGuinness's got a job.

The Italian's no more are strangers if they'll
only shake hands,
And help us select a president for this free and
friendly land;
We'll give them all the work they want, wid
their wages we'll agree,
No more we'll run down foreigners, not even
them John Chinee,
We'll let them take their papers out and be
our citizens,
And if they'll only for us vote, we'll be the
best of friends;
We'll treat them, oh! the very best till
our object we do earn,
When, take my word, good woman, you'll
find that things will turn.
So rise up Mrs. Riley, &c.

Some say that Garfield will not win, strike
on the "Mobilier Rock,"
But there is also something against
Winfield Scott Hancock;
That he has hanged a woman is the
Democrat's great remorse,
But the Government said it should be done,
and the law took its course.
I'm a-thinking, Mrs. Riley, that both are
just the men,
No matter if one is Democrat, the other Republican,
To fill our Presidential chair and keep us as we be,
The country of all countries, the home of
the brave and free!
So rise up, Mrs. Riley, &c.

Kitty McNish.

Words and Music by Ned Straight.
Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate, etc, etc.
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Did you ever hear tell of one Kitty McNish?
Sure, I am the one if you plase,
To flirt with the boys, is my darlingist wish,
And make them get down on their knaze.
Wid a wink of my eye, I cause them to sigh,
'Till they're just as docile as a lamb,
Their hearts I quite break, then give them
the shake,
That's the kind of a hair-pin I am.

CHORUS.

They say I am a posy,
A red rose, and a piana,
An oyster, a lobster.
To catch me is their wish.
But I'm a thorough Irish girl,
Wherever you can find me,
Sure every body knows me,
I'm Kitty McNish.

Now I'll tell you the kind of a fellow I like,
Its one who at betting can win,
Who on a straight alley can make a ten strike,
Whose pockets are loaded with "tin"
When I tell him he must come down with his dust,
He must with me exactly agree,
And not care a cent if I flirt with some gent,
That's the kind of a fellow for me. Chorus.

Little Nellie O'Brien.

By George E. Hanson.

I come to tell you I'm in love,
With a girl lives on a farm,
She feeds the pigs, does Irish jigs,
And possess's a lovely charm.
Her teeth are like the snow so white,
She is the prettiest girl for miles,
Her hair it hangs, she wears no bangs,
And her face is covered with smiles.

CHORUS.

For she is the maid that I adore,
I am sure I'd call her mine;
For I know that I would surely die,
Without little Nellie O'Brien.

She is as pure and innocent as a lamb,
Her face I can't forget,
She is her mother's only joy,
And her father's little pet.
I've proposed and she has accepted,
Soon I will take her hand,
The twelfth of May is our wedding day,
Then we'll join the matrimonial band. Cho.

Hold the Fort for James A. Garfield.

Air; Hold the Fort:

Hold the fort for Jas. A. Garfield,
Hold it for the right;
See, the Democrats are urging
Forward to the fight.

See them come their banners waving,
See them pressing on;
Hark their shouts of rage and fury,
See th ir "gonfalon."

Now, boys! Up and at them sally
Forth to meet the foe;
See them waver! see them flying
To their overthrow!

Now aloud for Jas. A. Garfield;
Swell the triumph song,
And o'er every hill and valley
Loud the strain prolong.

Mary Ann O'Holahan Dowd.

SONG AND DANCE.
Words by Dan McCarthy, Music by T. F. Kerrigan.
Sung by Kerrigan & McCarthy, the Irish Pipers.
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Before you stands a lad
With a heart that's never sad,
And the reason why, I'll tell you all to-night,
I'm late of Erin's Isle,
And with my pleasant ways and style,
I have won a girl who is my hearts delight,
She lives up here in Harlem,
With her parents she's a darling,
And I know she is her mother's only pride,
I can sing and dance together
With this darling little treasure,
And it's soon I'm going to claim her as
my bride—For,

CHORUS.

She is sweet as a rose,
With a nice little nose,
She dresses quite neat though not proud,
With nice golden hair
There is none can compare
With my Mary Ann O'Holahan Dowd. (Dance.

I saw her yesterday, while a-passing by her way,
She was setting in her garden all alone,
And I saw her throw a kiss to me—
Did this little miss,
And it made my heart with joy beat, I will own,
Then quickly I did glide,
To the garden by her side,
And we walked and talked together until noon.
And she said her parents were willing,
And their consent they had given,
And we are going to marry very soon—For,
Chorus.

Casey's Ball Last Night.

IRISH COMIC SONG.
Words by Dan McCarthy. Music by T. F. Kerrigan.
Sung by Kerrigan & McCarthy the Irish Pipers.
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Oh! I'll tell you of a party, boys,
I attended here last night,
It was down at Casey's in the old sixth ward,
Now it was an elegant sight.
There was singing, yes, and dancing,
And whiskey there galore,
And the boys would smile, and the girls
put on style,
As they danced and welt the floor.

CHORUS.

Wid me fa-did-ne-ah, did-ne-ah-oh,
Wid me thah-sha-shin-go-mis-ka Joe,
And around on their toes they danced just so,
At Casey's ball, last night.

Oh! we kept the ball a-rolling boys,
'Till the hour of twelve drew nigh,
Casey took some whiskey, swallow'd glass and all,
With the laughing I nearly died,
Then we all flew for the kitchen,
Put the turkey out of sight,
Little Widow Dunn by the whole crowd was sung,
And they kept it up all night. Chorus.

Assist Those in Need.

Sung by Lottie Winnett.

To help one along I do all I can,
And all should assist with their mights,
To say a kind word or do a good deed,
Is one of the greatest delights.
If a man who is poor approaches my door,
I don't turn on him with a frown,
But I give him my mite, for surely 'tis right,
If we're up to assist those who're down.

CHORUS.

And thus I go on,
With the world's busy throng,
I avoid all contention and strife,
But I do all I can,
To aid each poor man,
Mounting upward the ladder of life.

Every day in this town of wealth and renown,
We can see hundreds hungry for bread,
And perhaps if 'twere known there are others at home
Depending on them to be fed,
Oh! that Mammon would turn from his
pleasure to learn,
Of their suffering and aid their distress,
How many would pray for his weal night and day,
And the giver would always be blessed. Cho.

Lardy Dah! or, the City Toff.

The great comic song of the day.

By E. V. Page. Composed by Vincent Davies,

The music of this song can be obtained at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music House, No. 60 Chatham St, N. Y. Or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address on receipt of price, 30 cts, in postage stamps.

Let me introduce a fellah! lardy dah! lardy dah!
A fellah's who's a swell, ah! lardy dah;
Tho' limited his screw, yet
The week he struggles through it,
For he knows the way to do it, lardy dah!
lardy dah!
For he knows the way to do it, "the lardy dah!"

Chorus.

He wears a penny flower in his coat, lardy dah!
And a penny paper collar round his throat, lardy dah!
In his hand a penny stick,
In his tooth a penny pick,
And a penny in his pocket, lardy dah!

He is something in an office, lardy dah! lardy dah!
And he quite the city toff is, lardy dah!
He cuts a swell so fine, oh!
He quite forgets to dine, oh!
For he spends his cash with "Kino,"
lardy dah! lardy dah!
For he "blues" his screws on "Kino" lardy dah!
Chorus.

When he's been out over night, ah!
lardy dah! lardy dah!
His "luncheon's" very slight, ah! lardy dah!
His Paris Diamonds glitter,
But the little barmaids titter
At his sausage and his bitter, lardy dah!
lardy dah!
At his sausage, and his bitter, lardy dah!
Chorus.

His shirt is very "tricky," lardy dah! lardy dah!
It's a pair of cuffs and dicky, lardy dah!
His boots are patent leather,
But they never stand wet weather,
For they're paper glued together, lardy dah!
lardy dah!
They are paper glued together, lardy dah!
Chorus.

His claim is "Abyssinian," lardy dah! lardy dah!
His watch is a half a guinea 'un, lardy dah!
lardy dah!
And if hair oil were abolished,
This swell would be demolished,
For his hat would not be polished, larny dah!
lardy dah!
For his hat would not be polished, lardy dah!
Chorus.

The Petticoat Brigade.

Marching Song.

Sung with great success by Miss Emma Rice,

Words and Music by Ned Straight.

Author of No Work, Open up dem Doors, Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate, etc, etc.

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Have you heard about the new turn-out,
With bayonets bristling bright,
All the boys are dead gone on it,
And of course we think they're right.
And we'll show them by our tactics,
That we're not a bit afraid,
When we mark time, march,
With the petticoat brigade.

Chorus.

Then we will march away
When the drum does beat, pom, pom,
And we'll pitch into the enemy
Who may our homes invade.
And we will fight until our foes retreat, pom, pom,
For we are a plucky regiment,
From the petticoat brigade.

When we're on review, we bid adieu
To flirting and all such fun,
We attend right to our duty,
While we're shouldering the gun,
For we've got a strict commander,
When we're out upon parade,
And we mark time march,
With the petticoat brigade. Chorus.

A Little More Faith In Jesus.

Jubilee Song.

Whenever we meet you here, we say,
A little more faith in Jesus,
Pray, what's the order of the day?
A little more faith in Jesus.

Chorus.

All I want, all I want,
All I want is a little more faith in Jesus.

I tell you now as I told you before,
A little more faith in Jesus,
To the promised land I'm bound to go.
A little more faith in Jesus. Chorus.

Oh! hallelujah to the Lamb,
A little more faith in Jesus,
The Lord is on the giving hand,
A little more faith in Jesus. Chorus.

I do believe without a doubt,
A little more faith in Jesus,
That Christians have a right to shout,
A little more faith in Jesus. Chorus.

Shout, you children, shout, you're free,
A little more faith in Jesus,
For Christ has bought this liberty,
A little more faith in Jesus. Chorus.

Widow Clancy's Party.

By Jim O'Neil & Jack Conroy

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How are yous one and all,
Sure we thot' we'd make a call,
And tell you all about the widow's party,
'Twas at Paythogoras Hall,
We gave a break-down ball,
And invited all the young folks gay and hearty,
There was handsome Paddy Grace,
Sure he's now on the police,
He was put there by a political party.
He came from County Cork,
To the City of New York,
He joked and sang and made us all feel hearty.

Chorus.

Ah! the charming Widow Clancy,
She was any man's fancy,
She was a fluent talker, and a rattling
six-day walker,
And a Venus is the charming Widow Clancy.

McGinn sang Pin-a-fore,
Till his throat was very sore,
And "Little Dudeen" sang by Smith so sweetly,
Crosby sang a little ditty,
The girls all called him witty,
And McGuffin done an Irish jig so neatly.
Flynn sang, "Dancing on the green"
Also "She's a fairy queen,"
Flood sang "Hold the fort for we're the
strongest party,"
And Murphy and Tim Lang,
Done the Lach-a-wan-na Gang,
Down at the charming Widow Clancy's Party.
Chorus.

As it was growing late,
Sure we tho't was time to ate,
We went in two by two's down to the supper,
We were hardly seated right,
When there was a fearful fight,
For McGuinness swore the whisky was all watered
All around 'twas hand to hand,
And they nearly killed the band,
When in stepped the famous boxer Mike McCarthy,
He swore by the powers above,
That he'd just put on the gloves,
And clear out every sucker in the party.
Chorus.

The Gas-House Bells are Ringing.

By Tommy Tucker. Air; Marriage Bells.

Sung by the Celtic Four.

The gas house bells are ringing,
They toll each morn at six,
To work we all go singing,
Us four old gas-house micks.
Our labor it is very hard,
We tell you it's no joke,
To take a barrow through the yard,
A wheeling out the smoke, the smoke,
Oh! the gas house bells are ringing,
They toll each morn at six,
To work we all go singing,
We're the four old gas house micks.

Chorus.

While we're here, just watch us all, [sym.]
Do a double shuffle and make a funny fall. [sym.]
Oh! the gas-house bells are ringing,
They toll each morning at six,
To work we all go singing,
We're the four old gas-house micks.

Now when the gas escapes, boys,
Or if it should get ripe,
We have to drop our barrows,
And crawl right through the pipe.
And when we get our weekly stamps,
Upon a Saturday night,
Bad whiskey gives us all the cramps,
And you should see us fight, we fight,
Oh! the gas-house bells are ringing,
They toll each morn at six,
To work we all go singing,
We're the four old gas-house micks. Chorus

My Home by the Deep Rolling Sea.

Words by Dr. Theo D. C. Miller. Music by W. W. Bentley.

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Come, oh! come to my home by the deep rolling sea,
Where the fairest of pearls strew the shore,
And the tides ebb and flow in their beauty and pride,
While I wait for my bonnie Lenore.
Then, oh! come to me, on the sands of the sea,
Where the music of waves thrill the soul,
I have built me a home where the foam caps may come,
And the tempests grow fierce round my goal.

Chorus.

Will you come to my home by the deep rolling sea,
Where the fairest of shells strew the shore,
I have built me a home, where the foam caps may come,
Will you come to my home by the sea.

Come, oh! come to my home by the deep rolling sea,
Where the sunshine of life is so fair,
And the waves throb with pain, then as calm as
the heart,
That would win thee such true love to share.
Then come at the dawn of the morning so bright,
Or when sunbeams grow dim in the west,
When the sweet strains are heard, as old ocean is stirred
By the tempest grown fierce on its breast. Cho.

Come, oh! come to my home by the deep rolling sea;
Where the pleasures of life may be found;
We will pick up the shells which are strewn on
the shore,
And we'll bathe in the waves dancing round.
We'll speak words of love on the sands of the sea,
And my home shall be thine evermore,
When old ocean is stirred and sweet music is heard
By the happy ones down on the shore. Chorus.

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Down by de Rainbow	" "	40
I'se Uncle Pompey Still	" "	40
Hab Your Ladders Ready	" "	40

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Kitty McNish	" "	40
Romping Irish Lass	" "	40

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Mickey Flahrity	Straight	40
High Water Pants	O'Neil & Conroy	40
Widow Clancy's Party	" "	40
When McGuinness Gets the Job	" "	40
I'll Name the Boy Dennis, or no Name at all.	Kerrigan & McCarthy	40
Casey's Ball Last Night	" "	40
The Day I Took My Peg to Coney Isle	"	40
Mary Ann O'Hontahan Dowd	"	40
Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance	"	40

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The Chinamen must leave our shore,
If we again would see
The times we had in days of yore,
When our fair land was free.
From Chinese slaves who soon will cause
Oppressions blight to fall
On those who now are making laws,
As well as on us all.

Chorus.

We all are lovers of our home,
And dread its future fate,
If Chinamen are still to come
To this our golden state.

We warn you all, our brothers dear,
In every eastern state,
The time is drawing very near,
When you must share our fate.
Unless you boldly take the stand,
Which we now occupy,
Oppression threatens freedom's land,
For which we all would die. Chor

Then spread the banner of the free,
Our own red white and blue,
Let one and all from sea to sea,
Unto the cause be true.
Oppression stares us in the face,
'Tis time to strike the blow,
So rally freemen brave and true,
The Chinaman must go. Cho

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

"I should not think so," and the listener's acute ear fancied he detected a quiver in the low accents. "Miss Biddlecomb has many nearer friends than myself."

"That may be, but Mr. Hepburn might like you to form one. You are such friends! Indeed, do you know my dear, when he first came, we all put him down to you We did really. We thought it would be a match."

The listener's nails pierced his palms with fury.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to Westerin" —and now the girl's voice was cold and haughty— "for troubling itself about my future. You see, like most other of its gossip, upon what a frail foundation it depends."

"Ah!" responded the visitor, evidently taken aback. "Well, I suppose there wasn't foundation in this case, for he is certainly engaged to the heiress. That reminds me I must be moving, dear, for I have to call at Carnyston, to see how that dear Mr. Biddlecomb is."

Richard Hepburn heard the lady rise. He did not move. He intended to wait and see Alice, to confess he had played eavesdropper, and to own to her at least, there was no truth in what she had been told.

Impatiently he listened to the polite adieux. He heard Alice Walden ring the bell for the guest to be shown out; he heard the room door close. A moment he waited, till, sure the visitor on no pretext would return, then stepped into the apartment.

A cry burst from his lips, for he beheld the young girl extended insensible upon the carpet.

"Heaven!" he ejaculated, half in bitter blame, yet conscious of an ecstasy he could not conquer, as, running forward, he raised her in his arms. "What have I done? miserable wretch that I am, can it be that I have won her affection? Alice, Alice, speak—can it be that you love me?"

At that moment the girls eyes opened, and, with a vague bewildered expression, encountered his bending over her.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EX-USURER ADOPTS A BOLD PLAN.

As Doctor Abercorn had predicted, the ex-usurer was speedily to outward appearance, himself again. Had his mind been at ease, he probably might longer have enjoyed the pleasant idleness of convalescence. But this was not so. An enemy was at his gates, and he felt he must be up and doing, to, if possible, out-manœuvre and checkmate him.

Doctor Abercorn had recommended perfect rest, and nothing that could at all excite the brain. The ex-usurer was not in a position to carry out the advice. He had every letter brought him, and was restlessly impatient for their arrival.

While he laid helplessly there, how could he tell what the clerk was doing? As to yielding to his extortionate demand, Josiah Biddlecomb mentally vowed he would not if any other course were only left open to him.

The news that Sir Richard Carr's son was alive had been a shock. He had refused to believe it, and, even after calmer reason, still did so.

He argued that were he alive, he, the ex-usurer, must have heard, without they had gone abroad, perhaps changed their name.

"The intelligence would have been startling," muttered the sick man, as he laid on a couch in the library, "if he had told me that old Sir Richard was alive. What, in Heaven's name, could have become of him!"

The day following Richard Hepburn's interview with Maria Daggett, a letter was brought to Josiah Biddlecomb by a footman. It had been left by hand at the lodge-keeper's.

It was over twenty years since the ex-usurer had seen the writing, but he recognised it.

"At last!" he muttered. "I thought he wouldn't be long quiet."

Tearing off the envelope, he read the few lines they enclosed, which ran thus, having no commencing name, nor signature—

"I must have your decision at once, having business in London, which compels me to leave Heatham immediately. Beating about the bush is only waste of precious time. It must be a decided 'Yes,' or 'No.' I have shown you my cards. You know their power as well as I do. If you refuse, it's my game to play them. In less than twenty-four hours, I repeat, I can put my hand on 'the boy,' who, perhaps it is as well to tell you, is secretly moving heaven and earth to clear up the mystery of the entail and his father's death. A messenger will call in an hour at the lodge for an answer. If it's a negative, you better prepare to pack up your personal property for a removal,"

The ex-usurer thrust the letter back in the envelope, and placed it on the table by his side, as he broke into a contemptuous laugh.

"It is all a confounded falsehood, and this proves it," he reflected. "If Timothy Brindley knew young Carr was at work to solve the mystery respecting his father, he would have mentioned it at our intervitw. He'd never have passed over so important a card."

Sitting up, and taking pen, ink, and paper, he wrote;—

"Too ill to attend to anything, or to see you today. Perhaps to-morrow."

Enclosing this, he merely wrote on the envelope, "To be called for." Then ringing for a footman, despatched it to the lodge.

"That will necessitate delay," he pondered. "Before morning I may hear from London."

He had scarcely resumed his place on the couch when there was a gentle tap at the door.

In reply to his call to "come in!" Maria Daggett entered.

She carried a tray, on which were a basin of chicken broth, and slender strips of lightly browned toast.

"It is your luncheon, sir," she remarked, advancing. "You said yesterday that you like me to bring it to you best."

Josiah Biddlecomb had, upon her entrance, cast a sharp, scrutinizing glance at her, as, ever since his seizure was his custom. It seemed as if he were desirous to take her off her guard, and betray her into the revelation of some secret.

Were it so, Maria Daggett was not to be so trapped. The gray eyes met his frankly and with a smile.

"Yes my dear child," responded the ex-usurer, who also had become almost affectionate to the companion. "Men are such clumsy brutes and you are so good and trustworthy a nurse."

As Maria Daggett rested the tray upon the table her eyes fell on that one particular letter

With difficulty could she conceal the start it caused it.

She instantly recognised her brother's writing, and was aware it had been that morning delivered.

What had he said in it?

She would have given worlds to ascertain.

Nay, she resolved she would.

Ostensibly to make room for the tray, she brushed it back with several other letters.

But Josiah Biddlecomb was too quick. Leaning forward, he caught it up, and thrust it in a pocket of his dressing-gown.

"I beg your pardon," remarked Maria Daggett, apologetically.

"It's nothing, my dear; only a letter from my steward. Pass me the toast."

His steward! Bah! The letter, then, was important. How possibly could she discover its contents? To her it might be of the most vital importance.

Her mind was racked to discover some means as she stood aside while the convalescent slowly took his broth. If he had only left it on the table, she might have got it for a few minutes in her possession, but how possibly could she abstract it from his pocket?

She was yet pondering over the difficulty, when Josiah Biddlecomb himself solved it.

Pushing back the tray, and wiping his mouth with the serviette, he said, "There, that's done! Now, my dear, give me my medicine, and perhaps I may take a nod."

His medicine!

Maria Daggett's countenance brightened at the word.

Doctor Abercorn had secretly left her in charge an opiate. Secretly, for the patient himself had shown a marked disinclination, almost amounting to a refusal, to take them.

With the bottle he had given instructions that whenever the ex-usurer seemed restless or excited, a few drops should be introduced in his ordinary medicine.

He always slept after luncheon. This would only render his slumber heavier.

Moving to the side-table, whereon stood the bottles, she poured out the customary draught, and added the opiate. It was tasteless, and Josiah Biddlecomb drank it in all innocence. Then the companion, taking the tray, retired.

For half an hour she waited in her own room before once more she descended to the library. As she passed one of the large oriel hall windows, she perceived the heiress seated with her cousin under a tree in a distant part of the grounds. If she could effect her purpose quickly, there would be no fear of interruption.

Having received no reply to her tap, she cautiously opened the door, and looked in. Josiah Biddlecomb laid on his back, breathing regularly and heavily.

Closing the door, she stole forward on tip-toe. Reaching the couch, she kneeled down, and, her eyes fixed on the old man's countenance to catch the slightest sign of wakening, as deftly as if she had practised the light fingered science, drew the letter from its hiding-place.

A moment after she was perusing it with avidity. As she did so her hands clenched, her lips became pale with fury.

"The villain!" she murmured on its conclusion. "He is playing me false—he is deceiving me! At his peril shall he! Like Samson, he may bring only ruin on his own wretched head!"

No later than that morning she had received a communication from her brother, vaguely enough worded, so that it could be no evidence against him, but clear enough to one having the clue to show that he approved of her plan, decided to join her, and would speedily make an appointment to talk over and arrange matters.

This he had written at the very moment he was making terms with Josiah Biddlecomb—threatning to denounce the latter—to, at his own risk, go over and make a full confession to the enemy. Were he to do so, where, then, would be her hold over Hepburn? Gone! gone for ever!

She was trembling with a rage she could scarcely control.

Her white lips moved, pronouncing bitter words of revenge, when she was startled back into a consciousness of the present by a slight move of the man beside her. She must not be found there, yet the letter must be restored.

Pausing, to her relief, she found the ex-usurer had lapsed again into slumber. Rapidly, then, reaching a piece of paper, she pencilled a copy of the convict's communication. She would have given worlds to have kept the original, but dared not,

Her task completed, she replaced the letter in the dressing-gown pocket, and quietly quitting the room, hastened to her own, to consider what step she must now take.

An hour later, when Josiah Biddlecomb awoke, he found a letter, bearing the London post-mark and the words "Private and immediate," had been placed by his side as he slept.

The very fact of the calligraphy being strange made him believe it was the one he had been expecting with such feverish impatience—namely, an answer from Thomas Jackman.

Would he or would he not undertake the case?

With a gaze that was rendered indistinct from its eagerness the ex-usurer read. His eyes dilated as he did so with amaze and terror. Abruptly leaping to his feet, he clasped his hands to his head as he almost shrieked, "Great Heaven, then it is true! And he is here—here, under this very roof!"

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BANJO PRELUDE.

1. Dar's trou - ble in de kitch - en, Oh, ho! Oh, ho! Dat ban - jo sounds be-witch-ing, Ah, ha! Ah, ha! To
2. De ban - jo he am pick - in, Oh, ho! Oh, ho! De gals dar heels am kick - in, Ah, ha! Ah, ha! Some
3. We'll hoe de corn to mor - row, Oh, ho! Oh, ho! To night a - way wid sor - row, Ah, ha! Ah. ha! No

dance we now must pitch in, Oh, ho! Ah, ha!
bo - dy stole a chick - en, Oh, ho! Ah, ha! For old times Rox - y has just come back a - gain; Old
trou - ble will we bor - row, Oh, ho! Ah, ha!

Rox - y, old Rox - y, When he plays up - on de fid - dle, Old Rox - y, old Rox - y, We'll chas - sey down de

mid - dle, For old times Rox - y has just come back a - gain; Old Rox - y, old Rox - y has just come home a-gain.

DANCE.

5 *Position.* 9 *Position.*

BREAK.

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CONTENTS.

A Parody on Scotch Lassie Jean.....page 629
Big Fat Lize..... 626
The Broken-Hearted Slave..... 627
Cotton Picking..... 627
Crazy Niggers..... 627
Darby O'Hare..... 628
Foolish Ditty..... 627
Fifty Years Ago..... 628
Gwine to see Pete Baptized..... 626
The Hop's a Success..... 626
He was Left Alone..... 627
Hard to Love..... 627
I am back again..... 626
I met my Love in Spring-Time..... 628
I Guess it's all Right, Mary Ann..... 629
I'SE UNCLE POMPEY STILL — Music for Banjo and Guitar 632
The Kicking Horse Fly..... 629
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 631
My Dear Old Georgia Home..... 626
My Little Treasure..... 626
McGowan the Solid Voter..... 628
My Dear old Home Where Roses Grew.... 630
The Old Willow Tree by the Spring..... 626
The Old Fashioned Well..... 627
The Old Family Bedstead..... 628
OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN 629
Old Uncle Jeff..... 628
PATSY KELLY'S BEAU..... 629
The Sheenies are Going to Fight..... 627
Swim out for Glory..... 627
Someone is Waiting for Me..... 626
Susan Simpson's Sister..... 629
Sheet Music Notice..... 630
SWEET MAGGIE GORDON— NOTICE.... 630
The TRAMP—Recitation..... 626
That's Where I'd Like to be..... 628
The Tarrier Bold..... 629
Why Should I Love Thee..... 628

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You see we've got our party,
And you bet it's mighty fine;
We're sociable and quiet,
And having an elegant time,
Now, Flanagan, Burns, and Murphy,
Have been drinking pretty free.
But if they raise a whill-cathaw,
They'll get the whilica-thee.

CHORUS.

There's the Fagin girls, with their pretty curls,
Miss Annie Slattery, and Biddy Miles,
Widow Dunn, she's a son-of-a-gun,
And can dance like the divil all the while.

But now we're getting happy,
And in our grand quadrilles,
The girls and boys will show to you,
How well they can throw their heels.
Our hostess is a darlin',
And now you terriers all,
Fill up your bowls and drink success,
To old Mrs. Driscoll's ball. Chorus.

I am Back Again.

Words and Music by Wm. Carroll,

I have wandered far from my dear home,
Where we used to plant the sugar cane,
And when our work is all done,
We would get dancing on the brain;
I used to take the banjo down and play,
Which hung upon the wall,
And right beneath the locust trees
We would have a fancy ball.

CHORUS.

But I am home at last, I am back again,
To plant and work the sugar cane.
I am home at last, I am back again,
To plant and work the sugar cane.

So now I am back to the place I love,
And all the folks are glad to see me,
And the old watch dog seems to know I'm home,
While he barks beneath the tree.
But I'll never leave my home again
And the friends I love so dear.
I'll work the fields where the sugar cane grows,
And plant it every year. Chorus.

Big Fat Lize.

By Joe Hart, sung by Allen and Hart.

If you listen to me I will tell you a story,
Of a charming gay young girl,
She is a darling little damsel,
With eyes so bright and teeth like pearl,
The light of the sun in her eyes ever dawning,
Her hair is the collor of a dollar spittoon,
She is boss of the kitchen among the pot-wrestlers,
And from her I learned this tune.

CHORUS.

Tid da fol lol, tid da fa lol da di,
Tid da fa lol, tid da fa la,
Tid da fa lol, tid da fa lal,
Tid da fa lol, tid da fa la.

At six o'clock you will find her a moving,
A rubbing and scrubbing the posts and the irons,
The hash is already for six in a minute,
There is none to compare with this big fat Lize;
If there is any man here wants a darling,
Don't go out gazing about at the moon,
But go to one hundred Philgallic Avenue,
You will know her, she is always singing this tune.
Chorus.

Some One is Waiting for Me.

By Ahrther French.

Softly the sunlight is dying,
Down in the skies of the west,
Gently the zephyrs are sighing,
Singing the flowers to rest.
Faintly the star light of heaven
Shines o'er the cot in the lea,
Where in the hush of the even
Some one is waiting for me.

CHORUS.

Some one is waiting for me,
Close by the cot in the lea,
In the sweet hour of twilight,
Some one is waiting for me.

Ever sweet memory lingers
Round that elysinn of earth,
Fairy face, dimpled fingers,
Loved since the day of their birth,
Gladly my footsteps will wander,
To that bright spot on the lea,
Where in her beauty o'er yonder,
Some one is waiting for me. Chorus.

My Dear Old Georgia Home.

By Joe Hart, sung by Allen and Hart,

HE.

I've come back to my dear old home,
The place where I ever long to stay,
Where the picanninies dance and sing
Aronnd our cabin door.
Indeed this is to me a happy day,
The mocking bird sang in the trees close by,
They sang unto me their sweetest lay,
Where my dear old wife and I would sit,
And while the many happy hours.

CHORUS.

But I've come back, yes, I've come back,
And no more from here I'll roam,
Yes, I've come back to live and die,
In my dear old Georgia home.

SHE.

When massa sold the old man South,
It filled my poor heart with pain,
When he bid me good-bye,
A tear came to his eye,
For he thought I would ne'er see him again,
But he has come back to his dear old wife,
And no more from her he'll roam,
Yes he has come back to live and die
In our dear old Georgia home. Chorus.

My Little Treasure.

By Joe Hart, sung by Allen and Hart.

I once loved a little girl,
And her teeth they were like pearl,
She was always my heart's pleasure,
In a shady nook down by a shady brook,
No one knows there lives my little treasure.

CHORUS.

For her name was Nettie, (Break.)
And with eyes so pretty, (Break.)
In a shady nook down by a running brook,
No one knows there lives my little treasure.

I met her at her gate
And stories did relate,
Which she listened to with pleasure,
Like two turtle doves we then told of our love,
In the gateway of my little treasure. Chorus.

The old Willow Tree by the Spring.

By J. P. Skelly.

Come to me darling, where lonely I wait,
My heart's ever sighing for thee;
I'm longing to meet you my sweet little Kate,
And give you a message of glee.
You know the old spot where so happy we've been,
Around it sweet memories cling;
Now lonely I wait for my sweet little Kate,
At the old willow tree by the spring.

CHORUS.

Come to me darling and gladden my heart,
The birds a sweet welcome will sing;
While lonely I wait for my dear little Kate,
At the old willow tree by the spring.

Softly I'll whisper my love and delight,
We'll roam neath the moons gentle ray:
Bright hopes of the future shall cheer us to-night,
While the moments glide sweetly away.
Oh! then I'll be blest with the light of your eye,
To me a life's joy you will bring;
And ere we depart, I will give you my heart,
At the old willow tree by the spring. Chorus.

The Tramp.

As Recited by Dan Collyer.

Lemme sit down a minute, a stone's got in my shoe,
Don't you commence your cussin,' I ain't done nothin' to you.
Yes, I'm a tramp. What of it? Folks say we ain't no good,
But tramps has to live, I reckon. though folks don't think we should
Once I was strong and handsome, had plenty of cash and clothes,
That was afore I tippled, and gin got into my nose,
Down in the Lehigh Valley me and my people grew,
I was a blacksmith, cap'en—yes, and a good one, too;
Me and my wife and Nelle. Nellie was just sixteen,
She was the pootiest creeter the Valley had ever seen.
Beaux? why she had a dozen—had 'em from near and far,
But they were mostly farmers—none of 'em suited her.
There was a city stranger—young handsome, and tall,
Damn him—I wish I had him strangled again that wall.
He was the man for Nellie—she didn't know no ill;
Mother, she tried to stop it, but you know a young gal's will,
Well it's the same old story—common enough, you'll say,
He was a soft tongued devil, and got her to run away.
More than a month or after we heard from the poor young thing,
He'd gone away and left her without a wedding ring.
Back to her home we brought her, back to her mother's side,
Filled with a raging fever—she fell at my feet and died.
Frantic with shame and trouble, her mother began to sink,
Dead—in less than a fortnight—that's when I took to drink,
Gimme one glass, Curnel, and then I'll be on my way,
I'll tramp till I find that scoundrel, if it takes till the judgment Day.

Gwine to see Pete Baptized.

Written and sung by Stephen Sarsfield.

Good evening, white folks, how do you do?
Gwine to see Pete baptized; come along with us,
And the way we'll show to you;
Gwine to see Pete baptized,
De preacher man am waiting down by the river.
Gwine to see Pete baptized,
Put a nigger in de water,
And you bet he's going to shiver,
Gwine to see Pete baptized.

CHORUS.

Come along, children,
Bring Suze ond Ann Eliza,
Come along and jine us,
For to see Brother Pete baptized.

We'll sing and dance on the river shore,
Gwine to see Pete baptized,
And make all de folks holler for more,
Gwine to see Pete baptized.
Yaller girls faintin when dey all begin to pray.
Gwine to see Pete baptized,
Come along and jine, and you'll have a gala day,
Gwine to see Pete Baptized. Chorus.

Cotton Picking.

Words by Ed Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

When our daily work am done,
In de low-lands low,
Dat's de time we hab our fun,
In de low-lands low.
When old massa blows dat horn,
In de low-lands low;
Picking cotton, cotton picking,
In de low-lands low.

Chorus.

Cotton picking, picking cotton,
In de low-lands low.
Den ole yallow he am done,
In de low-lands low.

Come with me, my own true love,
Hi, ho, my lady,
I'll treat you like a turtle dove,
Hi, ho, my lady fair.
Shoot de possum in his track,
Hi, ho, my lady,
Take de cotton on your back,
Hi, ho, my lady fair. Chorus.

Foolish Ditty.

Sung by Bob Slaven.

We've a bird in the garden
Called Nelly, Nelly, Nelly,
And she is always a-sticking her nose
In the jelly, jelly, jelly, jam.

We've a crow in the parlor
Called Robber, Robber, Robber,
And all over the neighbors
He does slobber, slobber, spit.

We've a pig on the piano
Named Willie, Willie, Willie,
And to judge by his actions,
He is silly, silly, silly.

The Old Fashioned Well.

Sung by Johnny Gibbons.

There's an old-fashioned well by the way-side,
I have known it for many a year;
Where the wayfarer drinks as he passes,
Of its waters so sparkling and clear.
Oft I played by its side when in childhood,
And when I'd roam through the dell,
There my loved one I'd meet in the wildwood,
We'd sing of the old-fashioned well.

Chorus.

The old-fashioned well,
The deep running well,
It's there we would linger
While roaming the dell.
And drink of its waters
While love tales we'd tell;
The old-fashioned well
By the wayside.

There's a moss-cover all around it,
And an old willow tree drooping low;
Such a sweet place the lover has found it,
To awaken his heart's fervent glow.
And at night when the moon's gently beaming,
I linger in love's sweetest spell,
Where the eyes of my darling are gleaming,
We sing of the old-fashioned well. Chorus.

The Sheenies are Going to Fight.

By Harry Thompson. Air; Skids are out to-day.

Oh! go put on your ulster coat,
Put goose grease on your hair,
Go tell your Sheeney relations,
There's going to be an affair.
This great Hebrew society,
The clothing dealer's delight,
March away through Baxter Street,
The Sheenies are going to fight.

Chorus.

Sheenies crying, Motzers flying,
Moses burst his collar,
Stop that blote, he stole a coat,
It's worth a half a dollar.
Isaac Isaac Rachel,
Ain't we brave to-night,
The guns they take, the braves they make
The Sheenies are going to fight.

Isaac with a keg of beer,
To give them all a treat,
He's ready with a schooner full,
To keep them on their feet.
With clothes stiffs in their hand,
They hold them all so tight,
With a pocket full of motzers,
The Sheenies are going to fight. Chorus.

Go tell us about this revolution,
Kiss your friends good-bye,
And tell them we are marching,
We are going to fight or die.
Hang out your ulster coats,
And show a pretty sight,
Tell all our best costumers,
The Sheenies are going to fight. Chorus.

Hast du ga zane, Abraham,
Go run for a safe place quick,
Do you see that fellow on the roof,
He'll hit you mit a brick.
They shine their swords mit ashes,
To make them look bright,
With a rusty gun you will see them run,
When the Sheenies are going to fight. Cho.

The Broken-Hearted Slave.

By William Harris.

Oh! my boy, I'm broken-hearted,
Tell me, are your tidings true?
My boy, oh, say you are but jesting,
With your sire you never knew.
Oh! my boy, I'm broken-hearted,
At this sad returning home,
To find instead of joyful greeting,
That all I loved on earth is gone.

Chorus.

Hush, boy, I see her,
She beckons me to come;
Listen to the angels calling,
I am going to my last bright home.

Oh! father dear, your boy is near you,
The prop of your old years;
Let's pray to Him who gives glory,
And reigns o'er this vale of tears.
Father dear I had a mother,
Is not my loss as great as yours?
Let us pray for one another,
To Him who every sorrow cures. Chorus.

Swim Out for Glory.

Words and Music by C. M. Connolly.

Music published, and copyright, 1880, by H. H. Hardig.
The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Dar's a heap, heap of sin on de shore,
Debbil rare up his head and he roar,
Oh! he cotch you mighty quick,
Make you feel kinder sick,
And you's spiled up forever, evermore, sah!
If we want for to live all alive,
In de lake of forgiveness take a dive,
Den go float off de shore,
Whar disaster will pour,
And swim out, my chil'en, for glory.

Chorus.

Oh! swim out for glory, chil'en,
Swim for de prize,
Strike out for Angel Island,
Whar you nebber dies.
Den swim out for glory, chil'en,
Swim for de prize.
At Angel Island whar you nebber,
Hardly eber dies.

Oh! de chil'en of sin ev'ry whare,
Will go kitin' down de deep, dark stairs:
Whar de fires a are kept ablaze,
No matter what you says,
And you's chained den for fifty million years, sah!
But de good gits a crown on deir hair,
And dey's always a-wingin' in de air,
Eatin' wif golden spoons,
Singin' sweet easy tunes,
And a floatin' in der sea-wave of glory. Cho.

He was Left Alone.

Sung by Ed, Sylvester.

In Brooklyn city there did dwell a nice old clergyman,
He worked by night as well as day,
He was his mother's son,
He would sing bright Psalms
With his little lambs,
And pray with his congregation,
And then he turned a new leaf over,
And built his reputation.

Chorus.

For he would sing them a beautiful song,
And would promise not to detain them long.
For there was none in the church could compare,
To his belle, his beautiful blonde.

Now Beecher watched his little flock
Of lambs by night and day.
He would tell them what the good book said,
And then for them he'd pray.
He would preach the bread and water plan,
Got himself in a wrangle,
The first thing the old guy knew,
He headed the Beecher-Tilton scandal. Cho.

Hard to Love.

I loved a girl not long ago,
Her father drove a cart,
But she's gone and left me all alone,
And broken my poor heart.

Chorus.

Hard to love, hard to love,
Hard to change my mind,
She's broken the heart of many another nig,
And she's almost broken mine.

I know I'll die, I'm sure I will,
I feel it in my heart,
And if she don't marry me
I'll steal her father's mule and cart. Chorus.

Her front name was Susan Jane,
She had a foot like a giraffe,
And every time she went to walk,
She made the darkies laugh. Chorus.

If I ever do marry again,
It won't be for love or riches,
I'll marry a gal 'bout ten-foot-ten,
So she can wear my overcoat. Chorus.

Crazy Niggers.

People all around the town,
Say we are insane,
Cause we've got singing, yes we have,
And dancing on the brain.
Our feet are always on the move,
You cannot keep us still,
For when we hear the music sound,
It nearly drives us ill.

Chorus.

We're crazy niggers, always singing, dancing.
Crazy niggers, you cannot keep us still. [Repeat.

Crazy as they say we are,
We're always on the go,
If there's any harm in that,
We should like to know,
People like to hear us sing,
And watch us while we dance,
And we'll try to please you all,
If you'll give us a chance. Chorus.

The Old Family Bedstead.

Words and Music by Marion Carleton.

Copyright 1880, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

It was down in good old Maine,
In an old fashioned town,
Stood an old fashioned house,
That my father used to own;
Both my father and his father,
In that same old house were born,
And from the windows I have watched
The fields of corn.
At Christmas time, I often made
The fagots blaze up higher,
When a happy family party
Would gather round the fire,
There was an old oak table,
And some good old fashioned chairs,
And a good old oaken bedstead
In a room up stairs.

CHORUS.

'Twas a four posted bedstead,
But as solid as a rock,
And it stood in a room,
With an old fashioned clock,
And a bright patchwork quilt,
O'er a feather bed was spread,
But a relic in the family,
Was the old bedstead.

Now when the curtains 'round the bed,
Were as white as the snow,
And oftimes on the beadstead.
My mother did me throw,
Then I had to climb the old arm chair,
To get upon the bed.
With my toys I've passed the hours,
On the old bedstead,
But those were days of infancy,
And childhoods happy hours,
That passes like a summer cloud,
Or like the fleeting showers,
In my fancy I can see the room,
Where first I laid my head,
The patchwork quilt and curtains,
Round the old bedstead. Chorus.

When a child I recollect,
Granny dear being ill,
How my good mother tried hard
To keep us children still,
And I saw the kind old doctor,
Go so gently to her bed,
And he'd set and talk to granny
On the old bedstead.
I recollect the parson, too,
Old Granny came to see;
I then was quite a child,
It's like a dream to me,
And well do I remember
When her gentle spirit fled,
For when dead I saw her lying
On the old bedstead. Chorus.

Darby O'Hare.

Copyright 1880 by Mrs Pauline Lieder.

IRISH COMIC SONG.

By R. J. Pigott.

My name is O'Hare,
And I am a swell;
That same you'll perceive,
If you look at me well.
When I walk abroad,
Old maids stop and stare;
And say; "be the Lord,
There goes Darby O'Hare."

CHORUS.

I'm Darby O'Hare,
I came from Kildare;
Where praties are whoppers,
An' dameels are fair.
Pray look at me clothes,
Jist imported from Clare;
Now don't they look purty,
On Darby O'Hare?

I live in an attic,
It's little I pay;
And dine in Delmonico's,
(Down in the "Bay."
My parents are wealthy,
Sure I am the heir,
A fortune is coming to
Darby O'Hare. Chorus.

I think I'll write home,
For the rest of the gang;
Who now are residing,
In Yang-tse-Kiang.
I know they'd be happy,
An' well would they fare;
'Way up in the attic,
With Darby O'Hare. Chorus.

Why Should I Love Thee?

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by Harrison Millard.

Copyright 1878 by Harrison Millard.

The Music of this or any other song, kept constantly on hand, and will be sent by us to any address, post paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.

Why should I love thee—so soon to leave thee?
Darkness and sorrow my pathway fill!
No beam of rapture welcomes the morrow,
Lighting my heart that is hopeless and still!
Far I must wander lonely without thee,
Clouded with anguish thou wilt not share,
Why should I love thee—so soon to leave thee?
Parted forever in tears and despair!

Why should I love thee—love thee and love thee?
Weary, forsaken my life must be!
No star of memory wakens to bless me;
Save but the vision my heart keeps of thee!
Never to meet thee! Oh! sad the whisper
Falling around me on vale and hill!
Why should I love thee—so soon to leave thee?
Parted forever, but loving thee still.

McGowan the Solid Voter.

By Willie Wildwave.

Patrick McGowan is my name,
I'm known all over the ward,
And in big Tammany Hall, boys,
I've won a good record.
"McGowan the solid voter,"
All the politicians cry,
They always raise their hats, boys,
Whenever I pass them by.

CHORUS.

Patrick McGowan is my name,
I'm known all over the town,
I'm the solid voter of New York,
And a man of great renown.

As I walked out last evening,
Sure all the people said,
There goes the solid voter,
By him we will be led.
For he's the man to rule the ward,
A sound Dimocrat is he,
And whin he takes his seat me boys,
He'll give the work to ye. Chorus.

Old Uncle Jeff.

Sung by Frank Lum, the great motto and topical vocalist.

Old scenes take me back to the old
pine wooded track,
And I see old massa's face once more;
And my dear old wife once the mainstay of my life,
Waiting for me at the old log cabin door.
Yes memries of the past, old friends you've
woke at last,
I am broken down and cannot long remain,
So cheer me if you can, till I reach that better land,
And this old man will never more complain.

CHORUS.

Then comfort I will take, my heart it cannot break,
My voice with yours old comrades I will blend,
My sorrows are most o'er they are knocking
at the door,
And this banjo now is my only friend.

Oh! what is that I hear, 'tis the angels
drawing near,
They are singing at the old cabin door,
Old massa too, is there, and my missus kind and fair,
And the little ones that are dead and gone before.
I cannot see to read, I am helpless now indeed,
My troubles they will surely soon be o'er,
Although I am broken down, they have
made for me a crown,
And they are waiting for me on the far off
distant shore,
Chorus.

Fifty Years Ago.

Sung by James B. Radcliff.

White folks, your attention,
Come listen to my rhymes,
I come from old Virginia,
And I'll sing about the times.
The times ain't as they used to was,
I have you all to know,
When I was young and in my prime,
Some fifty years ago.

I recollect when I was young,
'Way down in New Orleans,
I think that was the place, my boys,
We peppered them it seems.
We got behind the cotton bales,
For then we had a show,
But we ain't got no Hickory Jackson,
Like fifty years ago.

That's Where I'd Like to Be.

Old Man's Song, sung by Archie White.

There's a spot in the sunny South,
Where the orange blossoms grow;
Where the mocking birds sing in the trees,
And glistening waters flow.
My heart longs for that paradise,
And in my dreams I see
The cotton fields as white as snow,
Oh! that's where I'd like to be.

CHORUS.

Oh! take me back, I wan't to go,
My childhood's home to see,
In Alabama's sunny land,
That's where I'd like to be.

I remember when I left that place,
'Twas many years ago,
I thought to find a fairer spot,
But sad my heart does grow.
I'm all alone, no loving words
Are spoken now to me,
My dear old friends are far away,
Oh! that's where I'd like to be. Chorus.

I Met My Love in Spring Time.

SONG AND DANCE.

Sung by Ella Esmond.

Oh! I met my love in spring-time,
When the birds were on the wing;
She was tripping, tripping thro' the meadow,
When I heard her gaily sing.
Oh! the sweet young flowers around her,
Seemed to know that she went by;
Her mouth was like a rosebud,
And her eyes were like the sky.

CHORUS.

She's the prettiest little blossom,
And I love her so;
She's sweeter than the roses, in the morning glow,
I never shall forget her,
Since the first time that I met her,
She's the dearest little one I know.

Oh! we rambled through the meadows,
And I took her hand in mine;
When she smiled so sweetly on me,
And I thought she was divine.
How I told her that I loved her,
And to me she is so dear,
That her love would be in spring time,
As every month that's in the year. Chorus.

I Guess it's all Right, Mary Ann.

To my friend Chas. Morgan. C. R. Dockstader,

You left me in the fall, you said your duty called,
And you went far across the blue sea,
Be good and be true is what I promised you,
And you said the same thing to me.
But now we're like strangers as if we'd ne'er met,
Like you I'll forget if I can;
You are far from me now and you've broken your vow,
But I guess it's all right Mary Ann.

The eve that we parted you seemed broken-hearted,
You told me you'd come back again;
I trusted in you for I thought you were true,
Though my own heart was aching with pain.
When ill among strangers a message you sent,
You told me you wanted a man;
Not one whom misfortune had claimed as a prize,
But I guess it's all right, Mary Ann.

As I wander alone without even a home,
My memory on bright days of yore;
I see a face sad that I often made glad,
When I took the first kiss at the door.
The little old shanty in an alley obscure,
Forget it I can't, if you can;
I would not then believed, if told you'd deceive,
But I guess it's all right, Mary Ann.

The Tarrier Bold.

By T. Ford, Jr. Air; Warrior Bold.

In days of old when Micks were bold,
And aldermen had full away,
A tarrier bold, in green and gold,
Sang merrily his lay—sang
Merrily his lay;
My love is ould and quare,
My love has foirey hair.
Eyes black and blue, and squinting, too,
With her none can compare,
So what care I, though cops be nigh,
I will parade, yes, I'll parade or die."

The tarrier bold, in green and gold,
Went out that Patrick's Day,
He raised a fight, but ere the night,
Shure he was hauled away, shure he was
hauled away.
The old high hat he wore,
Was crushed and stained with gore,
And as he fell, he loud did yell,
I broke the pledge I swore!
And as he fell, he loud did yell,
I broke the pledge, I broke the pledge, I swore.

Susan Simpson's Sister.

By Jas. Mass. Sung by Johnson and Cooper.

Who is it loves her Billy dear?
Susan Simpson's sister;
And to his love did lend an ear?
Susan Simpson's sister.
Who was it threw the cat in the well?
Susan Simpson's sister;
And send this nigger off to jail?
Susan Simpson's sister.

DUET.

Dancing merry blithe and cheery,
No one could resist her;
There's none can laugh or talk or dance
Like Susan Simpson's sister.

CHORUS.

Susan Simpson's sister,
None of the boys that could resist her,
Susan Simpson's sister,
Susan Simpson's sister.

Who was it eat up all the pie?
Susan Simpson's sister;
Jammed the ham in mamma's eye,
Susan Simpson's sister.
Who was it bit the old cat's tail,
Susan Simpson's sister;
And rode this nigger on a rail,
Susan Simpson's sister. Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING
MATTER COLUMN.

A commercial advertisement "for a man to travel" was answered by a tramp. He said he was used to the business.

It is in a base drum that two heads are better than one.

At a ball: "Shall we dance this time?" "No; I prefer to remain here and listen to the two orchestras." "You will certainly get cold—between two airs."

"Mamma," asked a little girl, "why is it they sing in church 'We'll dine no more,' and then go right home and dine?"

Cats cross the fiddle bridge in long strings.

The cemeteries on Long Island are handy for those unfortunate persons who are killed in railroad collisions or drowned in tugs-of-war contests by excursion-steamers, several of which "accidents" have recently occured on and off the Sound.

Sitting Bull again wants a peace. The country would save money and lives were it to grant this nuisance a piece long enough to make a noose.

Should a holocaust of cats be the result of the passage of the anti-cat law, will not stewed rabbit be a permanent entree on the bills of fare at our restaurants?

"OldProbabilities" is dead. Who will care for weather now?

We are told that a Florida editor was robbed of ninety-seven chickens in one night. This seems incredible. If the report is true, however, how did he come by so many chickens?

The season of dumping girls out of rowboats into the whirl of waters is at an end for the present. Alas!

The question of the day; Can shop girls sit down? Why, what's to hinder 'em?

It were well that white caps be declared "off" before they are knocked off.

Hanlan has arrived out at last. Let us hope that he will be first in, next November.

Authors of "Beautiful Snow" will please bear in mind that their season is fast approaching, and that their claims should be put in at an early day.

The game of Polo is not confined to Poles exclusively. It can be played with sticks just as well.

"Pinafore" has been translated into Russian. "What, neverovitchki?" "Well hardly everoffkovitchki."

Anybody can play the violin, but it takes years of practice to play so that your neighbors can live the life of consistent Christians.

It is alleged that a lady recently went into the shop of a prominent music publisher, and asked the assistant for "Two Kisses." The young man only recently arrived from the country, so he modestly turned away, stating his income was not at present sufficient to keep two. "Oh! George."

Leading strings—those of the first fiddle.

There is one bone which even a hungry dog refuses to gnaw. It is a trom-bone.

Stock-taking of course, is a necessary part of a tradesman's business, but he is not justified in plucking, without permission, his neighbors stocks.

We don't know what she meant, but as they were promenading to church on Sunday night, at about the rate of three steps a minute, we heard her say, Oh! your nose is so cold—don't."

"I should have no objections to my wife's reigning," said an affectionate husband, "if it were not for the fact that when she reigns she is apt to storm also."

Patsy Kelly's Beau.

Written by Edward Talbot.

Little Patsy Kelly,
A dandy very small;
Sells evening papers,
On the Bowery for a Ball.
The gang upon the corner,
Not many days ago;
Introduced me ye's can bet,
As Patsy Kelly's beau.

CHORUS.

Dandy Patsy Kelly, a hanny Hudy lad,
When I'm strolling with him the
mashers get it bad;
It's naughty, but nicy, I'm still a friend to you,
Go tell it to your fairies, I'm Patsy Kelly's beau.

He lives in Mulligan's building,
Just up nine flights of stairs;
He keeps his father and mother,
And silks and satins wears.
He takes care of his brother,
His sister to jail did go;
Oh! swell the story all around,
I'm patsy Kelly's beau. Chorus.

Down around the bloody fourth,
He's a politician tart;
And after election day,
To Congress he will start-
I live upon Fifth Avenue,
Wear a gold ring on my toe;
The spoilers tells the daisies,
I'm Patsy Kelly's beau. Chorus.

A Parody on Scotch Lassie Jean.

By John T. Collins.

From Ireland there I landed about one year ago,
A flannel-mouthed, imported Limerick dame,
On her geographic face there was a map of
Ireland glow,
And Berdelia Moriarity was her name.
She said she came from France, but if you
gave a glance,
The corn-beef could be plainly seen,
The job that suits her well, is potwolliper in a hotel,
For she is a turk from Ireland so green.

CHORUS.

Oh! Biddy, you chickabiddy, what the
divil do you mean,
You say you come from France,
But I can see at a glance,
That you are a turk from Ireland so green.

She was courting a Hibernian who run a
bucket shop,
He is second cousin to an alderman,
When he gazed at her by daylight his
mashing soon did stop,
She was as yellow as an ugly Mexican.
We are waiting for her going and hope
this female will go soon,
In the country long enough she has been;
Now before it is to late let her quickly emigrate,
To the bogs and turf of Ireland so green. Cho.

The Kicking Horse Fly.

Written by S. Lawell. Sung by Lawell & Drews.

There's a terrible story which I'm going to tell,
And I want you to listen to me;
A bullfrog, a lobster, and a horsefly they fell
In a mud hole, and sang tra la lee.
The bullfrog got hungry and tackled the fly,
The lobster got angry and started to cry,
When a speckled old hen came along that way,
And hearing the clatter said, "What d'ye say?"

Now then Mr. Horsefly saw speckled Miss Hen
Talking in such a rude manner to them,
He got on his ear and started to kick,
When the lobster and bull-frog took very sick.
The horsefly did kick at a terrible rate,
He kicked out the frog which the old hen ate,
Oh! he kicked at the lobster with all his might,
Then kicked himself clear out of sight.

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Angel Mother Watch for me	Pratt	40
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No Work	" "	40
Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate	" "	40
You Were False, but I'll Forgive You	" "	40
Penniless and Poor	Younker	40
The Old Bench Near the Mill	Speck	40
The Rosebud in Your Hair	Skelly	40
When the Flowers are Dreaming	" "	40
Baby Died One Year Ago To-Day	O'Reardon	40
My Home by the Deep Rolling Sea	Bentley	40
Throwing Pebbles in the Stream	" "	40
Wake Bonnie Bessie	" "	40
Joys of my Childhood	" "	40
The Old Ruined Mill	" "	40
We are Growing Old Together	" "	40
Down on Coney Island Beach	" "	40
The Old Willow Chair	" "	40
Take Me in Your Arms, Mama	" "	40
Grandfather's Cane	" "	40
Winnie Wane	" "	40
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Erin's Green Isle	Murphy	40
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The Lost Jewel	Blunt	40
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Take Me Back to My Dear Old Southern Home, Song with Echo Chorus	Speck	40
Times of Long Ago	Straight	40
Waiting for de Setting ob de Sun	" "	40
The Golden Chariot	" "	40
Settle Dat Bill	" "	40
Down by de Rainbow	" "	40
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My Dear old Home Where Roses Grow.

Written by Edward Talbot for Fayette Welsh, and sung by him with great success.

Oh! how often when at eve I'm sitting,
Near the hearthstone where the hemlock burns,
Cherish'd forms I see before me flitting,
And in fancy's dream my home returns;
Mem'ry fond delights to linger ever,
'Round the scenes that childhood knew,
Oh! would that I had left thee never—
Home! my dear old home where roses grew.

CHORUS.

Oh! would that I had left thee never!
Home! my dear old home where roses grew.

Oft my aged father comes before me,
And my mother mourns her absent son,
Now their parting blessings hover o'er me,
As the flowers blossom one by one;
Nothing from my heart can ever sever,
Time hath proved all their affection true.
Oh! would that I had left the never—
Home! my dear old home where roses grew.

Chorus.

May kind angels watch around them,
Health and plenty banish care and fear,
All the joys of happy life surround them,
Bless'd and honor'd be their dwelling here.
When the weary toil of life is over,
And we calmly change the old for the new,
Oh! may we meet and find another
Home as dear as where the roses grew.

CHORUS.

Oh! may we meet and find another
Home, as dear as that where roses grew.

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The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

The letter which had produced this shock ran thus :—

"Sir,—

"In reply to your letter of the — inst, yesterday received, I beg to say that the confidence I am about to make I rely in your honor as a gentleman to keep strictly secret—that is, however you may use the information, you'll not mention the name of your informant. The doing so would lead to complications and difficulties with the other party, which might prove prejudicial to your search of discovery.

To proceed to the point. An unforseen circumstance has put it in my power to render you the service you require. I will now do so under your signed promise, contained in your letter, which this moment lies before me—namely, that you will give one hundred and fifty pounds down for intelligence. The young gentleman, then, you speak of is alive, and I have reason to believe is down somewhere in your part of the country at this present time, under the name of Richard Hepburn. Any further information I can obtain for you I shall be happy to do.

"A check for seventy-five pounds on account per return post will oblige yours respectfully,

"T. P."

"Strictly confidential."

The various sensations that crowded upon the ex-usurer's brain after a perusal of the above would be difficult to describe. Terror predominated. The very walls of Carnyston seemed crumbling about his ears

Sir Richard Carr's son here, under the very roof that covered him!

"Scoundrel! villain! mean spy!" he cried, quivering with fury, as he shook his clenched hands in the air. "What has he learned? Nothing. He couldn't. What could he discover here? He can't—he never will if I only yield to that rapacious wretch, Brindley!"

How blind we are to our errors—how ready to detect those of our neighbors!

Locking the door, Josiah Biddlecomb began hurriedly pacing the library. The probable danger he was in banished all sense of weakness. He had no time for it. He felt he must act at once—sharply, decisively; and, as he so thought, all his old business keenness and craft came back.

To some it may be natural, to others unnatural; but, in the midst of these contending feelings, the bitterest will he felt was to yield to, and become the purse of, Timothy Brindley.

"Need he?

Like a flash an inspiration, the idea came upon him.

"I see it all!" he cried, clasping his hand while his face grew lighter. I understand! The game shall be mine—mine; and Master Brindley shall be checkmated at the moment he believes he has won!"

He rubbed his hands with delight. What did he see?—what understand? No less then the cause of Richard Hepburn's presence there. To the crafty usurer it was as clear as day. He had come to win back his property by a marriage with his (Josiah Biddlecomb's) heiress to gain it any other way is out of his power.

Why shouldn't this be, and Timothy Brindley crushed—crushed, after having been bribed into silence until his sting would fall harmless? Sir Richard could not take proceedings against his wife's father; besides, he had done the last Baronet no bodily harm.

After all, would not this be the best, the safest course for all parties? He Josiah Biddlecomb, would not need anything very long, and his daughter would be lady Carr. While he lived, she would shield and maintain him; at least it was better than the chance of——

He did not finish the sentence; he added another;—"And it will checkmate that villain Brindley."

Going to his desk he wrote;—

"Dear Mr. Hepburn,—

Will you favor us with your company to dinner to-day? But a family party—only my daughter and nephew, illness necessitating my absence. Nevertheless, I would like a few words in private with you in the library after coffee.

"Yours sincerely,

"J. Biddlecomb."

"At any rate," thought the ex-usurer, as he enclosed and directed the note, "he has been long enough flirting with Sidonia to justify my asking his intentions. His answer will prove what course is best for me to take. To-morrow I will see Brindley."

Having unlocked the door he rang the bell. To the footman who answered to the summons he delivered the note, bidding him take them at once to Mr. Richard Hepburn, at Westerin.

"What is that you have there? he added, eyeing curiously an ill-folded but well-secured letter, which the footman held forward on a salver.

"Jenkins, the lodge-keeper, just brought it hup, sir. It war left at the lodge 'bout five minits ago."

"That'll do," remarked Josiah Biddlecomb, shortly, as he took it. "See that my note is taken instantly. Go."

When alone, he examined the letter. The writing was bad and irregular. It might have been disguised.

Carelessly he opened it, but with interest he read :—

"Do not let T. B. urge you to a course you disapprove. You have no reason to fear him. He is an escaped convict. The police are on his track!"

Could this be true? It must be! Hence his desire to quit Heatham, and fly elsewhere. The ex-usurer leaned back in his chair, and laughed aloud.

"With a little stratagem," he exclaimed, "the game is mine—yes, Timothy Brindley, mine!"

CHAPTER XVII.

SIR RICHARD LEARNS MARIA DAGGETT'S CONDITION.

On the afternoon that Josiah Biddlecomb had come to the crafty resolve concerning his old enemy's son, Richard Hepburn sat alone at his inn, fretfully impatient for something to turn up. He longed for news from Jonas Slyoum, and began irritably to accuse that worthy officer of tardiness and want of energy.

In his present state of mind, time did, indeed, hang heavily on his hands, and he found his own most wearisome company.

He would willingly have procured distraction by going abroad, but everywhere the same rumor met him, conveyed by a meaning glance to point the covert innuendo, of his engagement to the heiress.

Edmund Biddlecomb had done his work well.

Could Richard Hepburn have boldly denied the statement it would not have mattered, but in the present critical position of affairs he dared not, consequently avoided meeting those to whom his silence would convey a tacit confirmation.

"Still, this style of thing can't go on much longer," he reflected, throwing aside the book he had in vain been trying to read. "It isn't fair to the girl, though she, of course, from my letting slip the most glaring advances she made for me to propose the other day, must be aware, even as I, of the falseness of the rumor. It is all owing to herself that the public should regard the matter other than a flirtation."

He colored a little uneasily, then added, frankly, "No I will not be coward enough to shirk my own share in it. I, too, in a measure may have been in it. I, too, in a measure may have been in error; but Heavens, when the public hears—if it ever do—for what a stake I played—the clearing a father's name from disgrace—will it blame me? It cannot, for though I may have flirted to desperation, beyond, I swear by no word have I led Sidonia Biddlecomb to to believe I meant seriously. It is a conclusion she has jumped at through flattery and adulation which surrounded her. Why, there are half a dozen I know who at the rising of her finger, would gladly propose for her."

He was interrupted in his meditations and perambulations by a tap at the door.

"Come in," he called, sharply fronting round, as he hoped it might prove the detective.

The waiter, however, putting his head in the door, which he held as if eager to decapitate himself, did not announce the officer, but a lady, who desired particularly to see Mr. Hepburn.

"A lady to see me?" ejaculated the young man, surprised; then, recovering himself, added, "Show her up."

A moment after, the lady entered.

She was quietly dressed, and, owing to the thick veil she wore entirely concealing her features, for the moment Richard Hepburn did not recognise her. Something, however, in the motion of her figure as she advanced revealed who was his visitor, and hastening forward, he exclaimed, "Surely it is Miss Daggett?"

"It is, Mr. Hepburn. I throw myself on your generosity to pardon for this intrusion, but it was to me imperitive that I should see you at once—and in private."

As she put up her veil he noticed that her countenance was pale, her lips compressed, yet convulsed by an occasional slight spasm, her eyes set and dilated.

It was an expression he had seen on the face of a gambler, whose last coins had been staked on a final throw.

Whatever was her purpose there?

"Intrusion!"—he smiled. "Pray do not call a visit that gives me so much pleasure by so harsh a term, Miss Daggett; especially," he added, placing a chair, "as I am egotistic enough to imagine that my affairs may have to do with the cause."

"You are right, Mr. Hepburn," she replied, sitting down; "that alone has brought me here. I believe—I believe the end you seek is in your grasp. In fact, I would almost swear it is."

"Miss Daggett," cried the listener, eagerly, "do I hear you correctly? Can this really be?"

"I repeat, I think so." replied the guest, whose tones, though clear and firm, came from her lips with an almost measured, monotonous slowness, like one who had to check or hide a quivering of the articulatory muscles. "First, Mr. Hepburn, are you sure we are not overheard? The fact"—and she made an effort to smile—"of a veiled lady visiting you may make people curious; and what I am about to confide to you I have no desire to be made the gossip of Westerin."

"There is no fear, I trust, of that, for an anteroom lies between this room and the passage; but I will make sure."

Quitting the apartment, and crossing the smaller one, he looked into the passage. No one was there, while he heard the voices of the waiter and landlady conversing with some persons at the bar.

Satisfied, he closed the door and returned.

During his absence, Maria Daggett had pressed her hands over her white face with a convulsive shiver.

"How my heart fails me!" she murmured. "Yet can he refuse when I offer him his fondest desire?"

"I have seen all safe. There is no fear of interruption, my dear Miss Daggett," broke in Richard Hepburn's voice, as he came back. "For a wonder the worthy people are occupying themselves with their own concerns. We may to business. You have, I feel sure, fresh news to give me. How much do I owe you? More than I can ever repay." he added, as he sat down, a few feet from his visitor.

"There may be a difference of opinion on that point," she said, with a short, nervous laugh "I might one day seek a recompense you would not care to give."

"It must be very extravagant indeed for me to refuse," he said, earnestly. "I confess, Miss Daggett, you have given me information superior to any I myself have been able to discover; and be assured I am not one to shirk my debts, among which I hold the highest to be those of gratitude."

To be Continued in No. 160—Commenced in 152.

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Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.

Words and Music by NED STRAIGHT.

1. When I was a young pick - a - ni - ny down in Al - a - bam, ... Dey said I was de
2. But when de war com - men - ced I had a wife and fam - i - ly, ... Four lit - tle boys and

smart - est chile ob an - y in de land; ..... I was Cap - tain o - ber all ob dem, And de
girls all mine I trot - ted on my knee; ..... But old Mas - sa went off to de war, Neb - ber

boys and girls did drill, ... So dey nam - ed me Uncle Pom-pey and I'se Un - cle Pom - pey still. I
to come back a - gain, ... And de chil - dren all were weep - ing when we heard dat he was slain. I

show'd em how to dance and sing de Al - a - bam - a style, ... For dem way de ac - com-plish-ments dat
came up Norf and struck de game Four le - ben for - ty four, ... So now I'se broke I'se go - ing back to

CHORUS.

suit - ed dis yere chile. ..... ; But I'se an old cen - ten - na - ri - an now, And I'se
Al - a - bam once more. .....

go - ing down de hill, ... Yet when I think of Al - a - bam I've Un - cle Pom - pey still. .....

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CONTENTS.

A Cool Customer.....page 637
Blue and the Gray..... 635
Cheer up, Norah Darling..... 635
Cecilia..... 635
Children I'm so Glad..... 636
Dem Days am Passed for Evermore..... 636
De Ole Man's got to go..... 636
The First Step..... 637
Going to Camp-Meeting..... 634
Give a man Credit for what he has done.... 636
The Happy Irish Couple..... 635
I'M LEAVING NOW THE OLD FOLKS.. 636
I Must Leave You, my Darling..... 636
I can down them all..... 638
I would like to be an infant..... 637
I'VE JUST TURNED SIXTY THREE
Music for Banjo and Gnitar 640
Longing for Them good old days again.... 634
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 639
MARY KELLY'S CLOTHES..... 634
OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN 634
Only to see thee, darling..... 636
O'Reilly's Billy Goat—
Recitation..... 637
Over her Knee..... 637
Only I was too Late..... 637
Der Patter of der Shingles..... 634
The Poor Forsaken Tramp..... 635
Sleeping where the cotton
plant does grow..... 636
SWEET MAGGIE GORDON—
NOTICE.... 638
Sheet Music Notice..... 638
The Tar's Farewell..... 637
Upper Ten and Lower Five..... 635
Where the Golden Lillies Cluster..... 634
What They Did for
Muldoon..... 635
The Wild Irish Rovers..... 637

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Where the Golden Lilies Cluster.

Composed by Walter Phœnix.

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Now tender leaves in summer,
They were springing on the trees,
I was strolling all alone one pleasant morn,
When I by chance saw at a glance,
I wish I'd ne'er been born;
A maiden fair with golden hair,
So sweet as calm and still;
I fell in love just to my neck,
Just then my busy brain began to fill.

Chorus.

Moonlight, starlight always can be seen, (Dance.)
When the band is playing Dancing on the green,
(Dance)
Ah! I never can forget when first
I met her with my heart I there did trust her,
For she's sweeter to me than the honey from the bee,
Where the golden lillies cluster. (Dance)

Now the cuckoos they are singing,
In the orchard on the hill,
And the sun it shone upon their silver throat.
While stooping from a blooming lawn,
From the rose I found a little note;
Which made my lonely heart rejoice,
To call that maiden mine;
But married we are going to be,
Next Sunday when the bells begin to chime.
Chorus and Dance.

Mary Kelly's Clothes.

By J. F. Duckett, Air Mary Kelly's Beau.

Little Mary Kelly,
A darling now so sweet,
Oft I go to see her;
Where she lives in Cro by Street.
She keeps herself so tidy,
From her head down to her toes,
No matter where, no one can compare.
With Mary Kelly's clothes.

Chorus.

Little Mary Kelly.
The sweetest of them all
When I am walking with her.
Rowdies at her bawl;
She's so handsomely featured,
With a darling little nose.
They've asked to know the makers name,
Of Mary Kelly's clothes.

Her father he's a merchant,
And well he is to-do,
They have a colored servant girl,
As handsome as a jew.
Soon we're to be married,
And we'll have the servant Cloe,
And her father he'll be at the expense,
Of Mary Kelly's clothes. Chorus.

Longing for them Good old Days Again.

By T. O. Davis. Music by J. P. Skelly.

To-night I am lonely thinking
Of the happy days that's gone,
And the dear old spot I never more shall see;
Where around our humble cottage
The wild flowers sweetly bloomed,
And the ivy green around the old gum tree.

Chorus.

Oft I think I see the moonlight,
Beaming in the cabin door.
And the sad tears my poor old eyes can scarce restrain;
When those scenes raise up before me,
For I'se old and homeless now,
And longing for dem good old days again.

My days are nearly numbered,
And I soon will be at rest;
No more to hear the laugh of children in the cane;
The sweet music of their voices
Through the mists of memory steals,
And keeps me longing for dem good old days again.
Oft I think, &c.

I am tolling down the hillside,
For my youth is past and gone,
To rest beneath de southern skies again;
Where my friends they all am sleeping,
In the old home far away,
Makes me weary for dem good old days again.
Oft I think, &c.

Der Patter of Der Shingle.

Translated from the English by D. C. C.

Vhen der angry passion gaddering,
Im my mudder's face I see,
Und she leads me in der pedroom,
Shendly lays me on her knee.
Den I know dot I will catch it,
Und my flesh in fancy itches,
As I lisden for der patter
Of der shingle on my breeches.

Efery tink'le of der shingle
Has an echo und a sheling,
Und a dousand burning fancies,
Indo being spring.
Und a dousand bees und hornets
Nead my coad-dill seem to schwarm,
As I feel der patter of
Der shingle, oh! so varm.

In a shplutter comes mine fadder—
Whom I supposed had gone—
Do survey der skiduvetion,
Und dell her do lay it on.
Do see her berding o'er me,
As I lisden do der strain
Blayed by her und by der shingle,
In a vild und weird refrain.

In a sudden indermission,
Vich appears my only schance,
I say, "Shdrike shoftly, mudder,
Or you'll shplit mine Sunday bants."
She shtops a moment, draws her breath,
Der shingle holds aloft,
Und says "I had not thought of dot—
Mine son, shust take dem off."

Oh, hefeing, tender merey,
Cast thy pitying glances down;
Und dhum, oh vamily doctor,
Put a good soft boultice on;
Und may I mit vouls und dunces
Afterward commingle.
Ifeefer I say anudder vord,
Ven my mudder vields der shingle.

Going to Camp-Meeting.

Words by J. M. Johnson. Sung by Johnson & Cooper.

I've come down to see my Susan,
For she's the girl that I adore,
We're gwine to church this evening,
And hear olb Parson Johnson roar;
My Susan she's as sweet as honey,
She's crazy for this nig I know,
She told me to come down this evening,
And to camp-meeting we should go.

Chorus.

Then all you children come meet me at the gate,
Lay down the bones and the old banjo,
Put on your coat and Sunday trousers,
And to camp-meeting we will go.

Oh! Jasper, ain't you handsome,
Come right quick and don't stay long;
Oh! Susan, you're my huckleberry,
But singing here you know is wrong.
White folks then we must be leaving,
They're waiting for us now I know,
We'll call again to-morrow evening,
But now to camp-meeting we must go.
Then all you children, &c.

OUR INTERESTING
MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, Items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

An Irish gentleman went to call on Dr. Carr to attend a sick child. It was midnight when he arrived at the doctor's. He rang the bell once, then twice. No response The third time, the doctor looked out of the window and asked what was wanted, in an angry voice.

The Irish gent said:

"Miss de Carr."

"What!" the doctor replies.

"Miss de Car again," he says.

The doctor replies:

"What do I care; wait for another Car(r); they run every half hour—closed the window and retired.

There was nothing but a plain slab at the head of the mound, but the simple inscription on it tells its own story; "He was an umpire in a close game."

There is a man in Washington the most powerful in the country. He carries a horse (s)car on his cheek.

"Speaking of razors," said the obsequious barber, as he tendered change for a quarter, "I believe Adam and Eve were the first raisers, were they not?"

A clergyman was telling a story of rather incredible dimensions, while his little girl made the inquiry; "Father is that really true, or is it only preaching?"

Practised pickpockets and true philosophers take things easy

We asked a person the other day how many stops his organ had. He replied: "The only stop it has is when you take your feet off the bellows."

We sell all our sheet music at 3rd price. The girls especially, will appreciate this; because out of the forty cents that "pa" gives them for a new song, they will have thirteen left, unbeknownst to him, that they can treat "dear Franky" with ice cream, with "gum-drops" thrown in. This is leap-year you know.

An amateur naturalist offers a reward to the man who will furnish him with a fine specimen of the "brick bat."

"I give lessons in music and drawing," as the donkey said, when he began to bray and drag a cart after him.

'My bark is wrecked," as the dog remarked when drown overboard in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

A good many Lardy dah-lings on the stage at present.

"Keep your dog away from me!" said a dandy to a butcher boy.—"Hang the dog, he's always after puppies," said the boy.

An Irishman once observed that milestones were enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

A Legal Pun—"Sir," said a man defending a rather notorious character. "I assure you it is pure innocence."—"I quite agree with you," replied the other; "it was pure in-no-sense."

A well meaning exchange says that Courtney has decided to stop rowing. Why, he stopped rowing two or three years ago,

Blue and Gray.

Oh! mother, what do they mean by blue,
And what do they mean by gray,
Was heard from the lips of a little child,
As she bounded in from play.
The mother's eyes filled up with tears,
She turned to her darling fair,
And smoothed away from the sunny brow,
Its treasures of golden hair.

Why, mothers eyes are blue and sweet,
And grandpa's hair is grey,
And the love we bear our darling child,
Grows stronger every day;
But what did they—persisted the child—
For I saw two cripples to-day,
And one of them said he fought for the blue,
The other he fought for the gray.

Now, he of the blue had lost a leg,
The other had but one arm;
And both seemed worn and weary, and sad,
Yet their greeting was kind and warm.
They told of battles of days gone by,
Till it made my young blood thrill,
The leg was lost in the Wilderness fight,
And the arm at Malvern Hill.

They sat on the stone by the farm-yard gate,
And talked for an hour or more,
Till their eyes grew bright and their warm hearts seemed,
With fighting their battles o'er,
And parting at last with a friendly grasp,
In a kindly, brotherly way;
Each called on God to speed the time,
Uniting the blue and the gray.

What They Did For Muldoon.

By Jim J, Nelson. Sung by John Sheehan.

Just give me your kind condescension,
I'm glad for to see ye's all well,
And now if ye's all pay attention,
My troubles to you I will tell.
There's a gang that lives over in Jarsey,
They say I looks like a baboon,
They'll lay for me coming from labor
Then they'll paralyze Michael Muldoon.

Chorus.

Don't think that I'm giving ye taffy,
Or gas to blow up a baloon,
This gang they have near drove me crazy,
That's jist what they done for Muldoon.

Last week with the gang I went sailing,
To visit the Isle of Bellevue,
When be Heavens they set me to bailing,
Till my trousers were wet through and through,
Then a gale struck the boat in the centre,
And they made me ascend the jiboon,
Then they overhauled me with the painter,
That's j st what they did for Muldoon.
Don't think, &c.

Last Saturday night at a raffle,
I was lucky enough for to win,
But my good luck they all tried to baffle,
By making me pay for their gin.
When they found all I had was a dollar,
They flung me all over the room.
Of me coat all they left was the collar,
And that's what they did for Muldoon.
Don't think, &c.

Cheer up, Norah Darling.

Written and sung by Ben Dodge.

I'm dreaming of old Ireland,
The fairest spot on earth,
The home of heroes true and brave,
The dear land of my birth.
Where'er I roam I think of home,
And friends so dear to me,
I can't forget old Ireland
The one I long to see,
I can't forget old Ireland and
And my own sweet Gra Machree.

Chorus.

Then cheer up, Norah darling,
Although I'm far away;
My heart to you will still be true,
And for you I'll ever pray.

But soon I will go home again,
I'm happy as can be,
While thinking of the blissful time,
When Norah I shall see;
Sure then our sorrows will be o'er,
From her I ne'er will part,
But closely cling to old Ireland and
The sunlight of my heart,
But closely cling to old Ireland and
The dear one of my heart. Chorus.

Upper Ten and Lower Five.

Sung with immense success by Wilson & Brown.

WILSON.

I have no coppers, my good man,
Three times to you I have told;

BROWN.

I don't object to silver, sir,
And I'm not too proud for gold,

WILSON.

Well, I am one of the Upper ten,
To be polite contrive;

BROWN.

I beg your pardon, my dear sir,
I belong to the Lower five.

Chorus.

WILSON.

Well, I am one of the Upper ten,
The Upper Ten—the Upper ten,
Ten thousand a year is my income clear,
And I manage to spend it all.

BROWN.

Well, I am one of the Lower five,
The Lower five—the Lower five,
I live in a dive and so do contrive,
To scrape up a copper or two.

WILSON.

My coat is of the latest cut,
No doubt you can perceive;

BROWN.

My coat is out all over,
And all greasy at the sleave.

WILSON.

For a good fit no boots are like mine,
In fact there are none such.

BROWN.

Well mine are just the reverse of yours,
I think they fit too much.

WILSON.

My uncle left me lots of cash,
That's really not so bad;

BROWN.

Well mine left me half a dollar,
And the worst old coat he had.

WILSON.

Lady Devere of the Upper ten,
I wed when twenty-five;

BROWN.

And I will marry Slip-Shod Sal,
She belongs to the Lower five.

WILSON.

Pray call my carriage, my good man,
And do not make a fuss.

BROWN.

I never in a carriage rode,
But walk as poor men must.

WILSON.

Well, as you seem hard-up, my man,
Ten dollars to you I'll give.

BROWN.

Ah, thank you, sir—you little know,
How us poor folks do live,

The Happy Irish Couple.

Words and Music by John T. Kelly.
Sung by Kelly and Ryan, the Bards of Tara.

Barney—Are you looking at me, Katy,
You see I'm dancing mad.
Katy—How do you like this movement,
I learned it from my dad
Barney—Oh! Katy, you are so fat,
And I'm so very lean,
Katy—Yes, a thinner looking chap
Than you I never seen.

Chorus.

Barney—Oh! Katy.
Katy—Oh! Barney.
Both—To dance it is no trouble,
For we are known by every one,
As the happy Irish couple.

Duet.

'Twas sitting on the stile, my darling,
The moon looked bright and clear,
'Twas then I called you my little darling,
My own, my dearest dear.
Chorus repeated, then dance.

Katy—Let us stop this singing,
And this dancing too,
Barney—Very well, dear Katy,
I agree with you,
Katy—Oh! won't we show off great,
To-Night at Casey's Ball.
Barney—When we hop upon the floor,
They'll have no chance at all.

Duet.

'Twas sitting on the stile, my darling,
The moon looked bright and clear,
I called you then my little starling,
My own, my dearest dear.
Chorus repeated, then dance.

The Poor Forsaken Tramp.

Sung by Harry Woodson.

Begging a morsel of bread,
I'm forlorn, weary and ill;
No roof of a shed to cover my head,
From night winds so cold and chill.
All day on the dusty road,
All night in the forest damp,
No place of abode, no friend but my God,
I'm a poor old forsaken tramp.

Chorus.

Tramp, tramp, thro' the snow and rain,
Tramp, tramp, old bones ache with pain,
On thro' the dust and on thro' the damp,
Still travels the poor old tramp.

Now I am aged and poor,
No home, no friends, and no kin;
So wretched and poor that no workhouse door
Will open to let me in.
I'm driven from town to town,
And my only great crime,
Was the want of a dime,
A poor old forsaken tramp. Chorus.

Cecilia.

Ded to Miss Cecilia Moore, Convent Mount St. Maria, Montreal, by Bobby Newcomb.

As the twig bends the tree will grow,"
Is a proverb; well, 'tis old;
It bears a lesson, well—observe,
Though this maxim may not hold.
There is, of course, a certain line
To draw 'twixt right and wrong;
Virtue sings a plaintive tune,
Vice a merry song.

Coming years in time must toll,
Each story so oft told;
Centurys pass, yet those we've loved,
In memory ne'er grow old,
Love must always keep the trust,
In this bright vale of ours,
A father's love to me is like
The rain that brings the flowers!

Dem Days Am Passed For Evermore.

Written and sung by Harry Woodson.

I'm an ole aged darkey from good ole Tennessee,
Dat's whar you will find de sugar cane and corn,
Dar's whar twenty years ago I used to rake and hoe,
An' worked all de day from early morn;
Dar's whar every night when de moon was
shining bright,
We used to gather around the cabin door,
De darkeys all would sing an' make de banjo ring,
But alas! dem days are passed for evermore.

Chorus.

Oh! lonely and forsaken oft do my thoughts awaken,
An' in dreams I see that place I so adore,
All am quiet 'mong de corn whar de darkey
he was born,
An' dem good ole days are passed for evermore.

Oh! I'm trablin' night and day to my home
so far away,
For once more to gaze upon de ole plantation;
An' wid ole Aunt Chloe whose hair am white as snow,
To wander among the darkey nations.
I almost broke my heart when we were torn apart,
And dey sent me away to a far off shore,
But once more before I die my banjo I will try,
An' sing de songs so dear to me of yore.
Oh! lonely and forsaken, &c.

De Ole Man's Got to Go.

By C. R. Dockstader.

Oh! it seems to me like I can hear
De sweetest kind of music,
Like angels singing praises unto God;
And I know dat when de spring am here
De bright flowers am a blooming,
I'll be tucked away to sleep beneath the sod.
I've come to give good-bye to you,
So good folks fare you well,
De lamp of life am burning mighty low.
Dere's gentle voices calling me,
And now I mustn't linger,
'Deed for certain shure de old man's got to go.

Chorus.

Herald forth the news to glory,
And unlatch the heavenly gate,
Tote me up where summer breezes blow;
I'm lingering here in patience,
But I'll soon be called away,
'Deed for certain shure de ole man's got to go.

Yes, I know dere am so many now,
That's trying to get to glory,
Den hurry up and join de gospel band;
De ship of Zion soon will sail,
De Lord will hear your story,
On the pearly beach of heaven soon you'll land.
I'm a weak and weary pilgrim,
An' I'm summoned up above,
I can hear sweet voices calling soft and low;
I am going to sterr de ship to heaven,
By de shortest route,
'Deed for certain shure de ole man's got to go.
Herald forth, &c.

Give a Man Credit for What he has Done.

Written and sung by James T. O'Hara.

As on the rough highway of life we are treading,
Many you'll meet who are down in the dust,
Tears of repentance perhaps they are shedding,
But as they are down there, why stay there
they must.
No friendly hand will they find then to aid them,
Everyone deems it his duty to shun;
Or may be worse to still further degrade them,
No one to think of the good they have done.

Chorus.

Then don't shun a man because fortune has
thrown him,
Give but a thought to the battle he won;
He's still a brother, then do not disown him,
Give a man credit for what he has done.

What if a man the wrong course may have taken—
All men are likely to stumble and trip—
Should he by his old friends be forsaken,
Get the could shoulder from one little slip.
No, rather lift him up out of the mire,
Into the light of prosperity's sun;
Give him a start, he may raise himself higher,
Some day he'll bless you for what you
have done.
Then don't shun a man, &c.

Some people look down on a poor man
with loathing,
And think that he's naught but to scorn
and despise,
But under his rough and perhaps ragged clothing,
A heart that is richer than gold often lies.
Though men judge harshly of every endeavor,
When the short thread of life to the end
has been spun,
In the Heavenly Kingdom forever and ever,
He'll get his reward for the good he has done.
Then don't shun a man, &c.

I'm Leaving Now the Old Folks.

Sung with success by Miss Minnie Lee.

I'm leaving now the old folks, to go I
know not where,
I'm leaving them in sorrow, grief and care,
They're poor and almost helpless,
They're old and feeble, too,
So I must try and see what I can do.
My mother's heart will nearly break,
When I have left my home,
And father he will bow his head
And say "I'm left alone;"
God knows I would not leave them,
But what am I to do!
I cannot stay and see them starve, 'tis true.

Chorus.

I'm leaving now the old folks, to go I
know not where,
I'm leaving them in sorrow, grief, and care,
They're poor and almost helpless,
They're old and feeble, too,
So I must try and see what I can do.

Oh, who will love the old folks when I am
far away?
Oh, who will cheer their sad hearts day by day?
They've petted and caressed me,
Through childhood's tender years.
And now I'm leaving them in grief and tears;
But I will write a letter,
When I've found some work to do,
And tell them how I miss them,
That my heart to them is true.
Their faces then will brighten
When they shall both read this,
I'll write it and I'll send it with a kiss. Chorus.

Sleeping Where de Cotton Plant Does Grow.

Sung by Harry Woodson.

Dem folks I left in old Virginny,
Many years ago,
When but a little pickaninny,
Helping wid de cotton and de hoe.
I long to hear dere loving voices,
Ever so kind,
And how my poor old heart rejoices,
When dere darling faces cross my mind.

Chorus.

Hark! I hear dem now a-calling,
But my heart is filled with woe,
For now I know they're passt recalling,
Sleeping where the cotton plant doth grow.

I have no home, I have no mudder,
All are gone;
My father, sister and dear brudder,
For their loving presence I often moura.
Dat little cabin near de wildwood,
Whar I was born,
I looked so bright and gay in childhood,
Now it stands neglected and forlorn. Chorus.

I Must Leave You My Darling.

Words and Music by Coffy Gooft.

Music pub and Copyright 1877, by C. H Ditson & Co.
The Music of this or any other song, can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music Publishing House, No 60 Chatham St, and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cts.

I must leave you, my darling, I must leave you,
Though I love so fondly, we must part;
But let no shade of sorrow ever grieve you,
For I'll keep you forever in my heart.
With your sweet face so fondly before me,
Ever true to my love I'll remain,
And the long days will vanish lightly o'er me,
While I know that I do not love in vain.

Chorus.

Loved one, good-bye, in anguish I must leave you,
Sad is the hour that we must part;
But let no shade of sorrow ever grieve you,
For I'll keep you forever in my heart.

I'll remember our vows so fondly spoken,
Though I'm far, far away from your side;
When the sad spell of waiting shall be broken,
I'll come back for my gay and happy bride.
Ev'ry moment your memory will cheer me,
And your bright eyes will still make me gay,
In my slumbers your image will be near me,
And I'll dream of my darling far away. Cho.

Children I'm so Glad.

By Harry Woodson.

De girls way down in Tennessee, oh, yes, oh yes;
Dey are just as sweet as sweet can be,
ain't dat so uncle Joe?
Dey sing and dance in great delight, oh, yes,
oh, yes!
And fling demselves clean out of sight,
ain't dat so uncle Joe?

Chorus.

Den children, I'm so glad, yes, children,
I'm so glad,
To see old Joe sitting on de flo' picking on
de old banjo,
Picking on de old banjo.

Of all the girls that ever I see, oh, yes,
Was lubly Rose of Tennessee, ain't dat so,
uncle Joe?
Dis darkey's bride she's gwine to be, oh, yes,
With a picanninny on each knee, ain't
dat so, Uncle Joe?
Den children, &c.

Den uncle can beat them all, oh, yes,
Dancing at de colored ball, ain't dat so
Uncle Joe,
He can pick de cotton, hoe de corn, oh yes,
oh! yes!
Strike dat banjo and jaw bone, ain't dat
so, Uncle Joe?
Den children, &c.

Only to See Thee Darling.

By Wm. Scanlon.

Only to see you darling,
Only to hear your voice,
Even its faintest whisper
Would make my heart rejoice.
Vainly I crave the sunshine,
Thy love would e'er impart,
Longing once more to see thee,
Once more before we part.

Chorus.

Only to see you darling,
Only to hear your voice,
Even its faintest whisper
Would make my heart rejoice. Repeat.

Gone is the sunlit future,
Vision of joy so bright,
Now every gleam hath faded,
Vanished in darkest night.
Too late, alas! I knew thee,
Ah! could my poor heart tell,
Breathe out its bitter anguish
In that sad farewell. Chorus.

O'Reilly's Billy Goat.

A RECITATION.

O'Reilly owned a billy goat
And a great buck goat was he,
He would buck almost anything
That he'd happen for to see,
And if at night he'd run the streets,
And a drunken man he'd meet,
He'd buck him till he was sick and tired,
And then his clothes he'd eat—
O'Reilly's billy goat.

He knew every policeman on the beat,
And he knew if him they found,
That he'd spend a short vacation
Down here in the city pound.
He ate Mrs. Mulligan's underclothes
That were hanging on the line,
Shure he bucked a Dutchman in the belly,
And knocked him out of time—
O'Reilly's billy goat.

But every goat must have his day,
And this goat's day did come—
He met a butchers dog one day,
And the dog for him did run,
He chased the goat through the streets,
Shure the dog for him was too smart,
He chased him till he lost his wind,
And he died of a broken heart—
O'Reilly's billy goat.

Now down here in a vacant lot
In a corner quite alone,
There we buried O'Reilly's billygoat,
And over him raised a stone;
And perchance you'd pass that way,
You'll find these words on it are wrote;
Sacred to the memory of
O'Reilly's great buck goat.

The Tar's Farewell.

Sung by Edwin Barry.

When forced to bid farewell to Loo,
Pull away, my boys, pull away,
I do not know what I should do,
Pull away, pull away.
I left her weeping on the quay,
She said she would be true to me,
As we sailed away to the Southern sea;
Pull away, my boys, pull away.

CHORUS.

For the wind must blow, and the ship must go,
And loving souls must part,
And the ship will tack, and the tar come back
To the first love of his heart. Repeat.
But then, if false should prove my fair,
Pull away, my boys, pull away,
I'd burn this little lock of hair,
Pull away, pull away.
If she be false, and I be free,
I'll sail again to the Southern sea,
Where there are plenty as good as she,
Pull away, my boys, pull away. Chorus.

Over Her Knee.

Sung by Myles Morris.

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The Music of this or any other song, can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music Publishing House, No 60 Chatham St, and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cts.

Over her knee, over her knee,
How my old grandmother used to spank me,
Over her knee, over her knee,
When I was quite a small boy.
It was spank, spank, spank,
No use was it kicking, for on she went licking,
With spank, spank spank,
The thing she quite used to enjoy.

CHORUS.

Then it's over her knee, over her knee;
How my old grandmother used to spank me,
Over her knee, over her knee,
When I was quite a small boy.
Over her knee, over her knee,
Oft she would turn me as if for a spree,
Over her knee, over her knee
Turn me again and again;
It was spank, spank, spank,
In vain was my crying, she kept applying,
The spank, spank, spank,
Oh! it was a terrible pain. Chorus.

When I was free—down from her knee,
Naughty again I was certain to be,
Then she took me back on her knee,
Acting the same as before;
It was spank, spank, spank!
A wretched young fellow, oh! how I did bellow,
Still spank, spank, spank,
Oh! yes, 'twas no end of a bore. Chorus.

The Wild Irish Rovers.

Original by Murphy and Mack.

We've just come down here for to sing you a song,
And tell you we're not going to keep you too long;
If you think that we are, you'll see that's
where you're wrong,
For we have to go home in the morning.
My name is Tim Doolan—and my name is Pat,
If you want to see dancing, just stand out of that;
We're both Irish boys, from the crowns of our hats,
And ould Ireland was the land we were born in.

CHORUS.

For we're the boys the shillelah to whack, (Break.)
All over Cork county, to Limerick and back,
We're known as the wild Irish rovers.

We traveled to Connaught from that to Tyrone,
And we walked all the way to the bridge of Athlone;
Through Dublin and Kerry and Wexford alone,
We roamed all around through the clover.
We sailed over to France, from that into Spain,
And we're going to America by the next train;
So we'll bid you good-bye, but we'll come back again,
And we'll still be the wild Irish rovers. Chorus.

I Would Like to Be an Infant.

By Al W. Filson.

I would like to be an infant, a darling little cherub,
Without a thing to bother me, no ups and
downs to trod,
And the ladies how I love them, they would
hug me and caress,
And always when they'd leave me they were
sure to leave a kiss.

CHORUS.

For I would like to be an infant,
What lots of things I did;
How the girls would sometimes lay me down,
When I was but a kid.

How the ladies loved to nurse me, they would
hold me on their knees,
They would fill my little stomach full of
bread and milk and cheese;
And if they'd go to lay me down, oh!
wouldn't I made a row,
And then they would press me to their loving,
oh! I wish they'd do it now.
Chorus.

When I was but a little babe, and in my cradle lay,
How the girls would come and tease me, but
meant it just in play;
They would call me oh! such tender names,
till I felt well I don't know how,
They would even put me in my bed, but they
never do it now.
Chorus.

A Cool Customer.

A man entered a well-known restaurant the other day and called for a dinner. His orders were of the most elaborate character, and fairly staggered the resources of even so noted a restaurant keeper. He lingered long at the table, and finally wound up with a bottle of wine. Then lighting a segar he ordered, he leisurely sauntered up to the counter, and said to the proprietor,

"Very fine dinner, landlord! Just charge it to me. I haven't got a cent."

"But I don't know you," said the proprietor, indignantly.

"Of course you don't. If you had, you wouldn't have let me have the dinner."

"Pay me for the dinner, I say."

"And I say I can't. Haven't got the blunt."

"I'll see about that," said the proprietor, somewhat furious at the bill. Then he snatched a revolver from the drawer and leaped over the counter collared the man, exclriming, as he pointed at his head,

"Now see if you'll get away with that dinner without paying for it you scoundrel."

"What is that you hold in your hand?" said the getter-away-with-free dinners, drawing back.

"That is a revolver, sir."

"Oh! that's a revolver, is it. I don't care a pin for a revolver. I thought it was a stomach-pump."

The First Step.

By Bobby Newcomb.

Up in the corner—now come—come to me;
Up! there's a darling, now walk to pa.
Wee little feet just learning to stray,
Far, far from me will they bear thee some day.
In sad, sad hours, how often I'll weep,
To think 'twas I taught you to walk and not creep;
The first thought you'll grasp when able to go,
Will be to leave me who loved baby so,

Yes, kiss me good-bye: the ship sails to-day;
How handsome you look, my brave sailor gay.
But, ah! what a pang to lose you my own,
'Twas I, darling, taught you the first step to roam.

The wreck of the "Dauntless?" I read in a dream,
No, no; it is true! Lost in the Gulf Stream!
My darling, my boy, ne'er again shall I see—
The first step I taught you was fatal to me.

Only I was too Late.

By T. O. Davis.

I see I have paralyzed ye all.
You take me for a bum,
And from the docks at Union Square,
No don't you think I've come.
But faith you will find out your mistake,
Before the stage I leave;
I am Danniel Bladderskite Malone,
The greatest pedestrian in the age. Bleak.

CHORUS.

Now watch my grand and graceful race,
As around the lops I go;
I will beat this O'Leary and Rowell, see
Malone is not slow.
If the train had not stopped to take wood,
And broke up all my gait,
The belt I'll wear myself to-night,
Only I was too late.

The reason that I wear this coat,
It is a sort of a disguise;
If they knew it was the great Malone,
Receptions they would rise.
John Bull would not have carried off,
The proceeds of the gate;
Frith I would have paralyzed them all,
Only I was too late. Chorus.

Old Talmage would not bet at all,
The reason is quite plain;
Because he knew if I was there,
I would be sure to gain.
And now they preach and call me brutes,
Because themselves can't take,
The money Johnny gob led up,
Because I was too late. Dance Jig.

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I can Down Them All.

By C. Connolly, for Sheehan & Jones.

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Observe a wrastlin' hero bold,
Who stands before you here,
The great and conquerin' Looney 'tis,
Whom no one yet could queer.
They all can twist and throw and toss,
And make a dizzy fall,
But with me none can hould their heels,
For I can down them all.

CHORUS.

Yes I can down them all,
On me they got no fall,
I pin their shoulders to the floor,
For I can down them all.

When up forninst me they do stand,
I grip their hoofs just so,
It's lightnin' points I give them all,
In "collar and elbow."
I get the hip-lock on them,
Then I hug them until they bawl,
I'd crack their necks if they'd not drop,
For I can down them all. Chorus.

I'll toss Mukloon and Ba..er too,
And make McLaughlin sick,
I'll break the boult of Miller
With my Greco Roman kick.
I'll throw a giant or a ghost,
A horse or a stone wall,
I'll even wrastle with a mule,
For I can down them all. Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

"I am glad of that—very," she murmured. "It gives me courage to proceed."

"From which speech," he smiled, "I imply you wish at once to put my gratitude to the test? Do so, I pray, without hesitation. Do not fear me. I do not fear myself."

She looked at him fixedly a moment; then—as if despite his request to the contrary, she did hesitate—averting her eyes, said, "First it might be as well, Mr. Hepburn, to tell you what I can really do for you. What I have done is but little in comparison."

"Indeed!" And he eagerly leaned forward.

"It is true. You were correct in thinking that I brought fresh news. I do. I bring, or rather it is in my power to bring, information that will re-establish you as owner of Carnyston—that will restore you to your lost inheritance."

He regarded her in amazement. A violent agitation seized him. He could not credit the words he heard.

"Can this be so?" he gasped. "Miss Daggett, can you really possess such information?"

Her pale grey eyes were now fixed on him with a singular, eager, almost hungry, intensity. No longer keeping such control over her tones, they frequently trembled.

"Yes," she said; "I have the means to place such information in your possession—and for your sake I will."

"Miss Daggett, this is too much! Such friendship overwhelms me!" he exclaimed, pressing her hand with considerable emotion. "How ignorant until a few days ago was I that I had such a friend! Can it be that I shall indeed owe success to you alone?"

"Yes, Mr. Hepburn,"—and though she herself trembled with agitation, her voice was firm—"on one condition."

"Ah! I recollect you mentioned this during our interview in the preserve. Name it, Miss Daggett. Were it the half of my future wealth, I could even find it in my heart to say 'Yes;' for riches are poor to me in comparison to the clearing of my father's memory from disgrace."

He was leaning forward, hungering for her next words.

She watched his face in silence awhile, as they stood opposite each other; then she said, in a low, almost inaudible whisper, "Would I could know your heart, Mr. Hepburn! "Would I could divine your answer! In comparison to other things, riches are also poor to me. It is not your wealth I ask!"

"Speak, I implore you!" exclaimed the young man, entreatingly. "If my answer is as yet a mystery to you, your words are so to me. Let both be elucidated. Why should you fear? Think how deeply I shall be your debtor if what you say be true! What can you ask that I would not grant?"

A second still she paused; then—as one who has resolved after a desperate conflict of doubt, stepping forward, and taking his hand while she looked him in the eyes, she said, with clear intense articulation, "This, Mr. Hepburn, is my condition; I will make you owner of Carnyston, if you promise to make me your wife! I love you!"

The three last words came forth with a low, passionate cry, as the speaker dropped on her knees at his feet, bowing her head on her hands.

Pale from amazement, with the sensation of one in some wild improbable dream, Richard Hepburn reeled back, his eyes riveted upon the kneeling figure, but his lips powerless to utter a syllable.

In all his conjectures as to the cause of Maria Daggett's proving so staunch a friend, this had never occurred to him.

The hot blood throbbed at his temples. The confession filled him with pity, humiliation, rather than self-pride.

"Heaven!" he ejaculated, at last. "Rise, Miss Daggett—for the love of Heaven, rise!" Do not thus humiliate yourself and me!'

"Why should woman be more humiliated by confessing her affection than man?" answered his companion, passionately, as she raised her head. "Is she not as capable of self-sacrifice, of loving? No, Richard Hepburn; I do not rise until I have your answer.

"My answer! Save us both from pain, Miss Daggett. Can you doubt what it will be?'

"Yes," she retorted quickly; "I will—I must! I will not receive it until you have heard. I loved you when I was the attendant of Lady Carr. I tried to show it, but you would not see. Yet I did not despair. I knew your unhappy history; and when you went to Australia, I resolved to try and find out the truth about the past, and for that purpose I moved heaven and earth to get entrance into the usurer's household to act as spy. I succeeded. Why did I do this, but out of love for you?"

"No more!" he pleaded, her abasement humiliating him keenly. But she proceeded with yet more vehemence.

"I thought I would discover the wrong that had been done you, so that when you came back, I could lay the truth at your feet, Richard Hepburn, as I do now, and ask my reward. I can accept no other; you will not—cannot—reject it."

"I can—I do!" repeated the young man, sadly, but firmly. "Miss Daggett, could you conceive the agony you have occasioned me, you would pity me, as I do you. Why continue a scene so painful? I would forgo everything—rank, freedom from disgrace—rather than accept them at such a price. I do not love you. For Heaven's sake rise, and let us part, or I shall even cease to respect you."

He turned from her as he concluded, and bent his face on his hand.

"You reject!" she cried passionately. "Richard Hepburn, you have not reflected upon what I offer you. Perhaps you mistrust my words? See, see! This paper contains intelligence most valuable; speak, and it is yours! There is no signiture to it, it is true; but with that I can provide you. The writer, as bitter an enemy to you as Josiah Biddlecomb, is not far off. I can put him in your power and he knows all. Only say the one word, and I will do it."

Richard Hepburn started, despite himself, and turned involuntarily. He divined she meant Timothy Brindley, and that the letter was from him. Valuable, then, indeed, it might be—possibly the clue to the whole!

Maria Daggett had read his change of bearing as the first sign of yielding. Extending the paper, she said, "Read it, Mr. Hepburn, and judge for yourself. See if I ask too much for the aid I will give."

The temptation was great, but he resisted it. Falling back a step, he answered, "No, I will not be dishonorable. You present me with this in the hope it may move me to your purpose. In that case, I cannot take it. I reiterate, I would and will forgo everything rather than barter the purest passion heaven has bestowed thus. Miss Daggett, banish the thought forever. We might have been friends; more we never could be!"

He had spoken sternly, severely. Now, his tones softening, he added, "If you would still we should be that—if you will forget this painful scene, as I shall——"

She interrupted him with a loud defiant laugh, as she rose to her feet, her cheeks crimson with passion.

"Friends!" she cried. "No, Richard Hepburn—enemies! Deep bitter enemies! Do you think I will aid you to recover that which another, and not I, will share? No; but every obstacle will I put in your way. I do not fear your using what I have said here against me. I know you are a man of honor, and will hold this interview—the confession of a foolish woman's love—sacred!"

"You are right, Miss Daggett. Not a syllable will pass my lips," he rejoined, gravely.

"I knew it. As to this letter, you have rejected it. It is useless."

And tearing it into a hundred pieces, approaching the window, she opened it, and flung the fragments forth. Then she went to the door. Turning before she passed through, she spoke.

"Farewell! Remember, we are enemies from henceforth! A woman who has had the offer of her love rejected never forgives!"

Before he could reply, if he had intended, she had pulled down her veil, and was gone.

Richard Hepburn still stood transfixed where she had left him, when a step in the ante-room recalled his agitated senses.

It was the waiter, with a letter just left by one of Carnyston grooms. It was Josiah Biddlecomb's invitation.

"I will go—I must go; but where will it end? What is this evening to produce? Will this woman in revenge denounce me before them all?" He reflected. "She is capable; but I must risk it, for I must go!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHECKMATE.

Very much would Richard Hepburn have liked to inform Jonas Slyeum of his interview with Maria Daggett; but, as she had said, he felt bound by honor to keep the whole a secret.

That she possessed knowledge which to him would be of the most valuable importance he could not doubt: but to get it from her now he knew to be perfectly impossible. As a woman offended on her weakest point, he knew her henceforth to be his declared enemy.

His only chance still was the capture of Timothy Brindley, who, by turning Queen's evidence, might disclose more secrets than one.

So impatient was he at not hearing from the detective, that he determined to risk a visit to him.

For that purpose he set out for Heatham. Reaching the "Plough" he entered the little bar, where some countrymen were drinking, hoping that he might come across Mr. Jonas Slyeum without the necessity of inquiring. Partly, he was successful.

Hardly had he drank half of the glass of home-brewed he had ordered, than, glancing over his shoulder, he beheld the detective enter from the road.

As his eyes fell on his client, an expression of angry annoyance swept over his features. It was gone in a second; but the young man saw he had put his foot in it, and Mr. Jonas Slyeum wished him at the deuce.

Without paying any heed to him, the detective passed on into the small bar-parlor, giving a bang to the door, which said as eloquently as words, "Don't follow."

In five minutes he came out; and, lounging up to the bar, took his place by the side of Richard Hepburn, as, leaning his arms on the counter, he entered into a jocus conversation with the blooming landlady.

The young man was keen enough to know that the detective was scheming after something; therefore, though he treated the latter as a perfect stranger, and listened to his jokes with a supercilious air, he nevertheless, kept a watch upon his movements.

He was soon rewarded by seeing a piece of paper drop to the floor from the hand of the officer, which was turned in under his arm. In an instant, as if by accident, he let fall his handkerchief; and, in recovering one, took up both.

Paying for his ale, he quitted the inn, and was no sooner outside than he cautiously read the paper.

It was short and angry.

It ran as follows;—

"What the deuce do you do here? If you've news, write it. We mustn't be together, or all will be up. Somehow, our man's got the 'office,' and is wary. If the greatest caution isn't used, he'll slip through our fingers. As you are here, if you have news, p'raps I'd better know. If you've only come for it, be off at once. I may have some to-morrow."

Having finished its perusal, Richard Hepburn tore the slip into fragments, and at once bent his steps back to Westeria, consoling himself as he could by that promise of probable intelligence on the morrow.

To be continued in No. 181 commenced in 152.

I'VE JUST TURNED SIXTY-THREE.

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Words and Music by NED STRAIGHT.

1. For man - y years I've la - bored hard, in lands far, far a - way, My wife and chil - dren all de time down
2. I don't feel quite so live - ly as I did when I was young, Dose joints am rath - er stif - fened and my

in de Souf did stay, But now my birth - day has ar-rived, I'll hab a ju - bi - lee, I'se gwine to gib em
nerves some-what un-strung, De thoughts ob meet - ing all de folks re-stores my en - er - gy, I can - not zack - ly

CHORUS.

a sur-prise, I'se just turned six - ty - three. I've saved my pen - nies all de while, (9 POSITION.) I
re - al - ize, I've just turned six - ty - three.

know 'twill make Re - bec - ca smile, (7 POSITION.) Oh den I'll be so hap - py wid de

chil - dren on my knee, I've got a pre - sent for em all, For I've just turned six - ty - three.

DANCE.

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CONTENTS.

As Solid as Muldoon.....page 642
A Violet from my Mother's Grave..... 643
Aunt Sally's Fancy Ball..... 645
Bridget Kehoe..... 643
Boston Harry..... 644
Bonny Green Isle..... 644
Carolina Cream..... 643
Cornelius McGuffin..... 645
Distress of Ireland..... 642
Flowers, Rich and Rare..... 645
The Golden Chariot,
Music for Banjo and Guitar 648
I'm the Funniest Tarrier out..... 643
If I only could..... 643
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now..... 644
Kerrigan's Masquerade..... 646
Lamentation of Gen. James Shields..... 645
The Lady of Knock..... 645
The Lost Inheritance—Story continued..... 647
McGilligan's Gang..... 642
The Meeting..... 644
McClink McGuinness..... 642
My Melinda..... 644
Marie the Tramp..... 645
The MULLIGAN NOMINEE..... 645
The Old Fashioned Homestead..... 642
OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN 642
Oh! Fred tell them to stop..... 643
Pat McCoy..... 644
SWEET MAGGIE GORDON—
NOTICE.... 646
Sheet Music Notice..... 646
Uncle Ruff..... 644
When I Catch a
Political Snap..... 643
Watching the Stars as They Fall..... 643

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Distress of Ireland.

Cooyright 1880, by John Stewart.
Air: Castles in the air.

Ireland's in a dreadful state,
Wherever we may go,
Thousands of honest working men
Are brought to grief and woe.
There never was such sad distress,
In Ireland before,
Then why should not the rich begin
And help the starving poor?
Chorus.
What will become of Ireland,
If things go on this way?
Thousands of honest warking-men
Are starving day by day.
They cannot get employment,
For bread, their children crave,
And hundreds they have died of want,
And now lie in the grave.

In many a humble dwelling,
Distress does now prevail;
There's many a family starving,
Since the crops began to fail,
In a land where there is plenty,
Of wealth and golden store,
I think it's time there's something done,
To help the starving poor. Chorus.

Parnell, he has told us,
They are in a dreadful sta e,
No food or clothing scarce have they,
No fire within their grate.
And many hundred families,
To the work-house they must go.
For shelter, for their little ones,
From this cold winter's snow. Chorus.

Some have money plenty,
But still they crave for more,
They will not give a helping hand,
To assist the starving poor.
They pass him by, just like a dog,
And on him cast a frown,
And that's the way the working-men
Of Ireland are kept down. Chorus.

There's great distress all through the west,
For many miles around,
The tyrants they have done all they can,
To crush them to the ground.
Their money is so powerful,
And it destruction buys,
Thank God it cannot purchase life,
Or none but poor would die, Chorus.

We are glad to see America
Assisting the starving poor,
To set the wheel of trade in motion,
Which has been done before.
There is plenty of land in Ireland,
Preserved fore the game,
And if they were let cultivate it,
The trade would mend again. Chorus.

McGilligan's Gang.

By Ferguson and Mack.

McGilligan's our name, we are great fine men,
And great fine men are we;
We have a heart in us as big as a house,
Our own business we mind, do you see?
We have friends all around us on every hand,
We are good for whatever we demand,
For we are the leaders and make no mistake,
Of the well known McGilligan's gang.
Chorus.
Then raise the crowd and shout aloud,
And let your voices ring,
For we'll have ye's all know we are not too proud
To belong to McGilligan's gang.

Us McGilligan's opened a mightey fine place
And a mighty fine place we had;
We gave all the boys free use of the slate,
It took all our time for to add,
We soon got disgusted with that kind of work;
So it's quick up the shutters we did bang;
We allowed no sucker could play us for Turk's,
For we are the leaders of McGilligan's gang.
Then raise the crowd, &c.

McClink McGuinness.

Sung by Williams and Sullivan.

Our name is Fill a ma Clink ma Goose ma Guiness,
We're two red hot happy little Irishmen,
And if you'll give us your attention,
We'll try and tell you all just who we are.
Our uncle's name is Mr. Peter Cooper,
We are two brothers to Muldoon the solid man,
We used to go to school with Dr Landis,
That's the kind of two hairpins that we are.

Chorus.

Oh! my! what der yer saoy?
Bessie Turner will never be a bride,
We were witnesses in the Beecher-Tilton Scandal,
That's the reason that we never tell a lie.

Our cousin's name is Dr. Mary Walker,
We've another one whose name is Nancy Fat,
She's a wet nurse in a private family,
Taking care of a big Thomas cat.
We used to sing and dance in Owen Geogagn's,
That's where we learned to skip the tra-la-loo;
You can bet your life that we are two fly fellows,
Two regular hill a ma skip to do den doo,
Oh! my, &c.

The Old Fashioned Homestead.

Words and Music by James Bland.

The most popular song published. Sung by the various Serio Comic Singers of the day.

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The Music of this or any other song, can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music Publishing House, No 60 Chatham St, and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cts.

I still do remember the old fashioned homestead,
The beautiful place where I first saw the light;
Where oft I have played on the green when
in childhood,
That lovely old spot was so happy and bright,
The garden was laden with sweet scented flowers,
The pretty magnolias grew close by the door;
How sweetly the mocking-bird sang in the wildwood;
Take me back home, let me see it once more.

Chorus.

The old fashioned homestead I still do remember,
The magnolia flowers grew close by the door,
How sweetly the mocking-bird sang in the wildwood;
Take me back home, let me see it again.

How often I've thought of my poor aged mother,
God bless and protect her from sorrow and pain;
She kissed and carressed me so fondly in childhood,
I long to return just to see her again.
The garden and groves will look strange when
I see them,
Those sweet lovely places I still do adore;
The years too have vanished since last I beheld them;
Take me back home, let me see it once more.
Chorus.

As Solid as Muldoon.

By Ferguson and Mack.

We just come out before you now,
To tell you one and all;
The troubles we had in Parliament
With politics last fall;
The people would cheer after us,
And talk about our clan,
For they all know we are as tricky
As Muldoon, the solid man.

Chorus.

Our education is great,
Respected by every man,
They all know we are too fresh,
To be Muldoon, the solid man.

We sat in Parliament for years,
And showed them all a trick;
We'd talk for hours and not sit down
Till persuaded by a brick.
As we go into a liquor store
They all do fill their can,
And drink success to the hero,
Muldoon the solid man. Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING

MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, Items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

"Wud yez plaze be afthur tellin' fud that young leddy is arristed fur?" Asked Biddy in a court room.

"Shop-liftin', mum," answered a boy.

"Shop-liftin' is it. Troth, she must be a female Sampson." J. A. K.

"How can I leave thee for—50 cts." is an article in a music teacher's bill we read recently.

Why do theatre-goers go out between the acts? Because they are so fond of a dram, ah!

The man who "swore off" continues to swear on the same as ever.

"Golden weddings" are very fashionable, but everybody can't have one.

Don't despise poor relations. They might get rich some time, and then it would be so hard to explain things.

An old trapper, of much experience, said, "A burden that one chooses is not felt, unless he carries it too far."

"The nearest I ever came to cannibalism," said old George Bentinck, "was when I swallowed a little London porter."

"Do you know a good way of curing hams?" asked a man of his neighbor.—"Oh, yes," was the reply; 'but the trouble with me is I have no way of pro-curing them."

Wanted to know the exact length of a rope used when a man is "tied to time."

"I insist on your taking your hat off!" as the high wind said to the Quaker.

The gentleman whose nose was put "out of joint" by a personal affront, had it straightened by the application of a thumb and finger.

Why is the letter G like matrimony?—Because its at the end of courting.

The strongest of pleas for passing the Bill for marriage with a deceased wife's sister—Only one mother-in-law.

Several papers are giving directions "How to Dress." The most sensible way is to stay in bed till the fire is started, and then take your clothes under your arm and trot out to the stove.

The staff of the army is said to be too large. Well, let some of them cut their stick.

A conscience void of offence is a good thing, but a farm void of a fence is quite another matter.

The difference between a dandy and a steer is that while one is dressed to kill the other is killed to dress.

The following curious sign may be seen in Spring Street, "Washing, and ironing, and going out to days' works, done in the back room."

An inquiring mind wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

A man, seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed, in the utmost surprise, "Is it possible that coffin can be intended for any living creature?'

A correspondent writes to ask if 'the Flour of Dumblane was best whites?" But it is of no consequence!

Bridget Kehoe.

Written and sung by Master Roberts.

Bridget Kehoe you all know,
That she's a young girl and I am her beau ;
She can dance an Irish reel
On a three cent piece or an orange peel ;
She's sweeter than pie when she winks her eye,
If you heard her sing you'd surely die ;
She is the sun of all my life,
Some fine day she'll be my wife ;
Then I'll be happy all my life,
When I wed sweet Bridget Kehoe.

Chorus.

She's the pride of Paddy's heart, (Break.)
From an Irish girl I'll ne'er part ; (Break.)
Her age is seventeen, she's Irland's Queen,
The fairest ever seen ;
On St. Patrick's Day she's led astray,
This sweet Bridget Kehoe.

Oh ! we'll start a big store in course of time,
Sell Irish liquors and Spanish wines ;
And the neighbors all will come to see,
Me beautiful pair from the town of Kildare ;
On our wedding day we'll go on a tare,
We'll dance and sing, drink whiskey strong,
Come join us in our merry song,
Of sweet Bridget Kehoe Chorus.

When I Catch A Political Snap.

By Master Roberts.

Arrah my name is Jeremiah McMahon,
I've two sons, Tommy and Dan ;
One is running for Sing Sing,
The other for Congressman,
I work on the river inspecting fog,
My wife for me does fret ;
But if my son Tom is elected,
I'll be in Washington bottling heat.

Chorus.

I'll buy my wife a new calico dress,
A rag baby to dance on her lap ;
I'll drink nothing but champagne and ink,
When I catch a political snap.

I'll move into an Irish flat,
I'll have oil paintings in the alley ;
I'll try and get some Senator
For to marry my daughter Sally.
I'll put my friends a cleaning sewers,
Or in some office of a rank,
When my term is up I'll bet I'll own
Two gold mines and a bank- Chorus.

A Violet From My Mother's Grave.

Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

Scenes of my childhood arise before my gaze,
Bring recollections of my childhood's happy days,
When down in the meadow in childhood I would roam,
But there's no one left to cheer now within my good old home.
Father and mother they have passed away,
Sister and brother they are laid beneath the clay;
But while life does remain, there's one thing I'll retain,
A small violet I plucked from mother's grave.

Chorus.

Only a violet I plucked when a boy,
And often when I'm sad at heart, this plant has given me joy ;
But while life does remain, in memorium I'll retain,
That small violet I plucked from mother's grave.

How well I remember my dear old mother's smile,
As she used to greet me when I returned from toil.
Always knitting in the old arm chair,
Father used to sit and read for all us children there ;
But now all is silent around the good old home,
They all have left me in sorrow for to roam ;
While life does remain, there's one thing I'll retain,
A small violet I plucked from mothers Grave.
Chorus.

I'm the Funniest Tarrier Out.

By Ed. Talbot, for Pat Rooney.

Fix your eyes upon me straight,
I feel so loose and airy,
Oh ! I can laugh and I can joke,
And never get contrary.
I feel so fresh, I am so neat,
I really shall go crazy,
All hands roar and shout,
I'm the funniest tarrier out.

Chorus.

I'm the funniest tarrier out,
Oh ! listen while I spout ;
Stick your fingers in your ears,
I'm the funniest tarrier out.

They tell me I am funnier,
Than a greenhorn Chinese cow ;
And in some German country,
I will marry an Irish Frou.
The history of my life is great,
And wherever I may go ;
You'll hear comments upon my shape,
I'm the funniest tarrier out. Chorus.

Oh ! Fred tell Them to Stop.

No doubt you have heard of the great fancy fair,
That used to take place every day ;
Well, I thought for amusement I'd take my girl there,
To pass a dull hour away.
We went in, you must know, and saw Richardson's show,
And Wombwell's Menagerie as well ;
There were roundabouts, swings, and all kinds of things,
Forget the day I never shall.

Spoken ; Yes, when we got into the fair, my girl wanted to have a ride on one of the roundabouts. I said, " all right, my darling," and we had a swing but directly the swing went too and fro she lustily called out.

Chorus.

Oh ! Fred, tell them to stop !" that was the cry of Maria ;
But the more she said "wo" they said "let it go,"
And the swing went a little bit higher.

The people that stood 'round, af course they all laughed,
But I only said "stop the swing."
There were four or five others in the boats besides us,
Saying, "master don't do such a thing."
Then four or five roughs caught hold of the ropes.
Maria fell down on her knee,
And one of them said, the young man's turning red,
But isn't he having a spree." Chorus.

They soon stopped the swing and Maria got out,
And quickly fell down on the floor ;
They brought her some water, which soon brought her to—
This girl whom I now do adore.
Should you ever go there to the great fancy fair,
Friends take advice whilst I sing
Of the great roundabout, it's the best fun that's out,
And finish the day with a swing.

Spoken ; Mark, now, before you go into the swing boat make a bargain with your young lady not to call out— Chorus.

If I Only Could.

Sung by May Vernon.

'Tis my delight both day or night,
The god of fun to court,
At parties or balls, races, or calls,
Or other harmless sport.
But I'm a wife and such a life
Don't suit my husband's ways,
He watches me, and so you see,
I have to sigh and say.

Chorus.

If I only could, you can bet I would,
But I really don't see how I can ;
If I only could, you can bet I would,
If I only was single again.

But now you know it isn't so,
I can't do as I please,
A little lark, but after dark,
Would raise an awful breeze.
If I was free I'd surely be
The gayest of all the gay,
But now from home no more I roam,
So all I do is to say. Chorus.

Watching the Stars as They Fall.

Sung by May Vernon.

You may meet your own darling at concert or ball,
At home with mamma sitting by,
That is, if papa permits him to call,
If not you meet him on the gay.
Where'er you may meet your bliss is complete,
But still I maintain over all,
I've tried all the rest, I like spooning the best,
While watching the stars as they fall.

Chorus.

Watching the stars as they fall,
Beautiful stars as they fall ;
With my darling I'll walk, of love I will talk,
As I watch the bright stars as they fall.

The stars have a power I cannot explain,
A power that true lovers know,
One talks freely of love while gazing above,
While the stars in response brightly glow,
And the girls who by day will turn coldly away
From the swain who by sunlight looks small,
Grows tender and kind, and never says nay,
While watching the stars as they fall. Cho.

Carolina Cream.

By L. C. Drews. Sung by Lawell & Drews.

Down by de old mill,
Close by de stream,
Dar lives a little yeller gal
Named Carolina Cream ;
She am de pootiest yeller gal,
That ever you did see,
We're going down to see her,
She invited us to tea.

Chorus.

Come along' boys, go down to de stream,
We're going to have a jolly time with Carolina Cream ;
Come along, boys, de wagon waits below
To see Angemima Floy and Phœbiana Snow.

We're going to have a dance,
The people will be singin'.
While de banjo and de fiddle,
De music will be ringin'
Hands all around,
We'll dance away like steam,
So come along and go with us,
To see Carolina Cream.
Come along boys, &c.

Dar'll be singing and dancing,
We'll cut de pigeon wing ;
We're high-toned colored people,
We always like to sing.
Dar'll be a big reception,
For we feel so very gay,
De ladies say, we're getting sweet
And sweeter every day.
Come along boys, &c.

I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.

By Harry Nicholls.

The Music of this Song published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham St N.Y. And will be sent post paid, to any address on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

I've had all the ills that belong to our youth,
The whooping cough, measels and cold,
I've cut all my teeth, and don't eat with a spoon;
So now I begin to feel old.
My ma gaz s fondly upon her dear boy,
With traces of care on her brow,
And the tears fill her eyes, while fondly she sighs,
He's getting a big boy now.

CHORUS.

I'm getting a big boy now,
And I fancy it's time I know how
To brush my own clothes, and to wipe my own nose,
For I'm getting a big boy now.

I smoke my papa's best cigars every day,
And once a week I get drunk.
I wink at my nurse when she puts me in bed,
And rocks me to sleep in my bunk.
I once tried to kiss her, she sternly refused,
And said that I cannot allow,
And in future, you elf, you must sleep by yourself,
"For you're getting a big boy now!"

CHORUS.

I'm getting a big boy now,
I'm getting a big boy now,
Sometimes I get tight, and stay out all night,
For I'm getting a big boy now.

If I go to a party I flirt with the girls,
That is if they're bigger than I am.
I wink and I squeeze, and make love on my knees,
And always ready to sigh am,
I once took my cousin away from the throng,
For a kiss neath the Mistletoe bough,
She did what I bid, and she liked it she did,
I'm getting a big boy now.

CHORUS.

I'm getting a big boy now,
I'm getting a big boy now,
And they say before long, they're afraid I'll go wrong,
For I'm getting a big boy now,

This Christmas I went to my first pantomime,
I'd never been taken before,
And now that I've been and the fairies I've seen,
I want to see several more.
When I saw the fairies trip on the stage,
I felt I can scarce explain how,
But I know that I thought their skirts rather short,
And I'm getting a big boy now.

CHORUS.

I'm getting a big boy now,
And that's the best part you'll allow,
Where they dance in a row and stand on one toe,
Oh! I'm getting a big boy now.

Sometimes I go out for a spree with my pals,
And we jump on poor cripples and babies,
Old woman and such, but men we daren't touch,
For we're only a parcel of gabies.
And when we can muster a hundred or more,
We're ready to kick up a row,
I'm a coward I own, for I'm no good alone,
And I'm only a big boy now.

CHORUS.

I'm getting a big boy now,
I can fight, kick and bully, I vow,
And of course I don't mind, for I only get fined,
Because I'm a big boy now,

The Meeting.

By L. C. Drews. Sung by Lawell & Drews.

Oh! down in yonder silvery glen,
Near the gentle running stream,
Among those flowers blooming sweet,
I wander there to dream.
My darling loved one dwells within
An ivy covered cottage near the brook;
Her voice is full of melody,
Her eyes a tender look.

CHORUS.

She has promised for to meet me here,
She has won my heart completely,
We will play the banjo and guitar,
And blend our voices sweetly. (Repeat)

It's time that she was meeting me,
She said she'd come at eight,
And meet me underneath that tree,
As the birds sing to their mate.
My darling all proclaim so fair,
A fragrant blooming flower,
She has promised to wed me, I declare,
'Mid Cupid's shining bower. Chorus.

Pat McCoy.

By Dan Collyer.

My name is Paddy McCoy,
I'm a true-born Irishman;
I love my adopted country,
And do for her all I can.
I've not very long been over,
But I'm smart enough at that,
Though when ever I go to take a walk.
The boys they holler Pat.

CHORUS.

Oh! Paddy McCoy, from where did you come,
You're a regular Irish Mick;
Look at the flannel-mouth son-of-a-gun,
And gaze on his blackthorn stick.

In politics I'm a leading man.
In the Fourth Ward I reside;
I elect my men again and again.
And with the boys the sugar divide,
When any man wants an office,
To me he is certain to come,
I will send him there as sure as fate,
If he planks down a good round sum. Chorus.

So if any of you want to be Governor,
Come and have a chat with me,
And if we can come to arrangements,
Why, Governor you surely will be;
For the boys I must treat to lager,
And cigars and whiskey too;
Now, what wealth do you think you'll stand?
Just say a thousand or two. Chorus.

Uncle Ruff.

By Harry Bloodgood.

Oh! when I was a little piccaninny,
I used to love old massa and missus too;
They brought me all the way from old Virginny,
And not much work they ever made me do.
But now I'm growing old, yes, and feeble,
And my hair is all a-turning gray,
And when the leaf is brown upon the tree,
'Tis then old Uncle Ruff will pass away.

Chorus.

Muffle up the banjo, put away the bones,
The jawbone and the fiddle hold aloft good lamb.
Place my old white hat on the peg behind the door,
And say good-bye to poor Uncle Ruff.

The Lord has given me orders to be ready,
And I'll be on hand when Gabriel blows his horn,
I thank the Lord for keeping me so steady,
To meet Him up on high when I am gone.
They say that heaven is a mighty kingdom,
With corn and cotton fields so bright and gay,
Where there is no obercer and but one master,
And from where de darkeys neber runs away.
Chorus,

My Melinda.

By Smith and Leobold.

The first time I met her,
I never shall forget
She took my alabasta brow
And pressed it to her lips.
And then she whispered fondly,
"You're such a handsome chap,
But she broke my new suspenders,
When she sat down on my lap.

Chorus.

Then good-bye, Melinda,
Don't you cry for me,
For I am going away to leave you
Way down in Tennessee.
But I'll be back again, my love,
When the corn is on the ear;
Then play on the old jawbone once more,
My own Melinda dear.

Her nose is like a beer barrel,
And her shoulders like a ham,
Her ear is like a hoe cake,
And her mouth is like a clam;
She's seven feet high and over,
And her hair is awful red,
And she has to get upon a chair
When the wants to scratch her head. Cho.

I wish I was a little corn,
Upon Melinda's toe,
And then no matter where she went
I'd be quite sure to go.
Or else an alligator,
And when she went to swim,
Open wide my alligate
And take Melinda in. Chorus.

Boston Harry.

By O'Neil and Conroy.

The Music of this or any other song, can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music Publishing House, No 60 Chatham St, and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cts.

I'm a fellow who's fond of pleasure,
No matter where I roam;
At my hours of pleasure,
I make myself at home.
Oh! give to me the outside sport,
On the fields I love to tarry;
The boys around the parks, call me
Pretty Boston Harry.

CHORUS.

Oh! ta-ta ta, oh, ta-ta ta,
Wherever I may go;
I'm one that's fond of pleasure,
Boston Harry, oh!
Oh! ta-ta; ta, oh, ta-ta, ta,
Wherever I may look;
I always wear the best costume,
Of any of the boys in the park.

I have a charming sweetheart,
And Josey that's her name;
In the summer-time,
On the lawn we play the croquet game;
Oh! do I not admit it;
My chance I would not miss,
Before my darling parts with me;
On her lips I imprint a kiss. Chorus.

One evening while out strolling,
Just for a short lark;
My pet and I went wandering
Around the Central Park:
While gazing at the fountain,
We met a crazy loon,
Who asked me to take a walk with him,
To visit a baboon, Chorus.

Bonny Green Isle.

By Barry Carter, for Emma Rogers.

There's a bonny green isle far out on the sea,
Where the boys and the girls are light-hearted and free,
It's the land of the beautiful shamrock so green,
And the prettiest country that ever was seen.

But the shamrock by law is forbidden to grow,
By black-hearted tyrants; but soon with the foe
An army of patriots determined you'll see.
Who will fight Johnny Bull till old Ireland is free.

Oh! the boys won't forget '98, I am sure,
When the widow and orphan was drove from the door,
When Emmet the patriot was strung on a tree
On that bonny green isle way over the sea.

Soon shall the day come when each valley and glen
Shall re-echo the war-cry of bold Irishmen.
From oppressors and tyrants may they ever be free,
On that bonny green isle way over the sea.

Lamentation of Gen, James Shields.

By Daniel Moran.

Draw near all bold defenders of every race and clime,
Give ear to these few voices I hereby put in rhyme,
Concerning a brave warrior who fought on many fields,
A lion-hearted hero whose name is General Shields.

At eventide, the first of June, in eighteen seventy-nine,
In Ottomwa's lovely city, fate's fiat cried "resign!"
The fight is o'er, the field is won, the Chieftain is at rest,
And psans of joy re-echo in mansions of the blest.

He emigrated to America when sixteen years old,
And for his adopted country fought vigorously and bold,
He proved to be a true citizen, as history relates,
And he fought many a hard battle for the United States.

He fought on bench and forum and in the field likewise,
And his love for truth and honor he never did disguise.
'Gainst the enemies of freedom he struck a manly blow,
And he raised our starry banner on the heights of Mexico.

He challanged Abraham Lincoln in 1842,
And showed the Western Hoosier what an Irishman could do;
He caused poor Abe to tremble, so the duel was soon o'er,
And brave Shields and honest Lincoln were friends forever more.

A Hercules in intellect, a Bonaparte in skill,
A Hector on the war-path, a Hannibal in will.
With Alexander's valor, and Spartan pluck and toil,
He vanquished Stonewall Jackson on old Virginia soil.

Descended from the noble stock of Ireland's glorious kings,
His Irish genius soared aloft on fame's immortal wings;
He loathed the cruel Sassanach and scorned old Albion's laws,
And stood in proud defiance of the British lion's claws.

He ranks with Dan O'Connell, with Grattan, Burke and Flood,
And Wellington and Brian Boru, and all such noble blood;
So let every son of Erin breathe forth an honest prayer,
That with the Saints of Ireland James Shields may have a share.

The Lady of Knock.

By Michael O'Brien.

Attend, you faithful Christians, give ear to what I say;
It's of a glorious miracle occurred the other day,
Where our Blessed Virgin did herself to sinners show,
In the holy church of Knock, in the County of Mayo.

A faithful few, to Mary true, returning home at night,
Upon the Chapel wall did view a most transparent light;
They stood amazed and on it gazed, and trembling struck with fear,
When to their astonished eyes three statues did appear.

On the right was blessed St. Joseph, upon his face a smile,
His holy hands uplifted as he meant to bless this isle;
Our blessed Lady's hand's were raised in an attitude of prayer,
And in the right hand of St. John, God's holy word was there.

The faithful few that saw the sight, they say, both one and all,
The holy apparition was some distance from the wall,
And on the left side of St John appeared to view quite plain,
An altar, cross, and the instruments by which the Lamb was slain.

There are hundreds come from far and near our Lady's aid to seek,
And by her aid the deaf and dumb are made to hear and speak,
And many who were born blind now see the way to go,
From the holy church of Knock in the County of Mayo.

At the wedding feast of Galilee, our Blessed Lady said;
Oh! Son Divine, there is no wine, but water there is instead.
No sooner had she said the words when by her aid Divine,
The water that was at the feast was turned into wine.

Oh! blessed St. Joseph and St. John, we call upon your aid;
And Holy Mother of our God for sinners intercede,
For the wonders that our Saviour did while preaching to his flock,
Are done again through Mary's aid in the holy church of Knock.

Aunt Sally's Fancy Ball.

By L. C. Drews. Sung by Lawell & Drews.

Old Aunt Sally gave a party
Down at her house;
She invited all the nigs so hearty,
And the neighborhood we rouse.
Dar was Chloe Johnson, Sam and Jim,
Pete, Jake, and Saul,
Dey all got tight on beer and gin,
At Sally's Fancy Ball.

Chorus.

Miss Julianna, Phœbiana, Constatina Saul,
We'll all go down to have a dance
At Sally's fancy ball. (Repeat.)

Away we all will go
And have some fun to-night:
We'll dance and play de ole banjo
Wid locomotive might.
We'll waltz around with ease and grace,
With Phœbe and Miss Saul;
I looked in Julia's pretty face
At Sally's fancy ball. Chorus.

Marie the Tramp.

By Billy Barry.

We sat on Blackwell's Island, Marie,
It was far better than Sing Sing;
You remember down at Groghegan's, Marie,
We got two years for stealing a watch and ring.

We sat upon a beer keg, Marie,
A policeman our breeches he did fan;
It was a nice June morn in January, Marie,
We were trying to work the racket with a can.

We sat upon a church steeple, Marie,
Nearly on the verge of ruin;
We were eating freckled pies, seven miles just from the skies,
And trying to mash the man lives in the moon.

Cornelius McGuffin.

By Dennis Sullivan. Air: High Water Pants.

My name is Cornelius McGuffin,
I am an Irishman imported from France,
I've a son that would set your heart puffing,
If you saw him in his song and his dance.
He wears a fine pair of knee-breeches,
That he bought out of Rubenstein's hock,
Sure he sings every night for his father,
The night I got pegged off the dock.

Chorus.

On the stage sure he dances Mazourka,
And he plays on a German guitar,
But when on the street he's a masher,
With his "Flora de Flipper" cigar,

Last week sure he swore against drinkin'
For he drank every cint that he got,
And he swore against flirting with girls,
For he now lets them all go to pot.
Oh! he now goes with Teddy Mahoney,
Who was up in Sing Sing for a year,
For stealing Dutch grub and bologna,
And then getting drunk on stale beer. Chorus.

He has now given up songs and dances,
And he works in a factory down town,
He goes to the theatres on pay-nights.
For to see the two tumblers and clown.
Last week he asked me to go with him,
So I went with him just to see fun,
But I jumped out a third story window,
When a nager shot off a big gun.

Chorus.

No more does he dance the Mazourka,
No more does he play a guitar;
No more does he flirt with the girls,
But he smokes penny stinker cigars.

The Mulligan Nominee.

By James V. Barrett.

My name is Daniel Mulligan,
A man of high degree,
I'm a Celtic politician,
And for Mayor a nominee.
But I'm sure to be elected, boys,
And won't the people stare
At the presto-change New York will get,
When Mulligan is Mayor.

Chorus.

I'll paint the City Hall red, white and blue,
And fresco Union Square,
New York must be whitewashed every year,
When Mulligan is Mayor.

I'll have steamboats run on Brooklyn Bridge,
In the rapid transit mode,
The procession I'll leave on Patrick's Day,
Walk the Elevated Road.
I'll sympathise with the workingman,
And with every class not square,;
But we'll have no Chinese Aldermen,
When Mulligan is Mayor. Chorus.

Flowers Rich and Rare.

Song and Dance.

Words by Geo Akens. Music by Morris Weston.

The Music of this or any other song, can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Music Publishing House, No 60 Chatham St, and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cts.

On a beautiful summer evening,
When the roses were in bloom,
While strolling in a garden,
Among the flowers' sweet perfume,
I beheld a lovely maiden,
With a face as bright and fair,
And in her hand she held a bunch
Of flowers rich and rare.

Chorus.

Oh! my, how my heart did beat, (Break)
When I beheld that face so sweet, (Break)
She was as pretty as a picture,
And handled with such care,
That sweet collection which she had,
Of flowers rich and rare.

How anxiously I watched her,
As among the plants she'd glide,
Till overcome by Cupid's dart,
I hastened to her side.
Six months of bliss have since gone by,
My fortune soon she'll share,
And our home will decorated be,
With bowers rich and rare. Chorus.

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We are Growing Old Together ..... " " 40
Down on Coney Island Beach..... " " 40
The Old Willow Chair..... " " 40
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Kerrigan's Masquerade.

Sung by Miss Daisy Remington.

Last week I was invited
To attend a fancy ball;
I dressed myself up in my best,
And started for the hall;
All sorts were there, I do declare,
Sweet music it was play'd,
Oh! we had a jolly racket,
At Kerrigan's Masquerade.

CHORUS.

Then it's "hands all around," boys,
Sweet music it was played;
Arrah! "forward four and welt the floor,"
At Kerrigan's Masquerade.

At nine o'clock precisely.
The dancing it begun;
The Germans and Italians
Were there to see the fun.
There was ninety-seven couples,
In the room did promenade,
Old Ireland was represented,
At Kerrigan's Masquerade. Chorus.

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The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

It was not easily that, a short time later, he concealed his anxiety as the footman ushered him into the Carnyston drawing-room. The nearer the hour had approached, the oftener he recalled Maria Daggett's parting look—the more certain he felt she had, or would, betray him.

The expression of the cousins on his appearance, however, showed that at present she had kept his secret.

Whether she would permit the evening to pass without proclaiming it was doubtful. A man may be on his guard against anything but a vindictive, revengeful woman.

Richard Hepburn knew this, and started at each approaching step; while he half expected she would bar his passage, and address him by his name, as he conducted the heiress to the dining-room.

As she did not do so, nor show any sign, his self-possession returned, and he took a full share in the conversation, even managing to smile with equanimity at Edmund Biddlecomb's meaning allusion to Alice Walden.

He made no reference to the private interview the ex-usurer had requested, though much puzzled as to the object. It had once occurred to him that fathers with marriageable daughters did at times demand private conferences, in which case his answer was ready.

Had he been a marrying man, which he was not, never, indeed, having entertained the idea, he should not have dreamed of looking so high as the heiress of Carnyston.

This cause, however, he could not fancy had actuated the ex-usurer, for Sidonia's manner was, on the whole, rather cold and petulant towards him.

More than once as he gazed round the handsome oak dining-room, and at the magnificent Carnyston plate loading the sideboard, the idea would intrude itself that had he chosen to utter one certain word that day, the clue might have been now in his possession to make all these again his.

But no: they would have brought no pleasure won at such a price. A pair of bright, frank, womanly eyes seemed to look into his own, and make him shudder even at the thought.

Meanwhile, Josiah Biddlecomb, having dined in his private sitting-room, descended to the library, preparatory to summoning his guest.

A fire glowed brightly in the grate, light burned on the table, the heavy curtains of velvet maroon were drawn across the deep embrassured windows.

"Have the gentlemen gone in to coffee yet, Beston?" he inquired, as he took his place in an arm-chair by the fire.

"Not yet, sir. Miss Biddlecomb has not left dessert."

"Humph! How young people dawdle over their meals! That will do; you can go,"

When alone, leaning back, and contemplating the fire with a thoughtful smile, the ex-usurer rubbed his hands together slowly, but with evident enjoyment.

His mind was still full of his plan, the success of which he never doubted; and he chuckled at the idea of, while saving himself, he should crush Timothy Brindley.

"It's capital! he exclaimed half aloud. "I suppose he fancies wealth and luxury had robbed you of your 'cuteness, Josiah. Ha, ha, ha! He shall find to the contrary!"

Rising, as was his habit when in soliloquy, he began to pace the long room, his hands clasped behind him, his head bent.

"Yes, yes," he proceeded; "I don't know whether this isn't the best card you've played yet, Josiah. There's no doubt the young fellow loves her at least well enough to win back his estate at the price. I'll say that I've known him all along, from the very first, and with satisfaction have watched the growing attachment between him and Sidonia. I'll my how my heart has always bled for him, how I have secretly been moving heaven and earth to find him to render him help, assistance, had he needed it. I'll be quite fatherly and sentimental from emotion, call in Sidonia, and give the two my blessing. It's good—good! Money can't buy ancestors, but it can make a girl marry into them; and Josiah Biddlecomb, the ex-usurer's daughter's portrait shall take its place in yonder picture-gallery as Lady Carr, the wife of the seventh or eighth, or whatever it is, Baronet of Carnyston." He laughed—then continued, "But I must be thoroughly prudent; I mustn't be too hasty, Timothy is a crafty chap, and dangerous. I must play him gently—hoodwink him into the belief of security. To-morrow I'll give him a hundred, promise him another in three months. Then, then, when he comes skulking from his hiding places for the next instalment, pointing to Sir Richard Carr, my son-in-law—he will be my son-in-law then—I'll say——"

"What, you old villain, Timothy Brindley forestalls you in saying now, 'Checkmate,' Mr. Biddlecomb!"

With a cry of terror, the ex-usurer, throwing up his head, beheld his ex-clerk confronting him. Having emerged from one of the window embrasures, he now stood between the maroon velvet curtains, holding them back in his nervous grasp. His face was white with fury, his eyes shone with the fire of passion.

"Scoundrel!" ejaculated the ex-usurer, falling back a step. "Why are you here? How dare you?"

"Why am I here? That's a useless question from you," exclaimed the other, advancing more into the room. "I came here to enforce the interview you refused. "I am here now to carry out my threat, and nothing shall stop me! I will denounce you in Carnyston itself!"

"You!" ejaculated Timothy Biddlecomb, overwhelmed by fury. "Who will take the word of an escaped convict? Mark, I know you, Timothy, Brindley! The police are on your track, and you, shall not leave this house except in their custody!"

He made quickly towards the bell as he spoke, but hardly had he produced one long, loud tug, than, like a tiger, the convict was upon him, his hands clutched about his throat.

"Help!—help!" shrieked the ex-usurer, "He will mur—mur—der! Help!—help!"

In that iron grasp the words grew fainter; the veins, blue and swollen, had started on his forehead, when there were hurrying feet in the hall, the library door was thrown wide, and Edmund Biddlecomb, followed by Richard Hepburn, Sidonia, and one or two footmen, rushed in.

At the sound, Timothy Brindley forgot all but self-preservation. Flinging the usurer from him, he darted towards the window.

He stopped, however, abruptly, as a man appeared between the curtains barring his passage.

"Slycum!" he ejaculated. "Then the game is up! I'm in, I suppose for a lifer!"

Meanwhile, blinded by terror, Josiah Biddlecomb had ran to the group at the door, and, sinking on his knees from feebleness, he clasped for protection the one standing nearest him. It was Richard Hepburn.

"Don't let the villain escape! Seize him! He is an escaped convict! Seize him!" he added, his distorted face turned, his shaking arm extended towards the ex-clerk; "for he tried to take my life! I swear it!"

"Yes, and not for the first time!" exclaimed the convict, swinging around on his heel, and speaking in sharp, clear syllables. "Mr. Richard Hepburn—or, rather, Sir Richard Carr—this is your own roof you stand beneath! It was I who attempted yonder money-lender's life, and robbed him too! But he forgave me that on condition that I let him charge your father with the crime!"

"It's false, every syllable of it!" cried the ex-usurer. "Who'll credit the oath of a convict? Edmund, Sidonia, why don't some of you stop him? It's all false—all——"

"No more false, you old skinflint, than that you forged the Baronet's name to the entail deed. Slycum, old fellow, you'd better kill two birds with one stone; for, I see you've another man behind you. Arrest Josiah Biddlecomb for forgery and misappropriation of other people's money. Now who is it that's played checkmate?"

A piercing cry echoed through the apartment, and Sidonia Biddlecomb fainted in her cousin's arms. It was echoed by another as the ex-usurer dropped to the floor half bereft of reason from abject terror.

CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH A DETECTIVE.—BACK AT CARNYSTON.

Richard Hepburn, or Sir Richard Carr, possessed too much delicacy of feeling further to witness so painful a scene. He felt condolences from his lips considering the position which he held, would appear rather as insults—at least, be regarded as an assertion of his triumph.

Withdrawing, therefore, he went into a small apartment where he knew were writing materials, and wrote—

"DEAR MISS BIDDLECOMB,—

"That you have my most heartfelt sympathy in the lamentable event which has just occurred, I trust you will believe. That I cannot extend that sympathy to your father, you will when considering the suffering my family has undergone in having its name disgraced by a crime of which it was innocent, see to be impossible. Of you I shall ever think differently, and would not trouble you at so distressing a moment were it not that I am desirous to remove from your mind the impression that I had any hand in, or was any way cognizant of the scene which took place this evening. I wish that I had had; as, trust me, for your sake it never should have occurred.

"I remain,

"Yours sympathetically,

"RICHARD CARR."

Having enveloped and addressed it, he gave it to a footman to deliver; then proceeding to the stables mounted his horse and rode away.

He did not go to Westerin. Why, he knew not; but something seemed to hold him to the vicinity of the Hall, and he resolved to stop at Heatham.

An hour later he received a visit from Jonas Slycum, who came to inform him that he had procured an order for the ex-usurer's arrest from a neighboring magistrate, and that both the prisoners were now safely in custody.

How often had Sir Richard thought of such a moment, and the joy it would bring him! Yet his generosity made the remembrance of that wretched family up at the Hall cast a depression over his spirits. Also, it must be confessed, the event had been so sudden, that he could scarcely realize the truth.

He retired early, yet not to sleep, and for hours he had tossed on his bed, when, through the still night air their came a peculiar distant humming sound. Sir Richard, listening, found it to resemble that of a gathering crowd.

A moment or two later, he heard persons hurrying past the inn, talking excitedly. Something was the matter, Then the hum took the form of words—or, rather, one word often repeated—a word never more terrible then when listened to in the dead of night.

"Fire!—fire!"

"Where is it?" called Sir Richard, to a man running past.

"Carnyston!" he answered, without stopping. "The hall is in flames!"

"Merciful powers!" ejaculated the young man, reeling back under the verbal blow.

Twenty minutes after, he was riding full speed to the conflagration.

There was no doubt of the man's assertion. Already the sky above was throbbing with lurid light, and when the hall came in sight, its master saw the flames pouring from the left wing.

"Ah!—the picture gallery! I'd sooner all burn than that!" he cried. Then, as an idea flashed into his brain, he added, fiercely, "This is her work, I would swear it!"

Not long after, he was forcing his way through the crowd, upon whose upturned faces the red glare reflected. As he urged his horse nearer, a fireman caught his bridle.

"Cant go any farther, sir," said the man respectfully.

"Man!" ejaculated the Baronet, "I'm the last you should or shall stop! Let go my horse!"

"Who are you? What is your name?"

To be Continued in No. 182—Commenced in 152.

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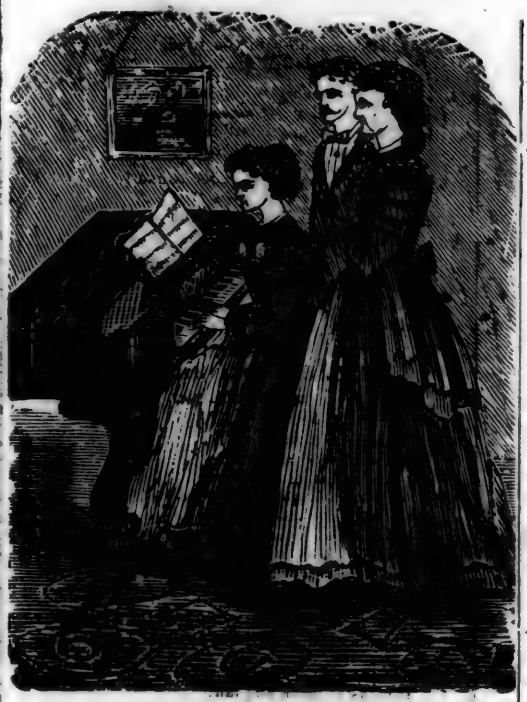
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CONTENTS.

All-a-Same, or the Chinee Laundry Man ... 653
Barney McCoy ... 655
The BRIGHT LITTLE SPOT ON THE OCEAN ... 655
Der Mule Stood on der Steamboad Deck Recitation 650
The Daisy Marching Mokes ... 651
Don t Drink From the Pitcher of Beer ... 654
Darkies From the Mediteranean Sea ... 655
De Golden Wedding ... 655
DOWN BY DE RAINBOW Music for Banjo and Guitar 656
Eileen, Sweet Eileen ... 653
Have you seen Hazel Kirke ... 655
I Must Go ... 650
I'd Like to be a Sunflower ... 650
The Last Inheritance—Story concluded ... 652
Mary Kelly's Dad ... 651
McCarthy's Cellar Door ... 651
McGunnigan's Grand Picnic ... 651
The Man with the Zebra Pants ... 651
My Captivating Fairy, Darling Mary ... 651
The Mulligan Musketeers ... 654
OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN 650
PATRICK GILLHOOLEY, THE LANTERN-JAWED MICK ... 650
Parody on Leaving now the Old Folks ... 655
Rye and Rock ... 653
Sheet Music List ... 654
Up at Battle Row ... 653
We're as Happy as a Clam ... 650
Why Do The Girls Bang Their Hair ... 653
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Patrick Gillhooley the Lantern Jawed Mick.

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Author of She's so Captivating.

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I'm a man who is quite influential,
My ancestors they came from galore,
I claim education's essential,
Though some people say 'tis a bore.
As I wa k through the streets of the city,
They play on me many a trick,
For the boys holler out, and they call me,
Gillhooley, the lantern-jawed Mick.

Chorus.

They call me a duffer, and say I'm a buffer,
Out on the streets, they holler out quick;
Look at the feller wid the dizzy umbrella,
There goes Gillhooley, the lantern jawed Mick.

One day while a-walking the city,
At the end of the town they call South,
I saw a big chap giving taffy,
And trying to shoot off his mouth,
Says I "take a drop on yer nonsense!"
When he hit me in the eye wid a brick,
And the gang they all hollered, he's murdered—
Gillhooley the lantern-jawed Mick. Chorus.

One morning I went to the Mayor,
Regarding these terrible scamps,
When he says "I will give you fat office,
I'll make you inspector of tramps.
I left that official disgusted,
Got full as an empty bed-tick.
Played cards wid a tramp and he busted;
Gillhooley, the lantern-jawed Mick. Chorus.

I Must Go.

JUBILEE SONG AND CHORUS.

Sung by Barlow, Wilson, Primrose, and West's Minstrels.

Words and Music by Fred. A. Lyons.

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Way down yonder in de wilderness.
To put on de golden shoes;
Down among dem Methodist,
To put on de golden shoes.
Dere we'se gwine to shout and sing,
To put on de golden shoes,
Den won't we make dat welcome ring,
To put on de golden shoes.

Chorus.

Den I must go, I must go my Lord,
I must go to put on de golden shoes,
Den, den, den I must go, my Lord,
I must go to put on de golden shoes.

Here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To put on de golden shoes;
So meet you in dat sunset land,
To put on de golden shoes.
Ole Satan stopped me on de way,
To put on de golden shoes;
And I told him what I had to say,
To put on de golden shoes.
Den I must go, &c.

Satan grabbed, but he grabbed in vain,
To put on de golden shoes;
He never grabbed at me again.
To put on de golden shoes.
Den I knelt down to say my prayers,
To put on de golden shoes;
And walked right up de golden stairs,
To put on de golden shoes.
Den I must go, &c.

Der Mule Stood on der Steamboad Deck.

As recited by George S. Knight.

Der mule shtood on der steamboad deck,
For der land he wouldn't dread,
Dey tied a halder round his neck,
Und vacked him over der head.

But obstinate and braced he shtood,
As born de scene to rule,
A creature of der holt-back brood—
A shtubborn, shteadfast mule

Dhey cursed und shwore, but he would not go,
Undill he felt inclined;
Und dough dey dundered blow on blow,
He mildered not his mind.

Der boats-boy to der shore complained,
Der varmint's bound do shtay,
Shdill upon dot old mule's hide
Der sounding lash made blay.

His master from der shore reblied,
"Der boat's aboud to sail,
As oder means in vain you dried,
Subbose you dwist his tail.

I dink dat vill magke him land."
Der boat's-boy, brave, dough bale,
Den near drew mit outstretched hand,
Do magke der dwist avail.

Dhen game a kick of thunder sound!
Dot boy—oh! vere vas he?
Ask of der vavesdot far around
Beheld him in der sea.

For a moment not a voice vas heard,
But dot mule he vinked his eye,
As dough to ask, to him occurred,
How vas dot for high!

I'd Like to be a Sunflower.

By Edwin Talbot.

I'd like to be a sunflower,
If I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly
At twilight's quiet hour.
And waking in the morning
When falls the early dew,
To welcome heaven's bright sunshine,
And heaven's bright tear-drops too.

Chorus.

I'd like to be a sunflower, if I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly at twilight's quiet hour.

I love the gentle lily,
It looks so meek and fair,
But sunflowers I love better,
For they grow every where,
The lillies bloom so sadly
In the sunshine or in shower,
But sunflowers still look upward,
However dark the hour. Chorus.

We're as Happy as a Clam.

Upon the old plantation,
Whar we were bred and born;
We used to work so very hard
By hoeing of the corn.
But now de war is over,
Us darkies are set free,
We'll sing and dance for you all night,
And have a jubilee.

Chorus.

Oh! my, we're happy as a clam, (Sym.)
Oh! my, we're happy as a clam;
We're India rubber gutta percha
Gum elastic Sam.

We hope we've pleased you all to-night,
So you will come again;
And we can sing and dance for you,
We've got it on the brain.
And now we'll bid you all good-night,
We can no longer stay.
But we're never tired of dancing,
As we do it night and day. Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, items of interest etc, etc. To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

Did you ever notice the pleasing expression on a boys features, when he takes a bite out of a bar of soap, under the impression that it's cheese?

Why is the letter "Y" like courting? Because it ends in matrimony.

The difference between a cook and her young man, is that one cooks the meat, and the other meets the cook. J. V. B.

Some men cannot stand prosperity. Others never have a chance to try.

The thoughtful tramp observes that half a glass of whiskey is better than no bread.

There is a phrenologist in town who can tell the contents of a barrel by examining its head

Many girls have no mind to speak of, and they are continually talking about giving somebody a piece of it.

A young lady says she doesn't see why, even if times are hard as people say, the young men can't pay their addresses promptly.

An agricultural society offered a premium for the best essay on irrigation. By mistake it was printed irritation, whereupon an honest farmer sent his wife.

A country girl's love letter;—"Dear Jimmy,—It's all up. We ain't going to get married. Mother says you are too rough, and I think she's right. I'm so sorry—but can't you go to Hoboken and get filed down?"

"But you know, 'pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son—"you know, 'pa, that 'ma wants me to marry a man of culture."—"So do I, my dear—so do I, and there's no better culture in the country than agriculture."

"Wood is the thing, after all," as the man with a pine leg said, when the mad dog bit it.

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a pain in his side ever since.

"Sir, this horse you sold me can't be made to start."—"Well, didn't I guarantee him as never starting.

"List! oh! list," as the housekeeper said when the wind whistled through the cracks at the front door.

A man, while playing cards, fell of his chair in a fit. After half an hour's steady application of remidies, he recovered, and immediately inquired. "What are trumps?"

New Bishopric for a cricketing clergyman.—Battersea.

The real "Board of health." The sea-board.

Play!—A good card to play, from a bill-poster's point of view.—A pla-card,

Motto from a mock auction. Be contented with your lot.

What Hughes may say now his walk is over. Oh my poor feet.

Like cures like. A fellow who suffered much from palpitation of the heart, says he was instantly relieved by applying another palpitating heart to the place affected.

Mary Kelly's Dad.

By J. A. Kemmer. Parody on Mary Kelly's Beau.

Little Mary Kelly,
Is looking for a pop,
Her mother is a widow,
To that I'll put a stop.
I'll marry Mrs. Kelly,
Oh! won't they all be glad,
It's then, beware ye mashers,
When I'm Mary Kelly's Dad.

Chorus.

Little Mary Kelly, a darling girl of mine,
When she is out walking, she's always home at nine,
She has got lots of suitors, a lardy-dardy lad,
I'll make him pop the question, when I'm Mary Kelly's Dad.

Each Sunday night to see her,
Comes Mrs. Kelly's beau,
They lead me in the parlor,
There my wit I show.
She thinks I am worth millions—
My pocket money-clad,
But she'll find me wanting,
When I'm Mary Kelly's Dad. Chorus.

The dainty Mrs. Kelly,
Of all has chosen me;
You bet I am a masher,
As handsome as can be.
They all will call me papa,
And that will make me glad,
I'll increase the family,
When I'm Mary Kelly's Dad. Chorus.

The Daisy Marching Mokes.

Sung by Frank Lum, the celebrated ethiopian comedian.

Say, Luce, yo' fix dose leggings dar,
And polish up dem boots,
For I march out dis ebenin' wid
De gallus brack galoots.
George, mount your hat, fo' all de gals,
Am gittin' on dar cloaks,
Wid flow'rs and wreaves hung on dar sleeves,
Fo' de daisy marching Mokes.

Chorus.

See here, yo' coons, wid eyes like moons,
Yo' quit yer lookin' roun',
And yo' will be, if you hear me,
De finest in de town.
Look out dar, Jim, yo' ole brack lim'
Dar comes de culud folks,
So do your best and lebe de rest,
To de Daisy Marching Mokes.

George Washington Grant, yo's moe' too fast,
So git back in de rear;
For dose in front must stan' de brunt,
When all de gals git here.
Now steady in dat collum; front;
Be sure and keep your eyes
About two paces higher up,
Now squint dar at de skies. Chorus.

Now dar dey cum, so strike de drum,
Wid a loud rub a dub,
It makes dem wenches grin to see
De ole Grau' Central Club,
Now mind what you're about, yo' coons,
And quit your crackin' jokes,
For all de folks am out to see
De Daisy Marching Mokes. Chorus.

McCarthy's Cellar Door.

By Richard J. Pigott.

Away up town where I reside,
A gag takes great delight;
In vocalizing comic songs,
From early morn till night;
They keep the neighborhood awake,
With yells, and shouts, and jeers—
Goodness Gracious! how they roar,
Oh! 'twould break your heart, I fear,
If you ever chanced to hear;
The warblings on McCarthy's cellar door.

Chorus.

Their singing, and dancing, would make a mad dog sick,
They sing the same songs o'er and o'er,
Oh! you ought to hear them whine,
When they warble Baby Mine
On McCarthy's double-barrelled cellar door.

I'm sick and tired a-telling them,
To chase themselves away,
And leave the decent people sleep,
Who labor hard all day;
But no! they will not listen to,
An honest man's advice—;
It only makes them shout the more;
But it grieves me, I must say,
For to hear the cruel way;
They warble on McCarthy's cellar door. Chorus.

They never seem to be afraid,
Of "coppers" or the sort;
Because they say, they're solid with,
The judges up in court;
But if I was a "copper" though,
You bet I'd make them sweat—
I'd wax 'em till their backs were sore;
And whenever I'd pass by,
You can bet I'd make them fly;
From McCarthy's double-barrelled cellar door; Chorus.

McGunnigan's Grand Picnic.

By Francis J. Ward.

There's a man of great nobility,
A man renowned in fame;
Sure he stands high in society,
Pat McGunnigan that's his name.
He dwells in a brown stone mansion,
He is from the county of Limerick;
The boys so grand, they hired a band
For McGunnigan's grand picnic.

Chorus.

Oh! they danced the dizzy side step,
Also the beautiful glide;
And then they'd take their partners;
And waltz them by their side.
Now balance all to corners,
With music playing quick,
What grand delight on a moonlight night,
At McGunnigan's grand picnic.

The grand march, indeed was splendid,
From the Opera of Boccaccio,
The gents were all dressed elegant,
Each gent with his darling beau,
Oh! see McGunnigan in the march,
In his hand a black-thorn stick;
The highest grade in the promenade,
At McGunnigan's grand picnic. Chorus.

There was all kinds of dancing,
That I never saw before,
They danced the Knickerbocker,
Until their feet were sore.
So join in, and have your pleasure,
Oh! what a pretty sight,
We'll dance away, so light and gay,
While the moon is shining bright. Chorus.

Of course McGunnigan's friends were there,
They danced in the jolly quadrille,
When they heard the music playing,
With joy they could not keep still
The committee acted noble,
And may they never be sick,
For friendship lies, in the enterprise,
Of McGunnigan's grand picnic. Chorus.

The Man With the Zebra Pants.

By J. R. Gibbes.

Three weeks ago in Blue Bottle Row,
I went to an Irish party;
Being free of charge, and of appetite large,
I ate and drank quite hearty.
There was whiskey dear, and lashins of beer
To enliven up the dance,
But the joker of all was Denny McGall,
The man with the zebra pants.

Chorus.

The man with the zebra pants, my boys,
The man with the zebra pants;
From the Island he came and there got his name,
The man with the zebra pants.

There was Miss O'Toole and Larry O'Doole,
Miss McGuinness and her brother,
And Paddy Whalen, hugged Miss Phalen
Till she said that she would smother,
At this we all began to bawl,
"Oh! Kathleen, give us a chance!"
But she said, "oh! no, I'll only do so,
To the man wid the zebra pants." Chorus.

Each lad would whirl in a waltz with his girl,
Whilst the music played quite frisky,
And when it was done we'd all make a run,
For the lager beer and whiskey;
With a girl in his lap not a boy care a rapp
For his sisters or cousins or aunts,
And the worst of all was Denny McGall,
Wid his illegant zebra pants. Chorus.

Now when it was done, the music and fun,
We thought that home we'd ramble;
So one and all got into the hall,
For our hats and cloaks did scramble.
Such crushin' an' tearin' was truly unbearing,
But we each had to take our chance;
And Denny that night got into a fight,
And busted his fine zebra pants.

Chorus.

Those illegant zebra pants, my boys,
Them stylish zebra pants,
From the Island they came, and thus got a name,
Them striped zebra pants.

My Captivating Fairy, Darling Mary.

Parody on Sandy Haired Mary. By J. V. Barrett.

I am boarding with Pat Clancy,
Beyant in Walker Street,
He has a lovely daughter,
Who won my heart complete.
She looks just like a fairy,
And every night at eight,
I meet my darling Mary
Beside the garden gate.

Chorus.

She's a plum, she's a pearl,
She's my pretty peerless girl,
And her voice is like the notes of a canary;
Oh! machree, you'll agree,
There's no fairer girl than she,
My captivating fairy, darling Mary.

Oh! boys, it would delight you,
To hear sweet Mary sing
She warbles like a linnet,
Or the robin in the spring.
And at playing the piano,
Begob! she can't be bate;
For her music always gathers
A crowd around the gate. Chorus.

She saves for me the tit-bits,
Such as chicken, cake or pie,
And sometimes helps me freely,
To her fathes's rock and rye.
She yuts at every meal time,
The choicest on my plate,
And whispers, darling meet me,
By moonlight at the gate. Chorus.

The other boys are jealous,
And they have good cause, no doubt;
They pay her strict attention,
And try to cut me out
But hopeless is their chances,
For the solid fact I state;
She vowed to be my better half,
Last evening at the gate. Chorus.

The Lost Inheritance.

CONTINUED.

Even at that moment of danger to his ancient house, a rapturous thrill pervaded the young man as he felt for the first time in his life he could proclaim it publicly without a blush of shame. Lifting his hat, he cried, "Sir Richard Carr of Carnyston."

There was some present who remembered and regretted the reign of the Carrs, and a shout of welcome rose, increased into a roar as the entire crowd joined, unaware of the reason.

No longer obstructed, the Baronet rode up to the burning building. To his joy, the picture-gallery was not yet touched.

"My men," he shouted, "two thousand pounds if you save the picture gallery—a thousand if you save the pictures."

At that moment, a woman, who must have just quitted the Hall, glided past. It was Maria Daggett.

Stooping, he whispered, fiercely, "Woman, this is your work!"

She raised her white face with a low taunting laugh, and answered, as she hastened on, "Prove it, Sir Richard Carr."

When morning dawned, the companion had disappeared from Carnyston.

Before that time the fire had been subdued, and the picture gallery saved. Indeed, owing to the energy with which all worked, the damage done proved trivial to what had been expected.

At four in the morning Sir Richard rode back to the inn, and, wearied out by excitement and fatigue throwing himself on the bed, slept long and soundly.

"Of course you have heard the news?" exclaimed Doctor Abercorn the next day, as he bustled into Mrs. Walden's sitting-room.

"That Carnyston Hall has been on fire? Yes, doctor," replied the lady, who sat alone, engaged in some household mending.

"More than that, my dear madam," cried the worthy doctor, trotting about in delight—"more than that. What do you think?—a son of the late Sir Richard Carr has turned up. I hear it was quite a scene. Suddenly in the midst of the crowd appeared a handsome young fellow on horseback, and when the firemen wouldn't let him break their cordon, he cries, 'let me pass, fellow!' adding, as he offs with his hat, 'I am Sir Richard Carr, of Carnyston!'"

"How romantic!" smiled Mrs. Walden. "It recalls the days of young Lochinvar. But he can't really have recovered his estates?"

"Heaven knows, my dear madam! But where is my sweet Miss Alice? What a surprise it will be for her to find that the beau ideal hero of her dreams from childhood really exists!"

"Alice is in her own room. I will ring for her to come down. She is, I fear, not very well. Perhaps the fire startled her; but she has been most strange since. Her color comes and goes incessantly. She at times seems agitated, her manner towards even me constrained, though I have remarked that before last night. She sits lost in thoughts which sometimes produce smiles, at others, tears."

"Nerves out of order," remarked the doctor. "It's a pity she gave her heart to young Hepburn, for girls of Alice Walden's pure nature can love but once, and that for ever. But hush! I hear her step; and, by Jove! here comes young Hepburn post haste. He's brought the news also," laughed the doctor. "Ha, ha! you're too late, my fine sir! The tortoise has been before the hare. See how he flings himself off his horse, and runs across the lawn! He is going to be without ceremony, and come in through the windows."

Doctor Abercorn was right. Just as Alice, looking very pretty, but certainly pale and agitated, entered at the door, the visitor appeared on the threshold of the French windows facing it.

In an instant much to the astonishment of the spectators, he had sprang across the room, and caught the girl in his arms.

"Dearest Alice—my darling!" he cried, with much emotion. "Yes, mine, I may say now, for the seal is off my lips."

"Alice, my child, what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Mrs Walden, advancing in amazement.

"Forgive me, dear mother," answered the blushing girl, "but—but I only knew two days ago by—by accident, and Richard prayed me to keep his secret."

"Because, dearest madam," broke in the Baronet, radient with happiness, "I desired to ask you for your daughter's hand, not under the false name I had been compelled to adopt of Richard Hepburn, but in my true one and by my true title of Sir Richard Carr of Carnyston."

"By Jove!" cried Doctor Abercorn; "then you are the beau ideal hero."

"I am mystified," murmured Mrs. Walden. "And you, Alice, knew this? You accepted Mr.—that is, Sir Richard's love?"

"Yes, mamma. Oh, do not blame me for my secrecy until you hear all!" exclaimed the girl, throwing herself on her parent's bosom; "and I may tell it to you now."

"And you, young gentleman," remarked Doctor Abercorn, hooking his arm in that of the Baronet, "come and give me an explanation. You owe it me."

"And will willingly pay my debts," laughed Sir Richard, as he allowed himself to be led out into the garden.

The recitals of both are too well known already to the reader for them to be repeated.

It is only, perhaps, necessary to mention that when the Baronet had discovered Alice insensible and raised her to the sofa, he had so lost control over himself at the idea that he possessed her love, that when her eyes rested so sadly on him, he was unable to withold a confession of his own.

He told her, under the seal of secrecy, his history from the beginning, and explained why he had sworn never to let her know the affection he felt for her.

"You hold your love greater than mine," smiled Alice.

"Nay; I would have wedded my wife to honor, not disgrace, dearest," he had retorted, sadly.

"The disgrace rested on the name, not on the man," she replied. "I would rather the, to me, enviable office of soothing you in the hour of your sorrow and disappointment than I would share the happiness of another."

Thus the Baronet knew, whether he proved his claim to Carnyston or not, his life was not to be desolate, for there was one pure, fond heart ready to bear his name, though, in the world's eyes that name was a disgrace.

The trial of Josiah Biddlecomb was of short duration. Whether the counsel on either side might have found quibbles and technicalities so as to prolong it for their own advantage is uncertain, but it had proceeded quite far enough to convince the judge, the jury, and the public of the ex-usurer's guilt, upon Timothy Brindley's evidence, who confessed that it was he himself who, tempted by the money he had fetched from the bank, urged by a bill coming due he could not meet, and the knowledge that his master was alone in the office, had tried to assassinate him, and steal the notes, feeling that the evidence he could give would cause the Baronet, and not himself to be suspected.

We saw matters had proceeded thus far, when, on the court's assembling one morning to continue the trial, the governor of the gaol appeared, to state that Josiah Biddlecomb had died during the night from an attack of appoplexy.

The verdict having been given in Sir Richard's favor, he at once took possession of Carnyston, which he began immediately to set in order for his young bride.

The bills the usurer had held against the late Baronet had naturally been all destroyed; but, from as near a calculation as could be made, Sir Richard's lawyer proved that the monies Josiah Biddlecomb had misappropriated, and the compound interest upon them, would in those many years have far excelled the dead Baronet's liabilities to the money-lender.

Thus the son came into carnyston unembarrassed. Josiah Biddlecomb having, as it were, nursed the estates until the debts upon it were liquidated.

One of the new owner's first cares was to discover the retreat of Sidonia Biddlecomb. He had some difficulty, but finally was successful.

She was in much poverty as distress of mind, and, though she at first refused, in the end she gratefully accepted the income of two hundred pounds which Sir Richard had settled upon her for life.

Our story draws very near to a close. It is an accepted idea in fiction that the halo which surrounds the wedding-day is permanent. Far be it from our purpose to refute this, for certainly our hero and heroine's union and future lives were no exception to that golden, but, we fear, purely fictional belief.

Six months after the fire at Carnyston, Sir Richard was united to Alice Walden, "Charlie's sister."—Doctor Abercorn—who seemed gay and youthful enough to rather have been best man—giving away the bride.

The usual breakfast followed, the usual cake, the usual speeches; then, the newly-wedded pair started under a perfect snow storm of white satin slippers, of the doctor's providing, for the Continent, where they purposed to make a long sojourn.

An unforseen circumstance prevented this. One morning, while Sir Richard and Lady Carr were seated at breakfast, preparatory to quitting Berne for Naples, a letter, short and hurried, arrived from the doctor.

"Dear Sir Richard,—

Come back at once. Death has proved a detective. A skeleton has been found in a long disused shaft of a Welsh mine. It is supposed to be that of your father. Your opinion is needed. Only five minutes to save foreign mail. Love to my favorite, Lady Carr.

Your, in hurriedest haste,

Daniel Abercorn."

The next evening Sir Richard and Lady Carr were in London, and the latter traveling express with Doctor Abercorn to Wales.

During the journey the Baronet learned the following particulars.

Two miners rather the worse for drink had alighted at a small railway station in Glanmorganshire, and set accross the bleak, drear mine-land to their home.

As they proceeded the darkness of the night thickened, and one of them was suddenly startled by a cry of terror from his companion. He called out to learn the cause, but no answer came.

The truth instantly flashed across the man's brain. They must have come in the vicinity of a unused shaft, and in the darkness his friend had fallen in.

Sobered by alarm, he had thrown himself on his face, and crawling thus along, had soon proved his suspicion correct.

Immediately he returned to the station and procured help. The miner was lowered into the shaft. Though deep, the gases did not prevent his descent and at the foot he found the dead body of his friend, lying by the side of the bleached bones of the skeleton of some unfortunate who years ago had evidently met a similar fate.

The clothes were decayed, but on the finger of bone their flashed in the light of the lanterns a diamond ring, while another was ornamented by a signet. Also there glittered among the grim framework of man a hunting watch and chain.

The watch and the chain bore the same crest. To put the matter, however, beyond a doubt, a pocket-book was also discovered, which contained letters addressed to Sir Richard M. Carr.

"But how could my father have got there?" exclaimed the Baronet, perplexed.

"From inquiries I have made, I think I understand," said Doctor Abercorn. "After his interview with Josiah Biddlecomb, which that fellow Brindley told us about, your father evidently meant flight. This is confirmed by the telegram to Lady Carr mistrustful that the usurer might prevent this by having the vessels for the Continent

(Continued on page 666.)

watched so as to affect his arrest, he must have fled to Glamorganshire, where, you say he has a house.

To throw his pursuers off the scent, were he pursued, no doubt he alighted at the little station at at which these men left the train, and crossing the mine-land, and met the same fatal accident, as did one of the poor peddlars."

"It must be so," murmured the son. "That is the only sensible solution. My poor, unhappy father!"

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One fine autumn evening, three persons stood in the shady, peaceful Carnyston churchyard, before the handsome family tomb of that family on which a fresh name had been engraved—that of Sir Richard Myddleton Carr.

After a space, they moved across the rich, green noiseless grass to a marble tomb bearing the following inscription;—

"To the memory of Charles Walden; born——, died——, in Australia."

The elder lady's tears flowed in silence, and, with an eloquent motion, she pressed the young man's hand standing by her side.

"Richard!" murmured the younger lady, leaning fondly on his arm—"how kind, how thoughtful of you to bring us Charles—to bring him to lie among his friends in England!"

"Darling, was he not my brother in affection, even as he now is in name. Come, dear mother," he added tenderly, as he stooped and kissed Mrs. Walden, "though it is right to grieve for the dead, let not sorrow cloud the happiness of the living. Tears must not be our welcome back to Carnyton."

THE END.

Up at Battle Row.

By Willie Wildwave. Parody on Down in Gossip Row.
Copyright 1881, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

Our family took a sudden fit,
A year ago, to-day,
To remove from the old Eighteenth Ward,
In Yorkville for to stay.
Good lager, but bad whiskey,
We've had to undergo,
Since we were very fortunate,
To move up to Battle Row.

CHORUS.

Good-evening, Johnny Barry,
And how are you to-night?
I've just stepped in to hear the news,
About the plumber's fight;
I've heard that little Houston,
While dancing with his "crew,"
Got up an altercation
With the gang at Battle Row.
How long is it Jack Barry,
Since you saw Jimmy Ray?
You need not ask the reason,
For that I will not say;
I hear that Mike O'Brien—
Tell me, now, is it so—
Has never beat a picnic
Since he moved to Battle Row.

If on a summer evening,
I chance to walk the street,
The girleens from the doorways,
They whisper, "ain't he sweet!"
They're very fond of flirting,
I'll have it published so;
There's dozens of sweet lassies,
In that place called Battle Row.

CHORUS.

Good-evening, Richie Pigott,
I see you're looking hale;
Indeed, you look stupendous
Since you left Bloomingdale.
Jennie Connors she is married,
Now let the salt tears flow;
Last week she emigrated
To a house in Battle Row.

The "crazy coop" is waking
The boys up with his club;
If you stand upon the corner,
You're sure to get a rub.
This lunatic's a model,
His mug we will bestow,
To each and every boarder
Who resides in Battle Row.

Good dancers, hearty fellows,
You'll find here by the score;
Always ready for a fight,
And looking then for more;
They have neat and tidy manners,
They'll greet you with "hello!"
There's plenty of good nature
'Midst the crowd at Battle Row.

CHORUS.

Good-evening, Jimmy Gordon,
We've missed you for a year;
It seems to be a century
Since you were over here.
Won't you take in the racket,
You wouldn't dare say "no;"
There'll be lots of lads and lassies
From the old place Battle Row.
There'll be an Irish fiddler,
A harp and a cornet,
To play entrancing music
For each and every set;
We'll keep the dance till morning,
Then to our homes we'll go,
Until we chance to meet again
Old friends from Battle Row.

All-a-Same, or the Chinee Laundry Man.

Words and Music by Frank Dumont.
Copyright, 1879 by Chas F. Eicher.
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Me comes from Hong Kong, Chinee,
To workee for de Mellican man,
Me no can talkee much English,
Me speakee you de best I can.
Me workee all day in laundry,
For Ching Chong dat's his name,
Me catchee de rats in de market,
Makee pot-pie all-a-same,
All-a-same! all-a-same! all-a-same!

CHORUS.

Oh! ching cheng opium, taffy on a stick,
No likee brass band, makee very sick,
Mellican man listen, sing you little song,
With a Chinee fiddle and a Shanghai gong.

Me no go backee to Chinee,
Me dosee welly well out here,
Me cheatee Mellcan gambler,
Me likee sour krout and beer,
Me soon becomee citizen,
And vottee just like me please,
By'm-bye me gettee a good job,
To workee on de Police.
All-a-same! all-a-same! all-a-same! Cho.

Me soon gettee money plenty,
And wantee gettee nice little wife,
Me lovee her bettee dan chou-chou,
Me likee her better dan life,
My feedee her rice and opium,
Me buyee nice littee house,
For dinnee me fixee de rat-trap,
To catchee nice littee mouse.
Good mouse! all same! nice mouse! Cho.

Rye and Rock.

Written and sung by the Fieldings, John and Maggie.

Of late there has been quite a number of songs,
Sung on the street and on the stage;
There is My Mary Ann, and our Hallway Door,
And others becoming the rage.
There's the Isle de Blackwell, and also Baby Mine,
And the Babies who live on our Block,
But the subject I've chosen for my song to-night,
Is the new drink they call Rye and Rock.

CHORUS.

Oh! rye and rock, old rye and rock,
You are better than Haidsick or Hock;
It's delicious, it's grand, the best in the land,
The new drink they call Rye and Rock.

It will knock old consumption away out of time,
It cures coughs and colds like a charm;
Francis Murphy in his lecture speaks of it
each night,
Then in it you know there's no harm.
It's a delicious tonic to drive away the blues,
Has an odor that equals colonge,
General Grant drinks it in every port,
That's why he will not come home. Chorus.

Now there's our policemen, you all know of them,
With their stars and brass buttons so fine,
And I'm sure they could do many wonderful things
If they could only get there in time.
Of course they are always on the lookout,
And watching each alley and block,
And we all know they never go in a back door,
For they can't bear to taste Rye and Rock.
Chorus.

Why do the Girls Bang Their Hair?

By Tommy Tucker,

What are the women coming to,
That's what I'd like to know,
You'll see them dressed so horrid,
No matter where you go.
The latest fashion that they got,
It makes them look so quare,
I'd like to know the reason why
The girls do bang their hair.

CHORUS.

Why do the girls bang their hair,
And at the young fellows all stare,
With their frizzes and puffs,
They look like horrid muffs,
Oh! why do the girls bang their hair!

Their curling irons they do use,
To make bean-catchers fine,
They think with these the mashers,
Will gather in a line.
But if there is a thing that draws
The boys more than the rest,
It is those things called dizzy bangs,
The things I most detest. Chorus.

Now if the girls keep going on
Supplying all their wants,
They'll very soon patrol our streets,
A-wearing "High Water" pants.
Some day a judge will sentence one,
Up by the neck to hang,
The way you'll tell her from a man,
Because she'll wear a bang. Chorus.

Eileen Sweet Eileen.

Written for and sung by Wm McAleon.

Eileen, sweet Eileen, oh! cruel the fate,
Sweet maiden, that tore us apart;
Sadly I wait for you early and late,
Come back to me star of my heart.
No one can love you so fondly as I,
Or no one so faithful can be;
Life I would give for a glance of your eye,
Oh! come back my darling to me.

CHORUS.

No one can love you so fondly as I,
Or no one so faithful can be;
Life I would give for a glance of your eye,
Oh! come back my darling to me.

Cruel the parents that caused us to part,
Sweet Eileen, because I was poor,
But richer than gold was the love of my heart,
And brighter than jewels, asthore,
Do not forget me, my darling Eileen,
In that far off land of the free;
Faithful and true to your memory I've been,
Oh! come back sweet Eileen to me.
No one can, &c.

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82 Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance.....40
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89 Jerry Murphy's Squad.....40
90 Save My Child.....40
91 Mother is Waiting to Welcome her Boy...40
92 The Old Fashioned Cottage.....40
93 Only a Daisy.....40
94 Farewell to Ireland.....40
95 High Water Pants.....40
96 Widow Clancy's Party.....40
97 Erin's Green Isle.....40
98 Sons of Erin's Isle.....40
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101 Only to Hear Her Voice.....40
102 Yesterday, To-Day.....40
103 The Haunted Brooklet.....40
104 When Gabriel Blows his Horn.....40
105 Everything Done for the Best.....40
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109 Travelling back to Alabam.....40
110 Oh! why was I so soon Forgotten.....40
111 Come Along Sister Mary.....40
112 My own sweet wife to be.....40
113 We are Growing Old Together.....40
114 The Old Run ned Mill.....40
115 My old Plantation Home so far away.....40
116 Grandfather's Cane.....40
117 Hiding in the Corn.....40
118 I'll Meet you, Sweet Bessie at Twilight...40
119 It is Sweet to be remembered.....40
120 Eight Bells at Sea.....40
121 Cupid on the ice.....40
122 Grandmother's eyes have grown dim.....40
123 Little Sunshine come to me.....40
124 Dora Blaine.....40
125 While waiting for the cows to come.....40
126 Picking up gold in the streets.....40
127 Flirting on our block.....40
128 The tie that binds us brother's.....40
129 The Old Dinner Horn.....40
130 Mother please forgive your boy.....40
131 A sailor's wife I soon shall be.....40
132 Old Snow Ball's Hair is Turning Gray.....40
133 You may speak if you like to pa-pa.....40
134 The Time when we were young.....40
135 When Courting Hulda Brown.....40
136 'Tis then sweetheart, I'll dream of thee.....40
137 Let us catch the golden sunbeams.....40
138 Fly birdie, to where Willie's waiting.....40
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140 The Bright Side, the nearer I draw to Jesus 40
141 Do it Again.....40

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The Mulligan Musketeers.

Marching Song. By J. v. Barrett.

Oh! boys, behold the Mulligan's bold,
We're out upon review,
And represent a reg-i-ment
Of Irish boys in blue.
Our bold brigade when on parade,
The people greet with cheers,
For we're the boys that fear no noise,
The Mulligan Musketeers.

CHORUS.

Now watch the graceful movements,
Of us sons of Erin's Isle;
There's no mistake, we take the cake,
For regimental style.
As side by side with haughty stride,
Like Yankee brigadiers.
We gaily march, as stiff as starch,
In the Mulligan Musketeers.

We've won a name of glowing fame,
Upon the battle field.
And with a heart like Bonaparte,
Our motto's "never yield!"
We have a way when in the fray,
To fill the foe with fears;
And take the prize before their eyes,
Us Mulligan Musketeers.

Chorus.

Don't Drink From the Pitcher of Beer.

By D. A. As sung by the world renowned "Bulletin Quartette," Eagan, Cunningham, McKenna, and Rowan.

Parody on the Pitcher of Beer.

Copyright 1881, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

I'm friendly to poor men and woman also,
Who've children at home for to mind;
Who in sunshine or storm, abroad have to go,
Some poorly paid labor to find.
I'm sorry to say, as I pass by each day,
I'm compelled to shed many a tear,
For to see men of toil spend their trifle of pay—
In a pitiful pitcher of beer.

CHORUS.

Cold water so bright—'tis a beautiful sight,
Drink it down without sorrow or fear;
Don't let drunkards entice—take a friendly advice,
Don't drink from the pitcher of beer.

Be honest and upright, whatever you do,
You'll find it will pay in the end;
Be temperate and steady, just keep this in view—
That your pocket book is your best friend.
'Tis easy to say, oh! let us be gay,
Let us drive away sorrow with cheer;
In the end when you're "broke," you'll be
called an "old soak,"
If you drink from your pitcher of beer.

Chorus.

Let drunkards be merry, but 'twon't be for long.
A fool and his money soon parte;
The poor drunkards family is known in the throng.
By their clothes and their sad broken hearts.
Then be men of sense, and save up your pence,
Don't mind though the tipplers may jeer,
You'll have health, you'll have wealth,
and a clear head besides,
If you keep from the pitcher of beer.

Chorus.

Barney McCoy.

I am going away, Norah Darling,
And leaving such an angel far behind ;
It will break my heart in two, which I fondly
gave to you,
And no other one so loving, kind and true.

CHORUS.

Then come to my arms, Norah darling,
Bid your friends in dear Ireland good-bye ;
And it's happy we will be in that dear land
of the free,
Living happy with your Barney McCoy.

I would go with you, Barney darling,
But the reason why I told you oft before ;
It would break my poor mother's heart if
from her I had to part
And go roaming with you, Barney McCoy.
Then come to my arms, &c.

I am going far away, Norah darling,
Just as sure as there's a God that I adore ;
But remember what I say ; that until the
judgement day,
You will never see your Barney any more.
Then come to my arms, &c.

I would go with you, Barney darling,
If my mother and the rest of them
were there.
For I know we would be blest in that dear
land of the West,
Living happy with your Barney McCoy.
Then come to my arms, &c.

I am going far away, Norah darling,
And the ship is now anchored in the bay,
And before to-morrow you will hear the signal gun,
So be ready, it will carry us away.
Then come to my arms, &c.

De Golden Wedding.

Words and Music by James Bland,
Music Copyrighted 1880, by J. F. Perry & Co.
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Les go to de golden wedding,
All de darkies will be dere ;
Oh! such dancing and such treading !
And such yaller gals so fair.
All de high-toned colored people
Dat reside for miles around,
Have received an invitation.
And dey surely will come down.

CHORUS.

All de darkies will be dere,
Don't forget to curl your hair ;
Bring along your damsels fair,
For soon we will be treading.
Won't we have a jolly time,
Eating cake and drinking wine ?
All de high toned darkies
Will be at de golden wedding.

We will have ice cream and honey,
Apple brandy and mince pie ;
Darkies, won't it look too funny
When aunt Dinah does shoo-fly ?
Uncle Joe and Hezekiah,
From de old Car'lina State,
Will be at de golden wedding,
Kase dem colored gents am great. Chorus.

Old Jim Grace will play de fiddle,
Beat de bones and old tambo,
And Kersands will play de essence
On Jim Bohee's ole banjo.
MacIntosh will kiss Lucinda,
Kase she is so very shy ;
And de little piccaninnies
Dey will dance and sing shoo-fly. Chorus.

Parody on Leaving Now the Old Folks.

By Billy Lester, Sung by Paul Allen Esq.

I am leaving now the poor house, to go I
know not where,
I am leaving it in sorrow and disgust ;
I've eight million in my pocket I stole from
Viola Clifton,
To try and get a date I know I must ;
I've a pocketful of gags and encores I bought
from Sarah Bernhardt,
I've been a tramp for over seven years ;
I could start a penny lodging house under
the Fifth Avenue Hotel,
And let people sleep in the drum of my ears.

CHORUS.

Then I am leaving now the Poor-House,
I am transferred to the Coliseum,
For trying to guy a couple of musical mokes ;
If I catch Niles & Evans stealing Eddie
Booth's dialect,
I'll make them a present of John T. Kelly's jokes.

Adam and Eve, From Lum and Bud Granger
were with a fly by night,
They played to eighty cents in Kankakee ;
They done a nice big four act with the
Arnold Brothers from Texas,
And statue essence with the J called Andy McKee,
Hyde and Behman done a waltz-jig along
with Billy Emmet,
Poor Paul Allen couldn't dance, his foot was sore ;
But yet he is a darling, he is mashed on
Charlotte Banks,
He is the pretty boy that came from Baltimore.
Chorus.

The Bright Little Spot on the Ocean.

Words and Music by John Walsh.
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I'm a true hearted boy from the green shores of Erin,
That "Emerald" set in the sea,
Where bountious nature her best doth appear in,
And choicest gifts scatters free.
Our mountains and valleys with produce abounding,
Our rivers and lakes, filled with life in galore,
Loveliest scenes on all sides there surrounding,
The home of the "Shamrock," ould Ireland asthore.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for that bright little spot on the ocean,
Harmless around it the rude billows roar,
True Irish hearts love with fondest devotion
The home of the "Shamrock," ould Ireland asthore.

Dear Grannuail thy daughters are peerless,
Fair and as fresh as the morn,
Ever in battle the sons they are fearless,
Death do they hold but in scorn.
Our hearts ever open to welcome a stranger,
Those in distress never turned from the door,
And for our country we'll brave every danger,
The home of the "Shamrock," ould Ireland asthore.
Chorus.

I love the bright green, and I'm proud boys
to wear it,
To it I'll ever be true ;
All loyal Irishmen that feeling share it,
Deeply indeed, as I do.
Distance or climate that bond cannot sever,
Firm in our hearts all the wide world o'er,
The land of St. Patrick, forget it, no never,
The home of the "Shamrock," ould Ireland astho-e
Chorus.

Have You Seen Hazel Kirke ?

By Tommy Tucker,

While walking with my girl,
One lovely moonlight night,
We had some loving talk,
Our hearts were gay and light.
Some rowdies we did pass,
A very noisy crowd,
And as we wandered from them,
They shouted all out loud,

CHORUS.

Have you, have you,
Have you, have you,
If you've not you're a Turk ;
Have you, have you,
Have you, have you,
Have you seen Hazel Kirke.

My girl got very faint,
And says, my darling Fred,
I wish that I was home
And in my little bed.
I asked the mob to stop,
Or else I'd call police ;
But that did not annoy them,
Nor did it make them cease. Chorus.

I got her home at last,
And told her pa the tale ;
He said the daring roughs
Should all be sent to jail.
He then commenced to smile,
And gave me quite a poke,
He says dear Fred Augustus,
Why don't you see the joke-

Spoken ; I says, what joke ? why, he says, this—
Chorus.

Darkies From the Mediteranean Sea.

By Paul Allen for Tierney and Cro in.

We are from the land of cocoanuts and bananas,
We are darkies full of fun,
Gathering herbs and chasing tigers,
Twenty-four hours out of twenty-one.
Sleep in huts without any roofs on,
Gathering honey from the busy bees,
Nothing amuses the African darkies
Like climbing the peanut trees.

CHORUS.

We laugh so much our mouths grow wider,
We are as lively as a flea,
Always happy and full of tricks,
We are darkies from the Mediterranean Sea.

Master made us work from daylight till dark,
Never had time to enjoy any fun,
Except skating on banana skins,
Or throwing cocoanuts at the sun.
We lived on lemon skins and leaves,
Out of grass we'd make some tea,
Sunday, Monday, always toiling,
We are darkies from the Mediterranean Sea.
Chorus.

Whar You Going Susie.

By Billy Smith for the Big Four,

Boy. Oh! Susie, my darling !
I came here for to see—
Girl. Pompey, stop your fooling ;
Why don't you let me be !
Boy I love you to distraction,
Girl. And I love you de same.
Both. And now my good white people,
Which one of us can you blame ?

CHORUS.

Boy. Oh! Susie, darling,
Girl. Pompey, dear !
Boy. I hold you to my heart so near,
Girl. You know I love you
With all my life,
Boy. Some day I want you
To be my wife.

Girl. And when we are married,
And free from dis strife—
Boy. Dar is Susie Bryson,
She will be my wife.
Girl And when de wedding over—
Boy. You can bet we'll never mourn,
Both. We'll jump into de cotton field,
'Till Gabriel blows his horn! Chorus.

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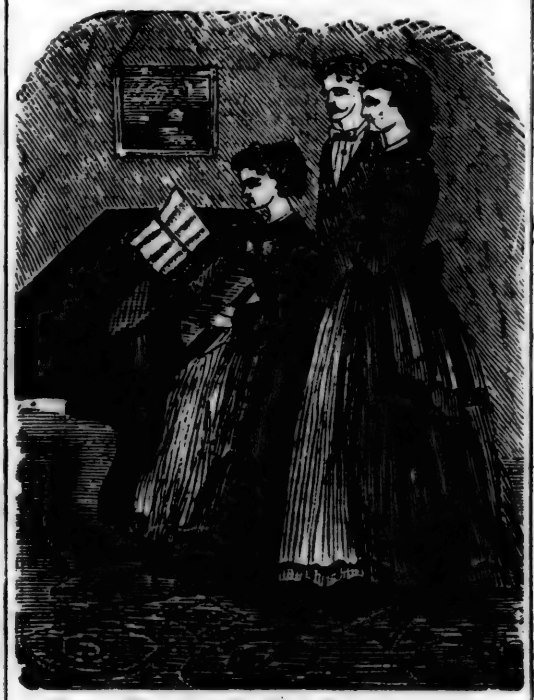
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CONTENTS.

As When Upon the Lea Afar.....Page 660
Acrobatic Mick 662
COME ALONG, SISTER MARY..... 661
CLIMB UP, CLIMB UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.... 662
Eiley, My Jewel..... 662
Eggs for Your Breakfast in the Morning Music for Banjo and Guitar 664
FINNEGAN'S MASQUERADE... 662
FINNEGAN CORTERIE..... 663
The Good-Bye at the Train..... 663
Home Once More..... 660
Have You Seen Sarah?..... 662
I've Brought Thee an Ivy Leaf..... 663
Just Twig My Sunday Clothes..... 661
Leader of a Grenadier Band..... 659
The Man You Don't Meet Every Day..... 659
MY OWN SWEET WIFE TO BE 660
Mary Ann I'll Tell Your Ma..... 660
Mrs. Brady's Daughter 660
Over The Garden Wall..... 660
The OLD WILLOW CHAIR WHERE GRANDMOTHER SAT 661
OH! WHY WAS I SO SOON FORGOTTEN... 662
ONLY TO HEAR HER VOICE..... 663
OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN 658
Pat May be Foolish, and Very Often Wrong.. 659
The Rose of Ardee..... 659
ROSE PATCHOULA..... 663
SHEET MUSIC NOTICE 658
Sailing..... 661
SALLY HORNER 'ROUND THE CORNER 662
The SLATTERY FAMILY 663
Silver Bells of Memory..... 663
TRAVELING BACK TO ALABAM..... 659
There's Another Voice After This..... 663
Wst, Wst, Wst! or; You're Always Sure to Fetch Them With a Wst, Wst, Wst!..... 661
You Don't Want a Candle For a Job Like That 659

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I remain respectfully yours,

Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

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BY FAVORITE AUTHORS,

PUBLISHED BY

MRS. PAULINE LIEDER,

Music Publisher, Publisher of Song Books,

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1 McCarthy's Boarding House... 40
2 Mary Ann Kehoe.....40
3 No Work.....40
4 The Lost Jewel.....40
5 No Work Waltz.....40
6 Sweet Amerikay.....40
7 Penniless and Poor.....40
8 The Irish Volunteers.....40
9 The Night I Learned to Swim.....40
10 Silver Bells are Ringing Away up in de sky 40
11 New Year's Day.....40
12 The Sweetest of the Sweet.....40
13 The Sweetest of the Sweet Waltz.....40
14 The Old Bench Near the Mill 40
15 Angel Mother Watch for me.....40
16 Take Me Back to My Dear Old Southern Home, Song with Echo Chorus 40
17 Lay my Head Beneath a Rose 40
18 Baby Died One Year Ago To-Day.....40
19 Little Roguish Eyes.....40
20 Beautiful Songs Unsung 40
21 A Little Place Within thy Heart.....40
22 Music and Dancing.....40
23 The Reason why I was Elected.. 40
24 Walzingham McSweeney, the Gay Cavalier 40
25 I Couldn't Help it Ma.....40
26 So Weary and Sad To-Night.....40
27 Irish Lanciers 60
28 When the Flowers are Dreaming.....40
29 Sweet Maggie Gordon.....40
30 The Rosebud in Your Hair 40
31 Luck Lays Over Brain.....40
32 Open Up Dem Doors.....40
33 The Petticoat Brigade 40
34 Scotch Lanciers.....60
35 American Lanciers.....60
36 Sea Cadet Lanciers.....60
37 Turkish Patrol Quickstep.....40
38 English Lanciers.....60
39 Midshipmites March.....40
40 The Irish Volunteers March 40
41 The Petticoat Brigade March.....40
42 I'm Just Turned Sixty-Three.... 40
43 Times of Long Ago.....40
44 Invitation Waltzes 50
45 Down by de Rainbow 40
46 Settle Dat Bill 40
47 Old Times Roxy, or Trouble in de Kitchen 40
48 I'se Uncle Pompey Still..... 40
49 Hab Your Ladders Ready 40
50 The Golden Chariot.....40
51 Mickey Flahrity.....40
52 Deuced Good Fellah 40
53 A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.....40
54 The Ticking of the Clock 40
55 Take Things as They Come 40
56 You Shouldn't Notice It. 40
57 Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate 40
58 The Messenger Bird.....40
59 Waiting for de Setting ob de Sun.....40
60 Kitty McNish.....40
61 Romping Irish Lass.....40
62 I'll Name the Boy Dennis, or no Name at all.....40
63 When McGuiness Gets the Job.....40
64 You are False, but I'll Forgive You.....40
65 Throwing Pebbles in the Stream 40
66 When the Magnolias Bloom 40
67 Casey's Ball Last Night 40
68 My Home by the Deep Rolling Sea.....40
69 Mary Ann O'Houlahan Dowd.....40
70 She's so Captivating.....40
71 Joys of my Childhood.....40
72 The Day I Took My Peg to Coney Isle.....40
73 Finegan Corterie.....40
74 Take Me in Your Arms, Mama.....40
75 Down on Coney Island Beach.....40
76 The old willow chair there grandmother sat 40
77 The Heroes of Ireland 40
78 As I Stood by the Door.....40
79 Finegan Masquerade.....40
80 My Angel Brother's Ring.....40
81 You are False but I'll Forgive You, Waltz .40
82 Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance.....40
83 The Reason we Mortgaged the Farm 40
84 Echoes from the Chapel of Knock 40
85 Don't Shut out the Moonlight Mother.....40
86 Hunting Four Leaf Clover.....40
87 Winnie Wang.....40
88 The Slattery Family.....40
89 Jerry Murphy's Squad.....40
90 Save My Child.....40
91 Mother is Waiting to Welcome her Boy... 40
92 The Old Fashioned Cottage.....40
93 Only a Daisy.....40
94 Farewell to Ireland.....40
95 High Water Pants.....40
96 Widow Clancy's Party.....40
97 Erin's Green Isle.....40
98 Sons of Erin's Isle 40
99 Wake Bonnie Bessie.....40
100 Sweet Maggie Gordon Waltz.....40
101 Only to Hear Her Voice.....40
102 Yesterday, To-Day.....40
103 The Haunted Brooklet.....40
104 When Gabriel Blows his Horn 40
105 Everything Done for the Best 40
106 The Bridge that Crosses the Brook.....40
107 Just From Harrisburg.....40
108 Rose Patchaula 40
109 Travelling back to Alabam.....40
110 Oh! why was I so soon Forgotten.....40
111 Come Along Sister Mary.....40
112 My own sweet wife to be.....40
113 We are Growing Old Together 40
114 The Old Ruined Mill.....40
115 My old Plantation Home so far away.....40
116 Grandfather's Cane.....40
117 Hiding in the Corn.....40
118 I'll Meet you, Sweet Bessie at Twilight... 40
119 It is Sweet to be remembered.....40
120 Eight Bells at Sea.....40
121 Cupid on the ice.....40
122 Grandmother's eyes have grown dim..... 40
123 Little Sunshine come to me.....40
124 Dora Blaine.....40
125 While waiting for the cows to come.....40
126 Picking up gold in the streets.....40
127 Flirting on our block.....40
128 The tie that binds us brother's 40
129 The Old Dinner Horn.....40
130 Mother please forgive your boy.....40
131 A sailor's wife I soon shall be.....40
132 Old Snow Balls Hair is Turning Gray.....40
133 You may speak if you like to pa-pa.....40
134 The Time when we were young.....40
135 When Courting Hulda Brown.....40
136 'Tis then sweetheart, I'll dream of thee.....40
137 Let us catch the golden sunbeams..... 40
138 Fly birdie, to where Willie's waiting.....40
139 Good Knights and Fair Ladies.....40
140 The Bright Side, the nearer I draw to Jesus 40
141 Do it Again 40

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P. S.—To Music Teachers, Musicians, Clubs, Professionals, etc., my terms are the regular professional rates. But with a desire to have my publications more thoroughly introduced to your notice, also to give you a chance to re-dispose of copies with a profit, and to act as my agents through the States, I will allow you to make a selection of 10 or more of my pieces at one half off of the marked prices.

MRS. PAULINE LIEDER, 60 Chatham Street. N. Y.

OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, Items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

The dress to eat oysters in:—A shell jacket.

A pair of tights:—Two drunken men.

"Augustus, my love, what are you thinking about so intently?"—Why, Aurelia, you know when we're married we shall be made one, and I am trying to make out which of us that one will be."

They were passing the early radishes at the "table d'hote," and an amiable guest empties them all into his plate. "Hi, there, you!" cries another guest; "some of us like radishes, too." "Not half so much as I do," philosophically replies the first guest.

A gentleman recently carried a letter of introduction from a friend to a stranger. The stranger received him cooly, and showed him the door. A little investigation showed him the reason. The letter said, "Treat him like a trump;" but the stranger read it, "Treat him like a tramp."

One for Gough—Somebody wants to know when a teetotal drink is most disgraceful, and he says the answer is, when it's drunk.

Another great fact,—An irritable customer who bargains much, but buys little, is frequently productive of counter-irritation.

Consumers beware!—Ground ivy has been found at the foot of a corn mill.

Wanton Mischief.—Last Sunday a number of young men pulled up the East River.

A boon for schoolboys.—A Western paper advertises boys' jackets as defying anything to beat them.

De Goose-tibus, &c.—It is the settled opinion of a mighty hunter that a wild goose chase is better than no chase at all.

The only "Round Sum."—A cipher.

Descending from the general to the perticular. Young lady (who has never traveled by this line before): "Do you go to Central Park?" Booking-clerk: "Sometimes on a Sunday, miss, on a summer's afternoon."

Everybody's girl is nobody's wife.

The man who was in "high feather" has got down.

Many tailors profess to be respectable, yet they are all cutting tradesmen.

"Mike," said Dennis, "I'll fall overboard, and you jump in and rescue me, and we'll divide the reward, which will be five dollars for each."—"Agreed," said Mike, as he floundered into the water. Then, and not till then, did it dawn on Dennis that he could not swim a stroke. He stood leaning over the rail, staring at the place place where his friend went in. Once Mike came up, twice Mike came up, and Dennis made no sign. A third time Mike came to the surface, and looking up at his fellow-schemer, faintly cried, "Denny, av ye ain't moighty quick it's only ten shillings aich we'll be getting for recoverin' the body!"

A man had a mirror put over his wifes sewing-machine, and she got to be thought the most hard-working woman in town, because she never left the sewing-machine.

Out in California, the land of the glorious climate, for the first six months of the year they pray for rain, the remaining six months they run away from the floods.

The Rose of Ardee.

When first to this country a stranger I came,
I placed my affections on a comely fair dame,
She was proper, tall, and handsome in every degree,
She's the flower of this country, and the Rose of Ardee.

I courted lovely Mary at the age of sixteen,
Her waist it was slender and her carriage genteel,
Till at length a young weaver came her for to see,
Stole the flower of this country, and the Rose of Ardee.

My curse may light on you, by day and by night,
You've fled with my true-love, far, far from my sight,
And left me to mourn in a country,
For the loss of my darling, the Rose of Ardee.

I'm bound for the country for months two or three,
And perhaps on my journey some pretty girl I see,
In a short space of time she may prove kind to me,
But I ne'er can forget the sweet Rose of Ardee.

When I get my week's wages to the ale-house I'll go,
And there I'll sit drinking with my heart full of woe;
I'll sit there lamenting, expecting to see,
Once more my own true-love, the Rose of Ardee.

I swear, lovely Mary, by the powers above,
Though inconstant you've been, I no other can love;
Oh! if we could meet, my sweet bride you should be,
And I should be blest with the Rose of Ardee

Oh! my lovely Mary, you have been severe,
To slight your own true-love that loved you so dear;
I must weep in despair, until death I do see,
For the loss of my darling, the Rose of Ardee.

Farewell lovely Mary, tho' fled from my sight,
For you I am weeping by day and by night;
But I fear my sweet angel I never shall see,
So adieu evermore to the Rose of Ardee.

Pat may be Foolish, and Very Often Wrong.

CORRECT EDITION.

Let cowardly slandors say what they will,
Against the dear land of my birth,
But I will maintain she always will be,
The grandest old spot on the earth.
Some say with a sneer, we are cowards at heart,
Fit for nothing but drinking potheen,
But I throw back she villainous lie in their teeth,
They're as brave as the shamrock is green.

CHORUS.

Pat he may be foolish and very often wrong,
Pat's got a temper that don't last very long,
Pat is fond of jollity, as everybody knows,
There never was a coward where the shamrock grows.

If ever he weeps at the voice of distress,
Don't blame him, his heart is too warm,
His family over the ocean, perhaps.
Must weather black poverty's storm.
Don't sneer at his sorrows, or laugh at his tears,
Assist, at least, if you can,
Remember that Pat on many a field,
Has proved that he is a true man.
Pat he may be, &c.

Remember the Celts and the Saxons are bound,
By ties of pure brotherly love;
Come test him again, and you'll find him as true
As the stars in the heavens above;
And always give honor, where honor is due,
Let hands join'd in friendship be seen,
For he who despises a man for his name,
Is not fit for country or Queen.
Pat he may be, &c.

You don't want a Candle for a Job like that.

If a fellow feels inclined to go and take a walk,
He don't want a candle for a job like that,
If you meet an old pal, and stand and have a tale,
You don't want a candle for a job like that.
If you drop into a pub and have a glass or two,
If you treat your pal, and your pal treats you,
If you play at Tommy Dodd, and you both win it is true,
You don't want a candle for a job like that.

CHORUS.

You don't want a candle for a job like that,
You don't want a candle for a job like that,
If you want a jolly lark enjoy it in the dark,
You don't want a candle for a job like that.

If you meet a charming girl, and at you she winks her eye,
You don't want a candle for a job like that,
If you ask her for a kiss, and she seems rather shy,
You don't want a candle for a job like that.
But if she says, "My dear, come along with me,"
And you go to her home and have a cup of tea,
And if she feels inclined to sit down on your knee,
You don't want a candle for a job like that.
Chorus.

If you're a married man and stop out on the booze,
You don't want a candle for a job like that,
If you stagger home at two and your latch key lose,
You don't want a candle for a job like that.
If you can't find the key-hole when you get to the street door,
And you fumble in your pocket, of course it is a bore,
When your old gal is waiting to land you on the floor,
You don't want a candle for a job like that.
Chorus.

If you work hard all the week, on Saturday you will find,
You don't wan't a candle for a job like that,
Your dear little wife she wants all your overtime,
You don't want a candle for a job like that,
You give her a kiss, then to market you both go,
Buy a lump of beef, a bunch of greens,
and some cakes for Billy and Joe,
You enjoy yourself on Sunday with your wife and kids you know,
You don't want a candle for a job like that.
Chorus.

The Man You Don't Meet Every Day.

I've a nice little cabin that's all built with mud,
In the beautiful County Kildare,
I've got acres of land, and men at command,
And I have always a shilling to spare.
Och! I didn't come here, boys, in search of a job,
But just a short visit to pay,
And as I walk through the streets, people say that I meet,
There's the man you don't meet every day.

CHORUS.

Then call for your glasses, just have what you want,
And whatever the damage I'll pay;
Bhoys, be aisy and free when you're drinking wid me,
For I'm the man you don't meet every day.

When I landed in Glasgow, what a sight met my eyes,
As I first put my fut on the shore;
There was Felix O'Donogh, blind Barney M'Gurk,
And a round two or three dozen more.
Och! murther! you ought to have seen them all stare,
And then they did all run away;
Says I, "My spalpeens, do you think I'm a ghost,
Because I'm a man you don't meet every day."
Chorus.

I'm in love with a nice little girl in the town,
And we're going to be married to-day;
And if you come over a twelvemonth from now,
A right welcome to all I will pay;
And I think I can show you a little spalpeen,
Who then will be able to say—
To my friends round about, while pointing me out,
There's the man you don't meet every day.
Chorus.

Travelling Back to Alabam.

PLANTATION SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Mannie Friend. Music by James A. Bland.

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The Music of this song is published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

Down in good old Alabama is de plac whar I was born,
Oh! dar's whar I spent many a happy day,
I would toil de whole day long, until de sounding of de horn,
But, alas! dem good old times am passed away.
Oh! I want to see my cabin home I left so long ago,
It's de dearest spot to me in all de land;
Oh! I long to hear de coons playing on de old banjo,
Dat is why I'm traveling back to Alabam.

CHORUS.

All de children used to sing in de evening on de green,
It used to sound so lovely and so grand;
Oh! it filled my heart with joy, how sweet it used to seem,
Dat is why I'm traveling back to Alabam.

Dear old massa's dead and gone, and I will neber see him more,
What a good old soul he was to uncle Cuff;
He has left dis world ob pain, and up to glory he has gone,
And ob trouble, dis old man has had enough.
So I'se traveling back to Alabam, I want to get dar soon,
But I fear de place am lonely and forlorn,
So I'll bid you all good-bye, wid a tear-drop in my eye,
For de time am come, de ole man must be gone.
Chorus.

Leader of a Grenadier Band.

While strolling out one afternoon,
To view the soldiers drilling;
A lovely fight attracted me,
A sight to me was killing.
A handsome fellow standing near,
With style and figure grand;
It was Cupid's dart that pierced my heart,
Through a leader of a grenadier band.

CHORUS.

Oh! yes, he was a leader—
A leader of a grenadier band;
He looked so gay as he marched away,
With style and figure grand.
Oh! yes, he was a leader—
A leader of a grenadier band;
I found that I had fallen in love
With a leader of a grenadier band.

I waited there for a moment or two,
Until the band began to play;
The music was so delightful,
That I felt so very gay.
The leader looked so dashing,
With his batoon in his hand;
He smiled at me, and I felt as though
I was leading the grenadier band. Chorus.

My Own Sweet Wife To Be.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Mannie Friend: Music by James A. Bland.

Sung with immense success by James A. Bland of Haverly's Colored Minstrels.

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The Music of this song is published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

The moon shone brightly far above,
One ev'ning in July;
When I went walking with my love,
The reason I'll tell you why.
I had proposed to her that day,
Her answer then to know,
She loves me true, and I love her too,
My only darling beau.

CHORUS.

She's the joy of my life,
And soon will be my wife,
Then so happy both we will be,
She's my own angel dove.
My sweet treasure dove,
My own sweet wife to be. (Dance.)

So wedded now we soon will be,
Then, oh! what joy serene.
My darling having promised me,
Life's burden to share between.
The happy day will soon be nigh,
The happiest of my life;
When first I'll call my darling one,
My own sweet angel wife. Chorus.

Over the Garden Wall.

The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 10 cents in postage stamps.

Oh! my love stood under the walnut tree,
Over the garden wall;
She whispered and said, she'd be true to me,
Over the garden wall.
She'd beautiful eyes, and beautiful hair,
She was not very tall, so she stood on a chair,
And many a time have I kissed her there,
Over the garden wall.

CHORUS.

Over the garden wall, the sweetest girl of all;
There never was yet such eyes of jet,
And you may bet, I'll never forget,
The night our lips in kisses met,
Over the garden wall.

But her father stamped, and her father raved,
Over the garden wall;
And like an old mad-man he behaved,
Over the garden wall.
She made a bouquet of roses red,
But immediately I popped up my head,
He gave me a bucket of water instead,
Over the garden wall. Chorus.

One day I jumped down on the other side,
Over the garden wall,
And she bravely promised to be my bride,
Over the garden wall.
But she screamed in a fright, "Here's father, quick,
I have an impression he's bringing a stick,"
But I brought the impression of half a brick
Over the garden wall. Chorus.

But where there's a will there's always a way,
Over the garden wall,
There's always a night, as well as a day,
Over the garden wall.
We hadn't much money, but weddings are cheap,
So while the old fellow was snoring asleep,
With a lad and a ladder she managed to creep
Over the garden wall. Chorus.

Home Once More.

I am thinking of my home and the cottage on the hill—
The cottage where my poor old mother died;
The orchard and the school, where I learnt the golden rule,
And old Robin, on whose back I used to ride,
When I recall the scene, it seemed to me a dream,
A dream that is long past and o'er;
A tear comes in my eye, and I cannot help but sigh,
To see my good and dear old home once more.

CHORUS.

Home once more, home once more,
Shall I ever see my home once more?
Oh! those pleasant hours I played
In my happy childhood days,
Shall I ever see my home once more?

Shall I ever see the church where I often used to go,
Shall I ever see that dear old church again?
Shall I ever see my playmates, with whom I used to play,
Or must I in a foreign land remain?
Shall I ever see my father, that poor old gray-hair'd man,
Who sat in his arm-chair—close by the door,
I have power, I have wealth, yet I'd give them all for health,
To see my good and dear old home once more. Chorus.

I still recall to mind how my sister fond and kind,
At parting gave to me a lock of hair—
Seven years have now passed o'er, since I left my native shore,
And still my heart is longing to be there,
And a maiden true, I also bid adieu,
And tho' far away, that girl I still adore—
As I hope and trust, I may live to see the happy day,
When I'll meet them in my good old home once more. Chorus.

Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma.

I spooned a girl named Mary Ann, a tender little dove,
Who costs me lots of quarters and a precious deal of love,
She's living with her mother, as a maiden ought to do,
And looks as straight and proper, as a saint, or me or you;
But somehow when I trot her round, no matter where I go,
I'm struck with all the people that this maiden seems to know,
For certain as my Mary Ann I proudly talk about,
Some heads pop round the corner, and a vulgar voice will shout.

CHORUS.

Oh! very well, Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma,
She little thought when you came out you'd go so far,
I'm sure your mother doesn't know the girl you are,
Mary Ann, fie for shame, yah, yah, yah!

We went last Whitsun Monday to the forest by the rail,
We did the thing first-class, of course, at that I never fail;
I tipped the guard a shilling, or what you may call a bob,
To lock us in the carriage, and preserve us from the mob;
We sat on down cushions, and the curtain drew for fun,
For Polly said her pretty eyes, they could not bear the sun,
But when we settled snugly, and were just about to go,
A head came thro' the window, and a fellow shouted, oh! Chorus.

We wandered through the forest glades as happy as could be,
We thought from vulgar people there, we should at least be free,
We sought a sweet secluded spot where none our vows could hear,
And whispered those soft silly things, that lovers like so dear;
We sat beneath a spreading oak, our loving arms entwined,
While I was fond and foolish, she was gentle sweet and kind,
But just as I my passion told, and sealed it with a kiss,
A cove bird-nesting up above, he rudly shouted this. Chorus.

We came away disgusted, and we quickly made for home,
For everywhere we met the cry, no matter where we'd roam,
My Mary Ann declared to me she knew these people not,
In fact, she said she would not mix with such a vulgar lot;
But on this precious mystery, I have some little doubt,
And almost think that Mary Ann must know her way about,
For when we parted at the door, or rather just inside,
A voice came down the staircase, and her little brother cried. Chorus.

Mrs Brady's Daughter.

Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

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The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

Mrs. Brady a widow lady,
Has a daughter that I adore;
I go to court her across the water,
Every Sunday afternoon at four.
She sings so sweetly—she dresses so neatly,
So like a fairy she trips the floor;
She's good society—she's full of piety,
And her mother keeps a little candy store.

CHORUS.

Dainty feet—measured beat,
Trips the street—oh! so neat,
Dresses sweet—what a treat,
And her mother keeps a candy store.
Her name is Norah—I do adore her,
She's like an angel, my heart is so sore;
She's like a daisy—she sets me crazy,
And her mother keeps a little candy store. (Dance.)

Every Sunday, and every Monday,
With the family I go to dine;
And the daughter, I do escort her,
Every evening till the clock strikes nine,
One summer evening, the moon was beaming,
I said I loved her as dear as life;
She blushed completely and smiled so sweetly,
Yet she promised she'd be my darling wife.

As When Upon the Sea Afar.

As when upon the sea afar,
A gallant ship first heaves in sight,
Her white sails flick'ring like a star,
Upon the waters fair and bright.
So does hope break upon the heart,
Amidst the billows of life's way,
And to the dreary waste impart
The sunshine of a cheering ray.

And when that ship with modest force,
Up from the horizon straightly glides,
And sweetly holds her shining course,
Till safe in friendly port she rides;
How like she seems to humble worth,
Which pure and bright, unswerving strives,
Through all the ills that darken life
And safe at last in heaven arrives.

Just Twig My Sunday Clothes.

These garments look as good as new,
Their history I will tell to you,
My pals who number not a few,
Dar'ent speak to me on Sunday.

CHORUS.

Then look at my Sunday clothes,
So nimbly down the street I goes,
Winking at every gal I meet,
For I'm a swell on Sunday.

On Monday morning at a quarter past eight,
To a relative of mine they go quite straight,
Packed up nicely for the week,
And come out neat on a Sunday. Chorus.

My old friend Bill, from Bethnal Green,
Says 'tis the best suit he'd ever seen,
For forty years they've never been
Worn but on a Sunday. Chorus.

To the Thames embankment go for a walk,
My suit of clothes is all the talk,
A fine old widow looked at me,
Last Sunday as I was out for a spree. Chorus.

These togs have got me three good wives,
Who kept them clean all their lives,
And taken them with them if they could,
But not for Joe on Sunday. Chorus.

Come Along Sister Mary.

Dedicated to Frank Cushman.

Words and Music by James A. Bland.

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I took sister Mary to de masquerade,
Come stay a little while longer,
We all did dance while de music played,
Come stay a little while longer.
When we promenade'd what a lovely sight,
Come stay a little while longer,
We'd dance and sing 'till de broad daylight,
Come stay a little while longer.

CHORUS.

Come along sister Mary, won't you,
Please come along, come along, come along,
Cut de hoe cake, tune de banjo,
Sing dat good old song.

I laughed out so hard, oh! dat my side did ache,
Come stay a little while longer;
De coons dey walked for de big pound cake,
Come stay a little while yet.
De cook Aunty Liza, was dressed like a queen,
Come stay a little while longer.
And such cuttin' up you nebber seen,
Come stay a little while yet, Chorus.

I ate roasted chicken 'till my head did swell,
Come stay a little while longer;
Such funny tales, dat we all could tell,
Come stay a little while yet.
I near kicked de bucket, when I saw big Luce,
Come stay a little while longer,
She walked the floor like a great fat goose,
Come stay little while yet. Chorus.

Sailing.

By Godfrey Marks.

The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

Y'heave-ho! my lads, the wind blows free,
A pleasant gale is on our lee,
And soon across the ocean clear,
Our gallant barque shall bravely steer;
But ere we part from England's shore's to-night,
A song we'll sing for home and beauty bright;
Then here's to the sailor, and here's to
hearts so true,
Who will think of him on the waters blue!
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere
Jack comes home again;
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere
Jack comes home again.

The sailor's life is bold and free,
His home is on the rolling sea,
And never heart more true or brave,
Than he who launches on the wave,
Afar he speeds in distant climes to roam,
With jocund song he rides the sparkling foam;
Then here's to the sailor, and here's to
the heart's so true,
Who will think of him upon the waters blue!
Sailing, sailing o'er the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere
Jack comes home again;
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere
Jack comes home again.

The tide is flowing in with the gale,
Y'heave-ho! my lads, set every sail;
The harbor bar we soon shall clear,
Farewell once more, to home so dear,
For when the tempest rages loud and long,
That home shall be our guiding star among,
Then here's to the sailor, and here's to
the hearts so true,
Who will think of him upon the waters blue!
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere
Jack comes home again;
Sailing, sailing over the bounding sea,
Many a stormy wind shall blow ere
Jack comes home again.

Wst, Wst. Wst! or; You're Always Sure to Catch Them With a Wst. Wst, Wst!

Sung by Tom Sayers,

By Henry Pettit. Arranged by Ernest J. Symons.

The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

Each animal and bird can hear the voice of love,
From the roaring lion to the turtle dove,
And when I want to call a mate, I have my way,
And in a language of my own, thus I say—

CHORUS.

How d'ye do? wst, wst! how are you? wst!
You are always sure to fetch them with
a wst, wst, wst!
Come along, wst, wst! nothing wrong, wst, wst!
Oh! won't you come and take a walk, and
wst, wst, wst!

One day I met a lady in the Central Park,
She said that she was fond of birds, and
liked a lark,
So I sat myself beside her 'neath the rustling trees,
And took her little hand in mine and
gave it a squeeze.
Chorus.

Says she, "I think my appetite is very good,
A pleasant meal I'd relish sir, indeed I should.
I'm good at ordering suppers, and I'll save
your self,
So if you do not mind, I'll order it myself."

CHORUS.

"Garcon, here! wst, wst,
Nothing queer, wst, wst!
We want the best of everything, wst, wst, wst!
And will test, wst, wst!
The very best, wst, wst!
And we don't mind what we pay for it,
wst, wst, wst!"

The way she ate, I thought that she herself
would hurt,
The soup, the fish, the entrees, joints,
and the dessert,
She truly said that appetite's a splendid sauce,
And she ordered in a different wine with
every course.

CHORUS.

Curaco, wst, wst!
She could lower, wst, wst!
She started on the wine list, with a wst, wst, wst!
Then some rum, wst, wst!
Yes, rum and gum, wst, wst!
Did the fairy sweetly order, with a wst, wst, wst,

She ordered everything with such a
charming grace,
That the bill was growing just about as long
as my face,
When in a hulking fellow came, who grimly said,
"If you don't pay the bill and go, I'll
punch your head!"

CHORUS.

Au revoir! wst, wst!
Through the door, wst, wst!
Then arm in arm they left me, with a
wst, wst, wst!
Waiter came, wst, wst!
Same old game, wst, wst!
"Come and settle for the supper, with a
wst, wst, wst!"

The charges were about as high as Bunker Hill,
Amazed, when I was called upon to square
that bill,
And when I went to settle up what could I do!
When I found my purse was gone, my watch,
my diamonds too!

CHORUS.

"Policeman, here! wst, wst!
Something queer, wst, wst!"
They had to fetch my father, with a wst, wst, wst!
Never try wst, wst!
If you're fly, wst, wst!
In the park to get a sweetheart, with a
wst, wst, wst!

The old Willow Chair where Grandmother sat.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Dr. T. D. C. Miller. Music by W. W. Bentley.

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The old willow chair now so aged and worn,
Where grandmother sat years before I was born;
Though covered with dust, and so near its decay,
Is dear to my heart in its treasures to-day.
There often my mother would rock me to sleep,
And when I was young o'er my fevered
cheek weep;
And then I would list to her fervent prayer,
While held in her arms, in the old willow chair.

CHORUS.

It rocked me by day, and it rocked me by night,
While with us sweet songs filled my heart
with delight,
And then her dear lips, would repeat a low prayer,
While holding me safe in the old willow chair.

I do not remember my grandmother mild,
For when she went home I was only a child;
But mother has told me again and again,
How calmly she bore all the long years of pain.
By day and by night, she was happy they say,
In rocking the hours and the moments away,
And this is the present she left to our care,
The best of all treasures her old willow chair.
Chorus.

It stood in the kitchen, long, long years ago,
Through many a season of sunshine and snow,
The old willow chair that our grandfather made,
And where in the slumbers of youth I was laid,
And there in the days I now love to recall,
It was by our circle most treasured of all;
But now in the garret a relic so rare,
All covered with webs stands the old willow chair.
Chorus.

Eily My Jewel.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by Ed. H. Benedict.
Copyright, 1876, and pub. by J. W. Smith, Jr, & Bro.
The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

Eily, my jewel, I'm dreaming about you,
Dreaming of you and the last time we met;
Sad are the days while I wander without you,
Fondly my heart breaths the sigh of regret.
Don't I remember how in the gloaming,
Sweetly you met me with smiles that were true,
Over the waters, though far I am roaming,
Still I am sighing and pining for you.

CHORUS.

Eily, my jewel! Eily, my darling!
Rose of my heart, and the girl I adore;
Sweeter your face, than the song of the starling,
Calling me back to your heart evermore.

Eily, my Jewel, the days have been lonely,
Thinking of you brings the tears to my cheek;
You are my pride, and my hope, dearest only,
Comfort and joy to the heart you could speak.
Have you forgotten—love, when we parted!
"Darling," you whispered, "oh! come back to me!"
Faithful and true, tho' I'm so weary-hearted,
Send me a kiss, love, afar o'er the sea! Chorus.

Eily, my jewel, my true love forever,
Soon may I clasp you again to my breast;
Far be the day, love, when next we shall sever,
Sweet be the hour when at home I shall rest;
Over the billows soon I'll be sailing;
Love is the star, dear, that leads me to you!
Joy to my soul when your cabin I'm hailing,
Eily, my jewel, so tender and true. Chorus.

Have You Seen Sarah?

Words and Music by Dumont & Mullaly.
Sung by T. M. Hengler.

Sensations scarcely pass away,
When new ones are at hand,
The latest is imported now
From France to Yankee-land.
With serenades and bouquets, too,
Receptions every day,
A fortune we must own, indeed,
To see Miss Sarah play.

CHORUS.

Have you seen Sarah?—ain't she a tearer,
None could be fairer than Miss Sarah B.
Froggies and poodles, claret and noodles,
And a lot of Fitzfoodles, oh! parly vous qui.

Her picture gallery is immense,
At least so I have heard;
A peck she eats at every gulp,
Just like a little biad.
A sculptor, too she claims to be,
But tell you this I must,
When chiseling out a marble head,
She's always on a bust. Chorus.

Finnegan's Masquerade.

Words by Jerry Cohan. Music by Robert Recker.
Sung with great success, by Paddy & Ella Murphy.
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Friends, here to-night, ye have an invite
To a grand masquerade of a high-toned family;
Put on yere queer clothes, masks and dominoes,
In gorgeous chapeaus ye'll hop, dance wid glee;
We'll have kings and clowns in their garbs and crowns,
Lords dukes and great ladies nice, there prominade,
All races of min, since the world did begin,
Will "mash-a" at the Finnegan's grand Masquerade;
Ceaser, Boss Kelly, and Brian Borrough,
Wid Sitting Bull skipping the gay tra-la-loo!

CHORUS.

There'll be Sprague wid his gun making Conkling run,
Then Garfield, Napolean, and Grant will parade,
The Parole horse will prance, Bernhardt will dance,
Wid Rowell at the Finnegan's grand Masquerade.

Russian and Turk will get in their work,
And East In-dy belles dance wid African beaus;
The bulls and the bears will assemble in pairs,
Brave Knights and fair dames will shake their dear toe,
The Spaniard and Moor will welt the wax floor;
Britannia's, Columbia's and Erin's fair maids,
With the Queen of Japan and a big Ingin man,
Will chow-chow at Finnegan's grand Masquerade.
Chorus.

Climb up, Climb up the Mountain Side.

EMMETT'S MOUNTAIN SONG.

Words by Feo. Maylard. Arranged by Louis Bodecker.
Copyright, 1878, by Geoege Gray.
The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 35 cents in postage stamps.

Oh! shust look at me now,
I vas a mountain guide,
Udd de ladies und de shentlemen,
In me dey do confide, dey do confide,
Und ven de strangers come to town,
To climb up de mountain top,
Ven dey don't go mit me,
Upon de road dey shtop,
Und de ladies got so fraid,
Dat de shentlemens leave dem behind, behind, behind,
De shentlemen's leave em behind.

CHORUS.

Climb up, climb up, climb up the mountain high,
De ladies are fond of fun and never go back on me,
Climb up, climb up, climb up the mountain high,
Dey like de fun and never go back on me,

And ven de ladies climb,
I help dem up so nice,
Und ven ve reach de mountain top,
I always try de ice, I try de ice.
Und ven de travelers most tired out,
I sing und make some fun.
And ven ve reach'd de chalet,
I fire de great big gun,
Und de echo you will hear,
Like de break of a thunder storm, dat's so, dat's so.
Like de break af a thunder storm.
Chorus.

Oh! why was I so Soon Forgotten.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Mannie Friend. Music by James A. Bland.
Sung with immense success by James Bland of Haverly's Colored Minstrels.
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The Music of this song is published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

Oh! why was I so soon forgotten,
When to me such fond vows were made,
Like the rays of sunlight she did promise
On me to cast love's only shade;
But, alas! my sorrow'd heart is weeping,
In this dreary world I'm left alone,
She why promised that she'd ne'er forget me,
Now claims another as her own.

CHORUS.

Oh! who was I so soon forgotten,
In anguish my poor heart aches with pain,
Tho' she's gone from me, and now's another's,
Still in heaven, mine she'll be again.
Since childhood, it has been my fortune,
To always find my fondest hopes decay,
I ne'er met with any hope or treasure,
But it would fade and pass away.
Tho' 'twas hard to hear that she had wronged me,
Still my lot in life I firmly knew,
When 'twas told me I had been forgotten,
I cried, she too, has been untrue. Chorus.

Sally Horner 'Round the Corner.

Words and Music by John T. Rutledge.
Sung with great success by Wallace King, Frank Dumont, and J. L. Carncross.
Copyright, 1880, by H. G. Hollenberg.
The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

There's a little girl that charms
The world as well as me,
With her eyes of blue, so sweet and true,
And heart so free.
Many hours among the flowers,
Do I pass with her;
Sallie Horner 'round the corner,
Little one so dear.

CHORUS.

Now I wonder, as I ponder,
If she's true to me,
If I'm any of the many,
Will she constant be.
None completer, none is sweeter,
In this world of ours,
Sallie Horner 'round the corner,
In her home of flowers.

You'll discover how to love her,
If you only try;
You'll be given gleams of heaven
If you catch her eyes.
Like the stars that gleam and glisten,
In the azure sky,
When she speaks the angels listen,
As they pass her by. Chorus.

She is very shy and merry,
In her roguish way,
I adore her more and more,
In all my love-lit days.
Always sueing, fondly wooing,
For her heart divine,
Sallie Horner 'round the corner,
She'll be mine. Chorus.

Acrobatic Mick.

Sung by James Powers.

As I strolled out one evening,
On one fine summer's day;
I chanced to meet a pretty dame,
She was coming along East Broadway,
She said she was an actor,
In a Jackson street fairy scene;
She had an eye just like a hawk,
And a mouth like a soup traleen.

CHORUS.

Oh! my, sing tra la lee,
Oh! my, sing tra la loo,
I will sing and dance for you,
Now watch this little trick;
I will throw myself clear out of sight,
For I'm an Acrobatic Mick.

I told her that I'd wed her,
She said all right, my dear;
I said I'd meet her in in the park,
If the weather it was clear.
I said don't disappoint me,
And don't play me no trick,
For if you do I'll tread on you,
I am an Acrobatic Mick. Chorus.

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Finegan Corterie.

WALTZ SONG.

Words by Jerry Cohan. Music by Emile Waldteufel.
Arranged by Tom McGuire.
Sung with great success, by Paddy & Ella Murphy.
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Skipping with Burdelia,
Through the mazy grand sasha,
Promenading with my darling,
Round and round so gay.
The most entrancing ones at dancing,
In the hall are we,
The prize we take, likewise the cake,
At the Finegan Corterie.

CHORUS.

Over the floor we gracefully slide,
In the Boston dip and the Hoboken glide,
All the dizzy dancers
In the hall soon envy me,
And fat Burdalia's long tail dress,
At the Finegan Corterie. (Dance.)

When the gong for supper is rung,
You will find us in the van;
She brushes the soap from my whiskers,
With her ten cent Japanese fan.
You can talk about your corn beef,
But the turkey give to me,
When we ate our fill we'd dance until
The end of the Corterie.
Over the floor, &c, and dance.

The Slattery Family.

By John Sheehan of Sheehan & Jones.
Sung by them with immense success in their new after piece, entitled "The Mounted Police."
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My name is Slattery, I'm a thoroughbred,
My father in Ireland is Lord Mayor;
I come here for to run for president,
From a place called County Clare.
I have a brother with great influence,
He's as smart as smart can be,
He is a member of the Irish Parliament,
And a member of the Slattery Family.

CHORUS.

Give three cheers for poor old Ireland,
Soon the Slattery's will set her free,
And the talk of all this country,
Will be the Slattery Family.

Our heads with learning is busting open,
And in this world we are shining lights,
We have fluent conversations,
And we stop political fights.
Soon we are going to rule this country,
No office holders there will be,
Civil rights they will be contested,
By the members of the Slattery Family.
Give three cheers, &c.

Silver Bells of Memory.

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In the hush of the evening tide,
Sitting by my cottage door,
Fancy softly seemed to glide,
Backward to the days of yore.
And I hear in changeful swells,
Sweetest tones of melody,
'Tis the sound of the silvery bells,
Silvery bells of memory.

CHORUS.

Silver bells! silver bells!
Silver bells of memory,
Silver bells! silver bells,
Silver bells of memory.

Many faces have grown old,
Many forms have been laid to rest,
Underneath the churchyard mould,
Ones I loved the most and best.
Since I've heard the distant swells,
Floating on the winds to me,
Low the sweet the silvery bells,
Silvery bells of memory. Chorus.

Now I seem to live once more,
All the dear delightful past,
Ere the shadows long before
Sunny skies had overcast.
When we wander in the dells,
Linger in the flowery lea,
List'ning to the silvery bells,
Now the bells of memory. Chorus.

Rose Patchoula.

SONG AND DANCE.

Respectfully dedicated to Counsellar Alfred Steckler.
Words by Mannie Friend. Music by James A. Bland.
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The rose so red, the violet blue,
Is sang of every day;
Forget-me-not's and pansies, too,
Are sang in every lay.
But I've got one to please you all,
It's new to you, I greet,
'Tis called the Rose Patch-ou-la,
With its fragrance rare and sweet.

CHORUS.

Its color so bright, 'tis wavy and light,
Always bowing meekly to the ground;
Its fragrance so rare, without thoughts of care,
The Patch-ou-la sweet for me. (Dance.)

When early morn the night does greet,
And daylight claims its sway;
'Tis then this little flower bright,
Its jewels does display.
Its briliant hues and colors light,
And wondrous beauty shows,
'Midst earth's fair blossom Patch-ou-la,
'Tis the loveliest flower that grows.
Chorus and Dance.

I've Brought Thee an Ivy Leaf.

Words by O. D. Martin. Music by D. Wood.
The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 10 cents in postage stamps.

I've brought thee an ivy leaf, only an ivy leaf,
From the land of the rose, where the
wild heather grows,
And the violet blossoms in quiet repose;
I've brought thee an ivy leaf, only an ivy leaf.

I'd have brought thee a flower, a beautiful flower,
But it would have sighed, till it faded and died,
And have drooped in humanity's withering tide;
So I brought thee an ivy leaf, only an ivy leaf.

I have brought thee a rosebud, a fairy like rosebud,
To place in thy hair, and to perfume the air,
But it like the flower would fade and despair,
So I brought thee an ivy leaf, only an ivy leaf.

An ivy leaf green, a beautiful ivy leaf,
Bright type of true heart, of true friendship
a part,
Oh! wear it forever, love, nearest thy heart,
I've brought thee an ivy leaf, only an ivy leaf.

There's Another Voice After This.

There once was a girl and her name was Sue,
Her curious story I'm telling you,
She wanted a sweetheart, but when she had two,
She didn't know what the dickens to do.

The first was a captain without any crew,
The second sold sugar and treacle and glue—
There's another voice after this.

The captain so valiant went down on his knee,
And said, pretty maiden, if you will agree,
You shall come in my boat, and come over the sea,
Such comical feelings have come over me,
When in come the grocer as mad as could be,
And pulled out a pistol and said, said he—
There's another verse after this.

Get out Mr. Captain, before I blows
Your head from your feet, and your feet
from your toes;
But then in a passion the mariner rose,
And knocked the poor fellow right out of
his clothes,
Then the maiden between them herself she throws,
And shrieked out the word that I now disclose—
There's another verse after this.

Police! police! and the force came round,
And saw the poor grocer lie dead on the ground,
The captain had bolted, and couldn't be found,
The maiden, thank goodness, was still safe
and sound,
Until the next day she got very much drowned,
And all her relations stood weeping around—
There's a funeral after this.

Only to Hear Her Voice.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Dedicated to David Gideon, Esq.
Words by Mannie Friend. Music by James A. Bland.
Now being sung with immense success by Mr. Louis Brown at Haverly's Colored Minstrels.
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Only to hear her voice once more!
No sweeter one was ever heard;
She was my life, my guiding star,
Charming and as gentle as a bird.
Could I but only hear her accent sweet,
Oft it made this heart of mine rejoice;
Those happy days fore'er have gone,
Never more I'll hear her voice.

CHORUS.

Only to hear her voice once more,
Oft I heard in the happy days of yore,
'Twould make this heart of mine rejoice,
Only to hear her voice.

In dreams I hear her voice so soft,
What boundless joy it brings to me!
Why did my hopes so soon decay,
And my only treasure from me flee.
Could not my lot in life have easier been,
Why was she so soon the angel's choice,
Alas! from earth her spirit's flown,
Never more I'll hear her voice. Chorus.

The Good-Bye at the Train.

Air: The Good-bye at the door.

When forced at length to part with one
With whom you've happy been,
How quickly memory conjures up
Each bygone favorite scene;
And as you hold the hand
Which you may never grasp again,
You feel, alas! how painful is
The good-bye at the train.

A thousand thoughts pervade your breast,
A thousand hopes and fears,
While the dear form's still near your side,
You scarcely see for tears.
Yes, as you hold the hand which you
May never clasp again,
You feel, alas! how painful is
The good-bye at the train.

EGGS FOR BREAKFAST IN THE MORNING. (Banjo Song.)

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.

1. I love to roam in the bright green fields, I love to live at the farm, I like to walk where the prim - rose grows, For the coun - try life's a charm, I like to wan-der in the old barn yard, And down by the old hay - stack, And lis - ten to de cluck-ing of de chick - ens and de chick, And the pret - ty lit - tle drakes quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack,

2. I love to think of dem days gone by, And now I'd be con - tent, To live once more on the huckleberry farm, Whar my boy - hood days were spent, Ah! dose were hap-py, hap - py days in - deed, And now dey all, all come back, When I lis - ten to de cluck-ing of de chick - ens and de chick, And the pret - ty lit - tle ducks quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack,

CHORUS.

Quack, quack, quack goes the mer - ry lit - tle ducks, The hens they cluck in warn - ing, When the Roos - ter crows, then ev - ery - bo - dy know's, There's eggs for your break-fast in the morn - ing.

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CONTENTS.

The Arion Ball.....page 668
A Decent, Complacent, Respectable man 666
BOTTLE'S EMPTY, WHISKEY'S GONE 666
The Bonnie Bouquet..... 666
Banbury Cross..... 667
BE HOME EARLY, TO-NIGHT, MY DEAR BOY 668
The BRIGHT EMERALD ISLE OF THE SEA..... 670
Chicago in Slices..... 669
Duffy's Mansard Roof..... 667
Dainty Little Lize..... 670
The FINEGIN CALICO BALL..... 666
EMPTY IS THE BOTTLE, FATHER'S TIGHT..... 670
Hi Jenny, &c, Jenny Johnson..... 671
HAB DEM LADDERS READY Music for Banjo and Guitar 672
Johnny Gollicher..... 668
Let us go to the Sheeney Wedding..... 669
Little Wife Nelly, the Light of my Home..... 669
List of Popular Sheet Music..... 670
The Man With the Split on his Nose..... 666
McCormick's Mule—Recitation..... 667
My Last Farewell..... 668
Maudie Moore..... 668
Mary's Gone With a Coon..... 669
The Night I got Caught on the Fence—Recitation..... 671
Out'n Our Old Barn..... 667
Oh! Ned, do make it Stop..... 668
Our Interesting Matter Column..... 671
The Old Fashioned Church on the Hill..... 671
PICKING UP GOLD IN THE STREETS 671
Pat Rooney..... 669
Potheen, Good Luck to ye, Dear..... 669
Run for the Doctor, Charlie Dear..... 669
Sweet Jane of Tyrone..... 667
Talk About Your Mosey..... 667
The True Irish Gents..... 668
Up at Jones' Wood..... 666
We do Like a Handful of Nuts..... 669
You're Old Enough to be my Dad..... 667

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The Man With the Split on his Nose.

BY RICHARD J. WIGOTT.

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I will sing of a charming young "feller,"
Jim Fahey, I think is his name;
Who possesses a beautiful "smeller,"
And I'm towld he's proud of the same.
His hair is a flimsy brown color,
And his cheeks are as red as a rose;
And the gang who he travels wid, calls him,
The man wid the split on his nose.

Chorus.

On Sunday he mashes the daisies,
When attired in his new suit o' clothes;
And for style there are few that can equal,
The man wid the split on his nose.

He belongs to a club called the "Fogies,"
The laziest set ever fed;
Sure, I'm towld by their fathers and mothers,
That they eat their meals while in bed.
But Fahey don't care for your sneering,
His fingers he snaps at his foes;
And it's few that look sweeter or neater,
Than he wid the split on his nose. Chorus.

Of "sharks," he's the greatest that ever
Played pool, or e'er handled a cue;
For as soon as he reaches a table,
He can waltz all the balls out of view.
As a singer he has become famous,
Faith his voice it resembles a crows;
If you once heark him sing "Mollie Darling,"
You'd open the split on his nose. Chorus.

Bottle's Empty, Whiskey's Gone.

PARODY ON CRADLE'S EMPTY, BABY'S GONE.

BY TOMMY TUCKER.

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Little empty bottle, you would tell a tale,
If once your mouth could only speak;
Yes, for you I've often had to go to jail,
And the judge would send me up Salt Creek,
Up on Blackwell's Island, I would almost cry,
When the spirits from you had all flown;
Sitting in my cell, there, I could only sigh—
Empty is the bottle whiskey's gone.

Chorus.

Little empty bottle, drained till not a sup,
In the bottom of it can be shown;
How I'd like a horn to keep my spirits up,
Empty is the bottle, whiskey's gone.

Don't the Bible tell us love your enemies,
And the worst one, whiskey is its name;
When I'm over-loaded, I go as I please,
And my feet are hardly much to blame.
When I stumble down into the mud-gutter,
And the cop says, come along, now, John;
As I clasp it tightly, I can only mutter—
Empty is the bottle, whiskey's gone. Chorus.

The Finegin Calico Ball.

Words by Jerry Cohan. Music by Harry Saxton.

Sung with great success, by Paddy & Ella Murphy.

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The Music of this song is published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

Bis-mark Finegin, Esquire,
That's my cognomen in full,
States-man by occupation,
A Democrat dyed in the wool.
Gay, grand, high-toned and dacent,
All are the Finegin's bright,
Come one and all, to the calico ball,
At the Finegin mansion to-night.

Chorus.

Finegin's great, and Finegin's grand. (Sym.)
Hear the sweet music of the Finegin band. (Sym.)

Josies, Jamies, and Bridgies,
Dressed in their calico's, all,
Ate, drink, laugh and, be merry,
At the Finegin Calico Ball.

Rosies, nose-gays and posies,
Fragrantly filling the room,
Smelt by Irish pug-noses,
On faces wid pleasure's bloom,
Music wafting with laughter,
Rippling from lips all aglow,
Teeth, like pearls of the first water,
The Finegin beauties can show.

Chorus.

Finegin's common, and Finegin's grand, (sym.
Finegin music from Finigin's band, (sym.)
Patsies, Katies, and Arthurs,
Julias, Dans, Maries and all,
Wealth, style, beauty and brains,
At the Finegin Calico Ball.

Up at Jones' Wood.

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SUNG BY MURPHY & MACK.

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You may talk about your pic-nics,
That go so far away;
Off to Coney Island,
Or else to Rockaway.
There is nothing suits me better,
When the breeze would do you good,
As to spend a moonlight evening
Up at Jones' Wood.

Chorus.

It's there the pretty girls you'll see
Waltzing all around;
Oh! my lovely Sally,
I'll never leave this town.
I'll take you in the evening,
When the breeze would do you good,
And I'll hug you and I'll kiss you,
Up at Jones' Wood.

I'll ask you, lovely Sally,
If you will be my bride;
We will wander arm-in-arm, love,
By the lone East River side.
It's then I'll await your answer,
And be it bad or good,
And I'll hug you and I'll kiss you,
Up at Jones' Wood. Chorus.

The Bonnie Bouquet.

BY JAMES V. BARRETT.

As I gaze on this withered bouquet,
Composed now of dead faded flowers:
It recalls a bright former day.
When culled from their fair native bowers.
She said, "when you're over the sea,
In other lands, far, far away,
As a token in mem'ry of me,
My love, keep this bonnie bouquet."

Chorus.

My bonnie bouquet, my bonnie bouquet,
Composed of the blossoms and flowers of May;
The queen of my heart, this gift did impart,
Sweet token, my bonnie bouquet.

'Tho' withered and sadly decay'd,
Is the sweet little emblem I love,
I'll cherish it for that fair maid,
No matter where'er I may rove.
Nay nothing could tempt me to part
With this little withered bouquet;
The gift of that dear little heart,
In other lands far, far away. Chorus.

The Dacent, Complacent, Respectable Man.

BY W. J. ASHCROFT.

You see now before you a man well to do,
And Dan Donoghue that's my name;
I hould up my head as the world I go through,
And all honest men do the same.
For ten years to business I stuck like a brick,
And a snug little sum put away,
And when I am out in the streets I am sure
To hear somebody as I pass say—

Chorus.

That's Dan Donoghue, he's a man well to do,
Let them, deny it who can;
If you look in my face you can easily see—
I'm a dacent, complacent, respectable man.

Now, when the Assizes come on in our town,
The jury finds plenty to do;
And if they elect a foreman that's straight,
It's sure to be Dan Donoghue.
Though I don't understand the foine points of the law,
Still to tell right from wrong that I can;
And I'm proud for to say, never once in my time
Have I condemned an innocent man.

Chorus.

When asked to a party, a christening, or fair,
Shure I'm always there to be seen;
For I'm not to proud to mix with the crowd,
And drink a small taste of potheen.
The poor I befriend, and my money I spend,
For it makes me feel happy and gay;
I suppose that's the reason when out on the street
I'm sure to hear somebody say— Chorus.

We do Like a Handful of Nuts.

BY GEOFFREY THORN. MUSIC BY W. REDMOND.

The Music of this song is published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 30 cents in postage stamps.

A troupe of trained monkeys once tragedy played,
In crowns, robes and armor all grandly array'd,
They solemnly went through their parts without cuts,
'Till a boy on the stage threw a handful of nuts.
In a moment the company scrambles and shrieks,
And with big Barcelonas are stuffing their cheeks,
From acting to nature the monkeys soon pass,
And the tragedy ends in a wild screaming farce.

Chorus.

Take it all round human nature's the same,
Whatever the figure it cuts;
All playing a part in life's little game,
We do like a handful of nuts.

There's the pious old party with countenance long,
Who tells you that riches are all sinful and wrong,
Just give him a chance of making some pelf,
And at bargains, lor! how he goes in for himself.
There's the patriot Beales who at Government tilts,
It's a snug country court brings him down from his stilts,
And a bobby don't know when a publican's shuts,
If his head's in a pot, that's his handful of nuts.

Chorus.

There's the starchy old party who rails at the stage,
For the ballet girls' skirts are a shame on the age,
Just you see how he'll jump the chance of a stall,
At a house where the darlings wear nothing at all.
There's the parson who preaches that vanity's sin,
That we ought to be humble, and never like tin,
In the "Row" what a figure that fat prelate cuts,
When a Bishopric brings him a handful of nuts.

Chorus.

The Lord Mayor of London when spending his gold,
In blow-outs to princes, is never, I'm told,
Fishing for titles or such dainty plums,
But he kicks up a row if the nut never comes.
The strong-minded young lady who bullies the men,
Going in for the School Board or journalist's pen,
Just you show her a husband, how soon her mouth shuts,
It makes all the difference that handful of nuts.

Chorus.

Duffy's Mansard Roof.

PARODY ON DOWN IN GOSSIP ROW.

BY TOMMY TUCKER.

There is a gang of loafers,
Who do never work at all;
But spend their time at playing pool
For cigars or a ball.
Upon a Sunday afternoon,
Their throats are water-proof,
From drinking beer and singing loud,
On Duffy's Mansard Roof.

Chorus.

There's McIntyre the masher.
And Jimmy McAvoy,
Billy Smith the ladies pet,
McCue the beardless boy.
The very funny four,
They swing a lively hoof,
And keep the people all awake,
On Duffy's Mansard Roof.

McNulty with the music box,
Called an accordeon;
Does play all the latest comic tunes,
And then they do raise fun.
Such dancimg and such waltzing, sure,
Well, I should smile, yes, pooph!
To see them dance the lanciers, oh!
On Duffy's Mansard Roof. Chorus.

The music it stops all at once,
They scatter here and there;
Police are coming on the roof,
To catch them unaware.
The lads they ridicule the cops,
'Tis woven in the woof,
When we are dead, young men will sgout,
On Duffy's Mansard Roof. Chorus.

You're Old Enough to be My Dad.

BY J. TABAR.

Some girls say I'm naughty, some girls say I'm bad,
They all say I'm old enough to be their dad;
We lark and we frolic like children at play,
Whenever I squeeze them, they laugh and they say—

Chorus.

You're old enough to be my dad, you know you are, you know you are,
You're old enough to be my dad, you ought to be a pa;
You're old enough to be my dad, you know you are, you know you are,
You're old enough to be my dad, you know you are, you know you are.

I treat them to champagne, to port wine and cakes,
I act like a father to them for their sakes;
One after the other they sit on my knee,
I bless them with kisses, then they say to me.
Chorus.

For presents I buy them nice little gold rings,
And sometimes I send them all sorts of nice things;
They love me because I don't care what I pay,
I feel myself honor'd whenever they say.
Chorus.

I've never been married, I mean to be yet,
For years I have tarried to meet with a pet;
I've found one at last, for I met her last night,
Though she consented, she said with delight.
Chorus.

McCormick's Mule.

BY JAMES RICHMOND. RECITED BY PAT ROONEY.

McCormick had a Jack-ass,
Blind in the teeth, lame in one eye;
He had a celebrated record,
For eating water and drinking pie.
This Jack-ass was a high kicker,
He won many an undisputed prize;
He kicked out seven rows of Mrs. Murphy's teeth,
And jabbed out both her eyes.
McCormick's Mule.

This mule was born in Ireland,
He wears the shamrock on his nose;
At the Centennial he stole an iron safe,
And dressed himself in a suit of clothes;
He broke into a jewelry store,
Stabbed the proprietor with a nail;
Chased four policemen into the river,
And set fire to the jail.
McCormick's Mule.

McCormick was arrested and produced the mule,
For him all the neighbors had a grudge;
He slapped the jury in the mouth with his tail,
And kicked the neck-tie off the judge.
The mule escaped, and they held McCormick,
For the doings of the mule he was tried;
He was just getting ten years' sentence,
When a telegram came that the mule had died.
McCormick's Mule.

Sweet Jane of Tyrone.

My father oft told me he would not control me,
He'd make me a draper, would I stay at home;
But I took a notion, to a higher promotion,
For to try other parts in the county Tyrone.

We were at variance, when I parted from my parents,
So little they knew the road I had gone;
But thank my instructor and kind conductor,
That landed me safe from the county Tyrone.

When I came from Newry, I fell a weaving,
I courted o girl for a wife of my own;
With quick apprehensions she made mention,
Saying where is your character you brought from Tyrone.

As for my character, you need never mind it,
I never was married, nor promised to one,
She swore by her conscience she would run a chance,
And travel with me to the county Tyrone.

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
We travell'd from Kildock by the three mile stone,
The guard did pursue us, but never could view us,
I'd wished from my heart I'd my love in Tyrone.

As we were a walking and lovingly talking,
We met with an old man who was all alone,
He told them he met us, and where they could get us,
And that we were talking of the county Tyrone.

This eased their trouble, their steps they did double,
They swore if they caught me they'd break all my bones,
They swore if they caught me, a pris'ner they'd make me,
Transport me to Antigua, hang me in Tyrone.

A canal being nigh, where a vessel did lie,
And all my whole story to them I made known,
They threw a plank to us, and on board they drew us,
And told us the vessel was bound for Tyrone.

As my love lay pining, lamenting and dying,
I offered her cordial, when I brought her home;
With a quick apprehension, she quickly did mention,
Love I'll be without them till I come to Tyrone.

When we were landed in our native country,
And all my whole story to my parents made known,
Five hundred pounds he gave us if that would not do,
They crown us with glory in the county of Tyrone.

These two live together in joy and pleasure,
And if you want to see them, you must go to Tyrone,
My love's name to finish, was Miss Jenny Maginnis,
In happiness live in the county of Tyrone.

Banbury Cross.

WORDS E. OXFORD. MUSIC BY MILTON WELLINGTON.

Oh! pray tell me the road to Banbury Cross,
To Banbury Cross," said she,
For, I've missed my way, and am quite at a loss,
They'll wonder what's happen'd to me."
O Banbury Cross, pretty maiden, he said,
Is many a mile ahead,
But I'll show the way,
That is if I may?
I thank you, good sir, she said.

So they journey'd along toward Banbury Cross,
Thro' lanes that were bordered with flowers;
As she coyly spoke of the ferns and moss,
She culled the bright summer hours.
At Banbury Cross, pretty maiden, he said,
What happy lives must be led;
How I wish, yes I do,
That I lived there too!
And why not, good sir? she said.

The church bells are ringing at Banbury Cross,
All Banbury Cross is gay!
And afar and near there rings many a cheer
For those to be married to-day.
At Banbury Cross, little wife, said he,
We'll live when we are wed!
And forever and aye I shall bless the day,
We met on the way, she said.

Talk About Your Moses.

SUNG BY HARRY WOODSON.

If you was me and I was you,
Sing glory hallelujah,
I wonder what this chile would do,
Sing glory in my soul.
I'll sing dat song in de morning about night,
Sing glory hallelujah,
Now join in de chorus don't be late,
Sing glory in my soul.

Chorus.

Um, what talk about your Moses,
Glory hallelujah,
Glory hallelujah,
Sing glory in my soul.

Now all my friends here to-night sing,
Glory hallelujah,
Just learn to shout, and try to do right,
Sing glory in my soul.
Dat you may reach dat happy land,
Sing glory hallelujah,
And dere you'll be a happy band,
Sing glory in my soul. Chorus.

Out'n our old Barn.

Go tell de neighbors to hurry,
Invite 'em all to come,
Dressed in Sunday garments,
There's going to be some fun;
Go tell Susan Carter,
And Simple Simon Snow,
Go wake Uncle Reuben.
For he am going to go,

Chorus.

Den music will be playing,
Dancing ain't no harm,
Come and jine the neighbors,
Out'n our old barn.

Out in de street this evening,
When the sun went down,
We met two colored wenches,
Feet all over de ground.
We say, "excuse us ladies,
We don't mean any harm,
Come and jine the frolic,
Out'n our old barn. Chorus.

Maudie Moore.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY WILL S. HAYS.

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There's a little vine-clad cottage,
At the foot of yonder hill;
There's a fairy form that wanders
Down to her father's mill;
Back again through beds of flowers,
Moves this beauty I adore,
And I see her at the window,
Modest maiden, Maudie Moore.

Chorus.

Meet me, Maudie, I am waiting,
Where we've met so oft before;
Let me tell you how I love you,
Little sweetheart, Maudie Moore.

Summer roses love to gather
All about the garden wall;
None are sweeter or so lovely,
She's the fairest of them all.
When I see her form so perfect,
Standing in the cottage door,
Then I think her home is heaven,
And its angel, Maudie Moore. Chorus.

Eyes so bright as stars of evening,
Brow as fair as fair can be;
Cheeks like roses lips like cherries,
She is all the world to me.
When my heart with friendships beating,
Love comes knocking at the door;
Friendship jumps out at the window
Love leads in my Maudie Moore. Chorus.

The Arion's Ball.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOHN M'VEIGH.

The Arions gave a ball last night,
And didn't we have fun:
Two Germans played on clarionets,
And a Frenchman beat the drum;
A Colored man with a tambourine,
And a Jew with a big trombone;
While a Chinaman he beat a gong,
To give the band a tone.
All the ladies were a singidg,
Merry, happy, light;
And the music was a ringing,
At the Arion ball last night.

Chorus.

All cross hands, balance to your partners,
Forward four, hear the leader call:
All promenade, salute your partners,
At the Arion festive ball.

Susie Summerfield she was there,
I tell you she looked neat;
She raised the dust upon the roof,
With her eighteen carat feet;
Miss Mollie Williams, too, was there,
I thought her heart would break;
For the bell of the ball was Lizzie Hall,
Who carried off the cake.
All the ladies were a singing,
Merry, happy, light;
And the music was a ringing,
At the Arion ball last night. Chorus.

Johnny Gollicher.

As I was walking through Newry one day,
I met Sergeant Kelly by chance, on my way,
He says Johnny Gollicher, will you come
along with me,
To the sweet town of Newry, strange
faces to see.

As we was a sitting and taking a drim,
He says, Johnny Gollicher, you're a
handsome young man,
Will you list and take the bounty, and
come along with me,
To the sweet town of Newry, happy hours
for to see.

He put his hand in his pocket, one
shilling he drew,
Saying, take this, Johnny Gollicher, hopes
you'll ne'er rue;
I took the shilling, and the bargain was made,
And the ribbon was bought and pinn'd
to my cockade.

My mother is dead, and she'll never return,
My father twice married, and a wife he
brought home;
My father's twice married, and a wife he
brought home,
And to me he proves cruel, and does me disown.

Bad luck to my uncle, wheresoever he may be,
For he was the ruin and downfall of me;
If my father had been an honest man
and learnt me a trade;
I would never have cause to wear a cocade.

God help all poor parents who has a bad son,
They don't know the hardships they
have to run,
Stuck in a cold guard room, all night
and next day,
And on the field of battle their enemies to slay.

The True Irish Gents.

SUNG BY THE MURPHYS, PADDY AND ELLA.

It's a shame on the stage how they
mimic our race,
In a style that's a mystery to me;
How the people in front will stand such insult,
Receiving such blockheads with glee.
If they went to old Ireland they'd find
their mistake,
For our boys and our girls are well dressed,
In manners as well to you I will tell,
For they stand in the land with the best.

Chorus,

For in singing and dancing, and all kinds
of sport,
And if ever to Ireland you went,
From their heads to their toes, they all
wear decent clothes—
I speak of a true Irish gent.

Sure they make up their faces, and look
just like fools,
And they walk like a dog with three legs;
If they went to ould Ireland to show
them such sport,
They'd be pelted with stones and bad eggs;
For it's there you'll find ladies and
gentlemen, too,
Educated, kind-hearted and true,
And I hope for to see that little isle free,
And the green with the red, white and blue.
Chorus.

Oh! Ned do make it Stop.

PARODY ON—OH! FRED TELL THEM TO STOP.

I was determined last Ballyclare Fair,
I'd have a blow out for a day;
Me and Judy McGuire, in our best attire.
On the road we started so gay;
Into all shows we went, lots of coppers I spent,
Och! the pleasuer we had was immense,
Thin we came to a galvanic battery stand,
It was there that the fun did commence.

Chorus.

Oh! Ned, do make it stop,
Shouted out Judy Maguire,
It tickles me so, an' I can't let it go,
Shure the divil's got into the wire.

A crowd soon did throng, to see what
was wrong,
To cod Judy they all did join,
I cried, not so strong, but the man says go-long,
Shure you're getting the value of your coin.
Oh! Lord save my sowl, how Judy did howl,
And she kicked up her heels in the air,
An' the louder she'd roar, he'd just put
on more,
It was the greatest sight at the fair.
Oh! Ned, &c.

Her face got blood-red, she says I'm
murthered, Ned,
She fell right away on her back,
By my conscience the people all thought
she was dead,
An' got serious just in a crack;
But some mountain dew did soon bring her to,
Thin for home we did speed, her an' me;
She swears by the book, that by hook or
by crook,
At the fair again she'll never be.
Oh! Ned, &c.

Be Home Early To-Night, My Dear Boy.

BY JOHNNY GIBBONS.

I have traveled through life, I have seen
many things,
That surprised me in every form;
I have been at the plow, I have been at
the spade,
'Till dark, and at sunrise in the morn.
But at night I would go for some pleasure
through town,
I was always for pleasure and joy,
My mother would say when going away,
Be home early, to-night, my dear boy.

Chorus.

Be home early to-night, my dear boy
Be home early to-night, my dear boy;
Don't spend all your money to gamble
and drink,
Be home early to-night, my dear boy.

One night I left home, and poor mother
was sick,
In fever of torture and pain;
She says, my dear boy take the motto I give,
I may not give it to you again.
But when I returned from my night's fun
and joy,
I heard my poor mother was dead;
'Twas then a cold chill through my body
did run,
When I thought of the last words she said.
Chorus.

All young men that are here, take a word
of advice,
To your father and mother attend;
For a good mother's love it must not be forget,
When she's gone you've lost your best friend,
Don't spend all your money to gamble
and drink,
There are many things you can enjoy;
Take the lesson I give 'twas a mother's request,
Keep good hours at night my dear boys.
Chorus,

My Last Farewell.

BY FRANK LAVARNIE, FOR KATE MONTROSS.

'Tis strange, tho' I cannot forget,
'Twas just one year ago;
To better lands, tho' far away,
My little pet did go.
Tho cherished with the fondest hopes,
Her love I ne'er could tell;
Until I left her one bright morn,
It was my last farewell.

Chorus.

Oh! yes, 'twas but a year ago,
Her love I know it well;
It seems to me but yesterday,
I took my last farewell.

She's left this world and gone above,
With angels to rejoice;
Where they will welcome her with love,
On hearing her sweet voice.
When e'er I pass that little cot,
That stands beside the dell;
I often think of days gone by,
When I took my last farewell.
Oh! yes, &c.

Pat Rooney.

Pat Rooney was deeply in love with his Kathleen,
The prettiest maid in the merry Tralee,
She didn't requite his fond love to his liking,
And he often thought what the reason could be.
"She sighs and she simpers yet still she is
cold-like,"
Said Pat in despair "my belief it does pass."
But if I must tell it there was a good reason,
Poor Pat, thirsty soul, was too fond of his glass,
Poor Pat, thirsty soul, was to fond of his glass.

Now Pat had a crony, one honest Tim Connor,
Who over their cups just in confidence towld,
That Kate had oft said he was too fond of whiskey,
"Bedad then," says Pat, "och! she knows
me of old."
But cure from this moment I'll lave off
my drinking,
For just to plaze her I can do it's the least,
Kate heard the resolve, and what think you
came of it?
Why, what but a job, a nate job for the priest.

Potheen, Good Luck to Ye, Dear.

Av I was a monarch in state,
Like Romulus or Juilus Caysar,
With the best of fine victuals to eat,
And drink like the great Nebuchadnezzar.
A rasher of bacon I'd have,
And potatoes the finest was seen, sir;
And for drink, it's not claret I'd crave,
But a keg of ould Mullin's potheen. sir,
With the smell of the smoke on it still.

They talk of the Romans of ould,
Whom they say in their own times was frisky;
But trust me to keep out the cowld,
The Romans at home here like whiskey.
Sure it warms both the head and the heart,
It's the soul of all readin' and writin';
It teaches both science and art,
And disposes for love or for fightin',
Oh! potheen, good luck to ye, dear.

Mary's Gone With a Coon.

End Song.

SUNG BY MILT G. BARLOW & BILLY KERSANDS.

COPYRIGHT 1880, BY G. D. NEWHALL.

The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Mus c Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

Dar's heaps of trouble on de old man's mind,
Come darkies, weep wid me,
My Mary Ann's run away wid a coon,
And he's black, he's black as he can be.
But I wouldn't care if he was only yellow,
But he's black all o'er;
He's porter in a store, and my heart it is tore,
When I think the matter o'er,
That the child that I bore,
Should think of me no more,
Than to run away with a great black coon.

Chorus.

Mary's gone with a coon,
Mary's gone with a coon,
Heaps of trouble on de old man's mind,
Since Mary's gone wid a coon.

Oh! I never thought when I raised that child,
Of the trouble she would be to me;
She has had everything that her heart
could wish,
She was raised in the lap of luxury,
And I never once for a moment suspected,
But that she'd reflected, before she selected,
A man more respected, more highly connected,
Less darkly complected, and not have dejected
This old man's mind with trouble like this.
Chorus.

Now all of you people who have children
to raise,
Take warning at my fate;
Watch over them carefully, or else you'll find,
Like me that you have been too late,
For girls are wild when they're in their teens,
They're always after beaux, and wearing
good clothes,
And going to shows, and no one knows,
All the troubles and woes, from a parent's
heart flows,
It's enough to break this old man's heart.
Chorus.

Little Wife Nelly, the Light of my Home.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY HARRY KENNEDY.

COPYRIGHTED. 1880, BY W. H. KENNEDY,
128 DUFFIELD ST, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Mu ic Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y, and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

There's a little white cotage, half hid by the trees,
Where in summer the roses they perfume
the breeze;
And the song of the nightingale singing its lay,
Fills the woodland with music at close of the day.
A little white face at the window is seen,
'Tis my wife's happy smile—of my heart
she's the queen;
And I always shall love her wherever I roam,
Little wife Nelly, the light of my home!

Chorus.

Her eyes are like diamonds, her face is so fair,
And a little pale rose decks her bonnie brown hair,
Oh! I always shall love her wherever I roam,
Little wife Nelly, the light of my home.

On the floor there's a baby, that's just
turning three,
And the little voice whispers, "come papa,
take me;"
Then a soft silken arm round my neck is entwined,
With a kiss from my Nelly, so good and so kind.
I care not for riches while she's by my side,
And I oft bless the day that I made her my bride;
For no matter what trials or sorrows may come,
I shall always love Nelly, my own. Chorus.

Run for the Doctor Charlie Dear.

When I got married, the wife she said,
"Mamma will live with us,"
I felt a strong objection, but
I feared to make a fuss;
And so "the old 'un came, alas!
I fear she'll never go,
And the worst, oh dear, she's always queer,
For every day or so—its

Chorus.

Run for the doctor, Charlie dear,
Mother's taken awfully queer;
Run for your life for Doctor Crup,
If you fall down don't stop to get up;
Tell him she's got the old attack,
Thingamy up and down her back;
Make haste, dear, or else I fear,
She'll never live till morning.

My married life's a swindle, and
My home a doctor's shop,
There's nothing but bottles and nasty smells,
Of physic from bottom to top;
She's twenty bottles of physic a week,
She's always taking pills;
The doctors pay her visits, and
I pay the doctor's bills! Chorus.

She's always on the moan, and groans
About the pain she feels,
Complains of loss of appetite,
Directly after her meals;
She does her port, her drops of "sherl,"
Her chicken her lamb and peas,
Whilst I'm reduced to mutton cold,
And sometimes bread and cheese. Chorus.

Since she's been in the house I've been
A wretched bachelor quite,
I only see my wife of a day,
For she's with her ma all night;
Sometimes I get asleep, and dream
I'm settled in Paradise,
But the wife soon comes and turns me out,
And the weather cold as ice. Chorus.

Chicago in Slices.

SUNG BY FRANK LUK, THE GREAT MONTO AND TOPICAL SINGER.

I have been to the north and been to the south,
In traveling a man may a-far go,
To the jumping off place before you will find
A city to compare with Chicago.
If you never have altered your name in your life,
Or never did up to a bar go,
Or never run away with another man's wife,
They wan't let you live in Chicago.

Some folks send by Adams Express,
And others put faith in old Fargo;
But if you want to go to the devil direct,
Just enter yourself for Chicago.
The city with fast gals and gay gamboliers,
Is as full as a ship with a cargo,
And it is truthfully said, that the very best men
Fight Chickens and dogs in Chicago.

The Infants they feed on whiskey direct,
And for liquor they to their ma's go;
And the muly cows give as some might expect,
Whiskey punch in the town of Chicago.
They won't let the ministers live in the town,
For on him they will put an embargo,
Unless he drinks wine with all his
young friends,
And then he may stay in Chicago.

The men they play at faro and poker,
And the most of them to the war did go;
And they sing that good song of the
Bonnie Blue Flag,
All night in the streets of Chicago.
Some might say their morals are bad,
Or that they too far below par do go,
But the devil a moral the folks ever had,
Who live in the town of Chicago.

Let us go to the Sheeney Wedding.

BY HARRY THOMPSON.

Let us go to the Sheeney wedding,
All the Sheeney's will be there,
Such a dancing and such singing,
It will be a grand affair.
All the high-toned Hebrew people,
Will be there from every town,
Such a fun and such a beauty,
Will be at the Sheeney wedding.

Chorus.

All the Sheeney's will be there,
Now Solinsky, curl your hair;
Bring along your Sarah quick,
To the Sheeney wedding.
Won't we have a jolly time,
Eating motzers and drinking wine,
All the high-toned Hebrews will
Be at the Sheeney wedding.

We will have some Hebrew klosskys,
And garlic also sweet,
You should see the Hebrew people,
At the supper how they eat.
Mr. Honyamann will make a speech,
Which will make the Hebrews sick,
When Solinsky he makes a jump,
And hits him with a brick. Chorus.

Old Isaac Davis will play the fiddle,
And Solinsky will beat the drum,
And Isaac Moses will play the piano,
You bet there will be lots of fun.
Then the Sheeneys in the hall,
They will quickly raise a fight,
When Isaac will turn out the gas,
To end the Sheeny wedding. Chorus.

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MRS. PAULINE LIEDER, 60 Chatham Street. N. Y.

The Bright Emerald Isle of the Sea.

Erin, dear Erin, no isle so enchanting,
Was ever yet seen in the frame of the sea,
A bright emerald gem, in which nothing is wanting
To show what a jewel of earth ought to be.
Wherever we wander thy memory we cherish,
Whene're from our vision thy shores may depart,
There is not a tint of thy verdure can perish,
So deeply each hue is engraved in our heart.

Oh! Erin, dear Erin, a'midst gladness and sorrow,
For thee have we mingled the smile and the tear,
When darkest the night, we have known that the morrow,
With rays that were brightest was sure to be near;
Thy welfare, dear Erin, for ever we'll cherish,
Tho' absent from thee, thou'rt dear to the heart,
There is not a tint of thy verdure can perish,
So deeply each hue is engraved in our hearts.

Empty is the Bottle, Father's Tight.

PARODY ON, EMPTY IS THE CRADLE BABY'S GONE.

BY WILLIE WILDWAVE.

Oh! thou empty bottle, standing all alone,
What mis'ries to many you unfold!
Oh! thou dreadful tempter, causing many a moan,
From the hearts of both the young and the old.
When your baneful shadow casts its glance on me,
Bright day seems turned to bitter night;
Then I glance in sadness, and behold, I see—
Empty is the bottle—father's tight.

CHORUS.

Oh! that dreadful monster, ever causing woe,
Oh! that thou were banished from my sight!
Then would peace and gladness cast its warming glow,
Empty is the bottle father's tight.

Oh! the desolation by the curse of rum!
Oh!, that you would lose your wicked sway!
Causing ruin and squalor, striking people dumb,
Filling convict prisons day by day.
When your dreaded sceptre is torn from thy grasp,
Then rejoicing and delight
Will fill the world with gladness, dear old hands will clasp,
Empty is the bottle—father's tight. Chorus.

Dainty Little Lize.

BY GEO. DIXON FOR THE WELSEY BRO'S.

One evening it was twilight,
In the merry month of May,
I took a little ramble
For to pass the time away;
And a-strolling leisurely—
The visions haunts my eyes—
I saw a form par excellence,
T'was my dainty little Lize.

CHORUS.

Oh! she is the girl that took my eyes, (Break.)
And for love I'd almost die, (Break.)
Oh! she is a perfect Venus
And just about the size,
She is the sweetest of the sweet,
My dainty little Lize.

The sequel I will tell you,
She promised to be mine;
And the happy day is mentioned
And won't we have a time!
In a little cottage by the sea
Where love it never dies;
It's there I'll spend my happy days
With my dainty little Lize. Chorus.

Hi, Jenny! Ho, Jenny Johnson.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY P. H. GALE & E. FRENCH.

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128 DUFFIELD ST, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Mu ic Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

Once I loved a yaller girl,
She said she'd marry me;
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny! ho, my Jenny Johnson!
Saw her eating apples at a huckleberry bee,
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny Johnson!
Took her to a ball and we never did get back,
Till the breaking of the morn,
When you hear the chickens quack;
She wouldn't take the cars,
So I took her in a hack;
Hi, Jenny! ho, Jenny Johnson!
J-o-n-n-y, Jenny J-o-n-son, Johnson.

CHORUS.

Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny,
Come along with me;
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny,
Ho my Jenny Johnson.
Sweeter than the honey
At a huckleberey bee,
——Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnson.

Oh! my daughter Jenny,
She's the sweetest girl in town;
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny,
Ho, my Jenny Johnson!
Captivates the neighborhood,
For miles and miles around,
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnson!
Said she lov'd another,
And it broke my heart in two,
And I had to get it mended
With a little piece of glue;
She gave me back my locket,
And a little silver shoe;
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnson!
J-o-n-n-y. Jenny J-o-n-son, Johnson.
Chorus.

Now my Jenny's married
To a little yaller coon,
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny, ho, my Jenny Johnson!
Take care for Jenny's hubby for he'd
kill you mighty soon,
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnson.
Wooly headed picaninnies running
round the floor,
For they say there's only two,
But I wish they had a score;
I'm gwine away to China,
So I'll never see her more:
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny, Johnson!
J-o-n-n-y Jenny J-o-n-son, Chorus.

The Night I got Caught on the Fence.

RECITATION BY WM. HARDMAN.

COPYRIGHT 1881, BY MRS. PAULINE LIEDER.

The moon it was beaming around us.
We sat in the yard all alone;
And as she was saying, now, don't, love,
I heard a queer sound like a groan.
I turned and looked up at the window,
Don't laugh if my poor head I rub,
For there I beheld the gal's papa,
With two glaring eyes and a club.

A sense of departure came o'er me,
I soon forgot love and the maid;
And hearing loud footsteps approaching,
The exit I quickly surveyed.
I'll not say if I got excited,
Or whether I looked rather pale,
But will say while climbing that back fence,
Something got caught on a nail.

It's true to the fence I did hurry,
While shaking a little with fear;
In tugging so hard to get over,
My collar worked up to my ear.

I heard a bow wow coming nearer,
A dog, yes, by thunder, I swear;
Bang went a pistol, and lordie,
How that crooked nail it did tear.

The gal she was moaning and weeping,
As daddie came out in a rage:
And there for that parent's sweet temper,
That nail kept me tight in a cage.
The dog made a jump for my coat-tail,
While papa he went for my head;
I gathered myself up in pieces.
And laid for a month on my bed.

But still I have learned a good lesson,
When courting I go any more,
I'll not steal my way up an alley,
But ring like a man at the door.
And if there's a dog round the building,
Or papa is bigger than me;
I'll measure my way to the sidewalk,
And say pretty maid tra-la-lee.

The Old Fashioned Church on the Hill.

SUNG BY NED HARRY.

The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

There's an old fashioned house in the old country,
There's an old fashioned couple live there;
There's an old fashioned gate by the old
country road,
And an old fashioned man near the chair.
An old fashioned woman is sitting there,
Darning an old pair of hose;
With her old fashioned cap on her old
fashioned head,
And she's dressed in her old fashioned clothes.

CHORUS.

Hear those bells, those merry bells.
And they fill my soul with a thrill;
'Tis the old fashioned sound from them
old fashioned bells,
In that old fashioned church on the hill.

There's an old fashioned clock on that old
whitewashed wall,
With its old fashioned pendulum and hands;
There's an old wooden bench near that old
fireplace,
With its bright copper kettles and pans;
An old faihioned man is sitting there,
Smoking his old fashioned clay;
With his old favorite dog sitting close by his side,
Watching the children at play. Chorus.

Heaven bless that dear old pair, may they
live for many years,
In that dear, little house in the lane;
May they never know a care, but all
happiness to share;
And think of the dear, old happy days;
The same I wish to you, with a heart of
conscience true;
May you live, yes, for many, many years;
May you never want for wealth, but enjoy
the best of health,
It is the earnest wish I give to you. Chorus.

Picking up Gold in the Streets.

BY THEO. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY JOS. SCHWENNECK.

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I came from the isle of old Erin,
To find me a home in New York;
But deep in my heart I am fearing,
I like it no better than Cork.
I thought gold was found on the corners
Of streets in the city so fine;
And all we must do as green-horns,
Was dig in the dirt for a mine.

CHORUS.

But now in my want I am feeling
As home-sick as home-sick can be;
Though work is much better than stealing,
They neither are pleasant to me.

I wish I could see on the morrow,
The sky of old Erin so bright,
Its sunshine would banish my sorrow,
And fill me with peace and delight.
And then to meet James in the gloaming,
And press on his lips a sweet kiss.
Is better than exiled and roaming,
To go far away from pure bliss. Chorus.

America's free to the wealthy,
But poor men must labor and toil.
The drones tell us we will be healthy
When working for bread in the soil.
But give me a spot on old Erin,
A cottage of sods and a cow,
The sunburst in glory appearing,
And I will be happy just now. Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

Some men are too tender hearted to strike a match.

The richest man in the world is he who is contented to be just what he is.

A man who had borrowed a bag of a neighbor to go to the mill with, was knocked into the water and drowned, and the bag lost. When the news was brought to his bereaved wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious! what a fuss'll be made now about that bag!"

On Sunday last, a little boy in the "a, b-ab" class in one of the Sunday-schools, was asked by his teacher if he knew why we had given us two eyes, two ears, and only one tongue. After a pause, the lad replied, "That we might see and hear twice as much as we speak."

It does not follow that a blacksmith has no virtues because he is always to found at his vice.

It is said that man was originally made upright, but nowadays a good many men seem to be made up wrong.

"Hang that gate!" yelled an old judge, as he tumbled over it in the dark, and his servant went out and hung it.

A boy of twelve, dining at his uncle's made such a good dinner, that his aunt observed, "Johnny, you appear to eat well." "Yes, aunty," replied the urchin; I've been practising eating all my life."

France doesn't need any Rhine because she has her Rhone.

Improved school-boy version,—Give him a pinch, and he'll make a yell.

When a girl gets vexed and rises from a fellow's knee, but thinks better of it and goes back again, that's what we call a relapse.

Will the boy who threw that pepper on the fire please come up here and get a present of a nice book? said a Sunday-school superintendent, But the boy never moved. He was a far-seeing boy.

An observing politician says that the difference between those going in and out of office is mainly this—the former are sworn in, and the latter go out swearing.

HAB DEM LADDERS READY.

Words and Music by NED STRAIGHT.

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.

BANJO OBLIGATO. *Moderato.*



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CONTENTS.

All on Account of Eliza.....page 679
All on Account of Being Married..... 678
Beneath the Butcher's Shed 679
Bob up Serenely..... 679
COME ALONG SISTER MARY..... 674
The Convict's Appeal for Liberty..... 677
Crack, Crack, Crack,
Parody on Wst, Wst, Wst..... 678
Chattering Chorus..... 679
The Dandy Colored Waiters..... 675
The Fair of Clogheen..... 677
If I was a Millionaire..... 678
I can't Make it out, can you..... 679
Jolly Good Luck to all 674
The Jolly Good Tars of the
School Ship St. Mary's..... 678
Jamaica Rum..... 679
List of Popular Sheet Music..... 676
Mickey I Know You Like Whiskey..... 677
Mary's Little Corn 679
Our Interesting Matter Column..... 674
The OLD FASHIONED COTTAGE..... 675
Our Torchlight Parade..... 674
Pat's Gone and Left the Whiskey..... 676
SISTER HANNAH..... 674
SWEETER THAN A RED
RIPE PEACH..... 674
Sweet Mary Flynn is so sly..... 677
Sights we see each morning..... 677
Spring Bottom Pants..... 677
SETTLE DAT BILL,
Music for Banjo and Guitar 680
The Tam O'Shanter Hat..... 675
Twig him he's got 'em on 676
Tommy You're a Father..... 676
TEDDY PLEASE SCARE ME AGAIN... 677
The Torpedo and the Whale..... 678
The Virtuous Gardner..... 678
You scratch my back, and
I'll scratch yours..... 674
You never said hello, there..... 675

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BY FRANK DUMONT. MUSIC BY W. S MULLALY.

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We don't belong to either side,
We're neutrals, one and all;
One day we are Republicans,
The next with Tamm'ny Hall.
We carry a torch for a dollar a night,
And we never take a chance;
For those that hire us to parade
Must pay us in advance.

CHORUS.

Through the streets we march away,
And we swing our torches high,
With all the dainty food we want,
Oh! goodness! ain't it pie?
Spill the oil on your neighbor's back,
But don't step on his heel;
And loudly cheer the candidate,
For he'll give us a hearty meal. (Repeat.

We gather round the speaker's stand,
Applaud with shouts and roars;
And then sneak off and get a smile,
At corner groc'rey stores.
We're never known to squander a cent,
For we're always on the make,
As men of nerve to fill the ranks,
I'm sure we'll take the cake. Chorus.

Jolly Good Luck to All.

SUNG BY NED BARRY.

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If I had the power a gift to bestow,
On the friends that around me I see;
I'd give them the very best gift that I know,
The gift that they lucky should be.
For no matter how clever, how foolish, how wise,
No matter how great, or how small;
By luck more than merit, we fail or we rise,
So here's jolly good luck to us all.

CHORUS.

Here's jolly good luck to us all my friends,
The best of good luck to us all;
For by luck more than merit, we rise or we fall,
So here's jolly good luck to us all.

One man may be gifted with talents divine,
But may still in obscurity live;
While shallower mortals successfully shine,
And take all the world has to give.
One waits in vain for good fortune's caress,
While the other some chance may befall;
Which used to advantage results in success,
So, here's jolly good luck to us all. Chorus.

So up and be doing, deserving good luck,
And good fortune may favor the brave;
For some of life's prizes are won by sheer pluck
And are lost by the indolent slave;
There is always one chance in the life of a man;
Which if lost he can never recall;
So work for it, watch for it, hope if you can,
That there's jolly good luck for us all. Cho.

You Scratch my Back and I'll Scratch Yours.

Now I've always found it an excelent maxim,
To pay as I go, when I'm out with a friend;
He may have most money, but why should
I tax him,
To take such advantage a friendship may end.
Shortest of reckonings friendship makes longest,
That's a rule I observe every day;
And tho' standing treat is of customs
the strongest,
Still when I'm treated, I always will say—

CHORUS.

I'l stand one drink, and you stand two;
I'll stand two smokes, and so do you;
Drink about, turn about, run no scores,
You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours.

Of course you can see I'm a gay sort of fellow,
Who's always prepared for a jovial spree;
I ne'er drink too much tho' I oten get mellow,
For where there is fun I am certain to be.
But I always keep square with the friend
I am meeting,
I always keep pace in my moderate way,
Till some one most kindly insists upon treating,
All right, then I join him, but next time I say.

Chorus.

Of course in my travels, I meet with some
'fly' ones,
Who live on their wits, and who always
contrive
To find some new victim to wet them—
the dry ones—
And though their wit's small, still for
some time they thrive,
Of course to such dear pals, the mere act
of parting,
Is of all sorrows, the sorrow most sweet;
So they put it off, and to pay ne'er are starting,
So we part when we meet, for thus
such pals I greet.
Chorus.

Sister Hannah.

END SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JAS. A. BLAND.

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I wonder where sister Hannah's gone,
I wonder where sister Hannah's gone,
I wonder where sister Hannah's gone,
I hain't heard from her to-day.
She's gone to de field for to pick some cotton,
She says all de brudders she has forgotten,
When she comes back I know she'll tell,
How old brudder Peter did ring dat bell.

CHORUS.

Den hurry up children, put on your shoes,
Tell de folks to carry de news.
Tell brudder Eli, and old Caroline,
Dat I'm going up to glory to hab a good time.

I wonder where brudder Eph has gone,
I wonder where brother Eph has gone,
I wonder where brother Eph has gone,
He's gone to hunt de possum and coon,
So go tell Hannah for to set dat table,
For we must be eating while we're able;
Old Hesta Gripp and Em'line Nash,
Will carve up de turkey, and make de hash.
Chorus.

Come Along, Sister Mary.

Words and Music by James A. Bland.

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I took my sister to de masquerade,
Come stay a little while longer,
We all did dance while de music played,
Come stay a little while longer.
When we promenaded what a lovely sight,
Come stay a little while longer,
We'd dance and sing 'till broad daylight,
Come stay a little while longer.

CHORUS.

Come along sister Mary, won't you,
Please come along, come along, come along,
Cut de hoe cake, tune de banjc,
Sing dat good old song.

I laughed out so hard, oh! dat my side did ache,
Come stay a little while longer;
De coons dey walked for de big pound cake,
Come stay a little while longer.
De cook Aunty Lize, was dressed like a queen,
Come stay a little while longer;
And such cuttin up you nebber seen,
Come stay a little while yet, Chorus.

I ate roasted chicken till my head did swell,
Come stay a little while longer;
Such funny tales dat we all could tell,
Come stay a little while yet.
I near kicked de bucket when I saw big Luce,
Come stay a little while longer,
She walked the floor like a great fat goose,
Come stay a little while yet, Chorus.

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(The Publisher.)

A seedy looking customer, who was drinking a glass of beer in a saloon the other day, and, glancing from the man behind the bar to the open door as he sipped, suddenly asked; "Has this saloon any particular motto?" "I guess not," was the reply. "Most every such place always has a motto of some sort." "Yes, I pelief so; but I haf no need of one. All de bublic understands dot if dey don't bay for vhat dey drinks, I pokes dere headt mit a glub, und dot answers shust as well."

Many tailors profess to be respectable, and yet they are all cutting tradesmen.

Sow it is!—Pigs are proverbially dirty. You may, therefore, always expect the dirtiest weather when the wind is "sow-est."

What the mouth of the druggist's young man said to his pestle and mortar; I can, and yet I cannot dispense with your services.

A Professional Man—Miss A: "'Is he a laboring man?"—Miss B. (gushingly); "Oh! professional. He works on the railroad; is in the guards.

"What are the bones of the head?" asked the professor of anatomy of a student—"I've got 'em all in my head, professor, but I can't think of their names just now," was the reply.

"You look," said a German-minded and imaginative friend to a pale, haggard smoker—"you look as if you had got out of youo grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again.

How is your husband, dear? asked one lady of another. "Oh, he's in a very good state," was the reply. "And, pray what kind of a state is he in?" persisted the other.—"In State prison."

Marriageable Daughters. — Daughters who never get married.

If a debtor runs away from his creditor can he plead a personal set-off against the claim?

Curious—It is a strange fac nott generally known that, although you can break your fast, you can break loose at the same time.

The Old Fashioned Cottage.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JAS. A. BLAND.

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The old fashioned cottage, the place I
loved so well,
The spot where my mother and my father
used to dwell,
How often I have strolled through the
fields of growing corn,
Near the old fashioned cottage, the place
I was born.
I remember the garden, the grove and the mill,
And the little frame school house that
stood on the hill,
But with all its surroundings I loved
none so well,
As the old fashioned cottage, where I
once used to dwell.

CHORUS.

The old fashioned cottage, the place I was born,
My home once so happy, has grown so forlorn,
How I long to return to the home I love so well,
The old fashioned cottage where I once
used to dwell.

I long to return to the cottage once again,
To think of it fills my heart with sorrow
and with pain,
Many years now have passed since I left
my dear old home,
To wander abroad thro' this wide world to roam.
The spot has grown lonely that once was
so bright,
Where oft mother kissed her dear children
good-night,
Oh! how merry the birds sang their
sweet songs of yore,
As they perch'd on the maple near the old
cottage door.
Chorus.

Sweeter Than a Red Ripe Peach.

SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS BY GEO. COOPER. MUSIC BY C. E. PRATT.

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The stars of night were looking down,
Beside the gate we stood;
Her sunny eyes were soft and brown,
'Neath her pretty little Gipsey hood.
Oh! she was like the lily fair! (Break.)
A little queen beyond compare! (Break.)
Around her neat bewitching waist,
My arm I'd fondly reach!
And oh! those lips I longed to taste,
Were sweeter than a red ripe peach. (Dance,

I held her lily hand in mine,
And told my love so true,
The roses in the starry shine,
Heard us whisper 'mid the silver dew,
Oh! like an angel fair was she, (Break.)
Her cheeks would tempt the honey bee. (break
(Repeat last four lines of first verse.)

The summer night was growing late,
The parting hour was near,
And still we lingered at the gate,
While I held her lily hand so dear,
To speak the sad good-bye was pain, (Break.)
But then she whisper'd, 'come again!' (break)
(Repeat last four lines of first verse.)

The Dandy Colored Waiters.

BY FRANK DUMONT. MUSIC BY W. S MULLALY.

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We're not susprised to see you stare,
Upon our neat array,
Of dandy colored gentlemen,
Employed upon Broadway.
We never lose our dignity,
Though jingling plates of hash,
We never could associate
With common colored thrash.

CHORUS.

We hear de gong a sounding,
We hear de steward call;
Now all the nigs are ready
For to slide into de hall.
Oh! flourish all de napkins,
Be sure to take your place,
And skip around de tables wid a 'ristocratic grace;
Take dis gemmen's order,
Bring a glass of water,
Soup and fish on a sep'rate dish.
The steward's in a flutter,
Ah here comes a stranger,
A hay-seed and a granger,
Slightly stoop, and spill de soup,
And grease him wid de butter.
We hear de gong a-sounding,
We hear de steward call,
Now all de nigs are ready
For to slide out in de hall,
Oh! flourish all de napkins,
Be sure to take your place;
And skip around de tables
Wid a 'ristocratic grace.

Polite attention to de man,
That puts beneath his plate,
A dollar bill to make us prompt,
Such folks will never wait.
We'll smother him in luxuries,
And eagerly prepare,
To order every dainty dish,
Dat's on de bill of fare. Chorus.

In summer time we wend our way,
To Saratoga Springs,
And answer every bell and call,
For money that it brings.
But white folks have to wait on us,
In winter when we're grand,
And travel like aristocrats,
Wid a colored minstrel band. Chorus.

The Tam O'Shanter Hat.

My pretty Jane, a watch and chain,
A bracelet or a ring,
I'll buy for you, said Jane you'd do
A very foolish thing.
Don't be so rash, but let your cash,
Be better spent than that,
Buy me young man, a Tam O' Shan,
A Tam O' Shanter hat.

CHORUS.

She wears a Tam O' Shanter and Jersey too,
With bootses on her tootses very bright and new,
And very fetching stockings of a navy blue,
To help the Tam O' Snanter and the Jersey too.

Her dress, I guess, don't cost her less,
Than hundreds every year;
Or rather me, because says she,
I'll let you pay my dear.
And so I pay, for every day,
She buys and I am sold,
But bless her heart, she looks so smart,
She's worth her weight in gold.

Miss This and That, survey the hat,
And toss their heads and sneer,
Oh! what a sight, she is a fright,
Now don't you think so, dear?
But well they know it is not so,
They're jealous every one,
They know she's queen, when she is seen,
They're stars, but she's the sun. Chorus.

She's to be mine, her form's divine,
As all the world can see,
Her loveliness, and her tight dress,
Have quite enchanted me.
With waist encased in charming taste,
The ladies now are seen,
Like old Jack Sprat they cry no fat,
Who use the crinoline. Chorus.

Twig Him He's Got 'em On.

I'm tormented every day,
Whenever I go out;
The reason why I do not know,
But after me they shout.
Twig him there, just twig him Jack,
They hollow night and day,
Wherever I go I let you know,
This is what they say.

CHORUS.

He's got 'em on, he's got 'em on,
That's what they say while I'm out walking.
He's got 'em on, he's got 'em on,
Twig him, he's got 'em on.

While I was out the other day,
I met a girl of mine;
I stopped a while to speak to her,
I felt that way inclined.
I had my Sunday outfit on,
I made love to her straightway,
And while I was love-making there,
Some urchin he did say. Chorus.

At last my love consented,
To be my better half;
And now we are united,
At me some time she'll laugh.
For as I came straight from the church,
With my young bride so gay,
Tin kettles sounded left and right,
Then some one I heard say. Chorus.

You Never Said Hello, There.

You never said hello, there!
Is ringing round the town,
Those words are spoken by old Smith,
If he meets his friend Brown.
Because you didn't give me time,
Old Smith to him does shout,
Why they should great each other so,
I really can't make out.

CHORUS.

You never said hello, there!
That is what they cry,
Because you didn't give me time,
That is the reply.
If you chance to meet a pal,
Before he is aware,
Tap him on the back and shout—
Hello, there!

You never said hello, there!
The children that you meet
Are crying out together as
They perambulate the street;
They often come up to you,
And will make you stare,
By shouting out you never said—
Hellow, there! Chorus.

You never said hello, there!
The other day I heard
One soldier to the other say,
It was the passing word;
'Tis really very singular,
Go no matter where,
You're sure to here somebody cry,
Hello, there! Chorus.

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19 Little Roguish Eyes.....40
20 Beautiful Songs Unsung.....40
21 A Little Place Within thy Heart.....40
22 Music and Dancing.....40
23 The Reason why I was Elected.....40
24 Walzingham McSweeney, the Gay Cavalier 40
25 I Couldn't Help it Ma.....40
26 So Weary and Sad To-Night.....40
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28 When the Flowers are Dreaming.....40
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35 American Lanciers.....60
36 Sea Cadet Lanciers.....60
37 Turkish Patrol Quickstep.....60
38 English Lanciers.....60
39 Midshipmites March.....40
40 The Irish Volunteers March.....40
41 The Petticoat Brigade March.....40
42 I'm Just Turned Sixty-Three.....40
43 Times of Long Ago.....40
44 Invitation Waltzes.....50
45 Down by de Rainbow.....40
46 Settle Dat Bill.....40
47 Old Times Roxy, or Trouble in de Kitchen 40
48 I'se Uncle Pompey Still.....40
49 Hab Your Ladders Ready.....40
50 The Golden Chariot.....40
51 Mickey Flahrity.....40
52 Deuced Good Fellah.....40
53 A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.....40
54 The Ticking of the Clock.....40
55 Take Things as They Come.....40
56 You Shouldn't Notice It.....40
57 Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate.....40
58 The Messenger Bird.....40
59 Waiting for de Setting ob de Sun.....40
60 Kitty McNish.....40
61 Romping Irish Lass.....40
62 I'll Name the Boy Dennis, or no Name at all.....40
63 When McGuiness Gets the Job.....40
64 You are False, but I'll Forgive You.....40
65 Throwing Pebbles in the Stream.....40
66 When the Magnolias Bloom.....40
67 Casey's Ball Last Night.....40
68 My Home by the Deep Rolling Sea.....40
69 Mary Ann O'Houlahan Dowd.....40
70 She's so Captivating.....40
71 Joys of my Childhood.....40
72 The Day I Took My Peg to Coney Isle.....40
73 Finegan Corterie.....40
74 Take Me in Your Arms, Mama.....40
75 Down on Coney Island Beach.....40
76 The old willow chair there grandmother sat 40
77 The Heroes of Ireland.....40
78 As I Stood by the Door.....40
79 Finegan Masquerade.....40
80 My Angel Brother's Ring.....40
81 You are False but I'll Forgive You, Waltz..40
82 Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance.....40
83 The Reason we Mortgaged the Farm.....40
84 Echoes from the Chapel of Knock.....40
85 Don't Shut out the Moonlight Mother.....40
86 Hunting Four Leaf Clover.....40
87 Winnie Wane.....40
88 The Slattery Family.....40
89 Jerry Murphy's Squad.....40
90 Save My Child.....40
91 Mother is Waiting to Welcome her Boy....40
92 The Old Fashioned Cottage.....40
93 Only a Daisy.....40
94 Farewell to Ireland.....40
95 High Water Pants.....40
96 Widow Chaucy's Party.....40
97 Erin's Green Isle.....40
98 Sons of Erin's Isle.....40
99 Wake Bonnie Bessie.....40
100 Sweet Maggie Gordon Waltz.....40
101 Only to Hear Her Voice.....40
102 Yesterday, To-Day.....40
103 The Haunted Brooklet.....40
104 When Gabriel Blows his Horn.....40
105 Everything Done for the Best.....40
106 The Bridge that Crosses the Brook.....40
107 Just From Harrisburg.....40
108 Rose Patchaula.....40
109 Travelling back to Alabam.....40
110 Oh! why was I so soon Forgotten.....40
111 Come Along Sister Mary.....40
112 My own sweet wife to be.....40
113 We are Growing Old Together.....40
114 The Old Ruined Mill.....40
115 My old Plantation Home so far away.....40
116 Grandfather's Cane.....40
117 Hiding in the Corn.....40
118 I'll Meet you, Sweet Bessie at Twilight....40
119 It is Sweet to be remembered.....40
120 Eight Bells at Sea.....40
121 Cupid on the ice.....40
122 Grandmother's eyes have grown dim.....40
123 Little Sunshine come to me.....40
124 Dora Blaine.....40
125 While waiting for the cows to come.....40
126 Picking up gold in the streets.....40
127 Flirting on our block.....40
128 The tie that binds us brother's.....40
129 The Old Dinner Horn.....40
130 Mother please forgive your boy.....40
131 A sailor's wife I soon shall be.....40
132 Old Snow Balls Hair is Turning Gray.....40
133 You may speak if you like to pa-pa.....40
134 The Time when we were young.....40
135 When Courting Hulda Brown.....40
136 'Tis then sweetheart, I'll dream of thee.....40
137 Let us catch the golden sunbeams.....40
138 Fly birdie, to where Willie's waiting.....40
139 Good Knights and Fair Ladies.....40
140 The Bright Side, the nearer I draw to Jesus 40
141 Do it Again.....40

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MRS. PAULINE LIEDER, 60 Chatham Street. N. Y.

Tommy You're a Father.

I never felt so joyful since
The day that I got wed,
I scarcely know if I am on
My heels or on my head.
The reason I am jubilant,
Is evident you see,
All through a little present
That my wife has brought to me.

CHORUS.

Oh! Tommy, you're a father,
Don't you feel full of joy?
Oh! Tommy, you're the parent
Of a bouncing baby boy.
Run to your mother as fast as you can,
And tell her you're a happy man;
Go at once and tell her
You're a father.

Now when I heard the joyful news,
Right hastily I dressed,
Put on my Sunday coat and hat,
And lovely colored vest.
And as I trotted thro' the street
The bells rang out so gay,
And ev'ry peal that they rang out,
Did plainly seem to say— Chorus.

Tho' in a dreadful hurry,
I would every moment meet
Some pals, who when I told the news,
Of course demanded treat.
The old Dowager's at length I reached,
My face beaming with glee,
And told them all exactly
What my wife had said to me. Chorus.

When my relations all had
Seen the darling child,
They complimented me so much,
They nearly drove me wild.
To be the dad of such a lad,
I feel it's no disgrace,
Especially when he has got
His father's handsome face. Chorus.

Pat's Gone and Left the Whiskey.

Pat's gone and left the whiskey to get
drunk upon itself,
For I wouldn't touch a noggin—though
it stands upon the shelf;
It is a sore temptation and not so easy to be borne,
Wid the trouble me throat parching—now
poor Paddy's gone.
Pat's gone and left the whiskey, he's gone
and left the jar!
Och! Paddy, once so frisky, just tell me
where ye are?
If you're with good St. Patrick, I'll drink
the whiskey up,
But if you are unhappy I'll never take a sup!

Poor Pat left a "long stocking," full of
silver bright, and gold,
And sure he cannot want it now he's
underneath the mould,
If he's gone below, I'll spend it buying
masses for his sowl;
If he's gone above I'll spend it to fill up
the whiskey bowl.
Pat's gone, &c.

Och! Pat, departed darling, shure,
wherever you may be;
Ye wouldn't be so snarlin as to see the grief on me;
So, on consideration—in whichever place ye are,
To give me consolotion—I will drain the
whiskey jar;
Pat's gone and left the whiskey, he's gone
and left the jar;
Och! Paddy, once so frisky, jist tell me
where ye are?
If you're a saint—for joy I will drink
the whiskey up,
If ye are unhappy— for sorrow it I'll sup.

The Fair of Clogheen.

At the fair of Clogheen, with my Judy,
I thripp'd it as nate as a posy,
My darling's blue eyes they were killing,
Her cheeks were so blooming and rosy.
"Arrah, Judy," says I, "I'm fond of ye,
Bad luck to the other can plaze me."
I itched for a kiss, and I took it,
When she giggled out, "Paddy, you're crazy."

CHORUS.

Arrah, Paddy, says she, now don't bother me!
Arrah, Paddy," says she, now don't taze me!
Arrah, Paddy, ye divil, you'll murther me!
Oh! the thafe of the world be aisy!

Then the piper struck up something merry,
Stuck up on the stool light and taper;
The girls to dance then got ready,
And all seemed inclined for a caper,
Upon the green how they footed it.
We battered the face of the daisy;
We danced while the band had a puff in it,
An' Judy was glad to be aisy. Chorus.

Then the girls to go home they got ready,
For the shower fell gentle and warm,
An' Judy, to keep her more steady,
Stuck her fist under my arm.
Through the woods, as we made such a splutter,
An' Judy she smoothed down her trounces;
Sky high, as we kicked up the gutter,
She said, Paddy, you're spoilin' my flounces.
Chorus.

Mickey, I Know You Like Whiskey.

Sure, Micky, I know you like whiskey,
And that, I'm sure you know well;
But when you get money to buy it,
'Tis more than I really can tell;
But somehow or other you'll have it,
No matter what I do or say,
Bad luck to ye, for an ould spalpeen,
You'd drink near the full of the say.

You say your mouth just holds a nog gin,
Now, Micky, you wag a foul jaw;
A quart I've oft seen disappearing,
Ere ever a breath you could draw.
Sure whiskey you'd drink for a wager,
But work you would not for a day;
Though now your poor children's in tatters,
Just ready for flying away.

Sure, look at myself since yon've got me,
A girl that wis still clane an' trig,
The ould duds I now have got on me,
They scarcely wud wash down a gig.
My cheeks they were once red and rosy,
But now their fresh bloom is all gone,
Each day I grow like a spectre,
There's nought left but pure skin and bone.

Dear Micky, you must quit the whiskey,
You know 'tis a migh.y bad job;
To see you each night full as Bacchus,
And lying down worse than a hog.
Now, Micky, just swear you will quit it,
I know you will plaze me, you will,
Keep back from our ould Paddy M'Clusky,
The divil take him and his still.

Teddy, Please Scare Me Again.

BY M. C. VANDERCOOK.

AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SONGS UNSUNG."

The Music of this song is published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

My name it is Teddy McFadden,
I'm a broth of a boy, you may bet;
As wild and as free as the divil,
I'm truly my mothers own pet.
At euchre, and poker, and cortin'
You may stake your last cent I am quick;
I'm in love with a half dozen damsels,
And they call me a real Irish brick.

CHORUS.

Teddy, Teddy, you know you're a broth of a boy,
Teddy, Teddy, you're sunshine and music and joy,
Teddy, Teddy, you really don't know what I mean,
Teddy, Teddy, oh! Teddy please scare me again.

I've a smart little darling who loves me,
And just who she is, you may guess;
I kissed her once very politely,
And I thought it would scare her to death.
Then I asked her very kindly her pardon,
For I thought all my love was in vain;
But she smiled as she whispered so sweetly,
Oh! Teddy, please scare me again. Cho.

I asked her one night if she'd marry,
A wild little blarney like me,
And she acted so very much frightened,
I thought on my soul, she would die.
But I talked very kindly, regretting,
How naughty and bold I had been,
When she kissed me, and said, like an angel,
Oh! Teddy, please scare me again. Cho.

Now, boys, do be careful in courtin'
Remember distinctly, just this;
When a girl says "no," with a vengeance,
She means nothing else then, but "yes."
Be up like a man, pop the question,
And if she don't smile on you then,
Just act very mum for a minute,
And she'll ask you to scare her again. Cho.

Sweet Mary Flynn is so Sly.

PARODY ON, JOHN RILEY'S ALWAYS DRY.

BY STEPHEN GARVEY.

I know a young damsel,
Who's age is sweet sixteen;
With a heart so light and airy,
And the spirit of a Queen.
Her hair is rosy auburn,
There's a twinkle in her eye.
That surely means mischief, boys,
Mary Flynn is so sly.

CHORUS.

On the walk, hear them talk,
Whenever this damsel is seen going by,
Cuts a dash, what a mash,
When she'd give you a wink of her eye,
With a smile, all the style,
You'd think this dear creature could
never tell a lie,
But beware, and take care,
For sweet Mary Flynn is so sly.

On a summer evening,
So bright and so serene;
Mary coaxes Charley out,
To nurse him for ice cream.
Oranges, bananas, too,
She'll make poor Charley buy,
Of course their for his little pet,
Oh! Mary Flynn is so sly. Chorus.

Mazourka, glide, society,
Oh! she does know them well;
At every ball or picnic,
She is the reigning belle.
When Charley'd ask her for a dance,
She'd lisp and say, "oh! my!"
But she'd waltz off with someone else,
Sweet Mary Flynn's so sly. Chorus.

Sights we see Each Morning.

BY JOHN J. MULLEN.

Oh! see Hogin and his convict dog,
Bust their sides with laughter;
As they go over to the jail,
Some poor wretch to slaughter.

Good morning, boys, he smiling says,
Here is your bread and water;
Ties him up to the whipping post,
Then helping the wretch to torture.

All alone he leaves his victim,
Bleeding, dying, on the floor;
Laughing at his cries of anguish,
O! God, he gloats in human gore.

Yes, bleeding and alone he leaves him,
A sour crust and gill of water;
O! thou God of love, in pity,
Save us from this human butcher.

Oh! heart of stone, oh! brain of fire,
Hear your victims cry for water;
Has the devil come out of hell,
To teach you human slaughter.

Spring Bottom Pants.

BY F. LEWIS, FOR BARNES & LEWIS.

We're two Sheeny tailors from Wheeling,
We're Hebrew men as you can see;
We sell new and second-hand clothing,
Our goods are the best qual-i-ty.
Now the suckers that hang on the corner,
They are trying our waltz for to dance,
And they scream out whenever we pass them,
There's the Jews with the spring bottom pants.

CHORUS.

Vos gille gamocht, zichter der fenster,
Voi hos-der gamochter galantz,
Er vadden des keiven und salven,
Des mox-der der gille bud yantz.

Last Wednesday we walked down the Bowery,
Along with our children and wife;
When the loafers that hang on the corner,
They asked us if we was alive.
When we hit one of them in the smeller,
And they knocked us two Jews in a trance:
And they scream out whenever we pass them,
There's the Jews with the spring bottom pants.
Chorus.

The Convicts Appeal for Liberty.

BY JOHN J. MULLEN.

Here I lie in a gloomy cell,
My heart is filled with grief;
No one comes to me in my woe,
To bring me sweet relief.

I lie within upon a lonely bed,
No loved one now comes near,
To soothe me in my grief,
Or shed a sympathysing tear.

I once enjoyed a happy home,
And friendly ones was nigh,
To sooth me in my grief,
And all my wants supply.

My thoughts now wander back
To childhood's happy days,
Ere I felt the power of sin,
Or knew its evil ways.

But soon misfortune's clouds arose,
And in the weaker hour,
When dark temptation on me frowned,
I yielded to its power.

Do not look with scorn
On him now sunk in deep disgrace,
For penitent he has knelt,
Before his father's face.

Then come to this poor forsaken one,
And unbolt my prison door;
And say to me in mercies tones
You are free, go sin no more.

I must not write about the whip and lash,
Now how I am abused;
I must eat your prison hash,
And bear your blood extortin sneers.

You can stand and ha, ha, at me,
While I must moan and sigh;
When I see Coburn the convict dog,
I turn my head and cry.

If I was a Millionaire.

SUNG BY FRANK LUM.

I wish I was a millionaire,
I tell you what I would do;
There are some wrongs I would repair,
For want of righting, does a few.
In their homes I would seek the poor,
And give them food, not tracts;
That would cure hunger better,
Than stuffing them with dry facts.

CHORUS.

If I was a millionaire,
Very few would have a care;
And the wine should flow for the poor and low
If I was a millionaire.

Now if I was a millionaire,
The cry of distress I'd heed;
For my fortune I would share
With the really poor in need.
I'd turn the prisons into schools,
And all who would work should eat,
And I'd see if there couldn't be rules,
That none should die on the street.
Chorus.

Yes, if I was a millionaire,
I would shed happiness around,
Poor children should not go so bare,
Grovelling in gutters around.
The needy and broken down,
I'd cheer and give them a lift,
And all beneath fortunes frown,
I'd save from being cast adrift. Chorus.

Oh! if I was a millionaire,
Poverty should not abound;
And work-houses shouldn't dare,
To hurry paupers underground.
I don't know what else I would do,
But just this I must declare,
That I wouldn't be singing to you,
If I was a millionaire. Chorus.

The Torpedo and the Whale.

FROM OLLIVETTE.

The Music of this song is published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

In the North sea lived a whale,
In the North sea lived a whale,
In the North sea lived a whale,
Big in bone, and large in tail,
Big in bone, and large in tail,
Oh! this whale used unduly
To swagger and bully,
And oh! and oh!
The ladies loved him so!
This whale used unduly
To swagger and bully,
And oh! and oh!
The ladies loved him so!

All went well until one day,
All went well until one day,
All went well until one day,
Came a strange fish in the bay,
Came a strange fish in the bay,
Oh! this fish was indeed, oh!
A Woolwich torpedo,
But oh! but oh!
The big whale did not know.
This fish was indeed, oh!
A Woolwich torpedo,
But oh! but oh!
The big whale did not know.

Just you make tracks, cried the whale,
Just you make tracks, cried the whale,
Just you make tracks, cried the whale,
Then he lashed out with his tail,
Then he lashed out with his tail,
Oh! the fish being loaded,
Then and there exploded,
And oh! and oh!
The big whale did not know.
The fish being loaded,
Then and there exploded,
And oh! and oh!
That whale was seen no mo'!

All on Account of Being Married.

PARODY ON ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA.

BY TOMMY TUCKER.

My poor young heart is almost broke,
All on account of being married;
With sobs my voice does almost choke,
All on account of being married.
I thought when I took myself a wife,
I'd live without no care or strife;
But I find I lead a terrible life,
All on account of being married.

CHORUS.

All on account, all on account,
All on account of being married;
I sometimes wish that I was dead,
All on account of being married.

My mother-in-law she lives with us,
All on account of being married;
She's always raising a terrible fuss,
All on account of being married.
If I ever happen to open my jaw,
She'll knock me down upon the floor,
And club till I am awful sore;
All on account of being married. Chorus.

My wife and her get awful tight,
All on account of being married;
And then with me they both do fight,
All on account of being married.
I think I'll fill myself with gin,
Get boiling drunk, kick the door in,
To break the furniture I'll begin,
All on account of being married. Chorus.

The Jolly Tars of the School Ship St. Mary's.

BY WM. T. HAMILTON.

Come all ye lads from fifteen to eighteen
years of age,
If you want to go to sea, as is now all the rage,
Come and join the training ship, St. Mary's
is her name,
And bring your chest and hammock to cross
the raging main.

CHORUS.

Outward bound, outward bound, on
St. Mary we go,
Outward bound, outward bound, across
the deep blue sea;
The port watch goes on deck, the starboard
stays below,
Showing we all hail from the land of liberty.

We're bound across the ocean wide, unto
a foreign shore,
And leaving now so far behind the land
we do adore!
While flying from our spanker aft, the
Stars and Stripes you see,
It's showing that we all are from the
land of liberty.

We're passing through the Gulf Stream,
the weather's fine and clear,
The Gulf weed is all around, and stretches
far and near;
The flying fish and dolphins are sporting
in the sea,
While we are bound for Europe in the St. Mary.
Chorus.

The anchor is down again, and after all the gales,
The boys are up in the yards a rolling up the sails
Were lying in a foreign port, and foreign
sights we see,
We mean to have a jolly time wherever we may be.
Chorus.

We're out again, my boys, and we're
homeward bound once more;
We've had a jolly summer trip, and now it's
nearly oe'r;
We're going to our homes again, the land we
do adore,
And have a happy time, next winter on the shore.
Chorus.

Now we are lying in the bay, and waiting
for the tide,
With the Captain on the quarter deck,
our pilot by his side;
Let us Up, boys, up! and man the capstan strong
And soon be lying by the dock to which
our ship belongs.
Chorus.

The royal and top-gallant yards are housed
upon the neck,
And everything is neat and clean, as our
officers direct;
The buntlines and the clew lines are now
all coiled away,
And won't be touched by us again until
next sailing day.
Chorus.

Crack, Crack, Crack.

BY I. MORAN. AIR: WST, WST, WST.

I used to play the hook from my school every day,
When my father he came home for me he
would lay,
And with a club and five straps behind the door,
And lay it on he did until I was almost sore.

CHORUS.

Now you come here, crack, crack, do you
hear, crack, crack,
Won't you let me off this time with a crack,
crack, crack,
How does it feel, crack, crack, here's some
more, crack, crack,
Oh! papa why don't you stop the crack,
crack, crack.

One day I was playing up at Central Park,
And I stayed up there until it was dark,
I started to my home for to get to my bed,
But my father he was there and unto me said.

CHORUS.

Off with your pants, crack, crack, I'll
make you dance, crack, crack,
Oh! you can bet he gave me a good crack,
crack, crack,
Stop your crying, crack, crack, and your
lying, crack, crack,
I bet you I'll not do it any more and get
the crack, crack, crack,

The Virtuous Gardener.

BILLEE TAYLOR.

Let others prate of grand estate,
I envy not such station;
With hoe and spade, though underpaid,
I follow my vocation.
I would not be a millionaire,
A bishop, baronet or lord,
For wealth and rank I do not care,
Since virtue is its own reward.

CHORUS.

With my roses and my lilies and geraniums,
My apples, my cherries, my currants and plums,
My potatoes, my turnips, and my fine broccoli,
Who such a virtuous gardner as I?

The seeds I sow are sure to grow,
The trees I plant all flourish;
And near and far my pot-herbs are
Well known sick folks to nourish.
I deftly turn the new-mown hay,
Or neatly trim the fair green sward,
I work for eighteen pence a day,
Since virtue is its own reward. Chorus.

I Can't Make it out can You.

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My name is Joe Slycove, I'm not quite a fool,
Nor yet am I cram full of knowledge;
I was not brought up at a grand boarding-school,
And I've never been inside a college;
I'm a kind of philosopher, tho' in my way,
As the journey of life I go through,
And the strange things we hear and see every day,
I can't make it out, can you?

Chorus.

No! I can't make it out, can you?
I can't make it out, can you?
The queer things I see, quite mystify me,
And I can't make them out. can you?

Now I know a party, some call him a swell,
For his style is so heavy and grand,
You'd think him the Marquis of Hanover Square,
Or some other "big pot" of the land;
He follows the fashion, drinks "Chammy" and drives
His girl down to Richmond or Kew,
Yet he's only a clerk upon sixty a year,
Now I can't make that out can you? Chorus.

Moderation in drink is a thing I admire,
But total abstinence—all bosh!
I can do a few glasses whene'er I require,
But the "Good Templar" system won't wash!
Now I know of one who won't touch beer or grog,
And tells me my small drinking I'll rue,
While her nose is as red as the sun in a fog—
Now I can't make that out, can you? Chorus.

And the dear darling girls who go sailing along,
(Some impertinent folks call them guys),
What with pads on their heads and humps on their backs,
They appear quite a glorious size;
But when they dismantle, oh! dear, what a sell!
As soon as the truth comes to view,
You find there's more shadow than substance my friends,
And I don't care for that much, do you. Cho.

There's a neighbor of mine sells new milk from the cow,
And new milk from the cow's very nice,
His trade is but small, whilst his family's large,
And his milk is sold at a low price;
I've ne'er seen or heard one of his cows, I declare,
Tho he represents he's got a few,
And somehow his pump's always out of repair—
Now I can't make that out, can you? Chorus.

Now I trust you're not tired, and wish me away,
For I am not myself in the least,
But I think for the present I've gossipped enough,
And enough is as good as a feast;
Without any scandal I give you my thoughts
Upon things as they seem to my view,
And if in my song there is anything wrong,
I can't make it out, can you? Chorus.

Beneath the Butchers Shed.

BY R. J. PIGOTT.

I'm sifting smoke throughout the day,
An' think it only right;
That I should be allowed to rest,
Whin I come home at night.
But whin I go to lay me down,
Upon me downy bed;
I'm troubled by that divil's gang,
Beneath the butcher's shed.

Chorus.

They wildly shout, an' lep about,
An' try to catch the eye;
Of every modest little maid,
Who may be passin' by;
An' if one smiles they raise their tiles,
An' flush a scarlet red;
An' thin, bedad, go ravin' mad,
Beneath the butcher's shed.

I've towld 'em time an' time again,
If they could not behave;
Like other dacent neighbor's boys,
That they would have to lave.
But sure instid of movin' on.
They'd whack me o'er the head;
An ridicule me friendly walk,
Beneath the butcher's shed. Chorus.

They murther all the comic songs,
An' sentimental too;
They try to reach high N, but fail,
An' roar in lower Q.
The neighbors say the noise they make,
Would almost wake the dead,
But still they cannot chase the gang,
Beneath the butcher's shed. Chorus.

They stand upon the cellar door,
An' yell like the savage Ute;
Thin balance corners round the bars,
While Hogan plays the flute.
You'd think, begob, they owned the ward,
For none o' them's in dread;
Of min in blue—this divil's gang,
Beneath the butcher's shed. Chorus.

All on Account of Eliza.

FROM BILLEE TAYLOR.

The Music of this song is published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

The yarn as I am about to spin,
Is all on account of Eliza;
I'll tell you how I was taken in,
All on account of Eliza.
She said that she'd ever be true to one,
But she bolted away with a son of a gun,
So I cut my stick and away I ran,
All on account of Eliza.
All on account, all on account,
All on account of Eliza;
He cut his stiaks and rway he run,
All on account of Eliza.

I've nearly been blown away in a gale,
All on account of Eliza;
And I've almost been eaten up by a whale,
All on account of Eliza;
I've had sword cuts by dozens, and I've been shot through,
I've had yellow fever, and also the blue,
I've been bitten by sharks and by crocodiles, too,
All on account of Eliza.
All on account, all on account,
All on account of Eliza;
He's been bitten by sharks and by crocodiles, too,
All on account of Eliza.

My duty is now, smart lads to press,
All on account of Eliza;
If they say no, why, I say yes
All on account of Eliza.
So look up, my messmates, some boys for the sea,
And if to your summons, they do not agree,
Why, shiver my timbers, just tell 'em from me,
That it's all on account of Eliza.
All on account, all on account,
All on account of Eliza;
Shiver my timbers, just tell 'em says he,
That it's all on account of Eliza.

I've courted the ladies all through my life,
All on account of Eliza;
But never could steer to the proper wife,
All on account of Eliza;
I've kissed and I've hugged them in every port,
The fat and the lean, and the tall and the short,
But somehow or other they wasn't my sort,
All on account of Eliza.
All on account, all on account,
All on account of Eliza;
Somehow or other, they wasn't his sort,
That it's all on account of Eliza.

Jamaica Rum.

FROM OLIVETTE.

The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 30 cents in postage stamps.

Give milk to babes, to peasants beer,
Let landsmen sip thin-blooded wine,
The Rechabite drink water clear;
But for the lads that cross the brine,
And battle with the stormy gale,
Bring stronger food than wine or ale.

Chorus.

Rum, rum, Jamaica rum!
Who in thy praise is dumb?
The strong, the weak, the gay, the glum,
All call thee good, Jamaica rum.

And when the enemy heaves in sight,
A case, my lads, of do or die,
D'ye think to make us better fight?
Our captain then would argufy.
"Oh! no," says he, "boys, there they come
But d—— it all, let's have some rum.
Chorus.

And when your lass will prove unkind
And pout and shrug and say you no,
Don't let her hang long in the wind,
Or ten to one, t'will harder blow!
Just make some punch and give her some,
And see you do not spare the rum. Chorus.

Bob up Serenely.

OLIVETTE.

The Music of this song is published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 35 cents in postage stamps.

If in a state of exhileration.
You came home late and dimly saw
Two ladies waiting an explanation—
Your wedded wife and your mother-in-law.

Chorus.

That is the time for disappearing!
Just take a header, down you go;
Then when the sky above is clearing.
Then when the sky above is clearing,
Bob up serenely, bob up serenely,
Bob up serenely from below.

So should it be with a politician,
When all his measures go away,
With papers blaming his wrong ambition,
And voters asking the wherefore and why
Chorus.

Chattering Chorus.

OLIVETTE.

How beautifully blue the sky,
The glass is rising very high,
Continue fine I hope it may,
And yet it rained but yesterday,
To-morrow it may pour again
I hear the country wants some rain;
Yet people say, I know not why,
That we shall have a warm July.

Mary's Little Corn.

Mary had a little corn,
Upon her little toe,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That corn was sure to go.
It went with her to jail one day,
For Mary she drank rum,
Now she'll have time to pare her corn,
For thirty days to come.

SETTLE DAT BILL.

Words and Music by NED STRAIGHT.

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.



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NUMBER 186. VOLUME. II.

HENRY DE MARSAN'S COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL

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CONTENTS.

A Leaf of Ivy from my Mother's Grave.. 683
Blue Alsatian Mountains..... 682
BENEATH THE SOD THEY'RE SLEEPING..... 684
Committed to the Deep..... 683
CLOSE THE BLINDS LOTTIE'S DYING 684
The DAY THAT MY POOR MOTHER DIED 683
Don't Judge a Poor Girl by her Feet..... 685
Give the Honest Working Girls a Chance 685
Hang up your hat behind the door..... 682
The HAUNTED BROOKLET..... 685
I'LL MEET YOU SWEET BESSIE AT TWILIGHT... 683
Jolly Old Dan..... 687
Loved ones at home..... 685
Low Lands Low..... 686
Little Willie..... 686
List of Popular Sheet Music..... 687
MILITIA'S OUT TO-DAY..... 683
Mrs. Magraw..... 683
Muligan's Silver Wedding..... 684
My Girl in Kalamazoo..... 686
The Nobby Bang..... 686
Our Interesting Matter Column..... 682
OULD ORANGE NELL..... 685
On the Road..... 685
The OLD FAMILY CHAIR..... 686
OPEN UP DEM DOORS Music for Banjo and Guitar 688
PRETTY LITTLE LOU..... 682
ROSE PERFUMED BOUQUET..... 683
SET ME DRUNK TO HAVE SOME FUN 684
SCENES THAT OCCUR AFTER DARK 685
'TIS TEN O'CLOCK PLEASE GO..... 684
The TIME WHEN WE WERE YOUNG..... 686.
The Tramp's Brigade..... 686
WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN 683
WHEN I SMOKED MY FIRST CIGAR 684
Young Folks at Home..... 684

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Latest piece of Music published, "Happy Dreams of You." Big hit at the Sanfrancisco.

Pretty Little Lou.

SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS BY G. STANSILL. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENECK.

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Their is a fair one living near,
I don't mind telling you;
Who promised for to be my wife,
Her maiden name is Lou.
The first time that I met her,
Was down by a purling stream,
And when she turned and smiled on me,
How happy I did seem.

CHORUS.

This vision floated past my sight,
just like a happy dream;
I never can forget her, with her eyes of
bonnie blue,
She is so fair, I do declare, my bonnie little Lou,
She is so fair. I do declare, my bonnie little Lou.
(Dance.)

I smiled on her, and raised my hat,
She blushed and hung her head;
My heart kept going pit-a-pat,
I scarce knew what I said.
Pray pardon me, then, miss, said I,
I hope I don't intrude;
She raised her eye, and winked so sly,
My pretty little Lou. Chorus.

When You Were Sweet Sixteen.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ALFRED WHITE.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENSECK.

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I am thinking of the golden past,
When we strolled side by side;
'Twas many, many years ago,
Ere I claimed you for my bride.
We sat upon the river's bank,
The earth was clad in green,
'Twas then I told my sweet dear Nell,
When you were sweet sixteen.

CHORUS.

But you are just as dear to me,
Fond memory's just as green,
I love you now as fond and true,
As when you were sixteen.

But now there's silver in your hair,
Your cheeks have lost their glow;
Our love is still unchanged sweet Nell,
True as in years ago.
Come let me clasp you in my arms,
My heart adores its queen;
I love to dream of bygone days,
When you were sweet sixteen. Chorus.

The Blue Alsatian Mountains.

BY CLARABEL. MUSIC BY STEPHEN ADAMS.

The Music of this song is published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

By the blue Alsatian mountains,
Dwelt a maiden young and fair;
Like the careless flowing fountains
Were the ripples of her hair,
Were the ripples of her hair;
Angel mild, her eyes so winning,
Angel bright her happy smile,
When beneath the fountain spinning,
A-de, A-de, Ade,
Such songs will pass away;
Tho' the blue Alsatian mountains
Seem to watch and wait alway!

CHORUS.

By the blue Alsatian mountains,
Many spring-times bloomed and passed,
And the maiden by the fountains,
Saw she lost her hopes at last,
She lost her hopes at last.
And she withered like a flower,
That is waiting for the rain;
She will never see the stranger,
Where the fountains fall again.
A-de, A-de, A-de,
The years have passed away,
But the blue Alsatian mountains
Ever watch and wait alway.
A-de, A-de, A-de,
The years have passed away,
But the blue Alsatian mountains
Seem to watch and wait alway.

By the Blue Alsatian mountains,
Came a stranger in the spring,
And he lingered by the fountains,
Just to hear the maiden sing,
Just to hear the maiden sing;
Just to whisper in the moonlight,
Words the sweetest she had known,
Just to charm away the hours,
Till her heart was all his own.
A-de, A-de, A-de,
Such dreams must pass away,
But the blue Alsatian mountains,
Seem to watch and wait alway. Chorus.

Hang up Your Hat Behind the Door.

The Music of this song can be had at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

I felt sick and tired of a bachelor's life,
And so I began to look out for a wife,
The young ones were giddy, and so I confessed
That a nice little widow would suit me the best.
One day at a grocer's shop chancing to call,
With the misses, a widow, in love I did fall,
She was fat, fair and forty, well dressed and
all that,
Thinks I, here's the place where I'll hang up
my hat.

Spoken; But little did I think she'd make use of the same words and say—

CHORUS.

Hang up your hat behind the door
That leads into the shop,
Make yourself at home, John,
As if you meant to stop.
Nobody comes in the parlor,
So don't uneasy be,
Sit at your ease as long as you please,
For the place belongs to me.

Her age as I've said was a couple of score,
And my years would number a half dozen more,
So I made up my mind to win her I'd try,
And called every evening some trifle to buy;
But one day she begged that I longer would stop
And step in the room at the back of the shop,
I did, but so shy continued to stand,
All the while I was twirling my hat in my hand.

Spoken: I suppose that was why she said—
Chorus.

Well we started on every day topic's and soon,
Although over forty, we found we could spoon,
For she laid her head on my manly chest.
And of course I said everything just for the best.
I proposed, was accepted, and she in return,
Said, the shop that I keep is a paying concern,
And when we are wed, or even before,
I'll alter the name painted over the door. Cho.

OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, Items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

Every Saturday Night the printer has the "devil" to pay.

A horn solo—A glass of grog in bed.

"Modest and meek is the maiden who blushes," so spake the poet, well if that's the case, our girl must be modest and meek, for she's always on the blush, she gets it at a drug store. J. V. B.

A Yorkville dairy-man gave his cows whiskey to drink, under the impression that they'd produce whiskey punch. That reminds us of the farmer who fed his chickens on saw-dust, simply to see if they would lay kindling-wood. J. V. B.

A Harlem lady has discovered a capital method to get the fire kindled, without rising from her bed. She routes her husband and makes him light it. J. V. B.

Why are ladies thieves? Because they steal from gentlemen, and hook each others dresses.

There is enough of soft-soap and white-wash wasted at the City Hall to clean every street in the city. D.

What is it when you have the blues? When energy and courage fail gives one strength to meet the gale. THE SINGERS' JOURNAL. D.

Bounced out—Not this year some other year!
Oh! dear I've bounced my lover out,
And my heart's o'erpowered with fear,
For I really begin now to doubt,
Whether I shall be spliced this year.
Love may go out, or cease to grow bright,
'Tis a positive omen, oh! dear!
My love has gone on a racket to-night,
And I may not be spliced this year;
Some other year, some other year. D.

He sang "I cannot sing to-night"—not this night, some other night, good-night.

When Ole Bull was asked to what he owed his success in life, he replied; "Owe, fiddle!"

Bernhardt jokes begin to be lonesome.

Baltimore has gay street cars. (This is a joke on the cars in Gay Street.)

The acquittal of the assailant of District Attorney Morris of Brooklyn was well Dunn, so his friends say.

What's the matter at St. Petersburg? Ten weeks gone, and the new Czar still lives.

Is a brakeman retained in his position because of his proficiency for breaking things.

Old gold is now taken without regard to the color. This you can bet on.

It is said that a niece of Samuel J. Tilden composed the "Racquet Gallop." She did it probably to liven the old man up.

When you see a young couple late at night on the lake bank, chewing biting, and eating each other, just let 'em alone. They are only fooling.

A Louisville man has written and composed about 360 songs. And yet Kentucky claims to be more free of crime than Ohio! Comment, to employ an original phrase, is unnecessary.

The Day That my Poor Mother Died.

WORDS BY T. TUCKER. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENSECK.

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Now my thoughts they go back to my
young childish days,
When I played round our old cottage door,
And my heart 'twas as light as the birds
that did sing,
Tho' my parents they were very poor.
And my dear good old mother, how me
she would kiss,
For I was her joy and her pride;
And my heart received a shock which I
ne'er shall forget,
The day that our poor mother died.

CHORUS.

And when ever my thoughts they go back
to that day,
The tears oh! I never can hide;
For I lost the best friend that I had in this world,
The day that my poor mother died!

How she'd sing me to sleep in that dear little crib,
How she'd dress me when I went to school;
And the advice she gave me when I started in life,
Kept me often from playing the fool.
But at last she was called to her home up above;
And sorrowful how I then cried,
When they told me she's dead, I could only
sob and weep,
The day that my poor mother died. Chorus.

I'll Meet You Sweet Bessie, at Twilight.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY W. W. BENTLEY.

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I'll meet you sweet Bessie at twilight,
Where flowers are a-bloom in the vale,
And at the last glow of the daylight,
I'll whisper to you love's sweet tale.
Then wait for me love, in the gloaming,
With heart beating fondly and true,
While over the hills I am roaming,
Sweet Bessie, I'm coming to you.

CHORUS.

I'll meet you sweet Bessie, at twilight,
Yes, meet me, oh! meet me at twilight,
Where brooklets flow down to the sea,
Where brooklets flow down to the sea;
When gone are the rays of the sunlight,
Sweet Bessie, I'm coming to thee.

The sunbeams have gone 'neath the mountain,
In all their bright beauty to rest;
While o'er the green fields to the fountain,
I speed to the one I love best.
Then meet me, oh! meet with kisses,
And words that will bring me delight;
So eager for life's fondest blisses,
Sweet Bessie, I'm coming to-night. Chorus.

Keep watch, then, sweet Bessie, at twilight,
When stars are so dim in the sky;
For with the last glow of the daylight,
The love I would bring thee is nigh.
Oh! meet me where brooklets are flowing,
And flowers so fair to the sight,
For down in your heart you are knowing,
Sweet Bessie, I'm coming to-night. Chorus.

A Leaf of Ivy From My Mother's Grave.

BY CHAS A. SAVILLE.

I went to Greenwood yesterday,
To visit my angel mother's grave;
Gently I knelt beside the mound,
And took a leaf of ivy from the grave;
Mother's dwelling with the angels,
With a crown upon her brow,
And 'tis only in my visions,
That I see my angel mother now.

CHORUS.

Mother's dwelling with the angels,
With a crown upon her brow;
And 'tis only in my visions,
That I see my angel mother now.

Mother died when I was quite young,
And it soon broke up my home;
Soon I found I was not welcome,
And like a stranger I did roam.
All I've got now to remember her,
And which I cherish and will save,
Is this little leaf of ivy,
A leaf of ivy from my mother's grave. Cho.

Since my mother's death I feel forsaken,
And o'er the wide world I have roamed;
Until, when my poor heart was breaking,
With my brother, then, I found a home;
From mother we'll not long be parted,
Soon we'll meet her up above;
Where we'll ne'er again be parted,
But will live in joy and endless love. Cho.

Militia's out To-Day.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ANDY M'KEE.

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A militia man you gaze upon,
All dressed up for parade, you see;
And when the bugle calls us out,
We're happy as can be.
The ladies watching every move,
They gaze into each soldier's eye;
'Tis then you'll see, that private McKee
Will heave a soldier's sigh.

CHORUS.

Salute your captain, right about,
Forward march away;
Keep your line, and march in time,
We're out on drill to-day.
Music sweet and scare they,
I think I hear the ladies say,
With eyes so bright, and steps so light,
The militia is out to-day.

Should there by chance a war break out,
With joy you hear the soldiers shout,
One volley will make the enemy scout,
For fight to us means play.
We leave our sweethearts all in tears,
For the call of volunteers;
We come back home with hearty cheers,
Militia is out to-day. Chorus.

Rose Perfumed Bouquet.

SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS BY C. W. MARK. MUSIC BY JOS. SCHWENSECK.

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While strolling through an avenue,
A cottage neat I saw;
A maiden dressed in pink and blue,
Was standing at the door.
Her rosy cheeks they were so sweet,
Her eyes shone bright and gay;
And on her bosom rested neat,
A rose perfumed bouquet.
I raised my hat she bowed her head,
Soon by her side I stood;
And then sweet loving words were said,
That made my heart feel good.

CHORUS.

Oh! she's the sweetest flower here,
And she's the dearest of the dear;
She's a lilly pure and true,
A fragrant mignonette.
A morning-glory dipped in dew,
A purple violet;
A tulip white, and red rose fair,
The gayest of the gay;
She's all the flowers sweet and rare,
My rose perfumed bouquet.

One day while standing by her side,
I thought I would confess;
I asked my love to be my bride,
She softly whispered "yes."
Her answer filled me with new life,
It made me glad and gay,
To know that she would be my wife,
My rose perfumed bouquet.
Now in a cottage of our own,
One painted white and gray,
I dwell in peace and love alone,
With rose perfumed bouquet. Chorus.

Mrs. Magraw.

BY WALTER MACK.

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I'm a jolly old woman from Ireland,
My name it is Mrs. Magraw;
I'm as happy as a young bird in summer,
And for troubles I don't care a straw.
From morning till night I am singing,
And so happy this minute I feel,
If you'll just keep your seat for a minute,
I'll dance you a bit of a reel.

CHORUS.

From morning till night I am singing,
And so happy this minute I feel,
If you'll just hold your seats for a minute,
I'll dance you a bit of a reel.

When first I came out to this country,
Divil a one did I know;
Without any friends or acquaintance,
I had no idea where I should go.
But I never let trifles annoy me,
That's why I'm so happy and gay,
And if you are in for amusement,
You can bet I will never say nay. Chorus.

Committed to The Deep.

SUNG BY CHAS. H. DORTELL.

Our messmate in his hammock lay,
The death dew on his brow;
And heard the dashing of the spray,
Against the vessel's prow.
"My life is ebbing fast," he said,
"Kind messmates do not weep,
When I am lrid in ocean's grave,
Committed to the deep.
When I am laid in ocean's grave,
Committed to the deep."

CHORUS.

Our Father who art in Heauen,
Hollowed be Thy name;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth, as it is in Heaven.
We pray the Lord his soul to keep,
Committed to the deep.
We pray the Lord his soul to keep,
Committed to the deep.

Oh! sink me deep beneath the surf
Of angry heaving waves,
And mermaids fair will chant my dirge,
In ocean's coral caves;
No village bell will toll for me,
No gentle maiden weep;
Deep in the sea my grave shall be
Committed to the deep.
Deep in the sea my grave shall be,
Committed to the deep. Chorus.

Beneath the Sod They're Sleeping.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. L. FEENEY.

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All honor to our soldier's true,
Who have from this world departed,
Their memory stands throughout the land,
They were noble and brave hearted.
They fought and fell, 'mid shot and shell,
When death the ranks were reaping;
But now they've gone, their loss we mourn,
Beneath the sod they're sleeping.

CHORUS.

They fought to free our country,
Their memory we hold in keeping,
They are at rest among the blest,
Beneath the sod they're sleeping.

We'll decorate, and celebrate,
And spend the sacred hours;
Upon the graves of heroes brave,
We will plant the choicest flowers.
All honor to the brave and true,
Who sleep where ivy's creeping,
Their memory dear, we do revere,
Beneath the sod they're sleeping. Chorus.

Our soldiers sought and bravely fought
To shield our starry banner,
They fought their way and won the day,
In a victorious manner.
Their lives they gave our flag to save,
Their loss our country's weeping;
Side by side they nobly died,
Beneath the sod they're sleeping. Chorus.

Young Folks at Home.

BY JAMES YOUNG.

I'm a trabeling back home again,
The young folks for to see,
In their peaceful little happy home,
Way down in Tennessee.
'Tis long years since I left them,
My fortune for to seek;
But now I am returning,
Enfeebled old and weak.

CHORUS.

The young folks, yes, the young folks,
Way down in Tennessee;
The young folks' yes, the young folks,
I'm trabeling back to see.

Oh! I wonder if they'll know me,
In this ragged garb well-worn,
If wid joyous shouts they'll welcome me,
To de home whar I was born.
If de little children come about
And sit upon my knee,
I'll tell dem of my cares and woe,
Since I roamed from Tennessee. Chorus.

Once Ise suffered pain and want,
But it never now will be,
For I'll settle with the young folks
Way down in Tennessee.
I never will breast again
This world's rough stormy sea,
But live again a peaceful life,
Way down in Tennessee. Chorus.

Mulligan's Silver Wedding.

BY JAMES V. BARRETT.

To-night I and fair Bidelia,
My sweet loving little wife;
Will wid a grand silver wedding,
Celebrate our married life.
We have tendered invitations,
To the neighbors every one,
And this evening without failure,
They'll be there to join the fun.

CHORUS.

Oh! 'twill be a splendid sight,
To see the pivoters to-night;
Full av whiskey an' delight,
In the mazy dance a-treading.
Wid ease and grace they'll forward four,
To reel around and welt the floor,
For all the dizzy dancers,
Will attend the silver wedding.

Darby Doyle the Kerry piper,
Will play on his pipes so sweet,
And keep time in tune so nately,
Wid the spielers busy feet.
All the merry lads and lassies,
That for blocks around reside,
Will be there to welt the carpet,
In the frisky Dublin glide. Chorus.

Then we'll have a tony supper,
Fit for royal kings or queens;
Clams an' oysters, jam and jelly,
Quail an' chicken, pork an' beans.
Custard pie and lobstor salad,
Irish stew and turkey rare,
All such fine and dainty dishes,
Will comprise the bill of fare. Chorus.

Close the Blinds, Lottie's Dying.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CHAS. W. MARK.

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Close the blinds, Lottie's dying,
Soon we'll lose our little love;
Angels wait to bear her gently,
To that golden land above.
Oh! in sickness, she has suffered,
But her sufferings soon will cease,
For our lord will send kind angels
To take her to joy and peace.

CHORUS.

Close the blinds, for Lottie's dying.
Soon we'll lose our little love;
Angels kind, will bear her gently
To that golden land above.

Round the door are children playing,
They are calling Lottie now;
Lottie hears them, and she whispers,
In a voice so sweet and low.
Mother, don't you hear my playmates?
They are waiting at the door,
Tell them, mother, I am dying,
Tell them I can play no more. Chorus.

Close the blinds for Lottie's dying,
She is breathing now her last;
We shall ever mourn in sorrow,
Lottie, darling, and the past,
Hark the angels now are calling,
Lottie slowly turns her head,
Though she cannot speak, her eyes they
Tell us Lottie dear is dead. Chorus.

'Tis Ten O'Clock, Please Go.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY JOS SCHWENSECK.

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How very fast the hours go by,
The minutes pass away;
It seems an evening brief indeed,
For you, my love, to stay.
But I suppose our happy hearts
In keeping time are slow;
And tho' I sigh for bliss to last,
'Tis ten o'clock, please go!

CHORUS.

I took a peep at papa's watch,
I wish the thing was slow;
And tho' it fills my heart with pain,
'Tis ten o'clock, please go!

It cannot be the watch is right,
The minutes go so fast;
And I am sure that bliss like ours,
A longer time shall last.
I might have let the thing run down,
Dear me I wish 'twas slow!
But I must bear the bitter pain,
'Tis ten o'clock, please go! Chorus.

I'll not be caught another night,
I know just what to do;
To make the blissful moments long,
That I shall pass with you.
I'll leave the watch in father's room,
And then I shall not know
The bitter pain I feel to-night,
'Tis ten o'clock, please go. Chorus.

'Tis hard to bear this cruel grief,
To see my love depart,
When blissful hours we could enjoy,
With sunshine in the heart.
But father's watch shall ne'er again
Cloud happiness with woe,
I'll put the old thing out of sight,
'Tis ten o'clock, please go.

When I Smoked My Frst Cigar.

BY WALTER MACK.

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It was just behind the woodshed,
One glorious summer day;
Far o'er the hills the sinking sun,
Pursued its western way.
And in my lone seclusion,
Safely removed afar
From all earth's confusion.
I smoked my first cigar.
Ah! bright the boyish fancies,
Wrapped in the wreath's of blue,
My eyes grew dim my head was light,
The woodshed round me flew,
Dark night closed in around me,
Rayless without a star,
Grim death I thought I had found,
When I smoked my first cigar.
I heard my father's smothered laugh,
It seemed so strange and far;
I knew he knew, I knew he Knew,
I'd smoked my first cigar.

Set Me Drunk to Have Some Fun.

BY DAN O'TOOLE.

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There is a lad lives upon our floor,
He sings a song called the Hallway Door;
He can beat Levy's cornet, or Gilmore's Band,
When he's singing the Sheeneys in the sand,
With my daughter Mary he cuts a dash.
She told me last night he was her "mash;"
She says to him, Tommy, you son of a gun,
Set the old man drunk and we'll have some fun.

Last Sunday when I came from mass,
He asked me over to have a glass;
Says I, I'll take a drop of gin,
Says he, drink it down, and I'll fill them again.
I sang a song of an Irish warrior,
When one fellow says where did you catch the tarrier,
Says he, now crack it light every one,
I'm setting him drunk to have some fun.

He pulled out his fist and hit me a poke,
By the powers I thought my neck was broke;
And he ran me up against the wall,
To give me a Greaco Roman fall.
If he comes to the house next Sunday night,
I will fire him down a couple of flight,
And get the police to give him a run,
For setting me drunk to have some fun.

Ould Orange Nell.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOHN WALSH.

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I'm a nobleman's daughter, faith now what's
the matther,
Ye needn't be laughing it's truth that I tell;
I was born in Galway, I trade in a small way,
The finest of oranges I have to sell.
Don't think that I'm jokin', or fun at ye pokin',
It's true every word, och! bad scran to the lie;
Ye may well believe me, I wouldn't decaive ye,
Although I sell oranges, arrah! who'll buy?

My dad's name was Ryan, my mother's O'Brien,
Their relashuns wor kings at the time of the flood;
If ye look in me face here, ye plainly can
thrace here,
The rimnents of rale royal red Irish blood.
None could be purer, an' though I am poorer
Than they used to be, still my pride it is high;
The toss of my head, sure, would show I'm
well-bred, sure,
Although I sell oranges, arrah! who'll buy?

Julius Ceaser, that Roman who conquered
aich foeman,
If he wor alive now, could tell a quare tale;
How the moighty O'Briens, along wid the Ryans,
Made him and his men from ould Ireland set sail.
It isn't surprisin', I feel my blood risin,'
Whin I think of the factshuns we've often made fly;
I could bate a whole army, if they dared to harm me,
Although I sell oranges, arrah! who'll buy.

Though I'm proud as ould Harry, I'm wantin'
to marry,
Is their iver a boy here of good pedigree;
Wid a purty long stockin,' bedad, I'm not mockin,'
If there is, here's my hand, and my heart
too, quite free,
He must be an O'Grady, Mulrooney, or Brady,
Six fut widout brogues on, an' not a bit shy,
Well fit for his duty, or I'll spile his beauty,
And make him cry oranges, arrah! who'll buy?

Give The Honest Working Girls a Chance.

BY TOMMY TUCKER.

AIR; GIVE AN HONEST IRISH LAD A CHANCE.

I always be polite, and of course, you'll
say I'm right,
To every honest maid I chance to meet;
And when you pass them by, if you should
wink your eye,
Of course, they in return, will smile so sweet.
To fashion they are slaves, with their
Saratoga waves,
Their Rockaway's and Montague spit curls;
But it makes them look as if they'd
stepped from a book,
I'm sure we cannot hardly blame the girls.

CHORUS.

Then always look with pride, on the girls
on every side,
And never ridicule the dears with taunts;
Treat them honest like a man, and try the
best you can,
To give the honest working girls a chance.

Now if you want a wife for to settle down in life,
Among the shop girls you can take your pick;
They're full of piety and act with propriety,
And they'll nurse you like an infant
when you're sick.
Then take time to reflect, you should
trust them with respect,
If they love you, they'll not wish to wear
the pants;
So all I've got to say now before I go away,
Is to give the honest working girls a chance.
Chorus.

Scenes That Occur After Dark.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOHN WALSH.

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As I sat at home by the fireside, one night,
Some strange contrasts ran in my mind;
So these on a paper I quickly did write,
And truth in them I'm sure you'll find.
Subjects for songs now are like the sea-sand,
Countless, but this one pray mark;
What I will say, you can all understand,
'Tis on scenes that occur after dark.

Look at that poor boy, thin and wasting away,
He has no roof to shelter his head;
But hungry he wanders about all the day,
While others quite dainty are fed.
His pale hollow cheek, and his dull sunken eye,
Of pity might well raise a spark;
While thousands on beds of down they will lie,
On a door-step he sleeps after dark.

Next view that young fellow so handsomely dressed,
He has thousands of pounds in the bank;
By gents he is flattered, by ladies caressed,
He's a nob of the very first rank.
To the derby with his four-in-hand he will drive,
Bet a hundred, for him 'tis a lark;
At Billiards or pool to kill time he will strive,
His pleasure begins after dark.

Now I'd ask if 'tis right that such contrasts
should be,
'Tis a land, this, of plenty, we're told;
Yet while thousands to beg or starve, are left free,
Others have far too much gold.
To convert the heathen large sums we expend,
But on that I would make a remark;
If to the poor here they'd a helping hand lend,
We'd have less ill deeds done after dark.

Don't Judge a Poor Girl By Her Feet.

PARODY ON, I DON'T LIKE A CUR AT MY HEELS.

BY TOMMY TUCKER.

I like to make love to each hard working girl,
That hasn't a shirt to her back;
I like to play euchre with six year old kids,
And rake in the pot with the jack.
I like to see actors come out twenty times,
If they break their necks it's a treat,
But it's better your mother-in-law jumped
on your back,
Than to judge a poor girl by her feet.

CHORUS.

I like to eat onions that can lift themselves,
And limberger cheese, when it's sweet;
You'll wish you had jumped off the new
Brooklyn Bridge,
If you judge a poor girl by her feet.

I like to treat bummers to hot rye and rock,
Policemen to strawberry wine;
I like to tear circus bills off every fence,
Send each old maid a nice valentine.
I like to give every old tramp fifty cents,
So on whiskey himself he can treat;
But it's better to try to beat Tanner's time,
Than to judge a poor girl by her feet. Cho.

I like to put all my new clothes in the hock,
Go to picnics without a red cent;
I like to see shop giols stuck up, and act proud,
And landlords to pile on the rent.
I like all young women, to turn way their heads
When some poor young man they do meet;
But how they would go for you with a club,
If you'd judge the poor things by their feet.
Chorus.

The Haunted Brooklet.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY JOS SCHWENECK.

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I sit by the beautiful brooklet,
With waves dancing on to the sea,
And out from my calm shady looklet,
I gaze on the scenes dear to me.
And oft in the shadowy gloaming
A phantom like form passes by,
A sunny-eyed maiden is roaming,
Beneath the pale stars in the sky.

CHORUS.

I sit by the streamlet undaunted,
And see the lone phantom pass by;
The beautiful brooklet is haunted,
By one with the bright sunny eyes.

One night when the stars beamed so brightly,
Two lovers were wending their way—
The heart of the maiden beat lightly,
Her lover was blithesome and gay;
Along by the banks of the brooklet,
They followed the glistening tide,
And near to my calm shady nooklet,
She promised to be his fond bride. Chorus.

But when the glad morning was breaking,
He passed o'er the river so cold;
The maiden so lovely forsaking,
To dwell in the city of gold.
And now with her lily twined tresses,
In snowy white bridal array,
She leaves the brook her caresses,
And phantom-like speeds on her way. Cho.

On The Road.

BY WALTER MACK.

We struck a town at midnight,
Us actors, tired and weary,
We walked eleven dusty miles,
And prospects still looked dreary.

We asked a landlord where that night,
We'd lay us down in slumber;
He says, ha, ha! I have a place
Behind yon pile of lumber.

We slept that night behind the pile,
The theremometer stood at thirty;
As daylight broke, we all awoke,
Hungry cold and dirty.

We started away before breakfast,
With our worn out grips in our hand;
And counted the ties to Boston,
And at Dudley's we made our first stand.

For food we braced the actors,
Also the hangers on;
They steered us to the lunch bar,
But, alas, all the beans was gone.

Loved Ones at Home.

BY DEVLIN & TRACY.

Is there one here among us who cannot recall,
Some bright happy scene of the past;
Or some little token of friendship received,
Which memory will hold to the last.
It is fond recollections that guides me thro' life,
And will serve me wherever I roam,
On land or on sea they are pictured to me,
In my heart those dear loved ones at home.

There are times in our lives when memory recalls,
Sweet Childhood which seems like a dream,
And how we have strayed from a kind mother's
words,
Now only remains to be seen.
For each unkind word we have spoken to her,
How gladly we now would atone,
And oft heave a sigh for the days gone by
When we think of the dear ones at home.

The Old Family Chiar.

WORDS BY BARNEY FAGEN. MUSIC BY PADDY MURPHY.

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To our neat little cabin far down in the glen,
The home of my boyhood's bright years;
Fond memory wanders, and sore once again,
I return to beloved ones so dear.
My father and mother so cheerful and gay,
As happy as any young pair,
Would join in the pleasures, and laugh at the fun,
As they sat in the old family chair.

CHORUS.

Good-natured, contented, they sit the long day,
The blessings of old age to share;
No thoughts of sorrow comes over them now,
As they sit in the old family chair.

With a sweet little colleen to cheer my young heart,
I wander again thro' the fields;
With a step bright and merry the green grasses trod,
To my loving embraces she yields.
The linnets clear notes from the trees overhead,
And the echoing peasantry sing;
Recall slumbering thoughts that long since have fled,
As in fancy we join the gay throng. Chorus.

My Girl in Kalamazoo.

A NEW SERIO COMIC SONG, SUNG BY FRANK LUM.

I'm going to see my charmer,
The girl that I love best;
She lives in a town of great renown,
Way out in the far off west.
Her name it is Matilda,
To me I know she's true,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in Kalamazoo.

CHORUS.

Oh! when I see my love again,
I'll be a happy man;
I'm bound for a trip to her native town,
Way out in Michigan.
Of all the girls on earth she is
The fairest I ever knew;
My charming young Matilda Jane,
Who lives in Kalamazoo,

My Matilda Jane is a lovely girl,
A fairer ne'er was seen,
She's head clerk in a dress-maker's shop,
And boss of a sewing machine.
Her hair is red her lips are thick,
Her eyes are heavenly blue,
She has crooked toes and a turn-up nose,
This girl from Kalamazoo. Chorus.

Oh! you ought to see Matilda,
When she's walking down the street,
Dressed to death in all her best,
She looks most wonderful sweet.
She's always looking at the boys,
And flirting with them too,
I tell you she's right on the mash,
Is this girl from Kalamazoo. Chorus.

The Nobby Bang.

BY HENRY W. TORBUSH.

Oh! have you noticed everywhere,
The latest style they wear their hair?
I'll tell you with a word of slang,
The nobbiest way is with a bang.

CHORUS.

Oh! rinkey, dinkey, dinkey dang!
The nobbiest way is with a bang!
Oh! rinkey, dinkey, dinkey dang!
The nobbiest way is with a bang!

While some wear frizzes, some wear curls,
The latest style with all the girls,
Is to let their hair in tangles hang,
Just over their eyes in a nobby bang. Chorus.

I took my girl out to a ball,
It was rather late when I did call;
She cried out as the bell I rang,
I won't be ready till I fix my bang. Chorus.

When she was ready off we went,
And a very happy night we spent;
She had to dance with all the gang,
For she looked so pretty with her bang. Cho.

And now, good friends, my song I've sung,
And I'll tell you here, or I'll be hung,
If you want to be popular with the gang,
Just go for a girl that wears a bang. Chorus.

The Time When We Were Young.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY W. W. BENTLEY.

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I'm sitting 'neath the poplar's shade,
And look in love once more,
On father's farm where oft we played,
In good old days of yore.
The house has fallen in decay,
From which the rose-vine hung,
Its creeping tendrils on that day
When you and I were young.

CHORUS.

The water-wheel is silent now,
Where merry brooklet sung,
While leaping from the mountain's brow,
When you and I were young.

The meadow lark is singing sweet,
While daisies raise their head,
Along the path where youthful feet
In happiness once tread.
The hill is just as steep and high,
As when our voices rung
In shouts to dear companions nigh,
When you and I were young. Chorus.

While sitting near the old oak tree,
I dreamed the hours away,
As when our hearts were light and free,
In youth's first golden day.
And over there the maple stood,
From whose strong branch we swung,
Forgetful of both rest and food,
When you and I were young. Chorus.

I cannot note the changes all,
So dim my eyes have grown;
I hear no more my mother's call,
My father is alone.
The house, the farm, the brook, the mill,
Each spot to which we clung,
Are not the same, though cherished still,
As when we both were young. Chorus.

The Tramp's Brigade.

PARODY ON "THE CASTAWAYS."

BY STEPHEN GARVEY.

In the summer-time all was sublime,
when we started away,
For a life so free, thro' the country, not
to work, but play;
Across each state, we marched so straight
our fare by foot was paid,
We numbered nine, when all in line,
this noble tramp's brigade.

CHORUS.

With a ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!
Our fare by foot was paid;
The farmers would run and bring out a gun,
When they'd see this tramp's brigade.

Of the Jersey coast, we cannot boast of hospitality,
The bull-dog's teeth, us they would greet
with an eye to mortality,
At every door, we'd get a roar, no matter
how we prayed,
If we'd ask for bread, they'd shoot us dead,
when we were on parade.
Chorus.

In the station house, we'd go like a mouse
and lay upon the floor,
For our morning's grub we'd have to scrub,
and any other chore;
Out in the path, they'd give us a bath,
the hose it would be played,
We'd have to vamoose, when they'd have
no more use for this noble tramp's brigade,
Chorus.

Out on the road like hopping toads, we'd
walk the railroad-ties,
The trains would come, we'd have to run,
from our heart's we'd heave our sighs;
Then we'd bivouoak, under a hay stack,
on the green fields we'd be laid,
With the morning's dew, we'd be wet through,
this noble tramp's brigade.
Chorus.

We are back again, all aches and pains,
and we are going to stay,
So you can bet you need not fret, for we
are not going away,
Take my advice, you'll find it nice, oh! I
wish I here had stayed,
Don't you ever join or go in line with any
tramp's brigade.
Chorus.

Low Lands Low.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY J. T. WELSH.

I've got a ship in the north countrie,
She goes by the name of The Golden
Yellow Tree;
And I'm afraid she'll be taken by some
southern gales,
As she sails upon the Low Lands Low.

But up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken boy was he;
Saying, what will you give me if them
I will destroy,
And I sink them in the Low Lands Low.

Its I will give you gold, and I will give you store
And my daughter dear, when you land
upon the shoae,
And you sink them in the Low Lands Low.

This boy had an auger which bored
two holes at once,
While some were playing cards,
And more were playing dice,
He let the water in, and dazzled all their eyes,
And he sunk them in the Low Lands Low.

This boy he bent his breast, and the way
he swam back,
All around the harbor ship's side;
Crying messmates take me in, I am
going with the tide,
For I am sinking in the Low Lands Low.

His captain took him in and on the deck he died,
They wrapped him up in a milk-white shroud,
And pitched him overboard for to go
with the tide,
And sank him in the Low Lands Low.

Little Willie.

Little Willie would read novels,
And play hunter all the day;
He wanted to be an Indian scout,
No matter what you'd say.
He bought him a little pistol,
And put on his father's boots;
And started for the western wilds,
To hunt the savage Utes.
No more he'll need the pistol,
There's a wreath upon his brow;
The Indians went to his funeral,
Little pants are vacant now.

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3 No Work.....40
4 The Lost Jewel.....40
5 No Work Waltz.....40
6 Sweet Amerikay.....40
7 Penniless and Poor.....40
8 The Irish Volunteers.....40
9 The Night I Learned to Swim.....40
10 Silver Bells are Ringing Away up in de sky 40
11 New Year's Day.....40
12 The Sweetest of the Sweet.....40
13 The Sweetest of the Sweet Waltz.....40
14 The Old Bench Near the Mill.....40
15 Angel Mother Watch for me.....40
16 Take Me Back to My Dear Old Southern Home, Song with Echo Chorus 40
17 Lay my Head Beneath a Rose.....40
18 Baby Died One Year Ago To-Day.....40
19 Little Roguish Eyes.....40
20 Beautiful Songs Unsung.....40
21 A Little Place Within thy Heart.....40
22 Music and Dancing.....40
23 The Reason why I was Elected.....40
24 Walzingham McSweeney, the Gay Cavalier 40
25 I Couldn't Help it Ma.....40
26 So Weary and Sad To-Night.....40
27 Irish Lanciers.....60
28 When the Flowers are Dreaming.....40
29 Sweet Maggie Gordon.....40
30 The Rosebud in Your Hair.....40
31 Luck Lays Over Brain.....40
32 Open Up Dem Doors.....40
33 The Petticoat Brigade.....40
34 Scotch Lanciers.....60
35 American Lanciers.....60
36 Sea Cadet Lanciers.....60
37 Turkish Patrol Quickstep.....60
38 English Lanciers.....60
39 Midshipmites March.....40
40 The Irish Volunteers March.....40
41 The Petticoat Brigade March.....40
42 I'm Just Turned Sixty-Three.....40
43 Times of Long Ago.....40
44 Invitation Waltzes.....50
45 Down by de Rainbow.....40
46 Settle Dat Bill.....40
47 Old Times Roxy, or Trouble in de Kitchen 40
48 I'se Uncle Pompey Still.....40
49 Hab Your Ladders Ready.....40
50 The Golden Chariot.....40
51 Mickey Flahrity.....40
52 Deuced Good Fellah.....40
53 A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.....40
54 The Ticking of the Clock.....40
55 Take Things as They Come.....40
56 You Shouldn't Notice It.....40
57 Breathing Sweet Words at the Gate.....40
58 The Messenger Bird.....40
59 Waiting for de Setting ob de Sun.....40
60 Kitty McNish.....40
61 Romping Irish Lass.....40
62 I'll Name the Boy Dennis, or no Name at all.....40
63 When McGuiness Gets the Job.....40
64 You are False, but I'll Forgive You.....40
65 Throwing Pebbles in the Stream.....40
66 When the Magnolias Bloom.....40
67 Casey's Ball Last Night.....40
68 My Home by the Deep Rolling Sea.....40
69 Mary Ann O'Houlahan Dowd.....40
70 She's so Captivating.....40
71 Joys of my Childhood.....40
72 The Day I Took My Peg to Coney Isle.....40
73 Finegan Corterie.....40
74 Take Me in Your Arms, Mama.....40
75 Down on Coney Island Beach.....40
76 The old willow chair there grandmother sat 40
77 The Heroes of Ireland.....40
78 As I Stood by the Door.....40
79 Finegan Masquerade.....40
80 My Angel Brother's Ring.....40
81 You are False but I'll Forgive You, Waltz..40
82 Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance.....40
83 The Reason we Mortgaged the Farm.....40
84 Echoes from the Chapel of Knock.....40
85 Don't Shut out the Moonlight Mother.....40
86 Hunting Four Leaf Clover.....40
87 Winnie Wane.....40
88 The Slattery Family.....40
89 Jerry Murphy's Squad.....40
90 Save My Child.....40
91 Mother is Waiting to Welcome her Boy...40
92 The Old Fashioned Cottage.....40
93 Only a Daisy.....40
94 Farewell to Ireland.....40
95 High Water Pants.....40
96 Widow Clancy's Party.....40
97 Erin's Green Isle.....40
98 Sons of Erin's Isle.....40
99 Wake Bonnie Bessie.....40
100 Sweet Maggie Gordon Waltz.....40
101 Only to Hear Her Voice.....40
102 Yesterday, To-Day.....40
103 The Haunted Brooklet.....40
104 When Gabriel Blows his Horn.....40
105 Everything Done for the Best.....40
106 The Bridge that Crosses the Brook.....40
107 Just From Harrisburg.....40
108 Rose Patchaula.....40
109 Travelling back to Alabam.....40
110 Oh! why was I so soon Forgotten.....40
111 Come Along Sister Mary.....40
112 My own sweet wife to be.....40
113 We are Growing Old Together.....40
114 The Old Ruined Mill.....40
115 My old Plantation Home so far away.....40
116 Grandfather's Cane.....40
117 Hiding in the Corn.....40
118 I'll Meet you, Sweet Bessie at Twilight... 40
119 It is Sweet to be remembered.....40
120 Eight Bells at Sea.....40
121 Cupid on the ice.....40
122 Grandmother's eyes have grown dim.....40
123 Little Sunshine come to me.....40
124 Dora Blaine.....40
125 While waiting for the cows to come.....40
126 Picking up gold in the streets.....40
127 Flirting on our block.....40
128 The tie that binds us brother's.....40
129 The Old Dinner Horn.....40
130 Mother please forgive your boy.....40
131 A sailor's wife I soon shall be.....40
132 Old Snow Balls Hair is Turning Gray.....40
133 You may speak if you like to pa-pa.....40
134 The Time when we were young.....40
135 When Courting Hulda Brown.....40
136 'Tis then sweetheart, I'll dream of thee.....40
137 Let us catch the golden sunbeams.....40
138 Fly birdie, to where Willie's waiting.....40
139 Good Knights and Fair Ladies.....40
140 The Bright Side, the nearer I draw to Jesus 40
141 Do it Again.....40
143 Sister Hannah.....40
144 Can You Forgive and Forget, Love.....40
145 Paddy Duffy.....40
146 Finegin Calico Ball.....40
147 The sup of Good Whiskey at Gerity's Wake 40
148 Jes let dem hosses go.....40
149 Old Pompey's Getting Barefoot on de top of his Head 40
150 How Mrs. McGovern Sold the Ganger..40
151 Sweeter Than a Red Ripe Peach.....40
152 Teddy Please Scare Me Again.....40
153 Sweeter than a red ripe peach—Schottisch 40
154 Kerrigan's Masquerade.....40
155 Pretty Irish Queen.....40
156 Happy Old Irish Pair.....40
157 McCarthy's Fancy Ball.....40
158 O'Brien the Alderman.....40
159 Whisper Softly, Papa's dying.....40
160 I'm a Charming Up-Town Belle.....40
161 Close the Blind's, Lottie's Dying.....40
162 'Tis Ten o'clock, please go.....40
163 The Old Haunted Mill.....40
164 The Bright Little Spot on the Ocean.....40
165 Happy Dreams of You.....40
166 The Old Family Chair.....40
167 De Days When I was Sold in Slavery.....40
168 Beneath the sod they're sleeping.....40
169 Come Little Darling and Meet Me.....40
170 Pretty Little Dandelion.....40
171 Sunny Days.....40
172 Over the Beautiful River.....40
173 Never Meet Trouble Half Way.....40
174 The Day That My poor Mother Died.....40
175 I have no one here to love.....40
176 Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.....40
177 Where the Sweetest Flowers Grow.....40
178 Birdie Mine why do you Leave me.....40
179 Pretty Little Lou.....40
180 Lilly White Rose.....40
181 Nigger in a Fit.....40
182 Militia's out to-day.....40
183 Dem Glory K' Yars.....40
184 Too Late.....40
185 Where Pretty Lilacs Grow.....40
186 Charley he's a masher.....40
187 Killarney Musketeers.....40
188 When You Were Sweet Sixteen.....40
189 Rise up in de mornin'.....40
190 Buttercups.....40
191 She smiled as we crossed on the Hoboken Ferry.....40
192 Elnora.....40
193 Save at the spigot and waste at the bung 40
194 Rose Perfumed Bouquet.....40
195 You'll miss me when we part.....40
196 My Talkative Wife.....40
197 Let us be boys again just for to-day.....40

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Jolly Old Dan.

SUNG BY WALTER MACK.

Kind friends, I am glad to see you all,
Your attention I ask for a while;
I'm one of the jolly jovial sort,
Who like a few hours to beguile.
The hours of our life are but fleeting,
The moments too short to be lost,
The wave of misfortune soon reaches us,
On life's billows we often are tossed.

CHORUS.

For I'm a jolly old man, ha, ha!
And I'll live just as long as I can, ha, ha!
I'm always enraptured with joys I have captured,
That's why I'm called jolly old Dan.

So now I'll bid you all good night,
And hope I shall see you again,
I've done my best to please you all,
And I hope I have not tried in vain.
This word of advice I will give you,
Do nothing to cause others pain;
For if you cast bread on the waters,
You'll find it will come back again.

Chorus.

Words and Music *By NED STRAIGHT.*

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.



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CONTENTS.

AT LAST ..... page 692
BIRDIE MINE WHY DO YOU LEAVE ME..... 694
BABY SLEEPS AND HOME IS LONELY 694
Casey's Tin Pan Wedding..... 695
Dan Takes After his Dad..... 690
DE DAYS WHEN I WAS SOLD IN SLAVERY..... 692
Don't Come in the Morning..... 692
Driven, Driven..... 693
FLY BIRDIE, TO WHERE WILLIE'S WAITING..... 695
The Fisherman and his child..... 695
The Five Dollar Note 695
Grandfather's Pants..... 690
GRANDMOTHER'S EYES HAVE GROWN DIM..... 690
GEMS FROM THE EMERALD ISLE ... 691
HAPPY DREAMS OF YOU..... 692
Ifs and Ands..... 690
I HAVE NO ONE HERE TO LOVE 691
IT IS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED.. 691
List of Popular Sheet Music..... 693
LILY WHITE ROSE..... 694
McGee the Widower..... 690
MOTHER PLEASE FORGIVE YOUR BOY.... 691
Our Interesting Matter Column..... 695
The OLD RUINED MILL..... 690
OUR STARRY FLAG OUR GLORY..... 690
PEBBLES IN THE SEA..... 691
PLEASANT HOURS 694
PRETTY LITTLE DANDELION..... 694
Picnic in the Sunny South..... 694
COME ALONG SISTER MARY Music for Banjo and Guitar 696
Squeeze her Gently at the door..... 694
WHISPER SOFTLY, PAPA'S DYING... 691
WE ARE GROWING OLD TOGETHER 693
YOU MAY SPEAK IF YOU LIKE TO PAPA... 693

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I remain respectfully yours,

Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

Latest piece of Music published, "Happy Dreams of You." Big hit at the San Francisco.

Dan Takes After His Dad.

BY JAMES V. BARRETT.

Before ye stands Dinnis McGinnis,
A party both upright an' square;
I'm true-bred av Irish extraction,
An' hail from the County Kildare.
I've a son whose a gallus young fellow,
The best b'y a man ever had;
He's a a credit, be gor, to the city,
For Dan he takes after his dad.

CHORUS.

He's the pride an' the boast of his father,
Tho' the neighbors declare he is bad,
He can take his own part like a hayro,
For Dan, he takes after his dad.

His clothes are the finest av fashion,
He sports his Havana cigar;
An' struts wid an' autocrat swagger,
As proud as a Russian Czar.
He carries a cane whin out walkin',
Like any gay lardy-dah lad;
An' I hear that he mashes the daisies,
For Dan he takes after his dad. Chorus.

Like most av our young gineration,
He dotes in a fistic set-to;
An' in the grand science av boxin',
His equals they number but few.
If the b'ys gives him any chin music,
Or in any way makes him mad;
They're challanged to fight rough an' tumble,
For Dan he takes after his dad. Chorus,

Grand-Mother's Eyes Have Grown Dim.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY W. W. BENTLEY,

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The Music of this song is published at Mrs. Pauline Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

The step of our grand-ma is faltering,
The eyes once so bright have grown dim,
And Jesus is calling her upward,
To dwell in the bright world with Him.
The hair soft and silken is whitened,
And this aged pilgrim is given,
A face of most wonderful beauty,
Growing young in the pure light of Heaven.

CHORUS.

That face of most wonderful beauty,
To grand-ma our Saviour has given,
Her features so wrinkled but lovely,
Grow young in the pure light of Heaven.

The form of our grand-ma is wasted,
And wrinkles are deep on her brow;
The voice we all love has grown feeble,
She speaks in a low whisper now.
And oh! her aged foot-steps are nearing,
That rest by the kind Saviour given,
To pilgrims all weary like grandma.
Grown young in the pure light of Heaven.
Chorus.

The way of dear grandma is Heavenward,
And Jesus is close by her side;
Her features have grown like the angels,
In heart she has grown like a child.
Her eyes look beyond this dark valley,
And soon the bright crown will be given
To grandma at home with the Saviour,
Grown young in the pure light of Heaven.
Chorus.

Ifs and An's.

DUET—FROM BILLEE TAYLOR.

ARABELLA.

If you were a maiden, and I was a youth,
My voice with love laden should whisper all truth,
How I loved you with passion, how you were my joy,
If you was a maiden and I was a boy.
Would you say no? ah! my poor heart beats so,
Would you say yes? ah! confess, ah, confess!
Oh! tell, I pray tell, I pray—tell me what would you say?
No, no, no, or yes, yes, yes.

BILLEE.

If you were a lover and I a damsel fair.
Quickly you'd discover that I'd no love to spare.
If my troth were plighted, prayers you'd vain employ,
If I were a maiden and you were a boy.
It would be no, though it might grieve you so,
It couldn't be yes, I confess, I confess,
Though you might pray, I still should say
No, no, no, not yes, not yes.

The Old Ruined Mill.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY W. W. BENTLEY.

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The old ruined mill by the fast flowing brook,
In days long agone, lives in memory's nook,
All covered with moss and with ivy so green,
Where bloomed the wild roses the fairest ones seen.
In the midst of much natural beauty I stood,
An old ruined mill in the heart of the wood,
And there in the days of my childhood I played
With dear ones who sleep 'neath the old willow shade,

CHORUS.

That old ruined mill and the fast flowing brook,
Which runs the old wheel, live in memory's nook,
And naught we recall of our home far away,
Is like the old mill in its lingering decay.

Long years have gone by, and the deep tangled wood
Is seen never more where the old mill once stood;
The ax of the woodman has leveled each tree,
The wheel now is silent as silent can be.
While the bats build their nests in the old broken walls,
The owl looks so grave from its perch over all,
The mill-pond is dry since the dam broke away,
Our old ruined mill is in mournful decay.
Chorus.

The old rustic mill I shall nevermore see,
For strangers now dwell in that home dear to me;
The friends of my youth are in exile to-day,
Or sleep 'neath the sod in their home far away.
The whipoorwill sings when the light fades from view,
And round the old hearth-stone the crickets chirp, too;
But beauty, so cherished, of valley and hill,
Has gone evermore, like the old ruined mill.
Chorus.

Our Starry Flag our Glory.

NATIONAL SONG AND CHORUS.

WORDS BY REV. J. E. RANKIN. MUSIC BY W. W. BENTLEY.

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Our starry flag unfold it,
Fling it to every breeze;
Let nations here behold it,
That flock from o'er the seas.
Our fathers, long it led them,
On war's red field unfurled;
The radiance that it shed then,
Now shines for all the world.

CHORUS.

Our starry flag our glory,
Our sky with many a star,
Adorn times future story,
Oh! shed thy beams afar.

Our starry flag loud greet it,
Fair emblem of the free;
Whatever fate may meet it,
Our boast it still shall be.
That it's still floating o'er us,
And God to go before,
Let freedom's ringing chorus,
Be heard from shore to shore. Chorus.

Our starry flag, if ever
Proud foes should dare combine,
Its clustered beams to sever,
Or quench its light divine.
As one we'll rally round it,
Until our latest breath,
Transmit it as we found it,
E'en from the grasp of death. Chorus.

Our starry flag loud hail it,
Ye children of brave sires;
Strong arms ne'er let them fail it,
Nor slumber kindred fires.
'Tis freedom's constellation,
No dimness let it know;
That made us then a nation,
A hundred years ago. Chorus.

Grandfather's Pants.

SUNG BY FRANK LEWIS.

My grandfather he, at the age of eighty-three,
One day he took a notion he would die;
And after he was dead of course the will was read,
By a lawyer as we all were passing by.
Unto my brother Bill he left an old saw mill,
To my sister he bequeathed our gray mare Nance;
But when it came to me, the lawyer then, said he
Has left to you his old brown pants.

CHORUS.

But how they giggled, how they yelled,
Even my sister, my dear Isabel;
Gave me the laugh whene'er she had the chance,
When grandpa only left to me his old brown pants.

My brother Bill one day, just to pass the time away,
In the river, why he thought he'd take a swim;
When a stray goat showed his nose, and he eat up poor Bill's clothes,
It was summer, and his garments they were thin.
How Bill he kicked and swore, when he couldn't leave the shore,
And I saw his situation at a glance;
I give one laugh and yell, I said now brother Bill,
Don't you wish you had the old brown pants.
Chorus.

McGee The Widower.

BY JAMES RICHMOND.

I am a purty Irish widower of thirty,
Married again now sure I'd like to be;
My wife she died from being temperate,
Of children I have only three.
There is Tommy, Johanna and Katie,
The eldest just eight years old;
They're as purty as any Yankee children,
I wouldn't sell them for their weight in gold.

CHORUS.

Then if there is a nice young lady here,
Let her write a love letter to me;
For a husband she could find no better,
Than the Honorable Mr. Jeremiah McGee.

I don't want a flirt or a masher,
I'd like a saleslady or a dry goods clerk;
I want an industrious young lady,
That can do a good day's hard work.
I'd love her as long as I am living,
If my orphans she does admire;
She'll have to cook breakfast in the morning,
Scrub the floor and make the fire. Chorus.

Mother Please Forgive Your Boy.

A little ten year old boy whose legs were recently cut off by a train of cars, in the city of Dubuque, was too plucky to make any fuss over the incident. When the little fellow was taken home his legs hung limp, but he did not complain. But the tender look he gave to those who stood by his side told plainly that he was suffering great agony. After the doctor had dressed his wounds he called his parents, sisters and brothers to his bedside, kissed one and all farewell, and left a tear upon their cheeks. A second time he called his mother to his side, placed his little arms about her neck and said; "Mother I am going to die, please forgive me for not minding you." With this the little fellow fell back, and as the mother said "Yes, my angel!" and took another look at his face, she found him in that peaceful slumber, beyond all earthly pain and suffering.

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Farewell, mother, I am going,
To that home of love and joy,
And I now am happy knowing
You forgive your dying boy.
Let me put my arms around you,
Just once more before I die,
Long my heart in love has bound you,
Can I speak the last good-bye?

CHORUS.

Farewell, mother, I am going
To that home of love and joy,
Let me put my arms around you,
Mother, please forgive your boy.

In that hour of pain and sorrow,
No one heard the brave boy cry,
When he knew that ere the morrow,
In his anguish he must die.
Calling all the loved ones round him,
With a kiss he said "Good bye!"
And the shining angels found him
Ready for that home on high. Chorus.

With a tender look on mother,
And a clasp of father's hand;
With a kiss for sister, brother,
He went with the angel band.
While those dear ones in their weeping,
Bore his tear upon their cheek,
And beside the cold form sleeping
Tenderly his name they speak. Chorus.

I Have no one Here to Love.

WORDS BY C. W. MARK. MUSIC BY JOS. SCHWENSECK.

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While the birds are singing sweetly,
I am mourning all the day,
For I've no one here to love me,
Since my loved one passed away.
Oh! our heart's were filled with gladness,
While we wandered through the grove,
But I'm mourning now in sadness,
For I've no one here to love.

CHORUS.

I've no one here to love me,
Since your spirit flown above,
Since the angels bright have called thee,
I have no one here to love.

When the evening gathers round me,
Then I wander to the dell,
Where the sweet birds often found us,
While my love to him I'd tell.
But the birds now see me only,
As I mournfully now rove,
And they seem to know I'm lonely,
Since I've no one here to love. Chorus.

It is Sweet to be Remembered.

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It is sweet to be remembered,
When your barque is on the main,
Sailing far from friends and loved ones,
You may never meet again.
It is joy to know that somewhere
There are hearts that beat so true,
While fond eyes with love are beaming,
In their longing watch for you;
While fond eyes with love are beaming,
In their longing watch for you.

It is sweet to be remembered,
When the sky is dark above,
When our eyes are dim with weeping,
And we feel the need of love.
It is joy to know that somewhere
A fair rainbow spans the sky,
And fond eyes in love are watching
For our coming by-and-by;
And fond eyes in love are watching
For our coming by-and-by.

It is sweet to be remembered,
When our hair is turning gray,
And the light of love is fading,
As old age speeds on its way,
It is joy to know that somewhere
All our trials will be o'er,
And pure love will be our portion
When we meet to part no more;
And pure love will be our portion
When we meet to part no more.

It is sweet to be remembered,
By the many we have known,
When our bark is on the billows,
And the wild waves fierce have grown;
It is joy to know that somewhere
In the darkness of the night,
Friendly hands are busy sending
O'er the sea love's beacon light;
Friendly hands are busy sending
O'er the sea love's beacon light.

Gems From the Emerald Isle.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOHN WALSH.

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THE MUSIC OF THIS SONG WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 cts.

I'll sing now in praise of the gems of old Ireland,
Whose names are respected by friends and by foes;
Of men who were proud to acknowledge their sireland,
Of men who gained fame by word and by blows,
Their hearts brave and true never knew any danger,
As cheerfully they for their country did toil;
It must be acknowledged by friend and by stranger,
That they were bright gems of the Emerald Isle.

First is Brian Borue, the great king who's example,
If followed by monarch's of this present day,
A blessing'twould prove, for his wisdom was ample,
He knew how to rule in a true kingly way.
Brave Patrick Sarsfield exiled from his sireland,
Exclaimed as he died on foreigner soil,
O may Heaven grant freedom for dear old Ireland,
Then died a bright gem from the Emerald Isle.

If we boast of our gems surely no one can blame us,
When we've produced such men like those I will name,
Balfe, Wallace, and Tom Moore who made themselves famous,
With music and poetry they gained their fame.
There's Sheridan Goldsmith and Swift, three more great men,
What nature on earth ever equaled their style;
There's Burke and there's Grattan, two eloquent statesmen,
All are bright gems from the Emerald Isle.

Whisper Softly, Papa's Dying.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CHAS. W. MARK.

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Whisper softly, papa's dying!
Going to his home above,
Where the angels kind await him,
There to dwell mid peace and love.
Do not weep my little darling,
Let us nobly bear the pain;
Though we part on earth forever,
We shall meet in Heaven again.

CHORUS.

Whisper softly, papa's dying,
Raise your little hands in prayer;
Though we part on earth forever,
We shall all meet over there.

Whisper softly, don't disturb him,
For his end is drawing nigh;
Angels wait to bear him gently
To his home above the sky:
Soon his eyes will close in sleep, love,
Never more on earth to wake;
And though I am cheering you, love,
My poor heart will surely break. Chorus.

Whisper softly, papa's dying,
Soon he'll leave both you and I;
Angels now are calling sweetly,
Kiss his lips and say good-bye.
Close the blinds to hide the sunlight,
Draw the curtains round the bed,
We are left to mourn in sorrow,
Papa, darling, now is dead. Chorus.

Pebbles in the Sea.

RECITATION. BY ANNIE HERBERT.

RECITED BY ADA BURNETT.

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Who shall judge a man from nature,
Who shall know him by his dress;
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket,
May beclothe both you and me,
So with your lot try be contented,
As the pebbles in the sea.

There are springs of crystal nectar,
Ever swelling out of stone,
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown.
God who counts by souls not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me;
While He values thrones the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

There are foam embroidered oceans,
There are little weed clad rills,
There are feeble inch high saplings,
There are ceders on the hills.
God who counts by souls not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrong shall never prosper,
While there is a starry night.
God whose world-heard voice is singing,
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

De Days When I was Sold in Slavery.

WORDS BY C. W. MARK. MUSIC BY JOS. SCHWENSEEN.

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I'm a poor old worn out darkey,
And my days upon dis earth am very few;
I'se goin', yes I'se goin' to that happy happy land,
And soon I'll hab to bid you all adieu.
But my mind am wandering back to dem
days so long ago,
Dat's before dis poor old darkey was set free;
When I was held in bondage and I nebber
can forget,
De days when I was sold in slavery.

CHORUS.

Yes dem days dey now am past,
And de darkey's free at last,
And dem cruel days we neber more shall see,
When we used to weep and fret,
And I neber can forget,
De days when I was sold in slavery.

It was on dat ole plantation in dat good
old Georgia state,
Whar dis darkey he did work de live long day,
A picking up de cotton in de fields we'd congregate
And from early morn till night we'd work away.
But dem days dey now have vanished and
dis darkey am so glad,
And no more in cruel bondage we will be,
But oft I sit and ponder and I deber can forget,
De days when I was sold in slavery. Chorus.

Don't Come in the Morning.

'Twas at an evening party I first saw Nellie Green,
She was the fairest creature that ever I had seen,
Her eyes they were like diamonds, and
brightly they did shine,
And ever since I've saw her I've longed
for her as mine.
At length the time for parting and
good-night, did arrive,
To see this little girl home somehow I
did contrive,
When home we reached I asked if I might
call some other day,
She smiled and answered lovingly these
words to me did say.

CHORUS.

Don't come in the morning, for that will
be too soon,
Never call to see me in the evening, and
never call at night,
But call at any other time and then you
will be right.

Next day I called to see her just as the
clock struck four,
And going quickly up the stairs, knocked
gently at the door;
The servant asked my business, I said to
see Miss Green,
She said at such a time as this Miss Green
could not be seen;
She also said to call at such a time was
quite absurd,
And slammed the door right in my face
without another word;
I turned then, and in disgust prepared to go away,
When just behind the door I heard a
sweet voice plainly say—
Chorus.

Quite sad and broken-hearted I wended
home my way,
When suddenly I minded these words
I heard her say;
Don't come in the morning, for that will
be too soon,
Never call to see me in the afternoon,
Don't come in the evening, and never call at night,
But call at any other time and then you
will be right;
The only time that I could call was
neither late nor soon;
Of course you would have guessed by this
it was exact by noon.
Chorus.

When next I called to see her the clock
had just struck twelve,
And waiting anxiously for me there was
Miss Green herself,
She let me in, and smiling said, she
thought my heart she'd broke.
I laughed and told her plainly I'd seen
through her little joke;
Her parents they did welcome me,
her father plainly said
I was the very man he'd like to see his
daughter wed,
I told the girl I loved her, she named the
happy day,
And hope that when we're married she'll
no more have cause to say—
Chorus.

You May Speak if you Like to Papa.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Dr. T. D C. Miller. Music by W. W. Bentley.

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Now Johnny you are a teaser,
I hardly can make up my mind,
But guess that I love you a little,
And love should not always go blind.
And if you could boast of your riches,
And win the good will of mamma,
I'd smile on your suit without question,
And bid you go speak to papa, oh!

CHORUS.

This life is a lottery, Johnny,
And love is a blank says mamma,
But if you have wealth as a backer,
I bid you go speak to papa;
But if you have wealth as a backer,
I bid you go speak to papa.

Of late I've met Clarence Fitznoodle,
Who has stores of wealth to command,
And though he's conceited and foppish,
He longs for my heart and my hand.
The maidens are dying to win him,
And he can be mine says mamma,
But if you had half of his riches,
I'd send you right off to papa, oh! Chorus.

Oh! Johnny, I know that I love you,
My heart calls for you every day;
But can I go out from the sunshine
From wealth to life's wants day by day?
And can I wed Clarence Fitznoodle,
Though "he's a good catch," says mamma;
Oh! no, for I love you, my darling,
Then speak when you like to papa. Chorus.

We are Growing Old Together.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY W. W. BENTLEY,

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Dear one, there are wrinkles creeping,
O'er your brow once young and fair,
And your bright eyes dim are growing,
Silver threads are in your hair.
And your cheeks have lost their color,
Once your maiden's pride and joy;
We are growing old together,
But our hearts feel no alloy.

CHORUS.

We are growing old together,
With no night of shadow nigh,
We are growing old together,
But our love will never die.

Dear one, close those hours of pleasure,
In the years so long ago,
Cause your fond heart to remember
All the love we then did know?
And do you recall the moment
When our hearts were made as one,
We are growing old together,
But our love has just begun. Chorus.

Loved one you are growing dearer,
And more near this heart of mine;
And the fondest joy I cherish
Is to know that I am thine.
There is beauty in each wrinkle,
Sunbeams in the hair so gray;
We are growing old together,
But our hearts will love for aye. Chorus.

Happy Dreams of You.

BY FRANK DUMONT. MUSIC BY W. S. MULLALY.

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Where the crystal waters softly onward flows,
And the little daisies, pure as Heaven's snows—
Blossom in the meadows, where I often stray
To meet that little fairy that comes at close of day.
How I love to linger, and tell her o'er and o'er,
That my heart adores her, loves her more and more;
I could ne'er deceive her, never cause her pain,
Shades of evening hasten the meeting hour again.

CHORUS.

Meet me in the twilight close beside the rill,
Tell me, little darling, that you love me still!
If you'll only promise ever to be true,
I'll pass the pleasant hours in happy dreams of you

And I love her fondly, more than tongue can tell,
And I often linger in the quiet dell;
Then my little fairy, like a brilliant beam,
Will dawn upon my vision, just like a pleasant
dream.
In the rosy twilight, we often then will stray
And she listens to me, to each word I say;
And my vows are sacred, ever firm and true,
Day and night I see thee, in happy dreams of you.
Chorus.

At Last.

BY JAMES B. WELSH.

RECITED BY ADA BURNETT.

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At last the ties are broken,
And the tightened heart-strings riven,
The love is now returned to me,
Which erstwhile I had given.
The only one in all this world,
For whom within my breast,
The spark of love had kindled,
E'en now shuns me with the rest.

I think upon the happy days,
That with her I have passed,
When first I offered her my heart,
They were too sweet to last.
But time has wrought a subtle change,
Another seeks my place;
To gain in her affections,
And no more I'll see her face.

But though we'll never meet again,
Yet deep within my heart,
I'll cherish fond remembrance,
And with it shall not part.
May Heaven's bounteous blessing
Her cup of pleasure fill,
And though she be another's,
Yet I shall love her still.

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63 When McGuiness Gets the Job.....40
64 You are False, but I'll Forgive You.....40
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67 Casey's Ball Last Night.....40
68 My Home by the Deep Rolling Sea.....40
69 Mary Ann O'Honlahan Dowd.....40
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135 When Courting Hulda Brown.....40
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161 Close the Blinds, Lottie's Dying.....40
162 'Tis ten o'clock, please go.....40
163 The Old Haunted Mill.....40
164 The Bright Little Spot on the Ocean.....40
165 Happy Dreams of You.....40
166 The Old Family Chair.....40
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168 Beneath the sod they're sleeping.....40
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Address, WM. J. A. LIEDER, Son of and Successor to MRS. PAULINE LIEDER,
60 Chatham St, NEW YORK.

Driven, Driven.

I am a decent Irish woman,
As you can plainly see;
My husband he has left me,
And gone across the sea.
Now if he dont come back to me,
And his fourteen little dears;
We'll all hire out for soldiers,
In the Turkish Regulars.

CHORUS.

Oh! driven, driven, oh! oho!
Oh! driven, driven, delish agra;
Oh! driven, driven, oho!
Why did you go and leave your darling?

Some say he's gone to Turkey,
The army for to join;
Others to the Black Hills,
Looking for gold mines.
Now if he don't come back to me,
And his fourteen little dears;
We'll all hire out as soldiers,
In the Turkish Regulars. Chorus.

Birdie Mine, why do You Leave Me.

WORDS BY T. D C. MILLER. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENECK.

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Birdie mine, why do you leave me?
When the north winds blow;
When the winter bleak is coming,
With the frost and snow?

Do you fly on pinions lightly,
O'er the ice-bound lake
To the fair and sunny southland,
For my darling's sake.

Would the blasting chill of winter,
Do my warbler harm?
Why cannot thy downy feathers
Keep my birdie warm.

When I listen to thy warblings,
On some morning fair,
I shall wait in vain, I fancy,
Birdie is not there.

I would take you to my bosom,
Warm you then and there:
But I cannot cannot find you,
Seeking everywhere.

Birdie mine, when winter's over,
And the spring has come,
Will you plume your lovely pinions,
There around my home?

I could wish thee back, as hourly,
Winter's winds doth blow,
But within the sunny southland,
You are best I know.

So I wait for summer sunshine,
For its buds and flowers,
Knowing that my birdie's coming
In a few more hours.

Lily White Rose.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ANDY M'KEE.

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'Twas as I strolled with joy untold,
I met a maiden fair;
She really was too pretty to behold,
She plucked a flower from the bower,
To deck her auburn hair;
She's worth ten times her weight to me in gold,
I vowed just then she should be mine,
The dearest fairest creature,
I asked her and she said I'm thine,
Go straight and get the preacher.

Chorus.

Lovely and pure is my lily white rose,
Refreshing to me as the zephyr that blows,
O'er mountains and valleys wherever she goes,
The fairest and purest, my lily white rose.

Oh! next Wednesday night 'twill be a sight,
I'm going to give a ball;
You've a general invitation to attend,
To dance and sing like anything,
Will Petrie's going to call,
While Hat and Gertie wears their Grecian bend,
Oh! won't that evening ever come,
With joy I'm almost crazy,
To show to you just who I've won,
My darling little daisy. Chorus.

Baby Sleeps and Home is Lonely

TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM J. A. LIEDER, IN MEMORY OF THEIR CHILD.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY W. W. BENTLEY,

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Never more will baby fingers,
Press upon the window pane,
With the golden sunbeams falling,
On his smiling face again.
Never will his blue eyes open
To the peaceful light of day;
He has left our home forever,
For the home so far away.

Chorus.

Baby sleeps and home is lonely,
Where the sunbeams once were bright;
Now in all his spotless beauty,
He has gone from us to-night.

Never more will baby laughter,
Cheer the hours of care and pain,
Felt by those who watched his fingers,
Press upon the window pane.
Never will the lilies blossom,
Pure and spotless by our side,
As they bloomed when we were happy,
Ere the boy we loved had died. Chorus.

Never more will baby finger
For the kiss so pure and sweet,
And the years will never bring us
The soft patter of his feet.
There is not a chord of music
In our heart of love to-day,
Since the violets are blooming
Where our blossom sweet doth lay. Chorus.

Never more will baby fingers
Dent the cheeks so wondrous fair,
While the sunbeams dance and quiver,
Where the laughing dimples are,
He was our best earthly treasure,
And made bright the summer hour,
But in spotless beauty blooming,
He is now an angel flower. Chorus.

Squeeze Her Gently at the Door.

If you have a lady love,
If you have a charming girl,
If she is a turtle dove,
And your brain goes in a whirl,
Ask her if she will take a walk,
Through the shady path to roam;
Then of love commence to talk,
And take my word when you see her home.

Chorus.

Squeeze her gently at the door,
Kiss her gently, and then once more,
Take her hand and with a sigh,
Give her another, and say good-bye.

Some like courting by the fire,
Some like courting on the lawn,
Rich folks court at their own desire,
Some by night or break of dawn.
Some like strolling in the grove,
To watch the moon that shines so bright,
But I prefer when making love,
To have a dark and starless night. Chorus.

If you settle down in life,
If you are a lucky coue,
And you take a little wife,
You will have the girl you love.
Then you'll marry on the day,
To which at last your love agreed;
Gladly time will pass away,
By then of course you will not need. Chorus.

Pretty Little Dandelion.

SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS BY OBO STANSILL. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENECK.

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While rambling down a country road,
Not knowing what to do;
I beheld a fair young damsel,
With eyes of heavenly blue.
The smiled on me so sweetly,
Just like a young gazelle,
My heart was captivated quite,
In love with her I fell.

Chorus.

She's sweeter than the lilies in the valley,
This pretty little maiden I shall marry;
I'm as happy as the little birds in spring time,
For this pretty maiden promised to be mine,
So now we'll married be, and I'll live
With my pretty little Dandelion.

I asked her bashful how it was,
That she smiled on me so sweet,
That afternoon in spring time,
When we by chance did meet.
She said it was my dashing style,
My elegance and grace,
That stole away her sweet young heart,
But put mine in its place. Chorus.

Pleasant Hours.

BY T. O. DANIS. SUNG BY MISS ADA BURNETT.

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'Twas at a ball I first met my girl,
The fairest in the land;
She had pearly teeth, and a dimpled chin,
And a little slender hand.
She skipped around the mazy waltz,
As graceful as a fawn;
When the dance was o'er I asked her
Would she walk upon the lawn.

Chorus.

We sat by the brook,
'Neath the stars so bright,
And whispered words of love
On that summer night.
We walked and talked,
As the hours rolled by,
In the moonlight I kissed her,
As her heart heaved a sigh.

Next eve we met near a running stream,
And I walked close by her side,
I told her then how I loved her so,
And she said she'd be my bride.
How happy I'll be all the while,
When Irene is my wife;
We'll have a cot by a babbling brook,
And will settle down in life. Chorus.

Picnic in the Sunny South.

We've come before you all to tell a little story,
While singing, dancing throwing ourselves about,
About a happy time on the old plantation,
Gwine to a pichic down in de sunny south
Us nigs were all invited to that happy jollification,
We attended you can bet, and we eat up all the grub
Hanna eat so much that she couldn't shut her mouth
At the picnic we attended down in the sunny south.

Hannah Beasley she was there with Ephraim Smooth
Singing, dancing, Lord, how they did shout;
The Hardback family were all in attendance,
Escorted through the waltzes by a nigger with the gout,
The versatile coons played a banjo and a fiddle,
Bill Smithers drew a razer and he scared us niggers out;
Never saw such a time in all our existence,
As the picnic we attended down in the sunny south.

Fly Birdie, to Where Willie's Waiting

WORDS BY T. D C. MILLER. MUSIC BY W. W. RENTLEY.

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You tell me, sweet birdie, he's waiting,
My kiss at the close of the day,
The good news my heart is elating,
Then birdie, fly swiftly away.
And down where the brooklet is flowing,
Please carry the message from me;
To Willie whose fond heart is knowing,
I'm coming at sunset to thee.

CHORUS.

Then fly birdie mine, o'er the clover,
And carry this message from me,
Ere twilight's soft shadows are over,
Dear Willie, I'm coming to you.

How gently the sunbeams are going
Behind the dim mountains to rest;
While I am so joyfully knowing,
You came from the one I love best.
Then, birdie, fly swift in the gloaming,
And carry this token from me,
To one who at night will be roaming,
And waiting his love by the sea. Chorus.

Sweet birdie, fly swift o'er the mountain,
And tell him I'm coming to-night;
I'll meet him in joy by the fountain,
Where roses are blooming and bright,
Then fly, while the shadows are falling,
And bid him be ready for bliss,
It's Willie's dear voice I hear calling,
I'll meet him to-night with a kiss. Chorus.

Casey's Tin Pan Wedding.

Come to Casey's tin pan wedding,
All the Irish will be there;
Oh! such howling and such growlihg,
And such cutting up so quare.
All the Cork and Kerry people
That reside in New York Town;
Wearing high hats like a steeple,
All the gang will sure be down.

CHORUS.

All the Irish will be there,
Bring along your Bridget fair;
Make her wear her Sunday hair,
When in the set she's dancing,
Won't there be a how-de-how,
When the gang gets in a row;
None but buffaloes will be there,
At Casey's tin-pan wedding.

There will be ale, stale beer and whiskey,
Goose chowder, and cat pie;
And when Casey he gets tipsy,
He will slug Riley in the eye.
Old Pat Shay and Tim Maloney,
From the town of Donnegal;
Danced a reel for stale bologna,
On the top of Casey's wall. Chorus.

The Fisherman and His Child.

SUNG BY TOM DIXON.

The fisherman and his child are drowned,
Came ringing thro' the town;
The father and the child lay under the tide,
And friends did mourn around.
The poor wife and mother prayed aloud,
"O God! it cannot be,
For in yonder mist I see them still,
Their milk-white sails I see."
(Repeat last two lines.)

CHORUS.

'Twas the voice of God that they heard,
As they sank in the deep;
"Come to me, I love thee,
And thy precious soul I'll keep;
Come to me I love thee,
Thy precious soul I'll keep."

The fisherman saw his boat was lost,
He tried to save his child,
He battled the waves with all human power,
But the wind was howling wild.
Then he spoke to his child,
She answered not; he raised her tiny head,
He cried in despair, "Thy will be done!"
The child he loved was dead.
(Repeat last two lines.)

And when the storm ceased the sea went down,
Brave men went on the shore;
The tide had gone out. they searched all about,
From the sea two forms they bore.
Their faces were calm, their hands were raisen,
As if in silent prayer,
The father in life had clasped his child,
In death they found him there. Chorus.

The Five Dollar Note.

BY FRED SHAW. FOR FRANK LEWIS.

One night as I was out with the boys
to have a spree,
Thro' drinking whiskey punches, I was
drunk as I could be;
My cash it quickly flew, I very soon was broke,
So I borrowed from a friend a five dollar note.

CHORUS.

If you listen to my song, while the funny
things I'll quote,
I'll tell you how I spent that five dollar note.

As soon as I was fixed, I asked the boys
to take a bowl,
Which into my note made a very big hole;
We had a round of punches, and then
cigars to boot,
Up went the first dollar of the five dollar note.

The boys feeling hungry after drinking
so much punch,
We walked around the corner and we
had a little lunch;
They eat up oyster stews 'till I thought
the boys would choke,
And they soon eat up a dollar of the
five dollar note.

Then we went to the theatre to see the
ladies prance,
And to her the comic songs, and the funny
song and dance;
One of the girls says, I feel thirsty, and
brandy would suit my throat,
And she soon drank a dollar of the
five dollar note.

Then we walked around the town called
in a saloon or two,
Then we went to see the ladies as the
young men often do;
One said she loved me with her arms
around my throat,
And she soon got a dollar of the five dollar note.

Then as I was going home, just as drunk
as I could be,
A poor laboring man came slowly up to me;
His family they were starving, and ragged
was his coat,
And he got the last dollar of the five dollar note.

A boy stood with his hands in his pockets one cold morning watching the burning of his school-house, and after the novelty of the thing ceased, he ran home saying, I am glad the old thing is burned down, for I didn't learn my jography lesson nohow."

OUR INTERESTING
MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.
(The Publisher.)

Copy was out. The devil picked up a paper and said; "Here's something about a woman'—must I cut it out?" "No!" thundered the editor; "the first disturbance ever created in the world was occasioned by the devil fooling about a woman.

A bashful young clergyman recently rising to preach for the first time, made a terrible mix of it, announcing his text in this wise; "And immediately the cock wept, and Peter went out and crew bitterly.

A gambler says; "the only hand in the world which blesses those who grasp it is a full hand."

Four things are greviously empty—a head without brains, a wit without judgement, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money.

Health constitutes the happiness of the body, virtue that of the mind.

It is said that an eminent artist lately painted a snow-storm so naturally that he caught a severe cold by sitting near it with his coat off.

Angelina, dear, are not my moustaches becoming?"—"Well, Adolphus, they may be coming, but, so far as I can see, they haven't begun to arrive yet."

Toss a chimney-sweep into the river if you wish to make a clean sweep.

Query by an old whip.—Do men who carry hunting watches kill time.

In childhood we cut our teeth; in old age they cut us.

Announcement of the death of a dog by a marine reporter.—Another bark lost.

A canter will give you ruddy cheeks—a decanter will give you a ruddy nose.

There is no to-morrow which cannot be converted into to-day.

An Irishman being asked why he left his country for America, replied, "It wasn't for want; I had plenty of that at home."

Book-keepers.—Book-Borrowers.

The way to avoid suffering from corns is to have bay windows on your boots.

There is a Conneticut widdower who declares that nothing reminds him of his poor dead wife so much as to live within earshot of a saw-mill.

Carpets are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

A rough estimate—Guessing you can knock a man down.

Danger Afoot.—Orange-peel.

"Father," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother." "Why not?"—"Because every time she drinks it, she blows us up."—"Go to bed immediately."

A dangerous character.—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.

What kind of robbery is not dangerous?—A safe robbery, of course.

COME ALONG SISTER MARY.

Words and Music *By JAMES A. BLAND.*

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.



CHORUS.



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NUMBER 188. VOLUME. II.

HENRY DE MARSAN'S COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL

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CONTENTS.

A Handful of Earth.....page 702
BUTTERCUPS 699
The Cigarette Brigade..... 698
CAN YOU FORGIVE AND FORGET, LOVE..... 703
DORA BLAINE..... 699
The Darkey Swell..... 701
Don't put the Umbrella up Before the Rain Comes on 701
Fizz, Fizz, Glorious Fizz..... 699
The Girl with the Patent Roller Skates..... 702
HIDING IN THE CORN..... 700
The HAPPY OLD IRISH PAIR..... 700
I'm rather too old for it now..... 701
In the Low Lands, Low 702
Jar Down Everybody..... 699
Last Night I was Dreaming of You..... 698
The Lost One's Lament..... 700
Latest Sheet Music—Notice 703
My Old Clay Pipe 698
MALONEY'S THE MAN..... 699
McCARTHY'S FANCY BALL..... 701
Oh! Isn't Nice, Said Eliza 698
Only a Face at the Window..... 698
O'BRIEN THE ALDERMAN..... 700
Our Interesting Matter Column..... 702
PRETTY IRISH QUEEN..... 701
RISE UP IN DE MORNIN'..... 698
SUNNY DAYS—Song and Dance..... 700
SWEET LASS OF RICHMOND HILL... 701
SHAMROCK SHORE—Duet..... 699
Ten Cents..... 700
Twickenham Ferry..... 702
That's how you get served when you're old 702
TRAVELING BACK TO ALABAM
Music for Banjo and Guitar 704
We Two..... 701
WHERE THE SWEETEST FLOWERS GROW 698
WHILE WAITING FOR THE COWS TO COME.... 699
WHERE PREETY LILACS GROW..... 700

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I remain respectfully yours,
Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

Latest piece of Music published, "Happy Dreams of You." Big hit at the Sanfrancisco.

The Cigarette Brigade.

PARODY ON THIRD DEGREE FULL MOON.

BY TOMMY TUCKER. SUNG BY THE CELTIC FOUR.

Most every day you'll see,
A gang of loafer's bold,
Who never leave the corner,
Be the weather hot or cold.
They keep out of the sun,
And anchor in the shade,
Their brains are very weak you know,
In the Cigarette Brigade.

CHORUS.

Each pretty lass as she does pass,
Will get a grand salute;
And when they cry, oh! dear, oh! my!
Ah! what a lovely boot.
Then raise their head and try to smile,
But quickly it does fade,
When the policeman he says move on,
To the Cigarette Brigade.
Mash, mash, hang up your hash,
And never pay for your clothes,
Smoking a bad cigarette,
Always keep out of the wet,
Loaf every day in the year,
Never go work at a trade,
In a short time you can fall into line,
With the Cigarette Brigade.

Each picnic they take in,
When they have got the price,
They borrow collars, ties, and pins,
To make themselves look nice,
They'd like to beat the fence,
But then they are afraid,
They might fall off, and cause a death,
In the Cigarette Brigade. Chorus.

Of course they never toil,
Their parents work for them,
And when a pretty girl they see,
You'll hear them chirp, ahem.
In the parks they warm the seats,
Each free lunch they do raid;
The beer saloons are silver mines,
To the Cigarette Brigade. Chorus.

My Old Clay Pipe.

I'm a jovial sort of man,
That you can plainly see,
I lead an active sort of life,
And nothing troubles me.
I'm happy as the day is long,
All care I cast away,
I always feel so jolly,
And sing and say each day.

CHORUS.

I love to sit by the fire so bright,
At home on a cold and winter's night,
With my children on my knee,
Then my heart is full of glee,
As I am smoking my old clay pipe.

I have a charming wife
And children full of glee,
Their sweet and prattling voices are
Such joy and bliss to me.
I love my dog, I love my gun,
I'm happy day and night,
And when my daily toil is o'er,
I keep my pipe alight. Chorus.

We may have different tastes,
And different whims and ways,
And though our path in life be rough,
We may see brighter days.
We oft build castles in the air,
We often crack a joke,
But at the finish, all will end
Without a doubt in smoke. Chorus.

Oh! Isn't It Nice, Said Eliza.

I know a young girl Eliza's her name,
Who squints with one eye, and walks a bit lame;
One night I took her to fame Drury Lane,
The pantomime fairies to see.
She made herself up to look all serene,
A beautiful dress, her hat trimmed with green,
Her face it was, well, you know what I mean,
But that's between you and me.

Spoken: They all do it, you know, all the ladies, and so did Eliza.

CHORUS.

Oh! isn't it nice, said Eliza,
Oh! isn't it funny, oh, lor!
Oh! isn't it stunning, no flies, ah!
Isn't it lovely, encore, encore!

Right up near the gods of course we both sat,
And had now and then a sandwich so fat,
And ale, bottled stout, and all such as that,
And she with her mouth nearly full;
Said "who is it puts on all that fine gold,
Who is that man that makes very old,
And who is that one with such a bad cold,"
And then at my sleeve she would pull. Chorus.

When God save the Queen was played by the band,
Eliza said, Tommy, take hold of my hand,
For fear you might lose me, but understand,
I must see my mother to-night.
Some people were waiting for us in the street,
Not those from the boxes, or the elite,
But a dozen of roughs with voices not sweet,
Who shouted away all their might. Chorus.

Of course we both made a rush from the crowd,
When Eliza's name was mentioned so loud,
And all sorts of things that's naughty I vow'd,
And swearing such swears I then swore.
But when we got home, or there very nigh,
Of course we both had to say well good-bye,
And a kiss, one or two, you know on the sly,
When we got to Eliza's shop door.

Spoken; You know, good-bye at the door with the gas out— Chorus.

Where The Sweetest Flowers Grow.

SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS BY C. W. MARK. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENECK.

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While leisurely I strolled along,
One sunlit summer day,
I heard a maiden sing a song,
While plucking flowers gay.
I stood enchanted for awhile,
Such beauty I ne'er saw,
I bowed and asked her with a smile,
To sing that song once more.
At first she blushed and turned her head,
And softly whispered "no!"
Then "if you wish I will," she said,
Where sweetest flowers grow.

CHORUS.

The heliotropes and violets,
The roses sweet and fair,
The lilies pure, and mignonetts,
Breathe sweetest fragrance there.
But in my cottage dwells a pet,
The dearest flower I know,
My own dear love whom I first met,
Where sweetest flowers grow.

We sat and talked of naught but love,
Till stars began to shine;
Then by the brightest star above,
She promised to be mine.
Soon after on that very spot,
Our hearts were joined you know,
And there we've got a little cot,
'Round which sweet flowers grow.
And every eve I ask my pet,
To sing so sweet and low,
The song she sang when first we met,
Where sweetest flowers grow. Chorus.

Last Night I was Dreaming of You.

SUNG BY STANLEY GREY.

THE MUSIC OF THIS SONG WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 cts.

Last night I was dreaming of you,
And bright happy moments gone by,
We trod the old paths that we knew,
Ere absence had caused us to sigh.
Kind friends and companions were near,
A merry and mirth-loving throng,
With links of relationship dear,
To bind us life's pathway along.

I saw the sweet smile that you wore,
As we gazed on the friends that we knew,
I heard the same voice as of yore,
That told of a bosom so true.
And long did that pleasure remain,
And joyous each spirit did seem—
Oh! vision return once again,
Or quickly fulfilled be the dream. Chorus.

Only a Face at the Window.

SUNG BY W. H. HAMILTON.

THE MUSIC OF THIS SONG WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 cts.

Only a face at the window,
Only a face, nothing more;
Yet the look in the eyes as they meet mine,
Still comes to me o'er and o'er.
Only a word of greeting,
Only a word, that was all;
Yet all day in my heart it echoed,
Like the sound of an angel's call.

Only a smile of welcome,
Only a smile as I passed;
Yet that smile will still be remembered
As long as my life shall last.
Only a woman, you tell me,
Only a woman to thee;
Yet there's naught that this wide world containeth,
Half so dear as this woman to me.

Rise up in de Mornin'.

END SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ALF. WHITE.

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Rise up in de mornin'
Go out to hoe de corn,
Hannah, when I'm hungry,
Go sound de dinner-horn.
Gwine to hab a picnic
At de rising ob de moon,
Hannah come and watch me
Paralyze dem coons.

CHORUS.

I'll meet you in de mornin'
I'll meet you in de rye;
I'll meet you when de sun
Am shining in de sky.
Hannah don't come near me,
Dont you hear me sigh,
Hannah I will meet you
In de sweet by and bye.

Hannah ain't you gwine
To swing dat huckle-berry coon,
Throw your heels up to de sky,
You can't get dar too soon,
Shake de dust up from de floor,
Young, young, oh! ain't we flying,
You'll find no picnics like dis year,
In de sweet by'm-bye.
I'll meet you, &c.

Dora Blaine.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY W. W. BENTLEY.

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When the golden light brings the morning,
And the sunshine gilds the grain,
With a bounding step and a merry heart,
Goes forth sweet Dora Blaine.
O'er the meadow brook to a shady nook,
Near the ruins by the mill,
Where she meets her beau, in the rosy glow
Of the day-dawn o'er the hill.

CHORUS.

When the golden light brings the morning bright,
And the sunshine gilds the grain;
Oh! how oft I'd go at the dawn's first glow,
To meet sweet Dora Blaine.

I work in the mill with a right good will,
For the pleasure I may know,
There to see the maiden my heart holds dear,
Tripping lightly to and fro.
When she smiles so sweet to the beaus she meets,
It will fill my heart with pain,
For 'tis then I'm sure that the only cure
Is to wed sweet Dora Blaine. Chorus.

I would ask her low, but my heart beats so,
Now do be my dear little wife,
But the boys might hear, and it's then, oh! dear,
I was bashful all my life.
I will try to-night if the moon shines bright,
When I meet her in the lane;
True, my heart beats fast for that charming lass,
And I love sweet Dora Blaine. Chorus.

While Waiting for the Cows to Come.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY W. W. BENTLEY.

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Long years ago when I was young,
The farmhouse wore a modest mien,
And from its gable roof there hung,
The ivy tendrils frail and green.
While round the porch the roses sweet
Made beautiful our country home;
Then oft with bare and bleeding feet,
I waited for the cows to come;
Where oft with bare and bleeding feet,
I waited for the cows to come.

CHORUS.

Past waving corn and rustling rye,
A bare-foot boy I oft would roam
Through daisied pastures quietly,
While waiting for the cows to come;
Through daisied pastures quietly,
While waiting for the cows to come.

The oak stood friendly on the hill,
And 'neath its shade the lambs would play;
The brook that run the little mill
O'er foaming cascades leaped away.
While by the dark and lonely wood,
Within the mellow twilight gloam,
A weary boy I oft have stood,
And waited for the cows to come;
A weary boy I oft have stood,
And waited for the cows to come. Chorus.

I wish those hours would come once more,
And bring the scent of new-mown hay,
That joys I loved in days of yore
Would cheer the heart in gloom to-day.
To hear once more the thresher's flail,
And toil with those I love at home,
Then by the bars, at sunset fall,
Stand waiting for the cows to come,
Then by the bars, at sunset fall,
Stand waiting for the cows to come. Cho.

Maloney's the Man.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY FRANK DAVIS.

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Shure I'm a high-toned 'ristocrat,
As you can plainly see;
I'm known by everybody,
No matter where I may be.
My influence is wonderful,
Whenever I take the stand,
And if you want a thoroughbred,
Why Maloney is the man.

CHORUS.

He's well educated and toney,
His influence is great,
Shure he takes the cake,
There's no such man as Maloney.

You can see that I'm a fighter,
And always take things cool,
But if the boys make fun of me,
They'll find that I'm no fool.
I'm up and up with every one,
There's no better in the land,
So if you want an honest friend,
Then Maloney is the man. Chorus.

Shamrock Shore.

DUET.

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HE.

Now darling, I'm going far away,
Far away where you'll never see me more;
I'm going across the big seas to roam,
I'm going back to my own Shamrock Shore.

CHORUS.

HE. I'm going home.
SHE. Don't you go.
HE. I'm going home.
SHE. Don't you go.
HE. I'm going back to my own Shamrock Shore.
SHE. Don't go back to your own Shamrock Shore.
(Repeat Chorus.)

SHE.

Now Barney you are going far away,
Far away across the sea so wide,
And you said I was the only girl you loved,
When I promised you that I would be your bride.

CHORUS.

SHE. Don't you go.
HE. I must go.
SHE. Don't you go.
HE. I must go.
SHE. Don't go back to your own Shamrock Shore.
HE. I'm going back to my own Shamrock Shore.

Fizz, Fizz, Glorious Fizz.

Where am I Mister Lamp-post? don't dance in the air,
I—I recollect now that I've been,
To a glorious party, a full dress affair,
And now I'm going home all serene;
The spread was delightful, the wines were all right,
But the fact of the matter now is,
That we have imbibed to our hearts full delight,
And got screwed on glorious Fizz.

CHORUS.

Fizz, Fizz, glorious Fizz,
I own it with meekness, I've got a strong weakness,
For Fizz, Fizz, nothing there is,
To equal the flavor of glorious Fizz.

When supper was over I danced with Miss Brown,
And she was the belle of the ball,
But we hadn't stood up long, before we both fell down,
To the gratification of all;
But in picking her up, I unfortunately asked,
Where did you hurt yourself Liz?
Said she, "That's no business of yours, but I see,
That you've had a deal too much Fizz." Cho.

We filled up each glass for the fortieth time,
And the jolly good health we did drink,
Of our host and our hostess, in language sublime,
With musical honors I think;
Then at the suggestion of old Tommy Jones,
Who is reckoned a bit of a quiz,
I sang them a song in most sweet husky tones,
Brought on through the last glass of Fizz. Chorus.

I've just shaken hands with the pump, I believe,
Which has caused me a bit of a spill,
But for such slight accidents I'll never grieve,
Though I wish the lamp-posts would keep still;
My head is beginning to spin round and round,
And I fancy that this isn't "bizz,"
So I'll wish you good-evening, for I'm homeward bound,
To sleep and dream still of Fizz. Chorus.

Buttercups.

WORDS BY ANNIE HERBERT. MUSIC BY WILL EMERY.

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See how fast from Heaven, mother,
Falls the feathery flakes of snow;
Wearing white, and pure, a mantle
For the fruitful earth below.
Ere they melt, I leave you mother,
Leave forever, this world of pain;
For something tells me, I shall never
See the buttercups again.

CHORUS.

Do not weep, dear loving mother,
Sad am I to cause you pain;
But something tells me I shall never
See the buttercups again.

How I loved alone to wander
In the happy days long flown,
O'er fields and meadows fair, to gather
Bright-hued blossoms, freshly blown.
Soon beyond the rippling river,
Winding onwards o'er the plain;
The buds may burst, but I shall never
Gather them for you again. Chorus.

Jar Down Everybody.

I saw a jay bird on a limb,
I turned around and winked at him,
I took my gun and aimed at him,
Shot him in de leg, left de marroy on de limb.

CHORUS.

Over in Monegeholo,
Over in de Allegahnny,
Jar down everybody, everybody jar down,
Jar down everybody, jar, jar, jar down.

I had a horse, his name was Jack,
I rode his tail to save his back;
Oh! how that horse would rear and kick,
I coaxed him along with a hickory stick. Cho.

Bullfrog dressed in soldier's clothes,
Went down to de ribber to shoot some crows,
Crows smell powder and dey flew away,
Bullfrog he was mad dat day. Chorus.

Hiding in the Corn.

WORDS BY T. D C. MILLER. MUSIC BY W. W. BENTLEY.

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Bright days of happy childhood,
When I was young and free,
And in the peaceful wildwood,
I passed sweet hours in glee;
Or from the blooming clover,
Sipped dew-drops in the morn,
And when the day was over,
Played "Hiding in the corn."

Chorus.

Hiding in the corn,
Hiding in the corn;
Those happy hours so full of glee,
When hiding in the corn.
Hiding in the corn,
Hiding in the corn;
Those happy hours so full of glee,
When hiding in the corn.

I think of days departed,
When youth's bright hours were fair,
When I was sunny hearted,
And felt no weight of care;
The flowers that bloomed the fairest,
The rosy hues of morn,
I passed with loving playmates
While hiding in the corn. Chorus.

Alas! those days are over,
Lost joys will come no more,
And dew-drops on the clover,
Are not the gems of yore.
And sunbeams that were clearest,
Are not so bright at morn,
As when with loving playmates,
We hid among the corn. Chorus.

Sunny Days.

SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS BY G. STANSILL. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENECK.

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Oh! I left de dear old home many years ago to roam,
From de sunny south, de land were I was born,
And dem happy days am past, dey will never come again,
And I often feel dejected and forlorn.
Old massa and old misse dey always treat me well,
And I never had a cause to complain,
But now they're dead and gone, and left me all alone,
And dem sunny days I never see again.

Chorus.

Now de banjo's laid away, and de fiddle it am still,
No more de darkies sing around de door,
For ole massa and ole misse they are sleeping side by side,
And those sunny days are gone forevermore.
(Dance.)

Many years have past and gone, though I remember well,
The orange groves and sweet magnolia trees,
And de mocking-bird so gay, he would sing de live-long day,
And their notes were wafted in de gentle breeze.
And den de little children were playing round the door,
Wid happy hearts so light and free from pain,
Now I often heave a sigh, for I'm old and soon must die,
And those happy days I never see again. Cho.

O'Brien the Alderman.

SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FRANK DAVIS.

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I am a politician,
In the Fourth Ward I belong;
My influence is wonderful,
My grip is awful strong.
I carry the ward in my pocket,
I give the word of command,
On election day won't I look gay,
When I'm running for Alderman.

Chorus.

Yes, I'm your candidate, (Break)
And me sure you'll try to elect; (Break)
There'll be no corn beef or cabbage,
But fat turkey in the pan;
Clam chowder will be at a discount,
When O'Brien's the Alderman. Dance.

I'll have the seats all cushioned,
For the lovers in the park;
I'll put fly net over the tunnels,
To give them a chance to spark.
I'll have the big lake white-washed,
The tramps must leave the land,
For it's then they'll know they'll stand no show,
When O'Brien's the Alderman. Chorus.

Now when I am elected,
Such wonderful things I'll do;
I'll have a telephone from the Brooklyn Bridge
Way out to Kalamazoo.
I'll have Chinese for rat catchers,
Dr Tanner fasting on roast lamb,
I'll have three thousand a year for drinking beer,
When I'm the Alderman. Chorus.

The Happy Old Irish Pair.

DUET.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FRANK DAVIS;

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SHE.

We're a happy old couple, as you can all see,
And our age it is sixty-four;
We are always happy when side by side,
In front of our neat cabin door.

HE.

There's Mary Ann, my dear old wife,
Who once was young and fair,
And that's the reason the people all say,
We're the happy old Irish pair.

Chorus.

We're the happy old Irish pair,
We're welcomed every where,
Go where we may you'll hear them say,
We're a happy old Irish pair.

SHE.

We're always happy when side by side,
In front of our neat Irish home;
It's here we have settled down for life,
And from it we'll never roam.

HE.

There's Katie our daughter, who is inside,
Shure she is our only care;
And that's the reason the people say
We're the happy old Irish pair. Chorus.

Where Pretty Lilacs Grow.

SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LOVELY & LORD.

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While strolling out alone one summer's day,
Down by a running brook,
A pretty girl I chanced to meet,
I never shall forget her look.
With dark blue eyes and golden hair,
And teeth as white as snow,
Her heart I won in the shining sun,
Where pretty lilacs grow.

Chorus.

When the birds are singing in the glittering sunshine,
There's none so fair as this pretty girl of mine,
I never shall forget where first we met,
My pretty little beau,
One summer's night when the moon shone bright,
Where pretty lilacs grow. (Dance.)

There is a happy day to come,
A day I'll never dread,
When together to the church we go,
And this pretty little maid I wed.
Where the little birds are singing in the tree,
We'll ramble to and fro,
And ne'er forget where first we met,
Where pretty lilacs grow. Chorus.

Ten Cents.

BY HARRY HUNTER.

No matter where you go,
To have a jolly time,
You'll find 'tis always so,
'Twill cost you many a dime,
You first must pay your fare,
It may be fifty cents;
'Twill only take you there,
All else is more expense.

Chorus.

Just think of it my friend,
Where'er you go to-day,
No matter what you spend,
There's still ten cents to pay.

Ten cents for lemonade,
The same for watered milk;
It always must be paid,
Or you cannot get a drink.
And if you want some water,
'Twill cost you just the same,
Perhaps 'twill cost a quarter,
If it has some foriegn name. Chorus.

You stroll upon the beach,
Of course you think it's free,
But it's ten cents for each
And eveeything you see.
Then when you start for home,
They'll charge you ten cents more,
Because you are alone.
And didn't come before. Chorus.

The Lost Ones Lament.

Oh! dreary, dreary is my lot,
My heart with grief is cold as snow,
No kith or kindred have I got,
I wish my life would speed away.
How gladly could I lay my head
Beneath yon drooping willow tree,
And there with many a lowly weed,
Repose in sweet obscurity.

My life is a barren spot,
Where fruit or flower would never grow,
And what am I? a worthless thought
Should any even that bestow.
Oh! welcome death, thy grizzly form
To me is lovely, passing fair!
'Tis thou alone can lay the storm
That rends this bosom of despair.

Don't put the Umbrella up Before the Rain Comes on.

AIR; YOU'LL NEVER MISS THE WATER, ETC.,

Oh! subjects now are rather scarce,
In making up a song,
But something new I will rehearse,
And won't detain you long.
And let each man assembled here,
Take this advice from me,
When hopes are low still persevere,
And better days they'll see.

CHORUS.

Then mind what I say boys, let this be your plan,
When troubles come your way boys, bear them like a man;
Never sit and cry boys, though your left alone,
Don't put the umbrella up before the rain comes on.

'Tis foolish for a man to mourn,
Because he has turned poor,
If one transaction has been bad,
The next one may be sure.
A soldier does not run away,
When victory's a doubt,
For often he will gain the day,
When he stands to fight it out. Chorus.

How often men that fondly aim,
To grasp at fortune fair,
When disappointed with their scheme,
They sink in dark despair,
Or else they seek their cares to drown
In folly's flowing cup;
Because they let their heart go down,
When they should keep it up. Chorus.

Let courage bravely cheer you on,
And let your hearts keep green,
Never sit and mourn about
The day you have not seen.
And never throw the sponge aloft,
Though your chances seem gone,
Nor put your umbrella up
Before the shower comes on. Chorus.

I'm Rather too Old for it Now.

Bless me, how the years fly away,
It seems but a day or two past
Since I revelled in youth's happy day,
And fancied it always would last;
But old Time has been busy with me,
And with wrinkles has furrowed my brow,
Tho' around me life's battle and strife I can see,
I'm rather too old for it now.

CHORUS.

With a sigh my bright youth I recall,
But to Nature's decree I must bow,
Once I was as nimble and gay as them all,
But I'm rather too old for it now.

As a youngster I mostly was first,
At cricket and games such as that,
But now I should soon get the worst
If I e'er tried to handle a bat.
My nerves were as strong as could be
I would always delight in a row,
At dear Oxford we'd many a boisterous spree,
But I'm rather too old for it now. Chorus.

I was known as the gayest young spark,
At courtship I never was beat,
I have flirted with fair girls and dark,
And, oh! the rash vows I'd repeat,
The money I've squandered in dress,
When I shone as a dapper young beau,
Now I'm not quite so free with the cash I confess
For I'm rather too old for it now. Chorus.

Of five noble sons I can boast,
And such girls as the world never saw,
I'm a grand-dad to quite a small host,
I count them almost by the score.
Their secrets to me they confide,
And each childish treasure will show,
And my heart warm with pride as they play by my side,
For I'm not quite too old for that now.
Chorus.

McCarthy's Fancy Ball.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY FRANK DAVIS.

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It's of a social party I wish to sing to you,
They're going for to give a fancy ball;
Sure we got invitations and of course we must attend,
'Twill be held down here in Swallerholla Hall.
There'll be singing there'll be dancing, and all such lots of fun,
When the music's playing sweetly in the hall;
The O'Leary's, O'Cleary's, O'Brien's and Donohoe's
Will be speiling at McCarthy's Fancy Ball.

CHORUS.

We waltzed away to music so gay,
Up and down the hall,
With great delight we danced all night,
At McCarthy's Fancy Ball.

When they play a polka, a schottische, or a waltz,
Then you take your girl out for to dance;
Come on, Mary Grogan, let us have some fun,
Enjoy yourself now while you got the chance.
All the servent girls sure they'll be there,
Dressed in their clothes so fine,
With money that they saved up all the fall,
Arrah won't they spend it freely, we'll have a jolly time,
When we're down at McCarthy's Fancy Ball.
Chorus.

When the ball is over and you are going home,
With your little darling by your side,
It's a Mary, Kate, or Nellie that you are waltzing with,
Hoping some day that she will be your bride.
It's then you pop the question of course she answers yes,
And tells you not to mention it at all,
You go home quite light-hearted and blessing the night,
That you were at McCarthy's Ball. Chorus.

Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ADA BURNETT.

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On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
With eyes like morning dew,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
'Twould blind both me and you.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will;
I'd crowns resign, to call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
I'd crowns resign, to call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.
Chorus: Last four lines.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
And on the tree tops dance,
We cull the flowers we know they prize,
With but a single glance,
How happy will this shepherd be
That calls this nymph his own.
Oh! may her choice be fixed on me,
Mine's fixed on her alone.
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.
Chorus: Last four lines.

Pretty Irish Queen.

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Of a pretty Irish girl, her teeth as white as pearls,
And such rosy cheeks I never saw before;
Her eyes they are so bright, they shine like stars at night,
Sure she is the only girl that I adore.
She is like the birds of May, singing all the day,
And her like I'm sure that you have never seen.
Mary Ellen, that's her name, she lives down in the lane,
And I call her my pretty Irish Queen.

CHORUS.

My pretty, my pretty, my pretty Irish Queen,
Her eyes they are so bright, they shine like stars at night,
And her like I'm sure that you have never seen;
Mary Ellen that's her name, and she lives down in the lane,
And I call her my pretty Irish Queen.

You should see my pretty pearl as she's skipping to the well,
With her little water pail upon her arm,
With her lovely flowing hair, arrah with her none can compare,
And all the Irish hearts she does charm.
Next Sunday night at eight, down by the garden gate,
I'll present her with a wedding ring;
And happy be the day, when to church we will away,
And I'll marry my pretty Irish Queen. Cho.

We Two.

We two wandered in the dell,
When 'twas golden weather;
We two like each other well,
While we strayed together.
We two watched the birdies there,
Merry little rovers!
We two in the sunlight fair,
Lingered happy lovers.

We two spoke of pleasant hours,
That the year was bringing,
We two culled the lovely flowers
Round about us springing,
We two wandered from the dell,
Sweetest hopes expressing;
Who we two are you may tell,
If you're good at guessing.

The Darkey Swell.

I once heard tell of a nice young man
His name was Sammy Greens;
He used to work in a drug store,
Painting pork and beans.
He was so awful stylish,
You ought to see him flirt;
His neck-tie was a bed-quilt,
And he had a pillow-case for a shirt.

He'd stand upon the corner,
With a tooth-pick in his mouth;
He'd put you in mind of a dizzy swell,
A darky from the South;
His salary, seven dollars a year,
He wore a red straw hat;
He used to sleep on the roof of the river,
To catch the wind to try and get fat.

It would break your heart to see him mash,
He talked to every wench;
He said his father was a tailor,
And his mother was French;
He dyed last week his moustache,
And then went and sold his hair;
To take a colored gal named Snow,
Down to the Irish fair.

In The Low Lands, Low.

BY EDWARD HARRIGAN.

When our daily work am done,
In de low lands, low,
Dat's de time we hab our fun,
In de low lands, low.
When old massa blows dat horn,
In de low lond's low,
Picking cotton, cotton picking,
In de low lands, low.

CHORUS.

Cotton picking, picking cotton,
In de low lands, low,
Den ole yallow he am done,
In de low lands low.

Come with me, my own true love,
Hi, ho, my lady,
I'll treat you like a turtle dove,
Hi, ho, my lady fair.
Shoot de possum in his track,
Hi, ho, my lady,
Take de cotton on your back,
Hi, ho, my lady fair. Chorus.

A Handful of Earth.

THE MUSIC OF THIS SONG WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 cts.

Ooh! it's sailin' I am at the dawn of the day,
To my brother that's over the sea;
But it's little I'll care for my life anywhere,
For it's breaking my poor heart will be.
But a treasure I'll take for old Ireland's sake,
That I'll prize all belonging above—
It's a handful of earth from the land of my birth,
From the heart of the land that I love.

And won't the poor lad in his exile be glad,
When he sees the brave present I bring,
And won't there be flowers from this
treasure of ours,
In the warmth of the beautiful Spring.
Ooh! Erin Machree! tho' it's partin we be,
It's a blessin' I'll lave on your shore,
And your mountains and streams I will see
in my dreams,
'Till I cross to my country once more.

Twickenham Ferry.

THE MUSIC OF T IIS SONG WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 cts.

Ohoi yeho, ho yeho, who's for the ferry,
The briar's in bud, the sun's going down,
And I'll row ye so quick, and I'll row ye so steady,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town.
The ferryman's slim, and the ferryman's young,
And he's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue,
And he's fresh as a pippin, and brown as a berry,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town.

Ohoi yeho, ho yeho, "I'm for the ferry,"
The briar's in bud, the sun going down,
And it's late as it is, and I haven't a penny,
And how shall I get me to Twickenham Town?
She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh, she
looked sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,
With her cheeks like a rose, and her lips
like a cherry,
"And sure and you're welcome to
Twickenham town."

Ohoi yeho, ho! you're too late for the ferry,
The briar's in bud, the sun going down,
And he's not rowing quick, and he's not
rowing steady—
You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham
town.
"Ohoi and oho," you may call as you will,
The moon is a rising on Petersham Hill,
And with love like a rose in the stern of
the wherry,
There's danger in crossing to Twickenham town.

That's How You Get Served When You're Old.

SUNG BY FRAN LUM.

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One day in the street, I just happened to meet
An old friend whom I'd not seen for years;
The old man looked sad, tho' to meet me was glad
And his eyes as we spoke filled with tears.
I said, "John, be brief, what's the cause of
your grief?
To me your misfortunes unfold."
Said he, "In poor me, you a sample may see
Of how a man's served when he's old."

CHORUS.

Each day growing older, I get the cold shoulder,
By youngsters thrust out in the cold,
Who jeeringly say that I'm in the way,
That's how you get served when you're old.

When young I was praised, and my wages
was raised,
No labor I'd ever then shirk,
And master would then point me out to the men,
As the one who best stuck to his work.
Now I'm feeble and weak, he'll to me hardly speak
Unless it's to grumble or scold;
They simply make fun of what I have done,
That's how you get served when you're old.
Chorus.

My wife poor soul she is near seventy-three,
How to keep her from want I don't know;
If I beg, I intrude, and by police are pursued,
And if to the work-house we go
To seek for relief, they but add to our grief—
"You must come in the house," we are told.
Part husband and wife, to be paupers for life,
That's how you get served when you're old.
Chorus.

The Girl With The Patent Roller Skates.

TO BILLY HUGHES, BY TOMMY TUCKER.

I once had a girl who was as pretty as a pearl,
And her age was forty-five;
In her face there was a gash, where she'd
stow away hash,
Quicker than any woman alive.
She was light as a cork, and she'd get
outside of pork,
Ham and eggs, or any kind of fruit;
When those roller skates came out, how
she would dash about,
With one tightly strapped upon each boot.

CHORUS.

But now she's dead and buried,
And has climbed the golden stai.,
But before she died, she loudly cried,
Don't forget to bang my hair.

Through the streets she would fly, in her
hand a piece of pie,
When on her way to school,
If you got in her way she would dump you
and say,
Come here, I'll pick you up you fool.
Once she went out west to take a little rest,
And they charged her double rates,
For she skated in the car till she got to Omaha,
On her pretty little patent roller skates. Cho.

Now she was number one, and she thought
she'd have some fun,
A skating on the railroad track;
Along the road she flew, and had not sense to
Turn round and take a look back.
Somehow the engineer chanced to be upon his ear
So of course he did not whistle down brakes;
The cow-catcher hit her a welt just right
beneath the belt,
And she's gone where they don't use
roller skates.
Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

The man who took a seat in the orchestra, when his ticket was for the second balcony felt badly at having to change. In fact he was moved two tiers.

Highest approbation.—Applause from the gallery.

A door-keeper at a theatre would make a good fortune-teller, if he could tell the future as well as he can the passed.

Handle her gently lift her with care,
She swallowed a hair-pin while banging her hair;
The curling iron slipped and burnt her fair brow,
She gave a wild shriek but will weep no more now.
J. T. D.

Adam ought to have said, "Hardly Eva," when he was tempted to bite the apple.

The New Orleans "Picayune" calls oysters honest, "because they are not made by man." No; they are made bivalve.

A little boy came to his mother recently and said; "Mamma, I should think if I was of dust I would get muddy inside whenever I drink.

Street gamin (to a friend,) "Say; Bill, you must quit going to variety shows every night, or people will take you for a country member o' the Legislater."

You can always find a sheet of water on the river's bed. J. T. D.

A man advertises, hands wanted on boys pants, a leather strap would be more appropriate. J. T. D.

When over-worked and weary brain,
Staggers and reels with pain,
Brings back the healthy tones again?
The "Singers' Journal. J. T. D.

"Never saw such stirring times," as the spoon said to the saucepan.

What is a good motto for a child that is gazing eastward over its parent's knee? "I do not ask thee for thy hand."

A garrulous barber happening to be called to shave Archelaus, asked him, "How shall I shave you, sir?"—"In silence," was the reply.

A light meal—A feast of lanterns.

Curious old Con—Why is a cat which plays eccentric tricks like a row?—Because it's a rumpuss.

The Rev. C. Astley has just shown that a man may give up his living without surrendering his life.

Hint for young seamen—Whatever the navigation books may tell you, the most expeditious mode of boxing the compass is to pop it into your chest.

Hop-Brewers—Dancing masters.

"Pound parties"—Prize-fighters.

Advice to those who take tea—take it easy.

One of the easiest ways to "take cold" steal somebody's ice.

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Can You Forgive and Forget Love.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY C. W. MARK.

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THE MUSIC OF THIS SONG WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 40 cts.

Can you forgive and forget, love,
Can you forgive for love's sake?
Bury the past with the dead, love,
And let the old love awake!
Oh! why did I list to others
Who spoke unkindly of thee?
Oh! would that I had believed you,
When you said you loved but me.

Can you forgive and forget, love?
Let your heart, love, speak for you,
Others told me you were false, love,
But now I know you were true.
Oh! take me back to your heart, love,
There let me evermore live,
Then let your answer be "yes," love,
Say you'll forget and forgive.

TRAVELING BACK TO ALABAM.

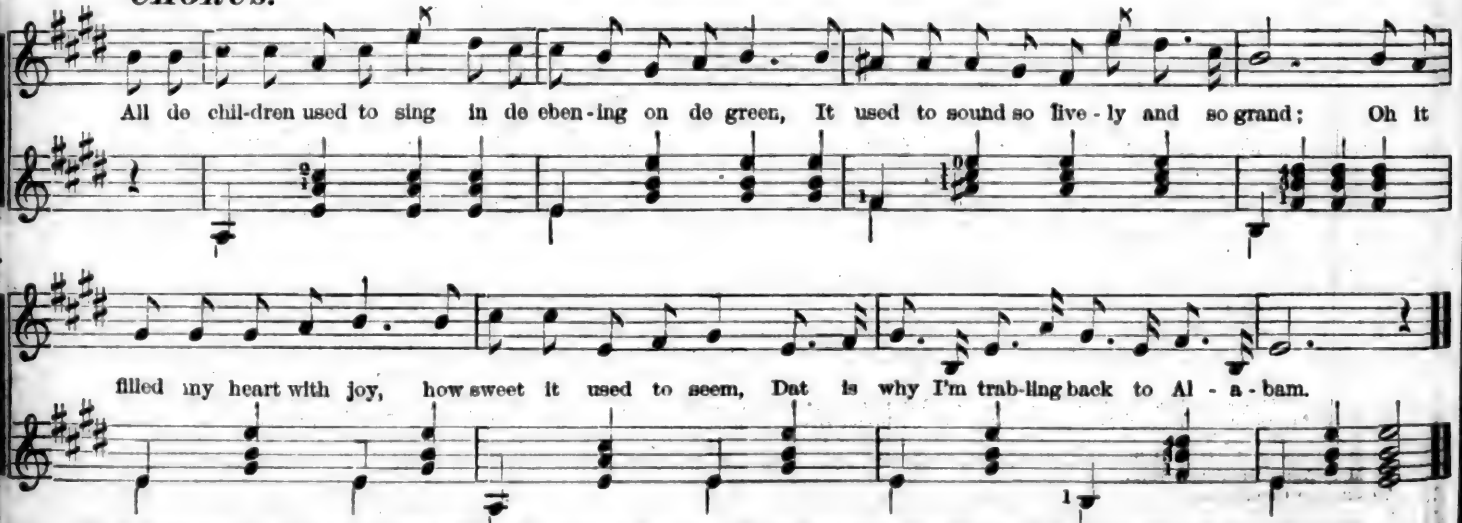
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Words by MANNIE FRIEND. *Music by JAMES A. BLAND.*

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.



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CONTENTS.

A DEAR SPOT OF LAND.....page 707
AWAY DOWN SOUTH IN GEORGIA... 706
BOLD IRISHMEN TO THE FRONT.... 707
The Bennie Lass..... 707
Buck, Buck, Buck, or;
How many fingers do I hold up..... 711
CHARLEY HE'S A MASHER..... 707
The COWS ARE IN THE CORN..... 711
DAISY DAWNE..... 710
DANKS' LATEST SONGS..... 708
The DAYS WHEN I WAS SOLD IN SLAVERY
Music for Banjo and Guitar 712
First Lofe..... 709
Gala Water..... 706
The Gentlemen Coons Picnic..... 709
The Grave of Wolfe Tone..... 711
HAS THE COMET STRUCK..... 706
Here's Freedom to thee, dear old Ireland 710
If I was the Man in the Moon 707
Irish Boarding House Ladies..... 710
I WAS FALSE BUT YOU'LL
FORGIVE ME.... 707
'TIS A BLOSSOM FROM OUR
LITTLE WILLIE'S BREAST..... 711
Johnny give it it over or you'll
have to leave the house.... 711
The KILLARNEY MUSKETEERS..... 710
LOVELY MAID SO SHY..... 706
The Moon is Shining Bright, Mary..... 707
My Love she is a Fairy Queen..... 709
Neddy with his ulster coat..... 711
Our Interesting Matter Column..... 706
Pretty Kitty Carey..... 710
The REASON WE MORTGAGED THE FARM 709
Silence and Fun 709
That'll be all Right..... 709
That Never Empty Cradle
Twins are Born..... 709
Teddy Reilly..... 709
The Two Irish Turks..... 710
When the Honeymoon is over..... 706
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT
A BUTTERFLY..... 710

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Latest piece of Music published, "Happy Dreams of You." Big hit at the Sanfrancisco.

Has the Comet Struck.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY NED STRAIGHT.

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Now Peter Brown was a nice young man,
Of the age of twenty-one;
So upon his birth-day he set forth,
To have a little fun.
He learned the game of faro,
So he thought he'd try his luck,
When he lost every cent then the boys all cried,
Peter, has the comet struck.

CHORUS.

Where was Peter when the comet struck,
Why did Peter at the "Tiger" buck;
Pety, Pety, Pete, I think you'd better treat,
Peter has the comet struck.

That night he went out to see his girl,
And the question he did pop;
So he gave to her his watch and chain,
And Peter didn't drop.
Until he found she'd shook him,
And was on another struck,
For she gave watch and chain to her dear young man,
Peter has the comet struck. Chorus.

Away Down South in Georgia.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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Those good old days I oft recall,
When way down south in Georgia;
And sunbeams softly fell o'er all,
Away down south in Georgia.
That cabin home no more I see,
No southern flowers now bloom for me,
Since I have gained my liberty,
Away down south in Georgia.

CHORUS.

I lived in sunshine every day,
Away down south in Georgia;
My heart was ever light and gay,
Away down south in Georgia.

My mother's voice I then could hear,
Away down south in Georgia;
Her hand would wipe away each tear,
Away down south in Georgia.
She brightened up de cabin home,
When I from toil of day would come,
And from her love I could not roam,
When way down south in Georgia. Chorus.

Those days of joy I would recall,
When way down south in Georgia,
But scattered are my people all,
From way down south in Georgia.
The stars and stripes one morn I see,
And they told me I was free;
Now good old times no more will be,
Away down south in Georgia. Chorus.

When the Honeymoon is Over.

BY GEO. HARCOURT. SUNG BY ADA BURNETT.

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When I was but sixteen, I thought,
I'd no longer remain single,
But take for better or for worse,
A man by name of Jingle.
He was handsome, only twenty-one,
With blue eyes and raven hair,
I thought I'd done the thing, in fact,
I was so happy I do declare.

CHORUS.

It's all very well to married be,
And think you'll live in clover;
But it all depends on your husband dear,
When the honeymoon is over.

My husband he has put a stop
To all joys that may be;
While he flies out to visit round,
I'm left to nurse the baby.
He thinks it is a woman's duty,
To slave from morn till night,
While he enjoys the pleasures of life,
In a manner he thinks it quite right. Cho.

Now sooner than be what I am,
With every day a wrangle,
By jove, I'd sooner single live,
By turning round a mangle.
So now, I've told you ladies all.
If you would live in clover,
Pray get a husband who'll treat you right,
When the honeymoon is over. Chorus.

Lovely Maid So Shy.

SONG AND DANCE.

WODRS AND MUSIC BY NED. STRAIGHT.

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'Twas Venus, Jupiter and Mars,
That from my chamber brought me,
The moon was jealous of the stars,
Their lustre fairly caught me.
Into the the arbor then I strollod,
My soul was filled with rapture,
And there I met a charming girl,
And she my heart did capture.

CHORUS.

'Twas the witching glance she gave me,
From her bright and flashing eye,
Causing the lustre of the
Twinkling stars to die.
Those blushing cheeks be-dimed the rose,
Her eyes outshone the blackest sloes,
Her cherry lips none could oppose,
She's a lovely maid so shy. (Dance.)

And as I gazed the moon grew dim,
Its radiance was paling,
The stars had almost ceased to peep,
Their power of light was failing.
I looked about to learn the cause,
But not a cloud was hazing;
This fairy's eyes eclipsed them all.
Their brightness was amazing. Chorus.

Gala Water.

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettric shaws,
Can match the lads o' Gala-water.

Aut there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e nim better,
An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine,
The bonny lad o' Gala-water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
An' tho' I ha'e na meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala-water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That cost contentment, peace or pleasure.
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O! that's the chiefest warld's treasure.

OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, Items of interest etc, etc. To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

When a man gets a dig in the ribs from an icicle, he is apt to regard it as a frozen punch.

Said the hostess: "Henry, why don't you sit down with the young ladies; is it diffidence?" Said Henry; "No, mam, it's a bile."

A humorous apothecary in Boston exposes a case of soap in his shop-window with the pertinent inscription; "Cheaper than dirt."

Ham was the only "old salt" aboard the ark.

The old English skill in the use of the long-bow appears now to have passed over to the American branch of the family.

The iron horse has but one ear—the engineer.

Rather slow—A man in New Orleans walks so slow that his shadow frequently falls asleep on the side-walk.

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed, "This is the first time I iver rejiced at the fall of my bist friend."

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician—"Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother who went to prison against his will, faith, he did."

Said a negro schoolmaster, in South Carolina, "Ef you want to find the centre of gravity, you just look out for the letter v, and you'll have it, sure."

Noses are fashionable, and have always been followed.

What is the difference between a Christian and a cannibal?—One enjoys himself, and the other people.

The chief use of an old bachelor is, to count one in the census.

Hair that ought to flow in natural waves—the locks of a canal.

One good turn deserves another. As the alderman said when he discharged the thief who voted for him.

Table of intrest—The dinner-table.

A man to speak his mind must have one to speak.

A certain method of keeping eggs from spoiling, eat them while they're fresh.

A genius in the West has just patented a machine for making sweet potatoes. He is a bsother of an old gentleman who put handles on prickly pears and sold them for currycombs.

A story is told of an Irishman who, bound over to keep the peace against her majesty's subjects, exclaimed, "Then Heaven help the first foreigner I meet.

A Texas man returned a napkin to an hotel waiter with thanks, saying that his cold was not very bad.

Why do the birds feel depressed early in a summer morning?—Because their little bills are all over dew.

Bold Irishmen to the Front.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FRANK DAVIS.

SUNG BY THE DAVIS'S, FRANK & FANNIE.

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The Music of this song can be had at Wm. J. A. Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 40 cents in postage stamps.

In eighteen hundred and sixty one,
The war it first broke out;
The poor unfortunate Irishmen
Were scattered all about.
The rich men would not go and fight,
But for poor ones they did hunt;
Then hand in hand to Dixie's land,
Went the Irishmen to the front.

CHORUS.

Then give a cheer for the Yankee boys,
For the enemy we must hunt,
So hand in hand to Dixie's land,
Went the Irishmen to the front.

When we got on board the train,
We had not been long gone;
Until we found our enemy
Were about ten thousand strong.
We sent back telegraph despatches,
And such a time was never made,
When Gen McClellan our little Mac,
Led on the Irish Brigade. Chorus.

So now me Yankee comrades,
Don't harm an Irishman,
For Paddies door is open for you,
With a warm and welcome hand.
I hope the day is not very far off,
When old Ireland shall have her rights,
And that little green banner float in victory,
Along with the Stars and Stripes. Chorus.

Charley He's a Masher.

WORDS BY FRANK BINNEY. MUSIC BY ED. SMITH.

SUNG BY ADA BURNETT.

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There is a little fellow, who no doubt you all
have seen,
And Charley is the charmer's Christian name;
He dresses in the fashion, with a bright
neck-tie of green,
And to tell the truth he never looks the same.
His hair he curls quite nobby, and his
mustache waxed to kill,
He's gotten up expressly for the day;
He stands upon the corners, but really
can't keep still,
And should you chance to meet him I am
sure you'd say—

CHORUS.

Charley he's a masher, Charley he's a pet,
Charley he's a darling, he's a dandy you can bet;
He's the object of attention from all the
ladies fair,
And when he's out on promenade, you
should see them at him stare.

He attends all the theatre's, and seems
perfectly at home,
Has invitations to the parties, balls, and fairs,
He's a sort of privileged character, and is
always seen alone,
He seems to run the gauntlet everywhere,
He's polished in his manner, in a la-de-da
sort of way,
But how he lives I'll leave it all to you,
You couldn't help but notice him, he always
looks so gay,
It's a mystery how they do it but they do.
Chorus.

A Dear Spot of Land.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY NED STRAIGHT.

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There's a dear spot of land way out on the ocean,
The prettiest island that ever was seen,
There's no place on earth that so well suits
my notion,
It's the Emerald isle where the shamrock
is green.
Alas! the bold tyrant has taken possession,
And driven our daughters and sons to exile,
For no one could stand their tyranic agression,
And banished are we from the Emerald isle.

CHORUS.

Then it's God speed the day that will dawn
with our freedom,
When Stars, stripes and Harp shall be
blended as one,
Then the poor of ould Ireland will need
no help to feed them,
They'll belong to the country of brave
Washington.

When I left my dear home, my poor heart
was breaking,
Oh! 'tis a sad moment, the parting of friends,
The tear be-dimed eyes, and the honest
hand-shaking,
Oh! that causes the stoutest of hearts
to unbend.
But there are occasions when parting's a pleasure,
And one is in crossing the beautiful sea;
Where toil is rewarded by friendship and treasure,
In the home of the brave and the land
of the free.
Chorus.

If I was the Man in the Moon.

If I could transform myself, what I would be,
I'd be the man in the moon;
What curious signts every night I should see,
If I was the man in the moon.
I'd see all the people down by the sea shore,
I'd see the fellows and girls by the score,
Do their kissing and squeezing and lots of
things more,
If I was the man in the moon.

CHORUS.

Oh! boys, what a lark it would be,
Every night from July up to June,
Your mouths would all water at what I should see,
If I was the man in the moon.

I'd peep through the keyhole and look up
the stairs,
If I was the man in the moon.
I'd watch the old women all saying their prayers,
If I was the man in the moon.
Who knows, I might see one take off her cork leg,
And hang all her tresses of gold on a peg,
And discover her cranium as bald as an egg,
If I was the man in the moon. Chorus.

I'd follow the tallyman all round his beat,
If I was the man in the moon;
While leaving his parcels in every street,
If I was the man in the moon.
I should see mother Robinson, rosy and red,
Who owes him some money, scratch her
poor head,
And shove her old carcase right under the bed,
If I was the man in the moon. Chorus.

On the evening of Sunday, I'd see the young girls,
If I was the man in the moon,
In their seal-skins and satins, feathers and curls,
If I was the man in the moon.
Next day I should see them make short
morning calls,
To houses where hang out the big golden balls,
With bundles as big as the dome of St. Paul's,
If I was the man in the moon. Chorus.

I was False But You'll Forgive Me.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY E. P. DANKS.

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As I muse o'er years departed,
Happy thoughts are in my breast,
You have said that you forgive me,
And my heart of love is blest;
I have sorrowed for the sunshine
And the joys of long ago;
Now your words are like the music
Of the murmuring brooklet's flow.

CHORUS.

I was false, but oh! so lonely,
When I broke my tender vow,
You may not forget your sorrow,
But you will forgive me now.

Once my heart was young and happy,
When life's path was strewn with flowers,
And your love was, ah! so precious,
In those calm and blissful hours.
But the tempter slyly whispered,
You were all untrue to me,
And I turned from you forever,
False to you as false could be. Chorus.

Then I listened to another,
And he bore me from your side,
But in all our years of parting,
I have been a loveless bride.
Now I know I love you dearly,
And my love will last for aye;
I was false, but you'll forgive me,
And forget all wrongs I pray. Chorus.

The Moon is Shining Bright Mary.

The moon is shining bright, Mary,
Upon the silent sea,
Then come, oh! come, to-night, Mary,
And tread the mead with me.
The nightingale's sweet tune, Mary,
From Donald's shady grove,
Is singing to the morn, Mary,
In silvery beats of love.

There's sable in the east, Mary,
There's silver in the west,
Where evil thoughts are least, Mary,
There love is surely blest.
My heart is all your own, Mary,
I have no more to give,
But it, and it alone, Mary,
To love you while I live.

The moon is shining bright, Mary,
Upon the silent sea,
Then come, oh! come, to-night, Mary,
And wander forth with me.
And 'neath yon holly green, Mary,
I'll fondly tell to thee,
What we have ever been, Mary,
And what we soon shall be.

The Bonnie Lass.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When walking in the garden gay,
Or roaming in the valley wild;
But woman, nature's darling child,
In thee all other work is foil'd;
In thee all other work she doth excell,
The bonnie lass I love so well.

Oh! had she been a village maid,
And I a lowly shepherd swain,
And sheltered on the lowest mead
That ever rose on Scotland's plain—
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy and rapture would I hail,
And nightly to my bosom strain,
The bonnie lass I love so well.

H. P. DANKS'

LATEST SONGS.

"I WAS FALSE, BUT YOU'LL FORGIVE ME,"
In answer, and companion to the popular
"YOU ARE FALSE, BUT I'LL FORGIVE YOU."
FATHER AND MOTHER ARE HOMELESS TO-DAY.
THE FOOTPRINTS OF LOVED ONES ARE FADING.
AWAY DOWN SOUTH IN GEORGIA.
SHE'S JUST AS SWEET AS SWEET CAN BE.
POOR LITTLE SIGHTLESS JIM. ON DE 'MANCIPATION DAY.
HAUL TAUT, MY LADS. THE SCOTCH GRENADIER.
DEAR LITTLE SUNSHINE, TELL ME WHY.
OVER THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.
NEVER MEET TROUBLE HALF WAY.
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BUTTERFLY.
I'M GLAD I'M NOT A BACHELOR.
ONE DAY I WENT A COURTING.

40c. each; or any 3 sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1.00 by the publisher.

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Published by WILLIAM J. A. LIEDER, Son of and Successor to

MRS. PAULINE LIEDER,

60 CHATHAM STREET.

That Never Empty Cradle, Twins are Born.

SUNG BY HAPPY CAL WAGNER.

Never empty cradle, though you're in my care,
With your precious burden to be fed;
You're a precious nuisance, and you make me swear,
Keeping me out of my snow-white bed.
With her pimpled cheeks, and "Sairey Gampey" eyes,
Nursey pursey came one winter's morn;
Goading me to madness with the sweet surprise;
Crowded was the cradle, twins were born.

CHORUS.

Twins are in the cradle, making twenty-four,
Sons and daughters making me forlorn,
I'll go to the "angel" and have two penn'orth more,
Crowded is the cradle, twins are born.

In her shady bed-room nurse is always found,
All night long the fat old humbug sleeps,
Or she's round the corner standing glasses round,
Drinking till she gin and water weeps.
While the little twinses squalling more and more,
Swell untill they burst their little bed;
And one little angel wallops on the floor,
Tumbles from the cradle on his head.

CHORUS.

Twins are in the cradle, making twenty-four,
In my side they are a dreadful thorn.
They don't sing of angels, I am blessed sure,
Crowded is the cradle, twins are born.

Hang the blessed cradle, nearly every night,
Just as I get into my first snore;
Twinses with the quinses wake me in a fright,
Keep me up till half-past three or four.
Mother sleeps in comfort, says she knows that dad
Sees her little chicks dont't come to hurt,
But, poor me! the father, I get cold and mad,
In my cradle costume, that's a shirt.

CHORUS.

Never empty cradle, baby's in galore,
Bachelors against it I would warn;
If you wed your angel, you'll find it is a bore,
When you rock the cradle in the morn.

Who would be a father when he knows the price,
Sees how soon the punishment begins?
Half a dozen times I've been a father twice—
Half a dozen pair of healthy twins.
All my pieces spent and all my peace is gone,
All my friends now look on me with scorn;
Say there is no reason in such goings on,
Worn out is the cradle, twins are born.

CHORUS.

Twins are in the cradle, both are in a roar,
"Aroarer" early morning to adorn,
They make pretty angels, never sure before
Were such little cusses ever born.

That'll Be All Right.

SUNG BY MINNIE LEE.

Why don't I in a passion get,
Like other people do,
And fly around in jealous rage,
A-feeling awful blue?
I'll tell you why I take it cool,
And never wish to fight,
Because the world turns round for me,
And that'll be all right.

CHORUS.

Oh! that's what's the matter with me,
I'll tell you a story to-night,
When my friends get angry with me,
Oh! I say that'll be all right.

A nice young man not far from here,
I think that he loves me;
He wants to marry me right bad,
Aut I think I will stay free.
He fumes and frets, and says I'm mean,
And calls me very light;
I smile and say, my little pet,
Oh! that'll be all right. Chorus.

The Gentlemen Coons Picnic.

BY L. C. DREES. MUSIC BY J. GERNERT.

Oh! here we are on parade,
Darkey's light and free;
We're off to the G. C. Picnic,
As you can plainly see.
We always march in single file
As the music it does play;
We're going to have a jolly time
While sailing down the bay.

CHORUS.

Then mark time, keep step,
Forward, march away,
As the ladies pass we tip our hats,
While the music it does play.
Dis colored corps am hard to beat,
Our tactics are a trick'
We're on our way to spend the day
At the gentlemen Coons' Picnic.

Oh! we'll have lots of music,
A dance and singing, too,
We're bound away for pleasure,
With a rattling jolly crew.
Oh! there's the whistle blowing,
The boat it leaves at six;
We invite you all to come and go
To the Gentlemen Coons' Picnic. Chorus.

Silence and Fun.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY FRANK M'NISH.

I am going to show you all this evening,
An invention of my own;
It's something new in the art of dancing,
That I learned when but a boy at home.
The boys all called me crazy,
And said I would surely break my neck,
But all of it came to,me so natural.
Not one trick did I ever yet forget.

CHORUS.

Oh! how I love to hear my music so sweet, (sym,)
It's very sound seems to lift me off my feet, (sym.)
A movement here and another there,
To the,music's pretty run,
I puzzle the people entirely,
With my original silence and fun.

Can you make out what I was just about,
I am sure that I don't know;
The only explanation I can give
Is that the music makes me go.
Don't be alarmed, for I'm not hurt,
I'm as safe as you sitting where you are;
Practice makes all perfect you know,
At wonders near and far. Chorus.

Teddy Reilly.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY DAN NASH.

Oh my heart is broke in fifty lumps,
And my back is bent in two,
All through one Teddy Reilly,
Who to me has proved untrue.
Teddy sail'd away from me
Unto a foreign part;
Faith, he broke my nose before he went,
And then he broke my heart!

CHORUS.

Oh! then pity the misfortunes
Of a poor ould cr'ature,
Who goes out a washing
For a shilling a day.
Whose love from me has parted,
And left me broken-hearted,
Since my darling Teddy Reilly
Crossed the great big sea.

Oh! my Teddy was the finest man
That ever stole a cow,
He was fond of a drop of eye-water,
And still fonder of a row.
He'd fight from night until morning;
From morning until night,
And he'd always practice on myself,
Whenever he wants to fight. Chorus.

My Love She is a Fairy Queen.

My love she is a fairy queen—
About her face no paint is seen;
Her pretty foot is very small,
But very large is her waterfall.
Her ankle, too, so plump and fat,
It makes my heart go pit-a-pat;
Were I a bee upon her lip,
I'D stay all day and sip, and sip.

CHORUS.

Oh! she never flirts—she's no coquette;
She never scolds nor does she fret;
She's some on style, and full of fun;
You bet your life she's number one.

I took her to a show one night,
I almost knep 'twould please her quite;
And as we sat in the parquette,
How nice I felt I scarce can say.
The bell it rang, the curtain rose,
A man came out in spangled clothes,
Entrancing me with dashing style,
While to my love he gave a smile. Chorus.

To see my love, next day I went—
To pop the question was my intent;
Alas! poor me, I felt quite sore
To hear she'd gone in a coach and four,
Her mother squealed and I did squall;
She'd took her trunk and waterfall?
I seized my hat to the show I ran,
But she'd eloped with a circus man. Chorus.

The Reason we Mortgaged the Farm.

Words by Dr. T. D C. Miller. Music by W. W. Bentley.

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We're both growing aged togother,
And Jennie has left the old farm;
To walk by the side of another,
As on in life's journey they roam.
And John who was tender and loving,
Has gone in the pathway to harm;
And left his old parents in sorrow,
To suffer or mortgage the farm.

CHORUS.

It's sad to be aged and feeble,
And know that this life has no charms,
But when in old age we are childless,
How painful to mortgage the farm,
But when in old age we are childless,
How painful to mortgage the farm.

We thought John would be our protection,
For he was so kind when a boy;
And Betsey so gentle and loving,
Would call him a mother's fond joy.
But he was led off by companions,
In ways that bring evil and harm;
And left his old parents in sorrow,
To suffer or mortgage the farm. Chorus.

It's hard to be loveless and childless,
When wrinkles are deep on the brow;
And hair has grown aged and whitened,
With footsteps so tottering now,
But when we are feeble and helpless,
With none to protect us from harm;
We only can suffer in silence,
Or tearfully mortgage the farm. Chorus.

FIRST LOFE—To M. B. W.

From der happy somerdays gone by,
Still comes der shveet perfume;
Oont efer in our hearts vill lie
Lofe's first exquisite ploom.

Oont all its fragrance vhill survive
Mit vinter vinds und shnows,
Oont efer keep der heart alive—
A balm for groundless woes.

T. L. L.

The Two Irish Turks.

SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS BY E. F. DEWON. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENBECK.

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Here we are two Irish Turks,
You can tell us by our talk,
They say our mugs would poison rats,
Jim Kelly and John Gawk.
We struck the town not long ago,
In the good ship Pinafore;
You can see we're lively dancers,
When we jump and welt the floor.

CHORUS.

So keep your eyes upon us now,
Just while you have a chance;
We are funny as a funeral,
When we do our song and dance.
In the night time we are squeelers,
In the day we carry the hod;
We are the two eccentric tarriers
From away across the sod. (Dance.)

We just escaped from Barnum's show,
We got out of two glass cases,
We took the prize for beauty,
With our Chinese Laundry faces.
If any girl which are here to-night,
That wants to get a mash,
Put a personal in the Blatter,
You can bet we have the cash. Chorus.

Pretty Kitty Carey.

SONG AND DANCE. BY TOMMY TUCKER.

In a tenement house not far away,
Dwells the only maid I love;
Her cheeks so red like roses fair,
Her eyes like stars above.
And when I meet her in the eve,
Just like a little fairy,
She lays her head upon my breast,
Does pretty Kitty Carey.

CHORUS.

Every morn to work you'll see her go, (sym.
And she loves none else but me, I know, (sym)
She always wears a loving smile,
And never is contrary.
There's not another girl so sweet
As pretty Kitty Carey. (Dance.)

She helps her mother all she can,
Her work is never done;
And if there's angels on this earth,
My darling she is one.
But soon you'll hear the wedding bells
Ring out upon the air;
My heart will feel so light the day
I wed my Kitty fair. Chorus.

Here's Freedom to Thee Dear Old Ireland.

Far away o'er the wild raging billow,
From the mountains and valleys I love,
Ah! the tear-drop will oft stain my pillow,
While I pray to the Ruler above;
To look on my country and bless her,
Again with sweet liberty's smile,
And banish the cruel oppressor,
The blight and the scourge of our isle.

CHORUS.

Here's freedom to thee, dear old Ireland,
The emerald gem of the sea;
Sweet home of the bog and the mireland,
My heart is forever with thee.

Dear Erin, past ages saw riven
Upon thy fair limbs the foul chain,
To break it thy sons have oft striven,
Alas! they were heroes in vain.
Now asleep in thy bosom they're lying,
And o'er the blest patriots' clay,
O, many a brave boy is sighing,
He can't emulate them to-day. Chorus.

Farewell, darling home of my childhood,
I'll wander no more in thy bowers,
Ah! never again in the wildwood,
I'll cull my heart's favorite flowers.
Oh! Erin this fond heart had cherished
A dear wish, this day I'd never see,
With the dead and the true I'd lie perished,
Than part, darling mother from thee. Cho.

You're Nothing but a Butter-Fly.

WORDS BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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You're nothing but a butter-fly,
That flits from flower to flower;
You sweetly smile and softly sigh,
As sunbeams chase the shower.
You clasp my hand, your eyes seek mine,
You say you love me well;
And that most rapturous joy divine,
Must e'er your bosom swell.
A butter-fly, a butter-fly,
A butter-fly are you.
And from each rose-bud's crimson lips,
You sip sweet honey-dew.

You're nothing but a butter-fly,
And now you seek a mate;
Be careful, do not soar too high,
The flame you seek too late.
The sun may shine on many lakes,
The lake sees but one sun;
But he who late in life partakes
Of love sees little fun.
A butter-fly, a butter-fly,
A butter-fly are you,
And from each rose-bud's crimson lips,
You sip sweet honey-dew.

You're nothing but a butter-fly,
Your wings are growing stiff,
And yet you mount up to'rd the sky,
While at old time you sniff;
You seek for honey all the day,
In fields and pastures new;
But you will find on love's highway,
Less sweet than bitter rue.
A butter-fly, a butter-fly,
A butter-fly are you,
And from each rose-bud's crimson lips
You sip sweet honey-dew.

The Killarney Musketeers.

ADA BURNETT'S GREAT MARCHING SONG.

WORDS BY JOHNNY MACK. MUSIC BY DAN. REESE.

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Behold the Killarney Musketeers a
walking down Broadway,
With bayonets brightly glistening, and
the band so gaily play,
They're the finest soldiers in the land of
cattle not afraid,
And they show the people how they shine
when out upon grand parade.
See the stalwart officers and privates in the rear,
The captain he is urging on the men that
know no fear;
So let us join together now, and give three
hearty cheers,
For the best parade that ever was made
by the Killarney Musketeers.

CHORUS.

All face about, all turn around,
And raise your muskets from the ground;
They marched away so light and gay,
With hearts that knew no fear.
Three hundred solid Irish boys,
To protect our homes so dear:
So let us join together now,
And give them hearty cheers,
And raise it too, for the boys in blue,
The Killarney Musketeers.

To night my boys they're going to give
a dashing fancy ball,
Representing American style up in
McClellan Hall,
The Skidmore's in full uniform along
with the Brannigan's Band,
The sixty-ninth and Musketeers will
parade on the grand stand.
The ladies waving American flags, 'twill
be a grand display,
Mingling with the dreamy waltz, enjoying
a holiday,
With boys so true dressed up in blue
we'll give three hearty cheers,
For the best parade that ever was made
by the Killarney Muskethers.
Chorus.

Daisy Dawne.

BY JAMES V. BARRETT.

In yonder little cottage,
A maiden fair does dwell;
And with a true affection,
I love that maiden well.
She's pretty as a picture,
And graceful as a fawn,
This captivating creature,
My darling Daisy Dawne.

CHORUS.

Her lips are like the cherry,
Her eyes like violets blue,
Her teeth are white and pearly,
Her cheeks a rosy hue.
And sunny silken tresses,
In graceful ringlets worn,
Bedecks the fair white brow of
My darling Daisy Dawne.

'Twas in a dell one morning,
Amid the verdured bowers,
I met this pretty maiden,
A culling fragrant flowers.
Well 'tis the same old story,
I won heart that morn,
And soon she'll be forever,
My darling Daisy Dawne. Chorus.

Irish Boarding House Ladies.

We're two dacent Irish women,
So now upon us smile,
We've just been down to market,
It's just about a mile;
We landed in this city
Some fourteen years ago,
We keep an Irish boarding house,
At forty-nine Dutch Row.

CHORUS.

Her name is Mrs. Donahoe,
And her's is Mrs. Shank,
If any of yez want a wife,
We've money in the bank. (Repeat.)

Oh, now we must be going,
It's nearly dinner time;
Come to our house and get a meal,
It will cost you but a dime.
We set a first-class table,
With everything so neat,
We'll give you everything so nice,
The grub it can't be beat. Chorus.

The Cows are In the Corn.

COPYRIGHT 1878, BY E. H. HARDING.

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Oh! father's gone to market town,
He was up before the day;
And Jamie's after robin's nests,
And the man is making hay.
And whistling down the hollow goes
The boy that minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen door,
Is calling with a will:
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!

From all the misty morning air
There comes a summer sound,
A murmur, as of waters, comes
From ships, and trees, and ground;
The birds they sing upon the wing,
The pigeons bill and coo,
And over hills and hollow rings
Again the loud halloo!
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!

How strange at such a time of day
The mill should stop its clatter;
The farmer's wife is list'ning now,
And wonders what's the matter.
Oh! wild the birds are singing in
The woodland on the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes
The boy that minds the mill.
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!

Neddy With The Ulster Coat.

Oh! you've all heard tell of the great Muldoon,
The famous solid man;
But listen now to this gossoon,
I'll amuse, you if I can.
My uncle John has died, poor man,
And left me all his cash,
So I went and bought an ulster coat,
And don't I look quite flash.

CHORUS.

Oh! the world may wag, but I can brag
I am free from care and labor,
I am quite sedate with my large ulster,
And I like to love my neighbor.
The ladies fair I do declare,
Upon me they all dote,
You can hear them sigh as they cast their eye
On Neddy with the ulster coat.

Now since I've got my uncle's cash,
I think I'm no small drink,
I attend all sorts of good old sports,
Likewise the skating rink;
And my word I pledge, should I live to the age
Of Methuselem's famous goat,
That you never saw a black that had such a walk
As Neddy with his ulster coat. Chorus.

It's seldom you see a man like me,
Who has got such education;
I attend all sorts of first class sports
To gain some information.
With my large ulster on I look sedate,
That the girls upon me dote;
Sure the duke of Connaught would stand no chance
With Neddy and his ulster coat. Chorus.

Johnny Give it Over or You'll Have to Leave the House.

I never was a lucky swell,
As I will plainly show;
For wine and women was my game,
Wherever I did go.
And when a boy I would annoy,
By stopping out all night,
And getting a proper scolding in the morning.

CHORUS.

Johnny, give it over,
Or you'll have to leave the house,
Johnny, give it over,
You're as wicked as a mouse,
My boy you must improve,
And try some other move,
Or you and I will have to part forever.

I often played at billiards,
For to pass the time away,
At standing liquor to my pals
I always had to pay.
I never spotted out the horse
That won the Derby day,
In fact I never was a lucky fellow. Chorus.

Now when my money it was done,
I always sought for more,
My father said he'd cut me off
And send me from his door,
My case was sad, my prospects bad,
Without a home or friend,
To push my fortune in this wicked world. Chorus.

I thought to settle down in life
If I could only find
A girl of the proper sort,
Just suited to my mind,
At length I found a single maid
To double me for life,
So she and I were married one fine morning. Chorus.

Misfortune seemed to follow me
Wherever I did go,
My loving wife soon noticed this
And gently told me so,
I promised her to make amends,
And settle down for life,
To lead a life of happiness forever, Chorus.

The Grave of Wolfe Tone.

RECITATION. BY T. DAVIS.

In Bodenstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly along it the winter winds rave;
Small shelter I ween, are the ruined walls there,
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.

Once I lay on that sod, it lies over Wolfe Tone,
And thought how he perished in prison alone;
His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed,
"Oh! bitter," I said, "is a patriot's meed."

"For in him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life, and a governing mind;
A martyr for Ireland his grave has no stone,
His name seldom named and his virtues unknown."

I was woke from my dream by the voices and tread
Of a band who came into the home of the dead;
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,
And they stopped when they came to the grave of Wolf Tone.

There were students and peasents, the wise and the brave,
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave,
And the children who thought me hard-hearted, for they
On that sanctified soil were forbidden to play.

But the old man, who saw I was mourning there said;
We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid,
And we're going to raise a monument, too,
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true.

My heart overflowed, and I clasped his old hand,
And I blessed him, and blessed every one of his band,
Sweet, sweet, 'tis to find that such fate can remain
To the cause and the man so long vanquished and slain.

In the Bordenstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And freely around it let winter winds rave;
Far better they suit him, the ruin and gloom,
Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb.

'Tis a Blossom from our Little Willie's Breast.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY NED STRAIGHT.

SUNG BY MISS CARRIE HOWARD.

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Since Willie's left us it's so lonely,
No more his cheery voice we hear;
He was my darling, yes, mine only,
For, oh! he loved his mamma dear.
His rosy cheeks, his eyes of heavenly blue,
The smile that round his sweet lips played,
His curling locks of golden hue,
But, oh! how quickly all did fade.

CHORUS.

Alas! they laid him in the cold, cold grave,
His little spirit is at rest;
One token of remembrance I have saved,
'Tis a blossom from our Angel Willie's breast.

While all around my boy were weeping,
He lay so silent and so cold;
It seemed that he was only sleeping,
That soon he'd prattle as of old.
I knew the parting moments were so near,
His pale cold lips to mine I pressed,
Upon his face I dropped a tear,
And plucked this blossom from his breast.
Chorus.

Buck, Buck, Buck.

OR HOW MANY FINGERS DO I HOLD UP.

We've all been youngsters in our time,
And in those happy days,
We all used to enjoy ourselves,
With different sports and plays.
But if there is a game I used
To like more than the rest,
It's when we play at buck, buck, buck,
And at the numbers guessed.

CHORUS.

Buck, buck, buck, buck, buck, buck,
How many fingers do I hold up?
Three you say, and three there is,
So—now then you may rise up.

I've seen a world of trouble since,
I've had my share of woes,
But I cannot forget the time,
When at the evening's close,
We'd sit around the cosy fire,
And play our joyful game,
When I'd have some girl on my knees,
And then to her exclaim. Chorus.

I used to laugh right joyfully,
When I knelt on the floor;
For when I guessed the number wrong,
The rest of them would roar.
I'd try again, but all in vain,
I could not guess it right.
And then they used to thump my back,
And scream out with delight. Chorus.

Those happy days are gone and yet,
Although I'm old and grey,
I always join the little ones,
Whenever they're at play.
They love to see old grandad,
It makes them laugh with glee,
When I've to go down on my knees,
And then they say to me. Chorus.

DE DAYS WHEN I WAS SOLD IN SLAVERY. (Banjo Song.)

Words and Music by J. L. FEENEY. *Arr. by JOS. SCHWENSECK*

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.



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CONTENTS.

A PATCH FROM MY ANGEL BROTHER'S PANTS....page 719
Brave Dragoon..... 714
Cheating Girls at Twilight..... 716
DEAR LITTLE SUNSHINE, TELL ME WHY.... 715
Don't Give it Away..... 715
DANCING ON THE MOONLIGHT GREEN..... 719
ELNORA..... 714
Father E. J. Cooney..... 717
Hokey Pokey, a Penny a Lump..... 717
Johnny is Your Father Working..... 716
LITTLE SUNSHINE COME TO ME..... 714
Mary Ann McGuire..... 716
Mary's Heard the News..... 717
Mollie Machree..... 717
NED STRAIGHT'S POPULAR SONGS.. 718
The NICE YOUNG GALL, Music for Banjo and Guitar 720
Only a Bull Dog..... 717
Oh! Fred, don't be so Frivolous..... 719
OUR PECULIAR STYLE..... 719
Our Interesting Matter Column..... 719
PAT AND DENNIS CARNEY..... 716
Paddy Niland's Hop..... 715
Spoiling for a Beau..... 714
SHE'S JUST AS SWEET AS SWEET CAN BE.... 715
Ship Ahoy, my Hearties, Send a Boat Ashore.... 715
Sweet Persimmons..... 715
Stop as long as you used to..... 716
Sing Me a Ballad af Home..... 717
Sarah McTearer..... 719
WHEN COURTING HULDAH BROWN 714
We're not Crazy, but Insane..... 714
Wait till the Days are Colder..... 715
The WEARY HEART IS STILL..... 716
YOU'LL MISS ME WHEN WE PART... 714

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You'll Miss Me When We Part.

WORDS BY C. W. MARK. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENSECK.

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Oh! can you smile on others, love,
Forsaking one so true;
And can you be so cruel love,
To seek sweet love anew.
To cast me from your tender heart,
Where once I dwelt alone,
To smile and say that we must part
In cold and cruel tone?

CHORUS.

You miss me when we're parted, love,
You miss me when we part,
You'll miss me, yes, you'll miss me,
You willl miss me when we part.

Though now you say that I no more,
Can share the love with thee,
You'll mourn yet, love, the words that tore
Your cruel heart from me.
Though now your love to me you tell,
Has found another heart,
Though now you smile and say farewell,
You'll miss me when we part. Chorus.

Though now to me you are so cold
You'll wish me back again,
And love's sweet tales that once we told,
Shall cause your heart much pain.
Then should you find that I alone,
Can share the heart with thee,
Ah! come and claim me as your own,
For I shall e'er be true. Chorus.

Little Sunshine Come to Me.

Words by Dr. T. D C. Miller. Music by W. W. Bentley.

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I am waiting for you Sunshine,
In the lovely mossy vale,
Where in days of joy and gladness,
I first told you love's sweet tale.
Then I whispered words as loving,
As fond heart could offer thee;
Now in answer to my pleading,
Little Sunshine come to me.

CHORUS.

Hear me whisper little Sunshine.
Of the love I give to thee,
While my heart is ever calling,
Little Sunshine come to me.
While my heart is ever calling,
Little Sunshine come to me.

You will never little Sunshine,
Find a love more warm and true,
Than the love my heart would offer,
In its boundless wealth to you.
And if you will make me happy,
Let your answer loving be,
While my heart is fondly calling,
Little Sunshine come to me. Chorus.

I am waiting, little Sunshine,
For the music of your voice,
And your smiles of love so thrilling,
Which will make my heart rejoice.
I would claim you ere the dawning
Of the morning bright we see,
Will you heed my loving whisper,
Little Sunshine come to me. Chorus.

Elnora.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENSECK.

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The grass is growing rank and green,
Where oft in childhood we have strayed,
The flowers are fairest ever seen,
Within the pretty woodland glade.
The growing grain is ripening fast,
The reapers song is full of glee,
But days we loved for aye are past,
Yes, ever past to you and me.
The brooklet glides along the vales,
The song bird warbles on the wing,
The pear trees rustle in the gales
That summer's sunny presence bring.

When I was but a sportive child,
In days of bliss now gone for aye;
I wandered through the woodland wild,
And with dear schoolmates used to play.
And you, Elnora, was my pride,
The bonnie lass I loved so well,
I dreamed that you would be my bride,
And we in happiness would dwell.
The cottage fires would brightly burn,
As winter's chilling breezes come,
To that delightful spot I'd turn,
A welcome guest in Nora's home.

The golden years too soon have fled,
And sorrow fills this heart of mine,
For, Nora slumbers with the dead,
My Nora in the courts divine.
The cottage has no charm for me,
I wait thy loving whisper come.
I long to ever dwell with thee,
And leave this lone deserted home!
The blissful days of life are o'er,
Since Nora sleeps beneath the sod,
My lonely home I'll seek no more,
But turn to Nora and my God.

When Courting Huldah Brown.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY W. W. BENTLEY.

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The shearing time has come around,
And planting times were o'er;
When in my heart of love I found,
The need of something more.
Two eyes of blue had pierced me through,
And cupid won renown,
By leading me in rapture to
The home of Huldah Brown.

CHORUS.

Those eyes of blue had pierced me through,
Were softly drooping down;
When she was told I come to woo,
The pretty Huldah Brown;
When she was told I come to woo,
The pretty Huldah Brown.

Your father keeps fine sheep I hear,
I said to break the ice,
But then I think he's rather dear,
I mean he's high in price.
Then Huldah blushed, and I blushed too,
I thought I saw a frown;
But said, I meant it all for you,
You charming Huldah Brown. Chorus.

My chair drew nearer to her side,
Her lips were rosy red;
She could not speak, but looked and sighed,
And then I kissed her head;
But just a fortnight from that day,
I drove her up to town,
And when the old squire had his say,
There was no Huldah Brown. Chorus.

We're not Crazy, but Insane.

BY JOHNSON AND SWAIN.

They say us nigs are crazy, but we're not,
We're happy when we jump about and sing,
We will show you all on this here spot,
In what funny shapes we nigs ourselves do fling.
We learned to dance where the cane and
cotton grow,
You, our pickanniny antics we will show,
In your seats now all remain, and you'll
see it's very plain,
We darkies are not crazy, but insane.

We could not stop our antics if we tried,
We're the liveliest colored gentlemen in
the State,
At night time to the bed-posts we are tied,
For making fun we crazy nigs are great.
You do not understand our funny ways,
You think we are two wild lunatic jays,
In your seats now all remain, and you'll
it's very plain,
We darkies are not crazy, but insane.

Spoiling for a Beau.

BY HARRY M'AVOY.

Oh! dear, I am so lonesome,
I don't know what to do,
The reason I will tell you
Why I am so awful blue.
I want to get a fellow,
Who'll to me always stick,
Who, when I ask for greenbacks,
Was never known to kick.

CHORUS.

Oh! tell me where I'll find him,
I'd really like to know;
There is no use in talking,
I'm spoiling for a beau.

I'd like to have one handsome,
And always full of glee,
Who'd treat and kiss me often,
'Twould suit me to a T.
I'd like to have one nobby,
Who on the square would deal,
Who'd whip his weight in wild cats,
And eat a good square meal. Chorus.

Brave Dragoon.

BY HARRY M'AVOY. SUNG BY EMMA ROGERS.

Oh! my love is a handsome brave dragoon,
And off to the wars he's gone;
He'd said he'd come back to me soon,
Yet now I am all forlorn.
But when he does return again,
And the guns are roaring loud,
With screaming fifes and beating drums,
'Twill make me feel so proud.

CHORUS.

Right face, left! Forward! March!
Keep time to the tune, (Drums.)
He's a handsome brave dragoon.

But if he should fall on a battle field,
He'd die like a soldier brave,
For I know with fife he'd never yield,
Nor fill a coward's grave.
Although I'd weep and mourn for him
Yet my heart would fill with joy,
To know he died as true as steel—
My own brave soldier boy. Chorus.

Wait 'Till The Days Are Colder.

I'm courting a charming little creature,
Whose name I shall not tell;
She's perfect in figure and in feature,
And other things as well.
I met her first upon a Monday.
And asked if kindly she
Would meet me on the following Sunday,
When thus she answered me.

CHORUS.

Wait till the days are colder,
Wait till the nights are dark;
Wait till you grow older
Than Noah's ancient Ark.
Wait till the cows come up, or
Till pigs fly in the air,
Then if you are inclined, and I never
change my mind,
You shall have your wish, I swear.

Well, somehow or other, I did meet her
At the appointed time;
To a drive in the country I did treat her,
Where we got jolly soon.
To bill and coo I did begin it,
And for a kiss I did try,
When my ears she boxed 'em in a minute,
With these words in reply. Chorus.

We'd our tea's very cosy in the garden,
Just a few miles out of town;
Still her heart all the more it did harden,
As she put the good things down.
For when I fondly tried to squeeze her,
And begged she'd be my bride,
The idea didn't seem to please her,
For stiffly she replied. Chorus.

Yet, in spite of this very cool rejection,
I called on her next night,
When she said that, after some reflection,
She loved me—honor bright!
So I ordered the breakfast and the carriage,
For our glorious wedding day;
Tho' I trust on the evening after marriage,
I shall not hear her say. Chorus.

Dear Little Sunshine Tell Me Why.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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Dear little Sunshine, tell me why,
You do not love as others love?
Of my fond whispers you seem shy,
And timid as a frightened dove.
No other lips have pressed on mine,
Affection's token pure and sweet;
No other lips should give to thine
The kiss so warm when lovers meet.

CHORUS.

Dear little Sunshine, tell me why,
You will not soothe my heart with love;
Of all my kisses you seem shy,
And timid as a pretty dove.

Dear little Sunshine, tell me why,
My love can never win your smile?
Are there no hours of pleasure nigh,
No coming years that will beguile.
If you would speak one word to cheer,
And of my pure love seem less shy,
My heart would hold no one so dear,
Then little sunshine tell me why. Chorus.

Dear little Sunshine tell me why,
You turn from love so warm and true?
Why should your pure heart pulseless lie,
While mine beats wildly now for you.
Too late, the lava-tide of love,
May thrill your heart as mine is thrilled,
And leave you like a wounded dove,
The fount of your affection chilled. Chorus.

She's Just as Sweet as Sweet Can Be.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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She's just as sweet as sweet can be,
My little blue-eyed Belle;
The sunshine of a thousand hearts,
The one I love so well.
Her hair is like the dawn of day,
Her cheeks like roses red,
Her age is only seventeen,
The nicest time to wed.

CHORUS.

She's just as sweet as sweet can be,
No rose is half so fair,
A bonnie, winsome, blue-eyed belle,
My lass with golden hair.

She's just as sweet as sweet sweet can be,
With sweets of love combined;
No other lass is half so fair,
No maiden half so kind.
Her smile is charming to behold,
Her tears are like the dew;
And she is now at seventeen,
The sweet of sweets to me. Chorus.

She's just as sweet as sweet can be,
With eyes like stars of night:
Her lovely form is tall and straight,
Her brow is spotless white.
And if I tell you how she loves,
Don't win my lass from me;
Her heart is ever warm and true,
She's sweet as sweet can be. Chorus.

Ship Ahoy, my Hearties, send a Boat Ashore!

I'm captain of a coasting brig,
That's called the "Sprightly Sue;"
A mate a cook, and four good men,
Is all my regular crew.
Whenever I come near to land,
I always come ashore,
And when I want to board again,
This 'ere I do roar.

CHORUS.

Ship ahoy, my hearties, send a boat ashore!
Ship ahoy, ship ahoy, send a boat ashore!
Don't you hear me calling, can't you
hear me bawling,
Ship ahoy, my hearties, send a boat ashore!

I came ashore this morning,
For the grub was running short;
I bought the meat, and in standing treat,
I paid for many a quart;
I promised I'd be back at six—
It's getting late I fear;
I've shouted to 'em forty times,
Yet I can't make them hear. Chorus.

I thought I'd shouted loud enough,
To nearly wake the dead,
But not a living soul has stirred,
Not even the figure head.
It's getting rather chilly,
So I'll have another drain,
But ere I go I think that I
Will try my luck again. Chorus.

Oh! lor, whatever I shall do,
I quite forgot till now,
My wife this voyage sails with me—
There's sure to be a row;
I'm sober as a judge, I am;
She'll swear me down I'm tight,
And won't there be a shindy
If I stay ashore all night. Chorus.

Paddy Niland's Hop.

BY TONY FARRELL.

We will tell you of a party,
Where we had lots of fun;
The boys and girls assembled there,
You bet 'twas number one.
We danced the quadrille lanciers,
O'er and o'er again,
Till Peggy Murphy she got drunk,
And both her legs got lame.
We then went in the kitchen,
Knocked turkey out of sight,
At Paddy Niland's party
In the sweet Eighth Ward last night.

Supper it is over,
And Niland filled the can;
He said he was a cousin to
Muldoon the solid man.
Such singing and such dancing,
Was never had before;
Hands all round and balance all,
On Pat Niland's kitchen floor.
We went in the parlor,
Drank ale till we got tight,
At Paddy Niland's party
In the sweet Eighth Ward last night.

Sweet Persimmons.

BY ED, HARRIGAN. MUSIC BY DAVE BRAHAM.

Where de sweet magnolia grows,
Where de big Tombigbee flows,
Where de cotton blooms in rows,
We eat de sweet persimmons.

CHORUS.

Oh! Lucy, my sweetness,
As happy as a bumble-bee-bee-bee,
Just blow de horn, de darkies am gone
To de sweet persimmon tree.

DUETT.

By de light of de moon,
When de old racoon
Am looking at you and me,
It's dere I meet my Lucy so sweet,
'Neath the old persimmon-tree.

Sweet potatoes am berry fine,
Big yaller pumpkin on de vine,
Bless your soul, dey can't keep time,
Along with the sweet persimmons.
Chorus and Duett.

Come, my love, just give me a boost,
We'll eat de meat and drink de juice,
I, golly, it makes me feel so loose,
Dem licious sweet persimmons.
Chorus and Duett.

Don't Give it Away.

BY HARRY M'AVOY.

There's many slang words nowadays,
That gain a great renown;
"It's "Take a drop," "Go bag your head,"
Perhaps it's "Go lay down."
"Won't you ever tumble to yourself?"
You hear it every day.
"It's all right over the left you know,
But don't you give it away."

CHORUS.

"Don't give it away,"
That's what the girls all say,
"When you get a thing," boys,
Why, "don't you give it away."

I met a gent the other day,
Who was on a jolly lark,
Says he to me, "My dear young maid,
Will you meet me in the park?
We'll have champagne and oyster stews,
And everything that's gay;"
I think I'll have to take it in,
But "don't you give it away." Chorus.

The Weary Heart is Still.

To the memory of our lamented President, James A. Garfield, whose martyrdom and painful death has thrilled the pulses of the nation with grief.

BY THEO. D. C. MILLER, M. D.

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Death entered to the Capitol,
With slow and painful tread;
And one who was our President
Is numbered with the dead.
The nation's pulses thrill with pain,
From hill top to the sea,
As to his sepulchre we bring
The tears of millions free.

CHORUS.

A noble heart has ceased to beat,
And millions weep to-day,
O'er one who was our president,
A lifeless form of clay.

Death walketh in the Capitol,
As in a lowly home;
And to the loyal and the true,
It sternly whispers, come!
That heart of oak has ceased to beat,
His smiles no more we see;
Death beareth from the Capitol
The ruler of the free. Chorus.

That parting scene with children dear,
Our tender heart-strings thrill;
Oh! what an agony of grief,
Crushed by that noble will.
The silence of such suffering,
None but a hero bears;
And all that marks heroic deeds,
Our martyred ruler shares. Chorus.

Death goeth to the Capitol,
And strikes a painful blow;
It takes our wounded President,
And leaveth hearts of woe.
But he who rose from want to fame,
By an unaided will,
Has only gone to rest from toil,
His weary heart is still! Chorus.

Mary Ann McGuire.

I will tell you of a lady that you're always sure to meet,
Any evening that you're strolling down the town;
You would think she was a Duchess, as she walks along the street,
With her Jersey on that cost her half a crown;
The gents all stop and stare at her lovely golden hair,
And there's something in her style that I admire,
It's everybody's aim to obtain the darling's name,
Which you'd never think was Mary Ann McGuire.

CHORUS.

She sarves two shillin' tay, down in Market Street all day,
Though it's stuff for which she doesn't care a fig
She can spake in French and Latin, and the German she's quite pat in,
To complete her education she can dance an Irish jig.
(Dance.)

Now her father earns his living in the best way that he can,
Though the way he does it no one can find out;
Her brother he's a scholar, and a very clever man,
But like his father seems to know his way about;
Her mother—bless the mark—is what some would call a "bark,"
And to rear her children well is her desire,
So she gave an education and obtained a situation
For her only daughter, Mary Ann McGuire.
Chorus.

When her business is all over, in the evening she goes out,
With a lot of other girls to have a lark.
They go down to Belle Vue Gardens, where they romp and dance about,
With some well-dressed snobbish lah-di-dah-di spark;
When Miss Mary Ann Gets back, at her mother she looks black,
If to know where she has been she should require,
Then she comes out rather strong, in the language of Hong Kong,
She's a lady every inch is Miss McGuire.
Chorus.

Stop as Long as You used to.

I know a jolly old bachelor,
Who lives next door to me,
Though he is thought a bit of a bore
In jolly good company.
For he is such an inquisitive man,
That if you ere should meet,
He'll button-hole you if he can,
And give you the following treat.

CHORUS.

Does your mother take in washing?
Has she sold her mangle?
What's become of the old piano,
Your sister used to strangle?
Has your father plenty of work?
Does he still get boozed, too?
Tell me all the particulars,
And stop as long as you used to.

Now this old man has lots of wealth,
So he's not without a few
Choice friends, who'll call to drink his health,
And borrow a pound or two.
But the old man cross-examines them so,
That they're glad to get away
As rich as they came, and as out they go,
With a grin on his face, he will say. Cho.

This bachelor's blessed with a lovely niece,
His heiress, so they say;
So I thought I'd try and be in piece,
And told my love one day.
"Oh! speak to my uncle, sir," she said,
With his consent we'll wed;"
So I asked him if she could be my bride,
When he drew me aside, and said. Chorus.

The ladies give him their sweetest smiles,
And flatter and coax him so;
But he can see through their artful wiles,
Though his knowledge he does not show.
They make him presents of gloves and ties,
And handkerchiefs white as snow;
Which he will wave before their eyes,
As he asks with a chuckle and a crow. Cho.

Johnny is Your Father Working.

SUNG BY C. P. MYLAND.

Now I am a boy just come from Kerry,
Just arrived in this fine town,
When I landed in Castle Garden,
For a gawk they put me down.
I about for work went hunting,
Devil a care what it might be;
When I asked to see the "main guy,"
This is what they'd say to me.

CHORUS.

Arrah, Johnny, is your father working,
Is his name upon the book?
Johnny, is your father working,
Or has he lost his cotton hook?
He's the boy when on the fuddle,
Can't he drink his beer for nix!
He's the boy can use a shovel
Trimming round a pile of bricks,

Now one fine day a job I landed
From a builder, slacking lime,
Twenty shillings a day he gave me,
And I had my overtime;
Sometimes I goes up a ladder
With the hod just like a Turk,
To a man that's on the top,
Shure he's the boy does all the work. Cho.

Now nine and twenty years I'm married,
And I have a lot of boys,
And every time the house I enter,
They're always making a terrible noise.
I've a pair of lovely daughters,
Handsomer you could not wish,
You should see their smiling faces,
When they sit down eating fish. Chorus.

Cheating Girls at Twilight.

BY RUTH THE GLEANER, FOR JEPPE & FANNIE DELANO.

I've met my darling after dark,
Her cheeks were red and white;
She smiled, I blushed because you see
I was not sober quite.
She said, oh, laws! what ails you, George?
Said I, don't ask, I pray;
And as sure as I'm alive,
She walked off the other way.

CHORUS.

So cheating girls at twilight,
Is not so very smashing;
For when you're trying to fool them,
They grow a heap more dashing.

But don't you think that I was right,
Oh, no! you bet, for I had
Only had a glass or two
Of soda on the sly.
Ah, well, I did not say a word,
But what I'm going to tell—
And these were simply, kiss me, dear,
Said she, what's that I smell? Chorus.

The sequel of this story is,
Like all such things you see;
I tried to fool the girl, but found,
That she was fooling me.
For, one fine evening afterward,
I met her on the street;
She merely bowed, and whispered low,
You've missed it on the cheat. Chorus.

Pat and Dennis Carney.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FRANK BINNEY.

SUNG BY BINNEY & FRAINE.

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We were born in a little mud cabn,
With the roof all covered with moss,
Where the grunt of the pigs in the morning,
Kept harmony with the old hoss'.
When a child we were fed upon praties,
But now we've rose to manhood's estate,
We are known on the street by each one that we meet,
As the "Carney's," Pat and Dennis so neat.

CHORUS.

We come from Killarney by the lakeside,
Where the lads and lassies on the jaunting car ride,
We're Pat and Dennis Carney from the lakes of sweet Killarney,
In the land where the apple praties grow.

In a steamship we sailed 'cross the ocean,
To better our fortunes you see,
But divil a bit of luck have we had here,
We're as wretched as wretched can be.
We sigh for the turf-pile so cheerful,
When barefoot we trudged it afar,
O'er mountains and hills, cross valleys and rills,
In the land of sweet Erin go bragh. Chorus.

Hokey Pokey, a Penny a Lump.

There is a man that goes about
The streets with barrow and tub,
Who cries out Hokey Pokey, as
He stops at every Pub.
He's robbed me of the dearest girl
That luck could put in my way;
And only because she fell in love
With the style he used to say.

Chorus.

Hokey, Pokey, a penny a lump,
That man has driven me off my chump,
He's made my heart go bumpity bump,
With his Hokey Pokey a penny a lump.

This girl she served behind the bar,
I used to call her Kate;
So one day to her home I went,
Of course to know my fate.
I caught him giving her such a lump,
She kissed him and she swore
She never could live without his
Hokey, Pokey, any more. Chorus.

I'm not the only one I think;
That's tried her heart to win;
The ice-cream man at the corner, and
A lot more were taken in.
There's the butcher and the barber too,
May do the best they can;
But she can't forget that lump of delight,
From the Hokey Pokey man. Chorus.

I hope if they get married, that
Of kids they'll have a score;
And every morning at four o'clock,
This chorus they will roar.
And may each one be marked upon
His back with such a lump
Of Hokey Pokey, 'tis so nice,
And only a penny lump. Chorus.

Only a Bull Dog.

PARODY ON, A VIOLET FROM MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY TOMMY TUCKER.

I feel dejected, despondent, and forlorn,
My pants and ulster they both are badly torn,
I went to see a maiden whose father owns a pup,
An over grown bull dog that almost ate me up.
He sneaked up and bit me so savage on the calf,
When I began to holler the maiden she did laugh;
But while life does remain, I'll not go there again,
Unless provided with a great big stuffed club.

Chorus.

Only a bull dog, whose teeth are very sharp,
And if I only had my way, he'd play a
golden harp,
But while life does remain, I'll not go there again,
For that young maiden to use me for a guy.

If I had poison I'd put it on some meat,
Throw it to that bull dog, and slyly watch
him eat;
And as for the maiden, that young deceitful miss,
When she wouldn't be looking, I'd steal
from her a kiss.
Since me she's shaken, her dear and only Jack,
I think that I'll sue her to get my presents back;
But while life does remain, I'll not go there again,
For that young maiden got married Sunday week.

Mary's Heard the News.

Uncle Jeff to glory's gone,
Mary's heard the news;
And Jim has been a planting corn,
Mary's heard the news.
Uncle Ben has lost a horse,
Mary's heard the news;
And the baby has been dreadful cross,
Mary's heard the news.

Chorus.

Go tell the folks, go tell them all,
As loud as ever you can bawl;
I tell you it will cure the blues,
Oh! just to hear old Mary's news.

Mary Jane's been very sick,
Mary's heard the news;
She's got a gumbile on her cheek,
Mary's heard the news.
The brindle cow has swallowed a frog,
Mary's heard the news;
And Jack got bit by a yellow dog,
Mary's heard the news. Chorus.

Bow-legged Jim to the Circus went,
Mary's heard the news;
And every blessed dime he spent,
Mary's heard the news.
I'm gwine to write again next year,
Mary's heard the news;
And tell you every word I hear,
Mary's heard the news. Chorus.

Sing Me a Ballad of Home.

BY T. PINDER.

Sing me a ballad of home,
Memory wakens once more,
Sing me a song of my home,
Down by the wave beaten shore.
Here while night shadows fall,
Chasing the daylight away,
Let thy sweet accents recall
Dreams of a happier day.

Sing me a ballad of home,
That will be sweeter to me;
Sing me a song of my home,
Over the waves of the sea,
And as I list to the words,
Which still their magic retain,
Then will my thoughts, like the birds,
Fly with swift wings o'er the main.

Sing me a ballad of home,
One that has slumbered so long,
Sing me a song of my home,
And I will join in the song.
Would not my exile be drear,
Would not my heart fail at last,
If thou, my love, wert not here,
Linking me still to the past?

Sing me a ballad of home,
Here while I sit by thy side,
Sing me a song of my home,
Whence we have wandered, my bride.
And as the stars gem the skies,
Fair with the beauty of night,
Soon will sweet visions arise,
Giving my bosom delight.

Father E. J. Cooney.

BY DANIEL MORAN, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Good people all, both great and small, I
hope you will attend
To these melancholy verses that I have
lately penned,
Concerning a good clergyman, but, alas! he
is no more;
Which leaves us in sorrow his loss for to deplore.

This worthy guide he did reside on West
River street,
And always did endeavor true Christians
for to greet;
But he did not stay long with them when
he returned home,
After getting a fond blessing from the
holy Pope of Rome.

When he got a blessing from the Pope,
then he did persevere,
And got a blessing for his flock he left
behind him here;
And now his soul is happy, and I trust
in God it may,
And his flock will long remember of
last Thanksgiving Day.

Now our worthy pastor has left this vale of tears,
He's gone to join the God he loved, and
served so many years;
His happiness will be complete, and his
earthly races run,
His people loved him here on earth, but,
God, Thy will be done.

You Catholics of this parish, your respectful
homage pay
To the memory of Father Cooney, and for
his soul now pray;
Follow his example and shun the paths of sin,
Be true to your religion, and love your fellow men

For when he saw the widow's tear, and
heard the orphans cry,
His noble heart bled tears of blood, which
burst forth in a sigh;
And when the poor applied to him their
wants were soon supplied,
He lived like a true clergyman, he is happy
since he died.

The day of his funeral, it was a glorious sight,
I'm sure the people of his parish they have
done all their might
To show him respect and honor that he
long has earned well;
But the death of this worthy pastor I am
sorry for to tell.

He was a father to the orphan, the widow
and the blind,
Besides the reverened gentleman was
heavenly and kind.
He was a credit to his parish; in fact,
both one and all.
And I hope we will be well prepared
when on us God does call.

Now to conclude these verses, all with a
brimful eye,
May the Lord have mercy on his soul, shall
be our constant cry,
Far on the general resurrection day, we
will see him not till then,
May his soul be placed in paradise. Good
Christians say, amen.

Mollie Machree.

BY JAMES V. BARRETT.

My thoughts like a bird now takes flight
o'er the waters,
To dear mother Erin's fair flower spangled shore;
Where my heart is held captive by one
of her daughters,
A maid any mortal might kneel to adore.
She's as fair as the shamrock that grows
in the mireland,
Or the beautiful roses that blooms on the lea;
In truth this fair maid she's the lily of Ireland,
My Mollie mavourneen, sweet Mollie machree.
Oh! Mollie machree, my heart is with thee,
But it's in safe keeping, acushla machree.

Like bright stars of evening the blue skies
adorning,
Her dark roguish eyes with affection does beam;
They're as bright as the dew on a fine
sunny morning,
Or the rays of the moon that reflects on
the stream.
She could serve as a model for a master's genius,
In painting or sculpture of highest degree,
Take a view at a statue of Flora or Venus,
And you'll have a model of Mollie machree,
Oh! Mollie machree, my heart is with thee;
But it's in safe keeping, acushla machree.

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60 CHATHAM STREET.

Sarah McTearer.

BY WM. WATTS, FOR EMMA ROGERS.

Miss Sarah McTearer,
She was an ensnarer,
A rarer and squarer young girl you'd not meet;
She was such a flarer,
You could not compare her—
Miss Sarah McTearer was belle of the street.
Some folks couldn't bear her,
She lives up a pair o'
Steep steps in the rear of a shanty and block.
Sure her dad was a swearer
From old Connemara,
A son of O'Hara, one of the old stock.
No one could outstare her,
Miss Sarah McTearer,
For Sarah McTearer no boy did she fear;
He would wear her, bear her,
Or be sent to Cairo,
For Ssrah McTearer her own way did steer.

A Patch From My Angel Brother's Pants.

BY L. H. KLUTH.

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I've a song to sing to-night and I'll try
my best to please,
I have something sweet to say in words few;
So listen, my friends, and I hope you will
not sneeze,
At this something I've got to say to you.
Ah! it's well I do remember how my sister
she would laugh,
When she sat by the fire with my aunts,
She was giggling, and was pointing at the
the object here in view,
'Twas this patch from my angel brother's pants.

CHORUS.

Treasured in my memory like a happy dream,
When I think about my ugly aunts;
And the only thing they left me to
remember him above,
Is this patch from my angel brother's pants.

This patch was put on by my mother's
feeble hands,
It puts me in mind of better days;
And whenever I look at this patch upon
those pants,
I think of how my mother used to say—
Augustus, my loved one, do not spoil that
little spot,
For you know it's a treasure to your aunts,
It's the only thing we've left in remembrance
of him,
Yes, that patch from your angel brother's pants.
Chorus.

Our Peculiar Style.

BY FRANK BINNEY. MUSIC BY JOHN BRAHAM.

SUNG BY BINNEY & FRAINE.

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We now claim your kind attention all,
To what we're going to do;
In form it is quite pleasing,
And in a manner it is new.
So graceful and artistic,
With the music soft and sweet,
The heel and toe we'll introduce,
In our peculiar style so neat.

CHORUS.

Listening to the music,
Those strains they're such a treat;
So now we'll execute for you,
In our peculiar style so neat.
In dancing there is pleasure,
For it drives dull care away;
A pastime of our boyhood,
When the heart's both light and gay.
Our school-mates used to watch us,
And smile but with conceit,
To see us both amuse ourselves
In our peculiar style so neat. Chorus.

Oh! Fred, Don't be so Frivolous.

SUNG BY TONY PASTOR.

I've courted no end of young ladies,
Sweet little roses and posies.
Ladies with sweet pretty faces,
And ladies with very long noses.
The rarest of rare, and the fairest of fair,
When I ask for a sweet little kiss,
With a wink of their eye, and a wink on the sly,
The answer they're giving is this, oh, my!

CHORUS.

Oh! Fred, don't be so frivolous,
Oh! Fred, don't be so ridiculous!
You're not like a silly you know what things are
I'll see you to-morrow, tra-la-la, ta-ta.

Girls are in general quite pettish,
Some are called miss and some missus;
The best of them all are coquettish,
The whole jolly lot's fond of kisses,
I kiss pretty lips and I squeeze finger tips,
No matter what I have to pay;
If I meet a dear maid who is somewhat afraid,
She'll blush like a rose and will say, oh, my
Chorus.

I once knew a girl such a sweet one—
She never was saucy nor pert;
She then was an innocent maiden,
But now she's a saucy little flirt.
We met t'other night, I was very near tight,
Her mother was out of the way;
I gave her a kiss that was brimming with bliss,
Tho' she liked it she to me did say, oh, my!
Chorus.

Dancing on the Moonlight Green.

BY GEO. FRAINE.

SUNG BY BINNEY & FRAINE.

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We have but just landed
A few short days ago;
We came from dear old Ireland,
Where the little shamrocks grow.
Hard times it overtook us,
So we had to roam,
And came here to America,
To try and find a home.

CHORUS.

We never know no sorrow, (Break)
For trouble we never borrow,
And for singing and for dancing,
We're the neatest ever seen;
We'll show you how they dance at home,
Upon the moonlight green.

When we left home we bid good-bye
To the lads and lassies dear;
They took our hands and shook them,
In their eyes there was a tear.
Our colleens said, God bless you,
And keep you from all harm,
And don't forget the old folks
You left upon the farm. Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING

MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, Items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

Backbiting—"I hate to hear people talking behind one's back," as the robber said when the police officer was chasing him, and crying "stop thief!"

Doctor, doctor," panted a messenger, "come down the street quick, theres a man dropped in a fit."—"In an appoletic?" questioned the doctor.—"No, sir; he's in an ulster," answered the messenger.

It is doubtful whether Milo thought the bark of his oak worse than the bite.

Something about milk—water.

The minister of the interior.—The mouth.

Trousers obtained on credit, breeches of trust.

Milk is our first drink, but we come to the bier at last.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book? The fin-ish.

About as useful a thing as we can have in the long run is breath.

A domestic broil usually makes a thoroughly unsatisfactory meal.

The woman who was "filled with emotion," hadn't room for her dinner.

Plausable.—It is supposed that a man who left the house was not able to take it with him.

We suppose there is quite as large an amount of craft upon the land as there is upon the water.

"Can you spell donkey with one letter?" asked a silly young man of a bright girl—"Yes," she answered; "u."

An auctioneer once advertised a lot of chairs which he said, had been used by "school children without backs."

Why must the letter "d" be the most wonderful letter in the alphabet?—Because it is the centre of "wonders."

What is the difference between a sailor and a beer drinker?—One puts his sail up, and the other puts his ale down.

"Can you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl.—"Yes, sir; it's the whisper of a laugh."

The first person who ever went round the world was the man in the moon.

When does not a son take after his father?—When the father leaves nothing for him to take.

Danger Afoot.—Orange peel.

The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette has become a skillful stonecutter.

Kings and authors should be very careful how they treat their subjects.

THE NICE YOUNG GALL. (Banjo Song.)

By DICK SAMOL.

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.

1. Oh the sto - ry of a nice young gall I'll tell, *Banjo Symphony,* She
2. Oh the air was still with a charm - ing breeze, (*Striking.*) And the
3. She rush - ed to the near - est Gro - cery store, Her

was a fas - cin - a - ting New York Belle; *Banjo Symphony,* Oh she
light of the moon shon - ed through the trees; (*Striking.*) When she
hair was bruis - ed and her eyes were tore; Oh she

fell in love with a nice young man, His name was Bil - ly Mac Gru - da. Oh his
rush'd from the house with her hair un - strung, She look'd like a la - tin tu - tor. Oh she
used to con - ceal in her pocket book a ham, But the man got mad and chewed her. She

mouth was like a buck - et and his face was like a ham, For the vil - lain still pur-sued her.
fell on a pie stuck the crust in her eye, For the vil - lain still pur-sued her.
fell oh her knees with a mouth - ful of cheese, For the vil - lain still pur-sued her.

BANJO INTERLUDE. *Picking between each Verse.*

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CONTENTS.

Be Careful how you Speak; or, Just one Little Word....page 722
Bruno's Change Rhyme..... 723
Boys Leave Drink Alone..... 724
Baby's got a Tooth 725
COME LITTLE DAREING AND MEET ME..... 722
DEM GLORY K'BARS..... 726
Empty is the Dog-House, Towser's Pizoned.... 725
FLIRTING ON OUR BLOCK..... 722
The FOOTPRINTS OF LOVED ONES ARE FADING 723
God Save our President From Every Harm.... 723
Hurroe for Ould Oirland the Gim ov the Sae.... 723
Ireland for the Irish..... 723
I Must Have Been Drunk When I Said it 724
Just Erom Tennessee..... 722
JOSIE'S SECRET 726
The Lost Goat..... 725
The Man With the Terrible Gaul..... 726
Music Notice..... 727
No Father, no Mother, no Home..... 726
Our Intersting Matter Column..... 726
POOR LITTLE SIGHTLESS JIM..... 723
The Snooze..... 724
The Ships go Sailing by 725
DE SONG OF DE AUGERATION Music for Banjo and Guitar 728
To-Morrow Night I'll Wait..... 725
Where Has She Gone..... 722
What the Irish could do 722
When Nobody was Looking..... 724
We Can't do without it..... 724
Whate'er Betide..... 724
When the Brooklyn Bridge is Done..... 724
Will I Always be Your Darling..... 725
You may kiss me if you catch me..... 722
Your Lassie will be true..... 725

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Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

Latest piece of Music published, "Happy Dreams of You." Big hit at the Sanfrancisco.

You may Kiss Me if you Catch Me.

BY JAMES V. BARRETT.

My heart with love is laden,
For a certain little maiden,
Whose as fair in form and feature,
As the fragrant flowers of May.
And in pleasant sunny weather,
When we're in the dell together,
This charming little creature
She will scamper off and say:

CHORUS.

You may kiss me if you catch me,
Before I reach the brooklet;
Then thro the dell I'd chase her,
And, oh! such joyous bliss;
When I would overtake her,
And in some shady nooklet,
Receive from her exquisite lips,
The ransom, love's sweet kiss.

Last evening in the gloaming,
My Maud and I went roaming;
And I resolved to ask her then
If she would change her name.
"Be mine, fair maid? I uttered,
"You bet I will," she uttered,
Then bounded off like a gazelle,
And sweetly did exclaim. Chorus.

Flirting on our Block.

Words by Dr. T. D C. Miller. Music by W. W. Bentley.

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It's nice they say, but naughty,
As all good folks can tell:
The way our maidens do it,
As sly as a gazelle.
They drop their glove demurely,
Just fancy such a shock;
And then with some dear fellows,
Are flirting on our block.

CHORUS.

I look from out my window,
And fancy what a shock;
To see such pretty maidens
A flirting on our block.

They put on paint and powder,
And false curls by the score;
Then dress in silks and satins,
And love hats "a Lenore!"
And then these flattered darlings,
Whose father's delve in stock,
Go to meet nice fellows,
And flirt upon our block. Chorus.

In handkerchief flirtations
They pass the hours away;
In female charms so winning
Are what the boys call gay.
They smile so sweet when walking,
It gives our nerves a shock;
But all the girls will "do it,"
When flirting on our block. Chorus.

When sunbeams are departing,
And twilight shades appears,
I sit beside my window
Watch the little dears.
And then some blue-eyed maiden,
Gives my lone heart a shock,
With her bewitching manners,
While flirting on our block. Chorus.

Where Has She Gone.

I'm a single married man,
And I'll tell the reason why,
My lovely wife has left me,
And she never said good-bye.
To lose your better half, my boys,
Of course it isn't funny,
But the worst of it with me, you see,
She's taken all my money.

CHORUS.

I wonder where see's gone to,
Does anybody know?
Maybe to Jerusalem,
Perhaps to Jerico.
If any one will bring her back,
I'll thank them o'er and o'er,
I'll give them three-and-sixpence,
But I won't give any more.

I'll try now to describe her,
In case she may be seen;
Her face is red, her nose is blue,
And her eyes a dirty green;
She waddles like a lame old duck,
As down the street she goes;
She's got a corn upon her back,
And a wart upon her nose. Chorus.

She has no voice, so, perhaps,
She has become an opera bouffer;
Perhaps she's got another man—
If so, he must suffer;
Perhaps she's joined the circus,
Or a traveling caravan;
Perhaps she's gone to London,
For to see "The Solid Man," Chorus.

Come Little Darling, and Meet Me.

COMPOSED BY SAM MURDY.

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Come, little darling, and meet me,
Near the cot at the foot of the hill;
Where the mocking-birds warbles his sweet notes,
With the murmuring stream of the mill.
'Tis there I would whisper love's secret,
While vowing to ever be thine;
And seal with affectionate kisses,
Your promise that you will be mine.

CHORUS.

Then come, little darling, don't linger,
I'll be anxiously waiting for thee;
Yes, come, my own darling, and loved one,
And keep true your promise to me.

I'm sure you will never regret it,
In the years that will come by-and-bye;
When silvery locks tint the brown ones,
When that twinkle shall fade from your eye,
Here you'll find a safe harbor, my darling,
Where in future you'll always find rest,
So come, my own precious sweet one,
And lay your brown head on my breast. Cho.

We know well that time changes all things,
And warmest of love oft grow cold;
But the love from the heart that I offer,
Will remain just the same when you're old.
And while through life's journey you travel,
To each other a blessing we'll be;
I'll remember the hour I plighted the vow,
That I'd ever be constant and true. Chorus.

Be Careful how you Speak: or, Just one Little Word.

How often we may notice, that
In every grade of life,
A simple word if misconstrued,
Will cause a deal of strife;
How careful we should be,
In every word we say,
And not let thoughtless sentences,
Lead common sense astray.

CHORUS.

So be careful how you speak,
And study every word,
A simple word may cause you strife,
If by some people heard,
With friend or foe speak candidly,
And do not act absurd,
For ruined you may be in life,
By just one little word.

Whene'er you speak, come to the point,
Don't beat about the bush,
For he, who always speaks the truth,
Will seldom have to blush.
The honest man don't hesitate,
To speak out what he thinks,
Although sometimes for doing so,
He's brought to ruin's brink. Chorus.

If you should chance to have a friend,
Don't make that friend a tool,
And should he differ from your views,
Don't tell him he's a fool.
To lose a friend and make a foe,
Is a thing that's quite absurd,
But still 'tis very often done,
By just one little word. Chorus.

What the Irish Could do.

Here's to the shamrock and the green hills of Erin,
Here's to her lakes and her mountains so rare,
Here's to Killarney, the proud boast of Erin,
With its beautiful scenery and colleens so fair.
And for mighto soldiers, och! sure we can boast of,
The great Wellington of famed Waterloo;
Who won it by talent, though Napoleon fought valiant,
And showed there that day what the Irish could do.

CHORUS.

Then here's to ould Ireland, the land of great statesmen,
Here's to the boys that are frisky and gay;
Hurrah! for St. Patrick that beautiful patron,
Who banished the toads from the land to the sea.

There's Robert Emmet, a true sprig of Erin,
Whose love for his country was beautiful to see;
He hated to see how the Irish were crushed,
And he strove all he could to set old Ireland free.
But when he was captured it was a great disaster,
To the noble hearted Irish he tried hard to serve;
His speach it was thrilling, and showed he was willing
To die for ould Ireland, the land of the brave. Chorus.

And there was Dan O'Connell, our great Irish statesman,
Whose true Irish merits would be worthy of Praise,
Who wrought well for Ireland, English Government defying,
And tried hard the green flag of Ireland to raise.
Bid them remember our own true Irish members
Will struggle for freedom where'er they may be;
For their country would die, with their last breath would cry,
Success to the shamroc' and Homo Rule for me. Chorus.

Just From Tennessee.

White folks we are just from Tennessee,
We left our home to have some recreation;
Greatly delighted we will be,
If we can only gain your approbation.
We parted from the old folks with a sigh,
And left them there a crying on the station;
But they'll miss us, 'deed they will,
And the place will be so still,
Because the boys have left the old plantation.

When the moonlight streamed across the cabin floor,
'Twas then the old man set the banjo ringing,
The darkies used to gather round the door,
And massa too, would listen to our singing.
But often now we sigh for our old home,
For it's the happiest spot in all the nation
But we'll go there before we die,
And now we are going to try
To show the style down on the old plantation.

Poor Little Sightless Jim.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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Oh! mother dear, the light grows dim,
I cannot see the way;
It seems like night to little Jim,
The dark that follows day.
Last night I played with Neddy wild,
And saw the sunbeams fade;
And now I am your poor blind child,
In tender words you said.

CHORUS.

It seems so dark to little Jim,
I cannot see the light;
Dear mother will my eyes be dim
Forever like the night?

I cannot see the little birds,
That sing upon the tree;
I hear your kind and loving words,
Your smiles I cannot see.
The brook that wanders o'or the lea,
The flowers that bloom so fair,
Are in my memory dear to me,
Unseen, but everywhere. Chorus.

Oh! I would once again behold
Those scenes that charmed me so;
The sunbeams like a flood of gold,
The brooklet's peaceful flow.
But mother, since my eyes are dim,
All joys of life are o'er;
And now your poor blind little Jim,
Will see on earth no more. Chorus.

God Save our President From Every Harm.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY HARRISON MILLARD.

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717 BROADWAY.

The Music of this song can be had at Wm. J. A. Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents in postage stamps.

Our nation lives, Columbia's child,
The beacon light of glory;
Thro' sombre grief, thro' breakers wide,
It tells proud freedom's story!
Our ruler trusted, brave and wise,
Our flag without a stain;
We hail beneath the vaulted skies,
Jehovah still doth reign.

CHORUS.

God save our President from every harm,
Shield and protect him with Thy mighty arm;
Guide him in every act, Thou Lord of us all,
Send him prosperity, sustain, lest he fall!
Send him prosperity, on Thee we call.
God save our President from every harm. A-men.

Our starry flag still floats on high,
The nation's emblem cherished;
With field of blue to match the sky,
Where not a star has perished.
In songs of joy, 'mid trials sore,
We hail its folds again;
Praise be to him forevermore,
Jehovah still doth reign!

CHORUS.

God save our President, watch o'er his life,
Firm may he guide us on thro' every strife!
Rule then his judgement still, Thou Ruler be nigh;
Strengthen him evermore with Thy strength divine
Strengthen him evermore, his heart be thine.
God save our President from every harm. A-men.

O, land of Washington's renown,
And Lincoln's pure devotion,
Where laurel wreaths loved Garfield crown,
From ocean unto ocean.
Lift up your voices grand and free,
In unison again;
The Guardian of our liberty,
Jehovah still doth reign!

CHORUS.

God save our President, we humbly pray,
Lord of all nations, oh! be Thou his stay;
Hear us with one acclaim, we cry unto Thee,
Keep Thou our leader true, where'er he may be,
Keep Thou our leader true, from error free.
God save our President from every harm. A-men.

The Footprints of Loved Ones are Fading.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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The footprints of loved ones are fading,
And passing away from our sight;
To-day in the sunshine they cheer us,
To-morrow brings shadow and blight,
Those footprints of old we have cherished,
The river of time bears away,
Like flowers that will bloom but to perish,
They come, and with us cannot stay.

CHORUS.

The footprints of loved ones are fading,
Yes, passing each day from our view;
No longer their sunshine would cheer us,
Since dear ones have bid us adieu.

The footprints of the dear ones are fading,
The rich and the poor pass away;
Some sleep in the valley of beauty,
And some from their loved ones now stray;
But oft in our memory's chamber,
Come joys of the past with good cheer,
While long cherished footprints have faded,
Of those who once dwelt with us here. Cho.

The footprints of loved ones are fading,
Yes, passing for aye from our view;
Some day they are bringing us pleasure,
To-morrow they bid us adieu!
We lay them to rest in our sorrow,
And weep o'er the loss we sustain;
Though footprints of loved ones have faded,
Our loss is their infinite gain. Chorus.

Hurroo for Ould Oirland the Gim ov the Sae.

Were yez ever me bhoys at Donnybrook fair,
When the frolic was at its height,
If not, by the powers, it's ignorant yez are,
For it's a most wonderful sight.
If a quarrel begins, every bould mother's son,
Grasps his sprig and goes smiling to work;
And when once aroused the smallest wan there,
Cud swallow a dozen of John the Turk.

CHORUS.

Hurroo! for ould Oirland, the gim ov the sae,
Hurroo! for the colleens so purty and gay,
Hurroo! for the shamrock, good whiskey and noise,
Hurroo! for the rollickin' light-hearted boys.

Bad luck to the morning I left the ould cot,
And came over here for to carry the hod,
Shure I feel all the world like a pig in a pot,
For I can't lay my hands on a dacent sized spud
And there's not such a thing as a Donnybrook jig.
To cheer up the heart of a poor lad like me,
Och! sadly I miss my poor dad and the pig,
And the illigant face of sweet Norah McGee.
Chorus.

When I sit down and think on the bould
bhoys at home,
Big tears ov sorrow spring into my eyes,
And curse the sad day I was tempted to roam
From companions I played with in the pig styes.
I wonder if ever they think of poor Dan,
And if charming Norah is still true to me;
I'll go back in the "thistle" as soon as I can,
To beautiful Erin across the blue sea.
Chorus.

Ireland for the Irish.

BY A. A. WALLS. AIR: MOLLY BON ASTHORE.

Ireland for the Irish, is our motto says Parnell;
Those fertile fields and flowery dales young
Emmet loved so well,
Were never decked by nature for an
English absentee,
Come Erin's sons take up your guns
and fight for liberty.

CHORUS.

We'll meet the English army, those landlord's
we'll defy,
We'll meet them as our old brigade at the
charge of Fontenoy.

Gladstone's bill is a failure, boys; and so is
Forster's plan,
They said they would drive the Irish race
out of their native land,
They would force them to emigrate, or lock
them up in jail,
And swore they'd stop the "Irish World"
from coming thro the mail.
Chorus.

The brave and noble Davitt lies in a prison cell,
Likewise the brave John Dillon, Brannen,
and Father Sheahy as well,
They struggled hard for Erin's Isle, they
organized the league,
For Ireland and the Irish to die they're not afraid.

CHORUS.

We'll meet the English army, those
landlords we'll defy,
And free our noble heroes from the dungeons
where they lie.

May Erin's sons and daughters live to see
our Ireland free,
The grear Parnell our president, our ships
upon the sea,
The army just like Sherman had, General
Burke in full command,
To keep those frauds, or titled lords out of
our native land.

CHORUS.

Then Ireland's young Republic will happy,
happy be,
No landlord's slaves, or pauper's graves
when Erin's Isle is free.

Bruno's Change Rhyme.

This world's made up of joy and sorrow,
We've wine to-day and beer to-morrow;
To-day, perhaps, your stock is booming,
Next week with tramps you may be roaming,
To-day your wife is fondly kissing,
To-morrow you may find her missing;
To-day the honey-moon is beaming,
Next week, perchance, there'll be tears streaming;
To-day you'll eat white bread and honey,
To-morrow you may beg for money;
To-day no plug than yours is nicer,
You soon may wear a battered dicer;
We've cake to-day, and crust to-morrow,
This world's made up of joy and sorrow.

I Must Have Been Drunk When I said it.

BY HARRY SANSOM. SUNG BY C. P. HYLAND.

I went to a club-supper last Thursday night,
It was held at the "Bullock and Bear,"
And out of respect they did me elect,
They asked me if I'd take the chair.
I got rather tight they told me next night,
That I'd said what none of them credit,
But if I said ought wrong in my speech or my song,
I must have been drunk when I said it.

CHORUS.

I must have been drunk when I said it,
Though to drink I'm not in the habit;
But if I really said what they say I did,
I must have been drunk when I said it.

They say that I told them that Mr. Brown,
Went to work every morning at seven;
But the packman he called with his dresses and shawls,
At Brown's house every morning at eleven;
Mrs, Brown every week has a new dress or shawl,
Some say that she gets them on credit,
But I said she got them for nothing at all,
But I must have been drunk when I said it.
Chorus.

They say that I told them that one day I saw
A policeman while out on his beat.
Give a poor tramp a dollar and tell him to go,
And get himself something to eat.
Our policeman would not take a bribe,
Neither would he eat mutton or rarebit,
I said our politicians were honest, but mind,
I must have been drunk when I said it.
Chorus.

I told them I one day went courting a girl,
And proposed to cut quite a dash,
I took her to concerts, theatres as well,
I made very free with my cash;
I found that four handsome young children she'd got,
Which they said was not much to her credit,
She says that I promised to father the lot,
But I must have been drunk when I said it.
Chorus.

The Snooze.

BY ED. HARRIGAN.

There's a fellow who lives in this city,
And he sleeps on the floor of saloons;
He lives on birdseed and crackers,
And his business is juggling spittoons;
He's known by every barkeeper,
As a bum he's the worst of them all;
You bet he never would tumble,
The ham with the terrible gall.

CHORUS.

They say he's a horrible snoozer,
And a boozer, what a rooster;
When he borrows your money you're loser,
The snoozer with the terrible gall.

He has got an eye in his head like a mackrel,
And his neck is as long as a crane;
He eats gruel that is made out of sawdust,
Mixed up with a seven days rain.
His clothes would cover a hair-pin—
Shoot him with a big cannon ball;
You bet that he never would drop—
The bum with the terrible gall. Chorus.

When Nobody was Looking.

MUSIC PUBLISHED BY E. H. HARDING, 229 BOWERY.
SENT BY US ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 10 CENTS.

'Twas in the golden sunset,
And we gazed up at the sky,
When nobody was looking,
When nobody was by.
We wandered slowly thro' the dell,
I tried to say I loved her well,
But still the tale I could not tell
Tho' nobody was looking.

CHORUS.

When nobody was looking,
There met two lovers who were shy,
When nobody was looking,
When who were shy, when nobody was by.

The shadows soon grew darker,
And the cottage home was nigh,
And nobody was looking,
And nobody was by.
But still my tongue refused to say,
The lesson I'd learned all that day,
I had the will but not the way,
Tho' nobody was looking. Chorus.

But just as we were parting,
All my doubts appeared to fly,
When nobody was looking,
When nobody was by.
Her mother called her from the gate,
Did she not know the hour was late?
A word, a kiss! I knew my fate,
And nobody was looking. Chorus.

When the Brooklyn Bridge is Done.

BY J. RICHMOND. AIR; WHAT DO YOU SAY.

I am Senator McCann an ex-Alderman,
I've refused the President's chair;
I eat Webster's Dictionary for pills,
I've made a fortune bottling air;
If I was President, I'd have the Mississippi River run dry,
I'd make girls wear moustaches and pants;
We'd have moonlight picnics in the clouds,
And dance an Irish Can Can dance.

CHORUS.

I'd make all the Chinese do washing free,
Hang the organ grinders for fun,
Oh! I'll build an iron ladder to Heaven,
When the Brooklyn Bridge is done.

I'd put all the old maids upon the police,
In the Gas House I'd put Jim Blaine;
I'd have a tunnel under the Atlantic Ocean,
And have a law to prevent snow and rain;
I'd paint the moon, kalsomine the clouds,
Whitewash the stars and sun;
You can live forever, have your breath insured,
When the Brooklyn Bridge is done. Cho.

Boys Leave Drink Alone.

BY JAMES LARKIN, FOR NED BARRY.

Motto songs of every kind,
Have through the world been sung;
But I have one, the truest one,
You'll say so when I'm done.
A tale of woe I will unfurl,
A sad one you will own;
You'll curse the day you saw the world,
If you don't leave drink alone.

CHORUS.

Boys leave drink alone,
If happy you would live;
Boys, leave drink alone,
To you this good advice I give.

Once I was a happy man,
And had a loving wife;
She said I'll do what e'er I can,
If you quit the drunkard's life.
The kind words that she gave to me,
I hurl back in her face;
Now those once happy lives we lived,
We now must live apace. Chorus.

This is a tale I know that's true,
As in the world you'll live;
And in these lines I'll prove to you,
The story that I give;
You seem in doubt, you won't be long,
When I tell you, you will start;
The tale that I told in this song,
Is from this broken heart. Chorus.

We Can't do Without it.

SUNG BY C. P. HYLAND.

I wish I could live without eating,
I've heard some folks very foolishly say;
It's a common expression, but very absurd,
For we never can find out the way.
To eat and to drink is part of our lot—
We work and we slumber and play;
To those who'd observe we would much rather not,
These words I would certainly say.

CHORUS.

We can't do without it no matter how we try,
We can't do without it, on that you may rely;
We're bound to do it open, or else upon the sly,
It's funny, but we can't do without it.

We all have a weakness for something that's nice,
The rich and the poor man as well;
Extortionate tradesmen will stick on the price,
When they know we must buy what they sell;
The butcher and baker are very discreet,
No wonder their fortune they win;
For they charge what they like for their bread and their meat,
And we all have to bear it and grin. Chorus.

We know that a man that is partial to drink,
Is termed a convivial soul;
And at each public house he persistently stops,
When he ever goes out on a stroll.
A chance for carousing some men never miss,
And glass after glass they will take,
If ever we expostulate with them, why this
Is the sort of reply they will make. Chorus.

In flirting, the whole of mankind will indulge,
What ere be their station in life;
And at some time or other their weakness divulge
By taking a sweet little wife.
For all work and no pleasure we don't care a bit—
Of that there's no shadow of doubt;
And spooning, of course, we are bound to admit
Is a thing that we can't do without. Chorus.

Whate'er Betide.

WORDS BY HELEN ASHLAND KEAN.

MUSIC BY HARRISON MILLARD.

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Hold me in thy tender arms,
Oh! great heart, strong and true!
Kiss down mine eyelids, wet with tears;
Thine own are dewy too!
Kiss down my eyelids wet with tears,
Thine own are dewy too!
Whisper again the promise sweet,
So often sworn to me;
"Whate'er betide I will return,
My own dear love to thee!"

Thy name my lips can ne'er forget
To syllable in prayer;
That name whose magic sound hath pow'r
To lessen pain and care!
That name whose magic sound hath pow'r
To lessen pain and care!
What matters time to hearts like ours?
We have eternity!
And restless hearts find rest at last
Upon its tranquil sea.

Your Lassie will be True.

REPLY TO AND COMBINED WITH, SCOTCH LASSIE JEAN.

The latter ballad which has become so highly popular, was originally published in 1870. Since 1873 an addition has been put upon the market, the music and words being slightly altered from our original, and for the worse. We now publish in handsome form the correct version, by J. H. Peabody, and and also under the same cover, the sweet words and melody of the reply, "Your Lassie will be True" by George Cooper and H. P. Danks. In purchasing, see that the two ballads are combined, and the price not over 40 cents for both. Any music dealer can supply you.

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Tho' seas now divide, and the mountains so wide,
I'll never once forget you far away,
But I treasure still the flower, that you
gave me one sweet hour,
When we watched the lads and lassies
dancing gay.
You've longed for my coming, and I've
wept bitter tears;
Your Scotch lassie still is your own.
She never will be false, for her heart she
left with you,
No! your lassie, blue-eyed lassie will be true.

CHORUS.

Oh! laddie, my laddie far away,
Still would your darling die for you,
She never will be false. Ah! no, no
matter what they say,
No! your lassie, blue-eyed lassie will be true.

Then love, don't forget that I think of you yet,
'Mid Scotland's bonnie hills across the sea,
And tho' far away I roam, oh! I know
there is a home,
That is waiting there, my own, for you and me.
I'll come to you laddie, like a bird to its nest,
For still I am praying for you.
Of all the world so fair, I am loving you the best,
And your lassie, blue-eyed lassie, will be true.
Chorus.

The Lost Goat.

BY TIM ROGERS.

I am a much abused man; and terrible broke up,
Now listen to me and my trouble I'll tell;
I had a fine goat, he was fit for a queen,
And was big as a cow, and his name was Bill.
I left him last week on the hillside a grazing,
Eating sweet lilies, and timothy hay;
And some dirty loafer with talking and coaxing,
Induced my poor billy goat far, far away.

CHORUS.

Oh! my, have you seen billy,
My dear little billy goat cushla machree?
Some dirty loafer with talking and coaxing,
Put salt on his tail and coaxed him away.

Now where shall I go ahar, do tell me that,
I've been walking all day, I'm as weak as a cat,
I am hungry and played out, I'll give ye a note,
If any of you tell me where I'll find my goat.
Gentlemen, tell me, oh! do for my sake,
If I don't find my dear goat my heart it
will break;
I would rather lose my wife and my mother-in-law
Than to lose my sweet billy goat, cushla machree.
Chorus.

To-Morrow Night I'll Wait.

BY JAMES MASON.

Good-evening all, attention to
A story we will tell;
It's all about the one we love,
She is our pretty blue-eyed Nell.
One evening as the moon was shining bright,
On me she sweet did smile,
Like a fairy dancing on the strand,
This was her graceful style.

CHORUS.

For I thought she was the sweetest I had
ever seen, (Break)
She was perfect like a queen; (Break.)
Then we fancy we could see her fairy form,
As we left her at the gate,
She softly whispered in my ear,
To-morrow night I'll wait.

Next night I went to see her,
And my heart beat with delight,
She was picking roses for her hair,
Oh! it was a lovely sight.
I asked her if she would be mine,
Oh! she named the happy time;
Next Sunday is our wedding day,
When the church bells ring at nine. Cho.

Baby's got a Tooth.

WORDS BY C. REED. ARR, BY H. WANNEMACHER.

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MUSIC PUBLISHED BY J. W. PEPPER, S. E. COR. NINTH AND FILBERT STS, PHILADELPHIA.

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I'm the father of a bouncing boy,
He looks just like his pa;
He's the picture of his mammy,
And the image of his dada.
He was eight months old the other day,
He is a noble youth,
We have been almost crazy since
He got his first front tooth.

CHORUS.

George dear, George dear,
Can't you guess the truth;
George dear, George dear,
Bless the little youth.
Do get up and light the fire,
Turn the gas a little higher,
Go and tell your Aunt Maria,
Baby's got a tooth.

I went home late the other night,
And soon was sound asleep,
When suddenly I was awoke,
By sounds that made me weep.
My wife she grabbed me by the arm,
And says get up you brute,
The pride and joy of all of us,
Has got a nice front tooth. Chorus.

Now married men take my advice,
When first you do get spliced,
Don't ever try to go to sleep,
Let this be my advice,
But to save yourself the trouble of,
The darling little pet.
Don't wait until he gets a tooth,
Buy it a nice false set. Chorus.

Will I Always be Your Darling?

TO F. HANSON. BY OSCAR B. REEDS.

Will I always be your darling,
As we journey down life's sea?
Will the wife be just as precious
As the sweetheart seems to be?
There may be rough waves to weather,
Over which our bark may sail,
Do you think our hearts together,
Will ride smoothly through the gale?

CHORUS.

Will I always be your darling?
Tell me honest, tell me true,
If forever and forever
I will be as dear to you?
When the silver hair shall mingle,
With the curly locks of gold,
And my face, careworn and wrinkled,
Tells you I am getting old;
Will I be the same dear darling,
When shall come life's harvest days?
Will the love be then as ardent,
And the lips as fondly praise? Chorus.

The Ships go Sailing by.

WORDS MABEL C. DOWD. MUSIC BY H. MILLARD.

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Two children played on the sandy shore,
As the royal sun in the east rose high;
And the day seemed never so bright before,
And the ships went sailing by.

Two lovers strolled on the pebbly beach,
And they said "The day is too sweet to die!"
For the hours were golden and fair to each,
And the ships went sailing by.

And the old man sat in the evening glow,
And he watched the waves with a weary sigh,
As he thought of the days in the long ago—
And the ships went sailing by.

Two quiet graves near the restless deep,
Where the waves dash ever, now low, now high,
But the sleepers wake not to laugh or weep,
And the ships go sailing by.

Empty is the Dog-House Towser's Pizened.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY CHAS. GLIDDEN.

Once I owned a yellow dog and his name
was Towser Jenkins,
A butcher cut his tail off with a cleaver;
Towser had his trade-mark on all the cats in town,
And when he spotted one he'd never leave her,
He wore his legs off stumpy,
Chasing milk carts round the country,
But the little house is empty where we ties him,
A policeman spotted Towser, put some
arsnic in his grub,
Empty is the dog-house Towser's pizened.

CHORUS.

He's gone to look for rats in the happy
hunting grounds,
He died this morning while the sun was rising;
The fleas have all turned out to hunt up
a new lunch route,
Empty is the dog-house Towser's pizened.

Oh! how that dog would grin, when a tramp
would look at him,
He used to put bay windows in their breeches;
Wore the hair all off his ribs,
Chaseing cats around corn cribs,
Had bunions on his knees from jumping ditches,
On his nose he had two blisters,
Where the rats chewed off his whiskers,
When he was asleep they'd paralyze him,
But now he's gone and dusted,
And his chest-protector's busted
Empty is the dog-house Towser's pizened.

CHORUS.

He has gone to hunt for liver,
Way acrossed the Swanee river,
No more in the sewer we'll baptise him,
No more he'll homeward sail,
With tin can's upon his tail,
Empty is the dog-house Towser's pizened.

Jesie's Secret.

WORDS BY BOB M'KAY. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENECK.

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Oh! my true love is tall and strong,
His sinewy limbs are straight;
Of all the men he moves among,
Not one is there his mate.
His smiles are brighter than the buds
That from the dark earth spring;
I'd rather listen to his words,
Than hear the blackbird's sing.

CHORUS.

His smiles are brighter than the buds
That from the dark earth spring;
I'd rather listen to his words,
Than hear the blackbirds sing.

In the summer days when nature decks,
The fields with blossoms fair,
My hand in his he loving takes,
And leads me everywhere.
So whether by the silvery tide,
Or in the woodland glade,
If I am only by his side,
I never am afraid. Chorus.

Last night we sought our favorite seat,
Beneath the hawthorn tree,
And "I love you," he whispered sweet,
To me, yes, unto me.
So ere the buds again shall blow
O'er all the country side,
The bells shall ring the world shall know,
That I am Robin's Bride. Chorus.

The Man With The Terrible Gaul.

BY DENNIS DALY.

As I stroll home each evening,
From a hard day's work;
I'm bothered by a terrible gang,
Everyone of which has a dirk.
They throw all kinds of things at me,
And at me they do bawl,
"Get on to his jags, it's Conkling,
The man with the terrible gaul.

I attended a party the other eve,
Of a neighboring friend of mine;
I surely thought I would be free
From insult for a time.
But I no sooner reached the corner.
Upon which they had hired the hall,
When a fresh hollered out from the other side,
"There's the man with the terrible gaul.

I says, "young fellow, I'll break your neck,"
He says "come over and try it;"
Says I, "where did you get the watch and chain
I'm sure you never did buy it."
This made the fresh terribly mad,
And back his fist he did haul,
Says he, here's a stunner for the eye
Of the man with the terrible gaul."

For five long weeks I was laid up,
With an eye like an overgrown peace,
I swore if I could catch the fresh,
A lesson to him I would teach.
But now I am solid wid the gang,
For I treated them one and all,
And never again will they holler at me,
The man with the terrible gaul.

Dem Glory K'yars.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ALFRED WHITE.

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Good folks a-listen to dis darkie's refrain,
Den dar was trouble;
How he managed to catch on to de glory train,
Trouble on de ole man's mind.
How he followed dem k'yars till his feet were frozen
Den dar was trouble;
And how he ever got dar de good God knows,
Trouble on de ole man's mind.

CHORUS.

Den dar was trouble, a heap of trouble,
A mighty sight of trouble on de old man's mind;
But now dis trouble am gone to de debbil,
An' dar's no mo' trouble on de ole man's mind.

But dem glory k'yars struck a powerful grade,
Den dar was trouble;
An' fast-hoss time dis Nigger man made,
Trouble on de ole man's mind.
Over ties and trestles by de light ob de stars,
Den dar was trouble;
Dis coon clinched on to dem glory kyars,
Trouble on de ole man's mind. Chorus.

When I am sailing on de Jasper Sea,
Den dar was trouble;
I want you coons all to look up at me,
Trouble on de ole man's mind.
I'll be steerin' off de ships to de shores of gold,
Den dar was trouble;
And you coons upon de lan' will be badly sold,
Trouble on de ole man's mind. Chorus.

No Father, no Mother, no Home!

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Dead in the pitiless street,
And friendless, forsaken, unknown!
No one to fondly repeat
The name of that child-waif so lone!
Where were the kind loving eyes,
To watch while his footsteps might roam;
Dead 'neath the blue arching skies—
No father, no mother, no home!

CHORUS.

Only three bright golden curls,
To tell who he was 'neath yon dome!
Pity that little child-waif—
No father, no mother, no home!

Lost in the whirl of the crowd,
And needing a mother's dear care,
Spurned by the rich and the proud,
So young, and so pure, and so fair,
Ye who have children so sweet,
Oh! pity these waifs as you roam!
Dead in the pitiless street,
No father, no mother, no home!

Gone from the pain and the strife,
The angels are clasping him now!
Gone from the struggle of life,
The sunlight of God's on his brow!
No one to care for him here.
Thus ever around us they roam!
No one to shed but a tear,—
No father, no mother, home! Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN,

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

Why should great actors need no gaslight? Because they themselves are shining lights.

Why are untried murders like bells on the ground?—Because they want nothing but hanging.

Why do young men buy gloves and boots? Because they cannot get them for nothing.

Why is a ring given as a pledge of matrimony? Because there is no end to it but in destruction.

A Western farmer is obliged to chalk his nose every time he takes a walk round his farm, to save himself from an old bull who has a strong antipathy to red.

Hard to beat.—Boiled eggs.

Be careful how you buy goods measured by a shopkeeper whose dishonesty is unmeasured.

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "For if it's nothing ye want, ye'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was."

An Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.

A railroad meeting.—Collision of two trains.

The longest periods in a boys life are those between meals.

There is no harm in a glass of whiskey if you leave it in the glass.

A man who attempted to stand on his dignity the other day couldn't do it. The platform was too narrow.

The man who gets into prison will be more guarded in future.

The name of the man in Chicago who feeds his geese on iron filings, and gathers steel pens from their wings, is Sharp.

One of the doorkeepers at the Grand Central Railway Depot is so strict that he won't "let even an observation pass" without a ticket.

It has been ascertained that the man who held on to the last, was a shoemaker.

High time,—A church clock.

What is capital?—Having more money than you know what to do with.

What land of all the lands on earth, do lovers like the best?—Lapland.

Out West, when a group of citizens has a horse-stealer under consideration, they generally drop the subject after short discussion.

Necessity has no law, but an uncommon amount of lawyers.

An Irishman was asked to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to leave his ould mother an orphan.

A man out West, who offered bail for a friend, was asked by a judge if he had any encumberance on his farm. "Oh, yes," said he: "my old woman."

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136 'Tis then sweetheart, I'll dream of thee.....40
137 Let us catch the golden sunbeams.....40
138 Fly birdie, to where Willie's waiting.....40
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141 Do it Again.....40
142 We shall miss thee, Ella darling.....40
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146 Finegin Calico Ball.....40
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DE SONG OB DE 'AUGERATION.

By Wm. C. SCHIMONECK.

Arranged for the Guitar or Banjo, by Prof. Edmund Clark, Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo, Violin, Organ, Accordeon and Singing, No. 285 Bowery, New York.

con moto espressivo.

1. Hail dem glo - ries ob dis na - tion, Bless de bu - tus res - to - ra - tion, See de dar - kies whole sal - va - tion Lec - tion day;
2. Let de dar - kies all take warn - in, When de pol - i - ti - cians fawn-in, On de lec - tion day dat morn - in', All de day;
3. Hail de glo - ries ob dis na - tion, Bless dat com - in 'au - ger - a - tion, Reck - in' dar - kies whole sal - va - tion Come dat day;

As de sun from clouds am break - in', So de dark - ies am a - wak - in', See his hand de white folks shak - in' Eb - ery way.
Bless dem clouds and sil - ber lin - in', Jes like dark - ies teef am shin - in', Let de coons stop all that pin - in' Eb - ery way.
Tell dem young folks dis same sto - ry, Tell de wise men bent and ho - ry, Keep dis Na - tion in its glo - ry Eb - ery day.

Maestoso.

Hear me white folks, please take warn - in', On de 'lec - tion day dat morn - in', Mind dat mon - ey which you's pour-in', Down dis way;
As dem dead - ly night shades twin - in', Like dem clof weeds dat am clim - in', Shad - in' clouds ob sil - ber lin - in', Eb - ery way;
Stop dem car - pet bag - gers com - in', Stop dem pol - i - ti - cians run - nin', Tell our mas - sas stop dat gun - nin', Down dis way;

Dat am De - bel's bit you's sow - in', Shore as day. Shore 'tis de - bel seeds you's sow - in', Worse den this - tle
So dat mon - ey plays de de - bel, Eb - ery day. Dem pol - i - ti - cians am plead - in', They like dra - gons
Tell de Mor - mons shore to wash thar Sins a - way. Tell our mas - sas take dis warn - in', Shun dem pol - i -

CHORUS.

con moto pomposo.

down dats blow - in', Worse den net - tles dat am grow - in', Wid de tare.
claw dats clim - in', And like puss - ly dey am run - nin', Eb - ery way. Wake up, wake up, in de morn - in',
ti - cians fawn - in', On dis 'au - ger - a - tion morn - in', All de day.

Cos' 'tis great Na - tion day; See dis na - tion in its glo - ry, Crown in glo-rious 'Lec - tion Day.

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CONTENTS.

A PANSY FROM MOTHER'S GRAVE—Page 730
AS I STOOD BY THE DOOR..... 731
A Chum o' Mine..... 731
Ann Eliza Grey..... 732
A ROW OF TENEMENT HOUSES..... 733
DORA BLAINE..... 731
I LOVE HIM SO..... 730
If I Could Spot the Winner..... 731
It was the cat..... 731
I'M GLAD I'M NOT A BACHELOR..... 732
IN DE EVENING BY DE MOONLIGHT..... 735
LITTLE CHILDREN I DO BELIEVE..... 730
LET US CATCH THE GOLDEN SUNBEAMS..... 730
The LETTER CARRIERS..... 735
McCARTHY IS THE MAN..... 733
MR. JOHN MALONE..... 733
MY DEAR OLD GEORGIA HOME..... 733
Music Notice..... 734
Nicholas Murphy..... 731
Our Intersting Matter Column..... 730
Oh ! Nell, What's This You've Been Doing..... 732
ONE DAY I WENT A COURTING..... 733
PROF. EDMUND CLARK'S Studies for the Banjo..... 736
The PULL BACK DRESS..... 735
Poor Pill Garlic..... 732
Paddy McKey..... 732
Shake of the Hand..... 730
The Soldier Boys..... 732
Senator Muldoon..... 733
The SCOTCH GRENADIER..... 735
There is no room for me now..... 732
TOO LATE..... 735
Will you hearken to my footsteps..... 735

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Let us Catch the Golden Sunbeams.

Words by Dr. T. D C. Miller. Music by W. W. Bentley.

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Let us catch the golden sunbeams,
In our sky of life so fair;
When the heart is ever open,
It will bring sweet pleasures there:
And clouds of gloom will vanish,
When the hours of bliss begin,
To make glad the soul that waiteth,
For bright sunbeams to come in.

CHORUS.

Let us catch the golden sunbeams,
As they fall around our way,
Making life so sweet and blissful,
One long, bright unclouded day,
One long, bright unclouded day.

There are cheerful smiles to greet us,
And warm hands to clasp our own,
If the precious sunbeams linger.
When the clouds of gloom have flown,
It may seem a trifling blessing
Just to catch a ray of light,
But to loving hearts in sadness,
It is day that follows night. Chorus.

Let us catch the golden sunbeams,
In our hours of woe and pain,
One by one their light will cheer us,
With the bliss of love again.
And the sky so bright above us,
Will a softened beauty win,
When our heart to joy is opened,
And fair sunbeams enter in. Chorus.

A Pansy From Mother's Grave.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BABY HART.

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I wander through these grand old rugged hills,
And sit down here to think,
And look about the rocks and rills,
And gather buttercups and pinks.
But while I see the pansies sweet,
I think of mother dear so fair,
Angels took her long ago,
To their bright glad home up there.

CHORUS.

'Tis a pansy, a pansy, dear mother,
A pansy that I rave;
'Tis a pansy a pansy, dear mother,
A token from your grave.

In the old church yard my mother's sleeping,
Where it seems so sad and drear;
O'er her head the violets are peeping,
My lonely heart to cheer.
How oft I read her dear old letters,
Which tell me ever to be brave;
How I'll treasure them in memory,
And the pansy from her grave. Chorus.

Shake of the Hand.

BY WALTER MACK.

There's a feeling that fills you with joy or with pain,
That is felt in the shake of the hand;
And records of ought but a thought you may give,
When you faced to adversity stand.
How many whose hand, though seemingly kind,
Like an icicle chills to the bone;
Not a shade of warm feeling within can you find,
Though appearance will greatly disown.

CHORUS.

Then give me the hand of a man with a heart,
That scorns to be seen in disguise;
When you shake it you feel it is honesty's part,
And the rest can be read in the eyes.

There's others from whom not a sigh will awake,
Indifferent and chill they remain,
As if all emotion was bound to a stake,
With its limit the length of a chain.
And should you through courtesy be thrown in their way,
Where civility makes a demand,
You just feel the tips of their fingers when they,
As if stung draw quickly their hand. Chorus.

While others you meet more inviting will stand,
And extend you their palm with a smile,
And greet you quite hearty, at least with the hand,
Though their eyes are away all the time.
While some with a pleasure that's stamped on their face,
Will greet you with truth in their eyes;
From the grasp of their hands it is easy to trace,
That there is not a shade of disguise. Cho.

Little Children I do Believe.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THE HARTS.

SUNG BY THEM WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

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My old grey headed mudder,
She's trabbled her time away;
She's now standing in de danger,
And burning in de hell of dat day.

CHORUS.

Little children, I do believe,
I'm most done a wagin wid crones;
Little children I do believe,
I'll get home to heben, bye-and-bye.

My body am racked wid misery,
My head am a tearing wid pain,
I hope for to reach dat promised land,
And never for to leave dere again. Cho.

I Love Him So.

BY BARNEY FAGAN, FOR BABY HART.

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Oh! the sun's bright rays were going down,
And twilight robed the scene;
As we took our pleasant little evening stroll,
Along the meadows green.
Arm in arm, together gaily strolled,
Listening to each others tales of love,
And the music of the merry song birds,
Chirping sweetly from above.

CHORUS.

I love him so, (Break.)
He is my beau; (Break.)
And married soon we're going to be.
My better half, (Break.)
Now don't you laugh; (Break.)
Together we will live so merrily. (Dance.)

Oh! the shadow of the sun's reflecting rays,
Lend enchantment to the scene;
Reminding us of early youthful days;
While gamboling on the green.
Our hearts spake out their ardent love,
Accompanied by a gentle sigh,
Beneath the bright blue canopy above,
None so happy as she and I. Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

"Oh! pa," she exclaimed—after her lover had departed for home—"ain't George just too splendid for anything, don't you think he was full of wit and humor this evening?" "He might have been full of wit and humor daughter —" replied the father—"but it's my opinion that he was full of beer." J. V. B.

The Indians are rapidly following in the footsteps of civilization, one of their number recently eloped with another brave's squaw.

J. V. B.

"D'ye think I'm a goat, that I could ate that raw cabbage?" Said Paddy, when the waiter placed a dish of lettuce before him. J. V. B.

"Wooden overcoats a specialty," is the way a Boston undertaker advertises his coffin ware.

J. V. B.

He had just landed in this country, and was strolling around to see the sights. A pile of watermelons in front of a grocery store attracted his attention, he eyed them for a moment, and then was heard to utter; "Bedad thim are the biggest cucumbers I iver laid me eyes on."

J. V. B.

While in a Western cemetery recently, we read the following poetic notice on one of the tombstones;

Here lies the remains of Jonathan Gunn,
The cause of his death is the old old story,
While he was hunting, his gun went off,
And Jonathan Gunn was gunned to glory.

J. V. B.

Civility is dear to everybody, and yet it costs nobody anything.

Why is a drawn tooth like things forgotten? Because it is out of the head.

Where are happiness and contentment always to be found?—In the dictionary.

One cannot speak in a baloon without having high words, and yet it is death to fall out.

Young man, your bride must be won before marriage, but you must both be one afterwards.

What would an empty purse say to its owner? There is no change in me.

A Negro in Virginia was scalded to death from a boiler explosion, and on his tombstone they chiselled deeply, "Sacred to the memory of our 'steamed friend.

It is supposed the fellow who left the house was not able to take it with him.

An inspiring sight for a glazier; the early dawn when it breaks in the windows.

If you were obliged to swallow a man, who would you prefer to swallow? A little London porter.

It is said that red-haired men ought to make the best soldiers, for they always carry their fire locks on their shoulders.

As I Stood by the Door.

WORDS BY JOHN WALSH. MUSIC BY CHADSEY.

ARR, BY JOS. SCHWENSECK.

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A short time ago when in Erin's green isle,
Where freedom for ages has not dared to smile,
I journeyed o'er mountain, through valley and plain,
And what I beheld, may I ne'er see again.
A cabin I saw, but deserted it seemed,
The wintry sun on its roof carelessly gleamed,
No smoke from the chimney curled up to the sky,
Nor was there a trace of life as I drew nigh.
The deadly wolf want, though in that cottage did reign,
The struggle to keep him out had been in vain,
Apaled, there I stood, touched to the heart's core,
Now I'll tell you my thoughts as I stood by the door.

A child's voice I heard, it was puny and weak,
In faltering tones the poor creature did speak;
It begged very hard for a small piece of bread,
Its mother through hunger lay silent and dead.
The father looked on, ah! but helpless was he,
The sight I am sure was dreadful to see,
All in the place had been seized on for rent,
The landlord with nothing less would be content,
Assistance I gave, but, alas! 'twas too late,
Child followed mother, a terrible fate.
May I never again have such scenes to deplore,
These were my thoughts as I stood by the door.

How the money is squandered which causes such woe,
No doubt there are many here would like to know
But if unto me attention you'll pay,
You'll hear it explained in a straightforward way.
Horse-racing in England vain pleasure's in France,
Or amongst gamblers losing at strange games of chance,
Like gay butter-flys over Europe they roam,
Spending their money, much needed at home,
If absentee landlords their folly could see,
And stay in old Ireland, how happy we'd be,
Brighter days then would dawn for old Erin asthore,
Those were my thoughts as I stood by the door.

Dora Blaine.

Words by Dr. T. D C. Miller. Music by W. W. Bentley.

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When the golden light brings the morning bright,
And the sunshine gilds the grain,
With a bounding step, and a merry heart,
Goes forth sweet Dora Blaine.
O'er the meadow brook, to a shady nook,
Near the ruins by the mill;
Where she meets her beau in the rosy glow,
Of the day dawn o'er the hill.

CHORUS.

When the golden llght brings the morning bright,
And the sunshine gilds the grain;
Oh! how oft I'd go at the dawn's first glow,
To meet sweet Dora Blaine.

I work in the mill with a right good will,
For the pleasure I may know,
There to see the maiden my heart holds dear,
Tripping lightly to and fro.
When she smiles so sweet to the beaus she meets,
It will fill my heart with pain;
For 'tis then I'm sure the only cure
Is to wed sweet Dora Blaine. Chorus.

I would ask her low, but my heart beats so,
Now do be my dear little wife;
But the boys might hear, and it's then, oh! dear,
I was bashful all my life.
I will try to-night, if the moon shines bright,
When I meet her in the lane,
True, my heart beats fast for that charming lass,
And I love sweet Dora Blaine. Chorus.

Could Spot the Winner.

Behold in me one who has lost
A fortune on the "field,"
But still my great propensity
Is to never, never yield.
I've "made a book," I've taken "tips,"
I've edged, I've squared, I've crossed,
But when I've balanced my accounts,
I've found that I have lost.

CHORUS.

Could I only spot the winner,
What a happy man I'd be,
I'd spare enough to share enough,
To show my charity.
I'd be a second Peabody,
I'd stand a great big dinner
To all my little, good old jovial pals,
Could I only spot the winner.

I've studied sporting papers,
'Till they've nearly driven me mad;
I've known each horse's pedigree
Since I was quite a lad.
I've tried all sorts of dodges,
And committed many a sin,
But misfortune's been my fortune,
For my fortune I can't win!

CHORUS.

Could I only spot the winner,
A different man I'd be,
For I'd spend some dollars on linen collars,
No more paper for me.
No more would I eat trotters and tripe,
By the gas-light's nightly glimmer,
But a jolly blow out on beef steak and stout,
Could I only spot the winner.

I've mingled with the fancy, and
I've won the whitest hats;
On shaking-hand terms I have been
With all the sharps and flats,
I've bribed the jocks, to make 'em lose,
They've won the race instead,
And so I've parted with my coin,
These words I've often said.

CHORUS.

Could I only spot the winner,
Bradlaugh I'd go and see,
And ask Mrs. Bresant if she thought it decent
To talk on Philosophy,
I'd sport my rhino like a prince,
If I was not a skinner,
I'd treat you all with civility,
Could I only back the winner.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady,
So I'll have another try,
And as long as I've a fiver. boys,
By Jove, I'll ne'er die.
I know my luck will change some day,
So I'll not throw up the sponge,
And whilst my locker holds a shot,
I'll have another plunge.

CHORUS.

And I'll try and spot the winner,
And let you have rent free;
For I'll win some siller, and purchase a villa,
Or a cottage by the sea.
No more will I eat herrings red,
For breakfast or for dinner,
But eggs and ham, and gooseberry jam,
Could I only spot the winner.

It was the Cat.

RECITATION, BY JAMES RICHMOND.

The boy stood on the edge of a razor,
Trying to shave his toes;
He was throwing bricks at his little sister,
And balancing eggs upon his nose.
His father's lead-pipe was all cut up,
To make bullets for the Fourth of July;
But when his father found it out,
He made him a present of a lovely big black eye,
Little Mikey swore he'd be revenged,
And kept up to his belief;
So he killed the cat for supper one night,
And told the family it was corn-beef.
They all took sick and nearly died
From the ugly grease and fat,
And when the doctor asked who done it,
He said, "be Heavens, it was the cat."

Nicholas Murphy.

BY JAMES RICHMOND. AIR; TRA-A-LA, LA.

Arrah my name is Nicholas Murphy,
I work in a drug store laying bricks;
The loafers say I'm too light to drown,
And I am the king of full-blooded micks.
They nailed my Sunday suit of clothes to the wall,
Nearly scared my wife to death;
Threw me down the sewer, danced on my lungs
And told me to bottle my breath.

CHORUS.

Sure they shot out the eye of my eldest son,
Them dirty blackguards and bums;
Sure they holler McNally, chase yourself up the alley,
And shave the whiskers off your gums.

They hung me on a clothes line,
Dropped a cannon ball on my head;
Brought me on the roof and dropped me off
Seven gallons of blood I bled.
They hired an undertaker to bury me,
When he discovered I was in a trance;
There was a hundred blackguards and a German band,
Around my coffin to have a dance. Chorus.

A Chum o' Mine.

Noo some chaps are funny in their ways
And ither chaps are wise,
Some are afu' slow tae tak'
Or gi' guid advice.
And tae a' words o' counsel guid
Their ear would ne'er incline,
Sae I'll tell ye o'the chap I like
Tae be a chum o' mine.

CHORUS.

A chap that's in company straightforward and free,
A chap that the haun o' guid-fellowship can gie,
A chap no too consaity, but a' fu' o' fun,
That's the chap I like for a companion or chum.

I dinna like tae see a chap
Too fon o' self-esteem,
Wha thinks there's no other chap
Does this or that like him.
And if you or me gets in a fault,
He'd make it out a crime,
Noo, the chap that does exaggerate,
Is no a chum o' mine. Chorus.

A chap that's honest, leal, and true,
No touched wi' selfish greed,
But willing tae extend a hand,
Tae any chap in need;
If his principles can ne'er be bought,
Or sold at any time,
A chap like that will always be
A welcome chum o' mine. Chorus.

Oh! Nell What's This You've Been Doing?

It's nice to be a father,
I've heard some folks declare,
But if they were in my shoes,
They'd change their tune, I swear.
For I am a poor heart-broken man,
All through my daughter Nell,
She is so fond of mischief,
That I'm often forced to yell—

Chorus.

Oh! Nell, what's this you've been doing?
Oh! Nell, stop that game I say;
Now, Nell, do obey your father,
You're bringing more disgrace upon
the family every day.

Last night while sitting taking tea.
With my old cronie, John;
She boldly walked in with a pair
Of my old trousers on.
She didn't seem to be afraid,
No, nor the least bit shy;
My neighbor stared,
And all that I could do was loudly cry.
Chorus.

Last week I came home from the town,
Before my usual time,
And found a young man making free
With my cigars and wine.
I saw my daughter sitting,
Making love upon his knee,
And when I said the following words,
They only laughed at me. Chorus.

I don't know what to make of her,
She is so awful wild;
I don't like to disown her,
For she is my only child.
The more I preach she only tries
To give me greater pain,
Well, all that I can do is
Continue to exclaim. Chorus.

Poor Pill Garlic.

On an unlucky Friday I was born,
And of trouble had several shares;
When a babe they'd drop me on the stones,
Or let me fall down stairs.
And when I went to school, I there
Was worried by bully or sneak.
From the master I used to get it so hard,
I couldn't sit down for a week.

Chorus.

Oh! dear, poor pill Garlic,
Such another martyr you never did see,
Everybody's down on poor Pill Garlic,
It don't matter what it is they put it on to me.

I never yet tried to kiss a girl,
But what she slapped my face,
I've more than once been landed in
A breach of promise case.
If ever there happens to be a row,
And I am there to see,
The cops they let the offender escape,
Whilst they boldly collar me. Chorus.

If ever I go to the races, oh!
Upon me the sharpers pitch,
Last time I was taken for a Welsher by mistake,
And was dragged through an unclean ditch.
Last night some fellow pulled my nose,
And damaged several bones.
Then said, "Oh! I beg your pardon, sure,
But I took you for a fellow named Jones.
Chorus.

The police are sure to pounce on me,
Whenever they want a charge,
I'm described as a notorious burglar,
Or a lunatic at large,
There was a fire last week at number four,
And I live at number three,
When the fireman came they'd a glorious game
While the engines played on me. Chorus.

I'm Glad I'm not a Bachelor.

WORDS BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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I'm glad I'm not a bachelor,
No wife to warm his toes,
I'd rather be an Odd Fellow,
With secrets to disclose.
I'm glad I'm not a bachelor,
With big holes in his hose,
And "nary muchoir" to be found,
On which to wipe his nose.

I'm glad I'm not a bachelor,
To hanker after "vidders,"
And see some other snatch the prize,
While he sighs and considers.
I'm glad I'm not a bachelor,
With heart both tough and cold,
Whose hair grows gray and face grows grim,
While he is growing old.

I'm glad I'm not a bachelor,
No children round his knee,
That might have flowered in his home,
Like daisies on the lea.
I'm glad I'm not a bachelor,
No buttons on his shirts,
Who as a lady-killer still
With pretty girls e'er flirts.

I'm glad I'm not a bachelor,
To rail at mother Eve,
And swear that women only
Were made men to deceive.
I'm glad I'm not a bachelor,
For they to hades must go,
For there were none in Paradise,
As I do surely know.

Paddy McKey.

BY L. SWAIN.

My name it is Paddy McKey,
I am an honest Irish ragman,
I travel the streets all day,
For a living I am trying to make,
In hollowing I take the cake,
For I do it for the neighbors sake,
And as I pass by the house,
They say there goes Paddy McKey.

I make two fifty a day,
And half of that goes to my wife,
Then next comes my debts to be paid,
So to get along we have to strive,
Last Saturday night when I came home,
I found that my wife was blind drunk,
I went over to speak to her,
When she hit me in the head with a trunk.

There is no Room for Me Now.

BY THOMAS F. HEYLAND.

AIR; FIRE IN THE GRATE.

On one fine summer evening,
When the breeze was mild and gay;
While sitting at the window,
I saw some children play,
Then thinking of my boyhood,
In days long gone by;
But now I'm old, and so I'm told,
There is no room for me now.

Chorus.

So keep your children happy,
As upon the floor they play,
With their cheeks so rosy and chubby,
Will think of you some day.
For when you're old and cheerless,
To the poor house you won't go,
For when you're old you won't be told,
There is no room for me now.

When I was young and happy,
I was active as a bee;
But now I'm old and feeble,
And no one cares for me.
For I was cruel-hearted,
In the days of long ago,
But now I'm old, and so I'm told,
There is no room for me now. Chorus.

So now my fine young people,
Take my advice,
Keep yourselves sober,
And stay away from vice.
Do not let it daunt you,
Or you may find it out,
For when you're old you won't be told,
There's no room for me now. Chorus.

The Soldier Boys.

WRITTEN BY HARRY M'AVOY.

I love a soldier boy,
He's my joy; (sym.)
Oh! he is tall and handsome,
And as brave as brave can be.
He walks so fine and straight,
Past my gate, (sym.)
But then he glances sideways
And slyly winks at me.

Chorus.

Then give me the boy that carries a gun,
And marches away to a rum-a-tum-tum,
Left! left! hayfoot, strawfoot, forward march!
(Drum solo)
Hurrah for the boys in the army.

He's going far away,
Long to stay;
But says he'll write me often,
And he'll tell me all the news,
He thinks he ought to wed—
So he said;
I really do not like to,
But how can I refuse. Chorus.

Ann Eliza Grey.

BY DENNIS DALY. TO WILLIE WILDWAVE

Where the violet does bloom,
'Mid flowers of sweet perfume,
Down in a cosy dell;
There is a garden spot,
And on it stands a cot,
In which a pretty maid does dwell.
She has a tiny hand,
She's the finest in the land;
She's the sweetest 'neath the sun,
And won't I happy be,
When in wedlock I will see
Myself and Ann Eliza Grey made one.

Chorus.

This artistic little maid,
She stole my heart away, (Break.)
With her elegance of beauty,
And her fascinating way. (Break.)
She is the fairest in the land,
I don't care what you say,
And won't I feel so happy,
When I wed my Ann Eliza Grey. (Dance.)

We had a pleasant talk,
Down in the garden walk,
Yes, that was the other day;
As we sat in the dell,
Such words of love I'd tell.
To pass the time away.
This little maid divine,
I asked her to be mine,
She named the wedding day,
And next Sunday if you'll search,
You'll find us in the church. Chorus.

One Day I Went a Courting.

WORDS BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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One day I went a courting
A damsel fair and sweet,
But all the silly words I said,
I need not here repeat.
She blushed, celestial, so rosy red,
And giggled like a goose;
She hung her lovely little head,
And said love was no use.

REFRAIN.

No use, no use, no use at all,
No use at all to her.
To have a box of candy sweet,
She would so much prefer.

I felt as if of water cold,
She'd given me a bath;
Some demon whispered, Tom you're sold,
You're face looks like a lath.
You're growing grim, and gray, and old,
But act as green as grass,
All women like a lover bold,
With goodly share of brass.

REFRAIN.

Of brass, of brass, of brass, of brass,
A goodly share of brass;
And likes him even better still,
If he's got gold to spare.

Then I said softly to myself,
Of brass I've "quantum suff."
Tho' I've got little worldly pelf,
Of cheek I've got enough.
So softly on her rosy lips
I pressed a lover's kiss,
By Jove! she yelled like any cat,
And said I made a miss.

REFRAIN.

A miss, a miss, a miss, a miss,
Mistake she said I maid;
I'd better take my hat and go,
She really was afraid.

Senator Muldoon.

BY JAMES V. BARRETT.

I am an Irish Sinator,
From Washington, D. C.;
Elected last Novimber,
By a large majoritee.
Me name has grown immortal,
I'll acquaint ye wid it soon,
This celebrated man av brains,
Is Sinator Muldoon.

CHORUS.

Whinever I perambulate,
Along the public street,
I'm sure to get a friendly nod
From every man I meet.
I'm smiled upon by ladies fair,
An' cheered by rich gossoons;
The population lift their hats
To Sinator Muldoon.

At Congress whin I make a spache,
All in the people's cause;
Me mighty flow of eloquence,
Is hailed wid great applause.
Boquets comes flying through air,
Until the flure is strewn,
Wid fragrant floral offerings,
For Sinator Muldoon. Chorus.

Although I am a Congressman,
At Washington, D. C.;
I don't forget the solid friends
That has elected me.
I'll stand the lager for the crowd.
In yonder beer saloon;
Come on me b'ys an' drink success
To Sinator Muldoon. Chorus.

McCarthy is the Man.

PARODY ON MALONEY'S THE MAN.

BY DENNIS DAILY. TO MARTIN HARMAN.

I am a gay bar-tender,
And I sling lager beer;
The ladies all admire me,
And say I am a dear.
You'll see me at the parties,
With apron and white vest,
Attending to the ladies,
For McCarthy is the best.

CHORUS.

If you wont a man the best in the land,
To sling lager-beer at a party;
You'll find him right here, the best, don't you fear,
The smartest of all is McCarthy.

You'll find me at the Arion,
And every high-toned ball;
And with my lager-beer tray,
I would promenade the hall.
I'm wanted here, I'm wanted there,
And on every hand,
You'll hear them all say with a smile,
McCarthy is the man. Chorus.

Sure I am known both near and far,
As a man of great renown;
You'll hear them talking of me
At the other end of town.
Some day I'll run for president,
And hold the winning hand,
For all will vote for me, and say,
McCarthy is the man. Chorus.

Mr. John Malone.

On the fifteenth of September,
I dressed up nate and gay;
For to join the grand porcession,
I at once set on my way.
There was tinkers, tailors, scavengers,
And ladies short and tall,
All went te see the opening
Of our lovely new Town Hall.
There was "Mr. Michael Murphy,"
Wid a bran new suit of clothes,
That was made by "Johnny Dockerty,"
Who everybody knows;
"Muldoon the Solid Man,"
Was there, as dacent as could be,
But there wasn't one in all the lot,
Could stan' aside o' me.

Spoken.—I was there, and there wasn't one for months after that you'd hear them talking of the sights they had seen but you'd be sure to hear them exclaim—

CHORUS.

Did you see John Malone,
With his shining bran new hat?
Did you see him marching off
Like a gay aristocrat?
There was flags and banners wavin' high,
And dress in style was shwon,
But the greatest swell in all the lot,
Was Mr. John Malone.

The Mayor upon the Town Hall steps,
Quite stately took his stand,
He noticed none 'till I came by,
And then he waved his hand;
He saw at once the style was there,
For he stared with both his eyes,
As if he thought I was some lord or duke
Dressed in disguise.
We marched all through the city,
'Till I thought we'd never stop,
So I fell out, and fell into
Magee's to take a drop;
The people they were talking of
The sights they saw that day,
And I felt a little flattered,
When I heard the people say— Chorus.

I received an invitation
To attend the fancy ball,
But without an evenin' suit o' clothes,
I could not go ot all;
"Mr. Dccherty," the tailor,
My measure could not take,
Because for "Mr. Murphy"
He had got a suft to make.
I went to Shudehill Market.
Bought a new suite second hand,
And wid a flower stuck in my coat,
I looked a trifle grand;
We danced till after midnight,
When we went home in the dark,
You could scarcely walk a yard but
What you'd hear some one remark. Chorus

A Row of Tenement Houses.

SUNG BY NILES & EVANS.

AIR; BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.

In a row of tenement houses,
Lived a damsel young and fair,
Her papa wore the trousers
When her mamma wasn't there.
Maiden with a dimpled eyebrow,
With a voice so young and fair,
Maiden with a yaller bull-dog,
That followed her everywhere.
Each day, each day, each day,
Some family would move away,
For that row of tenement houses
Never seemed to please or pay.

To that row of tenement houses,
Came a granger in the spring,
Just to talk of sheeps and cowses,
And to hear that maiden sing,
Just to hear that maiden sing,
Oh! he spoke about his barnyard,
Of his chickens and his hog;
But she thought he was giving her taffy,
So she called her yaller dog.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
That granger he ran away,
But left the bosom of his trousers,
For the dog to chew that day.

My Dear old Georgia Home.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY JOE HART.

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I've come back to my dear old home,
The place I hope to stay;
Where the picanninies dance and sang,
Around our cabin door.
Indeed this is to me a happy day,
The mocking bird sang in the trees close
They sang unto me their sweetest lay,
Where my dear old wife would sit,
And while the many happy hours away.

CHORUS.

But I've come back, yes, I've come back,
And no more from here I'll roam,
Yes, I've come back to live and die,
In my dear old Georgia home.

When massa sold this old man south,
It filled my poor heart with pain,
When I bid them good-bye,
A tear came to my eye,
Lor I thought I would ne'er see them again
But I've come back to my dear old home
And no more from here I'll roam,
Yes, I've come home to live and die
In my dear old Georgia Home. Chorus.

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1 McCarthy's Boarding House 40
2 Mary Ann Kehoe 40
3 No Work 40
4 The Lost Jewel 40
5 No Work Waltz 40
6 Sweet Amerikay 40
7 Penniless and Poor 40
8 The Irish Volunteers 40
9 The Night I Learned to Swim 40
0 Silver Bells are Ringing Away up in de sky 40
1 New Year's Day 40
2 The Sweetest of the Sweet 40
3 The Sweetest of the Sweet Waltz 40
The Old Bench Near the Mill 40
Angel Mother Watch for me 40
Take Me Back to My Dear Old Southern Home, Song with Echo Chorus 40
Lay my Head Beneath a Rose 40
Baby Died One Year Ago To-Day 40
Little Roguish Eyes 40
Beautiful Songs Unsung 40
A Little Place Within thy Heart 40
Music and Dancing 40
The Reason why I was Elected 40
Walzingham McSweeney, the Gay Cavalier 40
I Couldn't Help it Ma 40
So Weary and Sad To-Night 40
Irish Lanciers 60
When the Flowers are Dreaming 40
Sweet Maggie Gordon 40
The Rosebud in Your Hair 40
Luck Lays Over Brain 40
Open Up Dem Doors 40
The Petticoat Brigade 40
cotch Lanciers 60
merican Lanciers 60
ea Cadet Lanciers 60
urkish Patrol Quickstep 60
nglish Lanciers 60
idshipmites March 40
he Irish Volunteers March 40
he Petticoat Brigade March 40
n Just Turned Sixty-Three 40
mes of Long Ago 40
vitation Waltzes 50
wn' by de Rainbow 40
tle Dat Bill 40
l Times Roxy, or Trouble in de Kitchen 40
Uncle Pompey Still 40
b Your Ladders Ready 40
Golden Chariot 40
key Fishrity 40
ood Good Fellah 40
Stitch in Time Saves Nine 40
Ticking of the Clock 40
e Things as They Come 40
Shouldn't Notice It 40
thing Sweet Words at the Gate 40
Messenger Bird 40
ting for de Setting ob de Sun 40
y McNish 40
ping Irish Lass 40
lame the Boy Dennis, or no Name at all 40
a McGuiness Gets the Job 40
are False, but I'll Forgive You 40
wing Pebbles in the Stream 40
n the Magnolias Bloom 40
's Ball Last Night 40
Home by the Deep Rolling Sea 40
Ann O'Houlahan Dowd 40
so Captivating 40

71 Joys of my Childhood 40
72 The Day I Took My Peg to Coney Isle 40
73 Finegan Corterie 40
74 Take Me in Your Arms, Mama 40
75 Down on Coney Island Beach 40
76 The old willow chair there grandmother sat 40
77 The Heroes of Ireland 40
78 As I Stood by the Door 40
79 Finegan Masquerade 40
80 My Angel Brother's Ring 40
81 You are False but I'll Forgive You, Waltz 40
82 Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance 40
83 The Reason we Mortgaged the Farm 40
84 Echoes from the Chapel of Knock 40
85 Don't Shut out the Moonlight Mother 40
86 Hunting Four Leaf Clover 40
87 Winnie Wane 40
88 The Slattery Family 40
89 Jerry Murphy's Squad 40
90 Save My Child 40
91 Mother is Waiting to Welcome her Boy 40
92 The Old Fashioned Cottage 40
93 Only a Daisy 40
94 Farewell to Ireland 40
95 High Water Pants 40
96 Widow Clancy's Party 40
97 Erin's Green Isle 40
98 Sons of Erin's Isle 40
99 Wake Bonnie Bessie 40
100 Sweet Maggie Gordon Waltz 40
101 Only to Hear Her Voice 40
102 Yesterday, To-Day 40
103 The Haunted Brooklet 40
104 When Gabriel Blows his Horn 40
105 Everything Done for the Best 40
106 The Bridge that Crosses the Brook 40
107 Just From Harrisburg 40
108 Rose Patchaula 40
109 Travelling back to Alabam 40
110 Oh! why was I so soon Forgotten 40
111 Come Along Sister Mary 40
112 My own sweet wife to be 40
113 We are Growing Old Together 40
114 The Old Ruined Mill 40
115 My old Plantation Home so far away 40
116 Grandfather's Cane 40
117 Hiding in the Corn 40
118 I'll Meet you, Sweet Bessie at Twilight 40
119 It is Sweet to be remembered 40
120 Eight Bells at Sea 40
121 Cupid on the ice 40
122 Grandmother's eyes have grown dim 40
123 Little Sunshine come to me 40
124 Dora Blaine 40
125 While waiting for the cows to come 40
126 Picking up gold in the streets 40
127 Flirting on our block 40
128 The tie that binds us brother's 40
129 The Old Dinner Horn 40
130 Mother please forgive your boy 40
131 A sailor's wife I soon shall be 40
132 Old Snow Balls Hair is Turning Gray 40
133 You may speak if you like to pa-pa 40
134 The Time when we were young 40
135 When Courting Hulda Brown 40
136 'Tis then sweetheart, I'll dream of thee 40
137 Let us catch the golden sunbeams 40
138 Fly birdie, to where Willie's waiting 40
139 Good Knights and Fair Ladies 40
140 The Bright Side, the nearer I draw to Jesus 40
141 Do it Again 40
142 We shall miss thee, Ella darling 40
143 Sister Hannah 40
144 Can you forgive and forget, love 40
145 Paddy Duffy 40
146 Finegin Calico Ball 40
147 The sup of good whiskey at Geritys wake 40
148 Jes let dem hosses go 40
149 Old Pompey's getting barefoot on de top of his head 40
150 How Mrs. McGovern Sold the Gauger 40
151 Sweeter than a red ripe peach 40
152 Teddy please scare me again 40
153 Sweeter than a red ripe peach—Schottisch 40
154 Kerrigan's Masquerade 40
155 Preetty Irish Queen 40
156 Happy Old Irish Pair 40
157 McCarthy's Fancy Ball 40
158 O'Brien the Alderman 40
159 Whisper softly, papa's Dying 40
160 I'm a charming up-town belle 40

161 Close the blinds, Lottie's dying 40
162 'Tis ten o'clock, please go 40
163 The old haunted mill 40
164 The bright little spot on the ocean 40
165 Happy dreams of you 40
166 The old family chair 40
167 De days when I was sold in slavery 40
168 Beneath the sod they're sleeping 40
169 Come little darling and meet me 40
170 Pretty Little Dandelion 40
171 Sunny Lays 40
172 Over the Beautiful River 40
173 Never meet trouble half way 40
174 The day when my poor mother died 40
175 I have no one here to love 40
176 Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill 40
177 Where the sweet flowers grow 40
178 Birdie mine why do you leave me 40
179 Pretty Little Lou 40
180 Lily White Rose 40
181 Nigger in a fit 40
182 Militia's out to-day 40
183 Dem Glory K'yars 40
184 Too Late 40
185 Where pretty lilacs grow 40
186 Charley he's a masher 40
187 Killarney Musketeers 40
188 When you were sweet sixteen 40
199 Rise up in de mornin' 40
190 Buttercups 40
191 She smiled as we crossed on the Hoboken Ferry 40
192 Elnora 40
193 Save at the spigot and waste at the bung 40
194 Rose Perfumed Bouquet 40
195 You'll miss me when we part 40
196 My but Talkative Talkative Wife 40
197 Let us be boys again just for to-night 40
198 Our Starry Flag our Glory 40
199 Doing all the good we can 40
200 Baby sleeps and home is lonely 40
201 'Tis a blossom from our little Willie's breast 40
202 De song of de augeration 40
203 Hold up you hand for Jesus 40
204 Our own Shamrock Shore 40
205 Bold Irishmen to the front 40
206 One day I went a courting 40
207 You're nothing but a butterfly 40
208 I'm glad I'm not a bachelor 40
209 The two Irish Turks 40
210 I was false, but you'll forgive me 40
211 Away down South in Georgia 40
212 The footprints of loved ones are fading 40
213 Has the Comet Struck 40
214 A dear spot of land 40
215 Lovely maid so shy 40
216 The Scotch Grenedier 40
217 Haul taut, my lads 40
218 On de Mancipation Day 40
219 Father and mother are homeless to-day 40
220 Poor Little Sightless Jim 40
221 She's just as sweet as sweet can be 40
222 Dear little Sunshine tell me why 40
223 The Pull Back Dress 40
224 Josie's Secret 40
225 The Vision of my dream 40
226 The Letter Carriers 40

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The Letter Carriers.

WORDS BY FRANK DUMONT. MUSIC BY W. S. MULLALY.

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We're working now for Uncle Sam,
He pays us to go round;
And loitering in our duties,
We're never, never found.
The postal cards and letters,
We deliver without fail;
And were never known to steal a cent
Out of anybody's mail.

CHORUS.

Tap, tap, tap, you hear the knock,
While we're waiting at the door;
For we have cards and letters,
For the wealthy and the poor.
The servant girls are anxious
To see us, rain or hail;
So lightly skip from street to street,
We carry the U. S. Mail.

Eccentric folks we have to please,
Who grumble if we fail
To bring them lots of letters
In every morning mail.
Old maids look for our coming,
They're expecting to obtain
Letters from a man who flatters them,
And they feel quite young again. Chorus.

We read the postal cards to know
The secrets and the news;
And listening to a scandal,
We never will refuse.
And when we're out on "business,"
The neighbors gape and stare,
Which makes us feel important
As a mighty millionaire. Chorus.

The Pull-Back Dress.

SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS BY G. E. HYDE. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENSECK.

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I'm as happy as the little birds in summer,
You shall know the reason why;
While at a ball I met a charming damsel,
Whose style did take my eye.
While going through the lanciers with
my charmer,
I her little hand did press,
Oh! she looked as pretty as a little picture,
In her charming pull-back dress.

CHORUS.

Oh! I never can forget her,
It was at a ball I met her;
While going through the lanciers,
I her little hand did press,
And fell in love with that sweet girl,
And her pretty little pull-back dress.
(Dance.)

While returning from the ball at early morning,
With my Bessie on my arm;
I told my little darling that I loved her,
And won her like a charm.
I'm going to be married in the springtime,
To my pretty little Bess,
Oh! she looks as pretty as a little picture,
In her charming pull-back dress. Chorus.

Too Late.

WORDS BY ED. DILLON. MUSIC BY ALFRED WHITE.

ARR, BY JOS. SCHWENSECK.

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The leaves were brown in the forest,
And dropped down into the stream;
Autumn had come with its withering,
Blighting love's bright young dream.
The eddy carried the leaflet,
And circled the shores around,
But heart and God cried, "give me,"
And a heart and hope were found.

Down from the Sycamore's summit
Came the sheen of the moonlit leaf;
As it dropped into the water,
And in love's lake found relief.
The two sailed off together,
A-down on the sea-beat wave,
But time and fate and circumstance,
Brought forth the grief and grave.

Each was aware of the others,
Affection each for each,
And the story of mutual liking,
Needed no saint to preach.
The home the hope and the heaven,
Would hardly happiness sate;
But the leaves drifted wide on the water,
Too late, alas, too late.

The Scotch Grenadier.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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She stood at the door of a cottager's dwelling,
A lass of the highlands with eyes bright
and clear;
While far in the distance the bagpipes
were swelling,
As Jennie stood waiting her bold grenadier.
And there in the gloaming she saw her true lover,
With heart beating wildly and cheeks
blushing fair,
As home from the war came the brave
youthful rover,
And met Jennie, eager to welcome him there.

CHORUS.

By the cottager's door, in the calm of
the gloaming,
They met in true love neath the stars
bright and clear;
While he promised his lass he would never
go roaming,
From Jennie the pride of the bold grenadier.

In vain were his words, that love promise
was broken,
For he was a soldier, and he must obey;
No matter what pledge to his true love
was spoken,
The bagpipes werre calling the brave far away.
And there in the battle, he fell weak and bleeding,
Yet asked for his Jennie, one moment to cheer,
But she could not answer that brave
warrior's pleading,
And there he died lonely, the scotch grenadier.
Chorus.

And now at the door of the cottager's dwelling,
Her eyes dim with tears, and her cheeks
wan and pale,
The lips of poor Jennie are wistfully telling,
Of hours once so bright when she heard
love's sweet tale.
While down in the lowlands her lover
lies sleeping,
Where none of his kindred and loved
ones are near;
But in that lone cottage one true heart is keeping
The vows she once pledged to the
Scotch Grenadier.
Chorus.

In de Evening by de Moonlight.

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In de evening by de moonlight,
When dis darkey's work was over,
We would gather round de fire,
Till de hoe-cake it was done.
Den we would eat our supper,
After dat we'd clear de kitchen,
Dat's de only time we had to spare,
To have a little fun.
Uncle Gabe would take de fiddle down,
Dat hung upon de wall,
While de silver moon was shining clear
and bright;
How de old folks would enjoy it,
Dey would sit and listen all night,
As we sang in de evening by de moonlight.

CHORUS.

In de evening by de moonlight,
You could hear us darkies singing,
In de evening by de moonlight
You could hear de banjo ringing,
How de old folks would enjoy it,
Dey would sit all night and listen,
As we sang in de evening by de moonlight.

In de evening by de moonlight,
When de watch-dog would be sleeping;
In de corner by de fire-place,
Beside de old arm chair,
Where Aunt Chloe used to sit,
And tell de picaninnies stories,
And de cabin would be filled
With merry coons from far and near.
All dem happy times we used to have
Will ne'er return again;
Everything was then so merry gay and bright,
And I hever will forget it,
Just as long as I remember.
How we sang in de evening by de moonlight.
Chorus.

Will you Hearken to my Footsteps.

SUNG BY FRED R. RALPH.

Will you hearken to my footsteps?
Call me now, my darling, to thee;
While the purple shades of twilight,
And the stare in beauty we see.
Will you gladly wait my coming,
At the hour of days decline;
When I hasten o'er the meadow,
Will you whisper darling "I'm thine?"

CHORUS.

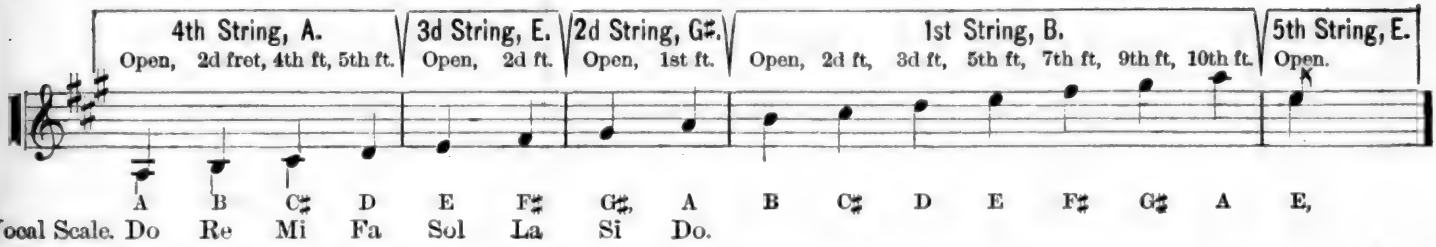
Will you hearken to my footsteps,
When the stars of evening are bright;
And the calm pale moon is shining,
Through the purple shadows of night.

Will you hearken to my footsteps,
When the night is blissful and fair;
'Neath the lovely stars I'm waiting,
Will you come and welcome me there.
Will you whisper words as loving,
As the sweet vow you pledged before;
While I'm waiting in the gloaming,
Will you answer kindly once more. Cho.

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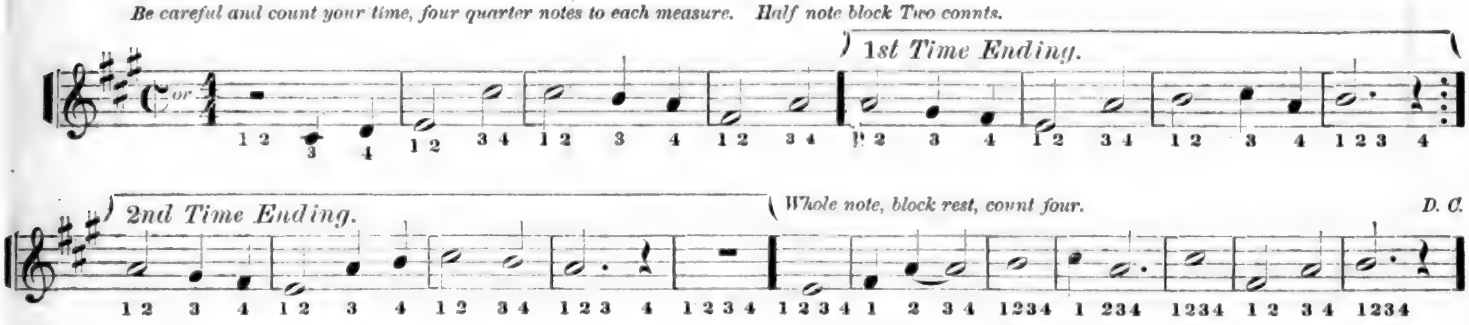
Scale of 3 Sharps, F♯, C♯, G♯, or Key of A.



Vocal Scale. Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do.

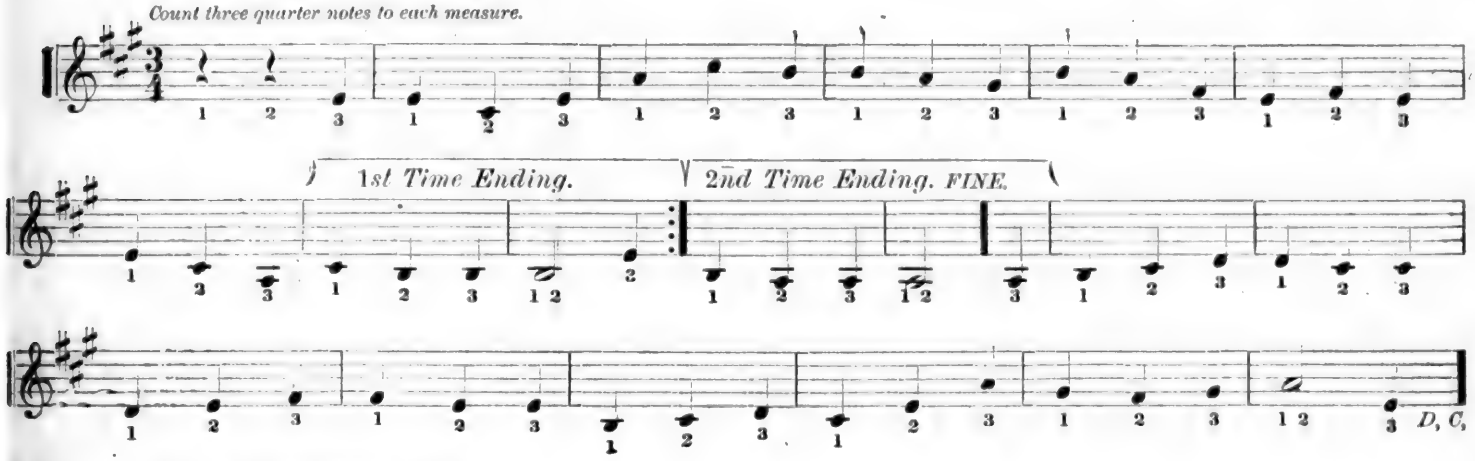
LILLY DALE.

Be careful and count your time, four quarter notes to each measure. Half note block Two counts.



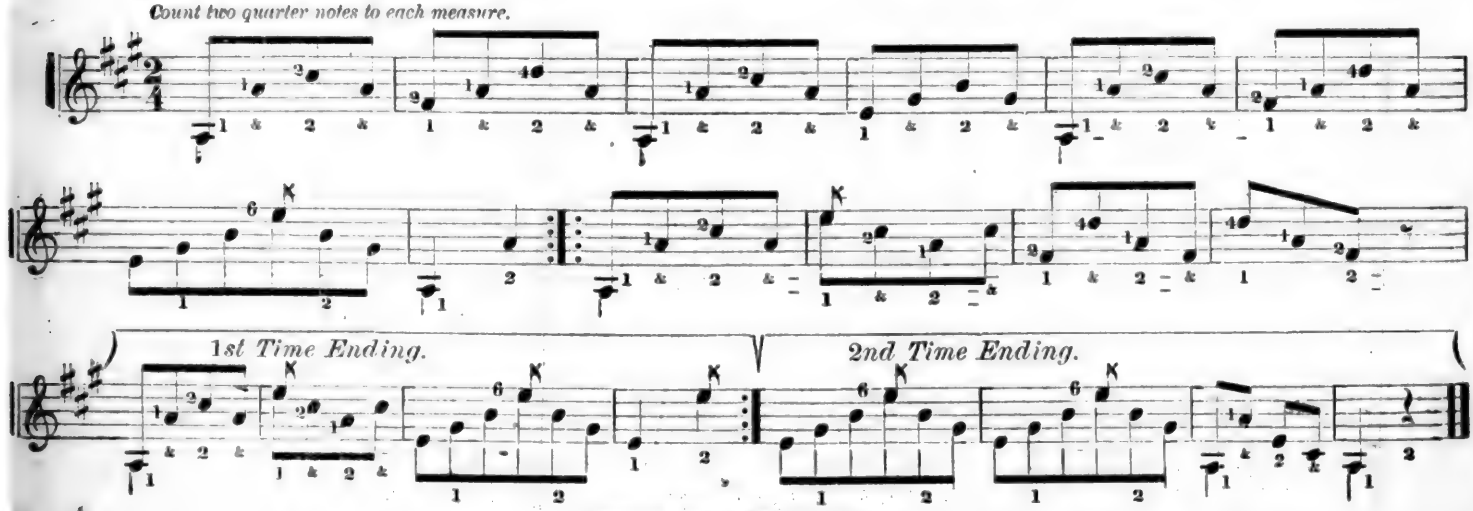
SARAH'S YOUNG MAN

Count three quarter notes to each measure.



J. H. PARKER'S JIG.

Count two quarter notes to each measure.



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NUMBER 193. VOLUME. II.

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CONTENTS.

The Bumble Bee.....page 739
The Doctor's Boy 740
Farewell.....738
GOING TO GERMANY.....742
Hush-a-bee, Baby.....742
The Homestead on the hill.....738
I'm a Millionaire.....740
The IRISH HUZZARS.....742
It's Jokin' you are.....740
IT TICKLED ME, YOU BET.....742
Johnny My Boy
Roll up Your Sleeves.....739
Johnny's got the Blues.....739
Joseph Schwenseck's
Latest Compositions.....741
McGunnigan's Serenade.....738
The Military.....738
My Dear Colleen.....740
MY DEAR COLLEEN.....740
MY DARLING BUT
TALKATIVE WIFE.....740
Mattie Dear.....743
New Year's Morning.....739
OFF FOR AMERICA 742
Our Intersting Matter Column.....743
One of my Mother's Twins.....743
PROF. EDMUND CLARK'S
Studies for the Banjo.....744
Pat's got 'em on 743
PAT AND DENNIS CARNEY.....740
REGAN'S PARTY.....742
Round to Maloney's Dance.....743
She'd eyes like an eagle, had
my little dickey bird.....738
Sarah, Sarah, where has
she gone to.....739
Sweet scented handsome young man 743
There Goes Flaherty.....739
The Moonlight Picnic 743
Where Pretty Roses Bloom.....738
Willie Dear Come Back to me.....738

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Latest piece of Music published, "Happy Dreams of You." Big hit at the Sanfrancisco.

She'd Eyes Like an Eagle, had my Pretty Dickey Bird.

It's a queer thing to fall in love,
It is upon my honor;
But with one I'm struck right through my pluck
By Jove she is a stunner.
Her father deals in dickey birds,
And sells them all alive, oh,
Both cocks and hens perched up in pens,
And pigeons, white magneta.
The way we got acquainted,
Past her house I went a flinging,
So I stopped to listen to
The little dickey birds a-singing;
Then I walked inside the shop,
But I can't explain my words,
For there was little Mary
Feeding of the birds

CHORUS.

With eyes like an eagle,
Her form was like a fairy,
She looked so neat and dressed so sweet,
Her maiden name was Mary.
She's as innocent as chicken weed,
And like a young canary,
So I've tumbled over ears in love,
With this little dickey bird.

The moment that I saw her,
My eyes were like the sun against her;
My heart it bobbed when in the shop,
With me against the counter.
So I asked the price of a cocatoo,
That at me looked very vicious,
He must have thought there was something wrong,
As he looked so suspicious,
But she said that bird is not for sale,
My father he won't sell her.
Those words she uttered unto me,
In a voice so soft and mellow,
But you must know we have some other ones,
If those you'd like to see,
And while she was a-talking,
All the time she looked at me. Chorus.

There's a bird, I said, in this here shop,
That I should like to purchase;
But I'll call again and let you know,
Telling her my name was Burgess,
But she said my father won't be long,
Just wait a little longer;
Then she fetched a chair, and I felt so queer,
My love for her was stronger,
So I sat me down upon the chair,
And together we got chatting,
First she would talk, then I would talk,
Perhaps some would call it Latin;
But at last it came to love tales,
Which filled my heart with glee,
Then the old man he popped in the shop,
And caught her on my knee. Chorus.

McGunnigan's Serenade.

BY FRANCIS J. WARD.

DEDICATED TO, AND SUNG BY THE UNIVERSAL TRIO, DEVINE, CARNEY, & WARD.

Pat McGunnigan was the candidate,
For a member of assembly;
And sure he was elected
By a large majority.
He is a man of knowledge,
And one of the highest grade,
So on account of his success,
They gave him a serenade.

CHORUS.

The sight was most delightful,
And the music that was played,
'Twould fill your heart with pleasure,
At McGunnigan's serenade.

His friends they all had gathered,
At eleven o'clock that night,
With the band of music playing,
It was a glorious sight.
McGunnigan he heard the noise,
It woke him from his bed,
He gently raised the window
And then put out his head. Chorus.

All the neighbors were aroused,
The shouts and cheers were great,
They thought it was rather strange,
To see the crowd out so late.
The beer it flowed quite freely,
Under its influence many laid,
For they had a jolly time
At McGunnigan's serenade. Chorus.

When every thing was quiet,
From the window he did reach,
And to the crowd around him,
He made an elegant speech.
My friends, I thank you kindly,
For all you've done for me,
I'll represent yourselves and wants,
When I'm up in Albany. Chorus.

Where Pretty Roses Bloom.

BY TOMMY TUCKER. SUNG BY THE BAILEY BROS.

'Twas on a summer's afternoon,
My footsteps chanced to stray,
Down by a garden filled with flowers,
My heart felt light and gay.
I there beheld a pretty maid,
Mid flowers sweet perfume,
I lost my heart I did indeed,
Where pretty roses bloom.

CHORUS.

She's such a charming beauty, (Break.)
To love her is my duty, (Break.)
The glance he gave did me enslave,
Within my heart there's room
For that sweet maid who first I saw,
Where pretty roses bloom. Dance.

I asked her should I pluck a rose,
She blushed and answered yes,
And then we chatted quite awhile,
About what, you can guess.
And ever since that happy day,
My heart has felt no gloom,
We often stroll and talk of love,
Where pretty flowers bloom. Chorus.

Farewell.

BY EUGENE WIFFLER.

Farewell, my love, may be forever,
Thou hast crushed my heart in twain,
Love's young dream alas, has vanished,
Never to return again.
Life seemed sweet while thou didst love me,
Now it is a dreary plain;
I shall forgive, but not forget thee,
And my heart seeks peace in vain.

Take this flower which thou gavest me,
In the arbor by the sea;
Beauty fragrance, all have withered,
Like thy fickle love for me.
In thy hours of joy and sorrow,
In thy hours of girlish pride,
Every faded leaf will tell thee,
The story of a faithless bride.

When other hearts shall prove deceitful,
And sham a love they do not feel;
Remember then, that thou hast scorned,
Those pleadings that were true and real,
But why those words which are not heeded,
Which pain me more than I can tell,
We part, my dearest, still I love thee,
And leave for thee a kind farewell.

The Homestead on the Hill.

BY JAMES TURNAV.

I wander to-day to that old home of yore,
Where the school boys would loiter day by day;
But those happy days are gone to come no more,
And companions that were once so young and gay,

CHORUS.

Yes, those days are gone to never come again,
And my heart with sorrow it does fill;
For we always met there, whether hail or rain,
To play around the homestead on the hill.

There stands the ancient barn known to all,
With its frame like the old village mill;
Where we played hide and seek around its wall,
On the farm with the homestead on the hill.
Chorus.

Oh! how happy were those thoughts of boyhood days,
How our bosoms with emotion they did thrill,
Alas! they are gone like the sun's setting rays,
With the well remembered homestead on the hill.
Chorus.

The Military.

I'm so fond of the army,
A soldier's life would charm me;
I love the band you understand,
When out upon parade.
My darling he's a soldier,
You'll never find a bolder,
In front or rear he has no fear,
The pride of the brigade.

CHORUS.

And he's not a stout old Major,
Or a Sergeant you may wager,
Or a captain with a light moustache,
That stands out here with gum.
And he's not a cross old colonel,
For that would be infernal,
But the bravest of all soldiers
Who rat-tats on the drum.

He leads me on to glory,
Now hearken, I emplore ye,
He twists his sticks, stands four feet six,
When sounding the roll call.
And then the old Field-Marshal,
To him is very partial,
But looks quite fierce, like foes
Pierced with powder shell and ball. Cho.

Some girls may love the fife, ah,
But I prefer the life, ah,
The drum's first note, a soldier's coat,
With a drummer just inside.
The truth there's no denying,
While the stars and stripes are flying,
The drums will beat, I'll not retreat,
To be a drummer's bride. Chorus.

Willie Dear Come Back to Me.

Willie dear come back tae me,
The hoose is dark an' drear without ye;
What tempted ye tae cross the sea,
When ye ken I'm daft aboot ye?
Wee Tam an' Meg hae taen sair son,
Wi' greetin' for their rovin' daddie;
Oh! come back tae yer lovin' Jean,
I miss the cuddle frae ye, laddie.

CHORUS.

Willie, dear come back tae me,
I canna, canna leeve without ye;
Hoo could ye cross the changefu' sea,
When ye ken I'm daft aboot ye!

Willie, dear, come back tae me,
I lang tae hear ye call me dearie;
The vera dug greets on my knee,
The birdie's sang is no sae cheerie.
Gude kens my heart is a' yer ane,
Oh! dinna stay away and grieve me;
The deil yer reason maun hae taen,
To gar ye gann awa an' leave me. Chorus.

Willie, dear, come back tae me,
As sure as death I'll never tease ye;
My ain shall be until I dee,
Tae dae a' in my power to please ye.
Oh! haste back tae your wife's side,
Haste back tae yer hame in Leven;
Toogither doon life's stream we'll glide,
Until we're taen to rest in heaven. Chorus.

New Year's Morning.

Another year has slipped away,
And many a change has brought us all,
And many now lie beneath the snow,
That were with us last New-year's morn,
And more have gone far o'er the sea,
To be with us this night what would
they not give,
Then here's to them all, where'er they be,
A happy good New-year's morning.

Chorus.

Then fill up your glasses and send round
your beer,
And drink a health to the good new year;
Let your voices ring both loud and clear,
Hurrah, hurrah, for new year's morning.

May the pair that's down soon rise in life,
And ever live free from care and strife,
May their battles be few, and their silver rife,
When it comes next New-Years morning.
And from my heart I wish sincere,
This night that every lass that's here,
May they have a good man their heart's to cheer
Ay, and fondle them next new-year's morn.
Chorus,

Now the lads and lasses through the
streets they're gone,
And every one with their bottles in
their hand,
You cannot get by, you're bound to stand,
And drink health to the new year's morn.
And as through the street they push along,
And at every door they give a bang,
And this is the cry where'er they go,
Hurrah for the new-year's morning. Cho.

Then here's to the year that's now away,
May this new year bring peace to you all,
And here's to you all both great and small,
A happy good new years morning.
And no doubt we'll shed many a sad sad tear,
Should we be spared another year,
But let us be happy while we're here,
And drink health to the new-year's morn.
Chorus.

Johnny My Boy Roll up Your Sleeves.

My father's one of the funniest men
That ever you did see,
From Monday morning to Saturday night,
He's never off the spree.
I've got to go with him everywhere,
I'm walking with him now;
And this to me you'll hear him say,
When he gets into a row.

Chorus.

Johnny, my boy, roll up your sleeves,
And take your father's part,
I know that you can polish him off,
You are so very smart.
Mind to kick him when he's down,
Don't let him up again;
Hit him right below the belt,
And send him off to Spain.

You'd think to see us walking out,
We were quite a pair;
And so we are, myself I mean,
I'm always on the square.
But I am always in a fix
Through that old man of mine,
I'm nowhere when he's drinking beer,
For father takes the shine. Chorus.

When we go home at twelve o'clock,
We find there's no one in;
My mother's never off the beer,
She likes a drop of gin
And when she reaches home again,
She staggers to the door,
And there she lies till morning dawns,
Upon the lobby floor. Chorus.

Then in the morning there's a row,
The neighbors all come in,
They cry out, "Go it, Mrs. Jones,
I know you're sure to win."
And when he gets the worst of it,
You'll hear the old boy cry,
"Johnny, go for Mrs. Jones,
She's blacked your father's eye. Chorus.

I think I'll go and drown myself,
And so I'll end my pain;
I hear my father crying me,
He's in a row again.
He's calling out for me to come,
That cry it makes me start,
"Johnny come quick, he's killing me,
And take your father's part." Chorus.

Johnny's got the Blues.

I'm a misfortunate woman,
For my husband's a drunken old baste,
And every time he gets tipsy,
Of his brogues faith he gives me a taste.
He's been out on the drink for a fortnight,
And he's pawned both his shirt and his shoes
And he drank up the whole of his money,
And now he's at home in the blues.

Chorus.

Oh! my heart is broke entirely, it is,
Sure I haven't got the pluck of a mouse,
For Johnny's abroad there at home in the blues
And he's breaking exery haporth in the house'

Sure he bates me for breakfast each morning,
And he welts me for dinner at noon,
If I ask him to give me some hapence,
I might as well ask for the moon.
It's a wonderful thing how I stand it,
For although I'm the mother of six,
And a good dacent hard working woman.
I get nothing but dry bread and kicks.
Chorus.

I don't know where he gets all his drink from,
Though he's sold all that comes in his way,
But to-day he has lashins of money,
For he's been and he's drawed his back pay,
If he had the least dacency in him,
Sure he'd settle the score at the shop,
Faith, I've lost every atam of sperrit,
Or with him no longer I'd stop. Chorus.

Sarah, Sarah, wherever has she gone to.

Behold a blighted being now,
A flower nipt in the bud;
Since Sarah Jones has left her home,
I've never done much good.
I courted her for three long years,
A twelvemonth and a day,
But never told her of my love,
And now she's gone away.

Chorus.

Sarah, Sarah, wherever has she gone to?
She's gone and left home and friednds
And darling John behind,
I've sold the horses pigs, and ploughs,
The household furniture and cows,
To go in search of dar-ing lovely Sarah.

Now Sarah Jones resided,
In a town in Lincolnshire,
And every market day,
I'd call to see my little dear,
I made her presents by the score,
And sent her billet deaux
But now that lass has gone. alas!
But where, there's no one knows. Chorus.

Thounh handsome, she was modest,
Unpresuming, very meek,
And that's the reason when
A chance aforded I would seek
Her domicile, and tell her of
My quarters snug and warm,
On the outskirts of a village,
Where I kept a little farm. Chorus.

If I should for a moment see
The object of my search;
Upon the wings of love at once,
With her I'd fly to church;
And change her name from Sarah Jones
To that of Mrs. Plum;
But that eventfull day, I fear,
For me will never come. Chorus.

The Bumble Bee.

This ere darkey is in love
With such a charming creature,
I'll ne'er forget the evening when
By chance I first did meet her.
I met her where the roses grow,
One evening in the spring,
Down by the home of the bumble bee,
Down where the wild birds sing.

Chorus.

She's sweeter than the honey
From the bumble bee, (sym.)
Is pretty as the wild bird
That flies the air so free;
I met her where the roses grow,
One evening in the spring;
Down by the home of the bumble bee,
Down where the wild birds sing.

I oftimes go to see her when
The stars are in the skies,
But the stars don't shine half so bright
As my little darling's eyes.
Her hair is of a golden hue,
Her cheeks like rubies red,
And happy is this darkey boy,
For the girl he's going to wed. Chorus.

So now, kind friends, I'll say adieu,
I can no longer stay,
I'm going to meet my darling,
Who is waiting down the way.
We are going to be married,
Our wedding bells shall ring,
We will live together
Down where the wild birds sing. Chorus.

There Goes Flaherty.

You may talk about your clever men,
Your politician crew;
Your great O'Donnell's and your men
Of mighty knowledge too.
But I'm the man the world should know,
For fifty times a day,
If I go walking down the street,
Sombody's sure to say—

Chorus.

There goes Flaherty, that's Mr. Flaherty,
The gintleman that's up to every
movement on the board.
That's Mister Flaherty, Mr. Barney Flaherty,
A man that's edgicated well enough to be a lord.

At all the public meetings, sure
I'm always to the fore;
To arguefy and speechify,
And tell the public more.
Than what I know myself, and more,
Than ever they could tell,
And when I show my face to them,
The audience all do yell. Chorus.

The ladies too, are fond of me,
Excepting my ould wife,
Though shouted up in public life,
I'm kept down in private life.
But what is that, a man like me,
For trifles doesn't care,
For if I only write me name
The people all declare. Chorus.

My Dear Colleen.

BINNEY & FRAINE'S LATEST SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS BY J. T. WALSH. MUSIC BY HARRY SAXTON.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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In a shady little nook close beside a running brook
Far across the sea on dear old Erin's shore,
In a cottage lives my love where the birds
sing sweet above,
And the shamrocks grow in plenty round
the door,
'Tis her pretty face is bright as the stars
that shine at night,
And her pleasant smile the sweetest ever seen,
She's as happy as a lark, from daylight until dark,
Oh! I fondly love my own, my dear colleen.

Chorus.

She will gladly welcome me, when her pretty
face I see,
For when I land on Erin's shore so green,
Then the happiest hour to me in all my
life will be,
When I'm wedded to my dear colleen. Dance.

She has eyes of perfect blue, she has cheeks
of rosy hue,
And a wealth of pleasant sunbeams in het smile,
She has such a roguish face, and her every
move is grace,
While her voice is like the song of birds
the while.
In a little rustic cottage she shall share
my happy lot,
And the birds o'erhead shall sing their
joyous lay,
And the flowers shall blovm so sweet, then
with earthly joys complete,
We shall pass our lives in sunshine bright
and gay.
Chorus.

My Darling, but Talkative Wife.

WORDS BY C. W. MARK. MUSIC BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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Some people they grumble the day in and out,
O'er very small trifles of life;
But I think I've the right to tell you about,
My darling, but talkative wife.
A day cannot pass but I get a new name,
You numbskull, you fool and such,
For me to talk thus you might say 'tis a shame,
But really my wife talks too much.

Chorus.

Now John come and kiss me, oh! do have a care,
One'd think you were kissing a mule,
Why, John, you've been drinking, to-day I declare
You're leading the life of a fool;
Before we were married, you promised you know,
We'd lead a most happy gay life,
But since we are married, I find 'tisn't so,
I'm only your talkative wife.

One evening while kissing, she said have a care,
One'd think you were kissing a mule;
I said as a joke, I just kissed one, my dear,
I know not that I was a fool.
She scratched me, she pinched me, she
wept and she said,
You're mean, you're a brute, so you are.
And she cried, as she tore some nice locks
from my head,
I'm going right back to my ma. Chorus.

Now here at election I bet a new hat,
Of course 'twas a very small cost,
But she keeps saying why did you do that,
Why bet on the men that have lost.
There's Jenkens next door, whose as cute
as a horse,
He's several new suits while you've none,
Now when did he get them he won them of course
By betting on those that have won. Chorus.

I thought I'd find peace in the club room at night
I went there one evening to test;
Oh! then I found peace, and then I got tight,
And came home, I shan't tell the rest,
One thing I will say tho' to all you young men,
When married, oh! guard against strife,
If you don't, you would wish you were
single again,
That's if you've a talkative wife. Chorus.

I'm a Millionaire.

I feel so delighted my ship has come home,
My uncle's retired, no longer to roam,
The old man has died and he left in his will,
That all is for me, I'll pay every bill.
Tho' I once "stuck it up," now I'll pay
money down,
And ride in my carriage all over the town,
I've got all his money and diamonds and pearls,
I don't care what I spend, so I'll treat all the girls.

Chorus.

I'm a duke, I'm a lord I'm a major,
Some day I shall be Lord Mayor,
I'm an Earl, I'm a squire, I'm a captain,
In fact I am a millionaire.

I've got fourteen lawyers to sell up my grounds,
Because I prefer to have it in pounds,
I've bought all the titles of men in great rank,
I've got enough money to buy up a bank,
A washing-bill for one-and-ninepence I hold,
So bless the old girl I'll pay her in gold,
Tho' often I told her she must "stick it up,"
I'll treat you and her to a champagne cup.
Chorus.

Some months back a lady, a good one I thought,
Sued me for damages in the law court,
Through promise of marriage, she having
clear grounds,
The damages mounted to five thousand pounds,
I called her a lady, she called me a pup,
I said I've no money, you must "chalk it up."
She caused no disturbance, behaved mild
and meek,
So I'll call at her house and I'll pay her next week.

A member of parliament soon I shall be,
If not an M. P. I will be a Q. C.,
I'll bring in a bill and I'll make a new law,
To deal with the rich just the same as the poor,
I'll go to theatres, to concerts and balls,
I'll knock over poor women's old apple stalls,
Of course I shall only just do it for fun,
But I'll act like a man, and I'll pay every one.
Chorus.

Pat and Dennis Carney.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FRANK BINNEY.

SUNG BY BINNEY & FRAINE.

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We were born in a little mud cabin,
With the roof all covered with moss;
Where the grunt of the pigs in the morning,
Kept harmony with the old horse.
When a child we were fed upon praties,
But now we've rose to manhood's estate,
We are known on the street by each one
we meet,
As the Carney's, Pat and Dennis so neat.

Chorus.

We come from Killarney by the lake side,
Where the lads and lassies on the jaunting
car ride,
We are Pat and Dennis Carney, from the
lakes of sweet Killarney,
In the land where the apple praties grow.

In a steamship we sailed across the ocean,
To better our fortunes you see,
But the divil a bit of luck have we had here,
We're as wretched as wretched can be.
We sigh for the turf pile so cheerful,
When barefoot we trudged afar,
Over mountains and hills, 'cross valleys and rills
In the land of sweet Erin go bragh. Cho.

It's Jokin' You Are.

AIR; BOBY O'MOORE.

Now Shamus, it's time to be getting away,
You've bothered my patience this many a day.
And little I care to what quarter you steer,
For nobody wishes your company here.
I mean to live single the rest of my days,
So keep your soft words to yourself if you please
When you call me your darlin' your
jewel and star,
Sure I know very well that it's jokin' you are.

You constantly talk of my face being fair,
And my locks with the raven you often compare
You tell me my eyes they outrival the roe,
But you're telling me things that I knew
long ago;
And were I to believe you it's crazy I'd be,
For you've told the same stories to scores
besides me;
When you call me your darlin', your
jewel and star,
Sure I know very well that it's jokin' you are.

The Doctor's Boy.

I have been nearly everything that you
can choose,
Clean windows, run errands, black boots
and shoes;
I once was a tiger, I once was a page,
After that as a telegraph boy did engage;
But each time altho' I'd a tidy smart suit,
Provided, yet somehow the place didn't suit.
At each place no more than a month did I stop,
Till at last I got into a doctor shop.

Chorus.

Cod liver oil and camomile pills,
Opodildoc and syrup of squills,
Calomel, opium, tincture of bark,
To live with a doctor's a jolly fine lark.

I takes out the physic from eleven till four,
After the patients I open the door,
Asks 'em to walk in, and hands 'em a chair,
If a female, and pretty, I has a good stare,
After that, to Jemima, the slavey, I talks,
Or else I've to see to the bottles and corks,
Sometimes I've to roll up a lot of blue pills,
If you'd know what they're made of
you'd never be ill,
Chorus.

Once, only once did I make a mistake,
I gave the wrong physic, oh, didn't I quake,
The patient with agony, didn't he suffer,
By jingo, I thought I'd killed the old bluffer,
Doctor gave me fits by jove how he swore,
But I promised I'd never do so any more;
And so I stayed on and means for to stop,
For there's no place to me like a doctor's shop.
Chorus.

JOS. SCHWENECK'S

LATEST COMPOSITIONS.

1 Birdie Mine, Why do you leave me. Concert Song. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
2 Elnora. Beautiful Ballad. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
3 Two Irish Turks. Irish Song and Dance. Words by Eddie F. Dewon.
4 Save at the Spigot and Waste at the Bung. Motto Song. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
5 You'll miss me when we Part. Beautiful Ballad. Words by Ch. W. Mark.
6 She Smiled as we crossed on the Hoboken Ferry. Serio-Comic. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
7 Where the Sweetest Flowers Grow. Song and Dance. Words by Ch. W. Mark.
8 The old Haunted Mill. Descriptive Song. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
9 I have no one here to Love. Beautiful Ballad. Words by Ch. W. Mark.
10 Rose Perfumed Bouquet. Song and Dance. Words by Ch. W. Mark.
11 Pretty Little Lou. Song and Dance. Words by George Stansil.
12 'Tis Ten o'clock, Please Go. Serio-Comic. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
13 Let us be Boys again, Just for to Night. Sentimental Song. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
14 The Bridge that crosses the Brook. Song and Dance. Words by Hen. Mobley.
15 The Haunted Brooklet. Song and Chorus. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
16 My Darling, but talkative Wife. Serio-Comic. Words by Ch. W. Mark.
17 I'm a charming up-town Belle. Serio Comic. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
18 The day that my poor Mother died. Ballad. Words by Tommy Tucker.
19 The sup of good Whiskey at Gerity's Wake. Comic Song. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
20 Ges, let them Horses go. Song and Chorus. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
21 How Mrs. McGovern sold the Gauger. Irish Comic Song. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
22 Old Pompey's getting barefoot on de top of his head. Plantation Song. Words by Th. D. C. Miller, M. D.
23 Josie's Secret. Song and Chorus. Words by Rob. McKay.
24 Visions of my Dream. Song and Dance. Words by Ch. Nelson.
25 Pull back dress. Song and Dance. Words by Gordian K. Hyde.

SONGS AND DANCES, etc.,

Arranged by JOS. SCHWENECK.

1 Beneath the Sod they're Sleeping. Decoration Song. Words and Music by J. L. Feeney.
2 Nigger in a Fit. Song and Dance. Words and Music by Andy McKee.
3 Too Late. Ballad. Words by Ed. Dillon. Music by Alfred White.
4 Buttercups. Ballad. Words by Annie Herbert. Music by Will Emery.
5 Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill. Words and Music by Ada Burnett.
6 When you were Sweet Sixteen. Song and Chorus. Words and Music by Alfred White.
7 Lily White Rose. Song and Dance. Words and Music by Andy McKee.
8 Militia is out to-day. Marching Song. Words and Music by Andy McKee.
9 Dem Glory K'yers. Plantation Song. Words and Music by Alfred White.
10 Rise up in de Mornin'. End Song. Words and Music by Alf. White.
11 The Killarney Muskateers. Marching Song. Words by Johnny Mack. Music by Dan. Reese.
12 Sunny Days. Plantation Song and Dance. Words and Music by Geo. Stansill.
13 De Days when I was sold in Slavery. Plantation Song. Words and Music by J. L. Feeney.
14 Where Pretty Lilacs Grow. Song and Dance. Words and Music by Lovely and Lord.
15 Pretty Little Dandelion. Song and Dance. Words and Music by Geo. Stansill.
16 Whisper Softly, Papa's Dying. Song and Chorus. Words and Music by Ch. W. Mark.
17 Can you forgive and forget, Love. Ballad. Words and Music by Ch. W. Mark.
18 Close the Blinds, Lottie's Dying. Song and Chorus. Words and Music by Ch. W. Mark.
19 When Gabriel blows his Horn. End Song. Words and Music by Ch. W. Mark.
20 The bright little spot on the Ocean. Song and Chorus. Words and Music by John Walsh.
21 Everything done for the Best. Motto Song. Words and Music by John Walsh.
22 Heroes of Ireland. Song. Words and Music by John Walsh.
23 As I stood by the Door. Song. Words and Music by John Walsh.
24 Mary Ann O'Holahan Dowd. Song and Dance. Words by Dan McCarthy, Music by T. F. Kerrigan.
25 I'll name the Boy Dennis, or no name at all. Irish Comic Song. Words by Fred. Hatfield, Music by J. Small.
26 The day I took my Peg to Coney Isle. Comic Song. Words by Fred. Hatfield, Music by T. F. Kerrigan.
27 Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance. Song and Dance. Words by Dan McCarthy, Music by T. F. Kerrigan.
28 Brother's Dobkin. Song and Dance. Words by John T. Kelly, Music by John Braham.
29 Our Peculiar Style. Song and Dance. Words by Frank Binney, Music by John Braham.
30 Lancashire Factory Lads. Song and Dance. Words and Music by Frank Binney.
31 My Dear Colleen. Song and Dance. Words by J. R. Walsh, Music by Harry Saxton.
32 Pat and Dennis Carney. Song and Dance. Words and Music by Frank Binney.
33 Biddy McGee. Words by Frank Binney, Music by Harry Saxton.
34 A Pansy from Mother's Grave. Ballad. Words and Music by Baby Hart and sung by her.
35 Little Children, I Do Believe. Negro. Words and Music by Dan and Gussie Hart, and sung by them throughout the United States.
36 I Love Him So. Sentimental Song and Dance. By Barney Fagan For Baby Hart and sung by her.
37 Brunettes or Blondes. Song and Dance. Written and Composed by Matt. Gallagher, and done successfully by Gallagher and West, throughout the West.
38 The Two Codfish Balls. Written and sung by Gallagher and West.
39 The Style We Call Our Own. Song and Dance. By Matt. A. Gallagher, and sung with immense success by Gallagher and West.

Hush-a-Bee-Baby.

Oh! where is the man that never did love,
Such a sweet little innocent child?
A dear little baby that never would cry,
Can make a poor man become wild.
Some like to roam away from home,
While I by my own fireside keep,
And by the fireside burning bright all the night
While rocking the baby to sleep.

CHORUS.

Singing la-le, la-le, hush-a-bee, baby,
Hush-a-bee, baby, do not cry;
La-le, la-le, hush-a-bee, baby,
Mamma will come in bye-and-bye.

One night when I'd just got the baby to rest,
I would take a short walk down the lane,
When to my dismay, standing over the way,
Was my wife with a soldier six feet;
I also went wild when a passer-by smiled,
And said he'd been having a peep;
They were kissing and squeezing each other like fun,
While I rocked the baby to sleep. Chorus.

The Irish Huzzars.

WORDS BY J. H. WOODHOUSE. MUSIC BY R. RECKER.

SUNG WITH GREAT SUCCESS, BY THE MURPHY'S

PADDY AND ELLA.

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By my brogue you can tell I'm a true son of Erin,
By my dress you can see I'm a true son of Mars,
Tho' for fighting or blood shed, I'm not much careing,
I'll show no white feather if sent to the wars.
But I'll fight with comrades protecting the banner
Beloved by all subjects that's loyal and true;
'Tis the pride of the world, always waving supremely,
It will ne'er be disgraced by Fitzpatrick McKew.

CHORUS.

Then bring in the punch and replenish your glasses,
And drink to our soldiers and jolly Jack tars,
Here's a health to old Ireland and all her fair lasses,
Long life to each boy in the Irish huzzars.

I remember the ranks, when but a wee fellow,
My father, drum-major, was just six feet high,
My mother, God bless her, I often would tell her,
When a man I would fight to win honor or die.
Since then to the country, I've seen a great service
I've smiled at all dangers, ne'er wincing at scars
When bullets were flying, where the fray was the thickest,
The foremost of all were the Irish Huzzars.
Chorus.

To the bugle's shrill notes, I've obeyed like a soldier,
When hunger's sharp thorns in my bosom were deep,
When darkness our forms had shielded from danger,
The roar of the cannon has lulled me to sleep.
At the close of the fight with the moon as our guardian,
When peace was proclaimed 'neath the bright shining stars,
Our commanders stern voices were heard loudly colling,
God bless you, my bold gallant Irish Huzzars.
Chorus.

Regan's Party.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY WM. CARROLL.

SUNG BY THE MURPHY'S, PADDY AND ELLA.

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It was over at old Regan's house we had a jolly time,
There was lots of fun and dancing, too,
I tell you it was fine;
Oh! the boys and girls enjoyed themselves,
for they came from far and near,
And all the lads assembled there, to try old Regan's beer.
Old Regan he felt lively from the time,
And a happier man I don't think could be found,
He told us that the house was ours, to do just as we liked,
So then we had a drink of beer all round.

CHORUS.

Oh! such singing, and such dancing, pon my word 'twas really grand,
And the music sounded just as well as if it was a band,
While Murphy played the fiddle, they danced up and down the middle,
And we never left old Regan till the morn.

There was Mary Jones and Jerry Flynn got up to dance a jig,
Along with Michael Cronins wife, who looked like Murphy's pig,
The floor they welted beautiful, and went round hand in hand,
But Cronin's wife she danced so much, that she could hardly stand,
Then James O'Brien got up to sing a song,
But they did not seem to relish it one bit,
They yanked him out so gently, that he thought his time had come,
And the poor old fellow fell into a fit. Chorus.

They danced away till daylight broke in the sky,
But McCarthy's wife was so fatigued she thought she'd really die,
McGuinness he got overpowered on wine and lager beer,
He felt so good he tried to do a pirouette on his ear,
And poor old Jerry Dolan was found sleeping
With a vice like grip upon a china cup,
And when they danced the last quadrille, the fiddler fell asleep,
And that's what wound old Regan's party up.
Chorus.

Going to Germany.

ORIGINAL, AND ONLY DONE BY THE MENDELS.

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Oh! I vonder vere my Jakey vas,
Dot man I love so dear;
He promised me last night,
Dot he would meet me here.
Now something must the matter be,
Or he wouldn't stay away;
Und of I thought dot man vas mad,
I'd surely crazy be.

CHORUS.

Oh! don't I love my Jakey dear,
Better as I does my lager beer,
I thought I heard him singing,
Down by the garden gate,
Yes, dot's him surely coming dere,
So I dink dot I won't wait.

Oh! we are going away from here,
Across de sea so far;
And we will settle in Germany,
And open a grocery store.
Und every night ven de clock strikes nine
We'll go to bed so quick as we kin,
In de morning ven ve both get up,
Of America we will sing,
We must go, good-bye,
We must go, all right,
Ouf you want to see us both again,
Come again tomorrow night. Chorus.

Off For America.

BY HARRY MENDEL. MUSIC BY PROF. F. SPERR.

SUNG BY THE DUTCH MENDEL'S HARRY & LEONIE.

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We're going away to leave our home,
Going to America;
Times are hard in Germanie,
We can no longer stay.
In a great big ship across the sea,
Deck passage we will take,
Vere going to America shore,
Und a fortune quick we'll make,
Oh! ve'll be across de ocean sure,
In two weeks from to-day;
De ship is ready now to sail
Off to America.

Und ven we're dere a short time, vy,
Ve von't be poor like here,
Ve soon will own a house und farm,
Und such dings never fear,
Und den some morning early,
Ven de birds are singing gay,
I'll be de father of a family,
In dot America.
So now to you we'll bid good-bye,
Ve got to go away,
De ship is ready, to-night we sail
Off for America.

It Tickled Me, You Bet.

BY J. A. FARRELL. SUNG BY ADA BURNETT.

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One day last May as down Broadway,
I chanced to stroll along,
There passed me by with laughing eye,
A young man in the throng.
He smiled at me, I blushed you see,
Because we'd never met;
But, oh! the look at me he took,
It tickled me you bet.

CHORUS.

He smiled at me, I blushed, you see,
Because we'd never met;
But, oh! the look at me he took,
It tickled me you bet.

Next day he wrote to me a note,
It was so very sweet;
He said that he would like to be
Acquainted when we'd meet.
He called me many loving names,
And 'mong them little pet,
I read it once, I read it twice,
It tickled me you bet. Chorus.

Now all you girls with bangs and curls,
And all you ladies fair,
I've some advice to give you all,
If you will only hear.
A nice young man pray don't refuse,
Another you may not get,
But when he says wilt thou be mine,
Why tell him yes, you bet. Chorus.

One of My Mother's Twins.

BY JAMES RICHMOND. SUNG BY PAT ROONEY.

I am a butcher by occupation,
And a congressman by trade;
I was born in Kilkenny,
Yes, that's where I was made.
I love a little Dutch brunette,
In a beer saloon where I reside;
I asked her to be my husband,
And she said that I was snide.

CHORUS.

She is just as purty as Limburger cheese,
And her father peddles tins;
She says she cannot marry me,
'Cause I'm one of my mother's twins.

I got mashed upon her sister,
And to a party once we went;
She wouldn't let me kiss her,
After I spent about a cent.
I hired a cab and we walked home,
I took her by the waist;
Again I asked her for a kiss,
And she smashed me with her fist.

Spoken; I felt so bad I could buy a new suit of clothes. I commenced to cry, not because I got hit, but I thought she hurt her hand, and I went away crying. Chorus.

Mattie Dear.

BY CHAS. CONNELLY.

MUSIC PUBLISHED BY E. H. HARDING 229 BOWERY.

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Soft I sing of Mattie dear,
Sweetest young maiden far and near,
Dearest yet. she's my pet,
Warming up my heart so queer,
On the fires of love that lie
In the sweet corners of her eye,
Oh! I'm gone, I'm killed with joy,
About my Mattie dear.

CHORUS.

Mattie mine, girl so fine,—(sym.)
Dearest yet, she's my pet—(sym.)
She's the belle, the daisy grand,
Sure she's the Queen of Ireland;
On my royal head I'd stand,
For my sweet Mattie, dear.

In a dry goods store below,
Juggling silks and calico;
All the day there she'll stay,
Wasting her sweet life away,
Oh! if I had golden store.
I would let her work no more.
For it's in a birdies cage,
I'd put my Mattie, dear. Chorus

Pat's got 'em on.

I took a car the other day,
To ride down to the hall,
I dressed myself up spruce and gay,
Upon Mayor Grace to call;
An Alderman, me back, was I,
Elected on that day,
While I was talking to the Mayor,
I heard some terriers say.

CHORUS.

He's got 'em on, he's got 'em on,
Don't he try to do the heavy;
He's got 'em on, he's got 'em on,
He's the Don at every levee
He's got 'em on, he's got 'em on,
Ain't he got a funny cherry,
I declare he's all there,
Ain't he got 'em on.

Oh! pipe his nibs, they all did shout,
Oh! don't he cut it nice;
His horse-hair Galways standing out
Just look at his old dice.
I kicked Tim Murphy's Roman nose,
And kicked McCallie out,
The madder I got in the hall.
The more the gawks did shout. Chorus.

Round to Maloney's Dance.

Oh? my father is a fiddler
And owns a small shebeen,
Over here in Mott street.
Number seventeen.
He has three lovely daughters,
Bidalia, Kate, and Nance,
And every Sunday evening,
At the house he has a dance.

CHORUS.

Waltzing around with great fun and glee,
Oh, what a sight to see;
Lads and lassies dancing gay and free,
Oh, for fun, with me come
Round to Maloney's dance.

There's the lovely Kate and Bidalia,
And the darling pretty Nance,
Every Sunday evening,
They assemble at the dance.
Purty Tom McCarty,
Lew and Dick McGee,
Every Sunday evening
The girls they go to see. Chorus.

Sweet Scented Handsome Young Man.

There's a young man who lives in our town,
His name is Adolphus de Anthony Brown;
Among weak-minded females he gains much renown,
This sweet scented handsome young man.
He's bright as a butterfly, his collars are gay,
He flutters from corner to corner each day,
He's too sweet for anything that's what all the girls say,
This sweet scented handsome young man.

CHORUS.

He wears a red necktie. his complexion is fair,
Right down the middle he parts his brown hair,
He skips all the gutters like a thing made of air,
This sweet scented handsome young man.

He has a few hairs right on his upper lip,
His legs are the size of a two cent tallow dip;
He looks like a chicken who has just had the pip,
This sweet scented handsome young man.
If caught in the rain he would surely expire,
Got up expressly for girls to admire;
He can jump through a seive without touching the wire,
This sweet scented handsome young man. Cho.

Moonlight Picnic.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. E. MURPHY.

One pleasant moonlight evening,
Some lady friends of mine
Gave a moonlight picnic,
And I was asked to join.
There, my boys with jolly noise
You could fill your glasses up,
If you made a call you were welcome all
At the Moonlight Picnic.

CHORUS.

In the forward four
O'Reilly broke the floor,
All "tasha," promenade,
At the moonlight picnic.

There was young O'Holahan,
The darling of the dance,
With a white straw hat and green necktie
And picadilly pants;
He was there with lovely Mary,
Who on his arm did hang,
She dressed so neat and looked so sweet,
At the moonlight picnic Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, items of interest etc, etc. To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

Some persons noses are like some bucks the more immoral they are, the more red they are. J. T. D.

I have just dropped in, as the fly said to the coffee. J. T. D.

It's sad, but true, that a man who once becomes deaf seldom enjoys a happy hear—after. J. T. D.

Woman always claim to be anxious to have as good husband's as possible, and yet we never attended a wedding where the bride married the best man. J. T. D.

What kind of music does a tobacco chewer remind one of?—Why an over-chewer, to be sure. J. T. D.

Time is money, and money is time, for when you give twenty-five cents to a couple of tramps – it's a quarter to two. J. T. D.

A youth wanted to make a raise, and very appropriately stole a pair of razors. J. T. D.

Remember as Shakspeare says—
A little nonsence now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.
And so says "Knott," of course 't must be true. J. T. D.

The sittings of criminal courts are trying occasions

The new moon reminds one of a giddy girl, because she's too young to show much reflection.

"I see the villian in your face," said a Yankee judge to a prisoner.—"May it please your worship," replied the prisoner, "that is a personal reflection."

"Fall in," is a very good order to give to a soldier standing out of his place, but not to be given to a fellow on the bank of a river.

"Capital weather Mr. Jones, capital weather. My wife's got such a cold that she can't speak. I like such weather."

An old Yankee lady who had a great aversion to rye in any form, says that now they got to making it into whiskey, she can take a little now and then.

"This is what I call capital punishment," as the boy said when his mother locked him up in the closet among the preserves.

"May they always live in peace and harmony," was the way a Yankee marriage notice should have wound up; but the compositor, who could not read manuscript very well, put it in type, and horrified the happy couple by making it read, "May they always live on peas and homing.

An old lady hearing of a pedestrian's "great feat," wondered why they didn't interfere with his walking.

Prof. Edmund Clark's Studies for the Banjo.

TEACHING ROOMS, 285 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

Scale of Four Sharps, F♯, C♯, G♯ & D♯, or Key of E. Bass Low, as it usually is.



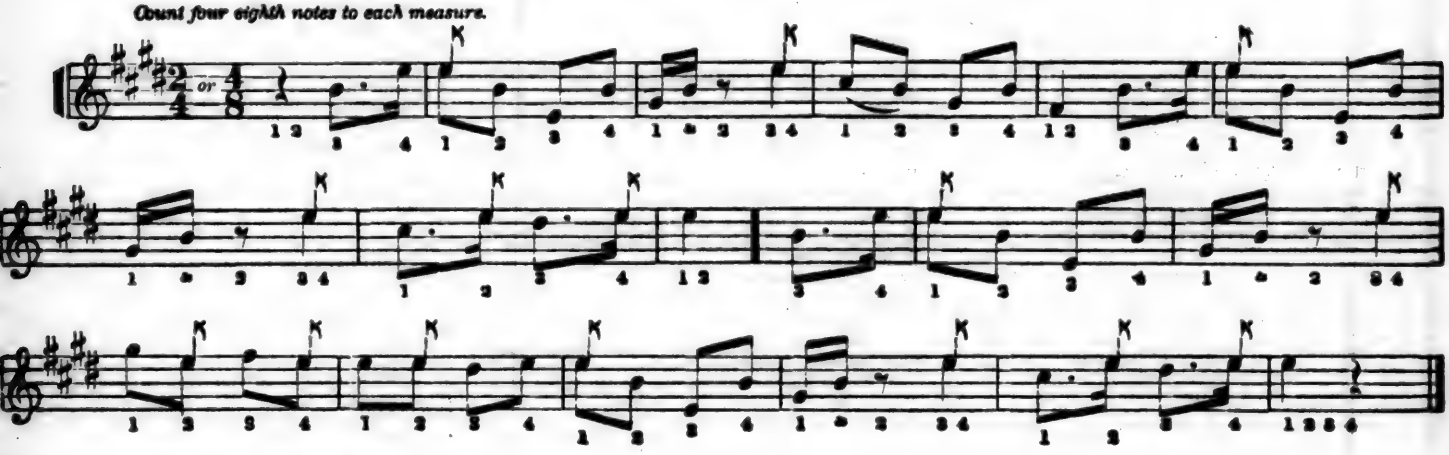
HAVENOR WALTZ.

Count your time carefully, three quarter notes to each measure.



WAIT FOR WAGON JIG.

Count four eighth notes to each measure.



LARRY O' GAFF.

Count six eighth notes to each measure.



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P. S.—Write to WILLIAM J. A. LIEDER, No. 60 Chatham St., N. Y. for anything in the Musical line.

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CONTENTS.

An Irishman's Toast.....page 747
A Workingman's Thoughts..... 747
Always keep a smile for mother..... 747
An old battered tin-type of mother-in-law 749
Bad Whiskey..... 746
BIDDY McGEE..... 748
Billy Barry's Pinafore..... 748
Dear Papa, don't go out to-night..... 747
Dan McCarthy's Party..... 750
Desirable Dime Song Books..... 751
The Four Eccentric Coons..... 746
Four Walking Shadows..... 746
Father and mother are homeless to-Day.. 746
For Wit and Good Nature 749
Fringe on his pants 750
Geo. Thatcher's, The Villain Still Pursued Her..... 747
Gooseberry Blossom..... 748
Going Back Again..... 749
Gen'ral O'Riley,—Parody on the Major .. 750
Hurrah for the days gone by..... 750
I'm the daddy of them all..... 749
I've Lost my Songster..... 746
Led Astray—(Recitation)..... 748
Latest Sheet Music Notice 751
Mrs. Murphy the Widow 747
MUSHMELON KATE, AND WATERMELON JAKE..... 748
Mahoney's Fenian Cat,—(Recitation).... 748
Marie the Tramp..... 750
No, I thank you, sir..... 746
Never give way to sorrow..... 748
Oh! I'm so Glad..... 749
One Kind Word..... 749
Our Interesting Matter Column..... 750
The Pig's Head..... 746
Pool..... 748
Papa's Little Baby Boy..... 749
The Pair from Castle Bar..... 750
PROF. EDMUND CLARK'S Studies for the Banjo..... 752
Respect show to old age..... 747
Swim out for glory..... 747
Why don't you crack it light 749
Valentine Notice..... 751

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I remain respectfully yours,

Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

The Four Eccentric Coons.

SUNG BY THE FOUR ECCENTRICS.

Here we are, eccentric niggers,
Long and slim, and fond of fun;
We they say were dead and buried,
From us all the niggers come.
We are active, we are careless,
We are called four crazy loons,
We are toothless, we are hairless,
We are four eccentric coons.

CHORUS.

We have left our graves last Sunday,
(Break and Dance.)
To join the order of Full Moon's;
We are called the walking shadows,
(Break and Dance.)
We are brisk eccentric coons.

All the girls are mashed upon us,
They admire our handsome shapes;
We have showed with Barnum's circus,
As the four ecentric apes.
We like singing, we like dancing,
While the band plays lovely tunes,
We will show the wild gymnastics
Of the four eccentric coons. Chorus.

The Pig's Head.

SUNG BY THE FOUR ECCENTRICS.

Three dishes in our boarding house,
Give all the boarders cramps;
They are washed in mud, and boiled in sweat,
And served with postage stamps.
One dish is mush, the other tripe,
The other one is rats;
And all the boarders have to eat
The whiskers of Tom cats.

CHORUS.

Oh! the pig's head, the pig's head,
The pig's head is cooked on the half-shell;
The boarders kick—it makes them sick,
When the pig's head begins to smell.

The hair upon the pig's head's gums,
Is very stiff and sharp;
The paint upon the pig's head's snout
Is a shamrock and a harp.
The shamrock's made of sauerkraut,
The harp of Spaulding's glue;
The pig's head's cooked in candle grease,
And then called sooner stew.

CHORUS.

Oh! the pig's head, the pig's head,
The pig's head's cooked in soap fat;
The mush can walk, the tripe can talk,
While the pigs head wears a plug hat.

Four Walking Shadows.

SUNG BY THE FOUR ECCENTRICS.

Four walking shadows out on a lark,
Four ourang-outangs escaped from the ark;
We know we ain't handsome, but we're
heavy on style,
And at us walking shadows the pretty girls smile.

CHORUS.

Four walking shadows are we, (Break).
Happy, and careless and free;
When the girls see us, they all remark,
There goes four walking shadows escaped
from the ark.

We climb in through key-holes, instead of
the door,
If we go through a knot-hole we'll fall
through the floor;
If we walk in a rain-storm, we never do fret,
We walk between the drops—so we never get wet.
Chorus.

Bad Whiskey.

RECITED BY THE FOUR ECCENTRICS.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When on to Africa there passed
A bum—who bore a cake of ice,
On which was chalked this strange device—
Bad whiskey.

Oh! say, a maiden said don't go;
'Tis summer, and a foot of snow
Has fallen—the bum his duster buttoned tight
And said, I'll hock my false teeth to-night,
For bourbon sours.

The bum passed on—we saw no more
The seal-skin pants this bummer wore;
He drank four barrels of kerosene that day,
The kerosene went off, he was blown away
By fusel oil.

The coroner an inquest held
On what this bummer's life dispelled;
They buried him in a bale of hay,
And all the jury had to say, 'twas—
Bad whiskey.

I've Lost My Songster.

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY C. HEYWOOD.

I've lost my songster—
(Weeping) Bu! hu! hu!
I cannot find him,
What shall I do?
All the day long,
I for his song
Am sighing, and crying—
Bu! hu! hu!

Come, then, to your home,
Cheer me with your song,
Ah, why leave me here alone,
Sighing for you all day long?
(Sobbing) Ah! ah! ah! ha!

(Bird heard singing).

Ah! hark! I hear him singing,
Up there in the tree,
His joyous notes are trilling,
Gayly unto me.
(Coaxing) Ah! come! Ah! come!
(Trills) I come!

(Bird appears and sets on his hand).

Ah! welcome to me, birdie,
Ah! welcome to your home,
You make me feel so happy,
And no more alone.

No, I Thank You, Sir.

SUNG BY C. HEYWOOD.

I was out one charming morning,
Picking berries all alone,
On the grass the dew-drops glittered,
Every bush with diamonds shone;
Merry birds with joyful carols
Skimmed the waving fields of rye,
And I called unto a red-breast,
As it coyly fluttered by;
"Come to me, my pretty robin,
Kiss me with your chirping bill,
Let me fondle and caress you,
While your song my heart shall thrill."
Let me fondle and caress you,
While your song my heart does thrill.

Lo! a shadow fell beside me,
And I heard a youth reply,
"Sha'n't I kiss you for the robin?"
"No, I thank you, sir!" said I
"No, I thank you, sir!" said I.
Quick I turned and looked about me,
There stood blushing Willie Ray;
He had seen me by the roadside,
And had slyly crept that way;

"Ah," said I "my roguish lover,
You're too willing, sir, by half.
To assume the role of robin,
You could better act the calf."

Hanging down his head in silence,
Willie stood in blank dismay;
While I stern tone assuming said,
"Now mark me Willie Ray."
While I stern tone assuming said,
Now, mark me Willie Ray.
"You may kiss me for yourself, sir,"
He looked up with beaming eye,
"But to kiss me for the robin, no,
I thank you, sir," said I;
"But to kiss me for the robin, no,
I thank you, sir," said I.

Father and Mother are Homeless To-Day.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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Oh! how could you do it, I'm sure you will rue it,
Now sister, just tell me the reason I pray!
Why you were so cruel to mortgage the homestead
And father and mother leave homeless to-day.
I thought hearts of pity were found in the city,
And trusted my sister who once was so kind;
But what is the trouble your letter has
brought me,
The old farm is mortgaged, and I've
been so blind.

CHORUS.

Oh! sister, how could you, oh! sister,
why should you.
Now, sister, just tell me the reason, I pray?
You've mortgaged the home of our youth
to a stranger,
And father and mother are homeless, to-day.

I must have been dreaming, though really
it is seeming,
Since from our old home you went out as a bride,
And promised so faithful to keep the old homestead
Till father and mother were laid side by side,
Oh! had I but known it, how soon you
would weary,
Of helping our dear ones now aged and gray,
I'd barter all pleasure, and toil without censing.
To keep them from wandering homeless to-day
Chorus.

I look at your letter, and think it were better
If you had been laid with our lost ones to rest;
Than bring all this sorrow to dear ones so helpless
And bear all the pain of such acts in your breast.
Will years bring you pleasure? your hard
heart beat lighter,
And memory brighten dark hours passed away,
Oh! no, you will never know one thought
of gladness,
While father and mother are homeless to-day.
Chorus.

A father and mother, a sister and brother,
Are all that is left of a once happy band,
The graves on the hillside, the home in the valley
Are mortgaged away by that dear sister's hand.
Oh! how could you do it, I'm sure you will rue it,
And drive all the bliss of our earth life away;
The home of our youth you have sold to
a stranger,
And father and mother are homeless to-day.
Chorus.

That was very greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of cake."—You told me that I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

Respect Shown to Old Age.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JAMES J. LESLIE.

Behold our smiling faces,
Overjoyed with happiness;
Our cup of joy it has been filled
With sunshine and with joy.
Old age is creeping on us now,
And feeble grows our gait,
This is our golden wedding day,
And the young folks celebrate.

CHORUS.

Obedient to your parents be,
Each word should bring a charm;
Protect now and provide for them,
And shield them from all harm. [Repeat.]

Now, young folks, take this moral,
To you each and every one;
Your parents cannot always last,
You'll miss them when they're gone.
They cherished and protected you,
And nursed you in their arms;
And brought you up to manhood,
So shield them from all harm. Chorus.

An Irishman's Toast.

SUNG BY TONY PASTOR.

Don't call me weak-minded, perchance I
should sing,
Of the dearest old spot upon the earth;
And don't think me foolish should memory bring,
To my mind the dear land of my birth.
With its hills and its valleys, its mountains
and vales,
Of which our forefathers would boast;
Of a dear little island all covered with green,
Ah, but list' and I'll give you an
Irishman's toast.

CHORUS.

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green,
Here's to each boy and his darling colleen,
Here's to the ones we love dearest and most,
May God speed old Ireland, that's an
Irishman's toast.

My mind's eye oft pictures my old cabin home,
Where it stood by the murmuring rill,
Where my playmates and I oft together did roam,
Through the castle that stood on the hill.
But the stout hand of time has destroyed
the old cot,
And the farm now lies barren and bare;
Around the old porch there is ivy entwined,
But the birds seem to warble this toast
in the air.
Chorus.

The church and the schoolhouse have long
been replaced,
In the Harp Hotel dwells a new host;
The white-haired old veteran has long been at rest,
And his wife has deserted her post.
King Death, the stern reaper, has called
them away,
And their children have gone o'er the seas;
There is nothing but strangers around the old spot
Still this toast seems to waft to my ears
on the breeze.
Chorus.

A Workingman's Thoughts

BY P. J DOWNEY. AIR; A HANDFUL OF TURF.

I'm a poor laboring man with a large family,
Thank God we have plenty to eat;
And while I'm alive, I'm willing to toil,
To clothe and put shoes on their feet.
By day or by night I'm ready to die,
Are the thoughts of a poor working man,
But if I was dead would my family be fed,
Are the thoughts of a poor workingman;
But if I was dead would my family be fed
Are the thoughts of a poor workingman.

Every morn of the week first before I depart,
My children they flock around me,
Then I will think of the workingmen killed,
Oh! God! what a loss it must be;
When father is dead their trouble sets in,
To beg is poor mother's best plan,
How hard death must come, when your
family is young,
Are the thoughts of a poor workingman;
How hard death must come, when your
family is young,
Are the thoughts of a poor workingman.

On Saturday night with the money I've earned,
I pay all my debts of the week,
When a trifle's laid by for to pay the month's rent,
I find there's nothing to keep
Still I don't complain, there's poorer than me,
I'll see to their wants while I can.
But if I was dead would my family be fed,
Are the thoughts of a poor workingman;
But if I was dead would my family be fed,
Are the thoughts of a poor workingman.

Dear Papa, don't go out To-Night.

RECITATION.

BY THOS. O. DAVIS. FOR BABY MIRA.

The night, pa, is dark, and the wind it blows chill,
The fire in the grate is so bright;
Stay with us now, for we are dreary alone,
Dear papa, don't go out to-night.
Poor mamma keeps crying when you are away,
She once was so cheerful and bright;
To tease her, papa, you know is unkind,
So please do not go out to-night.

Don't tell me, papa, that your friends will be mad,
If you fail them to-night for to meet;
I'm sure that our home, with your chair by the fire
Is better, yes, far, than the street.
I will sit on your knee as I used to long ago,
When I was such a small little mite,
And mamma will smile—it will make me so glad,
So please, pa, don't go out to-night.

It makes me so wretched to see mamma cry,
She is getting so pale, worn and sad;
We all miss her smiles to enliven our cot,
Now, papa, you know it's too bad.
Just hang up your hat and sit down by the fire,
It will make mamma cry with delight,
To see you now spending your evenings at home,
So, please Pa, don't go out to-night.

Swim out for Glory.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CHAS. CONNOLLY.

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Dar's a heap, heap of sin on de shore,
Debbil rars up his head and he roar,
Oh! he cotch you mighty quick,
Make you feel kinder sick,
And you's spiled up forever, evermore, sah!
If we want for to live all alive,
In de lake of forgiveness take a dive,
Den go float off de shore
Whar disaster will pour,
And swim out my chil'en, for glory!

CHORUS.

Oh! swim out for glory, chil'en,
Swim out for de prize,
Strike out for Angel Island,
Whar you nebber dies.
Den swim out for glory, chil'en,
Swim out for de prize,
At Angel Island whar you neber,
Hardly ebber dies.

Oh! de chil'en of sin ev'ry whars,
Will go kitin' down de deep, dark stairs:
Whar de fires are kept ablaze,
No matter what you says,
And you's chained den for fifty million
years, sah!
But de good gits a crown on deir hair,
And dey's always a-wingin' in de air,
Eatin' wif golden spoons,
Singin' sweet easy tunes,
And a floatin' in der sea-wave of glory. Cho.

Always Keep a Smile for Mother.

SUNG BY J. F. HUNT.

Always keep a smile for mother,
Never to her harshly speak;
Frowns or words in anger spoken,
May bring tears unto her cheek.
Think of all the kind devotion
She has given unto you,
So, remember, when you greet her,
Keep a smile for mother, do.

CHORUS.

Always keep a smile for mother,
She is all the world to you,
There can never be another
Heart so loving and so true.

Always keep a smile for mother,
It will cheer her loving heart,
It will bring again the sunshine
To the years that now depart.
Youth and summer-time, sweet roses,
They have faded from our view,
Just to bring them back to cheer her,
Keep a smile for mother, do. Chorus.

Mrs. Murphy the Widow.

BY TOMMY TUCKER. TO JAMES P. GLENN.

My name's Mrs. Murphy, a widow,
Whose husband was killed at Bull Run,
And to try and scrape up a living,
I tell you, boys it is no fun.
My daughter she makes paper boxes,
And Katie Sophia's her name,
She's going to be married next Christmas,
To a feller that peddles ice crame.

CHORUS.

Sure it's apples and cakes that I'm sellin'
And while I live I always will,
I reside in a six story dwellin',
In Cherry street up on the hill.

There's my son Dan he never is workin'
And very soon he'll be a man,
Sure it's lager beer all day he's drinkin'
From the mouth of an old dinner can.
He calls it the growler and bumbshell,
What the divil he does mane by that,
It's meself that's as thin as a lampost,
While Danny is gettin' quite fat. Chorus.

I have two other children to care for,
Little James and his sister Maggie;
So I must leave you now, for I know sure,
That the both of them's cryin' for me.
But if you wish to buy any bolivars,
Just give me a call at my stand,
I've the finest of red rosy apples,
That can be found in this ere land. Cho.

Geo. Thatchers the Villain Still Pursued Her.

SUNG BY GEO THATCHER.

My song is of a beauty,
She's a Chinese washer and fluter,
She had money much,
And her dad was Dutch,
But the villain still pursued her.

On one stormy moonlight evening,
For to meet her humble suitor,
She slipped on a pie,
Run the crust in her eye,
But the villain still pursued her.

Oh, now my story's ended,
She married a French horn tooter
And she died very dead,
With a cold in her head,
And the villain still pursued her.

Never Give Way To Sorrow.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY JOHN WALSH.

Many a man grows tired and weary,
As he toils life's road along;
Everything looks dark and dreary.
All he does seems to go wrong;
Yet, I say, never be despairing,
Fortune yet may smile some day;
And her gifts with you be sharing,
So remember what I say.

CHORUS.

Never, boys, give way to sorrow,
Sighing only is in vain;
For the sun will shine to-morrow,
And the grass will grow again.

Though false friends should all forsake you,
Laugh their dirty trick to scorn;
Luck some day may overtake you,
When you look the most forlorn;
Troubles in this world are plenty,
Few from them are always free;
Though your pockets should be empty,
Still take this advice from me. Chorus.

Biddy McGee.

WORDS BY FRANK BINNEY. MUSIC BY HARRY SAXTON.

SUNG BY ADA BURNETT, AND BINNEY & FRAINE.

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I have a daughter of great renown,
In the ballet she dances in a theatre up town;
She's a darling to me, and so pretty you see,
Is this girl of mine, Biddy McGee.
She wears tarletan skirts all covered with tin,
She's as an angel a soul without sin;
She's a dancer, you see, in the tra-la-la-lee,
Is this girl of mine, Biddy McGee.

CHORUS.

She waltzes and pivots so neat on her toes, (sym.)
As 'round and 'round and 'round she goes; (sym.)
Now there's one thing sure I can't understand,
Why her name on the bills should read
Madam du Rand,
She high-toned wants to be, but she's Irish you see,
And her right name is Biddy McGee.

I taught her the skip, the hop and the dip,
To the tune of a fiddle around she would trip,
She's of high degree, and takes after me,
Does this girl of mine, Biddy McGee.
She's a voice like a bell, though I never could tell,
Where she got it, or how, 'tis a mystery as well;
For she's so full of glee, when dancing you see,
Is this girl of mine, Biddy McGee. Chorus.

Mushmelon Kate and Watermelon Jake.

BY HARRY MENDEL. MUSIC BY PROF. F. SPERE.

SUNG BY THE DUTCH MENDEL'S HARRY & LEONIE.

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I'm mushmelon Kate, I'm watermelon Jake,
We're the two happiest couple in the town,
We just come out to sing a little song,
It vaan't very short nor long.
From Germany we just arrived,
In America we want to be;
Mushmelon Kate, und Watermelon Jake,
Is de two vot now you see.

CHORUS.

Oh! we feel so mighty loose,
We never get de blues,
Dere's not two happier couple about,
As de ones now mit de wooden shoes.
When auf New York City we did land,
We didn't like de place very much,
We jumped on de cars und vent to town,
I dink vot dey call Key West.
Ven ve got dere ve took a beer saloon,
Und a good many friends we met;
Now if some money you fellows vant to make,
It's better vot you go out west. Chorus.

Pool.

SUNG BY ANDY COLLOM.

I'm a hard working man that's fond of good living
I've a fair education that's to say I'm no fool;
Some very hard problems of late I've been solving
But I can't understand that game they call pool;
You pick up your cue and rub it with chalk,
And you fool around the table like an
over-grown galk;
You first make a scratch and that sets you crazy,
And if you keep it up you get terrible lazy;
How you're stuck every game you can never suspect
Until you get humpback from carrying checks.

It costs a small fortune when you first learn
the game,
You walk round the table until you get lame;
There's some that get cross-eyed and others
hump-backed.
And others you will see do a contortion act;
Now there's some sleeps on a pool table,
To play a good game he will never be able;
He is played for a sucker always get beat,
And from walking he is got bunions all
over his feet;
If he takes my advice he'll not be a fool,
And spend all his salary to learn to play pool.

Gooseberry Blossom.

WORDS & MUSIC BY J. E. MURPHY, OF MURPHY & MACK.

The Music of this song is published at Wm. J. A. Lieder's Extensive Music Publishing House, No. 60 Chatham Street, N. Y. and will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of price 40 cents in postage stamps.

I love a pretty little maiden,
She's the beauty of all I know,
And she'll be mine forevermore;
To-day she told me so.
She's as pretty as a rose
That just begins to bloom,
About six months from this very day
I will be a groom.

CHORUS.

She's as pretty as a gooseberry blossom,
That in the garden does grow,
And she'll be mine forever more,
To-day she told me so.

Then we will be married,
So happy we will be,
We'll have a farm and horses
And babies on our knee.
And when my daily toil is over,
To my home I'll run,
For there with joy and happiness,
Pure and innocent fun. Chorus.

Led Astray.

RECITATION BY JOE DONNELLY.

One pleasant morning for recreation,
And in meditation for to spend the day,
With a congregation of my own relations,
I went meandering adown Broadway.
Like ladies shopping, each bar we would stop in,
For to take a drop in for to make us gay.
When a policeman nabbed me, and as he
grabbed me,
He says, old man you've been led astray.

With great vexation and botheration,
Me to the station he dragged along,
With consternation and indignation,
I was the sole attraction of all the throng.
But I wasn't long getting to where the judge
was sitting,
And he looked over at me in a serious way,
Yara, says I don't mind me, but by gob he
fined me,
And says he old man, you've been led astray.

Then with humiliation and botheration,
To my habitation I then took my way,
And with great vexation as to what narration,
Would drive the anger of my wife away,
I met her standing upon the landing,
And the broom a handling in a threatning way,
With a profound ovation upon dissipation,
Says I, stop it darling, you've been led astray.

Then I felt a pushing, and heard a rushing,
And a great concussion like a heavy fall,
Then madly stumbling, and blindly tumbling,
Bang! I went up against the wall.
I looked all over for to discover,
What tramp or loafer had been used that way,
It soon was shown me, that down stairs
she threw me,
And I knew by gorra, I was led astry.

Mahoney's Fenian Cat.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY GEO. W. CALLAHAN.

On our back fence at twelve at night,
A big buck cat, striped black and white,
Meanders out to look for fight—
Mahoney's Fenian cat.
With an eye gouged out and ears chawed off,
With a half-mast tail and the whooping cough;
Strange ratters thought they'd something soft
On Mahoney's four act cat.

No cat or dog had pluck or gaul
To give McGuire's pup a fall,
So down he went to open the ball
With Maloney's Thomas dog.
Out from McGuire's alley gate
He straightway did perambulate,
Intending to make sausage meat
Of Mahoney's brindle cat.

They met upon McGuire's shed,
With hair on end and eyeballs red,
With yells and howls 'twould raise the dead—
The slaughter it began.
In half the time ye'd say begob
The air was full of McGuire's nog;
While up and down McGuire's fence,
The picture of pure innocence,
Mahoney's cat sas-shayed.

Then from the roof a brick was fired,
I'd take me oath it was McGuire;
It struck the cat between the eyes,
And down he went, but he didn't rise,
There's a statue where this hero lies—
Mahoney's Fenian cat.

Billy Barry's Pinafore.

SUNG BY BILLY BARRY.

I am the monarch of Limburger cheese,
When I eat, it's go as you please;
I wear piccadilly's and tight-legged pants,
And so does my sisters, cousins and my aunts.

Now I think that it's awfully mean,
To treat a girl to ice cream.
When you've only got a half-a-dollar
in your pants,
And she invites all her sisters, her
cousins and her aunts.

Henry Ward Beecher is a fine plum,
He says that he never drinks rum,
But he'll kiss a pretty girl when he gets a chance
And he'll never tell his sisters, cousins
or his aunts.

I am a pedestrian by trade,
Seven hundred and fifty miles I've made,
I'll make another lap if they'll give me a chance
For to sit on my sisters, cousins and aunts.

Why Don't You Crack it Light.

BY E. J. PIGOTT. TO MR. PAT ROONEY.

You see before you now a man,
Whose heart is filled with woe;
The people laugh and hoot at me,
No matter where I go.
I never trouble any one,
But try to do what's right,
When through the streets I pass, they say—
Why don't you crack it light.

I have steady work throughout the year,
And am well satisfied;
I've got the best of little wives,
And faith she is my pride.
I always find her hard at work,
When I come home at night;
But still she very often says—
Why don't you crack it light.

Last night while coming home from work,
I met a friend named Flynn,
We met just by a liquor store,
And he and I went in.
We drank, and drank, did Flynn and I,
'Till we got awful tight,
And then the owner put us ont,
And said "say, crack it light.

Going Back Again.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY M. J. COYNE.

OF SHEEHAN & COYNE.

Good evening to you one and all,
You're looking well we see,
But if you listen unto us,
Our troubles we'll tell to thee,
We lately have come over
From a land that's far away,
But we are going back again,
We can no longer stay.

CHORUS.

We're going back again, going back again
To the Emerald Isle across the sea;
Going back again, going back again
To a royal family.

Now when we landed here below,
Our hearts were light and free;
But when we met our dear old friends,
Whom we thought we never would see,
They brought us to their welcome home,
Where we spent many a day;
But we got a message from our folks,
And so we're going away. Chorus.

For Wit and Good Nature.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY P. C. FOY.

Well, good evening, friends, you don't know me,
You've not seen me before;
I'm a gentleman, as you can see,
From Erin's lovely shore
And the reason I've come here to-night,
Is to make you understand
Some thing some here don't know about,
My own dear native land.

CHORUS.

Then for wit and good nature, where's the men,
Can beat them from our soil?
They're always friskey, ever gay,
And willing hard to toil.
They'll take a stranger by the hand,
And greet him with a smile,
Those are the sort of men you'll find,
If you visit Erin's Isle.

I have heard them call us ragged Pat,
And dirty Irish, too,
But let me tell you we can dress
Just as well as you.
And why can't Pat be a gentleman,
I've heard them sing,
That same, well Pat always was a gentleman,
One he will remain. Chorus.

Papa's Little Baby Boy.

BY EDWIN FRANCIS, TO MY LITTLE NEPHEW, JOEY.

"I am papa's baby boy," thus said a little child,
As he toddled about on the floor,
While on his sunny face a smile did brightly shine
As those words he repeated o'er and o'er;
They sounded sweet and pretty as they
fell from his lips,
Each word was full of love and joy,
And I prayed in my heart that God would
spare the life
Of papa's little baby boy.

CHORUS.

Oh! how many things the children may do,
If their little hands they rightly employ,
And how much joy and sunshine there is
in a home,
Where there's a little baby boy.

When the great Master was here upon earth,
The children he loved to behold;
He took them tenderly up in his arms,
And called them the lambs of his fold.
Oh! may our Heavenly Father watch o'er
papa's baby boy,
And keep him from harm every day;
And as from childhood to manhood he grows,
May he walk in the blessed narrow way. Cho.

Oh! I'm so Glad.

SUNG BY CHA'S. BACKUS & PONEY MOORE.

Oh! I'm so glad thinking of them good old days;
I feel so glad to think of them days once more;
Oh! I'm so glad to think of my good old
sunny home,
Away down on de Ohio shore.

CHORUS.

Den eh, eh, I feel so glad,
Oh! yes, I feel so glad;
Oh! my, I feel so glad,
When I think of my good old home.

Oh, carry me back, I ain't got time to tarry long,
Aid me, aid me, and don't be so slow;
Oh, send me dar, sail me cross the briny waters,
Oh. carry me home, for it's dar I want to go.
Chorus.

Oh, I'll be glad when I hear dem children singing
All so glad when I get home;
Ole Ann Eliza, Lucinda, Lib,
And Aunt Jemima they'll be glad that
I've come.
Chorus.

One Kind Word.

BY MISS JULIA M. ALTMEIER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

TO MY BOSOM FRIEND TERESA DOELGER, OF N. Y.

One kind word, oh! what a treasure,
One kind spoken word can prove;
'Tis a priceless gem of pleasure!
And it costs us naught but love.
Oh! the trav'ler, tir'd and weary,
Turning back with hope forlorn,
Though the road be dark and dreary,
One kind word can cheer him on.

One kind word, one kindly spoken,
What a blessing it can prove
To the heart forsaken, broken,
By a cruel deceitful love.
And the one thus wronged and saddened,
Seeking death with purest mind,
Can be saved, and aye, be gladdened,
By a word—one spoken kind.

One kind word, one uttered kindly,
'Tis a prayer when truly heard,
Words of anger spoken blindly,
Can be hushed by one kind word.
To the hand with rash intention,
Raised to strike a fellow man,
Strength can't always prove prevention
But a kind word always can.

An old Battered Tin-Type of Mother-in-Law.

DEDICATED TO WARD & LYNCH. BY STEPHEN GARVEY.

'Tis a small piece of tin that is battered
now and worn,
That brings strange memories to my mind
Of a dear old honored face, that time can
ne'er erase,
It's my wife's mother, so gentle and kind.
But she's turned up her toes, and is
planted down below,
Where there's peace for her cast-iron jaw;
And now that she is gone, all I have to look upon
Is this old battered tin type of mother-in-law.

CHORUS.

Tho' battered now, and worn, dejected and forlorn
It's the sweetest looking face I ever saw,
But she's planted now six feet, and in
memory I will keep,
This old battered tin-type of mother-in-law.

Oft when I'd reach home at night, well
perhaps a little tight,
I'd try to sneak up stairs and go to bed,
But she'd meet me at the door with a
most unearthly roar,
Pick up a club and brain me over the head.
How dare you leave home, and your wife all alone,
You know it's something I will not allow,
Then she'd look 'round for a brick, or the
most convenient tick,
A perfect little model was my mother-in-law.
Chorus.

I remember many a night when we'd
have a little fight,
Oh! how she'd hammer me 'till I was sore;
We would wrestle and we'd fall, and she'd
bang me 'gainst the wall,
Sometimes she'd use me to wipe the floor,
But one bright happy day her good spirit
flew away,
To a better land, and now I'll have the laugh,
For now I will be boss, and I don't care
at what cost,
And forever I will cherish this old tin type.
Chorus.

I'm The Daddy of Them all.

BY THE KERNELLS.

I'm a poor hard-working man,
I labor every day,
I find it very hard to feed
And clothe my family;
I've eleven children and a wife,
And all but two are small,
And if you listen to me,
I'll tell you about them all.

CHORUS.

There's Mickey, there's Tim,
Little Jack and Jim,
Mattie, Mark, Luke and Paul,
There's Rosannah,
And Johannah,
That thumps the big piano,
And my wife Bridget tells me
I am father of them all.

There's little Matt, he's just turned seven,
And little James is nine,
Tom and Tim are dancers—
Faith, they have their business fine.
Mathew, Mark, Luke and Paul,
Are statues down the way,
And Jack's a dandy barber,
And the girls all sing and say. Chorus.

The girls are the eldest
Of all the family;
Shevournien, she is twenty-four,
Rosannah is twenty-three.
I wish they would get married,
For the divil a tap they'll do
But sing and play the live long day,
And skip the tra-la-loo. Chorus.

Dan McCarhty's Party.

WORDS & MUSIC BY J. E MURPHY, OF MURPHY & MACK.

Dan McCarthy he's a man.
From dear old Paddy's land,
A fellow that's full of jollity,
And where he does reside,
Is over on the east side,
In a tenement house,
Away up in Avenue C.
One night he took a notion,
His ides he put in motion,
Say's he, I'll have a jolly spree,
His friends he invited all,
To shake a leg at Dan McCarthy's party.

CHORUS.

McCarthy, so hearty,
Jumped onto the floor,
He excited all the tenants,
In the tenement with a roar;
Then O'Grady with his lady,
He got up to sing,
McCarthy lept upon his neck,
And done a highland fling.

When the table it was set,
Young Lacey made a bet,
That he could fall upon it,
And not disturb a thing.
No sooner said than done,
Oh! you never saw such fun,
To see him fall and make the dishes ring;
McCarthy got so excited,
And young Lacey he invited,
To come outside and have a round or two,
Some fellow shouted Mick Dasey threw a brick,
Which laid McCarthy out upon the floor.
Chorus.

Marie The Tramp.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY BILLY BARRY.

We sat on Blackwell's Island, Marie,
It was far better than Sing, Sing;
You remember down at Geoghegan's Marie,
We got two years for stealing a watch and ring

We sat upon a beer keg, Marie,
A policeman our breeches he did fan;
It was a nice June morn in January, Marie,
We were trying to work the racket with a can.

We sat upon a church steeple, Marie,
Nearly on the verge of ruin;
We were eating freckled pies, seven miles
just from the skies,
And trying to mash the man lives in the moon.

The Pair From Castle Bar.

SUNG BY DAN M'CARTHY & MISS KITTIE COLEMAN.

MUSIC BY T. F. KERRIGAN.

Our name is Pat and Kittie Car,
From Castle Bar we came;
Two Irish dancers sure we are,
And for it we've gained great fame.
The boys and girls when work was done,
They would come from near and far,
All bent on dancing reels and jigs,
With the pair from Castle Bar.

CHORUS.

At a jig or reel, on toe or heel,
We're unequaled near or far;
Arrah by night or day there's none so gay
As the pair from Castle Bar,

Of champion dancers we've a lot,
Who dance with clogs or skates;
Prize belts and silver medals,
They have got on their breasts as large
as plates.
When each comes on the stage to dance,
Sure he thinks himself a star;
With their fancy touches they stand no chance
With the pair from Castle Bar. Chorus.

Hurrah For The Days Gone By.

BY JOE BURGESS.

Good evening, one and all,
We've not come here to stay,
But simply explain in a very few words,
Of our happy days gone by.
We once were as young as you all,
But now we are old and gray,
Our minds are the same, and with joy
and refrain,
We will sing of the days gone by.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for those happy days,
For those days we cast a sigh;
We'll dance and we'll sing and we'll
make the air ring,
For those happy days gone by.

We hope now you'll not think us rude,
If we speak of our children young;
For dancing and singing they couldn't be beat,
And from clear old stock they sprung.
To introduce them to you now,
At least we'd like to try,
They're a chip of the block of the clear old stock
Of the happy days gone by. Chorus.

Gen'ral O'Riley.

PARODY ON MAJOR GILFEATHER. BY H. S. MILLER.

SUNG BY JOSEPH KELLY.

My name is Cornelius O'Riley,
But I'm often called "Gen'ral," for short
I'm stylish, I'm toney, and spryly,
In fact, I am quite a thorough sport.
Now my dress is the latest of costume,
'Tis really the style of the day,
In cellars, the morgue, or bar-room
Oh! this I will hear them all say.

CHORUS.

Oh! how are you Gen'ral O'Riley,
I'm feeling a little bit dryly,
It's then I will manage most slyly,
To get a good glass of old rye,
Oh! take it and drink it down lively,
Your friendship we hold up to highly,
For anything shure to deny thee.
Oh! speaking of the Gen'ral that's I.

Good lunches, you know are inviting,
New openings I 'tend without fear,
But there is one thing I delight in,
Is to go and get soaked with free beer.
The "coppers," all say I need watching,
In fact, I keep out of their way,
When bar rooms with lunch-bars I'm spotting,
Oh! this I'll hear my friends say. Chorus.

The Park guards and specials all know me,
Quite often they approach with a frown,
Then of course I know they will show me,
The way to get from the park ground.
In society, I travel unblushing,
It's there you will find me each day,
And then when I do feel like lushing,
Oh! this I will hear them all say. Cho.

Fringe on His Pants.

SUNG BY ANDY COLLUM.

As I was coming down Broadway,
The boot-blacks on the corner at leisure
did play,
They all looked up and saw me by chance,
Cried one, stay the gauk he's got fringe
on his pants.

I took my girl to the ball last night,
The gang on the floor commenced for to fight,
My daisy got drunk they slugged her by chance,
For mashing a supe who had tar on his pants.

Now all you young blokes take warning from me,
Oh! never get married how sorry you'll be,
You'll go to the parks and you'll meet
them by chance,
But beware of the daisy who wears fringe
on her over-alls.

OUR INTERESTING

MATTER COLUMN.

oo

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, Items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of corr spondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

An Irichman gives as a reason why Echo is of the feminine gender, is because she always has the last word. J. T. D.

Gentlemen may cry "Cashier, and Cash-there, When the board of directors make up their account, there is cash nowhere. J. T. D.

Teacher to boy—"What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?"—Boy—"Pull down the blinds." J. T. D.

A boozy fellow was observed the other day driving a pig holding on to his tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying ge-hography.

A lot of boot-blacks sitting on a curb-stone may not be india-rubber boys, though they are gutter-perchers.

A kind word spoken to a husband will often go further than a broomstick or a flat-iron, says a woman of experience.

"I've buried my best friend," as the undertaker said when he intered the quack doctor.

"Attention, company, and 'tend to your roll-call," said an Irish sergeant. "All of ye that are present say 'Here,' and all of ye that are not present say 'Absint.'"

Better an empty head than one with a cold in it.

The song of the widow— "What is home without another?"

Do not flirt with married women. It annoys their husbands, and may shorten your days.

It is all very well to dress warmly. But some ladies are extravagant. They go to fur.

When a girl begins to take an interest in a young man's cravat, it is a sign she does not love him as a sister.

"It is well to leave something for those that come after us," as the gentleman said when he threw a barrel in the way of a constable who was chasing him.

The poet wrote of "Patience on a monument, but the physician's patients are generally found under it.

The tramp who was kicked down the door-steps is unconditionally opposed to rapid transit

Cross-ties—Married couples who do not agree well together.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times

Use your own brains rather than those of others.

Ignorance is subject to pity, not laughter.

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BY FAVORITE AUTHORS,

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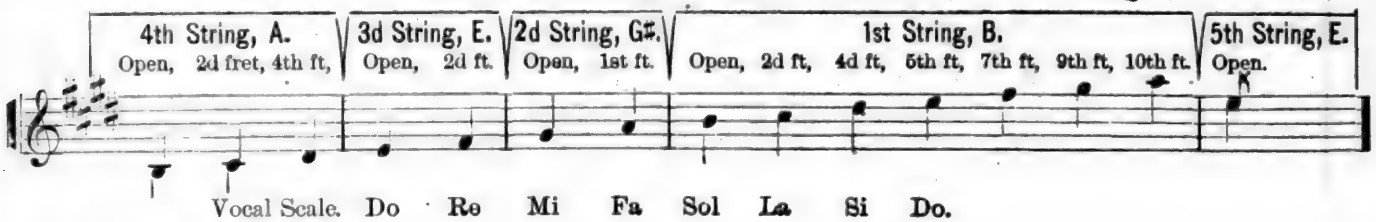
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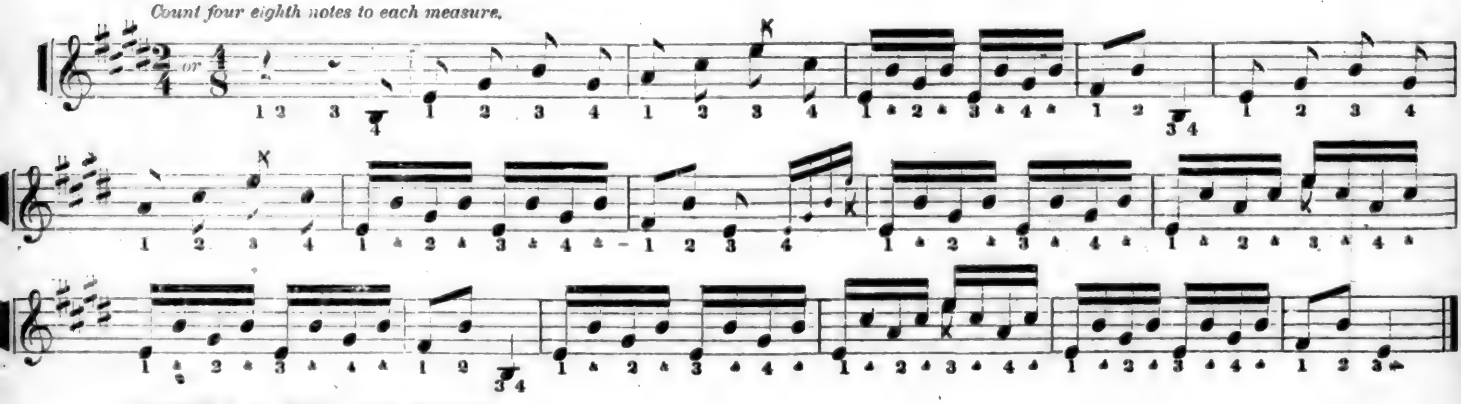
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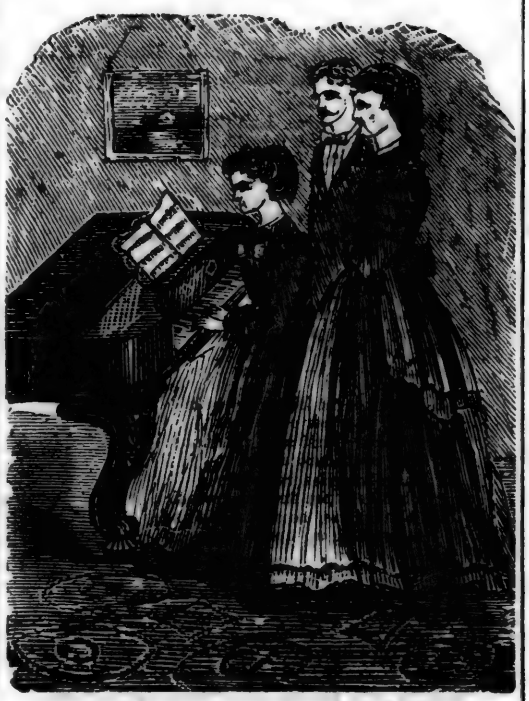
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CONTENTS.

Ain't been home in a good while.....757
Baby's got a cramp..... 754
BROTHER'S DOBKIN 754
Con Donohue.....755
De Lord Delivered Daniel.....756
Don't Take Liberties 758
Desirable Dime Song Books.....759
Fahey's Old Plug Hat
Parody on Widow Nolan's Goat....757
The Greenhorn.....754
Hal-l-l-lenjah.....757
Hard Shell Baptist 757
I'll never see my Poodle dog again.....756
The Lively Pair.....755
LANCASHIRE FACTORY LADS.....756
Lawyer Molloy 758
Latest Sheet Music Notice 759
Mixed up Melodies..... ...754
McSwegan's Family.....755
NEVER MEET TROUBLE HALF WAY..758
Our Dorg.....754
OFF FOR AMERICA.....755
OVER THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.....755
O'Reilly You're Getting on well.....758
Our Interesting Matter Column.....758
Parody on, Are you going far this evening 754
PRUSSIAN EMIGRANTS.....755
The Palace Upon the Rocks.....757
PROF. EDMUND CLARK'S
Studies for the Banjo..... 760
Roll on and Rock.....757
SAVE AT THE SPIGOT AND
WASTE AT THE BUNG 754
Sweet Irene..... 755
SHE SMILED AS WE CROSSED
ON THE HOBOKEN FERRY 756
Shout Loud Brethren.....756
'TIS THEN SWEETHEART,
I'LL DREAM OF THEE.....756
Write to me often.....755
Wake up Simon.....758

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Baby's got a Cramp.

BY FRANK DUMONT, FOR BOB SLAVEN.

I'm the daddy of two infants
Who raise an awful fuss,
And if I try to spank 'em,
Why it only makes 'em worse.
The police say they cannot sleep
When they are on their beat,
And all the neighbors are compelled
To go and walk the street.

CHORUS.

Oh! Bob! dear Bob! do get out of bed,
Stand that sassy brat on his little head;
To the doctor run and frolic,
For the kids have got the colic,
Get a dose of paregoric,
Baby's got a cramp.

When I sit down to eat my meals,
They climb upon my knees,
And fill my ears with mucilage,
And stuff my nose with cheese.
They make an omlet in my hat,
They stick me full of pins;
You don't know what enjoyment is
Till you have a pair of twins.

CHORUS.

Oh, Bob! dear Bob! do put on your boots,
Get some laud-en-um for those two galoots,
We've emptied all that's in the castor,
Do make haste a little faster,
Run and get a mustard-plaster,
Baby's got a cramp.

They fill my shoes with water,
They try to shave the cat;
They stuck a pin into a chair
And on its point I sat;
They greased the stairs with tallow,
You'd ought to hear me "beller,"
When I fell down from the garret and
I landed in the celler.

CHORUS.

Oh, Bob! dear Bob! get up and walk the floor
Slap the sassy brat, make it hold its jaw;
I cannot get a wink of slumber,
Of chloroform give them a tumbler,
Make 'em eat a green cucumber,
And kill 'em with a cramp.

Our Dorg.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY BOB SLAVEN.

There is a dog in our back yard,
And he isn't very slack;
The fleas have built a boarding-house,
In the middle of his back.
We feed him on old rye and rock,
He's thin as any rail,
He'd take a sirloin off your leg
If you stepped upon his tail.

CHORUS.

Oh! the canine, oh! the canine,
He feeds on toast and quail,
He's out all day and comes home at night,
With a tin kettle tied to his tail.

I bought him from a circus man,
He drinks milk from a china cup,
He stands upon his front feet,
If I hold his hind ones up.
The neighbors call him a "sooner" dog,
For he never misses a chance,
When sewing machine agents come around,
He takes samples out of their pants.
Chorus.

Mixed up Melodies.

SUNG BY BOB SLAVEN.

"Sally in our alley,"
Sitting on our "Front Stoop."
Playing with "Babies on our block."
Singing "Baby's got a tooth."
"Johnny Dougherty the tailor,"
Says I'll grab "Mary Kelly's" throat,
In walked "Major Gilfeather,"
Who cried "I'll bet you a dollar you don't."

CHORUS.

"Pretty little Jessie" in the "Old arm chair,"
Near the "Fire in the Grate,"
With a "Pitcher of Beer," you may ask if
she's "Going far,"
The "Major" puts it on the slate.
I'll meet "Sally Horner" on the corner,
She's "Widow Dunn's" step-daughter,
There's many a man on the island to-day
Because he wouldn't take water.

"Johnny Morgan's" little sister
Kissed little "Baby mine,"
"Dora Deane," you'd better go home,
You'll be "Locked out after nine."
"The Bogie Man" will put you in
"The Order of Full Moons,"
While sleeping in a yard to let,
I thought of all these tunes. Chorus.

Parody on, Are you Going Far This Evenin.g

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY BOB SLAVEN.

My true love lives, I know not where,
Last evening I did call,
I stood beneath her window
And loudly I did bawl.
She did not stay at the window,
But something at me threw,
I tried to gasp and catch my breath,
For I was wet clean through.

CHORUS.

"It's raining hard this evening,
Very hard, grease and lard!"
You bet, I was wet!
Rooms to let—Clarinet!

I did not meet her once again,
Till I saw her on a boat,
The boiler burst and every one
Was overboard afloat.
I had a life-preserver on
That kept me floating round,
She had none, so amused herself
A-bobbing up and down.

CHORUS.

I says, "Can you swim this evening?"
She says "No," "Then down you go
Like a stone, all alone,"
I heard her groan "Sea-Foam."

Save at the Spigot and Waste at the Bung.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENBECK.

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My father oft told us when I was a boy,
That waste would bring want, but to save
would bring joy;
To make it more plain he would show us how he
Had wasted a fortune by being too free.
I thought he was wrong, now I know he was right,
In life's lonely journey, it's money makes might,
And foolish are they who contented have sung,
We'll save at the spigot and waste at the bung.

CHORUS.

To waste is to want, then take warning and save,
And go down in peace to the calm of the grave,
Thrice happy is he who with feeling has sung,
Don't save at the spigot and waste at the bung.

A young man has health and good fortune to cheer
While on through life's breakers his bark
he will steer,
He dresses with taste and he dines like a lord,
And lives in a style but a few can afford!
He runs into debt, and his creditors say
He's going the wrong road, a very poor pay,
And men for less crime have been ruthlessly hung
Who save at the spigot and waste at the bung.
Chorus.

Now father was right when he taught us to save,
And wise was the counsel our dear parent gave;
Some squander their all, and it brings them
to grief,
And friendless, forlorn, they must beg for relief.
But give us good health and enough work to do,
And then we will paddle our own frail canoe;
And scorn the advice that for ages has sung,
To save at the spigot and waste at the bung.
Chorus.

Brothers Dobkin.

WORDS BY JOHN T. KELLY. MUSIC BY JOHN BRAHAM,

SUNG WITH IMMENSE SUCCESS BY DINNEY & FRAINE

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Oh! we're the brother's Dobkin and we
doesn't care by jove,
So long as we get three meals each day,
We're called two blarsted Englishmen, two
regular crooked coves,
It makes no odds what people think or say.
We were born in Lancashire, our accent
does prove queer,
To think of those days they always make
us smile;
How the lads would dance and sing, and
make the old clogs ring,
For they're the chaps could do it up in style.

CHORUS.

So to-night we took a notion to put our
feet in motion,
Sit up straight and listen for awhile;
We'll endeavor to show to you, in a style
that's somewhat new,
Some clog steps in good old English style.

Ah! at sparring we're two good ones, at
cards we take the cake,
At billiards we were never beat a game;
We can row a boat or swim, no matter
what's the stake,
We're bound to win the money just the same.
But of all the games we play to carry us away,
And cheer our spirits up when we're feeling blue
Is whenever we get a chance for to try a
little dance,
And rattle off an English step or two. Cho.

The Greenhorn.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. E. MURPHY.

We just dropped in to see you, friends,
And hope you are all well,
And of our emigration
To you we'll quickly tell.
We left our native country
For to cross the briny sea,
For to try and better our fortune here
In sweet America.

CHORUS.

Then we can't forget old Ireland, and the
Paddies evermore,
And the rosy Irish lasses so enchanting,
And the merry happy dances we had upon the floor
When we kicked away the boards with
our dancing.

There's a land that's in this world, my boys,
We're praying hard to see,
And we hope it won't be very long
Before that she is free.
For her rivers her hills and her valleys,
Are so beautiful and grand,
We would like to go back home again
To our own dear native land. Chorus.

Prussian Emigrants.

SUNG BY THE DUTCH MENDELS.

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Just listen to us people,
Don't make no laugh or shout,
Und vot we're going to sing about,
You quickly will find out.
We just now come from Deitcher land,
You can tell dot by a glance;
From Frankfort on der Rhine we came,
Two Prussian Emigrants.

When we landed by der Battery,
Der ship dot brought us out;
De people go around us,
Und commenced to laugh and shout.
Dey treated us to lager beer,
Und ask us for to dance;
We give dree cheers for Deitcher land,
Und de Prussian Emigrants.

We're going to start a beer saloon,
We hope you all will call;
We're going to have a grand blow oud,
Und wind up mit a ball.
Mit plenty of good lager beer,
Und music for to dance;
So come along und have some fun,
Mit de Prussian Emigrants.

Off for America.

BY HARRY MENDEL. MUSIC BY PROF. F. SPERE.

DONE ONLY BY THE DUTCH MENDEL'S,

HARRY & LEONIE.

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We're going away to leave our home,
Going to America;
Times are hard in Germanie,
We can no longer stay.
In a great big ship across the sea,
Deck passage we will take;
Vere going to America shore,
Und a fortune quick we'll make.
Oh! ve'll be across de ocean sure,
In two weeks from to-day;
De ship is ready now to sail,
Off for America.

Und ven ve're der a short time, vy,
Ve von't be poor like here,
Ve soon vill own a house und farm,
Und such dings never fear.
Und den some morning early,
Ven de birds are singing gay,
I'll be de father of a family,
In dot America.
So now to you we'll bid good-bye,
Ve got to go away,
De ship is ready, to-night we sail
Off for America.

Con Donahue.

BY M. J. COYNE. OF SHEEHAN & COYNE.

AIR: MY MARY ANN.

Oh! give me your attention and to you
I'll mention—
I'll tell you the trouble that happened to me;
I've been disrespected, my character molested
By a gang on the corner whenever I see.
Oh! they say that my breeches needs
a couple of stitches,
They say I look well and my walk is neat,
They say will he tumble, he ought not to grumble
For he tackles the free lunch af tripe and
pig's feet,

CHORUS.

Oh! now that they grieve me,
Now would you believe me,
The day that they met me they always will rue;
I'll tear them, I'll beat them,
I'll fight them I'll eat them.
As sure as my name it is Con Donahue.

Oh! the quicker or sooner I take a big schooner,
And pack up my trunks and cross the blue sea.
I will not be fretting, but home I'll be getting,
To see all my folks whom are dearer to me.
And when my dear mother, my sisters
and brothers,
When they will see me they won't know
what to do;
But with the gang I'll get even before I'll
be leaving,
As true as my name it is Con Donahue. Cho.

Write to Me Often.

SUNG BY JOHN HESMAR.

Write to me often, I'm lonely and sad,
Your letters are welcome they make my heart glad
I don't think of hardships wherever I roam,
They bring me glad news from the loved
ones at home.
Tears fill mine eyes when I'm reading each line,
Joy fills this poor wandering sad heart of mine;
'Twill make my heart happy and banish all pain,
Oh! write to me often, write soon again.

Write to me often wherever it be,
Tell me of mother, you know it was she
Who kissed me the last kiss then asked me to wait
Then kissed me again at the little brown gate.
Tell me of father and dear little Nell,
If only to say the loved ones are well;
Send kisses and blessings to me at Loraine,
Oh! write to me often, write soon again.

Over the Beautiful River.

WORDS BY IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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Over the river, the swift flowing river,
Loved ones are watching and waiting, I ween;
Where the waves lie in the sunlight a-quiver,
Kissing the shore with its fringes of green.
Over the river soft zephers are sighing,
Wafting the fragrance of summer afar;
Flowers never fade, and sweet bird songs
are ringing,
Nothing can ever that peacefulness mar.

CHORUS.

Over the river, the beautiful river,
Brightness and verdure in visions I see;
Over the river, that glad shining river,
Near ones and dear ones are waiting for me.

Over the river, the fair peaceful river,
Streams the rich glory from heaven above,
Out from the throne of the Author and Giver,
Bathing each being in dew drops of love.
Over the river no shadows are creeping,
Everything glows in the gold of the sun;
E'en the soft tint of the water a-sleeping,
Changes to sunlight, they mingle in one.
Chorus.

Over the river sweet voices are calling,
Over the river low harp notes are rung;
Over the river soft music is falling,
Over the river grand anthems are sung.
Over the river, the smooth restful river,
Lie the still fleets ne'er to toss any more;
There in the glory their snowy sails quiver,
Anchored at last on the ever green shore.
Chorus.

McSwegan's Family.

BY JOHN SHEEHAN. OF SHEEHAN & COYNE.

Now lend me your ears, and I'll sing you a song,
I'll tell you, my friends, how I get along;
With a family of six, three girls and three boys,
God bless them, they're healthy and fat for
their size;

Hanorah comes first, a daisy is she,
She's always a waltzing wherever she may be;
Then there's sweet Mary Ann so neat and so fat,
She told me she was gone on Muldoon's
brother Pat.

CHORUS.

Tral-al-la-le, tra-al-la-le,
McSwegan from Mayo, behold him in me;
Tra-al-la-le, tra-al-la-le,
Faith I am the dad of a fine family.

Now there's little Kitty, the smallest of all,
When I come from labor she loudly will bawl;
Cheese it cully, you better go west,
When I bid her stop, she'll say give us a rest
Now there's my son Jamesy, so big and so brave,
He has a fine job which I don't think he'll leave;
He drinks no bad whiskey, and he's never out late
And he's going to marry his big cousin Kate.
Chorus.

There's Johnny and Jerry, they both go to school,
They're fine little fellows and make it a rule
To chew no tobacco, nor smoke cigarettes,
They are going to join Father Mathew Cadets.
Oh! I'm so happy I think I'll go wild,
To know that I'll soon have another fine child;
Yes, another McSwegan will soon be at hand,
Then we'll have a big christening, the best
in the land.
Chorus.

Sweet Irene.

BY ARCHIE DELMANING. SUNG BY THE DELMANINGS.

Oh! the moon is out to-night,
Sweet Irene;
My heart beats with delight,
Dear Irene;
I am lingering by the well,
And I've something sweet to tell,
When we wander thro' the dell,
Sweet Irene.

CHORUS.

Sweet Irene, (sym.) dear Irene, (sym.)
Gently whisper, tell me darling, thou art mine;
Sweet Irene, (sym.) dear Irene, (sym.)
Gently whisper, tell me dearest, thou art mine.

Underneath the old oak tree,
Sweet Irene;
I have whispered love to thee,
Dear Irene.
I said I'd be here at eight,
Down by the garden gate,
For your answer to await,
Sweet Irene.

The Lively Pair.

Here we are two dandy guys,
We manufacture arsnic pies,
Two lively nigger dancing coves,
All dressed up in somebody else's clothes,
We carry a razor in our socks,
Our cheeks are harder than iron rocks,
We are trying to raffle the small pox,
Our heads are bald upon the toy,
They tried to use us for a mop,
We put on style with our dirty collar,
In our pocket not a dollar,
You bet we can't be beat.

We can walk upon our ear,
Of bad whiskey we have no fear,
We eat on Christmas once a year,
Don't you think we are too new,
We pawned our hat to buy some booze,
Our parents are Irish, our friends are Jews,
And we never wore no shoes,
So we'll say good-bye.

She Smil'd as we Crossed on the Hobok'n Ferry.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENSECK.

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I met her while sauntering down old Broadway,
And felt in my heart that the deuce was to pay,
I looked straight at her and she looked
straight at me,
And both were hard hit the observers could see.
She turned to the right and I followed her slow,
And then to the Hoboken ferry did go;
With eyes soft and bright, and her cheeks
like a cherry,
She smiled as we crossed on the Hoboken Ferry.

Chorus.

Her smile was so sweet that I love to repeat,
My heartfelt emotion when first we did meet,
Her eyes were so bright and her cheeks
like a cherry,
She smiled as we crossed o'er the Hoboken Ferry.

The next time I met her was down on the beach,
With one who kept beaning her round like a leech
That sort of a fellow with money to loan,
But who could not purchase the brains he
could own.
I looked straight at her, and she slyly looked back
As much as to say I will give him the sack!
I felt like a man who had drank too much sherry,
Her smile was as sweet as when crossing the ferry.
Chorus.

The last time I met her in Barnum's big show,
For one so hard hit, 'twas a terrible "go,"
She rode round the ring by the side of the clown,
And when I looked sweet, she looked back
with a frown,
I thought of that hour when first we did meet,
As blindly I followed her Jersey-ward feet;
Her eyes had grown dim, and her cheeks
painted cherry,
No smile lit her face as when crossing the ferry.
Chorus.

I knew it was folly to look at her eyes
And think they were brighter than stars
in the skies,
I feel that her lips were not made for my kiss,
But, oh! how my heart yearns for just
such pure bliss.
I never regret that long walk down Broadway,
When Cupid was round, and the deuce was to pay;
Her eyes were so bright and her cheeks
like a cherry,
And sweet were her smiles crossing
Hoboken Ferry.
Chorus.

'Tis Then Sweetheart, I'll Dream of Thee.

Words by Dr. T. D C. Miller Mus'c by W. W. Bentley.

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The tide comes in, the tide goes out,
On shore I watch its ebb and flow;
When none but strangers are about,
I dream as out the billows go.
The song of waves I love to hear,
That low sad music of the sea;
My sleep has brought me peaceful calm,
'Tis then, sweetheart I'll dream of thee.
The song of waves I love to hear,
The low sad music of the sea.
The song of waves I love to hear,
That low sad music of the sea;
And when it charms my list'ning ear,
'Tis then sweetheart, I'll dream of thee,
I'll dream of thee.

I love my home down by the sea,
Where I may watch for sail and spar;
Or idly pass the hours in glee,
And dream where shines the evening star.
The tide may come, the tide may go,
It brings no hours of gloom to me;
I watch the ever ceaseless flow,
And then sweetheart, I dream of thee.
The tide may come, the tide may go,
It brings no hours of gloom to me;
The tide may come, the tide may go,
It brings no hours of gloom to me.
I watch the ever ceaseless flow,
And then sweetheart, I dream of thee,
I dream of thee.

I wake when stars are in the sky,
And hear the sailor's glad refrain;
Then comes the hope that joy is nigh,
And in sweet sleep I dream again.
At dawn of day the waves are calm,
And shells are on the sands of sea.
My sleep has brought me peaceful calm,
For then sweetheart, I dreamed of thee.
At dawn of day the waves are calm,
And shells are on the sands of sea.
At dawn of day the waves are calm,
And shells are on the sands of sea.
My sleep has brought me peaceful calm,
For then sweetheart I dreamed of thee.
I dreamed of thee.

Lancashire Factory Lads

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FRANK BINNEY.

SUNG BY BINNEY & FRAINE.

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Here we are two factory lads,
From Lancashire we came;
Our parents in the cotton mill
Are working now at home.
But trade was slack, and pay was bad,
So they sent us here
To try and show you all the way
They dance in Lancashire.

Chorus.

We will make the wooden clogs go, tap, tap, tap,
If you'll but give a cheer,
And 'twill give us great delight,
To show you here to-night,
How they dance in Lancashire.

When at night our work is done,
We dance out on the green,
The lads and lassies all are there,
With smiling faces seen.
Now we've told you all our history,
If you think us sincere,
Bestow your kind applause upon
These lads from Lancashire. Chorus.

I'll Never see my Poodle Dog Again.

BY TOMMY TUCKER. TO WILLIE WELDWAVE.

Once I had a poodle who could whistle
Yankee Doodle,
Do a double clog or song and dance with ease;
Chew tobacco like a major, drain beer kegs
like a gauger,
Whene'er he wasn't wrestling with his fleas;
His tail it stood out straight like the
handle of a plough,
His eyes they were the color of the grass,
And the reason that he's missed upon the
streets now,
Is to canine heaven he got a free pass.

Chorus.

He'll never chew up rats, or juggle thomas cats,
'Twas with my new revolver he was slain;
To madness I was goaded, and I didn't
know it was loaded,
But I'll never see my poodle dog again.

He could talk Hebrew and Danish, Italian
French or Spanish,
Parse a sentence just as good as me or you;
At cards he was a joker, played seven up
and poker,
And every other game that isn't new,
He'd get paralyzed drunk with the boys
most every night,
From laughing at him I couldn't then refrain;
But now he's dead and buried, yes,
vanished from my sight,
And I'll never see my poodle dog again. Cho.

On Sunday morn it seems I was woke up
in my dreams,
By a terrible racket at our front door;
So I grabbed my seven shooter, also my
wife's dress fluter,
For I thought there were six burglars there
or more,
The noise it didn't stop so I fired off a shot,
And then I heard a moan as if in pain;
When I looked out the door, laid stiff was
my poor Dot,
And I'll never see my poodle dog again. Cho.

De Lord Delivered Daniel.

SUNG BY THE OLYMPIA QUARTETTE.

He delivered Daniel from de lion's den,
Jonah from de belly of de whale,
An de Hebrew children from de fiery furnace,
And why not every man.

Chorus.

Didn't my Lord deliver Doniel?
Daniel, Daniel,
Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel?
Then why not every man? (Repeat.)

You may go dis way you may go dat way,
You may go from door to door,
If you haven't got de goodness of de Lord
in your heart
De debbil will catch you sure. Chorus.

The debbil threw a stone at me,
He threw it for to kill me;
De stone missed me, rolled down de hill,
An I rolled into glory. Chorus.

Shout Loud Brethern.

BY JAS. CARR, FOR THE OLYMPIA QUARTETTE.

Oh! the people am gathered, an' will soon
be blest,
And we'll all shout glory;
'Twill suit dem shoutin' Methodists,
Bredderen, all shout loud.
Oh! the Baptists an' others'll soon jine in,
And we'll all shout glory;
An' all you sinners'll be saved from sin,
Bredderen, shout loud.

Chorus.

Oh! brother, won't you lend me a wing!
Sisters, commence to sing,
Shoutin' now will soon begin,
Bredderen, all shout loud. Repeat.

Oh! what will you do when de great day comes
When we'll all shout glory;
Wid de blowin' of trumpets and de
bangin' of drums,
Bredderen, all shout loud.
'Tis many poor sinners'll be cotched out late,
And we'll all shout glory;
And dey'll find no key in de golden gate,
Bredderen, all shout loud. Chorus.

Fahey's old Plug Hat.

PARODY ON "WIDOW NOLAN'S GOAT."

BY WILLIE WILDWAVE. SUNG BY YOU AND ME.

There's Fahey, a bach'lor, who lives in this city,
In a tenement house on the east side of town;
Although he's a tarrier, considered quite witty,
Is this old man that the youngsters call "Brown.
Oh! his old aged father, ten years, now, or over,
Like his forefather's all, a sound democrat;
When he died he willed oves, in the month of October,
His own favorite tile, his old bonny plug hat.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, ha, ah, ah, aha,
'Twas brought from Ireland, his own darling
Ha, ha, ha, ah, ah, aha,
His favorite tile, his old bonny plug hat.

Sure in every parade, on the day of St. Patrick,
It shines in the march, like a big thing of life,
In passing the female's, Jamie'd do the hat trick,
One glance at his eye, and envy was rife.
The gang on the corner with politeness scanty,
Would stop him, and guy him, and call him "old Pat;"
But he'd walk on quite calmly, till he'd reach his shanty,
And deposite with care, his bonny plug hat.
Chorus.

In Tammany Hall, boys, 'mong the politicians,
Sure Fahey's old plug shines pre-eminent;
To cover up Jamesy is one of its missions,
In a style that excites great comment.
The great boss, John Kelly admired it greatly,
And e'en proffered to buy it at that.
But Jamesy refused him, and answered sedately,
'Twas his favorite tile, his bonny plug hat.
Chorus.

Each shindy and party, ev'ry dance and raffle,
This famous old plug hat is sure to be there;
Sure its beauty and style, the hatters will baffle,
Its equal they can't make, though tried everywhere.
He christened it Jennie, after a sweet creature,
A female with whom he'd many a spat;
Though he's twenty-five summers, and wrinkled his features,
He loves his old tile, his bonny plug hat.
Chorus.

Brave Benham, the copper, whom small boys call "crazy,"
One night in a storm, 'twas the first in the year;
With Timoney's whiskey, which made him quite hazy,
Mistook Fahey's hat for a sexel of beer.
A chance for promotion, with quick locomotion,
But his gradiloquent ideas soon fell flat;
When he saw the old fossil who caused the commosion,
With his favorite tile, his bonny plug hat.
Chorus.

Ain't Been Home in a Good While.

BY HUGH MACK.

SUNG BY THE OLYMPIA QUARTETTE.

I remember one day, one judgement day,
We ain't been home in a good while;
De good Lord washed my sins away,
We ain't been home in a good while.
I remember one day about twelve o'clock,
Ain't been home in a good while;
De good Lord placed me on a solid rock,
Ain't been home in a good while.

CHORUS.

Oh! my, am I born to die,
Oh! my, I ain't been home in a good while;
Oh! my, am I born to die,
Oh! my, I ain't been home in a good while.

I chased ole Satan right up a hill,
Ain't been home in a good while;
I beat him so bad dat he couldn't stan' still,
Ain't been home in a good while.

I hail de Lord and de good Lord come,
Ain't been home in a good while;
Satan took to his heels and run,
Ain't been home in a good while. Chorus.

I've got a little book and I've read it through,
Ain't been home in a good while;
I love de good Lord as well as you,
Ain't been home in a good while.
I'm going away, but I'll come back soon,
Ain't been home in a good while;
I'll sweep my soul with the gospel broom,
Ain't been home in a good while. Chorus.

Roll on and Rock.

SUNG BY THE OLYMPIA QUARTETTE.

1st. TENOR.

Where have you been, my brother,
Since you been so long gone?

BASSO.

I've been with my sister Nance,
Doin' a double song and dance,
An' my body keeps a-rollin' along.

CHORUS. 2nd. TENOR.

Keep on a-rollin' and a-rockin' dem in your arms,
Rollin' an' a-rockin' dem in your arms,
Keep on a-rollin' and a-rockin' dem in your arms,
In de arms of Moses,
Keep on a-rollin' and a-rocking dem in your arms,
Rollin' and a-rockin' dem in your arms,
Keep on a-rollin' and a-rockin' dem in your arms,
In de arms of Moses.

2nd. TENOR

Where have you been my brother,
Since you been so long gone?

BASSO.

I've been on Thompson Street,
Learnin' nigger bass,
An' my body keeps a-rollin' along.
(2nd. Tenor) Keep on, &c.

BARITONE.

Where have you been my brother,
Since you been so long gone?

BASSO.

I've been down in jail,
Awaitin' for my bail,
An' my body keeps a-rollin' along.
(2nd. Tenor) Keep on, &c.

Hal-l-l-lelujah.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY HUGH MACK & HARRY MORRIS.

SUNG BY THE OLYMPIA QUARTETTE.

I live in de country,
I went to de well,
A snake crawled up my trouser legs,
But I gave dat ole snake—Hal-l-l-lelujah.

CHORUS.

Ole Gip Liza Coon,
I would sooner marry you
Dan marry ole Miss Bloom.
Gip Liza, ole Gip Liza Coon,
I would sooner marry you
Dan marry ole Miss Bloom.

Georgie Washington was a great man,
A lie he'd never tell,
But when he got dat hatchet,
Didn't he give dat cherry tree—Hal-l-l-lelujah.
Chorus.

Doctor Tanner fasted forty days,
Some think it was a sell,
But when de time was up
Didn't he give dat watermelon—Hal-l-l-lelujah.
Chorus.

Hard Shell Baptist.

SUNG BY THE OLYMPIA QUARTETTE.

1st. TENOR.

I've got a sister in de wilderness.

ALL.

De wilderness,, de wilderness.

2nd. TENOR.

I've got a brother in the wilderness.

ALL.

Working for de Lord.

BARITONE.

I've got a cousin in de wilderness,
De wilderness, de wilderness.

BASSO.

I've got an uncle on de Bowery,
Working against de Lord.

CHORUS.

Hard shell Baptist, git out of de wilderness,
Git out of de wilderness, git out of de wilderness
Hard-shell Baptist, git out de wilderness,
Wait for de Lord. (Repeat.)

1st. TENOR.

Didn't my Lord deliver brother Daniel.

ALL.

Brother Daniel, brother Daniel.

2nd. TENOR.

Yes, my Lord delivered brother Daniel,

ALL.

'Cause he was on de side of de Lord.

BARITONE.

But de Lord He didn't like Pharoah,
Like Pharoh, like Pharoh.

BASSO.

And my Lord He didn't like keno,
'Cause it was against de Lord. Chorus.

The Palace Upon the Rocks.

WRITTEN BY JACK CONROY.

Pat McAllister of Harlem Flats,
Presents himself to you;
And whin he has on his Hibernian dress,
He is a masher too.
A widdy fell in love wid me,
In Erie she has stocks,
She has a palace at Central Park,
Built upon the rocks.

Spoken; And every Sunday, dressed in my cross grain de Bashall suit, I visit the little palace, chat love for awhile, she then calls her only son in, a musical son, in a musical voice, and says—

CHORUS.

Paddy come here to your mother,
That's the darlin' dear;
Don't you cause any bother,
Run out for a quart of beer.
Don't go near the Dutchman's avick,
You know he is a skin,
But go round the corner where it's cheaper and better,
Go round to Teddy McGlynn.

I've taken her over to Hoboken
On many a summer's day;
And there upon the Elysian fields,
Our figures we'd display.
Her's was nate and trim, me boys,
Three-fifty was her weight,
She'd make me stand outside of the boat,
For she wouldn't fit in a seat. Chorus.

In a snug retreat at Central Park,
We wint one beautiful night,
An' there we had a jug of the best,
Both of us got tight.
A policeman he came along,
And both of us took away;
And next morning down at the Tombs
I had both fines to pay. Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING

MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, items of interest etc, etc. To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

Head-quarters.—A hatter's shop.

"Money" Orders.—Fares, please.

Nobody's child.—The self-made man.

A bat that flies without wings.—A brick-bat.

"Lunatic Fringe," is the name given out west to the fashion of cropping the hair and letting the ends hang down over the forehead.

At a New Orleans negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable," on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

An undertaker thus gratefully responds to a friend who had done him a favor.—"If you ever want a coffin, call on me. I shall be most happy to bury you and your family at the lowest cost price!"

A little boy, carrying some eggs home from the shop, dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow; "but the shells came off some of 'em."

Young men are apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough.

"I'll blow you up!" as the trumpet said to the regiment.

"I'll make a man of you," as the sculptor said to the marble.

The woman who rejects an offer o. marriage practices slight of hand.

An Irish servant having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee; but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said, "Sir, if my master should say, 'Mike, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your honor have me tell him?"

A sure way to have everything we want is to want nothing we can't get.

The individual who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his duty, is still very low.

Why is a mad bull an animal of convivial disposition?—Because he offers a horn to everyone he meets.

Men talk about the idle wind, but the wind is always busy, and, like a cheerful farmer, it whistles at its work.

Some men keep savage dogs about their house so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

If you are truly benevolent and charitable, perhaps you will, when you see a neighbor in distress, ask some other neighbor to help him.

Be not satisfied with what you can improve, nor dissatisfied with what you can't.

A man who bumps his head against that of his neighbor isn't apt to think that two heads are better than one.

If four quarters make a yard, how many will make a garden?—If seven days make a week, how many will make one strong?

Wake up Simon.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY ANDY COLLOM.

Now Gabriel he has got a mighty power,
He 'ranges everything for us to day;
Then he'll toots that silver horn for us
to-morrow,
Why then all the niggers want to pray.
And if you are caught sleeping on the roadside,
You can bet he'll pass you and let you go;
Then the devil with his rake and pitchfork,
Will shove you in that hot house down below.

CHORUS.

Then wake up Simon, don't you get left,
For the devil he will never pass you by;
He stick you on his tail, and he run you
through by rail,
And he land you in that sweet by-and-by.

Now the colored people all go to glory,
And the white folks all stay down below;
The Italians and the Chinaman go to the devil,
For there's where all cheap labor ought to go.
So if you want to ride in the chariot,
You better try and change your color soon,
Or else you'll have a thousand of young devils,
Bouncing you up in a baloon. Chorus.

Never Meet Trouble Ha'f Way.

WORDS BY FANNY CROSBY. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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There's a proverb I've heard, tho' I cannot
tell where,
But its truth is as clear as the day;
With a brave, honest heart, take the world
as it comes,
But never meet trouble half way.
'Twould be strange if a cloud never mantled
the sky,
Or if summer could always remain;
And as strange if the eye was undimed with a tear,
And the heart never throbbed with a pain.

CHORUS.

Then remember the proverb whatever your lot,
For it's truth is as clear as the day;
With a brave, honest heart, take the world
as it comes,
But never meet trouble half way.

They are wrong who are constantly dreaming of ill
And are always desponding and sad,
They exclude the bright sunshine of hope
and delight,
That would make them so cheerful and glad.
Les us gather the roses that bloom in our path,
And enjoy them as long as they stay.
'Twill be time for regret when they
wither and fade,
Let us never meet trouble half way. Chorus.

If we tried as we should to be gentle to all,
To be social, warm-hearted, and kind,
To encourage each other by look and by tone,
What an eden on earth we should find.
Let us banish our frowns and replace them
with smiles,
And the dictates of friendship obey,
Let contentment be ever the guest of our home,
And we'll never meet trouble half way. Cho.

Don't Take Liberties.

Of course a fellow falls in love,
With three things in his life,
Tobacco first, then bitter beer,
Then makes a girl his wife.
I love a girl just seventeen,
As modest as could be;
For if a favor I should ask,
She's sure to say to me—

CHORUS.

Don't take liberties, don't take liberties,
Keep your fingers off I say;
Don't take liberties, don't take liberties,
Don't come near me keep away.

My tailor is an awful bore,
He bothers me each day;
With heavy bills—at least a few
Which I will never pay.
I say to him, look here, old pal,
I wear your clothes to show
The public you're a clever man,
But pay your bill, oh, no! Chorus.

While rolling home the other night,
A little worse for beer;
An incident occured which I
Imagined mighty queer.
Policeman number X. Y. Z,
Accosted me and said—
Hello, you're drunk again, old cock,
I'll see you safe to bed, Chorus.

O'Rielly, You're Getting on Well.

They call me O'Rielly, from Ireland I came,
I'm hearty and jolly, I never complain;
And wherever I go, sure it's just all the same,
I laugh with delight when the boys all exclaim.

CHORUS.

Is that the O'Rielly of whom I've heard tell,
Is that the O'Rielly who lives in Stockwell,
Can that be O'Rielly that's togged out so highly,
Bejabbers, O'Rielly, you're getting on well.

Well, I went to a party a short time ago,
Where the boys and the girls were frisky,
you know,
The music was charming, the dancing was gay,
But when I did enter they all stopped to say.
Chorus.

At all the Land League meetings like a true
Irish blade,
To speak out my mind I was never afraid,
On the platform I stand, but of course for a lark,
They all point their fingers, then quietly remark.
Chorus.

Lawyer Molloy.

I'm Mister Molloy, and a lawyer I am,
And one of the best of my kind;
At using a quill for to make out a bill,
I'm sure that I'm not far behind.
And when in the box faith I give such hard knocks
That judges and jury all cry
That he's the wrong sort to have in the court,
They're all frightened at Lawyer Molloy.

CHORUS.

I'm Mister Molloy the lawyer,
And a jolly good lawyer am I,
At spinning a tale to save you from jail,
I'm sure it's meself is the boy.
It's when I go in that I'm bound to win,
My motto is never say die,
So try if you can to find such a man,
To equal ould lawyer Molloy.

Some fellows may boast that they knew
quite a host
Of all sorts of larnin' an' law;
But I know quite enough to give 'em all snuff,
Now what could a lawyer want more.
I'll make out your case without any disgrace,
And never be caught in a lie.
If my address will find, just bear this in mind,
And ax for ould lawyer Molloy. Chorus

I tell you quite straight that I charge six-and-eight
For any advice that I give,
I always am dress in the neatest and best,
And I know very well how to live.
You need not say fudge, I might yet be a judge,
It's a seat that I'd much like me boys,
So shout hip, hurrah, for the solid lawyer,
That's me, and I'm Mister Molloy. Chorus.

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12 The Sweetest of the Sweet....40
13 The Sweetest of the Sweet Waltz....40
14 The Old Bench Near the Mill....40
15 Angel Mother Watch for me....40
16 Take Me Back to My Dear Old Southern Home, Song with Echo Chorus 40
17 Lay my Head Beneath a Rose....40
18 Baby Died One Year Ago To-Day....40
19 Little Roguish Eyes....40
20 Beautiful Songs Unsung....40
21 A Little Place Within thy Heart....40
22 Music and Dancing....40
23 The Reason why I was Elected....40
24 Walzingham McSweeney, the Gay Cavalier 40
25 I Couldn't Help it Ma....40
26 So Weary and Sad To-Night....40
27 Irish Lanciers....60
28 When the Flowers are Dreaming....40
29 Sweet Maggie Gordon....40
30 The Rosebud in Your Hair....40
31 Luck Lays Over Brain....40
32 Open Up Dem Doors....40
33 The Petticoat Brigade....40
34 Scotch Lanciers....60
35 American Lanciers....60
36 Sea Cadet Lanciers....60
37 Turkish Patrol Quickstep....60
38 English Lanciers....60
39 Midshipmites March....40
40 The Irish Volunteers March....40
41 The Petticoat Brigade March....40
42 I'm Just Turned Sixty-Three....40
43 Times of Long Ago....40
44 Invitation Waltzes....50
45 Down by de Rainbow....40
46 Settle Dat Bill....40
47 Old Times Roxy, or Trouble in de Kitchen 40
48 I'se Uncle Pompey Still....40
49 Hab Your Ladders Ready....40
50 The Golden Chariot....40
51 Mickey Flahrity....40
52 Deuced Good Fellah....40
53 A Stitch in Time Saves Nine....40
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60 Kitty McNish....40
61 Romping Irish Lass....40
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64 You are False, but I'll Forgive You....40
65 Throwing Pebbles in the Stream....40
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67 Casey's Ball Last Night....40
68 My Home by the Deep Rolling Sea....40
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71 Joys of my Childhood....40
72 The Day I Took My Peg to Coney Isle....40
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74 Take Me in Your Arms, Mama....40
75 Down on Coney Island Beach....40
76 The old willow chair there grandmother sat 40
77 The Heroes of Ireland....40
78 As I Stood by the Door....40
79 Finegan Masquerade....40
80 My Angel Brother's Ring....40
81 You are False but I'll Forgive You, Waltz 40
82 Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance....40
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93 Only a Daisy....40
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95 High Water Pants....40
96 Widow Clancy's Party....40
97 Erin's Green Isle....40
98 Sons of Erin's Isle....40
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100 Sweet Maggie Gordon Waltz....40
101 Only to Hear Her Voice....40
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109 Travelling back to Alabam....40
110 Oh! why was I so soon Forgotten....40
111 Come Along Sister Mary....40
112 My own sweet wife to be....40
113 We are Growing Old Together....40
114 The Old Ruined Mill....40
115 My old Plantation Home so far away....40
116 Grandfather's Cane....40
117 Hiding in the Corn....40
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129 The Old Dinner Horn....40
130 Mother please forgive your boy....40
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134 The Time when we were young....40
135 When Courting Hulda Brown....40
136 'Tis then sweetheart, I'll dream of thee....40
137 Let us catch the golden sunbeams....40
138 Fly birdie, to where Willie's waiting....40
139 Good Knights and Fair Ladies....40
140 The Bright Side, the nearer I draw to Jesus 40
141 Do it Again....40
142 We shall miss thee, Ella darling....40
143 Sister Hannah....40
144 Can you forgive and forget, love....40
145 Paddy Duffy....40
146 Finegin Calico Ball....40
147 The sup of good whiskey at Geritys wake 40
148 Jes let dem hosses go....40
149 Old Pompey's getting barefoot on de top of his head....40
150 How Mrs. McGovern sold the Gauger....40
151 Sweeter than a red ripe peach....40
152 Teddy please scare me again....40
153 Sweeter than a red ripe peach—Schottisch40
154 Kerrigan's Masquerade....40
155 Pretty Irish Queen....40
156 Happy Old Irish Pair....40
157 McCarthy's Fancy Ball....40
158 O'Brien the Alderman....40
159 Whisper softly, papa's dying....40
160 I'm a charming up-town belle....40
161 Close the blinds Lottie's dying....40
162 'Tis ten o'clock, please go....40
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CONTENTS.

An Irishman's boast.....page 763
ALWAYS TOE THE MARK 767
Contents of Lieder's New York One Cent "Ballad Sheet, from No. 1 to 9 766
DOWN BY MY MOTHER'S TOMB.....763
DEAR HEART WHISPER THAT YOU LOVE ME....765
Erin, Dear Erin.....764
Fagan's Social Dance.....762
Flirting.....765
Give Paddy a chance and you'll find him A1.....762
How do you do it, now tell me do.....764
The Hand, the head, the heart.....764
How do you like the city 765
I'll take you home again, Kathleen.....763
The Irish M. P.....764
The Little ould clay pipe.....762
The Man I respect.....762
The Muse's Retrospection.....763
MY LITTLE COUNTRY HOME.....764
McSweeney's Full Dress Ball.....765
Mary Ann McGuffin Susan Jane.....765
On the planks near the old brewery.....762
The Old Irish Land League.....763
The Orphan's Love.....765
Our Interesting Matter Column.....767
Pat's comin' home again 763
Paddy's Duffy's Mule.....767
PAPA'S BABY GIRL.....767
PROF. EDMUND CLARK'S Studies for the Banjo.....768
The Runaway Slave.....762
The Sheeney Pedlars.....767
Tolida.....763
Take this bundle to my uncle.....762
WE ONLY PART TO MEET AGAIN.....762
We've come to see the baby.....764
WHEN THE ROSES SOFTLY SLEEP....765

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That Little Ould Clay Pipe.

BY ALECK M'CLAVERTY. PARODY ON DUFFY'S CART.

I'm a poor hard working laborer,
I toil from day to day;
In the summer time and winter,
For a little scanty pay.
To support my needy family,
It gives me great delight,
To sing in praise of better days,
And that little old clay pipe.

Chorus.

It is welcomed almost every where,
At party, or at ball;
At a wake 'twill keep your spirits up
Ould times it will recall.
'Tis just as strong as whiskey,
'Twill make you sing or fight,
Sweet relic of the dear ould sod,
That little ould clay pipe.

On a cold and frosty morning,
When the bleak wind has its sway;
It's known by all the world,
It will keep the cold away.
Just fill it up with navy plug,
And when it's red and bright,
You face will heat like a fire grate,
With that little ould clay pipe. Chorus.

There's a legend to this ould dudeen,
This darling bit of clay;
How William Penn in days of yore,
Won Pennsylvania.
The pipe of peace was passed around,
Which filled them with delight;
So the state was won without sword or gun,
With that little ould clay pipe, Chorus.

The Man I Respect.

Give me the man that in his heart,
Is upright, good and true,
Who when danger comes will not depart,
Nor for his doings rue;
Who when he sees a needy friend,
Driven downward with the blast,
Will take his hand just as of yore,
And help him to the last.

Chorus.

That is the man whom I like best,
Who can hold his head erect,
And tho' I be to danger pressed,
That man I will respect.

The man who will in dangers all
Stick to you like a brother,
And when he sees you downward fall,
Will try your grief to smother.
By giving you a helping hand,
And proving he's a friend,
A friend above all others,
On whom you can depend. Chorus.

But friends, these sort of men are few,
And very far between;
Although some may pretend to you,
They are the choicest cream.
When you are upward in the world,
Many will be your friends,
But the one that helps you when you're down,
That is the honest friend. Chorus.

The Runaway Slave.

White folks, I am a runaway slave,
Dat come across de sea,
I come to see dis happy land,
Where ebery man is free.
In de cotton fields I've toiled
Beneath the burning sun,
I labored with those withered arms
While sweat all dawn dem run.

Chorus.

I'll bless de flag dat set me free, (sym.)
I'll sing its praise where'er I be, (sym.)
Dis poor old black will ne'er go back
To yonder sunny shore,
De cruel white-faced planter,
Will never flog me more.
They snatched me from my mother's side,
And sold me as a slave;
She broke her heart, and den she died,
They laid her in de grave.
It brings de water to my eyes,
Sometimes it thwarts my joy.
I often think I hear her cry,
"Oh! spare, oh! spare my boy. Chorus.

In yonder bright and happy land,
Where all is peace and lub,
De dear departed ones I'll meet,
Der souls am gone abub.
I think I'll change de subject,
For there's brighter days in store,
I have done my best to please you,
De best can do no more. Chorus.

We Only Part to Meet Again,

BY C. W. MARK. TO MISS JULIA M. ALTMEIER.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENEECK.

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Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye my own,
With fondest love from thee I part;
I bid good-bye to thee alone,
But not to thy fond loving heart.
For though for years the treacherous sea,
Shall bear me on its fateful lane.
The ship that tears me now from thee,
Will bring me back to thee again.

Chorus.

Though saddened, now, from thee I go,
For years to bear this parting pain;
My heart is cheered because I know,
We only part to meet again.

Good-bye, sweet-heart, the day will come,
When all our parting pain shall cease,
The day the good ship brings me home,
To thee, fond love, my only peace,
Then watch with ever loving heart,
Each sail that rolls upon the main,
Cheered by the words with which we part,
We only part to meet again. Chorus.

Take this Bundle to my Uncle.

Take this bundle to my uncle,
Put it up the spout for me;
This is not the first by many,
I have sent when on a spree.
Say that when the week is ended,
I to get it out will try—
Coax him to fork out the rhino,
For with thirst I'm fit to die.

Chorus.

Take this bundle to my uncle,
Put it up the spout for me;
If you can't get half a dollar,
I'll be glad of two-and-three.

Take this bundle to my uncle,
Filled with all my decent togs—
Coat and shirt, a pair of trousers,
My waistcoat and my Sunday clogs,
Say with tippling I feel seedy,
And my coppers are so hot,
You assist the poor and needy,
Uncle, dear, forget me not. Chorus.

Take this bundle to my uncle,
Where the golden balls you see;
And if you should be successful,
You and I will have a spree.
By-the-bye when you're returning,
If a decent chance you get,
Sell the ticket for a tanner,
We can blue it all in wet. Chorus.

On the Planks Near the Old Brewery.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY THOMAS P. KELLEHER.

One night as I sat a loving,
And her father came peeping thro' the door;
He entered, he gave me such a clubbing,
That I landed all over the floor.

Chorus.

On the planks near the old brewery, love,
Where we finished many a keg;
Where the Unique Choppers,
Got drunk among the floppers,
On the planks near the old brewery.

I got my Biddy in the tripe shop,
Where they would fight every day,
She up and told the boss,
And then their jobs they lost,
More luck to that darling Henry Clay. Cho.

Now I do really love my Biddy,
For she is always full of life;
And though she is so verry, very giddy,
I think she'd make a darling wife. Chorus.

Give Paddy a chance, and you'll find him A1.

Some people when speaking of Pat and his nation
Paint them as black as black well can be;
He's a fool and a coward in their estimation,
And the little green isle's the worst in the sea.
To such people I say, have you scanned
history's pages?
And learned all that Paddy for England has done
How he fought for her, bled for her, at
various stages,
Give Paddy a chance, and you'll find him A1.

Every land has its roll-call of heroes departed,
In praise of whose virtues it ever speaks loud,
And Ireland's own list of the brave and
brave hearted,
Is one of which Sandy or John might be proud;
There's 'Connell, Barke, Emmett, and
more I might mention,
Who great deeds for Ireland and England
have done,
All bearing me out in this, my contention,
Give Paddy a chance and you'll find him A1.

And tho' at the present time Ireland's condition
Is not quite so happy or quiet as might be,
Still blame not poor Pat but give your decision
Against the red authors of all that I see.
Consider the evils by which he's surrounded,
Remember all that in the past he has done,
And show him your hearts are not narrowly
bounded,
Give Paddy a chance and you'll find him A1.

Fagan's Social Dance.

BY SID EUSON. SUNG BY FLYNN & EUSON.

The other night at Fagan's house,
We had a rattling dance;
The fun would set you crazy,
It would put you in a trance,
McCarthy with his fiddle,
Played music that was grand,
His jigs and reels could not be beat
By Gilmore's famous band.

Chorus.

The McCarthy's and the Clancy's,
In style did lively prance;
But we nearly paralyzed them all
At Fagan's social dance.

So now kind friends, as you can see,
We are a happy pair;
We always like to sing and dance,
When we have time to spare.
And now we'll bid you all good-bye,
With permission we'll depart;
To come around to sing and dance
For you some other night. Chorus.

Tolida.

She lives on the banks of a smooth flowing stream
With her ma and her crusty da-da;
In a neat little cot where the gooseberries beam,
Where the swells often go tra-la-la.
She is tall, neat, and as fair as a tulip,
Her name it is sweet smiling Ida,
But because of her mien and her lippy-lip,
The swells they have named her Tolida.

CHORUS.

Lu-li-e, she's a rosey,
A fairy so gay to be eyed—ah
Lu-li-e, lu-li-o, she's a posey,
Romping, sweet, merry Tolida.
Lu-li-e, lu-li-o, she's a bird,
A meek, merry plaything, a dido,
Lu-li-e, lu-li-o, on my word,
More loving than Venus, Tolido.

We oft have a stroll, 'long the bank of the stream,
I kiss her sweet hand, and sweet lips,
She would wriggle and pout, then she'd scream,
And oh! how the angel can nip.
Then she cries, here's pa pa, you must scamper,
And of course I then slope from her side—ah,
To give place for a cove that's a damper,
But of course it's all right for Tolida. Cho.

I would sometimes ascend the nearest tall tree,
To escape as I thought her father;
But I found 'twas another she'd trysted to see,
I was upset, and trampled on, rather,
But when I saw he was stout-built and tall,
I said it's all up with you Billy,
I thought if I'd cheek, he might give me a fall,
And then I would look rather silly. Chorus.

An Irishman's Boast.

When a stranger comes forth from a far
distant land,
And arrives in the Isle of the Green,
He is warmly received with an out-stretched hand
In a manner he has ne'er before seen.
His eye he will cast all around in dismay,
As the scene there before him now stands,
And when it's surveyed he is sure for to say
It's the land above other lands.

CHORUS.

It's the land where cowardice never was known,
As her sons they are true to the last;
It's the spot where bravery ever was shown
To keep up the memories that are past.

Let its history by foeman or friend be perused,
And its items be carefully penned down;
When you have read, you'll find she's illused,
By the slanderer's tongue all around.
For in present and past many hardships were seen
Both from famine and tyranny's wrath,
And to conquer old Ireland, the land of the green
And her enemies' favorite path. Chorus.

But more prosperous days let us hope for to see
In our own dear native shore,
For the sun yet may shine in this land of the free
And happier times yet restore.
To the hearths of her sons, the undaunted
and brave,
Whose spirits have long been down cast,
To depression and famine they have e'er
been a slave,
But those days may for-ever be past. Chorus.

The Muse's Retrospection.

When golden youth from us has fled,
And locks are scant and gray;
With sad regret we view the years
Now idly passed away.
In anguish oft our tears will flow,
Alas, but all in vain,
We see our folly when too late,
And sigh for youth again.

CHORUS.

Let not your early years slip past,
Nor spend your time in vain,
Be up and doing while you're young,
And reap the golden grain.

'Tis not when wrinkles trace the brow,
Nor yet when locks are gray;
Nor when our form with years are bent,
The time to make our hay.
While manhood's might and vigor last,
Toil on and ne'er dismay,
You'll be secure when age appears,
Against a rainy day. Chorus.

What tho' perchance a cloud may lower,
The gloom will pass away,
We must with patience persevere,
To climb life's rugged brae;
Tho' oft our first attempts may fail,
And cause us grief and pain,
Ne'er cowardly throw the sponge aloft,
But nobly try again. Chorus.

Pat's Comin' Home Again.

I feel quite overcome with joy,
The cause I will explain,
My darling sweetheart, Pat Molloy,
Is comin' home again.
He long has been in Amerikay,
Now homeward bound is he;
And in a week, I'm proud to say,
He'll be once more with me.

CHORUS.

I feel so happy, for my Pat is comin' home
once more,
To dear old Erin's shore, this boy I do adore.
We're going to get married, for he's lots of
cash in store,
Yes, he is very fond of his own Norah.

I thought my heart would really break,
The day he went away;
He vowed that me he'd never forsake,
And be true, come what may.
I find that he has kept his mind
These vows he made to me,
Yes, he says that we'll be wed
When he comes o'er the sea. Chorus.

Oh! would the time could faster fly,
And speed his vessel here;
For nightly I so sadly sigh
To be near Pat so dear.
And I know he is just the same,
Yes, won't be satisfied,
Until once more safe home he's come,
For to make me his bride. Chorus.

The Old Irish Land League.

You offsprings of old Granu,
Who were wronged by proud Britannia,
And has left restrictions on you,
Likewise contempt and plague.
I hope you will pay attention,
Unto these few lines I mention,
Concerning the sole intrusion
Of the generous Land League.

It is now we are united,
And at old England not affrighted,
But greatly delighted,
The truth to you I tell.
We have got a bold commander,
Who excells Alexander,
And no hero could be grander
Than the noble Parnell.

He is a man of intellect,
Of talent and great sway,
And all true-hearted Irishmen
Can thank God we've seen the day,
When we must have our equal rights,
And used as men should be.
Likewise shake the yoke from off our neck,
As old England soon shall see.

We'll not allow them to imprison us,
As they did Arch Bishop's Nulty and Croake;
But pay them for their villainy,
When we shake off the yoke.
For it's too long we have wore it,
Which caused us to lament,
But now, thank God, the day has come,
When the villains must repent.

For if they do not soon release
Our harmless brethern,
Our Bishop's and Father Sheehey,
We will give them to understand,
And let all nations see,
That we'll not allow them to rob us more,
Either squander us or plague,
For each ten they false-imprison,
A hundred will join the League.

Now to conclude and finish,
I mean to end my rhyme;
I thank the Lord that spared me,
To live to see the time
When old England must humble,
And let all nations see,
That she got into a fix,
When Ireland is free.

I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen.

SUNG BY JOHNNY REESE.

I'll take you home again, Kathleen,
Across the ocean wild and wide,
To where your heart has ever been
Since first you were my bonnie bride.
The roses all have left your cheek,
I've watched them fade away and die;
Your voice is sad when e'er you speak,
And tears bedim your loving eyes.

CHORUS.

I'll take you back again, Kathleen,
To where your heart will feel no pain,
And when the fields are fresh and green,
I'll take you to your home again.

To that bright home beyond the sea,
My Kathleen shall again return;
And when the old friends welcome thee
Thy loving heart will cease to yearn.
Where laughs that little silvery stream
Beside your mother's humble cot,
And brightest rays of sunshine gleam,
Then all your grief will be forgot. Chorus.

Down by my Mother's Tomb.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY T. F. GRANT.

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When the silvery moon does brightly shine,
And the twinkling stars doth beam;
In the silent hour of night I pine,
For the past, each gone-by scene,
I think about my childhood days,
When I knelt by my mother's knee,
But now from earth she's passed away,
From care and sorrow free.

CHORUS.

She's sleeping in the silent grave,
Where the roses blush and bloom,
Where the weeping willows softly wave,
Above my mother's tomb.
In the gently spring the birds do sing,
Down by my mother's tomb.

Oh! give me back my childhood days,
When I knelt by my mother's side,
She loved and taught me to pray,
My footsteps she would guide.
But sleeping by my father's side,
Where the roses blush and bloom,
And the rippling waters gently glide,
Down by my mother's tomb. Chorus.

We've Come to see the Baby.

Twelve months ago, as you all know,
I was a single man;
But since I married Betsey Jones,
My troubles have begun.
I once was very happy, yes,
But now my pleasure's done,
And last week to my sorrow found
My wife had got a son.

Spoken; Yes, it's quite true, it's all up with the poor lodger, and as soon as I knew what was up, I told all the neighbors, who commenced to sing.

Chorus.

We've called to see the baby, George,
As we passed down this way;
We've called to see the baby,
And to take a little stay,
And how's the little darling, George,
And what age might he be?
We've called to see the baby,
And have a little spree.

Of course I told my friends the news,
I'm sure you'd do the same,
And ever since the child was born,
They've acted such a game.
I thought that I would treat them all,
So asked them down to tea;
And several drank its health so much,
They got upon the spree.

Spoken; Yes, there was mother-in-law and about twenty-four more, drinking the kid's health till it wasn't healthy for them to do so, and they wouldn't stop singing. Chorus.

You know what blooming babies are,
Especially when they're young,
But this kid squalls the whole night long,
And never holds his tongue.
Sometimes I lose my temper,
Feel inclined to punch his head,
Because he kicks me in the ribs
All night when I'm in bed.

Spoken; Yes, it's very nice when you're having a sweet dream, and the blooming kid gives you a kick in the ribs and makes you fancy you hear your pals shouting. Chorus.

My wife she wants him christened soon,
And then we'll have a spree,
So if you wish you may come down,
The baby for to see.
I'm not quite sure about the date,
But when I'm down this way
I'll call and tell you when to call
Down to our house to say. Chorus.

How do you do it, now tell me, Do?

I'm the simplest simple as ever was known,
I really know nothing at all;
But pray now don't smile at my ignorance please,
Or that would be bitter as gall.
But I am so innocent, really I am,
And so awfully timid and shy;
When I hear about anything nice that's been done
I'm sure to enquire and reply.

Chorus.

How do you do it, now tell me, do?
Quite dying to know I am,
Is it anything naughty or awfully nice,
Oh! do tell this innocent lamb?

There's a pleasant young fellow who lives next door,
About twenty, good-looking and tall;
I got on a stool and we had such a chat,
"Over the garden wall;"
But only at night when the moon is not out,
Though the stars seem to wink high above,
Last night we'd a chat for an hour or more,
And the subject was how to make love.

Spoken; Of course I am so simple I had to say—

Chorus.

How do you make it, now tell me, do?
Nearly dying to know I am;
When it's made is it naughty, or awfully nice,
Oh! do tell this innocent lamb?

He said to make love, the directions were simple,
First, expression so soft from the eyes,
On the hand a slight pressure, and added to that,
You throw in just two or three sighs;
Then a hint that those moments are the happiest quite,
And too short of such glimpses of bliss.
And then perhaps "to flavor the whole," you throw in
Or steal just one little kiss.

Spoken; Of course, with my usual simplicity I enquired—

Chorus.

Haw do you steal it, oh! show me do?
Quite dying to know I am,
Is it dreadfully naughty, or awfully nice,
Oh! do tell this innocent lamb?

The Irish M. P.

It's seven years come next December,
First in Parliament I took my seat;
As a dilligent hard working member,
I'm sure I cannot be beat.
When we bring up some fresh Irish grievance,
Still heavy opposed we do be,
To see us with more strength in St. Stephen's,
Is the wish of this Irish M. P.

Chorus.

I just speak as my conscience directs me,
There's no double-dealings with me,
My mind I speak plain, and uprightness maintain
That's the way with this Irish M. P.

There are some candidates when elected
For to gain favor speak 'gainst their will,
What they promised to do they've neglected,
Their duty they seldom fulfil.
I would not take all this dominion,
And deceive those that placed trust in me,
I let them know my honest opinion,
That's the way with this Irish M. P. Chorus.

Looking back sometimes I do get nettled,
When memory recalls College Green,
When Irish affairs were there settled,
Without what is now termed a 'scene.'
Though the Press criticise us severely,
It won't change me the slightest degree,
I'll stick for the land I love dearly,
That's the style of the Irish M. P. Chorus.

Erin, Dear Erin.

A song I will sing you in praise of an isle,
Afar o'er the western sea;
With bright sparkling rivers and rich verdant soil
And a people good-natured and free.
The nightingale's song is oft heard in the groves,
The blue sky is o'er bright and clear;
This is the dear island an Irishman loves,
Of all other lands 'tis most dear.

Chorus.

Erin, dear Erin, land of the Gael,
The land of bold mountain and river,
Across the blue ocean I bid thee all hail,
May you flourish for ever and ever.

When a boy I oft roamed o'er thy heather-clad hills,
And thy meadows of sweet scented hay;
In the bright balmy summer I've drank of thy rills,
When fatigued by the heat of the day.
And oft in the evening I've gazed up above,
At the stars in heaven's blue dome,
And vowed that I ever would cherish and love
My dear, my beloved island home. Chorus.

Dear land of my youth I may ne'er see again,
Thy mountains and valley's so green,
But my thoughts will oft stray o'er the blue main,
To thee. Erin, of islands the queen.
May thy sons be ever light-hearted and free,
And winning thy fair daughter's smile,
May prosperity smile from the Foyle to the Lee,
And illumine my dear native isle. Chorus.

The Hand the Head, the Heart.

Every man upon the stage of life,
Whether single or harnessed to a wife,
Should know his duty, and should play his part,
In the work to do, by the hand, the head, the heart.

Chorus.

So may it never be too late
With us to make a start;
To choose, and use the best to do
With the hand, the head, the heart.

If we wish and determined are to do,
The ways and means will soon appear to view;
Necessity enables us to read the chart,
Of how to use the hand, the head, the heart.

The skill to shine in honest labor dwells,
With those whose efforts their own merit tells;
'Tis wise to take a lesson in the mart
Where they know how to use the hand, the head, and heart.

It matters not, be we rich or poor,
There's something far beyond we should secure;
And our conscience will to us the truth impart
Of how to use the hand, the head, the heart.

Though hard the toil, how sweet the recompense,
To the man who lives and acts on common sense;
No thought no word, no deed of his will thwart
The proper way to use the hand, the head, the heart.

My Little Country Home.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. L. FENNEY.
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My father was a farmer,
And lived upon his farm;
And well do I remember
The old farm house and barn,
And the pretty little garden,
Where often seeds I've sown,
I love to think and ponder o'er
My little country home.

Chorus.

My little country home,
On a bright and sunny morn,
You could hear the birds a singing
When the day begins to dawn.
And the ducks would quack, quack, quack,
And the chickens cackle, too,
The rooster he would flap his wings,
And cry cock-a-doo-dle-doo.

We'd rise up in the morning,
Just at the break of day,
We'd drive the cows to pasture,
And give the horses hay.
Then to the fields we'd gather
To hoe and rake the corn;
At noon we're always sure to hear
The welcome dinner horn. Chorus.

On winter nights we'd gather
Beside the chearful grate,
And listen to the stories
Our father would relate.
But now those days have vanished,
No matter where I roam,
In memory dear I will revere,
My little country home. Chorus.

Flirting.

BY J. E. LA PIERRE. AIR; LOVER'S TELEGRAPH.

Flirting is a risky thing,
It's a saying that is old;
When a girl picks a fellow up on the street,
It's ten to one she's sold.
With his seven dollar ulster, and stylish hat,
She thinks the fellow so grand;
But girls think twice, take this advice,
That clothes don't always make the man.

CHORUS.

Then girls take this advice,
And look before you leap,
For doing things in haste I'm told,
Has caused many a one to weep.

When a girl gets mashed on one of these quills,
It's castles in the air she will build;
She thinks if she could but marry him,
Her happiness would be fulfilled;
She imagines she'd live in a brown stone front,
Have silks and satins to wear,
But when she gets spliced she won't find it so nice
When she'll have to live on water and air.
Chorus.

They generally all have pretty names,
Such as Harry, Charles and Augustus;
A couple of hairs upon their lips,
Sport these giddy mashers.
With their fine kid gloves and nobby canes,
Why they look simply immense,
But the girl that won't take a mash on them,
Is endowed with common sense. Chorus.

They all are a set of lardy-dars,
You can see it in their faces;
They give to the girls they get fifteen a week,
When they only get three at Macey's.
They're a dizzy crowd all by themselves,
Of cigarettes they smoke plenty,
And if a jury were to examine their heads,
They'd pass a verdict—Empty. Chorus.

How do you Like the City.

BY HARRY MILLER. SUNG BY JAS. OTIS.

AIR; HOW DO YOU LIKE LONDON.

'Bout a year ago I went to town,
And there to spend a week;
We lived then up at Malcom's Woods,
Right back o' Jones' Creek.
Now pop, he had a farm up there,
And after harvesting was done,
'Twas then I thought I'd start ther trip,
To town, and see ther fun.

Spoken; Yes, that was ther first time dad let me go to town, but dern me, if I didn't make things hum; it's curious, I hadn't been in ther town more'n a day or two, before everybody seemed ter know me, for they would holler,—hello, Jersey—

CHORUS.

How do you like the city?
What do you think of the town?
How do you like the "L" roads,
High above the ground?
How do you like the town by night,
And the pretty girls you found,
Give no excuse, it is no use,
Tell us how do you like the town?

Now I didn't mind ther boys a bit,
But went right on my way;
As happy as a robin bird,
As old Perkins used ter say.
Though I hadn't gone so very far,
'Till a perty girl I saw,
Come tripping just across ther street,
From out'er a dry-good store.

Spoken; Well, she was the pertiest girl I ever sot eyes on ter; I tried to make a mash on 'er, as 'em city chaps call it, but she didn't seem ter notice me a bit, but everyone else did, and a lot of 'em 'ere fellers standing on ther corner began to laugh at me, and say, It's no use, Jersey, yer can't mash, but by ther way— Chorus.

Well I thought I'd better start ter home,
As ther town folks was too tricky;
And I knew I wasn't smart enough,
For ther people in ther city.
For it seemed to me, that all I met,
Had fun at my expense;
And when I go ter town again,
You bet I'll have more sense.

Spoken; I was right down glad ter get away from ther infernal town, after being swindled outer a hundred dollars or more, and every perky fool hollering arter me. Chorus.

When the Roses Softly Sleep.

WORDS BY C. W. MARK. MUSIC BY JULIA M. ALTMEIER.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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When the roses fall asleep, love,
In the fading of the day;
Does your heart then silent weep, love,
For the one so far away?
And when kneeling pure, in prayer, love,
Am I thought of then by thee;
And does, while I'm not there, love,
One kind prayer ascend for me.

CHORUS.

When the roses softly sleep, love,
When the roses softly sleep;
Do you sigh then for my coming,
When the roses softly sleep.
Softly sleep, softly sleep,
When the roses softly sleep.

When the roses love, are sleeping,
Does your heart with thoughts of me
Ever hold in sacred keeping,
That sweet love for me at sea.
Is there then one look of sorrow,
In the blue-eyes hidden deep;
Do thy lips call for the morrow,
When the roses softly sleep? Chorus.

When the roses, love, are sleeping,
Do you feel that parting pain?
Does thine heart while softly weeping,
Call me home to thee again.
Is there then one kiss of gladness,
Pressed upon the ring you keep?
Do you sigh for me in sadness,
When the roses softly sleep. Chorus.

The Orphan's Love.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY EDWARD OSBORN.

DEDICATED TO MISS DELIA ANDERSON.

AIR; A LEAF OF IVY FROM MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I went to St. Michael's on last Sunday,
To see my darling mother laid beneath the clay.
For it was on the twelfth day of Febuary,
That in my arms her life did pass away.
Darling mother, I know that you are happy,
For your soul it is at rest,
In that beautiful paradise of Heaven,
Where the weary always find a rest.

CHORUS.

For your memory I will always treasure,
And pray to God you are with the blest;
In that beautiful paradise of Heaven,
Where the weary always find a rest.

Dear mother, for you I will always pray,
To that Heaven that is far from us above,
And from off your mound I have taken
The emblem of purity, a dove.
And it I will always treasure,
To guide my dying love for you,
And may God protect the orphans,
That you have left here after you, Chorus.

I think I hear your dear voice calling
To me from your happy home above;
And the purity of the angels,
Hovers round me while I keep the precious dove
Look down upon me darling mother,
And always guide to the blessed
For up in heaven I hope to meet you,
Where the weary always find a rest. Chorus.

Dear Heart Whisper That You Love Me.

WORDS BY FRANK ASHLEIGH. MUSIC BY J. H. NORMAN.

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Dear heart whisper that you love me,
And relieve my doubts and fears,
Just one little word I pray you,
'Twill keep the burning tears,
Say it, darling, wait no longer,
Let me hear thy gentle voice,
It will fill my heart with gladness,
It will make my heart rejoice.

CHORUS.

Dear heart whisper that you love me,
Keep not back that loving word;
'Tis the sweetest of its calling,
Naught was ever like it heard.

Dear heart whisper that you love me,
As I linger neath the trees;
Quickly let the message be, love,
Wafted to me on the breeze.
Whisper softly, whisper sweetly,
Speak, love, to my aching heart,
Tell me that you love me truly,
Say not darling we must part. Chorus

McSweeneys Full Dress Ball.

BY SID EUSON. SUNG BY FLYNN & EUSON.

We'll tell you of a ball, dear folks,
It was a grand affair;
And all the aristocrats of Hoboken were there,
They danced in coats with swallow tails,
The ladies one and all,
They wore their satin slippers
At McSweeney's full dress ball.

CHORUS.

Hands all 'round boys, and then comes forward four
Next is ladies change, you'll hear them call.
Balance to your partners, double swing and
that was all,
We ate oysters at McSweeney's full dress ball.

We danced the schottische, hands all round,
And balance down the middle,
The boys and girls they all kept time,
To Casey's eight day fiddle.
At twelve o'clock the gentlemen,
Took partners one and all,
To enjoy a pleasant supper, at
McSweeney's full dress ball, Chorus.

Mary Ann McGuffin Susan Jane.

We are a happy Irish pair,
We'd like you all to know;
We arrived in this country
A few days ago.
We're looking for our daughter,
Mary Ann it is her name,
They say she's in a circus,
By the name of Susan Jane.

CHORUS.

But our daughter Mary Ann she's a darling,
She's a daisy all the same, and whenever she
goes out.
Why the people they all shout
There in Mary Ann McGuffin Susan Jane.

Our Mary Ann's a beauty,
Her hair is very red;
She looks three ways for Sunday,
One look would kill you dead.
Although she's with a circus,
Rides the elephant round the ring,
She goes up on a trapeze,
For to do a highland fling.

On receipt of 15 One Cent Postage Stamps I will send all of the Songs on this List, 250 in number; also on receipt of 35 cents in postage stamps, I will send the Music to any one song on this list. Address Wm. J. A. LIEDER, Publisher, 60 Chatham Street, New York City.

Contents of LIEDER'S New York One Cent "Ballad Sheets, From Nos. 1 to 9 Inclusive.

	No.
Auld Lang Syne	1
America, (My country 'tis of thee.)	1
A Model Love Letter	2
The Anchor's Weighed	4
Annie Laurie	4
A Little Place Within thy Heart	4
A Yankee Man of War	5
The American Boy	5
A hundred years ago	5
A Violet from my mother's grave	6
A leaf of ivy from my mother's grave	7
A handful of earth	7
A dear spot of land	8
Away down south in Georgia	8
A row of tenement houses	8
Angel Mother Watch for me	8
Baby Mine	1
Beautiful Isle of the Sea	1
Beautiful Songs Unsung	3
The Bright Little Spot on the Ocean	4
Babylon is Fallen	4
The Battle Cry of Freedom	5
Beneath the sod they're sleeping	5
Brother's fainting at the door	5
Barney McCoy	6
Bright Emerald Isle of the sea	6
Bob up serenely	6
The Blue Alsatian Mountains	7
Be home early to-night my dear boy	7
Beautiful Venice	8
Biddy McGee	9
The Butcher Boy	9
The Bridge	9
Come Back to Erin	1
Climb up, climb up the Mountain Side	1
The Cottage by the sea	2
The Cumberland's Crew	2
The Casey Social Club	2
Can you forgive, and forget, love	6
Cats in our back yard	6
The Cot in the corner	6
Charley he's a Masher	8
Cot where I was born	9
Come along, Sister Mary	9
Carrie Lee	9
Casey's Ball Last Night	9
Dublin Bay, or; Roy Neill	3
Dancing in the barn	3
The Dear Little Shamrock	4
Dear mother I've come home to die	5
The Day when you'll forget me	6
Dance me on your knee	6
The Devil's in New Jersey	7
Don't drink from the pitcher of beer	7
Delia Clancy	7
Don't come in the morning	9
Drunkard's Lone Child	9
Desirable Dime Song Books	9
Ella Ree	1
The Exile of Erin	2
Eight Bells at Sea	3
The Finigin Corterie	2
The Fire in the Grate	3
The Faded Coat of Blue	3
Flag of the Free	5
Flag of our Union	5
The Finigan Calico Ball	6
Grandfather's Clock	1
Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance	3
Grandmother's Chair	7
Good-bye at the door	9
Home Sweet Home	1
High water Pants	1
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls	1
The Husband's Commandments	3
The Heart bowed down by weight of woe	3
Home Again	3
Her bright smile haunts me still	4
Hail Columbia, Happy Land	5
Hi, Jenny, he, Jenny Johnston	7
Happy dreams of you	8
Has the Comet Struck	9
I dreamt I dwelt in marble Halls	2
I cannot call her mother	2
I'll Name the Boy Dennis, or no name at all	2
I'll be all smiles to-night, love	3
'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can never be	4
'Tis but a little faded flower	4
I cannot sing the old songs	4
Isle of Beauty fare thee well	4
I want to see de good old home again	6
In the Low Lands Low	7
I am leaving now the old Folks	7
I Leave Ireland and mother because we are poor	7
I was false but you'll forgive me	8
'Tis a blossom from our little Willie's breast	8
I'll go back to my old love again	9
I'll remember you love in my prayers	9
In the Low Lands Low	9
'Tis evening brings my heart to thee	9
Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louize	4
Just before the battle, mother	5
Just after the battle, mother	5
Jennie the Flower of Kildare	6
Killarney	1
Katie's Secret	2
Kathleen Mavourneen	2
Kerrigan's Mzsquerade	3
Kitty Wells	4
Kingdom Coming	5
Katy Avourneen	8
The Little ones at home	1
Larboard Watch	1
Lullaby	1
The Last Rose of Summer	2
Listen to the mocking bird	4
Lay my head beneath a rose	4
The Land of love and liberty	5
Little Maggie Ann	6
Levi Kassiday	6
Little old house on the Rhine	7
Lamentation of Johnny Reel	8
Many can help one	1
The Messenger Bird	1
Maggie's Secret	2
My Pretty Red Rose	2
Marching through Georgia	3
My old Kentucky Home Good Night	3
The Minstrel Boy	3
The Man you don't meet every day	3
Mary Ann I'll tell your ma	3
Mother is waiting to welcome her boy	4
Mary Ann Kehoe	4
Mother is the battle over	5
Mother kissed me in my dream	5
Mary of the Wild Moor	6
Mickey Flahrity	6
Mary Ann O'Hoolahan Dowd	6
McCarthy's Fancy Ball	7
Maloney's the man	7
Meet me by moonlight, Willie	7
Mary of Argyle	8
Massa's in the cold ground	8
My darling but talkative wife	8
Mr. and Mrs. Malone	9
The Mill's shut down to-day	9
Nancy Lee	1
The Old Cabin Home	1
Old Black Joe	1
Old folks at home	1
Or any other man- Stump speech	2
The Old Log cabin in the Lane	3
Oh! Fred tell them to stop	4
Our Starry Flag, our Glory	5
Original Yankee Doodle	5
The Old fashioned church on the hill	6
The Old willow chair where grandmother sat	6
O'Reilly's Billy Goat	7
The Old Family Chair	8
The Old log cabin on the hill	9
Open up dem doors	9
Over the Garden Wall	9
Poor Old Salve	2
Picking up gold in the streets	4
Poor Pat Must Emigrate	7
Pretty maid milking her cow	8
Rocked in the cradle of the deep	2
The Raffle for a stove	4
Red, White, and Blue	5
The Rose of Killarney	6
Razors in de air	6
Roll on Silver Moon	8
Rose Perfumed Bouquet	8
Rock me to sleep, mother	8
Such an education has my Mary Ann	1
See that my grave's kept green	1
Sweet Forget Me Not	1
The Sweet by and by	1
Sally Horner round the corner	1
Sweet Spirit hear my prayer	2
Shamus O'Brien	2
Scotch Lassie Jean	2
Sweet Maggie Gordon	2
Slavery Days	3
The Star Spangled Banner	3
The Sword of Bunker Hill	3
She never blamed him never	4
She died on the street	7
Sons of Erin's Isle	4
The Standard Bearer	5
Sheridan's Ride	5
Sally in our alley	7
Sally Mackenally	7
Speak to me speak	8
Six feet of earth	8
Shamrock Shore	8
Sweet Genevieve	8
Sweet scented handsome young man	9
There's a letter in the candle	3
Thou art so near and yet so far	4
Tenting on the old camp ground	4
Tan Yard Side	4
Tell mother I die happy	5
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the prisoners Hope	5
The Turnpike Gate	6
Teddy please scare me again	6
The Tramp	6
There never was a coward where the Shamrock grows	6
Twickenham Ferry	7
The Tramp Song	7
Tell me where my Eva's gone	7
Two Irish Turks	8
True Irish Gents	9
Up at Jones' Wood	7
The Vacant Chair	4
The Villain still pursued her	9
Where was Moses when the light went out	1
Write me a letter from home	1
Whoa Emma	2
Wearing of the Green	2
When you and I were young Maggie	2
We parted by the riverside	2
When I saw sweet Nellie home	2
Would I were with thee	2
Waltzingham McSweeney, the Gay Cavalier	2
The Wandering Refugee	3
When the swallows homeward fly	3
The Widow in the cottage by the sea	3
When Johnnie comes marching home	5
Willie has gone to the war	5
When I smoked my first cigar	5
When McGuinness Gets a job	6
Whisper softly, papa's dying	8
Why should we live as strangers	9
Wild Irish Boy	9
You'll remember me	2
You've been a friend to me	3
You are false, but I'll forgive you	3
You and I	4
You'll miss me when I'm gone	8
You'll miss me when we part	9

Paddy Duffy's Mule.

PARODY ON PADDY DUFFY'S CART.

BY J. E. LA PIERRE.

I suppose you heard of Duff,
And of his lumber cart;
Where the boys would congregate at night,
After it was dark.
Where they sang songs, and told stories,
Of how they used to fool,
With that docile quadruped,
Old Paddy Duffy's mule.

CHORUS.

There was Billy Gleason,
Who was born on Erin's shore;
He was great at teasing
This mule with a straw.
He did this to study science,
To see if mules were quick;
He found out one thing, I am told.
That Duffy's mule could kick.

They say he was imported,
From the real old Irish stock,
And Duff he supported,
By pulling lumber from the dock.
He was very easy going,
And took things mighty cool,
For years he swore off running,
Did old Paddy Duffy's Mule.

CHORUS.

But he was well developed,
As any mule could be;
Of oats and hay he could
Eat as much as three.
For work he was not anxious,
This you could plainly see;
How Duff used to coax him with
A piece of hickory tree.

When his days work was over,
His pleasure he would show,
By kicking ash-barrels over,
That by chance came in his road,
He gave nightly exhibitions
Of his ability,
And the way he made things fly around,
Was laughable to see.

CHORUS.

But Duffy would not sell him,
Not at any price;
For he is a family relic,
And to own him it's his rejoice,
They are now on exhibition,
Duffy's mule and cart,
At that theatre which is owned,
By Harrigen and Hart.

Always toe the Mark.

TO MY FRIEND, J. L. FEENEY.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY C. W. MARK.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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The pathway that leads us through life
we all know,
Is one that is ever up hill;
And being up hill, why, up hill we must go—
Then why fail in courage or will?
Some people fight hard against trouble and care,
And grumble how hard t'is to live;
To these I would say "ne'er give up in dispair,"
And kindly this motto I'd give.

CHORUS.

'Tis fight on in hope for light, my boys,
The road we know is dark;
But, cheerfully stand each blow, my boys,
And always toe the mark.

With pitty I often look on young men,
Who struggling from sin and from shame,
Fight nobly, but fall back again and again,
Discouraged and helpless and lame.
I cheer them all on, and I help them along,
With what little aid I can give,
If they fight with the motto that lies in this song,
They'll find it quite easy to live. Chorus.

Take up the lightcross of this world, boys,
with love,
Let every one carry his own;
You'll find as reward in that bright land above,
A home where no labor is known.
But if you should stop ere the end of the road,
And grumble while resting your share,
You'll find as reward a much heavier load,
Eternal, awaiting you there. Chorus.

Papa's Baby Girl.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ED. C. SMITH.

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Peeping through the window, just at eventide,
Full of childish innocence and glee;
Waiting for my coming down the shady lane,
Sots my baby watching there for me.
A little pair of bright eyes has my baby girl,
A mouth just as pretty as can be,
As she lisps to mamma standing by her side,
Mamma, there comes papa, don't you see.

CHORUS.

Every Eve at twilight while returning home,
Through the blinding snow or bitter rain;
Standing at the window is my baby girl,
Watching for my coming down the lane.

When the shades of night fall on our cottage home
Then my little cherub tired of play;
Whispers with a kiss, my papa, dear, dood night,
Then her mamma lays her toys away.
Then upon her bended knees, says her
little prayer,
Now I lay me down to sleep and rest,
And God be good to papa, and mamma too,
as well,
Then she creeps into her baby nest. Chorus.

The Sheeney Peddlars.

BY HARRY BARNES, FOR BARNES & LEWIS.

Oh! here we are two Sheeney pedlars,
From Jerusalum we came;
We live on garlic soup, and motzers,
Solomon and Isaac Cohen that's our name.
(Break.)
We'll sell to you fine coats and ulsters,
Fine woolen socks that never rip or tear,
Lamp wicks or shoe laces by the dozen,
Buy from us, and we'll treat you square.

CHORUS.

A dozen linen handkerchiefs for a dollar,
That is what we always cry;
The loafers holler pipe the gillies,
When we pass the corner by.

We travel from New York to Atlantic City,
We never stop to sleep or eat;
We never ride for that costs money,
But travel all the way upon our feet.
(Break.)
Now kind friends, if you want great bargains,
Come step right up and examine our ware,
A pair of shoulder braces for a quarter of
a dollar,
Oscar Wilde pants for forty cents a pair.
Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING

MATTER COLUMN

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

A bad sign,—To sign another man's name to a note. J. T. D.

Alcahol will clean silver,—Yes, alcahol will clean all the silver out of your pockets. J. T. D.

A. B. in a woman's diploma, means, after bachelors. J. T. D.

The Mule.—Josh Billings says, "The mewl is a larger burd than a guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with, and it wears its wings on the side of its hed."

An Irishman on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to see himself drowned.

Found.—"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to a friend, who, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend; "I have found it."

The young woman who was lost in thought, after wandering in her own mind, found herself at last in her lover's arms.

A boy swallowed a revolver cartridge one day last week, and his mother doesn't dare to wallop him for fear he'll go off.

Lost for ever.—A party of young men dined sumptuously at a restaurant in Dublin, and each one insisted on paying the bill. To decide the matter, it was proposed to blindfold the waiter, and the first one he caught should pay the bill. He hasn't caught any of them yet.

"I say, Paddy, that is the worst looking horse you drive I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?"—"Fat him up, is it? Fair, the poor baste can hardly carry the little mate that's on him now," replied Paddy.

A young man in Jersey city was urged to marry, but he replied, "I don't see it, my father was a single man, and he always got along well enough.

"Sambo, where's your master?"—"Gone out." Has he left off drinking yet?" "Oh, yes, he leave off three times this morning.

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster; "Sur, as you are a man of nolege, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

What is the best vegetable pill yet invanted for curing a gnawing of the stomach? An apple-dumpling.

A great drinker being at table, they offered him grapes at dessert. "Thank you," said he, pushing back the plate, "I don't take my wine in pills."

We often find that an eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

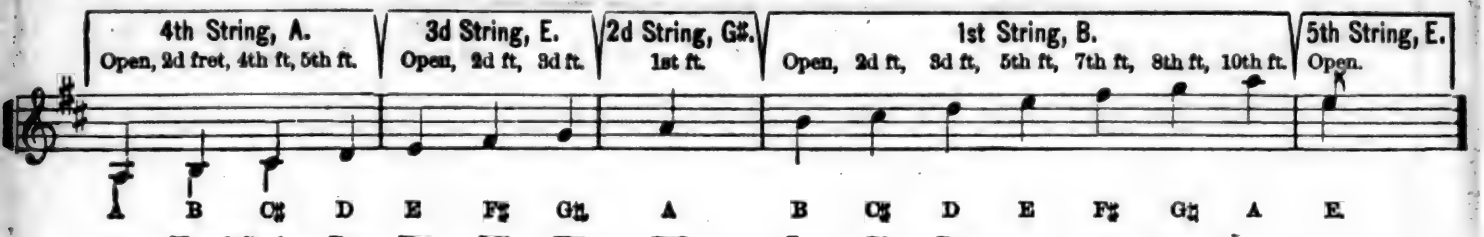
A man never knows how few persons use tobacco, until he gets out and asks for a chew for himself.

Adam was proudly conscious that he never made a mistake in his boyhood.

Prof. Edmund Clark's Studies for the Banjo.

TEACHING ROOMS, 285 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

Scale of Two Sharps, F♯ and C♯, or Key of D.



A B C♯ D E F♯ G♯ A B C♯ D E F♯ G♯ A E

Vocal Scale. Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do.

D Chord.—Place your 1st finger on the 2d String, 1st Fret. Place your 2d finger on the 3d String, 2d Fret. Place your 4th finger on the 1st String, 3d Fret.

A Chord.—Place your 1st finger on the 2d String, 1st Fret. Place your 2d finger on the 1st String, 2d Fret. Place your 3d finger on the 3d String, 3d Fret.

You will notice in the following three pieces, a **Natural ♮**, placed by the side of the Gs. They are placed there as a reminder that the Gs are to be played one semitone, (one fret,) lower, nearer the Nut of the Banjo, than they would be in the Key of Three and Four Sharps. Ordinarily in music they are left out, being understood from the signature (Two Sharps.)

CLARK POLKA. (4th Part.) *Be careful and count your time, four eighth notes to each measure.*



FRED BOISSETT WALTZ. *Count three quarter notes to each measure.*



LEM NORTHS WALTZ. *Count your time, three eighth notes to each measure.*





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P. S.—Write to WILLIAM J. A. LIEDER, No. 60 Chatham St., N. Y. for anything in the Musical line.

NUMBER 197. VOLUME. II.

HENRY DE MARSAN'S COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL

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CONTENTS.

Biddy from Castlebar.....page 771
The Boys that mix the lime.....773
The Chimes of Trinity.....770
Consider your means.....773
Contents of Lieder's New York ONE CENT BALLAD SHEET from 1 to 9 775
Dutch Schoolmaster.....771
Dionysious Hall.....772
DANCING ON THE SEA SHORE.....773
Dominick Take the Baby.....774
Erin, Sweet Erin Go Bragh.....772
God help our Sister Isle.....772
Hurrah for old Ireland.....770
The Hegarty's are out.....773
How is Your Sister Mary.....774
If I catch the man who struck my wife....771
I'd Like to find out, wouldn't you.....772
Ireland's Rights.....773
The Isle that's Crowned with Shamrock.....773
Jessie Dunn.....772
Kenmair Woods.....771
LET US BE BOYS AGAIN JUST FOR TO-NIGHT.....771
The Little Swell in White.....774
My Pretty Rustic Queen.....770
The O'Hara's.....772
Our Interesting Matter Column.....774
The Parting Hour.....771
The Parting From Erin.....771
PROF. EDMUND CLARK'S Studies for the Banjo.....776
Rosa Bell.....770
The Rose and the Shamrock.....772
Row de Boat.....774
The Ship that brought me over.....770
Since Cordelia first wore bangs.....770
Sing Lee's Troubles.....771
Sweet's the face that breaks in smiles.....773
Slippery Crocodile.....774
THOU ART GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN....772

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I am Manufacturing for the coming season the Finest and Cheapest Stock of Sentimental Valentines, Sheets, Boxes, Caskets, &c, in the Market. Hoping to receive a call from the Wholesale as well as the Retail Trade.

I remain respectfully yours,

Mrs. Pauline Lieder.

Latest piece of Music published, "Happy Dreams of You." Big hit at the Sanfrancisco.

The Ship That Brought Me Over.

SUNG BY MISS ST. GEORGE HUSSEY.

I left old Ireland far behind,
And for Amerikay I started,
I thought that I'd have to walk across,
And that made me broken-hearted
But I hid meself in the vessel's hould,
Unbeknownst to the Jack-tar sailors,
But before we were a day out all hands on board
Were as sick as drunken tailors.

Spoken.—Such a time I never had in my life. As they say on the stage. I turned a complete somersault and my insides were out, and my outsides were in I knew I couldn't get anything to eat coming across, so I put in a male that I thought would last me for a week. But we hadn't lost sight of the land till I lost the whole of it.

CHORUS.

For such tossing and tumbling,
Such growling and grumbling,
Such crushing and crashing,
Such rushing and smashing,
Such cursing and swearing,
Such raging and tearing,
Such bungling and banging,
Such leaping and changing,
I thought they were crazy,
Faith they couldn't be aisy,
For the wind was a-howling,
And the captain was growling,
And all hands were scrowling,
On board the ship that to Amerikay
brought me over.

We'd been out about a month or more,
We then fell short of rations;
They made the cook then cook himself,
And my heart had palpitations.
Says I, "If they catch me hiding here,
They'll haul me down to the kitchen,
And to make a rale live Irish stew
Myself in the pot they'll be pitching."

Spoken.—But as good luck would have it, though they searched high and low—they could not find me. It's poor aitin' I'd make, for although we were out over a month I ate nothing but a pair of ould shoes from the time I sneaked aboard. Then the say began to toss so bad that, says I, "ould Jupiter, the say god, is drunk."

CHORUS.

Then I was in a terrible state,
For I thought I'd nothing to ate,
Yet my stomach kept turning,
And my head sure was burning;
I thought every day
We'd be lost in the say,
And then all the fishes
Of us would make dishes,
And the whales and the sharks
Would have jolly larks;
Of our flesh they'd make stew.
And our bones they'd make glue,
And I always was prayin',
And to myself I was sayin',
Bad luck to the day
That I first went on the say,
Faith I was a big gawk,
That at first didn't walk.
For if in the say I'm not spilled,
By the crew I'll be killed,
Faith, I wish I was home,
'Tis myself would not roam
On board of the ship that to Amerikay
brought me over,

Since Cordelia First Wore Bangs.

SUNG BY MISS ST. GEORGE HUSSEY.

Now I am a dacent Iaishman,
My cognomen is O'Brien,
And in new-fashioned fol-de-di-dos
My daughter cuts a shine.
She weares pullbacks and bustles,
And talks yer American slangs,
But she takes the cake and the crackers
and cheese,
Since Cordelia put on the bangs.

CHORUS.

Her Montagues and her frizzes,
She says is worn by the gangs,
Her hair now looks as if 'twas cut by an ax,
Since Cordelia put on bangs.

Cross-eyed Phil McGinty,
Is the one she calls her mash,
But if I catch this dirty blackguard,
Of him I'll make corn-beef hash.
About fourteen o'clock in the morning
They come from the ball in gangs,
Faith Cordelia is going crazy
Since she wore Montague bangs. Chorus.

Hurrah for Old Ireland.

SUNG BY MISS ST. GEORGE HUSSEY.

Let every one speak of the land of his birth,
For myself I will always do so,
And though poor and oppressed for the
Emerald Isle,
I will speak wherever I go.
Though long held in bondage it soon will be free,
And a place among the nations will take,
And I, like all sons of the Emerald isle,
Would die for my native land's sake.

CHORUS.

Scotland loves the thistle, England loves the rose,
But I love the shamrock that in my country grows
You shout for America, because she's brave
and free,
But for poor oppressed old Ireland boys,
come shout along with me.

Our dear land wants freedom, I hope she'll
succeed,
For freedom is every one's right;
The prospect looks weary, but until they succeed,
The sons of old Erin would fight.
Now you love the memory of George Washington,
The patriot who fought for your cause;
If Washington lived in old Ireland,
He'd gain for our country just laws Chorus.

My Pretty Rustic Queen.

SONG AND DANCE.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY JOHN B. KIERNAN.

As I strolled out one summer's morn,
The trees and grass were green;
I met a damsel down the lane,
Just as pretty as a queen.
And as I passed her slowly by,
Her dark eyes they met mine;
As bright as any star above,
I thought those eyes did shine.

CHORUS.

This maiden fair had won my heart, (Break.)
'Twas then I first felt Cupid's dart, (Break.)
And in my life I do declare,
No damsel I have seen,
Half so charming or so fair,
As this pretty rustic queen. Dance.

I lingered near the pleasant spot,
To await this maiden's return;
And all the while within my breast,
Love's flame did fiercely burn
I heard a voice among the trees,
And soon along she came;
I mustered courage then to speak,
And ask this maid her name. Chorus.

She then replied quite modestly,
My name is Claribelle;
The reason why you ask me,
Is something I can't tell.
I told her how I loved her.
And in married life serene,
I live as happy as a prince,
With my pretty rustic queen. Chorus.

The Chimes of Trinity.

WORDS BY J. E. M'CANN. MUSIC BY S. ROSENBERG.

TO J. W. PRATT OF "TRUTH."

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I love to listen to Trinity chimes,
On the last day of the year;
I love to stand at the old church gate,
When the chimes ring loud and clear.
For the chimes that ring with a merry din,
Recall the sweet long ago.
When to church I hied by my dear
mother's side,
While the bell-fry swung to and fro,
When to church I hied by my dear
mother's side,
While the bell-fry swung to and fro.

CHORUS.

Ding! dong! ding! dong!
The echoes are whispering over the snow,
Ding! dong! ding! dong!
The spirits are lis'ning down below,

I love to listen to trinity chimes.
Ringing out all sorrow and sin;
I love to hear the silvery chimes
When they peal the new year in.
For thought's that steal o'r my heart
as the peal,
Rings out o'er the wintry snow,
Take me back again to the dear old
country lane,
Where I courted a lass long ago;
Take me back again to the dear old
country lane,
Where I courted a lass long ago. Chorus.

I have listened for forty new-years eves,
When Trinity rung its chimes;
I have seen the new-year come and go,
When gladness and peace were mine.
But my step's not light, nor my eyes so bright
As they were in by-gone times;
When a light-hearted boy, I first listened
with joy,
To the ringing of Trinity chimes;
When a light-hearted boy I first listened
with joy,
To the ringing of Trinity chimes. Chorus.

Rosa Bell.

BY JAMES V. BARRETT.

The fiast time I met Rosa Bell,
'Twas at Aunt Mary's Ball;
And tho' bewitching girls were there,
My Rose outrivalled all.
She tripped round in the waltzes
With the grace of a gazelle;
The cream of charming elegance,
My blue-eyed Rosa Bell.

CHORUS.

Oh! how I love that little lass,
It's more than tongue can tell;
She's dear to me as light and life,
My blue-eyed Rosa Bell.

We danced until the ball was o'er,
And then we took a walk
Into the garden where we spent
Some hours in pleasant talk.
And later when I saw her
To the cot where she did dwell;
I was shyly told to come again,
By Blue-eyed Rosa Bell. Chorus.

Each eve now at the little cot,
I meet my fairy queen;
And then together hand in hand,
We ramble o'er the green.
I lead her to a trysting place,
The spot we know so well;
And tell the oft repeated tale
To blue-eyed Rosa Bell. Chorus.

Let us be Boys Again Just for To-Night.

WORDS BY T. D. C. MILLER. MUSIC BY J. SCHWENECK.

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Oft my lone heart feels the bliss of the past,
Joys I have cherished, too precious to last,
Hours full of brightness and pleasure to me,
When I would wander by wood-land and lea.
Fair were the sunbeams that fell o'er my way,
Sweet were the roses in childhood's brief day,
And the dear forms that no sorrow could blight,
Let us be boys again, just for to-night

In the old home of my childhood so fair,
Pure were the hearts once in love gathered there,
Fond are the memories coming to-day
Back to my heart, of the years past away.
I would recall each bright hour I have known,
Dear to me now, when life's sunshine has flown
With the companions who brought me delight,
I would be a boy again, just for to-night.

Once the kind words of a father did cheer,
And I knew love of a mother so dear;
There was a brother to share all my pain,
And a sweet sister, whose kiss I would gain.
I have grown weary of waiting so long,
For the old voices to sing love's sweet song;
I would live over the past with delight,
Let us be boys again, just for to-night.

There is the maple, with branches so wide,
Where in the days of my youth I would hide;
And the old oak tree, so straight and so tall,
Near to the poplar, so high over them all.
There are the night-in-gales singing so sweet,
And the poor whip-poor-wills lovingly meet,
While on the cottage the sunbeams fall bright,
Let us be boys again just for to-night.

Sweet are my dreams, but my heart yearns to see,
Dear forms and faces, long cherished by me;
Years of the past I would love to recall,
When I plucked flowers that were fairest of all
But I shall never, no! never again
See the old home, with the hillside and plain,
Naught but fond memory brings me delight,
Let us be boys again, just for to-night.

Sing Lee's Troubles.

CHINESE SONG AND DANCE.

BY MAX HORTER. FOR MAJ. NEWELL.

Chinaman likee belly muchee nashee,
Melican man him does not pay Chinee;
Chinaman smartee, him do muchee cheatee,
Him thinks that Melican man is a big fool.

CHORUS.

Chinaman eats lice, (rice),
Chinaman eats lats, (rats),
Chinaman makee cigals as bad as dolle mats,
Chinaman is smart, him opium smoke,
Chinaman don't care a bit for whole Amelica.

Melican boy call poor Chinee Johnny,
Pullee on longee pigee tail;
Chinaman him no sabee muchee fightee,
Melican boy make him eye all brack and blue.

Dutch Schoolmaster.

BY MAX HORTER. SUNG BY MAJ. E. NEWELL.

Last week I met a bewitching creature,
While sporting down at Coney Isle;
She asked me if dot German I would teach her,
And she said it with a sweet entrancing smile,
Den I told her I vas willing for to learn her,
But I did not have the time to stay;
But dot if her and I we got married,
Dat I would teach her all de day.

CHORUS.

Mit kissing and mit hugging I'm most crazy,
I feel dat I was swelling dwice my size;
For the girl I love she was a daisy,
So I dink myself I'll go and paralyze.

So both of us we're going to get married,
Perhaps you dink dat I'm no fool;
And then we'll have a lot of little Dutchmen,
And I'll start another German spelling school.
My wife will learn them A, B, C,
And spelling, and grammar, and the algebra;
And when they vos got a pretty education,
Perhaps they will be made president some day.
Chorus.

The Parting From Erin.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY EDWARD GREENE.

AIR: MY DARLING COUNTY CLARE.

Farewell dear Erin, I now must go,
I take the last farewell;
My heart is surely breaking
To leave the scenes that I loved well.
But although in distant lands I roam,
My heart still clings to thee;
And I will return to my native home,
Which I hope will soon be free.

My memory fondly loves to dwell,
On your fond distant shore;
Where many's the pleasant evening
I spent in days of yore.
With her I loved close by my side,
As we strolled by your green shore;
But I will return again some day,
And to her I do adore.

God knows, the parting cost me pain,
But still I now must go;
For cruel misfortune
Has caused this bitter woe.
But the thought of those I've left behind,
Bids my poor heart to cheer,
For to return again once more,
To the scenes I loved so dear.

There is one more word I wish to say,
Before my song does cease;
That is when I do return again,
'Twill be to a land of peace.
Where the tenant and the landlord
Will be united hand in hand;
And bless the united Land League,
That has freed our native land.

If I Catch the Man who Struck My Wife.

SUNG BY MISS ST. GEORGE HUSSEY.

Now though I am a married man,
Still I love my wife;
Though we may have a jawing match
Still I lead a quiet life.
She went out to the grocery
To buy some soap and tay,
When a dirty blackguard struck her
And this is what I say.

CHORUS.

If I catch the man who struck my wife,
Now I don't, I don't intend to give him
any warning,
He struck my wife and I'll have his life,
And he'll be a dead man in the morning.

Though I'm a quiet man,
Still I am no fool,
And I know what two and two is
If I never went to school.
And though I come from Paddy's land,
Still my wife to me is dear,
And if I catch this blackguard,
You can believe now what you hear. Cho.

In this American country
They call us Irish flats;
They sometimes pulverize us,
As if we were ould hats.
To strike a man is manly,
And a blow I can forgive,
But the man who strikes a woman,
I never can forgive. Chorus.

Biddy From Castlebar.

My name is Biddy Murphy,
From Castlebar I came;
And in politics my boys,
I have gained great fame.
For true love of country,
You can search both near and far,
But you will never find the equal
To Biddy from Castlebar.

CHORUS.

For true love of country,
You can search both near and far,
But you never will find the equal
To Biddy from Castlebar.

Our glorious sons of Erin,
Oh! boys how they turn out;
The women, too, can take their post,
To show the right about.
In reading in Irish history—
How we took part in the war,
And the bravest of them all, we see,
Came out of Castlebar. Chorus.

At patterns I have done my share,
When I was young and strong,
I took the shine out of the lot,
For I could dance so long.
And till this day I won't give in,
Let them come from near and far,
Now take your time—I'll dance a jig,
Good luck to Castlebar. Chorus.

The Parting Hour.

AIR: DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, DARLING.

Wherefor all this sad repining,
Come, my darling, tell me why?
Is it that the day's declining,
Brings the hour of parting nigh?
While the smiles of Spring are near thee,
And her sweets around thee thrown,
While the birds with music cheer thee,
Wilt thou think of me alone?

When gay summer brings the swallow,
With the daisy and the bee,
Or when Autumn, sear and yellow,
Leaves her tinge on every tree.
When the ruddy day is dying,
Far behind the purple hill,
And the night-wind softly sighing,
Wilt thou think upon me still.

And when Autumn's waning glory
Shall withdraw her sombre train,
Leaving Winter wild and hoary,
To assume the icy reign;
When whims of fate shall raise thee
Far above my staid degree,
And admiring lips shall praise thee,
Wilt thou spare one sigh for me?

Kenmair Woods.

Sweet fa's the dew on Kenmair woods,
Whaur Clyde rins foamin' tae the sea;
Sweet chaunts the lark his rising notes,
But nature's charms are dull tae me.
Ye willows, weeping o'er your woes,
The calm water's sheltering cover,
To you my secrets I'll disclose,
She loves, she loves another.

Fain would I whisper in her ear,
The burning love that wrings my heart;
Fain would I speak, but oh, I fear,
That we for evermore must part.
Boldly I'd stand the worldling's frown,
Without a sigh from dear ones part,
E'en open hate I could disown,
But secret love will break my heart.

Thou art Gone but not Forgotten.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. L. FRENEY.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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Thou art gone but not forgotten,
We shall see thy form no more;
Thou hast crossed the mighty river
To that bright celestial shore.
We have now a chair that's vacant,
And no smiling face we see;
Thou art gone but not forgotten,
We will always think of thee.

CHORUS.

Thou hast left us broken hearted,
But from trouble thou art free;
Thou art gone but not forgotten,
We will always think of thee.

Thou art gone but not forgotten,
Thou hast left us here to mourn;
From our circle now we miss thee,
We're dejected and forlorn.
We shall keep thy mem'ry sacred,
And shall speak thy praise with glee.
Thou art gone but not forgotten,
We will always think of thee. Chorus.

The O'Hara's.

PARODY ON THE "M'INTYRES'."

BY J. E. LA PIERRE.

In the city of New York,
The leading place for sport;
Dwell the family of Michael O'Hara.
Both the young and the old,
This is what I am told,
Are constantly working the banner.

CHORUS.

There is Michael O'Hara,
His sons both John and James,
Do a hard days work down on the pier;
And when their work is done,
It's stright way home they come,
To indulge in the good old German beer.

Now O'Hara is a man,
Who says beer bought by the can,
Is cheaper than any way by far.
He gives the poor class this advice,
Says its taste is just as nice,
As drinking it from across the bar. Cho.

Now you who are fond of beer,
And have not much wealth to spare,
Will do wise to act on this plan,
And when you ever feel inclined
To have a jolly time,
Why think of O'Hara and the can. Cho.

The Rose and the Shamrock.

I love my native country,
And I am not to blame;
And every man, no matter who,
He ought to do the same;
The Englishman loves England,
And why not I love mine,
For Englishmen and Irishmen
Their hearts and hands should join.

When the rose and the shamrock
In love are entwined,
And England and Ireland
In friendship combined,
Then we can show,
When our flags are unfurled,
That England and Ireland,
Can face all the world.

Our interests are both the same,
As you may plainly see;
And I see no reason
That we should disagree.
Place us upon one footing,
And the world we can defy,
And if they think to conquer us,
They had better come and try.

You talk about our soldiers,
Yet old Ireland can boast
Of soldiers, yes, and generals too,
And of patriots a host.
With England hand-in-hand combined
No foreign power they'll fear,
For we taught the bears a lesson
On the shores of the Crimea.

The Russian Bear is growling near,
But we fear not his growls,
For if he is not careful,
He will soon be made to howl.
His million men in fighting trim,
Don't make us feel afraid,
While we have our Connaught Rangers,
And our gallant Light Brigade.

Jessie Dunn.

Her face aye wears a beamin' smile,
Her een they sparkle like the dew,
An' far be he that wid beguile
That lassie wha's heart's leal and true.
An' I will lo'e that bonnie lass,
Aye while the sands o' life shall run,
There's no anither can surpass,
My bonnie, modest Jessie Dunn.

She's no ane o' the flirtin' kind,
That gangs about in dresses gran';
But jist the lass tae suit the mind
O' ony honest workin' man;
An' I will win her if I can,
That's if she'll no' my company shun,
And I will be the happy man
The day I marry Jessie Dunn.

God Help our Sister Isle.

Old England has a sister land,
Whose sons to her are dear,
And Britons must not idly stand,
When of their woes they hear.
Pale famine's shadow darkly roams,
And plenty veils her smile,
From Erin's hapless hearths and homes,
God help our Sister Isle.

CHORUS.

Then let us each one do our best,
In right good English style,
To set poor Erin's woes at rest,
God help our sister Isle.

No plenteous crops of golden grain
The Autumn harvest crowned;
The looked for means of life remain
Within the sodden ground.
And 'mid this grief, seditious tongue,
Our brethern would beguile,
From Britain's arms to which they cling,
God help our sister Isle. Chorus.

But who shall speak of party feud
When by starvatian's hand,
A noble people are subdued,
And sorrow fills their land.
Our help has ne'er been sought in vain,
Then shall we daily while
Old Erin's sons in want remain,
God help our sister isle. Chorus.

Erin, Sweet Erin go Bragh.

I have roamed o'er the earth since first I drew breath,
And in many strange lands I have been;
But I ne'er saw a place that I yet set my face
Like our own little island of green.
For when times they do press and you're in distress,
Pat's the first one his purse for to draw;
For his heart it is warm, in his mind there's no harm,
In Erin, sweet Erin-go-bragh.

Shakespeare he may boast of old England's coast,
And for Scotland, Burns wrote all his lays;
But where is the land so romantic and grand
As that which Tom Moore did so praise;
And the colleens so rare, so beauteous and fair,
Sure the hardest of hearts they could thaw;
If they love, it is pure, of that you are sure.
In Erin, sweet Erin-go-bragh.

Then let Ireland be the foremost to stand
As a pattern to the universe;
Let them be to each other as brother, to brother,
Which at present is quite the reverse;
Let all sorts agree, and far better twill be,
And they need not then fear the law,
And all anger banish, then strife will so vanish
In Erin, sweet Erin-go-bragh.

I'd Like to Find Out, Wouldn't You?

PARODY ON "I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT, CAN YOU?"

BY TOMMY TUCKER.

The way the girls dress up nowadays,
Is a mystery to me;
You'll see them dressed to kill each day,
Wherever you may be.
That the most of them only make four a week,
I can swear is really true,
But how they buy satin-lined circulars,
I'd like to find out, wouldn't you?

CHORUS.

I'd like to find out, wouldn't you?
I'd like to find out, wouldn't you?
How girls can spend ten, and earn four a week,
I'd like to find out, wouldn't you?

To see them going to work every morn,
You'd think them angels divine;
But take a peep into their shop-room once,
Just between eleven and nine.
The scandal you'd hear, it would fill your ear,
And make your face turn black and blue;
But how they expect to get a good man,
I'd like to find out, wouldn't you? Chorus.

Now if the girls think that I hate them,
Mistaken they are in their mind,
But if I happen to speak out quite blunt,
It shows to their faults I'm not blind.
And if they be modest, respect honest young men,
Don't give any taffy or glue;
And why they shouldn't get good husbands,
I'd like to find out, wouldn't you. Chorus.

Dionysus Hall.

BY DENIS DALY. TO TOMMY TUCKER.

I am a Hebrew man of a rather Celtic clan,
I was born and raised way o'er in Donegal;
I'm a great aristocrat, and some folks do call me Pat,
But my real name is Dionysius Hall.
When I landed over here, they said "walk on your ear,"
And asked me was my residence a stall,
But they couldn't fool this lad, unless more sense they had,
Than the Chinese Hebrew, Dionysius Hall.

CHORUS.

I can eat a kidney stew, as well as any Jew,
The Italians say I'm graceful and I'm tall,
But I take the big smoked beef, for being a freight car thief,
This Chinese Hebrew, Dionysius Hall.

Sure I can chew a log, I'm great at eating frog,
I can lick a six foot kid as sure's yer born;
And I was locked up last night for getting in a fight
And trying to chase a beef stew in a storm.
Sure I fought and licked a rat, killed a bullock with a bat,
And out of Mary Grady took a fall.
With a blow upon the eye, I nearly killed a fly.
That alighted on Dionysius Hall. Chorus.

The Isle That's Crowned With Shamrock.

SUNG BY CHAS. H. DUNCAN.

France has got the Fleur-de-lis,
And England's got the rose:
And Scotland for her ensign,
The Heather Thistle shows.
But Ireland's got the Shamrock,
In all her valley's seen;
And ever wears upon her breast,
The triple leaf of green.

CHORUS.

Then Irishmen remember,
Wherever you may roam;
The Isle that's crowned with Shamrock,
Is still your native home. (Repeat)

On many a foreign battle-field,
It cheered the Irish boy;
And won the brightest laurels,
At glorious Fontenoy.
Go where you will from pole to pole,
Where'er the Celt may be;
You'll find he loves that dear old isle,
That sparkles in the sea. Chorus.

Dancing on the Sea-Shore.

SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. L. FEENEY.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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I love to sail upon the waves across the briny sea,
To a land so far away;
I love to see the little birds a singing in the tree,
So happy light and gay.
What a pleasure there is dancing on the sea-shore,
So beautiful and grand;
To see how nice the waves come in,
While a strolling on the sand.

CHORUS.

Oh! what fun a dancing on the shore,
List'ning to the mighty ocean roar;
To watch the merry waves as they roll and play
And tumble o'er and o'er.
And to see the flowing tide come in,
While dancing on the shore.

Bathing in the dashing surf on a lovely summer's day,
Is something superfine;
And to see the crested waves, and to watch the foaming spray,
And have a jolly time.
When a gentle breeze is blowing o'er the sea-shore,
And the sky is clear and bright,
You adjust your bathing costume,
And bathe with heart's delight. Chorus.

Ireland's Rights.

AIR: WHEN M'CORMACK RULES THE STATE.

BY J. E. LA PIERRE.

Your attention, friends, give me awhile,
And a tale I will unfold;
It's about the sons of Erin's Isle.
Who their country's rights uphold.
They are ruled by English royalty,
But the time will come you'll see,
When Ireland with America will stand,
Among the land of the free.

Now some may think that England's right,
In holding what's her own;
But freedom to an Irishman
Is worth more to him than gold.
In the memorial battle of Bull Run,
They fought with all their might,
And in trying to free their own country,
I am sure you'll think they're right.

Their countrymen are doing
The very best they can;
They are all bound by a most sacred tie,
To free their native land.
And if they should but once succeed,
Their country for to free,
Why the shamrock will be ever held,
As an emblem of liberty.

So kind friends I will end my song,
For what I've said I think is right,
In proclaiming dear old Ireland's wrongs,
I'll strive with all my might.
If all the sons of Erin's Isle
Would join hands and brothers swear to be,
Why the time would not be far off,
When you'd see old Ireland free.

The Boys That Mix the Lime.

'Twas just the other morn,
The both of us did say
We'll put our clothes upon our back,
And together sail away.
So we landed here this morning,
Employment for to find,
So work being throng we got took on
At mixin' up the lime.

So at workin' with a shovel,
Or lifting with a cran,
There's not two men in all the squad
Can equal Pat or Dan.
Our weekly wage is eighteen bob,
And lots of overtime;
We're going to make a fortune soon
At mixin' up the lime.

You may talk about your mortar mills,
That grind the lime so fine;
But we can do it just as good,
And in as short a time.
We not only use the shovel,
But the brains that's in our head,
Which shows the boys around us,
How a bit of lime is made. Chorus.

Now for putting up a scaffold,
We can do the job so quick,
And we can carry twice our size
At either lime or brick.
We can walk across a two-foot plank,
With a burthen mighty fine,
And we know how many pounds of lime,
It takes to fill a bine.

Consider Your Means.

Some fellows walk about this world,
With loud and lordly gait,
Cigar in mouth and stick in hand,
Appearance quite first-rate.
Nightly visitors to the girls
Behind the theatre scenes.
Chatting with them and paying the drink,
Does he consider his means?

CHORUS.

Does he consider his means,
Does he consider his means,
Where the deuce is it got,
That's what I know not,
But he ought to consider his means.

The gent who has his coach and pair,
And of the town the rage,
Who drives about from here to there,
With footman and a page.
Down to the City Club he goes,
Where all the news he gleans,
He's heard to mutter to himself,
I must consider my means. Chorus.

The clerk who has a "sov." per week,
And frequents pubs and halls,
Who has perhaps a wife at home,
A home with naked walls.
And they that walk in civic state,
Or drive with kings and queens,
I whisper round to one and all,
Do they consider their means. Chorus

The Hegarty's are out.

AIR: ALL ROUND MY HAT.

I'm brother to Pat Hagerty,
A man you've often heard about;
A terror to the police
In the neighborhood is he.
An' whin I am along wid him,
They very soon all get the route;
An' that's the sort of boys you'll find
In brother Pat and me.

CHORUS

All round the town,
Ye can hear the neighbors cryin'
To their sons and daughters, too,
Whinever we're about.
To rowl up their sleeves at wance,
Ad' keep the news a-flyin',
To let the people understan
The Hegarty's are out.

They talk about their fighting men,
All champions undefeated yet;
And boast about their victories
In the P. R., don't ye see,
But as the deeds that we have done
Have never been repeated yit,
Ye cannot say they're better men
Than brother Pat or me. Chorus.

We come from dear old Ireland,
The land that owned brave Donnelly,
An' by the mother's side, they say,
His relatives were we.
Tho' you may think when we say this
We're boasting now. but only
Ye'd best not say ye doubt it
Whin it's tould by Pat an' me. Chorus.

Our residence at present
Is among the height of quality,
We're living in that grand hotel
Kept by our friend McGee.
An' if ye want to patronize
Good boxing in reality,
Jist come now to the benefit
Of brother Pat and me. Chorus.

Sweet's the Face that Breaks in Smi'es.

Oh! sweet's the face that breaks in smiles,
And warm the smile that dwells on me,
The lanchin' e'e affection wiles,
And beams with love's simplicity.
A warl' o' charms are in that smile,
Alluring, tender, kind and sweet,
Too purely innocent to beguile,
Too lovely sweet to nurse deceit.

Oh! sweet's the face that breaks in smiles,
Free from the vain of coquettish art,
When all its charms, all its wiles
Are love's effusions from the heart
They sparkle on the forehead fair,
And kindle in the beaming eye,
And truth and beauty, lovely pair,
Lurking beneath you may descry.

Oh! sweet's the face that breaks in smiles,
Illuming bright life's dreary path,
When worldly care my heart beguiles,
It stays the rising storm's wrath.
What tho' the world oppress despise,
That vision cheers me through its broils,
And still my feeble warbling's rise—
Oh! sweet's the face that breaks in smiles.

Dominick Take the Baby.

WORDS BY F. HATFIELD. MUSIC BY T. P. KERRIGAN.

SUNG BY DAN M'CARTHY & KITTY COLEMAN.

Oh! Dominick, take the baby,
Don't you while your time away;
He's the picture of his father,
Sure at least the women say.
There you sit contented,
No matter how he'd squall,
Sure you couldn't think much less of him
If he wasn't yours at all.

CHORUS.

So it's Dominick, take the baby,
Don't you hear me what I say?
With the rubbing and the scrubbing,
I'm nearly murdered all the day;
The divil a bit of rest I get,
And it nearly drives me wild,
Arrah, have you any reason, man,
Why don't you take the child?

For you I left my father,
And my darling mamma, too,
And I crossed the briny ocean,
In a ferryboat with you.
'Twas in the days when I was young,
And my poor heart you beguiled,
Ah, little I knew the life I'd lead with you
And with your child. Chorus.

There's something here about the men,
And so it is by you,
For you think a woman about the house
Has very little to do;
But, Dominick, if you had to nurse,
I know it would drive you wild,
For you little know the trouble
That's connected with a child. Chorus.

Yes, there's something else about the men,
And it's to yourself I'll tell,
When a girl is young and single,
Sure you love her very well;
But in the matrimonial state
You draw things rather mild,
For you find you get less loving,
When you're bothered with a child. Cho.

It's to the magistrate's I'll go,
And divorcement I'll get,
And I'll have the lawyer's papers fixed
To suit myself, you bet;
And in the lawyer's papers
I will have it clearly filed,
That I will take the furniture,
But you must take the child. Chorus.

Oh, Dominick, don't you mind me,
Don't you heed me what I say,
For I wouldn't leave you, darling,
Sure for all America.
Oft-times couples separate,
But will be reconciled,
The divil a fault I find with you,
It's only with the child. Chorus.

The Little Swell in White.

BY DEN. F. MORETON. SUNG BY TOMMY DAYTON.

I'm George Augustus Clarenne Noggs,
For short they call me Gussy;
My ma's a female Chinaman,
So my linen's never mussy.
My dress may be eccentric,
But it's quite au faite and right,
The people stare and admire the air
Of this little swell in white.

CHORUS.

I'm Gussy Noggs with my snow white toggs,
Look so neat and trimmed and bright;
The dandies ape the style and shape
Of the little swell in white.

I do not dress in English style,
As our would-be dandies do;
My style is the style of Gussy Noggs,
And you'll admit it's new.
My high hat is always glussy,
My white trousers are cut tight;
There's none can imitate the style
Of the little swell in white. Chorus.

Slippery Crocodile.

SUNG BY MOORE & DALY.

Standing on the banks of the Mississippi,
Listening to the water flow along;
Happy as a worm in a barrel of mud,
Little nigger knows no wrong.
Steamboat whistle heard along the shore,
Pretty soon you hear the water boil;
Pretty soon you hear an awful noise,
Coming from the slippery crocodile.

You ought to see the mouth of the animal,
When he opens his mouth and shuts his eyes;
He is fond of niggers both lean and fat,
And also cross-eyed flies.
Massa Jonah lived inside a whale,
Massa, you can bet your bottom pile,
He couldn't live a minute and a half
Inside of the slippery crocodile.

Row de Boat

SUNG BY MISS NELLIE GERMON.

Dere was a camp meeting down in de swamp
Row de mighty boat along;
It was so mighty dark dat we had to have a lamp.
Row de mighty boat along.
The preacher prayed long, and de preacher prayed loud,
Row de mighty boat along;
Long came an aligator, swallowed up de crowd,
Row de mighty boat along.

CHORUS.

Den row, row, row, row, row,
Row de mighty boat along;

From de clouds dere came a mighty light,
From de light de rain did pour
Forty days and forty more,
Water got about de sills of de door,
Inch by inch to de middle of de floor;
People raised de windows and all jumped out,
Praised Pomp Judah wid a shout,
You get dere den you must tell
The mighty archangel for to toll dat bell,
Den oh, children, den ah, children,
Oh, children, row de mighty boat along. Cho.

How is Your Sister Mary.

SUNG BY CHAS. H. DUNCAN.

Can you tell why men are contrary,
Why is it that every young elf,
Will fancy my fat sister Mary.
And leave Jane to fancy herself.
Should I meet with Tom, Dick or Harry,
No matter how pressing the task,
They manage a moment to tarry,
And surely 'tis simply to ask.

CHORUS.

How is your sister Mary;
I hope her health is fair;
How is her pet canary;
Does she still dye her hair?

Last night we were set in a flutter
By rappings we ne'er heard before,
But Mary's too utterly utter,
To answer a knock at the door.
Jane flew through the hall in a hurry,
Queer notions were crowding her head,
She opened the door in a flurry,
When a la-de-da fellow he said. Chorus.

I last week went out promenading
And met such a stylish young girl,
I knew she was out la-de-da-ing
Because of her "too too" whirl.
She approached me so graceful and lightly,
Her curling nice hair it was red;
She waved her hand, oh, so politely,
And whispering softly she said. Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING

MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, Items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

Lies are the ghosts of truth—the masks of faces.

Do nothing in a hurry—unless it is the catching of fleas.

The friend that hides from us our faults is of less service to us than the enemy that upbraids us with them.

How to develop the imagination.—Get the delirium tremens.

If a row of columns is a colonnade, isn't a row of lemons a lemonade?

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by."—Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them," the wretch replied.

There is nothing so fearful as a bad conscience.

A boy novice in smoking turned pale and threw away his cigar. Said he, there is something in that cigar that's made me sick." "I know what it is," said his companion, pulling away. "What?" "Tobacker."

Note the difference; a ship is decked for use, a woman is decked for ornament

"When taken to be well shaken." as the man said when he advertised for his runaway apprentice.

It is estimated that the number of ladies who cannot pass a mirror without looking in average twelve to the dozen.

Nothing but a good life can fit men for a better one.

Indolence is the rust of the mind and the inlet of every vice.

An open letter—O.

A sweet craft.—Court ship.

Nobody's child—The self-made man.

A thorn in the bush is worth a dozen in the hand.

Transported for life.—The man who married happily.

A hotel is advertised as "kept by the widow of Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

Why is life a conundrbm?—Because many give it up.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?—When it runs down.

The young man who was filled with emotion had no room for his dinner.

Young women should set good examples, for the young men are always following them.

A hasty man never wants woe.

Words are but the froth of thoughts.

On receipt of 15 One Cent Postage Stamps I will send all of the Songs on this List, 250 in number; also on receipt of 35 cents in postage stamps, I will send the Music to any one song on this list. Address Wm. J. A. LIEDER, Publisher, 60 Chatham Street, New York City.

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	No.
Auld Lang Syne	1
America, (My country 'tis of thee.)	1
A Model Love Letter	3
The Anchor's Weighed	4
Annie Laurie	4
A Little Place Within thy Heart	4
A Yankee Man of War	5
The American Boy	5
A hundred years ago	5
A Violet from my mother's grave	6
A leaf of ivy from my mother's grave	7
A handful of earth	7
A dear spot of land	8
Away down south in Georgia	8
A row of tenement houses	8
Angel Mother Watch for me	8
Baby Mine	1
Beautiful Isle of the Sea	1
Beautiful Songs Unsung	3
The Bright Little Spot on the Ocean	4
Babylon is Fallen	4
The Battle Cry of Freedom	5
Beneath the sod they're sleeping	5
Brother's fainting at the door	5
Barney McCoy	6
Bright Emerald Isle of the sea	6
Bob up serenely	6
The Blue Alsatian Mountains	7
Be home early to-night my dear boy	7
Beautiful Venice	8
Biddy McGee	9
The Butcher Boy	9
The Bridge	9
Come Back to Erin	1
Climb up, climb up the Mountain Side	1
The Cottage by the sea	2
The Cumberland's Crew	2
The Casey Social Club	2
Can you forgive and forget, love	6
Cats in our back yard	6
The Cot in the corner	6
Charley he's a Masher	8
Cot where I was born	9
Come along, Sister Mary	9
Carrie Lee	9
Casey's Ball Last Night	9
Dublin Bay, or; Roy Neill	3
Dancing in the barn	3
The Dear Little Shamrock	4
Dear mother I've come home to die	5
The Day when you'll forget me	6
Dance me on your knee	6
The Devil's in New Jersey	7
Don't drink from the pitcher of beer	7
Delia Clancy	7
Don't come in the morning	9
Drunkard's Lone Child	9
Desirable Dime Song Books	9
Ella Ree	1
The Exile of Erin	2
Eight Bells at Sea	3
The Finigin Corterie	2
The Fire in the Grate	3
The Faded Coat of Blue	3
Flag of the Free	5
Flag of our Union	5
The Finigan Calico Ball	6
Grandfather's Clock	1
Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance	3
Grandmother's Chair	7
Good-bye at the door	9
Home Sweet Home	1
High Water Pants	1
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls	1
The Husband's Commandments	3
The Heart bowed down by weight of woe	3
Home Again	3
Her bright smile haunts me still	4
Hail Columbia, Happy Land	5
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnston	7
Happy dreams of you	8
Has the Comet Struck	9
I dreamt I dwelt in marble Halls	2
I cannot call her mother	2
I'll Name the Boy Dennis, or no name at all	2
I'll be all smiles to-night, love	3
'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can never be	4
'Tis but a little faded flower	4
I cannot sing the old songs	4
Isle of Beauty fare thee well	4
I want to see de good old home again	6
In the Low Lands Low	7
I am leaving now the old Folks	7
I Leave Ireland and mother because we are poor	7
I was false but you'll forgive me	8
'Tis a blossom from our little Willie's breast	8
I'll go back to my old love again	9
I'll remember you love in my prayers	9
In the Low Lands Low	9
'Tis evening brings my heart to thee	9
Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louize	4
Just before the battle, mother	5
Just after the battle, mother	5
Jennie the Flower of Kildare	6
Killarney	1
Katie's Secret	2
Kathleen Mavourneen	2
Kerrigan's Masquerade	3
Kitty Wells	4
Kingdom Coming	5
Katy Avourneen	8
The Little ones at home	1
Larboard Watch	1
Lullaby	1
The Last Rose of Summer	2
Listen to the mocking bird	4
Lay my head beneath a rose	4
The Land of love and liberty	5
Little Maggie Ann	6
Levi Kassiday	6
Little old house on the Rhine	7
Lamentation of Johnny Reel	8
Many can help one	1
The Messenger Bird	1
Maggie's Secret	2
My Pretty Red Rose	2
Marching through Georgia	3
My old Kentucky Home Good Night	3
The Minstrel Boy	3
The Man you don't meet every day	3
Mary Ann I'll tell your ma	3
Mother is waiting to welcome her boy	4
Mary Ann Kehoe	4
Mother is the battle over	5
Mother kissed me in my dream	5
Mary of the Wild Moor	6
Mickey Flahrity	6
Mary Ann O'Hoolahan Dowd	6
McCarthy's Fancy Ball	7
Maloney's the man	7
Meet me by moonlight, Willie	7
Mary of Argyle	8
Massa's in the cold ground	8
My darling but-talkative wife	8
Mr. and Mrs Malone	9
The Mill's shut down to-day	9
Nancy Lee	1
The Old Cabin Home	1
Old Black Joe	1
Old folks at home	1
Or any other man—Stump speech	2
The Old Log cabin in the Lane	3
Oh! Fred tell them to stop	4
Our Starry Flag, our Glory	5
Original Yankee Doodle	5
The Old fashioned church on the hill	6
The Old willow chair where grandmother sat	6
O'Reilly's Billy Goat	7
The Old Family Chair	8
The Old log cabin on the hill	9
Open up dem doors	9
Over the Garden Wall	9
Poor Old Salve	2
Picking up gold in the streets	4
Poor Pat Must Emigrate	7
Pretty maid milking her cow	8
Rocked in the cradle of the deep	2
The Raffle for a stove	4
Red, White, and Blue	5
The Rose of Killarney	6
Razors in de air	6
Roll on Silver Moon	8
Rose Perfumed Bouquet	8
Rock me to sleep, mother	8
Such an education has my Mary Ann	1
See that my grave's kept green	1
Sweet Forget Me Not	1
The Sweet by and by	1
Sally Horner round the corner	1
Sweet Spirit hear my prayer	2
Shamus O'Brien	2
Scotch Lassie Jean	2
Sweet Maggie Gordon	2
Slavery Days	3
The Star Spangled Banner	3
The Sword of Bunker Hill	3
She never blamed him never	4
She died on the street	7
Sons of Erin's Isle	4
The Standard Bearer	5
Sheridan's Ride	5
Sally in our alley	7
Sally Mackenally	7
Speak to me speak	8
Six feet of earth	8
Shamrock Shore	8
Sweet Genevieve	8
Sweet scented handsome young man	9
There's a letter in the candle	3
Thou art so near and yet so far	4
Tenting on the old camp ground	4
Tan Yard Side	4
Tell mother I die happy	5
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the prisoners Hope	5
The Turnpike Gate	6
Teddy please scare me again	6
The Tramp	6
There never was a coward where the Shamrock grows	6
Twickenham Ferry	7
The Tramp Song	7
Tell me where my Eva's gone	7
Two Irish Turks	8
True Irish Gents	9
Up at Jones' Wood	7
The Vacant Chair	4
The Villain still pursued her	9
Where was Moses when the light went out	1
Write me a letter from home	1
Whoa Emma	2
Wearing of the Green	2
When you and I were young Maggie	2
We parted by the riverside	2
When I saw sweet Nellie home	2
Would I were with thee	2
Waltzingham McSweeney, the Gay Cavalier	2
The Wandering Refugee	3
When the swallows homeward fly	3
The Widow in the cottage by the sea	3
When Johnnie comes marching home	5
Willie has gone to the war	5
When I smoked my first cigar	5
When McGuinness Gets a job	6
Whisper softly, papa's dying	8
Why should we live as stranger	9
Wild Irish Boy	9
You'll remember me	2
You've been a friend to me	3
You are false, but I'll forgive you	3
You and I	4
You'll miss me when I'm gone	8
You'll miss me when we part	9

Prof. Edmund Clark's Studies for the Banjo.

TEACHING ROOMS, 285 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

EUGENE LICHTENBERGS WALTZ.

Be careful and count your time, three quarter notes to each measure.



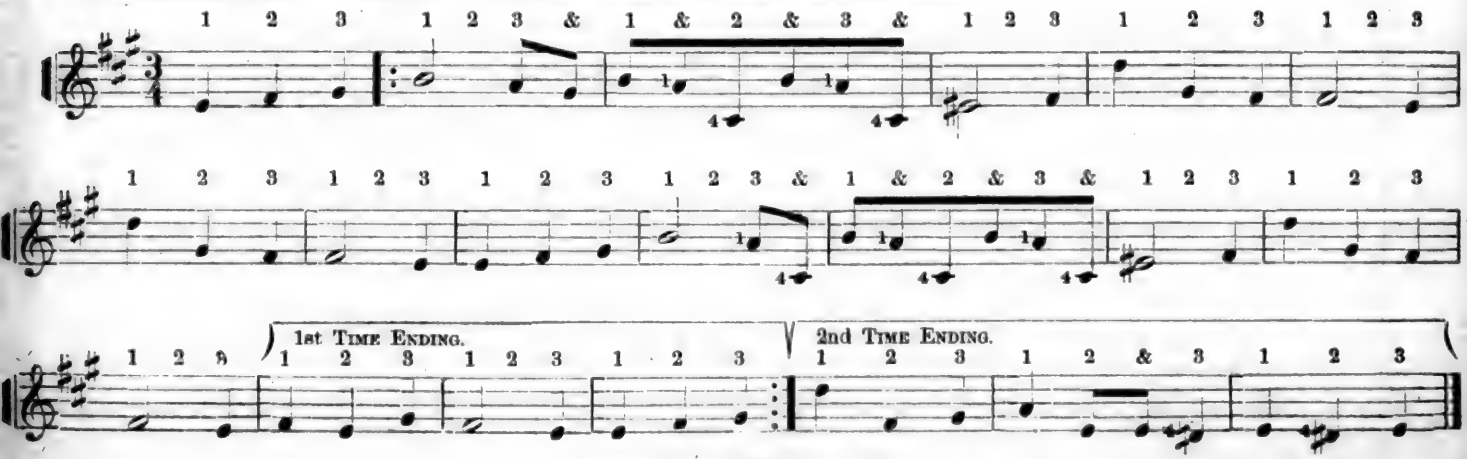
SAMUEL BORCHARDTS WALTZ.

Count three quarter notes to each measure.



CAGLIOSTRO WALTZ. (Strauss.)

Count three quarter notes to each measure.



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CONTENTS.

A LOVE LETTER WRITTEN LONG AGO—page 779
ANYTHING AT ALL.....780
AH! THERE, MY SIZE, I'LL STEAL YOU.....780
Arthur and Martha.....781
The BABY'S THE CAUSE OF IT ALL.....778
Blue Eyed Kate.....779
CHARMING SARAH GRADY.....778
Contents of Lieder's New York ONE CENT BALLAD SHEET from 1 to 9 783
Drink up old Fellow.....782
England and America.....781
I LONG TO SEE THE SOUTH.....778
I never do.....782
Levi O'Brien.....778
The Landlord's Daughter.....779
Liver-Lip Liz.....779
My Beautiful Wife.....779
My Mother's Tombstone.....781
Mick McCann.....782
ONE MORE WALTZ.....779
OLD SNOW-BALL'S HAIR IS TURNING GRAY.....780
Oh! Popsey, Wopsey.....781
Our Interesting Matter Column.....782
PROF. EDMUND CLARK'S Studies for the Banjo.....784
Run Along Home to Moses.....780
Stop the tide from going out.....778
Smoke Colored Jane.....780
There's a Lager on the Table.....779
Take me in your arms, love.....781
Vell how you vas, anyhow.....778
Vere is de Deitcher's Vaterland?.....778
We are in de swim, boys.....782

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The Baby's the Cause of it all.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CHAS. W. MARK.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENSECK.

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I'm a married man now, 'tis over a year,
I've got a darling wife;
And though I love her dear and true,
I think I'm sick of life.
Until about a month ago,
My heart was light and gay,
But since my wife's first bouncing boy,
They say I fell away.

Spoken.—It is a fact! I did feel happy when the confounded thing first appeared. I imagined myself the happiest father, so did my wife; that is, she imagined me to be the happiest father. I did like to go home at night and hear my wife say—

Chorus.

Oh! Charley, kiss the little dear,
The little popsey-wop;
Oh! hear the little darling cry,
It wants its dear old "pop."
Oh! take it, Charley, hold it tight,
Don't let the darling weep,
Go carry it around the room,
And sing the dear to sleep.

Well, everything for 'bout a week,
Perhaps a little more;
Went fine enough, but after that,
My love for babe was o'er.
The baby seemed to notice this,
For it grew worse each day,
And when I kissed it, it would cry,
And then my wife would say;

Chorus.

Oh! are you not ashamed, you brute,
To kiss the darling so;
You'd rather kiss some grown up girl,
You would, now don't say no!
Go take the darling in your arms,
Don't hurt it, do you hear;
And don't you grumble, do you mind,
Or I shall pull your ear.

Well, everything grew worse and worse,
I suffered oh! such pain;
It's awful when you have a wife
With baby on the brain.
Why! even when in sleep at night,
Enjoying some sweet dream,
My wife would poke me in the ribs,
I'd wake to hear her scream;

Chorus.

Why, Charley, oh! you nasty thing,
You've made the darling cry,
You've stuck your clumsy finger
In the little darling's eye.
Get up and carry it around,
Take care don't let it fall,
And don't you dare to say the child's
The cause now of it all.

Now young men, if you look for peace,
All free from jaw and strife,
Keep far away from pretty girls,
And never take a wife.
Yes, married life is chalked up milk,
But singleness is cream;
So don't you wed if you ne'er wish
To hear your dear wife scream.
Chorus same as third.

Stop the Tide From Going Out.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY EDWIN TALBOT.

This life is like a river
A running in and out,
This year a man may be quite poor,
And next year have money to count.
The man who is the banker now,
Next year may be the tramp;
A traveling in the snow and rain,
With clothes ragged and damp;
Perhaps a fast life he led,
And perplexed with doubt,
He didn't watch the breakers
When the tide was going out.

Chorus.

So now take heed to what I say,
Be careful, do not doubt,
For you'll find it very difficult,
To stop the tide from going out.

Then if we want to be successful,
And lead a happy life,
We must meet trouble half way,
Devoid of care and strife;
We must work with honest labor,
Always scorning every scamp;
And if prosperity shines upon us,
Help the poor and needy tramp;
We will never miss the nickel
That we give with hand stretched out,
And some day it will come back to us,
When the tide is going out. Chorus.

Vell How You Vas, Anyhow?

SUNG BY MATTIE VICKERS.

You bet I vas a smasher,
Dere's no high low Dutch about me;
My style vas de latest
Dat comes from Germany.
My brutter paints bretzels,
My fater he drinks beer,
Und I sell bolognas,
Und dat is vy I vas here.

Chorus.

Vill you buy my balognas,
Kind friends, will you buy?
Dey are better as smeerkase
Or limburger pie.
Den I cotch all de smashers,
Und about me dey will row,
When all say, "Katarina,
How you vas, anyhow?"

I got a nice schotzen,
His name vas Jakey Schitz;
Ven he catches me smashing
He gives me de fits.
But I can nicht help it,
Und ven he makes a row,
I say, "how you vas, Jakey,
How you vas, anyhow?" Chorus

Vere is de Deutcher's Vaterland?

RECITATION. DELIVERED BY MISS MATTIE VICKERS.

Vere is de Deutcher's Vaterland?
Is it Hoboken, Weehawken, or de land
Where beer does flow,
Where bretzels grow,
Is dot de Deutcher's Vaterland?

Vere is de Deutcher's Mutterland?
Is it limburger, smeerkase, or de land
Where bull pups do play
Peenachel for beer all day,
Is dat de Deutcher's Vaterland.

Where is de Deutcher's Grantvaterland?
Where de stale limburger can walk,
Und de dogs in de sassages can talk,
Yet, dot's de German's mutter-in-law land.

Levi O'Brien.

BY BEN. D. COLLINS. SUNG BY FORD & KNOWELS.

I know a young fellow he's out on the mash,
Always in love, but he's never in cash,
Beats boarding mistresses out of their hash,
Will never refuse sherry or sour mash.

Chorus.

His name is O'Brien, he's no friend of mine,
He ain't got a dime and the bootblacks all guy him;
The ladies are crying, the police are trying,
To throw Baby mine or a coal mine on Levi O'Brien.

He is a little darling, a daisy, you bet,
He fell in a lake and he did not get wet,
He is one of the boys that you all read about,
In the back of the book where the leaves are torn out.

Chorus.

He's got a fine mouth for butter, he's knock kneed and stutters,
He cries skip the gutter, and pull down your shutter;
This crazy young sucker, he walks on his uppers,
He hasn't been mayor or found lost Charley Ross.

Charming Sarah Grady.

WRITTEN BY TOMMY TUCKER.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENSECK.

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I love a pretty damsel,
Her age is just sixteen,
An honest janitor's daughter,
That lives near Bowling Green.
And charming Sarah Grady,
Is this sweet maiden's name;
For loving her so truly,
I know I'm not to blame.

Chorus.

Charming Sarah Grady,
A winsome little lady,
Eyes of blue that say to you,
Please don't go away.
Hair of golden lustre,
In sweet curls it does cluster,
Lips so sweet when mine they meet,
For hours I could stay.

On every Sunday evening,
We walk along Broadway,
Or else upon the Battery,
Our foot-steps they do stray.
While seated on a bench there,
With Sarah by my side,
Last Sunday eve she promised,
That she would be my bride. Chorus.

I Long to see the South.

BY DOOLEY & TENBROOKE.

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'Twas many years ago,
Before the war that made me free,
Dis ole man's heart was happy den,
Yes, happy as could be.
Ole marsa he was good to me,
De folks were all so kind,
A better home I ne'er shall see,
And kinder friends will never find.

Chorus.

For I long to see the South once more,
To walk among de sugar cane,
Before de angel comes a knocking at de door,
I long to see de South again.

I wonder is ole Dinna dead,
And where de children are;
Have dey forgot dere poor old dad,
Who wanders now from home so far.
Perhaps dis old man ne'er shall see
De nigs he called his own;
May be dat death has set dem free,
And took dem to a shore unknown. Cho.

A Love Letter Written Long Ago.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ED. C. SMITH.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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Only a love letter written long ago,
It reminds me of happy days gone by;
Like a ray of sunshine, came this little sheet,
How it made my poor heart throb with joy.
But the writer's far away, I am left alone,
Though she promised me she'd ne'er forget;
Gone, but not forgotten, the tears they
fill my eyes,
Though in Heav'n I know I'll meet her yet.

CHORUS.

Only a love letter written long ago,
A dear little messenger of love,
It's all that's left me now, and it I dearly prize,
And this missive goes where'er I rove.

Only a love letter written long ago,
This letter I have read it o'er and o'er;
Once it made me happy, now I read and sigh,
For those happy days will come no more.
Treasured in my memory, are the vows
we made,
But they're broken and my heart does moan;
Love's bright dream is blasted, all is over now,
In the dreary world I'm left alone. Chorus.

One More Waltz.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ED. C. SMITH.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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Listen to the strains of music,
Floating through the still night air;
'Tis a messenger of pleasure,
Sent to drive away dull care,
Bright eyes they are glancing,
To me they're so entrancing,
Filling my heart with joy.

CHORUS.

Come, love, one more dance,
Just one waltz with me;
Sweetest music it enchants,
As we glide so gracefully.
Happy hearts and smiling faces,
One meets everywhere;
Dancing in the dreamy waltz,
Nothing with it can compare.

Cares and sorrows are forgotten,
While the hours are fleeting by;
Arm in arm while we are dancing,
Cupid steals in on the sly.
Bright eyes they are glancing,
To me they're so entrancing,
Filling my heart with joy.

Blue-Eyed Kate.

BY PERRY RYAN.

While strolling on the pier the other night,
Scarce knowing what to do;
I watched the curling waves in the pale moonlight
Beneath the sky so blue.
But a form to me that seemed divinely fair,
Appeared, though thv hour was growing late;
I asked my charmer's name, she said you're
not to blame,
Did this pretty little charming blue-eyed Kate.

CHORUS.

Oh! my, my pretty Blue-eyed Kate,—(Break.)
So loving and so sedate.—(Break.)
Both standing on the pier that moonlight night,
Though the hour was growing late;
She said I'm thine, will you be mine,
Did this charming Blue-eyed Kate.

Once more I stand and watch the rolling sea,
That seems to me to tell;
Of days gone by, how then was I,
With the joys that me befell.
But the greatest one of all my hopes in life,
Was one evening when at eight,
She joined her hand in mine, saying truly
I am thine,
Did this pretty little charming Blue-eyed Kate.
R. Chorus.

There's a Lager on the Table.

BY BILLY SNOW. AIR: LETTER IN THE CANDLE.

There's a lager on the table,
And it points direct to me;
If I only had a nickel,
How happy I would be.
How quickly I'd invest it,
And quench my burning thirst;
But there is no use in talking,
I must get my nickel first.

CHORUS.

Bright days of old, come to my memory, dear,
When I had money plenty, I always bought
my beer;
Bright days of old, come to my memory dear,
When I had money plenty, I always
drank my beer.

There's some tramps around here told me,
There was good times coming yet;
I've been waiting here to see them,
'Till I'm almost out of breath.
If I thought that they would be here,
Or knew that they would come,
I think one glass of lager
Would heal my burning tongue. Chorus.

You, bright, amber-colored fluid,
That goes floating down my side;
And for you there's been many a man
Laid right down and died.
I know you're good and healthy,
And if I only had my way,
And money to support it,
I could drink five kegs a day. Chorus.

My Beautiful Wife.

BY J. R. LA PIERRE.

AIR. MISS BRADY'S PIANO POLKA.

The reason I stand here before you,
I will tell it all to you in rhyme;
All about a fair maid that I courted,
And married her, yes, in due time.
The neighbors said she was a darling,
As gentle and meek as a lamb,
But soon I found out, she had a tongue
in her mouth,
And could use her fist just like a man.

CHORUS.

Yes, that's so, do you know,
If she struck you she'd knock you quite crazy,
At every blow, down I go,
For she hits like a prize-fighting man.
She will fight day and night,
Without it she's never easy,
I see too late the mistake,
In making this woman my wife.

I am a man with a quiet disposition,
And fighting I strictly disown;
But if you were in my position;
Sure you would have no favors shown;
Now and then I stop out, but not often,
For the best of them do that you know,
It's then there is war when I enter the door,
For I receive from her blow after blow.
Chorus.

To stop this, my friends, I am going,
Yes, I think I have struck a good plan,
For I will not be led by a woman,
I will show her that I am a man.
It's drank I will get some fine evening,
And in boxing will learn a few points,
Right and left I will hit, no show she'll get,
For it's rhumatics, I'll put in her joints.

CHORUS.

At every blow, she will know,
That I am the one for the breeches;
I'll have her blue, when I get through,
I no longer will lead such a life.
I want my say, come what may,
Or else spoil her beautiful feathers,
I shall be boss, or divorced
From my beautiful wife.

The Landlord's Daughter.

SUNG BY EMERSON & CLARK.

In Paris, green Kentucky,
They keep a tramps' hotel,
And fifty-million bedbugs
In each bed-room used to dwell;
In each bed-room used to dwell;
They fed us on valises,
And the crowns of old plug hats,
And the cook made chicken pot-pie
From the whiskers of Tom cats.

CHORUS.

Each day, each day, each day,
They fed us on salt hay;
The dogs would bark in the sausage,
And the cheese would walk away.

This landlord had a daughter.
Her shoes were very large;
She hired them out in summer,
To canalers for a barge;
To canalers for a barge;
The hand of the landlord's daughter,
All the bums and tramps would fight;
She boiled her stockings in the coffee,
And poisoned them every night.

CHORUS.

Each night, each night, each night,
It was a terrible sight;
The bugs would fight with the mosquitos,
To hang out in her room that night.

Liver-Lip Liz.

SUNG BY EMERSON & CLARK.

Oh! I love a darling, a Thompson Street wench,
The niggers say she's insane;
She fell off the tail of the comet last spring,
And the fall may have injured her brain.
You bet she's a masher, this
Thompson Street belle;
And with her left hoof I often was riz;
The darkies eat onions to make them shed tears
'Cause they can't mash on Liver-lip Liz.

CHORUS.

Liz, Liz, Liver-lip Liz,
She's ugly and lazy, bow-legged and crazy,
But Liz, Liz, she knows her biz,
None can scoop in the supper like
Liver-lip Liz.

She has hands like two tug-boats, her
feet would make yards,
Her eyes are like turnips well stewed;
When she gets on her ear, she'll kick
off your moustache,
But you must not think that she's rude;
Her ears would make ulsters, she has a
mouth like a cave,
Oh! she is such a terrible quiz;
I was dead and buried and spent six
months in my grave,
When I got laid out by Liver-lip Liz.
Chorus.

Anything at All.

WORDS BY FRANK ASHLEIGH. MUSIC BY OTTO FORMES.

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Now sing a little song for us,
Sing anything that's right,
That is the cry where'er I go,
I hear it morn and night.
And when I ask what it shall be,
Some one will loudly bawl,
No matter what it is old boy,
Sing anything at all.

Chorus.

Sing anything, sing anything,
Providing it's a song;
Sing anything, sing anything,
No matter short or long.
And if it's short why make it sweet,
For one more then we'll call;
So suit yourself what it shall be,
Sing anything at all.

Last Wednesday night I courting went,
So judge of my surprise,
Arriving at the lady's house,
Could scarce believe my eyes.
I found the parlors they were full
Of people blythe and gay,
And as I walked into the room,
I heard somebody say.

Spoken.—And would you believe when I asked what it should be, they all cried out in one voice— Chorus.

Smoke Colored Jane.

SUNG BY EMERSON & CLARK.

Just three miles from the poor-house, in the city of Germany,
'Twas here that this false face used to stay;
She was cook upon a canal-boat, she put both legs in the hash,
'Twas there that I met her every day.
I told her she was handsome, though she looks such a fright,
She would stop an Erie Railroad cattle train;
She sold horse shoes for hot corn on the Bowery every night,
Did my bony ugly smoke colored Jane.

Chorus.

Oh! Jane, smoke colored Jane, they say you're insane,
Oh! come not to my boarding house again;
I caught the yellow jaundice one night when I kissed you,
My bony, ugly smoke colored Jane.

When she tried to be an actor her feet were so awful large,
They had to build additions to the stage;
Her toes reached the gallery and some kid sawed them off,
And this put my chromo in a rage.
One night when she played Gimlet, she got rotten egg bouquets,
But never will she dare to act again;
The audience tried to hang her, she got seven years
For murdering Shakespeare, did my smoke colored Jane.

Chorus.

Oh! Jane, smoke-colored Jane, from away down in Maine,
In your presence I could not remain;
Like a stale limburger factory was the odor of your breath,
My bony, ugly, smoke colored Jane.

Ah! There, My Size, I'll Steal You.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THOS. F. CAREY.

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While strolling out one evening,
I happened for to meet
Two dashing looking fellows,
Who dress so nice and neat.
They stood upon the Avenue,
Dressed in the height of fashion,
And all the dames that chanced to pass,
These two young swells were mashin'.

Spoken.—Yes, ladies and gents, I will endeavor to let you hear the latest kind of mashin'.

Chorus.

Ah! there, my size, I'll steal you,
Is what these young men say
To all the daisy blondes they meet,
Or passes ih their way
Ah! there, my turnip, I'll mash you,
Is one they say, 'tis true,
But the latest one I hear them say,
Ah! there, my lemon, I'll squeeze you.

Two daisy blondes just chanced to pass,
Dressed up in bon ton style;
They tried to catch a mash on them,
But neither caught a smile.
Determined for to follow them,
These two young men of fashion,
Were caught behind by two young men,
Who gave these swells a mashin.'

Spoken.—Yes, and I don't think they will stand on the Avenue for at least a week, and say.

Chorus.

Ah! there, my size, I'll steal you,
Or have anything else to say,
To any daisy blonde they meet,
Or passes in their way.
Or else their turnip may mash them,
And make them black and blue,
And make them stop that giddy talk,
Ah! there, my size, I'll steal you.

Run Along Home to Moses.

BY ED. CHERRY. FOR DOCKSTADER & TENNESSEE.

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I climb up to de mountain top,
Run along home to Moses;
Climb up high, that I never can stop,
Run along home to Moses.
Climb up to see my way,
Run along home to Moses;
Stay up there to preach and pray,
Run along home to Moses.

Chorus.

Ain't you weary, traveler,
Run along home to Moses;
Ain't you weary traveler,
Run along home to Moses.

What am de devil grumbling about,
Run along home to Moses;
Chained in hell, and he can't get out,
Run along home to Moses.
Chained down there to weep and moan,
Run along home to Moses;
Waiting to call dem sinners home,
Run along home to Moses. Chorus.

'Tween Decks.

Between the decks we stood one night,
To hear the gunner's yarn;
For each bold lad at sea is glad
Fresh tidings for to larn.
And this is how that tough old salt,
Commenced his yarn, says he,
"'Neath a stormy sky when the billows ran high
We sailed on the Baltic Sea.

Chorus.

Despite the gale, we still made sail,
Tho' the stormy winds did roar;
Tho' dark the night, yet our hearts were light,
We were bound for America's shore.

The bleak wind whistled through the shrouds,
We gathered on the deck,
And floating spars told us old tars
That we were near a wreck.
And in the lull thro' stormy clouds,
Shone out the moon so mild,
And lash'd to a raft in the wake of our craft,
There floated a little child. Chorus.

The boat was lower'd, no lack of hands,
I bore the child aboard;
And thro' the love of One above,
'Twas soon to life restored.
And who'd ha' thought when years went on,
That we two spliced would be?
But now as my wife and the pride of my life,
She's waiting at home for me. Chorus.

Old Snow-Ball's Hair is Turning Gray.

Words by Dr. T. D C. Miller Music by W. W. Bentley.

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Old Snow-ball's hair is turning gray,
His voice is feeble now;
His step is not so light and gay,
Since lines are on his brow.
He used to tune the old banjo,
When his songs would echo wake,
And merry feet were dancing then,
Down south, among the brake.

Chorus.

The cabin door is closed to-day,
No voice fond echoes wake,
And Snow-ball's heart no more is gay,
Down south among the brake.

The sugar-cane is growing tall,
Where southern skies are bright,
And birds the tuneful playmates call,
'Neath rays of mellow light.
But Snow-ball's eyes are getting dim,
His song no echoes wake,
No banjo now is played by him,
Down south among the brake. Chorus.

The southern flowers are sweet in bloom
Around the cabin door,
But that old home is filled with gloom,
Since Snow-ball comes no more.
The old man's voice is hushed for aye,
And never more will wake,
The joy and mirth of other days
Down south among the brake. Chorus.

Poor Snow-ball wanders far away,
His heart is sad and sore;
The old man's hair is turning gray,
Since joys he loved are o'er.
But Snow-ball never will forget,
The bliss fond love could wake,
And his lone heart would linger yet,
Down south among the break. Chorus.

Old Snow-ball longs for other days,
Past joys he would recall;
Old massa's smiles, and massa's praise,
Where sugar-cane grew tall.
But lone the poor old man must go,
And never more partake
Of love he cherished long ago
Down south among the brake. Chorus.

Oh! Popsey, Wopsey.

BY CHAS. GODFREY.

I've been a happy father
These fifteen months or more;
And don't I like it? Rather!
The rascal I adore
We've had him christened Charlie,
Of course, that's after me,
I don't believe you'll find a boy,
Who's half so sharp as he.

Spoken.—Sharp! Sharp's the word, and quick's the motion with him, I can tell you, he cut his first tooth before he was three months old and his first finger before he was six.

Chorus.

Oh! the popsey wopsey, see how nice he walks,
Oh! the popsey wopsey, listen how he talks;
Watch his little tootsies, bless his little gum,
Isn't he a darling boy! oh! yum, yum, yum.

I feel that I could eat him,
He seems so nice and soft,
He's like those little cherubs,
Who sit right up aloft.
I take him out on Sunday,
All round St. James' Park,
Then stay at home on Monday,
With him to have a lark.

Spoken.—When I got married one of my wedding presents consisted of a patent cradle, one which you wound up and it rocked itself for hours. I thought I'd put Charlie into the concern, by some unlucky chance I overwound it, There was a click and a buzz and away it went round and round, over and over, but it stopped, and we got him out, he was like a pennyworth of broken biscuits, but then didn't we shout—

Chorus.

He's never half so happy,
As when he's among the seals;
The darling little chap, he
Calls ladies pretty souls.
He jumps upon the kitten,
And fights the cockatoo,
He's quite a little Britton,
With pluck enough for two.

Spoken.—He's got a perfect mania for swallowing, it doesn't matter what it is, anything from a tin tack to a railway arch. The other day he swallowed his grandmother's musical pox. When we got to church and the parson exclaimed, "Where do you expect to go," Charlie's interior struck up "Home sweet home," That's very mysterious! Charlie's fifth rib responded with "Oh! ain't it peculiar." At last we got it up, and it so pleased the parson, that instead of going on with the sermon, he said—

Chorus.

England and America.

BY E. V. PAGE.

There's a land across the ocean,
Bound to us by stronger ties,
Bound by kith and kin devotion,
Filial love that never dies.
England looks with joy and pleasure,
On her sons across the main,
While America, the treasure
Of her love returns again.

Chorus.

Let the Star spangled Banner,
And the dear old Union Jack,
Forever together be unfurled,
Then John Bull and Jonathan,
Are safe from all attack,
For united, they could conquer all the world.

Looking back, the whole world wondered,
When they independence gained,
Though our children then were sundered,
"Mother Country" we remained,
Each true Briton's aspiration,
Leads him on to Liberty,
So we look with admiration,
When a nation will be free. Chorus.

Time has cured whate'er false notion,
Once was felt of jealous pride,
Now, we see with glad emotion,
Our relations at our side,
And with proud anticipations,
We look forward to the day,
When the two great English nations,
Hold the world in peaceful sway,

Encore Verse.

Closer still the bonds that bound us,
Were by mutual sorrow drawn,
And America has found us,
By her side, in grief to mourn.
When the noble Garfield perished,
England shared her offspring's pain,
And the love that then was cherished,
Never shall die out again. Chorus.

Arthur And Martha.

BY ARTHUR LLOYD.

They met at a fancy ball,
The gentleman's name was Arthur,
The lady was fair and tall,
Her Christian name was Martha.
They danced all night till the broad daylight,
What a darling girl thought Arthur,
And the dancers near could overhear,
What Arthur said to Martha.

Chorus.

"Oh! Martha," whispered Arthur,
"How I love to dance with you,"
"Oh! Arthur." answered Martha,
"Tell me darling is true?"
Then Arthur placed his arm
Around his Martha's waist so slim,
"I love you," said Arthur, "ditto,"
said Martha,
Then Arthur squeezed Martha,
And Martha squeezed him.

Though never until that night,
Had Arthur beheld Miss Martha;
'Twas a case of love at first sight,
For she was struck with Arthur.
"He begged that she would favor he,
With her name," she said "'twas Martha!"
And with lovely eyes expressed surprise,
When he said his name "was Arthur."

Chorus.

At first 'twas an awkward task,
Now what shall I say, thought Arthur,
He ventured at last to ask
"How the weather agreed with Martha!"
And growing bold, he remarked 'twas cold,
Which do you like best, said Martha.
To be warm or cold, the reply was told,
By a loving squeeze from Arthur. Chorus.

The end I need scarcely tell,
He married the lovely Martha;
And I hear they are doing well,
They've a little boy called Arthur,
They ne'er forget the first night they met,
And she often says to Arthur,
"You remember dear, the day and the year
When first you met your Martha.

Spoken.—I shall never forget it, Aurthur replies. Then Martha puts her arm around his neck and murmurs do you remember what we said to each other? Chorus.

300 Songs for Fifteen Cents.

List of Songs on page 783; all the songs on this list, about three hundred, will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of 15 cents in one or two cent postage stamps.

My Mother's Tombstone.

BY DAVID THOMAS.

There's an old rustic church that stands on the hill,
Unsheltered by trees from the weather,
In my earliest days I remember it still,
When as children we oft played together.
But the strong hand of time, stole away friends of mine,
In the place of my birth I'm not known,
By the ivy-hidden porch of the old rustic church,
Stands my once loving mother's tombstone.

Chorus.

Oh! dear mother, memory still,
Prompts me to visit it alone,
It is erected by me, in rememberance of thee,
My once loving mother's tombstone.

In this old rustic church in the bright spring of life,
Two souls with one thought were united,
The bridegroom was proud of his innocent young wife,
Like a flower she had grown to be blighted,
I remember she died, as I wept by her side,
The boy she so loved was alone,
I can scarce conceive she's dead, tho the name I've often read,
On my once loving mother's tombstone.

Chorus.

Take Me in Your Arms, Love.

Miss Angelina Georgie Anna
Martha Clara Brown,
Is my young girl, a jewel, a pearl,
The best girl in the town.
She's very, very nervous,
And she often faints away,
But when she feels she's going off,
She'll rush at me and say—

Spoken.—"George, are you ready?" "Ready for what?" says I. "Why," she says, "to—

Chorus.

Take me in your arms, love,
Fan me with my fan;
Press me, caress me,
There's a good young man.
Take me in your arms,
I'm fainting, I can tell,
I feel so very funny,
But I'll soon be well.

One day I took her to the Zoo,
To see the crocodile,
And when she saw the kangaroo,
She could not help but smile.
I took her in the monkey-house,
And when I brought her out,
I placed her on the camel's back,
Which made her loudly shout—

Spoken.—She said, Georgie, Georgie, which way am I going to get off this blessed animile? Jump off its hump, or slide down its tail? I said, I don't know! She said, what, you don't know? then you must— Chorus.

One day I took her by the boat,
From here to Ramsgate pier,
When someone shouted "All afloat!"
She hollered out "oh! dear!"
She threw her arms around my neck,
And said, "George, save my life!"
I said "I will," "then if you do,"
Says she, I'll be your wife.

Spoken.—And when I gave her a kiss she exclaimed— Chorus.

For anything in the Musical Line, write to
Wm. J. A. Lieder,
No. 60 Chatham Street,
near Chambers, New York City.

OUR INTERESTING
MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, Items of interest etc, etc. To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.
(The Publisher.)

Ancient Greece.—Old butter.

Gone, but not forgotten—the man that left the door open.

It is the brake of day that prevents night from going too far.

The pump-handle sees a good deal of the ups and downs in life.

When did measels first break out, and what was the cause of the riot?

A dead hen is better than a live one; she will lay wherever you put her.

Who was it that said. "If anyone attempts to shoot down the haul flag him on the spot.

Beer may not make you fat, but an overdose will make you lean—up against something.

Who wrote "The harp that once were overalls? and the song of "When I swallow homesick flies?"

What king on ascending his throne, slipped on a piece of orange-peel and sat down on the back of his neck.

As they passed a gentleman whose optics were terribly on the bias, little Dot murmured, "Ma, he's got one eye that don't go."

"I walked the floor all night with the toothache!" said he; to which his unfeeling listner replied, "You did'nt expect to walk the ceiling with it, did you?"

Who ever heard of a country blacksmith forging a note?

When a pretty girl is attired in a wine-colored silk, is she an intoxicating beauty?

In taking leave of company make your best salaam to them as you go out, but do not s'lam the door.

"Mamma," said a little boy, who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown?"

At an evening party a country girl declined frosted cake because she thought it might give her cold.

"What is that man yelling at?" asked an Illinois farmer of his boy; "he is yelling at the top of his voice."

When the moon is full, is the man supposed to be up there in the same condition?

"To get the sack," is from the French; but a young man does not care where it is from as long as it is not from his girl.

Never be idle.

Fear has many eyes.

It costs more to avenge than to forgive.

Never listen to loose and idle conversation.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Drink up, Old Fellow.

BY DANIEL BRADLEY.

I've been a social man through life,
And hope I always shall;
I well respect acquaintances,
And dearly loves a pal.
I'm open to be treated,
And I'm always fit to pay,
And in my turn whene'er I meet,
You're sure to hear me say.

Chorus.

Drink up, old fellow, it's my turn to pay,
Drink up, you know we don't meet every day,
You parted last and you hear what I say,
Drink up, old fellow, it's my turn to pay.

When friends that long have parted been,
In tender contact meet,
They warmly grasp each others hand,
And one suggests a treat.
They choose their liquor, toast, and drink,
But ere they go away,
The one unto the other friend,
Is almost sure to say. Chorus.

Of course there is a set of men,
Or things, they should be called;
Who'll spunge on every one they meet,
It makes me feel so galled.
To think they haven't better minds,
Just see how they'll sneak away,
Whene'er the paying comes to them,
Why not pluck up and say. Chorus.

I won't be rude, and give advice,
I'll only you remind,
That when you meet a good old pal,
Be sure to treat him kind.
If he should stand a glass for you,
Don't let him go away,
Till you have returned the compliment,
Be sure to always say. Chorus.

I Never do.

BY J. MORTON KILLICK.

We meet with many different folks.
As through the world we run,
And most of them will talk about
The different things they done.
'Tis certain that 'twixt them and me
A difference you will view,
For I intend to talk about
The things I never do.

Chorus.

I never do, I never do,
Indeed I tell you true,
'Tis not my way, I beg to say,
Oh! no, I never do.

I never borrow money
That I cannot hope to pay,
I never lend umbrellas,
Even on the wettest day,
I never sell a worthless horse,
And think my bargain neat,
I never purchase little dogs
From men in Regent Street. Chorus.

I never put my confidence
In those confiders strange,
I never have transactions
On the London Stock Exchange.
I never other people let
Their hands put in my tills,
And never do I put my hand
To other people's bills. Chorus.

I never when I milk my tea,
Imagine milk is there,
Nor when I pay my doctor's bills,
Suppose his charges fair.
And when if at the jewelers,
I feel inclined to deal,
I see gold chains at six-and-six,
I never think them real. Chorus.

I never tell a tale
To get a fellow in a scrape,
I never tell my landlord
That his sherry's from the cape,
And when in town on business,
I go in for seeing life,
However much I see of it,
I never tell my wife. Chorus.

Mick McCann.

I'm Mick McCann, an Irishman,
From Ireland, sure, I'm not long over;
My style of clothes too plainly shows
I'm down in luck, and not in clover,
I left my home in Ireland dear,
With heart as light as the purse I carry,
'Twas not for want that I came here,
We've lots of that in Londonderry.

Chorus.

Oh! that's the place you'll always find
The boys free-hearted, true and merry,
Whate'er ye be they'll treat ye kind,
If ye want a friend in Londonderry.

Since I come here, it's mighty queer,
Tho' divil a bit of myself is carin',
As I walk the street, each wan I meet,
Go where I will, at me are starin'
Ye'd think I was a circus band,
A camel, or a dromendary,
This treatmint, boys, ye'll understand,
No wan would get in Londonderry. Cho.

As work's got slack I'm going back,
And faith, I cannot say I'm sorry,
To leave my home abroad to roam,
I'll ne'er again be in a hurry.
Och! sure, my colleen she'll be glad,
To meet me, sowl, she will be very,
Altho' I'm scoffed at here, bedad,
I've friends galore in Londonderry. Cho.

We are in de Swim, Boys.

Just behind de hill, boys, dars where I live!
By de ole corn-mill, boys, dars where I live!
My ole mudder lives dar, and my sister Sue,
Wid de ole Tom cat and de one-eyed dog,
And we're happy, jest a few.

Chorus.

We are in de swim, boys, and sail wid de stream,
Nebber heed de gully holes, eb danger nebber dream,
Nebber care a rap, boys, sound in wind and limb,
We are in de swim, boys, we are in de swim.

When we go to work, boys, dars where I live,
Work we nebber shirk, boys, dars where I live.
My ole massa berry good, makes de niggess gay,
But if dey skulk a little bit, why den dey gets no pay.
Chorus.

You should see my Sarah, dars where I live!
Fairest of the fairer, dars where I live!
When she looks straight at you, den you feel so queer,
You feel as if you'd like to kiss dat gal from year to year.
Chorus.

When we get united, dars where I live!
All shall be invited, dars whar I live!
We'll have sich a wedding—as nebber was before,
Lots of pumpkin squash and hot rum punch,
And corn cakes in galore. Chorus

300 Songs for Fifteen Cents.

List of Songs on page 783; all the songs on this list, about three hundred, will be sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of 15 cents in one or two cent postage stamps.

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Contents of LIEDER'S New York One Cent "Ballad Sheets, From Nos. 1 to 9 Inclusive.

	No.
Auld Lang Syne	1
America, (My country 'tis of thee.)	1
A Model Love Letter	3
The Anchor's Weighed	4
Annie Laurie	4
A Little Place Within thy Heart	4
A Yankee Man of War	5
The American Boy	5
A hundred years ago	5
A Violet from my mother's grave	6
A leaf of ivy from my mother's grave	7
A handful of earth	7
A dear spot of land	8
Away down south in Georgia	8
A row of tenement houses	8
Angel Mother Watch for me	8
Baby Mine	1
Beautiful Isle of the Sea	1
Beautiful Songs Unsung	3
The Bright Little Spot on the Ocean	4
Babylon is Fallen	4
The Battle Cry of Freedom	5
Beneath the sod they're sleeping	5
Brother's fainting at the door	5
Barney McCoy	6
Bright Emerald Isle of the sea	6
Bob up serenely	6
The Blue Alsatian Mountains	7
Be home early to-night my dear boy	7
Beautiful Venice	8
Biddy McGee	9
The Butcher Boy	9
The Bridge	9
Come Back to Erin	1
Climb up, climb up the Mountain Side	1
The Cottage by the sea	2
The Cumberland's Crew	2
The Casey Social Club	2
Can you forgive, and forget, love	6
Cats in our back yard	6
The Cot in the corner	6
Charley he's a Masher	8
Cot where I was born	9
Come along, Sister Mary	9
Carrie Lee	9
Casey's Ball Last Night	9
Dublin Bay, or; Roy Neill	3
Dancing in the barn	3
The Dear Little Shamrock	4
Dear mother I've come home to die	5
The Day when you'll forget me	6
Dance me on your knee	6
The Devil's in New Jersey	7
Don't drink from the pitcher of beer	7
Delia Clancy	7
Don't come in the morning	9
Drunkard's Lone Child	9
Desirable Dime Song Books	9
Ella Ree	1
The Exile of Erin	2
Eight Bells at Sea	3
The Finigin Corterie	2
The Fire in the Grate	3
The Faded Coat of Blue	3
Flag of the Free	5
Flag of our Union	5
The Finigan Calico Ball	6
Grandfather's Clock	1
Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance	3
Grandmother's Chair	7
Good-bye at the door	9
Home Sweet Home	1
High Water Pants	1
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls	1
The Husband's Commandments	3
The Heart bowed down by weight of woe	3
Home Again	3
Her bright smile haunts me still	4
Hail Columbia, Happy Land	5
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnston	7
Happy dreams of you	8
Has the Comet Struck	9
I dreamt I dwelt in marble Halls	2
I cannot call her mother	2
I'll Name the Boy Dennis, or no name at all	2
I'll be all smiles to-night, love	3
'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can never be	4
'Tis but a little faded flower	4
I cannot sing the old songs	4
Isle of Beauty fare thee well	4
I want to see de good old home again	6
In the Low Lands Low	7
I am leaving now the old Folks	7
I Leave Ireland and mother because we are poor	7
I was false but you'll forgive me	8
'Tis a blossom from our little Willie's breast	8
I'll go back to my old love again	9
I'll remember you love in my prayers	9
In the Low Lands Low	9
'Tis evening brings my heart to thee	9
Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louize	4
Just before the battle, mother	5
Just after the battle, mother	5
Jennie the Flower of Kildare	6
Killarney	1
Katie's Secret	2
Kathleen Mavourneen	2
Kerrigan's Masquerade	3
Kitty Wells	4
Kingdom Coming	5
Katy Avourneen	8
The Little ones at home	1
Larboard Watch	1
Lullaby	1
The Last Rose of Summer	2
Listen to the mocking bird	4
Lay my head beneath a rose	4
The Land of love and liberty	5
Little Maggie Ann	6
Levi Kassiday	6
Little old house on the Rhine	7
Lamentation of Johnny Reel	8
Many can help one	1
The Messenger Bird	1
Maggie's Secret	2
My Pretty Red Rose	2
Marching through Georgia	3
My old Kentucky Home Good Night	3
The Minstrel Boy	3
The Man you don't meet every day	3
Mary Ann I'll tell your ma	3
Mother is waiting to welcome her boy	4
Mary Ann Kehoe	4
Mother is the battle over	5
Mother kissed me in my dream	5
Mary of the Wild Moor	6
Mickey Flahrity	6
Mary Ann O'Hoolahan Dowd	6
McCarthy's Fancy Ball	7
Maloney's the man	7
Meet me by moonlight, Willie	7
Mary of Argyle	8
Massa's in the cold ground	8
My darling but talkative wife	8
Mr. and Mrs. Malone	9
The Mill's shut down to-day	9
Nancy Lee	1
The Old Cabin Home	1
Old Black Joe	1
Old folks at home	1
Or any other man—Stump speech	2
The Old Log cabin in the Lane	3
Oh! Fred tell them to stop	4
Our Starry Flag, our Glory	5
Original Yankee Doodle	5
The Old fashioned church on the hill	6
The Old willow chair where grandmother sat	6
O'Reilly's Billy Goat	7
The Old Family Chair	8
The Old log cabin on the hill	9
Open up dem doors	9
Over the Garden Wall	9
Poor Old Salve	2
Picking up gold in the streets	4
Poor Pat Must Emigrate	7
Pretty maid milking her cow	8
Rocked in the cradle of the deep	2
The Raffle for a stove	4
Red, White, and Blue	5
The Rose of Killarney	6
Razors in de air	6
Roll on Silver Moon	8
Rose Perfumed Bouquet	8
Rock me to sleep, mother	8
Such an education has my Mary Ann	1
See that my grave's kept green	1
Sweet Forget Me Not	1
The Sweet by and by	1
Sally Horner round the corner	1
Sweet Spirit hear my prayer	2
Shamus O'Brien	2
Scotch Lassie Jean	2
Sweet Maggie Gordon	2
Slavery Days	3
The Star Spangled Banner	3
The Sword of Bunker Hill	3
She never blamed him never	4
She died on the street	7
Sons of Erin's Isle	4
The Standard Bearer	5
Sheridan's Ride	5
Sally in our alley	7
Sally Mackenally	7
Speak to me speak	8
Six feet of earth	8
Shamrock Shore	8
Sweet Genevieve	8
Sweet scented handsome young man	9
There's a letter in the candle	2
Thou art so near and yet so far	4
Tenting on the old camp ground	4
Tan Yard Side	4
Tell mother I die happy	5
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the prisoners Hope	5
The Turnpike Gate	6
Teddy please scare me again	6
The Tramp	6
There never was a coward where the Shamrock grows	6
Twickenham Ferry	7
The Tramp Song	7
Tell me where my Eva's gone	7
Two Irish Turks	9
True Irish Gents	9
Up at Jones' Wood	7
The Vacant Chair	4
The Villain still pursued her	9
Where was Moses when the light went out	1
Write me a letter from home	1
Whoa Emma	2
Wearing of the Green	2
When you and I were young Maggie	2
We parted by the riverside	2
When I saw sweet Nellie home	2
Would I were with thee	2
Waltzingham McSweeney, the Gay Cavalier	2
The Wandering Refugee	3
When the swallows homeward fly	3
The Widow in the cottage by the sea	3
When Johnnie comes marching home	5
Willie has gone to the war	5
When I smoked my first cigar	5
When McGuinness Gets a job	6
Whisper softly, papa's dying	8
Why should we live as strangers	9
Wild Irish Boy	9
You'll remember me	2
You've been a friend to me	3
You are false, but I'll forgive you	3
You and I	4
You'll miss me when I'm gone	8
You'll miss me when we part	9

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F. A. COLE SCHOTTISCHE.

Count your time carefully, four quarter notes to each measure.



THE LANCASHIRE WALTZ.

Count your time carefully, three quarter notes to each measure.



BOCCACCIO WALTZ.

Count your time carefully, three quarter notes to each measure.



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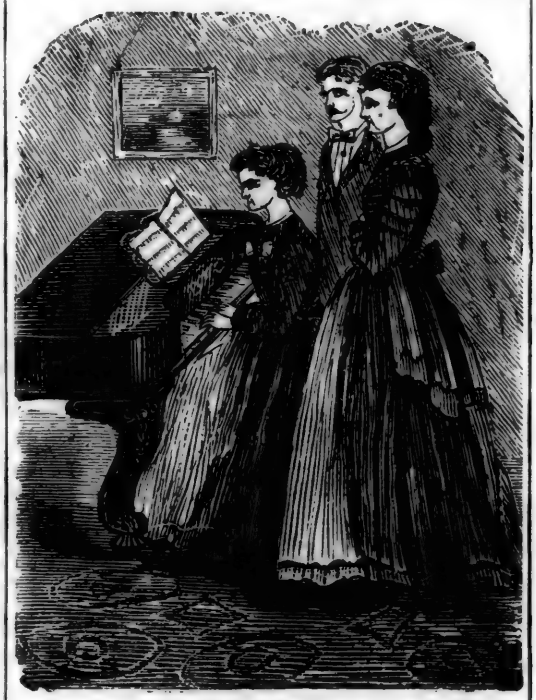
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CONTENTS.

ALWAYS BE POLITE BOYS..... page 789
BRIDGET DONAGHUE.....788
Bound to be an actor.....790
Cot beside the mill.....789
CANST THOU SAY FAREWELL.....786
Contents of Lieder's New York
ONE CENT BALLAD SHEET from 1 to 9 791
The Drunkard's Child.....788
Do to others as you'd wish.
to be done by.....790
The Famous Muldoon Boys.....786
The Geneva Cross.....787
The Good young man that died.....787
The Girl who wears the bangs.....787
The Girl from Ireland.....790
The Heroes of Seventy-six.....786
The Hole in the wall.....788
Isn't it awfully hot.....787
I AM LOOKING AT MY MAMMA.....788
The Irish Exile.....790
Keep up your heart.....786
Kate and Jane McGuire.....789
Our Interesting Matter Column.....789
OUR LITTLE BABY BOY.....790
The Pigs in the Garden.....788
PAPA'S BABY GIRL.....789
PROF. EDMUND CLARK'S
Studies for the Banjo..... 792
SWEET NELLIE NOLAN.....786
The Spanish Cavalier.....787
SULLIVAN'S EXCURSION.....790
Uncle Tobe.....786
When Muldoon is Mayor.....786
When nobody was looking.....787

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When Muldoon is Mayor.

BY DAN O'TOOLE.

am Michael Muldoon, a man of great fame,
nd all of my ancestors of course were the same,
y first cousin Barney is on the police,
nd the lord mayor of Dublin is married to
my niece.
I am highly connected across the big sea,
nd I stopped Captain Williams dumping
dirt in the bay;
nd if I'm elected I'll make the gang stare,
nd help the commissioners when Muldoon
is Mayor,

ll raise all the city laborer's to three dollars a day
nd send all the John Chinamen out west
to chew hay,
wo schooners for five cents it's then you
can buy,
nd the boys can shoot fire crackers on the
fourth of July.,
will chase all the Italians and their
peanut stands,
nd fan every bloat I see carrying a can,
'e'll have no country senators our spoils
for to share,
nt make law here in town when Muldoon
is mayor.

hen Muldoon is the Mayor you can wear
your tall hats,
ith high choker collar's and silken cravat,
ou can stand on the corner and smoke
your segar,
nd if you don't wan't to walk you can
ride in the cars.
ll have Coney Island upon Harlem flats,
nd Beecher with Ingersoll in a sewer
catching rats,
nd no electric light up in Madison Square,
nd give the lovers a chance when
Muldoon is mayor.

Canst Thou Say Farewell.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CHAS. W. MARK.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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Oh! canst thou turn away from me,
And cruelly say farewell?
And slight the heart so true to thee,
Where thou alone doth dwell?
And can thine eyes like stars above,
Look coldly on me now?
Thy heart, yet young in plighted love,
Forget our sacred vow.
Oh! hear the rising tears that now
In silent pleading swell,
And answer, while I kiss thy brow,
If thou canst say farewell.

Oh! can the voice that often told,
The love I gave to thee,
Not hush the one that now so cold,
Would say farewell to me?
And is the love I thought mine own,
Now but a faded dream?
And must my heart sad and lone,
Float lonely down life's stream.
Oh! dearest let thy listning heart
Alone the answer tell,
I know 'twill say we must not part,
Thou canst not say farewell.

Sweet Nellie Nolan.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TOMMY TUCKER.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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Sweet Nellie Nolan, you said you'd be mine,
And always be true to me,
When the stars in the heavens above they
did shine,
And the moonlight fell over the lea.
The brooklet it murmured a sweet refrain,
As it sped on its course to the sea,
And seemed for to whisper, oh! come again,
For I will be waiting for thee.

CHORUS.

Sweet Nellie Nolan you said you'd be mine,
And always be true to me;
When the stars in the heavens above they
did shine,
And the moonlight fell over the lea.

Sweet Nellie Nolan won't you name the day,
When our two hearts will be made one,
I'll never forsake you but always will stay
By your side till life's troubles are done.
And when we are feeble and growing old,
I will love and caress you the same,
Don't think that I'm joking or acting bold,
But say that you will change your name.
Chorus.

The Famous Mu'doon Boys.

You've heard, no doubt, of Pat Muldoon,
Whose intellect's profound,
Well, we're the sons of that same man,
And for ould Ireland bound.
A welcome waits us from Malone,
The Murphy's and Molloys,
We know quite well, for none excell
The kindly Irish boy.

CHORUS.

Our country long we've sighed to see,
But now we're on the way,
To Ireland, dear old Ireland, yes,
The emerald of the sea.
But are we go we'd like to show,
Our steps to ivry one.
For there are few can beat the two
Sons of the solid man.

When we arrive the solid man
Is going to celebrate
Our safe return, and faix we hear
All Ireland's in a state,
To see the sons of famed Muldoon,
Hurroo, more power to Pat,
He well deserves from his two sons
A bran new "Patrick" hat. Chorus.

Aristocrats from County Down,
Tyrone and sweet Tralee,
Have all got invitations to
Attend Muldoon's levee.
Our M. P., Mr. Brannigan,
His wife and daughters fair,
Have all consented to take part
And meet the Irish pais. Chorus.

The Heroes of Seventy Six.

BY CHARLES WENDEL MARK,

TO THOSE WHO FOUGHT FOR THE FREEDOM OF OUR LAND.

Go tell the tale each patriot;
Go tell with patriotic heart,
Of how 'mid powder, ball and shot,
O'er five score years ago.
Our fathers, for a noble cause,
Fought and bled on foot and horse
Against GreatBritain's cruel force,
While striking freedom's blow.

Go ring the cracked but faithful bell;
Its peals of noble deeds shall tell,
Of those who nobly fought and fell
Beneath our starry jew'l!
Of how they nobly held their stand
Against oppression's grasping hand;
Of how they fought to bring our land
Beneath bright freedom's rule.

Go, patriot's, and fire the guns,
And tell the tale to list'ning ones;
Tell of our country's noble sons,
And fling the banners out!
Go, tell how nobly they all fought,
How dearly freedom's brand they bought,
Go, tell it on this glorious fourth—
"Forever freedom!" shout.

But now those noble heroes brave,
Are resting in the heroes grave,
Along with one—our country's slave—
Our leader, Washington!
With Warren, Greene and Lafayette
And Gates! all boldly stared at death,
To free our land, can we forget
Their deeds? speak, ev'ry one.

No! let us sing their praises then,
Let us sing with voice of men
From shore to shore and back again,
With patriotic love.
Oh! may our praise for them ne'er cease,
But may it with the years increase,
While they now rest in love and peace,
In that bright land above.

Uncle Tobe.

BY E. MAAS. SUNG BY LEW BAKER.

I'm uncle Tobe, a poor old colored man,
As you can plainly see;
I used to belong to a slavery band,
Way down in Tennesee.
Of hard times and troubles I've had my share,
All through my life its been so,
And I expect that congress next will
Pass an act that us negros got to go.

CHORUS.

Got to go, yes, got to go;
And I'll expect that congress next,
Will pass an act that us niggers got to go.

I've worked for massa's good and bad,
Yes, some were bad indeed,
And since the time I was set free,
Dey sadly felt my need.
De Southern States I've traveled through,
And always found it so,
Dey got us all to emigrate,
And said we had to go Chorus.

Keep up Your Heart.

Aye keep yer he'rt, freen,
Aye keep up yer he'rt,
Dinna let it sink intae despair,
Act an honest pairt, freen,
Chances flee like airt,
Jist hae patience, you micht reap a share.

If you are in debt freen,
If you are in debt,
Dae yer best tae clear as quick's you can,
Dinna sit an' fret, freen,
You'll be happy yet,
If you'll bear your troubles like a man.

Struggle till the last, freen,
Struggle till the last,
Ne'er gie intae daurk an' sullen care,
Tho' luck should flee past, freen,
Wi' a sudden blast,
Try again, there's always plenty mair.

The Spanish Cavalier.

BY WM. D. HENDRICKSON.

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A Spanish cavalier he stood in his retreat,
And on his guitar played a tune, dear,
The music so sweet, they'd oftimes repeat,
The blessing of my country and you, dear.

CHORUS.

Say darling, say, when I'm far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright sunny days soon fade away,
Remember what I say and be true, dear.

I am off to the war, to the war I must go,
To fight for my country and you, dear,
But if I should fall in vain I would call
The blessing of my country and you, dear.
Chorus.

And when the war is o'er to you I'll return,
Back to my country and you, dear,
But if I be slain you may seek me in vain;
Upon the battle field you will find me.
Chorus.

The Geneva Cross.

Where the battle fiercely rages,
Where the Rusian meets the Turk,
We shall rean in history's pages
Of a great and glorious work.
Caring not for bear or crescent,
Caring not whose gain or loss,
England cheers her peaceful army,
Cheers the army of the Cross,
England cheers the peaceful army,
Cheers the army of the cross.

CHORUS.

So a cheer for the cross, the famed red cross,
And the Sisters of Mercy so brave;
Where the dead lie around, on the field
they are found,
The life of the soldier to save.

Soldiers march to death or glory,
With fatal fire they burn;
Who can tell the dreadful story,
Who can say who shall return?
Husband, father, son, or brother,
All may find a soldier's grave.
Lord of battles look with pity,
Help the red cross life to save!
Lord of battles look with pity,
Help the red cross life to save!

Heaven's vengeance soon must follow
He who caused this cruel strife,
He shall surely pay in sorrow,
For each slaughtered soldier's life.
Still we'll help the wounded lying,
Help them to their homes again,
Mercy's cross will save the dying,
Lord of battle's help the slain.
Mercy's cross will save the dying,
Lord of battles help the slain.

When NobOdy was Looking.

'Twas in the golden sunset,
And we gazed up at the sky,
When nobody was looking,
When nobody was by.
We wandered slowly through the dell,
I tryed to say I loved her well,
But still the tale I could not tell,
Though nobody was looking.

CHORUS.

When nobody was looking,
When nobody was looking,
There met two lovers who were shy,
When nobody was looking.

The shadows soon grew darker,
And the cottage home was nigh,
And nobody was looking,
And nobody wos by;
But still my tongue refused to say
The lesson I'd learned all the day,
Though nobody was looking. Chorus.

But just as we were parting,
All my doubts appeared to fly,
When nobody was looking,
When nobody was by.
Her mother called her from the gate,
Did she know the hour was late,
A word, a kiss, I knew my fate,
And nobody was looking. Chorus.

Isn't it Awfully Hot.

The sun it goes up and the sun it goes down,
Isn't it awfully hot?
And people get riled and say with a frown,
Isn't it awfully hot?
We crawl through the streets feeling nearly
half dead.
If you're feeling white it soon turns you red,
While the old man exclaims as he mops
his old head,
Isn't it awfully hot?

Our butcher sits grinning like mad at his door,
Isn't it awfully hot?
He's thinking how soon you'll have to pay more,
Isn't it awfully hot?
Then our grocer is stamping and tearing his hair,
For the flies to collar his sugar do dare,
And his butter, oh! lor, where is it? oh! where?
Isn't it awfully hot?

Out in the fields nearly every night,
Isn't it awfully hot?
Young lovers they seem to take a delight,
Isn't it awfully hot?
They're under the trees whenever you pass,
In every corner a lad and a lass,
Tho' shy, the girls say, let us lie on the grass,
Isn't it awfully hot.

Some couples I saw go to church yesterday,
Isn't it awfully hot;
The wedding bells rang, and seemed for to say,
Isn't it awfully hot.
It's deucedly nice getting married we know,
'Till twelve o'clock strikes, and your friends
all do go,
Then you toddle to bed in a minute, but, oh!
Isn't it awfully hot.

If this goes on longer oh! where shall we be,
Isn't it awfully hot;
We'd better be mermen and live in the sea,
Isn't it awfully hot?
If its hotter below it much me deceives,
How cool it would be if they'd let us wear leaves.
We could then walk about like Adams and Eves,
Isn't it awfully hot.

Our milkman is doing a rare lot of trade,
Isn't it awfully hot?
'Tis said by the wise, a fortune he's made,
Isn't it awfully hot?
But you'll soon find out how he makes it pay,
For his farmer but fetches him five cans a day,
Yet he always sells eight, at least so they say,
Isn't it awfully hot.

The Good Young Man That Died

He left this world for a baighter sphere,
There's a neat little head-stone o'er him,
Telling how much we held him dear.
And how deeply we deplore him.
But that cannot tell how we miss his ways,
Our friend, philosopher and guide;
For years to come we shall sing in praise
Of the good young man who died.

CHORUS.

Of the good young man who died, my friends,
The good young man who died,
He never murdered flies, and he said he
hated [illegible]
The good young man that died.

Hr would never drink Bass or Guinness's Beer,
He would faint at the name of porter,
And averred that he owed two hundred a year
By consuming filtered water.
He never smoked a pipe or Havana segars,
Because he was ill whene'er he tried,
But he did fancy work for the best bazaars,
Did the good young man who died.

CHORUS.

Oh! the good young man who died, my friends,
The good young man who died,
He was meek as a lamb and he never said d——
The good young man that died.

He ne'er visited theatres except with a pass,
For he looks upon plays as baneful,
And where'er he did go he would whisper "alas
Oh! this exhibition is painful."
Then he'd send to some of the actresses notes,
With highly moral tracts inside,
Rebuking the shortness of their petticoats,
Would the good young man that died.

CHORUS.

Oh! the good young man who died, my friends,
The good yonng man who died,
He never gave a handle to any sort of scandal,
The good young man who died.

He would go to a race and say he had lost,
And descant on the ways of the winners;
He would reckon the sum the trip had cost,
Though he always named the winners.
He didn't know how to play billiards or pool,
Or the niceties of screw and side;
But he managed to beat his opponent as a rule
Did the good young man that died.

CHORUS.

Oh! the good young man who died, my friends,
The good young man who died;
There were very few that could resist
the hands he held at whist
The good young man who died.

The Girl who Wears the Bangs.

BY W. H. OWEN,

There is a charming creature,
Her age is just nineteen,
She dresses neat, she looks so sweet,
You'd think she was a queen.
I met her on one afternoon
Up in the Central Park,
And I asked her if she'd accompany me
Some evening on a lark.

CHORUS.

Oh! she's a charming creature,
At her the people stare,
And all the boys are trying to mash
The girl that wears banged hair.

I took her to a party
One evening last week
She was admired by all were there,
And her company they did seek.
For she's a splendid dancer,
With her none can compare,
And all the swell boys want to dance
With the girl who wears banged hair.
Chorus.

There was a fellow there,
Who was giving out some jokes,
And by his funny sayings
My girl was trying to coax.
He asked why a gun that just went off
Was like a young lady there,
And when asked her reason said,
Because they're both banged 'air. Chorus.

Bridget Donaghue.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOHNNY PATTERSON.

ARRANGED BY ROBERT RECKER.

SUNG BY JOHNNY PATERSON.

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It was in the County Kerry,
A little way from Clare,
Where the boys and girls are merry,
At a pattern, race or fair.
The town is called Killorlan,
What a purty place to view;
But what makes it interesting
Is my Bridget Donaghue.

Chorus.

Oh! Bridget Donaghue,
I really do love you;
Altho' I am in America,
To you I will be true.
Oh! Bridget Donaghue,
I'll tell you what to do,
Take the name of Patterson,
And I'll take Donaghue.

Her father is a farmer,
And a decent man is he;
He's loved by all the neighbors,
From Killorlan to Tralee.
And Bridget on a Sunday,
When coming home from mass,
She's admired by all the people,
Shure they wait to see her pass. Cho.

I sent her home a picture,
I did, upon my word;
Not the picture of myself,
But the picture of a bird.
It was the American eagle,
And says I, Miss Donaghue,
Our eagle's wings are large enough
To shelter me and you. Chorus.

The Pigs in the Garden.

The pig's in the garden, week, week, week!
He's rooting up the corn;
And if I don't find him, week, week, week!
I'll suffer in the morn.
The old man's going into town,
With his old horse and gig,
He's on my track, when he comes back,
If I don't find the pig.

Chorus.

The pig's in the garden, week, week, week!
I know he is, for I hear him squeak,
Week, week, week, week, week, week,
He's rooting up the corn—
I guess I'll make him week, week, week,
He'll wish he'd ne'er been born.

'Twas only on Sunday, week, week, week!
He broke out of his stye;
And old mother Grundy, week, week, week!
Lost all her brocoli.
Her turnip-tops, and sweet snow-drops,
He masticated all;
She'll have his life with a carving knife,
Next time he makes a call. Chorus.

His color is sandy, week, week, week,
He wears his tail in a curl,
As proud as a dandy, week, week, week,
Conceited as a girl.
With spots of black upon his back,
The cuss perambulates;
And there is one spot I want to spot,
The spot where he locates. Chorus.

Wherever he's hiding, week, week, week,
His joy will now be short;
I'll give him a hiding, week, week, week,
Of quite a different sort.
I've cut a stick that's nice and thick,
Which piggie won't forget;
But if I'm not quick, he'll cut his stick,
And save his bacon yet. Chorus.

The Drunkard's Child.

WORDS BY MARY A. KRONSBEIN. MUSIC BY J. L. FENNEY.

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My sight is growing dim, mother,
I scarce can draw my breath;
My brow is damp and cold, mother,
Oh! tell me is it death!
What makes the room so dark, mother,
Your face I cannot see,
Nor e'en the fire-light's spark, mother!
All's very dark to me.

Chorus.

Dying, mother, dying, mother,
The angels on me smiled;
Do not weep, but kiss me, mother,
I die, the drunkard's child.

I wish my father'd come mother,
I do not fear him now;
He'll never beat me more mothor,
For I am dying now.
Oh! sing to me a hymn, mother,
Of the Saviour's life below,
And of the blessed land, mother,
Where sorrow none may know. Chorus.

You say it will be home, mother,
Oh! then, why do you weep?
Why do you sob and moan, mother,
I'm only going to sleep,
You say there is no death, mother,
In yonder home so fair;
Nor sickness, sin or pain, mother,
Shall ever enter there. Chorus.

And now kiss me good-night, mother,
And when father doth come,
Tell him that I will wake, mother,
In yonder better home.
The mother knelt in anguish, oh!
Beside the snow-white bed,
For there, past all pain and sorrow,
The drunkard's child lay dead. Chorus.

I am Looking at my Mamma.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY C. W. MARK.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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Not long ago, a little boy, three years old, scarcely able to realize the loss of his mother, whose latest kiss was imprinted on his baby brow, and whose dping word was a prayer for the infant's soul, was standing in the door-yard of loving friends, his eyes fixed on the sky, with a peculiar earnestness His sister approached him and asked; "What are you looking at, baby?" He struck his little hands petulantly together, and, with a cry of pain, uttered; "Go away, I see my mamma, and she is laughing. She is calling me!" He remained looking a long time and to all questions reiterated this statement; "I was looking at my mamma!" Shortly after they gently laid him beside his mother, in the same grave.

Silent stood the little baby,
Gazing fondly on the sky;
Heeding not his little play-things,
Or his sister standing by.
Gazing long, and sadly crying,
"Go away, and let me be,"
I am looking at my mamma,
And she's smiling now at me.

Chorus.

I am looking at my mamma,
She is smiling in the sky;
She is calling, yes, she wants me,
Wants her boy to die.

Little eyes once sweet and merry,
Yea look sweet, but, oh! so sad;
Telling us that death is near us,
Waiting for the little lad,
And the voice of merry laughter,
Now is changed to one of pain;
Calling soft, mid gentle tear-drops,
"There, I see my ma'a again." Chorus.

Gently rock the little darling,
Kiss the little snow-white brow;
Death is waiting in the door-way,
Angels soft are calling now.
Gently, kind, they bear him from us,
From all pain to peace and love;
To his darling mamma waiting,
In that golden land above. Chorus.

The Hole in the Wall.

BY ALECK M'CLAFFERTY.

SUNG BY JOHNNY ROACH.

I am here several months in this city,
I have worked on the big Boulevard;
By study I then graduated
As a boss in a neighboring brick yard.
There were Spaniards, and nagurs and dagoes,
And boys young and old, big and small,
They could drink all the gin and bad whiskey,
In a place called the hole in the wall.

Chorus.

Then bad luck to the man owns the shanty,
For the boys they will not work at all,
They come home bileing drunk in the morning,
Full of rum from the hole in the wall.

One evening I went to the shanty,
For to bring my son Teddy to time,
With a look that would kill Captain Hussey,
My offer he stoutly declined.
When a lazy young man at the table, cries,
Are you going to trate us a ball;
Another says, go for him, Teddy,
That's the slang at the hole in the wall. Cho.

Will you drop on yourself, mister, cheese it,
You're as fresh as a daisy, I see;
I will throw you the dice for a schooner,
First raffle, or what will it be?
Sure, I played more through fear with the blackguards,
But a game I could not win at all;
For they swindled me out of my money,
Did the gang at the hole in the wall. Chorus.

Next morning I went to the police,
To see if I could get redress;
To have them return me mo money,
For, God knows, I was very distressed.
When a gang of about forty policemen,
About six foot or more, stout and tall,
Came with me to take satisfaction,
Off the gang at the hole in the wall. Chorus.

We waited for two or three hours,
Our chances of course for to take,
And to see the scared look of the police,
You would laugh till your heart it would break.
When a shower of bricks they came flying,
The policemen away they did crawl,
That was my first and last botheration,
With the gang at the hole in the wall. Chorus.

OUR INTERESTING
MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, oddities, Items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

When your wife falls asleep beside the fire, take the tongs and poker.

There isn't a light-house on the coast that weighs less than a ton.

Sam recently got married, and told his wife that she might retain all the change which dropped on the floor out of his pockets. What was his astonishment on Monday morning to find no money in his pants. He has since ascertained that his wife hangs his pants upside down.

"This is the maiden all forlorn,"
Who often wished she had never been born,
And turned up her nose in petulant scorn
At the girl who last season's hat had worn.

If you are too fat, and would like to fall off, mount a vicious horse.

"Vy," said a cockney in London to an American, "you speak Hinglish as vell as ve do." "Thank Heaven," responded the American, "I've not been here long enough to forget how to speak it!"

Going Ahead.—A Yankee has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Who says this is not an age of improvement?

A prescription is wanted which will prolong the existence of a dying echo.

Why is a fire a dissipated character? Because it goes out every night.

Things that must be pushed.—Barrows.

Why are unfinished articles like knowledge? Because they are information.

Indians never kiss each other; and having seen a few Indians, we can't blame them.

People who in all their lives have done nothing, are apt to think they can do everything.

When a woman declares she thinks the short walking costume is horrid, just look at her feet.

Some think diptheria of recent origin, but it isn't. The Baptists have had the dip theory ever since they started.

Masked Bawl.—A smothered cry.

Who pays the highest price for a home?—The woman who marries for one.

Hard words mostly flow from soft heads.

He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

Better give a shilling then lend and lose half a crown.

Whoever conquers indolence, can conquor most things.

Riches, though they may reward virtue, cannot cause them.

Reprove thy friend privately, commend him publicly.

Papa's Baby Girl.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ED. C. SMITH.

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Peeping through the window, just at eventide,
Full of childish innocence and glee;
Waiting for my coming down the shady lane,
Sets my baby watching there for me.
A little pair of bright eyes has my baby girl,
A mouth just as pretty as can be,
As she lisps to mamma standing by her side,
Mamma, there comes papa, don't you see.

CHORUS.

Ev'ry eve at twilight, while returning home,
Through the blinding snow or bitter rain;
Standing at the window, is my baby girl,
Watching for my coming down the lane.

When the shades of night fall on our cottage home,
When my little cherub tired of play,
Whispers with a kiss, my papa dear, good-night,
Then her mamma lays her toys away.
Oh! then upon her bended knees she says her prayer,
Now I lay me down to sleep and rest,
And God be good to papa, and mamma too, as well,
Then she creeps into her baby nest. Chorus.

Kate and Jane McGuire.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TOMMY TUCKER.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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Two pretty girls both twins by birth,
It is our lot to love;
The sweetest maids that walk this earth,
And gentle as a dove.
Each Sunday eve we call on them,
And sit down by the fire,
We tell sweet little tales of love,
To Kate and Jane Maguire.

CHORUS.

They're handsome as the flowers
That bloom in the month of May;
And we'll consent to marry them,
When they do name the day.
In a little cot beyond the dell,
Half hidden by the briar,
In happiness we'll always dwell
With Kate and Jane Maguire. Dance.

While rambling with those fairy queens,
Last night down in the lane;
Enjoying nature's quiet scenes,
Our hearts did feel no pain.
We both fell on our knees and said,
Oh! darling, do be mine.
They promised, and we stole a kiss,
While stars did brightly shine. Chorus.

The Cot Beside the Mill.

BY ALECK M'CLARTERTY.

SUNG BY JOHNNY M'COVERN.

I think of home and better days,
When I was but a boy,
In that little cot down by the mill,
Those scenes I oft enjoyed.
The little birds would sing and perch
Upon the garden wall,
While mothere'd sit, all day would knit,
'Neath the old oak tree so tall.

CHORUS.

Those happy days have passed away,
And my eyes with tears do fill;
When I ponder on the good old times,
In the cot beside the mill.

My father would come quickly home,
At eve when toil was o'er;
And as I'd hear his welcome step,
I would meet him at the door.
He would raise me in his brawny arms,
And place me on his knee,
While mother pleasant stories told,
And father would sing for me. Chorus,

But everything must have its day,
It'g grown so lonely there,
The cottage it has passed awsy,
The garden is quite bare.
The warbling birds have ceased to sing,
As they did in the past,
Till old age and my weary woe,
I'll not forget the past. Chorus.

Always be Polite, Boys.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TOMMY TUCKER.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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Politeness is a virtue that's possessed by very few,
But those are just the folks that get along;
If over this you ponder you'll find that it is true,
So act upon it and you won't be wrong.
A kind word spoken often will prevent a sad affray
When in a hot debate or faction fight,
And you will find that always it does pay,
If at all times you try to be polite.

CHORUS.

Always be polite, boys, always be polite,
Follow up this maxim, you will come out right,
Never give short answers, but speak up quick and bright,
Always be polite, boys, always be polite.

The girls they all do like to catch a handsome nice young man,
Especially one who has got plenty cash;
Its through the streets they ramble, each bearded face they scan,
To try if they can catch a dashing mash.
And when they've caught a lover who suits them to a T,
It makes their hearts feel happy gay and light;
The way to keep them true to you, is to do like me,
And speak in tones quite tender and polite.
Chorus.

Politeness to our parents, is what we should cultivate,
No matter what our station in this world;
For surely we'll regret it, when of course it is too late,
And on our own resources we are hurl'd,
When we look back and think of them who brought us through,
The hardships of this life both day and night,
We'll know how much they suffered, and what for us they did do,
So at least to them we ought to be polite.
Chorus.

Our Little Baby Boy.

BY CHAS. W. MARK.

ON THE CHRISTENING OF, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MY LITTLE FRIEND, FREDRICK WILLIAM LIEDER.

COPYRIGHT 1882, BY WM. J. A. LIEDER.

Oh! welcome, little baby boy,
Sweet treasure that thou art,
The sunlight and the purest joy
Of papa's, mama's heart.
The treasure that so precious dear
We gain but from above;
The gift we sought to bring us cheer,
And fill our home with love.
Thou comest with a greeting—none;
And e'en without a name;
But, ah! that greeting is not done,
For, bright the hidden fame,
That came with thee from high above
Must soon awake to live;
To gain thee praise, to win thee love,
The truest earth can give.
Aye, even now—this sunlit hour
While birds sing merrily,
And while the sunbeams kiss each flower,
With joy we christen thee.
And while all hearts here beat the same
We fondly kiss thy brow,
And pray that thou wilt bear this name
As stainless e'er as now.
And while we clasp thee fond and dear
Unto our hearts with joy,
We pray that nought but heav'nly fear,
May guide our baby boy.

Oh! precious little loving heart,
So innocent and free,
May ne'er but truest love impart
Its richest wealth to thee.
And merry little laughing eyes,
Now peeping here and there;
So like the stars that light the skies,
So diamond like and fair,
May ye ne'er wake from this pure light,
To sadness dark and drear,
And may ye ne'er be made less bright
By e'en a single tear;
And tiny lips of ruby hue
That we must kiss so oft,
May all ye whisper e'er be true,
And ever kind and soft;
And, oh, ye little loving arms,
That fond we clasp with joy,
May ye protect from every harm
Our darling baby boy.
And restless little dancing feet,
That scarce seem strong enough
To bear our little baby sweet
O'er pathways long and rough,
May ye ne'er find upon the road
One cross of care or strife
To pain the sweet and precious load
Ye bravely bear through life.

And now we place thee in thy cot,
Where thou canst sleep in peace,
The angels kind will guard the spot
With care that ne'er shall cease.
And while thou'rt slumbering sweetly there
With love we gaze on thee,
And pray thy life may be forever
As peaceful and as free

Born to be an Actor.

BY J. L. FERRIS. FOR ED. AARON.

AIR: CASEY'S SOCIAL CLUB.

I've just become a member
Of a great dramatic club,
Who hold a session weekly,
And indulge in beer and grub.
I intend to be an actor,
And great honors to obtain,
But every one now tells me,
I've got acting on the brain.

Chorus.

But I'm bound to be an actor,
No matter what they say,
If you want to be delighted,
You ought to see me play.
I can sing, dance, shout and spout,
The talent I possess,
Where'er I chance to be engaged,
I make a grand success.

Since I joined the great profession,
I'm a leader in the van,
You should see me play "Hankshank,"
In "The ticket of leave man."
I paralyze the people,
Consternation I create,
I'm puffed in all the papers,
For my acting is so great. Chorus.

I will be a great tragedian,
And be famous very soon,
For I'll have my picture hanging
In every beer saloon.
I'll travel through the country,
And visit every part,
For you know I am a rising star
In the great dramatic art. Chorus.

Sullivan's Excursion.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TOMMY TUCKER.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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'Twas on a Sunday morning,
The barge lay at the dock,
About the hour of ten, boys,
The people they did flock
With baskets filled with good things,
And all dressed up in style,
On Sullivan's excursion
Way down to Staten Isle.
And standing at the gang plank,
Was Sullivan himself,
A man of fame and honesty,
With plenty worldly pelf.
He greeted everyone
With his most engaging smile,
And soon he gave the order
To sail for Staten Isle.

Chorus.

To quite enchanting music,
They danced the hours away
They had no thoughts of sorrow,
But all felt light and gay.
And in the promenade
How they marched in double file,
On Sullivan's excursion
Way down to Staten Isle.

We sailed right down the harbor,
And soon came to the grove,
The lovers with their sweet-hearts,
Then through the woods did rove,
MacNally lost his ulster,
MacCabe he smashed his tile
On Sullivan's excursion
Way down to Staten Isle.
And when returning home, sure,
Some one began to fight,
But Sullivan put up the drinks,
Which made the thing all right;
The lovers in the corners,
Did hug and kiss the while,
On Sullivan's excursion
Way down to Staten Isle. Chorus.

Do to Others as You'd Wish to be Done By.

There's many a man in this world of ours,
Whose thoughts are all of self;
Never thinks of the poor that live next door,
As he rolls in his horded wealth.
But there's a rule in the Book of Books,
Says each man has to try
And that's to do to others
As you wish to be done by.

Chorus.

Then jogging along through life, my boys,
Let conscience be your school;
And lay away for a rainy day,
And observe the golden rule.
Deserve success by energy,
It will greet you by and bye;
And always do to others
As you wish to be done by.

To-day you are rich, when a sudden stroke
May take your gold and lands,
And then you'll find yourself in need
Of a friend with a helping hand.
Then perhaps you'll meet some one
You've helped in days gone by,
Just do to him as he did to you,
As you wish to be done by. Chorus.

The Irish Exile.

BY EDWARD GREENE.

AIR: LAND OF THE WEST.

I go from old Ireland the land I love best
To go to America the land of the free;
For years I've to wander, and in exile to roam,
But I'll think of old Erin, my once happy home.

I'll love thee, I'll die for thee,
For you're the land I adore,
And although I'm an exile
I will yet die by your shore.
Repeat last four lines.

In dreams I'll revisit your well known shore,
Where the birds used to sing their sweet notes o'er and o'er,
Where heroes are sleeping, alas, side by side,
For freedom they lived, and for freedom they died.

For they loved thee, they died for thee,
And may their praises be sung
Through valley and mountain,
Out of every Irishman's tongue.
Repeat last four lines.

And oft in the stilly night while wandering alone,
I'll think of you, Erin, where I loved to roam;
And the scenes of my childhood will come back to view,
But, alas, I'm an exile wandering away far from you.

But I'll come back to thee,
And for liberty I'll fight until I die,
For like soldiers of old
On your battle field I'll lie.
Repeat last four lines.

The Girl From Ireland.

Oh! here I am an Irish girl,
Was born in Londonderry;
A bright May day of '73,
The other side of Kerry.
My mother she had a little pig,
She had me for to mind it;
Like every other little pig,
It carried its tail behind it.

Chorus.

For I love to roam, and I left my home,
And traveled to a far off land;
Although I'm across the ocean,
I can't forget devotion to poor old Ireland.

Oh, to America I made my way,
And friends found warm-hearted
I can't forget old Ireland yet,
From them I dearly parted.
I like the boys, I like the girls,
I like the American manners,
And if you want an Irish girl,
I will fight beneath the banners.

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Contents of LIEDER'S New York One Cent "Ballad Sheets, From Nos. 1 to 9 Inclusive.

	No.
Auld Lang Syne	1
America, (My country 'tis of thee.)	1
A Model Love Letter	3
The Anchor's Weighed	4
Annie Laurie	4
A Little Place Within thy Heart	4
A Yankee Man of War	5
The American Boy	5
A hundred years ago	5
A Violet from my mother's grave	6
A leaf of ivy from my mother's grave	7
A handful of earth	7
A dear spot of land	8
Away down south in Georgia	8
A row of tenement houses	8
Angel Mother Watch for me	8
Baby Mine	1
Beautiful Isle of the Sea	1
Beautiful Songs Unsung	3
The Bright Little Spot on the Ocean	4
Babylon is Fallen	4
The Battle Cry of Freedom	5
Beneath the sod they're sleeping	5
Brother's fainting at the door	5
Barney McCoy	6
Bright Emerald Isle of the sea	6
Bob up serenely	6
The Blue Alsatian Mountains	7
Be home early to-night my dear boy	7
Beautiful Venice	8
Biddy McGee	9
The Butcher Boy	9
The Bridge	9
Come Back to Erin	1
Climb up, climb up the Mountain Side	1
The Cottage by the sea	2
The Cumberland's Crew	2
The Casey Social Club	2
Can you forgive, and forget, love	6
Cats in our back yard	6
The Cot in the corner	6
Charley he's a Masher	8
Cot where I was born	9
Come along, Sister Mary	9
Carrie Lee	9
Casey's Ball Last Night	9
Dublin Bay, or; Roy Neill	3
Dancing in the barn	3
The Dear Little Shamrock	4
Dear mother I've come home to die	5
The Day when you'll forget me	6
Dance me on your knee	6
The Devil's in New Jersey	7
Don't drink from the pitcher of beer	7
Delia Clancy	7
Don't come in the morning	9
Drunkard's Lone Child	9
Desirable Dime Song Books	9
Ella Ree	1
The Exile of Erin	2
Eight Bells at Sea	3
The Finigin Corterie	2
The Fire in the Grate	3
The Faded Coat of Blue	3
Flag of the Free	5
Flag of our Union	5
The Finigan Calico Ball	6
Grandfather's Clock	1
Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance	3
Grandmother's Chair	7
Good-bye at the door	9
Home Sweet Home	1
High Water Pants	1
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls	1
The Husband's Commandments	3
The Heart bowed down by weight of woe	3
Home Again	3
Her bright smile haunts me still	4
Hail Columbia, Happy Land	5
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnston	7
Happy dreams of you	8
Has the Comet Struck	9
I dreamt I dwelt in marble Halls	2
I cannot call her mother	2
I'll Name the Boy Dennis, or no name at all	2
I'll be all smiles to-night, love	3
'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can never be	4
'Tis but a little faded flower	4
I cannot sing the old songs	4
Isle of Beauty fare thee well	4
I want to see do good old home again	6
In the Low Lands Low	7
I am leaving now the old Folks	7
I Leave Ireland and mother because we are poor	7
I was false but you'll forgive me	8
'Tis a blossom from our little Willie's breast	8
I'll go back to my old love again	9
I'll remember you love in my prayers	9
In the Low Lands Low	9
'Tis evening brings my heart to thee	9
Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louize	4
Just before the battle, mother	5
Just after the battle, mother	5
Jennie the Flower of Kildare	6
Killarney	1
Katie's Secret	2
Kathleen Mavourneen	2
Kerrigan's Masquerade	3
Kitty Wells	4
Kingdom Coming	5
Katy Avourneen	8
The Little ones at home	1
Larboard Watch	1
Lullaby	1
The Last Rose of Summer	2
Listen to the mocking bird	4
Lay my head beneath a rose	4
The Land of love and liberty	5
Little Maggie Ann	6
Levi Kassiday	6
Little old house on the Rhine	7
Lamentation of Johnny Reel	8
Many can help one	1
The Messenger Bird	1
Maggie's Secret	2
My Pretty Red Rose	2
Marching through Georgia	3
My old Kentucky Home Good Night	3
The Minstrel Boy	3
The Man you don't meet every day	3
Mary Ann I'll tell your ma	3
Mother is waiting to welcome her boy	4
Mary Ann Kehoe	4
Mother is the battle over	5
Mother kissed me in my dream	5
Mary of the Wild Moor	6
Mickey Flahrity	6
Mary Ann O'Hoolahan Dowd	6
McCarthy's Fancy Ball	7
Maloney's the man	7
Meet me by moonlight, Willie	7
Mary of Argyle	8
Massa's in the cold ground	8
My darling but talkative wife	8
Mr. and Mrs. Malone	9
The Mill's shut down to-day	9
Nancy Lee	1
The Old Cabin Home	1
Old Black Joe	1
Old folks at home	1
Or any other man—Stump speech	2
The Old Log cabin in the Lane	3
Oh! Fred tell them to stop	4
Our Starry Flag, our Glory	5
Original Yankee Doodle	5
The Old fashioned church on the hill	6
The Old willow chair where grandmother sat	6
O'Reilly's Billy Goat	7
The Old Family Chair	8
The Old log cabin on the hill	9
Open up dem doors	9
Over the Garden Wall	9
Poor Old Salve	2
Picking up gold in the streets	4
Poor Pat Must Emigrate	7
Pretty maid milking her cow	8
Rocked in the cradle of the deep	2
The Raffle for a stove	4
Red, White, and Blue	5
The Rose of Killarney	6
Razors in de air	6
Roll on Silver Moon	8
Rose Perfumed Bouquet	8
Rock me to sleep, mother	8
Such an education has my Mary Ann	1
See that my grave's kept green	1
Sweet Forget Me Not	1
The Sweet by and by	1
Sally Horner round the corner	1
Sweet Spirit hear my prayer	2
Shamus O'Brien	2
Scotch Lassie Jean	2
Sweet Maggie Gordon	2
Slavery Days	3
The Star Spangled Banner	3
The Sword of Bunker Hill	3
She never blamed him never	4
She died on the street	7
Sons of Erin's Isle	4
The Standard Bearer	5
Sheridan's Ride	5
Sally in our alley	7
Sally Mackenally	7
Speak to me speak	8
Six feet of earth	8
Shamrock Shore	8
Sweet Genevieve	8
Sweet scented handsome young man	9
There's a letter in the candle	3
Thou art so near and yet so far	4
Tenting on the old camp ground	4
Tan Yard Side	4
Tell mother I die happy	5
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the prisoners Hope	5
The Turnpike Gate	6
Teddy please scare me again	6
The Tramp	6
There never was a coward where the Shamrock grows	6
Twickenham Ferry	7
The Tramp Song	7
Tell me where my Eva's gone	7
Two Irish Turks	8
True Irish Gents	9
Up at Jones' Wood	7
The Vacant Chair	4
The Villain still pursued her	9
Where was Moses when the light went out	1
Write me a letter from home	1
Whoa Emma	2
Wearing of the Green	2
When you and I were young Maggie	2
We parted by the riverside	2
When I saw sweet Nellie home	2
Would I were with thee	2
Waltzingham McSweeney, the Gay Cavalier	2
The Wandering Refugee	3
When the swallows homeward fly	3
The Widow in the cottage by the sea	3
When Johnnie comes marching home	5
Willie has gone to the war	5
When I smoke my first cigar	5
When McGuiness Gets a job	6
Whisper softly, papa's dying	8
Why should we live as strangers	9
Wild Irish Boy	9
You'll remember me	2
You've been a friend to me	3
You are false, but I'll forgive you	3
You and I	4
You'll miss me when I'm gone	6
You'll miss me when we part	9

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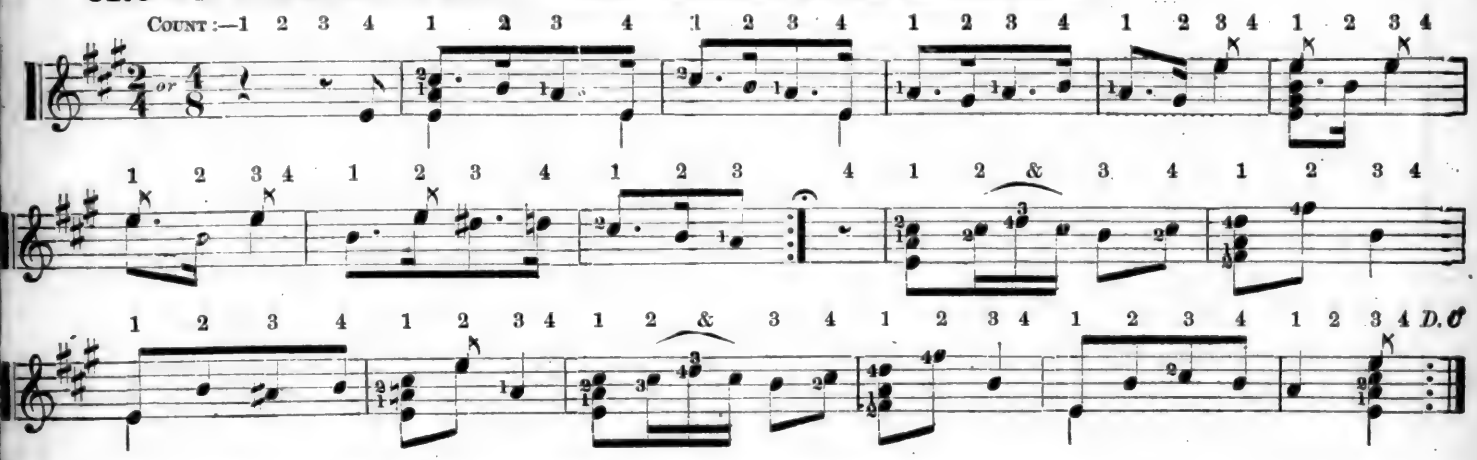
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CROWN DIAMOND GALOP. *Count your time carefully, four eighth notes to each measure.*



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CONTENTS.

A SAILOR'S WIFE I SOON SHALL BE.....page 795
Armstrong and Blair.....797
BEAUTIFUL EDEN.....797
Belly Chinaman.....797
CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.....797
Charlie's Little Dog.....798
Contents of Lieder's New York ONE CENT BALLAD SHEET from 1 to 9 799
DON'T MAKE A LEAP IN THE DARK...796
DARLING JENNIE.....796
The Emigrant's Farewell.....794
Felix McIntyre.....796
I'VE ONLY BEEN OUT WITH THE BOYS....794
I have no home.....794
The Irish Bricklayers.....794
MY HANDSOME BLACK MOUSTACHE 794
MOTHER DON'T WEEP FOR YOUR DARLING....795
MARIA'S RAN AWAY.....795
My Baby's Gone.....795
Mr. Fitzpatrick you're the man of my heart....795
MAMA, KISS ME, THEN I'LL SLEEP...797
MUST YOU LEAVE ME.....797
Old General Dingle and Wife.....795
The OLD SWING.....796
The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill.....798
Out of Work.....798
Our Interesting Matter Column.....798
Pat Dolan's Bull Pup.....794
PROF. EDMUND CLARK'S Studies for the Banjo.....800
The STYLE WE CALL OUR OWN.....796
The Soldier's Dream of Home.....796
TELL ME, DARLING, WHY YOU'RE WEEPING 798
Wooley Heads.....795
Willie's Ball.....797

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My Handsome Black Moustache.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CHAS. W. MARK.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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I'm a gay and dashing fellah,
'Mong the upper ten I rank,
I've the posish of a tellah
In a down town savings bank.
I am known as Clarence Smartey,
The gay leader of the fash,
As a fellah hale and hearty,
With a handsome black moustache.

Chorus.

My handsome black moustache,
Oh! it's bound to draw a mash,
It aids me out a dash,
And it makes the ladies rash,
Enters hearts just like a flash,
With a fearful loving crash,
And it draws dear papa's cash,
Does my handsome black moustache.

At most every high toned party,
Every fash'nable affair,
I the dashing Clarence Smartey,
Occupy the honored chair;
I am known all o'er the city,
'Mong the "pa's" who have the cash,
Through their daughters young and pretty,
And my handsome black moustache. Cho.

When the banking hours are over,
And you know, just ere 'tis dark,
With my moustache waxed and curly,
I go flirting through the park.
At the op'ra or theatre,
In the eve I cut a dash,
Oh! I think there's nothing greater
Than a handsome black moustache. Cho.

I've an eye on dear Miss Ella,
Her papa is rather rich,
And I've one on Isabella,
Yes, and one on dear Miss Fitch;
But as yet I will not marry,
No, I will not be so rash,
I will flirt in sport and tarry,
With my handsome black moustache. Cho.

I've Only Been Out With The Boys.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TOMMY TUCKER.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENECK.

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'Bout one month ago I got married,
And of course I'm not quite settled down,
On a Saturday night I'm inclined to—
With the boys—take a stroll round the town.
I come home about two in the morning,
When I think everything is serene,
But I find that my young wife is waiting,
To ask what does such conduct mean.

Spoken.—After going through my pockets, she asks where I've been, so I just tell her—.

Chorus.

I've only been out with the boys, my dear,
We made quite a noise, and got full of beer
And that is the reason I act so queer,
I've only been out with the boys.

Of course she does then pout and tell me,
That she will go home to her ma,
And just for a joke I do ask her,
To please come and light my cigar.
I then tumble down on the sofa,
While she has a short little cry,
And when she says this is a nice time
To come home, I only reply. Chorus.

Now when I wake up in the morning,
I promise the pledge I will take,
And tell her if she wants a favor,
I will do anything for her sake.
We're happy and friendly once more,
Like two turtle doves on a tree,
Till Saturday night comes around again,
And I have another good spree.
Spoken.—And when she scolds, all I say is—
Chorus.

I Have no Home.

Oh! how the merciless winter winds blow,
As onward I tread through the "Beautiful snow,"
Asking a penny from each one I meet,
To buy me some shoes for my little cold feet.
No one takes pity or hears my appeal,
God alone knows how I suffer and feel;
Half starved and shivering, sadly I roam,
No place to shelter me—I have no home.

Chorus.

Angels of Heaven, look down from the skies,
Oh! go to our Father with tears in your eyes,
And tell Him to call me, I'm ready to come,
For I have no home—I have no home.

Father and mother now sleep in the grave,
I gave to the poor all they told me to save;
But little I dreamed when they came to the door,
That I would be penniless, homeless, and poor.
Tear drops now freeze on my colorless cheek,
I tremble with weakness whenever I speak,
No one seems caring wherever I roam,
What will become of me? I have no home.
Chorus.

Oh! where shall I go, tell me, what can I do,
Is there no one to tell me what course to pursue?
With my little dress torn, and no shoes
on my feet—
Oh! I'm hungry and cold—most I die in
the street?
When my journey is over, and death
calls me to go,
Let me die in the street in the "Beautiful snow."
When I wake, it will be with the angels to roam,
For I'll then have a home, I'll be at home.

Pat Dolan's Bull Pup.

BY J. R. LA PIERRE. PARODY ON WIDOW NOLAN'S GOAT.

If you listen to me, I will tell you a story,
About a bull dog that I owned in my time;
To fight with a dog, oh! in this he did glory,
And he could do them all up, yes, so fine.
Of pounds he weighed thirty, or perhaps
a few over,
He possessed a large mouth and a fine set
of teeth,
There was scars on his body like a veteran soldier,
And every battle he fought, sure he beat.

Chorus.

But he's gone, yes he's gone,
He is gone to a place where the dogs do
no fighting,
He is gone, yes he's gone,
My thoroughbred dog, oh! my fighting bull pup.

He was three weeks old when I became
first his master,
I received him from a friend by the name
of Malone;
Now he was the dog you could bet your
cash on, sir,
For he was a thorough bred to the back bone.

In pluck and endurance he ne'er met his equal,
He would just as leave fight as to eat a
square meal,
The first time he fought he surprised all
the people,
By his wonderful courage and zeal. Chorus.

He never was known to make friends with
a stranger,
To bribe him with meat this you could not do;
When he showed his front teeth, it was a
signal of danger,
For everything he caught hold of he bit through
He seemed a quiet dog, of barking did little,
But there's a saying that barking dogs
never bite,
He was such a deceiver he'd look as mild
as a kitten,
Except when he was challenged to fight.
Chorus.

But now comes the critical part of my story;
I never can tell it without shedding a tear,
He met with an accident on one fine morning,
Which was really more than he could bear.
Some how or another without ever thinking,
He walked up to a mule and began
smelling his heel,
The last time I saw him was up in the air flying,
And all I found was a part of his tail. Cho.

The Emigrants Farewell.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY EDWARD GREENE.

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AIR; ISLE OF BEAUTY FARE THEE WELL.

The morning dew was falling o'er us,
When I did leave my native shore,
To cross the ocean for fame and fortune,
Perhaps never again to see thee more.
Good-bye, dear Erin, I'll not forget thee,
Although in foreign lands I roam,
Your memory I will ever cherish,
And I'll not forget you were my home.

In the silent night I oft do ponder,
Amid pleasant recolections bring,
Of days gone by that was passed in pleasure,
On your dear soil that is so green.
I'll not forget the one I parted
By that little cottage door,
For her I'll ever be true-hearted,
And hope again to meet once more.

The shore it is now fast receding
From my gaze for ever more,
As I sit in silent wonder,
Listening to the ocean's roar.
In distant lands I may be roaming,
But still my heart fondly clings to thee,
And fancy brings my thoughts still nearer
To your green isle far o'er the sea. Chorus.

The Irish Brick Layers.

BY MATT FLYNN. SUNG BY FLYNN & RUSON.

Now good-evening to you's, one and all,
Youre looking well and hearty;
We just came out to make a call,
We're, John and James McCarthy.
Wh're laying bricks, you see, all day,
And well the mortar sticks,
And all we want is a laborers pay,
We're the boys can lay the bricks.

Chorus.

Whack-te-lu-ral, te-lu-ral, de-lay,
Whack-te-lu-ral, te-la-day,
We're the micks can lay the bricks,
We're John and James McCarthy.

Oh! Beecher says that laboring men,
Can live well with a quarter;
We'd like to see how he'd agree,
With his dirty bread and water.
We're working hard now understand,
And never mix in fights,
They say we're in a free land,
And bedad we want our rights. Chorus.

Mother don't Weep for Your Darling.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TOMMY TUCKER.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENNECK.

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Mother don't weep for your darling,
For I soon will be at rest;
'Cross that dark and silent river
I will mingle with the blest.
From this cold world I am going,
To my heavenly home above,
Where the angels they are singing
Sweetest songs of joy and love.

CHORUS.

Mother don't weep for your darling,
For I soon will be at rest,
'Cross that dark and silent river,
I will mingle with the blest.

Mother don't weep for your darling,
Wipe those tears from off your cheek,
If I ever have offended,
Pardon from you I would seek.
Cheer up, mother, don't feel sad now,
For I only go before,
I'll be waiting there to meet you,
On that lovely golden shore. Chorus.

A Sailor's Wife I Soon Shall Be.

Words by Dr. T. D. C. Miller Music by W. W. Bentley

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It's on the waves so deep and blue,
My Jack is with his merry crew;
The barque he sails speeds on afar,
And bears from me my jolly tar.
He thinks of me each day I know,
When swinging in his hammock slow,
And when he comes from o'er the sea,
A sailor's wife I soon shall be.

CHORUS.

How oft I cry; good ship, ahoy!
What tidings from my sailor boy;
When he comes o'er the deep blue sea,
A sailor's wife I soon shall be.
When he comes o'er the deep blue sea,
A sailor's wife I soon shall be.

I see him when the billows break
So powerless in the vessel's wake,
And hear his trumpet tones go forth,
When fierce the tempest from the north.
And when the foam-caps go to rest,
He walks the deck with peaceful breast;
My Jack is hero of the sea,
When he comes back his bride I'll be.
Chorus.

I love my cottage on the shore,
Where I can hear the breaker's roar,
And watch for coming sail and spar,
That brings to me my jolly tar.
I know that he is fond and true,
A prince among his merry crew,
And when he comes from o'er the sea,
A sailor's happy bride I'll be. Chorus.

I see the lightning's vivid flash,
And hear the thunder's deaf'ning crash;
And then I think of one afar,
Of danger to my jolly tar
And oft I cry, good ship, ahoy!
What tidings from my sailor boy!
When he comes o'er the deep blue sea,
A sailor's wife I soon shall be. Chorus.

Maria's Ran Away.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TOMMY TUCKER.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENNECK.

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Once I had as pretty a girl
As ever you did see,
I loved her truly, and of course,
I thought that she loved me.
On Saturday night I'd trot her out,
And take her to the play,
But now I find I've got the shake,
Maria's run away.

CHORUS.

Sweet Maria, dear Maria,
Do come back again,
And if you'll only love me
I will never cause you pain.
I cannot sleep a wink at night,
My youthful heart is torn,
Can anybody tell me where
My sweet Maria's gone.

Sundays in the summer,
Up to high bridge we would go,
To walk among the shady trees,
Or on the Harlem row;
The Central Park we would take in
When on our journey home,
never thought that she'd prove false,
Or from me she would roam. Chorus.

Perhaps she skipped to Kalamazoo,
To join the Forepaugh show,
Or else dressed up in man's attire,
A mashing she did go.
She might be Barnum's beauty,
Or else she's Oscar Wilde,
But if she would come back again,
I'd treat her kind and mild. Chorus.

My Baby's Gone.

WRITTEN BY KATIE M. SUPPLE.

AIR; YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

My baby's gone, my babe has gone,
From earth, she's fled away;
No more I'll clasp her angel form,
No more I'll watch her play.
I taught my darling how to love,
I taught her how to pray;
And when I reckoned life so sweet,
God calleth her away.
Repeat.—God calleth, &c.

Before I felt the mother love
Within my bosom swell;
I never thought I e'er could know,
The joy to love so well.
For my husband was a captain brave,
Ah! he was true to me;
But death soon claimed him as its slave,
He's buried in the sea.
Repeat.—He's buried in, &c.

Ah! yes, that was a happy time,
By far too bright to last;
I fain would give this world wer't mine,
To live the lovely past.
But since I'm destined all alone,
In this cold world to sigh,
Ah! it would be a merciful deed,
For God to let me die.
Repeat.—For God to, &c.

Mr. Fitzpatrick You're the Man of my Heart.

BY JOE CUSICK. SUNG BY FALLES & CUSICK.

Now look on me and you will see
A descent Irishman;
Who always is contented,
And I do the best I can.
For to help a friend when in distress,
If he comes in my way.
And as I walk along the street,
You'll hear the people say.

CHORUS.

There goes a man he's a credit to his nation,
There goes a man who can take his own part,
He's fit for lord mayor or any situation,
Mr. Fitzpatrick you're the man of my heart.

I never wrong a fellow man,
Or anything thats mane;
And although I am an Irishman,
And loyal to my queen.
I have a purty little wife,
Who is singing all the day,
And I'll never give the folks a chance
To change what they say. Chorus.

Wooley Heads.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY BLOSSOM & BOACH.

Down on the old plantation,
Where we remember mighty well;
We had a great flirtation
With those handsome colored gals,
While working in de cotton patch,
Our hearts they fairly bled;
Right at de sight and we did ketch
Around them wooley heads.

CHORUS.

She had such a lovely turned up nose, (Break.)
Golly, what tremendous toes; (Break.)
Law, but didn't she suffer,
Let it all be known and said,
That the greatest charm about her,
Was, around them wooley heads.

When to her lips we kissed and pressed
Her eyes were lovely glue;
And when I saw beneath her dress,
Her feet so black and clean.
She is the darling of my heart,
And tears for her I'll shed;
But all the coons of that
Great big wooley head. Chorus.

Old General Dingle and Wife.

BY LEAVITT & ALLEN.

HE.

Now you see before you a jolly old pair,
As jolly as jolly can be;
For she is the comfort of my life,
There's none so happy as she.

HE. I'm fifty-one.
SHE I am sixty-three.

TOGETHER.

And we journey together through life,
A jollier old couple you seldom will find
Like old General Dingle and wife.

CHORUS.

We are old General Dingle and wife, ha, ha!
We are old General Dingle and wife, ha, ha!
A jollier old couple you seldom will find,
Like old General Dingle and wife.

SHE.

To-morrow our Katie united will be,
And won't the wedding be grand;
It puts me in mind of the days old man,
When I first asked you for your hand.
HE. How happy we was.
SHE. They'll be just the same.

TOGETHER.

Won't we live so the whole of our life,
But a jollier old couple you seldom will find,
Like old General Dingle and wife.

The Style We Call Our Own.

SONG AND DANCE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MATT GALLAGHER.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENSECK.

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Oh! good-evening to you, one and all
Attention to us pay;
For we are two lively colored swells,
But that's no harm they say.
We are always happy gay and free,
No matter where we roam;
And we will do a step or two
In the style we call our own.

CHORUS.

Watch us and we'll show to you,
What us swells of tone can do;
Oh! we're happy, when we're dancing, yes,
Us colored swells of tone.
And we'll go through a step for you
In the style we call our own. Dance.

Oh! we're number one among the best,
We're always in the style,
And we dress up just the best we can,
Well if we don't I should smile.
Oh! our dancing is like clock work, yes,
We're limber to the bone;
And when you see, you'll all agree,
It's a style we call our own. Chorus.

Don't Make a Leap in the Dark.

WORDS BY FRANK ASHLEIGH. MUSIC BY OTTO FORMES.

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In life there is nothing so funny, I'm sure,
While you're taking an afternoon walk,
To hear the nonsensical sayings that's out,
And the different ways people talk.
Some folks use a slang phrase whenever they speak,
And while others in ways so absurd,
Will try to be smart when they really cannot,
And they use Webster up in a word.

CHORUS.

So friends take advice, and hereafter speak right,
And whenever you make a remark,
Speak plainly, 'tis best, and don't try to beat time,
Then you'll not make a leap in the dark.

The grouty old sinner will grumble I'm told,
When a slang phrase he hears in the street,
While the swells of the day will try very hard
To quote Webster whenever they meet.
But nine times out of ten, how wrongly will they use
A word that they don't understand;
Forgetting the adage of birds in the bush,
That a bird's always best in the hand. Chorus.

Kind friends, now remember, and never use words
If their meaning you really don't know;
Speak plainly, 'tis best, if you wish for success,
And let all of the jaw-breakers go.
Then you'll find in time, that I have in my rhyme
Only mentioned to you the plain fact;
That knowledge was truly not gained in a day,
And you'll profit if by this you act. Chorus.

Felix McIntyre.

PARODY ON PADDY DUFFY'S CART.

BY STEPHEN GARVEY.

Listen for a moment,
A few words I will say,
Of a man of education,
That lives across the way.
His fluent conversation,
The ladies all admire,
Professor in astronomy
Is Felix McIntyre.

CHORUS.

He is out every night,
And standing in the street,
With his penetrating glass,
"Only ten cents a peep."
To see the starry heavens,
The comets tail on fire,
Looking thro' the telescope
Of Felix McIntyre.

He talks about the heavens,
The twinkling little stars,
The beauty of fair Luna,
Also the planet Mars.
Enthusiastic talker,
He would never tire,
Talking of the upper world,
Bold Felix McIntyre. Chorus.

The neighbors gaze with wonder,
As he is passing by,
With his noble head erect,
Looking to the sky.
As a weather prophet
Old Vennor must retire,
To make way for the coming man,
That's Felix McIntyre. Chorus.

The Soldier's Dream of Home.

RECITATION.

WRITTEN AND RECITED BY EDWARD GREENE.

The night it was cold,
And the wind it did howl;
And the beasts of the forest
Around him did growl.
As the soldier lay in his tent
And did dream
Of his home far away
Close beside a small stream.

The hour it was midnight,
But the soldier knew not fear,
As he dreamed of the friends
That to him were so dear.
He dreamed of his mother,
And her dear face so bright,
As he saw her welcoming him
Back with delight.

He dreamed af his sweet-heart,
So loyal and true,
And thought once more he was
Gazing in her dear eyes of blue.
Oh! how well he remembered
The happy hours long ago,
That they spent together
Listening to the tide's rapid flow.

And the walks in the moonlight,
With her by his side,
As he talked of the day
That would make her his bride.
He dreamed of his sisters
And brothers as well.
And the father before him
That on the field fell,

For he was a true soldier,
And to his country was true;
But he fell 'neath the stripes
Of the Red White and Blue.
He saw in his dreams
The battle field so bright,
With the blood of his comrades
That fell in the fight.
With the dead lying around him,
He awoke with affright,
For the bugle was sounding him
To the approaching fight.
As he thougut he might ne'er see
The oncoming night,
The fight it was a bitter one,
But the soldier did not fall
For the God above watched o'er him,
And on him did not call.

He knelt down on the bloody field,
That was wet with human gore,
And gave thanks to God
That spared him,
And on Him did implore
That he might once more
See the friends
That he in dreams did see,
And make it not a midnight dream,
But a blessed reality.

The Old Swing.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY ARCHIE DELMANING.

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Little darling I am thinking,
Of the dear old home and you;
And I miss thy tender glances,
As the flowers miss the dew.
Onward runs the heedless streamlet,
While the moonlight floods the glen,
Shall we ever, little darling,
Wander through the vale again.

CHORUS.

Yes, my darling, I am thinking,
Of the dear old home and you;
And I miss thy tender glances,
As the flowers miss the dew.

I am thinking, darling, thinking,
Fondly thinking, love, of thee;
On the orchard and the meadows,
And the grand old forest tree.
There we played beneath its branches
On the old swing side by side,
And 'twas there my little darling,
That I won you for my bride. Chorus.

Darling Jennie.

WRITTEN BY ARCHIE DELMANING.

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Oh! the moon is out to-night,
Darling Jennie;
And my heart beats with delight,
Dearest Jennie.
Come and meet me, charming Jennie,
Tell me truly thou art mine.
I will tell you tales many,
While the sweet stars brightly shine.

CHORUS.

Meet me, Jennie, darling Jennie,
Come and wander down the lane,
If I kiss you, darling Jennie,
I will give it back again.

Come and meet me at the gate,
Darling Jennie;
While the bird sings to its mate,
Dearest Jennie,
Do not keep me waiting, Jennie;
For I've something sweet to say,
That will prove I'm true my darling,
When from thee I'm far away. Chorus.

Mama Kiss Me, Then I'll Sleep.

WORDS BY E. A. KINREVE. MUSIC BY NED STRAIGHT.

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Bright eyes from her little cradle,
List'ning to the old clock's chime;
Mama's watching o'er her treasure,
And thoughts of childhood fill her mind.
As she hushes little idol,
To a slumber soft and sweet;
The silence breaks with baby's yearning
Mama, kiss me, then I'll sleep.

CHORUS.

"Good-night, mama," 'neath the curtains,
A little babe is heard to speak;
Again is heard from little prattler,
"Mama, kiss me, then I'll sleep.

Moonbeams thro' the shutters peeping,
Ope her eyes with glad delight,
Stars in heaven guide and guard thee,
And light thy visions thro' the night.
Sounds the lullaby so sweetly,
As at baby's smile we peep;
A tender caress as she murmurs,
Mama, kiss me, then I'll sleep. Chorus.

Darling, sleep, and wake at twilight,
And the lark will shake its wing,
Kiss the dew drops from the flowers,
To little cherub it will sing.
Sing to baby, tiny birdling,
As night's shadows from us creep;
When morn is dawning with an echo,
Mama, kiss me, then I'll sleep. Chorus.

Beautiful Eden.

SACRED SONG AND CHORUS.

WORDS BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

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Oh! beautiful Eden,
The fairest of lands;
We're toiling to reach thee,
O'er life's barren sands.
Our darling loved lost ones,
With snowy white hands.
Oh! beckon us upward
To join angel bands.

CHORUS.

Through Jesus, our Saviour,
Alone we may hope,
To shake off earth's trammels,
Thro' which we now grope.
Oh! Jesus, dear Jesus,
Be thou but our friend,
Let who will deceive us,
On Thee we'll depend.

Oh! beautiful Eden.
The dearest of homes,
Where no saint or seraph,
Down earthward e'er roams,
Ah! how can I win thee.
Thro' life's woe and sin?
Oh! how can we safely
Thy gates enter in? Chorus.

Chip of the Old Block.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY NED STRAIGHT.

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Oh! my daddy was an upper ten,
His pedigree first class;
He was a tuff among the men,
His cheek was full of gas.
For he was born in Donnegal,
Of real ould Celtic stock,
They all did say when I was small,
He's a chip of the ould block.

CHORUS.

I'll rise my fins to friend or foe,
I'm rale ould Celtic stock;
Where'er I go, begobs they know,
I'm a chip of the old block.

My relations are all number one,
Muldoon, Arthur and Grant,
I always with them have such fun,
I'm cousin to their aunt.
Oh! I am fly in jig or reel,
I'm solid as a rock,
A fight suits me like a square meal,
I'm a chip of the old block. Chorus.

Must You Leave Me?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CHAS. W. MARK.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENSEER.

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HE.

Katie, dear, oh! must you leave me?
Can you not be happy here,
Is this dear old home your birth place,
Now to you no longer dear?
Can you leave your aged father,
Here in darkness all alone?
Can you know that, broken hearted,
He must die when you are gone?

CHORUS.

HE.

Say you will not leave me, Katie,
Say you do not wish to roam,
Say that while your father's living,
You will stay to bless our home.

HE.

Will you leave this dear old homestead,
Must we part for Jakie's sake?
If we must, oh! wait till I am dead,
Till I sleep no more to wake.
Till my weary soul is resting
In that golden land above,
Where I can, with angel mother,
Guide you both to peace and love. Chorus.

SHE.

Papa, dear, oh! papa darling,
Have I really caused you pain?
Not another word of parting,
Will your Katie speak again.
Dry your tears, and do not grieve so,
Do not let your poor heart break,
I will ever stay to cheer you,
I will stay for your dear sake.

CHORUS.

SHE.

No your Katie will not leave you,
From your side she'll never roam,
She will ever stay to cheer you,
In our dear old German home.

Armstrong and Blair.

BY EDWARD KENNEDY.

Now attention give I pray, and list to what I say;
I'll do my best to please you in my song;
A statement I will make of the sad unhappy fate,
Of the late lamented coachman, John Armstrong
He was shot by Joseph Blair, who resided
in Montclair;
He fell a corpse outside the stable door
Now they say that Blair'll get free, tho' the
reason I can't see,
Unless because he's rich and Armstrong's poor.

CHORUS.

Then let us sadly drop a tear, as we think
of the friend so dear,
Who's now sleeping where the willows
gently wave
Tho' departed from us now, the hand of
death upon his brow,
We know the angels linger near his grave.

Now suppose that Blair got free, a poor
man like you or me
Might be murdered in the street most any day;
And would you think 'twas right for a poor
man to be shot on sight,
And the rich get off because they've
stamps to pay?
But how different it would be, were it
either you or me,
Who a rich man in a fit of passion shot,
Why! they'd hang us then and there—not
a living soul would care,
Whether we were hung up innocent or not.
Chorus.

Bully Chinaman.

BY JOHN C. LEACH.

One day last week I fell in love,
Wid a big fat Melican girl,
He got nice led and losa cheek,
And he tella me callum Sal.
He got big lump upon a nose,
And wart upon a ear;
He wair all second hand clothes,
And dlinkum lagah beah.

CHORUS.

Oh! my gal he sweet like honey,
Make Chinaman spenda plenty money;
Wash house shirt upon a Sunday,
Oh! bully for a Chinaman. Repeat.

I don't fluget dis gal you bet,
He buss up my poor heart;
He lun away wid niga man,
What dlive one big ash cart.
He lay, day, day, ta, la, my pet,
Wat almost make me cly;
Fat Melican gals he no good,
All time too much lie Chorus.

Willie's Ball.

Little Willie's mother bought him a little ball,
Little Willie smashed the looking glass,
That was hanging on the wall
Little Willie's mother heard the pieces fall.
Now little Willie will never toss that little ball.
Little Willie's ma threw the ball away,
Little willie he got mad and to his ma did say;
Now my ball is gone. I'll buy me a little bell,
You and the ball, ma, can both go to
(breakfast.)

OUR INTERESTING MATTER COLUMN.

This column of our Journal will contain in each number a collection of jokes, odd fits, Items of interest etc, etc, To which we invite contributions to the same from our host of correspondents, and we will from time to time endeavor to give space to the same, with initials of the writer or writers.

(The Publisher.)

Never be idle.

Fear has many eyes.

It costs more to avenge than to forgive.

Never listen to loose and idle conversation.

He who knows himself best esteems himself least.

Falsehood always endeavors to copy the mien and attitude of truth.

A man's ambition is to be credited with some great feat; a woman's to be credited with small feet.

The most excited nation in the world is consternation.

Of all ants the ser-vant is supposed to work the hardest.

Go to thy aunt, thou sluggard, and if she is worth money, consider her ways.

If your foot is asleep, do not be alarmed; the poet tells us that the soul is not dead that slumbers.

"Can you flirt a fan?" asked a coquette of her partner.—"No," he replied, "I cannot; but I can fan a flirt.

This is the season of the year when venerable hens enter into their second childhood, and are broiled for spring chickens.

Jones wishes to know why a woman always wants to sit on the floor to put her shoes on. It is because she cannot sit on the ceiling.

Nothing perplexed a married man more than to find his wife using his bachelor cigar case to keep hairpins in.

Of all thieves, fools are the worst; they rob one of both time and temper.

Motto for grocers.—Honest tea the best policy

You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when the bluest.

Strange, but they don't reap the ice harvest with icicles.

A restauranter announces "eighteen carrot" vegetable soup.

There is a horse that eats meat. Well, we think it about time, they have been running for stakes long enough.

Doctor Holmes says that crying widows marry. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

A wedding ring tumbling over the bride's train.

Charity is frequently displayed in helping others to help themselves.

Tell Me, Darling, why You're Weeping.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CHAS. W. MARK.

ARRANGED BY JOS. SCHWENSECK.

SUNG BY HOWARD & DENIER IN THEIR REFINED SKETCH, "LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

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HE.

Tell me, darling, why you're weeping,
Let me share your every woe,
Place your secret in my keeping,
Let your loving Jakie know.
Tell me, is this heart felt sorrow,
That which ever shall bring pain?
Or that grief which on the morrow,
Will bring back the sun again?

CHORUS.

HE.

Tell me, darling, why you're weeping?
Let me share your every pain,
Tell me, won't those tears be sleeping,
When the bright sun beams again.

SHE.

Must you know why I weep, love,
That the question was in vain,
That these tears can never sleep, love,
If you go across the main?
Though of young I love you only,
We perhaps, fore'er must part,
For to papa ag'd and lonely,
Love and duty give my heart.

CHORUS.

SHE.

Why I weep thou know'st only,
'Tis because we soon must part,
For, to papa, ag'd and lonely,
Love and duty give my heart.

The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. P. SKELLY.

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I am thinking to-night of the old rustic bridge,
That bends o'er the murmuring stream;
'Twas there, Maggie dear, with our hearts full of cheer,
We strayed neath the moon's gentle gleam.
'Twas there I first met you, the light of your eyes
Awoke in my heart a sweet thrill,
Tho' now far away, still my thoughts fondly stray
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.

CHORUS.

Beneath it the stream gently rippled,
Around it the birds loved to trill;
Tho' now far away, still my thoughts fondly stray
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.

How often, dear Maggie, when years passed away,
And we plighted lovers became,
We rambled the path to the bridge, day by day,
The smiles of each other to claim.
But one day we parted in pain and regret,
Our vows then we could not fulfill,
Oh! may we soon meet and our fond love repeat,
On the old rustic bridge near the mill.

Chorus.

I keep in my mem'ry our love of the past,
With me tis as bright as of old,
For deep in my heart it was planted to last,
In absence it never grows cold.
I think of you darling, when lonely at night;
And when all is peaceful and still,
My heart wanders back in a dream of delight,
To the old rustic bridge by the mill Chorus.

Out of Work.

BY J. C. MURPHY.

For hours along the crowded street,
With aimless steps I trod,
Without a home or hope in life,
With scarce a hope in God.
This cruel night is fitting close
To such a crushing day;
The earth is, oh! so dreary cold,
And Heaven so far away.

The friendless rouse no anxious thoughts,
The busy throng sweeps on;
I've strayed beyond the city's lights,
The twilight's gray has gone.
My useless arms have failed to win
A crust, a place to stay;
Earth has no work, no room for me,
And Heaven is far away.

Oh! great wide world, oh! frowning sky,
So cheerless and so vast,
I dare your keen and cutting sleet,
Your piercing, bitter blast.
Rage, howl and lash this living spark
From out the tortured clay,
That feels existence dark, all dark,
And Heaven so far away.

How dark and black beside my feet,
The sluggish river rolls;
It beckons as a demon might,
To lure unhappy souls.
Its slimy voice is whispering,
Here, rest in peace for aye,
O, God! the river is so near,
And Heaven so far away.

Charlie's Little Dog.

RECITATION BY J. C. MURPHY.

Charlie had a little dog,
His hair was black as jet;
And everywhere that Charley went,
The dog went too, you bet.
He followed him to school one day,
Which happened to be near,
And when the teacher booted him out,
He walked off on his ear.

Returning home, he met a cow,
And at this cow did fly.
He tossed him up five hundred feet,
Now how is that for high.
The dog he never came down again,
And Charlie was left a mourner;
For the dog he struck on the steeple top,
Of the little church round the corner.

The dog never appeared again,
No dog like his could he see;
Charlie would say as the dogs pass by,
Shew fly, don't bother me.
When Charley heard his darling's fate,
Scarcely a word he said;
But toddled home and weeping said,
Please put me in my little bed.

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	No.
Auld Lang Syne	1
America, (My country 'tis of thee.)	1
A Model Love Letter	3
The Anchor's Weighed	4
Annie Laurie	4
A Little Place Within thy Heart	4
A Yankee Man of War	5
The American Boy	5
A hundred years ago	5
A Violet from my mother's grave	6
A leaf of ivy from my mother's grave	7
A handful of earth	7
A dear spot of land	8
Away down south in Georgia	8
A row of tenement houses	8
Angel Mother Watch for me	8
Baby Mine	1
Beautiful Isle of the Sea	1
Beautiful Songs Unsung	3
The Bright Little Spot on the Ocean	4
Babylon is Fallen	4
The Battle Cry of Freedom	5
Beneath the sod they're sleeping	5
Brother's fainting at the door	5
Barney McCoy	6
Bright Emerald Isle of the sea	6
Bob up serenely	6
The Blue Alsatian Mountains	7
Be home early to-night my dear boy	7
Beautiful Venice	8
Biddy McGee	9
The Butcher Boy	9
The Bridge	9
Come Back to Erin	1
Climb up, climb up the Mountain Side	1
The Cottage by the sea	2
The Cumberland's Crew	2
The Casey Social Club	2
Can you forgive, and forget, love	6
Cats in our back yard	6
The Cot in the corner	6
Charley he's a Masher	8
Cot where I was born	9
Come along, Sister Mary	9
Carrie Lee	9
Casey's Ball Last Night	9
Dublin Bay, or; Roy Neill	3
Dancing in the barn	3
The Dear Little Shamrock	4
Dear mother I've come home to die	5
The Day when you'll forget me	6
Dance me on your knee	6
The Devil's in New Jersey	7
Don't drink from the pitcher of beer	7
Delia Clancy	7
Don't come in the morning	9
Drunkard's Lone Child	9
Desirable Dime Song Books	9
Ella Ree	1
The Exile of Erin	2
Eight Bells at Sea	3
The Finigin Corterie	2
The Fire in the Grate	3
The Faded Coat of Blue	3
Flag of the Free	5
Flag of our Union	5
The Finigan Calico Ball	6
Grandfather's Clock	1
Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance	3
Grandmother's Chair	7
Good-bye at the door	9
Home Sweet Home	1
High Water Pants	1
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls	1
The Husband's Commandments	3
The Heart bowed down by weight of woe	3
Home Again	3
Her bright smile haunts me still	4
Hail Columbia, Happy Land	5
Hi, Jenny, ho, Jenny Johnston	7
Happy dreams of you	8
Has the Comet Struck	9
I dreamt I dwelt in marble Halls	2
I cannot call her mother	2
I'll Name the Boy Dennis, or no name at all	2
I'll be all smiles to-night, love	3
'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can never be	4
'Tis but a little faded flower	4
I cannot sing the old songs	4
Isle of Beauty fare thee well	4
I want to see de good old home again	6
In the Low Lands Low	7
I am leaving now the old Folks	7
I Leave Ireland and mother because we are poor	7
I was false but you'll forgive me	8
'Tis a blossom from our little Willie's breast	8
I'll go back to my old love again	9
I'll remember you love in my prayers	9
In the Low Lands Low	9
'Tis evening brings my heart to thee	9
Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louize!	4
Just before the battle, mother	5
Just after the battle, mother	5
Jennie the Flower of Kildare	6
Killarney	1
Katie's Secret	2
Kathleen Mavourneen	2
Kerrigan's Masquerade	3
Kitty Wells	4
Kingdom Coming	5
Katy Avourneen	8
The Little ones at home	1
Larboard Watch	1
Lullaby	1
The Last Rose of Summer	2
Listen to the mocking bird	4
Lay my head beneath a rose	4
The Land of love and liberty	5
Little Maggie Aun	6
Levi Kassiday	6
Little old house on the Rhine	7
Lamentation of Johnny Reel	8
Many can help one	1
The Messenger Bird	1
Maggie's Secret	2
My Pretty Red Rose	2
Marching through Georgia	3
My old Kentucky Home Good Night	3
The Minstrel Boy	3
The Man you don't meet every day	3
Mary Ann I'll tell your ma	3
Mother is waiting to welcome her boy	4
Mary Ann Kehoe	4
Mother in the battle over	5
Mother kissed me in my dream	5
Mary of the Wild Moor	6
Mickey Flahrity	6
Mary Ann O'Hoolahan Dowd	6
McCarthy's Fancy Ball	7
Maloney's the man	7
Meet me by moonlight, Willie	7
Mary of Argyle	8
Massa's in the cold ground	8
My darling but talkative wife	8
Mr. and Mrs. Malone	9
The Mill's shut down to-day	9
Nancy Lee	1
The Old Cabin Home	1
Old Black Joe	1
Old folks at home	1
Or any other man—Stump speech	2
The Old Log cabin in the Lane	3
Oh! Fred tell them to stop	4
Our Starry Flag, our Glory	5
Original Yankee Doodle	5
The Old fashioned church on the hill	6
The Old willow chair where grandmother sat	6
O'Reilly's Billy Goat	7
The Old Family Chair	8
The Old log cabin on the hill	9
Open up dem doors	9
Over the Garden Wall	9
Poor Old Salve	2
Picking up gold in the streets	4
Poor Pat Must Emigrate	7
Pretty maid milking her cow	8
Rocked in the cradle of the deep	2
The Rattle for a stove	4
Red, White, and Blue	5
The Rose of Killarney	6
Razors in de air	6
Roll on Silver Moon	8
Rose Perfumed Bouquet	8
Rock me to sleep, mother	8
Such an education has my Mary Ann	1
See that my grave's kept green	1
Sweet Forget Me Not	1
The Sweet by and by	1
Sally Horner round the corner	1
Sweet Spirit hear my prayer	2
Shamus O'Brien	2
Scotch Lassie Jean	2
Sweet Maggie Gordon	2
Slavery Days	3
The Star Spangled Banner	3
The Sword of Bunker Hill	3
She never blamed him never	4
She died on the street	7
Sons of Erin's Isle	4
The Standard Bearer	5
Sheridan's Ride	5
Sally in our alley	7
Sally Mackenally	7
Speak to me speak	8
Six feet of earth	8
Shamrock Shore	8
Sweet Genevieve	8
Sweet scented handsome young man	9
There's a letter in the candle	3
Thou art so near and yet so far	4
Tenting on the old camp ground	4
Tan Yard Side	4
Tell mother I die happy	5
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the prisoners Hope	5
The Turnpike Gate	6
Teddy please scare me again	6
The Tramp	6
There never was a coward where the Shamrock grows	6
Twickenham Ferry	7
The Tramp Song	7
Tell me where my Eva's gone	7
Two Irish Turks	8
True Irish Gents	9
Up at Jones' Wood	7
The Vacant Chair	4
The Villain still pursued her	9
Where was Moses when the light went out	1
Write me a letter from home	1
Whoa Emma	2
Wearing of the Green	2
When you and I were young Maggie	2
We parted by the riverside	2
When I saw sweet Nellie home	2
Would I were with thee	2
Waltzingham McSweeney, the Gay Cavalier	2
The Wandering Refugee	3
When the swallows homeward fly	3
The Widow in the cottage by the sea	3
When Johnnie comes marching home	5
Willie has gone to the war	5
When I smoke my first cigar	5
When McGuiness Gets a job	6
Whisper softly, papa's dying	8
Why should we live as strangers	9
Wild Irish Boy	9
You'll remember me	2
You've been a friend to me	3
You are false, but I'll forgive you	3
You and I	4
You'll miss me when I'm gone	8
You'll miss me when we part	9

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